Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [ ] Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [x] Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- [x] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- [ ] Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough/ Transparence
- [x] Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [x] Continuous pagination/ Pagination continue
- [ ] Includes index(es)/ Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/ Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- [ ] Title page of issue/ Page de titre de la livraison
- [ ] Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison
- [ ] Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- [ ] Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X		14X		18X		22X		26X		30X	
12X		16X		20X		24X ✓		28X		32X	

Paris Fashions for March.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.—TORONTO: MARCH, 1853.—No. 3.

HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

—

CHAPTER II. CONTINUED.

—

February 6th, 1812. In addition to the regular troops, the President was authorised to employ 25,000 volunteers for twelve months, who were to form a body of men intermediate between the regulars and the militia, resembling the latter in most points, but differing from them in being liable to foreign service. Their clothing was to be provided by themselves; their arms were to be furnished by the government. Rapidly, however, as the forces of the United States, at this crisis, accumulated on paper, and ardent as the votes of Congress were for military preparation, the actual enlistment was anything but enthusiastic. Recruits came in slowly—at the ratio of one thousand in six months—notwithstanding March 28th. the liberal bounty which was offered. It is curious to observe the comparative coldness with which at this time Congress addressed themselves to promoting the efficiency of the navy,—that arm of the service which certainly did the republic most credit during the war. A subsidy of only $300,000 was voted for repairs; and a further sum of $200,000 annually, for rebuilding certain ships. What was proposed to be accomplished by this paltry sum, was to repair and

---

(*Continued from page* 128.)

"That an humble address be presented to his royal highness the Prince Regent, representing that this house has for some time past been engaged in an inquiry into the present distressed state of the commerce and manufactures of the country, and the effects of the Orders in Council issued by his Majesty in the years 1807 and 1809:* assuring his Royal Highness that this house will at all times support his Royal Highness to the utmost of its power in maintaining those just maritime rights which have essentially contributed to the prosperity and honour of the realm—but beseeching his Royal Highness that he would be graciously pleased to recall or suspend the said Orders, and adopt such measures, as may tend to conciliate neutral powers, without sacrificing the rights and dignity of his Majesty's crown."

Mr. Rose acknowledged that a very considerable degree of distress did exist among our manufactures, but would not admit that it was so much owing to the Orders in Council as the hon. gentleman had represented. He corrected several statements made by him, and showed that the commerce of France had suffered in much greater proportion from the effects of these Orders. Our shipping interest, he asserted, had been benefitted by them, and if they were repealed, the Americans would come in for a large share of our carrying trade, especially to South America. Upon the whole, he would not deny that our manufactures were likely to obtain some relief from the repeal, but government was placed between difficulties on both sides, and it was their duty to adopt the measures which would be least detrimental. In his opinion, the preponderance of argument led to the conclusion that the repeal of the Orders

* There was a modification of the Orders in April, 1809.

fit out the Constellation, Chesapeake, and *Adams frigates; and with the annual subsidy*, to rebuild three other frigates of the old navy, too rotten to be repaired. The truth was, the war mania originated, mainly, with men who cared little or nothing about commerce—as they did not live by it,—and could contemplate its ruin without concern. *The politicians of the back-woods, who* formed so strong and so stern a section of the violent faction seem to have hardly given a thought to the sufferings in store for the commercial cities on the sea-coast,—sufferings which, in any contest with a naval

---

would be more prejudicial than their continuance. The great body of merchants held the same opinion. Four-fifths of those of Glasgow had petitioned in support of the orders; those of Bristol were unanimous in their favour: and *so were a majority of those of Liverpool: there* was no petition from London against them, whilst a great number of London merchants had petitioned in their favour.

Mr. Baring, after a warm eulogy of the enlightened view of the subject taken by the honorable mover, said that the house had two questions to decide: 1. whether these distresses were attributable to the Orders in Council? 2. Whether any benefits had arisen from them in any other quarter to compensate for these calamities? Mr. B. made a number of particular observations relative to these two points; and concluded with giving it as his conviction, that by our Orders in Council we lost the most substantial commercial advantages for an object we could never obtain—that of forcing our trade with the continent.

Lord Castlereagh began with lamenting the precipitation of the hon. gentleman in bringing forward this motion, and pressing to hasty discussion a question than which none more vital ever came before the consideration of parliament. He deprecated any interference on the part of the house in a question in which commercial considerations were mixed with those of maritime right, and, pending a delicate negociation, dictating to the executive government the course it ought to pursue. After various observations in defence of the policy and justice of the Orders in Council, and in answer to some of the mover's statements, the noble lord came to the point by saying, that Great Britain would consent to suspend her Orders in Council, provided America would suspend her non-importation act. The experiment might then be tried of the practicability of restoring things to their ancient system. Under these circumstances he trusted that the house would not consent to the address—and he moved the order of the day.

Mr. Whitbread then begged the noble lord to say precisely what he proposed to do with respect to America.

Lord Castlereagh said, that he meant that a proposition should be made to the American government to suspend immediately the Orders in Council, on condition that they would suspend their non-importation act.

Mr. Whitbread was of opinion that if this proposition were to be sent out to America, and it was expected that the house and country should wait till they received an answer, it was the greatest delusion that had ever been attempted; and he proceeded to express in strong terms the *urgency of the distress felt by the manufacturers*, and the necessity of giving the intended relief without delay. Mr. Ponsonby also spoke against the measure proposed, as calculated to create delay.

Lord Castlereagh, in further explanation, said that it was never meant that there should be any delay in suspending the Orders in Council: the intention was that they should be suspended for a definite time, and that this circumstance should be communicated to the American government for the double purpose of ascertaining whether it would, in consequence, abrogate its non-importation act; and also that it might apply to France to return to the ancient system of belligerents.

Mr. Wilberforce objected to the mode proposed by the noble lord, because it showed an unwillingness to do that which, in fact, he intended to do.

Mr. Canning, in giving a kind of middle opinion on the subject, contended that revocation was better than suspension.

Mr. Brougham, after congratulating the house on the prospect of speedily getting rid of these Orders, hoped that the noble lord would withdraw his motion for proceeding to the orders of the day, and explain more distinctly what was the exact intention of the government.

The final result was, that Mr. *B.* and Lord Castlereagh severally withdrew their motions on the understanding that an official instrument on the subject should appear in the next Gazette.

It was a remarkable circumstance in this debate, that Mr. Stephens, the most strenuous defender and promoter of the Orders in Council, was not present: a certain proof that ministers were already prepared to make the sacrifice which the voice of the country rendered inevitable.

On June 23rd, there appeared in the Gazette a declaration from the Prince Regent, absolutely and unequivocally revoking the Orders in Council as far as they regarded American vessels; with the proviso, that if after the notification of this revocation by our minister in America, the government of the United States do not revoke their interdictory acts against British

power like Great Britain, must always be terribly severe.

In this Congress (the twelfth) the celebrated Henry Clay, then a young and ardent man, made his first entrance on the great world of politics. He was a fervent advocate for war; and his remarkable talents, combined with his sanguine and impetuous spirit, soon enabled him to outstrip the old champions of war, who raised him to the Speakership of the House of Representatives, and tacitly acknowledged him for their leader.

CHAPTER III.

Papers relating to Henry's Mission communicated to Congress by the President, on the 5th March.

In the year 1809, about the time of the first embargo, Mr. Madison told the British Minister at Washington that, in his estimation, such had been the conduct of Great Britain, that the United States would be justified in declaring war at any moment, and without further notice. The newspapers, at that time, were boiling over with invective against Great Britain, and the invasion of her North American Colonies was, even at that early period of the dispute, publicly talked of and discussed as a very feasible and very effectual measure of retaliation. Halifax and Quebec were both mentioned as points on which the attack might be advantageously commenced. As the President's language, taken in conjunction with the popular animosity, seemed to threaten an immediate assault, intelligence was despatched to Sir James Craig, the Governor of Canada, who, lest the Province under his command should be taken by surprise, sent an embassy into the Eastern States, for the purpose of procuring information. The instructions given to that agent were not inconsistent with the Governor's honourable character. All that he contemplated was,—to ascertain the real state of affairs in the United States; how far the war-spirit had spread; with what amount of success the resistance of the federal party would probably be attended; and, generally, to acquire such information as might assist him in putting the Province under his charge into a proper state of defence. Sir James Craig, however, was unfortunate, as it proved, in his choice of the person employed. This person was a Captain John Henry, a clever and active, but, as circumstances afterwards showed, a purely mercenary and unprincipled man. He was an Irishman by birth; had come to the United States as an adventurer; became a captain in the army of 1798; and ultimately settled on an estate in Vermont, close to the frontier. According to his own account, the attention of Sir James Craig was drawn to him by essays which he had written in newspapers against republican government, which he professed to hold in utter detestation. By some means or other, however, the Governor of Canada had heard of him, invited him to Montreal, and from thence despatched him to Boston early in 1809, for the purpose we have already described. After remaining in Boston about three months, during which period he wrote Sir James Craig's secretary fourteen letters, embodying information of no

commerce, the same, after due notice, shall be null and of no effect.

Mr. Brougham, on this occurrence, declared the full satisfaction of himself and his friends with the frank and manly conduct of government in the mode it had adopted; and both sides of the house seemed happy in the prospect of the amicable intercourse which this proceeding would restore between the two countries. We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our astonishment, that during the debates there appeared so little consciousness that the question of repealing or continuing the Orders in Council, was a real question of peace or war with America; and that deferring the decision so long, was rendering it altogether unimportant. In fact, before the news of the repeal reached the United States, *they were actually at war with Great Britain.*

great value, as we think, he was recalled, on the apparent settlement produced by the Erskine arrangement. In 1811 he visited England, and applied at the Foreign Office for a reward for his services; but was referred back to Sir James Craig's successor in the government, "as better able to appreciate the ability and success with which his mission had been executed. Henry did not like this; and so, instead of returning to Canada, proceeded to the United States, where, in the genuine temper of an unfaithful hireling, he presented himself before Mr. Madison; told the tale of his mission; and offered to sell his papers. Mr. Madison closed with the profferred bargain, and paid him out of the secret service fund the large sum of $50,000 for the papers; apparently having only a general notion of their contents, and not imagining—as we must argue from the handsome price he paid for them—how little they contained. He expected, no doubt, when he made the liberal offer of $50,000, that the correspondence thus purchased would furnish disclosures highly serviceable to the Administration, both by blackening the character of the British government and by bringing suspicion and odium generally on the opposition in Congress,—perhaps by fixing a charge of treason on some. His disappointment, then, must have been extreme, on discovering that the British agent had received no authority or commission to offer bribes in any shape; that neither his letters nor the replies sketched out any plan of insurrection; and that the correspondence did not implicate, or even name a single citizen of the United States. Still, having got the papers into his hands, and paid dearly for his bargain, the President determined to make all the use of them that he could. He accordingly transmitted them to Congress, accompanied by a message, putting upon the whole affair the bitterest interpretation he could devise,—representing it as an effort, on the part of the British Government to foment disaffection in the United States, and to bring about the separation of the Eastern States from the Union. His end, however, was not answered. A momentary excitement, it is true, was produced; but, as he was unable to hold up to public indignation any of the "traitors" whom he may have hoped to detect in Congress, nothing material was effected in favour of the Administration. The opposition were not silenced; for not one of their number was caught in the trap. Had the result been different; had there been grounds for suspicion against them, it would assuredly have gone hard with them—as to their influence at all events; for the minds of the multitude were in that heated state which renders the appeal of an unpopular minority to the bar of public opinion a perfectly hopeless affair. During the debate in Congress on the correspondence, a Mr. Johnson delivered himself of the sensible and elegant sentiment, that "he considered Canada as rogues' harbour, and saw in the correspondence additional reasons for attacking it." A vehement onset was made on the British Ministry in the House of Commons on this head; but, whilst they stated that Henry's mission was Sir James Craig's own act, unknown to them until all was over, they defended it on the ground that its object was nothing more than legitimate information, very desirable at so critical a time; though they admitted that the transaction was not in all its circumstances managed with perfect discretion. Poor Sir James was then in his grave; but, although his own voice was not raised in self-defence, we may venture to assert that his memory, which is that of a straightforward, honest, and fearless man, has not suffered even from the baseness of the agent whom it was his misfortune to employ. Alison's brief allusion to this transaction involves a slight error as to date, representing it as following the ninety days' embargo, of which we are about to speak. He uses, too, the words,—"certain documents *found* on a Captain Henry," from which the general inference would be, that Henry was detected, whereas he sold himself, as we have shown above, to Mr. Madison.

Ninety days' embargo, 4th April.

War having been determined upon by the Administration, the President sent a confidential message to Congress, recommending, "under existing circumstances and prospects," an embargo for sixty days. A bill to that effect passed the

House of Representatives by 70 to 41; but the term was extended in the Senate to 90 days, with which extension it passed both branches of the Legislature. This was a committal of the Administration to war; for it was admitted by the Government party, that, as a peace-measure, the embargo could never have been entertained. Still the opposition—notwithstanding the serious alarm they felt—professing themselves unable to believe that the Government would commit so rash and so "treasonable" an action as that of plunging the nation, utterly unprepared, into war, suggested that the embargo was intended to serve the interests of Buonaparte, by stopping the export of provisions to Spain, where the British arms were beginning to be triumphant. The measure, however, was undoubtedly designed as preparatory to war, for the declaration of which, at the expiration of the ninety days, the Government had now made up their minds. Mr. Alison describes the object of the measure only in part, when he represents it as intended to "prevent intelligence of their preparations from reaching Great Britain, and to furnish them with the means, from their extensive commercial navy, of manning their vessels of war." Its main object was to remove from the ocean as many of their merchant-ships as possible, and thus place them out of the reach of British ships of war, when the proclamation of hostilities should become known. The passing of the embargo was conducted under an injunction of secrecy; but the secret was divulged: and the commercial cities which gained intelligence of it improved the few days allowed them in lading and despatching ships with extraordinary ardour and celerity. The Democratic journals were infuriated. Flour, by hundreds of thousands of barrels, they said, had been exported selfishly and unpatriotically, to feed the British troops in Spain. It was nothing to them that those troops were fighting in the noblest cause which God has ever blessed with success; fighting side by side with the soldiers of an oppressed people,—groaning beneath the exactions, the massacres, and the odious rule of a French usurper. These embargoes exhibited, in a remarkable manner, the blind rage of an irritated democracy, bent on inflicting vengeance on an enemy even at the certai risk of greater damage to themselves. "The direct national injury," says a writer in the American Review, of April, 1812, "caused by an embargo of twelve months duration, would be—

Mercantile loss, ...	$24,814,249
Deteriorated value of surplus produce and waste, ...	40,196,028
Loss sustained by the revenue,	9,000,000
Total direct national loss,.....	$74,010,277

Or, $6,167,523 per month.

The same moment, therefore, that the nation is called upon to aid their government with a loan of 11,000,000 dollars, this government, without any single openly avowed or obviously beneficial purpose, at the bare suggestion of expediency on the part of the Executive, destroys, by an embargo of three months, national wealth to the amount of $18,502,570, not to reckon the indirect and collateral mischief, of enormous magnitude, with which the same measure is pregnant."

President's Message, 1st June.

On the 1st June, "the President sent a confidential Message to Congress, in which he recapitulated all the causes of complaint against Great Britain;"

War declared on the 18th, and persisted in, although intelligence subsequently arrives of the repeal of the Orders in Council.

and on the 18th a bill, declaring war against Great Britain, passed the House of Representatives, by a vote of 79 to 49; and the Senate, by 19 to 14. Hostilities were therefore immediately ordered to be commenced. "Nor did the American Government," writes Mr. Alison, "make any attempt to recede from these hostile acts, when intelligence arrived a few weeks after this resolution, and before war had commenced,* that, by an Order in Council,

* No blow had as yet been struck. "Mr. Madison," as the London Quarterly, of January, 1814, humourously observed, "had forged his thunderbolts; but held them yet unlaunched in his red right hand." The pleasure of hurling them, however, was not to be resisted; more especially as the British standard in Canada was to be utterly shivered and annihilated by them.

the British Government had actually *repealed the previous Orders*, so that the ostensible ground of complaint against this country was removed." The war—the grand provocation having been thus removed—was persisted in, for want of a better excuse, on the ground of the Impressment question. But the Impressment matter had actually been arranged in the Treaty of 1806,—a Treaty approved of to the fullest extent, and signed by the negotiators of the United States concerned in framing it, though Mr. Jefferson afterwards, for reasons best known to himself, refused to ratify it. Nobody, therefore, could pretend but that the question of Right of Search and Impressment, as it had once been settled, might be settled again, without recourse to arms, and was still open for amicable adjustment.

The War of 1812, 13, and 14, a War of Aggression, on the part of the United States.

Besides the moral obligation manifestly resting on the government of the United States to abandon, in common honesty and fairness, a war, the alleged provocation to which had been removed; the American Congress were virtually pledged to such an abandonment, their own words witnessing against them. In the Report of the Committee (November 29th, 1811) urging preparation for war, it was stated that their intention was, "as soon as the forces contemplated to be raised should be in any tolerable state of preparation, to recommend the employment of them for the purpose for which they shall have been raised, *unless Great Britain shall, in the meantime, have done us justice*."*

Thus, the course which they themselves acknowledged would be just, and gave implied promise of adopting, was not adopted when the condition had been fulfilled. The government of the United States stand, then, self-convicted of wanton aggression on the North American Colonies of Great Britain, and of prosecuting the war on grounds different from those which they were accustomed to assign. If to our mother-land there attach the reproach of impolitic pertinacity in maintaining, so long, a system prejudicial to her own commerce, and irritating to a neutral power, under an

* The Committee, Mr. P. said, have not recommended this course of measures without a full sense of the high responsibility which they have taken upon themselves. They are aware that war, even in its best and fairest form, is an evil deeply to be deprecated: but it is sometimes, and on few occasions perhaps more than on this, a necessary evil. For myself, I confess I have approached the subject not only with diffidence, but with awe: but I will never shrink from my duty because it is arduous or unpleasant, and I can most religiously declare that I never acted under stronger or clearer convictions of duty than I do now in recommending these preparatory measures; or than I shall ultimately in recommending war, in case Great Britain shall not have rescinded her Orders in Council, and made some satisfactory arrangements in respect to the impressment of our seamen. If there should be any gentlemen in the house who were not satisfied that we ought to go to war for our maritime rights, Mr. P. earnestly entreated that they would not vote for the resolutions. Do not, said he, let us raise armies, unless we intend to employ them. If we do not mean to support the rights and honour of the country, let us not drain it of its resources.

Mr. P. said, he was aware that there were many gentlemen in the house who were dissatisfied that the committee had not gone farther, and recommended an immediate declaration of war, or the adoption of some measures which would have instantly precipitated us into it. But he confessed such was not his opinion; he had no idea of plunging ourselves headlong into a war with a powerful nation, or even a respectable province, when we had not three regiments of men to spare for that service. He hoped that we should not be influenced by the howling of newspapers, nor by a fear that the spirit of the 12th Congress would be questioned, to abandon the plainest dictates of common sense and common discretion. He was sensible that there were many good men out of Congress, as well as many of his best friends in it, whose appetites were prepared for a *war feast*. He was not surprised at it, for he knew the provocatives had been sufficiently great. But he hoped they would not insist on calling in the guests, at least until the table should have been spread. When this was done, he pledged himself, in behalf of the Committee of Foreign Relations, that the gentleman should not be disappointed of the entertainment for the want of bidding: and he believed he might also pledge himself for many of the members of the Committee, that they would not be among the last to partake personally, not only in the pleasures, if any there should be, but in all the dangers of the revelry.—American Weekly Register, vol. 1, p. 268.

impression of necessary self-defence, right in the first instance, but subsequently, by the angry legislation of the United States, rendered delusive; there is, at least, no moral turpitude in such a charge. The lust of conquest, however, involving, as it does, moral guilt, provokes a censure and fixes a stain which the honour of a nation, and of a Christian nation especially, is deeply concerned in repelling, if it can. For this offence against national integrity and good faith the government of the United States are answerable, in prosecuting the war from motives clearly distinct from those which they avowed; motives not at all consistent with the position in which they desired to place themselves before the world,—that of an aggrieved people contending for rights which had been infringed: motives, in short, arising wholly from popular feelings at once covetous of the possessions of another nation, and exasperated for the time by passions beyond control. In a word, the war of 1812 was a war of AGGRESSION; and its fate was that with which it is the usual Providence of God to visit, sooner or later, all aggressive wars: it was a failure; and a failure, though brightened by occasional triumph, involving, on the whole, a large amount of retributive calamity. It is, too, a remarkable; we might say, providential circumstance, that the failure was mainly brought about through the gallant and the unexpected resistance of the very colony which was regarded by its invaders as likely to prove an easy conquest, in consequence, more particularly, of the disloyalty to the British Crown vainly imagined to lurk in its heart. That very colony which, to the war-party in Congress, was the object of cupidity, and by a "strong delusion" afforded them their highest hopes of success, became largely instrumental to their discomfiture. This looks like a judicial disappointment of schemes not merely visionary and inconsiderate; but—what is far worse—violent and unjust.

The War Declared simultaneously with the Invasion of Russia.

Six days after the declaration of war by the United States, Buonaparte passed the Niemen, with the vast and brilliant armament which, in the purpose of its imperial leader, was to bring down Russia as low as the rest of the Continent; but was destined, in the designs of Providence, to afford in modern history, a parallel to Pharoah and Sennacherib. Had the United States awaited the issue of that expedition it is possible that their war against Great Britain would not have been declared. Even if the flames of Moscow had proved as ineffectual as the woes of Spain to exasperate them against the scourge and the oppressor of Europe, still destruction, in one campaign of half a million of his veterans, was too evident and too serious a blow to his military strength, not to impair the prestige of his alliance, and to shake that faith in his destiny which may have extended from Europe to his Transatlantic allies; for in that false position our Anglo-Saxon brethen had, on the 18th June, 1812, unhappily placed themselves. A little more patience on the part of the United States would have set all right, without war, which remedied nothing, and produced no settlement but what would have been made, had peace continued, two years before; and that on terms more explicit and more advantageous to the Republic than the treaty of Ghent, which closed the unprofitable contest. Their troubles were the troubles of the age; caused by the convulsion and the disorganization of the civilized world, not by any ill will harboured by Great Britain against them. Tyrants aiming at universal dominion cannot send their whirlwinds of men and steel over the earth without causing general suffering—and the United States suffered. With the breaking of the oppressor's rod, their sufferings would have ceased. The tide of French invasion once driven back, the ancient landmarks would have reappeared; the rights of nations, the renewal of intercourse, the revival of commerce; everything, in short, worth contending for would have followed the fall of Buonaparte, since it was by his conquests and decrees alone that the order and the happiness of the world had been interrupted. The United States, by throwing themselves into the contest, only delayed that happy consummation.

The British North American Provinces, the main object of the War.

There were many things which, in and out of Congress, were grievously misunderstood in the United States. The loyalty of the British North American Provinces was misunderstood when the political seers of Congress asserted, with that vehement asseveration and implicit faith which are often found to bear an inverse proportion to truth and information, that those Colonies were ripe for defection. The power of Great Britain, hampered as she was by the mortal struggle with her European foe, was greatly misunderstood, when a member in Congress expressed apparently the expectations of the majority in the utterance of the appalling prediction,—"We shall drive the British from our continent;" and the ability of the United States to cope with such an adversary was considerably overrated by wiser heads than another Congress orator possessed who delivered himself of this truly magnificent bombast,—"The Falls of Niagara could be resisted with as much success as the American people, when they should be called into action!" But amid all this deplorable misapprehension, there was one point which was not misunderstood,—THE VALUE OF THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES TO THE BRITISH CROWN. That point, both inside Congress and outside, was fully comprehended; and what was said in regard to it was no more than the truth. "These Provinces," said Mr. Porter, the Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations," "were not only immensely valuable in themselves, but almost indispensable to the existance of Great Britain, cut off as she now is, in a great measure, from the North of Europe. He had been credibly informed that the exports from Quebec, only, amounted during the last year (1810) to near six millions of dollars, and most of these, too, in articles of the first necessity,—in ship timber and in provisions for the support of her fleets and armies." "The conquest of Canada," wrote the Weekly Register, about the same time, "will be of the highest importance to us in distressing our enemy; in cutting off his supplies of provisions and naval stores for his West India Colonies and home demand. There is no place from whence she can supply the mighty void that would be occasioned by the loss of this country, as well in his exports as imports. It would operate upon him with a double force: it would deprive him of a vast quantity of indispensable materials, as well as of food, and close an extensive market for his manufactures. Canada and Nova Scotia, if not fully conquered immediately, may be rendered useless to him in a few weeks. Without them, and particularly the latter, he cannot maintain those terrible fleets on our coast that we are threatened with, or bridge our harbours with frigates, admitting he may have no use for them to defend his own shores; for he will not have a dockyard, fitting the purposes of his navy, within 3,000 miles of us." The great worth of these possessions was, at the time of which we are writing, and is now, well known to politicians in the United States. Whilst the war-spirit was raging, the democrats thought it distressing, intolerable that the British flag should be proudly waving, on their very borders, over so choice a tract of territory; the rescue from monarchical rule of such a land, by nature so favoured, in position so conveniently situated for annexation, was to be resolutely attempted,—it was like taking the Holy City out of the hands of the infidels, and was eminently worthy of all the exuberant patriotism, and the blind sacrifice, and the furious effort of a republican crusade. The British North American Provinces were coveted; coveted most ardently, for their own sake, and for the anticipated gratification of extirpating from the continent every vestige of kingly government. The ardour of the cupidity can scarcely excite surprise, where the object was so valuable, and the appropriation deemed so easy,—everything having been previously settled by the democrats to their perfect satisfaction,—in a manner the most easy and comfortable that can be imagined,—as to the political purpose which the British Colonies were to serve, when blessed with the privilege of incorporation with the United States. "I am willing," was the magnanimous declaration of Mr. Grundy, of Tennessee, "to receive the Canadians as adopted brethren; it will have beneficial political effects; it will preserve the equili-

brium of the government. When Louisiana shall be fully peopled, the Northern States will lose their power; they will be at the discretion of others; they can be depressed at pleasure, and then this union might be endangered. I therefore feel anxious not only to add the Floridas to the South, but the Canadas to the North of this empire." This is all very amusing; but, unhappily, it suggests the painful reflection, that should the same dishonest cupidity continue, it may, at a future period again embroil the two nations. That the United States would be glad to annex the British Provinces; that the acquisition of these truly valuable, if not fully valued Colonies, would be hailed and celebrated by them as an event second in interest and importance only to their Declaration of Independence;—this we believe to be undeniable. But the follies and the losses, the sacrificed treasure and life of the last war have taught them, we trust, the salutary lesson that there is more of profit to be derived from commerce with Great Britain in peace, than of glory or of territory to be wrested from her in war; and that to alehouse politicians alone ought to be left the madness of proposing the sacrifice of that lucrative traffic which now employs about one-half of all their shipping, with the hope of tarnishing the renown, disgracing the flag, or subduing any of the dependencies of that Empire which is still—and long may it so continue!—the most powerful on the face of the earth. As to the jealousy they may feel in consequence of having a foreign power—so formidable as Great Britain—on their frontier, the counsel may be fitly applied to their case which was honestly and wisely given to Louis XIV., who, had he been guided by that sage advice, would have spared himself a dishonourable peace and a dismembered empire: "It is useless to allege," urged this honest counsellor of an unscrupulous king, "that these towns of Holland were necessary to your state: the property of others is never necessary to us. That which is truly necessary to us, is to observe strict justice. You ought not even to pretend that you have a right to retain in perpetuity certain places, because they contribute to the security of your frontier. It is your wisdom to seek that security by good alliances, by your moderation, or by strongholds which you have it in your power to fortify in the rear. But, be this as it may, the necessity of watching over our own security can never give us the right of seizing our neighbour's territory." By this advice, republics as well as kings may be profited; and the United States in particular, if chargeable at all with frontier-conquest: of which let themselves be judges. As to annexing the British North American Colonies by force of arms, the time has not yet arrived when that would be an exploit easy of accomplishment, or likely to prove remunerative, if we consider the sufferings and the disasters which must precede. The alternative of "peaceful cession" we will leave our posterity to discuss in the last days of Britain's decrepitude.

WHICH MAY ALMIGHTY GOD LONG FOREFEND!

CHAPTER IV.

Attempts to induce the belief that the war was only unpopular with the minority—From June 18, 1812, to July 12, 1812.

"War is declared,"—"Great Britain is the enemy,"—"Our ancient and inveterate foe has at length been proclaimed, by the constituted authorities in the United States,"—"In the valley of humiliation; at the foot of the throne of her idiot monarch; at the threshold of the palaces of the knaves who administer the government in his name, we sought justice, and begged for peace; not because we feared war, but from that moderation which

distinguishes the people, as well as the government of the United States." Such was the chord which was ever and anon struck by a very large body of the people throughout the United States, as if, by awakening discord, to drown the last faint harmonious notes of moderation breathed by the reflecting portion of the community. The effort, however, was a vain one—unless we record the outbreak at Baltimore as a first successful result of the war feeling. Very different were the popular sentiments in the Southern States, where swarms of privateers were preparing to reap the expected harvest of prizes among the West India islands. Of the towns in this interest, Baltimore stood foremost in violence and outrage. A newspaper published there, entitled 'The Federal Republican,' had rendered itself obnoxious, by its opposition to the measures of the war-party, and menaces had repeatedly been thrown out against the conductors. On the night of July 27th, a mob assembled before the house of the editor, for the purpose of destroying it. In expectation of this attack, he had collected a number of friends with fire-arms, to defend it from the inside, among whom were Generals Lee and Lingan. A furious affray arose, in which the mob were several times repulsed, with loss. At length a party of military were brought to the spot, by the Mayor and General Stricker, to whom those of the defenders who were left in the house, twenty-six in number, surrendered themselves, upon assurance of their safety, and were conducted to prison. On the next day, at the shameful instigation of a public journal, the mob re-assembled before the jail, with the intention of taking their revenge; and having broken open the door, after some of the prisoners had rushed through and made their escape, they fell upon the rest with clubs, and beat them till scarcely any signs of life remained. General Lingan, a man of seventy, and formerly a friend of Washington, was killed on the spot. General Lee, a distinguished partizan in the revolutionary war, had his skull fractured; and many others were severely injured. The militia refused to turn out while this massacre was perpetrating, and the Mayor is said to have absented himself. It must be added, that this atrocity was regarded with horror and indignation in all the other parts of the United States.

At Boston, on the day of the declaration of war, all the ships in the port displayed flags half mast high, the usual token of mourning; and a town meeting was held in that city, at which a number of resolutions were passed, stigmatizing the war as unnecessary and ruinous, and leading to a connexion with France, destructive to American liberty and independence. In several of the minor eastern cities, and in New York, similar, though not quite so broadly manifested, demonstrations occurred. At a convention of delegates from the several counties of the State of New York, held at the capital, in Albany, on the 17th and 18th of September, 1812, the spirit of the resolutions passed was:—

First, that the attempt, amongst a free people, to stifle enquiry, as to the arbitrary and despotic measures adopted by government, in plunging the country into an unjust war, is essentially hostile to republican institutions, and one of the worst species of tyranny which the ingenuity of the foes of freedom has yet contrived.

Secondly, that the declaration of war was a most rash, unwise, and inexpedient measure; and, considering the time and circumstances of its declaration, the condition of the country, and state of the public mind, one which ought forever to deprive its authors of the esteem and confidence of an enlightened people.

With regard to the proposed descent on Canada, the convention decided, also, that "the creation of New States, out of territories not within the ancient limits of the United States, is inconsistent with the spirit of the federal compact, and calculated to destroy the weight which the old, great, and populous States ought to have in the Union." A most emphatic protest against prosecuting the war, on the grounds officially noted, was also entered, with a declaration, that *even the possibility of an alliance* with France should be regarded with abhorrence. All

these attempts, however, of the moderate party were unsuccessful, as we have shown, and but resulted in the final declaration of hostilities, in June, 1812.

Declaration of Hostilities.

We introduce here both the acts declaratory of hostilities on both sides,* although one preceded the other nearly four months; but it may be interesting to the reader to mark the spirit of the two declarations—the one, short, uncompromising, and leaving no choice whatever to the British Government, appeared as if it had been dictated by the parties, who for six months before had been equipping their fastest vessels as privateers, and who well knew that their best chance of securing easy and rich prizes lay in intercepting the last of the homeward bound West India men for that year; as, when once the declaration of war should be fully made known, no vessels would be permitted to run without convoy; and thus the chances of the smaller class of privateers securing prizes would be mate-

* *An Act declaring War between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dependencies thereof, and the United States of America, and their Territories.*

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that war be, and the same is hereby declared to exist, between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dependencies thereof, and the United States of America and their Territories: and that the President of the United States be, and is hereby authorised, to use the whole land and naval force of the United States, to carry the same into effect; and to issue to private armed vessels of the United States commissions or letters of marque and general reprisal, in such form as he shall think proper, and under the seal of the United States, against the vessels, goods, and effects of the government of the said United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the subjects thereof.

JAMES MADISON.

June 18, 1812.—Approved.

Declaration of War against America—at the Court of Carlton-House, October 13, 1812—present, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent in Council.

Whereas, in consequence of information having been received of a declaration of war by the United States government against His Majesty, and of the issue of letters of marque and reprisal by the said government, against His Majesty and his subjects, an Order in Council, bearing date the 31st of July last, was issued, directing that American ships and goods should be brought in and detained till further orders; and whereas His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, acting in the name and on the behalf of His Majesty, forbore at that time to direct letters of marque and reprisal to be issued against the ships, goods, and citizens of the said United States of America, under the expectation that the said government would, upon the notification of the Order in Council, of the 23rd of June last, forthwith recall and annul the said declaration of war against His Majesty, and also annul the said letters of marque and reprisal.

And whereas the said government of the United States of America, upon due notification to them of the said Order in Council, of the 23rd of June last, did not think fit to recall the said declaration of war and letters of marque and reprisal, but have proceeded to condemn, and persisted in condemning the ships and property of His Majesty's subjects, as prize of war, and have refused to ratify a suspension of arms agreed upon between Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, His Majesty's Governor-General of Canada, and General Dearborn, commanding the American forces in the northern provinces of the United States, and have directed hostilities to be recommenced in that quarter.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, acting in the name and on the behalf of His Majesty, and with the advice of His Majesty's Privy Council, is hereby pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that general reprisals be granted against the ships, goods, and citizens of the United States of America, and others inhabiting within the territories thereof (save and except any vessels to which His Majesty's license has been granted, or which have been directed to be released from the embargo, and have not terminated the original voyage on which they were detained or released,) so that as well His Majesty's fleets and ships, as also all other ships and vessels that shall be commissioned by letters of marque or general reprisals, or otherwise by His Majesty's commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain, shall or may lawfully seize all ships, vessels, and goods belonging to the government of the United States of America, or the citizens thereof, or others

rially lessened. East Indiamen, it was well known, were beyond the mark of any cruisers but those of considerable force, and subsequent events showed that the harvest of prizes in this field was but inconsiderable. The declaration of the British Government is noteworthy, for the moderation which even at that last stage it evinced. nothing can more clearly mark the spirit which then actuated the British Council, or more satisfactorily demonstrate their unwillingness to precipitate hostilities. Having, however, fairly disposed of the question, we will now turn to Canada, and take up, in order, the events which then shook to its core that, as yet, infant state.

Before, however, commencing our account of the various warlike proceedings which almost immediately commenced, it would be as well for us to take a brief review of the actual position in which Canada stood at the breaking out of the war,—to examine into her means of defence, and to endeavour to ascertain, if possible, the causes which could have led to the belief, so universally held by their neighbours, that Canadians, as a body, might be considered as disaffected ; and Canada as not unwilling to assist in the cause of annexation.

---

inhabiting within the Territories thereof, and bring the same to judgment in any of the Courts of Admiralty within His Majesty's dominions: and to that end His Majesty's Advocate-General, with the Advocate of the Admiralty, are forthwith to prepare the draught of a commission, and present the same to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at this board, authorising the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, or any person or persons by them empowered and appointed, to issue forth and grant letters of marque and reprisals to any of His Majesty's subjects, or others whom the said Commissioners shall deem fitly qualified in that behalf for the apprehending, seizing, and taking the ships, vessels, and goods belonging to the United States of America, or the citizens thereof, or others inhabiting within the countries, territories, or dominions thereof, (except as aforesaid,) and that such powers and clauses be inserted in the said commission as have been usual, and are according to former precedents: and His Majesty's Advocate-General, with the Advocate of the Admiralty, are also forthwith to prepare the draft of a commission, and present the same to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at this board, authorising the said Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral to will and require the High Court of Admiralty of Great Britain, and the Lieutenant and Judge of the said Court, his Surrogate or Surrogates, as also the several Courts of Admiralty within His Majesty's dominions, to take cognizance of, and judicially proceed upon all and all manner of captures, seizures, prizes, and reprisals of all ships and goods that are or shall be taken, and to hear and determine the same, and, according to the course of Admiralty and the laws of nations, to adjudge and condemn all such ships, vessels, and goods as shall belong to the government of the United States of America, or the citizens thereof, or to others inhabiting within the countries, territories, and dominions thereof (except as aforesaid(; and that such powers and clauses be inserted in the said commission as have been usual, and are according to former precedents ; and they are likewise to prepare and lay before His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at this board, a draught of such instructions as may be proper to be sent to the Courts of Admiralty in His Majesty's Foreign Governments and Plantations, for their guidance herein ; as also another draught of instructions for such ships as shall be commissioned for the purpose above-mentioned.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent is nevertheless pleased hereby to declare, in the name and on the behalf of His Majesty, that nothing in this order contained shall be understood to recall or affect the declaration which His Majesty's Naval Commander on the American station has been authorised to make to the United States of America—namely, that His Royal Highness, animated by a sincere desire to arrest the calamities of war, has authorised the said Commander to sign a convention, recalling and annulling, from a day to be named, all hostile orders issued by the respective governments, with a view af restoring, without delay, the relations of amity and commerce between His Majesty and the United States of America.

From the Court of Carlton-House, the 13th of October, 1812.

(Signed)

CASTLEREAGH.
N. VANSITTART.
CHARLES LONG.
LIVERPOOL.
BATHURST.
MELVILLE.
SIDMOUTH.

Spirit which actuated Canadians,—although, from a knowledge of their weakness, it might lead them to deprecate hostilities—yet, not adverse to Great Britain.

Canadians were not disloyal at that period. We may fairly deduce this fact, as far as Upper Canada is concerned, from the tenor of General Brock's despatches. Even so far back as 12th February, 1812, we find him writing to Colonel Baynes, the Adjutant-General,—"I have reason to look for the acquiescence of the two Houses to every measure I may think necessary to recommend, for the peace and defence of the country. A spirit has manifested itself little expected by those who conceived themselves the best qualified to judge." Even in speaking of those who were considered, if not hostile, to be, at least, indifferent to British interests, the Lieutenant-Governor remarks: "I do not, of course, think it expedient to damp the ardour displayed by those once doubtful characters. The most powerful opponents to Governor Gore's Administration take the lead on the present occasion. Some opposed Mr. Gore evidently from personal motives, but *never forfeited* the right of being numbered among the loyal. Few, very few are actuated by base or unworthy considerations; their character will very soon, however, be put to a severe test. The measures which I intend to propose are—1. 'A Militia Supplementary Act;' 2. 'The Suspension of the Habeas Corpus;' 3. 'An Alien Law;' 4. 'An Act for the better apprehension of deserters.'"

Now, although General Brock found himself beaten, in the House of Assembly, on both the Militia and Habeas Corpus Acts, yet we find, in the reasons he assigns, no ground to change our opinion. On the contrary, he distinctly attributes the miscarriage of these two measures—the first was lost by the casting-vote of the chairman, and the second by an almost equally trifling majority—to the strong sentiment that prevailed, that war was not likely to occur with the United States; an opinion which was carefully disseminated by the numerous settlers from that country, and which tended materially to influence the votes of the members, or of such of them at least as, by their ignorance of the real position of affairs, were easily betrayed into error. That General Brock, at all events, saw no reason to induce a change of opinion, is pretty evident, if we may judge from the tone of his despatch, of 16th May, to Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General:—"Every one with whom I have had an opportunity of conversing, assures me that an exceedingly good disposition prevails among the people." The soundness of this opinion was most triumphantly established by subsequent events,—not the least important of which was, that as soon the Militia Bill, but slightly modified, was passed, although a clause had been introduced, authorizing the raising of flank companies, to be trained at least six times in each month, and although the inhabitants knew that they would have to go to a great distance to attend parade, would be liable to heavy expense, and be subject to no inconsiderable privations, the flank companies, in the districts in which they were established, were instantly completed with volunteers; and, indeed, an almost unanimous disposition to serve was evinced. Now, this feeling was manifested at a time when the prospects of the Colony were most gloomy, and when the almost defenceless condition of the Province was but too apparent,—at a time when the Governor, on whose judgment so much depended, was forced to acknowledge, that although every man capable of carrying a musket, along the whole of the line, should be prepared to act, he "had not a musket more than would suffice to arm part of the militia from Kingston westward."

The advices from England at this juncture were also equally dispiriting, so much so, that, about this time, Col. Baynes is found expressing himself, "Sir Geo. Prevost has directed me to inform you, that unless reinforcements arrive from England, (of which his Excellency is not sanguine, as the prevailing apprehension in England seems to be, that hostilities would not ensue on this continent; and as, moreover, the pledge held out in the Prince Regent's speech, of supporting with energy the contest in Portugal and Spain, renders it little likely that troops will be sent to this quarter,) although he may be very desirous to render you any

assistance to strengthen the Upper Province, his means of doing so will be but very limited. When we remember, besides all these dispiriting influences, that a numerous body of settlers from the United States were everywhere disseminating their evil counsels, and that well-founded fears were entertained that the American intrigues among the different Indian tribes, which had been openly carried on, and in the conducting of which no expence had been spared, had not failed of success, but that divisions had been sown among our Indian allies, and the minds of many altogether estranged, have we not ample grounds on which to base our assertions that the Canadas were sound to the core, and that all the rash and flatulent speeches made in the American houses of Legislature were but occasioned by the knowledge of their own weakness and divided state? Is it possible for any sane person to credit that the Americans were so totally led away by overweening vanity as to suppose that, when Great Britain should arise in her might, it would be possible for them to hope for success in a war of aggression? Is it not much more likely that French gold it was which originated the idle speculations respecting the Canadas, and not any evidences of discontent or disaffection in those Provinces? The following extracts, however, from an address of the assembly of Upper Canada, to their constituents, put the matters beyond the possibility of doubt and prove to demonstration the loyalty of the Province.

Remarks on the Address of the Assembly of Upper Canada, on the Declaration of War.

It happened, most opportunely, that the House of Assembly had so nearly completed the business before them, that they were at liberty to take all the steps necessary at this crisis, without neglecting any other important measures.

"The declaration of war issued against Great Britain by the United States, when first announced, appeared to be an act of such astonishing folly and desperation, as to be altogether incredible, and not only excited the greatest surprise among the inhabitants of this Province, but among the great majority of our enemies themselves. So many cogent reasons from interest, affection, and virtue, pleaded for an opposite policy, that the most intelligent became the most credulous. That a government professing to be the friend of man and the great supporter of his liberty and independence, should light up the torch of war against the only nation that stands between itself and destruction, exhibited a degree of infatuation or madness altogether incomprehensible—"it cannot be," said the wiser part of our inhabitants—"the United States will never declare war against a nation which has uniformly treated them with kindness and respect, whose fleets protect their commerce, and whose armies support their freedom and independence." But the men at present ruling the states, infatuated, or, as their more enlightened countrymen say, "bribed by the tyrant of France," regardless of the best interests of their country and the feelings and affections of a great majority of their own people, have commenced hostilities against our mother country while treating their vessels with hospitality, and instead of threatening their liberties, offering the most equitable terms of accommodation."

Here follows a long and spirited appeal to the descendants of the U.E. loyalists, who had been driven from the land of their adoption; and there is very little doubt but that the spirit which was roused amongst Canadians was attributable, in a great measure, to the unshaken fidelity of these settlers.

"Already have we the joy to remark, that the spirit of loyalty has burst forth in all its ancient splendor. The militia in all parts of the Province have volunteered their services with acclamation, and displayed a degree of energy worthy of the British name. They do not forget the blessings and privileges which they enjoy under the protection and fostering care of the British Empire, whose government is only felt in this country by acts of the purest justice, and most pleasing and efficacious benevolence. When men are called upon to defend every thing they call precious, their wives and children, their friends and possessions, they ought to be inspired with the noblest resolutions, and they will not be easily frightened by menaces,

or conquered by force. And beholding as we do, the flame of patriotism burning from one end of the Canadas to the other, we cannot but entertain the most pleasing anticipations. Our enemies have indeed said, that they can subdue this country by a proclamation; but it is our parts to prove to them that they are sadly mistaken; that the population is determinately hostile, and that the few who might be otherwise inclined, will find it their safety to be faithful."

That this part of the address produced the most beneficial results, was pretty clearly proved by the timid and vacillating measures adopted by General Hull; the more so, as every day afforded fresh proof to that General, after he was fairly on British ground, that he had been grossly deceived by the representations which had induced him to believe that Canada was ripe for a revolt.

"Innumerable attempts will be made by falsehood, to detach you from your allegiance; for our enemies, in imitation of their European master, trust more to treachery than to force; and they will, no doubt, make use of many of those lies, which unfortunately for the virtuous part of these states, and the peace and happiness of the world, had too much success during the American rebellion: they will tell you that they are come to give freedom—yes, the base slaves of the most contemptible faction that ever distracted the affairs of any nation—the minions of the very sycophants who lick the dust from the feet of Buonaparte, will tell you, that they are come to communicate the blessing of liberty to this Province; but you have only to look at your situation to put such hypocrites to confusion."

"Trusting more to treachery than open hostility, our enemies have already spread their emissaries through the country to seduce our fellow subjects from their allegiance, by promises as false as the principles on which they are founded. A law has therefore been enacted for the speedy detection of such emissaries, and for their condign punishment on conviction—a law which it will not be easy to escape."

The moderation of the different acts which were then passed, for the preservation and defence of the Province, is an additional proof that internal treachery was not one of the causes which were feared. The exigency of the time would have warranted the adoption of much more stringent measures; and had there been any real grounds to fear the settlers from the United States, whose inclinations, though in the main good, would be naturally with the interests of their native country, could have caused any danger, doubtless effective measures would have been adopted. The Legislature, however, knew their men, and trusted to Canadian loyalty. We shall shortly see the proofs that their confidence was not misplaced.

"Remember, when you go forth to the combat, that you fight not for yourselves alone, but for the whole world. You are defeating the most formidable conspiracy against the civilization of man that ever was contrived; a conspiracy threatening greater barbarism and misery than followed the downfall of the Roman Empire—that now you have an opportunity of proving your attachment to the parent state which contends for the relief of oppressed nations, the last pillar of true liberty, and the last refuge of oppressed humanity.

"Persevere as you have begun, in your strict obedience to the laws and your attention to military discipline; deem no sacrifice too costly which secures the enjoyment of our happy constitution; follow, with your countrymen in Britain, the paths of virtue, and, like them, you shall triumph over all your unprincipled foes."

State of feeling in Lower Canada.

Having, we think, satisfactorily, though briefly, disposed of any question that may have arisen with respect to the loyalty of Upper Canadians, we will take a glance at the state of parties in Lower Canada, and examine into the reasons why the stain of disaffection should be supposed to rest any more on them, than on their brethren in the Upper Province.

If there were grounds for apprehending that a feeling of disloyalty existed at all in Canada, reason would have at once suggested that in Lower Canada was the evil to be sought. Yet, on examination into this part of our subject, we find, that although Sir George Prevost had at this time a very

delicate card to play with his House of Assembly, he succeeded in obtaining from them a Militia Act, which, though not affording all that was required, was still a material point gained. 2,000 men were to be balloted, to serve for three months, in two successive summers. One reason why more was not gained was, that an apprehension existed that Canadians might contract military habits, and enlist into the service. This feeling, however, did not prevent the establishment of the Glengarry Light Infantry,* who numbered, by the 1st May, 1812, four hundred rank and file; and we find, farther, that on Sir George Prevost's issuing orders to recruit for a still higher establishment, the officers engaged to double the number, and did it. This does not look like disaffection; and, whether we go still further east, or south, we trace the same spirit. We find two officers dividing Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and enlisting Acadians, while Lieutenant McDonell is reported as making great progress among the Highland settlers on the coast and gulf. When we take all these circumstances, then, into consideration, we confess that we are at a loss to find any sounder reasons for imputing disaffection to Lower Canadians, than we have found to exist among their brethren of the Upper Province; and although they were not called on, in the course of the events which followed, to make such sacrifices, or give such unequivocal proofs of their loyalty, as Upper Canadians; yet, we venture to assert, that the animus was there which would have proved that in both Provinces alike the same pure spirit of patriotism burned.

We cannot well see what reasons the rulers of the United States could have adduced for arriving at a different conclusion. So far back as that momentous period, when their fellow colonists threw off their allegiance to the mother country, the French Canadians, though pressingly invited to assist, refused. They were, even then, aware of the blessings which they enjoyed under British Government, and willingly submitted to the Stamp Act, which caused so great a revolt amongst their neighbours. On the 31st December, 1775, at the siege of Quebec, we find that almost to Lower Canadians alone was the successful resistance against the combined attack of Generals Arnold and Montgomery, attributable. "The party who defended the principal battery, consisted of CANADIAN MILITIA, with nine British seamen to work the guns." On no one occasion, in point of fact, can we detect the slightest trace of a hostile feeling towards the British Government amongst Lower Canadians: in the present instance what is the result of our examination? we find that "four battalions of militia were instantly raised, and the voltigeurs were organised and equipped in the short space of six weeks by the liberality of the young Canadians: we find the Legislature issuing government papers, bearing interest and payable in bills of Exchange in England, to prevent specie from going to the United States; and again, are our old friends, the inhabitants of Quebec, found at their post, guarding the citadel, proud of the duty, and of the consequence reposed on them. We think we need say no more on the head of the loyalty of Lower Canada.

First Hostile Demonstration; 12th July, 1812.

On the 12th July, 1812, the American General Hull, with a force of twenty-five hundred men crossed over to Sandwich from Detroit and planted the American standard on Canadian soil, where he issued a proclamation,* inviting the inhabitants to join his standard.

* Although the levies raised for the corps belonged generally to the Lower Province, yet strict geographical justice would assign these troops to the Upper Province.

* PROCLAMATION.

Head Quarters, Sandwich,
12th July, 1812.

Inhabitants of Canada—

After thirty years of peace and prosperity, the United States have been driven to arms. The injuries and aggressions, the insults and indignities of Great Britain, have once more left them no alternative but manly resistance, or unconditional submission. The army under my command has invaded your country. The standard of the Union now waves over the territory of Canada. To the peaceable, unoffending inhabitants it brings neither danger nor difficulty. I come to find enemies, not to make them. I come to protect, not to injure you.

Separated by an immense ocean and an extensive wilderness from Great Britain, you have no participation in her councils, no interest in her conduct. You have felt her tyranny; you have seen her injustice; but I do not ask you to avenge the one, or to redress the other.

CITIES AND TOWNS OF CANADA.

LONDON.

The tourist unacquainted with the rapid growth of our towns in the west, will almost, on leaving Ingersol, in proceeding westward, come to the conclusion that he has left civilization behind. In proportion, therefore, will be his astonishment on emerging from a long pine tract, to see at some distance before him a large, well-built, and populous town. Yet London, the capital of the County of Middlesex, may lay claim to all, if not more, than this description. The town is finely situated, where the two branches of the Thames unite; and from its elevated position, is both healthy and picturesque. Taken from Askin's Hill, just above a sweep of the river, called the "Devil's Elbow," our sketch conveys a very fair, though not flattering, idea of London. Immediately in front is the railroad, with the new bridge crossing the stream, a little to the south-west of the Jail and Court House, on the right, the Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church stand; the former the handsomest Gothic edifice in Canada West, was designed and erected by Mr. Thomas, architect in Toronto, the latter, also, a very fine church has been recently built, and is a commodious and handsome structure. London boasts in all of some thirteen or fourteen churches, and Baptists, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, whether of the old form, the Free Kirk or Secession, Univesalists, and Colored Baptists have built, it would almost seem in a spirit of emulation, comfortable and substantial brick or frame places of worship. The Court House and Jail, which forms a very prominent object in our plate, is a fine pile of buildings and was erected at a cost of over six thousand pounds. A new Town Hall and Market House, a Mechanis' Institute, and a very large Grammar School have also been recently erected; a common brick schoolhouse has been built by the Corporation, at an expense (says Smith's Canada) of seventeen hundred pounds. The barracks, which are roomy and commodious, are to the north of the town, and are not visible in our plate, as they are situated just between the Court House on the left and the Roman Catholic Church on the right. There are flourishing bank agencies and building societies here, with societies innumerable, while there is no room to complain of the want of grist and saw mills, distilleries, foundries, tanneries or asheries. Labat's Brewery is too well known to all true lovers of malt to require particular notice; treble, double, or single X, are all to be had, and of a quality that would almost shake one's belief in the exclusive excellence of Hodgson or Bass's pale East India.

London has been singularly unfortunate in respect to fires, and has four times, within the last few years, suffered from the devouring element; on one occasion, the fire of 1845, one hundred and fifty large buildings were destroyed. The result of these repeated purifications has been that it contains fewer mean and shabby looking houses than most towns of similar importance.

The town was first laid out in 1826, and increased so fast that an additional survey was found necessary in 1834, and at that time more land was added to the town plan, the limits of which now cover over 1400 acres. Of this quantity five acres were reserved for a grammar school, five for a market place, and ten for agricultural purposes, holding fairs, &c., this will eventually be of great benefit to the town.

Much, doubtless, of the prosperity, everywhere visible, and the rapid increase in the population (nearly six thousand), is to be attributed to London having been so long a military station; but still, it is in the energy of the inhabitants and the productiveness of the adjacent country, that the real cause is to be found. The well-stocked shops and the expeditious yet safe mode of doing business, have long rendered London a place worthy of note in the far west, and speculation is even now rife as to how the railroad will affect the interests of the town. There are always some croakers to be found in every community, and such individuals are at present busy with their prognostications that, as the railroad progresses and the facilities of transportation are multiplied, so will the prosperity of this new thriving town in the same ratio decrease; but the same calculations were made years ago with respect to horses in Great Britain; yet as railroads increased, so did the number of horses increase likewise; and, granting that one class of travellers will cease to stop in London, in the same manner as business in-

creases, so will it be found necessary to have likewise, an increase of travellers. Besides, the Canadian Cockneys have too much enterprise amongst them not to make a fresh business if the old one diminishes, and we have very little doubt but that, so far from injuring the town, a railroad will only add fresh energy to the already wide-awake Lunnuners.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. IX.

WHEREIN IS COMMENCED THE UNSURPASSED HISTORY OF JEREMIAH DIP, ALDERMAN AND TALLOW-CHANDLER, OF THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON.

From the earliest epoch of my conscious existence, I have had an unsatiable yearning to read of the exploits of murderers, robbers, foot pads, pirates and such like adventurous imitators, on a small scale, of Alexander the Great, and Napoleon Bonaparte, (so called, as Mr. Paumie tells me, because he conquered a *good part* of the world). Next to the life of Sir William Wallace, and the Gentle Shepherd, the books which I most delighted to study were the Newgate Calendar, and Hugo Arnot's Criminal Trials; and I often thought that if some warlock offered to bring before me the apparition of some illustrious notoriety of history, I should fix upon Robin Hood, or Sixteen-String-Jack in preference to any one else.

As I was mentioning this weakness of mine one day to Quinten Quill, that obliging personage, who never was so happy as when ministering to our amusement, inquired at Mr. Paumie and myself whether we would like to witness the manner in which the thief-catchers of London perform their operations. "My reason for asking the question," quoth Quinten, "is that Mr. Noseannabem, a Bow-street detective is, this very afternoon, to be occupied in an attempt to discover the perpetrators of an extensive theft of sugar from a West Indian ship lying in one of the docks."

The Dominie, who had but slender love for this department of the fine arts, declined the offer with befitting thanks, but I, as you may swear jumped at the same, like a lawyer at a fee, or a cock at a grosert. Accordingly having discussed a bit snack o'lunch, and may be a toothful of something stronger than water, in order, to steady our nerves, we set out for the Police office, where we found the man-hunter just preparing to start upon his expedition.

Mr. Noseannabem was a perfect model at once of strength and activity, conveying the impression, as Mr. Quill remarked, that his father might have been Hercules, and his mother the queen of all the rope dancers. Rather slender, than otherwise, so far as bulk was concerned, his muscles were as hard as cast metal, and he had an eye which seemed to pierce the person he looked upon like the sharpest gimlet. This said eye was never at rest for the minutest fraction of a second; nothing could escape its inquisition and feverish scrutiny. It was impossible for a wind-propelled straw to cross his path without its course being traced to the nook where it found refuge, and I firmly believe that before I had been two minutes in his company he could have sworn correctly to the number of buttons on my coat and vest, and the sum total of darns which my every day breeches exhibited!

Quinten having explained to this functionary, who was one of his intimate cronies, the errand upon which he had come, he, in the frankest manner agreed to gratify our wishes. The only stipulation which he made was that we should witness his proceedings from a distance, as if we had no cognizance of, or connexion with him, and on no account to volunteer either advice or assistance unless specially requested so to do. These terms, of course, were willingly acceded to, especially by your humble servant, more by token that, though by no means a coward, I am a prudent man, and have ever had a decided aversion to scald my fingers with the broth appertaining to other people!

Having placed sundry pairs of hand-cuffs in his coat pocket, and seen that the flints of two pistols which he carried in his breast, were in business order, our friend invited us to accompany him in his campaign. Having reached the wharf where the plundered vessel lay, Mr. Noseannabem put a number of interrogatories to the skipper and his hands, but without being able to elicit anything like a clew to the depredators. In fact the sugar had been ravished at mid-night which was two hours before the moon turned out of her hammock, and during the prevalence moreover, of one of those *dour* London fogs capable of being cut with a knife, like a kebboch of Dunlop cheese?

Leaving the ship, about as wise as when he entered the same, the inquisitor began to look narrowly upon the contiguous stones of the street, as if in quest of some fine eyed needle. After a season he made signs to us to approach, and quietly directed our attention to a small train of sugar running from the river to the buildings fronting the same. This track he pursued for at least a couple of hours, frequently losing trace of it altogether in mud, and rubbish. In process of time his researches led him to the houses, and directing us to take up our station in a tap-room where we could observe without observation his cautious movements, he made a thorough survey of the various dwellings which surrounded the locality.

Of a verity, some of these structures would not, from their appearance and general air, have been pronounced to be the chosen dwel-

ling-places of saints or honest men. There was a glum, grewsome look about them, conveying irresistibly the idea that the frequenters thereof were more given to breaking the ten commandments than laying the foundation-stones of churches; and the parties who swarmed in and out of the dirt-daubed doors, tended to confirm the correctness of such an impression. There were hook-nosed children of Abraham, laden with cast-off garments, in every stage of decrepitude and decay;—randy-women, stoving and steaming with the fumes of adulterated gin;—and troops of wild, unpruned olive branches, nearly as naked as the rising generation of the Cannibal Islands, or the marble angels which flutter everlastingly around the monuments in Westminster Abbey, and whose faces, evidently, had never been familiar with the virtues of soap and water.

