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ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.—TORONTO: OCTOBER, 1853.—No. 4.

HISTORY OF THE WAR
BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER X.

INGERSOL, in his historical sketch, touches but slightly on this affair, and appears indeed, to introduce it, only for the purpose of depreciating the regulars and militia. "Fort Meigs was besieged by Proctor and Tecumseh, with SEVERAL THOUSAND ENGLISH AND INDIANS,* who, after many days bombardment, were compelled to retire. Indians, even under so valiant a leader as Tecumseh, are of little use in besieging a fortified place; and, WITHOUT THE INDIANS, THE ENGLISH SOLDIERS SELDOM PERFORMED MUCH."

General Proctor's modest despatch will shew exactly what was effected.

Upper Canada, Sandwich, May 14th, 1813.

Sir,—From the circumstances of the war, I have judged it expedient to make a direct report to your Excellency of the operations and present state in this district.

In the expectation of being able to reach the enemy, who had taken post near the foot of the Rapids of the Miami, before the reinforcement and supplies could arrive, for which he only waited to commence active operations against us, I determined to attack him without

delay, and with every means in my power; but from the necessary preparations and some untoward circumstances, it was not in my power to reach him within three weeks of the period I had proposed, and at which time he might have been captured or destroyed.

From the incessant and heavy rains we experienced, and during which our batteries were constructed, it was not until the morning of the 1st inst., the fifth day after our arrival at the mouth of the river, twelve miles from the enemy, that our batteries could be opened.

The enemy, who occupied several acres of commanding ground, strongly defended by block-houses, and the batteries well furnished with ordnance, had, during our approach, so completely entrenched and covered himself, as to render unavailing every effort of our artillery, though well served, and in batteries most judiciously placed and constructed, under the able direction of Captain Dixon, of the Royal Engineers, of whose ability and unwearied zeal, shown particularly on this occasion, I cannot speak too highly.

Though the attack has not answered fully the purpose intended, I have the satisfaction to inform your Excellency of the fortunate result of an attack of the enemy, aided by a sally of most of their garrison, made on the morning of the 5th inst., by a reinforcement which descended the river a considerable distance in a very short time, consisting of two corps, Dudley's and Roswell's, amounting to thirteen hundred men, under the command of Brigadier-General Green Clay. The attack was very sudden, on both sides of the river.

* Wogave, in our last chapter, the exact number of regulars, Militia and Indians

The enemy were for a few minutes in possession of our batteries, and took some prisoners. After a severe contest, though not of long continuance, the enemy gave way, and except the body of those who sallied from the fort, must have been mostly killed or taken.

In this decisive affair, the officers and men of the 41st Regiment, who charged and routed the enemy near the batteries, well maintained the great reputation of the corps. Where all deserve praise, it is difficult to distinguish. Capt. Muir, an old officer, who has seen much service, had the good fortune to be in the immediate command of these brave men. Besides my obligations to Captain Chambers, for his unwearied exertions preparatory to, and on the expedition, as Deputy-Assistant Quarter-Master-General, I have to notice his gallant conduct in attacking the enemy near the batteries at the point of the bayonet; a service in which he was well supported by Lieuts. Bullock and Clements of the 41st regiment, and Lieut. Le Breton of the Royal Newfoundland regiment. The courage and activity displayed through the whole scene of action by the Indian chiefs and warriors contributed largely to our success. I have not been able to ascertain the amount of the prisoners in possession of the Indians. I have sent off, according to agreement, near five hundred prisoners to the river Huron, near Sandusky.

I have proposed an exchange, which is referred to the American Government.

I could not ascertain the amount of the enemy's loss in killed, from the extent of the scene of action, and mostly in the woods. I conceive his loss, in killed and wounded, to have been between one thousand and one thousand two hundred men.

These unfortunate people were not volunteers, and complete Kentucky's quota. If the enemy had been permitted to receive his reinforcements and supplies undisturbed, I should have had at this critical juncture to contend with him for Detroit, or perhaps on this shore.

I had not the option of retaining my position on the Miami. Half of the militia had left us. I received a deputation from the chiefs, counselling me to return, as they could not prevent their people, as was their custom after a battle of consequence, returning to their villages with their wounded, their

prisoners, and plunder, of which they had taken a considerable quantity in the boats of the enemy.

Before the ordnance could be withdrawn from the batteries, I was left with Tecumseh, and less than twenty chiefs and warriors, a circumstance which strongly proves that, *under present circumstances at least, our Indian force is not a disposable one, or permanent, though occasionally a most powerful aid.* I have, however, brought off all the ordnance; and, indeed, have not left anything behind; part of the ordnance was embarked under the fire of the enemy.

The service on which we were employed has been, though short, a very severe one; and too much praise cannot be given to both officers and men, for the cheerfulness with which, on every occasion, they met the service. To Lieut.-Colonel Warburton I feel many obligations, for the aid he zealously afforded me on every occasion. From my Brigade Major, Lieut. McLean, I received the same zealous assistance as on former occasions. To Captain Mockler, Royal Newfoundland Regt., who acted as my Aide-de-Camp, I am much indebted for the assistance afforded me.

Lieutenant Le Breton, of the Newfoundland Regiment, assistant engineer, by his unwearied exertions, rendered essential service, as did Lieutenant Gardiner, of the 41st Regiment, from his science in artillery. The Royal Artillery, in the laborious duties they performed, displayed their usual unwearied zeal, and were well assisted by the Royal Newfoundland (under Lieutenant Garden) as additional gunners. The laborious duties which the Marines, under Commodore Hall, were called upon to perform, have been most cheerfully met, and the most essential service performed.

I have the honor to send an embarkation return of the force that served under my command at the Miami, exclusive of the Indians, who may be stated at twelve hundred.

I also enclose a return of our killed, wounded, and prisoners, who have, however, been exchanged.

I have taken upon me to give the rank of Major to the six Captains of the line, as militia were employed on the same service with them; some of them are old officers; all of them deserving; any mark of your Excellency's appro-

bation of them would be extremely grateful to me.

I beg leave to mention the four volunteers of the 41st regiment, Wilkinson, Richardson, Laing, and Proctor, as worthy of promotion.

I have the honor to be, &c.

HENRY PROCTOR,
Brig.-Gen. Comg.

I beg to acknowledge the indefatigable exertions of the Commissariat.

(Signed,) HENRY PROCTOR.

To His Excellency Lieut.-Gen.

Sir G. Prevost, Bart., &c.

It will be perceived, by his dispatch, that General Proctor does not attach quite so much

importance to the Indian force as Ingersol would fain make out. He and other American writers have always made this arm of the "allied force" a convenient excuse for any mistakes or failures, and we have, accordingly, already shewn that to the dread inspired by this force was "Hull's deplorable surrender" ascribed, while, in another instance, "to the vile use made by Proctor, with Elliot's aid, of the terror of the savages," all the disasters at the River Raisin were attributed.

The Elliot here spoken of has been frankly acknowledged by Thomson, in his sketches of the war, to have been "an American by birth, a native of Maryland." "*The thrilling tales of cruelty and bloodshed,*" so liberally interwoven into their narratives by most of the American chroniclers of these times, exhibit so much of the character of romance, that it were idle to attempt the refutation of the many and curious fictions; we may, however, remark, *en passant*, that whilst we do not admit that cruelty was ever practiced, where the British could interfere, in the present instance the individual most obnoxious to censure was acknowledged to have been one of themselves. We close this part of our subject, by also reminding the readers of these "thrilling tales," that in General Winchester's official despatch, (*as he wrote it*) he expressed himself "*highly gratified* with the attention which had been paid to him, his officers, and the prisoners generally, by the British."

A signal proof of American disingenuousness is to be found in the suppression, or

rather garbling of this document, and we can only account for this proceeding (the expunging from the despatch of that part of it we have just quoted) as ascribing it to the necessity which existed, that the war should, at all hazards, be rendered popular, and that it was, therefore, found expedient to keep alive the spirit of animosity which they had by this time partially succeeded in arousing, and which it had been their aim to establish, by circulating tales calculated to kindle a feeling of revenge throughout the length and breadth of the Union. It will be accordingly found that those tales are the most highly seasoned which were produced by the Government organs.

We left Commodore Chauncey with a large fleet at Sackett's Harbor, ready to co-operate in the meditated combined attack on Canada. It had been at one time proposed that this attack should have been commenced by a movement on Kingston, and that the two brigades wintering on Lake Champlain, and amounting to twenty-five hundred men, should be placed in sleighs, and transported under the command of General Pike, by the most eligible route, and with the greatest possible rapidity to Kingston; where (being joined by such force as could be brought from Sackett's Harbor) they should, by surprise or assault, carry that post, destroy the shipping wintering there, and subsequently be governed by circumstances, in either retaining the position or in withdrawing from it. This plan was, however, abandoned, probably from reports of the increased strength of the British, and the one detailed in our last chapter, substituted. The two letters from General Armstrong, Secretary at War, lay open the whole plan of operations, and prove most conclusively how well-informed the American commanders were of Sir George Prevost's weakness at that time, although misled afterwards by the false reports which ultimately led to the change in plans.

(*First Letter.*)

February 10th.

"I have the President's orders to communicate to you, as expeditiously as possible, the outline of campaign which you will immediately institute and pursue against Upper Canada:—

1st. 4000 troops will be assembled at Sackett's Harbor.

2d. 3000 will be brought together at Buffalo and its vicinity.

3d. The former of these corps will be embarked and transported under convoy of the fleet to Kingston, where they will be landed. Kingston, its garrison, and the British ships wintering in the harbor of that place will be its first object. Its second object will be York, (the capital of Upper Canada) the stores collected, and the two frigates building there. Its third object, Forts George and Erie, and their dependencies. In the attainment of this last there will be a co-operation between the two corps. The composition of these will be as follows :

1st. Bloomfield's Brigade.....	1,436
2d. Chandler's do.	1,044
3d. Philadelphia detachment.....	400
4th. Baltimore do.	300
5th. Carlisle do.	200
6th. Greenbush do.	400
7th. Sackett's Harbor do.	250
8th. Several corps at Buffalo under the command of General Porter, and the recruits belonging thereto..	3,000
Total.....	
	7,030

The time for executing the enterprise will be governed by the opening of Lake Ontario, which usually takes place about the 1st of April.

The Adjutant-General has orders to put the more southern detachments in march as expeditiously as possible. The two brigades on Lake Champlain you will move so as to give them full time to reach their place of destination by the 25th of March. The route by Elizabeth will, I think, be the shortest and best. They will be replaced by some new raised regiments from the east.

You will put into your movements as much privacy as may be compatible with their execution. They may be masked by reports that Sackett's Harbor is in danger, and that their principal effort will be made on the Niagara, in co-operation with General Harrison. As the route to Sackett's Harbor and to Niagara is for a considerable distance the same, it may be well to intimate, even in orders, that the latter is the destination of the two brigades now at Lake Champlain."

(Second Letter.)

February 24th.

"Before I left New York, and, till very recently, since my arrival here, I was informed through various channels, that a winter or spring attack upon Kingston was not practicable, on account of the snow which generally lies to the depth of two, and sometimes of three feet, over all that northern region during those seasons. Hence it is that in the plan recently communicated, it was thought safest and best to make the attack by a combination of naval and military means, and to approach our object, not by directly crossing the St. Lawrence on the ice, but by setting out from Sackett's Harbor, in concert with, and under convoy of the fleet. Later information differs from that on which this plan was founded, and the fortunate issue of Major Forsyth's last expedition shows, that small enterprises, at least, may be successfully executed at the present season. The advices, given in your letter of the 14th instant, have a bearing also on the same point, and to the same effect. If the enemy be really weak at Kingston, and approachable by land and ice, Pike, (who will be a brigadier in a day or two,) may be put into motion from Lake Champlain by the Chateaugay route, (in sleighs) and, with the two brigades, cross the St. Lawrence where it may be thought best, destroy the armed ships, and seize and hold Kingston, until you can join him with the other corps destined for the future objects of the expedition; and, if pressed by Prevost before such junction can be effected, he may withdraw himself to Sackett's Harbor, or other place of security, on our side of the line. This would be much the shorter road to the object, and perhaps the safer one, as the St. Lawrence is now every where well bridged, and offers no obstruction to either attack or retreat. Such a movement, will, no doubt, be soon known to Prevost, and cannot but disquiet him. The dilemma it presents will be serious. Either he must give up his western posts, or, to save them, he must carry himself in force, and promptly, to Upper Canada. In the latter case he will be embarrassed for subsistence. His convoys of provision will be open to our attacks, on a line of nearly one hundred miles, and his position at Montreal much weakened. Another decided advantage will be, to let us into the

secret of his real strength. If he be able to make heavy detachments to cover, or to recover Kingston, and to protect his supplies, and after all maintain himself at Montreal and on Lake Champlain, he is stronger than I imagined, or than any well-authenticated reports make him to be.

With regard to our magazines, my belief is, that we have nothing to fear; because, as stated above, Prevost's attention must be given to the western posts, and to our movements against them. He will not dare to advance southwardly, while a heavy corps is operating on his flank, and menacing his line of communication. But on the other supposition, they (the magazines) may be easily secured; 1st, by taking them to Willsborough; or, 2d, to Burlington; or, 3d, by a militia call, to protect them where they are. Orders are given for the march of the eastern volunteers, excepting Ulmer's regiment, and two companies of axe-men, sent to open the route to the Chaudière.

The southern detachment will be much stronger than I had supposed. That from Philadelphia will amount to nearly one thousand effectives."

Although we are enabled from these letters to make out what was the original plan, we are left without much information as to the real reason why it was abandoned. Even Armstrong, although Secretary at War, and commenting on this particular enterprise at considerable length, is comparatively silent on this point, we may, therefore, with some degree of confidence, ascribe it to General Dearborn's and Commodore Chauncey's representations, influenced doubtless by private information gained through their spies.

Be this matter, however, as it may, on the 25th April, 1813, Commodore Chauncey's fleet sailed from Sackett's Harbor for York, having on board General Dearborn, as General-in-chief, and a considerable force. It is not easy to get at the exact number of troops sent on this enterprise, nor to ascertain the *matériel* of which it was composed. General Dearborn does not enumerate them, and most American historians have taken the number mentioned by Chauncey, who says that "he took on board the General and suite, and about seventeen hundred men." Ingersoll reduces, on what authority we are ignorant,

this number to sixteen hundred, but an Albany paper, says James, actually states the number at "about five thousand." This is an evident exaggeration, but we think we may safely put the numbers down, after comparing the various accounts, including the crews of the armed vessels, at between two thousand five hundred and three thousand men.

This force reached its destination on the 27th, and preparations were immediately made for landing the troops. York seems at this time to have been in an almost defenceless condition, and a very reprehensible apathy appears to have prevailed. James represents that "the guns upon the batteries, being without trunnions, were mounted upon wooden sticks, with iron hoops, and, therefore, became of very little use. Others of the guns belonged to the ship that was building, and lay on the ground, partly covered with snow and frozen mud." James also mentions that the accidental circumstance of the Duke of Gloucester brig being in the port, undergoing some repairs, enabled the garrison to mount, on temporary field works, a few six-pounders. Still the defences were of the most insignificant character, and we are at a loss to account for the undertaking the building of vessels in a place so open to, and unprepared for, an attack.

Their various positions having been taken up by the armed vessels destined to cover the landing, and take part in the attack on the batteries, the debarkation of the troops began about eight o'clock in the morning, and Forsyth with his rifle corps were the first who attempted to make good a landing.

The spot at which the landing was intended to have been made was close to the site of an old French fort, and will be found on reference to the plan at the head of the chapter; the boats were, however, carried by a strong breeze and heavy sea, considerably to leeward of the intended point, and nearly half a mile to the westward the landing was effected. Armstrong says this spot was "thickly covered with brushwood, and already occupied by British and Indian marksmen." Had the spot been occupied as thus represented, the chances are, when we consider with what difficulty they overcame a mere handful of men, that the Americans would never have landed on that day: in reality it was occupied by Major Givens, with about five-and-twenty Indians,

and a company (about sixty) of Glengarry Fencibles. Armstrong adds; "in the contest that followed, Forsyth lost some men, but no credit." We grant the former, as the defence made by the handful of men, then on the ground, was so determined that Forsyth would have found it difficult to effect a landing had he not been speedily reinforced by Major King and a battalion of infantry. The landing of the main body under General Pike now enabled the enemy to advance more boldly, and to drive back the British, (whose numbers had been in the meantime increased by the arrival of some two hundred and twenty militia, and fifty of the Newfoundland regiment,) from one position to another. The stand made at some of these positions was very gallant, as two companies of the 8th regiment (about two hundred strong) had now joined. James says, "the whole of the American troops, at this time on shore, amounted, by their own accounts, to upwards of one thousand. These were met by two hundred and ten men of the 8th, and Newfoundland, regiments, and about two hundred and twenty militia, who made a formidable charge upon the American column, and partially compelled it to retire." Reinforced, however, by the fresh troops that were continually being landed, the Americans rallied and compelled the British to retire, partially covered in their retreat by the batteries which, insignificant as they were, had still done good service, by partially occupying the attention of the enemy's vessels, which had by this time, from their light draught of water, approached within gun-shot. The companies of the 8th regiment suffered materially from their ignorance of the roads, the grenadiers being nearly annihilated, and this was the more to be regretted, as their gallantry was without any beneficial results, the main landing having been effected before their arrival. General Sheaffe appears to have laid his plans very badly; by early dawn the alarm of the enemies' approach was given; yet so confused does every movement appear to have been, that we find only a few Indians and a handful of militia on the spot to oppose a landing, while the two companies of the 8th were left to find their way through woods and cover without proper direction or guides. We find, in addition, Adjutant Gen. Shaw, with a body of men and a brass six-pounder, taking up

a position on the line of Dundas street, where he remained, taking no part in the action. We do not blame Adjutant Gen. Shaw for this, as we presume he had his orders, but we question the judgment which placed him in such a position, as it was not probable that the Americans would advance by that route, leaving in the rear, a force which, small as it was, had kept them in check for six hours. On the retreat of the British, a movement effected through the woods, the Americans advanced and carried, without much resistance, the first defence: advancing towards the second, and observing the fire cease suddenly, Pike concluded, and not unreasonably, that it was for the purpose of making proposals for a surrender, and unfortunately halted his troops while yet at a distance of two hundred yards from the main battery. We say, unfortunately, as, had they advanced, the major part of them must have perished in the explosion which took place on the firing of the magazine, which had been just blown up by Sergeant Marshall to prevent the enemy gaining possession of a large quantity of powder deposited there. Ingersol styles the blowing up of the magazine "a vile stratagem;" and Thomson accuses General Sheaffe of treacherously ordering the train to be laid, and of artfully placing several cart loads of stones to increase the effect. This is quite incorrect, as we do not think Sheaffe clever enough to have suggested such a plan; besides, Marshall distinctly stated that had he known General Sheaffe wished it, or had it occurred to himself, he could easily have blown up the enemy by giving ten minutes more port fire. Had he done so, the destruction of the whole column would have been the natural consequence. A vast amount of nonsense, relative to this affair, has been penned by American historians, who do not seem to reflect that this was an invading force, and that the mine has always been a legitimate mode either of attack or defence. In the present instance, the only object in blowing up the magazine was to prevent General Pike getting possession of the powder; it was, therefore, blown up, and very clumsily too, it was done, as several of the British troops were killed or wounded by the explosion. We heartily agree with James, "that even had the whole column been destroyed, the Americans would but

have met their deserts;" and if disposed to commiserate the poor soldiers, at least, we wish, with him, "that their places had been filled by the American President, and the ninety-eight members of the Legislature who voted for the war." The explosion, partial as were its effects, killed and wounded more than two hundred Americans, spreading its mischief far and wide, and creating in the remainder much temporary alarm and confusion. The stones and rubbish were thrown as far as the decks of the vessels near the shore, and, according to Ingersol, "the water shocked as with an earthquake."

General Pike was literally stoned to death, his breast and sides were crushed, and he lingered in great agony till he expired. Gen. Pike was a native of New Jersey, and is represented to have been a gallant and thoroughbred soldier, and one of the best commanders the Americans had. His death was a glorious one. Through motives of humanity he halted to prevent unnecessary effusion of blood, and paltry as was the victory gained with such overwhelming odds, still he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had gained a victory, such as it was. Thompson and Ingersol are very eloquent on his death; "carried on board the Com. Jodore's ship, General Pike was laid on a mattress, and asking for the British captured flag to be laid under his head, in a few hours he nobly breathed his last, upon it, without a sigh."

All honor we are ready to pay to the brave man who dies a sacrifice for his country, but considering the immense superiority of numbers, by which, after a long and desperate struggle, the feat of supplanting the flag was achieved, the officiousness of the American historians has conferred more of ridicule than of honor upon the last moments of their hero.

General Sheaffe was careful to avail himself of the temporary panic into which the enemy had been thrown, and collecting what regular force he could, and leaving to their own resources the civil authorities and embodied militia, he made a hasty retreat in the direction of Kingston, destroying, as he passed along, two ships on the stocks, and a magazine of military and naval stores in the harbour. The defence of the town being no longer practicable, a surrender necessarily followed, by which it was stipulated, that the militia and others at-

tached to the British military and naval service, *who had been captured*, should be paroled; that private property of every kind should be respected, and that all public stores should be given up to the captors. We have italicised the words "who had been captured," as the Americans got possession of the militia rolls and included amongst the list of prisoners on parole, many who had never laid down their arms, and whom it was never contemplated to include in the list. We give Sheaffe's dispatch, with his list of killed and wounded:

Kingston, May 5th, 1813.

Sir,—I did myself the honor of writing to your Excellency, on my route from York, to communicate the mortifying intelligence that the enemy had obtained possession of that place on the 27th of April. I shall now give your Excellency a further detail of that event.

In the evening of the 26th, information was received that many vessels had been seen to the eastward. Very early the next morning, they were discovered lying-to, not far from the harbor; after some time had elapsed, they made sail, and to the number of sixteen, of various descriptions, anchored off the shore, some distance to the westward. Boats full of troops were immediately seen assembling near the commodore's ship, under cover of whose fire, and that of other vessels, and aided by the wind, they soon effected a landing, in spite of a spirited opposition from Major Givens and about forty Indians. A company of Glengarry light infantry, which had been ordered to support them, had, by some mistake (not in the smallest degree imputable to its commander,) been led in another direction, and came late into action. The other troops, consisting of two companies of the 5th (or King's regiment), and about a company of the royal Newfoundland regiment, with some militia, encountered the enemy in a thick wood. Captain M'Neal, of the King's regiment, was killed, while gallantly leading his company, which suffered severely. The troops at length fell back; they rallied several times, but could not maintain the contest against the greatly superior and increasing numbers of the enemy. They retired under cover of our batteries, which were engaged with some of the enemy's vessels that had moved nigher to the harbour. By some unfortunate accident the magazine at the western battery blew up, and killed and wounded a considerable number of men, and crippled the battery. It became too evident that our numbers and means of defence were inadequate to the task of maintaining possession of

York against the vast superiority of force brought against it. The troops were withdrawn towards the town, and were finally ordered to retreat on the road to Kingston; the powder magazine was blown up, and the new ship and naval stores destroyed. Lieutenant-Colonel Chewett and Major Allen of the militia, residents in the town, were instructed to treat with the American commanders for terms; a statement of those agreed on with Major-General Dearborn and Commodore Chauncey, is transmitted to your Excellency, with returns of the killed and wounded, &c. The accounts of the number of the enemy vary from eighteen hundred and ninety to three thousand. We had about six hundred, including militia and dock-yardmen. The quality of these troops was of so superior a description, and their general disposition so good, that, under less unfavourable circumstances, I should have felt confident of success, in spite of the disparity of numbers. As it was, the contest, which commenced between six and seven o'clock, was maintained for nearly eight hours.

When we had proceeded some miles from York, we met the light infantry of the King's regiment, on its route for Fort George; it retired with us and covered the retreat, which was effected without molestation from the enemy.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

R. H. SHEAFFE, Major-General.

His Excellency Sir George Prevost, &c.

Return of killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing, of the troops engaged at York, under the command of Sir Roger Hall Sheaffe, on the 27th ultimo:—

Kingston, May 10th, 1813.

Total—One captain, one sergeant-major, four sergeants, one drummer, fifty-two rank and file, three gunners, killed: one ensign, two sergeants, one drummer, thirty rank and file, wounded; one lieutenant, four sergeants, one drummer, thirty-six rank and file, one driver, wounded and prisoners; six rank and file, one bombardier, three gunners, prisoners; six rank and file, one gunner, missing.

Names of officers killed and wounded.

Killed—8th (or King's regiment)—Captain M'Neal, volunteer D. Maclean, clerk of the House of Assembly.

Wounded—Royal Newfoundland Regiment—Lieutenant D. Keven, prisoner.

Glengarry Light Infantry—Ensign Robins, slightly.

General Staff—Captain Loring, 104th regiment, slightly.

Incorporated Militia—Capt. Jarvis, volunteer, — Hartney, barrack-master.

RICHARD LEONARD,

Acting deputy-assistant-adjutant-general.

EDWD. BAYNES,

Adjutant-general, North America.

Terms of capitulation entered into on the 27th April, 1813, for the surrender of the town of York, in Upper Canada, to the army and navy of the United States, under the command of Major-General Dearborn and Commodore Chauncey:

That the troops, regular and militia, at this post, and the naval officers and seamen, shall be surrendered prisoners of war. The troops, regular and militia, to ground their arms immediately on parade, and the naval officers and seamen be immediately surrendered.

That all public stores, naval and military, shall be immediately given up to the commanding officers of the army and navy of the United States—that all private property shall be guaranteed to the citizens of the town of York.

That all papers belonging to the civil officers shall be retained by them—that such surgeons as may be procured to attend the wounded of the British regulars and Canadian militia shall not be considered prisoners of war.

That one lieutenant-colonel, one major, thirteen captains, nine lieutenants, eleven ensigns, one quarter-master, one deputy adjutant-general of the militia, namely—

Lieut.-Col. Chewett,
Major Allen.

CAPTAINS:

John Wilson,
John Button,
Peter Robinson,
Reuben Richardson,
John Arnold,
James Fenwick,
James Mustard,
Duncan Cameron,
David Thompson,
John Robinson,
Samuel Ridout,
Thomas Hamilton,
John Burn,
William Jarvis.

QUARTER-MASTER.

Charles Baynes.

LIEUTENANTS.

John H. Shultz,

George Mustard,
Barnet Vanderburch,
Robert Stanton,
George Ridout,
Wm. Jarvis,
Edward M'Mahon,
John Wilson,
Ely Playter.

ENSIGNS.

Andrew Thompson,
Alfred Senally,
Donald M'Arthur,
William Smith,
Andrew Mercer,
James Chewett,
George Kink,
Edward Thompson,
Charles Denison,
George Denison,
Darcy Boulton.

Nineteen sergeants, four corporals, and two hundred and four rank and file.

Of the field train department, Wm. Dunbar; of the provincial navy, Captain Frs. Govereaux, Lieutenant Green, Midshipmen John Ridout, Louis Baupré, Clerk, James Langsdon, one boat-swain, fifteen naval artificers; of His Majesty's regular troops, Lieutenant De Keven, one sergeant-major; and of the royal artillery, one bombardier and three gunners, shall be surrendered prisoners of war, and accounted for in the exchange of prisoners between the United States and Great Britain.

(Signed) G. E. MITCHELL, Lieut.-Col.
3rd A. U. S.
SAMUEL S. CONNOR, Major and
A. D. C. to Maj.-Gen. Dearborn.
WILLIAM KING, Major.
15th U. S. Infantry.
JESSE D. ELLIOTT, Lieut.
U. S. Navy.
W. CHEWETT, Lieut.-Col. Com.
3rd Regt. York Militia.
W. ALLEN, Major 3rd Regt.
York Militia.
F. GAURREAU, Lieut. M. Dpt.

According to the capitulation the total of prisoners amounted to two hundred and ninety-three, yet some American accounts swelled this number, one, to seven hundred and fifty, another, to nine hundred and thirty. These assertions, too, were made in the face of Gen. Dearborn's official letter, in which it will have been seen he does not, including Indians, rate the British force at more than eight hundred. Small as this force was, had it not been for the unfortunate (as we deem it) halt of the 8th on their way from Kingston to Fort George, the Americans would have had a still smaller force to contend with. Sir George Prevost and General Sheaffe deserve great censure for this affair of York—the one for allowing military and naval stores to be deposited, and a comparatively large sloop of war to be built, in an exposed situation—the other for gross negligence in not ordering the fortifications to be put in order, and neglecting to take proper measures for concentrating his troops and ensuring something like order and regularity. General Sheaffe was shortly afterwards superseded in the command, in Upper Canada, by Major General De Rottenburg, and, returning to Montreal, he took the command of the troops in that district.

The Americans gained possession of a great quantity of naval stores, of which the destruction had been neglected. The greatest loss, however, was that of the ships—one of which had been nearly planked. Fortunately the brig Prince Regent had left the harbor some three days before the attack, thereby escaping capture. The stores taken at York, writes Ingersol, “by another mistake, were burnt at Sackett's Harbour,” so that the Americans had not even this to boast of as a recompense for the loss of so many men. James evidently seems disposed to accuse the Americans of dealing harshly with the town, and states that

“they set fire, not only to the public buildings, civil as well as military, but to a tavern some distance from York; and were proceeding upon the same charitable errand to Hatt's Mills, had they not been deterred by information of Indians being in the neighbourhood.” Christie is, however, silent on this point, and we are induced from the circumstance, as well as from information gained from the actors in the scene to consider James' statement as rather highly coloured. Ingersol does not rank the advantage that occurred by the capture of York, at a very high rate, “with the exception,” he says, “of the English General's musical snuff box, which was an object of much interest to some of our officers, and a scalp which Major Forsyth found suspended over the speaker's chair, we gained but barren honor by the capture of York, of which no permanent possession was taken.”

Touching the scalp here mentioned, Ingersol pretends to give an official letter from Commodore Chauncey to the Hon. William Jones, Secretary of the Navy, in which the Commodore is made to write:

SIR,—I have the honor to present you, by the hands of Lieut. Dudley, the British standard taken at York, on the 27th April last, accompanied by the mace, *over which hung a human scalp.*

“This atrocious ornament,” continues Ingersol, “was sent to the Secretary of War, General Armstrong, who refused to receive or suffer it to remain in his cabinet.” Armstrong in relation to this affair, writes, “our trophies were fewer but better taken care of. One human scalp, a prize made, as we understand, by the *Commodore*, was offered, but not accepted, as a *decoration* to the walls of the war office.” It will be observed that Armstrong does not say how, or where, Commodore Chauncey acquired this valuable trophy, but from the expertness of the backwoodsmen in scalping, (we have already given one or two instances of this,) it is not at all unlikely, but that the scalp in question was that of an unfortunate Indian who was shot while in a tree, by the Americans, in their advance on the town, on the other hand, it may be gathered from Armstrong's words, that Chauncey himself took the scalp, which he afterwards offered as a prize to decorate the walls of the war office. Ingersol devotes six and a half pages to this

one scalp, raking up all the horrors of the revolutionary war, and proving most distinctly how safe he, in common with other American writers, were to make up a case of cruelty, even by implication, against the British.

Sheaffe was superseded, as it is supposed, for his blunders in the defence of York, and certainly not without cause, as he appears on the occasion to have acted without judgment or any fixed plan. Numerous as his mistakes were, they still sink into insignificance, when we compare them with those of the American commanders, who failed in two great points, the capture of the frigate, and the prevention of Sheaffe's escape. Had General Dearborn been on the field, instead of being in safety three miles from the shore, on Pike's death, he might have prevented the escape of Sheaffe with the main body of the regulars; as it was, Col. Pierce, who succeeded to the command, was totally without orders, and knew not what to do. This would have been most important, for situated as Great Britain, at that time, was, she could have ill afforded to send more men to this country, and, scanty as were the means of defence, the capture of Sheaffe's force, small as it was, would have been a fatal blow. General Armstrong, in his letter to Dearborn, dwells particularly on this point, and writes, "I am assured that the regular force in both the Canadas has at no time since the declaration of war, exceeded three thousand men; and at the present time, by casualties, this force has been reduced at least one-fifth. Taking then this fact for granted, we cannot doubt but that in all cases in which a British commander is constrained to act defensively, his policy will be that adopted by Sheaffe, to prefer the preservation of his troops to that of his post, and thus carrying off the kernel, leave us only the shell. In your late affair, it appears to me that had the descent been made between the town and the barracks, things would have turned out better. On that plan, the two batteries you had to encounter, would have been left out of the combat, and Sheaffe, instead of retreating to Kingston, must have retreated to Fort George." General Armstrong's ignorance of the nature of the ground has led him to make some remarks not quite deserved:

nor did he make allowances for the strong east wind; yet there is very little doubt but that, had General Dearborn been a man of energy, much more might have been effected. A still more glaring instance of want of judgment occurred, however, in the next movement we have to touch upon; the descent upon Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River.

One object of the expedition against York; the capture of the stores, having been accomplished, the troops were re-embarked, in the hope that they would be able to proceed to the second and more important movement, without loss of time. Baffled, however, by light and adverse winds, it was not till the sixth day (8th of May) after leaving York, that they arrived off Fort George. It now cost General Dearborn three weeks to dispatch his wounded to Sackett's Harbor, and bring thence reinforcements; as Ingersol says, "a month of precious time was consumed before the attack on Fort George, and then again the commander-in-chief remained on board a vessel; while his army, six thousand strong, attacked and carried the place."

The British force on the Niagara line amounted, at that time, to about eighteen hundred regulars, and five hundred militia. The regular force consisted of the 49th Regt. and of detachments from the 8th, 41st, Glengarry and Newfoundland corps, with a small body of artillery, the whole commanded by Brigadier General Vincent. Eight companies of the 49th, five companies of the 8th, three companies of the Glengarry, two of the Newfoundland regiment, and a portion of the artillery, were stationed at Fort George, "amounting," says James, "to less than one thousand rank and file." About three hundred militia and some fifty Indians were also stationed at this post. We have seen on Armstrong's authority, that the Americans numbered, with the reinforcements drawn from Sackett's Harbor, six thousand men. A sufficient superiority (six to one) having been secured, the American general considered himself prepared for the attack on the post, before which he had spent three weeks, and on the 27th May, the batteries on the American side of the Niagara being ready for action, and

means necessary for transportation provided, the combatants began their movement in boats, along the lake shore, to Two-mile Creek, the point designated for a general landing.

When Hull's surrender had put the British in possession of the artillery they so much required, five of the twenty-four pounders had been brought from Detroit, four of which had been mounted at Fort George, and the fifth on a battery, *en barbette*, about half a mile below Newark, now Niagara. A fire from some field pieces had been opened on the American boats, when proceeding, on the 26th, to the rendezvous. This had provoked a return from Fort Niagara, by which the block houses, some scattered dwellings near the fort, and the fort itself were considerably damaged. On the morning of the 27th a heavy cannonade was again commenced from fort Niagara to cover the attacking party, and "in addition," (says James,) "two schooners, by the use of their sweeps, had reached their stations at the mouth of the river, in order to silence the twenty-four pounder and the nine-pounder, also planted *en barbette* close to Newark. Another schooner stationed herself to the northward of the light house, and so close to the shore as to enfilade the first named battery, and cross the fire of the remaining two schooners." The remaining five schooners anchored so as to cover the landing of the troops. The frigate Madison, Oneida brig, and a schooner, took up also advantageous positions. The united broadside of these vessels was fifty-one guns, many of them thirty-two and eighteen-pounders. Against this formidable array what had the British?—a weak position entirely exposed to a cross fire of shot and shells, and a scarcity of powder—incredible as this last assertion may appear, we are, nevertheless, borne out in making it by James, who asserts, in speaking of the events of the 26th, that "the guns at Fort George were compelled, owing to a scarcity of powder, to remain silent, while Commodore Chauncey, on that evening, was sounding the shore within half gunshot." The Americans, in speaking of this circumstance, and looking at the impunity with which Fort Niagara kept up, almost unanswered, its fire, may well boast that they received comparatively little injury from the British cannon. It would excite astonishment that

James should chronicle so extraordinary a circumstance as the want of powder in the principal British fort in Western Canada, had we not so recently seen that a frigate was built, and a quantity of provisions and stores deposited in so exposed and indefensible a position as York. Whoever was the culpable party, whether Sir George Prevost or General Sheaffe, there is very little doubt but that to this circumstance may be attributed much of the impunity with which the Americans made their preliminary movements on this occasion. The British force was posted as advantageously as circumstances would admit by General Vincent, and they made a most gallant resistance, being overpowered only by the numerical strength of the assailants, and the fire from the American shipping, which committed dreadful havoc, and rendered their efforts to oppose the landing of so immeasurably superior a force altogether ineffectual. Three times, under cover of the heavy fire from the fort and the shipping, the Americans attempted to land, and were repulsed, by the persevering courage of their opponents; and it was only at last, when considerably reduced in numbers, that General Vincent, who saw the inutility of persevering in so unequal a contest, retired, blowing up, before his retreat, the small quantity of powder which yet remained in the magazine at Fort George.

The heavy fire had rendered the fort altogether untenable; General Vincent had, therefore, no alternative left but to retreat in the direction of Queenston, first despatching orders to Col. Bishopp at Fort Erie, and to Major Ormsby at Chippewa, to evacuate their respective posts, and to move with as little delay as possible, by Lundy's Lane, to the Beaver-dam. In the retreat about fifty of the regulars unfortunately were made prisoners. The remainder, both regular and militia, made an undisturbed retreat, and were joined at the place of rendezvous, by the garrisons of Fort Erie and Chippewa. In General Vincent's dispatch* full particulars of this action will be

*From Brigadier-General Vincent to Sir George Prevost.

FORTY-MILE CREEK, May 28, 1813.

SIR,—I have the honor to inform your Excellency, that yesterday morning, about day-break, the enemy again opened his batteries upon Fort George: the fire not being immediately returned,

found, we must not, however, omit to notice one exaggeration contained in it, relative to the American struggle. We allude to the passage "His whole force is stated to amount to nearly ten thousand men." This, in all probability, unintentional overstatement was quite unnecessary, as General Vincent made a very gallant resistance, and, when he was overpowered by numbers, he made a very able retreat—collecting by the next morning nearly sixteen hundred men, with a position, Burlington heights, to fall back on, which, according to Dearborn, while it remained in the power of the British, rendered the successful occupation by the Americans of the Western peninsula impracticable. As at York, Gen. Vincent again saved the kernel, and left, as the fruits of victory, to the Americans, the shell, consisting of a few ruined houses and untenable fort.

it ceased for some time. About 4 o'clock, A. M. a combination of circumstances led to a belief that an invasion was meditated. The morning being exceedingly hazy, neither his means nor his intention could be ascertained, until, the mist clearing away at intervals, the enemy's fleet, consisting of fourteen or fifteen vessels, was discovered under way, standing towards the light-house, in an extended line of more than two miles, covering from ninety to one hundred large boats and scows, each containing an average of fifty to sixty men. Though at this time no doubt could be entertained of the enemy's intention, his points of attack could only be conjectured. Having again commenced a heavy fire from his fort, line of batteries, and shipping, it became necessary to withdraw all the guards and piquets stationed along the coast, between the fort and light-house, and a landing was effected at the Two-mile Creek, about half a mile below the latter place. The party of troops and Indians stationed at this point, after opposing the enemy, and annoying him as long as possible, were obliged to fall back, and the fire from the shipping so completely enfiladed and scoured the plains, that it became impossible to approach the beach. As the day dawned, the enemy's plan was clearly developed, and every effort to oppose his landing having failed, I lost not a moment in concentrating my force between the town of Fort George and the enemy, there awaiting his approach. This movement was admirably covered by the Glengarry light infantry, joined by a detachment of the royal Newfoundland regiment and militia, which commenced skirmishing with the enemy's riflemen, who were advancing through the brushwood. The enemy having perfect command of the beach, he quickly landed from three to four hundred men, with several pieces of artillery, and this force was instantly seen advancing in three solid columns, along the lake bank, his right covered by a large body of riflemen, and his left and front by the fire of the shipping, and bat-

The British loss in killed and wounded was very heavy. The 8th, Glengarry and Newfoundland detachments lost full one-half of their united force, and the militia appear to have also suffered severely, at least eighty-five having been either killed or wounded. The total British loss was estimated at four hundred and forty-five. Thomson, in his "Sketches of the War," makes up a very imposing total of prisoners; like most of his statements, however, his account is grossly exaggerated. He counts the wounded regulars twice over; once as wounded, and a second time as prisoners—he adds further, "the militia prisoners who were paroled to the number of five hundred and seven," &c. Now, in the first place, no unwounded regulars fell into the hands of the Americans, except the fifty who were captured at the fort. Again, Mr. Thomson forgets to inform us how the

teries in the fort. As our light troops fell back upon the main body, which was moved forwards to their support, they were gallantly sustained by the 8th (king's) regiment, commanded by Major Ogilvie, the whole being under the immediate direction of Colonel Myers, acting Quarter-master-general, who had charge of the right wing. In the execution of this important duty, gallantry, zeal, and decision, were eminently conspicuous; and I lament to report that I was deprived of the services of Colonel Myers, who, having received three wounds, was obliged to quit the field. Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, the deputy Adjutant-General, whose activity and gallantry had been displayed the whole morning, succeeded Colonel Myers, and brought up the right division, consisting of the 19th regiment, and some militia.