We could notice, from our stance, Mr. Noseannabem carefully inspecting the portals of these disreputable specimens of metropolitan architecture. He had evidently lost all traces of the luscious grains, and indeed looked as if on the eve of giving up his investigations in despair.

At length a gleam of satisfaction became apparent on his anxious countenance, and in obedience to a wave of his hand, we settled for the brown-stout we had been imbibing, and joined the patient investigator, "Put your tongue," quoth he, "upon the handle of this door, and tell me what you discover!" Though inwardly *scunnering* at making such a use of my *gustatorial member* (as Mr. Paumie hath it) I was determined to obey orders without disputing them, and accordingly began licking the filthy dirt-encrusted nob of brass. No sooner had I done so, than I became aware of the presence of something sweet, which a more prolonged tasting convinced me was neither more nor less than genuine muscovado!

"Here lurks the thief!" whispered the exulting terror-to-evil-doers, —and forthwith motioning us to follow, he proceeded to ascend a narrow and winding stair. At every door which we encountered in our upward, but far from heavenward progress, he *pree'd* the flavor of the *sneck*, till at length, smacking his lips, he exclaimed, "I will wager a guinea to a brass farthing that the fox is kennelled in this den!"

It was the work of a moment to break open the door with a kick, which might have felled an ox; and rushing into a small, ill-lighted, and abominably *clatty* room, the thief-taker threw himself upon a burly, red-haired giant, measuring more than six feet three inches in his stocking-soles, and had him firmly handcuffed, before you could say Jack Robinson!

The party thus unceremoniously roused from a profound nap, at first showed tokens of disputing the righteousness of his capture; but no sooner did he recognise his conqueror than he at once abandoned the controversy as a bootless job. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Noseannabem!" he exclaimed, with all the coolness of an iced cucumber. "You have come about that ere sugar, I suppose? Well, well, there is no use making a poor mouth about the matter! It will only be a seven years' visit to the other side of the big herring-pond! Treat me like a gentleman, and I will give you no extra trouble!" The victor having assured him that he would give him every reasonable indulgence, the vanquished knight pointed to a recess at the head of his invaded couch, within which was found the abducted produce of the cane. The sugar had been carried off in sacks, the leakage from which had led, as above narrated, to the discovery and apprehension of its ravisher.

Having procured a *jarvie* (as our friend designated a hackney coach), the whole party proceeded in state to the Guildhall, where Mr. Roderick M'Rogue (for so was the enthralled freebooter named) was arraigned before the sitting magistrate, to answer for his somewhat irregular speculations in the grocery department.

Alderman Dip, who on this occasion occupied the throne of justice, was a little pug-nosed, pot-bellied, bandy-legged specimen of humanity, sporting a brown wig and a pair of specs, the lenses whereof were of such preposterously gigantic dimensions that they might have served for the peep-glasses of a penny show! His manner was curt and cat-witted, which, if natural, was doubtless aggravated by the fact that he had just been on the point of seeking the solacement of dinner at the moment when Mr. Noseannabem required the assistance of his judicial functions.

No sooner had the alderman been made aware, in answer to a question propounded to the manacled M'Rogue, that the worthy was a native of North Britain, than his temper appeared to be tinctured with a tenfold measure of acidity! Oblivious of the dignity of the tribunal on which he was perched, he broke out into a perfect hurricane of abuse and vituperation against the luckless land of cakes and everything connected therewith! Not a virtuous female, he asserted, could be condescended upon between Peterhead and Dumfries, and, as for the men, they were universally thieves and cut-throats without a solitary redeeming exception! The prisoner's being a native of this unholy land was proof presumptive of his guilt (continued anti-Scotus), sufficiently strong to warrant his committal and conviction without further evidence; and he only wished that Roderick's entire countrymen sported but one neck, so that he could have the delectation of seeing it dislocated some fine morning in front of the debtors' door at Newgate! His lordship concluded an address more emphatic than strictly

orthodox, by quoting the well-known scoffing stanza:—

"There's nought in the Heelands
But nettles and leeks;
And lang-leggit Heelandmen
Wanting the breeks!"

When Mr. Quill and myself had rejoined the Dominie at our quarters in Furnival's inn, and were enjoying our glass after dinner, I naturally alluded to the extraordinary outpouring of slander which had been directed by the Cockney law-dispenser at Guildhall, against "the land of mountain and flood"

"The truth is," said Quinten in explanation, "that the worthy alderman is to be excused, in a great measure, for escapades similar to that of which he has been guilty to-day. Destiny led him, some years ago, into the regions where bagpipes and small-still whisky prevail, and the crooked luck which he there encountered has been sufficient to translate his marrow into mustard! I am myself half a Scotsman, my mother being a M'Murrich, but cognizant as I am of his antecedents, I can make great allowance for his misanthropical outbreaks."

Mr. Quill having thus excited the curiosity of the Dominie and myself, we requested him to enlighten us on the matter, and accordingly, his tumbler being freshly replenished, Quinten proceeded to narrate the following passages, which, at my special suit, Mr. Pawmie wrote down from his diction.

THE MISADVENTURES OF ALDERMAN DIP.

It is not every Cyrus who is blessed with a Xenophon to register the memorabilia of his boyhood, and for lack of such a chronicler, posterity must be left to conceive the progress of Master Jeremiah Dip's sojourning in Old Lud, where he was dropped one fine day by the York stage waggon, *sans sous*, *sans everything*, save a tolerable inheritance of mother wit. At the end of the above-mentioned period, viz., when he had just turned of thirty, the first trace which we discover of him is a brace of carpenters affixing over the threshold of a small shop in Threadneedle Street, a wooden banner, vulgarly styled a sign, intimating to the universe, that candles dipped as well as mould, besides oils of every description, and cracklings for the sustentation of dogs, were vended on the easiest terms by the magister of the unctuous emporium.

Our hero left his counter a dozen times in each hour to gaze, from the middle of the causeway, upon the golden letters which conveyed the above-mentioned announcement. He was never weary of contemplating the thrice-beloved sign! He looked at it in all lights, and in every conceivable shade. He yawned during the night-watches for the advent of the sun, that he might dwell upon the much-cherished characters; and he regarded the greasy lamplighter with the eye of a friend, because his torch, like the wand of a benevolent magician, rescued his heart's delight from the envious obscurity of evening!

Smile at this as you may, worthy gossip, you nathless would not deem honest Jeremiah's enthusiasm exorbitant, had you like him passed from the nothingness of a servitor into the everything of a dealer on your own account! His was the spasmodic elasticity of the butterfly newly disenthralled from the bondage of grubship—the exodus from murky Egyptian slavery into liberty and light!

The stream of time rolled on, and every dash of its chronological wave washed a stray copper into the treasury of the huxter of luminaries, till, at the end of some sixteen years, he found that it took no small measure of the midnight oil, to enable him to sum up his bank account. To make a long story short, he discovered that he was "*comfortable*"—a term which, according to John Bull's mercantile lexicon, implies a competency equal to the income of some half score "Princes of the empire." In England, when a man is *easy*, he may sport his one-horse chay—when *comfortable*, he may rejoice with impunity in his coach-and-four. In Italy or *Faderland* the phrase would imply little more than sour kraut, or wine, thin as a Trappist monk in Lent, to your macaroni!

Master Dip set his affairs in order, disposed of the goodwill of his business, and turned his back for ever (as he thought) upon Threadneedle Street, with the world all before him.

Having for a brief interludic season "hung loose upon society," fate at length dropped the ex-engenderer of candles into a compact Lilliputian box-villa on the banks of the Thames, resembling in no small degree those ingenious structures y'clept "*fly-houses*," which some years ago formed one of the most sterling and staple attractions of the toy-shop. In fact, had some *lunatic* Sir John Herschell brought the focus of his seven-foot telescope to bear upon the threshold of the foresaid snuggery, with its little pursy owner attired in his ample azure surtout, he would assuredly have "written him down" a gigantic species of the blue-bottle, guarding the penetralia of his temple from the meditated desecration of some cadaverous spider—the said spider having its counterpart in some long-legged tax-gatherer, a personage ever held in extra-devout aversion by the most loyal subject of the British crown!

"Happiness," saith Lokman, or some other oriental sage, "happiness is the shadow in the stream, which vanisheth when a poor devil stoopeth to grasp it." Now, though we would have strong scruples in making affidavit upon oath, that a good dinner, with a genuine bottle of *black-strap* as a finish off, can be with any propriety termed a *shadow*, still stern truth compelleth us to confess that with all this, and sundry other minor comforts, Master Jeremiah began to find out that he had not ex-

actly compassed what all life long he had been striving and panting to obtain. His great dream and ambition had been to become his own master, but not many months had sped over his sconce till he discovered that he was as far from this devoutly wished-for consummation as ever. He was, in fact, as much a servitor as on the day in which he subscribed his 'prentice indenture,—and to a master, moreover, who keeps as sharp a look-out on his vassals as ever Falkland did on that preposterous *spoon*, Caleb Williams. In plain unvarnished Anglo-Saxon, he was the neck-and-heels bondsman of *Ennui!*

Having exhausted every other conceivable method of emancipating himself from this merciless thraldom, he, as a last and desperate resource, bethought himself of a little circulating library, situated near the gate of his Tusculum, and ere a week had absconded, he was immersed neck and crop in the multitudinous mysteries of the far-famed *Minerva Press.* Hurried as we are, and anxious to progress with our narrative, we must stop a moment to give a passing *all-hail* to this prolific fountain of the wild and wonderful! How many a time and oft, in our "green and salad days," have we wept and shuddered by turns over the legends spawned in this *mare magnum* of romance! Can we ever forget the delicious horror with which thy exhalations stiffened our juvenile hairs, causing them to stand stiff and stark on end, like quills upon the porcupine which Hamlet used to fret? What though we now are aware that the swans of *Minerva* are nothing better than geese—and that the gold of her knights is arrant tinfoil—what, we say, of all this? Not less entrancing were they in our uncritical and unsophisticated eyes—and the wisdom which has unmasked the gentle deceits has given us no delight half so appetizing as that which, in its confounded matter-of-fact prudery, it hath for ever and a day deprived us of!

The *ci-divant* tallow-chandler now found himself in a new world—a *terra incognita* that he had previously never so much as dreamt of. Before this epoch the wildest stretch of his literary excursions had never reached beyond the "Complete Letter Writer" or the "Young Man's Best Companion," —saving and excepting always the leading Tory journal of the day (Conservatism, that indefinite half-way house, had then neither "a local habitation nor a name!") For be it known that Master Jeremiah was an out-and-out Church-and-King-man "all of the olden time," —who never retired to roost, in fair weather or foul, without draining a potent poculum to the eternal confusion of Pope, Diabolus, and Pretender! Had the big O then flourished, the *trio* would doubtless have been transformed into a *quartett!*

Now, as every peripatetic clerk, or well-read sentimental milliner, is aware, *high birth* formed one of the staple dishes which the illustrious Mr. Newman was in the habit of serving up from his intellectual cook-shop. The *Lathoms* and *Ann of Swansea*, and other ministering servants of the Minerva Press, appeared to be thoroughly convinced of the truth of Dan Horace's maxim, "*difficile est communia proprie discere.*" Hence they generally enlarged more upon castles than cottages, and whatever be the literary defects of that distinguished school of fiction, the reader who adventureth to dip into it is always certain to find himself in "the very first society." In fact, we have been told that Mr. Newman, on no account whatever, would pay for a work in which there was not one Marquis, at the very least, garnished with a due proportion of Baronets and Knights. A Prince Regent was worth half-a-crown extra to the author, and it went hard if a King did not fetch a *sovereign* over and above the stipulated price of the job!

For the first time honest Dip began to feel a little squeamish at the thought that he was nothing more than a retired Cockney huxter. His very *plum*, which before invested him with so much consequence in the eyes of himself and of his neighbors, now actually soured upon his stomach. Right willingly would he have parted with a plethoric per centage thereof for an ancestor of the era (*area* he called it) of the Conqueror or Long Shanks, even though the only record history gave of him might be that the senex "died for the law," as our North British friends delicately render the words *sus per col!*

The earliest decided intimation which the translated Jeremiah gave of his *aristocratophobia* was afforded one evening as he was "blowing a cloud" with Master Guy Cleaver, a worthy member of the *Lumber Troop*, whose reputation, like that of the doughty Earl of Warwick had been earned by smiting of cows. This said Guy, who had a profound veneration for every one who could set down four consecutive figures in a note of hand, and duly retire the same when at maturity without drawing upon the exchequer of *King Æolus*, happened *en passant* to mention one of the civic worthies of the day. "Pshaw!" interjected Jeremiah knocking the ashes out of his pipe, with an air which might have become the illustrous Ancient Pistol himself, "Pshaw! what is he after all! a mere man of yesterday whom nobody knows!" "Body o' me gossip," rejoined Guy with a start, "What *do* you mean? A man of yesterday! Sure you forget that he is the senior *pardner* of his house, and certain to be Lord Mayor of Lunnon next year!" Jeremiah had got hardened from the bad company which he had been keeping. "He may be Lord Mayor of Jericho, for that matter," was his profane response, "but you know well that his father was only a tailor, and his mother sold vegetables in Common Garden market!"

A mighty change had indeed come over the spirit of the candle maker's life and conversation. His former aspirations, amusements, and pursuits seemed "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Instead of green hides he "babbled of green fields" and the *cents* of the stocks gave place to the *scents* of the mountain and plain. Gradually he gave up his city haunts, discontinuing, even, his visits to the Free-and-easy in the Goat and Compasses, whence for a single night he had never been absent during twenty years, sickness and Sundays excepted. His principal out-door recreation was to note the coats of arms emblazoned on the lordly vehicles which whirled past his dwelling; and he began to scrape acquaintance with all the half-pay subalterns in his neighbourhood, having discovered from a memorandum in Steel's army list that such gentlemen though poor as the house-dog of a pauper, were all gentlemen *ex officios!*

But destiny had higher things in store for our hero than such "small deer." At the expiry of some twelve months, or so, we find him a duly elected member of the "Exclusive Club," a dignified association which held its weekly sederunt at a consumptive looking, back going tavern, claiming the aristocratic title of hotel. We have made the most diligent endeavours to discover the means by which the aspiring Dip procured admittance to this social Eden, but, to the unutterable loss of posterity without success. That distinguished local antiquarian Sir Nicholas Harry Nicholas, to whom we applied by way of a forlorn hope for information, threw some dim light on the subject. He informed us there is a current tradition to the effect that Master Jeremiah was assisted over the Rubicon by a certain Major O Flash, a man of war, blessed with a profusion of *muzzle hair*, but cursed with an income at once slender and uncertain. To him the chandler had played the part of the good Samaritan when involved in the foul meshes of a bum-bailiff's net, and the Major, as a *quid pro quo* had proposed his benefactor as a *mimber* of the fraternity, and displayed somewhat ostentatiously the but-ends of two hair-triggers on the evening of election, as an earnest of the serious interest which he took in his mercantile protege!

[*Here a summons to Mr. Quill from Bouncer and Brass requiring his immediate attendance, constrained him to break off his narration. Ere leaving however, he covenanted to complete it on the following day.*]

An Eye to the Main Chance.—A young stockbroker having married a fat old widow with £100,-000, says it wasn't his wife's face that attracted him so much as the figure.

A correspondent wishes to know whether the *Bench* of Bishops is one of the *forms* of the Church.

MUTABILITY.

The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies:
All that we wish to stay,
Tempts and then flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

While skies are blue and bright,
While flowers are gay,
While eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day;
While yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

THE JINGLE.

BY MISS MARGARET ORMSBY FITZGERALD.

CHAPTER II.

Relating to a Black Kettle and a Breakdown.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning that the jingle, of which we have given some description, was seen wending its way along the main street of the small but beautifully situated town of Killarney, Paddy's horn once more put in requisition, rang out loudly and invitingly, while he wielded his lash to the no small bodily discomfort of sundry pigs, who with their noses buried in the gutter, had not paid sufficient attention to his warning blast, and were now undergoing the punishment due to their audacity, as the swinish squeals that filled the air testified in a not very harmonious or agreeable manner. The jaded steeds raised their heads and shook the harness in the happy certainty of being soon freed from its trammels, and, which must appear stranger still when we consider that for the last four miles the whip had been unsparingly applied to make them move at all, they raised their legs as if those members were were not quite lifeless, and made an attempt to trot on to the house, over whose door was inscribed in large letters the word "hotel."

"The car stops here a quarter of an hour, to change horses and breakfast, Mam," said the driver as the widow lifted her little girl off the vehicle, then turning to the stout gentleman, as he handed him a carpet bag and hat box.

"I thought you'd go on wid us, Mr. O'Shaughnessy." "Not to-day, McCarthy," replied the other, "but you will have me in all probability next week, as I must be in Cork for the assizes."

"Anything else, Mam?" inquired Paddy, addressing the tall, palefaced, and timid looking girl, who with a mingled exqression of shame and anxiety in her countenance, stood an inactive spectator of the driver's operations, as trunk, bag, and parcel were alternately exhumed from the unfathomable well. "Y-e-s," she replied hesitatingly, "there is a-a-another trunk there, Mam," he asked, as kneeling on the cushions, he prepared to dive down in search of it.

"It is in the box under the seat," she whispered hurriedly, giving a quick glance round to see that no one was near, and speaking rapidly, as if afraid of being overheard, had the indicated place of stowage been anything like capable of co ntaining the very smallest description of man, one would have expected, from her extreme distress, to see a smuggled lover, at the least, drawn out, but that was impossible, for the said box was barely two and a half cubic feet in dimensions.

"A parcel I suppose," said Paddy, "oh, here it is," fishing up at the same time a sealed parcel covered with brown paper.

"No," she almost gasped, while the blood mounted to her brow for a moment, and then retreating left her face even paler than before. Twice she opened her lips to speak, and twice the unspoken words died away in a faint murmuring. For a moment the driver stared at her in the utmost astonishment, he had heard of public vehicles, nay, even coaches carrying his Majesty's mail being temporarily converted into foundling hospitals, and as the horrid idea crossed his mind that he had been for the last some hours sitting upon a living child, he grasped the dashboard of the car to prevent his falling. It was a moment of sickening suspense, and in the quickened beatings of his pulse he fancied he could hear the gasping respirations of the smothering infant, but when in a low, sepulchral tone she slowly and with difficulty articulated "'tis black," he leaped up with a tiger like spring, and grasped her shoulder while he shouted, "murder! murder! murder!" in a tone that shortly brought not only the inmates of the hotel, but every one else within hearing, so that a large crowd was collected in a moment around them.—"What's the matter! what's the matter!" cried fifty voices at once, but Paddy only kept on shouting "murder," louder than ever, until at length, completely exhausted by his exertions, he was obliged to draw breath.

"I am a magistrate," called out a little man who, mounted on a grey horse, had been for the last five minutes endeavouring to make himself heard, "I am a magistrate, and will take your depositions, but you must be sworn."

"I'll swear," cried the driver, who had by this time recovered the power of speech, "on the vartue of my oath, that I didn't know a word about it. I was as innocent as the babe unborn, till she tould me to take out the corp."

"Then the body is found," cried the magistrate. "Phil," he added, to a half-naked urchin who was standing beside his horse, "run off for the coroner at once, and," he shouted out, as the boy was running off with but half his message, "call at Dr. Finnerty's, on your way, and bid him come up to hold a *post mortem.*" As he spoke he took a roll of paper from his pocket, and dismounting, "we can get pen and ink in your parlor, John," he said, addressing the innkeeper.

"Yes, sir, and I think my sister has a testament."

"Very well; and now, my good man, follow me, and I will take your deposition about this person whom you affirm to have been murdered."

"Person," cried Paddy, "'tis'nt a person at all, your honor, but a black child that she stuffed into the box, an' I sat on the body for four hours an' a half."

"Then an inquest has been held, I see," interrupted the magistrate, in a tone of disappointment.

"No inquest at all," replied Paddy, "but I sat upon the negro onknownst, for she rammed it into the box of the driving seat."

"Take that woman into custody," cried the magistrate, as a party of police came up, while the crowd, horrified at the drivers's last revelation, fell back from the supposed depository of the murdered negro.

"Here's the docther, here's the docther," cried half a dozen voices, as a tall, gentlemanly looking man cantered up the street on a handsome thorough-bred. "Make way for his honor there," and a lane was opened in the crowd, which closed again behind him as he advanced.

"How do you do, doctor?"

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Cronin; hope Mrs. Cronin's influenza is better? Phil Connor met me on the road returning from M'Gillicuddy's, and said you sent him for me, something about a *post mortem*, I think."

"Yes, it is a bad business, and such a respectable, quiet-looking girl, too. You would never think she could be guilty of such a crime."

"What! is it a murder?"

"Yes, infanticide on a poor negro child, and she packed the body into a trunk or bandbox, I believe. She confessed it to the driver. As far as I have heard the facts of the case, any jury must bring in a verdict of wilful murder."

"But will her own confession be sufficient to criminate her?"

"Certainly not; but we have strong circumstantial evidence, that is, we have the body, and that reminds me that you must examine it before the inquest, and here comes the coroner. Ashley," he continued, addressing the police-sergeant, "exhume the negro. Ah, Mr. Mullins, a bad business this!"

"Very bad, indeed," returned the coroner;

shaking him warmly by the hand, "how do you do, doctor?" O'Connell, like a good fellow, catch a jury for me. Phil told me all about it as we came along," he resumed, turning to the magistrate, "a very sad accident, but the jury must find a verdict of accidental death; they could never think of bringing you in guilty of—

"Bringing me in guilty," said the other; "what do you mean?"

"Why, Phil told me that you blew up a negro who had been smuggled."

"Nonsense, the negro was *smothered;* but what is the matter, Ashley?"

"I can't find the body, sir."

"Can't find it; why, did you try in the box? In all probability it is covered up with something; search again, Ashley, for a small soft parcel."

"I have it," shouted the serjeant, and a murmur of horror ran through the crowd, that pressed forward with straining eyes and beating hearts, while as each individual drew in his breath, it sounded like one mighty gasp when the policeman raised a large parcel from the box, then in the breathless pause which succeeded could be heard the sound of the snapping twine. He cut the string that hid the packet, and in another moment, and as a hundred eyes were fixed upon his movements, he threw off the cover and held up to their gaze an old pair of corduroy trousers, there was a universal start, and then a roar of laughter burst from the crowd.

"Silence," cried the magistrate sternly, but he might as well have talked to the wind. "Bring forward the prisoner," he shouted.

"D'ye hear, Serjeant Ashley," cried a voice from among the mob, "bring forard yer prisoner, his honor wants to exhume the breeches," and as fresh shouts of laughter from the crowd rewarded the sally, the girl and her accuser were brought before the magistrate.

"Is there nothing else, Ashley?" called out the latter.

"Nothing, sir, but this," he replied, holding up to view a black kettle, from the top of which—for it was without a cover—protruded an old brass knocker, a bunch of skewers, some iron spoons, and the remains—for the greater part of the handle had been broken off—of a very old and very dirty hearth brush. The accused had been completely bewildered by the assault of the driver, and frightened out of her wits at being arrested by the police, who, whenever she attempted an explanation, overwhelmed her with entreaties not to criminate herself, as they would be obliged to give her communications in evidence against her; but at the sight of this kettle, the hopes of extricating herself returned to her again and she cried aloud "that's it, that's it."

"What's that ye say?" screamed Paddy indignantly? "did'nt ye tell me that ye put a young negro into the box?"

"No," cried the prisoner, "I said that I had a black—"

"Do ye hear that, she confesses it," interrupted the other in an extacy.

"Kettle!" screamed the lady.

"An' why did'nt ye say that before, then?"

"Because," she replied, blushing deeply, "because—I was ashamed."

"I suppose, sir, we may release the prisoner."

"Why, I do not see that we have sufficient reason to detain her," replied the magistrate, coolly returning the roll of papers to his pocket, at the same time giving it as his opinion that no jury could bring in a verdict of wilful murder upon a black kettle.

Another shout of laughter announced the people's perfect satisfaction with the issue of the investigation—three persons present only leaving the spot with clouded brows, namely, Paddy, who raised a very good joke at his own expense, and the doctor and coroner, who had each lost a job.

"Mr. Mullins," cried a red-haired man, from an upper window of the hotel, as the official was preparing to turn his horse's head homewards, "I've caught the jury and locked them up, but they insist upon seeing the body befor the doctor finishes his *post mortem*."

Five minutes after, the car was once more upon its way, having got rid of the negro and its owner, with the two gentlemen; in whose places it received an apothecary's apprentice, who was just out of his time, and going to Millstreet to practice on the peasantry, and two butter merchants' agents returning to Cork. "Fine day for travelling, ma'am," remarked one of the latter, breaking the silence that had remained uninterrupted for the last half hour, and taking advantage of a cessation from jolting, occasioned by the leisurely descent of the vehicle down a steep hill that terminated in a ravine, over which was thrown a kind of bridge flanked by one dilapidated parapet, the other having been carried away by a mountain torrent.

"Yes, very," was the involuntarily uttered and sententious reply of the lady, who, occupied with her own thoughts—and sad ones they must have been, if the expression of her countenance was to be considered as a faithful index—evinced no desire to encourage the loquacity of her companion.

"Cork is a thriving place," continued the gentleman returning to the attack, no way daunted by the cool reception which his advances met with, "a very thriving place; you're going up at a pleasant time, just be in for the assizes, there's a very interesting case to come on next week, many people are going up solely to hear the trial, Mr. O'Shaughnessey."

"Mr. O'Shaughnessey," repeated the widow, to whom the name seemed familiar, "oh, I recollect that was the name of the gentle-

man who came with us as far as Killarney.

Nothing more likely, in all probability he was going up to stand his trial."

"Stand his trial! why surely he has done nothing that could—but I suppose it is some slight offence.

"Slight offence!" exclaimed the gentleman, "No, indeed, but a very serious business."

"Then I wonder that they have not taken him into custody, but perhaps he is let out on bail."

"Bail! bless your heart, they never bail a man for breach of promise."

"Oh! is that it?"

"Yes, I am not acquainted with all the particulars, but I can give you an outline of the principal facts of the case. In the first place you must know that there's"—but before he could say what, a crash was heard, one wheel spun into the middle of the road, and every soul upon the car was sent fiying through the air like so many slugs from the barrel of a blunderbuss.

"Oh!" exclaimedt he gentleman whose narrative was so unceremoniously interrupted, as his path crossing that of his brother agent, their bodies came into collision with a force that stopped their aërial flight and brought them together to the ground.

"How did it all happen," cried the apothecary, as he vainly endeavored to extricate his torn garments from the furze hedge which had caught him in his passage, while Mrs Coffee picked herself out of the ditch as she best could, and turning up the whites of her eyes, ejaculated "Glory be to God!" while she crossed herself most devoutly.

"Are ye sure that ye're not all murdered," inquired the driver, and the little girl by way of reply to the query, having recovered from her fright, evinced her return to presence of mind by screaming most lustily.

"Where are ye hurt, aweenoch," asked Paddy anxiously, while her brother knelt down beside her and dried the tears with his handkerchief, as he whispered, "Hush, hush, Emmy, mamma will be frightened." As he ut ered the word mamma, every one looked round, and the question, "where is she?" passed from lip to lip. A scream from McCarthy, who ran up to the very low ditch on that side of the road, brought them all to his side, and a cry of horror burst forth, as looking in the direction to which his finges pointed, they saw far down the mountain on the brink of the ravine, what appeared to be the lifeless corpse of the widow. For an instant they stood still, and then as with one impulse sprang forward, and in a few minutes they had scrambled down the steep mountain side to the place where she lay. The jolt had thrown her over the low wall where her head came in contact with a heap of loose stones which gave way at once and rolled down with her, over and over that almost perpendicular descent to inevitable destruction, for she could not have reached the bottom of that rocky ravine with life; but just upon the brink of the precipice, which overhung it, grew a patch of old furze, and as with frighfully increased momentum she struck against them; the tough old stems half bent for an instant to the force of the shock—a straw would have turned the balance, as she hung suspended between life and death—but the tough old bushes were too firmly rooted to be dislodged, they sprang back elastically, and she was saved.

As McCarthy came to the place where she lay, a low groan broke upon his ear—"She lives, she lives!" he exclaimed. "Thank God!" fervently ejaculated his companions, while clambering along the base of the mountain he disappeared from their view.

"She may do yet," said Mrs. Coffee, in an anxious tone, while she looked up inquiringly into the face of the apothecary, who shook his head in mute reply to the implied question, pointing at the same time to the blood that was oozing through the long and tangled hair which hung loosely round her—her cap and bonnet having come off in her fall,—"she speaks," he added, as her eyes slowly unclosed and the pale lips were parted with an effort, when stooping down he could guess at rather than hear the scarcely breathed words,—"my children."

"Set your mind at ease about them, they are safe, quite safe;" he replied kindly,—and the beam of intelligence which had for a moment lighted up her eye vanished, slowly and heavily the lid sunk down upon the dimmed and darkened orb, as she relapsed into insensibility. They continued gazing silently upon her, till a shout attracted their attention, and looking up they saw Paddy on the top of the mountain.

"This way, this way, boys," he cried, springing down, regardless of the stones and hillocks which lay in his path, followed more leisurely by four men, who bore a mattress on a door between them, as he reached the group breathless from his exertions, he gave one look at the inanimate object round which they stood, and starting back he grasped the apothecary's arm, while he asked in a low hurried tone,—"She is not dead?"

"No!" was the reply, "but she must be removed at once or she will be before long."

As they gently and tenderly raised the unfortunate lady they placed her on the mattress.

"There's a respectable farmer," said Paddy, a second cousin of my own, lives half a mile across the fields, we can take her there if ye think she couldn't bear the journey to Millstreet.

"Certainly she could not!" replied the apothecary, to whom the question was addressed, "take her to your cousin's at once if it is the nearest house."

"That it is, an' the only one, barring a cabin

that wouldn't be fit for the likes of her, widin three miles of us; more-betoken, 'twas there I got the cushions an' the door.—Asy, boys, asy! step together, can't ye, an' not jowlt her; I'll go back for the childher, God help 'em! Oh wirra, wirra! but 'tis an unforthinate day for ye, Paddy McCarthy, to begin by risin a crowner's quest all about nothing at all, and to end this way. Oh, holy St. Pathrick, what war ye doin' at all at all, that ye wouldn't be lookin' down upon me this day, an' I christined afther ye an' born on yer own blessed vigil."

"Come along wid me, alannah," he continued, as he reached the place where the children were standing beside the overturned car; the horse had been taken off immediately upon the upset, and now stood with his bridle thrown over a strong furze stump, quietly cropping the grass which grew along the ditch, as if nothing had happened.

"Come along wid me, asthore," repeated Paddy, "an' I'll take ye to yer mother."

"Will you, indeed?" exclaimed the boy, "oh thank you!" and his eagerness in accepting the offer showed the anxiety under which he had previously labored, "go with him, Emily, mamma sent him for us." And he let go his sister's hand, which until now had been held firmly clasped in his own. As Paddy the driver, whose quivering lip betokened unusual emotion, was a kind-hearted and feeling man, he stooped and took her in his arms.

The little girl uttered a cry of alarm as he sprang with her over the ditch, but the next moment laughed merrily in her returning happiness, when her brother bounded on beside them, with a fearlessness that made McCarthy more than once call out to him to take care.

A walk of less than ten minutes brought them to the farm house, when Paddy, letting down his light burthen opened the door quietly and entered with his young charge.

The farmer was, as his cousin had stated, a very respectable man, and had his dwelling greatly superior to those belonging to persons of his class in general. It was not alone the size of the house, containing as it did a parlor, kitchen, and three bedrooms, besides an indescribable kind of hole or garret, usually denominated "the loft," that made this difference, but the neat yard with all its apurtenances looking like a miniature English farm-yard, the small but well-kept garden with its vegetables, fruit trees, and little flower knot; and, above all, was this superiority seen in the order, regularity and cleanliness, which pervaded every department of the domestic economy. This was fully appreciated by M'Loughlin's neighbors, who, while they cordially and chearfully acknowledged the pre-eminent comfort of his home, and believed that to his regular habits, and his practice of an improved method of farming, were to be mainly attributed his success and independence in life, yet considered these advantages, great though they confessed them to be insufficient to compensate for what they called "the throuble," so with this example before their eyes, they thought it too much trouble to retrace their steps and, following it, to enter upon the high road to prosperity,—continuing to plod on in the quagmire of lazy ignorance, though steeped to the lips in wretchedness and poverty.

It is true that Thady M'Loughlin had advantages which they did not possess, he had lived for six years with an industrious, intelligent, and extensive English farmer, whose system he learned while he every day saw it tested by practice. But then all Thady's knowledge and experience would not have made his dwelling the neat cheerful happy home that it was, without the assistance of his wife, indeed many of her neighbors, in their anxiety to do justice to her merits, went a little too far, and attributing rather much to her influence, declared that "Thady wouldn't be anything at all only for his wife," and that it was "small blame to him to folly her advice, for sure isn't she the knowledgablest and sinsiblest woman in the whole of Ireland, and Kerry to boot, not to talk of her sweet face an' kind heart, an' isn't she as industrious an' humble as if she wasn't all as one as a lady."

This eulogium, if not entirely, was partly true, for Mary M'Loughlin had received an education greatly superior to her rank in life, from a lady who had taken a fancy to her pretty face and gentle manners, and at her death left her two hundred pounds, which with her hand she bestowed upon Thady. It needed but a glance into her gentle face to convince one that she had a kind heart and good temper—two indispensable qualifications in a woman; her activity and industry were themes on which her husband was never tired of expatiating—by activity I do not mean that masculine quality which enables its possessor to leap a five barred gate, ascend Mont Blanc, or run so many miles in so many minutes, but the quiet, cheerful and ready manner in which she performed the thousand daily tasks that kept her in constant employment. If her neatness was shown forth in the scrupulous cleanliness of every thing within or without the house which came under her dominion—so her taste—start not, fair reader, at the application to a farmer's wife of this term, which has been appropriated to, monopolized by, and believed the exclusive attribute of the higher orders, including landscape gardeners and milliners, gave an air of propriety, I was tempted to say elegance, to every thing within her province, whether it were the arrangement of a corner cupboard, the looping up of the parlour curtains, the ornamenting a kitchen dresser, or embellishing the few beds which constituted her flower knot, and to which she devoted the very few moments of recreation which sho allowed herself. As a wife, as a

mother—for she had one son—she was worthy of imitation by many who if far above her in rank fall far short in the undeviating rectitude of her conduct.

On the memorable day of the occurrences which we have detailed, the M'Loughlins were preparing to sit down to a rather late mid day meal, when the latch was hastily raised, and McCarthy rushed into the kitchen, a few moments sufficed to relate the particulars of the accident, and he had scarcely concluded when Thady taking a door off the hinges, placed a mattrass upon it, and bade four of his workmen take it between them and follow the driver.

"I would go with you myself, Paddy," he added, turning to the latter, "but I could be of no use and might be in the way, and, hark ye," he shouted, as the other inpatient of delay had left the house, "if she can't bear much moving just bring her down here, Mary will look to her, and you can call at the Docther's on your way, and send him up."

In a few moments a bright fire was blazing in the parlor,—a neat bed, occupying a recess in the farther end of the room, had been prepared, and Mrs. M'Loughlin was pushing back the white dimity curtains, as she smoothed down the pillows—when the slow and cautiously regular tramp of the workmen summoned her to the side of the sufferer.

(*To be continued.*)

HOPE.

Restless, silent, patient lying,
Starting up, I heard a sighing,—
'Twas a spirit-voice, replying
To my own.

For her love I had been praying,
Words, heart-deep and earnest, saying,—
Secrets that had known no straying
From "my own."

Waiting for a brighter morrow,
Comfort I had tried to borrow,
Thinking it unmeet to sorrow
For "my own."

Fond and fitfully I pondered,
And my love, so freely squandered,
Never for a moment wandered
From "my own."

And that sighing voice above me,
Softly breathing, said, "I love thee
Truly,—time shall only prove me
Still thine own."

Now came joy on wings swift flying,
Soothing all my spirit's crying,
For I know, until our dying,
She's "my own."

SONGS AND BALLADS,

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

No. V.

THE MOUNTAIN SHEILING.

It was the following circumstance, which occurred in the summer of 1815, most of which I spent with my old friend the Laird of Hounam, at the foot of the Cheviots, that suggested the "Mountain Sheiling."

I had enjoyed a delightful day's fishing in the Beaumont, above Soorhope, and was making the best of my way back, when a little boy came whistling past me, near Belford. "Are ye gaun to the Laird's, the nicht, sir?" said he, looking over his shoulder at me. "Yes, my little man," I replied, "does your road lie that way?" "As straight as a rash, sir. I'll defy ye to gang a nearer way frae Belford to Hounam then by Seefew." Pleased with the appearance of the little fellow, who seemed shrewd beyond his years, and glad that I had fallen in with one who from his apparent communicativeness would shorten the way across the hills, from Beaumont to the Cale, I followed my little guide, who easily kept the lead, sometimes talking to Reel, a good-humored collie, that frisked before him, in a number of antic gestures, and occasionally breaking out with a verse of some such ancient Border ditty as the following:—

O, busk ye, busk ye, maiden fair,
O, busk ye, sister mine,
Wi' silk lace up your middle spare,
Put on the satin fine:
Put rings upon your lily hand,
And jewels on your hede,
And see, fair May, your kirtles stand
Theirsel's wi' goud sae rede.

And then making the hills ring again with

The lasses o' Coquet puts a' in their pockets,
We'll a' to Coquet and woo.

With these, and telling some of the feats of his favorite Reel, who he declared to be as guid in the fork o' shed as a man onie day, brought us close upon Seefew, ere we were aware of it. When, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he turned round saying, "I had forgotten a'thegither, that I maun gang ower the hill the nicht yet."

"We're gaun to wash the sheep at the Cocklawfoot, the morn, and I hae to get auld Launsie o' Hetherhope word. It's out o' your way a wee bit, to be sure, but ye'll have sic a nice walk doun the burn-side a' the way, and when ye get past Ettlescleuch, (seeing that I had a fishing-rod in my hands,) ye might try a white flee. It'll just be the verra time, and there's nane but big anes rises then, ye ken."

The good-natured, wheedling way this was

said, easily persuaded me to fall in with his plan, and we were soon looking down on the Sheiling of old Launcelot Lee, the shepherd of Hetherhope.

It was hidden at the bottom of the high green hills on which we stood, by the shoulder of another that rose close behind it, and such was the undisturbed repose of the hour and the spot, that but for two or three cows lying near the door, and the smoke that curled lazily from the chimney, it might easily have been taken by an imaginative mind, for the shrine of the Genius of the Mountain Solitude.

"It's a stey brae this," said little Elshie Hymers, (for by this time I had learnt his name,) "Launsie maun hae something to do to win to the tap o't twice a day, I think. I wonder if he's in yet, or no. He's often unco late; but it's nae matter, yonder's Mabel milking the kye, and it's worth while gangin' a mile or twa out o' anes way onie day, were it but to look on her. Aye, Bess Preston, bonnie though she be, and rightly ca'd the Flower o' Beaumont, is no fit to haud the candle to her! There's Selby o' Philoger, Harry o' the Woodside, and young Preston, the Pethers' son o' Mow-haugh, fit to pu' ane anither's lugs out about her; but she's baith ower guid and ower bonnie for onie o' them, and what's far better, has sense eneuch to let them ken sae."

I had been prepared, from the impassioned manner in which little Elshie, in the fullness of his heart had spoken, of the fair Mabel as we descended the hill, to meet with something more than a pretty face; but the vision of female loveliness that now stood before me is as indescribable as the feeling then was overpowering.

The sleeves of her spare short gown were turned up above the elbow, and shewed an arm that might have served as a model for the chisel of an artist. Her clustering, hair, like the wing of the raven, was gathered up in ringlets from her brow, and heightened, by concealing, the hue of a cheek already too fair, whilst her unaffected simplicity added grace to a form whose symmetry I have never yet seen marrowed.

This was nearly forty years ago, and time has made sad work with me since then, but Mabel Lee stands as fair before me now, as that evening when she placed the porringer of rich milk and barley-cake on the table for me in the Mountain Sheiling.

Up in yonder muirlands bare,
Where morning suns wi' mists forgather,
Where breckens bield the hirsels lair,
And scaur and craig are fringed wi' heather.
Sae lown and cozie 'neath the height,
Just whaur the brae the path is speiling,
Amang the hills, far out o' sight,
There sweetly stands the Mountain Sheiling.

Its wee kail-yard, wi' bourtree braw,
Its humble roof wi' heather happit,
And bank and brae around are a'
Wi' milk-white gowans thickly drappit.
A birk tree grows beside the well,
And close the burnie by is stealing;
The muircock fearless leaves the fell,
And cow'rs about the Mountain Sheiling.

Nae cauldrife warldly pride is there,
Nae upstart awkward kintra breeding,
But a's content wi' hamely fare,
And braw forby in hamespun cleeding.
There friendless want forgets a while
A heartless warld's unkindly dealing;
Thraws by his rags, and learns to smile
Amang them in the Mountain Sheiling.

But ah! its no' the welcome warm
That's met wi' there—nor flocks a feeding
Sae peacefu' round—thraws the charm,
The warlock charm about the steading:
It's no' the brae nor birken tree,
Nor yet the burnie by a-stealing,
But bonnie, modest, Mabel Lee,
That wons within the Mountain Sheiling.

Her wee bit waist, a matchless span,
Her tempting lips, than rubies rarer,
Her cheek the rose-bud newly blawn,
And fancy never formed a fairer.
Her step sae light, her e'en sae bright,
Her witching smile sae fu' o' feeling,
Love in her bosom out o' sight,
There nestles in the Mountain Sheiling.

I may be doomed beneath the line
To toil afar, or wander wearie
Where simmer suns but seldom shine,
And no' a friendly heart to cheer me;
And faithless fortune sair may storm;
But till my heart's bereft o' feeling,
I'll ne'er forget the angel form,
I met within the Mountain Sheiling.

The following was sent with a subscription, and gratitude prevents our selfishly keeping, not only the money, but the verses to ourselves:—

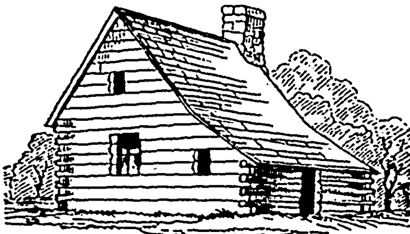
"Dear Sir,
The money I send for a paper of news,
Is a thing we can't get the moment we choose,
Therefore, you may think I am pretty clever,
And though it be late, *better later than never!*
From your most obedient,
———"

ARCHITECTURE FOR THE MERIDIAN OF CANADA.

BY WILLIAM HAY, ARCHITECT, TORONTO.

ARCHITECTURE, when considered simply as the art of encrusting a certain space required for our domestic convenience, presents the subject to our minds greatly divested of the complexity with which our preconceived ideas of style and proportion are apt to invest it. What is called style is merely the peculiar manner in which the people of certain countries adorned that form of building which their habits, and the circumstances of the locality rendered most convenient.

In the design of a building the convenient arrangement of the internal space ought always to be the object of primary importance. A well ordered interior will generally present some feature to give architectural expression to the exterior without the aid of meretricious ornament. A high-pitched roof, for example, which in this climate is necessary for the purpose of throwing off the snow and to deflect the rays of the summer sun, is an object of pictorial beauty from its boldness of outline. This is exemplified in some of the better class of Canadian log huts, the simple beauty of which is rarely excelled by structures of greater pretension. In the annexed example selected from a very common class, the outline is refreshingly varied by the leaning roof covering the low part of the building, the beauty of which is greatly enhanced in one's estimation by the knowledge of its being founded on principles of utility. One can see at a glance that it is the na-



LOG HUT.

tural shell of a certain definite amount of accommodation, to which a more advanced stage of development might probably add some degree of architectural embellishment. The projecting ends of the logs, at the angles of the structure, present legitimate objects for carving and other decorations, and the ends of the rafters, if made to shew boldly out at the eaves, would enhance the effect. The projecting ends of the beams supporting the upper deck of the Chinese Junk, lately exhibited in London, were carved to represent monster's heads, highly enriched with colour and gilding.

As there appears, however, a general disposition to abandon the simple log hut without turning its capabilities to account, it is needless, perhaps, to speculate on the practicability of its further developement. Unquestionably, however, the finest architecture has sprung from as small beginnings as the rudest Canadian shanty. The original type of Grecian Architecture was the wooden shed, (see illustration in January number,) every feature of which is reproduced in a highly enriched form in the more matured specimens of the style.

The caverns in which the early inhabitants of Egypt and Palestine found shelter, were converted by slow degrees, into those wonderful temples which they cut into the face of the mountain, the surpassing grandeur of which fills the beholder with admiration and awe.

Though we can scarcely hope to see a distinct style of pure achitecture formed on the primitive log hut, something may be done to lead the taste of the Province into a direction which may tend to give a local character to our Canadian edifices. At present, it is true, there seems to be no preference for any specific style, but a disposition, more generous, perhaps, than wise, to give every known or conceivable class of building a trial. It requires no great knowledge of architecture to perceive that the kind of structures adapted to the habits and climate of the Chinese, would be out of place in a Canadian clearing; or the Parthenon of Athens, with its dead wall, its cumbrous columns of prescribed proportions, and its narrow dark interior, would be ill suited to the purposes of a Christian church or any public building requiring light and internal convenience. To construct windows in a Grecian temple is virtually to destroy its beauty. The priests, who alone were permitted to enter the narrow cell within the external colonade, required no other light than was afforded by the fires of the sacrifice and the scanty rays of sunshine which filtered through the small aperture in the roof. Equally incongruous would it be to surround our slim civilian dwellings with works of a defensive or military character, such as battlements on the roofs, which not only would oppose no effectual resistance to a warlike enemy, but cause an inconvenient lodgement of snow. The perpetrators of such anomalies never think of the practical absurdities of their creations, but are carried away with the dreamy notion that they are legitimately following out this, or that particular style.

Utility and reality are the fundamental principles of Architecture, and constitute the only true standard of taste. Mere fancy and the obsolete rules of the pagan schools of Greece and Rome,

have been too long the blind guides of modern edificiaries. To what depths of extravagance would not fancy lead if unchecked by some sober principles of utility? What real beauty can there be in exhibiting a relic of ancient Art useless and unreal in its application? The Architecture of Greece is unquestionably beautiful as fitted to the purposes for which it was adapted, but it cannot be cited as a universal model. What use have we for huge columns, unless we have a corresponding weight to uphold? We have not the ponderous stone roofs which those columns were intended to support. Ordinary walls are sufficient to sustain our light covering of tin or shingle. The rearing of a pillar, therefore, proportioned after the enormous columns of the Parthenon but constructed of jointed deal, to support a flimsy casing of wood is an unworthy sham, and bootless as unworthy, seeing that almost invariably it reveals its own hollowness.

There are many who assert that the several denominations of Columns, known as the Five Orders, are intrinsically beautiful apart from any association with the structures to which they belong. The fallacy of this is transparent. The tall masts of a stately ship, or a tapering maypole, are both graceful objects, but it would be difficult to prove them possessed of intrinsic beauty. Rig the masts of the ship on the deck of a scow, and erect the maypole in a Quaker's kitchen garden, and by change of association the objects become ludicrously offensive. On the same principle if the slender column of the Corinthian Order was made to support the ponderous superstructure assigned to its more athletic relative, the Doric, any ordinary observer might discern an apparent want of stability, which destroying congruity, would at the same time prove fatal to beauty.

Nothing offends the eye more than the seeming insecurity given to a building, by concealing its actual support. The fashionable shop front, with its wall of glass, supporting in appearance several stories of substantial masonry, creates in the mind a tremulous feeling of anxiety, which the known fact of the secret agency of some wirey pillar can scarcely dispel.

There is a positive disregard of modesty in the shop-front principle of crowding all the ornament to one point of a building, for the purpose of catching the eye. A fine *front*, which exhibits a dazzling display of enrichment, perhaps genuine sculptures, loses much of its grandeur, when, on turning the corner, it is discovered to be but a thin veneering of architecture tacked on to an unsightly brick block. Any expectations of internal grandeur would be miserably blighted by a peep within the walls of such a building. It invariably happens that the *front* absorbs the surplus funds, and leaves the interior bleak and bare. The poor showman who paints his giants, to outward view, twice their natural size, has a palpable object in his innocent fraud. He who exaggerates his homestead to the public eye, and failing at the same time, to conceal its barrenness, is guilty of deceit, without the palliation of temptation.

The ancient people, whose architecture we draw upon for our modern fronts, thought of adorning their "marble halls" before their "outer courts." The external aspect of their edifices was only a slight indication of the grandeur and magnificence within. The term *front* had no place in their vocabulary. Every face of their buildings was entitled to that appellation, in the the modern acceptation of the term. To assume, therefore, the finery of such structures, without the reality, is like decking the jackdaw in the plumage of the peacock.

The Old English style of building is admirably adapted to the climate of Canada. Its high pitched roof, and weathered projections are just what are needed for protection against the snow and rain. It would be difficult to recognize an Old English character in the so-called Gothic, Elizabethan, or Tudor fabrics, as they appear in the Province. Instead of chastening the morbid taste for gewgaw finery which the severity of the style, properly understood, might have done, it seems to have presented a wider stage for the riot of fancy. We find huge piles of stone poised on slender gables, as if for the purpose of hanging clothes to dry. Pinnacles of tiny dimensions occupy every available place of the *front*—in positions, moreover, where an avalanche of snow from the roofs must peril their existence. Trefoils, quatrefoils, cinquefoils, and every other foil which the popular illustrations of ancient or modern Gothic supply, unite with the symbolic triplet window of the altar, in admitting light to the kitchen and pantries within.

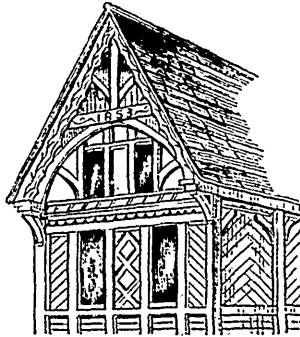
The extrinsic decoration of an edifice requires considerable judgment and skill, and should not be attempted with slender funds. When the means are ample, those parts only of the erection should be selected for this purpose that display peculiar ingenuity in construction, and where it is desirable to direct attention. Ornament should never be pinned on to a building. Every species of decoration should form an essential element in the composition of the fabric. Sham and trick of every description should be avoided. Each

member of the building ought to exhibit a reason for its form and use.

The character of Canadian architecture is ostensibly wooden. Few strangers expect to find here stone buildings. Those who may have formed their ideas of timber houses from the fine specimens existing in a few of the ancient towns of England and the north of Europe, must be disappointed with the representatives of the class in this province. The frame house, as commonly constructed in this country, is an object of as little beauty or art as an ordinary packing-case. The continuous lines of weather-boarding are fatiguingly offensive to the eye, and give the building a slim straw-plait look, suggestive of premature dilapidation. There are many instances, however, where some degree of attention is directed to the external decoration of these buildings. Jaunty porticos of deal encrusted in sand to imitate stone, and similar deceptions effected with considerable skill, appear with unblushing effrontery beside the genuine verandah of emerald green. On such fabrics the whole talent of the builder appears to expend itself in the hopeless attempt to reconcile the antagonistic elements of wood and stone. This is often carried to the ridiculous extent of placing carved pinnacles of *real stone on the summits of wooden gables.* The principles which regulate the application of those materials are widely different. Timber being a more plastic material than stone, may be used in a variety of ways, but the latter ought always to be employed as it is found in its natural state, which is generally in horizontal strata. The height of a block of stone should never exceed its breadth. To set up stone posts after the manner of wood, or to square wooden blocks like stone, is opposed to the nature of each, and, therefore, in direct violation of the principles of art which is founded in nature.

The ingenuity expended on many of these buildings, if guided by a pure taste would completely revolutionize the character of the wooden structures of the Province. Unfortunately however, the frame house exists only in Canada as a transitionary step from the simple log hut to the more pretending brick or stone edifice. Still its temporary existence might be rendered more agreeable by a slight measure of artistic skill. If the framing, instead of being concealed, was made to appear boldly to view, the panelling composed of weather boarding arranged in various positions, diagonally, vertically, or horizontally, or even of brick and plaster, and decorated in a style congenial to the nature of the construction, this class of buildings would be creditable to the country.

The fine European timber houses of the 15th and 16th centuries, derive their beauty from the strict regard the ancient carpenters had for the true principles of art. These artists never resorted to unworthy expedients to conceal any part of the *construction* of their buildings, but exercised their ingenuity in rendering every part of their compositions agreeable. Their buildings were framed of substantial timbers, panelled with wood or plaster; the panelling as well as the prominent parts of the framing highly embellished with carving and other decoration There are no finer specimens of the plastic art. than are to be found in some of the ancient houses of Rouen, Caen, Beauvais, and Strasburg. That such a degree of talent should have been lavished upon edifices of this description is not surprising, when it is considered that the most ordinary workmen of those days were really artists, and had the power of largely influencing the character of the buildings upon which they operated.



ANCIENT TIMBER GABLE.

Our modern handicraftsmen are perhaps equally ingenious, but too frequently lack the artistic skill of their ancient brethren. This is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that there is so little in the Province that could serve to educate the public taste. This want too is beginning to be felt in England, and in some measure remedied by the formation of public museums of ancient models, for the special benefit of artizans. It is to be hoped that similar institutions will, ere long, be extended to Canada, where their influence would, no doubt, be felt and appreciated. Something of the kind is much wanted to correct the depraved taste which is constantly fed by the inventors of such abominations as "marbleized iron," and "artificial stone."

A ROYAL CONCERT.

In looking over an old English journal the other day, we found an amusing anecdote of a social concert in the family of George III., the party composing a quintette, under the direction of the monarch himself, who, whilst he "sawed away at the bass-viol," had no idea that it was possible to surpass him in the sounds he produced. The princess of Wales presided with grace at the

harp, the duke of Newcastle played the first violin, the duke of Devonshire the tenor, and the facetious Philip Dormer (somewhat celebrated in his day) discoursed on the flute. The story proceeds as follows:—It so happened that the king had his own notions of time and tune, and as his majesty performed for his own amusement only, and possibly with the idea of gaining some instruction, he never scrupled to go over a passage two or three times, or to take any liberties, or to make any blunders that seemed good to him, without consulting, or in any way warning, the rest of the orchestra; it was therefore necessary for every member of it, while giving his eyes to his own music to give his ears to the king's, and as rapidly as possible to follow the direction and eccentricities of the royal performer. On the present occasion it became evident, however, that the concerto was going wrong, but the most acute of these select amateurs could not imagine where they were in error. The royal bass-viol was proceeding on its course as sedately as the march of an elephant; the violin looked in vain backwards and forwards for several bars to see where he could glide in, but could discover nothing resembling what he had heard; the tenor, knowing there was a difficult passage just passed over, and being well aware of the royal practice with regard to such, boldly went back and repeated it; the harpsichord, believing the time had been altered from fast to slow, slackened its pace; and the flute, entertaining a different opinion, went away at double speed. Such a strange medley was never heard before; nevertheless, the king was seen leaning forward with his eyes fixed on the music, working away with the royal elbow, evidently too absorbed in his own performance to heed the confusion that distracted the audience, and made the other musicians feel extremely uncomfortable. It was not etiquette to notice the *king's mistakes, or the youthful maids of honor* would have laughed outright. The duke of Newcastle, a studious courtier, knew not what to do; he played a few notes here and there, whispered to the duke of Devonshire, nudged Philip Dormer, whose blowing had become desperate; he glanced at the look of the princess without obtaining any clue to the cause of the inextricable disorder, but still he plied on, knowing that matters could not be worse than they were. The king, at last, brings up the party "all standing," as the sailors say, by finding himself suddenly and unexpectedly at the end of his symphony. The princess, who alone dared to speak, discovered that the king had turned over two leaves at once; the monarch, with the utmost composure, turned back to the part which had not been played, and without uttering a word set to work, rasping away, followed by the other musicians, who were well up at the finish, and were in at the drath with tolerable exactitude.

A LADY TO HER PATIENT.

Sleep on! sleep on! forget thy pain:
My hand is on thy brow,
My spirit on thy brain;
My pity on thy heart, poor friend!
And from my fingers flow
The powers of life, and like a sign,
Steal thee from thine hour of woe:
And brood on thee, but may not blend
With thine.

Sleep on! sleep on! I love thee not;
But when I think that he
Who made and makes my lot
As full of flowers as thine of weeds,
Might have been lost like thee;
And that a hand which was not mine,
Might then have chased his agony
As I another's—my heart bleeds
For thine.

Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of
The dead and the unborn:
Forget thy life and woe;
Forget that thou must wake for ever;
Forget the world's dull scorn;
Forget lost health, and the divine
Feelings that die in youth's brief morn;
And forget me, for I can never
Be thine.

(*From Diogenes.*)

ACCOUNT OF EXPENSES INCURRED IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

London, Jan. 10, 1853.

	£	s.	d.
Cab-hire from the American Embassy to Downing Street, to call on Lord John Russell	0	2	6
Glass of ale to driver, on his promising to drive fast	0	0	2
Glass and sandwich, for self	0	0	4
(*Note.*—I had breakfasted early, having got up at seven to prepare despatches.)			
Two cigars (Cubas) for self and Lord John, while talking over the Fishery Question	0	0	3
Stood bitter ale to Lord John, not wishing America to appear shabby	0	0	4
(Asked Lord John to dinner at the Café de l'Europe, believing I could thus make better terms with him.)			
Two dinners, at 3s. 6d.	0	7	0
Two bottles of sherry	0	12	0
Six goes of brandy-and-water, at 6d. per go	0	3	0
Cigars	0	3	0
Waiter	0	0	2
Treated Lord John to the play (half price to boxes; would have gone to pit, but thought it advisable to maintain the dignity of the Union	0	5	0
Expenses various, in visiting cyder-cellers, Evans's Coal-hole, &c.	2	11	4
(I cannot give the details of this item, not having been very exact in my arithmetic after that third glass of whiskey.)			
Soda-water next morning	0	0	6
Paid a Police-Magistrate	0	5	0
Omnibus home to Embassy	0	0	8
	4	10	10

An early settlement will oblige.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE POWER IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE influence exercised upon each other by England and the United States is already very great; and as the growing intercourse between the two countries enlarges, this influence will proportionately extend. Manners, customs, legislation, policy, and institutions will gradually assimilate more and more. The theoretical good of such assimilation should be, that our age and matured caution should restrain their youth and too hasty inexperience; while their eager energy should push forward our occasionally lagging progress.

But there is a danger, as things are now turning, that the sympathies of the British people with their transatlantic connections may lead them to an incorrect estimate of the value of American institutions, and thus to an imitation of that which is really faulty. It is of the first importance, therefore, to us, that our people generally should be familiar with the true nature, and secret working especially, of political institutions in the United States. Such knowledge will not only enable us to plant our feet more safely, but, we are satisfied, will make us all desire to plant them warily, in making those constitutional approximations which are sure to come.

Of the institutions not professedly national or political, that which most peculiarly signalizes these States among so-called civilized nations is the institution of slavery, and of a legalized internal slave trade. The moral, social, and religious character and influence of this institution have been often discussed, and are not unfamiliar to the British public; but its influence upon the political liberties of the American people, and especially the way in which it counterworks their apparently democratic constitution, are neither generally understood nor adequately appreciated among us. In drawing the attention of our readers, therefore, to this subject, as briefly as the largeness of the field will permit, we shall touch more lightly on the social and moral evils which spring from it, and more at length upon its political bearings. Indeed, the almost universal circulation of the admirable work of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and of its less attractive follower, *The White Slave*, renders the former in a great measure unnecessary; though even the touching pictures of these books will derive new weight when corroborated by independent testimony from a new quarter.

The states in which slavery at present prevails are fifteen in number, and occupy the southern and south-western part of the Union. With the exception of Kentucky and Missouri, they are all south of the parallel of 36° 30' N., and skirt the shores of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico; or (as is the case with Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee) lie along the great rivers which traverse the wide valley of the Mississippi. The free population of those fifteen states is 6,393,758, and the number of slaves they contain 3,175,783.

It is interesting to remark how in this, as in so many other parts of the world, the home of slave labor and of permanent slavery is, in a great degree, determined and limited by climatic, physico-geographical, and geological conditions. It is along the immediate coast-lines of the Atlantic and of the Mexican Gulf, and along the banks and branches of the great Mississippi, that slavery found at first, and still finds, its most congenial abode—we had almost said its natural dwelling-place. A fringe of rich low land, varying in breadth, skirts these seas and rivers, and yields the rice and cotton which are the staples of southern culture. Such is the tract of country in South Carolina and Georgia, which produces the famous sea-island cotton. The coast from the Santee river to the Savannah in the former state, and southward into Georgia, consists of

"A series of islands—the famous sea-islands of the cotton markets. The mainland, which is separated from these islands by innumerable narrow and winding channels, is penetrated, for some distance inland, by a vast number of creeks and inlets. The islands present a bluff shore and a fine beach towards the ocean, but the opposite sides are often low and marshy. They were originally covered with a magnificent growth of the live or evergreen oak, one of the finest trees anywhere to be seen. The soil is light, but it possesses a fertility never yet attained in the dead and barren sands of the interior. These lands are protected by embankments from the tides and floods, and the fields are divided and drained by frequent dikes and ditches. Such of them as can be most conveniently irrigated with fresh water are cultivated as rice fields; the remainder are employed in the production of the long staple, or sea-island cotton—a species of vegetable wool, which excels every other in the length of its fibre, and almost rivals silk in strength and softness."—*White Slave*, p. 129.

This fringe extends inland for twenty or thirty miles. To the lower lands the negroes repair at the proper season of the year, and put in, tend, or reap the sea-island cotton and rice, which yield great returns. The white masters, or even the overseers, visit them as rarely as possible, the climate in the hot season being rife with fever, and fatal to the constitution of the white man.

Within this fringe of rich low land, to which the black skin is only better suited than the white, lies a belt of barren sand, generally unfit for cultivation, and which, for hundreds of miles in length, girdles in the flat fertility of the Atlantic coast. Extending inland to a distance of eighty or a hundred miles from the coast, and occupying in South Carolina, for example, one-half of the surface of the state, this region forms, as most American travellers have seen,

"One of the most barren, miserable, uninviting countries in the universe. In general, the soil is nothing but a thirsty sand, covered for miles and miles with forests of the long-leaved pine. These tracts are called, in the expressive language of the country, *pine barrens* For a great distance inland, these barrens preserve almost a perfect level, raised but a few feet above the level of the sea. The tall, straight, branchless trunks of the scattered pines, rise like slender columns, and are crowned with a tuft of gnarly limbs, and long bristly leaves, through which the breezes murmur with a monotonous sound, much like that of falling waters, or waves breaking on a beach. *

"Throughout this extent of country there are only some small tracts, principally along the

water-courses, which the costly and thriftless system of slave labor has found capable of improvement. All the rest still remains a primitive wilderness, with scarcely anything to interrupt its desolate and dreary monotony."

Within this singularly sandy zone—between it and the first rise towards the Alleghanies—runs another belt of land, upon which, far as the eye can carry, only natural grasses exist, unless where settlements have been made, and the arts of husbandry have introduced a new vegetation. From the endless pine forest the traveller escapes into a treeless prairie, distinguished by a soil resting on chalk, or chalky marl, and, like the soils of our English chalk downs, absorbent of moisture, and naturally dry.

Of these three belts or zones, the low alluvial flat is widest in the southern states, and along the Gulf of Mexico; the pine belt probably in Georgia, and the chalk marl in Alabama, Mississippi and Texas. Colored laborers alone can cultivate the richest parts of the first; the second is for the most part in a state of nature; the third produces Georgian wheat, and other crops, if occasionally watered, but is naturally unfavorable to slave labor. But in regions where slavery prevails, and field labor is supposed to degrade the white man, the institution of slavery spreads wherever slave labor can be employed without actual loss; so that over the chalk region of Alabama slave plantations are spread, and there is among the natural physical conditions of the country a circumstance which greatly favors the extension of a wealthy planting proprietary. The country, as we have said, is naturally dry, and, as in our own chalk districts, water is only to be obtained by sinking through the chalk. In 1819 there were already 500 wells in that state, sunk to a depth of from 100 to 600 feet, one being generally sunk on each plantation. Petty farming, and a minute division of the land, becomes, under such conditions, in a new country, all but impossible. Hence the slave culture of the low seaboard has leaped over the pine barrens—narrow in Alabama—and settled itself where free labor in another century, when the virgin freshness of the soil shall have gone, will alone be found remunerative.

Leaving now the seat of slavery in North America—its physical characteristics, and the classes of men by whom it is occupied—we turn to the institution itself; and the first thing in regard to it that strikes every one not a citizen of the United States, is the inconsistency of its existence with the early history of the commonwealth, and with their famous Declaration of Independence.

On the 4th of July 1766, the delegates of thirteen British colonies in North America—the immortal fifty-six—were solemnly met in Philadelphia, John Hancock, president, in the chair. On the motion of Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, one of their number, seconded by John Adams of Massachusetts, this assembly declared the said thirteen colonies to be thenceforward *free, sovereign*, and *independent* states—that the political connection with Great Britain was for ever cut asunder, and that they relied for success on the justice of their cause, *with a strong confidence in the overruling Providence of God.* Every year since that famous Declaration, the 4th of July has been held in all corners of the United States as a great national holiday. Amid universal rejoicings, the young are publicly catechised on the events of 1776, while the grown-up are harangued in set speeches in praise of political liberty, in natural commendation of the patriots of the Revolution, and in equally natural exaggeration of the tyranny of Great Britain, and her insufferable oppression. In the preparation of such addresses, the genius of the greatest orators of the country has exercised itself; and it is only just to say, that among them are to be found many bursts of brilliant and stirring eloquence.

The Declaration of Independence drawn up by Jefferson commenced with these memorable words —"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." At the time of the Declaration, the thirteen confederated states contained a free population of about two and a half millions, and a slave population of about half a million. And at the very moment when Jefferson penned and Congress issued to the world, the above sentence, as an excuse for breaking their allegiance, they were taking measures to rivet immovably the chains of slavery on half a million of their own countrymen, whom darker skins and thicker lips rendered unworthy of the liberty which was the inalienable birthright of the white race! Of what a bundle of inconsistencies are we made up!

The two pictures, the ancient and the modern, how strangely do they contrast with each other! In 1776, the Parliament of Great Britain attempted to impose a small tax on the tea consumed by two and a half millions of people, living upon a territory which Great Britain had settled, fostered, and protected for centuries from native and foreign enemies. No one will deny that to this people the mother country had, during this long period, done many friendly and good offices; yet, for attempting to lay upon them a small fraction of the pecuniary burdens which overloaded the home population, they went to war with her under a firm belief—which they still entertain, and inculcate upon their children—that the struggle was a just and holy one.

We recollect once having been conducted, by a learned New England professor, well known in Europe, to see the pictures in the Trumbull Gallery of Yale College, in Connecticut, when, with that delicate taste and tact which other English travellers have admired in their Yankee cousins, he drew my special attention to such of the historical pictures as represented events in the war of the Revolution which were peculiarly unfavorable to the British arms. "Ay, sir," he then added, in concluding his description, "If ever there was a holy war, it was that one!"

We did not then, nor is it necessary to our purpose now, to dispute an opinion based upon our own constitutional axiom, that no one should be taxed without his own consent, actual or implied, and which many English-born still strenuously hold. But we ask our readers to look at another picture, and to judge it with equal calmness and candor.

In 1852, the descendents of the two and a half millions who revolted in 1776 hold in bondage

three and one-third millions of native-born Americans, and retain, in a state of humiliating social and political inferiority, nearly half a million more of free colored men. To these three and five-sixth millions, to whom life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ought to be an inalienable birthright, the United States, as a community, have never performed a tithe of the good offices which their own forefathers had received from Great Britain previous to the Revolution. On the contrary, not only has liberty been withheld from them—the pursuit of earthly happiness in their own way forbidden—even the road to heaven all but closed against them—but it has been declared felony in any citizen of the United States to help on his way an unhappy "fugitive from labor," who may be risking a hazardous flight to a land of freedom. If the war were holy which the two and a half millions waged in 1776, to avoid the imposition of a slight tax without their own consent, can it be either an "unnatural rebellion against just rights," or an interference with a "wise dispensation of Providence," when, in 1852, nearly four millions of men in the same land *consult* about raising themselves above the brute beasts? The American-born was branded as a traitor to his country, who, in the Revolutionary War, did not sympathise with the two and a half millions in their battle for independence; and, strange inconsistency! he is equally a traitor in 1852, who does sympathise with the four millions in their merely moral and intellectual struggles for individual freedom. And while France was lauded as the noblest of friends, and worthy of eternal gratitude, when, to serve her own ends, she sent armed men across the Atlantic to aid in the revolutionary contest, all Europe is now proclaimed the enemy of America, and the fomenter of discord, if she send across the same ocean, to more numerous millions, the merely spiritual sympathy of hopes and wishes for the amelioration of their lot! Look at this picture, candid reader, and at that, and say if man is not everywhere and at all times equally inconsistent. Abstract right yield to circumstances equally in the most absolute aristocracy and in the so-called freest democracy. "Might makes right" was pleaded in England in behalf of the doings of bloody Mary—"Might makes right" re-echoes, three centuries after, from the democratic halls of the Capitol at Washington.

It was a tacit acknowledgement of inconsistency, in the framers of the constitution of the United States, that, though so many persons were at the moment held in bondage, the word *slave* is not once, we believe, applied to them in that most important document. They attempted by this omission to disguise, or, as it were, to conceal from themselves and the world the existence of a sore, which, like a gnawing cancer, was destined yet to eat into their very vitals. And not only did they exclude all reference to slavery, but all countenance also to the idea that *there could* be property in man. Thus, when it was proposed to the first Congress, by the delegates of North Carolina and Virginia, to pass an enactment that "no *freeman* ought to be deprived of his life, *liberty*, or property, but by the law of the land," the resolution was amended into "No *person* shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." And again, when the continuance of the slave-trade was discussed in the Convention, and it was agreed that until 1808 the trade should be allowed to continue, it was added, "but a tax or duty might be imposed on such importation, not exceeding two dollars on *each person*." Thus, with the word slave, it was attempted to exclude from the federal resolutions all allusion to the idea that, amid their struggles for personal liberty, so many of the Federation were acting on the idea that man could be held as mere property by his fellow. But retribution in various forms is rapidly overtaking even the noble-hearted and the generous among this growing and gallant people. "The fathers ate sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

I. The first, and what may ultimately prove the most fatal form of retribution, is gradually developing itself in the growing numbers, strength, and intelligence of the colored races. Already that slavery, which, by the early Confederation, was so carefully covered from view, has so forced itself into public and prominent notice, as to have become the great American question of the time, controlling cabinets, influencing diplomacy, and determining the public choice for all the great offices of state; and this because, in spite of all drawbacks, the increase of the colored population of the States has been constant, steady, and tolerably uniform. It has not kept pace, it is true, with that of the whites, but this chiefly, because of the extraordinary immigration of white men which is constantly taking place from Europe. Thus, at the seven decennial periods since 1790, when the first census was made, their numbers and rate of increase, compared with that of the free inhabitants, has been as follows:—

FREE POPULATION.

	Number.	Rate of Increase.
1790	3,924,544	..
1800	5,305,941	35·1 per cent.
1810	7,313,882	36·1 "
1820	9,643,211	33·4 "
1830	12,267,511	33·4 "
1840	17,068,688	32·6 "
1850	23,351,207	36·8 "

SLAVE POPULATION.

	Number.	Rate of Increase.
1790	697,397	..
1800	892,406	27·8 per cent.
1810	1,190,930	33·4 "
1820	1,536,127	28·9 "
1830	2,007,913	30·7 "
1840	2,486,138	23·8 "
1850	3,178,055	29·4 "

Supposing the increase to proceed in the same ratio during the next ten years, the two classes will number respectively, in 1860—

Free.	Slave.
32,000,000	4,130,000

In the same year, 1860, there will be half a million of free colored people; so that, in the midst of the thirty-two millions of free white men, there will be nearly five millions of black and colored people, partially enlightened, and having the "best blood of the states" flowing in their

veins—all whose interests, hopes, and aspirations will be opposed to those of the white population. These numbers, it is true, are too disproportioned to cause any fear of dangerous or difficult rebellions, were it not that the slaves are massed together in large bodies in particular states. With the most favorable form of distribution, they would be a source of internal weakness—such as Poland is to Russia, Hungary to Austria—or, as some have considered Ireland to be to Great Britain, with this momentous difference, that there can be but one opinion as to the oppressed condition of the slave.

But to those States in which, as we have said, the colored people are massed together, their growing numbers must every year become a source of greater anxiety, and the preservation of peace and order more critical and difficult. This will very clearly appear, if we compare the relative free and slave populations in some of these States even at the present time. Thus the following States contain respectively:—

	Free Whites.	Slaves.
Louisiana, ...	254,271	330,807
Mississippi, . . .	291,536	300,419
Alabama, ...	416,215	342,894
Georgia, ...	513,083	362,966
South Carolina, . .	274,775	384,925
	1,760,180	1,622,011

With a slave population in these five States, nearly equal in number to the free, and in two of them, South Carolina and Mississippi, actually exceeding the free in number, can we wonder that anxiety should prevail, and the constant fear of insurrection; or that cruelty, the child of suspicion, should be the frequent produce of such circumstances? And as the current of slave migration is continually tending towards the same states, this condition of uneasiness, uncertainty and alarm. can only augment with lapse of time. Were these states, therefore, or any one of them, to break off from the Union, and to become independent, the existence of internal peace would become eminently doubtful and hazardous. It is the manifest interest, therefore, of these states to maintain the Union inviolate; and, notwithstanding the threats of secession which some of them may make, we cannot believe they will ever seriously think of doing more than make demonstrations.

In considering the results, immediate and remote, of this increase and massing together of the slave population, our attention has been drawn to two circumstances. in which we seem to perceive, the finger of Providence manifestly interfering to maintain for the present and extend this melancholy institution. The first we find in the ollowing quotation:—

"On the very day of the cession by Virginia of her north-western territory to the Confederacy, viz., March 1st, 1781, Mr. Jefferson, a delegate from that state, reported to the Congress of the the Confederation a plan for the government of 'all the territory ceded, or to be ceded, by the individual states to the United States.' It provided that it should be from time to time 'formed into distinct states, and that, after the year 1800 of the Christian era, there should be *neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said states*, otherwise than for the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted to have been personally guilty.' Had this plan been adopted, it would have stopped the extension of slavery on the very ridge of the Alleghany Mountains. It failed by one of those *singular accidents* which sometimes give a direction to events for generations and centuries. Of the twenty-three delegates present and voting, sixteen were in favor of the proviso, and seven against it. But in the Congress of the Confederation the vote was taken by states. A majority of the thirteen states was necessary to carry a measure, and no state could vote unless represented by two delegates. Six states voted for the proviso, three against it. One vote more was wanted to carry it. Delaware and Georgia were not represented. The two delegates from North Carolina neutralized each other's vote. New Jersey had but one delegate present. He voted for the plan, but his colleague, who would have voted with him, and carried it, was called away from Congress a day or two before, and detained a day or two after the decision of the question, and so that most salutary measure failed. It was revived by Mr. Dane of Massachusetts in 1787, and carried, but then in a more limited form, being made to apply only to the territory north-west of the Ohio."—*Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power*, p. 10.

The second circumstance in which we recognise the hand of Providence, is connected with this change in opinions and desires among the American people. Before any serious steps were taken to abolish slavery, the culture of cotton was introduced into the southern States, and secured, we may say, its almost indefinite extension and continuance. In the year 1789, only one million pounds of cotton were grown in the United States; now the produce amounts to about 1,500,000,000 of pounds! How great a stimulus this has proved to the employment of slave labor, by which it is raised, and to the rapid multiplication of the slaves themselves, can easily be imagined. The influence of the potatoe on the social, moral, and industrial character of the Irish people has been long recognised among us. But the history of the cotton-plant shows how powerful a control an obscure plant may exercise, not only over the social character of a people but over their general material prosperity, their external political power, and their relations with the world at large. The cotton shrub, which seventy years ago was grown only in gardens as a curiosity, yields now to the United States an amount of exportable produce which, in the year ending with June 1850, amounted to seventy-two millions of dollars, of which from thirty to forty millions were clear profit to the country. With its increased growth has sprung up that mercantile navy, which now waves its stripes and stars over every sea, and that foreign influence which has placed the internal peace, we may say the subsistence of millions, in every manufacturing country in Europe, within the power of an oligarchy of planters.

The effect of this new, growing, and profitable outlet for slave labor was not only to strengthen the attachment of South Carolina and Georgia, and of the new states of Kentucky and Tennessee, to the "peculiar institution," but materially to alter also the emancipation views of North Carolina

and Virginia.* To these states the sale of slaves became a sudden source of certain wealth, coming in, as it were providentially to eke out the failing returns of their ill-managed and exhausted soils. The new and growing commerce soon gave birth, likewise, in the free states themselves, to a large mercantile, manufacturing, and monied party, whom self-interest has constantly inclined to support the views and policy of the southern states.

But besides being a corrupter of morals, slavery is *an enemy to knowledge.* Its existence, is, indeed, inconsistent with, because it is constantly endangered by, the unrestricted diffusion of knowledge. Even of Virginia, which is so near the seat of the Federal Government, and open, as one might suppose, to all the civilizing influences of the age, it was recently stated in the report of a committee of the New York State Legislature—"that while in the primary schools of the State of New York there were 500,000 pupils, in those of Virginia there were only 35,000. And that, while of persons who could neither read nor write there were no less than 70,000 in the state of New York, there were upwards of 500,000 in Virginia."

And farther south the restraints on knowledge are increased. The pulpit is restrained, the press is gagged, the book-shop is purged, and even the Federal post-offices are closed against the introduction of dangerous literature. What a price is this to pay for liberty to hold a fellow man in bondage!

But it is *a barrier to progress.* In many ways might this be illustrated. Compare again the two old states of Virginia and New York, as to population and produce.

First. In 1790, the population of Virginia (748,000) was double that of New York (340,000), while in 1850 the population of New York state (3,000,000) was more than double that of Virginia. Or stating it otherwise, the population of Virginia in 1800 was in the proportion of 11.9, and in New York of 11.7 persons per square mile; while in 1850 there were in the latter 65½, and in the former only 20 persons to the square mile.

Second. The annual products of the state of New York, in 1810, amounted in value to seventy-nine dollars for each individual of the population; while in Virginia, they were estimated at only sixty-two dollars. And these great differences have gradually established themselves, although Virginia enjoys a fine climate, possesses a fertile soil, is rich in minerals and timber, has magnificent rivers descending from the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies eastward to the Atlantic and westward to the Ohio; has harbors rivalling the safest and most capacious in the world; and boasts an extent of territory one-half greater than that of the state of New York.

But new states also, slave and free, even such as adjoin each other, present similar differences. Along the northern banks of a large river lies free Ohio; along the southern banks of the same river stretches slaveholding Kentucky, both are richly favored in soil, in climate, and in mineral productions; and both have very nearly the same area in square miles.* Now, at the commencement of the century, (in 1800,) Kentucky had already a population of 220,000, while Ohio had only 45,000. But at the end of half a century, (in 1850,) the population of Ohio had risen to 1,981,000, while that of Kentucky was only 993,000—including 211,000 slaves. The ordinary revenue of the former amounted in 1850, to $2,500,000, while that of the latter was under $600,000. In Ohio, also, there were in the same year 421,000 children attending 12,000 schools—the average attendance being 337,000; while in Kentucky, only 178,000 children were enrolled in the primary schools, with an average attendance of only 73,000. To account for these striking differences in progress between New York and Virginia, and between Ohio and Kentucky, there is only one available cause—the existence of slavery in the one pair of states, and not in the other. And in making these comparisons we have given slavary every advantage, Virginia and Kentucky being decidedly the most forward among the states which possess a large number of slaves—marks of laggardness, we might almost say of retrogression, in the social scale, multiplying upon us as we proceed towards the south and west.

And all this arises from the operation of slavery as a *paralyzer of industry.* At the beginning of the present century, slavery still existed in the state of New York; it was not abolished till 1825. In the following picture, by an eye-witness—a friend of our own—of the habits of the white farmers on the Hudson river before the abolition, we have a reproduction of what the traveller still sees as he passes through the slave states in 1853—

"Those were the times when only the blacks labored The white man considered himself above labor. The work of the slaves had to support the white man and his family, besides themselves and their own families. With the useless mouths to feed, and the useless backs to clothe, he was considered a successful farmer who could make both ends meet.

"It was then the custom for the white men, both old and young, of a neighborhood, by eleven o'clock in the morning, to collect at the nearest public houses. In many townships there were

* One of the most melancholy results of the system of slavery in Virginia, especially since slave labor ceased to be profitable within the state itself, is the attention which proprietors have been induced to pay to the breeding and rearing of slaves, and to the regular sale of the human produce to the southern states, *as* a means of adding to their ordinary farming produce--as a branch, in fact, of common rural industry! One of the representatives to Congress from Virginia, in a pamphlet on the slavery question, recently published, says "Virginia has a slave population of near half a million, *whose value is chiefly dependent on southern demand*," and the gentleman who states this fact, is a defender of the system! "In plain English," said Mr. Stevens, one of the members for Pennsylvania, when commenting on this statement before the House--"in plain English, what does it mean? That Virginia is now fit to be the breeder, not the employer, of slaves--that her present chivalry are compelled to turn slave-traders for a livelihood! Instead of attempting to renovate the soil, and by their own honest labor, compelling the earth to yield her abundance--instead of seeking for the best breeds of cattle and horses to feed on her hills and valleys, and fertilize the land, the sons of the great state, must devote their time to selecting and grooming the most lusty sires and most fruitful wenches to supply the slave barracoons of the South, and the learned gentleman pathetically laments that the profits of his great traffic will be vastly decreased by the circumscription of slavery. This is his picture, not mine."--*Johnston's Notes on N*

* Kentucky 40,500 square miles, and Ohio 39,964 square miles.

scores of them. Kinderhook (on the Hudson river) had its share. There they remained talking and drinking till early dinner-time, and returned again by five in the afternoon, and spent the evening, till probably midnight, in drinking, gambling, cock-fighting, horse-racing, or perhaps fighting. Idleness led the way to immorality, and to frequent ruin on the part of the whites."

This picture shows distinctly the paralyzing effect of slavery; how, instead of industry it produces idleness, and instead of economy, thrift, and tidiness, overspreads a land with wastefulness, dissipation, and discomfort.

But slavery is also a *perverter of religion.* Among the actual upholders of slavery, there are thousands who acknowledge it to be a great evil, and long for some available way of abolishing it. And we are willing to believe that there are among them some who conscientiously believe in the abstract lawfulness of slavery, and uphold it as not inconsistent with any divine command. We base this opinion upon the circumstance—one peculiarly monstrous and abhorrent to our British ideas—that among the holders of slaves are to be found many churches and clergy, not only of the Roman Catholic, but of nearly every Protestant denomination. During the prevalence of cholera, a Bishop Polk was mentioned as having lost sixty-four slaves. Protestant churches are endowed with property in slaves, and pay the stipends of their clergy out of the proceeds. And we have before us a table published in 1851 by an American society, which professes to show that, in the Union, there are upwards of 16,000 Protestant clergy who, with their enrolled church members, numbering 1½ millions, are concerned in the holding of not less than 660,000—more than one-fifth of the whole slave population. We suppose it is upon some calculation like this that Mr. Hildreth founds his statement that "at least half of those who call themselves ministers of the gospel, sedulously inculcate that the negroes are in nature mere animals, intended to be used as horses, to be kept for ever under the yoke, and not capable of being anything but slaves." And granting this to be—what we hope and believe that it is—a gross exaggeration—still, how far removed from the pure benevolence of the gospel must their preaching be, when an author can venture to publish, and a wide American public can read and approve of, such statements as these. A celebrated North American divine is said to characterise slavery as one of what he calls the *organic* sins of the community, for which "nobody is individually responsible."

Is this the cant of ignorance, or the cant of hypocrisy? In either case it illustrates how slavery is the perverter of religion.

That it is *a despiser of the restraints of law and order*, is seen in the unsettled condition of society in the newer slave states, and in the occasional ebullitions of individual and popular fury, to which the hatred of abolitionists and the dread of insurrection at intervals give rise. In all the old slave states our English ideas of obedience to the law, and of the possibility of the slave one day becoming a free man, and possibly even a respected citizen, have been inherited from the period of British rule, and influence still in some degree the most absolute of the slave-owners. But in the remote regions over which the new slave states extend, the rights of the master have been the leading consideration since they first began to be peopled by broken-down planters from the north and east, so that the restraints of old civilization have scarcely found as yet a fixed home in this unfavorable soil. It is natural, indeed, that the farther men are removed from the influences of general civilization and a really free press, the more should the animal in their constitution predominate over the intellectual and the moral.

As *an enemy to just social legislation*, slavery exhibits itself in nearly every legal enactment which bears on the condition of the colored race. The sanctity of the marriage tie is denied them, the schoolmaster is forbidden to teach them, even the messages of the gospel are in many districts studiously withheld from them. The torture or murder of a slave is rarely visited with punishment; his testimony against his master is inadmissible in a court of justice; and as to his own condition, it has been decided by Chief-Justice Sharpey, of the Supreme Court of Mississippi—"that, once a slave, he is a slave for ever; and that, whatever the hue of the child, even the slave-owning father has in that state no power to emancipate his own offspring."*

And that slavery *fosters unjust social prejudices*, is testified by the unhappy position of the free colored people in the free as well as in the slave states. This class of men, yearly augmenting in numbers and increasing in intelligence, are an additional and growing source of uneasiness, especially to the slave states. Connected with the slave by blood and by sympathy, inheriting the same sense of wrong, suffering in their social position from the same white lords, they become more formidable as their knowledge enlarges; and the imagination of the threatened naturally magnifies the danger manifold. The number of this class of the population in

1790	was	59,466
1830	—	318,733
1850	—	419,173

—all more or less educated and intelligent, and inheriting "the best blood of the United States." Of these free colored, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia contain the greatest numbers, and in Virginia especially they have become a source of much disquietude. The following table shows their number in each of the states which contain more than 15,000—

Maryland,	74,000
Virginia,	53,000
Pennsylvania,	53,201
New York,	47,448
North Carolina,	27,271
Ohio,	25,930
New Jersey,	23,093
Delaware,	17,957
Louisiana,	15,685

The condition of these free colored people is unhappy in the extreme. As objects of suspicion in the slave states, they are universally denied

* It is at once an evidence and result of the state of this law and of feeling in Mississippi, that, though it contained in 1850 upwards of 300 000 slaves, it numbered among its population only 898 free colored people.

the privileges of free citizenship, and the several state legislatures occupy themselves upon proviso after proviso, with the view of not only preventing their increase, but of expelling them in mass from their several territories. One would think that the surest way of disarming their hostility would be to grant them the usual privileges of free-born American citizens, and thus to separate them in suffering and in interest from the slaves. Disfranchised and discontented as they are, they represent the grievances of the whole colored race, their mouthpiece at once, and their natural advisers. In the free states their position is little less galling. It is the due liberty and right of every British or American citizen to choose his own associates, and to make friends of, or to pass by, whomsoever he may choose, and so the pure white may not be compelled to make a companion of the man of mixed blood in America. But this does not justify the withholding of civil rights from free colored man, or the inflicting upon him of the many social indignities to which the European traveller is astonished to see him subjected, in cities which boast of the intelligence of metropolitan Boston or New York.

III. But our space reminds us that we must hasten to the third form of retributive justice, by which the United states are now visited for the inconsistency of their paternal legislation. Among the bugbears which assailed the fathers of the Revolution, was the horror of an aristocracy such as existed in, and according to their idea, tyrannised over England as well as the other states of Europe. All their institutions were framed with the design of for ever excluding such a dominant body from the States of the Confederation. But though an aristocracy of hereditary honors has been rendered impossible, and the hills of public distinction are by the constitution equally open to all who choose to climb, they have in reality been unable to prevent the growth of a political power in the States more absolute than that of any European aristocracy—almost as uncontrolled by public sentiment as that of an Asiatic potentate—and in the hands of a class of men, the idea of submission to whom is most abhorrent to British feelings. To this ruling authority the name *slave power* has been applied, and the term is meant to express "that control in and over the Government of the United States which is exercised by a comparatively small number of persons, distinguished from the other twenty millions of free citizens, and bound together by a common interest, by *being owners of slaves*. As the growth and actual dominancy of this power in a professedly republican and democratic country, is the most extraordinary actual result of slavery, the least understood in this country, and yet the most deserving of general consideration, especially by the mass of the British people, we shall as briefly as possible explain its nature, its basis, and the kind of control it exercises equally over the affairs of the separate states, over those of the United Confederation, and over the opinions and proceedings of all public men.

We have already stated some of the grounds on which it has been concluded, that although the number of slaveholders, including men, women, and minors, may probably exceed a hundred thousand, yet that "a hundred thousand for the *slaveholding voters* is unquestionably a large estimate." But there are in all three millions of other free persons in the United States who are entitled to vote. How then, can it be said, or by what means is it contrived, that the smaller number should control and direct the larger? To this question it is not difficult to give an answer. The hundred thousand slaveholders, were they equally divided among the fifteen slave states, would give an average of six or seven thousand to each. In the state of Kentucky, as we have seen, the number is nearly nine thousand. By this small body the property of the State is chiefly owned. They are the landholders in the slave states to a greater extent than the nobility and gentry are the owners of land in Great Britain and Ireland. They and their families are also the best instructed. They alone have the means of generally educating their children—of sending them to distant schools, and of maintaining them till their education is completed. In all countries the possessors of property and knowledge are the most influential. The slaveholders rule the slave states.

Besides, the slaveholders have votes in proportion to the number of their slaves. By the Federal Constitution, five slaves, in the apportionment of representatives, are reckoned equal to three free white persons. Hence, although the free population of the slave states in 1850 was only six and one-third millions, their representative population was eight and one-third millions; so that they send to Congress, in virtue of their slaves, a body of twenty representatives, in addition to the sixty-nine to which their white population entitles them. Then these eighty-nine men, being selected by the slaveholders, are all understood to be true to the claims and supposed interests of the slave-power. If not all actual slave-owners, they form a compact and generally unanimous body, who act together in behalf of slavery, and, with the aid of their northern friends, can generally determine every question which concerns the interests of the slaveholding states. And should they fail, then, in the Upper House or Senate, in which each state is represented by two senators, they count thirty out of sixty-two votes, and thus determine, with almost absolute certainty, every question, whether it originate in the higher body, or be sent up to it from the Lower House.

So as to public offices. The President, for example, is elected by a college of two hundred and ninety-six votes, in which the slave states possess one hundred and twenty voices. Whatever the talents, virtues, and services of a public man, it is impossible for him to attain the last object of human ambition in the United States, unless he have the cordial support of this united and formidable body. They always have given, and always will give their support to the candidate whom they believe they can most rely upon to carry out their peculiar views of internal and international policy. No matter what court the risen man may pay to the southern goddess, when he begins to fancy the prize of the Presidency not unattainable as the end of his intellectual struggles—no matter what sacrifice of principle he may make to secure the support of the southern lords, what efforts he may put forth in their behalf, measures pass in favor of their views, declarations falsify, opinions

recant, or old friends shake off and disgust—when the hour of nomination comes, they will prefer before him a nameless man, whose antecedents bespeak consistency in southern sentiment, and from whose talents or conscientious convictions they have nothing to apprehend. Who labored longer in their behalf than the popular and beloved Clay? who sacrificed more than the talented and broken-hearted Webster? who deserved more at their hands for his actual doings than brave old General Scott? Yet a Polk or a Pierce were lifted at once from comparative obscurity, and without a struggle placed in the high position to which these men had spent their lives in endeavoring to attain. Thus

"The slave power make Presidents!! The President and senators, by mutual concurrence, make heads of departments; presidents, heads of departments, and senators make collectors, district attorneys, land agents, postmasters, and other salary-receivers. These make all sorts of subordinates, every one of them with a palm to be touched from the public chest, "through all the classes of venality,' and every one of them, from high to low, with a noisy voice for the caucus, and a favor or a rod for some editor of a newspaper, in town or village, according as he loudly cries up the creators or creatures of the slave power as patriots and sages, or is recusant enough to keep such words to something like their old-fashioned sense."—*Slave Power*, p. 8.

Of course, among the masses this secret influence of the slave power is unseen and unfelt; and in the possession of votes, and of a purely democratic form of constitution, the existence of a high degree of universal freedom is believed in, boasted of, and taught to the children in the catechizings of the day of "Independence." And, as regards state-offices, a real liberty-loving and independent man may attain by his talents to considerable eminence. He may even, like Seward, fill the office of governor of the Empire State; but here he stops. Let him enter the wider arena of Federal ambition, and new influences beset him to whatever walk of life he may belong. Is he a statesman?—then to become a cabinet minister, or head of a department, he must sympathize with the governing power. Is he a diplomatist?—foreign embassies are only open to their creatures. Is he a lawyer?—the seats on the bench of the Supreme Court are reserved for those favorites of the Senate whose past history and career are, in a Southern sense, irreproachable.

The system requires no further development. It is paramount in the slave states. In all that concerns Federal legislation and governmental action, *in reference to the slave interest*, it is paramount over the whole Union. Directly or indirectly, no class—scarcely even an individual—is beyond the reach of its influence, even in the northern states. New York and Boston are the centres of a mercantile and monied aristocracy, which bonds of mutual interest closely connect with the landed and slave aristocracy of the southern states. From these centres a controlling influence radiates through New England and New York, which leaves no body of men untouched. The pulpit, as well as the press, is either converted or silenced by its management.

Notwithstanding the apparent increase of power gained of late years by the free states in the Federal representation, the slave power was probably never more influential than at the present time. The proportion of members sent respectively by the free and slave states to the House of Representatives in Congress was—

	1832.	1852.
Slave States, ...	101	89
Free States, ...	142	148
Difference,	41	59

—being a gain of eighteen votes by the free states. Yet the effect has only been to make the lessening body more united, more energetic, and more determined in their exertions to restrain their influence and if possible to regain their lost numbers in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. Every passage in the recent political history of the Confederation, whether domestic or foreign, manifests the influence of this energy and persevering determination. The compromise measures at home, the annexation of Texas, and the war with Mexico, are so many special illustrations of their energetic action.

Two reflections will occur to the readers of the above statements. The *first* is, how erroneous have been the opinions generally entertained among us, and the statements put forth as to the amount of actual personal freedom of thought and action within the territory of the United States. The power of registering a vote is no measure of a man's actual liberty. If, notwithstanding all the democratic forms of the United States constitution, and the safeguards with which the fathers of the Revolution hemmed it round, all free action is controlled and prevented by a secretly influential master-power, the name and form of a Republic avail nothing; and General Pierce, the puppet of the slaveholders, might as well have been elected life Emperor, as quadrennial President of their wide dominions. The *second* reflection springs up when we think of the character of the governing body—on what basis their power rests. "They are distinguished from their fellow-citizens *only by holding property in slaves*." An aristocracy of talent, an aristocracy of birth, even an aristocracy of wealth, may be tolerated in a constitutional country; but an aristocracy of slaveholders appears to us the least desirable, and in sentiment the most intolerable form of a governing power to which a civilised community can be subjected.

The present demands of the slave power, are *first*, that the so-called compromise measures, carried by Clay and Webster, shall be considered as final settlements of the slavery question, *as far as they go*. And the democratic party, in their conference at Baltimore, in 1852, resolved to "resist all attempts at renewing in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made." In this demand, therefore, they are certain of the support of the democratic party, as well as of the section of the Whigs known as the Union party, and who were the special supporters of the late Daniel Webster.

Second. The addition of new slave states to the Union, and through them the restoration of their supremacy in the Senate. With a view to this, it is understood, and was publicly acceded

to by Mr. Webster, that Texas is to be divided, and at least four new slave states carved out of it. This alone would give them eight new votes in the Senate. Between Texas and Arkansas lies a tract of territory comprising no less than 70,000 square miles at present in the occupation of the Indians, out of which several new slave states are expected to be formed. And with a view to this, the slave party are now asserting the new doctrine, that all territory—instead of being free till its population is large enough to form a constitution, and pronounce upon the admission of slavery—being the property of all the states alike, is open equally to all citizens for settlement with their property of every description, and that the government is bound to protect them. This doctrine, if received, would virtually annex to the slave states every territory in which slaveowners might choose to settle. It is hoped, also, that New Mexico and Utah will be admitted only as slave states; that Southern California will still be cut off by the line 36° 30', and converted into a slave state; and that at least the province of Sonora, believed to be rich in gold and silver, may soon be detached from Mexico, and added to the states of the Union. But these are all contingencies depending, not so much on their own scrupulosity, as upon the progress of circumstances, which cannot be forced. Thus the state of Texas, which was inhabited under Mexican rule, was some time an independent country, and has already been upwards of ten years in the Union, has still only a total population of 205,000. Many years must elapse, therefore, before it can become so largely and so generally peopled as to admit of being subdivided into new States. A similar remark applies to Southern California, to the Indian territory, and probably also to Sonora and New Mexico. Hence the anxiety with which the eyes of southern politicians turn to Cuba and St. Domingo, in which a large population already exist, and which therefore, could at once be split up into States, and admitted to all the privileges of the Union. On a review of the whole matter, therefore, we may reiterate the opinion we expressed at the beginning of the present article, that the slavery question is not settled. It is neither settled as a question of internal policy and home quiet, nor as a question affecting foreign relations and external peace.

To such forms of actual and contingent retribution has the first Legislation of the American Confederation led; to fear, anxiety, and distrust of a growing colored race, to the wide-spread lowering of the moral and social character, and to an apparently total subversion of individual political power and liberty. The more we compare our own condition and institutions with those of the United States, the more reason have we to rejoice in our own superior political and constitutional advantages—the more reason to hesitate and inquire, before we modify our own constitutional forms or social habits, with the view of squeezing them to an American pattern.

We add but a single observation more. In treating of this grave subject we have restrained our British feelings, and kept under the expression of political or party sympathies. In discussing a peculiarly American question, we have wished to speak candidly, equally without hard words or home bias—for, the more plainly the institution is seen, and the more calmly considered, the more influential will the study be on both sides of the Atlantic.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

STANZAS.

1.

On the ocean of life when in youth we set sail,
Our hearts beat with hope and our spirits are free,
But the bark we conduct o'er its depths is as frail
As the Nautilus' shell on the fathomless sea:
And many, like it, when their voyage they begin
Hoist gladly their sail to the first wind that blows,
Nor heed that the course leads to sorrow and sin,
So the gale gently wafts and the sea smoothly flows.

2.

There are many who launch on this perilous deep,
And bound with the breeze o'er the treacherous tide;
Who think not of where the rude billows may sweep
Their bark, ere the storm-driven waters subside:
Their voyage hath no object, no purpose to guide,
No hand at the helm in their danger to save;
And on through the dangerous eddies they glide
To the first halting-place on their journey—the grave.

3.

But such are not all—even others there are,
Whose hearts not less light, more devotion can feel;
Who steady their course by one bright polar star,
And the firm hand of principle place at the wheel:
Nor shrink tho' the elements totter and reel,
And the rack of the tempest around them is cast,
For still through the darkness that star doth reveal
A haven of hope and a refuge at last.

4.

That our search is for happiness, who can deny;
That as yet they have found it, how few will affirm?
All vainly from pleasure to pleasure we fly,
If we seek upon earth any more than its germ.
If this we have found, we may plant if we will,
We may watch it, and tend it, and water it here
But no bud of promise shall bloom on it still,
In a far other land must the blossom appear.

5.

For the spirit of man hardly brooks the control
Of its deadening, maddening fetters of clay,
It frets like the race-horse to bound to the goal,
It chafes like the war-steed to plunge in the fray;
It would fain spread its wings o'er the mountains away,—
It sighs for some want that it cannot make known;
It scorns the base feelings that lure it to stay,
For freedom it longs, yet it dreads to begone.

6.

You oak that for ages hath weathered the storm
Is an emblem of man!—When at birth it was thrown
Upon this world's surface, almost without form,
It had no ties to bind it to earth.—Time flew on,
And its roots, like the feelings of man for his own,
His children, his friends, or the wife of his heart,
Gathered strength every day, and for these, these alone,
It grappled to earth, and refused to depart.

7.

See, how the storm through its branches doth roar,
And mark how it tosses its broad arms on high;
As if like the spirit of man it would soar,
Escape from its ruthless tormentors and fly:
It quivers and groans as the blast whistles by,
But complex its roots as his feeling have grown,
And even while stretching its arms to the sky,
It clings to the spot where at first it was thrown.

8.

But death comes at last, rudely rending the ties
Which bound it.—No longer the tempest to brave,
In ruin majestic extended it lies,
Like the corpse of a man laid to rest in the grave.
And time glideth on; and the winds wildly rave;
The oak hath returned to the earth; and the sod,
New life out of death springeth o'er it to wave,
But the spirit of man hath arisen to God.

"ERRO."

NAPOLEON THE LITTLE.

[M. Victor Hugo, in his recent philippic of this title against the present ruler of France, thus answers the common and seemingly strong plea that the latter was raised to power by the free voices of the entire Gallic people.—The passage is cited here, not on account of its political bearing—its truth or its untruth—but merely as a specimen of composition unparalleled in its kind since the days of our own Junius.]

THEY tell us you do not consider. All these facts which you call crimes, are henceforth 'accomplished facts,' and consequently to be respected; all is accepted, all is adopted, legitimised, all is covered, all is absolved. Accepted! adopted! legitimised! covered! absolved! by what! By a vote? What vote? The 7,500,000 votes. Oh! true. There has been a *plebiscitum*, and a vote, and 7,500,000 ayes. Let us look into the matter.

A brigand stops a diligence at the corner of a wood. He is at the head of a resolute band.—The travellers are more numerous, but they are separated, disunited, cooped up in different compartments, half asleep, surprised in the middle of the night, seized suddenly, and without arms. The brigand orders them to alight, not to utter a cry, not to speak a word, and to lie down with their faces to the ground. Some resist; he blows out their brains. The rest obey, and lie down on the road speechless, motionless, terrified, mixed up with the dead bodies of their companions, and half dead themselves. The brigand, while his accomplices keep their feet on the loins of the travellers, and pistols at their heads, rifles their pockets, forces open their trunks, and takes out all the valuables. The pockets rifled, the trunks pillaged, the *coup d'etat* completed, he says to them—'Now, in order to put myself right with justice, I have written down on paper a declaration, stating that you acknowledge all I have taken belonged to me, and that you gave it to me of your own free will. I require this to be your view of the matter. Each of you will have a pen given you, and without uttering a syllable, without making the slightest movement, without quitting your present attitude.' (Belly on ground, and face in the mud.) 'You will stretch forth your right hands, and you will all sign this paper. If any one of you moves or speaks, here is the muzzle of my pistol. In all other respects you are quite free.' The travellers stretch out their arms, and sign. The brigand thereupon perks up his head, and says—'I have 7,500,000 votes.'

M. Louis Bonaparte is president of this diligence. Let us recall a few *principia*. For a political scrutiny to be valid, three absolute conditions must exist. Firstly, the vote must be free; secondly, the vote must be intelligent; thirdly, the figures must be genuine. If one of these three conditions is wanting, the scrutiny is null. How is it when all these are wanting? Let us apply these rules. Firstly, *that the vote must be free*. What liberty there was in the vote of the 20th December, we have just pointed out.—We have expressed that liberty by a striking and manifest image. We might have dispensed with adding any thing to it. Let each of those who voted recollect himself, and ask his conscience under what moral and material violence he dropped his billet in the box. We might cite a certain commune of the Yonne where, out of 500 heads of families, 430 were arrested; the rest voted 'ay.' A commune of the Loiret, where, of 639 heads of families, 497 were arrested or banished; the 142 who escaped voted 'ay.' What we say of the Loiret and the Yonne might be said of all the departments. Since the 2d December, each town has its swarms of spies; each village, each hamlet, its informer. To vote 'no' was imprisonment, transportation—was Lambessa. In the villages of one particular department, we were told by an eye-witness, 'they brought ass-loads of

ballot papers inscribed 'ay.' The mayors, flanked by the garde-champêtre, distributed them among the peasants. It was compulsory to vote. At Savigny, near Saint-Maur, on the morning of the voting day, some enthusiastic gendarmes declared that the man who voted 'no' should not sleep in his bed. The gendarmerie thrust into the prison of Valenciennes M. Parent, jun., deputy justice of the peace for the canton of Bouchain, for having advised certain inhabitants of Avesne-le-Sec to vote 'no.' The nephew of the representative Aubrey (du Nord), having seen the agents of the prefect distribute ballots with 'yes' in the great square of Lillé, went into the square next morning, and distributed ballots with 'no.' He was arrested, and incarcerated in the citadel. As to the vote of the army, part of it voted in its own cause; the rest followed like sheep. But, even as to the freedom of this vote of the soldiers, let us hear the army speak for itself. Read the statement of a soldier of the 6th regiment of the line, commanded by Colonel Garderens de Boisse:—'As to the troop, the vote was a roll-call. The subaltern officers, the corporals, the drummers, and the soldiers, placed in their ranks, were named by the quartermaster in presence of the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, the major, and the other officers; and as each man named answered '*Here!*' his name was inscribed on the ballot paper by the serjeant-major. The colonel, rubbing his hands, was just saying, 'Ah, gentleman, this is going along on wheels!' when a corporal of the company to which I belong approached the table at which the serjeant-major was stated, and requested him to let him have the pen, that he might himself inscribe his name on the register dissentient, which was intended to remain altogether blank. 'How!' cried the colonel; 'you, who are down for quarter-master, and who are to be appointed on the first vacancy: you, thus formally to disobey your colonel, and that in the presence of your company! It would be bad enough if the refusal you now make were only an act of insubordination, but know you not, wretched man, that by your vote you seek to bring about the destruction of the army, the burning of your father's house, the annihilation of all society, that you promote the worst excesses? What X——! you, whom I wished to promote! Is it you who confess yourself an accomplice to these horrors?' The poor fellow, it may be at once imagined, allowed his name to be inscribed 'ay' with the rest. Multiply this colonel by six hundred thousand, and the product is the pressure of the functionaries of all sorts—military, political, civil, administrative, ecclesiastical, judicial, customal. municipal, scholastic, commercial, consular—throughout France, on the soldier, the citizen, and the peasant. Add, as we have above indicated, the fictitious communist Jacquerie, and the real Bonapartist terrorism, the government weighing by phantasmagoria on the weak, and by dictatorship on the refractory, and working two fears together. It would require a special volume to relate, expose, and develop the innumerable details of that immense extortion of signatures, which is called 'the *Vote* of the 20th December.' The vote of the 20th December prostrated the honour, the initiative, the intelligence, and the moral life of the nation. France went to that vote as sheep go to the slaughter-house. Let us proceed. Secondly, *that the vote must be intelligent*. Here is an elementary proposition. Where there is no liberty of the press, there is no vote. The liberty of the press is the condition, *sine qua non*, of universal suffrage. Every scrutiny operated in the absence of liberty of the press is radically null. The liberty of the press involves, as necessary corollaries, the liberty of meeting, the liberty of making public, the liberty of publicly discussing all the liberties engendered by the right—first and foremost of all, the right of informing one's mind before one votes. To vote is to govern; to vote is to judge. Imagine a blind pilot. Imagine a deaf judge. Liberty, then—liberty to inform one's self by every means, by inquiry, by the press, by speaking, by discussion. This is the express guarantee, the condition of being, of universal suffrage. In order that a thing may be done validly, it must be done knowingly. Where there is no taper, there is no sealed act. These are axioms: without the pale of these axioms, all is, *ipso facto*, null. Now, let us see: did M. Bonaparte, in his scrutiny of the 20th December, obey these axioms? Did he fulfil the conditions of the free press, free meetings, free tribune, free advertising, free inquiry? The answer is an immense shout of laughter, even from the Elysée. Thus you are yourself compelled to admit; 'tis thus 'universal suffrage' is exercised.—What! I know nothing of what is going on: men have been killed, slaughtered, murdered. massacred, and I am ignorant of this. Men have been arbitrarily imprisoned, worried, expelled, exiled, transported, and I scarcely hear even of the fact. My mayor and my curé tell me, these people, whom you see taken away, bound with cords, are convict malefactors! I am a peasant, cultivating a patch of land in a corner of one of the provinces; you suppress the newspaper, you stifle information, you prevent the truth from reaching me, and then you make me vote, in the uttermost darkness of night, gropingly. What! you rush out upon me from the obscurity, sabre in hand, and you say to me, 'Vote!' and you call that the ballot. Certainly, a 'free and spontaneous' ballot, chime in the *coup d'état* scribes.—Every conceivable and inconceivable machinery was set to work at this vote. One village mayor, a species of Escobar, flourishing wild in the fields, said to his peasants, 'If you vote 'yes,' 'tis for the republic; if you vote 'no,' 'tis against the republic.' The peasants all voted 'yes.' And now let us illuminate another aspect of this turpitude that people call the 'plebiscitum' of the 20th December.' How were the questions put? Was there any choice possible? Did they—and it is the least that should have been done by a *coup d'état*, done by so strange a ballot as that, wherein he put all in question—did they open to each party the door at which his principles could enter? Did they permit the legitimists to turn towards that exiled prince, and towards the ancient honour of the *fleurs-de lys?* Did they permit the Orleanists to turn towards that prescribed family, honourable in the valued services of two soldiers, M.M. de Joinville and D'Aumale, and illustrious in that lofty soul, Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans? Did they offer to the people—the people who are not a party, but the people, that

is to say, the sovereign—did they offer to the people that true republic before which all monarchy dissolves and vanishes, as night before day; that republic which is the manifest and irresistible portion of the civilised world; the republic without dictatorship; the republic of concord, of science, and of liberty; the republic of universal suffrage and universal peace, and of universal happiness; the republic, initiator of people and liberator of nationalities; that republic, which, after all, and in spite of all, will, as the author of this book has said elsewhere, 'possess France tomorrow, and Europe the day after.' Did they offer that? No. This is how M. Bonaparte put the matter.

There were in this ballot two candidates: first candidate, M. Bonaparte; second candidate, the abyss. Franch had the choice. Admire the address of the man, and not a little his humility.—M. Bonaparte opposed to him in this contest—whom? M. de Chambord? No! M. de Joinville? No! The Republic? Still less. M. Bonaparte, like those pretty Creoles who show off their beauty by juxtaposition with some frightful Hottentot, selected as his competitor in this selection—a phantom, a vision, a socialism of Naremberg, with long teeth and talons, and a live coal in his eyes, the ogre of Tom Thumb, the vampire of the Porte Saint-Martin, the hydra of Theramenes the great sea-serpent of the 'Constitutionel,' which the stock-jobbers had the kindness to lend him, the dragon of the Apocalypse, the Tarask, Drore, the Gra-ouili, a scarecrow. Aided by a Ruggieri of his own, M. Bonaparte lit up this monster with Bengal fire, and said to the scared voter:—There is nothing possible between this and me, choose! He said, 'Choose between beauty and the beast; the beast is communism; the beauty is my dictatorship; choose! There is no medium! Society prostrate, thy house burnt, thy barn pillaged, thy corn stolen, thy fields confiscated, thy wife violated, thy children murdered, thy wine drank, thyself devoured alive by the great gaping-jaws yonder—all this, or me, Emperor! Choose! Me or Raw-head-and-bloody-bones!' The citizen, affrighted, and consequently a child; the peasant, ignorant, and consequently a child; preferred M. Bonaparte, to Raw-head-and-bloody-bones. Such is his triumph. Observe, however, that of 10,000,000 of voters, 2,500,000 would, it seems, have even preferred Raw-head-and-bloody-bones. After all, M. Bonaparte only had 7,500,000 votes. Thus, then, and in this fashion—freely as we see, willingly as we see—that which M. Bonaparte is good enough to call universal suffrage voted. Voted what? Dictatorship, autocracy, slavery, the republic a despotism, France a pachalic, chains on all wriste, a seal on every mouth, silence, abasement, fear; the spy, the soul of all things! They have given to a man—they have given to you!—omnipotence and omniscience. They have made that man the supreme constituent, the legislator, the alpha of the law, the omega of power! They have decreed that he is Minos, that he is Numa, that he is Solon, that he is Lycurgus! They have incarnated in him the people, the nation, the state, the law; and for ten years! What! vote—I, a citizen—vote, not only my own dispossession, my own forfeiture, my own abdication, but abdication for ten years of new generations, of universal suffrage over which I have no righ', over which you, an usurper, you force me to usurp right,—which, by the way, be it said, would suffice to nullity that monstrous ballot, if all conceivable nullities were not already piled upon it, heaped and amalgamated. What is it that you would have me do? You make me vote that all is finished, that nothing remains, that the people is a slave! What! you tell me, seeing that you are sovereign, you shall give yourself a master; seeing that you are France, you shall become Haiti! What an abominable derision! Such is the vote of the 20th December: that sanction, as M. de Morny terms it; that absolution, as M. Bsnaparte calls it. Assuredly, a short time hence—in a year, in a month, perhaps in a week—when all we now see has vanished, men will be ashamed of having, if only for an instant, honoured with discussion that infamous semblance of a vote, which they call the ballot of 7,500,000 voices. Yet such is the only basis, the only support, the only rampart of this prodigious power of M. Bonaparte. This vote is the excuse of cowards, this vote is the buckler of dishonoured consciences.—Generals, magistrates, bishops, each crime, each lie, each prevarication, each complicity, seeks refuge behind this vote for its ignominy. France has spoken, say they: *vox populi vox Dei*—universal suffrage besotted; every thing is covered by a ballot. *That* a vote—*that* a ballot? One spits on it, and passes by. Thirdly, *the figure must be genuine.* I admire that figure: 7,500,000! It must have had a beautiful effect, through the fog of the 1st of January, in letters of gold, three feet high, on the portal of Notre-Dâme. I admire that figure. Do you know why? Because I consider it humble, diffident: 7,500,000! Why, 7,500,000! that is little. No one refused M. Bonaparte full measure. After what he had done on the 2d December, he had good right to better than that. Who could it have been that played him a trick? Who was it prevented him from putting down eight millions, or ten millions, round numbers? As for myself, I was quite disappointed in my hopes. I relied on unanimity. *Coup d'état*, you are indeed modest! What! a man who has done all we have recalled or recounted—who has taken an oath and perjured himself—who has been the guardian of a constitution and destroyed it—who has been the servant of a republic and betrayed it—who has been the agent of a sovereign assembly and violently demolished it—who has used military order as a poniard to kill military honour—who has employed the standard of France as a towel to wipe away mud and shame—who has put handcuffs on the generals of Africa—who has made the representatives of the people travel in prison-vans—who has filled Mazas, Vincennes, Mont Valèrien, and St. Pélagie with inviolable men—who has fired point-blank at the legislature, girt with that scarf, the sacred and venerable symbol of the law—who has given to such a colonel, whom we could name, a hundred thousand francs to trample duty under foot, and to each soldier ten francs a-day—who has distributed in four days forty thousand francs' worth of brandy to each brigade—who has covered with the gold of the bank the play-tables of the Elysée, and has said to his friends, 'Take!'—who has

killed M. Adde in his own house; M. Belval in his own house; M. Debaecque in his own house; M. Labilte in his own house; M. de Convercelle in his own house; M. Monpelas in his own house; M. Thirion de Mortauban in his own house—who has massacred on the Boulevards and elsewhere —has shot people here, there, and everywhere— who has committed infinite murders, of which he modestly confesses to only one hundred and ninety-one! What! he who has drenched the roots of the trees on the Boulevards with pools of blood; he who has spilt the blood of the infant with the blood of the mother, mingling with both the champagne of the gendarmas! He has done all these things—he has given himself all this trouble; and when he asks the nation, 'Are you satisfied?' he only obtains 7,500,000 voters. Really, he is underpaid! This comes of devoting yourself to save society! O, ingratitude of the world! It is a fact, that, 3,000,000 of voices have replied '*No.*' What, then, did the man mean who said that the South Sea savages calls the French '*oui—oui?*' Let us speak seriously; for irony is oppressive in such tragic matters. *Coup d'etat* men, nobody believes in your 7,500,000 votes. Come, be frank, for a moment's eccentricity; confess you are slightly Greekish, you cheat a little. In your balance sheet of the 2d December, you set down too many votes, and not enough corpses. 7,500,000! What figure is that? Whence comes it? How? What do you want us to do with it? 7,000,000, 8,000,000, 10,000,000! Millions! millions! We concede you all, but we contest with you all. The 7,000,000, you have them, *plus* the 500,000; the round sum, *plus* the odd money. You say so, prince, you affirm it. You swear it, but who proves it? Who counted? Baroche. Who examined? Rouher. Who checked? Piétri. Who added up? Maupas. Who certified? Troplong. Who announced? Yourself! In other words, servility counted, crouching meanness examined, trickery checked, forgery added up, venality certified, and mendacity announced. Very good. Whereupon M. Bonaparte ascends to the capitol, orders M. Sibour to thank Jupiter; puts a blue and gold livery on the senate, a blue and silver livery on the legislative body, and a green and gold livery on his coachman; lays his hand on his heart, declares that he is the product of 'universal suffrage,' and that his 'legitimacy' has issued from the ballot-urn. That urn is a wine-cup.

We declare it, then; we declare it broadly, and clearly, and simply—on the 20th December, 1851, eighteen days after the 2d, M. Bonaparte put his hand into every man's conscience, and robbed every man of his vote. Others filch handkerchiefs, but he steals an empire.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE GOLDEN HEART.

CHAP. I.