The light artillery under Major Holcroft were already in position, awaiting the enemy's advance on the plain. At this moment the very inferior force under my command had experienced a severe loss in officers and men; yet nothing could exceed the ardor and gallantry of the troops, who shewed the most marked devotion in the service of their king and country, and appeared regardless of the consequence of the unequal contest. Being on the spot, and seeing that the force under my command was opposed to ten-fold numbers, who were rapidly advancing under cover of their shipping and batteries, from which our positions were immediately seen, and exposed to a tremendous fire of shot and shells, I decided on retiring my little force to a position which I hoped might be less assailable by the heavy ordnance of the enemy, and from which a retreat would be left open, in the event of that measure becoming necessary. Here, after awaiting the approach of the enemy for about half an hour, I received authentic information, that his force, consisting of from four to five thousand men, had re-formed his columns, and was making an effort to turn my right flank. At this critical juncture not a mo-

five hundred and seven paroled militia prisoners were obtained—as he has failed in this, we must refer to James. “No sooner had the American army got possession of the Niagara frontier, than officers with parties were sent to every farm-house and hovel in the neighbourhood, to exact a parole from the male inhabitants of almost every age. Some were glad of this excuse for remaining peaceably at their houses; and those who made any opposition were threatened to be sent across the river, and thrown into a noisome prison. We cannot wonder, then, that by these industrious, though certainly unauthorized means, the names of as many as five hundred and seven Canadians were got ready to be forwarded to the Secretary at War, so as, not only to swell the amount of the loss sustained, but by a fair inference of the force employed,

ment was to be lost, and sensible that every effort had been made, by the officers and men under my command, to maintain the post of Fort George, I could not consider myself justified in continuing so unequal a contest, the issue of which promised no advantage to the interests of his Majesty's service. Having given orders for the fort to be evacuated, the guns to be spiked, and the ammunition destroyed, the troops under my command were put in motion, and marched across the country in a line parallel to the Niagara river, towards the position near the Beaver Dam, beyond Queenstown Mountain, at which place I had the honor of reporting to your Excellency that a depot of provisions and ammunition had been formed some time since. The rear-guard of the army reached that position during the night, and we were soon afterwards joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Bishopp, with all the detachments from Chippewa to Fort Erie. The light, and one battalion company of the 8th, (king's,) joined us about the same time, as did Captain Barclay, with a detachment of the royal navy.

Having assembled my whole force the following morning, which did not exceed sixteen hundred men, I continued my march towards the head of the lake, where it is my intention to take up a position, and shall endeavour to maintain it, until I may be honored with your Excellency's instructions, which I shall feel most anxious to receive. I beg leave to suggest the great importance that exists for a communication being opened with me, through the medium of the fleet. The anchorage under Mr. Brandt's house is perfectly good and safe. I believe your Excellency need not be informed, that in the event of it becoming necessary that I should fall back upon York, the assistance of shipping would be requisite for the transport of my artillery. I cannot conclude this long communication, without expressing a well-merited tribute of approbation to the gallantry and assiduity of every officer of the staff, and indeed of every individual composing

on the part of the British, in resisting the attack.”

Our loss was very great, but that of the enemy was quite as great in proportion—that is, the number that fell in the hand-to-hand conflict would be about equal, were we to make an allowance for the terrible execution done by the fifty-one gun broadside of the vessels. The Americans themselves state their loss at thirty-nine killed and one hundred and eleven wounded, which is very satisfactory; and, as James has it, not a little creditable to the few regular troops and Canadians by whom the fort was defended. One extraordinary bit of modesty is observable in Dearborn's official letter on this occasion. He does not state that the British were superior in force—this is particularly striking in an American—he, however, hints at “the advantage the enemy's position afforded him.” We have

my little army;—every one most zealously discharged the duties of his respective station. The struggle on the 27th continued from three to four hours; and, I lament to add, it was attended with very severe loss.

I have the honor to enclose a list of the killed, wounded, and missing, with as much accuracy as the nature of existing circumstances will admit. Many of the missing, I hope, will be found to be only stragglers, and will soon rejoin their corps. I shall reach the head of the lake to-morrow evening. Hitherto the enemy has not attempted to interrupt my movements. Information reached me this morning, through an authentic channel, that he had pushed on three thousand infantry, and a considerable body of cavalry, towards Queenston. His whole force is stated to amount to nearly ten thousand men.

I send this despatch by Mr. Mathison, who acted as a volunteer on the 27th; and I am happy to inform your Excellency, that his conduct was very honorable to his character, and merits my marked approbation. Ammunition will be wanting by the first vessel. Captain Milnes has been kind enough to remain with me until my next despatch.

I have the honor to be, &c.

JOHN VINCENT, Brig. Gen.

His Excellency Lieutenant-General
Sir George Prevost, &c. &c. &c.

Return of killed, wounded, and missing, of His Majesty's troops in action with the enemy at Fort George, May the 27th, 1813.

One captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, one serjeant, forty-eight rank and file, killed; one general-staff, one major, two captains, five lieutenants, two ensigns, four serjeants, twenty-nine rank and file, wounded; one lieutenant, thirteen serjeants, eight drummers, two hundred and forty rank and file, wounded and missing.

already stated the exposed position of the British; our readers may, therefore, take this insinuation at its proper value. O'Connor in his account, reversing the real state of things, makes the British "five to one." Thomson, more modestly, says, "the action was fought by inferior numbers on the American side," and Dr. Smith, giving no numbers, dwells only on "the firmness and gallantry of the American troops."

The escape of General Vincent and his troops left the Americans as far as ever from the desired undisturbed occupancy of the western peninsula. Ingersol observes, "Vincent, the British General, effected his retreat (probably without Dearborn's even knowing it, for he stayed on shipboard), to the mountain passes, where he employed his troops in attacking, defeating, and capturing ours during all the rest of that year of discomfitures." Armstrong, in his remarks, has, "if, instead of concentrating his whole force, naval and military, on the water side of the enemy's defences, he had divided the attack, and, crossing the Niagara below Lewiston, advanced on Fort George by the Queenston road, the investment of that place would have been complete, and a retreat of the garrison impracticable."

It was certainly fortunate for the British that the Americans had generals who were not tacticians enough to profit by their superiority in numbers. Had Brock commanded the Americans, the campaign of 1813 might have had a more fortunate issue for our enemies.

Although the disasters at York and Niagara were disheartening in some degree, yet the descendants of the brave men who composed the militia at that time have cause to look on both these events with much pride and satisfaction. It is clear, from the conduct of the militia on each of these occasions, that they had attained a high degree of military discipline, and, as a contemporary justly observes, "the marked coolness and fearless intrepidity with which the York and Lincoln militia resisted the approach of the enemy towards their shores,

would have reflected honor on a band of veterans long accustomed to 'the din of arms.'"

We left General Vincent at the Beaver Dam, where he had been joined not only by the detachment from Fort Erie and Chippewa, but by one flank and one battalion company of the 8th, and Captain Barclay, R.N., with a small body of seamen on their way to Lake Erie. To cut off this force, Dearborn, who seems never to have been in a hurry, despatched, on the 28th, a considerable body; but, luckily, he sent them in the wrong direction, for had he chosen the Lake road, there would have been a probability of cutting off General Vincent. Two days were occupied in this fruitless pursuit, and, on the recall of the troops, two days more were passed in a consideration of how the lost time was to be made up. Dearborn's idea was to use the fleet as a means of transportation to Burlington Bay: but, fortunately for the British, the Cabinet at Washington gave this arm of the expedition a different direction. No alternative, therefore, remained to Dearborn but the pursuit by the Lake shore, which should have begun, had Dearborn possessed any energy, on the morning of the 28th.

Before, however, following the fortunes of the brigade despatched in pursuit, we will turn to Sackett's Harbor, and the fate of the expedition prepared against it by Sir George Prevost, and a considerable body of troops destined to act in concert with the fleet under Commodore Yeo.

After disposing of this subject, we will return to Gen. Vincent and his fortunes, taking, while in the west, a glance at Proctor, whom we left just after his return from Fort Meigs. Another chapter will, however, be required for a consideration of all these subjects; we will, therefore, conclude the present one with Ingersol's testimony as to the defence of Canada:—"On the land the defence of Canada was conducted with much more energy, enterprise and spirit, than the American attempts at invasion, which failed, after a long series of delays and reverses, and proved abortions as discreditable as Hull's."

BROCK'S MONUMENT—QUEENSTON.

We have introduced a sketch of the first monument erected to General Brock, as, ere long, it will be removed, and another will be raised in memory of the Hero. We are, therefore, unwilling to have it unrecorded that his eminent and undisputed public services met with no tardy recognition by the grateful country he had been the instrument of saving; but that while his deeds were still fresh in the memory of all, the Provincial Legislature erected the lofty column on Queenston Heights, represented in our plate. The height of the monument, which commanded a view of the surrounding country for about fifty miles, was from the base to the summit one hundred and thirty-five feet, and from the level of the Niagara river, which runs nearly under it, four hundred and eighty-five feet. The monument was a Tuscan column on a rustic pedestal, with a pedestal for a statue; the diameter of the base of the column was seventeen feet and a-half, and the abacus of the capital was surrounded with an iron railing. The centre shaft containing the spiral staircase was ten feet in diameter.

The inscription was as follows:—

UPPER CANADA
HAS DEDICATED THIS MONUMENT TO THE
MEMORY OF THE LATE
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K.B.,
PROVINCIAL LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AND
COMMANDER OF THE FORCES IN THIS PROVINCE;
WHOSE REMAINS ARE DEPOSITED IN THE
VAULT BENEATH, OPPOSING THE INVADING ENEMY.
HE FELL IN ACTION NEAR THESE HEIGHTS
ON THE 13TH OCTOBER, 1812,
IN THE 43RD YEAR OF HIS AGE;
REVERED AND LAMENTED BY THE PEOPLE WHOM
HE GOVERNED, AND DEPLORED BY THE SOVEREIGN
TO WHOSE SERVICE
HIS LIFE HAD BEEN DEVOTED.

The remains of General Brock were removed from Fort George in solemn procession, on the 13th October, 1824, and deposited in the resting place prepared for them in this monument, which deserved, now, to be regarded with more affection than any other structure in the Province.

On Good Friday, the 17th April, 1840, however, a miscreant of the name of Lett introduced a quantity of gunpowder into the monument with the fiendish purpose of destroying it, and the explosion, effected by a train, caused so much damage as to render the column altogether irreparable. Lett was a naturalised Canadian, who had been compelled to fly into the United States for

his share in the rebellion of 1837, and well knowing the feeling of attachment to the name and memory of General Brock, which pervaded all classes of Canadians, he sought to gratify his malicious and vindictive spirit, and, at the same time, to wound and insult the people of Canada by a deed which its paltriness alone prevents our styling "a demon's deed."

As may be imagined, universal indignation was aroused, and a meeting was held on the 30th July following, on Queenston Heights, for the purpose of adopting measures for the erection of another monument.

We cannot refrain from transferring to these pages part of the long and eloquent speech of the chief justice, Robinson, who, on advancing to the front of the hustings to move the sixth resolution, was received with the most enthusiastic cheers.

"If it were intended by those who committed this shameful outrage, that the injury should be irreparable, the scene which is now before us, on these interesting heights, shews that they little understood the feelings of veneration for the memory of Brock which still dwell in the hearts of the people of Upper Canada. No man ever established a better claim to the affections of a country; and, in recalling the recollections of eight-and-twenty years, there is no difficulty in accounting for the feeling which has brought us together on this occasion. Among the many who are assembled here from all parts of this province, I know there are some who saw, as I did, with grief, the body of the lamented general borne from the field on which he fell—and many, who witnessed, with me, the melancholy scene of his interment in one of the bastions of Fort George. They can never, I am sure, forget the countenances of the soldiers of that gallant regiment which he had long commanded, when they saw deposited in the earth the lamented officer who had for so many years been their pride; they can never forget the feelings displayed by the loyal militia of this province, when they were consigning to the grave the noble hero who had so lately achieved a glorious triumph in the defence of his country: they looked forward to a dark and perilous future, and they felt that the earth was closing upon him in whom, more than in all other human means of defence, their confidence had been reposed. Nor can they forget the countenances, oppressed with grief, of those brave and faithful Indian warriors, who admired and loved the gallant Brock, who had bravely shared with him the dangers of that period, and who had most honorably distinguished themselves

in the field, where he closed his short but brilliant career."

Active steps are now being taken to complete the new monument, and another year will see a stately column rise to mark the untimely fate, and resting place of the gallant Brock.

MAHUOT COCQUIEL.

IN the reign of Philippe the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Hainault, or, more precisely, in the year one thousand four hundred and forty-two, the neighbourhood of Tournay in France was ravaged by a gang of cut-throats, who contrived to set the gendarmes of the Count completely at defiance.

The very evening of the day on which the burgomaster Van Robec, accompanied by the magistrates and principal citizens, left Tournay for the purpose of obtaining an audience of the duke respecting these outrages, a cavalier presented himself at one of the gates of the town, and demanded entrance. According to the custom of those troubled times, he alighted from horseback, and followed to the guard-house the soldier whose duty it was to arrest his further progress. The new arrival was doubtless in possession of an efficient passport of some kind or other; for he had scarcely entered, when the officer of the guard motioned the gatekeeper to allow him to proceed, wishing him good night at the same time, and treated him with the utmost deference. It might be eleven o'clock at night, and the moon illumined the turrets of the houses, and the steeples of the town, whose vast shadows stretched out at full length, and assumed a thousand fantastic forms as they fell massively on the neighboring buildings. All seemed buried in profound slumber. At least, the silence which prevailed gave good reason to suppose so. Nevertheless, in one of the streets, which led from the principal square to the ramparts, a bright light shone from behind one of the lozenged windows of the burgomaster Van Robec's house. Its owner had departed to Duke's camp with a heavy heart at the thought of leaving his daughter alone with the aged governess; who would be powerless to preserve her from the assiduities of the gallants who ceaselessly passed and repassed before the house. It is true that Jeanne was soon to marry a cavalier whom her father had authorised to pay her court—which he never failed to do every evening—and that this cavalier—who was known by the name of Philippe du Gardin—kept sufficient watch over his bride to intimidate those who were tempted to approach her.

Philippe had been an hour in company with Jeanne, when the cavalier, of whom we have spoken, entered the street. Observing a ring

fixed in the wall of a neighbouring hostelry, he fastened his horse to it, and moved towards the house of Van Robec; before which he placed himself under the shadow of the front screen of a mercer's shop. There, with his eye constantly fixed upon the illumined window, this man watched his prey. His hand convulsively grasped the pommel of his sword, which he drew from the scabbard whenever he perceived that a slight degree of movement was taking place within the house. At last the street-door opened; and Philippe, after having left a kiss upon the forehead of his bride, proceeded homewards. The cavalier, quitting his retreat, advanced towards him.

"Halt, my gentleman!" he said. "I am not mistaken. You are Philippe du Gardin, the betrothed husband of the young girl with whom you have just parted?"

"Before replying, allow me to ask who you are; and with what object you put that question?" said Philippe. "I do not know you, I have never seen you; consequently, I can have no business with you. Leave me."

"Oh no," returned the assailant. "I have not travelled a couple of leagues on purpose to find you, to return without calling you to account for your insults."

"Insults?"

"Yes, my dainty primrose," replied the cavalier. "It was only yesterday that I heard of your visits to the Dame de Beauroid, and you perceive I have not been slow in—"

"The Dame de Beauroid!" exclaimed Philippe, with emotion.

"Yes, young man! The Dame de Beauroid, with whom I am in love; and whom I mean to keep to myself. You understand?"

"Your mistress!" shouted the youth, drawing his sword. "Your mistress! It is false!"

"A liar, am I?" cried the cavalier coolly, placing himself in an attitude of defence before Philippe. "Pray are your visits to that lady lies?"

"No!" replied the youth.

"And those tender letters which I have discovered, and which have informed me that while you are paying court to her you come here to marry a *bourgeoise*?"

"Those letters are true; but all the rest is false!"

"The lady is mine; and, as I do not choose that she should belong to any one else—at least during my lifetime—make use of your sword."

"Sir cavalier! In what I have spoken there is a mystery which I am not permitted to reveal; but, in the teeth of your accusations, when I hear it said that the Dame de Beauroid has a favoured lover, and that you are that lover, then, in spite of the happiness which I expect to find in an approaching and joyful union, I do not hesitate to accept your challenge, at the risk of perishing in the struggle."

No answer was given to these words; but the two swords were instantly crossed, and sparks flew to the right and left. Four or five passes sufficed to disarm Philippe.

"Resume your sword," said the cavalier coldly. "Our combat is only to be ended by death."

Philippe resumed his sword again, and the duel commenced with fury on both sides. In a few seconds the youth fell to the ground, pierced through his chest, and yielded his spirit without uttering a word. Quick as lightning, the adversary mounted his horse, and disappeared through the gate of the town by which he had entered, taking the road to the northward.

At the clashing of the arms, Jeanne and her governess in terror had ventured to look out from the open window. The first object which met their view was the body of Philippe, outstretched in that part of the street where the moon shone brightest. A cry of despair escaped from Jeanne's bosom. At that cry, the neighbours arose in alarm. What was their surprise when they recognised the betrothed husband of Van Robec's daughter? Their first care was to carry him to the burgomaster's house. In spite of the exclamations and remonstrances of the governess, who returned to her mistress utterly overcome, the neighbours laid the body of Philippe on Van Robec's bed, and one of them went to fetch a surgeon, to be authoritatively assured that life was really extinct. Jeanne, who from the first story of the house beheld her betrothed lying on the ground, and who heard all the bustle within doors, insisted on entering the room in which Philippe had been placed. In vain the governess tried to oppose her wish. In a few minutes the girl was in the midst of the sorrowing neighbours, who did their utmost to tear her away from so sad a sight. But Jeanne struggled against them, embraced the corpse of her betrothed closely in her arms, lavishing upon it the most affectionate endearments. When the doctor came at last, he had to testify to the double fact that Philippe was dead, and that Jeanne was seized with madness.

On leaving Tournay, the cavalier went across the country as far as the church of the first village; descended into a little valley, traversed a narrow brook on a bridge of planks, and then penetrating the woods on an easterly course, he succeeded in arriving at a hamlet where he stopped before the gate of a *château*. This *château* belonged to a powerful family, who had afforded an asylum to a woman of from five-and-thirty to forty years of age, of noble descent, driven from her native province more than two years previously, to live in retirement here. The only journeys she had made since her residence in the hamlet were restricted to two or three visits to Tournay;

where she went, it was whispered, to see some person to whom she was tenderly attached.

The cavalier passed the night as tranquilly as if he had returned from accomplishing some perfectly simple and natural affair; and, the next morning as soon as he awoke, his first care was to see the Dame de Beaufröid. Her countenance when she received him, was impressed with a deep melancholy; but that very melancholy, adding to the paleness which overspread her features, endowed her with an inexpressibly captivating interest.

"Ah! it is you, Mahuot?" said the lady in a voice of emotion. "I have passed a sleepless night, agitated by a thousand painful presentiments."

"Presentiments do not always deceive," he replied abruptly.

"What do you mean?—Good God! what is the meaning of that change in your countenance—of the harshness of your looks!"

"It is useless that I should conceal the fact. I have seen that Philippe, of whom we were talking yesterday. I could rest no longer in the cruel uncertainty in which I was placed by the letters which I discovered in your oratory. I did not choose; after having left the army of the Duke of Burgundy in order to come and ask you for the last time, whether you were willing to espouse me and thus conclude a tedious courtship;—I did not choose I say to remain in any further doubt respecting your conduct during my absence. This very night I have been to Tournay."

"And you have met with Philippe?"

"Yes! My measures were taken, and my information proved exact. Consequently, I had not long to wait. I remembered that particular letter in which he addresses you in the tenderest terms; in which he entreats you to crown his happiness: and which he concludes by daring to ask you to receive his kisses."

"Well!"

"Well! he has not denied it! On the contrary, he confessed—"

"And then?"

"Then my indignation overcame all bounds. I reproached him with his own duplicity, and your treachery. I compelled him to take sword in hand, the very moment after he had betrayed you by embracing her whom he was soon to marry."

"Make an end of your tale."

"I killed him!" harshly replied the cavalier.

The lady appeared for a moment to be utterly overwhelmed. But making a strong effort, she stood proud and menacing before the assassin, and said, "Do you know whom it is that you have stricken?"

The cavalier remained silent.

"But to whom do I address myself?" she asked vehemently. "I entreat Heaven to pardon me for having ever known you. I

should be accused if ever I joined hands with you. You have killed my son!"

"Her son!" exclaimed the man, hiding his face. The lady exhausted and stunned, fell senseless on a sofa.

These events filled the whole province with consternation. Jeanne did not recover her reason; and the aged burgomaster, after having in vain endeavoured to discover the murderer of Philippe, died of grief. The Dame de Beaufroid quitted the *château* in which she had found shelter. Some said that she had taken the veil. Mahuot Cocquel had rejoined the army of the Duke of Burgundy. He did not remain there long; for, in the year one thousand four hundred and forty-four, he came to Valenciennes, and obtained there, no one knows how, the rights of citizenship.

One fête-day of that year one thousand four hundred and forty-four, there was a great concourse of people in Valenciennes. The streets, the squares, and the hostleries were crowded. Gaiety shone on every countenance. Philippe the Good had come to visit his faithful and loyal Valenciennes.

In a noted tavern, a few steps from the Church of Saint Pierre, the throng was greater than elsewhere. Mahuot Cocquel entered it, and, observing a vacant table, took his place there. He scrutinised with curiosity the extraordinary bustle which reigned throughout the place, when a *bourgeois* named Jacotin Plouvier seated himself beside him. Mahuot knew this man so slightly, that he was surprised at the easy assurance with which he seated himself at table.

"Ah! it is you, Master Cocquel;" said Jacotin, seating himself, "I am very glad to have met with you."

"Are you?" replied Mahuot, visibly annoyed.

"I have something to say to you!"

"To me?"

"I have to tell you some news about one of my relations, who lately died amongst the nuns of Liège."

"What business is that of mine!"

"Important business you will own," added Plouvier; "when I have told you that her name was Gertrude."

"Gertrude."

"I here hold her last letter—her last wish. Do you desire to be informed of it?"

"It is no affair of mine," replied Mahuot, rising as if to leave the room.

"On the contrary," said Jacotin, taking Mahuot by the arm, and forcing him to sit down again, "it is no other person's affair than yours."

"What are the contents of the letter?" said Mahuot, burning with anger.

"In the first place, she orders me to find a certain Mahuot Cocquel. You are he! Secondly, she orders me, as soon as I have

found him, to say to him; Mahuot, you laid wait for a young man, who was just entering life in order to put him relentlessly to death!" —That's what she says. Well, I, Jacotin Plouvier, *bourgeois* of Valenciennes, am resolved to avenge the death of that boy, as well as of his bride, who died insane in consequence of your crime; and I call upon God to judge between us!"

"Never!" cried Mahuot with so much vehemence, that all turned towards the two men.

"Never do you say?" answered Jacotin: "I will force you to it!" And then addressing the crowd which surrounded them, he added: "Fiamands! here is a man who is come to take up his right of citizenship, and he is a murderer. He killed one of my relations, Philippe Du Gardin, my cousin's son."

A long murmur of surprise went round the assembly.

"Yes, my friends, this man is a murderer! I offer to justify my accusation in single combat."

"Bravo!" shouted a sergeant-at-arms, as he entered the tavern with a handful of soldiers who had been enrolled that morning for the purpose of keeping order. "Bravo! You shall both of you come along with me;" and he led Mahuot and Jacotin away.

By the law of trial by battle—a relic of barbarism only abolished, here in our own day—the affair fell into the hands of the authorities. Preparations were then made for the duel, says the historian De Glay d'Arleux (whom we translate), in his Notice sur Valenciennes; and, as it was a grave and imposing ceremony, Philippe the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Hainault, determined to be present. On Tuesday, the twentieth of March, one thousand four hundred and forty-five, the Grand Place of Valenciennes was converted into a list, around which an immense multitude was congregated. At nine o'clock the champions were led in, dressed in *basane*, or black sheep's leather, of one entire piece, closely sewed together from their feet to their necks, with their heads naked and shaven, their feet naked, and their nails cut. They were accompanied by the Bretons, or masters of exercises, who had been assigned to each of them after their first confinement in prison, and who carried their shields and their sticks. These shields were formed of willow wood covered with sheep's leather; and were three feet long. They bore for arms a cross *gules* on a field *argent*. The sticks were of medlar-wood, three feet long, and sharpened at each end.

Jacotin Plouvier, the appellant, entered the first, made several signs of the cross, and seated himself on a chair covered with black cloth at one end of the list, on the side of the church of St. Pierre. Mahuot came afterwards, knelt down, crossed himself, kissed the ground, and seated himself on the side of the belfry. The

provost of the town then entered the enclosure, and the champions swore respectively on the Holy Gospels that their quarrel was good. Next their dresses were greased, in order that they might have less hold upon each other; spices were brought in silver cups to invigorate them, and two other cups containing ashes, with which they rubbed their hands. When all was properly disposed according to the usages and franchises of the town, the provost threw up the glove, which had been taken up as the gage of battle, and cried, "Do your duty! do your duty! do your duty!"

The champions, after having beaten each other with their sticks, grappled together, and shook each other violently. Mahuot fell; but instantly got up again. Jacotin rushed upon him, threw him down once more, held him firmly to the ground, thrust sand into his eyes, and tortured him for nearly three-quarters of an hour, to make him confess the murder.

Philippe the Good remained in the house of Melchior du Gardin, the provost of the town, and watched the combat behind a blind. He sent to inquire of the magistrate if there were no means of putting a stop to this horrible struggle. The magistrate replied that that could not be without prejudice to the privileges of the city, and that the conflict must have its course.

At last, after being for a long while tortured by his adversary, Mahuot, utterly blind and crippled in every limb, cried, "Enough!" but, on rising, he endeavoured to rush upon his foe; but Jacotin twisted his arms until they broke.

The wretched man, acknowledging himself beaten, and confessing the murder, had still strength enough to cry out so as to be heard at a distance; "My Lord of Burgundy, pity! pity! I served you well in your war with Ghent!" The Duke was moved even to tears. He again asked the magistrate whether it were possible to save the life of this unfortunate wretch, or at least when dead, to accord him burial in consecrated ground. The provost answered, that the law must be fulfilled step by step. Meanwhile, Jacotin had completed his terrible vengeance with blows of his stick. He seized the bleeding corpse by one leg and dragged it out of the list; after which—and this part of the chronicle cannot be read without a shudder—he went to the Church of Notre-Dame-la-Grande, to return thanks to God for having caused justice to triumph!

The magistrate gave judgment that the murderer should be dragged on a hurdle to the gallows, and be there, for form's sake, strangled and hung. The Duke of Burgundy, justly indignant at the execution which he had witnessed, and which, in spite of all his power, he had been unable to prevent, swore to abolish this barbarous custom. Thenceforward it was never practised in the Low Countries.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. XVI.

SETTING FORTH THE COMPETITION FOR THE PARISH OF SCUNNER-THE-DELL; TOGETHER WITH THE RESULT THEREOF. VERY PROMITABLE FOR THE PERUSAL OF ALL CANDIDATES FOR VACANT KIRKS.

The minister who had united the hands and fortunes of Peter Partan and Peggy Skate, was one of the best specimens I had ever met with, of the old-fashioned Presbyterian Mess John. With matters of controversy he never intromitted, if we may except an occasional bickering with the heritors of the parish touching repairs desiderated for the Kirk or manse, and even then he was generally the first to cry truce, and propose a compromise. Beloved by the poor to whose bodily and spiritual necessities he equally ministered, Mr.—or rather I should say Dr. Patrick Pittendrum, was a welcome and respected guest at the tables of the gentry; being himself an offshoot from one of the most ancient families in the North of Scotland. It thus came to pass that he was a living chronicle of the whole country side, and could tell you the history of every peer and pedlar within the circuit of a hundred miles around the city of Bon Accord, as the children of Aberdeen term the place of their nativity.

Dr. Pittendrum having been pleased to take a fancy to me, at the Partan nuptials, made me promise and covenant that I would spend a day with him before taking my departure for Dreepdaily. Accordingly in implement of my paction I repaired to the manse one fine forenoon, and was received with a cordiality which could not be surpassed.

Having laid strict injunctions upon his housekeeper, Nancy Nairn (for the Doctor was free from the incumbrance of a wife) to have an orthodox dinner in readiness at the canonical hour, the divine proposed that we should walk forth and inspect the features of the neighbourhood. This suggestion entirely jumped with my own humour, and having done justice to a meridian refection of oatmeal cake, cheese, and a moderate allowance of the national stimulant, we set out upon our pilgrimage.

Time would fail me if I attempted to recapitulate a tenth part of the droll and out-of-the-way stories, wherewith Dr. Pittendrum beguiled the road to Boddam, which was to be the leading point of our tour. There was hardly a cottage or a clump of trees but what had its peculiar tradition, and every man and woman we chanced to meet furnished matter of appetizing gossip.

The parish-school lying in our route, my conductor proposed that we should step in for a moment. "I want you," said he—"to see the Dominie, as I have a queer bit of narration to give you touching one of his antecedents."

Having accordingly inspected the minor university of which the learned and lean Malcolm McWhirter was principal, the minister, when he had left its "classic malaria," as he was pleased to express himself—indoctrinated me with the following particulars, for the truth of which he pledged his veracity. I shall denominate the narration:—

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

When I was attending the Divinity class at Marischal College, Aberdeen, (said Dr. Pittendrum) Malcolm McWhirter was reckoned the most promising student of that period. For some years he had carried off the leading prizes, and with the exception of a fellow-alumnus, named Scruton Balmanno, there were none of his contemporaries who ever dreamed of measuring spears with him. Nature had gifted the aforesaid Scruton with abilities not inferior to those possessed by McWhirter, but he was sorely lacking in that application and sobriety, without which the most brilliant talents are as useless as a finely-built ship devoid of ballast. Instead of applying himself to his studies he spent a large balance of his time in engendering rhymes commendatory of the comely damsels with whom it was his chance to meet, and without in any sense of the word being a sot, a tankard of humming ale, and a pipe, possessed more charms for him, especially when combined with good fellowship, than all the Fathers and Seraphic Doctors of Christendom.

Malcolm McWhirter presented the very reverse of this picture. He was a hard reader, and an abstemious liver, and seldom permitted the allurements of sociality to draw him away from the matter on hand. It must be confessed, however, that setting aside his studiousness there was very little to love about the young man. Intense selfishness was disgustingly prominent in his character. To gain an end he would stop at nothing, however unamiable or disoblising; and there were not wanting those who unhesitatingly affirmed that he would not scruple to pass the Rubicon of honesty, in order to compass some desired object.

McWhirter and Balmanno having completed their curriculum at the same time, were simultaneously admitted into the fraternity of preachers by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and licensed to wear the professional uniform of black and white.

Though differing so much in nature and habits they kept up the intimacy which they had formed at college, and lodged together in the same house.

Shortly after the exodus of the young men from laymanship, one of the fattest livings in the shire of Aberdeen fell vacant, and the patron intimated his intention of conferring the same upon the preacher who should most please the fancies of the parishioners. For this prize both Malcolm and Scruton resolved to contend, and accordingly they braced up their loins for the contest, and applied themselves to the work of sermon-concocting with might and main.

Matters were in this position, when a bouncing female cousin of McWhirter's answering to the name of Delilah Dunshunner, came to pay a visit to her relative. Delilah, who was a denizen of Dundee, was possessed of more than the usual proportion of the charms and attractions which play such havoc with the sterner sex. Her age was what the poet terms, "sweet seventeen," and her beauties and graces would have required an Ovid or Robert Burns to inventory and describe. So far as intellectuals were concerned, Miss Dunshunner had likewise much to recommend her. With the lighter literature of the day, she was familiarly conversant. Her wit was sharp as a newly-honed razor, and playful with all as a juvenile kitten;—and being somewhat of a flirt, she had trained herself to tickle the palates of all sorts and descriptions of men. The greatest ambition of the maiden was to swell the number of her conquests, and every new lover she beheld at her feet, added to the cup of her felicity.

Delilah lost no time in setting her cup at Scruton Balmanno, and as his temperament was like tinder, it is not strange that the sparks from the fair one's brilliant hazel eyes, soon raised a conflagration in the young preacher's heart. From the period of her advent the poor lad seemed to lose all reason and self-control. Forgetful of the important ordeal which he was so soon to undergo, he suffered his books to remain unopened, and instead of manufacturing homilies he spent the precious hours in serenading his charmer with a fiddle, upon which instrument he was a tolerable proficient, and wandering with her "up hill and down brae"—as the old song hath it.

Matters were in this position when intimation was given one Friday afternoon to the two young preachers, that their time of trial was fixed for the ensuing Sunday. All the other aspirants after the living, had delivered their discourses, and as it was desirable that the vacancy should be filled up without delay, it was arranged that

Balmanno should hold forth in the morning, and McWhirter in the afternoon, and the election take place on the succeeding Monday.

This intelligence came like a thunder-clap upon the hitherto dreaming, but now thoroughly aroused Scruton! Having neglected his opportunity, he was as little fitted for the pending contest, as he was to square the circle; and a chill and profound gloom speedily enveloped the horizon of his hopes. Oh, how he cursed the facility with which he had given way to the song of the syren, and in his bitterness he grasped the now abominated violin, and hurled it from the window into the garden pertaining to the house!

After a season of reflection, however, Balmanno regretted the commission of this last mentioned gratuitously bootless deed. On former occasions of perplexity and depression he had often experienced solacement from the strains of his beloved Cremona, and he resolved to reclaim the exiled instrument, and seek once more its sedative offices.

Accordingly he left the apartment which constituted at once his study and dormitory, and pursued his way to the garden. Though the evening was mild and genial, it was somewhat dark, the moon being for the most part obscured by clouds which scudded athwart her pale and pensive visage.

During one of the brief intervals in which the face of night's queen was unveiled, Scruton discovered that his discarded fiddle, had found a haven in the branches of a densely leaved oak. Being a proficient in all athletic exercises, he proceeded to climb the tree, and in a few seconds the rescued lyre, (if I may so term it,) was safely secured in his bosom by his buttoned doublet.

Just as Balmanno was preparing to descend from his arborical elevation he heard the sound of approaching voices, and presently became cognizant that his rival and Delilah were contiguous to his hiding-place. Scruton detested the idea of playing the caves-dropper, but what could he do? If he called out or made a noise, he felt that he would seriously alarm the gentle and sensitive maiden, and according he resolved, as the least of two evils, to remain in ambush till the pair had passed out of hearing.

Conceive, however, his perplexity when the promenaders stopped short at the oak, and seated themselves on a small bench, which was situated at its stem! The involuntary spy would freely have parted even with his newly-reclaimed violin to have been out of ear-shot, but there was no help for it—and the utmost that he could do

was to strive to listen as little as possible to the colloquy, which he plainly saw was impending.

Ere many words had been enunciated, he became aware that he himself formed the leading topic of discourse, and the topic was handled in such a fashion, that his delicacy evaporated as speedily as a school-boy's sixpence does amidst the multifarious blandishments of a pastry-cook's emporium.

"Dearest, adorable Delilah!" exclaimed Malcolm, enforcing his speech with a series of emphatic kisses upon the not unwilling mouth of the damsel, "dearest Delilah, I trust that by Monday evening I shall be in a condition to fix the much longed-for epoch of our nuptials. Balmanno was the only opposing candidate of whom I had any dread, and I think that you have effectually settled the poor fool's hash for him."

"I am glad," responded the designing minx, for such she now stood revealed—"that I have played my cards, so much to your satisfaction! At first I could not conceive the reason why you wished me to look so sweetly on the booby, but all is now plain as daylight. Did I not lead him a precious long dance away from books, pen, ink and paper?"

"Oh, you delicious, enchanting little witch!" cried Malcolm—"Venus herself never hoodwinked grim old Vulcan with greater skill or adroitness. The gudgeon swallowed the bait at once, and magnificently you played him when once the hook caught his credulous gills! So well did you enact your part, sweetest, that more than once I felt half inclined to be jealous, and shout out with Macbeth 'hold, enough!' Right certain am I, that the poor lad will not be able to hold a candle to me on Sunday. I have put forth all my skill upon the discourse which I have prepared, and, thanks to your roguish eyes, I do not believe that my opponent has so much as culled out a text!"

Here ensued a long protracted series of osculations and cognate endearments, at the termination of which the treacherous cousins arose, and passed on their devious way.

Scruton Balmanno, from whose lips I learned these particulars, often assured me, that for half-an-hour, or better, he sat in his oak as thoroughly paralysed as if he had been smitten by a thunder-bolt. Up to the moment when the aforesaid revelations hissed upon his ear, he had been persuaded that the heart of Delilah Dunshunner was exclusively his own; and that thought had tended to cheer and comfort him amidst all his depression. Now, he felt as if nought was everything, and everything was nought. With ancient

Pistol he exclaimed, "Chaos is come again," and if his legs had boasted of those cinctures called by the unlearned garters, next morning's sun would have beheld him swinging a strangled corpse, from a limb of the parent of acorns!

After a season the miserable Scruton regained sufficient self-possession to enable him to act if not reflect. Abandoning his leafy perch he sought his chamber, and reached the same without his motions having been discovered. He seated himself in his studying-chair, and opening the nearest volume, which chanced to be Knox's "Counter-blast against the monstrous regimen of women,"—he essayed to read. Not one word, Lowerer, out of fifty could he manage to decypher. All the colours of the rainbow seemed dancing before his eyes; and there was a dirge—like ringing in his ears, as of a million chimes of funeral bells.

In process of time, however, Scruton, like the royal hunchback, became "himself again," and he called a general council of his wits, in order to determine what course should be pursued. Indignation voted that the traitors should be forthwith confronted, and taxed with their treason. Prudence and Shame were of different opinions. The latter suggested that, Delilah instead of experiencing compunction for her double dealing would rejoice, with the spite of little minds, to discover that she had had the power to vex and worry an admirer. Again, Prudence hinted, that by keeping the secret, the enemy might be thrown off their guard, and be led to betray themselves in some way or another, to the advantage of their victim. At the very worst, they could do no greater harm than they had already wrought, and their victim had the advantage of knowing the cards of his adversaries.

Whilst thus musing, Balmanno felt his eyes covered by ten fair, tapering fingers, and heard a dulcet voice simper forth "guess my name!" This was almost too much for aggravated flesh and blood to bear. For a few seconds the supposed dupe felt inclined to grasp the decoyer by the throat, and charge her with heartless, and infernal deceit. With a strong spasmodic effort, however, he contrived to restrain himself, and inviting Delilah to sit down, strove to converse in his wonted easy wooing style, as if nothing had intervened to chequer the current of their love. In this he was successful, infinitely beyond what he could have expected, and McWhirter chancing to come into the room, saluted his double-faced cousin with a covert wink, expressive at once of admiration at her adroitness, and con-

tempt for the silly gull who was so easily led astray.