"It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
That—in immeasurable heights above us—
At our first birth the wreath of Love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers."—*Coleridge.*

PLUTARCH says—'Chance sometimes turns poet, and produces trains of events, not to be distinguished from the most elaborate plots which are constructed by art.' Another author of the present day writes—'If we draw our models from real existence, they appear to us to possess few of the attributes of the probable. What is so poetical as sorrow? What are more eloquent than the tears that fall internally, and gather upon the heart?' A protracted pilgrimage has often caused me to feel most deeply the spirit of these observations, from having witnessed many extraordinary passages in human affairs. Indeed I am often inclined to smile at incredulity, when marvelous facts are discussed; reality so far exceeding the power of imagination, that *nothing* is left for an old woman like me to marvel at. Is not life itself a wonder and a mystery? Is not death the crowning and most awful mystery of all? On the stage of life I have seen broad farce and deep tragedy enacted, and the wearied actors sink to rest, after performing their several parts well and nobly. One such play on this broad human stage I peculiarly remember. We will withdraw the dark shadowy curtain of the grave, and reveal the actors once more on the threshold of existence; and oh! for an enchanter's wand to make them act their parts over again for our especial behoof. Behold an ancient chateau which stood within a few miles of a much frequented town on the coast of France; a ruinous kind of place it was, where the remains of better days were faintly to be discerned. The situation was picturesque, and the grounds had once been beautiful and romantic in the extreme; but now they were in keeping with the desolate abode; bridges were broken down; weeds reigned triumphant; and with the exception of a small gay garden surrounded by an invisible fence, the dark forest trees presnting a back ground whose sombre shadows exquisitely contrasted with the brilliant coloring of nature, there was nothing that told of care or refinement. This chateau was inhabited by an Irish gentleman of equally dilapidated fortunes, who had flown across the channel a few years previously to seek refuge from numerous clamorous creditors. He was accompanied by an only child, a motherless girl, and a faithful nurse, who clung to the descendants of Irish princes, amid their ruin and desolation, with the tenacity and love for which her people are remarkable. The history of Mr. Desmond was a too common and melancholy one: noble descent, extravagance, and recklessness for generations, ending at length in the almost utter ruin of the last unfortunate representative, who had assisted but too sedulously in completing it. A retreat to the continent was the only alternative from prison and disgrace; the decayed chateau which sheltered the family being the property of a person who gladly accorded it to Mr. Desmond for a nominal rent, the latter being too proud to be entirely beholden to his friend. The principal part of Mr. Desmond's time was passed in the town—a town infamous in repute, from harboring individuals who had no character to lose—gamblers and horse jockies; it may too readily be surmised how Mr. Desmond's time was occupied—he was a confirmed gamester, heartless, selfish, and soul-desolated.

In this old chateau, in the society only of Ellen Blane, her Irish nurse, Aurora Desmond, the neglected daughter, had been nurtured; and now, in

her seventeenth year, the wayward, lovely girl, incontrovertibly exemplified the true nobility of nature. She seemed to belong to the picture of faded grandeur—to represent the long line of native princes whose blood flowed in her veins: and who that gazed on her proud young form would have remembered that she was the ruined chieftain's daughter? So like a princess in her days of palmy regal state, the fair creature moved and spoke. Yet her education had been totally neglected in all useful branches and appliances. Superficial accomplishments, indeed, she had easily acquired from facile teachers; but these superficial folk could teach her little, and they witnessed with amazement the uncontrollable flights of her ever-gentle, but wild and fanciful humors. Most lovely, most gracious, was this peerless forest flower; her attributes of purity and innocence formed a protecting halo, doubly needful to shield and fortify one so peculiarly circumstanced. Yet it was not from merely outward circumstances that danger threatened Aurora Desmond; for she was ignorant of the external world, living in almost perfect seclusion; her father, debased as he was, carefully guarding his beautiful daughter from the contamination of such society as the town afforded. But danger had assaulted the young girl in another form; she united with an imagination of the most vivid cast a peculiar sensitiveness and morbid melancholy of disposition, which, indeed, frequently gave place to the wildest flights of thoughtless and exuberant gaiety. Hence, the strong will and firm mind of a superior guide was needed to rule and check, and keep in abeyance the untamed spirit, and to cultivate the rich ground so overrun with weeds. But the weeds had been fatally fostered by old Ellen Blane, who ought more properly to have been styled a *gouvernante*, being no common or uneducated nurse; for, beneath an under current of high devotional feeling (the religion of Faith, her inalienable birthright), there too surely reigned a dark depth of superstition in Aurora Desmond's inmost heart, contemplated with ineffable satisfaction by old Ellen, as of her planting and watering, but likely to be productive of the most baneful results to the violent, enthusiastic, and neglected girl, who had unfortunately been left to such injudicious, and yet warmly affectionate management. There was also a vein of *persiflage* in Aurora Desmond's composition, which, had she been formed of coarser materials, might have degenerated into downright coquettishness; but, as it was, her extreme delicacy of mind and manner produced a combination most enchanting. Her smile was fascination, her tears were bewitching, and all her little whims and caprices were becoming; yet there was another mood, when Aurora became the dangerous enchantress, from her power of enthralling the imagination—the serious and contemplative mood, when prophetic shadows darkened round her heart, and her strained gaze endeavored to penetrate those mystic clouds enveloping and obscuring the spiritual creation. Not only had Ellen Blane initiated her pupil in the legendary lore and poetical traditions of the Emerald Isle, but in the far deeper and wilder mysteries of the German school. Ellen's mother was a native of the fair Rhine-land, and the daughter inherited from her and from an Irish sire that peculiar idiosyncrasy which had gradually been developed with her growth, and rendered her the slave of a belief in supernatural agencies, forebodings, and soothsayings of every description, from the humble Banshee to the grave astrologer, who predicts the future by abstruse calculations of the celestial bodies. Aurora, indeed, often laughed at old Ellen's tales, and declared she would like to hear and see the Banshee above all things; but during the long winter evenings, when the winds howled and moaned within and without the tottering mansion, the girl's cheek often grew pale, as she sat listening to Ellen's reminiscences of the marvellous things she had beheld with her own eyes, and heard with her own ears, when a dweller in her mother's native land.

The poor child had been fed and nurtured on such unwholesome diet; and as she progressed towards womanhood, her *gouvernante*, whose speech was often poetry, began to tell of chivalrous knights, heroic self-sacrifice, and true love trials, until Aurora's mind was imbued with high-flown romance, and in a great measure unfitted to grapple with the realities of every day life. Beautiful and queen-like, Ellen regarded her nurseling with more than a mother's pride, and worshipped her as an idol; she prognosticated a brilliant future destiny for her 'young princess,' as she invariably termed Aurora; nay, she privately indulged the notion that some wandering prince in disguise would eventually discover and carry off in triumph this sweet flower of the forest. So little accustomed were they to see visiters at the chateau, that the arrival of any chance guest was quite an event; and when Mr. Desmond signified to his daughter an intention of bringing home a friend from the town to remain probably for a few days, much excitement and curiosity prevailed to know *who* and *what* he was.

"He is Dr. Progin, my dear," said Mr. Desmond, smiling, as he replied to Aurora's questions; "your silly young head is running, I'll be bound, on fine wooers. Heigh?"

"No, indeed, papa," said Aurora, laughing merrily; "the prince who falls from the skies to woo me won't be a Dr. Progin." These words were uttered somewhat contemptuously, and her father, who observed the intonation, remarked quickly, "Let me tell you my dear, that this Dr. Progin is not a person to be slighted, though he *is* only plain Dr. Progin, or at least he *calls* himself so; for I am not sure if that be his real name. As to *what* he is—he is understood to be a German professor or student, or something of that sort; but he is a queer personage—a *very* queer personage indeed; and a learned man—a *very* learned man—of that fact there is no doubt. So be on your best behaviour; for he can read the stars as you can read a book, and he'll tell your fortune if you ask him."

"Oh, papa, what do you mean?" cried Aurora, reddening with surprise and delight. "Do you really mean that Dr. Progin is an astrologer?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Desmond, carelessly, taking out a memorandum case, and pre-occupied; "yes, and a celebrated astronomer all over the continent; he has cast more than one royal nativity, and is often consulted on great

emergencies by those in power. He is a formidable soothsayer, I assure you," added Mr. Desmond, more gravely, "and has perfect faith in his own predictions: so mind your behaviour, and now away with you."

"I had a queer drame last night," muttered old Ellen Blane, when she heard the news, "and I must see this wondrous man before he tells thee thy fortune, my princess. It was a solemn drama that I had when the moonlight came shining in at the windows, and the white curtains flapped to and fro. I used to hear it said in my early days, when I sojourned in the fair Rhine-land, that however much one who had the gift of prophesying or foretelling events might wish to conceal the fatal gift (for ochone! but it oft-times *is* fatal!) a peculiar expression lurking in the eye betrayed the secret, and revealed the prophet. My sainted mother's mother (an aged woman and a pious soul was she) knew wild, dread things, and she initiated me in the mystic lore. I must *see* this Dr. Progin, and gaze on his eyes, my princess; and if he be a true seer, strong nerves are needed to list the doom of life from his lips; for the true seer's lips speak no falsities. Ah! they're a wondrous and a learned race are those German astrologers. But wo is me! that drame of mine, and just on the eve of his coming too; 'twas a wierd melancholic drame,' continued Ellen, whining piteously, "but never mind, never mind, drames are contraries often," brightening up, and gazing proudly on Aurora, "and bright be the destiny this larned philosopher foretells for *thee*, princess of the world! Thou wert born on the Holy Baptist's day, and good angels ever guard and watch over thee, child of my love." Old Ellen Blane continued to croon, and mutter, and muse during the interval that elapsed between the period when she heard of the expected guest and his actual arrival at the chateau; her mood was unusually strange and excited, and she managed so to place herself, that, without being seen, she obtained a full view of Mr. Desmond's companion, as together the two gentlemen slowly walked up the avenue and entered the hall. Very pale old Ellen Blane became, as she rivetted her gaze on the stranger, and grasping Aurora's arm for support, she muttered, "He's a *true* soothsayer, is this Dr. Progin—a true reader of the stars, my princess; there is that lurking in *his* eye which reveals to *me* his power."

"But what is it, Ellen? demanded Aurora. "What do you discern in his eye to scare and awe you thus?"

"*What* do I discern, my child? What none can repeat distinctly, and only *faith* can realize. From my mother's land the teaching comes, and I have not forgotten the lesson."

"But, Ellen, dear, many persons have sparkling black eyes, and yet they are not gifted with second sight or divination. Tell me what particular motes are visible in Dr. Progin's orbs?"

But Ellen shook her head and swayed her body to and fro, shading her eyes with a trembling, withered hand. "'Tis a sight one doesn't often look oo," said Ellen in a low whisper; "for there be many pretenders, but few real star readers. It isn't in the *glitter* of the sloe black eyes, but it is in their *depths* the secret lies, my princess. I hold the key—I can solve the mystery. I can trace the spirit's hidden source in the depths of those glittering, dreadful orbs."

"Well, Nelly, you are vastly mysterious and incomprehensible," interrupted Aurora, laughing, "but I am his hostess, be he ever so terrible a personage, and I must do the honors of our palace in brave style."

"Bless thee, bless thee, sweet lovely one!" cried old Ellen; I would thou hadst a real palace, for thou would'st grace it rarely."

"Nay, nay, Nelly, I'll be content with love in a cottage some day," responded Aurora, smiling, "when my destiny is fulfilled, you know. But come, you havn't answered my question yet about Dr. Progin's motes, or depths, or whatever you designate this mystic light which is discoverable to the initiated."

"Nor I don't mean to answer it, mavourneen," replied Ellen with solemnity; "such knowledge is far better left alone."

"Oh, very well, Nell, just as you like," said Aurora, carelessly, "if there is any thing to be discovered, I must discover it for myself, I suppose. Now I shall go and be introduced to this formidable magician, and I don't anticipate the introduction will be a particularly awful ceremonial."

"Do not boast vainly, Aurora Desmond," exclaimed Ellen Blane, with a warning gesture; "it is no jest or light matter to rush unadvisedly into the presence of a prophet."

However, notwithstanding the fair girl's assumed bravado and badinage, she felt a species of tremor or nervous agitation when Mr. Desmond presented her to their guest, whom he named as Dr. Progin—a "valued friend." Mr. Desmond was subdued and silent, yet treating the learned visiter with marked and unusual deference. The latter absorbed Aurora's undivided attention; she experienced a new and indefineable sensation in his presence, as if conscious that basilisk eyes were watching her every movement, or as if a spell of enchantment wove its meshes to enchain her. She could not account for such peculiar feelings, nor could she shake them off, strive as she might to appear, and to actually feel, unconcerned. Dr. Progin was a man whose age it seemed impossible to define; he might be aged, or a premature age might have overtaken him, from sorrow having left its sure and ineffaceable trace. His features were classical, but perfectly colorless, while his hair and redundant beard were white as driven snow. A transparent complexion reflected no wrinkles; while, in the midst of this delicate olive setting, gleamed a pair of glittering eyes (which seemed to verify Nelly Blane's dark hints) from beneath shaggy eyebrows, whose deep, penetrating, burning coruscations flashed on the beholder with a sense of pain; and few could endure that searching gaze without flinching. Aurora vainly endeavored to meet the stedfast observation of this extraordinary personage without betraying emotion; she endeavored not to feel it. But it would not do; and she no longer combated with the inward inexplicable conviction that she stood in the presence of one who wielded an unusual mystic influence over others. The doctor continued to regard her attentively but without speaking; and then at length with a deep sigh which seemed to

come from the bottom of his heart, he turned away and made some commonplace remark to Mr. Desmond. His voice was low and thrilling, and a foreign accentuation added to its charm; his manner was gentle and retiring, and so much sadness mingled with all he said and did, that Aurora's tender heart soon warmed towards the venerable man; and, despite her first awe, with the innocent sweetness of youth uncontaminated by the conventionalities of towns, she speedily regained the frankness and ease of deportment which rendered her so attractive. Dr. Progin did not converse fluently—he seemed better to like listening to Aurora's voice—but the little he did utter was to the purpose. Where had he not been? All over the world. What did he not know? Everything. What language could he not converse in—what science could he not descant on? A melancholy gravity of deportment, a sad intonation of voice, like unto a remembered soft-thrilling cadence of music, were remarkable in Dr. Progin as prominent characteristics; that he *himself* believed implicitly the lore he professed was indubitable; he had been an indefatigable and life-long student of the stars. Perhaps abstruse calculation had bewildered his brain, for he gloried in his studies. Aurora gazed and believed, yet her tongue was mute; she dared not speak her indefinable and intangible impressions; and when Ellen anxiously demanded her nurs·ling s opinion of Dr. Progin, Aurora for the first time in her life dissembled, and became cautious, merely saying that on the morrow she meant to ask the doctor if he would read her future, and consult the stars on her behalf. Ellen tried to dissuade her from this experiment; but Aurora Desmond was determined to have her nativity cast. "Whether for weal or wo, or both, I'll know my doom," she cried. But the doctor was deaf to her solicitations. He did not deny his power, and he carefully examined the palm of her little hand; he also noted down the day and hour of her birth; but, although Aurora suspected he had made *himself* master of her future history, no intreaties could induce him to reveal the secrets which his profound and awe-inspiring lore had enabled him to solve.

"Then I must believe, Dr. Progin," said Aurora, "that the doom in store for me is so bad that in pity you conceal it; for had you good to impart, I am sure silence would no longer be your motto. But remember my imagination may raise up worse anticipated ills than reality warrants."

The invulnerable doctor smiled, but it was a smile of sad sort, as he gravely replied, "Do you not know, my child, that the hand of Mercy veils the future from human gaze? Why would you wrest that hand aside?"

"You hold that veil in your hand, Dr. Progin," exclaimed Aurora, greatly excited, and in tears; "and I do earnestly pray of you to lift for me but one corner; give me but one glance, and then let it fall for ever."

"On one condition, then, young lady," said Dr. Progin, in a low, firm voice—"on one condition only will I accede to your request. Do not weep; I would dry your tears, and not willingly cause you to shed any. A corner of the veil of futurity I may perhaps be enabled to lift as you desire, ere I depart hence. If I do so, you must solemnly promise me never to reveal what you may learn, save on your death-bed."

The promise was given, and Mr. Desmond joining them, neither Dr. Progin nor Aurora reverted to the subject again. It was late when they separated for the night, and on the following morning, when Aurora descended to the breakfast table, she found Dr. Progin had departed at daybreak, and was now on his way to the British shores.

"Ah! he has cheated me abominably," she exclaimed, in considerable chagrin, half crying with vexation and disappointment; "he never told me that he meant to leave us so soon."

Mr. Desmond smiled, and looked up from the paper he was reading, remarking quietly that Dr. Progin's movements were proverbially uncertain, just as the humor of the moment seized him. "But has he told you your fortune, my dear?" added he, slyly. "I rather suspect not, and that is what chafes you so. Between ourselves Dr. Progin is accustomed to receive enormous golden bribes for his calculations, and he does not like to work for nothing—not he. Never mind, Aurora, never mind; if you don't know the good, the bad is kept back as well, and you won't get married a day the sooner for all Dr. Progin could have told you."

A contemptuous expression passed over Aurora's countenance, but subsided momentarily, as she gently answered her father, assuring him she did not believe that in *her* case, at least Dr. Progin had been swayed by a love of lucre.

"No, my princess, that he was not," interrupted Mary Blane, who had entered unperceived, and now stood by Aurora's side, holding out a sealed packet, which she said the doctor had left for Miss Desmond. Ellen whispered in her ear "you are to open it alone—not the parcel, but the contents." This hint came in time, for Mr. Desmond desired Aurora to inspect what the little parcel contained, no doubt supposing what actually proved to be the case, that Dr. Progin had thus conveyed a remembrance in the shape of some pretty trinket, such as ladies generally prize. It contained a plain gold heart, accompanied by a few lines, requesting Miss Desmond to wear it always for the donor's sake. There was more in the lines than met the ear. There was more in that plain gold heart than met the eye. The moment Aurora gained the privacy of her own apartment she examined the golden treasure; it flew open when she touched a spring, and discovered a slip of paper within, on which was written a brief sentence. Aurora read it; her color went and came; she read and re-read; then suddenly replacing the mystic scrap in its receptacle (which she carefully placed in her bosom,) she exclaimed aloud, as if to re-assure her failing courage, "Well, it's a hard doom! But I must take care never to fall in love; and *then* no great mischief ensues."

Poor old Ellen, who was dying of curiosity to know the contents of the heart, was ruefully disappointed at the silence preserved by her young lady; and never fully forgave it. The promise which Aurora had given to Dr. Progin was not meant to include her, she argued. How prone we all are to make exceptions in our own favor

CHAPTER II.

THREE years had glided by, and the old French chateau was abandoned to silence and desolation. Mr. Desmond had departed this life, and Ellen Blane also slept beneath the green sod—a cross above to denote the spot where the dust of the faithful reposed. The destitute orphan found shelter with her only known living relative, a maternal aunt, half-sister to Aurora's mother, and many years the senior of that lady. Mrs. Chatterbin was English born and bred—the childless widow of a great speculator, reputed enormously wealthy. Mrs. Chatterbin, during Mr. Desmond's life, had been implacable in her wrath towards him; he had asked her for loans of money at various periods, and this, coupled with his known bad habits, had aroused her indignation to such a degree, that rumour asserted, to name the name of the Irish Desmond in Mrs. Chatterbin's presence, was to risk losing a legacy! But the dying man had written to her; he told her that Aurora was beautiful as the day, unprotected, and penniless; and Mrs. Chatterbin sent a confidential servant across the Channel to escort the orphan to her English home. Poor Aurora! Well it was for her high-spirited, generous nature that she met with a warm-hearted, frank reception from the aunt, whom she never remembered to have seen. (Mrs. Chatterbin had once impressed a kiss on her baby lips, as she lay sleeping in her mother's arms.) Well it was for the proud descendant of Irish princes, so sensitive and so tender-hearted, that Mrs. Chatterbin, after a moment's contemplation clasped her in an embrace which almost threatened suffocation, exclaiming, "Why, my darling, you're a perfect beauty, I declare; I am *so* delighted!"

Aurora laughed, and blushed, saying with *naïveté*, "And would you not have welcomed me, Aunt Chatterbin, had I been a fright?"

"No, that I wouldn't," replied the fat lady, bluntly. "I don't know what use you'd have been to me if you had."

"And of what use shall I be now?" demanded Aurora, as her thoughts reverted to the idle sort of useless existence she had slept through so happily.

"Of what use?" quickly answered Mrs. Chatterbin; "a vast deal, if I mistake not. But never mind, you're a beauty, and no mistake."

Aurora felt inclined to laugh, and yet tears forced their way; everything around was so strange and odd, so totally different from what she had been accustomed to.

Mrs. Chatterbin's villa, within a few miles of the metropolis, was splendidly appointed, betokening affluence, without, perhaps, much taste. Mrs. Chatterbin herself, was splendidly attired, and her short fat person rolled and waddled along in dignified composure. She did not look jovial, or good tempered, or benevolent; but she had a fat, round, red face, and the most cunning little black eyes that ever twinkled and sparkled in mortal's head. She entertained a vast deal of company at the villa, and enjoyed life amazingly, particularly a rubber of whist. Aurora had nothing to complain of, being most kindly treated by her aunt, and introduced to all her friends, many of whom were well-bred, sensible people, as "my dearest niece, Aurora Desmond." Aurora was evidently regarded as her aunt's adopted daughter and heiress, and treated accordingly with deference and consideration.

Mrs. Chatterbin had soon ascertained all Aurora's past history, without appearing in the least degree inquisitive. Aurora had no suspicion how narrowly she was watched; how perfectly Mrs. Chatterbin had learnt her disposition, character, and acquirements—in short, how all her young life was laid bare; with one exception indeed. Dr. Progin's golden heart was hidden next her own—the one secret of her innocent existence. Ever since his memorable visit to the chateau, a change had been working in Aurora Desmond, which was not evidenced by any outward sign; yet she had gradually been endeavouring to steel herself against softening influences, and to realise, so far as circumstances permitted, the stern realities of daily life. She ceased to listen with eagerness to Ellen Blane's romance and wild legendary tales, and she put aside the books wherein the poetry and not the prose of life was described. Hence, when the time of trial came, and the world wore a new aspect to her, she was enabled to act her part with propriety in the conventional society assembled at Mrs. Chatterbin's villa. She was not remarked as the "wild Irish girl," but as the "beautiful" or "gentle;" yet the bright illusions of thoughtless girlhood, the careless spoilt child's dreams of futurity, had all rudely been dispelled by the collision. Her's was the refinement of nature—the loveliest of all; and quickly she detected all that was overstrained in the manners and pretensions of the crowd thronging Vanity Fair. Her thoughts reverted to the old chateau, and the summer evenings when, seated by Ellen Blane, she listened to the historic pictures of other days, of the chivalrous deeds of her ancestors, and the glories, pomp, and magnificence of the stronghold of the brave Desmonds. Then the ruined chieftain's daughter felt her cheek flush, her lip curl, and her eye glance contemptuously on the *parvenus* around; but when they spoke of her native isle, tauntingly and slightingly, if not openly, yet covertly, *then* it was all the passion of her soul silently fell on her throbbing heart, and the first lesson of hypocrisy she had ever learnt was taught her in the noble effort to combat with, and passively endure, those sorrows which she knew to be incurable. "I am in no danger," the girl ejaculated to herself, smiling in the way she had often smiled since her eyes had looked on death, "I am in no danger"—(she pressed the golden heart to her bosom)—"I shall go through life very calmly, and never be called on to practise self-denial."

Alas! Aurora Desmond, even as those words fell from thy lips danger was approaching, and vain boasting at end. Pure-minded and fancy free, yet with high notions of the chivalrous homage due to her sex, Aurora had received adulation and flattery with a pleasant and smiling indifference, as if she considered it merely a matter of course, and her right. Nay, she had a sweet, winning way with her, which ladies of a certain age, particularly unmarried ones, declared to be downright coquetry, Irish impertinence, and French *persiflage!*

To an experienced observer it might have appeared rather noticeable that Mrs. Chatterbin, so completely a woman of the world, did not at *all bestir herself to bring Aurora forward, or to* introduce "eligible matches," particularly to the notice of her beautiful young niece. It would have been natural had she evinced a desire to see the fair orphan "well settled," according to common parlance, in Vanity Fair, but no, Mrs. Chatterbin was decidedly waiting for some great unknown, whom she beheld in her mind's eye, *concealed from observation and scan, and to* be pounced upon at the right moment. And this was doubtless the real reason why she evinced no anxiety concerning her niece, when so many other girls, far plainer than Aurora Desmond, were marrying off in scores. Wise Mrs. Chatterbin, to wait and watch so patiently and prudently!

"I dare say the impudent niece is in her fat old aunt's confidence," said the Misses Humphreys one to another—(they were neighbors of Mrs. Chatterbin)—"and when old Chatterbin's ward, Philip Eardley, comes from abroad, they'll both fix on *him* as the *Mr. Right.* He's enormously rich, you know—young, handsome, and independent of any control whatever."

The old maids sighed, and looked in the glass; perhaps *that* told them *their* case was hopeless, therefore they could more impartially decide for others.

There were wiser folks than the Misses Humphreys, who opined that Mrs. Chatterbin would do all in her power to secure Philip Eardley for her niece. But they did not do the wily and deep-thinking lady justice. She had far different views for Aurora; in her heart were secrets as carefully hidden as those contained in Aurora's golden one. And when Philip Eardley made his tardy appearance at Mrs. Chatterbin's villa, the welcome was by no means so warm as might have been expected towards her late husband's ward. Yet, as the Misses Humphreys had affirmed, he was rich, handsome, young, and free of any control; disengaged, and quite ready to marry, when he could find a wife to his taste. Moreover, Mrs. Chatterbin had absolutely doated on him as a boy, humoured, and spoilt him; and when the delicate, fair-haired youth expressed a determination to enter the naval service (though in expectancy of the fine property which ultimately became his,) it almost broke Mrs. Chatterbin's heart; for the boy had been to her as an only son, and with even more than a mother's love she had fostered the motherless child committed to their care. Mr. Chatterbin died soon after, and Philip Eardley succeeded to his inheritance. Some mysterious rumours were afloat at the time concerning the ill-usage Mrs. Chatterbin received from her husband's near relatives, the Morningtons. It was hinted that they had tried *to deprive the widow of some portion of the* wealth which Mrs. Chatterbin had bequeathed solely to her; but the truth was never positively divulged or ascertained, and after a long interval of coolness between the parties, they at length met in amity, to all appearance, as became such near connections.

There was a cloud on Mrs. Chatterbin's brow *when Philip Eardley fixed his ardent, inquiring* gaze on Aurora Desmond. He assured Mrs. Chatterbin that he would not have loitered away his time in Paris, had he known how much she wanted him at the villa. Impudent fellow! he *saw that he was not wanted at all, and he could* not comprehend it. Here was a transcendently lovely, penniless girl dependent on Mrs. Chatterbin and yet Mrs. Chatterbin, he soon discovered, by no means wished or encouraged him to fall in love with the fair creature; so, of course, the young sailor made a point of doing it as quickly as possible, and without delay laid siege to Aurora's *undefended heart. He was only a year older* than herself, and had she not heard of his dauntless bravery and reckless daring from others (for already he had won fame and honours), Aurora might have regarded him as a merely gay, captivating, and somewhat effeminate idler; for Philip was delicate and slight in figure, and his fair complexion, bronzed by exposure, had it retained its original delicacy, certainly would not have rendered him the beau-ideal of the young enslaver he was now, with his clustering hyacinthine curls and large expressive, blue eyes—laughing, happy eyes. Besides all this, to interest the fair sex in his behalf, the hero had lost an arm; and that loose, dangling sleeve whispered a tale of suffering and unexampled courage and devotion, which needed not the formidable accessories already named to win a way to ladies' hearts!

But Philip had hitherto proved obdurate; he could laugh, and dance, and flirt, and had created a *furore* in Paris, leaving several despairing beauties to bewail his sudden retreat. But he had had enough of this kind of thing; there was a more substantial and domestic stuff in Philip Eardley, than the flattering crowd of Vanity Fair were prone to understand or magnify. He had been led to seek for excitement in the wide field of naval glory; but now he sought for peace, in the home and by the hearth, where the pure and lovely are wont to congregate.

When Aurora found her impressions of his worth gradually developing, then her real danger commenced. Mrs. Chatterbin beheld it from the first; but she could not send *Philip* from beneath her roof—and what was to be done? Had she flown elewhere, and carried off Aurora with her, Philip was not to be cheated; he would have followed. Philip was bold enough to woo and dare; and that Mrs. Chatterbin knew. Her only hope was in Aurora's evident unwillingness to yield to those natural impulses of sweet first love, which *began to stir within her unsophisticated heart.* Aurora's was an impassioned nature—she could love but once; but, loving once, self was for ever obliterated—sacrificed on the altar of her affections.

Mrs. Chatterbin was puzzed to understand why her niece thus strove, and did violence to herself, when it seemed apparent she yet tenderly *yearned towards the generous, affectionate youth,* who sang in ladies bower as sweet and promising a romaunt as minstrel ever wove—as hero ever dreamt. There was a mystery in Aurora's conduct, and Mrs. Chatterbin could not fathom it; she was experienced enough in human nature, and in reading the page of the human heart, to feel perfectly convinced that no common or capricious *motive influenced her niece in repulsing the prof*fered love of such an one as Philip Eardley. Nay,

Mrs Chatterbin read that Aurora Desmond loved passionately—loved beyond the comprehension of Philip Eardley—loved in the concealment and silence of despair.

Despair—the handmaid of superstition—had corroded with its subtle, hateful poison those sweet springs of thought and action, which, now tainted and polluted at their source, left the unhappy girl a prey to her feverish promptings in "a dry and barren land where no water is." Yet her errors were based on nobleness of soul—the nobleness of soul—the nobleness which induced her to sacrifice self, her own fondest aspirations, to secure the weal of him she loved. "My golden heart shall guide me in this matter," she exclaimed, "and not my heart of clay."

Mrs. Chatterbin also held communings with herself, and her cogitations assumed something of the following cast:—"She really is a sweet young creature, and I am truly sorry for her, but it is quite impossible I can give up my long-cherished revenge on those hateful Morningtons. I *think* the bait will catch the fish. Besides, after all, John is not such a bad fellow, and he may love her well enough not to care a fig for the deception, even if he live to find it out. But life is uncertain with us after all"—(here Mrs. Chatterbin shook her head, and sighed"—and this girl may go off before me. Then, no harm is done to her. But I do hope to go first, if it is only to spite those odious upstarts—the rest of the family. What a taking they'll be in, when they find the Irish Desmond has been cheated in among them so!" and Mrs. Chatterbin fairly chuckled and rubbed her hands with delight, continuing, in a sentimental tone—"However, I do hope John will really love and be kind to her, when the truth pops out, as I *am* most likely to go first. But I wish I could understand what the girl means. She loves Philip dearly—I can see that clearly enough; she would give her life for him, affectionate, sweet, young thing. And yet, here she is, turning a deaf ear to all his long speeches—and in earnest, too, not coqueting. She was fancy-free, too, till Philip decided her fate. There's some queer, dark story here—some Irish devilry or other; but it suits my purpose, and, as matters are rapidly coming to a crisis between this young couple, I'll write off to the Morningtons at once, and apprise them of my intended visit, with my beloved adopted daughter, Aurora Desmond. That girl's a clever hussey, and she's some faint suspicion that I don't love her overmuch, notwithstanding I try to palaver her. 'Tis true, I don't bear her any ill-will, poor girl, though I did loathe her horrid father; but if she had looked sweet on my Philip, then, indeed, I verily believe I could have poisoned the minx. I had better start off to Mornington House at once, or she may change her mind, and passion prove stronger than this dark secret of hers, be it what it may."

Mrs. Chatterbin said truly—she had not altogether deceived Aurora; but the poor girl, though she intuitively felt that she was not beloved by her aunt, was grateful for the kindness heaped upon her, and gave Mrs. Chatterbin credit for *trying* to feel affection towards the orphan daughter of a man whose name she detested.

Philip Eardley's arrival had been so sudden, his apparition so astounding, his wooing so vehement, and her own heart so filled with new and tumultuous emotions, that Aurora had no time for calm reflection or the exercise of her reasoning powers; and when Mrs. Chatterbin abruptly but decidedly informed Philip that she was going to carry off Aurora immediately, to pay a long-promised visit to the Morningtons, the youth merely replied—

"Oh, very well; perhaps I may follow. John Mornington gave me an invitation, when I met him in Paris the other day. He said his father and mother would be delighted to see me at their house."

"No doubt they would," said Mrs. Chatterbin to herself; "they've daughters to marry. But God forbid I should live to see Philip Eardley married to a Mornington—sooner see him dead. He'll not follow, however, or I'm much mistaken. There is a firmness about Aurora Desmond's mouth, which tells me her answer will be a decisive one before they go. I'll give the foolish boy a good opportunity to pop the question, and I hope she'll be staunch to whatever Irish or German trumpery she's got imbedded in that beautiful noddle of hers. Ah! that old *gouvernante*, Nelly Blane—I remember her well—she was enough to turn a sensitive child's brain, and she had the main educating of this poor neglected child. What a princess she looks and moves, though! I don't wonder at Philip's infatuation; I only trust John Mornington will be as ready to bite—*I'll* take care she does not refuse *him*."

The opportunity, so eloquently alluded to by Mrs. Chatterbin, was given, and Philip Eardley, in agitated and broken sentences, offered Aurora Desmond his hand, his heart, his fortune, and his fame—all cast at her feet—worthless without her. Her answer was brief—she never could be his. Philip pleaded eloquently, as young lovers plead, but the pale girl was firm in her rejection of his suit.

"What means this?" fiercely exclaimed the disappointed lover. "What folly is this, Aurora? You love me—your eyes have told me the blessed truth—then, wherefore this horrid mystery? You are free—speak, is it not so?" rapidly he articulated, for a new idea of some entanglement flashed athwart his mind.

"I am not free, Philip Eardley," said Aurora, in a low but distinct tone—"I am not free to become your wife."

"You are and shall be, Aurora, unless you deny that you love me. Can you deny that, dearest and loveliest?"

He clasped her to his breast, and she wept there, wept unrestrainedly, and as if her heart would break. She looked up in his face for a few moments, as if contemplating his manly beauty with a sister's pride; there was no passion in her pure loving gaze—it was as if she looked to fortify herself against some great temptation.

"I will and must save you, Philip Eardley, from a union with me," whispered Aurora; but she was firm, and calm, and self-possessed. "I never can be your wife."

"In mercy tell me what all this means, Aurora," exclaimed Philip, passionately—"in mercy to yourself and me. Are you plighted to another? There is hope even then!"

"Philip Eardley," responded Aurora, disengaging herself from his encircling arm, "there is no

hope. Again I repeat, I never *will*. Mark me, not that I never *can*—I never *will* become your wife. So may God help me in my last extremity." She pressed close to her bosom the golden heart.

"Go, for a false, cold-hearted jade!" cried Philip, exasperated beyond the bounds of conventional propriety. "I've made a fool of myself, and trusted to a woman's eyes! Farewell, Miss Desmond; may you be happy."

He gave her a look, in which passion and reproach were blended, and then rushed precipitately from the apartment. Aurora did not look up; but she sat, like a statue of stone, cold and silent—frozen into an attitude and expression of unspeakable anguish. From this trance of woe she was aroused by Mrs. Chatterbin, and then only was Aurora conscious that hours had elapsed since Philip Eardley had quitted her side. He had gone; whither, Mrs. Chatterbin said she did not know, but he had gone from beneath her roof for the present. The wily lady made no comment, asked no question; she saw everything progressed according to her wish, and she let well alone. Her kindness to Aurora redoubled, and she spoke of their approaching journey to the busy city in whose environs the Morningtons resided, with many anticipations of pleasure. She would not see Aurora's misery; even then, had she noticed it, the truth of the case might have been probed, and one loving heart saved from live-long unhappiness. Firm and judicious counsel, and religion's healing voice speaking in mild accents, might even then, at that eleventh hour, have restored the darkened senses of the deluded worshipper of a dark and fearful prophecy; but Mrs. Chatterbin's was not the voice or the counsel to do this; her heart of clay contained far more of evil than did even the golden one of poor Aurora Desmond. Philip Eardley had gone, and Aurora's self-immolation was complete; but he had gone from her in anger, and this too she must bear. So that *he* was saved, she would endure all things. It was his softened mood she feared; herself she distrusted; but now that desolation had succeeded to his beloved presence, she became brave and strong.

"Oh! for some barrier betwixt him and me," she cried, clasping her hands convulsively, "that could *not* be overstepped, even by my own weak heart—some dreadful gulf yawning betwixt us that could *not* be overleapt, even in imagination. He is not safe from me till this is so." Dark angels heard the wish, Aurora Desmond, and flapped their gloomy pinions exultingly.

The firm of Mornington & Son stood high in the estimation of the commercial world of B——; and the names of Mrs. Mornington and her daughters headed the list of patronesses for subscription balls or subscription charities. Mornington House stood high and dry a little way out of the city of B——; and a little beyond it, stood the suburban retreat of Mrs. Selby, the widowed eldest daughter of the portly Mr. Mornington; so that, altogether, they formed a snug, pleasant family coterie. Aurora thought the Morningtons must all love Mrs. Chatterbin very dearly indeed, their reception of that lady was so warm and enthusiastic; an enthusiasm and warmth which was extended to Aurora in a most overpowering manner. Mrs. Chatterbin had provided her with dresses and ornaments of costly description, and requested Aurora to array herself in these at all times during her stay with the Morningtons; a request which Aurora could not, of course, refuse to comply with, thinking it a mark of kindness, though her chaste and simple taste revolted at the load of finery and jewellery she was obliged to wear, in order to satisfy Mrs. Chatterbin. But the Misses Mornington regarded her attire with intense admiration, as did also their mamma, and their eldest sister, Mrs. Selby; it was so costly, so handsome, so distinguished. These ladies judged both persons and things by the standard of money alone; it was by what the person was worth, and by what the things cost, they judged them. They had no poor friends or acquaintances—not they, indeed. If you heard Mrs. Mornington descant on the delightful qualities of such an one, be sure there were carriages and a well-ordered establishment in the back-ground; and the higher the praise ran, so ran the influence and wealth of the person raised in the scale of society. Poverty was an absolute crime in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Mornington, and they had inoculated their children with the same ideas in different degrees.

Their eldest son, John, his father's partner in the banking business, had attained the age of nine-and-twenty, and still remained unmarried. He had long been on the look-out, however, for a prudent alliance; and, being at the same time an admirer of beauty, he was rather difficult to please, though it was hinted in B—— that one or two ladies whom he had fancied did not reciprocate his regard sufficiently to venture on matrimony. Hence Mr. John was rather a moody and discontented man; but on seeing Aurora Desmond, he brightened up considerably, and his sisters declared it was a case of love at first sight. —*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

Beda* was blind with age; yet he went forth
To preach the Gospel message, new and joyful:
Led by his guide, the grey-hair'd man sped on
Thro' city and thro' village, still proclaiming
The glorious "Word," with all the fire of youth.
Once, through a valley desolate, he passed,
Where all around huge stones and crags were scatter'd;
Thus said the boy, his guide (but more from mirth
Than malice), "Reverend father, here are many
Assembled, and they wait to hear thy teaching."

The blind old man drew up his bended form,
Gave forth his text, expounded it, and preach'd.
He threaten'd, warn'd, exhorted, cheer'd, consol'd
So heartily, that his mild, earnest tears
Flow'd down to his grey beard. Then, at the last,
When, with the Lord's Prayer closing, thus he spake:—
"For Thine the kingdom, power, and glory is,
For ever and for ever,"—through the vale
Ten thousand voices cried, "Amen! Amen!"

The boy, affrighted and repentant, knelt
Down at the preacher's feet, and own'd his sin.

* This is not the "Venerable Bede."

"Son," said the holy man, "hast thou not read,
When men are silent, stones shall cry aloud!
Never again sport with the Word of God;
It is a mighty and a living Word;
Cutting like two-edg'd sword. When man his heart
Hardens to stone, defying his Creater,
A heart of flesh God in a stone can mould."
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

"OUR BEST SOCIETY."

(From Putnam's Magazine, for February.)

If gilt were only gold, or sugar-candy common sense, what a fine thing our society would be! If to lavish money upon *objets de vertu*, to wear the most costly dresses, and always to have them cut in the height of the fashion; to build houses thirty feet broad, and, as if they were palaces, to furnish them with all the luxurious devices of Parisian genius; to give superb banquets, at which your guests laugh, and which make you miserable; to drive a fine carriage and ape European liveries, and crests, and coats-of-arms; to resent the friendly advances of your baker's wife, and the lady of your butcher (you being yourself a cobbler's daughter); to talk much of the "old families" and of your aristocratic foreign friends; to despise labor; to prate of "good society;" to travesty and parody, in every conceivable way, a society which we know only in books and by the superficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organization entirely unknown to us, and which is opposed to our fundamental and essential principles; if all this were fine, what a prodigiously fine society would ours be!

Such is the commencement of, as it appears to us, the clever and caustic article which we bring to our readers notice.

We are not Quixotic enough to enter the list, and break a lance in defence of American society, whether it be as the author represents or the reverse, but we can not suffer a few covert insinuations against older countries to pass unnoticed. It is unimportant for writers, of the Reynolds or Dudevant stamp, to malign a society of which they know nothing, and, for the sake of pandering to the worthless, to misrepresent those to whom it has pleased Providence to assign a higher position in the scale of social life, as their writings carry no weight with the few well-principled persons into whose hands they may accidentally fall—but it is of importance that, in a well written article, such as we have before us, the writer should not be permitted to insinuate, that th. same revolting picture, which he presents as a faithful pourtraiture of "the best American society," may apply to the same class of society in older countries. We will, however, let the writer speak for himself:—

"This occurred to us upon lately receiving a card of invitation to a brilliant ball. We were quietly ruminating over our evening fire, with D'Israeli's Wellington speech, "all tears," in our hand, with the account of a great man's burial, and a little man's triumph across the channel. So many great men gone, we mused, and such great crises impending! This democratic movement in Europe; Kossuth and Mazzini waiting for the moment to give the word. The Russian bear watchfully sucking his paws; Napoleon's empire redivivus; Cuba, and annexation, and slavery; California and Australia, and the consequent considerations of political economy; dear me! exclaimed we, putting on a fresh hodful of coal, we must look a little into the state of parties.

As we put down the coal-scuttle there was a knock at the door. We said, "come in," and in came a neat Alhambra-watered envelope, containing the announcement that the queen of fashion was "at home" that evening week. Later in the evening, came a friend to smoke a cigar. The card was lying upon the table and he read it with eagerness. "You'll go, of course," said he, "for you will meet the 'best society.'"

Shall we truly? shall we really see the "best society of the city," the picked flower of its genius, character, and beauty? What makes the "best society" of men and women? The noblest specimens of each, of course.—The men who mould the time, who refresh our faith in heroism and virtue, who make Plato, and Zeno, and Shakspeare, and all Shakspeare's gentlemen, possible again. The women, whose beauty and sweetness, and dignity, and high accomplishment and grace, make us understand the Geeek Mythology, and weaken our desire to have some glimpse of the famous women of history. *The "best society" is that in which the virtues are most shining, which is the most charitable, forgiving, long-suffering, modest, and innocent. The "best society" is, in its very name, that in which there is the least hypocrisy and insincerity of all kinds, which recoils from, and blasts, artificiality, which is anxious to be all that human nature can be, and which sternly reprobates all shallow pretence, all coxcombry and foppery, and insists upon simplicity, as the infallible characteristic of true worth. That is the "best society," which comprises the best men and women.*

In his graphic sketch of what good society should be, we could almost fancy that the artist unintentionally drew from real English life—such life as Washington Irving, who intimately knew and felt the perfection of "English best society," loved to dwell on.

"Had we recently arrived from the moon, we might, upon hearing that we were to meet the "best society," have fancied that we were about to enjoy an opportunity not to be overvalued. But unfortunately we were not so freshly arrived. We had received other cards, and had perfected our toilette many times, to meet this same society, so magnificently described, and had found it the least "best" of all. Who compose it? Whom shall we meet if we go to this ball? We shall meet three classes of persons: 1st, those who are rich, and who have all that money can buy;—2d, those who belong to what are technically called "the good old families," because some ancestor was a man of mark in the state or country, or was very rich, and has kept the fortune in the family; and 3rdly, a swarm of youths who can dance dexterously, and who are invited for that purpose. Now they are all arbitrary and factitious distinctions upon which to base so profound a social difference as that which exists in American, or, at least, in New York society. 1st, as a general rule, the rich men of every community who make their own money are not the most generally intelligent and cultivated. They have a shrewd talent which secures a fortune, and which keeps them closely at the work of amassing from their youngest years until they are old. They are sturdy men, of simple tastes often. Sometimes, though rarely, very generous, but necessarily with an altogether false and exaggerated idea of the importance of money. They are a rather rough, unsympathetic, and, perhaps, selfish class, who, themselves, despise purple and fine linen, and still prefer a cot-bed and a bare room, although they may be worth millions. But they are married to scheming or ambitious or disappointed women, whose life is a prolonged pageant, and they are dragged hither and thither in it, are bled of their golden blood, and forced into a position they do not covet and which they despise. They are the inheritors of wealth. How many of them inherit the valiant genius and hard frugality which built up their fortunes; how many acknowledge the stern and heavy responsibility of their opportunities."

If this be just with regard to the author's countrymen, how much ought we to rejoice that, in our less go-a-head country, our leaders of "the best society" are also found, *mirabile dictu*, to be leaders, in what? the literary, scientific, philanthropic, &c. societies everywhere so abundant amongst our plodding humdrum countrymen, and that it is by no means a *sequitur*, because a man is a Lord or estated gentleman, his son must necessarily dream away his life in Sybarite luxury, or dilute his manhood with fictitious sentimentality.

The best sermon ever preached upon society, within our knowledge, is "Vanity Fair." Is the spirit of that story less true of New-York than of London? Probably we never see Amelia at our parties, nor Lieutenant George Osborne, nor good gawky Dobbin, nor Mrs. Rebecca Sharp Crawley, nor old Steyne. We are very much pained, of course, that any author should take such dreary views of human nature. We, for our parts, all go to Mrs. Potiphar's to refresh our faith in men and women. Generosity, amiability, a catholic charity, simplicity, taste, sense, high cultivation, and intelligence, distinguish our parties. The statesman seeks their stimulating influence; the literary man, after the day's labor, desires the repose of their elegant conversation; the professional man and the merchant hurry up from down town to shuffle off the coil of heavy duty, and forget the drudgery of life in the agreeable picture of its amenities and grace presented by Mrs. Potiphar's ball. Is this account of the matter, or "Vanity Fair" the satire? What are the prospects of any society of which that tale is the true history? "Vanity Fair" is peculiarly a picture of modern society."

The author does not, however, present his characters as "the best society;" neither does he pretend that the Marquis of Steyne is a type of the English nobility, nor that Becky is a truthful sketch of an English matron.

It aims at English follies, but its mark is universal, as the madness is. It is called a satire, but after much diligent reading, we cannot discover the satire. A state of society not at all superior to that of 'Vanity Fair' is not unknown to our experience; and, unless truth-telling be satire; unless the most tragically real portraiture be satire; unless scalding tears of sorrow, and the bitter regret of a manly mind over the miserable spectacle of artificiality, wasted powers, misdirected energies, and lost opportunities, be satirical; we do not find satire in that sad story. The reader closes it with a grief beyond tears. It leaves a vague apprehension in the mind, as if we should suspect the air to be poisoned.

"Sentimental maidens, upon velvet sofas, or in calf-bound libraries, resolve that it is an insult to human nature—are sure that their velvet and calf-bound friends are not like the dramatis personæ of 'Vanity Fair,' and that the drama is therefore hideous and unreal. They should remember, what they uniformly and universally forget, that we are not invited, upon the rising of the curtain, to behold a cosmorama, or picture of the world, but a representation of that part of it called Vanity Fair.

What its just limits are—how far its poisonous purlieus reach—how much of the world's air is tainted by it, is a question which every thoughtful man will ask himself, with a shudder, and look sadly around, to answer. If the sentimental objectors rally again to the charge, and declare that, if we wish to improve the world, its virtuous ambition must be piqued and stimulated by making the shining heights of "the ideal" more radiant; we reply, that none shall surpass us in honoring the men whose creations of beauty inspire and instruct mankind. But if they benefit the world, it is no less true that a vivid apprehension of the depths into which we are sunken or may sink, nerves the soul's courage quite as much as the alluring mirage of the happy heights we may attain. 'To hold the mirror up to Nature,' is still the most potent method of shaming sin and strengthening virtue.

"If 'Vanity Fair' is a satire, what novel of society is not? Are 'Vivian Grey,' and 'Pelham,' and the long catalogue of books illustrating English, or the host of Balzacs, Sands, Sues, and Dumas, that paint French, society, any less satires? Nay, if you should catch any dandy in Broadway, or in Pall-Mall, or upon the Boulevards, this very morning, and write a coldly true history of his life and actions, his doings and undoings, would it not be the most scathing and tremendous satire?—if by satire you mean the consuming melancholy of the conviction, that the life of that pendant to a moustache, is an insult to the possible life of a man?

"We went to the brilliant ball. There was too much of everything. Too much light, and eating, and drinking, and dancing, and flirting, and dressing, and feigning, and smirking, and much too many people. Good taste insists first upon fitness. But why had Mrs. Potiphar given this ball? We inquired industriously, and learned it was because she did not give one last year. Is it then essential to do this thing biennially? inquired we with some trepidation. 'Certainly,' was the bland reply, 'or society will forget you.' Every body was unhappy at Mrs. Potiphar's, save a few girls and boys, who danced violently all the evening. Those who did not dance walked up and down the rooms as well as they could, squeezing by non-dancing ladies, causing them to swear in their hearts as the brusque broadcloth carried away the light outwork of gauze and gossamer. The dowagers, ranged in solid phalanx, occupied all the chairs and sofas against the wall, and fanned themselves until supper time, looking at each other's diamonds, and criticizing the toilettes of the younger ladies, each narrowly watching her peculiar Polly Jane, that she did not betray too much interest for any man who was not of a certain fortune. It is the cold, vulgar truth, madam, nor are we in the slightest degree exaggerating. Elderly gentlemen, twisting single gloves in a very wretched manner, came up and bowed to the dowagers, and smirked, and said it was a pleasant party, and a handsome house, and then clutched their hands behind them, and walked miserably away, looking as affable as possible. And the dowagers made a little fun of the elderly gentlemen, among themselves, as they walked away.

"Then came the younger non-dancing men,—a class of the community who wear black cravats and waistcoats, and thrust their thumbs and forefingers in their waistcoat pockets, and are called 'talking men.' Some of them are literary, and affect the philosopher; have, perhaps, written a book or two, and are a small species of lion to very young ladies. Some are of the *blasé* kind; men who affect the extremest elegance, and are reputed 'so aristocratic,' and who care for nothing in particular, but wish they had not been born gentlemen, in which case they might have escaped ennui. These gentlemen stand with hat in hand, and coats and trowsers most unexceptionable. They are the 'so gentlemanly' persons, of whom one hears a great deal, but which seems to mean nothing but cleanliness. Vivian Grey and Pelham are the models of their ambition, and they succeed in being Pendennis. They enjoy the reputation of being 'very clever,' and 'very talented fellows,' 'smart chaps,' &c., but they refrain from proving what is so generously conceded. They are often men of a certain cultivation. They have travelled, many of them,—spending a year or two in Paris, and a month or two in the rest of Europe. Consequently they endure society at home, with a smile, and a shrug, and a graceful superciliousness, which is very engaging. They are perfectly at home, and they rather despise Young America, which in the next room, is diligently earning its invitation. They prefer to hover about the ladies who did not come out this season, but are a little used to the world, with whom they are upon the most friendly terms, and who criticize together very freely all the great events in the great world of fashion.

"From these groups we passed into the dancing-room. We have seen dancing in other countries, and dressing. We have certainly never seen gentlemen dance so easily, gracefully and well as the American. But the *style* of dancing, in its whirl, its rush, its fury, is only equalled by that of the masked balls at the French opera, and at the balls at the *Salle Valentino*, the *Jardin Mabille*, the *Chateau Rouge*, and other favorite resorts of Parisian Grisettes and Lorettes. We saw a few young men looking upon the dance very soberly, and, upon inquiry, learned that they were engaged to certain ladies of the corps-de-ballet. Nor did we wonder that the spectacle of a young woman whirling in a *décolleté* state, and in the embrace of a warm youth, around a heated room, induced a little sobriety upon

her lover's face, if not a sadness in his heart. Amusement, recreation, enjoyment! There are no more beautiful things. But this proceeding falls under another head. We watched the various toilettes of these bounding belles. They were rich and tasteful. But a man at our elbow, of experience and shrewd observation, said, with a sneer, for which we called him to account, 'I observe that American ladies are so rich in charms that they are not at all chary of them. It is certainly generous to us miserable black coats. But, do you know, it strikes me as a generosity of display that must necessarily leave the donor poorer in maidenly feeling.' We thought ourselves cynical, but this was intolerable; and in a very crisp manner we demanded an apology.

"Why," responded our friend with more of sadness than of satire in his tone, "why are you so exasperated? Look at this scene! Consider that this is, really the life of these girls. This is what they 'come out' for. This is the end of their ambition. They think of it, dream of it, long for it. Is it amusement? Yes, to a few, possibly. But listen, and gather, if you can, from their remarks (when they make any) that they have any thought beyond this, and going to church very rigidly on Sunday. The vigor of polking and church-going are proportioned; as is the one so is the other. My young friends, I am no ascetic, and do not suppose a man is damned because he dances. But Life is not a ball (more's the pity, truly, for these butterflies,) nor is its sole duty and delight, dancing. When I consider this spectacle,—when I remember what a noble and beautiful woman is, what a manly man,—when I reel, dazzled by this glare, drunken with these perfumes, confused by this alluring music, and reflect upon the enormous sums wasted in a pompous profusion that delights no one,—when I look around upon all this rampant vulgarity in tinsel and Brussels lace, and think how fortunes go, how men struggle and lose the bloom of their honesty, how women hide in a smiling pretence, and eye with caustic glances their neighbor's newer house, diamonds, or porcelain, and observe their daughters, such as these,—why, I tremble, *and this scene to-night, every 'crack' ball this winter will be, not the pleasant society of men and women,* BUT EVEN IN THIS YOUNG COUNTRY—*an orgie such as rotting Corinth saw, a frenzied festival of Rome in its decadence.*"

There was a sober truth in this bitterness, and we turned away to escape the sombre thought of the moment. Addressing one of the panting Houris who stood melting in a window, we spoke (and confess how absurdly) of the Dusseldorf Gallery. It was merely to avoid saying how warm the room was, and how pleasant the party was; facts upon which we had already sufficiently enlarged. "Yes, they are pretty pictures: but la! how long it must have taken Mr. Musseldorf to paint them all;" was the reply.

By the Farnesian Hercules! no Roman sylph in her city's decline would ever have called the sun-god, Mr. Apollo. We hope that Houri melted entirely away in the window, but we certainly did not stay to see.

Here is the covert insinuation alluded to,—"But even in this young country,"—of which with reason we complain. Does the writer, in this description of a ball, (which we could almost fancy was borrowed from Eugene Sue, or a certain preacher some hundred miles west, who, in alluding to the ladies who, two evenings before had graced a somewhat *distingué* ball, designated them as "ragged inebriates,") and his still more disgusting picture of the supper scene, mean to assert by his "even in this young country" that in older countries—Great Britain for instance—WORSE scenes are the every-day life of the "best society," or is it merely a salve to Yankee vanity?

As we said before, we have no intention of splintering a lance in defence of American women;—The author will be, doubtless, arraigned before the Woman's Rights Convention, to answer for his assertions, be they correct or otherwise, but we cannot permit so foul a libel on our countryfolk to pass unrebuked, or without assuring the writer that his sketches, although it be possible they are faithful representations of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia life—American city life, in fact— will not pass as genuine with any one acquainted with English, or, we would add, Canadian society. We would further assure him that, although he has an undoubted right to show up, or libel, as the case may be, his own countrymen yet, when he attempts to point the finger of ridicule against those he knows nothing about, he but earns for himself the distinction of appearing as a sort of Reynolds, who after irritating the vanity of the greatest nation in all creation, is fain to soothe their irate feelings with assurances that, owing to republican institutions, the "orgies such as rotting Corinth saw" are not as bad as those which mark the decadence of the eastern empires, and would have been worse but for *Democracy.*

Passing out toward the supper-room we encountered two young men. "What, Hal," said one, "*you* at Mrs. Potiphar's?" It seems that Hal was a sprig of one of the "old fami-

lies." "Well, Joe," said Hal, a little confused, "it *is* a little strange. The fact is I didn't mean to be here, but I concluded to compromise by coming, *and not being introduced to the host.*" Hal could come, eat Potiphar's supper, drink his wines, spoil his carpets, laugh at his fashionable struggles, and assume the puppyism of a foreign lord, because he disgraced the name of a man who had done some service somewhere, while Potiphar was only an honest man who made a fortune.

The supper-room was a pleasant place.—The table was covered with a chaos of supper. Every thing sweet and rare, and hot and cold, solid and liquid was there. It was the very apotheosis of gilt gingerbread. There was a universal rush and struggle. The charge of the guards at Waterloo was nothing to it.—Jellies, custard, oyster-soup, ice-cream, wine and water, gushed in profuse cascades over transparent precipices of *tulle*, muslin, gauze, silk and satin. Clumsy boys tumbled against costly dresses and smeared them with preserves,—when clean plates failed, the contents of plates already used were quietly "chucked" under the table—heel-taps of champagne were poured into the oyster tureens or overflowed upon plates to clear the glasses—wine of all kinds flowed in torrents, particularly down the throats of very young men, who evinced their manhood by becoming noisy, troublesome and disgusting, and were finally either led, sick, into the hat room, or carried out of the way drunk. The supper over, the young people attended by their matrons descended to the dancing-room for the "German." This is a dance commencing usually at midnight or a little after, and continuing indefinitely toward daybreak. The young people were attended by their matrons, who were there to supervise the morals and manners of their charges. To secure the performances of this duty, the young people took good care to sit where the matrons could not see them, nor did they, by any chance, look toward the quarter in which the matrons sat. In that quarter, through all the varying mazes of the prolonged dance, to two o'clock, to three, to four, sat the bediamonded dowagers, the mothers, the matrons,—against nature, against common sense.—They babbled with each other, they drowsed, they dozed. Their fans fell listless into their laps. In the adjoining room, out of the waking sight, even, of the then sleeping mammas, the daughters whirled in the close embrace of partners who had brought down bottles of champagne from the supper-room, and put them by the side of their chairs for occasional refreshment during the dance. The dizzy hours staggered by—"Azalia, you *must* come now," had been already said a dozen times, but only as by the scribes. Finally it was declared with authority. Azalia went,—Amelia—Arabella. The rest followed. There was prolonged cloaking, and lingering farewells. A few papas were in the supper-room, sitting among the *debris* of game. A few young non-dancing husbands sat beneath gas supernaturally bright, reading whatever chance book was at hand, and thinking of the young child at home waiting for mamma who was dancing the "German" below. A few exhausted matrons sat in the robing room, tired, sad, wishing Jane would come up; assailed at intervals by a vague suspicion that it was not quite worth while; wondering how it was they used to keep such good times at balls; yawning, and looking at their watches; while the regular beat of the music below, with sardonic sadness, continued. At last Jane came up, had had the most glorious time, and went down with mamma to the carriage, and so drove home. Even the last Jane went—the last noisy youth was expelled, and Mr. and Mrs. Potiphar having duly performed their biennial social duty, dismissed the music, ordered the servants to count the spoons, and an hour or two after daylight went to bed. Enviable Mr. and Mrs. Potiphar!

This is the present state of parties. They are wildly extravagant, full of senseless display; they are avoided by the pleasant and intelligent, and swarm with reckless regiments of "Brown's men." The ends of the earth contribute their choicest products to the supper, and there is every thing that wealth can purchase, and all the spacious splendor that thirty feet front can afford. They are hot, and crowded, and glaring. There is a little weak scandal, venomous, not witty, and a stream of weary platitude, mortifying to every sensible person. Will any of our Pendennis friends intermit their indignation for a moment, and consider how many good things they have said or heard during the season? If Mr. Potiphar's eyes should chance to fall here, will he reckon the amount of satisfaction and enjoyment he derived from Mrs. Potiphar's ball, and will that lady candidly confess what she gained from it besides weariness and disgust? What eloquent sermons we remember to have heard in which the sins of Babylon, Jericho and Gomorrah were scathed with holy indignation. The cloth is very hard upon Cain, and completely routs the erring kings of Judah. The Spanish Inquisition, too, gets frightful knocks, and there is much eloquent exhortation to preach the gospel in the interior of Siam. Let it be preached there and God speed the word. But let us ALSO have a text or two in Broadway and the Avenue.

There is a picture in the Luxembourg gallery at Paris, "the Decadence of the Romans," which made the fame and fortune of Couture the painter. It represents an orgie in the court of a temple, during the last days of Rome. A swarm of revellers occupy the middle, wreathed in elaborate intricacy of luxurious posture, men and women intermingled; their faces, in which the old Roman fire

scarcely flickers, brutalized with excess of every kind; their heads of dishevelled hair bound with coronals of leaves, while from goblets of an antique shape, they drain the fiery torrent which is destroying them.—Around the bacchanalian feast stand, lofty upon pedestals, the statues of old Rome, looking with marble calmness and the severity of a rebuke beyond words upon the revellers. A youth of boyish grace—a wreath woven in his tangled hair, and with red and drowsy eyes, sits listless upon one pedestal, while on another stands a boy insane with drunkenness, and proffering a dripping goblet to the marble mouth of the statue. In the corner of the picture, as if just quitting the court—Rome finally departing—is a group of Romans with careworn brows, and hands raised to their faces in melancholy meditation. In the very foreground of the picture, which is painted with all the sumptuous splendor of Venetian art, is a stately vase, around which hangs a festoon of gorgeous flowers, its end dragging upon the pavement. In the background, between the columns, smiles the blue sky of Italy—the only thing Italian not deteriorated by time. The careful student of this picture, if he has been long in Paris, is some day startled by detecting, especially in the faces of the women represented, a surprising likeness to the women of Paris, and perceives with a thrill of dismay, that the models for this picture of decadent human nature, are furnished by the very city in which he lives."

We hope that every young American will take this last sad scene to heart, and ask, Is it possible that we, the salt of the earth, wherewith the older countries of the east are again to be made savory, can furnish material for such a picture? Can our much prized republican institutions have ought to do with it—can it be that the feeling, that every man is as good as his neighbour, perhaps a little better, leads, somewhat, it may be, to an unbecoming contention to be foremost amid the pomps and vanities of life? can it be that after all *our swelling hopes* an ominous cloud is gathering on the horizon of Democracy, and that "instead of the many-colored iris of suffused and tranquil sunshine, we have presented to us a picture of decadent human nature."

We thank God most heartily that although we Britishers have long been, (and, we trust will continue so, in the Yankee phrase,) *slaves*, none but one of diseased imagination can yet distinguish in "our best society" the groundwork of the melancholy and humiliating picture represented by Couture.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Along the shore of summer sea
Walked Saint Augustine thoughtfully;
Too deeply did he seek to scan
The nature of the Lord of man.
Nor was the task abstruse, he thought—
His mind with Scripture texts was fraught;
He deemed to his presumption given
To learn the mysteries of Heaven.
Then, suddenly descried he there
A boy of aspect wondrous fair,
Who, bending forwards o'er the strand,
Scoop'd out a hollow in the sand,
And filled it, with a limpet shell,
From out the ocean's briny well.

Augustine spake—"My pretty boy,
What is thy play, or thy employ?"
"Look, sir, within this little hole,
The sea, with all the waves that roll,
For sport I'll put." Augustine smiled—
"Thy sport is all for nought, my child;
Thy utmost labor is in vain—
Thine aim thou never can'st attain."
"Let him to whom such power's denied,
Content in his own path abide;
Much to the loving heart is clear,
That to the brain doth dark appear."
So spake the boy; then to the light
His wings display'd, of glistening white,
And, like an eagle, soared away,
Lost in the sun's resplendent ray.

Long after him Augustine gaz'd,
And said, with heart and eyes uprais'd—
"The truth he spake: the human mind
Is still to time and space confined,
And cannot pass beyond; but he
Who lives in faith and righteously,
So much of God shall he discern
As needeth man on earth to learn."

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

BY CULPEPPER CRABTREE.

No. III.

KING LEAR AS AN ACTING DRAMA.

To see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him to shelter and relieve him, that is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporeal dimension, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea—his mind—with all its vast riches. It is his mind

which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporeal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it we see not Lear, but we are Lear.—We are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discern a mighty, irregular power of reasoning, unmethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its power, as the wind blows, where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublimed identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reproaches them that "they themselves are old." What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or eye to do with such things?—*Charles Lamb.*

OPS AND HIRON.

A worthy Alderman of Bradford, in Yorkshire, is so great a purist that he will never pay a bill that has got a fault of orthography in it. One day he received a bill for a packet of ops (hops); the learned Priscian sent for the witless wight, and giving him a good lecturing, asked him if he was not ashamed to spell hops in that manner. "Why sir," was the response, "if you must know the truth, we have been obliged to do it ever since your brother-in-law took all the 'h's' to spell iron!"

TACT.

To excel others is a proof of talent; but to know *when* to conceal that superiority is a greater proof of prudence. The celebrated orator Domitius Afer, when attacked in a set speech by Caligula, made no reply, affecting to be entirely overcome by the resistless eloquence of the tyrant. Had he replied he would certainly have conquered, and as certainly have died; but he wisely preferred a defeat that *saved* his life, to a victory that would have lost it.—*Colton.*

FITTING WIFE FOR A MAN OF GENIUS.

No genius of either sex should marry a genius. The result of the poetic nature seems to be an intense personality. I do not mean selfishness or even egotism—but the poet lives in his own creations; they are his domain, his kingdom, and he cannot go out of them, to enter into the heart or interests of an individual, although he understands better than another the great heart of humanity, and lives in the soul of the universe. His wife should be willing to be only a ray, to be absorbed, and have no individual existence, except in him. How could this be, were both poets, both demanding supremacy, and the acknowledgement of individual superiority? Far happier, far more graceful is it for woman to remain in the attitude of a priestess at the domestic altar, not of man, because he is a man, but because he is a poet, and to keep the flame pure by no slavish offering, but by the graceful incense of admiration and reverence.—*Jean Paul Frederic Richter.*

EGYPTIAN BONDAGE.

Diodorus Siculus says, that among the ancient Egyptians, one of their marriage contracts was, "The husband should be obedient to the wife!" No wonder "Egyptian bondage" has become a standing proverb!

COMPOSURE IN DYING.

A Mrs. Ramsay, whom I well knew, was a most extraordinary, steady-minded, and good-mannered woman, as my tale will show. She was extremely ill at night; and calling her confidential maid-servant to her bed-side, whispered her—"Jane, I am dying, but make no noise, because if you do you will wake Mr. R., (then sleeping soundly in the next room,) and you know when his slumbers are broken he grows nervous, and cannot fall asleep again; but come you in the morning at the usual time, when I shall be dead, and he will have his full allowance of rest."—And so saying, died accordingly.—*Recollections of Mrs. Piozzi.*

STRONG MINDS AND BODIES.

An absurd opinion prevails, among many people, that men of genius and learning are, *ex necessitate*, weak in body. Let us pick out a few at random, and see how the case stands. The Admirable Crichton stood six feet six, and was one of the strongest fellows in Europe. Robert Burns had the strength of two ordinary men, and would have proved an ugly customer to come to close quarters with. Cunningham and Galt were as big and strong as Anak. Smollett was an athletic, wiry chap, who, we have reason to believe, could use his daddles with as much dexterity as his pen. As for Professor Wilson, nothing but the unfortunate circumstance of his being a man of first-rate genius prevented him from wearing the champion's belt, and rivalling the fame of the Game Chicken. Hogg was a strong, well-built carl, who could be backed for a fall against any man of his age and inches in the kingdom. The late formidable Andrew Thomson, the Scottish minister, was a powerful man, as well as a sturdy pillar of the Kirk; Sam Johnson was as strong as Hercules; Bruce of Kinnaird a second Actæus; and Belzoni, the traveller, a revivification of Samson himself.—*Dr. R. M'Nish.*

MORE PLAIN THAN PLEASANT.

"Sir," said a hypochondriacal patient, while describing his symptoms to Abernethy, "I feel a terrible pain in my side, when I put my hand up to my head." "Then, Sir," exclaimed the mild physician, "Why the deuce do you put your hand to your head?"

PRINCIPLES IN LITTLE THINGS.

Principle should always be unfolded, and especially in connection with little things. If there be no principle in things which are *small*, sure we are there will be none in things which are great.—*B. Switzer.*

AN OLD ENGLISH FARMER'S WIFE.

A writer in 1539, thus describes the employments of a farmer's wife at that period. "It is a wyfe's occupation to wynowe all manner of cornes, to make malte, to wash and wrynge, to make heye, shere corne, and in time of nede to helpe her husbande to fyll the muckwayne or dounge carte, to drive the ploughe, to loade heye, corne, and suche other. *Item* to go or ride to the market, to set butter, chese, mylke, egges, chekyns, capons, hennes, pygges, gese, and all manner of cornes!!"

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

An Irishman fights before he reasons; a Scotchman reasons before he fights; an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. The *Iron Duke* has said that the best troops would be as follows—an Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

MONUMENTAL MANIA.

After making a short bait at Rothwell, we came to Dumfries before six o'clock. Having time to spare, we took a walk in the church yard, one of the pleasantest places I ever saw. A single tomb I observed there, which was about 130 years old. But the inscription was hardly legible.

Quando quidem remanent ipsos,
Quoq ata Sepulchr!

So soon do even our sepulchres die!—Strange, that men should be so careful about them! They see the folly, while they run into it. So poor Prior, speaking of his own tomb, has those melancholy words: "For this *last piece of human* vanity, I bequeathe five hundred pounds."—*John Wesley.*

A PROSPEROUS LITERARY CAREER.

How different from the *experience* of literary men in general was that of Dr. Edward Coplestone, the late Bishop of Llandaff, the following extract from his Diary we met with in a memoir of the deceased prelate, recently published by his nephew:—

"Jan. 1, 1821.—On the 1st of January, in the year 1800, I found myself possessed, after all demands, of £21. Upon making a similar estimate this day, after an interval of twenty-one years, I reckon my whole property (including furniture, plate, books, wine, pictures, &c.) at not less than £20,000. Yet I *trust* there has been no sordid saving; and I am *sure* there has been a great deal of useless and injurious expenditure. So greatly have I prospered, according to this measure of worldly success. What pleases me most in the advantages I have enjoyed is, that my time and thoughts have been as much at my own disposal, and as much directed towards objects of a liberal and interesting nature, as if I had never given a thought to the acquisition of wealth. It has flowed in upon me without any sacrifice on my part; and even the intellectual labor out of which it arose has been, I am conscious, much less than is ordinarily undergone by men situated as I have been. Three-fourths of my reading has been such as I should choose on its own account."

FIRST IMPRESSION OF NEW ZEALAND.

A correspondent of the *Lyttleton Times* writes thus of the land of his adoption:—

"And now for New Zealand. I like the place very much; it is very healthy. We live close to the sea, and a beautiful place it is. We are surrounded with high hills on every side, not merely —— Hills, but mountains some 1200 feet above the level of the sea. When we can get a chance we get up to the top of the hills, and then after a descent the same height as the rise we get on the great southern plain of New Zealand, and the country is really beautiful in a picturesque point of view. As regards the capabilities of the land, as it has only been tried in one place, and that in one of the most fertile-looking, I could not in justice tell you. It is as level as possible, looking almost like the sea; and on a very clear day you can distinguish the tops of the ranges of mountains which belt the plain all round, and which are covered with snow, which I have seen. It is a beautiful picturesque country, rivers meandering through the plain, and winding in all directions, which supply plenty of wild ducks, and eels, and, above all, whitebait, and we shall soon have our Blackwall to eat them at, as an hotel is to be built where there will be a ferry to cross the river."

SIX IN ONE.

It has been said that if we leave out the Pyramids from among the seven wonders of the ancient world, the remaining six could be placed in the interior of the great wonder of the modern world which once stood in Hyde Park.

MARRIAGE OF THE REV. J. KETTLEWORTH.

On Sunday, October 4, 1786, he was married to Miss Jane Lybb, the daughter of a gentleman of fortune; and after the matrimonial office they received the Holy Eucharist. Well would it be for our Church and nation if these holy solemnities were restored, and weddings ceased to be mere childish displays of dress and equipage, to furnish idle gossip for the world.—*Lives of the English Clergy.*

Pleasures come like oxen, and go away like post-horses.

Nature never says one thing and wisdom another.

He that is ignorant of himself, knows less of others than he thinks.

A child's magnifying-glass has no lens for troubles.

A friend is to a friend sun and sunflower at once; he attracts and is attracted.

THE HONORABLE SAMUEL CUNARD, AND OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION.

We propose in the present article to give a brief, and we trust, interesting sketch of the progress of Ocean Steam Navigation, with which the name of Samuel Cunard has been so closely identified. In following out this subject, we shall make no curious inquiries into the family or personal history of Mr. Cunard. With that, the public, at least during his lifetime, has little or nothing to do. Like most eminent commercial men, he owes his success entirely to his own character and talents; is, to use an old phrase, the son of his own deeds; and has reached his present commanding position by the exercise of qualities which reflect far more honor on his name, than if he had entered the world with a fortune already prepared, and a station at once to be enjoyed, without the previous trouble of being climbed up to.

So early as 1819 an attempt was made, though not very successfully, to cross the Atlantic, by the aid of Steam. In that year an American Steamer, of 350 tons, left New York for Liverpool, and accomplished the voyage in 24 days. Thus far the attempt was successful; but, in a commercial point of view, it was so disastrous that little desire was, for a long time manifested to repeat the experiment. Her engines occupied so much room, and she was so badly planned, that every available space had to be taken up with fuel; and after all, it was felt by those connected with her, that she was indebted far more to the favourable wind upon her sails, than to her steaming capabilities, for reaching her port in safety.

It was a daring experiment, and excited wonder and admiration at the time, but was calculated rather to strengthen, than otherwise the conviction among men of science, that to cross the Atlantic by means of steam, was to be placed among the number of things impossible. An eminent scientific authority even demonstrated with mathematical precision, and a long array of algebraic formula, that no steamer, however large, could carry a quantity of coal sufficient to enable her to reach the Western Continent. The truth of this demonstration was allowed to sleep in unquestioned security for the long period of nearly twenty years.

It was not till 1838 that a company of merchants in England, ventured once more to test the practicability of the scheme, by building a vessel of large tonnage, and despatching her on a transatlantic voyage. It is true, Dr. Lardner was once more upon the ground, ready to prove the utter uselessness and absurdity of flying in the face of pure science; the Merchants did not pretend to question the truth of these figures—but they had also come to conclusions of their own, and resolved upon making the experiment. Two steamers left England for New York, nearly at the same time—the Sirius and the Great Western—and both arrived at their destination on the same day: the former in 18½, the latter in 14½ days. The Sirius was only a coasting steamer:—but the Great Western was built expressly for the trade. Both vessels consumed the same quantity of coals—453 tons—but the Sirius was obliged to make use of about thirty tons of rosin to complete her voyage.

The practicability of the scheme was now triumphantly proved, though Dr. Lardner's calculations were still held up with confidence to show that the attempt *ought* to have failed; so slow are mankind in general to relinquish a favorite theory. The Great Western proved an excellent sea boat, and continued on the station for a period of nearly ten years, performing her voyages generally with great regularity—averaging 15 days outward, and 13½ home. She forms at present, part of the fleet of the West India Mail Company. She is about 1300 tons burthen, 450 horse power, and 250 feet in length; so that even now she would be entitled to some consideration, both in point of size and power.

The success of the Great Western speedily brought competitors into the field; and the same year found two others—the Royal William and the Liverpool—plying between England and America; then came the British Queen, and subsequently the President. Neither of these vessels continued very long upon the route; and their performances appear to have been much inferior to those of the Great W. What became of the Royal William we do not know; the Liverpool was sold to the Peninsular Mail Company, and was afterwards wrecked. The melancholy fate of the President is well known: she made only three voyages across the Atlantic. On the 10th of March, 1840, she left New York for Liverpool, and what became of her will, in all human probability, never be known. The President was built upon the Thames, had two funnels, and stood high out of the water—an unfortunate property, which has belonged to almost every English built Ocean Steamer. The British Queen, a consort to the President, was also built upon the Thames, but engined by the celebrated Robert Napier of Glasgow. Her trips were generally successful; but for some unexplained reasons she was soon afterwards sold to, and is now in possesion of the Belgian Government.

The possibility of large steamers performing long voyages was now thoroughly proved; and the public convenience, as well as the many facilities opened up to commerce, were very great. It was felt by Government, and the public generally, that a new and most important means of carrying on trade was now presented to them; and that it was susceptible of something like system, and securing as far as possible that undeviating regularity of despatch

which is the pride of the English merchant. Above all, it was anxiously desired to bring our British American possessions somewhat closer to the mother country. And accordingly a tender for carrying the Mail by Steamships, between England, Halifax, and Boston, was published 1838. The Great Western Company made an unsuccessful offer; and for some time no other seemed disposed to run the risk.

Our fellow colonist, Mr. Cunard, now appeared for the first time, upon the field he was afterwards to occupy with so much honor to himself and benefit to others. Mr. Cunard had commenced life by trading on a small scale, between Halifax and the West Indies. His industry, great mercantile talent, and high honor, soon placed him in the front rank among the leading merchants in his own community. He had sagacity enough to see, at once, the value of the prize, and what was of more importance, confidence and self-reliance enough, boldly to compete for it. The obscure Halifax merchant went to England, made an offer, and—was accepted. In the manner of carrying out his enterprize, he proved himself fully equal to its vastness.

All the ocean steam ships had been hitherto built in England; but a fleet of coasting steamers had been long plying between Glasgow and Liverpool, which, for speed and magnificence had not their equal in the world. These vessels were engined by Napier, the most scientific and practical engineer of the age.

To Mr. Napier, Mr. Cunard went, told him what he wanted, and asked whether he could build the engines for his vessels. We believe that at this time the company was not even formed. The mind of Napier at once took in the grandeur of the proposal. He looked at Mr. Cunard's proposals, and suggested some alterations, but stated that if he would dine with him on the following day, he would introduce him to some friends who understood these matters much better than himself, when they could talk it over. On that day he met the proprietors of the Liverpool steamers, the Messrs. Burns of Glasgow; on that day the company was formed, and their plan and range of action sketched out and adopted. This was in 1838, and early in 1839 the first vessels of the squadron were ready to enter on their duties.

For the sake of convenient reference we will here give a list of the various vessels built and since disposed of:

Name.	When launched.		Tons.	Length. Feet.	Horse power.
Britannia......	Feb.	1840	1154	204	440
Acadia	April	1840	1135	203	440
Caledonia	May	1840	1138	203	440
Columbia	Sep.	1840	1175	205	440
Hibernia	Sep.	1842	1421	218	500

Those at present in operation:

Name.	When launched.		Tons.	Length. Feet.	Horse power.
Cambria	Aug.	1844	1423	218	500
America	May	1847	1826	249	650
Niagara.......	July	1847	1824	249	650
Europa	Sep.	1847	1834	249	660
Canada	June	1848	1826	149	660
Asia	Jan.	1850	2226	265	750
Africa	June	1850	2226	265	750
Arabia	June	1851	2402	310	910
La Plata ..... (since sold)	Dec.	1852	2402	310	900
Persia (building)			3100	350	1000

The pioneer of this magnificent squadron was the Britannia, which performed her first voyage to Boston, including a detention of 12 hours at Halifax, in 14½ days.

Perhaps the early ships of this fleet cannot be said to have much exceeded their predecessor in point of speed; but they soon obtained the high character they have always kept for almost faultless regularity—and the care and skill with which they have been navigated.

All these vessels have been built upon the Clyde, and engined by Napier, and as a proof of the successful application of skill and science with regard to them—every boat has uniformly excelled its predecessor in speed and comfort. The Britannia, the Caledonia, the Acadia, and the Hibernia have been sold to foreign governments. The Columbia was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia. It is, however, a remarkable circumstance, that during the long course of twelve years not a single passenger has suffered injury in life or limb. The same watchful care and caution have been observed in the face of a formidable competition, as when they enjoyed an unreserved monopoly.

The average length of a voyage by the first set of steamers, was from 14 to 16 days; the second set reduced it to from 12 to 14; and by the Asia and Africa, the distance between New York and Liverpool has been effected within a few hours of ten days; while by the Arabia and Persia it is expected to be performed within ten days.

The Persia, now building, will be the largest vessel afloat, and differs from all the others in having her hull of iron. We hope we may be mistaken, but we have some misgivings about the final success of iron steamers. They possess the advantages, perhaps, of superior sailing, cheapness of material, and durability; but the non-floatability of iron in case of accident, renders them dangerous. suppose that an iron ship strike, even although divided into compartments the part damaged fills with water, and as iron, unlike wood, loses comparatively little of its weight in water, it will weigh down the rest of the vessel with such prodigious force as to break its back, though fastened by the strongest bolts that were ever rivetted. Such was the case with

the Orion and the Birkenhead; and such beyond any reasonable doubt would have been the case with the Africa, the America, and the Atlantic, all of which have been firmly aground, had they been made of iron instead of timber. However, the experiment is being introduced on an immense scale—for out of 70 steamers lately launched upon the Clyde, only four were of the latter material.

The original agreement of the Government with the Cunard Company, was to carry the mails once, and, shortly afterwards, twice a month between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, and *vice versa*. Some time after, New York was substituted every alternate voyage for Boston. The allowance till lately was £145,000 per annum, for carrying the mail once a week, except in the months of December, January, February and March, when they left only every alternate week. Since 1850, the weekly trip has been continued throughout the whole year, and the government allowance increased from £145,000 to £197,000, the Boston boats only calling at Halifax.

It was a considerable time before the Americans thought of entering the field. In 1846 a Company was formed, who built three vessels: the Washington, the Herman and the United States. These Steamers fell far short of the Cunarders in speed and regularity—being often five or six days longer on the route, so that they could scarcely be said to enter into competition with them, The Franklin and Humboldt have since been added, and though still inferior, are a great improvement to their predecessors. The Americans, however, deeply sensible of the great value and importance of the trade monopolized by their neighbours, resolved upon another effort, which has been completely successful. The Collins line as it is called, came first into operation about two years ago; and, though at the outset accompanied with some misfortunes, has upon the whole, perhaps exceeded the Cunard ships a little in point of speed, though only by a few hours, three or four we believe, in a voyage.

They are certainly noble specimens of marine architecture. They are worked, however, at a much higher pressure than the English boats—which adds immensely to their expense, must wear out their boilers in a much shorter time, and perhaps detract a little from their safety. These vessels are much larger than their rivals—being about 3000 tons each. We need hardly mention their names; the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, Baltic—and Adriatic, which is not yet built. Their voyages are bimonthly, and their allowance from Government about twice as much as that given to the Cunard line. They are owned principally by English capitalists; the Barings it is said, having the largest interest in them. They have latterly had their full share of Ocean traffic.

All the vessels that we have hitherto mentioned have been propelled by paddles; but a new and more economical system has latterly begun to be largely adopted. In 1846, the Great Britain, a leviathan iron steamer, with a screw propeller, was put on the route between Liverpool and New York. Her speed did not realize the expectations formed of her, and on her second or third voyage she ran aground in Dundrum Bay, where she lay for nearly a year. She has since been refitted, and having performed a very successful voyage to and from America, has been despatched to Australia. The City of Glasgow, an iron steamer on the same principle—built by Tod and McGregor, of Glasgow—was placed upon the route between Glasgow and New York. Her success was perfect, accomplishing as she did, her voyage in from 14 to 16 days. This vessel was succeeded by the City of Manchester, and the Glasgow, both built by the same eminent firm, and with the same success. The Americans here also have attempted competition, but hitherto with little success. The City of Pittsburgh, the City of Philadelphia, the Pioneer, the S. S. Lewis, and others, have all been signally unfortunate in their attempts to cross the Atlantic.

Latterly the Cunard Company have turned their attention seriously to this method of steam navigation, and are about to enter on a new and extended path, which, we venture to predict, will be crowned with a success even greater than all their former efforts. Hitherto their traffic has not extended farther than New York; but they are about to push themselves as far south as the Isthmus, and away across the Pacific to the golden regions of Australia.

A splendid line of steamers is almost ready for this trade: the Andes, 1440 tons; the Alps, 1440; the Etna, 2000; the Jura, 2000; the Saurus, 1000; and the Teneriffe, 1000.—All these ships are propellers, built of iron. first class, to possess the greatest possible amount of speed consistent with perfect safety. The Andes has already been tried, and proved herself beyond all question, the fastest propeller in the world, having steamed in very unfavourable weather from Greenock to Liverpool, 200 marine miles, in 14 hours, 55 minutes—equivalent to 27 hours between Boston and Halifax. What a sensation would have been created had the Sir John Harvey, on her trial trip, reached Halifax in 27 hours.

Within the next summer nearly 15,000 tons burden will have been added to the Cunard fleet, and their traffic will more than half belt the globe. The Baalbec, the Melita, the Elk, the Stag, the Jackall, are on the stocks for the Mediterranean and other trades—so that altogether the amount of shipping which will soon be in active operation, under the auspices of this company, will be more than 40,000 tons; a tonnage if we mistake not, exceeding that of

the whole navy of the United States. There is something stupendous, and really grand in the vastness of their operations. There are, in the first place three large fleets of coasting steamers—between England, Ireland and Scotland—not only carrying the traffic properly belonging to their respective routes, but gathering up custom, constantly and steadily, for the great trunk line between Liverpool and America; another line collects the goods and passengers of France; a third line traverses the Mediterranean sea, from Smyrna to Gibralter, bringing the fruits of Asia and Africa, with a speed and certainty formerly unknown, into the warehouses of American Merchants. With such vast means and the command of so many channels, the one constantly feeding the other, as it were, this great Company can scarcely miss being eminently successful; while the skill, the care, the liberality and the honour, which have always characterised their management, fully entitle them to deserve it.

Few, if any, Mercantile men, stand at this moment in so high a position as Mr. Cunard. He has given his name to the noblest company of merchants that has adorned commerce since the palmiest day of Venice; and he has at the same time the proud consciousness that he owes that position entirely to his own sagacity, enterprize and honour.

It has struck us that in the matter of arrangement, a great improvement might be effected, were Halifax made the entropôt of the Company's business, on this side the Atlantic—an advantage certainly to Halifax—but also an immense advantage and saving to the Company. Supposing the new line of steamers were to take their departure from this port for New York and Chagres, instead of from Liverpool, the whole expense of sailing them between the latter and Halifax would be saved: provided that the present large paddle wheel steamers were capable of conveying all the freight intended for them. Perhaps such a plan would involve the necessity of much larger steamships for the main line; but we should think that such a vessel as the *Persia* would be capable of carrying at least 1500 tons between the two places—exclusive of fuel—perhaps much more. There would be the delay of transhipment; but with machinery fitted for the purpose, that would not be very great. It would certainly be a great and noble thing, and as we said before, in our opinion for the interest of the Company, to have such vessels as the *Persia* discharging their immense freight weekly at Halifax, with subsidiary steamers waiting to carry it to Canada, Newfoundland, Jamaica, Chagres, and the Pacific. The saving in coal along, to say nothing of time and tear and wear, would be thirty or forty thousand pounds per annum. The work might also be done with fewer vessels. The only difficulty would be the capability of the 3000 ton ship, of carrying the freight for these various places, in addition to the large quantity for the United States. The whole of this new line of steamers would thus be supplied at a cheap rate with coal of Nova Scotia, and their transatlantic management kept, in a great measure, within British influence. Canada would thus receive her goods in a shorter time than she could expect to do by an independent line of steamers, and freight would be also conveyed southward more expeditiously than by the present mode. Perhaps the plan is impossible of adoption, but we should rejoice to know that the Company considered it an advantageous one.

There are several other points which we intended to touch upon, when we commenced this article; such as, a sketch of the vast progress made in steamship building on the Clyde, with some account of the establishments of Napier, Steel, Wood, and others. We should also have liked to give some indication of the extension and expansion of some of the other great Mail Companies. But space is exhausted. We have watched their progress with interest and pride—till they have covered every sea, and penetrated to almost every part of every continent. The number of ocean mail steamers falls little if at all short of one hundred—capable of being converted at any moment into formidable engines of destruction, should any be so rash as to assail us.

We have thus given a brief and very imperfect sketch of the rise and progress of the celebrated Cunard Company—which owed its beginning to a colonial merchant, and which has always, we believe, been under his management as its leading agent.

In person, Mr. Cunard is under middle height, with a well-knit frame, indicative of considerable physical vigor; his countenance is full and firm, with great decision about the mouth; while the brow and eye indicate intelligence and mental activity of no ordinary character. Altogether, the subject of this sketch is as fine a specimen of a self-made man, as this western continent can boast of; and we trust that his success will be commensurate with the nobility of the principles which have hitherto guided him in all his great mercantile undertakings.

It would be well for this community, did it possess a few more men such as Samuel Cunard. With strong political leanings, he has ever made politics secondary to his interest—an interest which has always been identified with colonial and general progress. He has never wasted an atom of his powers in mere squabbles of faction; but has lived and acted the pattern of an English merchant—sedulous yet dignified in his devotion to business, subjecting everything, in all fairness and honor, to the accomplishment of one object. May his example be a model, and his success an encouragement, to the young about to enter on a kindred path!—*Halifax Provincialist.*

THE VISION OF THE YEAR.

I heard a midnight knocking at my gate,
I ran to ope it, and with tender feet
Treading the snow, with plaintive voice and
I found an infant visitor await, [sweet,
Pleading for entrance, and he ever said,
"Let me in, lady! The old year is dead!"

I let him in, snow-flakes and clinging rime
Thick on his scanty coat and curling hair;
I brought him to my fireside bright and fair;
And, standing in the glow some little time,
I saw strange marvels, that I must relate,
Of this strange midnight knocker at my gate.

SPRING.

Melted the snow, and fell upon the floor,
And in the sparkling of its silver dew,
Snowdrops arose, and crocus gold and blue,
Trembling at blasts that entered from the door;
Where the snow melted, were his garments seen,
Scanty and slight, and of a tender green.

SUMMER.

And to the Snowdrops other flowers succeed,
Brighter in color, and of perfume sweet,
Clustering around the midnight stranger's feet,
Now a stately presence grown indeed,
Meanwhile my fire sank low, but heat was there,
Sweet genial heat, in perfume-laden air.

AUTUMN.

Seemed my guest weary with the heat, and stooped
'Neath the rich droppings of the gleaner's toil,
Thick sheaves of corn, fair produce of the soil,
And purple clusters that from vineyards drooped,
And apples, rosy-cheeked, and russet pears,
And golden plums, heaped round him unawares.

WINTER.

Gazing amazed at this, a hail-storm beat,
Loudly and wailing, at my lattice pane;
It roused the fire, that bright upblazed again,
And an old man was bending o'er the heat,
Spreading out trembling palms to catch the glow.
And from his mantle shaking flakes of snow.

So I had seen a Vision of the Year,
On this its threshold and its night of birth;
Seen all its fair succession upon earth,
And hail'd each change as right, and good, and dear;
I had dream'd longer, save the church bells broke
My slumbers, and to New Year's dawn I woke.

M. I. T.

OUR MAJOR'S STORY.

Every small country town and village in Ireland has not only a clergyman and a physician as its especial property, but it also possesses its own peculiar soldier. "The Major" (we sometimes meet "the Captain," but he's not half so imposing), in every such locality is quite as well known, and nearly as indispensable as the butcher or the baker; and he is as indisputably the oracle in all things appertaining to the Caffre or any other war in which it may please our rulers to embroil us, as the curate is in discussing the ecclesiastical campaign of the prelates militant in Exeter and London; or the doctor in canvassing the merits and defects of the Medical Charities' Bill.

A pleasant man, though rather addicted to snuff, is *our* major. He is tall, and has round stooping shoulders, which some of us don't consider at all military. He cultivates a pretty little garden,—the major's pinks and roses are always in bloom a full week before any one's else,—and is followed wherever he goes by the smartest and smallest of all possible black terriers. Little Bunty ought to have a chapter to himself; it would be slight praise to say of him that he can do everything but talk, for the tiny creature *does* talk, and in language quite intelligible to his friends—a term in his case, happy dog! co-extensive with the whole circle of his acquaintance, exclusive of his neighbor's cat. At the word of command he stands upright,—dances Jim Crow with all the *a plomb* of a canine Taglioni,—executes the naval manœuvre of swimming on dry land, and the military one of beating the drum. Bunty's accomplishments in short make him the delight and admiration of the whole juvenile portion of our community; while the creature's loving nature renders him equally the favourite of the mammas, as they feel assured that no amount of provocation, whether addressed to his patient ears, or much-enduring tail, will ever cause him to bite, or even snarl at their teasing darlings.

Our major, after the fashion of most half-pay officers, is often, according to our national saying, "like a Waterford merchant, very busy with nothing to do."

His snuff-box, his newspaper, his garden, and his dog, would serve but indifferently to fill up the long hours of a summer day, were it not for that valuable resource,—and let stern philosophers, whether in trowsers, petticoats, or bloomers, say what they will, it is a valuable, and by no means exclusively feminine resource,—cosy, gossiping chit-chat. Our major is a thorough, but most harmless gossip. One might fancy him possessed of that saucepan, celebrated by Hans Christian Anderson, which, when set boiling, communicated to the owner valuable and authentic information as to what every one had for dinner! Not only can the major tell you precisely how much the fillet of veal, which the Honourable Mrs. De Vere had for dinner last Sunday cost, per pound, but he also knows to a fraction the price of the curate's Saturday beefsteak, and the doctor's Monday cutlet. Besides, he cultivates with success knowledge still more useful than this culinary lore. He knows, to use his own expression, "the ins and outs" of the domestic and financial affairs of every one residing in our pleasant sea-side village; even the stranger within our gates is not exempt from his friendly surveillance; and were he so inclined, he could make as much mischief amongst us as if he had served an apprenticeship to the twenty old ladies in P—— college,—no two of whom are upon speaking terms. But our major, luckily, as Knowledge is Power, is thoroughly goodnatured, and is never so well-pleased as when occupied in rendering some little service to his neighbours,—reserving to himself the privilege of accomplishing it with a rather greater amount of fuss than usually accompanies the launching of a seventy-four. It is, however, in telling stories that the major shines. True, we,

the denizens of T——, have heard his stock-in-trade repeated until we know them perfectly by rote, and are quite *au fait* at the catch-word which is certain to draw forth each particular tale; but as the public at large cannot be supposed equally well instructed in these legends, I will recount one which never fails to answer to the word "executor."

"So Brown, you tell me, has been appointed executor to Smith's will," said our major the other day, as we were lounging together against the the low, sea-washed wall that divides Carlisle Terrace from the beach. "I'll venture to say the trusts committed to him won't be as strange as mine were the first time I was made executor.

"Some years since, I received a letter from my old friend and comrade, Ellis, of the —th, telling me that his health had been for some time declining,—that he was about to make his will, and earnestly desired that I would consent to act as his sole executor,—'there being,' he added, 'a trust of some importance to be undertaken, which I wish to confide to no one but yourself.' The letter concluded with a cordial invitation to pay him a visit at the snug cottage in Devonshire to which he had retired. Now Ellis was like myself—an old bachelor; and, except his half-pay, was, I knew, but little burdened with this world's baggage and accoutrements, so it never occurred to me that the trust I was to undertake could possibly relate to anything more important than the bestowal of legacies on his old housekeeper and butler, or his almost equally antiquated cat and dog. I wrote immediately to accept the invitation, and early next morning I deposited myself and my portmanteau in the E—— coach, which, after a days's travelling, left me at my destination. A pretty vine-covered cottage was my friend's abode, and he was himself standing at the garden wicket, ready to give me a cordial welcome.—There was nothing very death-like in the clear, bright glance of his eye, or in the firm grasp of his hand; and I mumbled internally what the missive he had sent me could possibly mean.—However, I kept my thoughts to myself, and followed Ellis into his neat little dining-room, where the snowy table cloth was speedily and satisfactorily covered with a dish of fried soles, a pair of boiled chickens, their snowy breasts gleaming amid fresh green parsley and butter, a juicy ham, and a dish of tender young peas. Ample justice was done to this fare by myself, and, despite of his mortuary intention, by mine host also. After dinner he produced a capital bottle of port, over which we discussed many of our former campaigning adventures.

"Notwithstanding the fineness of the weather (it was in the beginning of June), I had caught a slight cold on my journey, which towards the close of the evening made itself felt in the very unpleasant form of toothache; and the pain becoming worse, I said to my host,—'I think I must ask your housekeeper to-night for a bit of flannel and some camphorated spirit to apply to my unfortunate jaw. You, happy fellow! can't know what toothache is, your teeth all look so good.' 'Teeth!' cried my host, his countenance changing,—'Teeth!' he repeated, shuddering; 'Ah! you little know—you can't tell——'

"'What's the matter, Ellis—what do you mean?'

"'I mean that a tooth—an unfortunate tooth, has been my ruin, and will cost me my life!'—And rising from his chair, he paced up and down the room in a state of the most violent agitation. Greatly astonished, I tried, of course, to soothe him, and induce him to reveal the cause of this strange excitement. 'Well,' he said at last, 'I will read for you the will to which you have kindly promised to become executor.' (I made no promise of the kind, but my poor friend took it for granted I had done so; and leaving the room, he speedily returned with a folded paper in his hand, and a very small round box in the other.

"Laying these articles on the table, he seated himself in his arm chair, pushed aside his glass, and, making a strong effort to speak calmly, began,—'About two months since I had occasion to visit the town of T—— on business, which having speedily despatched, I dined at the hotel, and afterwards set out for a stroll. I passed through the High Street, and walked for some way along the turnpike road without meeting any object of interest whatever. A shady green lane opening on my right, invited me to turn into it—the fragrant hawthorn in the hedge, and the cool fresh grass below, offering a pleasant contrast to the hard dusty road on which I had been walking. I soon found that this quiet lane led to a still more quiet and peaceful churchyard. And threading my way amongst the rustic graves, and rude headstones, I moralized on them after my own fashion, if not precisely according to that of Harvey. I had at one time a transient fancy for the study of phrenology, and still retained a habit of inspecting the cerebral development of every one whom I met. It was, therefore, with some curiosity that I picked up a large, round, well-bleached skull lying on the ground. What particularly interested me, however, was the great beauty and regularity of the teeth; they were all perfect, and as evenly ranged as if they had been prepared to decorate the window of some advertising dentist. Led by an idle impulse, which I could not then nor can I now account for, I pulled out one of the grinders, put it into my waistcoat pocket, and carelessly throwing down the skull, returned to the inn. Having partaken of tea, accompanied by some excellent muffins, I went to bed, and being fatigued with my journey, soon fell asleep.

"'I had slept for some time, but how long I cannot tell, when I was suddenly awakened by the door of my room opening. In stalked a tall figure dressed in black, with a white neckcloth; his head was large, nearly bald, and he wore a pair of gold spectacles. In his hand he carried a silver candlestick, bearing a lighted candle and advancing to my bedside, said in a menacing voice and manner, 'Why did you rob me of my tooth?'

"'My tongue suddenly became paralysed; I tried to speak, but could not utter a word.

"'You have taken my tooth,' continued the figure; 'and now take your choice. I'm not of a revengeful disposition; I don't want to say or do anything uncivil, but one of two things I must have, and that instantly,—your life, or the best

tooth in your head! So look sharp and take your choice.'

"'The extremity of terror restored my voice.

"'Would it not do, sir, to restore you your own tooth again?' I gasped.

"'No, no!' replied my visitor, shaking his head until the gold spectacles slipped down to the very point of his long nose; 'I think I'm a very goodnatured fellow to give you the choice; so which will you part with—your life or your tooth?'

"'My tooth!' I continued in agony; and instantly the apparition, with as much dexterity as if he had been bred a dentist, which perhaps indeed the rascal was, introduced a forceps into my mouth, and neatly extracted a fine sound molar tooth. Look here,' continued Ellis, opening his mouth, and pulling back the lips with his finger; 'see the cavity it has left.'

"There was indeed the space where a large tooth had been extracted, and I remarked that it was the only one deficient in the entire range.

"'Well,' continued my friend, 'that was not all. The fellow pocketed my tooth, and then said—

"'Now you must promise on your honour as a gentleman, that you will preserve my tooth as long as you live, and make provision that after your death it shall be carefully interred with you. If you don't ——' And with a menacing gesture, the hateful proprietor of *this* departed as he came.'

"Ellis opened the little round box, and showed me, carefully inclosed in cotton, the redoubted tooth.

"I really knew not what to say; it was certainly very difficult to refrain from laughing, but my poor friend was so evidently in earnest, that I merely remarked,—

"'It was a pity the good spectre was not satisfied with resuming his own property, for really this tooth is so exactly the same size and shape as your others, that I think it would have exactly filled the cavity.'

"'It was strange,' said Ellis, without noticing my remark, 'that after such an agitating occurrence, I fell asleep; and slept soundly until the next morning. I awoke, feverish and unrefreshed, and returned home as speedily as possible, very thankful that the road did not pass within sight of the churchyard. Ever since that time my health has slowly but surely declined; not perhaps, outwardly, but I know and feel that my hour will soon come, and the dread of the fiend's vengeance will embitter my dying moments, unless you, my old, tried friend, will promise to see me buried in T—— churchyard, and with your own hand to place this miserable tooth in my coffin.'

"What could I do but promise? The case was one of decided monomania—argument and ridicule, both which I tried, only served to make poor Ellis angry, and he was thoroughly determined not to see a physician—a measure which I urged on him strongly.

"I remained with him for a few days, and had the pleasure of leaving him, as I trusted, in better health and spirits than when we met; and I hoped that his absurd fancy, as I deemed it, would soon pass away. I was therefore greatly shocked and surprised when, in about six weeks afterwards, I received a letter from his old housekeeper, telling me that her master had died somewhat suddenly, but requested with his dying breath that I should be sent for immediately.

"Need I say that I hastened to obey the summons. Very mournful it was, certainly, to enter the silent cottage where I had so lately met a warm welcome from my poor friend. A physician was in attendance, and pronounced that death had resulted from disease of the heart. He, the clergyman of the parish, and Ellis's solicitor, were all, at my request, present at the opening of the will. After having disposed of his trifling property in legacies, the document went on to request that I, whom he styled his beloved friend, should have him decently buried in T—— churchyard, and follow, in all matters connected with the interment, the instructions previously given to me.

"I, of course, took an opportunity ere the coffin was closed, to place 'the tooth' within it; and having thus complied with the strange whim of my poor friend, I prepared the next morning, with a heavy heart, to follow his body to the grave.

"The interment took place without the occurrence of anything worth recording; but after it was over, I felt so wearied and dispirited, that I resolved to take up my abode for the night at the comfortable hotel at T——. After dinner I was suddenly attacked by my old enemy—toothache; and the pain, resisting all the usual applications of brandy, camphor, hot flannel, &c., became at length so violent and excruciating, that starting up in a sort of frenzy, I inquired for the residence of the best dentist in the town, and speedily found myself in his study. Whether it was the effect of reaction after the rapid exercise I had taken, or the well-know curative influence inherent in the atmosphere of a dentist's house, I know not, but the pain, I was suffering, gradually abated; and when the operator entered, I felt almost inclined to make a civil retreat without putting his skill to the test. However, on second thoughts, I considered it as well to lay my case before him, and try to obtain some soothing nostrum which might stand me in stead on future occasions. I therefore told him how I had been affected, and casually mentioned my having come a long journey that morning, and its melancholy cause. 'Ah!' said the dentist, thoughtfully, 'you came from E—— in Devonshire. The name of that village is associated in my mind with a curious incident which occurred to me some three or four months since.' Now I happen to have a decided hankering, whether natural or acquired, after strange stories; and my curiosity being excited, I begged the dentist to have the kindness to satisfy it.

"Seating himself opposite to me, he immediately complied, and began in these words:—

"'One night, between three and four months since, I was aroused near midnight by a loud knocking and ringing at the door. I was just about to step into bed, and my servants having long before retired to their rooms, I hastily resumed my clothes, and answered the summons. An elderly gentleman with a military air and address entered. There was an odd, staring look in his eyes, but he told me in a perfectly coherent manner, that he was suffering from dreadful toothache, and wished to have one of his grinders extracted immediately. Of course, I ushered him

into this room, placed him in the patient's chair, and proceeded to examine his jaws. I don't think I ever saw a finer or more regular set of teeth,—not a vestige of decay could I perceive in any of them—and the one which he pointed out as the offender seemed to me perfectly free from disease. However, he insisted so strongly on having the tooth pulled out, declaring that his comfort, nay, his very life, depended on its being done, that I consented, though most unwillingly, to perform the operation, and in a twinkling the tooth was out. Having paid me my fee, the patient deliberately wrapped up his tooth, put it into his pocket, rose, and wishing me good-night, was about to depart, when a suspicion which arose in my mind caused me suddenly to thrust a lighted candle close to his eyes. They never blinked; the pupils were fixed and distended: in fact, to cut the story short, my visitor was fast asleep, and in a fit of somnambulism had left his bed, and caused me to extract his excellent tooth. As he still continued in the trance, and it would have been dangerous to arouse him suddenly, I prevailed on him to allow me to accompany him home. He made his way with unerring accuracy to the hotel; and the gates happening to be open for the reception of the occupants of a night-coach, I was able to see him to his room without attracting observation.

"'On inquiring after him next morning, I heard that he had left by an early conveyance for E——, in Devonshire.'

"I looked attentively at the dentist; he was a tall man, dressed in black, with a white neckcloth; his head was large, nearly bald, and he wore a pair of gold spectacles, which had a trick of slipping down to the point of his long nose whenever he shook his head, which he did pretty frequently.

"'Did you ever ascertain,' I asked, 'the name of your visitor?'

"'Yes,' replied the dentist. 'He took the blank back of a letter from his pocket, and tore off the corner to wrap up his tooth: the remainder he dropped on the carpet, and it bore the address:—

'Capt. H. Ellis,
'—th Regiment,
'——,
'Devonshire.'

"Here then was the explanation of my poor friend's monomania He actually died the victim of somnambulism. And such was my first adventure as executor to a will."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

A HAPPY COMMUNITY.

SHALL we write about the leaping tarantula, as large as the humming-bird it hunted, netted, and killed?—or of the large clew of hair, or greyish wool, half-buried in the ground, which suddenly turned into a 'possum, and springing upon a hare which had stood wondering what the curious object might be, killed it at a single "crunch?"—or of the grizzly bear which, being no climber, besieged the boys ever so long at the foot of the trees on which they had taken refuge? No; we will rather take, as something still more curious, the description of a very large community of animals of various species, living naturally in a town of their own, somewhat after the fashion of the Happy Family.

The town was in the midst of the desert, and the houses consisted of little mounds, about three feet in diameter at the base, and not more than two in height. They might have been thousands in number, or any number of thousands, for they covered the level desert towards three of the four cardinal points as far as the eye could reach. These dwellings were not new; they might have been very old, for they were clothed all round with smooth green turf, excepting the neighborhood of the door-place, near the top. "The inhabitants of these singular dwellings soon began to show themselves. They had been terrified by the thundering tread of the steeds, and had hidden at their approach. All was now silent again, and they thought they might venture abroad. First one little snout peeped out, and then another, and another, until every hole had a head and a pair of sparkling eyes looking forth. After a while, the owners of the heads became more courageous, and boldly stepped out of doors; and there could be seen hundreds of these strange creatures. They were of a reddish-brown color, with breasts and bellies of a dirty white. Their bodies were about the size of the common gray squirrel; but their general appearance partook of the squirrel, the weasel, and the rat—all three of which they in some respects resembled, and yet they were not like any of them. They were a distinct species of animals. They were marmots, that species known by the fanciful name of prairie-dogs (*Arctomys ludoviciana*). Their tails were very short, and not bushy, as those of squirrels; and, altogether, their bodies had not the graceful symmetry of those animals. In a short time, every mound had two or three on its top—for several individuals dwell together in the same house. Some sat upon all-fours, while others erected themselves on their hind feet, and stood up like little bears or monkeys—all the while flourishing their tails, and uttering their tiny barking, that sounded like the squeak of a toy-dog. It was from this that they derive the name of prairie-dogs, for in nothing else do they resemble the canine species. Like all marmots—and there are many different kinds—they are innocent little creatures, and live upon grass, seeds, and roots. They must eat very little; and indeed it is a puzzle to naturalists how they maintain themselves. Their "great towns" near the Rocky Mountains are generally in barren tracks, where there is but a scanty herbage; and yet the inhabitants are never found half a mile from their dwellings. How, then, do thousands of them subsist on what little grass can grow in a pasture so circumscribed? This has not been explained, nor is it known why they choose these barren tracts for their dwelling-places in preference to the more fertile prairies. All these things await the study and observation of the historian of nature.

These individuals formed the bulk of the inhabitants of the dog-town, as our author calls it—the common people, or working-classes, by whom the houses had doubtless been constructed; but there were other portions of the population quite as interesting in their way. Let us notice, first, the white owls, which burrow in the earth (*Strix cunicularia*), and were seen gliding silently about,

or standing on the tops of the houses looking round them. These are the feudal aristocracy of the place, fallen a little into the arrear of time, and affecting old castles and such antiquated dwellings. They inhabit houses originally obtained by conquest from the prairie-dogs, but have suffered them to fall into dilapidation and decay. It is on antiquity they pride themselves, and being indulged in this, they live on very peaceable, but possibly on very supercilious terms with their neighbors. Another order of the inhabitants was the ground rattlesnake (*Crotalus tergeminus*), a class which, although powerful and therefore respectable, the rest of the community perhaps did not mix with on very easy terms. It is even said, that they have been found occasionally with the young of the prairie-dogs in their possession; but this, we are inclined to hope, may have been the result of some peculiar and unfrequent temptation.

Next, there were the lizards, that were seen in great numbers, scuttling about the mounds; then the land-tortoise (*Cestudo*), squatting upon the ground; and then the horned-frog (*Agama cornuta*), crawling slowly about—a hideous creature, half toad, half lizard in shape, and with the back, shoulders, and head covered with thornlike protuberances. All these were probably the lowest classes, the vagabonds and riff-raff of the population; and some of them, no doubt, fall a prey to the aristocratic owls. When the boy-adventurers came upon this place, they were at some loss how to proceed.

As it was now afternoon, and the butte still appeared distant, they made but a short halt—just long enough to swallow a morsel of meat, and take a drink from their water-gourds, which, owing to the intense heat, were now better than half empty. Their animals already suffered from thirst; so, without delay, the young hunters got into their saddles, with the intention of continuing their journey.

"Across the dog-town?" inquired François, who had mounted first. "Shall we ride through it, or go round?"

Here was a difficulty, indeed. The dog-town lay directly between them and the butte. To keep straight forward, they would have to ride through it. That would impede them to a considerable extent, as they could only ride slowly, and in zig-zag lines, without danger. To go round it, on the other hand, might lead them miles out of the way—perhaps many miles—for these marmot villages are frequently of large extent.

"Let us go south a bit," advised Lucien. "Perhaps we may come to the end of it that way."

They all turned their horses for the south, and commenced riding in that direction. They rode for at least two miles, keeping along the border of the settlement; but they could still see it a-head, apparently stretching for miles further.

"We have come the wrong way," said Lucien; "we migh have done better had we turned north. We must cross it now; what say you, brothers?"

All agreed to this; for it is not very pleasant to be going about when the goal of one's journey is within sight. So the heads of the horses were brought round once more facing the butte; and the party rode in among the mounds, and proceeded slowly, and with great caution. As they approached, the little dogs ran to their hillocks, barked at the intruders, shook their short tails, and then whisked themselves off into their holes. Whenever the party had got past, a hundred yards or so, the marmots would come forth again, and utter their tiny cough-like notes as before; so that, when our travellers were fairly into the town, they found themselves at all times in the centre of a barking circle!

The owls rose up before them, alighting at short distances; then, once more startled, they would fly further off, sometimes sailing away until out of sight, and sometimes, like the marmots, hiding themselves within the burrows. The rattlesnakes, too, betook themselves to the burrows, and so did the lizards and agamas. What appeared most strange was, that of all these creatures—marmots, owls, snakes, lizards, and agamas—were observed, when suddenly escaping, sometimes to enter the same mound! This our travellers witnessed more than once.

The following is a description of the houses as given by one of the adventurers:—"The holes," said he, "had we time to dig them up, would be found to descend perpendicularly for two or three feet. Then run obliquely for several feet further, and end in a little chamber, which is the real house of the marmot; I say the *real* house, for these cone-like mounds are only the entrances. They have been formed out of the earth brought up from below at the making of the burrows. As you see, this earth has not been allowed to lie in a neglected heap, such as rats and rabbits leave at the mouths of their burrows. On the contrary, it has been built up with great care, and beaten together by the marmots' feet until quite firm and smooth; and the grass has been allowed to grow over it, to save it from being washed down by rain. It is evident the animal does all this with design—just as beavers, in building their houses. Now, upon these mounds the marmots love to bask, and amuse themselves in the sun; and it is likely that they can watch their enemies better from this elevated position, and thus gain time to make good their retreat." Since the snakes occasionally kill the young marmots, it is inquired, what is to prevent them from killing the old ones too? They can enter the burrows with as much ease as the marmots themselves.

"That is true," was the reply, "but not half so nimbly; and perhaps the latter can even escape them within. The rattlesnake is a very slow crawler; and, besides, only strikes his prey when coiled up. Perhaps, in these subterranean galleries, he is still less able to capture it; and the old marmots may, after all, have some mode of defending both themselves and their young ones from his venemous attacks. As yet, very little is known of these creatures. The remote regions in which they are found place them beyond the observation of naturalists; and such of these as have visited their towns, have been only allowed time to make a hurried examination of them.—They are very shy, rarely letting you get within range of a gun; they are, therefore, seldom shot at. Moreover, it takes great trouble to capture them by digging, on account of the depth of their burrows; and as their skins are not very valuable, and their flesh but a lite at best, they are not often molested by the hunter."

"But are they eatable?" inquired François.

"Yes," answered Lucien; "the Indians are very fond of their flesh, and eat it whenever they can conveniently get it; but, indeed, they will do the same for almost every living creature."

"What do marmots feed upon in winter when there is no grass for them?" inquired François.

"They then lie torpid. They have nests in their subterranean chambers, and curious nests these are. They are constructed of grass and roots, are as round as a globe, and so firmly woven together, that one of them might be kicked over the prairie like a football. The nest is within, with a small hole leading into it, just large enough to admit your finger; for when the marmot goes inside, he closes all up, except this little hole, through which he gets all the air he requires. In these snug beds they lie asleep during the cold season, and at that time are rarely een outside their burrows."

Conversing in this way, the young hunters rode on, keeping as far from the edges of the mounds as possible, lest the hoofs of their horses might sink in the excavated ground. They had ridden full five miles, and still the marmot village stretched before them! still the dogs on all sides uttered their "choo-choo"—still the owls flapped silently up, and the rattlesnakes crowded across their track.

The lizard tribe, some members of which, we have seen, were citizens of the Happy Community, appear to be among the most various in the American desert. The chameleon mentioned at the commencement was a lizard, and so was an enemy which avenged the destruction of the tarantula.

"Look—brothers look! A scorpion-lizard!"

Basil and Lucien cast their eyes where François pointed—up to the trunk of a tree that rose over the spot where the chameleon was crawling. About twenty feet from the ground was a dark, round hole, evidently the former rest of the red-bellied woodpecker (*Picus Carolinus*.) The birds, however, which made that nest had deserted it; for it was now occupied by a creature of a far different kind—a scorpion-lizard—whose red head and brown shoulders at the moment protruded from the hole.

All who have travelled the great American forests are familiar with such a sight, for this animal may be often observed in similar situations. A more disagreeable sight is rarely met with.—The scorpion-lizard, with his red head and olive-brown body, is a hideous-looking reptile at best; but when thus peering from his gloomy tree-cave, moving his pointed snout from side to side, his dark eyes glancing all the while with a fierce, malignant expression, it is difficult to conceive a more vicious-looking creature.

His head was in motion when François spoke—for it was this that had caught the eye of the boy. It was moving from side to side, protruded from the hole, the snout pointing downwards.—The animal was watching the ground below, and evidently preparing to issue forth, and come down. The chameleon, rustling over the dead leaves, had attracted his attention.

As quick as lightning, his whole body appeared upon the tree, and lay flat along the bark, head downwards. Here he halted for a moment; then, raising his shoulders, he ran nimbly down the trunk, and rushing outwards, sprang upon the chameleon. The latter, thus suddenly attacked, dropped the spider; and at first showed an intention of retreating. Had he done so, the scorpion would have followed him no further—as its only object in attacking him was to rob him of his prey. The chameleon, however, is a courageous little animal; and seeing that his assailant was not much bigger than himself—for the animal in question was one of the smallest of the skink family—he turned again, and shewed fight. His threat swelled to its largest extent, and grew brighter than ever.

Both now stood facing each other, and about twelve inches apart, in threatening attitudes.—Their eyes sparkled; their forked tongues shot forth, glittering in the sun; and their heads at intervals rose and fell, in a manœuvring manner, like a pair of pugilists "coming to the scratch."

After a short while, they sprang at each other open-jawed; wriggled over the ground a moment, their tails flying in the air—then separated, and again assumed their defiant attitudes, manœuvring as before. In this manner they met and parted several times, neither seeming to have gained much advantage.

The weakest part of the green lizard lies in his tail. So tender is this appendage, that the slightest blow of a small switch will separate it from the body. The skink seemed to be aware of this fact, as he several times endeavoured to get around his antagonist, or, in military phraseology to "turn" him. It was evidently his intention to attack the tail. This the chameleon dreaded, and was equally desirous not to be "out-flanked!" In whatever way the skink manœuvred, his antagonist met him with his scarlet front.