That evening, as Balmanno afterwards learned, Malcolm read over his well-digested sermon to Miss Dunshunner, who expressed her decided opinion that it was infinitely superior to anything which Dr. Blair (at that period the great standard of pulpit excellence) had ever produced. "All that you lack," said she, "is a little more freedom in the delivery, but that you will easily acquire by repeating over the discourse about two or three times more, before its final preachment!"

As the vacant parish was situated many miles from Aberdeen, it was agreed between the parties that they should jointly hire a post chaise, and proceed on Saturday to an Inn adjoining the Kirk in which the theological combat was to take place. Delilah having expressed an ardent desire to be present on the momentous occasion, was invited to take a seat in the vehicle, and the trio in due time reached their destination without let or hindrance.

Having partaken of an early supper the lady retired to rest, and the rival candidates were not long in seeking their respective chambers. Scruton determined to sit up all night to endeavour, if possible, even at the eleventh hour, to weave into a connected homily some detached notes which he had made. In vain, however, were all his efforts! The events of the preceding day had so pestilently distracted his brain, that the more he cogitated the more muddy and opacuous did his ideas become. Sheet after sheet of quarto paper did he head with the words of his intended text, but somehow or another he always stuck fast in the middle of the opening sentence. A more hopeless and dismal case of baffled mental parturition never was witnessed on earth—if we may except that of Hogarth's Distressed Poet!

"This will never do!" exclaimed the hapless probationer. "I must try whether brandy will not afford me some aid!" Acting upon this resolution he sought the supper room, in order to procure the wished for cordial, and just as he was about to grasp the bottle, a crumpled letter, lying under the chair which had been occupied by Delilah, met his gaze. Justly deeming that no delicacy was due to such a personage, he made no scruple of perusing the document. It proved to be a communication from McWhirter to his innamorata, breaking to her the plot which was subsequently acted upon, and giving her full directions how to carry it into effect.

Though the epistle taught him nothing that he had not previously been aware of, there was some-

thing so sarcastically insulting in its diction, that it well nigh drove the reader frantic. His first impulse was to tear the infamous manuscript into a thousand fragments, but correctly judging that an evidence of the conspiracy might possibly come to be useful, he carefully folded it up, and deposited it in his pocket-book. Having done so he once more retired into his bed-room, and resumed his pen, but with no better success than before. His wits had gone a wool gathering, as they say, and resisted every attempt to fetch them home.

Whilst sitting in this distracted and unenviable frame of mind, Scruton was startled by the opening of the door of the chamber which he occupied. On looking up to learn the cause, he beheld his false friend Malcolm McWhirter, attired in nocturnal habiliments, stalk with a solemn and precise gait into the apartment. His right hand grasped a pocket Bible, and altogether he had the air of one who was preparing to perform public worship.

Balmanno was just on the eve of precognosing his untimely visitor touching the meaning of this extraordinary intrusion, when, on regarding him a little more narrowly, he discovered that he was in a state of profound slumber! His eyes were wide open, it is true, but they were glassy and motionless; and it was abundantly patent that they communicated to their owner no information as to what was passing in the outer and real world. In fact Malcolm was plainly under the influence of somnambulism, and ignorant as a corpse of his company and his whereabouts.

After groping a while around the room, McWhirter lighted upon an old fashioned, high backed easy chair, which his mazed senses apparently metamorphosed into a pulpit. Stepping upon the cushion of this rest-engendering piece of furniture, he disposed his features into the expression of prim propriety becoming one who was about to address an expectant audience; and opening his Bible, gave out some five or six verses of a psalm. After waiting for a space sufficient for the singing of the selected stanzas, he proceeded to offer up a prayer, according to the use and wont of Presbyterian ministers. Scruton, who by this time had begun to pay anxious attention to the proceedings of the slumbering man, noted that the supplication was evidently composed with studious care, and from some of its expressions he came to the unavoidable conclusion that it had been prepared for the services of the ensuing Sunday. Allusions were made to the momentous choice which it had devolved upon his hearers to make, and a passing panegyric was bestowed upon

the patron for his considerate liberality in permitting the sheep to select their own pastor.

The unconscious prelector then once more unfolded the pages of his Bible, and selecting a text, launched forth into the *mare magnum* of a thoroughly digested, and profoundly reasoning sermon, divided into more heads than there are hues in the rainbow, and garnished profusely with illustrations at once striking and apposite.

* * * * *

In the morning Scruton Balmanno, and Delilah Dunshunner, were the only members of the trio who showed face at the breakfast table. Malcolm sent word that having passed a disturbed and unrefreshing night, he would take a slight refectioin in bed, and keep the house during the forenoon, the better to brace him for the agitating work he had to perform in the posterior part of the day. The lady, who confessed to a disorganization of her nervous system, trusted that Mr. Balmanno would not take it unkind, or deem it a slight, if she also remained at home to recruit herself, and nurse her cousin, instead of hearing his discourse, which she was perfectly convinced would be a masterpiece of perfect eloquence. Scruton, of course, could only regret the causes which went to deprive him of the presence of such a competent critic, assuring her that, in all probability, nothing he was about to advance would be novel to a lady so highly accomplished, and so deeply versed in theological literature. There was a twang and spice of sarcasm in the enunciation of these compliments, but accustomed as Miss Dunshunner was, to the honied language of flattery, she received them all as sterling coin, and as tribute to which she was intitled as a righteous matter of course.

By this time the jowing of the Kirk bell gave warning to Balmanno that it behoved him to be setting forth for the session-house, or vestry-room, as our prelatie brethren on the south side of the Tweed prefer to designate it.

Just as he was departing, McWhirter craved an audience of him, for the purpose of wishing him good speed in his endeavours to captivate the affections of the parishioners of Scunner-the-deil—such being the euphonious name of the vacant living. With a hyperbolic hypocrisy, which might have furnished stock in trade to a score of crocodiles, the traitor expressed a seemingly anxious hope that his dear friend would be enabled to smite the nail on the head, and come off with colours flying and drums beating! "Above all things," said the white-livered knave, "I sincerely trust that you have committed your dis-

course to memory, because, from all accounts, the honest folk of Scunner-the-deil, cannot abide the idea of being lectured from black and white. In their estimation there is no heresy equal to that of preaching from the book, which according to their astute judgment is an evident sign and token of dumb-dogship! So deeply am I convinced of this, that in order to save myself from the temptation of referring to my notes in the pulpit, I, this morning, made an *auto da fe* of them, as you may perceive by that heap of ashes on the hearth-stone!"

It is proper here to mention, that whilst the burning of the manuscript was an undoubted verity, the remainder of Malcolm's communication had but slender foundation in fact. He knew nothing about the predilections of the Scunner-the-deilites f - oral, overread sermonization; and in reality the good people, as was generally the case at that period in this quarter of Scotland, had never been accustomed to *ex tempore* holdings forth. McWhirter's palpable object in trying to persuade his rival to preach without paper, was to secure his embarrassment, .. not entire breaking down, in the ecclesiastical rostrum.

Balmanno briefly thanked his mentor for the advice tendered, but said that his memory was too treacherous to permit of his following it. "What I have written," quoth he—"I must read, though the consequences should be a loss of the unctuous prize for which we are both contending."

With an anxious and fluttering heart Scruton wended his way to the edifice where his fortunes were to be determined. It was a grim and ungainly structure, and having been built after the Revolution of 1688, presented very few features of architectural blandishment. There was a steeple, it is true, or rather I should say an overgrown belfry; but had it not been for this appendage a stranger might, without the imputation of irreverence, have characterised the temple as a barn!

In the session-house, the candidate found a conclave composed not merely of elders, but of the leading polemics of the parish. The spokesman of the assemblage was a little club-footed weaver, with small twinkling red eyes, who was evidently the lay oracle, so far as theological matters were concerned, of Scunner-the-deil. There was a restless activity in his long sharp nose, as if he were constantly engaged in smelling out something heterodox; and indeed his reputation was prodigious for unearthing, and running down an

error in doctrine, however disguised it might be in the syrup of rhetoric!

This eminent "professor," who answered to the name of Boanerges Batter, took it upon him to give Balmanno a few words of advice, as the minister's man was adjusting his gown and bands. "Ye maun ken sir," said he, "that next to soundness o' principles, the thing that we maist look to in this hitherto highly favoured parish, is originality! Nane o' us can thole ony thing in the shape o' a plagueurism (*plagiarism* it is to be presumed, the shuttle-compelling sage meant.) We opine that he who wad steal ideas, wad scruple little, on sufficient temptation, to pick pouches! Ane o' the candidates wha preceded you, might hae stood some chance o' being chosen, if he had na' borrowed a sappy sentence frae that incomparable master-piece o' divinity, "*A loupin on stane, for heavy-bottomed believers!*" That backsliding sealed the lad's doom w' me; and as my neighbours generally light their candles at my humble and unworthy lamp, he was unanimously cut off, root and branch, frae the leet!"

Thus premonished, Scruton was ushered into the pulpit, and the service commenced. Mr. Batter occupied a prominent position on the "Bench," which his rank of "Ruling Elder" entitled him to assume; and the probationer soon made the discovery that more eyes were fixed upon the gifted weaver than upon himself. During the progress of the sermon the congregation evidently hungered and thirsted to learn the opinion of Boanerges touching its merits, and by the expression of his countenance were their demonstrations of praise or censure regulated. If at the conclusion of a head the "professor" looked dubious, a general shaking of heads pervaded the throng, like a bed of willows agitated by a gust of wind. On the other hand, if a smile of commendation lighted up the visage of the critic, the church became vocal with laudatory hums, and the speaker was sufficiently certiorated that he had made a point.

It so chanced and eventuated that both the matter and manner of Scruton came up to Mr. Batter's standard of excellence. Ere the tenth division of the homily had been reached, the weaver had folded his arms, and fixed his eyes and nose upon the preacher, sure signs and tokens that his approbation was enlisted in his favour. As the discourse progressed, the eyes of the censor twinkled more brightly, and his proboscis vibrated with increased animation; and when the peroration had been delivered, the small man could not refrain from making a motion with his hand, as if he had been flourishing a

shuttle, under the impulse of an irresistible enthusiasm. The balance of the congregation, as a matter of course, sanctioned the verdict of their leader, and the sermon closed amidst a perfect hurricane of admiring and fully satisfied murmurs.

When the exhausted Scruton was unrobing, Boanerges rushed into the "Session House," and grasping him in his arms imprinted a warm, and highly onion-flavoured kiss, upon his somewhat coy lips. "Keep up your heart, my worthy friend!" exclaimed the fabricator of linen. "Keep up your heart, and fear not! Unless the man who is to preach in the afternoon be a second Boston or Peden, you will as certainly be minister of Scunner-the deil as you are now standing on that floor! A' the parish are singing your praises in the kirk-yard, and if it was na' the Sabbath day, I doubt not that they would be for carrying you to your lodging shoulder-high!" Here followed another thundering kiss, the very peculiar aroma of which lingered upon the palate of the recipient, till obliterated by a copious draught of Alloa ale.

Scruton having regained his hostel, found himself too much flurried and worn out to take part in the afternoon's services, and accordingly the now invigorated McWhirter, and the fair Delilah set forth at the appointed hour, *solus cum sola* for the kirk. The congregation was quite as numerous as it had been in the morning, and, conspicuous as ever, Boanerges, assumed his commanding perch, and settled himself into an attitude of austere and uncompromising attention. There was something in the expression of his notable nose, which seemed to warn the unconscious McWhirter, to look out for squalls. Any one conversant with its pantomime could interpret its twitchings to say—"Mind what you are about my lad. Its no ordinary judge under whose jurisdiction you are now placed! The head which I adorn contains as much divinity as the whole of the Presbytery put together; and if you make a slip woe betide you!"

Malcolm, fortunately for his peace of mind, was ignorant of the language of noses, and consequently the olfactory organ of the seraphic and transcendent Batter, produced no damaging effect upon his nervous system. With all the cool confidence of a veteran occupant of the pulpit, he commenced the customary solemnities, and seemed to feel as if the ball of triumph lay at his foot, to be propelled before him with slight and slender exertion.

At length, the preliminary services having been disposed of, the orator proceeded to enun-

ciate the text which he was to open up, and enforce. No sooner had he read it, than the controversial weaver gave a start as emphatic, as if some one had inserted a darning-needle into the least heroic region of his person. As the speaker progressed the agitation of Boanerges increased, and when the divisions of the discourse had been proclaimed, he fairly stood up in his ecclesiastical eminence, rubbing his eyes, and biting his thumb as if to certify himself that he was not under the influence of a bewildering dream. The oracle communicated the infection of the disease—whatever it was to his clients—and a stranger entering into the kirk, and beholding the seemingly causeless turmoil which prevailed, would naturally have arrived at the conclusion, that a legion of demons had taken possession of the parishioners of Scunner-the-deil; and that the sooner they were removed to a receptacle for the demented, the better for themselves, and the community at large.

As for McWhirter, he had no hesitation in ascribing the phenomena to which we have alluded, to the overmastering effects of his own eloquence and vim. The more his hearers glowered at him, the greater did his animation become; and a half-suppressed yell of amazement which succeeded the concluding flight of elocutionary rockets, convinced him that he had produced an impression indelible beyond all precedent, and that the kirk, manse, and emoluments of the much desired parish of Scunner-the-deil, awaited the acceptance of the incomparable Malcolm McWhirter. * * * * *

At noon next day, according to previous announcement, the parishioners convened in the kirk, for the purpose of declaring upon whom their choice had fallen. The two candidates (for the claims of all preceding competitors had been ignored) occupied the minister's pew, and Delilah Dunshunner, looking red and pale by turns, and making frequent applications to her smelling-bottle, sat beside them.

As a matter of course, Boanerges Batter was appointed chairman, *non con*, and after adjusting his spectacles, and solacing his unique nose with a profound pinch of snuff, he opened the business of the sederunt.

By way of preliminary, the profound manipulator of threads observed, that, as a matter of course, the suffrages of the meeting would fall to be given unanimously. They had heard a discourse in that place yesterday, which he would venture to assert had not its marrow in modern divinity. In proof of his averment he proceeded to recapitulate the various heads of

the composition, which had so strongly won his regards, and even went the length of quoting at large some of the more prominent and striking passages. Could any one, he asked, have the lightest hesitation in awarding the palm of victory to the preacher of that wonderful and never to be surpassed sermon?

During the delivery of this glowing panegyric, both the candidates concealed their faces in their handkerchiefs, and Miss Dunshunner edging herself close to Malcolm, gave his hand a stealthy, but most vigorous squeeze.

After a slight pause, Mr. Batter clearing his throat, and assuming a look of stern reprobation, thus delivered himself:—

“My friends and brethren, a painful but necessary duty still devolves upon me, and that is, to denounce with righteous indignation the graceless impostor, who yesterday had the case-hardened assurance to parade before you, without so much as a blush, the precious goods which he had stolen from a neighbor! There he sits as innocent-like as if fresh butter would not melt in his mouth! I trow that the stool of repentance is the only portion of this Kirk which he should occupy by rights!”

At this period of the weaver's fulmination, Malcolm gave Scruton a nudge with his elbow, and whispered him, in a tone of seeming kindness, and sympathy, to steal quietly out of the house. “You perceive,” said he, “that the game is all up with you; and there is no use in enduring the vituperations of that conceited old ass. It is a pity that you cribbed your sermon, and that he had been familiar with the original, but there is no help for it now. Pray, retire, like a good fellow!”

Very laconic, and seemingly incomprehensible was the reply which the false-hearted comforter received. It thus ran: “Keep your own breath, Malcolm, to cool your own porridge! Credit me, you will require it all before the day is over!”

Batter, after another long and portentous pause, then exclaimed—“I suppose I speak a' your minds, my friends, when I proclaim that our undivided choice has fallen upon the Rev.—.” Here a fit of coughing interrupted the proclamation of the verdict; but after a few seconds the words came thundering out with a vehemence which caused many a spider to tremble in the recesses of its murderous web—“The Reverend Scruton Balmanno!”

It is impossible to describe the scene which ensued. McWhirter, with a look of mingled rage, consternation, and measureless bewilderment, rushed up to the weaver, and insisted that

there had been some hideous mistake. “The sermon from which you quoted,” he shrieked out, “was my own honest composition, and I never purloined a sentence of it from living man!”

Balmanno did not lose his self-possession for a single moment. “Good people,” said he, “there is a simple way of terminating this dispute. Here is the manuscript of the discourse which I delivered in your hearing yesterday; let my respected brother produce his manuscript, so that the two can be compared!”

The meeting at once decided that this was the rational course to follow in the circumstances; but I need hardly say that Malcolm McWhirter was unable to comply with the requisition. Every fragment of notes which he possessed had been incremented, as before mentioned, on the preceding morning!

* * * * *

Scruton Balmanno died a D.D., and incumbent of the parish of Scunner-the-deil.

Shortly before his removal from this earthly scene, he communicated to me the secret of the affair, which I daresay you have guessed. When Malcolm, as previously mentioned, wandered into the apartment of his rival, he recited in his sleep the sermon which he purposed preaching on the following day. Scruton deening (whether rightly or wrongly, I will not determine) that every stragem was allowable against one who had treated him so shamefully, took the words down in short hand, as quickly as they were spoken; and by sitting up all night was enabled to have them fairly transcribed in full, before the hour of morning service.

McWhirter would fain have attempted to prove how matters really stood, but Scruton made him aware of the letter which had accidentally fallen into his possession. The checkmated conspirator was conscious that the publication of such a document would ruin him for ever, and accordingly he allowed sleeping dogs to lie, as the old proverb hath it!

Of course he never could obtain a parish after what had occurred, but through the influence of his old competitor, who pitied his condition, he was appointed preceptor of the school where we saw him to-day.

Touching Delilah Dunshunner. When she saw that Malcolm was laid upon his beam ends, she made violent love to Scruton. Meeting with no encouragement in this quarter, she, after various ups and downs, ran away with a strolling comedian, and on the stage played that double part which she had so often enacted off the same!

Boanerges Batter continued to admire his pastor to the end of the chapter. Often, however, has he been heard to observe, that "the Doctor, worthy man, never preached a sermon equal to his first!"

CITY LIFE FROM A NEW STAND-POINT.

WITHIN the last few years, various aspects of London life have been presented to the readers of the periodical press. Authors of the highest standing have employed their pens on this subject; and the degradation of the lowest grades of the population has been described, and the dangers to the young and unsuspecting, arising therefrom, have been pointed out with an energy and earnestness becoming the magnitude of the evil. We have had descriptions of the deplorable condition of the poor needlewomen and tailors; we have been admitted into their wretched dwelling-places, and seen them plying their ceaseless avocations till the flesh was wasted from their bones, and the clothes from their backs. Under the sweating system, to such straits men have been reduced, that a whole shop has with difficulty managed to keep up a coat for common use; and the wearer of it for the time being was too frequently a messenger to gin-shops. Want, emaciation, filth, disease, debauchery, debility, death followed each other in sure and rapid succession. Is this a matter of wonder? Would that this were a state of things that we could say was associated with the evils of the past! It may be somewhat alleviated; it is not eradicated. Nor will it be, till Christian men and men of humanity become to be in greater earnestness in the work of social and moral reform.

We had witnessed a novel sight—that, namely, of an immense congregation of professed thieves coming together in compliance with the invitation of some benevolent individuals; and, when together, submitting to be catechised, that some idea might be formed of the depth to which they had fallen, and whether their moral natures were at all susceptible of any motive higher than the love of plunder, and the love of vicious indulgences. We have had in operation now for some years schools for the education and training of the children of the destitute poor, and for that large class of juvenile delinquents with which every city, but especially London, abounds; and who are either deserted by their parents or have been robbed of them by death.

Many persons, interested in the welfare of that portion of the population, have visited Ragged Schools, have attended their annual examinations, have read their printed reports, from the most benevolent motives, and with the closest attention; and yet they have failed to arrive at a true conception of their

social and moral condition. They come forth from the squalid misery and rampant vice in which they are immersed; and, although one may judge of their filthiness, their poverty, their skulking meanness, or their studied cunning, when thus made to stand out from the dark moral picture, the depth and the darkness of that picture itself, we can neither fathom nor conceive. To know what city-life is, in this aspect of it, we must go somewhere else than to Ragged Schools, or meetings of juvenile delinquents; we must visit other scenes than the crowded street or the dingy alley. In fact, we must penetrate to their wretched dwelling-places; we must storm the haunts of crime and vice.

We shall go up—rather, we should say, *down*—against this enemy? Who shall throw themselves into this moral conflict? Who shall dive into the dens, or search the "cribs" of Clerkenwell, and return with an accurate description of these places of infamy, and all abominations? Hear what a London print said of this locality, some half-dozen years ago, but which is only a too true picture of it still:—

"Many of our readers are no doubt familiar with the densely-peopled, dirty, confused, huddled locality which stretches around the Middlesex Sessions House. Many of them have, we doubt not, been bewildered amid the dingy, swarming alleys, crowded with tattered, sodden-looking women, and hulking, unwashed men, clustering around the doors of low-browed public-houses, or seated by dingy, unwindowed shops, frowzy with piles of dusty, ricketty rubbish, or reeking with the odour of coarse food; lumps of carrion-like meat simmering in greasy pans, and brown, crusty-looking morsels of fish, still glued with the oil in which they had been fried. Many of our readers, we say, have probably congratulated themselves, with a cosy, self-satisfied shrug, as they emerged from these odoriferous haunts into the broad thoroughfare, where the shops do not look like dens, nor the passengers ruffians and sluts. In Clerkenwell, there is grovelling, starving poverty. In Clerkenwell, broods the darkness of utter ignorance. In its lanes and alleys, the lowest debauch, the coarsest enjoyment, the most infuriate passions, the most unrestrained vice, roar and riot. The keeper of the "*Fence*" loves to set up business there, low public-houses abound where thieves drink and smoke—Jew receivers lurk at corners—brazen, ragged women scream and shout ribald repartees from window to window. The burglar has his "*crib*" in Clerkenwell—the pickpocket has his mart—the ragged Irish hodman vegetates in the filth of his three-pair back. It is the locality of dirt, and ignorance, and vice—the recesses whereof are known but to the disguised policeman, as he gropes his way up ricketty staircases towards the tracked housebreaker's den; or the poor,

shabby-genteel city missionary, as he kneels at midnight by the foul straw of some convulsed and dying outcast."

These are the men to do this work—the city missionaries. The term "shabby-genteel" is not a term of reproach; for it has been justly remarked, that men who are destitute of private means, in consequence of demands upon their charity not to be resisted, find it difficult, with a very limited income from the mission, to avoid a somewhat shabby appearance. And the stand-point from which *they* view city life is not only *new*, but it is also one which gives them every advantage in securing a just judgment, and enabling them to give an accurate description.

We shall draw a most interesting work, entitled, "Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission, by R. W. Vanderkiste," in completing this paper. Mr. Vanderkiste was for six years engaged as an agent of the London City Mission, an institution of immense importance, which is in receipt of funds to the amount of £23,000 a-year, and which employs two hundred and forty-six missionaries, whose labours are brought to bear upon many of the most destitute and most miserable localities in the great metropolis. Here is an extract from a general description of Clerkenwell:—

"Formerly, a large portion of this district was called 'Jack Ketch's Warren,' from the fact of the number of persons who were hung at Newgate from the courts and alleys, especially at the period when £1 notes were in circulation, and forgeries were so common. Aged men, who were formerly watchmen in this locality, have described to me the desperate scenes which were formerly enacted. The disturbances which occurred were of so desperate a character, that from thirty to forty constables would be marched down with cutlasses, it being frequently impossible for officers to act in less numbers, or unarmed. The most extraordinary characters lived here. Those who have read the 'Newgate Calendar,' may remember a notorious female footpad, who is described as living in Sharp's Alley. A woman also lived close by who was hung at Newgate, but lived for many years afterwards. She kept harbours for thieves and other bad characters for nearly twenty years subsequently. This person was condemned to death for passing forged £1 notes, and by some means managed to introduce a silver tube into the gullet. Prison regulations were at that period very lax. As many as ten, and even more, persons would be executed at Newgate at once, and the care which is now exercised was not taken then. She was delivered to her friends for burial immediately after the execution, and hurried home, where, after considerable difficulty, she was restored to life. But, as many thieves and old officers have informed me, most of the *old* gangs are

broken up. The White Hart, in Turnmill Street, opposite Cock Court, formerly a noted house-of-call for footpads and highwaymen, has long ceased to be a public-house at all. Twenty and thirty years ago, a systematic confederation of all kinds of desperate persons existed in this neighbourhood, of which the present condition is a mere relic. The old system of parochial boards of watch was a mere farce. 'You see, sir,' said an old watchman to me, 'there aint no comparison between the old *charleys* and these new police.'

"*Fortune-telling*" is an evidence of ignorance that prevails to a considerable extent, and is patronized not by any means alone by the lowest classes. He was acquainted with four fortune-tellers, who lived within the limits of a single street, and who appeared to be visited by persons of a character that would hardly be supposed to place confidence in such delusion.

"It is a great pleasure to be enabled to record the hopeful conversion of one of these fortune-tellers, Mrs. T——. When first I visited her, and reproved her for the wickedness of pretending to usurp the prerogative of God, she constantly contended that there was no harm in it. 'It was an honest bit of bread,' she said, and made other excuses, all of which could not for one moment be entertained. On one occasion, another fortune-teller being present, I read the account of Elymas the sorcerer, and also of the damsel possessed with a spirit of divination, showing that the influence was infernal, and enlarging on the consequences. The younger fortune-teller could not bear this, and, jumping up, darted out of the place before I could attempt to stop her for prayer. Mrs. T——, who was an aged woman, always listened respectfully to my reading in the Scriptures, instructions, and prayers; and regarding her as one of my special cases, I had, up to the period of her decease, (about a year since,) paid more than ordinary attention to her case. At length the Word of God appeared to produce some effect, and she professed to feel herself a sinner; previously, she had always maintained the contrary. I told her it was useless to talk about repentance, unless she broke off her sins, and urged her to desist from 'fortune-telling.' She would not promise, she said. A favourite phrase with her was, 'I likes to speak my mind, and shall tell no lies.' After a further lapse of time, however, she professed to begin to feel the sinfulness of fortune-telling, through, as she said, 'my being always at her.' She, however, failed in her good resolution to practice this evil no more, several times, and admitted to me that she had so failed. 'It was for a bit of bread,' she said. 'What am I,' added she, 'but a poor old widow? Maybe I'll be sitting here, without a morsel of fire, or a bite or sup in the place, or a bit of 'bacca; (she smoked;) well,

just then the silly fools will come to have their fortunes told, to be sure, I suppose the devil sends them just then to tempt a poor old creature. But, please the Lord and the blessed Jesus you tell me about,' said she, clasping her hands, 'I'll wash my hands of it altogether, for there's no luck in it, and I see now, bless the Lord, *its wickedness.*' I had a strict watch kept upon Mrs. T——, and I have every reason to believe she kept her promise to the end of her life, under circumstances, too, of great temptation.

"The parish would not allow Mrs. T—— any *out-door* relief, and she declined going into the house, for the following reason. Her only son is a pedlar, and had been in the habit formerly of enacting the part of the '*Wild Indian*' at fairs. Some of my readers may possibly have seen the '*Wild Indian*,' surrounded by fairies, robbers, &c., in front of the shows at fairs, dancing a hornpipe in fetters. I have expostulated with my poor friends on the subject. I believe this man to be a strictly honest person. He returns to London for a day or two, from his peddling tours in the surrounding counties, about once in three weeks. The business is extremely bad, but he has always managed to pay his poor old mother's rent, and leave her a loaf of bread and one or two other necessities, when he goes away; and Mrs. T—— would say, 'I likes to keep a roof for him, and to see his face when he comes to London, if I am half-starved, so that he may not have to go to any of them low lodging-houses and bad places; for I'm his mother, you know, though he is sixty years old.' I must not dilate upon this case, but will just mention one circumstance, to show the altered condition of my poor old friend, whom I have a very good hope of meeting in a better world. Said she, 'I sees the benefit of praying now, Mr. Vandicum, and may the Lord Almighty bless you for coming to teach a poor old sinner; and I knows,' she said, 'my prayers is answered. You may believe me or believe me not, but the other day I was hungry and starving, I hadn't a bit of fire in the place, and I didn't expect *my* son home for weeks; but, as I sat at the door, very faint and low, I says, 'Oh! God Jesus Christ, I wish you would send my son home to his poor old mother;' and I kept on saying that 'ere, it seemed so strong on me, and, as I'm a living sinner,' said Mrs. T—— (formerly, she *never* would own she was a sinner,) 'I looks up, and I'm blest, but if there wasn't Jim a-coming up the court. So he throws down his pack, and, says he, 'So I've come home, mother.'—'Yes,' says I, 'so I see.'—Says he, 'I shouldn't, but I've been thinking very much about you; but,' says he, 'I'm very hungry, so let's have some victuals as quick as you can.'" Then followed an exact account of what my friend Jim sent out for, down to half an ounce of 'bacca. "And

we sat down to a nice cup of tea and a good fire," said Mrs. T——, "and wasn't I thankful to the Almighty, for it was his doings, and Jim said the same."

"This was all Jim could do, to pay his mother's rent, and, when he came to town, leave her perhaps the value of eightpence; and a beggar-woman who lives close by, I have often found washing her out, as she expressed it, "a few bits of things because the poor old crittur couldn't," and giving her a bit of bread sometimes, and a few tea-leaves she had collected now and then. Jim would, I believe, have supported his mother like a lady, but he had not the means.

"Had a person entered Mrs. T.'s little dark cell in B——Alley, in the corner, a little pallet would have been seen, which might have been mistaken for a stump bedstead, and, as a piece of cotton over it looked tolerably clean, it might have been said, as I once did, to Mrs. T——, 'I'm glad to see you sleep pretty comfortably.' It was winter-time, very keen, and she looked at me with surprise, and, after musing for a while, said, 'Well, you shall see; but,' added she, 'I don't make no complaint.' On her lifting up the piece of cotton and an old gown, I saw a little straw on an old shutter, and a few bricks supported this at each end. 'My bones,' said she, 'I'm so thin, gets very sore *a-laying* in winter, with scarcely any food—often none.' The wonder is she has not perished; as it was, there can be no question but that the distressing asthma from which she laboured was much increased for want of food, as such invalids require warmth internally and externally. The gnawings of hunger she relieved by 'a smoke of tobacco.' I should have felt very happy to support Mrs. T——, but, surrounded constantly by a mass of six persons daily, whose complaints, by the admission of the parish doctor, as often required food as medicine, and by hundreds of persons in extreme destitution in addition, I could not do so.

"For several years previous to her decease, it was an immense toil to attend my meetings for prayer and exposition, although she lived close by. She walked a step, and stopped, her breathing being very bad, and, when she entered, was frequently obliged to be led to her seat, gasping for breath very painfully. 'But,' said she, 'if I *can* crawl, I like to come, for it's an hour's happiness to me—a little heaven.' I should suppose few persons who heard the impressive manner in which she would utter this, coupled with her remarkable appearance, would soon forget it.

"Being a woman of exceedingly strong mind, although totally uneducated, unable even to read a syllable, which she deeply lamented, saying, 'Oh! if I could read my bible!' I could add many other very interesting sayings of Mrs. T—— to this brief narrative,

which I am sure would very much interest the pious reader, but must conclude her case. At last came that time which must come in the history of all, 'a time to die!'

"Jim did not at all like the idea of his mother being buried by the parish, but poverty prevented his being able to raise funds needful to bury her. Under such circumstances, some undertakers perform the last offices for the poor on condition of being paid at the rate of eightpence a-week; so he went to one of these tradesmen, and buried his mother, as he termed it, 'respectable.' Jim, the 'Wild Indian,' is only an occasional attendant on public worship; but I pray the careful burier of his mother may be himself buried with Christ in that baptism from which he shall rise a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

The condition of the humbler classes is most materially affected, both spiritually and temporally, by the want of education. Their ignorance is extreme on the subject of religion, many not even knowing the name of our blessed Saviour. This intelligent missionary calculated that not more than one sixth could read tolerably. Not only are these wretched creatures cursed and maddened by vice and misery; they are often pressed by want, and suffer the gnawings of hunger, and that sometimes when the parties are sober.

"On visiting one family in Frying-pan Alley I found the husband, who had long been out of work, gnawing something black, and inquired what it was; he appeared reluctant to explain, but, upon pressing the inquiry, said it was a bone he had picked off a dunghill, and charred in the fire, and was gnawing. What little fire they had, consisted of cinders, picked off a dust-heap on his way to the chemical works at Mile End, in search of employment, where he had worked for many years, and was discharged on a reduction of hands taking place. I am not sure my eyes did not fill with tears. These people were *actually* starving; they had been without food for two days. I immediately gave them some money for food, which was instantly procured. Another poor man, known to me to be in extreme distress, was describing the effects of fasting for three days. "The *first* day," said he, "taint so *werry* bad, if you has a bit of 'bacca; the second day it's horrid, it is *sick* gnawing; the third day it aint so bad again, you feels sickish-like, and *werry* faintish." This man is extremely industrious, and very sober. He is a gipsy.

A very large amount of temporal distress is attributable to indiscretion, and to sin. The following is an instance:—A young woman, named —, was about eighteen years of age at the period referred to, and far from vulgar in appearance or demeanour. When first

I visited her, she had an infant about six months old, and was endeavouring to support herself and child by shirt-work and shoe-binding. The poor creature was worn to the bone by hard work, starvation, and trouble. Only by extreme toil could she pay the partial rent of a room, and obtain a couple of scanty meals a-day—commonly a little bread and tea. She was in respectable service at the period she fell into temptation. Her child was exceedingly fractious, and would not sleep in the day, and so hindered her in her work, that she was almost starved. She wept on several occasions, and appeared wretched. Into what awful circumstances of temptation may one false step lead us! Illustrative of this, she told me on one occasion she had been dreadfully tempted. The child was so cross, she was prevented from working much in the day, and had to sit up in the night, hungry and cold, to stitch shirts and bind shoes, or she "could not get a bit of bread at all," and, "when I looked at that little thing," she said, "and thought how miserable and starved I was on account of it, and, if I hadn't it, I might be well fed, in a comfortable place, as I was before, I felt horribly tempted to destroy it, and it seemed," said the poor young creature, passing her hand over her forehead, "it seemed to come so strong upon me, I was almost doing it; when one night I dreamed I *had* done it, and the baby was lying dead in a little coffin. I felt dreadful, and I heard a voice say—it seemed like God—"Thou shalt do no murder.' Well," said she, "when I *woke* up, and found the child was not dead, and that I had not killed it, oh! how thankful I was! and I didn't have those horrid thoughts afterwards." The tears ran down the poor creature's wan cheeks, and she pressed the unconscious infant to her, with anything but the embrace of a murderer.

However painful it may be to contemplate the present state of things in many localities in our large towns and cities, yet it is hopeful to remark that the foot prints of the missionary, the ragged school teacher, the benevolent visitor among the destitute, are beginning to be perceptible, even in such localities as Clerkenwell, and among such a population as we have described; but, that the reader may have an adequate idea, both of the evil, and the effect of the remedy which Christian benevolence is applying, he must read such works as the one before us. How enormous is the evil! How inadequate is the remedy! Yet not in kind, only in degree; for there cannot be the shadow of a doubt, that Christian effort can alone meet this moral evil. And, surely, when Christian men, in all our cities, as well as in London, are brought to look it in the face, they will prepare themselves for the sacrifice and the efforts, which are indispensable to the effecting of this much needed reformation.

A TALE OF BRITTANY.

FROM THE FRENCH.—BY W. HAZLITT.

To prevent any misconception on the readers' part, we will tell them at once, that our hero, except in his piteous fate, had nothing in common with the hero of Pharsalia. On the contrary, he was a quiet, worthy creature, free from any taint of ambition; and would not have shed a single tear of jealousy, had he seen a dozen statues of Alexander of Macedon. He passed a guiltless and tranquil existence, scrupulously fulfilling the duties and practising the virtues befitting his social position.

The ancestors of Cæsar had for many generations served the noble house of Bazouge Kerhoat, one of the most ancient, exalted, and powerful in Brittany—the only Seigneurs, indeed, who could at all enter into comparison with M. de Bazouge in any of these respects, were those of Rieux and Rohan.

You might have sought about a very long time, before you found so fine a dog as Cæsar; for Cæsar was a dog. His portrait at full length, which adorns the dining-hall of the Château de Kerhoat, attests that he was a magnificent fellow; tall, broad-chested, firm, erect, and stately; one that would receive an attack with the firmness of a rock, or rush upon his enemy with the resistless impetuosity of the ocean wave. His coat was white, with chestnut spots; and though his nose was that of a mastiff, he had fine long ears, and soft, silky, curly hair falling from his back in glossy richness. He had at once the look of the wolf-hound, the mastiff, and the spaniel; but we are not sufficiently versed in canine physiology to pronounce of what particular breed he was an ornament. Around his neck glittered a slight brass collar, stamped with the arms of Bazouge, from which depended a small silver medal bearing the initials H. B., to indicate that Cæsar belonged, in especial property, to Mademoiselle Henriette de Bazouge.

In the year 1793, Cæsar was three years old.

At this period, the fine Château de Kerhoat no longer presented that aspect of life and happiness which but lately gladdened the hearts of its many guests in those joyous days, when M. de Bazouge kept open house during the session of the States of Brittany. Standing three leagues from Rennes, on the borders of the great forest of the same name, the noble Château on all these occasions, became the home of a large portion of the *grandees* who attended the sessions from the more distant parts of the province. Every evening the vast saloons were crowded with a gay and glittering throng. Thousands of rich crystals in the magnificent chandeliers cast their gorgeous rays over the elaborate carving of the ceiling and the wainscotted walls, over the

splendid but now sombre frames of the family portraits, and over the glowing colours, so learnedly blended, of the armorial bearings. Then came the elegant suppers, whereat some cavalier just returned from Paris would recount the strange things that were passing there, and the gentlemen grew pale with anger, and the ladies were all astonished that there should be a woman so lovely as Marie Antoinette, a man so ugly and yet so fascinating as M. de Mirabeau. After supper came the ball—the anti-revolutionary ball—with its dances so grave, so graceful, so gallant; so prince-like, so regal; so simple, yet so dignified; so characteristic a memory of the noble manners of the days of chivalry.

But now the crystals no longer glittered; the vast corridors were no longer crowded with gallant cavaliers, sweeping the floors with their white feathers and jewelled hats, as they handed along the ladies of their love; they and their fair dames were all gone. The festival and the dance no longer sent forth their joyous sounds; the halls were deserted and silent; the splendour all extinct, and if, in the silence of night, a light shone upon the austere faces of the old Seigneurs of Kerhoat on the dark canvass, it was a pale ray of the moon making its way furtively between the dusty fringes and the heavy curtains. Yet the Château itself remained just the same as ever, with its four high and massive towers rising proudly from the four corners, guarding, like sleepless sentinels, the symmetrical proportions of the main edifice. There still remained the immense range of stabling on the one side; and on the other, the offices, vast enough to lodge at their ease, a whole army of domestics. But the offices were altogether deserted; and in the vast solitude of the stables two horses shivered by themselves. An evil genius had hovered, with black wings, over Kerhoat, turning its joys into sorrow, its splendour and its power into nothingness.

Within the last two years, the present head of the house of Bazouge, an old man of eighty winters, had lost his four eldest sons—two of them on the Revolutionary scaffold—two of them in the army of Condé. His fifth son—the only child now remaining to him—was in arms for his king, in La Vendée. M. de Bazouge occupied the Château de Kerhoat, with his granddaughter. Hitherto, his advanced age, and the veneration in which he was held by his former vassals, had secured him from outrage at the hands of the Revolutionists. The peasants of Noyal-sur-Vilaine, and the foresters of Kerhoat, presented themselves respectfully before him, when, at distant intervals, leaning upon the arm of Henriette, the old Seigneur took the air in the park which once formed a portion of his domain. Some of the men ventured even to say to him, in an under tone, "God bless you, *notre Monsieur*;" while the women—whose moral cou-

rage is at all times, and under all circumstances, greater than that of men—openly saluted the young lady with a cordial, but deferential, "Good day, notre Mademoiselle." These, however, were the utmost marks of respect and sympathy which either men or women dared to display; they were but three leagues from Rennes, a city which, with but 25,000 souls, had no fewer than five guillotines, whose presence was quite sufficient to suggest prudence and caution to even the least prudent and the least cautious.

The only servants retained by M. de Bazouge were the gardener, and La Pierre, a brave and faithful adherent, whose father, grandfather, and great grandfather, had lived and died in the Château de Kerhoat.

Mademoiselle Henriette de Bazouge was a sweet girl of thirteen, whose naturally joyous countenance had been overshadowed with melancholy by the heavy misfortunes which had, in the last two years, nearly extinguished her race. She surrounded her grandfather with the most unceasing and respectful attentions. In the morning, when M. de Bazouge awoke, the first object that met his eyes was Henriette. She would read to him by the hour together; and when the sad memory of the past brought a cloud more sombre than usual over the old man's face, she would kneel by his side, and sing gentle songs, whose melody would gradually dispel the bitterness at his heart, as the morning frost melts away before the sun of May. Placing both his hands upon her noble brow, M. de Bazouge would then smoothe down the flowing curls of her fair hair, and kiss and bless her, offering up to Heaven a fervent thanksgiving, that at least this angelic being remained to him, to console the closing hours of his life.

Every evening the old man and the young girl knelt down, side by side, and prayed: the one for his four sons, martyrs in what they deemed the holiest of holy causes, and for the son who lived but to offer himself up as a sacrifice whenever the same great cause should require it; the other, for her father. When the prayer was finished, the old man, still kneeling, would cry aloud, his sword-hand raised on high, his eye glowing with loyal fervour, "God save the King!" and the low, sweet voice of Henriette repeated, "God save the King!"—the same cry that, perhaps, at that very moment the dying lips of the last male Bazouge were gasping forth on some distant battle-field in La Vendée.

All this while, Cæsar lay stretched out at full length in a corner of the apartment; his grey eyes fixed, beaming with devoted affection, upon his young mistress. When, perchance, her glance fell upon him, he would half rise up, stretch out his legs, and joyously draw in a long breath. All day long, he scarcely ever lost sight of her; and at night,

when she retired to her chamber, he lay across the door outside, after the fashion of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber of the ancient kings of Portugal.

Whenever Henriette put her foot out of the Château, Cæsar bounded round and round her in an ecstasy of delight. Then he would dash off like lightning down one garden walk, and up another, leaping over the great flower beds, and, tearing back to his mistress, bound round and round her again, and stick his nose in the gravel at her feet, and roll over and over on the grass, and go through a thousand antics, to express his enormous happiness. M. de Bazouge he loved; but Henriette he worshipped. At a single word from her he would have quitted his bone, though never so hungry; nay, we are not sure that, under her influence, he wouldn't even have consented to sign a treaty of peace with the great tom-cat that was wont to insult him from the roof of the stables, and against whom he had an hereditary vendetta.

At one corner of the home park of Kerhoat, there was a little hermitage, where, by some chance or other, the crucifix had been allowed to remain standing. To this spot Henriette daily directed her steps, when her grandfather was reading or taking his siesta; and the most important duty with which Cæsar was charged was the escorting his mistress on these little excursions. As soon as he saw her turn the key of the garden door, his manner altogether changed; his pace became slow, his deportment grave and serious, as though he was fully impressed with the weighty responsibility that attached to him. It was a responsibility, however, to which he was by no means inadequate; he had a piercing eye, a powerful frame, and a set of teeth strong enough to exterminate the largest wolf that might present itself. Unhappily the wild beasts at that time infesting France were far more numerous and far more mischievous than wolves.

One day La Pierre returned from Noyal with alarm strongly depicted on his countenance. He had learned that the Revolutionary authorities at Rennes were annoyed with themselves for having left so near them, alive and in peace, an old Royalist Nobleman, who had to his own share more titles than half the States put together. Accordingly, the District Representative was, current report said, about to make a descent upon the Château de Kerhoat. M. de Bazouge received this intelligence like a Christian and a soldier; though, when he looked at Henriette, his eyes involuntarily filled with tears. She was so young, so good, so beautiful; at her birth so brilliant and joyous a destiny seemed to open before her! Around her cradle, the assembled family predicted for her some illustrious alliance, a splendid and happy career. Alas! that family was now all but extinct, and the

jaws of death seemed to yawn for the survivors!

"God's will be done!" murmured M. de Bazouge, wiping away a forbidden tear. "Long live the King!" he exclaimed, resuming all his firmness.

"Long live the King!" repeated Henriette. "Long live the King!" echoed a deep, grave voice, behind them.

Cæsar leaped with transport towards the new comer, a man of lofty height, whose face was concealed by the broad brim of his hat, which bore a white cockade, while his person was enveloped in a vast cloak. He paused at the threshold.

"Who art thou?" demanded the Seigneur de Bazouge.

The stranger, after patting Cæsar on the head, as if to thank him for his good reception, threw off his hat and cloak.

"My father!" "My child!" exclaimed, with one voice, Henriette and her grandsire.

And, pressing those loved beings to his breast, he, whom they thus addressed, repeated, "My father!" "My child!"

It was the last male heir of the Bazouge of Kerhoat—Henry, Viscount of Plenars. He came from the neighbourhood of Baupreau, where he had left the division which he commanded in the Royal and Catholic Army. His boots were covered with dust, his spurs with blood.

When his joy had somewhat calmed, the old man, while his son was pressing Henriette again and again to his heart, fell into a sombre reverie. At length, "Henry," he said, "what may I judge from this sudden return? Is the war at an end? Is there no corner of France left, in which we can still plant our standard?"

The Viscount pointed to his cockade. "Sir," he replied, "my brothers died as it became your sons to die. I trust I shall not dishonour them or you. When the white flag falls, I shall fall with it. The war will never be at an end while there remains a son of Bazouge Kerhoat to strike a blow for his king!"

M. de Bazouge took the hand of his son, and wrung it with passionate earnestness.

"Oh!" he cried, "could I but——"

"Sir," interrupted the Viscount, "there would then be one heroic soldier the more in the Royal army; but our poor Henriette would be left alone in the world. Ah, my father, how lovely she is! How like her sainted mother!"

The memory of her they had lost, brought tears into the eyes of Henriette and her grandfather, and threw a cloud of deep sadness over the features of the haughty and hardy soldier. Throwing off the impression by a strong effort, the Viscount drew his father aside, and explained the cause of his coming. The rigorous measures adopted by the Republican authorities were becoming day by day more

severe throughout France against the favorers of Royalty; and the Viscount taking advantage of a temporary check which his division had given to the enemy, had hastened to Kerhoat for the purpose of inducing his father to fly with Henriette to England while there was yet time.

"I ask it of you, sir," he urged, "not for your own sake—I know your great soul too well—but for the sake of this poor child, who is now our only joy, our only hope? You will not refuse to save her life?"

M. de Bazouge at first peremptorily rejected the idea of flight. Too old for active service, he yet wished to brave the coming danger in the house of his ancestors; but his passionate love for his grand-daughter prevailed.

"Well, my child," he at length said, "I will for once turn my back upon my enemies; but it is that thou mayest live, that thou mayest live for happier days."

The Viscount had already taken the measures he deemed necessary. He had sent a trusty messenger to Granville to prepare shipping, and his own immediate followers, faithful adherents of the House of Bazouge, who had accompanied him to the Royal army, waited in the forest, close by, to serve as an escort for the fugitives. It was arranged that they should quit the Château the same night, and, meantime, in order to avoid all risk of suspicion, the Viscount returned to his followers. La Pierre immediately set about the welcome task of preparing the travelling carriage.

Be as brave as you may, at the age of Henriette, at all events, you cannot look death in the face without a shudder. When she heard of the escape prepared for her from the threatened danger, she was full of joy. Yet, the moment after, a secret anguish came upon her, at the reflection that she was about to quit, perhaps for ever, the beloved home, in which she had passed so many happy years. She ran to bid adieu to each well-known spot throughout the Château, followed by Cæsar, who seemed to comprehend and share in her varying feelings. Then she went into the garden and gathered a bouquet, so that she might, for a long time to come, preserve, in a foreign land, in the land of exile, the sweet flowers of Kerhoat, even when they should have faded, like her fortunes. As the hour of separation approached, everything around her assumed a double charm. The old Château grew more noble, more venerable, than ever; the garden more delicious, with its symmetrically ranged rich flower beds, and meandering shrubberies; and the oaks which overlooked the garden walls waved to and fro their massive foliage more gracefully and proudly.

Nothing in this world seems so charming as that which we are about to lose, except, perhaps, that which we have already lost.

As the evening was closing in, Henriette

felt a strong impulse once more to kneel before the crucifix at the little hermitage. Traversing the park under the protection of Cæsar, she soon reached the desired spot—a hillock which overlooked the country towards Rennes. When she had offered up her devotions Henriette seated herself upon the grass and fell into a mournful reverie. Cæsar lay at full length by her side. His eyes were half closed to avoid a ray of the setting sun, which, making its way through the foliage, teasingly played among his eyelashes. He seemed half asleep.

All at once, he started up and uttered a low growl. His head firmly set on high and his body stretched out, his great eyes became fixed in the direction of Noyal. Henriette followed that indication, and turned pale. On the road from Noyal, four men on horseback were rapidly advancing, and she recognised the dreaded uniform of the Republic.

She rose, and quick as her trembling limbs would bear her, hastened to the Château. Cæsar paused for an instant, to send a bark of fierce defiance at the distant horsemen, a challenge that was immediately answered by a great blood-hound whom one of the soldiers had in a leash.

At Kerhoat, as in all the old Châteaux, there were some hiding places, known only to the Seigneur and his family. Henriette had the advantage of the Republicans by a full quarter of an hour, which gave her time to conquer the scruples of her grandfather, and induce him to take refuge in one of these secret chambers, after he had put on his uniform, and hung round his neck the orders he had received from his Sovereign. This was a point the old man insisted upon; if he were discovered, let him, at all events, not die in undress.

Cæsar stretched himself across the invisible door at the chamber of refuge.

A few moments after the retreat had been effected, three soldiers, under the command of the Republican Representative at Rennes, presented themselves at the gate of the Château, and were admitted, as need was, by La Pierre, who had heard nothing about their approach, and who was immediately made a prisoner.

"Where's thy master?" demanded the leader of the party.

"At Guernsey," replied La Pierre, without hesitation.

The visitants made wry faces at this intimation, but their countenances cleared up when they saw the travelling carriage in a corner of the court-yard.

"Miserable traitor!" exclaimed the Representative, "thou hast lied to the Republic! Dismount, citizens: bind that scoundrel to some sure place, and let us examine this hot-bed of aristocrats."

La Pierre was fastened to an iron ring in

the stable wall. The Representative then let loose the bloodhound.

"Hi, Rustand! look out, good dog. To 'em! to 'em!"

The animal, long trained to the chase of men, dashed up to the grand staircase, filling the Château with his loud baying. His masters followed him.

Meantime, La Pierre made every effort to release himself, but the fellows had bound him mercilessly, and he made but slow progress.

"If I were but free," said he to himself, "I would go and fetch M. le Vicomte, and these rascals would soon have sport on their hands."

But he was not free yet.

The Representative soon lost sight of the dog in the interminable corridors of the first story, but still followed him, guided by his voice, urging him on with those terms of the chase which were so hideously appropriate to the abominable sport in which they were engaged.

The secret chamber stood in the second story, and opened from an apartment in ordinary use. When the bloodhound, led by his unerring scent, entered the room, the door of which had been left open, Cæsar immediately rose, and the two dogs stood face to face.

They were both fine animals, full of courage, strength, and activity. The bloodhound shewed his formidable range of white sharp teeth, but Cæsar did not draw back an inch.

"Hold on, Rustand; to 'em, good dog!" exclaimed the Representative, from the staircase.

The bloodhound made a fierce rush at his adversary; Cæsar skillfully avoided him, and then, turning short round, caught him full by the throat. The victim struggled convulsively for a minute, uttered a subdued growl, stiffened out, and was motionless. Cæsar let him fall, and returned quickly to his post. The bloodhound was dead.

"Where on earth is Rustand?" impatiently cried the Representative, in the corridor; "I don't hear him now. Hi, Rustand! On 'em, my beauty!"

Rustand was by no means in a condition to make an answer. The Representative fumed terribly; and to complete his annoyance, he saw, through a window in the corridor, La Pierre, at last disengaged from his bonds, throw himself on one of the horses, and dash off at full gallop.

"This is getting unpleasant," muttered the man-hunter.

Guided thus far, however, by the voice of his hound, he felt convinced that the game was not far off; and, after some ten minutes' research in the various apartments which opened from the corridor, the party found themselves standing before the dead body of

their dog; while, from the other extremity of the chamber Cæsar lay glaring at them with flaming eyes.

"We have them, citizens!" exclaimed the Representative, taking, at the same time, the precaution to retire behind his men. "This monster has assassinated Rustand, to whose *manes* let me render the justice to say, that he died in the service of his country. The monster's master is not far off; sound the wall; we shall soon hit upon the badger's hole."

One of the soldiers advanced, not without a look of serious apprehension at Cæsar, who lay breathing thick and short, his body touching the ground, his limbs all in nervous tension, his hair bristling, and his eyes on fire. The soldier had hardly put forth his hand, to sound the wall, when he was felled to the ground as he had been a child, and in an instant Cæsar had resumed his position.

"Fire at this monster, defenders of your country!" roared the Representative.

The soldiers presented their carbines, but at that moment the door of the secret apartment turned on its hinges, and M. de Bazouge, with his granddaughter stepped into the room. Seeing that discovery was inevitable, he came forth to meet his fate. His tall figure was drawn up to its full height; his noble features expressed majesty and command; his unsheathed sword was in his hand.

The soldiers drew back with an involuntary gesture of respect. Their leader, when he saw how old a man he had to deal with, plucked up courage, and advanced with an insolent air.

"Good day, Citizen! I am happy to find thee at last. Our people down yonder have a few words to exchange with thee. Thou art, I believe, the Citizen Bazouge?"

The old man replied, in a grave and lofty tone, "I am Yves de Bazouge Kerhoat, Marquis de Bouex, Count de Noyal, Baron de Landevy, Seigneur de Plechastel, Kerney, and other places, Knight of several orders, Lieutenant-General in the service of his Majesty."

"That will do, Citizen," interrupted the Representative with a grin; "there's ten times more than enough to settle thy business. Meantime, hand over thy old rapier, citizen Marquis."

"Come and take it," said M. de Bazouge, throwing himself resolutely into an attitude of defence.

The Representative, secure of an easy victory, drew his sword, and made a pass at the old man, who parried it feebly. Henriette, more dead than alive, threw herself forward to turn aside a second thrust, but Cæsar had anticipated her, and rushing upon his master's antagonist, received the weapon full in his breast.

"Mercy!" piteously cried the poor girl.

The Representative gave no other reply than a diabolical chuckle, and raised his arm to strike.

"Long live the King!" exclaimed M. de Bazouge, resuming his guard.

"Long live the King!" echoed that deep voice which we have already heard.

The Representative's sword, which was at the old man's breast, fell from his grasp. He turned round aghast, and received his death-wound from the hand of La Pierre, who, with the Viscount and six men armed to the teeth, had entered the room. In an instant, the three Republicans, who offered no resistance, were seized and strongly bound with the cords they had brought for others.

"And now, *en route*," said the Viscount.

The travelling carriage was instantly got out and the horses put to. M. de Bazouge entered first; Henriette was about to follow, when she felt her dress pulled, and, turning round, she saw Cæsar at her feet, who, bleeding and dying with a look of concentrated affection, seemed to implore a last caress. In the hurry and excitement of the moment he had been lost sight of, but he had followed them down into the courtyard unperceived—a track of blood marking his agonising progress. When she looked upon him, Henriette felt as though her heart was cloven. She knelt down, and, with an anguish too deep for tears or utterance, kissed the bloody forehead of her dying friend. Cæsar's eye gleamed with a momentary lustre; he essayed to rise, but in vain; then uttering a low murmur of content and happiness, he licked her hand and died. Henriette fell senseless into the arms of her father, who lifted her into the carriage.

M. de Bazouge reached the shores of England in safety. When happier days shone upon France, Henriette, now alone in the world, returned thither to resume her heritage. The memory of her noble dog had never departed from her; and it was her first care to have his story painted, by the greatest artist France then boasted. The picture occupies a prominent position in the Dining Hall of Kerhoat, and to every visitor, the old La Pierre, with glowing tongue and tearful eye, would tell how Cæsar conquered in single combat a bloodhound of the Convention, and was, like his Imperial namesake, assassinated by a Republican.

An auctioneer was lately selling a plot of land for agricultural purposes. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is the most delightful land. It is the easiest land to cultivate in the whole county—it's so light—so very light. Mr Parker here will corroborate my statement; he owns the next patch, and he will tell you how easy it is worked." "Yes, gentlemen," said Mr. Parker, "it is very easy to work it, but it's a plaguey sight easier to gather the crops."

WINTER'S WILD FLOWERS.

'Tis dark and dreary winter-time,
 The snow is on the ground ;
 No roses trail, no woodbines climb,
 No poppies flaunt around,
 The earth is hard, the trees are bare,
 The frozen robin drops ;
 The wind is whistling everywhere,—
 The crystal brooklet stops ;
 But I have found a grassy mound,
 A green and sheltered spot,
 And there peeps up a primrose cup,
 With blue "Forget-me-not."
 Oh ! great to me the joy to see
 The spring-buds opening now,
 To find the leaves that May-day weaves
 On old December's brow.
 They say the world does much to make
 The heart a frosted thing,—
 That selfish age will kill and break
 The garlands of our spring,—
 That stark and cold we wail and sigh
 When wintry snows begin,—
 That all Hope's lovely blossoms die,
 And chilling winds set in.
 But let me pray, that come what may
 To desolate this breast,
 Some wild flower's bloom will yet illumine,
 And be its angel guest ;
 For who would live when Life could give
 No feeling touched with youth,—
 No May-day gleams to light with dreams
 December's freezing truth ?

A BATTLE FOR LIFE AND DEATH.

A STORM IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

I.—THE OLD POACHER.

"It's a cruel cold night," said old Joe Crouch, stepping out from his cottage-door, and glancing up to the sky, across which the clouds were scudding furiously,— "it's a cruel cold night, but it will do."

"Ay," said his companion, "cold indeed, but needs must, else there's short commons for us, you know."

"True," said Joe, buttoning up his old velvet shooting-jacket, "and Christmas is close at hand, when the great folks in Lunnon must have their game. Matthew tells me he must have a score brace at least by the morning's coach. So, we'll try and fit him if we can."

And the two strode away together into the dark night, down the back paddock, past the lanc-end, and hastily over the stile into the shelter of the coppice which skirted the village farm-yard. The loud barking of a dog close at hand here startled them ; it had been roused by the crackling of some sticks over which the men had trod, and perhaps by the suppressed conversation of these wanderers of the night.

"There is no danger in that dog, is there ?"

asked the younger of the two. "You know this is new ground to me, and I don't know the beat yet."

"Danger ! pshaw !" said Joe, "who thinks of that when they go a-poachin' ? But no ; it's only farmer Brown's whelp. It'll do me no harm, nor would farmer Brown either. He knows his best friends."

"Best friends. What do you mean ?"

"Why, poachers to be sure ! Talk about farmers' friends,—there's none of them all to be compared w' us. There's many on 'em would be clean eaten up out of house and home but for us. It costs the farmer more to keep a couple of landlords' pheasants than it does to keep a baby of his own. And half-a-dozen hares eat up more green crop in a year than would find silks and satins for his wife and daughters. Well, then, aren't we the real farmers' friends if we help to rid him of such like varmin' ?"

"Lawks, Joe ! To hear you talk, one 'ud think we were real blessings to the country."

"To the farmers we are—I mean it as I say it. But for us, farmer Brown there were a pauper. I know well enough what it is to be eaten up by game. I bin eaten up myself."

"What ? you, Joe ! How was that ?"

"How was that ? I'll tell you soon enough. You are but strange to this part, or you would know, what most folks hereabout knows well enough, that I was a farmer i' my younger days, as my forefathers were before me for hundreds of years back. Farmers in a small way, it's true ; still, like them, I got on well enough, and managed to make the ends meet,—sometimes even to lay by a little matter against a rainy day. Well, things went on bravely,—I married, as my father did before me, and saw a young family rising up about my hearth-stone. Little did I think the time would ever come, when I, an old man, should have to steal out at night like this, and go a-poaching for a bit of bread."

"But who did it all, how did it come about ?"

"I'll tell you, quick enough. You see our old landlord died—a kindly man, who acted as a sort of father among his tenants, and would never disturb any of the old families—he called them "his people,"—and would neither see them wronged, nor suffer, if he could help it. But who should succeed him when he died, but a harumscarum youth,—a nephew, or some sort of distant relation, whom we had never before seen, and who knew nothing about any of us. He was a regular tearer, you may be sure. He had always about him a crew of swearing fellows, who rode break-neck through the country after foxes, or were drinking and carousing up at the Hall. One of the first things he did was to bring down a lot of keepers to preserve the game all about, which he said had been "demnibly neglected." So preserves were tormed round our farms, and we had

soon birds and beasts enough of all sorts running about eating up our crops.

"I was horribly nettled at this," continued Joe, "I can tell you—but what cou'd I do? I complained, but was called a fool for my pains, and told that 'the game must be preserved.' I stood it for a year or two, till at last the hares and the pheasants got so rife, that scarce a green thing could rise above ground ere it was eaten clean off. The hares ran thick under every hedgerow, rabbits burrowed in the fields, and pheasants and wood-pigeons ate up the beans and peas before they were ripe. Flesh and blood could stand this no longer! I saw that I was but employing myself in growing food for the landlord's vermin. At the end of a few years I hadn't a crop that would produce half the rent. Michaelmas came, when the rent must be paid; and the new landlord's steward (an attorney) was a severe man, and would not be put off with excuses as the old lord sometimes had been. But I claimed compensation for the damage done by the game. The scoundrel laughed in my face, and told me that 'if I didn't like the farm I might leave it.' But my roots had struck there. What! leave the place where I had been born and bred! They didn't know what a farmer's heart is made of, who think to fit him about like a milch cow or a cart-horse. But he returned £5 of the rent, saying he didn't mind being 'generous on this occasion, but remember it wasn't to occur again.' Five pounds of damage was but a flea-bite to what I suffered. It makes me mad yet, the bare thought of it."

And the old man walked on, brushing through amidst the boughs of the wood, and seeming to be more occupied with his inward thoughts than with the business he had now more immediately in hand.

"Aren't we somewhere about the woad cover now, Joe? There across the patch of common—isn't that the place?"

"You are right, Jim, and now get that net from off your shoulder and have it sorted out ready for a plant. But here is a spot down here in a swampy place where I have taken a woodcock before. Come hither, and I'll show you how we set a spring in these parts."

The old man led the way to the left, towards a part of the wood through which a streamlet ran, its little banks fringed by osiers, sedges, and tall grass. Taking his knife from his pocket, he proceeded to cut down a tall willow rod, which he stuck firmly into the ground, at a place which he knew to be a familiar woodcock run. On the other side of the run he fixed a peg, so as to project only a few inches above the surface. To this he fastened a slight stick, about a foot long, attached loosely with a tough string, like the swivel of a flail to its hand-staff. Then he took another branch of willow, which he bent into an arch, and drove both ends into the

soft ground to a considerable depth on the other side of the run, near to the tall upright wand.

"What an odd machine is this to catch woodcocks," said the younger man, laughing. "Why in our parts we do it all by the trap."

"That may be," said the older man, "but your trap is not more certain than this machine—queer though it be. You shall see."

He had now fixed a string to the top of the long upright wand, the end of which he formed into a large running noose; while about half-way down, he tied by its middle another piece of stick about six inches long. The long willow was then bent downwards, when one end of the little stick was passed under the arch, and the other paced against a notch at the end of the stick fastened at the other side of the run, across which it now lay, two or three inches from the ground, and supporting the noose.

"Now," said the old man, as he placed the end of the little stick in the notch, "there is the trigger full cock, and when the hare or the woodcock's breast touches it, the game is ours! But let us go—there is a cloud across the moon now,—so let us pass the common quick, in case the crushers should be abroad."

The pair emerged from the thicket, and entered upon a piece of common covered with thick patches of gorse, from out of which hares and rabbits sprang at the sound of their tread, and an occasional bird flew up on rapid wing. The younger man had once lifted his gun, and cocked it, as if unable to resist the temptation of a shot, but the old man's quick ear heard the click of the trigger, and restrained him by an impatient movement.

"Hold, Bill! Are you mad! Not a shot yet—else you quite spoil our night's work."

"Well, go on. I couldn't help it, Joe. See these hares—such a shot! But I won't. See I've made the gun right now," said he, uncocking his piece, and slinging it under his arm as before.

It was a desperately cold night—raw and gusty. The ground was wet underfoot, and from the charged clouds over-head, which swept across the moon, now in her first quarter, rain or snow seemed to be impending.

"I say, Joe, it's no fun, this," observed the younger man; "if these sporting coves had to get their game at midnight, through mud and mire, they'd think less of it. I suppose they'd leave it all for us to get then?"

"Ay," said Joe, bitterly, "and then farmers mightn't have their varmin to keep. As it is, they make the farmers pay for their sports, and dearly too!"

"You haven't yet told me the rest of your story. How did you come on?"

"It's too long, and it's too sad. The short and the long of it is—I was ruined outright by the game. I could stand it no longer. I determined to destroy my destroyers; but I

had to do it secretly. I destroyed nests of eggs—partridges and pheasants—wherever I could find them. Sportsmen may call this cruel and despicable; but I saw no more harm in it than in destroying rats or sparrows. I got a prime Scotch terrier, that set to work on the rabbits with a will. He would bring in half a-dozen in a day. But the keeper discovered him hunting, and shot him on the spot. I found they began to suspect me; but I went on killing. I did not hesitate to bring down a pheasant with my gun when it came within reach; and the brutes had grown so tame that they would come flying from the coverts in troops, and light in my meagre barn yard, picking at my stacks as tame as poultry,

"One day I saw a covey on the hedge, feeding in my stubble. I fired; and a bird fell. I leapt the hedge to pick it up, and a keeper sprang up close at hand—he had been on the spy, I afterwards learnt. 'Hallo farmer,' said he, 'I've caught you at last, have I? Lay down the bird and come with me.' He seized me by the collar. 'Unhand me this instant,' said I. He held on. I sprang from his grasp, and felled him to the ground. He rose, with the blood streaming from his mouth, and turned away with a curse. 'You shall answer to the squire for this,' said he. 'I defy him,' was my answer; 'he has already ruined me, and done his worst.' But I was mistaken. I did not know the horrible power these game lords wield through the cursed laws which they themselves make, as well as administer.

"I was summoned before the magistrate; the two who sat on the bench were both game preservers,—poulters on an extensive scale. They fined me under one of their Acts for destroying the pheasant, and under another of their acts for sporting without a license. I found my landlord and his attorney had been working against me in the back-ground. In addition, they got the tax-surveyor to surcharge me for a certificate. They sent me from that Court—infamously called a Court of Justice!—with a black speck upon my heart. These men do not know what a devil they plant in many strong men's minds, by the abominable tyranny of these game laws. But here we are, at the spot I told you of! Off with your net!"

It was a dense cover that they had now reached, at the skirt of the piece of gorse-covered common which they had just passed; and the pair now proceeded to make their preparations at an opening of the wood. Shaking loose the light net which the younger of the two men had carried across his shoulders, they proceeded to sling it across the opening in the wood which we have just alluded to. The youth climbed the trees on either side, and attached the upper corners of the net firmly to the branches, so that it hung sus-

pended directly across the opening. The old man meanwhile had pegged down the lower edge of the net, so that all birds or hares running against it while wandering in search of food during the night, must inevitably be caught in its meshes. The two then proceeded into the deeper recesses of the wood.

"They call that assassination—these sportsmen," said the old man, pointing back with his thumb towards the extended net; "but did you ever see a batter (*battue*)? That I call wholesale murder. And yet it is their crack sport. I had once some fifty of these gentry striding over my winter's wheat, which they worked into a puddle, killing and slaughtering pheasants and hares; while such as I, who saw their year's profits destroyed by this 'sport,' could only look on and groan."

"Ah! tell me now, what was the end of that affair of the farm?"

"The end? Why, it's easy to see. I was ruined; and then I turned poacher. I was expelled my holding, my stock was sold to pay the rent; and I was a beggar, with a beggared wife, and three beggared children. I took shelter in a wretched hut; but I must do something to live by. There was sometimes laborers' work in summer, which enabled us barely to live, as you know. I was scowled upon, and could not always get work. But what was I to do in winter, when work failed altogether? Nothing in the wet, nothing in the frost; and yet wife and children to be fed. There was only one thing remained—I could be a poacher as my neighbors were. So I took to the woods, and learnt all the arts of the craft. I became expert and successful; but I could not help being caught now and then—of course we made up our minds to that. I was imprisoned,—but always came out of prison a better poacher than I went in, and a more confirmed one. I had no alternative left but to poach—it was my trade, my calling, my living. Well, here we are. Out with the powder and shot. Remember, it must be short work, and killing too."

They were now in the midst of a group of larch trees, in a thick part of the wood,—the old poacher knowing that the pheasants prefer roosting on this kind of tree to any other—the branches growing at nearly right angles to the stem, enabling the birds to roost with ease.

Looking up into the boughs overhead, through which the wind whispered and sighed in the darkness, and against the faint light of the sky, the accustomed eye might discern here and there some dark objects roosting on the long, outstretched branches overhead.

"Now," said the old man, "take sure aim, and blaze away!"

So saying, he approached close under one of those dark objects, and taking aim, fired. The solitude of the wood was broken, and a pang, as it were, shot through the darkness.

There was a fluttering of wings, and a heavy bird fell to the ground. Almost at the same instant the young man fired, with equal success. The old man bagged the birds, proceeding to load his piece with remarkable dexterity, and he followed the trail of the pheasants—the report of a gun in the night causing these birds to crow, and thus revealing their whereabouts to the poacher. On they went, into the deep wood, firing as they went with general success. Joe's shots were the more successful of the two. "Go ahead," said the young man, "and I'll bag them as they fall."

A great oak, which stood in their way, seemed to raise its naked arms before them, as if to warn them back. The black pines on either side stretched out their branches and frowned upon the midnight intruders on their quiet. The birches waved their slim taper rods, through which the night wind wailed in whispers; and the tall beeches shook their crests, as if in anger at the lawless men who roamed under their shade. The alder pushed its bare branches through the covert, and seemed to peer into the dark to discern who they were whose feet were tramping over the sodden leaves and the decaying twigs shaken down by the winter blasts. Along these paths, which in the flush of summer were so many bowery cloisters roofed with green, kindled oft-times by the sun into gold, the trees now stood ranged like grizzly skeletons, spectral and grim; and over all stretched the black sky, threatening wind and storm. Indeed, it is no such thing as pleasure or love of sport that attracts the midnight poacher to scenes and occupations like this in the depth of winter.

The old man stopped. "It grows dark," said he, "the sky gets blacker, and we shall have a storm, if not of rain, then of snow—so we must make haste. There's another favorite roost somewhere hereabouts. I think we are at the right place. Look about you, and see if you can discern anything overhead. Your eye-sight is better than mine."

The youth peered into the trees overhead for some seconds, and then approaching old Joe, said,—

"You are right. Look there! See where the cloud is scudding across the moon's face,—on that tough there, between us and the bit of light! You see where they sit—one, two, three!"

Joe fired again, and two birds fell; their heavy bodies falling fluttering through the air, upon the ground beneath, where they were bagged with all haste. Ten minutes' work enabled them nearly to clear the roost.

"Now we must be off," said Joe; "the noise we have made may bring down the Philistines on us, unless we look sharp! We have done a fairish night's work; and what with the woodcocks and hares we shall find

in our net, we shall have enough for a fortnight forward. So let's return, and beat the bushes on our way back. You fetch a circuit in that direction, and I shall take the other. Beat your way as you go. You'll find the hares leaping up before you, for they are thick all over the wood."

And off they went, beating their way. Half an hour after, they met at the opening of the wood. The old man was already there, and had knocked some eight hares on the head, after drawing them from the meshes of the net where they had been caught in trying to struggle their way through. A number of woodcocks in like manner had been taken in the upper meshes, and when the game was put into the bag, it was nearly full, and was a good load for one man to carry.

"Now, my lad," said the old poacher, "do you carry the game, and I'll take care of the net. Let us make over to the other side, where we left our springe set. You'll find something there, I reckon, though we're almost loaded as it is."

But they did not see the springe again that night. They were crossing the bit of common, when not far off the loud baying of a dog fell upon their ear.

"Curse them," said old Joe—"it's the keepers, and that's their blood-hound—I know his voice! Push on, we may escape them yet."

The youth now ran as fast as he could, but laden as he was he made comparatively small progress, stumbling occasionally against the gorse bushes which lay in their path. The old man then led the way, knowing the ground better, and thus piloted his companion across the heath, until they had nearly reached the fringe of the young plantation along which they had first come. The baying of the dog came nearer,—it was close at hand.

"We can't escape them, I fear," said Joe, "but one of us can at least; and the game must be secured. You must make the best of your road back—you know where to meet the carrier, at the cross-roads. Haste then, and I'll endeavour to stop the pursuit.—Off!"

"But I cannot consent to leave you behind. You are old, I am young. I am a match for any one of them—perhaps two of them. And then there's the guns."

"Leave that matter to me; I'm used to this work, and you are not. Your life, besides, is more precious than mine. I am old and used up, and have little to live for. Away then, and waste no more time—my mind's made up. Hear, the dog is close at hand—Go!"

The youth turned and made off through the copse, with the remark—"Blow me, Joe, if you aren't a real trump after all!"

A sudden crack of the piece, and the dying howl of a dog near where the old man stood, commanding a gap in the hedge, showed that

he had disposed of at least one of his pursuers. But the men who accompanied the dog were close at hand. There were three of them—tall, strong keepers—one of whom made a sudden dash at the gap, but the old man swung his gun round his head, and brought the full weight of its heavy stock against the chest of his pursuer, who fell back into the ditch with a groan.

"There's only one of them," whispered one of the men to the other; do you leap the hedge a little lower down, and I'll keep him at bay here. But the old man quitted his post at the hedge-gap, and ran hastily along the wood, in the direction of his companion, who must by this time have got a good start, ahead. But both of the keepers had now dashed through the hedge, and were coming up close at his heels. He was old, he was tired, he was almost ready to drop down with fatigue; but still he held on, and ran as fast as his feeble legs could carry him.

"Stand!" said a loud voice behind him, "or take that!" and a blow was aimed with a bludgeon at his head; but Joe had turned round at the moment, and knocked up the stick with his gun, bringing it butt down on the keeper's head, who stumbled and fell. Before Joe could recover himself, the third had sprang in upon him, and seized him; and Joe Crouch was a prisoner!

II.—THE COURT-HOUSE.

"You made him a poacher yourself, squire.
When you'd give neither work nor meat;
And your barley-fed laves robbed the garden
At his starving children's feet!"

Rev. C. Kingsley.—In "Yeast."

THE County Court of the little town of Mudley was crowded with an audience consisting mostly of the poorest order of labourers. The space allotted to the public was very limited, and it was railed off from the more hallowed precincts, within which sat attorneys, landlords, agents, and others; and on the bench, at the upper end of the room, were ranged the right worshipful magistrates of the Court themselves.

The mass of heads and faces packed into the space without the railing would have afforded an interesting study to the phrenologist or physiognomist. It is a curious fact, that almost the only portion of the "public" that takes such an interest in the proceedings of the courts of law as to induce them to attend there as spectators of their great lessons, are those who are themselves always hovering on the borders of crime. Ten to one but you see some of those identical personages who are now *without* the rail, to-morrow standing *within* it. Have the lessons taught them anything but familiarity with crime? Who

ever dreams of going to learn virtue in a criminal court?

Look at these heads—most shaggy and unkempt, rough and large; some of them bullet heads, protuberant and massive; others "with foreheads villanously low," exhibiting in the regions of the moral feelings and intellect, the very minimum of development. The faces are mostly unwashed; perspiration bedews them; some are red and fleshy, open mouthed, large nostrilled, and large eared. Others are pallid and sharpened, as if by want; and they exhibit a keenness of look, watching every word which falls from the bench, as if their own life and liberty were the thing at stake. When any more than ordinarily severe remark falls from some magistrate "determined to do his duty," murmurs rise from the heated crowd, and a commotion stirs them from side to side, which is stilled by the loud cry of the policeman within the bar, of "Order in the Court!—Silence!"

On the day in question, the crowd without the rails seemed more than usually interested in the proceedings; there were some smock-frocked men among them,—evidently labourers out of employment, who had come there because they had nothing else to do, or perhaps because they felt some anxious interest in the fate of the prisoner at the bar. You might also here and there catch a glimpse of a shaggy fellow in a fustian or velvet shooting-jacket—bearing on his face the marks of exposure to rough weather—scarred and blurred, tanned by the sun and the wind—and through which you could detect but little indication of the workings of the soul within. Only the eye, which sometimes glared with a kind of savage light, and at other times drooped below the lashes with an expression of subdued cunning, gave evidences that human passions and feelings worked within. These you had little difficulty in recognising as poachers, who swarmed in the neighbourhood, both in the town of Mudley and in the surrounding villages.

"Now, fellow," said the chairman of the bench, a wealthy squire in the district, who kept several keepers on his estate, "we have heard the evidence, and a more aggravated case of assault I do not remember to have met with. There you are, found at midnight, armed with a gun, and sundry apparatus of poaching about your person; you are committing trespass upon a preserve at that suspicious hour, and are challenged to stand. You aim your weapon, doubtless with deadly intent, at the men appointed to guard their master's property. You might have stood there before us a murderer, but happily your purpose failed, and only a dog fell your victim. You then proceeded to commit a most brutal assault on these men, grievously wounding and maltreating two of the party, until you were captured by the gallantry of the third,

after a desperate resistance. Have you anything to say why you should not now be committed to prison?"

The old man stood up—

"I have your worship, and here I wish to say it."

A murmur of approbation ran through the Court, among the crowd packed below the bar.

"Silence!" cried the magistrate; "otherwise I shall at once order the court to be cleared. Go on now, and cut it short. Nothing you can say can remove the impression made by the evidence we have just heard."

"I don't expect it will," said the man, "but still I have something I wish to say, for all that."

We need scarcely say that the prisoner was old Joe Crouch, the poacher whom we have seen taken prisoner a few nights before. He stood there not for the first time. He had become familiar enough with those very magistrates, and they with him. In the full daylight of the Court, we can now discern the features and aspect of the man. He had been tall and well-formed in his youth, but now he stopped with premature old age, brought on by hardships, privations, and the make-shift life of a half-starved labourer. Shaggy grey hair grew round his temples, but the top of his head was bald, and exhibited a good mass of brain in the upper region. A cotton kerchief, which had been red, but now was of an undistinguishable colour, was tied loosely around his neck; he wore an old velvet shooting-coat, patched at all corners; and leathern breeches and gaiters, which showed the marks of many a brush through briar and brake, completed his attire. His face was sad but full of firmness. Though he stooped, there was an air of almost dignity about the old man; and you could not help feeling, that sunken though he now was in social position,—a prisoner standing at the bar, tried on a charge of poaching and aggravated assault,—he was one who must have seen better days. Even the air of old gentility seemed yet to hover about him.

"I stand here," said he, drawing himself close up erect, "I stand here of your own making and bringing up. If I am a criminal now, I am just what you have made me."

"What can the fellow mean?" said the chairman to one of his brethren, a clerical game-preserver seated by his side.

"I suppose we are in for a speech," was the reply. "He's an impudent old dog. I've heard him before. Quite incorrigible—quite; I do assure you!"