For several minutes the battle raged, these little creatures exhibiting as much fury and fierceness as if they had been a pair of great crocodiles. The chameleon at length began to shew symptoms of giving out. The throat grew paler, the green became less vivid, and it was evident that he was getting the worst of it. The scorpion now made a rush, and threw the other upon his back. Before the chameleon could recover himself, his antagonist seized his tail, and bit it off close to the body. The poor little fellow, feeling that he had lost more than half his length, scuttled away, and hid himself among the logs. The scorpion-lizard, however, in his turn met with retribution.

While the fight was raging, a slight movement in the leaves above had attracted the attention of the boys. The next moment, a red object was thrust downward, until a foot or so of it appeared hanging clear of all the branches. It was about the thickness of a walking-cane; but the glistening scales and the elegantly curving form told that this singular object was a serpent.

It did not remain stationary. It was slowly and gradually letting itself down—for more of its body was every moment becoming visible, until a full yard of it hung out from the leaves. The remainder was hidden by the thick foliage, where its tail, no doubt, was coiled around a branch.—That part of the body that was seen was of a uniform blood-red colour, though the body, or under side, was much the lighter. This was the red snake of the Rocky Mountains (*Coluber testaceus*), and is found only in the Far West. The skink at this moment perceived the long red body of

the serpent dangling above him; and knowing, from experience, a terrible enemy, ran off, endeavouring to hide himself in the grass. Instead of making for a tree—where he might have escaped by his superior nimbleness—his confusion and terror led him out into the open ground. The snake dropped from the mulberry and glided after, with his head raised high in the air, and his jaws wide open. In a second or two he overtook the lizard; and, striking forward and downward, killed it upon the spot. The serpent in its turn becomes the prey of another animal; and so on, till the "chain of destruction" is complete. We confess, however, we are better pleased, though less excited, by the picture of the dog-town, where lizards, snakes, owls, prairie-dogs, and other creatures of various races, live in what is, comparatively at least, a Happy Community.

We might easily fill our sheet with extracts as good as the above, for, in fact, the whole volume is quotable; but as we have no doubt it will be extensively read, both in England and America, we think it unnecessary to do more than refer our young readers, and old ones to, to the work itself. —*Chambers' Journal.*

THE TREE OF DEATH.

Let the King of the Grave be asked to tell
The plant he loveth best,—
And it will not be the cypress tree,
Though 'tis ever the churchyard's guest:
He will not mark the hemlock dark,
Nor stay where the nightshade spreads;
He will not say 'tis the sombre yew,
Though it springs o'er skeleton heads;
He will not point to the willow branch,
Where breaking spirits pine beneath,
For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief,
And a fairer tree is the tree of Death.

But where the green rich stalks are seen,
Where ripe fruits gush and shine,
"This, this," cries he, "is the tree for me—
The Vine, the beautiful Vine!"
I will crouch amid the emerald leaves,
Gemmed with the ruby grapes;
I dip my spear in the poison here,
And he is strong that escapes.
Crowds dance round with Satyr bound,
Till my dart is hurled from its tractor sheath,
While I shriek with glee, "No friend for me
Is so true as the Vine, the tree of Death."

Oh, the glossy Vine has a serpent charm,
It bears an unblest fruit,
There's a taint about each tendrilled arm,
And a curse upon its root!
Its juice may flow to warm the brow,
And wildly lighten the eye,
But the frenz'ed mirth of a revelling crew
Will wake the wise man's sigh.
For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame,
The idiot speech and pestilent breath,
The shattered mind and blasted frame,
Are wrought by the Vine, the tree of Death.

Fill, fill the glass, and let it pass,
But ye who quaff, oh! think
That even the heart that loves must loathe
The lips that deeply drink.
The breast may mourn over a close link torn,
And the scalding tear-drop roll,
But 'tis better to weep o'er a pulseless form,
Than the wreck of a living soul.
Then a health to the hemlock, the cypress, and yew,
The worm-hiding grass and the willow wreath,
For though shading the tomb, they fling not a gloom
So dark as the Vine, the Tree of Death.

ELIZA COOK.

ARISTENDEEN.*

CHAPTER IV.

WE CALL ON THE DOCTOR AND SEE MARY.

ABOUT seven o'clock, on demanding admittance to Dr. Bernard, we were ushered into a large and handsomely furnished drawing-room. The servant who had gone to announce us, shortly returned, requesting us to wait a few minutes as the doctor was then engaged.

In the meantime, Writ was expatiating on the doctor's character, as a man and physician, giving him the highest praise for the diligence with which he investigated all cases of insanity coming under his care; indeed were one to believe the half that Writ said in his favor, the conclusion would be that the doctor was an exceedingly good and clever man. Happily for me, the doctor interrupted Writ's laudations, for I began to tire, not being one of those who either believe in, or seek for perfection in this world. The doctor, a man apparently not exceeding forty, rather stout, with a fat, red, good-natured face, advanced, cordially shaking Writ by the hand and bowing to me, bade us be seated. On my making known the object of my visit, the doctor said that he was pleased to inform me that Mary was so far recovered that she would be able to return to her father's before the ensuing Christmas. Writ, as well as myself, were rather unprepared for this piece of good news; and on my requesting to hear the history of her case, the doctor no doubt pleased at the interest I manifested in his patient, detailed to me fully, not only her symptoms and the mode of cure he practised, but also entered into the probability of her having a relapse, and the best method of preventing such a recurrence. "She always," he said, "while in my care, enjoyed good health. At first she appeared melancholy and subject to frequent fits of abstraction, caused, doubtless, by her removal from home and friends, but in a few months she improved; yet still a certain melancholy which I feared I should fail in entirely removing, pervaded her countenance. She was never unhappy, but said she was

* Continued from page 195, vol. ii.—Conclusion.

fond of thinking. Whenever I askxd her to relate to me her thoughts, she would with the greatest delight, tell some fancy tale of angels, beautiful and fair, hovering over the world, watching the affairs of man. Indeed, when first I received her, she went so far as to declare she saw the happy beings she spoke of, and even heard them whispering to each other, or singing songs of praise; and when they sang, she said she could *see the spirit of the song ascending like incense to the high heavens.* These were her worst symptoms. I thought it necessary to consult with some of my brother physicians on her case, which was certainly the most extraordinary one I ever witnessed. In our consultations we were seldom unanimous; some asserting most positively that she was an impostor, while others, flying to the opposite extreme ventured to question the possibility of her not holding communion with some unseen spirit. However, this was simply absurd, and her being an impostor I considered equally ridiculous, for the history of her life, which I had received from her father, forbade in me any such supposition. An impostor has generally some design to further, some object to attain, but what design or object, may I ask, could this girl have in view, when she came under my care at sixteen years of age?"

The doctor had allowed himself to be carried away by his relation; he had risen from his chair, and standing before us with his back to the fire, gesticulated in a most theatrical style. Without awaiting a reply to his question, he continued, with renewed earnestness.

"No! she was mad, simply mad. But her insanity was of the most dangerous kind to herself and friends, if she were permitted to be at large. It was fortunate for her, and perhaps many others in this world, that her neighbors shunned her as a child. Her ramblings were such when I first saw her, as would lead the ignorant or half-educated, to regard her as a messenger from heaven. Her little religious tales of what she fancied she saw, were precisely of the character to seize on the half-cultivated minds of those who would most likely be her associates while she occupied her father's home. Such being the case, how likely would it be for her fame to spread, her sayings to be noised abroad: many would then come to see her, to pray with her, to listen to her rhapsodies; to, in fact, become her devout and humble followers, looking on her as a saint or angel; and she cunning enough in her madness to see that with a little tact all this might be turned to her advantage, would then become the impostor that some of my friends would have made her, on our consultations.

"However, steadily and gradually I worked all these idle fancies out of her head. I kept her constantly employed on various easy tasks, that required the steady exercise of the mind without fatiguing it; and then, seeing that she was quick at learning, I had her taught many little accomplishments, which will ever be to her a source of amusement, as painting, music, dancing, singing. For a long time, I would not allow her to see or read any religious book or go to church. I know that there are many who would blame me for my mode of treatment, but I can safely say, that to this procedure is due the restoration of her mind. And now," continued the doctor, in a self-cangratulatory manner, that I must say displeased me, "you see the benefit of the course I adopted. She is about to be restored to a fond father and an affectionate sister; she courts not that solitude which was formerly so dangerous to her, nor does she devote so much of her time to religious pursuits, as she once did. She is now contented, and, I believe, for the first time in her life, truly happy. Her father, whose visits I forbade, will be greatly surprised in once more receiving his daughter; but he must not retain her. If she returns to her own home to live, I fear she will have a relapse; she must be placed in some town, with friends who mix more with the world than honest Mr. Tindal; where she will have an opportunity of amusing or employing herself in the manner she has lately been accustomed to do; and then I have no doubt but that she will live long and happily, and form, in her humble capacity, a useful ornament to society."

"Bravo!" cried Writ.

I thanked the doctor for his kindness in detailing so fully her case, and ventured to request an introduction to his fair patient.

"Willingly," replied the doctor. "I left her poring over a novel in the private sitting-room. We will go to her."

Leaving the room we followed Dr. Bernard up stairs to the apartment occupied by Mary Tindal. On entering, we found her reclining on a sofa, seemingly deeply interested with some book she held in her hand; she did not notice our entrance, but on hearing the doctor's voice, started up, blushing with confusion on discovering that strangers were present. She, however, recognized Writ, and soon was holding an animated conversation with that gentleman and the doctor, which I enjoyed extremely, though I did not take part in it; for I was looking over a sketch-book of hers, which the doctor had placed in my hands.

The sketches were for the most part fanciful,

and chiefly original. Among them were a series of twelve, done in colors, very beautiful, and entitled by her "the two attendants of life." The first represented a little child sleeping in a cradle, over which hovered an angel, draped in long, white, flowing garments, with golden hair falling in ringlets over the shoulders, large, white, feathered wings outstretched in the air, thus poising the body over the child, as if to protect it from harm, his right hand pointing to a golden crown surrounded with clouds of glory, the left beckoning to the child to follow in the course pointed out. In the back ground was depicted the form of an evil spirit of most hideous aspect, grovelling on the earth, with with one hand pointing to an emblem of death, partially concealed by beautiful flowers, the other endeavoring to clutch the child. Another of the sketches shewed the figure of a young man, and on either side of him walked the attendant spirits; the one shielding him from harm, the other striving to lead him over a beautiful path, at the end of which the emblem of death again appears. The last of the series represented the Evil One falling headlong to the earth, and the man now appeared as a little child again, with the golden crown on his head, shrouded in glory, borne aloft by his happy guardian angel. Closing the book I reminded Writ that it was getting late, and we retired. Again we congratulated the doctor on his successful cure, and left him much pleased with our visit.

Mary was really a beautiful girl, far more beautiful than I expected to find her; seldom indeed had I seen features so delicate, yet of so high a cast, and were it not for her extreme paleness, I could have pronounced her perfect; her eyes were of an intense blue, and her hair, a glossy auburn, hung in ringlets over her shoulders; her figure was light yet gracefully formed, and she moved with an ease and self-possession that lent grace to every motion.

Whilst driving home Writ was again profuse in the doctor's praise; I let him ramble on scarcely listening to him. I endeavored to picture to myself Mary, who was now as innocent as a child, in the busy, active, uncharitable world that the doctor would place her, and I became melancholy, for the picture was a sad one.

CHAPTER V.

I GO TO PARIS.

It was with surprise and alarm that my wife learnt on the following day, that I intended leaving for Paris. I thought it proper to conceal from her the object of my journey, so I briefly informed her that business of the utmost importance, demanded my immediate presence in that city. But this far from satisfied her, on the contrary it rendered her more nervous, for I showed by my manner that I did not wish to be questioned. In silence, and with tears in her eyes, she set about preparing the necessary articles for my trip; but when I said I knew not how long I would be away she fairly sobbed aloud. I was subdued, and told her how my brother had committed a forgery, and that I must see him in order to induce him to return the money he had taken, and save him, if possible, from the consequences of his crime. She was terrified, but protested she could not believe Harry guilty, that there must be some mistake. I hoped that such might be the case, but feared otherwise.

It was on a Sunday that I arrived in Paris, a bright, clear Sunday morning; the streets and boulevards were crowded with gay and happy mortals, decked out in their gayest dresses, chatting merrily as they passed to and fro. I put up at the Hotel d'Angleterre. In the afternoon, while standing before the door of my hotel, I saw pass my old friend M. Martin; we had not met since our adventure in Germany, yet he recognized me immediately and embraced me, declaring over and over again his joy on seeing me. I felt equally pleased, and arm in arm we sauntered along. Speaking of our last meeting, he said, "I have recovered the papers I lost, and curiously enough they were returned to me by Darnell, accompanied by a note, from which I learnt that he was a distant relative of my wife; though I hope," he continued, by way of parenthesis, "that she has not many such questionable relations. The fact was, that the papers I lost were the marriage certificates of my wife's parents, who were English, and made a run-a-way match. It was with great difficulty that I obtained these documents, which were necessary to establish her claim to some property in England. For a long time I advertised, offering a large reward for their recovery, and even proposed through the same medium to receive from the persons having them in their possession, any demand they might make for their restoration, but without success. Indeed I had given up all hopes, when about a month ago I received them with a note signed "I. Darnell," in which he informed me that the papers were now valueless to him, as an uncle of his, whose heir he should have been, had lately died, leaving him unmentioned in his will; and that the only revenge now left him, for being thus disinherited, was to restore me the papers he had stolen, for these papers,

he said, concerned the very property his uncle died possessed of. Is it not strange, that man can make a just action serve the purposes of revenge?"

It is certainly strange!

After congratulating M. Martin on his good fortune, I told him, *en passant*, that I had come to Paris in expectation of meeting my brother, but that I had not yet succeeded in finding him; however I intended calling on several persons to whom I knew he had letters of introduction, and would, no doubt, see him shortly. Refusing a pressing invitation to dinner, on the pretext of fatigue after my voyage, I left M. Martin. My refusal in reality was given in order that I might have an opportunity of calling on Madame Sayez. Madame was a quiet little French woman, with whom my brother was in the habit of lodging when in Paris, she was the widow of a gallant soldier, who fell fighting under Napoleon against the Austrians. I had but slender hopes of finding him with her this time, yet I knew that he was a great favorite of hers, and it was possible that she might have seen him. I was not disappointed; he was living in her house, and was then in.

It would be impossible to picture Harry's astonishment on seeing me; but he expressed still greater astonishment on learning the cause of my presence in Paris. At first he would not be persuaded, but that I was joking with him; but on my sitting down and deliberately relating the whole history of the forgery, and the fact of the banker's clerk being ready to swear that he was the person who had presented and endorsed the forged cheque, he saw that I was in earnest. Indignantly he denied having ever committed such a crime, saying, that he felt exceedingly hurt by my suspicions, and wondering how I could, even for a moment, have considered him capable of such dishonorable practices. But he cooled down after a while and admitted that I had reason to suspect him, for appearances were against him. I had, of course, misunderstood him, when he told me not to be uneasy if I missed anything, he had referred to the pistols; it was an unfortunate mistake. I now felt ashamed of myself and suspicions, for I firmly believed in Harry's innocences. The forger, doubtless, bore a strong resemblance to my brother, to have enabled him to commit so successfully this double forgery, if I may so call it.

"You can easily prove an alibi?" I asked. But Harry, after thinking for some minutes, and asking several times if it was on Tuesday morning the forgery took place, replied, that he believed it would be impossible for him to do so. He was in London at the time, and at an exhibition of paintings, and while there, and even during that day till evening, he did not see or speak to any one he knew. Unfortunately he kept no diary; had he done so, his memoranda might have been admitted as evidence. If he could not prove his innocence, how could I assert that I had been robbed? The banker's clerk would certainly reply, "It was your brother robbed you!"

Harry saw the difficulty as well as I, and, after a good deal of useless conversation, I saw no better course before me than to return to England and bear my loss as best I could. Any attempt made to discover the criminal would immediately expose my brother to suspicions, if not to an accusation, impossible to disprove. Indeed, Writ afterwards told me, that had I moved in the matter, it would most likely have resulted in the trial and conviction of Harry for forgery. The annoyance I suffered from being placed in such a dilemma rendered me ill, and for several weeks after my return, I could not leave my home.

I may here add, that up to this present day, I have never discovered the true forger, though, from what I have seen and heard of late years, I strongly suspect that it was Evans who was guilty. He died by the hand of his friend, Darnell, in a drunken quarrel, a few years after the incident recorded in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

MARY'S HISTORY CONCLUDED.

For several months after my return, I heard but little of Mary; she had left Dr. Bernard's perfectly restored, and was now living with her uncle in London—a Mr. Osborn. He was a widower, and like her father had two daughters; they were both young, the eldest being scarcely twelve. Here it was hoped that she would find that change recommended by the doctor; at least she would mix more with the world, and see more to amuse her, than she could at her father's, where for weeks together she would lead that dull, monotonous life that the doctor considered so prejudicial. Mr. Osborn delighted to call himself a merchant, but he was a merchant in a very small business, yet sufficiently large to support himself and family comfortably, and, as he used to say, to "lay some aside for a rainy day." His shop, which was beneath the rooms he lived in, was his care, being in it from morning to night; though now that Mary was with him, he devoted to her an hour or two daily, in order that she might see some of the wonderful London sights, or visit some of his friends.

Mary was kindly received wherever she went, and, loved much for her innocent, childish ways

and happy disposition, she quickly became a general favorite. There was one disadvantage, however, in Mr. Osborn's house, which rendered it unsuitable for a home for Mary, and that was—she had no female companion with whom she might associate. It was true there were her young cousins, but one gets tired of always romping with children; and the housekeeper, who also acted as nurse, was a vulgar, low-bred wretch, whom Mary could not endure, though Mr. Osborn thought her an excellent creature, and reposed every confidence in her. So sometimes I am afraid time hung heavily on her hands.

I saw Peter, Mary's father, often; for I was obliged to pass his snug little place whenever I had occasion to go to London. Frequently, of a mild pleasant evening, I would stop and chat an hour. I loved to hear him talk and speak of the joy he felt in his child's recovery. Thus passed many months. At last I was told by Peter that Frank Evans was living in London, studying law; his father was dead; and Frank Evans, tired of the idle dissipated life he had been indulging in, determined to settle down and gain an honorable living from a profession. He often visited Mary, and Mary was always delighted to see him, for they were old acquaintances. "And I believe," said Peter, "that Mary loves him, for he is always mentioned in her notes to me. He is a good lad at heart, and I hope—hope—hope—" stammered Peter; "and I hope so too," I said. Peter blushed, and felt, I am sure, extremely happy.

And so it was. Evans was living in London, and hearing that Mary was living with her uncle, called on her. Mary was greatly pleased with his visit, for his presence recalled to her mind long forgotten days; which, though really painful to dwell upon, yet afforced her a certain *morbid* pleasure, termed by most people *melancholy*. At length Evan's visits became so frequent that even Mr. Osborn, one of the blindest of mortals, could not help remarking them. He was not of a suspicious nature, curiosity appeared to be his greatest fault. So, when he thought that Frank might mean something by coming so often, he did not ask him his "intentions;" but determined rather to watch, and thus endeavor to discover the attraction. This was an easy task. A closet off the parlor communicated with his bedroom, and so afforded him a safe place to listen, while from the key-hole he commanded a full view of the apartment. No sooner did he conceive this idea, than he determinea to put it into execution.

The next time Evans made his appearance, he was snugly esconced in his hiding-place; he saw Mary start forward to meet her visitor when he entered, and then they sat together on the sofa, and talked in whispers by the hour. That they were in love, was clear enough to Mr. Osborn; and he thought they had engaged themselves, but it might be only fancy, he would watch and see. He was not long in doubt; in a few days he found that his suspicions were correct, and that Evans wished their engagement to be a secret. Why? he could not discover; but he saw that Mary yielded a reluctant consent.

This concealment had a bad effect on Mary's mind; again she was subject to frequent fits of abstraction, but Mr. Osborn regarded them as a natural consequence of love, and therefore of no importance. He never allowed Mary even to suspect, that he was aware of her engagement; but he considered it his duty, to let her father know that Evans was a constant visitor. The father, Osborn saw, was gratified, so he returned to his old post to watch and fancy, how astonished they would be, if he were suddenly to break in upon them, and tell how long he had been a silent listener. But he would be depriving himself of too much pleasure, were he to do so, it was he thought, as good as any play only a great deal longer and far more natural. Often would he laugh and chuckle inwardly at their silly speeches, and sometimes would he feel inclined to cry, she acted her part in such a gentle, winning manner. 'Twas then he'd think Evans loved her not so much as she did him. But her's was woman's love!

Mary had now been a year with her uncle, and was looked upon as permanently cured. About this time it was necessary that Mr. Osborn, should leave his home for a week to transact some business in Liverpool. Mary would not feel his absence he thought; yet it did occur to him that it would be better did she go to her father's till his return, but, then, he was not to be long away, and the housekeeper "good motherly old soul," would be as kind, and take as much care of her, as if he were present.

'Twas in an evil hour that he thus decided. Ere he returned poor Mary was—no more.

It appears that the day after he had left, Evans called as usual, and after being an hour or so with Mary, the house was alarmed by piercing shrieks interrupted only to give place to maniacal shouts of laughter. The housekeeper was out with the children for a walk, and a clerk in the shop rushing to the room, discovered Mary in the farthest corner, crouched down, her hands before her face, giving utterance to the fearful cries and laughter that had alarmed him. Evans was standing in

the middle of the room gazing with terror on the unhappy girl, and did he but venture to approach, her dreadful cries were redoubled. It was only on his leaving the room that she allowed herself to be conducted to her chamber by the housekeeper who now returned. The seizure, Evans said, was sudden; and at the time it came on they were talking of their intended marriage, nor could he account for the aversion she displayed towards him. Her father was immediately sent for; the poor old man appeared heart-broken. At his request Dr. Bernard was called in, who ordered her instant removal to his establishment. Here she gradually sank in spite of all his care and attention.

If spoken to of Evans, she would burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which added much to her weakened state.

The day before her death, Rose was with her sister for many hours; what passed between them I never heard; but whatever it was, Rose could never again behold Evans without manifesting the utmost dislike and indignation.

Mary was buried beside her mother.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

A YOUNG Yorkshire traveller, some time ago, occasionally visited this town in the course of his journeys; and during one unlucky visit he suddenly fell "over head and ears" in love with one of the fair maids of Preston. The Yorkshire hero lost no time in declaring his love for the fair one, and for a time he was led to believe that the feeling was mutual. Presents of every description, that the love-sick Lubin supposed would please the lady, were purchased, presented, and received; and he thought himself secure in the affections of his Desdemona. But "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip;" and the fickle one ultimately began to show unmistakeable symptoms of coldness towards him she might have have called her own. Finding that his advances and entreaties were in vain, and that the heart of the lady was obdurate, he finally took leave of her. Being determined, however, not to sacrifice the amount of money expended on "the girl he left behind him," he forthwith made out a "bill of particulars," which he despatched by post to the lady's mamma, for payment: and if sympathy on our part with the Yorkshire wight be of any avail, we certainly—"wish he may get it." We subjoin a copy of the singular document, *verbatim et literatim*, with the exception of suppressing the names of the parties concerned, and hope its publication will be of service, as a warning to those young gentlemen who may be in the fashionable position of "courting by presents:"—

PRESENTS GIVEN TO M—— P——, BY T—— A——, DURING THE TIME OF COURTING HER.

		£.	S.	D.
1847	One mahogany work box, and sent by railway	0	5	0
1847	One spice cake, and small one ditto, and 2lb. figs, and by rail	0	8	0
1847	Paid two fares by railway from Blackburn to Preston, for M—— P—— and S—— P——	0	2	0
1848	One grey muff, superior quality	0	15	0
1848	One fine parasol, of blue skey sattin mixture	0	9	0
1848	3lbs. of brandy snap, best quality	0	2	6
1848	and 49, 4 pairs of kidd gloves, 2s. per pair	0	8	0
1848	One net of lace, for collar to ware	0	1	6
1848	and 49, 2 best tortoise shell combs	0	2	6
1848	2 pairs of kidd gloves for her friend W——	0	3	0
1848	Paid for fares by railway to Blackpool for 2 ditto	0	6	0
1848	Paid for 2 dinners and 2 teas, and spirits for 2 do	0	8	0
1848	Silver lever watch, and silver guard, and jewelled	4	15	0
1848	and 47, paid for wine, spirits, deserts, teas, &c	1	10	6
1848	One handsome rosewood framed picture of Lord Brougham, with drawing of his robes	0	10	0
1848	2 framed rosewood pictures of Lord Brougham and Lord Abercrombey, late speaker House of Commons	0	15	0
1848	One framed picture and likeness of T—— A——	1	8	0
1848	One framed picture of Baron Rolfe	0	4	0
1848	Given in two different times	2	0	0
1848	and 49, Drawings, and pictures, and newspapers, and 1850, funeral biscuits	0	12	0
1849	One Britania metal tea pot and Britannia coffee-pot	0	15	0
	Knife for pocket, with one gold ring	2	17	6
1848	A handsome large American knife,	0	5	0
1849	Paid 3 fares by railway to Manchester for the Misses P——	0	7	6
	Ditto, fares paid from Manchester to Preston	0	7	6
	Paid also for 3, Misses M——, M——, and S—— to Museum	0	3	0
	Also Young Woman's Own Book	0	2	0
	One smelling bottle, with cent, &c	0	2	0
	One silk handkerchief, for neck	0	1	6
	One-horse cab from Preston railway station to S—— A——, for Miss M—— P——, of Preston, and driven by her brother-in-law, Mr. W—, cabman	0	1	0
	One silver thimble	0	1	0
	Sum total	£20	8	0

And one present only from M—— P—— to T—— A——, to a pen to write with, valued 6d., returned. And lastly I received a letter from Miss M—— P——, wrote in her own hand-writing, as a gift to ——, and called me a d——d fool.—*Preston Chronicle.*

FROM JOHN CANADA,
(FOR SELF AND FAMILY)
TO MAJOR CULPEPPER CRABTREE.

DEAR MAJOR,

A letter to our beloved relative John Bull, from his cousin "Brother Jonathan," published in the February number of Putnam's excellent monthly, has fallen into our hands, —now if the said letter contained only such matters as strictly related to our beloved relative's home farm, we should not interfere, as we are well aware that our Uncle Bull is generally able to answer for himself, and that no other party can show such a satisfactory balance sheet, or one so likely to create a smile at any little mistake that may have crept into Brother Jonathan's figures.—Besides, Brother Jonathan knows that, though very good natured, Uncle Bull has a curious way with him of showing up any absurdities into which he may, in his transition state, (called hobbledehoy, I think,) be betrayed: knowing these things then, I should not interfere in this matter, had I not seen in the letter some passages relating to myself and family—for instance, Brother Jonathan calls us "slaves governed from a distance," and declares that, because we are not ungrateful to our Uncle, we shall never get on. We would fain then, jot down a few figures just to convince you that we are not so backward as Brother Jonathan insinuates, and that sticking by Uncle Bull is not so bad or foolish a thing after all—there are one or two other matters, too, which we shall also remind Brother Jonathan of, but to begin, the passage in his letter which we complain of is:—"The Canadas, under European rule, would remain what they are; under our tutelage, they would grow into powerful communities."—Be this then our text: our aim, to show that Canada, under monarchical institutions, has not only not come out of the small end of the horn, but has actually taken a whole horn to herself, and is quite as capable as Brother Jonathan of sounding her own praises thereon.

A LETTER TO JOHN BULL.

My Dear Cousin,

I HAVE elected myself a representative of twenty-three millions of constituents,* black and white included, and design, in that capacity, to open a brief correspondence with you. Our entrance upon a new year of existence—an occasion which always suggests a candid review of the past, and a considerate forecast of the future—is the only apology I shall offer for this frankness.

It is nearly seventy years, you know, since my countrymen undertook a bold and somewhat hazardous experiment in this new world. They did so, in the face of many prevailing convictions, and against the prophecies of civilized mankind. It was quite generally expected that the career which they then marked out for themselves, would prove a disastrous failure; and loud and long-continued was the merriment, or the obloquy, as parties chose to take it, with which the mistakes and awkwardness of their rude beginnings were received.

Now I wish to show you that their attempt has not failed; that their experiment is no longer an experiment; that time has sanctioned and fulfilled their most swelling hopes; that what was once a timid and shrinking conjecture—vague aspiration rather than firm faith—has become a victorious fact; and that doubt and dismay no more beset our path, which, on the contrary, we tread with the buoyancy of assured success. The ominous cloud is passed, and across its receding folds we see the many-colored iris of suffused and tranquil sunshine.

Just read, my dear Major, after this last sentence, the article which we selected from the same number of Putnam that contained this, and which we sent you, on which we have made a few comments—however, to resume, read it I say, and judge for yourself:—

I am aware you will exclaim, at this slightly elated outset of mine, "Oh! that boastful and vainglorious people, will they never have done? Are we doomed to hear for ever its reverberating flatulencies about the 'model republic' and the 'greatest nation in all creation?'" Let me answer you frankly, that I hope not! The bombast into which our irritable vanity has been too often betrayed, is as distasteful to most of us as it can be to you; but at the same time bear in mind, that I for one shall not allow myself to be frightened into any tameness of statement,† in what I may have to say, by any menaces of your wit. Ridicule is terrible to me—as terrible perhaps as an army with banners‡—and yet there is a thing still more terrible. It is this—want of fidelity to my most cherished convictions; untruth in the assertion of my character and aims. We Americans are devoted to democracy from our mothers' breasts, and are therefore forward and proud to proclaim what we suppose will further its claims to regard.

What I wish to present to you is, the influence of that democracy on the physical, political, social, and moral condition of the people. Looking upon it as the central and organic principle of our nationality, working itself out freely, through all the

* Said constituents to be divided thus—white freemen, black chattels.—*P. D.*

† That is to say, TRUTH.—*P. D.*

‡ The use of banners in an army is to terrify the advancing enemy—just as the charging bull is scared by the scarfs which are shaken at him by the picaflores in a bull-fight.—*P. D.*

ramified forms and interests of society, it is the very heart and fountain of our life; nor are its effects as such, speculations or theories with us, but facts. We study it in its actual phenomena; we see its practical operations; and whether these be for good or ill, we know that they are at least well-authenticated, tangible, and permanent. A recent census of the United States, moreover, places it in our power to show just what they are, what attainments they have made in every sphere of national progress, and to demonstrate triumphantly, as I am sure, the solidity and the beneficence of popular government.

Bide a wee! Major, and you will see that it is not quite so easy to get at the returns which are to do all this without paying something handsome for the information.

Such a demonstration is needed all over Europe, and scarcely less in England than elsewhere. This country has never been adequately represented by travellers and statisticians, who have taken its case into their hands. We find ourselves aspersed rather in many quarters, needless to be mentioned here, by the most unfounded statements, the most illogical inferences, the most damaging insinuations, and the most outrageous caricatures. Our prosperity is often ascribed to any but its true causes; our errors of a day are set down as permanent characteristics; the eccentricities of a part of us are imputed to the whole of us, as cherished principles of conduct; occasional rudenesses of conduct are treated as innate vulgarity; and that devotion to practical ends, which is inevitable in a state of youthful and ruddy prosperity, degraded into a mean, prostrate, and abandoned worship of money. Indeed, could we believe some accounts that are given of us, we should be forced to confess that slavery was our only "institution," and a sharp practice with the bowie-knife our most delectable amusement. Meanwhile, these wilful or bigoted tourists do not see the deeper pulses of life beating beneath the surface, and they say nothing of the nobleness and generosity that may be in our heart, nor of the exalted and blissful destiny that we are, consciously and unconsciously, working out for humanity.

Hold hard now, Brother Jonathan, and, before going into figures, let us inquire what has been the influence of democracy on your political, moral, and social condition.

In page 53 of "Politics for American Christians," a work published by Lippencott, Grambo, and Company, Philadelphia, Anno Domini, 1852, are these remarkable words—remarkable, we say, when placed in apposition with your glowing description:—"The power of our vast republic, the patronage of its rulers, offices, salaries, the public treasury and its disbursing agencies, distinction and influence are put up, by our system of government, not to the highest bidder, but to be struggled for by the boldest politicians the most unscrupulous intriguers, and the most active demagogues.—These prizes stand glittering in their eyes, and they feel that they have an equal right to contend for them." A little farther on we are told:—"They engage in a strife for plunder, and they offer to divide the spoils, thus employing the offices of the country, its power, and the control of its treasury as means of corruption at once of fatal tendency and extensive operation." Again,—"There is, perhaps, no subject on which the friends of democratic institutions choose to remain under greater delusion and mystification than that of popular elections,—*no remedy having been discovered for the mischiefs attending them*, there seems to be a tacit agreement that silence shall be maintained on the subject, *least some degree of discredit should be attached to republicanism.*" Again,—"Our system of elections presents exactly the conditions which enable unscrupulous and unworthy men, to take the chief control of government into their hands. It furnishes to such men the very means and inducements which enable them *effectually to sap public morals*, and prey upon the vital interests of the country. That worse results have not followed such events may be owing to the *fact*, that demagogues have no interest in destroying institutions, *the working* of which they can turn to their private advantage."

Most knowing of Majors! look on this picture and on that, reflect on the convulsion into which Brother Jonathan is thrown every four years, and then judge of the solidity and benificence of popular governments.

"Let all this pass, however, and let us try, under better information or motives, to come at a truer picture of the condition and prospect of the American people.

"The United States, to begin at the beginning, John, are a league or confederation, of thirty-one separate and independent republics. They cover a territory which extends from the 26th degree of latitude south, to the 47th degree north, and, in the other direction, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans. Consequently, they enjoy every variety of climate, from the freezing to the torrid zones, though the greater part of them lie in the temperate regions; they possess every kind of valuable soil, capable of the diversified productions of every kind; and they are exposed, on hill-sides and valleys, to all the genial heats of the sun, and to all the fertilizing influences of the gentle summer rains. The public lands, belonging to the central government alone, amount to more than (12,000,000,000) twelve thousand millions of acres, which, according to the present estimates of the population of the world, is more

than an acre a piece for every man, woman, and child on the globe. Adding to this, the land belonging to the separate States, and that in the possession of private individuals, and you have an area of three millions, two hundred and twenty-one thousand, five hundred and ninety-five square miles (3,221,000) in extent. Now Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, contains 34,600 square miles. The extent of the United States is therefore 95 times as great as that of the island of Great Britain. France contains an area of 197,400 square miles—a territory less than one-fifteenth the size of that of the United States. Austria, including Hungary and the Italian dependencies, contains but 300,000 square miles. Russia is the only nation which exceeds the United States in extent of territory. She has, including her immense Asiatic possessions, a territory of about 4,000,000 square miles. The whole of Europe contains only 3,807,195 square miles, which exceeds by less than one-fifth, or 545,000 square miles, the territory of the United States. The greater part of these immense tracts is almost spontaneously fertile; wherever you strike in the spade or the plough, the corn springs and waves;* mines of iron, more extensive than those of Sweden, and of coal, as inexhaustible as those of England, to say nothing of the gold of California, are deposited in its bowels; rivers, which, with one exception, are the largest in the world, and inland lakes, like seas, connect and lace its fields; its immeasurable forests stand thick with oak, hickory, locust, fir, and woods of the finest fibre; while the great watery highway of the nations stand ready to roll its products to Europe on the one side, and on the other to India, and the farthest East.

"Such is the theatre on which the Americans are called to play their parts, and you see that Providence has placed no physical obstacle, at least, in the way of the freest action. Never, indeed, was a more rich, varied, or magnificent residence prepared for any portion of our race. Europe is ten thousand fold more splendid in the accumulations of art; in grand historical monuments, in the treasures of libraries; in the means and appliances of luxurious living; in the numbers of its people: but in all that nature can do to make a dwelling-place for men, the New World is beautiful and blessed beyond measure.

"But who are the actors who are placed in this new theatre? Are they worthy of the great drama in which their parts are cast? and will they conduct it to a catastrophe or a triumph?

The American people are almost as varied in character as the origins from which they sprung, or the climates under which they live. That stereotyped Yankee, in a long-tailed blue coat, and short striped pantaloons, with a nasal twang to his voice, and a prodigious fondness for exaggerated stories; who appears periodically upon your stage, and who furnishes the staple of stale wit to Nova Scotia book-makers, is an amusing fellow enough, and he would be nowhere more amusing and wonderful than in nearly every part of the United States. He is the type of a class unknown to all, save diligent antiquarians, or those who sedulously explore the curiosities of natural history. Some remote and scarcely decipherable antetype of him, might be found in the nooks of New England, but at the West and the South, he would seem to every body about as much like an American, as a dodo resembles an eagle, or the hippopotamus a cart-horse.

The American, John, with some odd variations here and there—don't start!—is an Englishman, without his caution, his reserve, his fixed habits, his cant, and his stolidity. He has all the independence of the original stock, all the pluck and determination, with more of quick and restless enterprise. At the East, he displays some of the canniness or cunning of the Scot; at the South, the vivacity, and light graceful air of the Frank, and at the West, the humor of the Irish crossed with German enthusiasm. But everywhere practical energy predominates in his composition. He is facile, changeable, ever open to adventure, taking up a business in the morning which he discards at night, and sleeping in his boots, that he may be ready for a fresh start the next day. Yet if success beckons him to the end of any race, he will persist in it for years, will pursue doggedly for a lifetime what others despise, and if he fails at last, unbroken by care or old age, he will "pick up his traps," and move onward with his children to a new settlement. His weary bones are never laid until he is quite dead, when some successor, indefatigable and elastic as himself, resumes and continues his projects. The house of his prosperity and comfort is always a building and never built. It is no part of his life plan to retire on a plum; he eats his plum as he makes it; then makes and eats it again. In short, then, the American is an inventive, intelligent, driving, and invincible man, with an unexampled adaptability to circumstances."

Certainly a modest picture, and not at all overdrawn—what says our other friend, however? does he invest his Yankee brethren with the same attributes? Let us hear him?—"We shrink from the use of such terms as would suffice aptly to depict the individual characters of a large majority of the members of the present (1852) Congress, and the legislative character of the whole body.—When we reflect that these men have been chosen by the *free suffrages* of the citizens of this *great, proud, and intelligent* nation, we are filled with astonishment, if not dismay, and we exclaim,—If self-respect, if the cause of self-government, if the interests of humanity could not save us this flagrant disgrace, could not the Christians of the country have averted such a calamity." Complimentary this, Major, and not at all at variance with the character already drawn. There is, however, one drop left to sweeten this bitter cup—there is yet left some good in Yankeedom—some hope for the house of DOODLE. Hark!—"There is yet a remnant of good men in Congress, but they are hopelessly

* Vide Martin Chuzzlewit's description of Eden.—P.D. No. 3.

overpowered,— their virtue may remain, but their courage is withered." Alas, alas! is it even so? Must all our hopes that, Brother Jonathan, was not quite so irretrievably ruined, be frustrated? Must we have the conviction forced on us, that men laugh in derision at the idea of honesty and patriotism as compatible with legislation,—that there runs not in Congress the slightest perceivable current of morality, or wisdom, or public virtue. —Och! Thunder and turf!—Tare and ages! no! Must we, can we be expected to believe that any member who ventures to speak on a measure designed for the public benefit is regarded as "super-serviceable, over-righteous, and eminently verdant." Must the hard conviction be forced on us that the A.D. 1852 American has but exchanged the *fixed habits*, cant and stolidity of the Britisher for—worse, —but so it is, according to our friend. "The extent to which this moral prostitution has gone, under the shadow of our capitol, can be fully credited only by those who ascertain it on the spot. How many there may be of those Congressional brokers—they deserve a name more descriptive of their calling—it is difficult to tell; they may be numbered by scores or hundreds.* They fill a great variety of grades, from those who procure special legislation for one, two, or three hundred thousand dollars to the humbler police of this hungry pack, whose office it may be to keep members in their seats at the hour of voting, or to keep them away, or to lead them to the gaming-table to win their money, or to lend it; for all which, and manifold otherlike services, they may receive a few dollars daily, and a share of the plunder when a great prize is secured. These men pervade the whole atmosphere of Congress and the capitol, they hunt singly, in pairs, and in whole packs; and when fairly on foot for prey, no hounds in the world are more greedy, more keen of scent, more fleet, or sure of their wind, in pursuit of game, than those which follow at the heels of members of Congress."

So much for the actors who pull the wires—what says our honest friend of the puppets!—how dance they when set in motion?—"The favors of Congress are thus constantly struggled for by hosts of impassioned suitors utterly regardless of the dignity or reputation of that body." "Details could be furnished of Congressional shame and degradation which would far more than justify the language we have used." But, asks some one, surely a host of impassioned men on the floor of Congress are "wearying high heaven" for justice, on behalf of some expectant and deserving claimant,—of course they are. Judge gentle reader for yourself.—"Who can tell the numbers of the destitute and suffering who are now waiting Congressional justice, without the slightest prospect of success? The debts, assumed by the United States, to the claimants upon the French government, now fifty years old, are not yet paid—France became indebted to citizens of the United States, in a large sum, for merchandise and ships taken by her cruisers—after a long period the Government of Louis Philippe acknowledged the debt and *paid the money into the treasury* of the United States, where it remains* through the refusal of Congress to order it to be paid to the rightful owners. Many of our merchants, whose property was thus taken away from them, were ruined by the loss. They passed the remnant of their lives in fruitless applications to the justice of Congress. Their widows and orphans have grown old in poverty and in suffering, whilst continuing these fruitless applications." Just one short quotation more and we will leave this flattering picture of inventive, intelligent men who have divested themselves of the fixed habits and cant of the Britishers:—"The returns of the census of 1850, containing information of the highest importance to the country at large, and of great interest to all the world, lie useless in the office, in which they have long been completed, the expense of printing being merely the ostensible cause, the real difficulty being that the two great parties which divide the country, are contending for the spoils of the printing. This printing will be eventually performed in a manner alike disgraceful to the art, to the nation, and the subject.—But we may as well pause from the attempt at enumeration, and say there is no assignable limits to the perfidy, to the injustice, to the corrupt

* We are very far from including in this class, many respectable gentlemen whose knowledge and services are really invaluable to those *who have* business before Congress. The cleverest of these men are among the sufferers by the state of things we so much deplore.

* Does it?—P. D., No 4.

practices, to the breaches of trust, and breaches of oaths, and other official and private immoralities which are committed in and about the Congress of the United States. They are such as, if brought to light in equal intensity of iniquity, in any profession, or department of social life, would bring on the perpetrators such a storm of indignation and scorn, as would drive them from society with a reputation, from which the pillory and the penitentiary would alike shrink with loathing and disgust." Now, my dear Major, what are we to believe, —it is from statements, precisely similar to the one we have been quoting from, relating to other countries, that Brother Jonathan adduces his superiority in everything—so, may we not fairly infer, from Messrs. Lippencotte and Grambo's pamphlet, that he is not quite such a fine fellow as he imagines himself to be, nor his family quite so orderly or well principled as he imagines.

We can prove from our own books, which have been very well brought up lately by Mr. Smith,* that, so far as we are concerned, our balance sheet is a better one than Brother Jonathan's.—Let us compare figures, if but to satisfy you:—

"Every year adds more than a quarter of a million of the population of the old world to the new. The sedate and prudent Englishman, the impulsive Irishman, the volatile Frenchman, and the plodding German, all rush to our "fresh fields and pastures new;" but they are soon caught up and absorbed by the influences around them, and long before the second generation, they are dashed forward with the prevailing activity. They forget the stale habits of thought, and of manner, which they left behind them, and they soon exhibit as much eagerness, courage and enterprise, as the "oldest inhabitant." Thus, an incessant bustle and tumult comes to characterize our society; a noise of awakening life and busy preparation; of vast industrial hosts going forth to battle with the stormy elements, and stubborn glebe; of a young, hardy, glowing nation, putting in order and embellishing the homes of uncounted millions yet to come. In comparison with this universal mobility, the slow advances of Europe seem like the decrepit and tottering steps of an old man, whose life, rich though it be, is hidden in the dim past; while we are the supple and smart youth, radiant with the flushes of undisciplined vigor, and rushing impulsively on to a future filled with images of increasing splendor and power. The most favored portions of Europe grow only at the rate of 1½ per cent. per annum, while we grow at the rate of 3½—say the figures.

"Figures are unhandsome things to introduce into polite writing—and very dull too—but they are unfortunately often necessary in this arithmetical world. Pardon me, therefore, if I subjoin a few for your enlightenment—they relate only to the past, present, and future population of the United States. Skip them, if they are disagreeable.

Year.	Population.
1850	23,138,004
1875	46,276,008
1900	92,552,016

"Supposing population to double every twenty-five years, which is less than the actual rate of increase. Thus, you find, that the child is living who will see one hundred millions of brother freemen on this side of the Atlantic."

Just one moment, Major, out of the "one hundred millions of brother freemen," how many will there be, do you suppose, who, because they are not quite so white as Brother Jonathan, will be, not *brother freemen*, but *chattels*.

"Well, having before you the scene and the actors—an open, broad theatre, and a free, energetic people in the possession of it—the next point, that interests us, is how the play is going forward. We are democrats, operating unobstructedly under mere democratic impulses, with an almost unlimited space to operate in—what, thus far, are the results?"

Here again, Major, we will, before going into Brother Jonathan's results, submit for your inspection a few statements respecting ourselves, and, for the sake of securing all possible exactness, we will take Mr. Smith's figures as quoted by Mr. Lillie. We will just put aside Jonathan's result of figures for a few moments:

"Between 1824 (from which period the calculations agree) and 1834, a rise takes place from 151,097 to 320,693; which is doubling in ten years, with 18,499 over. The next fourteen years bring us up from 320,693 to 791,000—the return for 1850. Within the brief space of a quarter of a century there is an advance from 151,097 to 791,000; which gives us at the close of that period over five times our population at its beginning—more than ten times our population in 1811, or according to Smith, close upon ten times that of 1806.

"Lower Canada during the same time, rose from 423,630 to 791,000; the same number with the Upper Province; being an increase of nearly 90 per cent.

"Taking Canada as a whole its population has increased from 60,000 to 1,582,000 in 90 years. Hence in 1850 it was over 26 times what it was in 1760; more considerably than 2¾ times what it was in 1815, when it numbered 581,657.

What "availeth" it, some of us peevishly exclaim, that we are growing at a rate which cannot be denied to be rapid, so long as our neighbors on the other side of the Line are so far outstripping us? How far do you con-

* Vide Smith's Canada.
A re-issue of this truly valuable work has just appeared. —And a well finished map illustrated with statistics and views of the principal Canadian towns, is presented gratuitously to all purchasers.

ceive are they outstripping us? Let us look at the facts, however terrible they may prove to be. Wise men hold it well in very bad cases to know the worst.

Compare we then Upper Canada, first with the Free States of the Union, then with the State of New York, and lastly with Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois conjoined; and see what the result will be.

"According to the American Almanac for 1851, page 212, and "The World's Progress" (a "Dictionary of Dates" published by Putnam of New York in 1851) page 481, the free population of the United States, was, in 1800, 5,305,925. The latter work, (Appendix. p. 704) states it to amount to 20,250,000 in 1851, In 1810 it was 7,239,814, (page 481.

"Thus it is in 1850 about (not quite) four times what it was at the commencement of the century; while Upper Canada contains, as we have seen, over ten times the population it possessed in 1811; or, at the lowest calculation, ten times its amount in 1806. The slow growth therefore turns out to be a rate of progress not much under thrice that of our neighbors who are supposed to be moving ahead of us so fast. Slow growth this of rather an anomalous description. Taking the ten years between 1840 and 1850, the difference is less: though during that time we have advanced at a rate fully twice that of the Free States, whose increase has been 45 per cent. (that of the whole states being 33½; World's Progress, p. 704), while ours has been 94 or 95 per cent.

"In Lower Canada the increase for the thirteen years between 1831 and 1844 was nearly 35 per cent.—to wit, 34·94 (Scobie's Almanac 1850, p. 53.) An increase of 50 per cent. has taken place within the last seven years in the county of Quebec; which has advanced from 12,800 to 19,074 in 1851.

"Let us turn now to the State of New York, one of the best in the Union. That State contained in

1810	959,?00	Inhabitants.
1820	1,372,812	do.
1840	2,428,921	do.
1850	3,200,000	do.

[World's Progress, pp. 443, 704.]

"In 1850 its population is thus 3½ times (a trifle over) what it was forty years before, that of Upper Canada being in the same year close upon 8½ times what Smith makes it in 1814; or over ten times its amount in 1811, as stated by the Board of Registration.

It is, however, towards the west the tide is flowing, let us pass with it and mark the results.

For the purpose of comparison we have chosen the States of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois combined, chiefly for these two reasons; first, because they have been, we believe, among the most rapid in their growth—sufficiently rapid at all events to make the comparison fair for the West; and secondly, because our statistics enable us to take in a longer period than we could have done in the case of some other states which we should else have been disposed to include.

"Availing ourselves once more of the aid of our old friend "The World's Progress," we ascertain the united population of these three states to have been in 1810, 247,570—namely, Ohio, 230,760; Michigan, 4,528; and Illinois, 12,282. They stand as follows in 1850—Ohio, 2,200,000; Michigan, 305,000; and Illinois, 1,000,000: in all 3,505,006, or fourteen one-sixth times their numbers, forty years before. This assuredly is a splendid increase; enough, and more than enough to justify the most glowing of the descriptions we hear of what the West is to become."

How will poor Canada West stand in comparison now? Let us see.

"As already observed the Board of Registration and statistics gives the population of Upper Canada as 77,000 in 1811. Between that and 1850, when it is set down at 791,000, there intervenes a period of 39 years, within which we have an advance of close upon thirteen times (twelve six-sevenths) to set over against fourteen one-sixth times in 40 years. Does not this bring them sufficiently near to prevent their despising one another; to make them regard one another with respect and interest?

"Here, it will be observed, the statement of the Board of Registration is followed. Should it it be objected that Mr. Smith makes the numbers larger in the earlier period, being unwilling to question the accuracy of that gentleman, who has evidently taken great pains to inform himself, and produced a work eminently reliable—thereby laying the community under an obligation, of which, I trust, they will show their appreciation in the proper way,—I know only one satisfactory method of disposing of the difficulty, namely, to take as the basis of comparison a period at which the representations substantially coincide.

"For 1810 then let us substitute 1830, which will allow twenty years for development and comparison. In that year Ohio, Michigan and Illinois contained in all 1,126,851 inhabitants: Ohio numbering 937,637; Michigan 31,639. and Illinois 157,575. Hence the number in 1850 (3,505,000) was three and one-fifth or one-sixth times that of 1830.

Canada West contained in 1830, 210,437. Twenty years after, namely in 1850 (1849, Smith) it numbers as we have seen, 791,000—over three and three-fourth times what it did in the former year; which makes the scale descend handsomely in our favor.

Thus it turns out that Canada West is advancing at a rate fully equal to that of the best of the Western States.

These comparisons, triumphantly as it has come out of them, can hardly be denied to be unfair to Upper Canada, or at all events to stretch fairness to its utmost limit; because

they set selected portions of the States against her as a whole, and because the Western States are growing, to the extent of the native portion of the immigration, at the expense of the others. Of the increase of the Western States a large portion consists not of additions to the country as a whole, but of mere removals from one part of it to another; while the increase shewn to have taken place in Canada West, is an increase on the whole. To return again, however, to our iriend, Jonathan:—

"I will begin the answer, where every thing human begins, with our physical and external relations to the earth and man. Our gross annual product in 1851, was $2,445,300,000; that of Great Britain, as given by Spachman in 1846, was $1,182,221236. Other staticians have made the amount much larger than this, but, as I think without sufficient grounds.

"Here also is a table, corrected from the *Belfast Mercantile Journal*, which shows the amount of the shipping and tonnage, entered and cleared by the leading nations of the world.

Countries.	Entered. Tons.	Entered. Vessels.	Cleared. Tons.	Cleared. Vessels.
Great Britain,	6.113.696	31.249	5,996.978	29.011
United States,	4.993.440	29.710	5.130 051	29.986
France - - -	1,557,291	15.261	1.430.055	13,865
Russia - - -	1,323.080	6.401	1,177.994	6,197
Netherlands -	1.099.771	6.959	1,126.861	7.017
Norway - -	772,885	7,969	806,766	8,168

"But of the vessels and tonnage which belong exclusively to each of these nations, the following statement will give a clearer account:—

Countries.	Tons.	Vessels.
Great Britain - - - -	4.144.145	24,090
United States - - -	3,772.439	18.225
France - - - - - - -	595.344	13.679
Russia - - - - - -	100,000	750
Netherlands - - - -	396.924	1.793
Norway - - - - -	337,058	3,064

"It will thus be seen that the United States are close under the lee of Great Britain, and far in advance of all other nations; but at the comparative rates of increase of these two leaders, it will only take us five years to get the start of Great Britain!

"Of the rate at which our import and export trade, with our tonnage, increases, the subjoined comparison of two separate dates, will convey some instructive hints:

Years.	Imports,	Exports.	Tonnage.
1842	100,162.087	101.691,534	2,092.391
1851	223,405,272	217,523,201	3,772,439

"Or, in other words, our exports and imports have more than doubled in value in ten years, and our tonnage nearly doubled.

"The steam marine of Great Britain was reckoned in 1850, at 1,200 vessels, including ferry boats and canal barges; that of the United States in 1851, was 1,489, which were divided as follows:—Ocean steamers 95, tonnage 91,475; propellers 119, tonnage 27,974; ferry boats 130, tonnage 28,744; first class river steamers 1,145, tonnage 275,000. Other computations make the number of steamers 1,800, but I prefer the lowest statement. At the same time, I forbear any comparison of the respective merits, as to speed and beauty, between the different descriptions of vessels in the two nations.

"But the growth of our internal communications, in other respects, are quite as worthy of note. On the first of January, 1853, there were in the United States, 13,219 miles of completed rail-road, 12,928 miles of railroad in various stages of progress, and about 7,000 miles in the hands of the engineers, which will be built within the next three or four years—making a total of 33,155 miles of rail-road which will soon traverse the country, and which, at an average cost of $30,000 (a well ascertained average) for each mile of road, including equipments &c., will have consumed a capital amounting to $994,650,000, as follows:

13.227	miles completed - - - -	$396,810.000
12.929	miles in progress - - - -	357.840,000
7.000	miles under survey - - -	210,000,000
33,155	Total -	$994,650,000

or in round numbers—$1,000,000,000—one billion of dollars: a sum which, at six per cent., would yield $60,000,000 annually, or more than sufficient to cover all the expenses of the United States *government and of the governments* of every State composing the United States—if administered with republican economy.

"Now compare with the foregoing, what has been done in the railroad line abroad. Here is a statement from late received authorities:

	Miles.	Aggregate.	Cost per Mile.
Great Britain and Ireland	6,800	$1,218,000,000	$177,000
German States, including Prussia and Austria.	5,332	325,875,000	61,000
France - - -	2,518	338,905,000	254,000
Belgium - - -	532	46.258.000	39,000
Russia - - - -	700	35 000.000	75,000
Italy - - - - -	170	15,000.000	88,000
	16,142	$2,159,068,000	

"The canals of the United States are 5,000, miles in length; the electric telegraph wires 16,000; and the rivers actually navigated 47,355 miles by the shore line.

"It is worth while to remark, that these successes refer only to the developements of the past, and insufficiently indicate the more accelerated and prodigious strides we shall make in the future. They have been achieved in the midst of difficulties of every kind—difficulties incident to the want of wealth, of machinery, of skill, and of a knowledge of the best industrial methods. But in the future these defects will be repaired; every new discovery in practical art will quicken the passage to others, and the attainment of accumulated capital will put within our command resources that are now utterly beyond our reach. Our people have already spread themselves over the long extent of the Pacific coast, and are opening new springs and channels of trade in these vast and fertile regions. They will soon enter into the competition for the opulent trade of the East. A ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, or a railroad to California from the Mississippi Valley—projects now vehemently agitated—will bring us nearly two thousand miles nearer to China and the East Indies, than any of the nations which have heretofore possessed the lucrative trade of Asia. What the result must be, as well upon the reduction

of the commerce of other nations as upon the growth of our own, no one who comprehends the increasing and indomitable enterprise of the Americans need be told.

"It behoves England especially to take this suggestion into profound consideration. With an ambition on the part of Russia, to extend her possessions down to the Mediterranean, so as to form a complete barrier to European trade in Asia, she has a vital interest in this movement. Should the despotic powers of the continent cut off or interrupt the possibility of her overland communication with the prolific magazines of Southern and Eastern Asia, England will have none but the old routes of travel left her, in which event, the route across America would soon absorb the entire trade of the east. As the Argosies of the East once passed from Venice and the Italian Republics into her own hands, so they may hereafter pass from hers into those of the western world. But this is anticipating!

"You are a sensible man, John; no man more so; and will appreciate these facts, which I italicize, to impress them on your mind. *Our annual product surpasses that of Great Britain; our domestic commerce also surpasses yours; our foreign tonnage is almost equal to yours, and in five years will be greater than yours; our means of internal communication by railroad equal yours, with the Continent thrown in; our telegraphic lines exceed yours, by nearly the same measure; and in every other physical element of national superiority we can well consent to hold the candle to you.*

Jonathan does not add—I presume his modesty alone prevents it—that all this, too, has been done without the aid of European men and money; and that to "inventive, intelligent, daring, invincible, and sound-principled Americans" alone are the praise, honor, and glory to be ascribed. Who refused to allow Irishmen to assist in our public works? Invincible Jonathans! Who spurned the loan of English gold? intelligent, well-principled republicans. Who have no equals in the world for the dexterity with which they wield the pickaxe and the spade? same response! Who can with truth boast that, in all their manufactories and workshops, to native talent alone are they indebted? inventive Yankees! Who are daily, from their simplicity of heart and honesty of purpose, in all trading transactions becoming the victims of calculating Palanders? the innocent down-easters with swallow-tailed coats!—and so, *ad infinitum*, might the instances be multiplied where Jonathan is victimized. One more question remains for Jonathan to ask. Who are always the foremost to recognize benefits conferred, and who are so impatient under *obligations or bonds, whether pecuniary or otherwise*, that they invariably get rid of them *somehow?* Men with an *unexampled adaptability to circumstances!*

"Let our neighbors the despots know this, will you? and tell them, too, not to be so shallow as to try to account for this vast and increasing prosperity, as they have hitherto done, by ascribing it to the extent of our landed possessions. Russia has land enough in all conscience; is a young nation, moreover; yet Russia cannot compare with us, in solid and swift developement. Your Colony of Lower Canada has plenty of land; but how far it lags behind the States which are only separated by a river! There is a whole continent of fertile land in South America, but where is the population, the trade, the thrift, the peace? No! this land theory will not suffice; it cannot hold water: and it were better for your aforesaid neighbors to concede at once, that we are what we are, because of those free institutions, which give the reins without a curb, to the native enterprise of the people. We are prosperous because we are free, as every nation is prosperous just to the extent of its freedom, which is so abundantly evinced by your own history.