"Yes," continued old Joe, "I am what you have made me. I am a poacher because you drove me to poaching. I took to the woods for a living, because you hurried me out of house and home; and the appetites

implanted by God are stronger by far than the tyrannous laws inflicted by man."

"Why, this is flat blasphemy, fellow,—we cannot allow this sort of atrocious rignarole to go on. It has nothing to do with the charge before us."

"It has everything to do with it, and I shall show you it has. I was a hard-working farmer, able to make an honest living, and to pay my rent as rent-days came round, up to the time that you turned my farm into a preserve and a rabbit-warren. You sent your pheasants to eat up my grains, and I daren't disturb them, because you gentry would not have your sports interfered with. I grew turnips, with which I meant to feed sheep, but your hares came and ate them up. Thus it was you ruined me,—you gentlemen who judge me from that bench there,—and I had no redress."

"My good man," said the magistrate, interrupting him, "we have nothing to do with this. The arrangements as to game ought all to be provided for by covenants in the lease. If you did not see to that, it is no business of ours; and the fact cannot be of the slightest consequence to the case in hand."

"It may or it may not, but hear me out nevertheless. I wish to make a clean breast of this business, here where I stand. I shall not keep you long."

"Go on, Joe!" "Speak up!" "Tell them all about it!" was eagerly whispered to him from the crowd behind, and the auditors edged up still nearer to where he stood.

"Silence in the Court!" shouted the policeman within the rails.

"You see, gentlemen, how it was—you fed your hares and pheasants on my young wheat, beans and turnips; it was your vermin that ate me up, and ruined me; and then there was nothing left for me to do but to shoot and live upon the hares and pheasants that had so long lived upon me."

"In short, you confess openly what has long been too well known, that you lived the desperate life of a poacher," said the magistrate.

"Call it poaching if you will. Call it what you like. It was the life you have carved out for me, and for thousands like me. I sought work, and you would not give it me, because I was a poacher. I sought to rent a cottage from you, and I was refused, because I was a poacher. I had children without food, and had none to give them: I tried the work-house, and was scowled at there again by your creatures, because I was a poacher. Where was I to seek for food but of the wild creatures that roam the fields,—creatures which no man can mark with his brand and claim as his own, but which you have banded together as a class to preserve as the sacred property of your order?"

"I tell you again all this is nothing to the pur-

pose. You have broken the laws, and now it remains for us to —"

"A word more. You say I have broken the laws! True! I have poached. Your law is a tyrant's law,—a law against the poor man without money,—a law altogether of the rich man's making, who can buy its privileges for money,—a law which condemns the destitute man to the horrors of a gaol because he kills a wild animal for food, but says nothing to the rich man who can buy a game license, and kills for sport,—a man who is already surfeited with food. That, I say is a tyrant's law, made only to be broken. Such a law makes your other laws hated, and stamps them as the handiwork of the oppressor."

"Really, sir," here broke in one of the magistrates, "I cannot sit here to listen to this seditious and revolutionary language any longer. Let the prisoner be committed at once. There are other cases still to be disposed of."

"I have done, gentlemen," said Joe, "I have said what I had to say, and now you can do with me what you like. But let me tell you, that though not many, brought here as I am, find a voice to tell you the thoughts that are burning in their hearts, they are not the less bitter that they remain pent up there. You may treat us like brutes, as you have made us and kept us, but you may find yet to your cost that the brutes have fangs, and venomous ones, too."

"Take him away!" said the chairman, and looking down to the clerk underneath him, "make out his committal: he is a brazen scoundrel, that's quite clear."

Old Joe was led from his place at the bar, to the lock-up, amid the sympathizing glances of the audience, who evidently thought him a victim, and admired him for the stand he had made against the "tyranny"—as they did not hesitate to term it—which presided on that worshipful bench.

In describing this scene we have merely chronicled a state of things which prevails more or less in every county in England. We may shut our eyes to the poacher's origin, education, discipline and destiny; but there he is—every gaol knows him familiarly. The majority of the prisoners in many provincial prisons are poachers. The game laws breed poachers, and the poachers ripen into criminals. Thus is poverty nursed into desperation. Poachers are punched on the head wherever they are found, are hunted down by bloodhounds in some places, and in others shot down when found engaged in their unlicensed craft. We wonder at the recklessness and criminality of the class, but care not to think of the conditions out of which they rise. Every phenomenon has its cause, did we but seek it. Do the magistrates of our land ever think of the path they are treading, and of the end of the

exasperation and sulky ferocity which broods among the labouring classes all over the agricultural districts? Why wonder that reason should fly the helm when mercy and justice are disregarded; and that thoughts dark and wild take possession of the heart, which under more genial circumstances had been warmed with virtue, and filled with generous and kindly sympathies? We never heard of a poacher's fate—ending in transportation or on the scaffold—without thinking on Thom the Scotch weaver, who in describing the state of mind which, in his own person, destitution and the sight of his starving family engendered, eloquently remarked:—

"I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind—enclosed—prisoned in misery—no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me—what would I have done for their sakes at that hour! Here let me speak out—and be heard too, while I tell it—that the world does not at all times know how usefully it sits—when Despair has loosed Honour's last hold upon the heart—when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping reason in the dust—when every unsympathizing onlooker is deemed an enemy—who THEN can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial career, under which I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse—a chain, with one end fixed in Nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny."

You cannot make a man believe that a wild beast, which feeds to day on my field, to-morrow on yours,—or a wild bird, which winters in Norway and summers in England, is any man's exclusive property more than another's. You cannot tell on whose fields they have been born; they are wanderers of the earth, and no proprietor can make out a title to them. They are found eating up the farmer's crops, and destroying the fruits of his labour, yet the farmer dare not kill them, that would be poaching!—so says law. But such a law is only a delusion—a snare! Your labouring man thinks nothing of the law. Even a scrupulously honest labourer in other respects, who would shudder at the idea of robbing a hen roost, or stealing a goose, thinks it nothing venal to knock over a hare, boil it, and eat it. Industry fails him, and he takes to the covers without any compunction of conscience. The game-keeper catches him—he is tried as a poacher—and he is made a criminal. The poacher feels that he has been cruelly dealt with; and he is made more desperate. He harbours revenge, and hesitates not to retaliate. He poaches again more desperately than before; he is ready to defend the game he takes with his life; he

becomes a desperado, a marauder, and at length a thoroughly bad and corrupted member of Society. Thus do our Game Laws work!

(To be continued.)

THE PARISH CLERK.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

At the time I assisted at —Church, I was much struck with the appearance of a middle aged man, who, evidently a maniac, was still so quiet as to render it unnecessary to confine him. His sole occupation and amusement seemed to consist in wandering through the church yard, or lying on the gravestones; and winter or summer Ralph Somers (such was his name) was still found in the churchyard. The elements seemed not to affect him; and I have seen him on the coldest day in December, remain for hours stretched on a gravestone, seemingly unaffected by the rigour of the season. My curiosity was much aroused respecting this forlorn being, and I made some inquiries from Nehemiah respecting him.

“It is now about ten years (said the Parish Clerk) since the event occurred that deprived Ralph Somers of his senses, and never did a more melancholy event occur since I was elected Clerk of—Church. I shall be as brief as possible in my narrative, as the circumstances are too mournful for me to reflect upon. Ralph Somers was the eldest of two sons; his father died before he attained the age of manhood; and, by the labour of his hands, he, for some years, supported his widowed mother and his younger brother. This younger brother, John Somers, turned out a wild and idle youth, and at all the cock-fights, bear-baitings, &c., in the neighbourhood, he was regularly found; but to work he had a most insuperable objection, and vain were the efforts of his relatives to compel him to labour for his subsistence; yet they strove their utmost to support him, though it was evident he could not exist on the means they could furnish. For some time, he lived in a most miserable way, raising food in any honest manner; but suddenly he began, to the great astonishment of the neighbors, to display a profusion of money. He regularly frequented the Griffin, where he drank the best the house could afford, and paid for it like a prince. Various were the surmises respecting the means by which he obtained his money; and, as his relatives disclaimed all knowledge of his resources, the neighbours began to doubt the honesty of one whom they well knew could not have cheated them, and escaped with impunity. At length an event occurred which revealed his means of obtaining money, and which was productive of the greatest misery to his relatives.

“There had been for some time strange reports of dead bodies having been stolen from—

churchyard, and the Churchwardens instituted an inquiry into the fact. They were so little satisfied of the falsehood of this statement, that they directed me to provide two or three able-bodied men, whom they would well pay for their undertaking, to watch the churchyard, nightly, for a few months. This I readily promised to do, and soon engaged the requisite number, among whom was Ralph Somers, the maniac, who now frequents the churchyard. As I was directed to watch with them (though much against my inclination,) I could give you a minute account of how we spent the evenings during the first month; but as no event occurred which could possibly interest you, I shall merely observe, that as far as good ale, good jokes, and easy minds could make us happy, we were so.

“At length, on a stormy evening about the middle of December, when the very elements themselves seemed bent on destroying each other, the objects of our wrath made their appearance. We were stationed in the vestry, whence we had a full view of the churchyard; and, further, to insure success, we stationed a scout at the extremity of the churchyard, but under cover of a watch-box, that due notice might be given of the approach of intruders. On the night I before mentioned, after a long and fearful gust of wind which almost shook the church to its foundations, our scout made his appearance, and, with a look of terror, informed us, that three men had gained admittance into the churchyard, and were at the moment engaged in opening a grave, in which a corpse had been buried that very day. At this information we prepared for action, and being four in number, and well armed, we had no fear of success. Forthwith, then, we marched, but with slow and cautious steps, towards the place pointed out by our informant. As we approached, we plainly perceived three men engaged in opening a grave, which occupation they pursued in silence. The wind, which had ceased for an instant, again blew with redoubled violence, and effectually drowned the echo of our footsteps, so that we wore upon them before they were aware of our presence. Ralph Somers, as the strongest of the four, made a grasp at one of the men, who was raising the earth with a pickaxe; no sooner had he seized him, than we, raising a loud shout, quickly attacked the others, but were as quickly repulsed. One of the men, taking to his heels and decamping, was followed by two of our party. Willing to show my prowess, I seized on the other, a youngster, whom I judged to be a surgeon's apprentice, and attempted to throw him down; but the youth was too nimble for me, and, before I was aware of my situation, I found myself stretched at full length on a gravestone, and my opponent out of the churchyard. In the meantime, Rolph Somers had continued to struggle with the person he had first seized,

and desperate were the efforts of the latter to escape. The pickaxe had by some means got wedged firmly between two gravestones, one of the points fixed in the space between them, and the other standing up like a fixed bayonet. In their struggle, they came in contact with the pickaxe, and, horrible to relate, the foot of the resurrectionist slipping, he fell directly on the sharp point of it, and was pierced through the body: the unhappy man gave a fearful groan, and instantly expired.

"We were, as you may be well assured, terror-struck at this appalling incident, but our terror was trivial compared to that of Ralph Somers; he was loud in his exclamations of grief and despair, and, flinging himself with violence on the ground, he vented execrations on himself for ever joining us in our watch. One of our men, in the meantime, returned from the pursuit of the other resurrectionists, who had escaped; and, bearing in his hand a lighted torch that he had procured from the vestry, he gazed on the dead man; but, when he saw the deceased's countenance, the torch fell from his hand, and he gave a shout so fearful as to make Ralph Somers instantly spring up, and hasten to ascertain the cause of his terror; but what words can express the emotions of Ralph Somers, when, on his holding the torch to the face of the dead body, he recognised the features of his brother!—with a loud yell he again flung himself on the ground, from which he rose a maniac; and from that hour a maniac he has remained.

"It were needless to proceed further: the source of John Somers's riches was now ascertained—he was a resurrectionist; and, in the prosecution of his unlawful calling, he had fallen by the hand of his own brother."

ANECDOTE OF LIFE INSURANCE.

So early as the middle of the eighteenth century, the clause which excluded the representatives of suicides from a participation in the amount insured, excited attention; and an office was established, which, for a corresponding increase of premium, paid the amount to the relatives of the self-murdered. One man, deeply in debt, wishing to pay his creditors, and not knowing how, went to the office, insured his life, and invited the insurers to dine with him at a tavern, where several other persons were present. After dinner he rose, and addressing the former, said, "Gentlemen, it is fitting you should know the company you have met. These are my tradesmen, whom I could not pay without your assistance. I am greatly obliged to you—" without another word he bowed, pulled out a pistol, and shot himself.—*The Stock Exchange.*

It is astonishing how soon our follies are forgotten when known to none but ourselves.

THE COTTAGE AND THE HALL.*

CHAPTER VI.

ST. HERBERT ASHTON'S evident attentions to Marion, formed the theme of many a conversation, among the gossips of Willow-bank. Nor did it excite any surprise, when Miss Sedley, on the *very best authority*, announced their engagement, and, for once was not far out. "Frank," exclaimed the favored visitor, bursting into the library where his friend was sitting alone, when he and Marion had "*turned up*," after about three hours disappearance,—"*wish me joy, my dear fellow! I am the very happiest man living; she is mine, she has promised to be mine!*" and he shook Frank's proffered hand almost to dislocation.

"Why Ashton, dear old boy," returned the latter, his whole countenance radiant with delight, "*nothing could give me greater pleasure: not that it has taken me quite by surprise, you know. But where is Marion?*" and off he ran, to press his blushing tearful sister to his heart, and murmur blessings on her head. For once "*the course of true love did run smooth.*" Mrs. Perceval could offer no objection to a match in every way so desirable; and though it was a pang to both parents to separate from their child, they could not but rejoice in the prospect before her. But poor Frank missed his sister's society sadly. "*I declare,*" he would exclaim, as after breakfast the family dispersed to their several occupations, "*I consider myself particularly ill-used. My father and Walter, of course, are busied in a thousand ways; so also is my dearest mother; but what you, Marion, and Ashton, are about all day long, I cannot imagine, but your way of disposing of your time seems sufficiently engrossing, and I am left to the society of strangers,*" and he would leave the room, singing, to the time of "*The Days when we went Gipsying,*" one of the Percy ballads, the refrain of which is:—

"It is the most infernal bore, of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart, a short time ago."

The usual result of all this, however, was, that an hour after, he made his appearance at Mrs. Montague's gate, and considering that the society there consisted of *strangers*, contrived to make himself very particularly at home. Things went on in this way until one day's post was the bearer of an unmistakeable packet, "*From Somerset House, by Jove,*" was his exclamation in no joyful tone.

"Eh, what, Frank?" asked his father looking up from the letter he was reading, "*an appointment!*"

* Continued from page 250, volume 3, (concluded.)

"Yes, to the 'San Josef,' guard ship at Plymouth."

"And when must you set out, my dear boy?" said Mrs. Perceval, anxiously.

"To-morrow," he replied sadly, "by the early coach, I am ordered to join immediately."

A melancholy shade obscured the usual cheerfulness of the family, and poor Frank appeared terribly depressed.

"I am not very likely though to be sent out to sea just yet," he said, trying to assume the calmness he was far from feeling; "I shall be back again before long, at any rate to your wedding, Marion, so the sooner you fix the day the better. I will go and make my adieux at the Cottage," he added, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume: "farewells are never very pleasant and I am glad when they are over."

He was conscious that his thoughts were too tumultuously wild for any companionship just then, and longed to be alone, that he might analyze the feelings of which he was for the first time cognizant. Taking the wood road therefore, which offered but little fear of interruption, he set out on his way to the Cottage for the last time. How his heart sickened at the thought that, uncertain as is ever a sailor's life, years, even, might elapse ere he should again retread that well known path!

Why was the idea so torturing? He had left home before, with bitter regret, it is true: but now! oh yes, he could not be blind to the fact that it was not his home which bound him. He loved, with all the passionate devotion of which his nature was capable, he loved Ellen Montague! And she, did she share his feelings? He hoped, and yet he feared. But suddenly were his ruminations terminated, for there, on a rustic bench a turn in the road revealed their subject quietly seated and wholly unaware of his approach. "Now shall all doubt end," was his inward resolve; but as he placed himself beside her, the power of utterance seemed to forsake him, and a few commonplace remarks alone came to his assistance.

There was something so strange in his manner that Ellen raised her eyes enquiringly to his. "What are you reading?" he asked, taking up the book beside her and listlessly turning its pages. She wondered more and more why his face wore an expression so different to the usual joyous light which beamed there, and with some trepidation she enquired if all was well at the Hall.

"Very well, thank you, but rather out of spirits at the prospect of your losing so very important a personage as myself."

"You are not going?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

Her cheek was paler now: her fingers played nervously with the rose she held.

"Yes, Miss Montague, I shall soon be far from home. From all that has made home a paradise to me during the last few weeks, but the memory of all which they have contained of happiness beyond the power of words to express—which now that it has fled seems but the creation of some blessed dream—can never leave me. Oh, Ellen! dearest Ellen! if I might hope, if I dared look forward to a period, however remote, when, on my return:"

He took her unresisting hand; her face was turned from him, and he was proceeding to pour out all his soul before her, when he started at hearing himself accosted, and there, close to them, stood Miss Sedly!

Miss Sedly, who, before two hours had passed, would spread all through the village her exaggerated account of this lover-like scene.

Frank ground his teeth with vexation and poor Ellen's face was scarlet, as hardly knowing what she did, she offered the intruder a seat beside her.

"No, thank you, it would be a pity to disturb your tête-à-tête."

The disturbance, however, was effectual; the opportunity then lost could never be recalled.

Kate's voice calling for Ellen was that moment heard, they proceeded together to the Cottage. Next morning Frank Perceval was on his way to Plymouth.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a bright October morning, one of those lingering summer days which are always tinged with sadness, because they are the last, and Frank Perceval sat with many others in the ward room of the old "San Josef," anxiously expecting the coming of the postmans' boat, for he was expecting a letter from Willow-bank, informing him when the wedding was to take place. He would, of course, apply for leave, and be once more at home, and—how his heart beat at the thought of all he should regain! At last the wished for boat appeared, the sorting process was got through; a letter was handed to him by the clerk "From Ashton," and he flew to the solitude of his cabin.

"The day is fixed at last," writes Herbert, "it is to be the 10th, so you must lose no time. Of course I expect your services as *best man*, Marion has secured Miss Montague as first bridesmaid. *Apropos*, how would you like that young lady as a sister, Walter's admiration is very evident, and I think she most certainly smiles on him, though Marion does not see it. Poor fellow, I should be heartily glad to see him happy, for to tell you the

truth, Frank, I am seriously alarmed about his health, and any agitation of mind appears highly injurious." He read no more, the paper swam before his eyes—Walter love Ellen! and she, ah, yes, she loved him too! his noble, true hearted brother could not but be appreciated by a mind like hers! And all the visions of happiness with which he had cheated himself for days, for months, where were they now? blighted in one short instant! What should he do? appear at Marion's wedding he must: yes, he would go, ascertain beyond a doubt the truth of Herbert's surmises, and then, hiding within the depths of his own heart the bitter, the bitter disappointment, seek active employment afloat, he cared not where.

All was bustle at the Hall two days before the eventful 10th, when Frank made his appearance there. Herbert looking supremely happy, Marion blushing beautiful. He glanced nervously at Walter, and was pained to see that his fears for him had not been groundless. Three months had greatly altered him, and though a bright color flushed his cheek, and his eyes shone luminously, these signs did but increase Frank's apprehensions. Hogazed at him with all a brother's true affection, and mentally resolved that no act of his should ever cause even a passing pang to that loving, noble heart. "Well, Walter," he said, when they found themselves alone; "what have you been doing with yourself, old boy: you have not spoiled me by the frequency of your letters?"

"I have passed my time much as usual, I believe," was the reply, "except," and he hesitated and colored slightly, "that I have been more at the Cottage,—rather Miss Montague asked me to give her lessons in sketching, and—"

"And the result is, you have lost your heart, I suppose." He spoke calmly, even jestingly—but the words had cost a fearful effort—and he held his breath for the reply. Walter hesitated, and his agitation was undisguised. "Walter, be frank with me—you love Ellen Montague?"

"As my own life."

"And she returns your love?"

"Oh, no, I cannot say, I dare not hope."

"Dear Walter, it must be so, it cannot be otherwise: may you be as happy as you deserve." He wrung his brother's hand and left the room.

Had not Walter been himself under the influence of violent emotion, that expressed in every feature of poor Frank's face could not but have betrayed the truth; but he saw it not, or at least discerned therein but a deep interest in his own welfare, for which he blessed him.

Ellen had heard of Frank's return with a

pleasure which told her how deeply she had regretted his absence, "surely he must be here this evening, or in the morning at farthest," thought she, but evening came and brought not the expected visitor; the next day wore towards its close yet he appeared not. Piqued at conduct so unaccountable, she met Frank's studiously polite greeting with more than equal coldness, when according to previous arrangement she joined the party at the Hall, where she was to spend the night, and it wrung his very heart, but his outward manner was calm.

I pass over the wedding. An occasion when our most solemn, deepest feelings are called forth, can never be one for gaiety and mirth. It was a family party merely, if we except the Montague's, which stood round the altar of the little village church, when the sacred rite which joined two loving hearts was ended: but there were many spectators, and the crowds of happy tenantry were afterwards entertained at the Hall in true English style.

Frank was necessarily much with Ellen throughout the day; etiquette compelled his attendance, but he contrived to throw into his manner so much reserve, that her woman's pride was roused, and she too was cold. "Ah, she remembers our parting," he thought, "and wishes to shew me that my hopes were vain." When with Walter, on the contrary, she was gay and smiling, and his heart beat with a wild hope which she little imagined to exist. Frank saw this with far different feelings; to suffer silently was all now left for him, was he alone in this?

"You are not going, dear Ellen, surely," said Mrs. Perceval, "I thought you would have stayed some days to console me for Marion's loss. You must be a second daughter to me now, dear," and she kissed her cheek. "Why, how cold you are, my child! absolutely shivering. The evenings are already chilly—there is a bright fire in the drawing-room. Take off your bonnet again and stay." But Ellen hurriedly excused herself—she *must* go home, and in the solitude of her own chamber pour out the pent-up agony of the wounded heart, alone with God. And had it come, that meeting so longed for, prayed for,—and this, this was the result, and bowing her head in anguish too deep for tears, she murmured forth a prayer for strength. Ah, yes! pray, Ellen! in heaven alone is hope for sorrow such as thine.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANOTHER month has fled, the chill November wind sweeps o'er the leafless woods of Willow-

bank. Frank Perceval has long since left, and is now beneath a summer sky, floating on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, in the "Regina" flag-ship. Without one word of explanation he had gone, and Ellen struggled to regain composure, but in vain. "Dear Nelly misses Marion terribly," was Mrs. Montague's observation to Kate, who made no reply. A sister's eye is very penetrating. But another trial awaited the poor girl. She at length awoke to a suspicion of the nature of Walter's feelings, and great was the pang it caused. Had she unwittingly encouraged his attentions? She had so accustomed herself to feel for him as a brother, that she feared her manner had been too unreserved; she was not long suffered to doubt. Calling one day at the cottage, Walter found her alone, he told her of his love, she listened with tears and bitter grief, but it was rejected. "Oh, Ellen!" he cried, wildly, "give me but one hope, that at some future time——" She shook her head sadly, but there was no relenting. "Dearest Ellen—tell me but one thing,—do you love another?" A look of anguish convulsed her features, which shook his very soul."

"Mr. Perceval, forgive me if I have ever nourished hopes, which till very lately I never even suspected you of entertaining, the sincere affection of a——a friend I have long given you," tears choked her utterance, and Walter seizing her hand and raising it to his lips, hurriedly withdrew from her presence.

Drearly the winter days passed on. The Ashton's were not expected to return from their continental tour until the spring. It was now January, and the Hall had never been so gloomy before at the joyous Christmas season, but the increasing illness of their oldest son gave Mr. and Mrs. Perceval little inclination for its gaieties. The best medical advice had been sought, the disease was pronounced inflammation of the lungs, and a milder climate recommended; but Walter strenuously resisted all attempts to remove him from home. "It cannot be long," he said, "let me be with you till the last;" and as they gazed on his noble attenuated countenance, the grief-stricken parents felt that he was right. The Montagues participated in their friend's anxiety, and Ellen was now for whole days at the Hall, seeing as she did the comfort her presence was to Walter and Mrs. Perceval. One day she had been reading to him as he lay on the sofa, and had but just left the room when Miss Sedley was announced. "Oh! Mr. Perceval, I am glad to see you up," said she. "Is not Miss Montague here? I wanted to ask her about that servant

she was recommending. Speaking of Miss Montague, don't you think her shockingly fallen off? Quite thin and pale, I declare. Do you know, I am afraid your brother Frank has that to answer for, but young men will flirt when they can, of course; and to be sure, the morning I saw them together in the wood. I thought it was quite a settled thing. He had her hand, I could swear. And—good gracious Mr. Perceval, how ill you look," he had fainted. Miss Sedley's screams soon brought Mrs. Perceval and Ellen to her aid, and Walter was carried to his bed. Days passed, ere he was strong enough to re-appear, but days in which his mind had little rest. He saw all plainly now. How nearly had he unconsciously destroyed the happiness of the beings he so fondly loved. "But thank God there is yet time," he murmured. A smile of pleasure greeted Ellen, as she approached the sofa, where he sat propped up with cushions. "Sit down, dear Ellen," he often so addressed her now. "I want to have a long talk with you."

"You must not fatigue yourself," she said, as she obeyed.

"Ellen," he began, calmly and solemnly; "I am a dying man: with me the conventionalities of society have passed away. Do not, therefore, allow a false sense of pride to influence you. You will answer my questions truly,—will you not?" and he took her hand. Wonderingly she gazed on him while her colour went and came, as she bowed her head in token of assent. He continued, "When I once told you of my love," a faint blush mantling to his brow, "I asked if your heart was free—you did not speak but your look told volumes. Dear Ellen, I dared not ask if that love had been unhappy, though I feared it. I dared not ask who had injured it; but now I cannot but think that I have greatly wronged you, though unconsciously. Ellen, you love my brother!" Her head was drooping more and more as he went on: now it is bowed upon her trembling hands and her tears fall like rain. "Dearest Ellen, do not pain me by this grief—as there is a Heaven above us I believe Frank loved you, too, and you will both be happy yet." She raised her streaming eyes to his, but shook her head mournfully. "Listen to me, Ellen. What if for my sake he had crushed within his heart the hopes of future happiness? What if I had told him of my love for you and he had sacrificed all to me? Yes, thus it was! and now, Ellen, can you, will you forgive me?" He held out his hand again, while every muscle of his face quivered with suppressed emotion. Warmly did she press it within her own as she felt that

could she have purchased health and happiness to the noble being beside her, at the price of all the renewed hope springing up that moment in her heart, she would have done so gladly. But Walter was happy—his was the peace the world can neither give or take away. “Ellen, I have now but one earthly wish—to see you and Frank happy before I die! He will soon be here: last week I made my father write to summon him.

* * * * *

Eighteen months had passed away, and Frank Percival stood with his lovely bride in the glory of a setting summer's sun beside a grassy grave in the quiet churchyard of Willow-bank. They had returned from their wedding tour the previous day, and both felt *that spot must be the first revisited.*

“Dear, dear Walter,” murmured Ellen, sadly; “he is happy now.”

“Yes,” said her husband, solemnly; “may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his.”

Time had restored the cheerfulness of the family party now assembled at the hall. The Ashton's were there; they had come to introduce their little baby, Walter, only three months old. Kate was much improved in appearance, and generally considered the country belle, a fact duly appreciated by many an admirer, but it was thought that the rector's son who had latterly assumed the duties of curate in his father's parish, would prove the favoured suitor; and in fact, Henry Bruce was in every way worthy of the prize. As Mrs. Montague looked thankfully upon the happiness of her children, she blessed the hour which had led her to take up her abode in the little cottage at Willow-bank.

S. M.

THE DEAD.

What is it that makes us fear the dead? Is it the change from motion to stillness—from speech to silence—from affliction and suffering to eternal rest? With the spirit embodied we can hold converse, but with the act of quitting its dwelling, it may, for aught we know, acquire other feelings, other propensities, other passions and dispositions, and from having been all we loved, become all we hate. There is a mystery in death which defies our scrutiny. Its imperturbable calm, acquired suddenly in exchange for agony, mock our sympathy. It has put on the aspect of Nature herself; sorrow, and sin, and shame vex it no more. There it lies—majestic as a god, terrible as Hades, inscrutable as eternity; and then its beauty—is it not something bewildering?—*Isis, an Egyptian Pilgrimage.*

WHY SHAVE?

THERE are misguided men—and I am one of them—who defile daily their own beards, rasp them away as fast as they peep out from beneath the skin, mix them ignominiously with soap-suds, and cause them to be cast away with the off-scourings of the house. We are at great pains and trouble to do this, and we do it unwillingly, knowing that we deprive our faces of an ornament, and more or less suspecting that we take away from ourselves something given to us by nature for our use and our advantage; as indeed we do. Nevertheless, we treat our beards as so much dirt that has to be removed daily from our persons, for no other reason than because it is the custom of the country; or, because we strive to make ourselves look prettier by assimilating our appearance to that of women.

I am no friend to gentlemen who willfully affect external oddity, while they are within all dull and commonplace. I am not disposed by carrying a beard myself to beard public opinion. But opinions may change; we were not always a nation of shavers. The day may again come when “T will be merry in hall, when beards wag all,” and Britons shall no more be slaves to razors.

I have never read of savages who shaved themselves with flints; nor have I been able to discover who first introduced among civilized men the tonsure of the chin. The shaven polls and faces of ecclesiastics date from the time of Pope Anacletus, who introduced the custom upon the same literal authority of scripture that still causes women to wear bonnets in our churches, that they may not pray uncovered. Saint Paul, in the same chapter, further asks the Corinthians, “Doth not even nature itself teach you, that, if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him?” Pope Anacletus determined, therefore, to remove all shame from churchmen, by ordering them to go shaven altogether. The shaving of the beard by laymen was, however, a practice much more ancient. The Greeks taught shaving to the Romans, and Pliny records that the first Greek barbers were taken from Sicily to Rome by Publius Ticinius, in the four hundred and fifty-fourth year after the building of the city. The Greeks, however—certainly it was so with them in the time of Alexander—seem to have been more disposed to use their barbers for the pruning and trimming than for the absolute removal of the beard, and of that ornament upon the upper lip which they termed the *mustax*, and which we call—using the same name that they gave to it, slightly corrupted—moustache. In the best days of Greece few but the philosophers wore unpruned beards. A large flowing beard and a large flowing mantle were in those times as naturally and essentially a part of the business of a philosopher, as a signboard is part in these days of the business of a publican. So there is a small joke recorded of an emperor, who having been long teased by an importunate talker, asked him who or what he was. The man replied in pique, “Do you not see by my beard and mantle that I am a philosopher?”—“I see the beard and mantle,” said the emperor, “but the philosopher, where is he?”

The idea that there existed a connection between a man's vigour of mind and body, and the vigour of growth in his beard was commenced by the fact that Socrates, the wisest of the Greek philosophers, earned pre-eminently the title of the bearded. Among races of men capable of growing rich crops on the chin, the beard has always been regarded more or less as a type of power. Some races, as the Mongolians, do not get more than twenty or thirty thick coarse hairs, and are as likely then to pluck them out after the fashion of some northern tribes, as to esteem them in an exaggerated way, as has been sometimes the case in China. In the world's history the bearded races have at all times been the most important actors, and there is no part of the body which on the whole they have shown more readiness to honor. Among many nations, and through many centuries, development of beard has been thought indicative of the development of strength, both bodily and mental. In strict accordance with that feeling the strength of Samson was made to rest in his hair. The beard became naturally honored, inasmuch as it is a characteristic feature of the chief of the two sexes (I speak as an ancient) of man, and of man only, in the best years of his life, when he is capable of putting forth his independent energies. As years multiply, and judgment ripens, the beard grows, and with it grows, or ought to grow, every man's title to respect. Grey beards became thus so closely connected with the idea of mature discretion, that they were taken often as its sign or cause; and thus it was fabled of the wise King Numa, that he was gray-haired even in his youth.

To revert to the subject of shaving. Tacitus says that in his time the Germans cut their beards. In our times among that people the growth of a beard, or at least of a good *mystax* or *moustachio*, had come by the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight to be regarded so much as a mark of aristocracy that after the revolutions of that year the Germans took to the obliteration of the vain mark of distinction by growing hair on their own chins and upper lips. Hairs have been thus made significant in a new way. There are now such things to be seen on the Continent as revolutionary beards, and not long ago in a small German State, a barrister was denied a hearing because he stood up in his place in the law court, wearing a beard of the revolutionary cut. Not only custom, but even to this day law regulates the cultivation of the hair on many of our faces. There is scarcely an army in Europe which is not subject to some regulations that affect the beard and whiskers. In England the chin and, except in some regiments, the upper lip has to be shaved; elsewhere the beard is to be cultivated and the whiskers shaven. Such matters may have their significance. The most significant of whiskers are, however, those worn by the Jews in the East, and especially in Africa, who in accordance with a traditional superstition, keep them at an uniform level of about half an inch in length, and cut them into cabalistic characters curiously scattered about over the face.

As there are some communities especially bestowing care and honor on the beard, and

others more devoted to the whiskers, so there are nations, as the Hungarian, in which the honor of the moustache is particularly cherished. The moustaches of General Haynau were about a half-yard long. A Hungarian dragoon who aspired to eminence in that way, and had nursed a pair of moustachios for two years until they were only second to Haynau's, fell asleep one day after dinner with a cigar in his mouth. He awoke with one of his fine red tails so terribly burnt at the roots, that he was obliged afterwards to resort to an art used by many of his companions, and to fortify the weak moustache by twining into its substance artificial hair.

Such freaks and absurdities are, of course, inconsistent with the mature dignity of bearded men. Let us have whisker, beard, and moustache, reverently worn, and trimmed discreetly and with decency. I am not for the cabalistic whisker, the Hungarian moustache, or a beard like that worn by the Venetian magnate, of whom Sismondi relates, that if he did not lift it up, he would trip over it in walking. Still worse was the beard of the carpenter depicted in the Prince's Court at Eilham; who, because it was nine feet long, was obliged, when at work, to sling it about him in a bag. A beard like either of those is, however, very much of a phenomenon in nature. The hair of a man's head is finer, generally, than that on the head of women, and if left uncut, would not grow to nearly the same length. A woman's black-hair is an appurtenance entirely and naturally feminine. In the same way, the development of the hair upon the face of men, if left unchecked—although it would differ much in different climates, and in different individuals—would very rarely go on to an extravagant extent. Shaving compels the hair to grow at an undue rate. It has been calculated that a man mows off, in the course of a year about six inches-and-a-half of beard, so that a man of eighty would have chopped up in the course of his life a twenty-seven foot beard; twenty feet more, perhaps, than would have sprouted, had he left nature alone, and contented himself with so much occasional trimming as would be required by the just laws of cleanliness and decency.

It has been erroneously asserted that a growth of beard would cover up the face, hide the expression of the features, and give a deceitful mark of uniform sedateness to the entire population. As for that last assertion, it is the direct reverse of what is true. Sir Charles Bell, in his essay on expression, properly observes that no one who has been present at an assembly of bearded men can have failed to remark the greater variety and force of the expressions they are able to convey. What can be more portentous, for example, than to see the brow cloud and the eyes flash and the nostrils dilate over a beard curling visibly with anger? How ill does a smooth chin support at any time the character assumed by the remainder of the face, except it be a character of sanctimonious oiliness that does not belong honestly to man, or such a pretty chin as makes the charms that should belong only to a woman or a child!

Therefore I ask, why do we shave our beards? Why are we a bare-chinned people? That the hair upon the face of man was given to him for suffi-

cient reasons it will take but little time to show. It has various uses, physiological and mechanical. To take a physiological use first, we may point out the fact that the formation of hair is one method of extruding carbon from the system, and that the external hairs aid after their own way in the work that has to be done by the internal lungs. Their use in this respect is not lessened by shaving; on the contrary the elimination of carbon through the hairs of the face is made to go on with unnatural activity, because the natural effort to cover the skin with hair is increased in the vain struggle to remove the state of artificial baldness, as a hen goes on laying if her eggs be taken from her, and the production of hair on the chin is at least quadrupled by the use of the razor. The natural balance is in this way destroyed. Whether the harm so done is great I can not tell; I do not know that it is, but the strict balance which nature keeps between the production of hair, and the action of the lungs, is too constant and rigid to be altogether insignificant. We have all had too much opportunity for noticing how in people whose lungs are constitutionally weak, as in people with consumptive tendencies, the growth of hair is excessive, even to the eyelashes. A skin covered with downy hair is one of the marks of a scrofulous child, and who has not been saddened by the charm of the long eye-lashes over the lustrous eye of the consumptive girl!

The very anomalies of growth show that the hair must fulfil more than a trifling purpose in the system. There has been an account published in the present century by Ruggieri, of a woman twenty-seven years of age, who was covered from the shoulders to the knees with black woolly hair, like that of a poodle dog. Very recently, a French physician has related the case of a young lady over whose skin, after a fever, hair grew so rapidly that, at the end of a month, she was covered with a hairy coat, an inch long, over every part of her body, except the face, the palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet.

There are other less curious accounts of women who are obliged to shave regularly once or twice a week; and it may be asked why are not all women compelled to shave? If beards and whiskers serve a purpose, why are they denied to women? That is a question certainly not difficult to answer. For the same reason that the rose is painted and the violet perfumed, there are assigned by nature to the women attributes of grace heightened by physical weakness, and to the man attributes of dignity and strength. A thousand delicate emotions were to play about the woman's mouth, expressions that would not look beautiful in man. We all know there is nothing more ridiculous to look at than a ladies' man who assumes femininity to please his huge body of sisters, and wins their confidence by making himself quite one of their own set. The character of woman's beauty would be marred by hair upon the face; moreover, what rest would there be ever for an infant on the mother's bosom, tickled perpetually with a mother's beard? Not being framed for active bodily toil, the woman has not the man's capacious lungs, and may need also less growth of hair. But the growth of hair in women really is not much

less than in the other sex. The hair upon a woman's head is, as a general rule, coarser, longer, and the whole mass is naturally heavier than the hair upon the head of a man. Here, by the way, I should like to hint a question, whether since what is gained in one place seems to be lost in another, the increased growth at the chin produced by constant shaving may not help to account for some part of the weakness of hair upon the crown, and of the tendency to premature baldness which is so common in English civilized society?

The hair upon the scalp, so far as concerns its mechanical use, is no doubt the most important of the hair-crops grown upon the human body. It preserves the brain from all extremes of temperature, retains the warmth of the body, and transmits very slowly any impression from without. The character of the hair depends very much upon the degree of protection needed by its possessor. The same hair—whether of head or beard—that is in Europe straight, smooth and soft, become after a little travel in hot climates crisp and curly, and will become smooth again after a return to cooler latitudes. By a natural action of the sun's light and heat upon the hair that curliness is produced, and it is produced in proportion as it is required, until, as in the case of negroes under the tropical suns of Africa, each hair becomes so intimately curled up with its neighbours as to produce what we call a woolly-head. All hair is wool, or rather all wool is hair, and the hair of the negro differs so much in appearance from that of the European, only because it is so much more curled, and the distinct hairs are so much more intimately intertwined. The more hair curls, the more thoroughly does it form a web in which a stratum of air lies entangled to maintain an even temperature on the surface of the brain. For that reason it is made a Law of Nature, that the hair should be caused to curl most in the hottest climates.

A protection of considerable importance is provided in the same way by the hair of the face to a large and important knot of nerves that lies under the skin near the angle of the lower jaw, somewhere about the point of junction between the whiskers and the beard. Man is born to work out of doors and in all weathers, for his bread; woman was created for duties of another kind, which do not involve constant exposure to sun, wind and rain. Therefore man only goes abroad whiskered and bearded, with his face muffled by nature in a way that shields every sensitive part alike from wind, rain, heat, or frost, with a perfection that could be equalled by no muffler of his own devising. The whiskerless seldom can bear long exposure to a sharp wind that strikes on the bare cheek. The numbness then occasioned by a temporary palsy of the nerves has in many cases become permanent; I will say nothing of aches and pains that otherwise affect the face or teeth. For man who goes out to his labour in the morning, no better summer shield or winter covering against the sun or storm can be provided, than the hair which grows over those parts of the face which need protection and descends as beard in front of the neck, and chest, a defence infinitely more useful as well as more becoming than a cravat about the

neck, or a prepared hareskin over the pit of the stomach. One of the finest living prose-writers in our language suffered many years from sore throat, which was incurable, until following the advice of an Italian surgeon, he allowed his beard to grow; and Mr. Chadwick has pointed out the fact that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are all men with full beards, are almost entirely free from affections of the lungs and air-passages.

Mr. Chadwick regards the subject entirely from a sanitary point of view. He brought it under the discussion of the medical section engaged on sanitary inquiries at the York meeting of the British Association, and obtained among other support the concurrence of Dr. W. P. Alison of Edinburgh. We name that physician because he has since persuaded the journeymen masons of his own city to wear their beards as a preventive against consumption that prevailed among them.

For that is another use of the moustache and beard. They protect the opening of the mouth, and filter the air for a man working in smoke or dust of any kind; they also act as a respirator, and prevent the inhalation into the lungs of air that is too frosty. Mr. Chadwick, years ago, was led to the discussion of this subject by observing how in the case of some blacksmiths who wore beards and moustaches, the hair about the mouth was discoloured by the iron dust that had been caught on its way into the mouth and lungs. The same observer has also pointed out and applied to his argument the fact that travellers wait, if necessary, until their moustachios have grown before they brave the sandy air of deserts. He conceives, therefore, that the absence of moustache and beard must involve a serious loss to labourers in dusty trades, such as millers, and masons; to men employed in grinding steel and iron and to travellers on dusty roads. Men who retain the hair about the mouth are also, he says, much less liable to decay, or achings of the teeth. To this list we would add, also, that apart from the incessant dusts flying in town streets, and inseparable from town life, there is the smoke to be considered. Both smoke and dust do get into the lungs, and only in a small degree it is possible for them to be decomposed and removed by processes of life. The air passages of a Manchester man, or of a resident in the city of London, if opened after death are found to be more or less coloured by the dirt that has been breathed. Perhaps it does not matter much; but surely we had not better make dust-holes or chimney-funnels of our lungs. Beyond a certain point this introduction of mechanical impurity into the delicate air-passages does cause a morbid irritation, marked disease, and premature death. We had better keep our lungs clean altogether, and for that reason men working in cities would find it always worth while to retain the air-filter supplied to them by nature for the purpose—the moustache and beard around the mouth.

Surely enough has been here said to make it evident that the Englishmen who, at the end of his days, has spent about an entire year of his life in scraping off his beard, has worried himself to no purpose, has submitted to a painful, vexatious and not merely useless, but actually unwholesome

custom. He has disfigured himself systematically throughout life, accepted his share of unnecessary tedious and tooth-ache, coughs and colds, has swallowed dust and inhaled smoke and fog out of complaisance to the social prejudice which happens just now to prevail. We all abominate the razor while we use it, and would gladly lay it down. Now, if we see clearly—and I think the fact is very clear—that the use of it is a great blunder, and if we are no longer such a slovenly people as to be afraid that, if we kept our beards, we should not wash, or comb, or trim them in a decent way, why can we not put aside our morning plague and irritate our skin no more as we now do.

I recommend nobody to grow a beard in such a way as to isolate himself in appearance from his neighbours. Moreover, I do not at all desire to bring about such a revolution as would make shaven chins as singular as bearded chins are now. What I should much prefer would be the old Roman custom, which preserved the first beard on a young man's face until it became comely, and then left it entirely a matter of choice with him whether he would remain bearded or not. Though it would be wise in an adult man to leave off shaving, he must not expect after ten or twenty years of scraping at the chin, when he has stimulated each hair into undue coarseness and an undue rapidity of growth, that he can ever realise upon his own person the beauty of a virgin beard. If we could introduce now a reform, we, that have been inured to shaving, may develop very good black beards, most serviceable for all working purposes, and a great improvement on bald chins; but the true beauty of the beard remains to be developed in the next generation on the faces of those who may be induced from the beginning to abjure the use of razors.—*Household Words.*

SONNET—THE MANIAC.

Sweet summer flowers were braided in her hair,
 As if in mockery of the burning brow,
 Round which they drooped and withered, sing-
 ing now
 Strains of wild mirth, and now of vain despair.
 Comes, the poor wreck of all that once was fair,
 And rich in high endowments, ere deep woe
 Like a dark cloud pass'd o'er her and laid low
 Reason's proud fame, and left no brightness
 there;
 Yet you might deem *that* grief was with the
 rest
 Of all her cares forgotten; save when songs
 And tales she heard of faithful love unblest,
 Of man's deceitfulness, and maiden's wrongs;
 Then, and then only, in her lifted eyes
 Remembrance beamed, and tears would slowly
 rise.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

Rydon House, Suffolk.

AN INCIDENT OF MY CHILDHOOD.

"MADEL," said my aunt, facing me sternly, and speaking with solemn emphasis—"you are lowered for ever in my eyes! When Mr. Ellison comes, he shall assuredly know of this. Go!" she aided, with a gesture as if the sight of me were intolerable: "I shall never have confidence in you again."

I ran out of the room into the garden through the side-door, which always stood open in hot weather; but my cousins were at play on the lawn; so I flew on in the bitterness of my wounded spirit, until I found the shade and quiet I wanted under a large hoary apple-tree, which stood in the neighbouring orchard. Under its spreading branches I threw myself down.

I have a vivid impression of the aspect and "feel" of that summer afternoon. The heat was intense; the ground on which I lay seemed to burn the bare arms crossed beneath my humbled head. I knew there was not a grateful cloud in the radiant sky above me; I felt there was not a breath of wind stirring, not enough even to rustle the thick leaves of the orchard trees. The garish brilliancy, the sultry stillness, oppressed me almost more than I could bear. If I could have hidden myself from the sight of the sun, if I could have cheated my own consciousness, I would have gladly done so. I will not believe the world held at that moment a more wretched being than I was, that any grown-up man or woman with developed faculties ever suffered more keenly from the pangs of self-contempt.

For, let me at once tell the reader, I was no victim of injustice or misconception; the words with which I had been driven from the house were justified by what I had done. I was fourteen years of age, I had been carefully and kindly educated, none knew better than I the differences between right and wrong; yet in spite of age, teaching, and the intellect's enlightenment, I had just been guilty of a gross moral transgression: I had been convicted of a falsehood; and, more than that, it was no impulsive lie escaping me in some exigency, but a deliberate one, and calculated to do another hurt. The whole house knew of it—servants, cousins, and all; the coming guest was to know of it too. My shame was complete. "What shall I do? What will become of me?" I cried aloud. "I shall never be happy again!"

It seemed so to me. I had lost my position in the house where I had been so favoured and happy; I had compromised my character from that day henceforward. I, who had meant to do each good in the world, had lost my chance; for that sin clinging to my conscience, the remembrance of which I should read in everybody's face and altered manner, would make effort impossible. My aunt had lost all confidence in me—that was terrible; but what was worse, I had lost all confidence in myself. I saw myself mean, ungenerous, a liar! I had no more self-respect. When my cousins whispered together about me, or the servants nodded and smiled significantly, I should have nothing to fall back upon. Why, I was what they thought me; I could not defy

their contempt, but must take it as my due. I might get angry, but who would mind my anger? A thousand thoughts exasperated my anguish.

I was very fond of reading, and had a liking for heroic biographies. Noble actions, fine principles, always awoke a passionate enthusiasm in my mind, caused strong throbs of ambition, and very often my aunt had lent a kind ear to the outpouring of such emotions. The case would be altered now. I might read, indeed, but such feelings I must henceforth keep to myself: who would have patience to hear me thus expatiate? I was cut off from fellowship with the good.

I must give up, too, my little class at the village Sunday-school, which I had been so proud to undertake. How could I, despised at home, go among the children as before? I could never talk to them as I used to venture to do. They would know it, as all the world would know; they would mock me in their hearts—each feeling she was better than I. I rose up from the grass, for my state of mind would bear the prone no longer, and leaning against the tree, looked around me. Oh! the merry games I had had in this orchard. The reflection brought a flood of tears to my eyes—I had not cried before—for I was sure that time was past; I should never have another. "Never, never!" I cried, wringing my hands; "I shall never have the heart to play again, even if they would play with me. I am another girl now!"

In truth, my brief experience seemed to have oldened me, to have matured my faculties. I saw myself in a kind of vague confused vision as I might have been, as I could never now become. No; life was an altered thing from what it had appeared yesterday: I had marred its capabilities on the threshold. I could get a glimpse of the house through the trees; I could see the parlour windows where, within the shady room, tea was even now being prepared for the expected visitor. Ah! that visitor, with whom I used to be a favourite, who had always been so kind—he was now on his way with the same heart towards me, little knowing what had happened, little knowing I was lost and ruined!

Does this description of my state of mind, of my sense of guilt, seem overstrained? It is just possible I give a little more coherence to my reflections than they had at the time, but I cannot colour too highly the anguish of humiliation they produced: it was all but intolerable. "I suppose," said I moodily to myself, for a reaction was commencing—"I suppose I shan't always feel like this, or I should go mad. I shall get used to it presently—used to being miserable!"

Just then I heard my name shouted by one of my cousins, but I had not the heart to shout in answer. No doubt tea was ready, but I wanted no tea. Mr. Ellison might be come, but I dreaded to see him. My cousin called, and ran on towards the spot where I stood till he caught sight of me. He was hot with the search, and angry that I had not answered; moreover, what boy about his age, in the lustiness of a dozen summers, knoweth ought of tenderness or consideration? "There you are, miss," he said, savagely; "and a pretty hunt I've had! You're to come in to tea; and another time don't give better

people the trouble of fetching you: they don't like it, I can tell you."

He was just off again, eager for his meal, but I stopped him. "Bob, is Mr. Ellison come?" I cried.

"Hours ago; and he and mother have been shut up ever so long talking about you, I know; and don't "Bob" me, please, Miss Mabel; I don't like it!"

My spirit swelled. Was this to be the way? One touch of rough boyishness, and I could almost have kicked his feet; now I walked back to the house with a bitter "I won't care" swelling at my heart.

I may as well say here, though scarcely necessary to the moral of my story, that I was an adopted child in the large family of my aunt. She was a widow, and had been so ever since I had lived with her; and I, as will be supposed, was an orphan. She had in her own right a good income, though she only held in trust for her eldest son the substantial manor-farm on which we resided. I was not poor; indeed, I was in some sort an heiress; and Mr. Ellison, my aunt's honoured friend and her executor, was joint-guardian over me with herself. I had been brought up to fear and reverence him; he had taught me to love him. My degradation in his eyes was the bitterest drop in my self-mixed cup.

As I entered the hall, my aunt came out to meet me, and took me with her into another room. "Mabel," she said, "you are to take your place at the table with us as usual for the present. I have spoken to your guardian about you, but I scarcely know what we may finally decide upon in the matter. You are too old to be whipped or sent to bed; but though you are to be suffered to come amongst us, I need not say we shall never feel for you as we once did, or if we seem to do so, it will be because we forget. Your sin justifies a constant mistrust; for my part, I can never think of you as before under any circumstances, I am afraid. I don't think I ought, even if it were possible. But now, come in to tea."

"I want no tea," said I, bitterly. "I can't see Mr. Ellison. Oh! need he have known it?"

"Mabel," was the answer, "it would have been better had you feared the lie as you fear its discovery."

I sat down on a chair, and leaned my head on a table near. I had not a word to say for myself, or against the treatment adopted. My aunt was a woman of severe rectitude, and had brought us all up with deep solicitude, and I believe, prayerful care. She thought lying an almost unpardonable sin, for she looked upon it as a proof of nearly hopeless moral depravity; and my falsehood had been an aggravated one. Many, with a less strict sense of my delinquency, might have been more severe. I could not blame her. "At least," I said, "you won't make me come in?"

"No," she returned, and went back to the parlour.

I went up stairs to my bedroom, where I spent the rest of the evening. No inquiries were made after me. When it grew dark, I undressed and threw myself into bed. I offered no prayer for God's forgiveness; mine was not so much peni-

tence as remorse. Had I been a man who had blasted his prospects in life by the commission of some deadly sin, I could scarcely have felt more morally lost, more hopeless about the future. My aunt had represented my sin in appalling colours, and my whole previous education and turn of mind made me feel its turpitude strongly: the possibility of my repairing it had not been urged upon me, but rather denied. I thought it would colour and prejudice my whole after-life, that I had lost caste for ever.

I scarcely slept at all, and got up mentally sick, physically worn out. I dared not stay away from the breakfast-table, so I made haste to be first down stairs. The windows of our pleasant morning-room were open; there had been rain during the night, and it was one of those fresh laughing mornings which I felt I should have so enjoyed once. Once! yes, it was a long time ago. The whole aspect of the apartment within, of refreshed nature without, had an eminently pleasant effect: or, rather, I thought it would have to other eyes. I took a seat in the shade; I had a dim idea (I knew not whether it were hope or dread) that Mr. Ellison might come in before the others; but he did not. He and my aunt came in together, and they were closely followed by the children.

He was a man of about fifty years of age, with a figure and countenance which, in youth, might have been handsome, but which had suffered too severely from what I suppose were the effects of time to be so now. He had, too, an air of gravity and reticence, which rather oppressed a stranger unacquainted with the minute sympathies, the comprehensive benevolence it veiled.

He came up to me where I sat dejected and lumbled, and held out his hand. To my surprise, and, I may say, to my exquisite pain, he spoke to me much as usual—I could almost have thought more tenderly than usual. I dared not look up as I murmured my inaudible answer. My aunt gave me a chilling "good-morning;" my young cousins looked at me shyly, but did not speak. No one spoke to me during breakfast except my guardian, and he only in connection with the courtesies of the table; and not being able to bear this, I crept out of the room as soon as I dared. It was the same at every other meal; and all the intervals between I spent alone, unsought, unquestioned, suffering a fiery trial. I don't dwell on the details of my experience that day; I have suffered much since, but, God knows, never more. However, as may be supposed, I slept a little that night, for nature would bear up no longer.

The next day came; breakfast had passed as before, and, as before, I was stealing out of the room, when my guardian called me back.

"If you want to talk to Mabel," said my aunt, "I will leave you alone together."

But Mr. Ellison begged earnestly that she would remain, and, to my bitter regret, she consented. I felt now there would be no hope for me. He then placed a chair for me, and coming up to where I stood sinking with shame near the door, led me gently to it. "You are too forbearing, my dear sir," urged my aunt: "she is not any longer entitled to such kindness."

"Is she not?" he returned with a bitter sigh;

and then addressing me: "Mabel, are you truly sorry for this sin of yours?"

The accent of generous sympathy with which the words were spoken wrought upon me. "Sorry!" I cried in an agony; "I'm miserable; I shall be always miserable! Every one will despise me all my life long—and oh, I meant to be so good!"

My guardian took a seat beside me. "And now," he asked, "you will give up crying?"

I looked up eagerly. "Where would be the use?" I said. "A liar"—the word seemed to burn my lips, but I would say it, for I half feared he did not know the worst—"loses her character once and for ever. No one will trust me again, no one can respect me. Oh, it's dreadful!" I shuddered instinctively.

"Then what is to follow?" asked Mr. Ellison. "Is all effort to be given up, and this dark spot to spread till it infects your whole character? Are all duties to be neglected because you have failed in one? and are you to live on, perhaps to fourscore, incapacitated by this selfish remorse? Not so, Mabel!"

"Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Ellison," interposed my aunt; "but this is scarcely the way to treat my niece. You will make her think lightly of the dreadful sin she has committed; she will fancy her compunction extreme, whereas no repentance can be sufficient. Don't try to soften her present impression. I would have her carry with her to the grave the salutary sense she seems to have of what she has done."

"I, too," said my guardian fervently, "would teach her a lesson she should never forget, but it would be differently put from yours. Before God, I grant you, no amount of penitence would suffice to procure that atonement, which is freely given on wider grounds; but as regards her relations to her fellow-beings, to her future life, Mabel argues wrong: men in general, the world at large, you yourself, my dear madam, appear to me to argue wrong on this subject."

My aunt colored. "Pardon me," she said, stiffly; "I think we cannot understand each other."

"Perhaps," said my guardian, "I have misunderstood you; but if you will suffer a direct question, it will settle the point. Suppose that, in the future, Mabel's conduct should be exemplary, would you fully restore her to the place she once held in your esteem?"

I looked anxiously towards my aunt; the question was a momentous one to me. She seemed to reflect.

"It is painful to say it," she replied at length; "but I must be conscientious. In such a case, Mabel would in a great measure regain my esteem; but to expect me to feel for her as I did before she had so deeply injured her moral nature, seems unreasonable. She can never be exactly to me what she was before."

"And you think, doubtless, that she is right in considering that this youthful sin will impair her future capacity for good?"

"I think," answered my aunt, "that it is the penalty attached to all sin, that it should keep us low and humble through life. The comparatively clear conscience will be better fitted for good deeds than the hardened."

There was a pause; my heart had sunk again. Mr. Ellison rose and began to walk up and down the floor.

"Suppose a case, madam," he said presently, and in a constrained tone—"where an honorable man, under strong temptation, has committed a dishonorable action; or a merciful man, a cruel: have they marred life, and must they go softly all the rest of their days? Must they leave to other men the fulfilment of high duties, the pursuit and achievement of moral excellence? Would you think it unseemly if, at any after-period, you heard the one urging on some conscience the necessity of rectitude, or the other advocating the beauty of benevolence? or must they, conscious that their transgression has lowered them for ever never presume to hold themselves erect again?"

"My dear Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, looking with surprise at my guardian, who had certainly warmed into unusual energy—"I think we are wandering from the point. Such a discussion as this will not do Mabel any good, but rather harm, if I understand you to mean that we are not materially affected by our transgressions. It is a strange doctrine, sir, and a very dangerous one."

"My dear friend," returned my guardian gently, "far be it from me to say that our transgressions do not materially affect us! I do not want to gainsay your view of the life-long humility which a human being should feel for a criminal act, but I would introduce hope, and not despair, into his mind. I don't think the plan on which society goes of judging the character of a man from individual acts or single aberrations is just; very often such acts are not fair representations of the life or even the nature of the man. They show, indeed, what he was at that moment; but it may be that never before or since in his existence did he or will he experience such another. Yet perhaps he is condemned by the world, and shunned as a lost character. How bitterly hard for that man to do his duty in life!"

"No doubt," said my aunt, "it does bear hard in particular cases; but it is the arrangement of Providence that the way of transgressors is hard."

"I am not speaking," returned my guardian, "of the habitual transgressor, but of one who, like Mabel here, thinks life spoiled by a single act of moral evil, and is treated as if it were so. You speak of Providence," he continued with a smile: "an instance rises to my mind where an aggravated sin was committed, and yet the sinner, far from being doomed to obscurity and life-long remorse, was spared all reproof save that of his agonized conscience, was distinguished above others, called to God's most sacred service, elected to the glory of martyrdom. If remorse were in any case justifiable, if any sin should unfit a man for rising above it or for doing good in his generation, surely it would have been in Peter's case. But we know that story. My dear madam"—and Mr. Ellison, laying his hand on my head, looked appealingly towards my aunt—"I desire to speak reverently; but think you, after Christ's charge, even John, Abdiel-like disciple as he was, ever presumed to say or feel that he could never esteem or look upon Peter as he once did? This

is what is forbidden us—to look upon men as fallen below their chance of recovery.”—My aunt was silent, but I could see she was impressed. As for me, I felt as if a load were being slowly lifted off my heart, and it swelled with a passionate aspiration to recover, with God’s help, my former standing, and press on in the upward way. And would I not, through life, be tender and merciful to the penitent wrong-doer?—“If I speak warmly on this subject,” continued my guardian, “it is because my own experience furnishes me with a proof of how low an honorable man may fall, and how far the magnanimity, or rather justice, I have been advocating may enable him to rise again, and try and work out towards his fellow-men—I know he cannot do so towards God—reparation for his offence. May I tell you a short story?”

“Certainly,” said my aunt; but she looked uneasily towards me.

“Let Mabel stay and hear me,” said Mr. Ellison; “the lesson is for her to learn, and my story will do her no harm.”

He took a few turns through the room, as if collecting his thoughts, and then began. If my readers wonder that, at fourteen, my memory retained the details of such a conversation, let me explain, that many times since then has this subject been renewed and discussed by my guardian and me.

“Many years back,” said Mr. Ellison, “I knew two friends. They were young men of very different character, but, for ought I know, that might have been the secret of their attachment. The elder, whom, for distinction’s sake, I will call Paul, was of a thoughtful, reserved turn of mind. He was given a good deal to speculations about the moral capacities and infirmities of his own nature and that of his race, and had a deep inward enthusiasm for what he conceived to be goodness and virtue; and I will do him the justice to say, he strove so far as in him lay to act up to his convictions. The younger—we will call him Clement—was of a lighter temper. Generous, frank, and vivacious, he was a far more general favorite than his friend; but yet, when men of experience spoke on the subject, they said, the one was, no doubt, the most lovable, but the other the most trustworthy. Well—for I do not wish to make a long story of it—Clement, who had no secrets from his friend, had made him long ago the confidant of a strong but unfortunate attachment of his. Unfortunate, I say; not but that the lady was eminently worthy, but, alas! she was rich, and he but a brief-hunting barrister. Clement had a chivalrous sense of honor, and had never shewn sign or uttered word of love, though he confessed he had a vague, secret hope that the girl returned his feeling. He blushed, however, like a woman when he made this admission, and would fain have gainsayed it as presumption the moment after. He rather unwisely, but most naturally, still visited at the house, where the parents, suspecting nothing, received him cordially; and at length he ventured to introduce Paul there too, in order that his friend might judge for himself of the perfections of his mistress.

“It is not necessary to describe the daughter; suffice it to say, Paul found in her person and

character not only enough to justify Clement’s choice, but to excite in his own mind a passion of a strength corresponding with the silent energy of his character. He kept his secret, and heard Clement talk of his love with the patience of a friend, while secretly he had to contend with the jealousy of a lover. But he did not contend against it, and strove to master himself; for apart from what honor and friendship enjoined, he saw plainly that Eleanor favored the unexpressed, but with a woman’s keenness, half-guessed love of Clement. He forbore to visit at the house, in spite of the double welcome his relation to Clement and his own social position—for Paul was rich—had obtained for him there. Time passed, and Paul was still at war with an unconquered weakness, when Clement got an appointment in India. ‘Before you go,’ said Paul to him, ‘you will speak to Eleanor?’

“No,” said Clement, after painful deliberation; ‘the chances of my success are still doubtful: when I have proved them, and can satisfy her parents, I will write.’

“You may lose her through your over-scrupulousness.”

“I may,” said Clement; ‘but if she loves me, she has read my heart, and I can trust her.’

Clement, therefore, took his secret to India with him, and Paul was left at home to fight with a gigantic temptation. I need not go into the subtleties it assumed; but for a long time he was proof against them. He would not sacrifice honor and friendship, the strength of a good conscience, and the principles he revered, to selfish passion and inclination. One evening, however, he yielded to a weakness he had several times overcome, and went to the house. He said to himself he would see how she bore Clement’s absence. Eleanor received him with a kindness she had never shewn before. Her parents politely hoped, when he rose to leave, that they were not to lose his society as well as Clement’s. That night cast the die. ‘I love her,’ said Paul to himself; ‘Clement does no more. I have the same right as he to be happy.’ Madam,” added Mr. Ellison abruptly, “you guess what followed. Paul, with his keen sense of rectitude, his ambitious aspirations, yielded, and fell.”

My guardian paused. My whole girl’s heart was in his story: I forgot my humbled position, and exclaimed eagerly: “But did Eleanor love him?”

Mr. Ellison looked at me quickly, and then half-smiled. The smile was a relief to me, for it brought back the usual expression which he had lost during the telling of this story. “You shall hear,” he resumed presently. “Paul having decided to act a fraudulent and unworthy part, used all his powers to gain his object. ‘Honour and self-respect I have lost,’ he said; ‘love and gratification I must have.’ It was a terrible period that followed. The suit he urged with such untrifling zeal seemed to gain slow favour with Eleanor. Her parents were already his supporters; and with the irritating hopes and fears of an ardent but baffled lover, were mixed the stinging agonies of remorse and shame. Clement’s periodical letters, long since unanswered were now unread; to him, such as he now was, they were not addressed—that sweet friendship

was buried with his youth's integrity. I will not linger," said my guardian hurriedly. "Paul won the prize which he had sought at such a cost; Eleanor's consent was gained, and the marriage-day was appointed. I don't think even then he so deceived himself as to think he was happy. Moments of tumultuous emotion, of feverish excitement, that he misnamed joy, he had, but his blessedness had escaped him. Not only his conscience told him was Clement defrauded, but Eleanor was deceived. To hear her express at any time indignant scorn of what was base or mean, was a mortal torture so exquisitely acute that only those can conceive it who have stooped to a like degradation. A night or two before the day fixed for the wedding, Paul went as usual to her house. Just before he took his leave, Eleanor left the room and returned with a letter. There was a glow on her cheek as she gave it him. 'I have long determined,' she said, 'to have no momentous secrets from him who is to be my husband: it will be better for you to know this.'

"He took the letter. I see you guess the sequel: it was from Clement. It told the story of his long silent love, for he was now in a position to satisfy his own scruples and tell it. With the fear upon his mind that even now his treasure might escape him, Paul clung to it more tenaciously than ever; passion smothered remorse. 'Well,' he asked, looking at her almost fiercely, 'does the secret go no further?'

"A very little further, Paul," said Eleanor gravely. "I loved Clement once, but I thought he trifled with me; were it not now honourably too late—I love you now."

"Paul felt a sudden impulse to confess the whole truth, but it was transient. He had felt many such an impulse before, but had conquered it; should he, on the eve of possession, with that assurance in his ears, yield now?"

"But, Mr. Ellison," I cried, interrupting him with the matter-of-fact sagacity of a child, "didn't it seem strange to Eleanor that Paul had told Clement nothing about his engagement?"

"Ah, Mabel," sighed my guardian, "no great sin but his lesser ones. Long since, Paul had found it necessary to tell Eleanor a false story concerning his present suspension of intercourse with Clement."

I think this absolute lie of Paul's touched my aunt as sensibly as any point in the history, for she broke silence. "And what," she said, "was the end of this wretched young man's history? Are you going to tell us we must not despise him?"

"One moment longer," urged my guardian, "and you shall pass your judgment. Paul married Eleanor: you are surprised? Alas! poetical justice is not the rule of this life. Yet why do I say alas? has it not a higher rule? He married her then, each loved the other, but Paul was a miserable man. His friends noticed it; naturally then this wife; but he kept his secret; no wonder months wrought upon him the effect of years. Nevertheless, he neglected his duties, he had no heart for them: self-contempt, a bitter remorse, cankered every aspiration, enfeebled effort, sapped and destroyed his capabilities. Life slipped wasted through his fingers. I could not, says Mr. Ellison, "give you an idea what he

suffered, but I believe he was at this time deeply mistaken, increasingly criminal. If a man's sin be black as hell—and his was black—remorse cannot mend it: so long as he lives, life requires duties and effort from him; let him not think he is free to spend it in this selfish absorption."

"True," said my aunt; "but let him not expect, even though he strive to rise and partially succeed, that he is to be respected as a worthier man."

"A year passed," resumed my guardian, without heeding the remark, "and Clement returned to England. Originally, he had a noble soul; sanctifying sorrow had made him great. He inquired after his former friend, wrote to him, assuring him he could meet Eleanor now with the calmness of friendship; and forced himself upon him. I say forced, for, naturally, Clement was to Paul an accusing angel. An agonised retribution was at hand for the latter: Eleanor died in her first confinement, after but a few hours' illness; her infant even died before her. In this extremity, well was it for Paul that Clement was at hand: in his overwhelming grief, the past seemed cancelled; he could claim and endure his friend's magnanimous tenderness. When he recovered from this stroke, he roused himself to a new existence. Clement had succeeded in convincing him of his forgiveness, of his continued friendship even. 'After the first shock of feeling,' he said, 'he thought of what a nature like yours must suffer, which had been tempted to such an act, changed, slowly, I grant, but still changed, resentment into sympathy. For my own consolation, I studied the New Testament; it has taught me lessons which I think, Paul, you as well as I have misread. I won't insult you by dwelling on my free pardon; if it is worthy of acknowledgment, put your hand once more to the plough, labour for the welfare of others, and so work out your own.' He argued against remorse, and urged the considerations which I have brought more feebly forward, with such effect, that Paul laid them to heart, and strove to test their truth. With God's forgiveness sought and obtained, and that of the man he had injured—with principles drawn from a deeper and diviner source than he had known before—with a spirit humbled but not crushed, he proved that life still lay before him as a field for honourable and remunerative labour. I believe his friend respected him more in this second stage of his experience than before; I know he did not respect him less. Will any other presume to do so?" asked Mr. Ellison, approaching my aunt. "My dear friend, wonder not at my tenderness to Mabel; that is the salutary result of so severe an experience: it is my own story I have told."

I think my aunt must have guessed the truth ere this, for she made an immediate answer. I was silent with astonishment. My guardian turned and looked at me. "Mabel," he said earnestly, "let me not have humbled myself before you in vain. God preserve you from sinning against your own nature and Him; but where you fall, God give you grace and strength to rise and strive again. And grant me this too, my child: in after-life you may have much influence; for my sake, for your own experience of suffering

and shame, be merciful to the wrong-doer! Make it one of your duties to help the fallen, even though she be a woman, and convince her that all is not lost in one false step. God provides against his creature's remorse—shall man be less merciful to his brother?"

"Mr. Ellison," said my aunt, "the life of effort and self-denial you have led condemns my severity. I have been too harsh; but I must seriously review this argument. Mabel, come here!"—I approached her timidly; she drew me nearer.—"One must still repent before they can be pardoned," she said; "but I think you do repent, Mabel?"

My tears flowed. "Aunt, forgive me." I whispered; "I am sorry indeed. I don't like to say it, but I think I shall never tell a lie again?"

She kissed me, and rose up; there were tears in her eyes. "Let it be, then, as though it had never been, except to teach you Mr. Ellison's lesson," she said. She then approached my guardian. "I knew not," she added in a softened tone, and holding out her hand with an air of respect, "how much you lost some years ago by Clement's death. Henceforth, you and I will be better friends."

Mr. Ellison pressed her hand in silence; I saw he could not speak; I had an instinct that he would wish to be alone, so I followed my aunt quickly out of the room.

She turned kindly round, and despatched me on some message as of old; I felt I was forgiven! Before fulfilling it, I ran into my room and shut the door, then kneeling down by the bedside, I prayed as I had not before done, with softened heart and contrite tears, for God's forgiveness.

Those few hours have influenced a lifetime.

SONNET—THE VISION.

She rose before him in the loveliness
 And light of days long vanished; but her air
 Was marked with tender sadness, as if care
 Had left its traces written, though distress
 Was felt no longer. Through her shadowy dress
 And the dark ringlets of her flowing hair
 Trembled the silvery moonbeams, as she there
 Stood midst their weeping glory motionless,
 And pale as marble statue on a tomb.
 But there were traits more heavenly in her face,
 Than when her cheek was radiant with the bloom
 Which his false love had blighted;
 Came like some angel minister of grace,
 And looked forgiveness of his broken vow.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

When we denounce "the world," we should remember that we form part of it.

Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

We give away nothing so generously, and receive nothing so reluctantly as, advice.

PRETTY MARY.*

BY JOHN MERWYL.

"Of course, of course," replied the steward, bowing politely, but mentally resolving that the doer of communication should be bolted.

The hostess now taking the light, preceded them up a large, old, wooden staircase, from which they emerged upon a covered gallery running along the front and two wings of the house; and though the night was coming on very dark, they could perceive that the view was on a farm yard. They passed numerous doors and windows of chambers giving on this gallery, which evidently had not been in much request of late, for the doors were half un-hinged, and every now and then swung backwards and forwards as the wind, now rising in the forest, came whistling through the large desolate building. Mary stopped at one of the last of these in the front part of the inn; it seemed in better condition than the rest, and was probably that of the rooms most in use. Her key soon opened it, and she lighted the strangers in. The apartment consisted of two comfortably large rooms, with many beds, but scanty furniture, and a most disagreeable superabundance of doors and windows. On the whole, a more gloomy affair could not easily be conceived. It struck chill even to the heart of the steward; but the hostess cut short the exostulations she saw hovering on the old man's lips, by assuring him these were her very best rooms, and she had no other ready in the house.

"Well," said he, "as they are not very gay, and our supper was not over plentiful, we really want something to cheer us up:—some nice warm evening cup, such as you once knew how to prepare so well, and used to call my night cap, you pretty rogue, do you remember?" and the hand of her former acquaintance would have volunteered the paternal caress of other days, but Mary shrunk from it as if it had been a blow.

"I will bring you something over which to smoke your pipes," and, having lighted a couple of tallow candles that were on the table, she withdrew.

The bookseller had kindly taken charge of the singularly elongated package that excited so much solicitude in the Italian's breast, whilst the latter groaned under the weight of his two enormous saddle bags.

"It is very light for so long a thing," said the bookseller, putting his burden on the table as he spoke; "it was a mere nothing to pop it under my arm; here goes what is heavier—that's my portmanteau."

"And here goes what's as heavy," said the steward, following his example by depositing his load on the table, whilst the Italian piled his bags by the side.

"One might almost think," said the younger German, "that there was no other living creature in the house but this dark-looking woman. I never saw so desolate an inn."

"I have my reasons for believing it less lonely than you imagine," replied the Italian. "If there was no meat for *our* supper, there was an abundant supply of it for others. Who these others may be"—here he shrugged his shoulders—"God knows, but it bodes us no good."

"How came you to find that out?" remarked the bookseller.

"Oh! by the merest accident in the world," replied the other. "I happened to look in at the kitchen window, and saw two stout wenchies preparing enough meat for ten individuals."

"Were you seen?" asked his interrogator.

"I think not," he quickly answered, "but the maids exchanged such glances of intelligence that I should not be surprised if I was."

"These people have certainly come down in the world since I was last here," said the steward, "but I did not expect to find it so poor a place, or I should!"

The words died on his lips, for Mary re-entered, bringing in what he had desired. She looked severely at the Italian.

"You had not a very good meal of it," said she, "addressing him in a somewhat marked manner, "for although we had better provisions about the place than I could afford to give you, I was obliged to reserve them for the farm boys, whom I expect every moment from the fields; for you know," added she, turning to the steward, "farming is our chief occupation, and the inn is merely a secondary branch of industry. Of course I could not think of devaluing the poor people's usual repast, after a hard day's work, for chance visitors;" and, with anything but a friendly smile, she withdrew.

"You have been seen," observed the bookseller to the Italian, with a somewhat crest-fallen air.

"She provides well for her people," replied the Italian; "I think few farm boys are better treated. I wish we were well out of this place; I disliked it from the very first, and everything since has added to my suspicion."

"I cannot bring myself to think there is any harm about it," said the steward, "I have known pretty Mary so long. True, neither she nor her circumstances seem improved of late, but yet I cannot share your doubts."

"Whence dates your acquaintance?" interrupted the Italian, putting back with his hand the proffered draught which the young German was tendering him, and fixing his quick eager glance upon the steward whilst he replied:

"It is a long story to tell, but if it amuses you to listen to it over your glass, I am quite ready to give it you."

"Under the present circumstances, nothing can have more interest for us than an account of this woman. Pray begin—we are all ear."

The bookseller had by this time opened the pearl tobacco bag his Dorothea had wrought for him, and having drawn from his pocket his travelling pipe, he prepared to soothe his growing alarms, and possibly the tediousness of the tale, with the delight of the soporiferous herb, and echoed the wish of his neighbour.

"It is many years back—I should think about fifteen," began the steward, "when I first saw pretty Mary. You both smile, and shake your heads, at the epithet which, from habit, I still apply to her. She is faded now, and you cannot possibly imagine how truly she once deserved it. Ay, ay, I remember her well, with her bright eyes and rosy cheeks, white teeth and merry laugh, there was not a comelier or more luxuriant lass in the whole village. She liked to be told she was pretty—and where's the harm? I, for my part, have always thought her more giddy and foolish, but less guilty than others have done—"

"Perhaps you may have been under the influence of the bright eyes and rosy cheeks you have just described," said the Italian, with a sly look.

"Sir, I was an old man and the father of a family," gravely replied the steward, "and therefore could take in Mary only the most fatherly interest. She was born not far from the Castle Rantzau, and her parents, who were poor labourers, sent her early to service in the little inn of our village. Well do I remember the sensation she created on her arrival. Nothing was heard of but her beauty. In less than a week she obtained universally the cognomen by which I call her, and which she has kept to this day in our village; in a couple of weeks more the wifions of the place declared her to be a saucy, flippant girl, whose acquaintance they forbade their daughters, and prayed their sons to avoid. I, myself, saw no harm whatever about the girl—she was merry and free in her manners to be sure, but she would hand an old man like me his can of beer with as good a grace, and winning a smile, as if I had been the fishiest lad in the village. I must tell you that from Rantzau to the village it is a mere walk, and one which I was in the habit of taking almost every evening, for the space of many years. This walk always brought me to the neat, tidy little inn, kept by my friend the post-master, where I regularly smoked my pipe, and sipped my beer, in company with a few old tried friends, reading our newspaper, talking over the politics of the day, and discussing the then scandals of our village, and those of our youth. A pleasant time we had of it—but, lack a-day, our ranks are thinned since then—ah! where was I? Pretty Mary had not long been in the inn as chief maid—my old

friend the post-master was dead, and his son, a lad I had dandled on my knee, had succeeded to the business, for his old mother knew no more about it than the cuckoo. It was as neat an establishment as a man need to have; a snug inn it was—with well-filled cellars—five post-horses in the stable—a few postillions, who served as farm-boys at the same time. In short, nothing could be more complete. I must not forget to add that he likewise kept our only post-office. He was a good-looking, good-natured, obliging fellow as ever lived. May be he had one or two little follies, such as letting his moustachios grow, and wearing a green coat like my lord's *char-a-cour*, and that, too, after I had warned him against such apishness, but, on the whole, he was a good boy, and I loved him well, both for his father's sake and his own. I soon saw how matters stood between him and Mary. Ay, had she chosen it, she might have been the honest, happy wife of as thriving a lad as any we have in our parts. Not that Mary begrudged him her smiles or her soft looks, but at the bottom she loved another. The thing passed thus—the post-master's old mother, who had been very strict in her day—God assoilize her—Here goes to her memory, gentlemen! So saying, the honest old steward emptied his glass, which had stood for some time untasted before him.

“Well, she would not hear of the match, and wished to turn pretty Mary out of the house, saying she was over light for the like of her son, and that if his wife were poor she should, at least, be honest. The boy did not believe her, and would have married Mary for all that, being much of my opinion, that she had too many admirers among the men to have the good will of the women. The girl had consented, and the wedding was to take place very shortly, when a conversation he accidentally overheard in his own stables proved to him, that, had he concluded the affair, he would have been greatly duped, and that if it were any one's duty to repair the poor maiden's honour he certainly was not the person on whom this duty ought to devolve. The truth is, my good friends, her true affection was given to a squinting, red-haired postillion, by name Peter Stieber. He was as ill-favoured, and as ill-behaved a man as ever I happened to see—very much addicted to drink and profligate habits, and the little we knew of him—for he was not of our village, but came from a distant part of the country—made us dislike him every day more and more. Not so Mary. Her whole heart, it would seem, was bound up to this man, at least so her after behaviour would lead me to believe. The postmaster, who had already often thought of dismissing him for his dissolute habits and frequent and unaccountable absences, now hesitated no longer, and unconsciously disturbing the *l'été-à-l'été* he had

so opportunely overheard, he turned out Peter Stieber that very hour. But he could not find it in his heart to do the same by pretty Mary, however cruelly she had deceived him; for he well knew such a proceeding would at once complete her ruin in the village, that her many rivals would greatly joy in her shame, and repay her former scornful and sneering manner to them with every bitter insult they could think of. His goodness of heart triumphed, and so he left pretty Mary without a word of reproach; but the ensuing week found a gentle, prudent girl of the neighbourhood invested with all the honours of postmistress at the quiet, little inn. Great, doubtless, was Mary's disappointment; and whether her proud spirit could not brook to obey where she once thought to command, or whether it was that the young wife was not without her jealousies about Mary and made her uncomfortable, or, it may be from some other cause, Mary soon after left the inn, and removed to another in the neighbouring town. Affairs often brought me to her new residence. Here, although her beauty was still an object of remark, it did not excite the same heart-burnings and jealousies which it had occasioned in our village; and for a very simple reason. She no longer noticed the young men of the place, having evidently given up all hopes of an honourable establishment, and kept all her coquetries for chance travellers who put up at her master's house. It went on very well for a time but some of the better sort of visitors complained of her boldness and obtrusiveness, and her irregularities at last became such and so glaring that the innkeeper put her out of doors.