"It must be confessed, however, that a nation's, like a man's life, 'consisteth not in the abundance of the things that it possesses.' All the wealth of the world would do us no good, if it were unaccompanied by the richer treasures of intelligence, virtue, and religion. It is a part of my task, therefore, to show the effects which democracy has had upon these; and, I think, in pursuance of it, I shall be able to make it clear that we are about as well-educated, moral and orderly a people as you can find; or in other words, that our intellectual, social, and religious progress has kept pace with our physical developement."

We need not say anything more about Jonathan's possession of these qualities—poor fellow, we do not wish to be too severe on him, and, as in the former part of our letter we touched on the subject already, we will not again bring it forward, *especially* as we have no room just at present, and must defer to next month the proof that, while Brother Jonathan is boasting of his superiority, we are in reality, surely, and not slowly, laying the foundation of the power, which will in time to come balance the influence possessed by the States—should that power not have crumbled into smaller states long ere that period.

Till next month, dear Major, farewell.

A DEAD CERTAINTY.—Mr. Naysmith has been promising to endow England with a new "destructive engine." We doubt if it can be half so destructive as the railway engines England has already got.

PRECIOUS POULTRY.—Hens rear ducklings; but the price of Cochin China fowls is so enormous, that their chickens can only be raised by geese.

MAXIM FOR THE ADMIRALTY.—You may take a ship to the water, but you can't make it swim.

THE CANKER ROSE AND THE THORN.

A LEGEND OF HELMSLEY HALL.

"But my fause luve he staw my rose,
And O! he left the thorn wi' me."
Burns.

It was a lovely May eve. Nature rejoicing in her beauty and fragrance, seemed loth to withdraw the brightness of her face from the fair, flowery earth. The dewy air was loaded with the perfume of roses and blossoms of every tint, a happy murmur came from the leafy boughs, and songs of birds mingled with the rush of a bright streamlet that cut its way through the smooth shaven turf, soothed the spirit and charmed the ear. On such an eve as this, two lovers paced the margin of the stream with arms fondly entwined. There was an air of troubled sadness in the countenance of the young female—of stern and manly daring in that of her companion, mingled with an expression of fond and passionate affection for the fair girl beside him. For some minutes they walked on in silence—that silence which is often more eloquent than words,—it was first broken by the young girl—

"And now Walter—my Walter,—we must part! it was for this we met. We are parting, perhaps, for ever, and you will forget me in the change of scene; in foreign climes, amid the bustle of the camp. You will think of me for a few weeks—a few months, and then—forget me."

"Eleanor, is this your love? Is it kind thus to embitter the last few minutes that we may be together, with doubts and jealous fears?—True love is trusting."

"Who have I on earth but you to love? Who has ever loved me as you have done—my only friend in adversity and sorrow. When the world frowned upon me, you only smiled, soothed and cheered me."

"How can I forget you? my all in life, my first, best, only love!" He stopped and gazed tenderly, but reproachfully, into her eyes,—they responded sadly to his glance.

"Forgive me, dearest Walter, if I have pained you. I was thinking of my dream, and a yet more singular circumstance, in its partial fulfilment."

"I know you are fanciful, and deal much in the vain theory of sympathies, and dreams, and warnings.—Tell me your dream?"

"It was simple, Walter, but it pained me, and the thought still dwells on my mind—the conviction that it will ultimately be fulfilled haunts me. If I tell it you will laugh at me."

"Tell it. I will not laugh—I am in no merry mood," he gravely replied.

"I dreamed that I was walking in the rose-walk, with you, dearest, at my side. I bade you gather me a rose to place within my girdle.—You plucked a half-blown bud, and gave it to me hastily—a thorn pierced my finger and made it bleed.—I took it from my bosom again pettishly, and perceived as I did so, that the canker-worm had eaten to the heart of the rose.—I was grieved, and wakened to muse upon my dream."

"Silly girl!—and what more?"

"Yesterday you were walking in the garden with me, the two Evelyns were with us—we were in the rose-alley; you gallantly plucked roses for *them*—you gave me none. I noticed the omission—you hastily snatched a bud from the bush and placed it in my hand, a thorn lacerated my finger—see here is the wound; I looked upon the bud—a canker was in its very core. The thorn and the canker dwelt upon my mind. Was it not a singular coincidence?"

"A mere coincidence, favored by your fancy. You are too imaginative, Eleanor; check this weakness, lest it prove your bane. We have other things to talk of to-night, than an idle dream."

A cloud darkened the brow of Walter Tyrrel, as he said these words. There was something harsh and unloving in the tones of her lover's voice, that smote the ear of Eleanor Danvers. The thorn was already rankling in her heart.

The lovers parted that evening, with many vows and protestations on the part of the young soldier, to love on—love ever. Eleanor said less but felt more; hers had been no summer love—"like winter's sun it rose in tears," like it, was destined to set in clouds and darkness.

Time rolled on, and in its course brought many changes. Walter Tyrrel had run a noble career in arms, on many a well fought field in Spain his blood had been shed. The world smiled on the young warrior. The dark-eyed daughters of Spain had also smiled upon him. Honors poured upon the poor friendless grandson of the curate of Ashfield, he was now an officer of high rank in the service,—but the love of his youth, his faithful true-hearted Eleanor was forgotten; the canker-worm was in the rose, the thorn was lacerating her heart.

And now we pass an interval of ten long years: the girl of seventeen was matured into the woman of seven and twenty,—many had sought her hand in marriage, but none had won her love. Of Walter Tyrrel she had long lost all trace, she fondly mourned him as dead, and trusting, vainly believed that her name was on his lips when he met a soldier's fate on the battle field.

It was about this period that Eleanor received

a kind and pressing invitation from a noble relative residing at Helmsley Hall, to share in the festivities of her cousin Matilda's bridal. Among the groups of graceful, lively, English girls that moved so joyously among the terraced walks and flowery parterres of the garden at Helmsley, there were not two more distinguished beauties than Matilda Hammerton and her cousin Eleanor, but there was a marked difference between the cousins; Matilda was fair and sylph-like, her eyes were blue and joyful, she looked so radiantly happy as if a cloud had never dimmed the sunshine of her life; but in the large, dark eyes, classic outline, and purely pale complexion of Eleanor there was an expression of something allied to melancholy, on which the eye of the beholder would rest with more than common interest, and sometimes wonder at its quiet sadness.

Eleanor had heard much from her cousin in praise of the bridegroom elect, the noble handsome, gallant Sir Walter D'Eyncourt, and with feelings of more than common curiosity she awaited the arrival of the object of her cousin's love.

The lively bride, with her sisters and bride's-maids, were assembled on the lawn and on the balcony, to meet and welcome Sir Walter as the carriage drove up to the hall.

An expression of surprise, and suddenly suppressed emotion, on the part of Sir Walter, was met by a glance, something akin to despair and horror, on that of Eleanor Danvers, as, bowing low before her to conceal his confusion, he returned the introductory greeting with the cousin of his betrothed.

Pale, statue-like, her arms tightly folded across her heart as if to keep down its agonizing throbbing, stood the unfortunate victim of forgotten love. How shall we describe the feelings of the deserted one as she withdrew from the painful sight of her cousin's joyful raptures. The thorn was piercing to her inmost heart, the canker worm was destroying the silken folds of the rose. Alas! for human love, for it also hides in its depths the seeds of human woe.

Ten years had passed since they parted in the garden at Ashfield Priory—and how had they met? No longer the young, the loving Walter Tyrel, the obscure grandson of the old curate, but the admired, the courted of all beholders, the fortunate heir of Sir Walter D'Eyncourt, a distant relative, whose name he had taken when he inherited his wealth, and now the affianced husband of her cousin—a beauty and an heiress. Alas! for man's ambition and woman's love. In her heart his image had been hidden, as an idol in a shrine, holy, untouched, locked up from every eye but her's, the poor, trusting devotee.

Unable to endure the eye even of her attendant, the unhappy Eleanor left her chamber, and wandered forth in the twilight; there, cast down upon the grass beneath the overhanging shade of boughs, in a lonely recess in the garden, she vented her anguish.

A tall figure approaches through the gloom,—the pulse of her aching heart seemed stopped,—that tall majestic form that bends to lift her from the ground, is the same Walter on whose arm she once had hung so fondly.

"I did not think, Eleanor, that we should thus have met," he said in deep tones. "My Eleanor look up."

"Call me not yours," she said, in chiding accents, "we have met in an evil hour—met but to part for ever."

"It had been better, indeed, that we had never met, or never parted," he said. "But it must be so,—and I must sacrifice my once beloved one to my ambition. I cannot now retrace my steps, or break my vow to Matilda,—you see the impossibility of *that.*" He paused—

"Do not part from her now, it would break her heart—mine is already broken," hurriedly responded his companion. "But what matters it to you? Sir Walter D'Eyncourt. You will have a younger, a fairer, and a richer bride.—One who loves you, but not as I have loved you—in poverty, in sorrow, through good report and through ill report—she has loved you in sunshine, I in storm —and thus am I requited."

There was a darker shade on the brow of Sir Walter.—Yes, she, that broken-hearted woman who now bent beneath his stern, cold glance, as a snow-drop beaten down by the hail-storm of winter, had been long years ago his only friend and comforter, had clung to him in adverse fortune, cheered and sustained him by her smiles, had been his guiding star in the stormy path of life,—and how was she requited. How was her dream of faithful love dispelled when he spoke to her of his bride, and even dared to bid her command her feelings, for his sake, and take her part in the approaching ceremony as her cousin's bridesmaid.

With dull apathy she listened to his request,—the words rang in her ears, but she seemed unable fully to comprehend the meaning of his words. With fixed, expanded eyes she gazed upon him.

Alarmed at her strange, ghastly look, and passionless manner, Sir Walter took her icy hand in his. "Eleanor," he said "we have a part to play in this sad drama of life—you must forget that we have ever loved, that we even met."

She answered only by one deep, heavy sigh,—the sound smote on the ear of Sir Walter, the muscles of his face moved convulsively. He pressed her icy hands in his, but she proudly withdrew them, and waved him from her. Awed by the dignity of her despair he dared not again look upon that marble tearless face, those eyes from which no tear-drop fell.

The man of the world smothered the remorseful feeling that had been awakened in his heart. She is yet young,—yet lovely, she will call up her woman's pride to smother this dream of early love—the romantic creation of her fancy. Thus argued the sophist as he retraced his steps, and once more sought the side of his betrothed.

Of Eleanor he saw no more that night. The bridal morn dawned gloriously,—never had the villagers of Helmsley seen so gay a pageant, every face was decked with smiles, and flowers were strewed, and bells rung joyously. Two and two came the bride's-maids, and groom's-men. The bride, radiant in beauty and happiness chastened by tender emotions, was the centre of attraction. One alone was marked by her striking contrast to the rest of the happy group that surrounded the altar.

This one was Eleanor Danvors—a deadly pallor was on her brow, her lips were white and closely compressed; her raven hair fell in heavy masses on her ashy cheek, damp and uncurled, from beneath the white veil and chaplet of white roses which she wore.—A strange unearthly glare was in her dark eyes, and once she reeled with dizzy movement as if she would have fallen.

"It is nothing," she said, and faintly smiled as her companions whispered their fears that she was ill. "I shall be better soon," she said, "the pang is past."

That night who so gay as she among the dancers. Sir Walter D'Eyncourt watched her with stolen anxious glances—was her gaiety feigned, or had her pride come to her aid to heal her sorrows.

Once, when they met in the mazes of the dance he pressed her hand, but she recoiled from his touch as from an adder, or some deadly thing, and his eye sank beneath the look that met his—it spoke volumes of concentrated anguish, of stern resolve and bitter withering scorn.—How had a few short hours turned the deep fount of tenderness to gall within her breast.

The night was far advanced, the bride had left the ball-room, the revellers one by one were retiring from the banquetting hall.—Suddenly a cry was heard, so wild and peircing that it rose above all other sounds; it fell upon the ears of the astonished guests with terrible distinctness—then there were hurrying feet and a wild tumult in the gallery above the council hall,—for an instant the ghastly form of Eleanor Danvors was seen poised on the stone balustrade, her long black tresses, divested of the chaplet and veil, hung all dishevelled round her fair neck and shoulders, her garments were disordered, and her pale face and wildly glancing eyes bespoke the fearful state of mental agony to which that fierce conflict of grief had reduced her.—That thrilling cry was echoed back by the horror-stricken spectators as she cast herself down upon the pavement below.

And still the superstitious peasantry declare, though nearly a century has passed over, *that the* cry of the broken-hearted may be heard at midnight, and her form, clothed in white garments, may be seen hovering *like a bird with outstretched* wings in the gallery above the council hall. Sir Walter D'Eyncourt left the country with his bride, *and though he lived to be an aged man was never* seen to smile. The canker and the thorn was transferred to his own heart

Oaklands, Rice Lake. C. P. T.

THE INFANT.

I saw an infant—health, and joy, and light
Bloomed on its cheek and sparkled in its eye,
And its fond mother stood delighted by,
To see its morn of being dawn so bright.
Again I saw it when the withering blight
Of pale disease had fallen, moaning lie
On that sad mother's breast: stern death was nigh,
And life's young wings were fluttering for their
flight.
Last I beheld it stretched upon the bier,
Like a fair flower untimely snatched away,
Calm and unconscious of its mother's tear,
Which on its marble cheek unheeded lay,
But on its lips the unearthly smile expressed,
Oh! happy child! untried and early blest.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

Rydon Hall.

A SHORT THEATRICAL CATECHISM.—Q. What order do the Press Orders belong to?

A. The order of the Fleece.

A YOUTHFUL PARTY.—Six admirals dined together one day last week at Portsmouth, and their united ages amounted to 556 years. The youngest of the party, who was not more than 73, is anxiously waiting for his turn to be called into active service. It is strongly feared by his friends, however, that his age will stand materially in his way, as he is considered far too young at present to be appointed to any responsible post. The other admirals join their ships (gout permitting) in a few days.

THE TURNING-POINT IN MY LIFE.

A RETROSPECT.

TO-DAY I am eight-and-twenty. A birthday always disposes me to retrospection: and though still very far from even the half-way point in the journey of life, I feel disposed to take a backward view of the path already trodden.

It was precisely ten years ago—on my eighteenth birthday—that the conviction thrust itself upon my mind that I had lost my heart-freedom—that I was in love. I struggled against the belief in vain; it was forced upon me; and I received it at length with an intense bitterness of spirit, as I would have received some inevitable but galling humiliation. I had no hope of a return; and worse than all, I had a stinging consciousness that I deserved none.

Undeserving, I, an heiress with wit and beauty! undeserving of one who doubled my age, who possessed not a tenth of my wealth, who had won his hardly-gained position by his own personal exertions! I, whom so many strove to win,—the centre of a little court, the Corinne in my own sphere, the mark for envy and for admiration, not worthy of the quiet, taciturn, undesirable, Mr. Oliphant! There seemed a mockery in it. How gladly would I have persuaded myself that there was! I went up to my glass. I was beautiful; that was absolute truth, no lying flattery to please the ear of an heiress. But what availed my beauty with one whose eye had penetrated within, and who, seeing self the deity, and vanity the master-passion, shrank from my "mere beauty" as from the whited sepulchres which cover dust and corruption?

I turned away from the glass and thought over my gifts and accomplishments. But what was it to me that artists glanced at my sketches admiringly, and that German professors drew their chairs to my piano with prospective delight radiant in every line of their critical features? What was it to me that ears and eyes disciplined by the masters of the stage followed my impassioned recitations with enthusiastic approval? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! And if I had had admiration still more universal, and homage still more exciting, it would still have been valueless so long as one drew back and refused to worship with the rest.

My father was a rich city merchant, and I his only child. I had the misfortune to lose my mother in my third year, and up to nine years of age passed my life in the nursery, under the eye of a fond, but fatally injudicious aunt. With ill-judged kindness she had made it the principle of her conduct "that poor Ada's child should be thwarted in nothing." I reaped the inevitable fruits. Naturally selfish and vehement—tendencies which might, under proper discipline, have been eradicated or regulated, grew rank and strong, and struck their roots into the very core of my heart,—I grew in time beyond my aunt's control, and was sent to school. My training was not much better here. I was an heiress, and had abilities above the common; and with this in my favour, my teachers were not rigorous. A boarding-school, too, is more frequently the soil where evil is planted than where the roots of it are torn up. Intellectual culture helped me, however. My trained perceptions discovered that there is beauty in goodness, and dignity in self-denial. From various sources I gathered fine theories of moral excellence; and at times my own heart swelled with impassioned but transient aspirations after their realization.

Before I left school I was conscious of a void in my existence; the primary want of humanity was already crying within me; I was on the search for happiness. My nature was an ardent one; I looked forward to getting what I wanted when I left school and was mistress of myself.

At seventeen I made my trial. I was the head of my father's house, and free to do whatever I pleased. I started with many advantages. I had wealth, beauty, and youth. To aid my natural capabilities I had received every possible advantage; and, having exhausted the resources of my own country, I had spent the last twelve months at a high class-school at Paris, to get the conventional touch of perfection to my education. I brought back with me a thorough knowledge of French, ease, style, and unhesitating confidence in my own powers.

My father's circle of friends was large, and I increased it. Willing to exert all my fascination, I dazzled society. I wanted something absolute and tangible, and I tried admiration. I had my fill of it. I was wondered at, envied, censured, imitated. I was everywhere sought after, everywhere talked of. Every night was a triumph, a fresh draught of the intoxication of adulation and homage

For a time I thought my point was gained, and fancied myself happy; but after a while I was surfeited with praise, and looked about for some novel stimulant. I found it. There was one who did not praise me, who refused to admire. Inflated by ready conquests and universal regard, I resented this fact almost as a wrong. Mr. Oliphant defrauded me of my right. I made up my mind to win or force that which he would not give.

Mr. Oliphant was a barrister by profession; an old friend of my father; and was very fond of relating the history of his early struggles with fortune. However, he had won the day; he had gained an honourable position at six-and-thirty, and had a high moral and intellectual reputation. But in society he did not deign to shine; it seemed his business rather to observe others than to show himself. As he observed all his fellow-beings, so he observed me; but with a silent gravity which seemed to express disapprobation. This piqued my pride. I knew him to be intellectual—far above many of my brilliant associates; and his good opinion was worth having.

"If he had given me that," I said to myself in the insolent triumph of my charms, "I would have been content; now I will have his heart."

I tried for it. I passed every accomplishment in array before him. I played for his ear; I sang to his taste; I deferred to his judgments. In vain! Personal vanity was not his stronghold; and the siege was useless. The difficulty of the pursuit stimulated me, and I went further still.

One evening, after I had been urged to a recitation of the *Marseillaise*, after the manner of the French actress Rachel, I sat down on the same sofa where Mr. Oliphant was sitting. It was in an obscure corner of the room; and I really wished to escape from the plaudits I had raised. I was

in a state of high excitement; my cheeks flushed, eyes glowing still with the fury I had feigned, and every pulse throbbing. Mr. Oliphant turned away his eyes from my face with an expression of pain. I felt humiliated.

"Mr. Oliphant," I said, "would you give me anything for the pleasures and gratifications you would take away?"

"Yes," he returned; "if I could, I would give you your own self-respect, which you have not now, and the heart to live as a rational, accountable creature should."

"Oh! I know," I exclaimed, "that you despise me; that all must who are like you; but what is the use of longing to be different? No one lends me a helping hand."

At the moment I felt this. I caught a glimpse of how unwomanly and ignoble my frivolous, self-seeking life of display was; and a genuine aspiration stirred within me to get a step nearer his level.

He looked at me earnestly. I saw he mistrusted me; but this time my face bore his scrutiny. He seemed to reflect. Presently he said—"If, Ada, my friendship could serve you, I would willingly help you to step out of your present sphere into one a little wider—a little higher."

These words recalled me to myself. I might have momentary impulses after something better; but I had no settled purpose to give up my present mode of life. What was to take place? At this same time the idea flashed upon me, that now, at last, I might gain my point. If anything would win the heart of Oliphant, with his impossible principles, and lofty sense of duty, it would be for me to feign the disciple; to submit to his directions; to yield to his views; to learn his creed, and essay to practise it: there surely would be a charm in this relationship to which even he would yield.

I played my part well. I surrendered some of my favourite pleasures and most triumphant exhibitions, convinced by the cogency of his arguments. When interested he could be eloquent; and when he urged upon me noble considerations which were the base of his own practice, and advocated principles which I felt were alone adequate to the wants of humanity, it was not altogether hypocritical art which tinged my cheek and inspired my words. In truth, when directly under his influence, I was what I feigned to be; when he presented truth, I was a truth-seeker; when he described the ragged, but sublime path of duty, I fixed upon it an eye of desire.

Owing to this impressibility, I succeeded in deceiving myself as to the real worthlessness of my fundamental object. I hid myself from the self-contempt which his teachings were calculated to quicken.

Thus some time passed, and our seeming friendship appeared to thrive. The world explained my conduct as a new form of my allowed capriciousness; and some of my most intimate associates, whose support was necessary to my object, I let into my secret.

But I went too far; I was snared in my own net. Mr. Oliphant might feel a benignant friendship for the passionate, mistaken girl, who had plunged so recklessly into the vortex of life; but she herself, whose aim had been to subjugate a noble heart, in the very wantonness of coquetry, was conquered. I loved him.

I remember vividly the hour when I made this discovery. It was, as I have said before, my eighteenth birthday. My father being indisposed, instead of the usual party in honour of the day, I had consented to be alone with him. He had invited Mr. Oliphant to come in and cheer our rare solitude, if disengaged. He came. I never remembered to have spent a more delightful evening. I had the satisfaction of a light self-sacrifice, and Mr. Oliphant's presence supplied sufficient stimulus to make me exert my powers of pleasing. I thought, too, he felt the social animation of the scene; his fine face was unusually lighted up; his conversation, more lively than ordinary, had a double charm. In all this I read my fancied power. Had I known my own heart better, I might have been sure that even gratified vanity would not have produced so exquisite a thrill. Presently our conversation took a most familiar turn. My father, as he was wont to do, began to joke his guest about his bachelorhood. For some time Mr. Oliphant parried the raillery in the same strain; but presently he said more gravely:—

"I have made no vow against matrimony. When I meet with a woman who has the same purpose in life as myself, able and willing to lend me both sympathy and co-operation, then, should I be so happy as to win her, I will take your advice and marry at once; but not till then. I want a companion and friend: nothing short will content me."

The words fell upon my heart like lead. Obeying a sudden impulse I said, with extreme bitterness,—"You will never find what you want, Mr. Oliphant, to the end of your life!"

"Why not?" he asked, looking quietly at me.

"You require the impossible: no woman will ever reach your standard."

"I still hope," he returned, with a slightly heightened color, "though you doubtless think it is high time I abandoned hope. I should be sorry to doubt that simplicity and sincerity are rare qualities in your sex."

I made no answer. I was glad when the evening closed, and I was alone in my room. I dismissed my maid; locked the door; and gave way to a passion of tears. "Fool! fool!" I cried vehemently, "to think he would love me!" Oh, it was in vain, I could not deceive myself. I had yielded where I meant to force a surrender. Painful, bitter, as the truth was, I could not deny it. I loved him. As if in mockery, of my humiliation, and to increase my anguish, all that I knew of his nobility of character, of his sterling worth, of his firm integrity, intact amidst the trials of his profession, and of his tender forbearance with my many faults since childhood, rushed upon my mind. My imagination busied itself with the idea of what, had he loved me, I might have become. I stood amazed that I had ever cared to gather the suffrage of his inferiors; it seemed to me as though life had suddenly lost its savour. "I see his opinion of me. He has lent, as he imagined, a helping hand,—a word of advice,—to one who needed it; he would have done as much for any daughter of Eve. His seeming interest was nothing but principle and compassion; his 'companion' must stand on an infinitely higher level;

I should scarcely be worthy of his friendship—and for this I have given him my love!"

"Oh! I am rightly punished!" was the next bitter reflection. "It is Heaven's judgment that I feel what I would have inflicted."

I passed a miserable, sleepless night, trying in vain to calm my excitement. I could not reason myself out of my love, it was so reasonable; all that I could do was to trample it down under the feet of my pride—at least it was left to me to hide from him that I had the presumption to aspire to be his friend and companion. I dreaded lest he should have misinterpreted my late conduct; and yet I dreaded lest he should have read it aright. To be despised by him as a heartless coquette, or to be supposed a love-sick girl, soliciting the heart which had conquered hers,—both ideas were terrible. "Oh! he cannot know it yet; he never, never shall;" and the burning glow on my cheek seemed to dry up my tears.

There was a stern necessity laid upon me now. I would willingly have avoided Mr. Oliphant, but after our late intercourse I feared to do so. Still, occasionally, I was forced to seek his society,—to hear him converse; while every word or sentiment made its deepening impression. One day my father proposed taking me to hear a trial where the cause of the defendant was to be undertaken by his friend. I could not forego the temptation. I went. I heard right upheld against might, and with so resolute a tone, so convincing an eloquence, that that day it triumphed. Had I never admired, never loved Mr. Oliphant before, that day would have forced my heart. While his intellect commanded my admiration, his high morality and generosity of feeling drew towards him all the wavering good, all the fitful aspirations of my better nature.

"Had he loved me," thought I, "he might, perhaps, have made me worthy of him; he might have made transient emotions permanent, and strengthened moods into principles. But there is a wide chasm between us, and he does not care to lessen it."

From the stinging misery of my disappointment, I turned again to my former pleasures, and plunged into everything that promised excitement, with a recklessness that the world mistook for gaiety. Love failing me, I threw myself back again upon admiration, and threw off, in the unchecked exercise of every power that I possessed, —the few restraints which had formerly held me. "If he whose love I valued deemed me unworthy, better reduce me to the level of those who admired me."

Once or twice, Mr. Oliphant ventured to expostulate with me, but I could not bear it, and repulsed him haughtily. To know that, when he was present, his grave eyes followed every movement, with an anxious, pained expression, goaded me, by the law of contrariety, to fresh excesses. Even my indulgent father began to complain of my extravagance. My sarcasm cost me the favor of my friends, my lovers dropped their suit with a mistress so contemptuous. Added to that, I felt I was sinking lower, becoming more worldly, heartless and selfish. I passed bitter nights of self-condemnation, and yet, when the morning came, I rose to spend just such another day as the last.

One night I returned very late from the house of one of my fashionable acquaintances, and on entering the drawing-room, was surprised to see Mr. Oliphant sitting by the dying embers of the fire. I knew he had been going to spend the evening with my father, but had not expected to find him there alone at that hour. He rose somewhat abruptly at my entrance.

"You wonder to see me still here, Miss Elliott," he said with a passing smile, "but I have waited expressly to have the opportunity of speaking a few words with you."

He seemed embarrassed. I felt my heart beat. A wild idea—a momentary hope rose in my mind. I sat down to preserve the appearance of composure.

"To-morrow," he pursued, "I leave London for several months on important business. I do not wish to alarm you, Miss Elliott; but I am very much afraid I may not see my old friend again. Your father's health is rapidly declining; do I assume too much with one whom I have known from a child, if I venture to remind you how much he stands in need of your attention?"

I was silent. The reaction of his words was exquisitely painful both to my heart and pride, while every item of his explanation had a separate sting. He going! My father dying! He forced to call me back to duty!

"Ada," he said, "are you already displeased?"

"Already!" I repeated bitterly; "then you have something further to suggest?"

"What has changed you, Ada," he demanded, fixing his eyes on my face, ill-fitted to sustain the searching scrutiny; what has become of the sweet teachableness, the better feelings of so few months back? How have I offended you? How lost your esteem?"

His earnestness almost overcame me. I felt if I did not make an effort I should betray all.

"I have the reputation of caprice," I said, with a forced laugh. "I cannot explain it in any other way. To be serious occurred amongst other moods, and has passed away in its turn."

"I was deceived then; I believed you in earnest; I cannot consent to give up the belief. It seems to me as if *then* you showed your true self, —your *present* conduct strikes me as unnatural, as assumed. Throw off the disguise, Ada! Let me, before I go, see you like yourself."

He approached me as he spoke and took my hand. I withdrew it hastily; I feared lest he should perceive how I trembled. He turned abruptly away and began to walk up and down the room. The interview was getting too painful for me.

"Have you anything further to say!" I inquired at length.

"I wish I dared speak, Ada!" he returned with energy.

"No one, sir, controls your freedom," said I, gazing at his evident signs of emotion with astonishment, for I knew not how to render them. I would not a second time believe because I desired.

"Well then, I will speak. You shall listen to a dream, Ada; it had better out than burn inwardly. I have watched you with interest from a child. It was not your beauty nor your talents which attracted me so much as the existence of certain elements in your character which, I always believed, would in the end get the mastery of the

inferior, and help you to become what God meant you to be—a noble work. Occasionally, as a child, you would curb your high spirit, and bear a word of reproof from me. The human heart is very weak, Ada; perhaps it was this early amenability to my influence that first planted the seeds which have struck so deep. At least, I have loved you, Ada. In the height of your frivolity and gaiety, I fancied I saw beneath all the empty glitter and display, a heart capable of higher things,—a nature superior to the life you stooped to. It was necessary,—necessary to excuse to my own judgment the passion that was growing so strong.—Three months back, when you suffered me to resume the office of your earliest years—when you showed me yourself under an aspect even lovelier than I dared to hope——. But, Ada, I cannot describe the happiness,—the pure joy I felt. Not that I had any hope, except to see you worthy of yourself, and of one nearer your own level than I. Sometimes, I confess, deceived by your frank kindness. I —— yet no matter? you know all now, Ada. I will say nothing of what your inexplicable change has cost me, but nothing shall persuade me you were not then sincere. Now will you bear a word of advice from me!"

I made no answer. His words had bound me in a delicious spell, and I feared to break it. He repeated his last inquiry more gravely than before. This aroused me,—aroused me to a painful consciousness. What signifies the past? He did not say he loved me *now*. He urged no plea: asked no questions of my heart. I could not give what he had never begged to receive! No! no! Dignity, pride,—everything forbade that. Besides, he might be weak enough to love one he would be too wise to make his wife. Had I been fool enough to believe myself happy?

I was, however, forced to speak, for he translated my silence into displeasure. I gave him leave to say all he wished, and listened with every nerve at its tension. I felt, though he did not say it, that he never meant to see me again; his noble, earnest counsels,—his almost passionate expostulations, were those of one who would have no after-concern in the life he wished to direct.—At last all was said, and he had extracted from my lips a mechanical promise. He paused, as if to gather up his courage.

"Farewell! God bless you, Ada?" he said, with restrained vehemence; and resisting the impulse to kiss the hand he held, he let it drop, and turned to the door.

Then he was going for ever! Pride fell before passion, reserve before agony. I stretched out my arms as if to arrest his departure. "Oliphant," I cried, "I cannot let you go!"

The next moment I would have recalled my words; well for me that I could not recall them. That I had not sacrificed the happiness and safety of my life to a conventional scruple. He turned back; there was no mistaking the intonation of my voice.

One glance into my troubled, crimsoning face, and he clasped me in his arms. With his passionate kiss upon my lips, his fervent words in my ear, I did not defraud him of the confession he prayed for, and there was no shame now in the admission—"I love you."

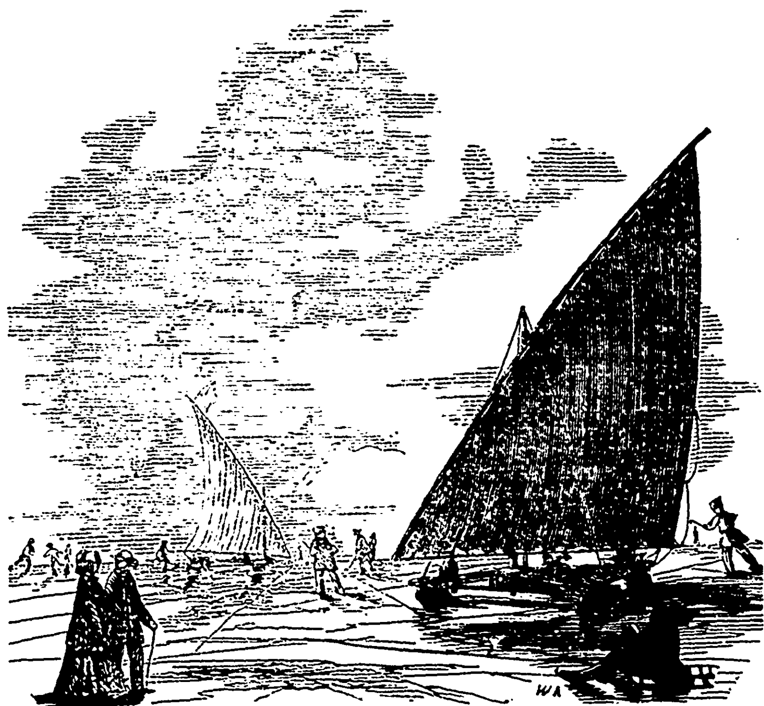
Ten years have passed since then, and I have become accustomed to the happiness of being Oliphant's wife. Accustomed! yes: but it is to an even deeper and fuller flavour. With him my moral education began: happy for me, his kindly penetration detected something worthy of his care! I have not, however, under his guidance lost my distinctive character. I am still ambitious,—still aspiring; but my ambition has centred in becoming more worthy to be his friend and companion, and the teacher of his children; I aspire chiefly to keep true time with him in his untiring progression towards God and Heaven. Mine is the retrospect of gratitude,—the anticipation of love and happiness.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

IT WAS WRITTEN ON THE SAND.

It was written on the sand,
"Love cannot know decay;"—
The waves rose o'er the strand,
And love had passed away.
It was written on the sand,
"How firmly friends are tied;"—
Yet, traced by Friendship's hand,
How soon the impress died!
Written on the sand.

It was written on the sand,
"The world is full of truth,"
By a happy sportive band,—
Go search the spot, oh youth!
They are written on the sand,—
Our hopes, our joys, our fears,—
As the shores of life expand,
The waves are but our tears
Falling on the sand.

England's Best Defences.—If the whole length of the coast were defended by a good line of railway, with trains running at all hours, and garrisoned with an efficient corps of signalmen and guardsmen, picked from our worst managed railway companies, we are confident that Louis Napoleon would at once abandon all ambitious ideas of invading England, for to land an army on the coast in the teeth of such strong defences would be only to expose it to certain death. Once set the trains running, and not a Frenchman would be found to face the fearful danger, more especially if a set of "time tables" were published "by authority," at the same period. The only difficulty is, with the many contending claims, on what chairman or committee man of our numerous railway companies we should confer the proud honor of being appointed commander in chief of these most important fortifications. All claims, however, fairly considered, we think the preference should be given to the Oxford and Buckingham line. Under its signal care, or rather the want of it, England may be safely pronounced to be impregnable. The destructive powers of railway engines have been sufficiently tried upon Englishmen, and it is time now that those same engines of destruction should be turned a little against our foes. We will pay the damages of the next railway accident, if, with such defences on our coast to receive an invading army, a man of it leaves the island alive!



SEDERUNT IX.

[*The Major and Laird are discovered standing on the Lake shore.*]

LAIRD.—Whaur's our Palinurus? I thocht he wad be here wi' his new fangled boat afore this time, what dis he mean by keeping twa decent bodies in the cauld in sic like a fashion.

MAJOR.—A little patience, Laird, even now, I see something looming in the distance and rapidly approaching.

[*The Doctor and a friend are seen approaching the shore in an ice boat, under full sail.*]

DOCTOR.—Are you all ready? sit there, Laird, and look sharp for your head when we go about, or jibe. All right, let go. [*They start.*] Major, allow me to introduce to you and the Laird my valued friend, Dr. Cuticle, a monopolizer of the alphabet, I verily believe he has nearly all the letters tacked to his name.

MAJOR.—This is certainly a most delightful and indescribable sensation—this rapid gliding along—why, Laird, see, we are literally borne on the wings of the wind.

LAIRD.—If the Ice-boat, as you ca' it, was na so like a wheen sticks tied together, I should na be so afeart. Hae ye ony o' thae contrivances in your country, Dr. Cuticle.

DR. CUTICLE.—I think in the north they are to be found. How are they made, Doctor.

DOCTOR.—The Ice-boat was first introduced in the winter of 1832, by Mr. J. A. Cull, an ingenious fellow citizen, who made many experiments on a small scale, previous to the winter of '32, which resulted in the production of a sailing machine or boat, many of which picturesque craft we now daily see on our frozen bay. Mr. Cull at first tried common skates, and the ordinary sails of a boat, but found that the Felucca rig was best suited for convenient working. The Ice-boat is in form of an Isosceles triangle, the base of which is in front, and to which two wrought-iron skates (firmly bedded in oak blocks) are fixed; the width of the front is about 12 feet, from the ends of which the two sides are fixed, which come to a point about 13 feet on a perpendicular or centre piece, which is fixed to the front piece in the centre boarding, extends from the sides over this centre piece, and is in space sufficient to accommodate seven or eight persons. The mast is firmly fixed in a block or hollow box, firmly bolted through the junction of the base and perpendiculars. The sail, as will be seen by the drawing, comes to a point about 8 feet forward of the masthead; the dimensions of the sail are as follows—after leach 30 feet, yard 35 feet, length of boom 32 feet. The skates vary in size, but those most liked are about 18

inches long, 8 inches deep, and ¼ inch thick. The front skates are ground, slightly curved fore and aft, with the side edge bevelled to the outside, so as to enable the boat to hold to the windward. The stern skate is firmly attached to an oak rudder post, which is placed perpendicularly through the stern, and reaches about a foot above the top deck. The tiller fits on top of the rudder post; the stern skate is ground straighter than the two in front, and bevelled at both sides to a point. The turning of the ice-boat is managed with this stern skate—the time taken in going about is not more than three seconds. The speed attained by these boats is very high, but commonly from forty-five to fifty miles per hour, with a beam wind, or a little off; it has been doubted by theoretical men that these boats sail faster than the speed of the wind, but one fact is certain, that when put before the wind the sail becomes a back sail and the boat will scarcely move. Now I'll repeat the words of a song which I intend to ask our friend, the Mus. Bac., to set to music for me. They are by a young friend:—

1.

In a cloud of spray we fly,
  While, below, a sudden roar
Of insulted pride, from the fettered tide
  Rolls echoing to the shore.

2.

We heed not the water's rage,
  Tho' we seek their wild domain;
For the billow's crest, Old King Frost hath pressed,
  And bound with an icy chain.

3.

Now, swift as the sea bird's flight,
  We skim o'er the glassy bay!
Tho' no bird, in its sweep, like our bark can keep
  So untired, its eager way.

4.

We fear not the North Wind's might,
  Tho' fierce from its frozen seat,
Where the icebergs wheel, in their dizzy reel,
  And in awful conflict meet.

5.

Impelled by its icy breath,
  We glide o'er the frozen main,
As shadows fly, 'neath autumnal sky
  O'er a field of waving grain.

6.

On! our bark brooks not delay:
  We sigh for a wider sea,
Where on strong wing, ever forward we'd spring,
  And mock at the storm in our glee.

Laird.—Vara appropriate, and will mak' a bonnie sang, if ye can get them weel married to gude music. Hae ye been lang in our toun, Dr. Cuticle?

Dr. Cuticle.—But a few days. I promise myself, however, another visit shortly, as I find I cannot get through my business in the time I have to spare. Statistics are troublesome things, and require both patience and perseverance.

Major.—Statistics! May I ask are you interested in our Canadian matters?

Dr. Cuticle.—I am here for that purpose. I am on a tour of hospital inspection, and to examine into the number of deaths, in certain localities, arising from certain diseases.

Major.—I fear you will not gain much information hereabout. Canada offers a poor field for such investigations: it is, as you Medicos would say, "for your pockets, unwholesomely healthy." What do you think of our Hospital?

Dr. Cuticle.—As far as the Hospital is concerned, it is hardly fair to ask me now. Wait till my book comes out, and I'il send you a copy.

Laird.—Our freen thinks that the truth shouldna be tauld at a' times; it happens noo and then, and I jalouse it's so in this case, that our judgment is best shown by keeping a calm sough on matters till we're far eneugh awa; then we can bleeze richt and left.

Doctor.—I am afraid the Laird is right. Our Hospital is, I am sorry to say, not the best conducted in the world.

Major.—Then we ought to know the faults in the establishment; and who can better point them out than an intelligent stranger? Come, Dr. Cuticle, give us your ideas; you're among friends, and what you say, now, shall go no farther.

Doctor.—I would really very much like to hear Cuticle's remarks on the Hospital. He would do me a favor, by speaking boldly.

Dr. Cuticle.—I scarcely like to say anything, but if I do venture, you must promise to pardon me for telling exactly what I think.

All.—Certainly.

Dr. Cuticle.—And you will also promise to let me get out of town, unscathed. I'm no fire-eater.

All.—We will.

Dr. Cuticle.—Well, then, on those conditions I'll give you a full and true account of my visit to your Hospital, what I saw there and what I think of it. On first arriving in Toronto, I determined to transact my business before delivering any letters, except such as were absolutely necessary. Having obtained, then, the necessary *open sesame*, I set off for the Hospital, which I easily found, from the directions that had been given, which were, to walk along King Street, west, until I reached a large square brick building, set down *crookedly* in a vacant lot of ground. I knew it as soon as I saw it, and thought it a very judicious arrangement, as strangers cannot possi-

bly mistake it. I presume it was for their accommodation it was thus placed askew.

DOCTOR.—That was not the reason. It was erected many years ago, and to please some fanciful gentleman, it was placed with the front facing due south, so that the corners might represent the cardinal points of the compass.

DR. CUTICLE (*taking out his tablets*)—An odd idea. It is not the position, however, that I find fault with, but its arrangements. It does not look as if it were built for an Hospital, on entering the hall I noticed a row of benches set against the wall to accommodate the out-door patients, or those desiring admittance: it is true that there was a stove in the hall, still every time the door opened, in came a blast of cold air, on the poor sickly wretches, and God knows many of them looked miserable enough without being exposed to the wild wintry wind which whistled round their half-clad pinched and shivering forms. Who are the visitors of this Institution? Where is their humanity? Why is there not a proper waiting room for the accommodation of patients? Why are these unfortunate beings doubly unfortunate, for they are both ill and poor, not treated with more consideration. On every Hospital should be inscribed "Blessed is he who considereth the poor and needy," and the directors of the Hospital of whatever grade, should assuredly not be the last to observe the precept. But this is not all; passing on, one of these miserables asked me if the doctor had not yet come? So, thought I, the attendant physicians are not regular,—poor suffering creatures, I pity you! Thus cogitating, I passed on to the surgery. The surgery! Had I not been melancholy enough from what I had already seen, I should have burst into a laugh. The surgery! a small, badly-lighted room, with a partition across the centre, behind which were ranged on shelves musty-looking old bottles covered with dust and cobwebs; while the drawers beneath, for holding powders, roots, &c., were as dingy-looking as the shelves above. This room, crowded as, I was told, it always is, and as it was on my visit, is no place to dispense medicines in. You ought to have a proper dispensary, with a dispensing clerk or apothecary attached, and there should also be a regulation that the room should be cleansed at least twice a year. Presently there was a bustle and stir among the students—the Doctor HAD come. He was greeted on his arrival by the resident surgeon, who, advancing, informed him how many of his patients had been relieved by death since his late visit, and that there would be a couple of operations—one for cataract, the other an amputation of the leg, below the knee, of a man who suffered from a compound comminuted fracture of both bones. The students manifested, very naturally, evident symptoms of delight at hearing his, but I remember, when I was a student, the glee with which the announcement of an operation was received; even now I take an actual pleasure in seeing a skilful surgeon whipping off a leg or an arm.

LAIRD.—Eh, megstie! but ye Doctors are a hardened set o' brutes, and hae nae mair feeling than a whin stane.

DOCTOR.—People like, whatever their profession may be, to see talent combined with dexterity, especially so where a minute of suffering seems a prolonged year of agony to the patient; but pray proceed, Cuticle, I am afraid that but too many of your remarks, though unpleasant, are just and true.

DR. CUTICLE.—The visiting physician taking a chair ordered the patients to be brought in. One by one they were presented and dismissed, after, as I thought, a very superficial examination. The tongue of one was glanced at; the pulse of another felt; a question or two asked, and then something prescribed, but *what*, or *why*, or *wherefore*, I am sure that not one half of the students could in any wise make out; indeed not one in ten had a chance of either seeing the patient or hearing what was said. This part of the physician's duty over, I followed in the train through the different wards, listening to the bedside clinics, but here again the crowding of the students prevented any thing like attention being paid to the remarks of the physician, had he made any! I come now to the worst feature in the institution—I speak with reference to the students, for if you had no students it would not matter—the want of a proper operating theatre. The amputation I saw performed—no, I cannot say I saw it, but it was performed in this wise—the patient lay in one of the back wards on the ground floor, a dark, close room; of course he had to be removed, so he was taken into the corridor, and placed on a table fronting the window which lighted the narrow passage. The operator and two or three other brother chips occupied the space between the window and table, the students stood chiefly in the rear of the table, on stools, benches, or chairs, so as best to command a view, and two actually got on the table on either side of the head of the unfortunate patient; *they*, doubtless, saw best. I was so disgusted with the whole affair that I left the hospital, marking it down in my note book as one of the worst arranged and managed I had ever seen.

MAJOR—What do you say to that, doctor?

DOCTOR—The picture is in the main correct, and has more truth than poetry in it; but still I think it is a little exaggerated. Cuticle has been so accustomed to larger and more perfect establishments, that our imperfections appear more glaring and of more importance than they really are. He ought to remember that the Hospital was erected fully thirty years ago, and was then a noble institution. Since

then the population of the town and country has more than quadrupled, and in consequence the Hospital, as it now stands, is wholly inadequate to the purpose for which it was designed.

Dr. Cuticle—And is turned therefore into a sort of Calcutta black-hole—surely you have abundant means at your command to erect another. If the country can support three schools of medicine in Toronto, it can surely afford to build a decent Hospital.

Laird—Cuticle's remarks are right, doctor, and the suner you get up a new ane the better, baith for your ain credit's sake and that o' the puir people wha need to go there.

Doctor—You're as great a nuisance as the Hospital, Laird; however, we'll make it all right by and bye; we'll sweep away the whole affair, sell the land, and with the proceeds erect a palace, and—

Major—Take care that it be a little further out of town, where the air is pure. By the bye, Cuticle, you said you were collecting statistics with regard to the mortality arising from certain diseases in Canada.

Dr. Cuticle—True; I came here with that intention, but as far as I can learn, there is not such a thing thought of amongst you, if I except the returns made of one or two hospitals and the Lunatic Asylum.

Doctor.—In the States you are no better off; for, unless I am misinformed, I do not think you keep any regular registry of the deaths occurring throughout the country.

Dr. Cuticle.—No, but in almost every town, an annual statement of some kind or other is made, and in large cities a weekly bill of mortality is published.

Doctor.—And very useful they must prove; however, a move has been made here, though a very slight one, I must own. A letter was published in a late number of the *Upper Canada Medical Journal*,—which I have now in my pocket,—calling the attention of the profession to this most important matter. I'll read you an extract or two:—

"It is a wonderful thing that the entrance or exit of a fellow being should be so little cared for by the living. Already Canada numbers nearly two millions of inhabitants, and has scattered over her bread lands numerous villages and towns, while here and there a city dots the space. But as yet no attempt has been made to estimate the increase of the population by the births, or the decrease by the deaths of its inhabitants.—Now and then we see recorded the number of deaths in a particular locality, but we may question the truth of the statement; for until every city and every county has its *health officer*, we can have no just data to estimate the healthfulness of the climate of Canada. * * * *

"The establishment of health officers would be by no means useless. The annual statistics which would thus be obtained would afford the most valuable information, as to the frequency of certain fatal diseases at different periods of the year, and at what period of life they are most fatal, &c. The adaptability of the climate to intending settlers would thus be tested, and many more advantages would also be obtained sufficiently obvious to strike the most careless inquirer.

Major—I hope that this point will not be lost sight of. I think the emigration agents would find it for their advantage—do you not think so, Doctor? But what are you looking at so intently now?

Doctor.—I am trying to make out the whereabouts of the Loraine shales.

Major.—The what?

Doctor.—The Loraine shales—but I suppose I must explain. This pale colored quarto which I hold in my hand you will at once recognize as the February number of the *Canadian Journal*—and a capital number it is—it contains, among other original contributions, a lecture entitled "Notes on the Geology of Toronto," by H. Y. Hind, Professor of Chemistry at Trinity College, and I am just now looking for the rocks called the Loraine shales, which lie near the new garrison, and contain the fossil remains alluded to in that same lecture.

Major.—Hand me over the book, Doctor, if you please, and let me have a glance at its table of contents. Hum! here's the memorial of the Canadian Institute respecting the continuance of the Observatory, under Provincial management—Notes on the Geology of Toronto, by Professor Hind—The Mineral Springs of Canada by Professor Croft—The Horse and its Rider, by Bailie Turner, Esq. of Quebec, &c. I tell you what, Doctor, this Canadian Institute of ours is going ahead—but what about these Loraine shales that you were seeking for?

Doctor.—The Loraine shales, my non-geological friend.

Major.—Well, well, Moraine or Loraine, all's the same to me; I dind't learn geology at Sandhurst, and have not had time to study it since those distant days—but go on.

Doctor.—You see the low cliff just beyond the new garrison?

Laird.—Ay, that's plain enough.

Doctor.—Well, according to the lecturer that cliff is composed of two parts.

Laird.—Twa pairts, Losh! I should have maundered about hundreds o'millions o' pairts.

Doctor.—Very true in one sense, but I mean that you distinguish two distinct horizontal portions; one, the uppermost, composed of iron clay, the other a blue, hard, stratified rock.

Major.—It may be so, but I can't exactly see at this distance.

Doctor.—We will take the testimony of the *Canadian Journal* for the truth of that part of the story, as we cannot approach nearer with safety in our ice boat. However the clay belongs to the recent drift formation,

the rocks below, called the Loraine Shales, to the most ancient Lower Silurian Rocks, but let the Professor speak for himself, he says:

"Above the Loraine Shales we find an aggregate of fossiliferous strata having a thickness exceeding 26,000 feet, or five miles, not represented at Toronto, but which are nevertheless illustrative of that immense period which has endured since the Formation which underlies the Drift upon which Toronto is built was slowly and perhaps tranquilly accumulated.

"The relation of the Drift and Loraine Shales may be familiarly shown by dividing a line into thirty equal parts, and numbering them 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c., the position of the Drift would be approximately represented by the 1st division, the Loraine Shale by the 26th division, and the true Coal Measures by the 15th division. From the 27th division to the 30th, we should have the rocks which were formed before the Loraine Shales and the probable dawn of life upon the surface of the Globe. It is an important question to ascertain the relation which exists in time between the true coal measures and the Loraine Shales; this may be roughly and generally represented by a series of formations, having a thickness of 12,000 feet, which we may suppose to be placed between the uppermost layer of the Shales and the lowest stratum of true coal. And further, if we assume that the vast Devonian group has no representative in the western part of this Province, yet the rocks which have been discovered by Mr. Murray, in the Western Peninsula, have a thickness exceeding 1000 yards, and are unquestionably of earlier date than the true coal measures, and must be considered as members of the upper Silurian groupe. They constitute the substratum of the whole Province west of the Credit. If coal is found in the western Province, it will be found above these rocks. These rocks seem, however, everywhere to be covered immediately by the Drift, so that the probability of finding true Coal, is remote in the extreme. Brown Coal, similar to that which has been recently discovered in Vermont, may yet be found in Canada.

"A glance at the layers of rock at the Garrison Common beach, each layer apparently distinguished by some peculiarity in its fossil remains—some containing corals in abundance, others the remains of marine vegetables, others especially rich in bivalve shells, and others beautifully ripple-marked,—will probably convey a better idea of the time which elapsed during the deposition of five feet in thickness, exposed there, than any calculation based upon examples from other localities. If we assume that other stratified rocks have required an equal period of time to attain the same thickness (five feet) by slow deposition at the bottom of seas; our conceptions become still more defined of the immensity of that period which divides the Drift from the Loraine Shales, when we remember that the thickness of the rock we have been contemplating is less than one five thousandth part of the rocks of that unrepresented epoch, which existed between the respective periods of their creation."

LAIRD.—About thae fossils spoken of. Just hear till him, noo, div ye mean to say that in that cliff, wast o' the garrison, shells, and corals, and ripplemarks and marine plants, and I dinna ken what else, are to be found?

DOCTOR.—Certainly; thousands of them, and many very curious and beautiful relics of a bygone world; but if you or I were to go there for an hour or so, we might perhaps not be able to find what would repay us for our trouble. Such examinations require considerable patience, constancy, and powers of endurance. But here's the concluding passage to the Notes on the Geology of Toronto.

MAJOR.—One word, by your leave; what was it you said about the ripplemarks?

DOCTOR.—I will give you the Professor's own words:—

"Here, however, we have a far more beautiful indication of the condition of the Silurian Sea during the deposition of the ripple-marked shale which answers to the number fifteen in the diagram of the strata. These ripple-marks penetrate the stone to a considerable depth, as may be seen by splitting the specimen.

"We seem here to have the distinct and permanent record of a gentle ripple on the beach of a shallow sea, countless ages ago. We may even attempt to form a conjecture of the direction in which the wind blew, which disturbed the surface of the water, in those remote times. If we suppose that the Loraine Shales here exposed, have received no lateral change in position, and I am not aware of any reason for conceiving such change to have taken place, the direction of the ripple-marks, shows the direction of the motion of the little waves which rolled upon a gentle beach, and consequently determines the point from which the wind blew at the time, which appears to have been a little to the east of south. Appearances very similar to ripple-marks are to be found in some of the layers above the one I have described. They are not, however, sufficiently distinct, and continuous, to settle the question of their origin. These ripple-marks appear to indicate the presence of a beach or boundary of the sea at that time. The occurrence of a beach of a fresh water lake during the present epoch, in the same locality, is an interesting coincidence. The gradual submergence of the land after the hardening of the sand on the Silurian beach, and the varying depths of the sea, which eventually covered it, is sufficiently indicated by the superimposed layers of shales and sandstone, with fucoides, corals, and other organic remains."

DR. CUTICLE.—Ah! the idea about the ancient Silurian Sea, with all its living monstrosities, being beached just in the same place as our own modern and respectable blue Ontario, is very suggestive and interesting; but, Doctor, do tell me (and here the eye of Dr. Cuticle twinkled visibly,) do you think there is any chance of the remains of a Silurian Ice-boat being found imbedded in those ripple-marked shales as you call them.

DOCTOR.—I am afraid we have been going rather too fast, and you are getting excited, Cuticle. Listen awhile, until I give you the concluding paragraph of the lecture, and then

we'll take a drink at Professor Croft's mineral springs:—

"I have now briefly adverted to the most important and characteristic fossil members of the three classes of the animal kingdom, which meet the eye during a very cursory and incomplete examination of layers of rocks, about three hundred yards long and five feet in perpendicular altitude, in the immediate neighbourhood of this city. If such a superficial examination indicates the existence of abundant remains of an ancient vegetable and animal world, within twenty minutes' walk of this room,—rich, most probably, in numerous undescribed and at present unknown species,—it is surely to be hoped that through the instrumentality of its members, the museum of the Canadian Institute will soon be enriched with the stony records of that remote epoch in the history of the world, which is so distinctly and beautifully traced out by these mute memorials of the past."

MAJOR.—Good! I'll take a stroll that way in the summer myself, but perhaps I might find the like rocks nearer home. I'll geologize a few, as Yorkoline says, when the roses blossom; but what about the mineral springs of Canada? My cask of Plantagenet water is just done, and before I order another, I'll hear what Professor Croft says.

DOCTOR.—I'll read you an analysis of a spring which promises to acquire some reputation among "a discerning public":—Broxinide of potassium, so much; iodide of potassium, so much; chloride of——

MAJOR.—Stop, Doctor! enough! I'll stick to the old Plantagenet. I could not, for the life of me, stomach those hard names.

DOCTOR.—All right, my old friend, so I'll put the pale quarto in my pocket, and we'll have a chat about the horse and its rider some other time.

LAIRD—I see that the Harpers have lost nae time in *pamphletizing* (there's a new word for auld Noah Webster!) Sir Archibald Alison's new history! There's the first volume o' the buik, churted down to the dimensions o' a number o' the *Anglo-American*, and vended for the homœopathic consideration o' half a dollar!

MAJOR—Say *two and sixpence*, O Laird, as you love me! To use one of your cherished vernacularisms, it always makes me *scunner* to hear Canadians reckon by that un-British coin, the dollar!

LAIRD—I sit corrected, Crabtree, and shall endeavor to eschew a repetition of the offence. But touching Alison, what is your opinion o' his last born production?

MAJOR—I have not been able to bestow upon it as yet that amount of attention which the importance of the subject and the celebrity of the author demand. Sufficient, however, of the volume have I read to warrant me in pronouncing that it is at least equal to the great work of which it is a continuation. Nay, I may go further, and affirm that so far as fluency of diction is concerned, it exhibits a marked improvement. Constant use of the quill has softened down the *hardnesses* into which the learned Sheriff used so frequently to be betrayed, and which so greatly marred the amenity of his style.

DOCTOR—I sincerely trust that Alison will be spared to bring his undertaking to a conclusion. Though lacking the warm coloring of Macaulay and the artistic eye of Tytler, he possesses more of the qualifications desiderated by the historian, than any writer of the present age. His industry and perseverance are indomitable, and he never contents himself with a second-hand authority when access can be had to the original record. The habit of minute investigation which he has acquired in the exercise of extensive judicial functions has proved invaluable to him as a chronicler, and, unquestionably, has mainly tended to give him such a marked superiority over his brother annalists.

LAIRD—What is the baronet like? Did ony o' ye ever see him?

DR. CUTICLE—I have had the pleasure of frequently meeting with Sir Archibald. Physically speaking, he is one of the finest specimens of Adam's family you could meet with on a mild summer's day. Fully six feet in height, he is athletic without degenerating into stoutness, and his countenance exhibits a fine admixture of firmness and good nature. Conceive a refined and intellectual edition of Dandie Dinmont, and you will form a pretty correct notion of the distinguished Sheriff's outward man.

LAIRD—And do the historian's moral features correspond wi' his physical, as ye ca' them?

DOCTOR—Most entirely. Alison abounds with every quality which can win the warmest regards of his fellows. Frank, hearty, and utterly devoid of the slightest tincture or admixture of cant or sham, you cannot be in his company ten minutes without feeling as if you had known him for as many years.

LAIRD—After your bit sketch o' the man, I'll read his history wi' greater appetite. Sae far as buiks are concerned, I'm something like the Laird o' Fykyknowes, wha never could enjoy a meal o' meat without he kent what the cook was like!

MAJOR—I'm just now engaged in perusing Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's "*My Novel*."

DOCTOR—Indeed! I thought you would have read the affair long ere now—at least with the exception of the concluding portion.

MAJOR—I commenced to do so at its first appearance in *Blackwood*, but soon got so interested in the narrative that, with a strong restraint, I postponed its discussion till the whole was completed. To my taste there is something supremely tantalizing in being compelled, month after month, to break off a story just at the moment when your appetite is sharpest.

LAIRD.—Great wits jump they say. My ain experience completely harmonizes wi' your's in this respect. Thae periodical mouthfu's o' fiction are just as bad as feeding a hungry man wi' oysters, allowing ten minutes to elapse between the discussion of every *native*.

DOCTOR.—Well, and what is your opinion of the production?

MAJOR.—That it is decidedly, and beyond all controversy, the greatest literary triumph which Lytton, up to this date, has achieved.

LAIRD.—For my pairt I never had a great opinion o' that same Bulwer, or Lytton as they noo ca' him. Ye speak against your *Eugene Shews* and *Paul Kocks*, but I defy ony o' thae outlandish reprobates to write mair unwholesome trash than what Sir Edward has inflicted upon the world in his day and generation. He has canoneezed murder, and done his best to unsettle the religious belief o' his thochtless and superficial readers. Na, na, nane o' your Bulwers for me!

MAJOR.—There is too much truth, oh thou valet to mother Earth! in the strictures which you have enunciated, but Lytton has long ago sown his wild oats, and having "purged," like the fat knight, now writes "cleanly," as befits a Christian gentleman.

LAIRD.—There was muckle need for reformation.

MAJOR.—Granted—but the reformation has taken place. I dare you to point out in the whole range of British fiction a more healthful creation than "My Novel." Without being what you would call a *religious* story, it breathes in every line a spirit of sound, bracing morality; and I defy any one to rise from its perusal without being both a better and a wiser man, always supposing that his heart is not too case hardened to be influenced and taught.

DR. CUTICLE—I think the same remark may be made of the Caxtons.

DOCTOR.—Do you place the book in the first class of ideal literature?

MAJOR.—Hardly. With all its manifold merits it smacks rather largely of the *melodramatic*. The incidents too frequently are got up too palpably for mere stage effect, and the writer goes out of his way, on numberless occasions, in order to elicit a *clap* from the *galleries*.

DOCTOR.—That is precisely the character of the author's histrionic attempts. It has ever struck me that Bulwer's plays were more suitable for the meridian of the minor theatres than of Covent Garden or Old Drury. Their principal scenes could generally be heightened by the intervention of a peal of mechanical thunder, or the ignition of a handful of red fire.

MAJOR.—With all this, however, I must reiterate my conviction that *My Novel* is deserving of no mean commendation. The moral which it inculcates is sound to the core, and a fine English spirit pervades it from the primary to the closing chapter.

LAIRD.—Upon the strength of your recommendation I'll buy the buik for Girzy, but woe upon your head if ye hae been puffing off damaged, or rather I should say damaging goods. If my honest sister should be seduced by its perusal to make a moonlight flitting wi' some ne'er-do-weel land louper, I'll mak ye responsible, if there's law and justice in Canada.

MAJOR.—In the face of your threat I renew my assurance. If the fair and vestal Grizelda chooses a husband after the model of Lytton's hero, Leonard, I'll ensure that should the union turn out unfortunate the fault will be on the lady's side.

DOCTOR.—Here's another of Appleton & Co's reprints of Thackeray's contributions to Frazer's Magazine, and one of the happiest of the series, I allude to the "*Confessions of Fitz-Boodle.*"

LAIRD.—I opine frae the title that there will be something sappy in the production.

DOCTOR—You are right, Laird. It abounds with humor of the purest quality, and sparkles with satire most merciless but most brilliant, upon the foibles and vices of the most improvident portion of our aristocracy. Tory, as you are, Major, I defy you to read half a dozen pages of the book without laying it down in order to hold your sides.

LAIRD.—Let us pree a morsel o' the viands which you crack up sae highly.

DOCTOR.—Here is an appetizing parody of the modern school of sentimental poetry:—

THE WILLOW TREE.

Know ye the willow-tree
  Whose grey leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
  To yon pale river;
Lady, at even-tide
  Wander not near it,
They say its branches hide
  A sad, lost spirit!

Once to the willow-tree
  A maid came fearful,
Pale seemed her cheek to be,
  Her blue eye tearful;
Soon as she saw the tree,
  Her steps moved fleeter,
No one was there—ah me!
  No one to meet her!

Quick beat her heart to hear
  The fair bells' chime
Toll from the chapel-tower
  The trysting time;
But the red sun went down
  In golden flame,
And though she look'd around,
  Yet no one came!

Presently came the night
  Sadly to greet her—
Moon in her silver light,
  Stars in their glitter;

Then sank the moon away
Under the billow,
Still wept the maid alone—
There by the willow!

Through the long darkness,
By the stream rolling,
Hour after hour went on
Tolling and tolling.
Long was the darkness,
Lonely and stilly;
Shrill came the night wind,
Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze
Biting and cold,
Bleak peers the grey dawn
Over the wold.
Bleak over moor and stream
Looks the grey dawn,
Grey, with dishevelled hair,
Still stands the willow there—
THE MAID IS GONE!

Domine, Domine!
We sing a litany,—
Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary;
Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany,
Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere!

THE LAIRD.—Puir thing! I wonder what could hae become o' the unfortunate lassie.

THE DOCTOR.—Listen to the continuation of the lyric, and your anxieties will be set at rest.

I.

Long by the willow-trees
Vainly they sought her,
Wild rang the mother's screams
O'er the grey water;
"Where is my lovely one?
Where is my daughter?

II.

"Rouse thee, sir constable—
Rouse thee, and look;
Fishermen, bring your net,
Boatmen, your hook.
Beat in the lily-beds,
Dive in the brook!"

III.

Vainly the constable
Shouted and called her;
Vainly the fisherman
Beat the green alder,
Vainly he flung the net,
Never it hauled her!

IV.

Mother, beside the fire,
Sat, her nightcap in;
Father, in easy chair,
Gloomily napping,
When at the window-sill
Came a light tapping!

V.

And a pale countenance
Looked through the casement.
Loud beat the mother's heart,
Sick with amazement,
And at the vision, which
Came to surprise her,
Shrieked in an agony—
"Lor! it's Elizar!"

VI.

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth—
Yes, 'twas their girl;
Pale was her cheek, and her
Hair out of curl.
"Mother!" the loving one,
Blushing, exclaimed,
"Let not your innocent
Lizzy be blamed.

VII.

"Yesterday, going to Aunt
Jones's to tea,
Mother, dear mother, I
Forgot the door-key!
And as the night was cold,
And the way steep,
Mrs. Jones kept me to
Breakfast and sleep."

VIII.

Whether her pa and ma
Fully believed her
That we shall never know,
Stern they received her;
And for the work of that
Cruel, though short, night,
Sent her to bed without
Tea for a fortnight.

XI.

MORAL.

Hey diddle diddlety,
Cat and the Fiddlety!
Maidens of England, take caution by she!
Let love and suicide
Never tempt you aside.
And always remember to take the door-key!

THE LAIRD.—Served the limmer richt, for her moon-light stravaugings! Och, if she had been a dochter o' mine she wad hae wanted tea for a twal month!

THE MAJOR.—To descend from poetry to prose, permit me to make you acquainted with a somewhat unpolished but exceedingly amusing Yankee, George Wilkes to wit.

THE LAIRD.—And wha' may the lad be, when he's at hame?

THE MAJOR.—He is the editor of a sort of police gazette, published at New York, who by way of recruiting his exhausted energies took a flying trip over the Atlantic, and has given his experience to the world in this neatly printed volume, issued by Long and brother, and entitled "*Europe in a Hurry.*"

THE DOCTOR.—I hope that the ancient adage which teaches that "the more haste the worse speed," does not hold good in the case of your friend?

THE MAJOR.—Very far from it, Sangrado! Wilkes is a shrewd observer, and a "fellow of infinite jest." Though his time for sight-seeing was limited he had all his eyes about him, and has produced one of the most amus-

ing duodecimos which I have met with for many a long day. As I hinted before, he is somewhat lacking in refinement, and is a republican and a democrat to the back bone, but with all this he constrains you to accompany him in his perigrinations and smile at his quips and crudities whether you will or no.

The Laird.—May be you will let Maister Wilkes say a word for himsel!

The Major.—With all my heart. Here is the account which he gives of the comparative features of English and French feeding:—

"At an English hotel table, which of course represents the best style of private living, you enter the general dining-room, take a seat at a side table by yourself, and if the joints are ready, which they are at four or five o'clock, according to the custom of the different houses, you call for your dinner. You begin by asking for an evening newspaper and a pint of wine, and fill up the order by calling for soup, to be followed by salmon, roast beef, or mutton, as the case may be. You get the newspaper at once; in about fifteen minutes you get your pint of wine, and in about fifteen minutes more your soup is placed upon the table. You must not hope for it sooner, but after that, everything follows with great exactness and in regular succession. Next to your salmon comes a huge mountain of beef or a whole leg of lamb, from which you cut collops to your heart's content, and retain as long as you wish, unless you choose to release it at the polite request of the waiter, who may want it "for another gentleman, *please*." There are no fancy dishes, and you cannot, except very rarely, get either puddings or pies. The half of an immense cheese, weighing perhaps from twenty to thirty pounds, is set before you instead, and you make your dessert out of that with the assistance of the remainder of your wine. Such is an English hotel dinner, and it is needless to say, that if you have any appetite, you rise from it full and content.

"A French dinner requires the same time for its performance, but it is eminently social, and divides its charms for the palate between the delights of gossip and intrigue. In the way of eating, however, it is a dinner of shreds and patches, scarcely any part of which you know, and the entire bulk of which, in actual food, would appear truly insignificant, if you could only see it laid in the beginning, before the artist's knife went into it for the delusion of eight or nine score of people. The deficit, however, is ingeniously made up by rolls of bread some twelve or fourteen inches long, which are laid beside your plate, and which you insensibly fill yourself with, during the intervals of the courses, to aid you in sipping the bottle of claret which is furnished with the bread. You rise with the wing of a chicken, the hind quarters of a frog, a wafer of beef, a shaving of mutton, and a fragment of salmon stowed away inside you in successive layers of biscuit and bread moistened with wine, and as you walk away from the table, you can scarcely resist the impression that you would make a capital chowder or pot-pie, if you could only endure being boiled. Among the whole of this *melange* you are never treated to butter (either in England or France) unless you specially demand it, and the pepper of both countries is of a flavor that is almost offensive to an American palate. In France, you have but little chance to use it, for neither of that, nor of salt, do they allow more than an acorn full to five or six persons. Indeed, the seem to regard it as an insult to their art when you use either. The English and continental butter is, however, unbearable to an American, without salt, and we recognise each other continually, in travelling, by the ceremony of kneading salt through it with our knives as the first preliminary to our meals."

The Doctor.—The writer does scant justice to the promptitude of our English hostels. Judging, at least, from my own experience, he must have lighted upon a preposterously *slow* house.

The Laird.—So say I! In the Flesh Market Close at Edinburgh, your steak was smoking before you, ere the order had been weel given!

The Major.—Can you conceive anything more repulsive and ghastly than the following peep into a London cheap lodging house:—

"Our policemen led the way across the street, and brushed the crowd away from a narrow passage, the entrance to which seemed like the entrance to a pig-stye, and was but wide enough for us to advance in single file. The board flooring, sluiced and undermined by continual streams of filth, plashed under our feet, and our noses were assailed with vapors that seemed almost tangible to the touch. However, we groped on, sustained in hardihood by a common example, though the loss of my handkerchief almost made me a deserter. Far up in this foul alley we came to a side door, which let us into an apartment some sixteen feet square, and about ten feet high. All was dark when we entered, but our lantern lit up a sight such as I had never seen before, and such a one as I pray God I may never see again. In that contracted lair lay thirty human beings, men, women, and children; yes, thirty white Christians, of a Christian land, packed head and feet in layers, like the black cargo of a slave-ship under chase, and most of them, adults as well as infants, as naked as they were born. Some were families, some were man and wife, some were single lodgers at a penny a head. Some wore a few scanty patches, others were partly covered by a sheet, but many were threadless and indifferent to exposure. In the centre of the room stood a large tub or reservoir, which the comity of the apartment permitted to be used by two or three at once; and in the muck and gloom, and stench and vermin of the place, these larvæ of a stifled and rotten *civilization*, crawled and grovelled and profaned the rites of nature; and what seems most strange of all, bred souls for immortality. I deal with a repulsive subject, but surgery cannot be fastidious, and I dwell upon the features of this den, because it exists almost within a stone's throw from the palaces of nobles, and under the noses, it may be said, of the snuffling hypocrites of Exeter Hall, whose mock philanthropy commissions emissaries to excite our slaves to insurrection, and who plunder well meaning poverty to provide blankets and bibles for the happier heathen."

The Doctor.—This is all very terrible, and

blood-chilling, but does Mr. Wilkes mean to infer that poverty and misery as abject are not to be found in the model Republic? No one who has visited, as I have done, the *Five Points* of New York would have the assurance to maintain the affirmation of the proposition!

THE LAIRD.—True for you Doctor. And in further corroboration o' what you say let me read to you the following extract frae a New York paper o' last month. Listen! "*A little girl and her mother were found frozen to death on the morning of the 16th in an alley at the South end of Troy, New York. The girl, aged about ten years, was standing erect with a basket in her arms.*" If sic a thing had happened in London, Wilkes, I will be bound to say, would hae rung the charges thereof in your lugs till deafness, mercifully, steps in to your relief!

DOCTOR.—We will take one run now up the bay, to see where the natural canal has been formed, and then we shall have had enough sailing for one day.

MAJOR. [*Looking at his watch.*]—We must not be late, as there is all our home sederunt yet to do. I think we had better postpone the canal until another opportunity—especially as I wish to see about some business respecting poor Allanson.

DOCTOR.—Ah! poor fellow, he went off very rapidly at last.

DR. CUTICLE.—Who are you speaking of?

MAJOR.—A very worthy and clever Artist whom Consumption has claimed for its own, within the last day or two.—He was the principal engraver for the Magazine until within the last three months.

LAIRD.—Puir Allanson! he was a vera deserving fellow, and had he been spared wad hae been a credit to his profession. He had gude taste, and naebody can ever be an engraver without it. However, let's hame noo.

[*The Ice-boat is directed to the shore—they land—and exeunt.*]

SCENE—*The Shanty.*

MAJOR—Now, boys, we will dispose of our heavy matters, and then call on Mrs. Grundy to give us her gatherings, and hear the Doctor on musical matters.

LAIRD—Weel, Major, I hope you hae a walth o' foreign news for our delectation.

MAJOR—Not a great deal. I will first read you an extract from a letter, and then lay before you such gleanings as I have deemed worthy of your notice. [*Major reads.*]

It is stated "on good authority," that an increase of the army will be proposed soon after the meeting of Parliament by the noble secretary for the home department, Lord Palmerston.

A fear is springing up on every side that the rage for emigration is passing its proper bounds, and that we are destined before long to behold an English Exodus, far worse than that which has depopulated Ireland, and which will drain away our best and healthiest blood.

An amazing amount of bullion is being poured into the country. Two millions more from Australia are just at hand, and five millions more than that has left 'its own native land' for our shores. The production of gold, too, is increasing with the most marvellous rapidity. New Zealand has now commenced the business, and great success has already attended her 'diggins.'

GOLD IN NEW ZEALAND.

It appears pretty certain that gold has at last been found in New Zealand, in great abundance. The position of the new gold field is most advantageous. Vessels of two hundred tons burthen can go within ten miles, and coasting crafts within three miles of the actual workings, so that the great expense of land carriage will be obviated. To Auckland this discovery will be of the utmost importance, as it is situated within forty-

miles, and will naturally be the head-quarters to which the diggers will have to resort for supplies.

The tone of many of the late leading English papers, render it evident that Great Britain places little reliance on the oft repeated declarations of peace made by the French Emperor. Indeed these declarations appear to be totally at variance with the warlike preparations going on throughout France. The French government are constructing many war steamers, and are busy at other warlike preparations. French soldiers and sailors are being trained to embark and disembark until they have become expert at both—these preparations must mean something; and we think that they can mean nothing so probable, as a descent upon England. It would seem that the government of England are inclined to this opinion themselves, for they, too, are unusually busy at their preparations. The militia are regularly drilled, and are instructed to be in readiness at a moment's notice, for any emergency. Much activity also pervades the different dock yards with careful watchfulness along the coasts. The British Government have addressed enquiries to the Railway companies as to the number of troops, men and horses with munitions of war, that each line could transport in a given space of time, from one given point to another. A large military station is to be established near Birmingham, and no more soldiers of the line are to be sent from home at present. All these things look ominous, although every thing betokens peace. But the most singular incident in connection with the business is, that an order to Napier, the shipbuilder on the Clyde, from the French government, for sixteen frigates, has been cancelled by the British Admiralty, and a like number ordered for the English service, fifty-three are, however, still reported as being fitted out. (Twenty line of battle ships, eighteen frigates, and fifteen smaller ships of war.) This shows that dark clouds are looming in the future.

The Duchess of Sutherland appears to be in a fair way to gain a good deal of a certain kind of notoriety, and also to have the past acts and oppressive conduct of the Duke reproduced and narrowly criticised by the public. This is what people may always expect as a consequence of intermeddling in the affairs of others. Dunrobin Castle, a place "in the days of auld lang syne" the scene of a busy, happy patriotic and thrifty population; is now reduced to a comparative desert, thinly inhabited by a people who are far from being happy or even above want. It may perhaps be possible that the Duchess of Sutherland was ignorant of the cruelties practised towards her own tenants; but it is a pity that she did not inform herself of the fact and take the beam out of her own eye before she attempted to take the mote out of brother Jonathan's. When the women of England step beyond their proper sphere, they become as awkward as a fish out of water; and the rebukes which the Duchess of Sutherland and her friends are now receiving ought to induce others not to meddle in affairs they do not understand.

The immediate marriage of Louis Napoleon to the Senorita Montijo, a very charming young Spanish lady, is the leading topic of French news conveyed to us by the last European mail; nor, considering the position and character of the man himself, ought the intelligence to excite much surprise! Strong points and startling effects being rigidly the order of the day, a *coup de théâtre* very naturally succeeds to a *coup d'état.* Foiled in repeated efforts to ally himself with the Royal families of Europe, and equally foiled in his attempts to establish a disreputable connection between himself and the lady of his love, he has snapped his fingers in the face of the Sovereigns who frowned on him, and humoured his own passion by making the woman his Empress, who had refused any more ambiguous title. A few particulars regarding the person thus prominently set before the eyes of the world will be found elsewhere, together with a remarkable address, delivered by the Emperor to his assembled Ministers, Senators, and Legislators, when officially declaring to them his intention. To this set speech we would invite candid attention, partly because it has been lauded by influential portions of the British press, whose commendation carries weight, and partly because it exhibits in strong colours that audacity, duplicity, meanness, insolence, and want of principle, which are no less component parts of Louis Napoleon's character, than are his iron will, his impenetrable secrecy, his infinite cunning.

Do us the favour to turn back to this vaunted document. It commences with an unmitigated falsehood, in asserting that the nation has often expressed its anxiety for his nuptials. Here and there some bumpkin of a country office holder, in the fulsomeness of his adulation, has indiscreetly besought his master to leave lineal successors behind him; but there has been no address to this point from his obsequious senators, no *plébiscite* from his obedient subjects. That there might have been no one can doubt, if it had been thought advisable. The ballot boxes are there for the ready eight millions of voters; the prefects are there to register faithfully; the *Moniteur* is there to record officially. The popular voice would have been expressed with equal alacrity on behalf of a Russian Archduchess, or of the *Vivandière* of a regiment; but the voice might have been troublesome whilst Hymen was unpropitious. It was consequently not called for, it was not uttered. To the justice of His Majesty's remarks on the proper mode of bringing back France within the pale of old monarchies, no one can object; only, how much it is to be regretted that this simple process does not appear to have hitherto occurred to him. The allusion to Josephine would have been a happy one, if the Great Napoleon had selected her for an Empress, which he did not; and between the cases there is therefore no parallel, even if one could forget that "the modest and good wife of General Bonaparte" was set aside for state purposes. As for the succeeding paragraph, in which the Austrian alliance and the Duke and Duchess of Orleans are comprised, nothing can exceed its absurdity, unless it be its injustice. What Fate condemns the present Emperor to burden himself with the memory of his predecessor, in season or out of season? Must his uncle's shade become his old man of the sea? Otherwise what could have induced that unhappy allusion to Maria Louisa? What sort of a guarantee for the future was it? Did it assure to France the friendship of Austria? Did it assure any personal

advantages to the bridegroom of that day? What genius of stupidity could have dictated the writing of those lines, intended for quick-witted Frenchmen, lines wherein royal alliance is first scouted on general principles, then held up to admiration when applied to Napoleon I., and then scouted again as applied to Louis' own immediate case? What is said regarding the late Duke and the living Duchess of Orleans is in equally bad taste.

The whole of the Orleans property is now alienated, the year allowed for the sale having expired.

Later accounts from the Cape of Good Hope, and another Indian mail, have arrived. We are not inclined to devote room to the meagre and unsatisfactory statements that they contain from the seat of war in both places. It would be doing no honour to our gallant army at Rangoon, were we to chronicle at length the trifling exploits to which they have been limited by the extraordinary caution and inactivity of their commanding officer, General Godwin. His pompous despatches are much too wordy and unimportant to be read with interest even by our military readers. For a different reason we refrain from making extracts from Cape papers. The enemy there cannot be found; and the details of marchings and counter-marchings, and the capture of waggons and oxen, become dry reading for those who have already had much of it submitted to them.

And now for my gleanings:

Boundaries of the French Empire.—The object of the new Imperialist *brochure* recently issued in Paris by M. Masson, entitled *Les Limites de la France*, is to show that it is the duty and interest of France to regain the frontier of 1795. It is assumed that the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrennees are her natural limits; and the writer urges that the French nationality, if confined within narrower boundaries, is constantly exposed to attack, and is at the mercy of any coalition of the other powers of Europe; whilst, on the other hand, with the acquisition of Belgium, Savoy, and the cis-Rhenan provinces, the empire might be secure from the kindred races of Spain and Italy.

French Competition for Artillery Horses.—A report has been circulated that the French Government has sent orders over to England to contract for the purchase of 1,000 horses fit for the Artillery, to be supplied within three weeks. If that be so, we take it to be a method for retarding as much as possible, the completion of the augmentation of that same number of horses for our own Artillery.

And now I'm fairly out of breath. So, Doctor, you must e'en read my Colonial chit-chat for me.

Doctor—With pleasure. Ah! I see you begin with the Colonial Secretary's despatch. [*Reads:*

"Downing Street, 15th Jan., 1854.

"My Lord,—I have the honor to acknowledge your despatch of the 22nd of September last, addressed to my predecessor, and forwarding an address to the Queen from the Commons of Canada, in Provincial Parliament assembled, on the subject of the Clergy Reserves.

"2. This address was laid before her Majesty by my predecessor, and your Lordship is probably aware from what has recently passed on this subject in the Imperial Parliament, that her Majesty's late advisers had taken the matter contained in it into their consideration, and were proposing to communicate with you respecting it, when the recent change in the Administration interfered with their intentions.

"3. In consequence of that event it became my duty to bring the subject under the attention of my colleagues at the earliest opportunity, and I have now to inform you that her Majesty's Government have determined upon advising her Majesty to accede to the prayer of that address. In arriving at this decision they have felt it their duty to keep out of view the question whether or not any alteration is at present desirable in the mode of appropriating the fund derived from these Reserves, established by the 3rd and 4th Victoria, cap. 78.

"4. They do not deny that they share in the regret expressed by Lord Grey in his despatch of January 27th 1851, that any desire should be entertained to disturb a settlement devised with a view to reconcile conflicting interests and feelings, which it was hoped might have accomplished that object, but they are fully satisfied that no such sentiments of regret would justify the Government or Parliament of this country in withholding from the Canadian people through their representatives, the right of dealing as they may think proper with matters of strictly domestic interest.

"5. That such was, to a great extent, the view originally entertained by the British Parliament, of this question, appears evident from the provisions of the original constitutional act of 31st George 3d, by which a wide discretion was left to the then Canadian Legislature, to alter or repeal its provisions. That liberty it was thought proper in framing the act of 1840, to *withdraw*, but in restoring it, Her Majesty's government are but reverting to those general principles of policy which were recognized in 1791, in this instance, and which had been habitually adopted. and adhered to in the colonies: principles on which alone they conceived that the government of Canada can or ought to be conducted, and by the maintenance of which they believe that those sentiments of loyalty to the Crown and attachment to the existing connexion with this great empire, which now animate the colony can be most effectually confirmed.

"6. They will, therefore, be prepared to follow the course already indicated by Lord Grey in the despatch above referred to—namely, to recommend to Parliament to pass an act giving to the Provincial Legislature authority to make, subject to the preservation of all existing interests, such alterations as they may think fit in the present arrangements respecting the Clergy Reserves. Her Majesty's Government are induced to make this reservation solely from those considerations of justice which they rejoice to find so fully recognized in the addresses which have been from time to time presented to the Crown.

"7. The language of these addresses is such as to give every ground for confidence that the power to be thus given to the Provincial Parliament will be exercised with caution and forbearance

towards the feelings and interests of all classes in those two great districts which are now so happily united under the single legislation and government of Canada; but I must repeat, that it is not from a reliance on this confident anticipation, however strongly they may entertain it, that Her Majesty's Government have come to their present decision, but because they are satisfied, on more general principles, that the Parliament of Canada and not the Parliament of the United Kingdom is the body to which the functions of legislation on this subject must, for the public advantage, be committed.

"8. You will take an early opportunity for communicating the contents of this despatch to the legislature.

I have &c.

NEWCASTLE."

LAIRD.—Touching these same Reserves I have nae reserve in saying that——

MAJOR.—Pray shut up, *amico mio!* You might as well discuss a cigar, enthroned upon a keg of gun-powder, as enlarge upon such a theme in the Shanty!

LAIRD.—I sit corrected, Crabtree.

DOCTOR.—Our Province, I see, is to be favored with the presence of an architectural notoriety. Stephenson, the engineer of the far-famed Menai bridge, is said to be on his way to Canada, to construct a viaduct across the St. Lawrence at Montreal.

MAJOR.—Such an undertaking would be a great fact, to use one of the cherished slangisms of the day, and I trust it will be carried into effect.

DOCTOR.—By the way, Major, did you observe that a despatch has been received from the British Government, declining to grant medals to Militia Officers who had served in the War of 1812?

MAJOR.—I did, and must say that the resolution is at once ungenerous and unwise. There can be no question that at the period referred to, our militia rendered the state shrewd service,—and in the event of any fracas with *frater* Jonathan, it would be mainly upon their stalwart arms that the safety of our altars and hearth-stones would depend. Most short-sighted, then, I repeat, (to say nothing of common justice,) is the determination of Government in the premises.

DOCTOR.—Have you heard anything of late regarding the state of matters in Nova Scotia since the opening of the Legislature?

MAJOR.—You will find it as you go on.

[*Doctor continues*:]—

The latest Nova Scotia papers are occupied with debates on the answer to the address delivered by the Lieutenant Governor, at the opening of the Legislature of that Province. The chief questions are "Reciprocity;" and the "Fishery Question." Some of the speakers, among whom was Mr. Howe, appeared anxious to give up the exclusive rights to the fisheries, and to allow American Fishermen to fish on the same terms as the colonists, provided the American government would relax its commercial restrictions in favour of the Colony. Other speakers, however, did not approve of such an arrangement, and denounced the idea of giving up the Fisheries, on any terms, in most emphatic language. They also expressed themselves much annoyed at the Imperial Government's attempting to settle the question without having first obtained the concurrence of the Colonial Government and Parliament. M. Wilkins has moved several resolutions to this effect; and he insists on the strict observance of the treaty of 1818. He denies the right of the British Government to annul that treaty, and complains of the injustice which the Colonists have suffered for years back by the unwarrantable and unchecked encroachments of the Yankees on the Provincial Fishing Grounds. Further, he advises the British Government not to allow the Americans the privilege of these Fisheries, which he says, will serve them as a nursery of sailors that they can employ against England at any time.

LAIRD.—What hae our *collective wisdom* been doing since they re-assembled at Quebec?

MAJOR.—Why, man, they have not had time to draw breath yet, after their cold pilgrimage to the city of Wolfe and Montcalm. You must allow them to recruit for a week or two, before tackling to the tough business of the session.

[*Doctor continues*]:—

The treaty between England and the United States brought by the Africa, on her last passage to New York, being ratified by the British Government, was concluded about a fortnight ago at Washington between Messrs. Crompton and Everett. It embraces two subjects—the fishery question and reciprocity of trade between the United States and the North American Colonies. Among other things it provides that colonial vessels may obtain American registers. The Americans disapprove of this article, inasmuch, as they argue, that it would bring colonial ship-builders into direct competition with their own, and that as American builders are liable to pay duty on several articles used in ship building, such as iron, cordage, &c., upon which the colonists pay no duty, the advantage in favor of the latter would be manifest. For these and other reasons it is presumed that the treaty will be rejected by the senate, and that the matter will be suffered to stand over until General Pierce comes into power, and he is said to be favorable to Reciprocity and free trade in the most liberal view of the case. So that the long talked of Reciprocity may become a thing of reality after all.

MAJOR.—One moment, Doctor. I did not intend to have taken any notice yet of the Harbour Commission, as it is scarcely ripe for public discussion, but a little extract relating to the Don struck me particularly. You will find it, Doctor, in the next paragraph; read it.

[*Doctor reads*]:—

The Don should be prevented altogether from discharging itself into the bay—to effect which I would cut a canal from some point below the bridge into the lower bay (Ashbridge's), at the same time making an opening through the penin-

sula opposite the mouth of the canal, or, as it would then be, the river, so as to give to the waters free egress to the lake. I would divert the stream into this new channel by throwing a dam across its present "debouchment," or, if necessary, right across the lower side of the bay. The distance from the new mouth of the river across Ashbridge's Bay would be, comparatively speaking, so short, that the current would be likely to retain its full force so as to carry away most of the silt into the outer lake, and at the annual period of freshets, would have the effect of sluicing the opening, so as to keep it always clear and free from an undue accumulation of sand. Another effect likely to be produced would be, the forming of much deposit from the floods of the Don, in rear of the dam, thereby tending to raise the low lands in that vicinity, until perhaps a considerable width along the margin and fronting on the harbor, would be available for building or other purposes.

MAJOR—Now, Laird, for your "Facts."

LAIRD—Facts hae I nane, so I have just prepared a lang screed o' observations that I think are quite as gude.

DOCTOR—We're all attention.

LAIRD—I have aye thocht that we puir folk who win our daily bread by the sweat o' our broo, dinna think as much o' oursels as we ought, and these remarks are the fruit o' my cogitations. [*Reads:*

THE FARMER'S INFLUENCE—CAN FARMING BE MADE PROFITABLE?

THE true test of ability for farming, all the world over, is the greatest amount of success in the management of those two practical antipodes, *cost* and *result*. A man who may raise enormous crops at a cost of ten times all that these crops will repay; or who may compel his farm laborers, however industrious and efficient they may be, to work without tools, or at best, to hoe his corn with a garden trowel, or to water his cattle in an egg shell—would be set down as decidedly a bad manager. On the contrary, the farmer who applies his means in the best possible manner, to obtain the greatest amount of results, whether by enriching the land ultimately, or increasing its immediate products—who turns all the currents of waste into profitable channels—shows that the touch of his hand is that of a master, and that he possesses the true philosopher's stone, which turns all his applied energies into gold.

But our present object is not to point out the best way to secure large dividends from farm capital. We shall deviate for once from this almost universal track, and endeavor to show how the farmer may increase the physical and mental comfort of himself and those about him, quite as much (and by the outlay of far less monied capital,) as by simply heaping together piles of gold. The means by which this most desirable result is to be secured, is the proper *use of his influence*. "*My* influence? I have no influence!" exclaim a host of moderate farmers, more ambitious and restless perhaps, than they are willing to admit, and who failed to secure any nomination at the last town caucus. "What influence can I possibly have," gravely expostulates the more sedate country resident, "when I cannot even persuade my own boys to avoid the city and become cultivators of the soil?" "You can't expect us to have any influence?" is the inquiring exclamation of the young farmer of taste, who failed in saving from the remorseless axe, a beautiful group of sugar maples which stood in the public road; and whose public spirit has been chilled by the jeers of his stupid neighbors, for proposing to line the highway with a mile of forest trees.

But our friends must not by any means despair. They possess a power of which they are not conscious, although it may not be capable of operating quite in the way they would most desire.—The truth is, there are too many who are looking only for some great or extraordinary occasion to exercise their powers. They may profitably remember the fable of the sweeping mountain torrent, that was soon dry, contrasted with the perpetual rill, which always enlivened and refreshed its banks, and in process of time filled a vast lake with its waters.

In the first place, every one may exert a most healthful influence for *rural taste*. A friend of ours moved into a district of country where the people generally would have been regarded as utterly destitute of all taste of the kind. He could not persuade a single man among them to plant an ornamental tree. He however resolved to have the comforts and embellishments of country life, though of a cheap character, for his own family, His wondering neighbors began to inquire about the trees he planted, "that were good for nothing but to look at," and pitied the wretched taste which he exhibited by not placing his lilacs, honeysuckles, magnolias and evergreens, "all in a row." But it is a characteristic of the works of true taste, that the more they are scrutinized, the more pleasing they appear; and those rude inhabitants evinced, before they were aware of it, that the latent principle of genuine appreciation of the beautiful, which had so long slumbered within them, was beginning to show itself in the little plantations of roses and shrubbery about their dwellings, that they might enjoy something of the most delightful home scenery which they had been insensibly led to admire in their pioneer neighbor. It was not many years before a great change had come over the face of the country, and many had learned that there was some satisfaction in neat dwellings surrounded by tasteful grounds.

In the next place, every one may exert a most valuable and powerful influence, in leading his children, and those more immediately beneath his care, to exalted views of the scenes around them. It does not at all destroy or lesson one's skill to manage those two refractory opponents, Cost and Profit, to look up occasionally from the ploughpoint before him, to the rich, varied, and magnificent panorama around him,

> From the blue rim, where skies and mountains meet,
> Down to the very turf beneath his feet;

neither does it at all require the rare gifts of the "philosophic few" to look upon

> The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields,
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even,

with something of the eye of a painter, naturalist and admirer of the wonderful and beautiful in Design. This study very soon becomes contagious

We knew a skilful cultivator of the earth, whose delight in reading the works of creation, had rendared him quite as skilful in making this study attractive to others; and when we have remembered the great numbers of young people whom he had fascinated into this pursuit, we have often involuntarily been led to contrast him with

> "The churl who holds it heresy to think.
> And knows no music but the dollar's chink;
> Who never found what good from science grew
> Save the grand truth, that one and one make two;
> And he, across whose brain scarce dare to creep,
> Aught but the parent pair, *to get, to keep.*"

Again—every farmer may exert an excellent influence in his own neigborhood in many ways. By perseverance, he may accomplish much in elevating the character of the neighbou ing schools—those fountains from which are to flow the very life-streams of intelligence to our successors on the great theatre of life. He may promote agricultural knowledge by assisting in the diffusion of periodicals. He may often find means to contribute to the happiness of those whom sickness has stripped of physical comforts. It is scarcely necessary to point out all the ways in which a really earnest, straight forward, kind and modest man, may benefit the community in which he lives, if he is not afraid of labor, although all and even more may be done while others may be idling, talking nonsense, or attending public amusements—and it is impossible, from the very nature of things, that all this should not make a strong impression on those who come in contact. In his own family, too, his influence is still greater than elsewhere, either for good or evil. Domestic sunshine or storms are very much at the command of the head authority. A single ill-natured remark will often send its poison and contagion through a whole household—a uniform air of kindness cannot fail greatly to soften the asperities of life; and especially when, to speak colloquially, "every thing goes crooked," a few words fitly spoken, will drop like balm into the corroding irritation of bad nature, and like the atmosphere of spring, breathe cheerfulness and sweetness about those within their influence.

Now, if any one believe that the accomplishment of these duties does not greatly increase one's own happiness, to say nothing of the happiness of others, "then has he no human blood in his veins." He is one of those chrysalides of mortality, whose object in living is to suffer as little, and enjoy as much as possible, within their own shell of physical selfishness. There are others who assent to all we have said, but who commit the supreme folly of chasing the rainbow of promised enjoyment, by trying *first to get rich!* No wonder that farmers' sons rush into the city, when their country homes, with the inexhaustible attractions which *might* be thrown around them, are made repulsive, or at least dull. Fortunately, the exercise of taste in rural improvements—the study of the beauties of country life—the performance of neighborhood amenities—and the soothing influence of kindness in families—do not require the income of a duke; and he who has accomplished all these well, in addition to the skilful management of his plantation, has perhaps as just an expectation as any one, of a pleasant evening in his life, in the hope that he has not lived wholly in vain.

Too much hard work for the money earned, is the general cry against farming; and there has been, in days past, and still is much truth in it.—Let any man spend some time in an agricultural district, and see the labor of men, women and children, and we feel sure he will be disposed to join the cry; but we hope for improvement in this respect. Farmers are becoming better educated than they have been, and with education will come wants and tastes to be gratified; and with education, too, will come the ability to gratify those wants. We do not mean to say that we ever expect or wish to see the time come when farmers will desire to live according to the fashionable mode of living in our large cities, but we do desire and pray for the time to come when they will, as a mass, be educated with the manners and feelings of true gentlemen, possessing, too, the learning and ability to make their wants known, and to demand the rights which belong to them as owners and occupants of the soil of this vast country. We would see farmers not lords of the creation in *name*, while they are truly slaves in *deed*, but elevated to their proper position. It can be done—it must be done. We feel that now is the time to press the matter upon the attention of the farmers. The movements for our benefit must originate with us, certainly no other class of men will undertake them for us. A convention of farmers called to meet at Toronto, at some future day, when no other business would be before them to distract their attention, would be productive of much good. So much dissatisfaction is expressed from many quarters, about the profit of agriculture being altogether inadequate to the labor, that we would gladly see where the fault lies, and have it corrected if possible. Our own humble opinion is, and always has been, that we hold the power in our own hands to rectify all the difficulties, providing we use it properly. The nineteenth century has brought changes to all classes of men.—Progress is the order of the day. The farmers can form no exception to this rule. A choice lies before them,—it is simply this, either to raise themselves by education to their lawful inheritance, or to lose it through ignorance, and to remain for ever mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

And now, Doctor, for your science and art.

DOCTOR—I have already told you that the *Canadian Journal* does the thing so well as to supersede the necessity of our attempting it; besides, I have already given you a sufficient dose in the ice-boat about the Lorraine Shales and other matters.

MAJOR—True; well, then, we will summon Mrs. Grundy, pluck the fruit of her "gatherings, and then call on you, Doctor, to close the evening's work with your song and music.

DOCTOR—I have really a very pretty song from the Mus. Bac.; it will well repay the trouble of learning it. My remarks, as usual, are without fear, favor, or affection, and if they do not satisfy every one, I cannot help it. By the bye, Cruvelli is positively spoken of as meditating a visit. Will it not be a treat? Cruvelli and Alboni—the two greatest contraltos in the world. My New York advices

report Alboni as about to visit Toronto in June.

[*Enter Mrs. Grundy with her contributions. Mrs. Grundy reads*] :—

Our fair subscribers will perceive that the lace waistcoats and jacket bodies are not so much worn for evening costume as last season; the bodies *en stomacher* are most in favor. Narrow party-colored fringes are being introduced for trimming evening dresses. Satins and rich silks are also trimmed with rather broad and full silk fringes.

In mantles, the *Victoria* and *Montmorency* are the most in favor.

In consequence of the mildness of the season, ladies are wearing bonnets rather backward on the head, as during the last summer.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Dress of ruby satin, the skirt, long and full, is without trimming. *Mantille* of black velvet, the ends in front falling broad and square: it is trimmed with two rows of lace which terminate in the front of the arm, the first row of the lace being extremely broad; the bottom of the front ends are finished by the broader lace; above the lace and down the fronts of the *mantille*, is a plaiting, *à veille*, of satin, each edge of the plaiting confined by a narrow band of velvet. Bonnet of white satin, trimmed with black velvet, very low at each side are placed a white and black feather, the white feather is turned up to lay on the front close to the edge, the black one droops; the strings are of broad pink satin ribbon.

PROMENADE COSTUMES.—Victoria mantle of rich dark ruby velvet. Dress of brocade silk. Bonnet of amber satin; a trimming of stamped black velvet is laid on the front, where the satin is plain; the crown is composed of *bouillons* of satin, divided and edged by a very narrow *rûche*, in the centre of which is a row of narrow black velvet; the curtain corresponds with the front; the edge of the bonnet is finished by a narrow black lace; the interior trimming is of pale amber *tülle*.

OR—*Manteau* of black satin; it is trimmed entirely round with a silk fringe, above which is a plaiting *à veille* of satin; two rows of fringe are placed at equal distances from the bottom, each headed by a plaiting *à veille*; large square collar trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of drawn white silk; the brim round and open, is finished by a narrow *rûche*; a full white feather is placed at the right side; white roses and foliage ornament the interior.

EVENING COSTUME.—Dresses of checked *glacée* silk, shaded pink and white: the skirt opens at each side on a breadth of white satin; the satin is cut longer than the dress, and consequently is a little full; it is gathered across at equal distances, forming puffs, which are divided by narrow bands of silk; the edges of the skirt at each side of the opening are finished by a plaiting of narrow ribbon. The low pointed body opens on a stomacher of white satin a little full and crossed by narrow bands of black silk; a broad lace forming a *berthe* at the back, narrows to a point in front at each side the stomacher: the sleeve is formed by two puffings, one of silk, the other of white satin, finished by a narrow pink band and deep lace ruffle.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

AN extensive wedding for which a Parisian dressmaker has recently been commissioned to execute for a young English lady of high rank, comprises a number of splendid dresses, together with several complete Court costumes. We select for description those which are most remarkable for their novelty.

One is a Court dress of white moïre antique; the skirt very long and ornamented up the front with embroidery, consisting of large bouquets of convolvulus. The flowers and their foliage are of natural colors, and are embroidered in floss silk, whilst the stamens and the stems are worked in silver. The rest of the dress is scattered with sprigs, consisting of light buds of convolvulus. The sleeves are of the Venetian form, demi-long, reaching just below the elbow at the back of the arm, and, in front, looped up by an agraffe of precious stones. The corsage is not pointed, but straight at the waist and draped at the bosom. To this dress is added a Court train of cerulean blue velvet attached to the waist by a *ceinture*, embroidered in silver lama, and fastened by an agrafe set with jewels, the same as those employed to loop up the sleeves. The bottom and sides of the train are edged with rich embroidery, representing wheat ears and blue-bells in silver lama. The coiffure to be worn with this dress is a wreath of diamonds in the form of a coronet, with very wide *barbes* of blonde descending to the shoulders.

Another costume is of a more fanciful character, but very elegant. The dress is of pink therry velvet, trimmed in front with six rows of fringe, graduated in width. This fringe is formed of pink chenille, and it has an open-work heading. The corsage has no point at the waist, and has a berthe, which is crossed in front *en cœur*. The berthe and the sleeves, which are short, are trimmed with pink chenille fringe. The Court train which accompanies this dress is rounded and composed of black satin, lined with pink satin, and edged all round with a wreath of weeds and aquatic plants embroidered in relief with pink chenille. This trimming has a very novel and pretty effect. The head-dress consists of four plaits or twists of pink therry velvet. One of these plaits is placed just above the bandeaux of front hair, and the other three are placed at the back of the head, slightly apart at the top, and, meeting in a point above the ears, are there joined by the ends of the one passing over the front hair. At the point of union on each side are bows and flowing ends of pink therry velvet and satin ribbon embroidered with silver, and attached by diamond wheat-ears. The gloves are trimmed with a ruche of tulle sprigged with small rosebuds. Two bracelets are destined to complete this costume. One consists of topazes and cameos, and the other is a large bracelet of richly wrought gold set with rubies

SUMMER AND WINTER.

A Ballad.

THE POETRY BY THE REVEREND R. J. MACGEORGE,

THE MUSIC BY

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

Slow, with expression.

Voice.

P. Forte.

Sym.

One balm - y morn in blithesome May, I sat by Bothwell's ivied tower: The blackbird and the linty gray, Sang sweetly 'mid the hawthorn bower.

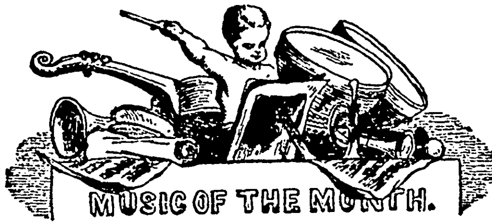
Be - side me sat up - on the green The fair - est maid in the west count-

ric; The brightest diamond flash I ween, Shone dim be - fore her hazel ee'.

I broke my love! she said na nay;
 We pledged our vows; it seemed a dream
The sunny hours fled swift away,
 As foam bells on the whirling stream,
Earth was a new-born paradise,
 A fairy land of wild delight;
We spoke not,—in each other's eyes,
 Our every thought we read aright.

Time's stayless chariot rolled along,
 Again I sat by Bothwell's ha'
But nae mair came the linty's song,
 The summer's balm had passed awa',
Cauld was the gloaming hour; and loud
 December's blast swept o'er Clyde's stream
Bearing along with sleety cloud,
 The screech-owls eldritch boding scream.

Oh welcome winter; for to me,
 The garish summer smiles in vain,
And songs of birds fall jarringly,
 Upon the heart whose hopes are slain,
But blow ye winds; it likes me well,
 To hear you hoarsely round me rave,
Henceforth; 'mong you I'd ever dwell—
 Dirges ye howl o'er Mary's grave.



MR. PAIGE'S FIRST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT.

Our anticipations in relation to this Concert were fully realized, and seldom has a more flattering reception greeted a corps operatique. The performances were a little late in commencing, but the audience could easily perceive that Mr. Paige was unremitting in his exertions not to keep them longer than possible—so they bore the short delay with good humored philosophy. In so long a programme it is impossible to touch upon everything, and we really find it very difficult to particularize. However, we will begin by remarking that the opening overture was very good, and seemed to give general satisfaction. With the opening part of the opera from "Bella Venezia" to "Vieni! la danza invitaci," we were not satisfied; we did not think that Mr. Strathey seemed at home in his duties, and although he is most undoubtedly a thorough musician, we are afraid that he rather threw the first chorus into confusion from his want of experience as an accompanyist and director. The Brindisi, however, made amends, and we can with justice assure the singers that we have heard it at the Broadway opera house, with Bishop as a prima donna, and Bochsa as conductor, when it was neither as correctly nor as spiritedly executed. Any little defects were, however, speedily forgotten when the first notes of Lucrezia's opening cavatina, "Com' è bello, quale incanto," were heard. We have seldom known such wonderful improvement as we noticed in Miss Paige's voice, both in power and clearness of vocalisation. Her singing of this song was truly artistic; it was given with grace, tenderness, and that *truthfulness of expression* which characterizes this young lady's singing. We must not omit the finale, "Maffeo, Orsini, signora, son io," which told with wonderful effect. Mr. Paige, as Gennaro, was very effective in the duet with Lucrezia, and in the beautiful "Di pescatore ignobile." Mr. Hecht was evidently suffering from a cold, which of course prevented his doing himself justice; his part was nevertheless well sung. We do not remember ever to have heard Mr. Humphrey's voice to such advantage as on this occasion; he was evidently on his mettle, and right well did he acquit himself. His singing was expressive, and really very fine.

The second part of the progrtmme was, with one exception, English. The exception, however, was one of the gems of the evening—a terzetto sung by Mr. Paige, Miss Paige, and Mr. Humphreys —and was given with such effect as to cause an enthusiastic burst of applause, and a vociferous demand for an encore. While we think of it, we would remind the Toronto audiences that lungs are not made of leather, and cannot last for ever; a demand for an encore is, therefore, sometimes unmerciful—as, for instance, in the difficult and trying "Polka song," so well sung by Miss Paige. Had not the performers been possessed of the most invincible good humor, they could not have stood the repeated calls on their patience. "Avis au lecteur." We trust we have said enough—space forbids our enlarging; but we cannot pass over "The last rose of summer." When Miss Paige sings this, she almost reconciles us to English music. We can give her no greater praise than this admission. The second concert will take place on the 3d March, and is to consist exclusively of classical sacred music, and from what we can learn it will surpass in interest even the first. We shall have, for the first time in Toronto, some of the grand chorusses from the Oratorio of St. Paul, with their grand orchestral accompaniments. Miss Paige will sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and that alone will be something, we should say, worth hearing. We intended to have said a few words about the difficulty of concert-giving, but are without space, we will only then observe, *en passant*, that the getting up an affair in the successful and correct style of the last concert, is not so easy as some may imagine; when, therefore, it is done, and well done for us, we ought to show our appreciation of the trouble taken. We were glad, then, to see the brilliant, fashionable, and overflowing house that had asiembled to stamp Mr. Paiges merits with approval.

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY.

Since our last notice this Society has changed conductors, and Mr. Paige has been appointed conductor in place of Mr. Clarke. We are quite in the dark as to the why and wherefore the change has been made. There is a rumor that the first open meeting will be on the 9th of March, but we are not certain (in fact, we do not see how it can be done), that the necessary amount of practice can be got through by that time, as pupils and teacher must still be comparative strangers to each other. We must make one suggestion to the Society. We have been repeatedly asked where tickets for the open meetings could be purchased, and dissatisfaction is expressed at the difficulty in getting one. We propose to the Society to issue for sale at least two hundred tickets at a quarter dollar, this plan would give general satisfaction, and would add something to the funds, so as to enable the Society to make their bi-ennial concerts more attractive.

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH,

AT T. MACLEAR'S, 45, YONGE STREET.

Harper & Brothers have issued the third volume of the *Restoration of Monarchy in France*, by Lamartine. The work embraces the history of French affairs from 1815 till 1821, a stirring period in France, during the exile of its idolized tyrant. The work is written in a pleasing, racy style, smooth and attractive. Lamartine as a writer, though he writes with railroad rapidity, is a most engaging author—his long apprenticeship as an editor has given him a commanding knowledge of facts and figures, and his position and occupation as a journalist during the period embraced in the three volumes before us, rendered him eminently fit for becoming the most reliable historian in that country of such a period.

Blanchard & Lea, of Philadelphia, have issued, in three small 8vo volumes, the entire course of *Niebuhr's Lectures*, translated by Dr. Schmitz, and universally lauded in Great Britain. The edition before us is in all respects equal to the British edition. (*See Editor's Shanty of August.*)

The Hand Book of Natural Philosophy, by Dionysius Lardner, D. C. L., &c., has just appeared from the same press. The book may be regarded as *intrinsically* excellent. Dr. Lardner's European fame as a man of science will secure for the work a place among standard works on the sciences of the nineteenth century. But the book has another strong recommendation, it is the appropriate and *required* sequel of his popular and splendid *Treatise on Natural Philosophy and Mechanics*. And it has still higher commendations; it treats on the *present state* of the abstract sciences, as applied to *practical purposes*. It is divided into books and chapters; Book I. Heat—13 chapters. Book II. Magnetism—4 chapters. Book III. Electricity—13 chapters. Book IV. Voltaic Electricity—15 chapters.

Cornelius Nepos, Schmitz & Zumpt's edition. Among the recent issues by the above firm we have one of the most modest and portable editions of this popular classical work extant. It is one of a series of school books now being issued by Blanchard and Lea. For the use of schools and academies, we regard this edition of the classics a most valuable and suitable one. The text is from the most approved Leipsic editions.

History of Classical Literature, by Rev. R. W. Brown, M. A., recently issued by Blanchard & Lea, a work needed as a hand book for a student, or text book for a professor in that department of study, we have seen none superior, and seldom if ever, any equal to this work.

Outlines of English Literature, by Thomas B. Shaw. This is a neat, compendious, little work. It furnishes an epitome of the material which Chambers and others have elaborated into large volumes, and is not like their more ponderous books, likely to produce *bibliophobia*.

Lippincott Grambo & Co. Philadelphia, are issuing a splendid edition, uniform, of *The Novels of Sir Walter Scott*, which they purpose completing in some *nine* or *ten* volumes. The edition before us seems to be one of the best American editions, for the price at which it sells, that has ever been given to the public, and the public would seem to be of our opinion, inasmuch as this edition appears to command a more rapid and extensive sale than any of its predecessors that have been introduced into the Canadian market. Sir Walter has appeared in many a form and many a dress on this continent, and we intend to introduce him in Lippincott and Grambo's habit into our emporium next month.

Ancient Christianity Exemplified.—Among their most recent issues Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have given to the world a book which has placed the Theology of the Nineteenth Century under a great debt of gratitude to Dr. Coleman, of Philadelphia. This really valuable volume is one which must have cost its learned author an immense research. It fills a great blank in the Theological literature of our age—and fills it well. We have seen it highly spoken of by *all* the leading journals of Canada and the States.

The Bible in the Family, or Hints on Domestic Happiness, by the Rev. Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia. In ten lectures Dr. Boardman gives many admirable hints to the parent and the Sabbath-school teacher in this neat and well-written volume.

J. W. Moore, Philadelphia, has just published (1853) a magnificent edition of *Hebrew Scriptures*, stereotyped by L. Johnson, Esq. This is the most recent improvement of the London and Leipsic new editions,—is got up in excellent style, and will, no doubt, become the leading and most current edition in the United States and Canada.

The Koran or Alcoran of Mahommed.—Moore has also published, during the present year, a large and fine edition of the Bible of Mahommed. Many editions of this singular work are extant, and it must be a current book. It is the only medium by which we can reach a knowledge of the Faith of the False Prophet. New editions are therefore, appearing constantly—as men grow wiser they want to know what *was, and is, and will be.* Hence the rise and fall of the Ottoman Empire is become a world's talk, on which account Mohammed, and Bible, and his followers are all prated about. Some two or three years ago, Philips, Lawson, and Co., published in a most valuable 8vo. volume, the Life of Mohammed, by the Rev. Jones Merrick, Missionary to the Persians, and member of the American Oriental Society, a book that gave us much satisfaction. This work and the Koran ought to be read together, as a comparison of the two shows plainly how the impostures of the latter gradually sprung up in the mind of the False Prophet.

Knapp's Theology.—To Moore we are indebted for a new edition (1853) of the Theological writings of this great German author. In 1836 these works were translated by one of the learned Professors of Andover, and so eagerly were the lectures read, and so popular has the work become in that department of learning to which it belongs, that few libraries and private individuals could be found without it. In January of the present year, Mr. Moore has opportunely furnished the reading public with the course of Evangelical lectures which for many years were read by the venerable Knapp in the University of Halle—we would like

to invite old Knapp into our *Shanty* but our door is too narrow to admit polemics.

G. P. Putnam and Co.—This house has undertaken a Monthly Miscellany, two numbers of which have been issued, and, having had an opportunity of glancing at them, we think we may with all safety commend this new magazine—we hail every effort with delight, that the Press undertakes for pushing forward the cause of Literature. "*Putnam's Monthly*," for such is the name given to the new magazine before us, differs from most of its compeers, and we might add, competitors, in these respects:—1. Its articles are original—not derived, not copied.—2. Its articles, with some exceptions, contain good wholesome food, and partake of the solid rather than the light and phantasmagorial.—3. It proposes to advocate the Scientific and Metaphysical studies of the country. To this new competitor in the great course of modern Letters we say *macte virtute*—we hail thy birth as we would that of another child born into our large family, not for a moment dreaming that thy *food or clothing* will either impoverish us, or deprive thy numerous brothers and sisters of one particle of their present luxuries.

Putnam & Co.—Historical Department.—*Bungener's History* of the Council of Trent—recently translated from the French, and published by Putnam—is an authority on the Romish controversy. It bears a high character in Europe, and not less so among the students of Ecclesio-historical and Polemical Divinity in the United States.

Ruffner—the Father of the Desert. The origin and progress of ascetic observation in the Eastern Churches, the history of nunneries, external and internal. Must be a most valuable work.

Tennent's (Sir James Emerson) "*Ceylon*." All North of Ireland men know Sir James. His *Letters from the Ægean*, and latterly his work on "Ceylon," prepared while he was Governor of that island, have given him a place among the literati of Europe; and though some of the British reviewers who were opposed to him and the Government from which he received the appointment bore heavy on his book, still, by the best judges this work has received the highest praise. We may ere long admit it into our Shanty.

Encyclopædia Britannica. The seventh edition, completed in 1842, being now out of print, a new edition, with improvements, additions, and revisions, is in course of preparation, to be published quarterly or in semi-annual volumes. Subscriptions to be received by Putnam & Co. This offers a most suitable opportunity for any private gentleman who wishes to possess a copy of this great national work. Mr. Maclear will undertake an agency for this great work, provided he is encouraged by such parties as wish to introduce it into public or private libraries. The work is too well known to require anything more than a mere mention made of the publication of each volume as it is issued.

Mathematical.—We have noticed some of Putnam's mathematical works, which we are sorry to see so very limited in their circulation in this country. It is deplorable that a taste for the higher branches of pure science is so very rare. Such works as those of Chauvenet, Comte, Smith, Hahn, Jillet, Loomis, Gregory, &c., would be perfectly devoured in the old country, while some of them can scarcely be found in our public libraries in Canada.

Illustrated Magazine of Art, No. 1, Vol. 1.—The first number of this, a new undertaking, has been sent as a specimen. The project seems to us by no means novel, but certainly most likely to be very popular and very successful. Our readers may wonder what the new Magazine bearing the above title can be. Our reply is, there was a want in the Magazine department. We are fond of pictures, we are children in this respect; and the readers of the great London *Times* wanted a newspaper with pictures in it—hence the *Illustrated London News*, the most popular paper in the empire. Now the new Magazine before us is intended to fill the place in the Magazine department that is filled by the *Illustrated News* in the newspaper department of our popular and current literature. The publishers are Alexander Montgomery, 17 Spruce Street, New York; Redding & Co., Boston; and J. W. Moon, Philadelphia. We predict and wish the new Magazine every success.

Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New York.—We can only notice a few of Appleton's most recent issues which have come to hand. The Appletons are at present issuing a uniform edition of the great British bards—Byron, Burns, Milton, Cowper, Moore, Campbell, Beattie, Wordsworth, Scott (Sir Walter), &c., with translations of Tasso and other continental poets, which, when complete, will be one of the best poetic libraries ever given to the reading public. One or two of the latest of this series must have an early place in our Shanty; indeed, we have been so busy of late, and so occupied by the welcome intrusion of strangers, that we had almost forgotten our old friends, but we plead not guilty of any intentional disrespect towards them, and to prove this we hold out our hand with hearty welcome for the first of those good old gentlemen who knocks at our door. Ha! come in! Tasso, thrice welcome! You are the good old gent, who addressed an ode to your cat begging the light of her eyes by which to write it—being so poor as not to be able to provide thyself with a candle; but you are not alone here—your old daddy, Homer, had the fame, *when dead*, of seven cities striving for the honor of having given him birth, while he had the honor, *when alive*, of begging his bread in the streets of those very cities!—who is that with you? pray walk in, old gentleman! Oh! is it possible! Tom Moore! Glad to see you in company with Tasso, and in that nice Appletonian garb. Shades of Moore! speak, and say would you not rather appear attired in the chaste simplicity of Appleton's drapery than in the Russellian dress, flaunting about on the tables of a Cabinet Ministry. Good night, old friends; pray tell Cowper, Milton, and all the rest of your fraternity, that we intend to have a jubilee in the Shanty, to which all the poets in Appleton's Series are to be invited. Cards will be issued before April, 1853. *Bon soir.*