“Pretty Mary, in the course of a couple of years, experienced precisely the same fate in several of the better hostleries of the neighbouring towns and villages, and disappeared all of a sudden from that part of the country. The poor girl had so lost herself, that none even of her past admirers thought it worth while to inquire into the matter. I was one of those who, I believe, pitied her most sincerely. I must tell you that from the moment of his dismissal by the Postmaster, Peter Stieber had never been seen nor heard of more. Now, putting that together with the complaints all Mary's successive masters made of her, namely, that she was constantly absenting herself without being able, or willing, to account for it in any way, and the great mystery in which she tried to envelope these absences—all this, I say, led me to conclude that Peter Stieber was not far off, that he still exercised an undue influence over poor Mary, and was the cause of many of her follies; nor was I far wrong, as you will soon perceive. A few years after pretty Mary's singular disappearance, the affairs of my Lord the Count of Rantzen brought me this way; and what was my surprise to find her the wedded wife of

Peter Stieber, and mistress of a large and comfortable inn. I could not help suspecting Mary's beauty had somewhat contributed to the comforts I saw around them. That she was not quite reformed several circumstances led me to believe; and although Peter Stieber was more active than I had known him, I could easily perceive that he had made a brutal husband, and a drunken, disobliging host; but Mary, poor soul, in spite of all her levity, seemed devotedly attached to him. Besides, she received me with so frank and cordial a welcome that I could not have harboured an unkind thought of her, nor did I choose to dwell too much upon her past existence."

"Have you performed this journey often?" inquired the bookseller.

"Never from that day to this," answered the steward; "and sad is the change that has taken place since then, both in the people and the objects around them. Pretty Mary's friendly smiles have disappeared with her beauty, and the whole concern seems to have gone to ruin. I dare say all this has been effected by Peter Stieber's evil propensities, and that sorrow and suffering have made of the poor girl what she now is."

"Did you sleep here on that occasion?" again interrupted the bookseller.

"Ay, that did I, and spent a part of the next day here into the bargain, although the Count was anxiously expecting his monies—for I was bent on precisely the same errand as that which now takes me to F—, but it was a gay time in this part of the country—it being Kirmess—and the inn so crowded I could not have a private chamber for love or money, and was obliged to spend the night in the public room with numbers of other people, and they drank, and sang, and made themselves so merry, that I could not close my eyes all night. But still I left the place with regret, and little dreamed I should ever find it so altered."

"How comes the woman by so accurate a knowledge of your journey and its objects?" still persisted the inquisitive bookseller, shaking the ashes out of his expiring pipe, whilst the Italian continued to listen in silence, his large bright eyes gradually increasing in size and lustre as the steward's story came to a close, and evidently sharing the young German's curiosity.

"Why, Mary was born on the estate of the Count, and of course knows well the time at which we collect the rents,—knows, too, pretty well to what they amount, and did not fail, whilst at the inn of our village, to pick up some information about our affairs." Here the honest steward, having given due emphasis to the significant plural, drew himself up with a great air of dignity and self-importance, looking from one face to another to enjoy the effect it should have produced. But he was disappointed; the bookseller's countenance

expressed nothing but perplexity and care, whilst the foreigner seemed lost in abstraction.

"What on earth make you look so moody, comrade?" said the old man, addressing his countryman. "Is it the recital of pretty Mary's misfortunes, or this evening's wretched accommodation?"

"I was reflecting," answered the bookseller, "on the very bad character which, from your own account, it would seem the people of this house deservedly enjoy, and how far it may be likely to affect us on the present occasion. The woman knows of a large sum being in the house, and there is no Kirmess. I can tell you, however much your vivid recollection of her once rosy cheeks and warm smiles may reassure you, I, who have seen nothing of either, feel anything but comforted by the story of her past life."

"It is strange," replied the steward, "I cannot take that view of the case; and you, Sir," added he, turning to the Italian, "a woman may be light and not criminal—Eh?"

"In my wanderings through the world, I have often found the one thing led to the other," replied the Italian with a smile that seemed but little in harmony with the subject in discussion and the words he uttered; "and if you, indeed, wish to know my candid opinion, which, after all, may not be useless to you, I think you had better frame your minds to that which will certainly take place: I mean a night attack, for which, however, gentlemen, if I understand you aright, during the course of our short acquaintance, you are both fully prepared."

The Italian's mention of a night attack, and the firm decided tone in which he spoke, produced a starting change in his two companions.

"How so? What do you mean?" exclaimed the bookseller, turning deadly pale, and rising in alarm, whilst the steward gazed at him, aghast and speechless, some dawning fears beginning to clear up the mists of his somewhat dense comprehension.

"You, Sir," said the stranger, first answering the bookseller's query, "have never ceased vaunting the fleetness of your good horse; and you," he continued, addressing the steward, "if I am not mistaken, have pistols."

"Sancta Maria! do you think I ever load them?" cried the now terrified steward, expanding his pale blue eyes to their utmost capability, the roseate hue that had forsaken his cheeks to refugiate itself in his capacious nose, rapidly turning to blue.

"And how am I to get at my horse?" piteously added the no less frightened bookseller.

"Certainly neither unseen nor unprevented," said the Italian.

"What then shall we do?"

"Ach! ach!" sighed the steward; "but

we must be mistaken—it cannot be that we are in any danger here.”

“Let us fly this minute,” cried the bookseller, making towards the door with uncertain steps.

“Hold! What are you about?” said the Italian. “Had you never entered this place it would have been wiser, but as it is, precipitation would only seal your doom.”

As neither of his companions offered to stir, and he would not for worlds have crossed the threshold alone, the arguments of the stranger prevailed; and, without further discussion, the bookseller returned to his seat.

“And now, gentlemen,” continued the Italian, who, although his sallow countenance grew paler, gave no other outward signs of emotion than might be betrayed by the compression of his lips and the lighting up of his eye, “suffer me to retire to the separate apartment you were kind enough to provide for me.”

“Oh! No! no!—you are without defence!” screamed the steward, to whom the sight of the foreigner’s calmness and collected air gave the only scrap of courage he could muster, now such horrid doubts had taken possession of his soul. “Let us remain together—we can always be some protection to you;” and his trembling hand sought that of the diminutive stranger, but only caught the inordinately long queue which, according to the fashion of the day, depended from that worthy’s dark shock head.

“And I—I will stand by you to the last,” murmured in faint accents the young bookseller, making a desperate effort to take hold of him.

“Thank you—thank you both,” said the stranger, shaking them off; “but I will tell you, for your consolation, that I am better prepared for the struggle than you fancy—perhaps better than yourselves.” Here he gave them one of his peculiar and sneering smiles. “I am not without arms, gentlemen;” so saying, he dragged his last saddle-bag into the adjoining room, to which he had already hurried his luggage since the close of Mary’s story, and deaf to all intreaties, he shut and bolted the door behind him.

Great was his companions’ consternation, and bitterly did they repent having so inconsiderately banished the stranger from their room.

“Alas! that I should ever have been obliged to leave my family and quiet fireside, to expose myself to such enormous perils,” groaned forth the steward in the bitterness of his heart, “and that for no good that is ever likely to accrue to me from my risks.”

“My poor Dorothea,” said the pale young man, with quivering lips, “what will become of her if harm befall me?”

“What would my family—nay, the Count himself, do if my earthly career be thus cut short! Where will he find a man so trusty,

so able, so devoted, so courageous,—ach! ach!” and he wrung his hands in despair.

“If I come not back she’ll break her heart!” Here the bookseller drew out his pocket handkerchief, unable any longer to control his emotions.

“I am only sixty-three,” said in a lamentable tone his old companion.

“She is only nineteen,” sighed forth the bookseller.

“My father died at eighty-five, and I am only sixty-three.” Here the worthy steward burst into a passion of tears, whilst his young friend chimed in with his sobs.

The scene was every moment augmenting in pathos. To add to their terror, the storm without, which had been gradually rising since sunset, now blew a hurricane; the thunder rolled at intervals, the lightning played through the large, desolate apartment, throwing into fantastic shape with strong light and black shadow the few objects it lighted upon. Their lamentations grew louder and louder, and their sorrow was increasing in violence, when it was suddenly checked by the strange sounds that proceeded from the stranger’s chamber. Ever since he had been there he had shown quite as much restlessness as on the previous eve; but so long as they heard nothing remarkable, the two Germans were too much wrapped up in their fears, and busy with their own complaints, to pay the least attention: but now, even in spite of their critical situation, their curiosity became roused, and their tears ceased to flow as they listened intently to the smallest movement of their singular associate. Previously they had distinctly heard him dragging the furniture all about the room, and they naturally concluded he was barricading himself in; now, however, to their extreme surprise, they fancied they heard him unpacking. They came closer to the door—listened more attentively—they were not mistaken. The trailing of ropes and unlocking of padlocks was too familiar a sound not to be recognised. They immediately decided he was seeking his pistols; but when the unpacking continued for so long a space of time that it rather seemed like the operations of a traveller returned home after a journey and setting all to rights about him, and when the bustle increased from minute to minute, the wondering Germans were lost in conjectures. The circumstance had, however, one good result for them—it enabled them to forget, in some measure, the alarm that had nearly distracted them. The thought never once occurred to their minds that they might profit by the example of the foreigner, barricade themselves in, and make at least a show of resistance. Indeed, had they possessed sufficient coolness to take such a determination, they would still have rejected the plan as unsafe, and only likely to aggravate their danger. As it was, a happy change had come over their spirit. Timid minds pos-

ness a properly highly agreeable to them in depressing circumstances, and which consists in disputing, or completely denying, the existence of dangers which they know neither how to face nor avoid. From having given way to utter hopelessness, they suddenly passed to fresh doubts and new hopes. The transition was so congenial to their nature, they felt so relieved by the idea of having been misled by their own weakness, and that the Italian had excited their fears merely in jest—for they could not otherwise account for his coolness and his smile—all these considerations were so encouraging as to banish from their breasts the unpleasant feeling which had, but a moment before, such entire possession of them. They thought themselves gradually into perfect composure, and became altogether occupied with the creakings, rattlings, haulings, and various other extraordinary noises the Italian continued to make, and which, had not the German been convinced by their own eyes of his being the solitary tenant of the apartment, they could never have ascribed to one individual alone. Indeed, it was to them a perfect wonder what he could be about, and their surmises concerning this mysterious person prolonged their conversation until a very late hour. True, his movements were of a nature not to suffer their curiosity to relax. Now he seemed to be climbing the walls—now to be scrubbing the floor—now to pile up furniture, and then again to knock it about. At last he seemed fairly tired out,—a pause ensued,—the eyes of the Germans were fixed on the door,—the bolts were withdrawn, and he appeared before them with so serious an aspect as again to chill the hearts of the two companions.

"They have delayed it long," he said; "longer than I had expected, but now they will soon come. How is it, gentlemen, that I find you so unprepared? Have you nothing wherewith to defend yourselves? Or have you not the spirit to do so?" he concluded, with a flashing eye.

"If there were anything to dread," said the steward, "we have no means of averting our fate; but I do not see what real cause we have to give way to such terrors. It is near twelve by my watch, and yet nothing has stirred in the house."

"Come, sir, do not throw your life away in that manner. I doubt not it is very dear to you. I have my treasures, too, but unfortunately they are not of a nature to make me very rich." A bitter smile passed over the Italian's face as he spoke these words. "A bargain is a bargain—will you pay me well if I am the means of saving your lives?"

The bookseller unhesitatingly replied—"Sir, you shall not name any sum within my power in vain, if you but restore me to my Dorothea." This proffer was so warmly made that the old man could not but follow his example,

only insinuating the clause that real danger must have been incurred.

"That'll not fail," said the stranger, "of that rest assured. I wish I could be as secure of your gratitude as I am that there will be cause for it. Now listen to me. Do not follow me into my chamber, but sit so near to it as to be able to rush in at the very first alarm. I shall leave my door but half closed for the purpose. Remember, the moment you enter to hide yourself behind the first object of concealment you find. Mind, gentlemen, I expect you to be as true to your word as I shall endeavour to be mine." So saying, he withdrew, gently pushing the door to without absolutely closing it.

The Germans dragged their portmanteaus quite close to the door, and covering down upon them, began, for the first time, to agitate the question behind them, whether they had not as much to apprehend from their singular associate as from the bad Peter Stieber himself, but without being able to come to any final conclusion or resolve. Another heavy quarter of an hour passed without anything arising that could justify their uneasiness. They were already beginning to grumble at the comfortless night their companion had again contrived to make them spend, when suddenly the door flew open, and Mary, with a wilder look than she had yet worn, rushed towards them.

"What on earth brings you here so late!" said the steward, rising, in surprise and no small fear, for Mary looked like a ghost with her ashy cheek, and large, fierce eyes.

"I heard you talking so late that I thought you would never retire to rest," she said, "and came to ask if you lacked anything to make you comfortable; but whilst she spoke she threw a rapid glance first at their persons, then all around the chamber.

There was something so strange in her investigating look that both the men quailed, terrified, before it. Suddenly a smile of satisfaction crossed her face—but such a smile—it turned their hearts sick to behold it. She then gave a shrill piercing whistle—the hurried tramp of heavy feet was heard along the passage—a pause ensued, then she clapped her hands three times, and several men poured into the room.

At first the Germans were rooted to the spot with bewilderment; but this sight brought back their senses, and they both rushed with one accord into the Italian's chamber. Here was all total darkness, and the light they had left in the other room suddenly going out, they were compelled to grope their way along the wall, each ensconcing himself, as the Italian had recommended, behind the first object that afforded protection.

(To be continued.)

Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle.

FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. XII.

"A few leaves gathered by the wayside"

A WALK TO RAILWAY POINT.

THIRTY years ago, the emigrant who desired to settle himself and family in the townships, north of Rice Lake, on reaching its southern shore, after a weary day's journey through roads deeply cut by ruts and water-worn gullies, could obtain no better mode of conveyance across its waters than what was afforded by a small skiff or canoe, unless he committed himself and his worldly goods to the safer keeping of a huge, flat-bottomed ark, called a scow, which usually took two whole days to perform its toilsome voyage up the long-winding Otonabee; the navigation of which in these days, and indeed for many a long year after that time, was considerably obstructed by rapids, on the spot now occupied by the fine, substantial locks, which afford an easy entrance to the little lake; and may be called the key to Peterboro'.

Ten years passed on, and the wants of the traveller who was wending his way northward, were met by a small steamer which plied on Rice Lake, and took passengers and goods part of the way, being met by the scow when the water was low in the river some miles below the town. At a certain part marked by a tall pine, called the *Yankee Bonnet*, from its top bearing a resemblance to that article. Scanty as were the accommodations on board, the advent of this boat was hailed with infinite satisfaction, and great praise was bestowed on the spirited proprietors, gentlemen and merchants of Cobourg, who had thus met the requirements of the public, and doubtlessly greatly facilitated the settlement of Peterboro' and her back country.

By degrees a better class of steamers were launched on Rice Lake. At this date, no less than four are cleaving its waters, and enlivening the lonely shores of the Otonabee river. And here it is but just to remark, that where a public benefit is to be conferred, the men of Cobourg, whatever may be their politics or private opinions, are ready to come forward heart and hand to promote the work.

Roads have been constructed to enable the traveller after crossing the winter flooring of Rice Lake to reach Peterboro' and the surrounding country by the shortest possible route, but ice is but a treacherous foundation to trust to, and moreover, there are intervals in early winter before its safety has been tested, and in early

spring, when the sun is exerting its power over the ice-locked streams, that a total stop is put to journeys, either business or pleasure, unless by a circuitous route through the worst of roads by the head of the lake.

To meet the wants of the fast increasing population, and to enable Peterboro' to send forth her abundant stores of lumber, grain, wool, and dairy produce, to a ready market, something more was required,—and lo! ere the blessing was asked, it was as it were cast into her lap. No sacrifice of labour, time or money, was demanded. Let us hope that the townsmen of Peterboro' will unite in gratitude towards the enterprising men of Cobourg, the spirited movers of this great work, and national benefit—a RAILROAD AND BRIDGE ACROSS THE RICE LAKE. A work which when completed will enrich even the poorest of her backwoodsmen, and be the means of opening out a wide extent of unreclaimed forest; a field for the future labours of the industrious farmer, and skilful mechanic. Will not a work like this ultimately prove more beneficial to the Coborne District than the discovery of mines of silver and gold in her vicinity?

As a lover of the picturesque, I must confess that I have a great dislike to railroads. I cannot help turning with regret from the bare idea of scenes of rich rural beauty being cut up and disfigured by these intersecting veins of wrought iron, spanning the beautiful old romantic hills and rivers of my native land; but here, in this new country, there is no such objection to be made, there are no feelings connected with early associations, to be rudely violated; no scenes that time has halloved to be destroyed. Here, the railroads run through dense forests, where the footsteps of man have never been impressed, across swamps and morasses on which the rays of the sun have scarcely ever shone, over lonely rivers and wide-spread lakes, that have never echoed to the dash of the oar, or reflected sought on their bosoms but the varied foliage of the overhanging woods.

If little can be said in behalf of the picturesque beauty of a railway, it may be observed on the other hand that it is quite as pleasing a sight to the eye of most persons as a chaotic map of fallen pines, and decaying cedars stretching across each other in wild confusion; that a rail-car is at least as sightly as an ox-cart, or lumber-waggon. If its presence does not embellish, neither can it mar a country where it interferes with none of our natural beauties, or ancient works of art. Nay, in future years will it not be looked upon with veneration and admiration, as were many

of the public roads and viaducts of ancient Rome?

Here we have scope and verge enough to act upon, without offending the eye of taste, or intruding upon any man's prejudice or taste. If the old settler be in the neighborhood of a railroad, he can remove elsewhere, and dispose of his lands to great advantage: the new comer need not purchase in its vicinity, if he does not value the advantages that it offers. The benefit to a new country, so deficient in really good roads, must be great; therefore, I say, let the work go on, and prosper—let it stretch from East to West; from the shores of the Atlantic, even to the Georgian Bay.

Twenty years ago, the most sanguine speculator would have smiled sceptically at the suggestion of a bridge spanning the wide extent of the waters of Rice Lake,—five years ago, he would have laughed at such an idea. Nay, within the last twelve months, the scheme was regarded as an impossibility, and, behold, it is now half completed. The difficulties have vanished before the enterprise and skill of engineers and mechanical operatives, incited by the assurance of certain remuneration from the Shareholders.

Quietly and steadily has the work progressed; the neighbourhood has not been disturbed by scenes of riot or drunkenness; there has been no bloodshed nor disorder among the hands; no man's property has been pillaged, and no one has suffered wrong; strict order has been observed, greatly to the credit of the overseers, whose respectability of conduct deserves all praise.

In a few weeks longer, and the great work of pile-driving will be completed, and the shores of the Township of Hamilton and Otonabee will be linked together by an enduring monument, greatly to the credit of American ingenuity, and Canadian enterprise. Were I as well skilled in the science of political economy, as Miss Martineau, I might have enlarged on all the advantages to be derived from the railroad, but I must leave it to wiser heads than mine, to discuss such matters.

It was on a bright summer afternoon, in the early part of July, that accompanied by my eldest daughter and some young friends with whom we were spending the day, I set out to visit the works at Railway Point, for as yet I know no other more significant name for the site of the Railway station and future village on this side the lake. We thankfully accepted of the escort of the master of the house, who graciously gave up some important out-of-door work to accompany us, a sacrifice of time for which I hope we were all sufficiently thankful.

The sun was so hot that we were glad more than once to rest under the shade of some noble butternut trees, which spread their most refreshing branches across the narrow sandy road, and as I looked up among the broad-spreading leaf boughs, I marvelled at the size of the trees which had been only saplings when first I passed along that very road some twenty-one years before. Near the spot where formerly stood the old inn at the landing place, known as Sully, the path turned abruptly in a direction parallel to the lake eastward, and we crossed a crazy log bridge over a small creek and a wilderness of the blueiris and rushes, thistles and wild camomile, and entered on a newly-cut road which had been opened by the Railway men for a more ready communication with the Sully road.

Through an old bit of marshy clearing, thick covered with rushy grass and small bushes of dwarf willow and alder, lay our path: the black sphagnous soil, owing to the long draught was fortunately for us dry, but an hour's rain would have made our footing far from agreeable. Through this meadow ran a bright stream which was unbridged, save by sundry blocks of granite and fragments of limestone which afforded a stopping place to our feet; from this point our way lay through a regular growth of forest trees, lofty pines, maple, bass and oak, the dense thicket of leafy under-wood shutting out the lake from our sight. You might have imagined yourself in the very heart of the forest; many rare and beautiful flowers we gathered, flourishing in the rank soil among the decaying trunks and branches that strewed the leafy ground. There, among others, was that gem of beauty, the chimaphila or shining-leaved wintergreen; rheumatism weed, as some of the natives call it, its dark glossy leaves of holly-green, and corymba of peach-coloured flowers, its amethyst-coloured anthers set round the emerald green, turban-shaped pistil, forming a contrast of the most perfect beauty. This elegant flower might well be called by way of distinction, the "Gem of the Forest." There were pink milk weeds as fragrant as beautiful, white piroles, and the dark rich crimson blossoms of the red flowering raspberry, with many others with which we quickly filled our hands; nevertheless, we were not sorry when we emerged from the close sultry forest path, and felt the delicious breeze from the lake blowing fresh upon us. There lay the bright waters glittering in the sunlight full before us. The ground in front sloped gently down to the shore, forming a little peninsula; on one side a deep cove wooded on its banks to the water's edge, in front the long line of piles stretching towards a

small island on which a station-house is to be erected for the keeper of the gates, which are to admit of the egress and regress of boats and rafts.

Far to the eastward, the shores rose, rounded with dark forest trees, forming bold capes and headlands, with bays and inlets. Full in the opposite shore, lay the extensive clearing of the Indian village, with the green slopes of Anderson's Point, once the memorable scene of an exterminating slaughter between the Mohawks and the Ojibbewa Indians; their bones and weapons of war, axes, arrow-heads and scalping knives, are still to be found on turning up the now peaceful soil, where the descendents of the war-chiefs now reap a harvest of golden grain, and bow the knee at the bloodless altar beneath the roof of that humble village church which silently points upward to that gracious Saviour who said to his disciples :

"My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth it."

Many there are who can recall the time when the very men who inhabit that village knew not the Lord, but wandered in the darkness of heathenism, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them, but who now worship their God in spirit and in truth.

It is somewhere eastward of the church that the bridge will strike the shore, and so stretch on through the low lands, which we may call the vale of the Otonabee, towards Peterboro'. Further on, westward of the Indian village, are the two mouths of the river, divided by a low swampy island; and there, on the Monaghan shore, far up towards the head of the lake, are sunny clearings and pleasant farms, looking bright and cheerful in the warm beams of the afternoon sun.

Our own southern shore is the most picturesque; but to obtain a sight of it we must go out upon the water; but just now we are glad to rest on the broad bench beneath a clump of bowery basswood trees, which have been most judiciously left on the cleared space to afford a shady seat for the workmen at noon-time; and here we can sit beneath the thick foliage which shuts out the sultry summer sun, and look at the busy scene before us. The shore is all alive with workmen. From that long low shed rings the clank of the blacksmith's hammer; that column of blue smoke rising among the graceful group of silver birches and poplars, points to the forge. There is a boat building at the edge of the water; there is a scow, and a small steam-engine is being fixed to move the hammer of that pile-driver; it will be the third or fourth in operation; boats, skiffs, and scows are moving to and fro, each guided by

some hand who has his appointed labor in the bee-hive. On that little eminence stands a young man, whose figure and bearing mark his situation to be one superior to the common mechanic. The sun's rays fall with dazzling effect upon some brass instrument that rests on a high stand. He courteously returns the greeting of one of our party, and informs us "He is taking an observation of the level of the bridge."

Those three principal buildings are, a boarding-house for the workmen, and two stores, where all the necessaries of life may be purchased in the shape of groceries, provisions, and ready-made clothing. You see no women in this temporary village: but there peeps out a sweet baby-boy, with fat-dimpled shoulders and bright curls; his gay red frock sets off the whiteness of his skin, and you are sure a mother's gentle hand has brushed those sunny locks from his broad white brow, and made those hands so clean, though she herself is not visible.

The eye follows that line of posts, four abreast, which stretches its leviathan length far far across the rippling waters of the lake. There, at the utmost limits, is the mighty machine that looks in the distance like a tall gibbet, against which a huge ladder is leaning, but that dark figure midway on the scaffold is no miserable felon, but a good, honest, hard-working Yankee, who directs the movements of the ton weight of iron that now slowly ascends between the sliding grooves in the tall frame; and now, at the magic word, "All right!" descends with lightning swiftness upon the head of the pile that has just been conducted to its site. It is curious to see the log of timber, some twenty-five or thirty feet in length, emerge from the depth of the lake; you do not see the rope that is fastened to it, which that man in the skiff tows it along by—it seems to come up like a huge monster of the deep, and rearing itself by degrees, climbs up the side of the frame like a living thing; then for a second swing to and fro, till steadied by the least apparent exertion on the part of the guide on the scaffold. Now it is quite upright, plumb—I suppose the carpenter would say—then at the signal, clack, clack, clack, goes the little engine on the scow; slowly aloft mounts the great weight, down, down, down, it comes—the first blow fixing the timber in its destined place—and sends a shower of bark flying from the pile; when the weight comes down on to the head of the pile the jerk disengages a sort of claw that is attached to it; this ascends and again comes down, seizing the ring of the weight in its own grasp, and bearing it again triumphantly upwards—again to descend

upon the pile with unerring aim—lower it sinks, and every fresh blow comes with accelerated force, till it is brought to the level of the others. From a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes is the time employed in sinking each of these posts—that is, if the lake is calm; but when much swell is on the water the work is carried on much slower, or the pile-driving is delayed after for some days.

To obtain a near view of the process, a boat was procured, and we were rowed within a few feet of the machine; and there, as we lay gently rocking to and fro, we could see the whole of the process, and enjoy the delightful scenery of the southern shore, the green-wooded island, the bold hills, with the sunny slopes where the grain was beginning to acquire a golden hue, the graceful trees relieving the open clearing, with their refreshing verdure; even the new sheds and buildings on the little point seen among the embowering trees, had a pleasing effect—so truly does “distance lend enchantment to the view;” and harmonize in nature all objects to one pleasing whole.

But the bang of the last hammer has ceased to vibrate on our ears, the little skiff is turned towards the shore, and, fearing that my unartist-like description will convey but a faint idea of this great work, I will leave it to abler pens than mine, and only close my article with wishing success to Canadian enterprise and American ingenuity, and may they ever work in brotherly unity, and be a mutual support to each other.

NOTE.—I was assured by the contractor, that the bridge, when completed, would be a greater achievement as a work of engineering skill than the bridge over Lake Champlain, on account of the superior depth of the water. The distance from shore to shore of the Eice Lake at this point is about three miles; the average depth as far as they had hitherto sunk the piles did not exceed fifteen feet; but the deepest part was supposed to be north of Tick Island.

Man wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and he wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

The greater part of the goodness at any time in the world is the goodness of common character; the chief part of the good work done must be done by the multitude.

Everything useful or necessary is cheapest; walking is the most wholesome exercise, water the best drink, and plain food the most nourishing and healthy diet; even in knowledge, the most useful is the easiest acquired.

Carnal joy, like a land-flood, is muddy and furious, and soon gone, leaving nothing behind but pollution and marks of ruin; spiritual joy resembles a pure, perennial stream, which adorns and enriches the grounds through which it flows.

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

“That fatal that perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.”
Milton's Lycidas.

The French ship *Le Rodcur*, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out, an obstinate disease of the eyes,—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor creatures, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot or hanged before their companions. The disease extended to the crew, and one after another were smitten with it, until one only remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation; to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsaleable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears, lest the solitary individual whose sight remained unaffected should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered,—it was the Spanish slaver *Leon*; the same disease had been there, and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of; the *Rodcur* reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*

“All ready?” cried the captain,
“Ay, ay!” the seamen said;
“Heave up the worthless lubbers,—
The dying and the dead.”
Up from the slave-ship's prison
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust;
“Now let the sharks look to it,
Toss up the dead ones first!”

Corpse after corpse came up,—
Death had been busy there
Where every blow is mercy,
Why should the Spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship,
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain
 With his arms upon his breast,—
 With his cold brow sternly knotted,
 And his iron lip compressed;
 "Are all the dead dogs over?"
 Growled through that matted lip;—
 "The blind ones are no better,
 Let's lighten the good ship.

Dark! from the ship's dark bosom,
 The very sounds of Hell!
 The ringing clank of iron,—
 The maniac's short, sharp yell!
 The hoarse, low curse,—throat-stifled,
 The starving infant's moan,—
 The horror of a breaking heart
 Poured through a mother's groan.

Up from that loathsome prison
 The stricken blind ones came;
 Below, had all been darkness—
 Above, was still the same;
 Yet the holy breath of Heaven
 Was sweetly breathing there,
 And the heated brow of fever
 Cooled in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates!"
 Cutlass and dirk were plied;
 Fettered and blind, one after one,
 Plunged down the vessel's side.
 The savage snote above,—
 Beneath the lean shark lay,
 Waiting with wide and bloody jaw,
 His quick and human prey.

God of the Earth! what cries
 Rang upward unto Thee?
 Voices of agony and blood
 From ship-deck and from sea.
 The last dull plunge was heard,—
 The last wave caught its stain,—
 And the unsated shark looked up
 For human hearts in vain.

Red glowed the Western waters;
 The setting sun was there,
 Scattering alike on wave and cloud
 His fiery mesh of hair:
 Amidst a group in blindness,
 A solitary eye
 Gazed from the burdened slaver's deck
 Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,
 "Is gathering, and at hand;
 Curse can't I'd give my other eye
 For one firm foot of land."
 And then he laughed,—but only
 His echoed laugh replied,—
 For the blinded and the suffering
 Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
 And on a stormy Heaven,
 While swiftly on that lone ship's track
 The thunder-gust was driven.
 "A sail! thank God, a sail!"
 And as the helmsman spoke,
 Up through the stormy murmur
 A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel,
 Unheeding on her way,
 So near, that on the slaver's deck
 Fell off her driven spray.
 "Ho! for the love of mercy,—
 We're perishing and blind!"
 A wail of utter agony
 Came back upon the wind.

"Help us! for we are stricken
 With blindness every one;
 Ten days we've floated fearfully,
 Unnoting star or sun.
 Our ship's the slaver *Leon*,—
 We've but a score on board;
 Our slaves are all gone over,—
 Help, for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony
 The broad red lightning shone,
 But the roar of wind and thunder
 Stifled the answering groan;
 Wailed from the broken waters
 A last despairing cry,
 As, kindling in the stormy light,
 The stranger ship went by.

In the sunny Guadaoupe
 A dark-hull'd vessel lay,
 With a crew who noted never
 The nightfall or the day.
 The blossom of the orange
 Was white by every stream,
 And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird
 Were in the warm sunbeam.

And the sky was bright as ever,
 And the moonlight slept as well,
 On the palm-trees by the hill-side;
 And the streamlet of the dell;
 And the glances of the Creole
 Were still as archly deep,
 And her smiles as full as ever
 Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,
 The green earth and the sky,
 And the smile of human faces,
 To the ever darkened eye;
 For amidst a world of beauty,
 The slaver went abroad,
 With his ghastly visage written
 By the awful curse of God!

A humorous old gentleman having handed a few coppers to an itinerant music grinder, has entered his disbursements in his petty expenses book as "organic change!"

The opprobrious title of *bum bayliff*, so constantly bestowed on the sheriff's officers is, according to Judge Blackstone, only the corruption of *bound bayliff*, every sheriff's officer being obliged to enter into bonds and to give security for his good behaviour, previous to his appointment.

Genius lights its own fire, but it is constantly collecting materials to keep alive the flame.

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION.

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

PART—I. THE WOOD NYMPH.

"I cannot conceive a more deluding error," said Bob Whyte, a fellow-student, "than to imagine that a man, because he is devoted to pursuits of science or philosophy (for you must be aware that it is now generally considered desirable to attach a different meaning to these two words—understanding the first to include all investigation of the properties of matter—using the second to designate all inquiry into mental phenomena),—I cannot conceive," he continued, "a more palpable blunder than to fancy that a man, because he is even enthusiastically given to such subjects, must be therefore a cold, grave, abstracted being, unwitting of the creature-comforts of this life—who revels not in the sunburst of woman's eye, nor cares for a meeting of lips to inhale into his system her dew-beladen breath, the gaseous sublimate (to indulge in a chemical metaphor) of her gentle being—ungifted with an eye to look with Byron's on Mount Jura—unenobled with a mouth to expand withal into a guffaw at Hood's last and brightest.

"The tree of knowledge was surely not a thorn-tree—no, it bloomed in the midst of a garden, and bore fruit so luscious as to tempt to the first and greatest of all rebellions! So it is still—so should it be. To shroud the beauty of the bright goddess, *Suzar*, under a pall of melancholy gloom—a forbidding curtain of dust and cobwebs—is as bad as to hang the ascetic veil before the sweet smile of the *Madonna, Religion*.

"For instance,—now here are you and I, Grim, (to me, the Medical Student, briefly and affectionately), to flatter ourselves we are up to a wrinkle or two on some rather abstruse point. *Prithee*, who broke his collar-bone at football t'other day? Who fished Lord What's-his-name's trout-streams, and he never the wiser? Who was drunk o' Wednesday? Who was caught?"

"No more of that, Bob, if you love me; get on with the affair you are at."

Now this affair was the manufacture, with a blow-pipe and spirit lamp, of a curious little bit of glass apparatus, which he intended to use in exhibiting to the Soandsonian Scientific Society, a new method he had hit upon of making the salts of manganese.

We were seated together in the workshop attached to the magnificent apparatus-room in the ancient University of Soandise. Before us was a

snug little furnace, surmounted by a sandbath; on one side a turning-lathe, on the other a model system of pulleys. Under a table in a corner had been shoved a large plate electrical machine out of repair; while on shelves and racks all around the place bristled every description of tools and utensils, chemical and mechanical. Hard by was the apparatus-room itself, a large elongated apartment, crowded with air-pumps, model steam engines, globes, prisms, telescopes, microscopes, kaleidoscopes, and all other kind of scopes (the scope of Bacon by Professor Napier, excepted,) magnets, pneumatic troughs, friction-wheels, Leyden jars, and fac-similes of strange machinery for every purpose, from raising a sunk seventy-four to punching the slit of a steel-pen.

Lord of all this domain was Bob Whyte, my fellow-student and chum. He held the office of Conservator of the Scientific Apparatus to the University, and Assistant to the Professor of Natural Philosophy, with a tolerable income considering, and admirable facilities of acquiring knowledge; and certainly made the most of both.

Oh, dear old Soandsonian University, dearer apparatus-room, and dearest little workshop—dear in yourselves, but how much more on account of him who was, for a period, the most intimate of my intimates—my mentor, my protector, guide, philosopher and friend—him whose every joke conveyed instruction—whose very fun was philosophical—who loved me with an indulgent and enduring affection—between whom and myself there now flow some thousand miles of salt water!

Bob was, however, studying medicine with a view to the profession, and had been for some years. He had nearly completed his term, but was in no hurry, for his salary came well up to his wants; and, as far as study went, the noble library, apparatus, and all other resources of the university were at his command.

His age was about twenty-four years (my own, at the period I allude to, being seventeen,) and he was of habits at once studious and frolicsome, attentive to everything around, and yet apparently regardless of anything. At one time he would give you a simple and succinct analysis of Adam Smith's celebrated "Theory of Moral Sentiments," which he would tell you he considered the standard of systematic morality; next minute he would be proposing a "night of it" at the sign of the Boot. Anon he would explain that the proper and scientific way of compounding punch was to pour in the spirits last of all, as the alcohol materially interfered with the perfect solution of sugar in water.

A fellow of most excellent humour was he—

the warmest in feeling, and of a spirit devoted to all sorts of merriment;—

But the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns;

and there were moments when my boyish heart was melting to sorrow as he spoke, with a deep but manly pathos, of bitter disappointments in love and in prospects—of difficulties hard to be surmounted—of hopes long protracted—poverty and, of all the most galling, the scorn of the unworthy.

I have rarely known such a bright genius as Bob's. With the principles of nearly every science he was familiar, especially such as are usually treated of in a course of what is called natural philosophy, or of chemistry. These sciences were his living—by them he earned his bread, and of course he knew them as a workman does his trade. A most retentive memory he possessed, which, like a pool of water, received and retained everything that fell upon its surface, whether of the metallic gravity of philosophic truth, or the snowflake lightness of mere ornamental elegance.

Whatever treatise he read, his mind at once absorbed, letting no fact escape; whatever process of manufacture he saw, he forthwith remembered, and could explain throughout the complications of each progressive step. In conversation with him, you would think him a walking encyclopædia, were it not for the continual bursts of fun, scintillations of bright wit, or flashes of poetic feeling that irradiated all his presence. The pursuit of knowledge, with him for a companion or a guide, became anything but

Harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose.

Nay, rather as Milton continues.

Musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of Nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

He was a most muscular subject, Bob, moreover; and had given not a little attention (amongst other sciences) to the theory of pugilism and single-stick. But his exterior was the worst of him; he was short in stature, and of no particular beauty of countenance save in as far as went a general expression of infinite good humour, and an eye (a splendid hazel one) actually glistening with glee.

By the by, there was a curious property connected with this eye of Bob's. If he happened to glance or wink it at any young woman passing, she would immediately start into a perfectly erect gait, and brush the soles of her shoes smartly along the pavement for the next half-a-dozen steps or so. I could never account for this most uniform and remarkable result. I asked an ex-

planation from himself once. He said it was a *psychological phenomenon*.

Such was the companion that sat with me in the little workshop.

Just as we were speaking, the door was opened, and in stepped our most worthy professor of natural philosophy—known among ourselves by the endearing abbreviation of "the Proff." He had come to enjoy in seclusion the quiet luxury of a pipe, and the relaxation of an hour's confab, with out restraint, with his assistant and pupil.

We immediately stood up, but, being most affably desired to be on no ceremony, reseated ourselves, and resumed our several proceedings, and a conversation ensued, broken by frequent cachinnations on the part of the professor.

When this began to take somewhat of a scientific turn,—

"I have heard," said the Proff, "from several sources, that the northern vicinity of Soandso affords a very rich and interesting field for geological and mineralogical study, and that some valuable specimens of either description are to be found in the neighborhood of the village of Dritenbrecks, on the banks of the little river Dritten."

"That was where our ingenious friend, Mr. Coal Hunter, found his fossil core, was it not? A most appropriate result to geological ruminations."

"Yes, and as the weather is beautiful, I do not see why you should not go out some Saturday with the view to an investigation. You can make a regular scientific excursion of it, and try if you can't collect a few tolerable specimens for lecture. We are sadly in want of some, let me tell you. The distance, moreover, is but a joke to a young chap like you—eight or nine miles only, by the footpath across the hills."

"I must certainly embrace the proposal," cried Bob. "I will be off on Saturday first; the day after to-morrow, isn't it?" (turning to me—I assented.) "And you shall go with me, Grim! My eyes! won't we make a day of it? An excursion, geological, mineralogical, and generally funological! Such an excursion is right after my own heart. I have long entertained the notion, and if it don't afford me some entertainment in return, there is no such thing as gratitude left in human ideas."

"Yes, and as you are botanical," continued the professor, "(though I can't say I care much for the science myself,) this is just the very season for you—and the very weather—and for entomology, too, if you have given any attention to it."

"Oh, haven't I? I have studied it with some interest, I promise you.

"Bless me, your acquirements are endless! What charm could this study have for a medical Student?"

"The greatest of all—to render him *fly*, to be sure."

"Mr. Whyte, Mr. Whyte, take care."

Upon this the sage drew forth his pipe from a recess behind the furnace, lighted it, and, drawing his chair close to the fender, was speedily lost in the maze depths of some Archimedean problem, which I sincerely hope he smoked his way to the bottom of; while Bob and I, entering into eager discourse, began to lay the plan of our intended excursion.

But first we agreed that, as soon as the professor withdrew, the porter of the rooms should be despatched for a supply of that singular and anomalous fluid which had been denominated Edinburgh Yill—the investigation of whose constitution and qualities I would beg here earnestly to recommend to the scientific reader, convinced as I am that an inquiry, instituted and carried out on the principles of the inductive or experimental philosophy, would be rewarded by the most overwhelming results.

Next day, towards evening, two original-looking youths were seen (by those who had nothing better to do than look at them) meandering arm-in-arm, through the streets of Soandso, wending rather a zigzag way towards a certain thoroughfare, whose unusual width was narrowed to a lane by immense battalions of old bedsteads, cupboards, grates, sign boards, chests of drawers, rickety tables, and mirrors of misanthropic tendencies—that is, if one might judge from the unnatural reflections they cast upon the honest folks around.

Long did they trace their devious course through this maze, now knocking their shins against a second-hand cradle, anon startled by the apparition of a ready-made coffin, with such an alarming announcement as—"Deaths undertaken on the shortest notice." It was ourselves—Bob Whyte and his inseparable adherent, Grim, whose pen is now tracing these lines.

Well, up and down we wandered, till at length we stumbled on the identical article of which we were in search—viz., a square wooden box of portable dimensions, with a padlock and key, and a broad leathern strap attached, whereby it might be slung across the shoulders—a pedler's case, in short. This valuable object we secured by immediate purchase, and bore it away rejoicing.

On the succeeding morning, Saturday, June 22nd (I am particular in dates, having been up the Levant, where they grow, since then,) we

met at an hour when the widow Night, putting away her sables, was going into half-mourning—excuse me, reader—we met in the apparatus-room of the university, and arranged our accoutrements previously to sallying forth.

When fully equipped, I contemplated Bob. His broad muscular shoulders were cased in a middle-aged velveteen shooting-jacket; other clothes of the lightest woollen stuff completed his apparel, and slanting on the curly pate of the fellow was perched a broad-brimmed white beaver, of a most knowing cut. Across his back was slung the box, and his right hand grasped a cudgel, of whose dimensions the club of Hercules may give an idea correct enough for all general purposes.

This stick, which Bob had christened his "Jacobin Club," from its levelling propensities, was of weight enormous, and hirsute with knotty spines. Upon its frowning head were certain spots (not stains!) which he averred were received when it had formed his crant sire's cicerone once at Donnybrook. In a generous fit one day he presented it to me; but when he went away across the sea I restored it to him, telling him that, as he was going among strangers, he might possibly find it a useful friend in opening his way among the heads of society in his adopted land.

The box at his back contained a telescope, a geologist's hammer, a box of chalks for drawing, a book of blotting paper for preserving flowers, a tin receptacle for insects. Hooker's "British Flora" (latest edition, containing the cryptogamia) and a soda-water bottle, filled to the stopper with genuine Farintosh, the mere aroma of which made your soul feel that the Arabian alchemists, who, in seeking for gold, discovered alcohol, had no cause to grumble at the alternative.

For me, a boy's blue dress was my outfit, and on my back, in vain emulation of Bob, I bore a student's japanned case of tin, whose contents, though scarcely botanical, were still of a floury description, consisting of numerous hot rolls, whose scooped interiors afforded room in each for a rich stratum of ham—in short, a kind of half-natural sandwich.

Having ascertained that we were all right, we left the apparatus-room, and, giving the key in charge to the porter, emerged into the street, and marched along to the sound of a lively air, which Bob whistled with admirable precision and effect.

As we went, happening to pass several edifices in Grecian taste, we forthwith began to discuss the subject of architecture.

"I am glad to think," said Bob, "I am glad

to see it daily more evident, that the strange and most questionable taste of valuing everything that is ancient in literature and art is on the decline—in fact, about speedily to go out altogether. I am not aware of any humbug that has so long withstood the march of sovereign common sense as this. A man that can grope through two dead languages is even yet held in more honor than one that can walk over Europe without an interpreter, while our ears are dinned and our eyes blinded with affectation about the sublimity of the Greek tragedies, the wisdom of old heathen philosophers, or the astounding eloquence of Roman orators, and, at the same time, ten to one but the honest folks, that are so *haivering* in speech and on paper, are altogether unacquainted with what they are ranting about, unless perchance by means of a translation by some clever modern, many times superior to the old original.”

I endeavored to combat this sweeping criticism, but Bob would only agree with me on one point.

“Yes,” said he, “their architecture is indeed worthy of all the praise it gets, and more than can be given to it. The Greek temples must have been perfection; but they do not so much excite my admiration as the stupendous remains of the more olden eras—the temples and pyramids on the banks of the great river of Egypt. Now the temples—and most noble they are—raise my wonder, and all that—but *all* is in a measure plain and above-board with regard to them—and there is pleasure interwoven with the astonishment. But then these pyramids—there hangs around them a kind of magnificent mysterious obscurity—a strange, vague, indefinable, semi-supernatural sublimity, different from that which clothes any other earthly object. There they are, but how, when, by whom, or for what purpose they were placed there, who can show? Many a long rignuarole have I read of them, and many a history and many a use have I seen ascribed to them, but all is uncertainty—hardly deserving the name of hypothesis. I have seen them proved to be tombs, treasuries, observatories, altars, gnomons of mighty sun-dials, penitentials for superstitious mysteries, and, quaintest of all, images of Mount Ararat, standing amid the inundations of the river, as it stood among the waters of the Deluge, and erected to be worshipped as types of the Saviour mountain, the tale of which, marred by tradition, had thus descended to the sons of Ham. Now I would but add another opinion to the list, to render the puzzle complete—it is, that they are monuments set up whereby to remember great epochs. It is and has been the custom of men, in all places

and at all times, to mark important events by the setting up of stones, single or in heaps, rude or highly wrought, according to the state of civilization. Now I would suggest that one of these may have commemorated the expulsion of the Pales Hycos—shepherd kings, or whatever other name chronologists may have gone to loggerheads about them by; another might have—”

“Stop,” cried I: “if you are going on at that rate I can give you another explanation, about as probable, and certainly more original, viz., that they were just rough heaps of stones piled up in a geometrical figure (the Egyptians doing everything on such principles), to be at hand when wanted for useful purposes, such as the erection of temples, fortifications, &c., the same as piles of made bricks in a clay-field. You are well aware that there were no quarries in the valley of the Nile, and to think that the material was brought stone by stone from the mountains, as buildings were in process of being raised, is absurd. Another fact I could bring in support of my hypothesis is the insignificance of the chambers they contain, compared with the bulk of the piles themselves, of whose builders the sole object seems to have been the heaping together of the greatest possible quantity of stone in the smallest possible space and safest possible figure.

“Bah!” interjected Bob.

Thus conversing we padded along, while the rising sun poured around us all the glorious freshness and fragrance of a midsummer morning. Leaving behind us the scattered outskirts of the populous suburbs of Soandso, we marched northward along a road winding through cultivated fields and dense plantations, everything around us rejoicing in the beauty of early day, and raising in our hearts a feeling of exhilaration like that excited by the clear laugh of a youthful maiden’s glee.

Now the path would ascend a gentle inclination, from the summit of which we could see a bright expanse of landscape, stretching far before us and on either side, with the sinuous road winding through it, like a tangled piece of yellow tape, now hid behind a wood-crowned eminence, now lost amid a spreading flood of deep green foliage, far and widely inundating the noble prospect; scattered also over which were to be caught frequent glimpses of skyey water, which the eye delighted to puzzle itself withal, endeavoring to trace them into a river or lengthened lake; while in the front distance upsprang before the view the lofty hills, the object of our travel, steeped in a rich and vapory aerial tint, that varied in its

warmth from the deepest blue to the lightest and most heavenly rosinness.

Then, as we descended the acclivity, while this bright scene seemed to sink from the sight around us, we would have, haply on one side the way, a hay-field, with the farm-people, male and female, crowding jocund at their early labor, and laughing and talking loudly as they turned and tedded the odorous grass. Anon, when we reached the bottom of the hollow, a streamlet would salute us, rattling cheerily between and under its bosky banks, dipping suddenly beneath the road, then popping its noisy prattle out at the other side, and running merrily away, like a pretty child playing at bo-peep with you.

Nay, the very air thrilled with the clear melody of birds about and over us, and once from out a thick green wood, about two fields off or so, a dulcet music came floating to our ears, which Bob, standing still in a rapture, averred, upon his credit, to be that of the nightingale, Heaven's own high chorister.

Presently, as we walked on, our eyes would be attracted to the sombre pinnacle of some dusky old ruin, the castle erst of grim baron or gallant knight, rising majestically dark from out the deep green foliage that surrounded it; and half a mile farther we would come to a princely modern mansion, with pillared gateway and sweeping avenue, far up which could be spied a man walking with a gun in his hand and a couple of dogs at his heels—the gamekeeper on his morning rounds.

All was brightness, warmth, freshness, and promise, and as we marched along we ceased to talk, and whistled and sang in very lightness of heart. Farther and farther, as the morning advanced into day, the highway became thronged with country folks, young men and maidens crowding into the town, for it was a great corn and cattle market day; their quaint dresses contrasting strangely in cut and texture with what we had been used to see worn by townspeople. Frequent herds of cattle and flocks of sheep passed us, and carts, cars, and waggons, and now and then a group of young horses, prancing along with their ears flaunting with gay ribbons.

But when we had travelled thus for two or three hours, stopping frequently to admire points of view, to chat with young country girls tripping lightly to the fair, to sketch a cottage near a wood, or to smoke a cheroot under a green tree, at length our stomachs (admirable chronometers!) began to indicate the hour for breakfast. The first symptom of this came from my companion, who solemnly declared that the vacuum of Torricelli was a joke to what existed in his interior,

and that though the former, in some opinions, might be actually filled with the vapor of water or of mercury, yet the latter, in his own opinion, required a supply of a decidedly more stimulating description.

To this I replied by proposing an immediate attack upon the contents of my plant-case. This was negatived by my friend, whose idea was that we should retire from the public path, and in some sequestered spot enjoy the luxury of a rustic breakfast, with a rest at the same time. With this view he was about to lead the way up a beautiful green lane, when suddenly our attention was attracted to a figure which, rounding a turn in the road a short way in advance, came into view moving swiftly toward us.

It was a slight but very well made young man, in age apparently a little beyond twenty years. He wore a short round coat, of what had once been green corduroy, a waistcoat of a thick heavy shawl stuff, very brilliant in its pattern, but somewhat frayed and buttonless, yet clean. It was open, exposing a shirt of a blue check, round which a Turkey-red cotton handkerchief had been tied by way of neckcloth. His other garments were of that kind, a thin pair of which, when in company with a light heart, is wisely said to have an amazing facility in going through the world. Brave boys. To one side of his head drooped gracefully a glazed cap, glistening in the sunbeams, and over his shoulder he bore a long sword, with an old leather hat-box dangling from its point behind him. The fellow, like all other vagabonds, had curled hair and a good-humored face, and came along whistling loudly and clearly the air from "Fra Diavola," "On yonder rock reclining."

As he came up, Bob accosted this remarkable specimen with—

"Would you sell your whistle, comrade?"

"No, but I should like to wet it, if it's all the same to you," was the reply.

"You shall wet it, and whet your appetite too," cried Bob. "Come with us; we are just going out of the way to enjoy a quiet breakfast; come and share it—you are most welcome. Never fear, there's lots of grog!"

"Why, for that matter, gentlemen," quoth he, "I have myself some slices of cold corned beef, half a loaf, two hard-boiled eggs, and a flask of gin, and with your leave I shall be glad to join you. More than that, I have some niggerhead, a short pipe, and a gun-flint and a bit of steel in my pocket, for a light."

"Never mind," said Rob, as we moved up the lane together; "my young friend there carries a

lens of singularly concentrative power, one of old Dolland's; and if that fail I have in my pocket a phial of Nordhausen sulphuric acid that would burn Beelzebub's eye out."

We might have gone a couple of hundred yards up the lane, rounding two turnings in the way, when we came to a high old Gothic arch, spanning a small stream. This came down through a scooped channel, the sides of which were plentifully overhung with birches and willows, with abundance of bushes and red-berried mountain ashes intermingled. Nevertheless, along the sunny side of the water there ran a long rounded strip of most vivid green sward, with a narrow edging of white pebbles.

We were at once unanimous in selecting this spot as the scene of our repast; and so, one after the other, jumping over the corner of the bridge, we found our way to the bank, over sweeter than which Titania herself never led the revels.

I was the first down, being the lightest of the three; but the moment my foot touched the sward I stood fixed, whilst escaped me the half-smothered exclamation, "Dorothea washing her feet" for my thoughts were flown with on the instant to a scene in that most witching of romances, the adventures of the dear old Don of La Mancha.

It was a beautiful young damsel that I saw, and she sat on the grass, by the water's edge, with one foot on her opposite knee, whereat she appeared to be gazing most earnestly and pitifully, unconscious of our vicinity. Her thick chesnut hair fell loosely over her shoulders, for it had never been humbugged with oil or any other cosmetic, and her little cottage straw bonnet lay on the grass beside her, a thing unwonted to her, the virgin snood of blue satin ribbon being her usual head-dress. Her face was most singularly sweet and simple, her figure light and girlish, and her whole aspect expressive of innocent youth, prettiness, and rusticity.

As soon as she saw us she sprang up, and, with her face sweetly red as a robin's bosom, stood gazing at us, balancing herself on her heel, and trembling violently,

"Bless me!" cried my friend, "she has a thorn in her foot;" and stepping gently forward, he took from his waistcoat-pocket a pigmy case of surgical instruments (the manufacture of his own hands, for Bob had a genius) and, himself blushing a little, offered his aid.

The girl, apparently not knowing what better to do, allowed him, and in a trice he had extracted the obnoxious thorn, and with a little bit of lint, and a tiny strap of lead plaster, dressed the punc-

ture, so as almost entirely to remove the pain. Thereupon, her color flushing and paling, a smile of bashful pleasure filled her countenance at the relief she experienced, though her modesty could not in words express the gratitude she felt. But Bob, lifting from the grass her shawl of dark-coloured tartan, threw it upon her shoulders, and, while she hurriedly clubbed up her hair behind, took her bonnet, and, going round in front, drew it upon her head, and, as he moved in this way and that way, to make it sit prettily, there echoed under the arch, and all among the rocks, trees, and bushes, a sound which those skilled in wood-notes wild would infallibly have pronounced to be a smack. Upon this, the creature sprang from us, and ran lightly up the bank. But she paused upon the bridge, and giving us one glance, probably to see if we were not looking the other way, bounded off like a startled fawn.

As she did, Bob knocked his heel to the ground with vehemence, and, dropping upon the grass, pulled the bottle from his box, clapped it to his head, and remained for a while gazing fixedly up to heaven. Then it passed to me, and from me to the stranger, who, drawing from his pocket a little leathern cup, took a quantity which he tempered with water from the stream, for his stomach was a southern one, of a Yorkshire fabric, and not at all calculated for the geyser fluids of the far north.

Seating ourselves upon the grass, at a spot where the scattered foliage of a young willow afforded a kind of half-shade, half-sunshine, we opened our several stores, and commenced upon proceedings, which I am certain would at once have convinced a naturalist of the unstable nature of his theories with regard to the indestructibility of matter.

Whilst this went on, frequent were the jests, the quips, and cranks, that flew from each to each, nor was the laughter that resounded among the rocky ledges less clear and cheerful than the merry rush of the limpid waters near us.

But when we had concluded our repast, the properties of my lens were called into requisition, and, having procured a Promethean spark from the sun, I returned under the shade, where, communicating the fire to my friend and the stranger, we reclined at length upon the bank, and forthwith began to fling into the air clouds of incense, fragrant as ever ascended before Diana's shrine, for I had in a pocket of my jacket a case of Manillas stuffed to the full; moreover, in the crown of my friend's hat was a brown paper parcel containing as many more, of as rich a quality.

At length my comrade, taking the cheroot from

his mouth, pointed with it to the bed of the stream, and remarked,—

"I remember a certain passage in Æschylus, I think, where he compares the muscles of a strong man in action to the rounded water-worn stones in the bed of a rivulet—a most happy and original simile, is it not?"

Upon my acquiescing in its aptness, our companion asked who was this Mr. What's-a-name.

"An old Grecian," said Bob, "that my friend here and I have been intimate with; but we should not have mentioned him—probably you don't know about these things?"

"Oh, don't I? I should surmise it's not the first time I have tried it on. Look ye here."

And, springing up, he threw his symmetrical, though slender frame, into certain violent but by no means unpicturesque attitudes, which he informed us constituted the "Grecian statues," as done by the first performers, beginning with "Ajax defying the lightning," and concluding with "the fighting and dying Gladiator in six positions."

All this, which he went through with an amusing jauntiness of demeanor, was highly entertaining to us, and we acknowledged, by mutually understood signs, that we had stumbled upon an original.

We thanked him for his display, and handed him another cheroot, when, throwing himself carelessly upon the sod, he entered with amazing spirit and volubility into a rambling conversation about all sorts of theatrical matters, in the course of which he displayed a singular freedom and communicativeness in talking of his own fortunes.

He had been a player from his infancy—from his birth, in fact, having come into the world behind the scenes, in a barn, during the performance of "The Devil to Pay," to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Thereafter he had performed all kinds of parts, from the baby in the pantomime, and the child in *Pizarro* to *King Lear* and *Ali Pasha*—tragedy, comedy, farce, or melodrama coming alike indifferently to him. Moreover, he had practised as ventriloquist, rope-dancer, posturer, clown of a circus, tumbler, and Indian juggler, and the sword he bore with him had been swallowed into his stomach and brandished against the *Earl of Richmond* with equal frequency and effect.

We had all along felt a singular interest in him, he appeared so good-humored, so regardless, so much a child of Providence. Never did I see one seemingly so well acquainted with the world, and yet so easy, so unsuspecting, so blessed with animal spirits, and withal so unpretending; and I

began to feel a kind of regret that a few minutes would sever us, probably never to meet more.

Possibly similar feelings were passing through his mind; for, after a pensive silence of some duration, when he remarked that in this his checkered career he must have been a witness to many strange scenes, he came out abruptly and without preface, with the following anecdote, which I here introduce as Episode No. 1, of this my narrative, christening it with a drop of ink by the title of

"THE EQUESTRIAN'S CHILD."

"It is about three years since I was engaged to play in an equestrian company. It was managed by a Mr. Codini, of Italian extraction, and of much respectability. For a short time previously I had been an ill-remunerated member of a dramatic circuit, in which low comic parts had principally fallen to my lot. This person, taking a fancy to my powers in that way, made offer to me of the tempting salary of two guineas a week to become clown to the ring in this exhibition. I must confess I had some qualms. The descent from the legitimate drama was sufficiently bitter to the feelings of a young actor, and I feared that for the future my pretensions to respectability would be *four-footed* like those of my quadruped fellow-performers (I beg pardon, for I shan't err a second time)—but I put the affront into my pocket, and the two guineas into the opposite one; when, finding my equilibrium perfect, I at once deserted the boards and took to the sawdust—threw up the sock and buskin, and donned the cap and bells; and very excellent fooin' I made, believe me.

Mr. Codini's establishment was a very superb one, in fact the most so of anything of the kind that ever existed in England, out of the metropolis. He travelled with it from one to another of the great provincial cities, erecting, where he could not have access to the theatres, immense buildings of wood, which often in solidity and splendor seemed more calculated for permanent public structures than the more portable fabrics of a season.

"The building I was engaged to play in was of this description, and I believe the largest he had ever erected. It was in an exceedingly populous and wealthy manufacturing town, and, as the support he met with was very liberal, he, in return, made every sacrifice to merit this, which the possession of a considerable capital, honestly accumulated in his profession, enabled him to do.

"The extent of ground the building occupied was very great, for, besides a large place for exhibition, it contained stables for a stud of fifty

horses, dressing-rooms for biped and quadruped performers, saloons for the audience, and apartments for above a dozen servants connected with the concern, who lived constantly there.

"The circus itself, or place of exhibition, consisted of, first, the circle or arena, a large round space, about fifty feet in diameter, depressed towards the centre. From this, stretched back on two sides, were tiers of seats of spectators, on a level with the open space for some yards back, but beyond that, ascending more and more, till the last touched the lofty roof. One of these divisions was named the gallery; the opposite one, which had the seats cushioned and backed, was called the pit. The other two sides were occupied each with a double row of boxes, pierced with two wide curtained entrances for the performers. The fronts of these boxes, as well as the various pillars and supports about the place, were ornamented with medallions and shields, having upon them armorial bearings and paintings, very well executed, of such subjects as *Mazeppa*, horses in a storm, a horse attacked by a lion, &c., or perhaps portraits of celebrated race-horses or hunters. Several vases with flowers, standing on small ornamented shelves between, gave an air of taste to the place, much heightened by a profusion of little silken flags, disposed in hanging groups where they could not interfere with the view of the performances.

"The roof which was slated, was very high, and concealed on the inside by a ceiling of striped silk of red and white, star-shaped, through the centre of which was suspended a very large gas-liner, with a profusion of jets perfectly dazzling to the eye. The aspect of the place altogether was magnificent in the extreme, and at the same time quite tasteful in keeping; and you may well surmise that I soon got proud enough of my new line of life, and cocked my hat in the faces of my old fellow-strollers of the legitimate school, with an air sufficiently supercilious and self-gratulatory.

"But if the building was thus meriting all praise, not one whit less so was the company—a most numerous and well-appointed one, consisting altogether of at least a hundred individuals, several of them equal—nay, some of them much superior—to the general run of metropolitan performers.

"But the chief attraction when I joined the corps, and that which nightly filled the great amphitheatre to overflowing, was a female equestrian, whose enactments were of a most original and interesting—nay, often startling excellence.

"She was a woman of striking beauty, which, though a little past its prime and beginning to fade, was, nevertheless, by a little art and trouble,

capable of a perfect restoration to its original brilliancy. She was a universal favorite, and the applause she nightly drew down was most unanimous and decided, and she seemed fully alive to it—in fact, her features used to exhibit a strange, glowing pleasure in the noise that thundered around from every quarter of the vast and sonorous edifice, of a nature which I have never seen depicted on the countenance of any other player. A kind of anomalous enthusiastic delight, it seemed of an altogether unexplainable expression.

"Her face was regular in its beauty, save that a few might have considered it somewhat too long, and was of a decidedly Jewish cast. Her eyes were large, black, and rolling, with a remarkably yellowish glow about them, something like that reflected from a mirror in a room where there is a fire, but no other light. Her hair was short, somewhat thin, but silky, and black as the very raven down of darkness itself.

"Her figure again was the perfection of symmetry, and the lightness and elegance—the easy, confident, swimming grace wherewith she went through her evolutions on horseback, accompanied by the sort of absent mystical smile of strange internal pleasure she constantly wore in such circumstances—rendered her an object which the eyes of the spectator felt pain in being removed from for one instant, from her first entrance till her final exit.

"But there was another without whom she hardly ever appeared in the circle, and who perhaps constituted a principal part of the charm that hung around her—her daughter, a tiny child of about three years old, exceedingly small for its age, but of much intelligence and beauty. Its face seemed absolutely angelic, whilst its little frame rivalled its mother's in grace. It was a light-tinted, flaxen-haired girl, altogether unlike its parent in features, save that its eyes of laughing hazel might possibly have been fragments from the dazzling dark orbs of the mother.

"Of this child she was immoderately, dotingly fond. She was continually caressing it and talking to it in some foreign language, and never for a moment allowed it away from her sight; her very heart seemed wrapt in the infant.

"Daily in the public promenades she might be seen walking along, talking and smiling with an ineffable sweetness to her darling, and apparently careless, or rather scornful, of the numerous young men that watched her, crossing the street, and crossing again to get glimpses at her face, and see whether that beauty which had so fascinated them amid the glare of gas, the crash of music, and the flutter of drapery, would bear the test of

sober day; or others, who, by various schemes and affectations, endeavored to draw upon themselves one of those looks of love, which she lavished in such profusion on her little companion.

"But if she bore toward her daughter such affection, the child seemed to return it with a devotion scarcely less ardent. It was never happy but when fondling and fondled by her, and was always pining and moping, "bad" (to use a technical term,) when her avocations led her from its society. On this account it never was that favorite among us which its beauty and intelligence might otherwise have rendered it.

"I may state that she was a woman of very low moral character—an abandoned and utterly profligate person, indeed—apparently without any one redeeming feature, save the engrossing attachment to her infant. I shall say no more on this point, but leave you, considering her station in life, to guess the rest.

"Her name was Clara Benatta, as was also that of her daughter. She was said to be an Italian Jewess, though we could only surmise her origin, as she never talked of any of the past events of her life. At all events she had played for a considerable time at Franconi's, in Paris, where a son of Mr. Codoni engaged her.

"The child and she used constantly to perform together on horseback, or on the tight-rope or slack-wire, on all of which she displayed consummate proficiency and grace, but especially the first. They were wont thus to assume such characters as Venus and Cupid, Psyche and Cupid, Hebe and Ganymede, Aurora and Zephyr; and the confidence, the total absence of fear displayed by the little one, when apparently in the most dangerous positions—nay, its look of wild delight when in such circumstances—its shrill, joyous laughter and exclamations, and the clapping of its tiny hands, conspired to take away every feeling of anxiety from the minds of the spectators, and leave them lost in delight and wonder.

"The animal, too, that she chiefly used, as if to render the exhibition perfect, was one of exceeding spirit and beauty. It was a young blood mare, black as a coal, which, having been rendered unfit, by an easily concealed accident, for the turf or chase, was purchased by our manager, and trained for exhibition in the arena.

"Well, our season—a perfectly successful one, though prolonged to the utmost—at length was over, and the benefit-nights came on.

"It was Clara's benefit, and she had advertised some of her most beautiful and attractive performances. The great building, as might be expected, was crowded to the utmost in every part,

but especially the gallery, the low rate of admission to which caused it to be frequented chiefly by the inferior and more juvenile portion of the community.

"A gorgeous spectacle commenced the entertainments, and when it was over, Madame Clara and her child were announced amid continued rounds of applause. The black mare was first introduced, and led round the ring by two of the servants of the establishment, who ran at its head, for as yet it had not become so habituated to its occupation as not to be startled by the glare of gas, the shouting of the audience, and the ear-piercing music of our band.

"Then Clara bounded lightly into the arena, attired in a drapery that set off her unrivalled symmetry of person to an admirable degree. It was intended to picture her as Ariadne; and round her loose, short, black curls was bound a garland of roses, lillies, and vine-blossoms—all artificial, of course, but perhaps better calculated than real for a scenic display.

"When, with one of her strange, enchanting smiles she had curtsied lowly to the house, in jumped her lovely child, attired in a close-fitting skin-colored dress, with two tiny butterfly wings like a little Cupid, bearing in one hand a thyrsus, or bunch of grapes, and in the other a small gilded chalice.

"In a twinkling this little Bacchus had sprung with a clear cry of joyous laughter into her arms, and, kissing the creature with an appearance of the utmost fondness on the lips and brow, she took a few quick steps, and with a bound seated herself on the unsaddled back of the black mare. Upon the instant the grooms let go its head, and away it darted, galloping furiously round the circle, while the band struck up a most fairy-like and beautiful strain, one of the dance airs in the opera *La Favorite* of Donizetti, and the two men retreated to the centre, alongside of the riding master and myself.

"For a time nothing was to be heard save the muffled-sounding rapid tread of the horse's feet among the sawdust, and the fitful rise and fall of the wild melody from the lighter instruments of the band, with perhaps now and then an insuppressible exclamation of delight from scattered members of the audience. With these exceptions all was breathless silence and admiration, as the fair equestrian and her child went on with their daring and graceful evolutions.

"Now she would recline at length on the bare back of the flying steed, with an appearance of utmost ease and unconcern, whilst the tiny Bacchus nestled in her bosom. Anon she would

gently rise, kneel upon one knee in an attitude classically graceful, and look round and upward to the little one that, perched on her shoulder and embracing her flower-girt brow, would seem to be laughingly pressing the juice from the grape-cluster into the chalice she held aloft in her hand.

"All this while, the smiling look of warm and passionate affection to the infant never left her lovely features, though it was occasionally mingled with the blushful glow of strange inward exultation, so characteristic of her, at the quick, short rattles of applause that seemed to burst at once from the whole enraptured audience.

"Then she rose gracefully to her feet, every change of posture being marked by the most poetical elegance of motion, and, skipped lightly on the bare croupe of the wildly-galloping mare, whirling the young Bacchus about her head the while, or rather seeming to make the infant deity fly with its little fluttering wings, as she danced in swimming gyrations.

"The way this latter feat was managed was simple enough. A system of bands, of thin but strong leather, passed under the child's dress round its waist, beneath it, and over its shoulders. These all met and were secured together at the bend of its back to a strong steel ring, which she wore round three fingers of her hand, with the fourth and thumb controlling by a wire the two little gauze wings at its shoulders, which were mounted on small spiral springs, so that she could make them quiver, or fold them to its back, as she pleased.

"Well, while she was thus flying round, and while the house was all eye for her, and all ear for the admirable musical accompaniment—whilst the horse was galloping at its most furious speed—at once, just as she was opposite to the pit, the winged Bacchus seemed to leave her shoulder, and fly towards the ground.

"As it fell, one of the wildly flung-up hind hoofs of the animal met it, and the next instant it was tossed lifeless and almost headless into the air, and its little body, with its painted wings and gaudy frippery, lay dead and motionless, like a crushed butterfly, among the dust of the arena.

"There was a strange, sudden bustle among the spectators at first—they rose to their feet by masses; many screamed abruptly with dread, others gave hurried words of direction, and numbers jumped from the pit together unconscious, for the first moment or two, of the harrowing event—their eyes following the equally unconscious equestrian, as she was borne with lightning speed round the circle.

"The riding-master and myself, stunned with the sight for a second, as soon as we could command our limbs, sprang from the centre, where we stood, to raise the shattered body of the child; but ere he had time to touch it, the fiery gallop of the black mare had swept its rider round the ring, and she appeared on the same spot.

"As she came near she seemed paralyzed with surprise and horror, standing in an attitude forcibly expressive of these emotions, on the back of the animal, (whereon, from mechanical habit merely, for it could not be from effort, she continued to maintain her balance,) and with starting eyes, uplifted brows, parted lips and features the deadly pallor of which was fearfully evident beneath the warm, artificial complexion they bore, regarding the steel ring upon her hand, to which a fragment of leather was all that was now attached.

"But when she saw the mangled frame of her heart's idol motionless among the dust, with the wild shriek of a mother's despair she leaped from the place, and fell, frantically grovelling on the ground beside it. A strange unnatural scream was that!—such as shall ring through my brain when age or disease shall have made my ears impervious; and it rose in loud and louder waves of piercing sound, till it filled the four corners of the vast amphitheatre, and was sent back in echoes and reverberations to lacerate anew the hearing, quashing the tumult of the alarmed and excited audience, as the crash of thunder in a tempest drowns the turmoil of the waters.

"All was confusion and uproar, amazement and terror, among the people; women fainted, and children were crushed and trodden upon, and they struggled hither and thither apparently without any object—a strong panic seeming to have taken possession of them; while over the whole floated a deafening roar of mingled noises, louder than the loudest applause that had ever sounded there.

"Meanwhile the band went on with the music, blowing and striving their utmost to be heard above the clamor in the arena; for they were placed behind a screen in one of the entrance-passages, to allow the orchestra to be filled with spectators, and were not aware of what had happened.

"The horse, moreover, riderless, and frantic with fear and excitement, flew round and round, tossing its head in the air, and flinging aloft the dust from its heels. Several of the company and servants, rushing in from without, made attempts to catch it, in which I also joined. But they

were in vain; for the affrighted creature, darting from its course, dashed across the circle, and springing wildly over the barrier that enclosed it, was the next instant kicking and plunging, struggling and snorting, among the densely-crowded audience in the space called the gallery, who, mad with terror, and screaming to heaven for aid, crushed backwards with fierce struggling from around it, as if a very demon in a palpable shape had come among them.

"Oh, the terrors of that dreadful night—terrors to which the dazzling glare of light, the gorgeously-decorated scene, and the thrilling music lent a strange sublimity approaching to the supernatural!

"As I sprang from the animal with a coil of rope, which I had hastily seized somewhere about the place, and which I intended to throw over it, so as to obtain, by entangling its head and limbs, some purchase whereby to restrain its plunging and drag it back into the ring, I got caught in the working vortex of the terror-stricken crowd, and, after a few struggles, found myself crushed to the ground between the seats, and the next moment trampled over by a hundred feet. After some hard but useless attempts to rise, I became insensible, and what happened thereafter I only heard by report many days afterwards.

"I recovered consciousness in the wards of the surgical hospital of the place, where I lay—my frame a mass of bruises. It was more than a month before I was dismissed cured; and by that time the circus had been removed, no trace of it remaining, save the hollow space where the sawdust, mingled with the sand, indicated the site of the arena. It was shut up the day after the above events, and Mr. Codoni, with his troop, left the place and went to America. When they had performed there for some time it was broken up and dispersed, the manager returning to Europe, and settling somewhere in his own country.

"Of course I found my occupation gone, and once more returned to the legitimate line of my profession.

"Clara, I learned was a maniac—the inmate of a public asylum. Here she still remains; at least she did when I was last at the place, but she is now quite quiet, cheerful and docile; indeed, so far recovered as to have a kind of authority entrusted to her over other female patients.

"Since then I have played in other concerns of the kind, but never in any one approaching in the remotest degree to the splendor of Mr. Codoni's. For a couple of years I was part proprietor of one myself, which did very well till, in an unlucky hour,

having introduced, (my old passion) some regular dramatic pieces among our performances, the patentee of a royal theatre, on whose preserves it appears we had been poaching, instituted law proceedings against us, and 'fixed' us all in prison. After that, for some time, I could get nothing to do; and what it is to be an actor, without an engagement, and with no other means of earning his bread, thank heaven! you can never know.

"I am now on my way to Soandso, where, among the exhibitions at this, the market-time, I hope to obtain employment as actor, Mr. Meryman, tumbler, spotted Indian, or I don't care what."

When he had completed his discourse, for which we thanked him sincerely, we rose, mounted the leafy bank, and moved along the lane towards the highway. Upon reaching it, this, our companion of an hour, shook our hands warmly, and, having been presented with a few of our cheroots, went on his way, and neither of us ever saw his face again.

We spoke not a word for some time after we had parted with him. At length, said Bob, drawing a deep breath,—

"What a strange tale it is that he has told us, and how strangely he has told it! If that young fellow had a good education and a smattering of genius, and possessed of both, knew himself, it strikes me he would make a tolerable romancer, as literature goes now-a-days."

"Nay, it appears to me that his tale is too strange, too highly wrought, too unnatural."

"Pardon me," cried my friend; too *natural* is what you mean; for with such vividness did he bring his picture before my mind's eye that I fancied I really saw the whole scene, with every incident, pass before me, and was affected in my feelings as if I had positively done so. Now this I consider the triumph of a romancer, when he can produce, by his description or narration, the precise emotions that would be excited by a personal view of it, or participation in the events he supposes, as if actually occurring. In order to do this, the grand requisite is in all things to copy nature to the utmost. Now, were I possessed of a talent for writing, such is the course I would embrace. In beauty and deformity, in good and evil, in charity and in crime, I would copy nature as exactly as I could. I would not depict her as innocent and virtuous, nor in her holiday dress; nor, although taking her all in all, she is most lovely, would I disguise one spot upon her face, or call one wrinkle by the name of dimple. The very sores upon her limbs (for we know she is subject to such things,) from them would I make

no scruple to snatch away the bandages. The most violent and debasing passions (for we know they often affect her) I would bring to the metallic mirror wherein to fix their reflection. The most atrocious crimes (and we know she will commit them) would find no softening or glossing over from me. Guarding always, that an idea should never escape me calculated in the remotest degree to call the blush to the cheek of purity.

"What! must we give all our admiring attention to the Apollo and Venus, and turn from the Gladiator or Laocoon as overstrained, and approaching the horrible? Must we be continually imagining milk-and-water scenes of beauty, virtue, and happiness, nor remind our dainty readers that there are such things in this woful world as crime, famine, misery, disease, danger, death?"

"Nay, but," interrupted I, "you know that there has lately sprung up a school of authors, who, by picturing scenes of a fearful or horrible description, or actions of a deeply atrocious character, endeavour to terrify the minds of their readers by feelings of what they call intense interest."

"Yes," said my friend, "and there would be nothing wrong in this, if they did it naturally, modestly, and sparingly, but they do not: they paint murders, robbers, and seducers, as heroes. Now, one thought will convince you that this is quite against my rule, for in the actual study of nature, we find that such a state of things never existed; there never was in real life an heroic robber, or assassin, or forger, or any one willfully guilty of crime who was not, in all respects, a most contemptible and execrable being. If then in fiction you describe one of the heinous deeds that fiction, to be a picture of real life, must exhibit, describe it as you see such occur in nature, with all the horror and repulsiveness that really does hang around such actions and the miserable actors in them; but never allow yourself—as is done in a popular modern piece—to paint such a thing as a high-principled, well-educated gentleman, committing a dastardly murder on a wretched, low individual; with what motive?—money; to what purpose?—to increase his powers of obtaining knowledge!"

Just as Bobarrived at this point of his discourse, we discovered, all on a sudden, that we had lost our way.

We had for some time left the highway, and were now in search of the path over the moors that saved some three or four miles distance in our journey; but, having got entangled in a maze of little cross lanes, and seeing nobody at hand, we felt rather at a loss about our route, and stood stock still, looking queerly into each other's faces.

But, as we were about to go off into a guffaw, our attention was caught by two figures apparently in the same predicament with ourselves, and the oddity of whose aspect and fit-out immediately fixed our admiration.

(To be continued.)

ODE TO THE PEN.

BY G. D.

All hail! thou glorious instrument,
We fear, yet love thee in each varying mood;
Nurse of man's burning thoughts thou'rt sent
At once a messenger sublime and rude.
Inspired we hail thee held, by sacred men,
Through lapse of ages, still we praise their pen.
For thee the lofty dome has risen,
The cloister deep, the silent prison;
And e'en the hermits' cells
Can solace give to Wisdom's sigh,
He knows through thee it cannot die,
And though with death he must comply,
On earth its spirit dwells.
Tradition's handmaid! far outshining
Thy humble mistress, long divining
Back in the misty realms of time,
While Memory divides the palm,
Gives thee more truth—reflection calm
Teaching the soul aloft to climb,
And Fable, gracefully contending
To prejudice no longer bending,
Yields, but still retains its charm.
Thou rapid instrument, so quickly telling
Of all the warm affections dwelling
Within the throbbing heart—
Of passions glow, of calmer love
Thrilling through every part,
We hail thy power, gently swelling
The rising hope, and anguish quelling,
How oft, indeed, thy work can prove
Affection's happiest chart!
Thee! when th' ambitious despot wields,
The widowed home, the bloody fields,
Too surely tell thy might
A simple stroke!—the grave is filled,
So passion leads the flight;
But despots tremble at thy power
The varying fortune of an hour
Teschés Ambition not to build
Nor take too high a flight.
Forerunner of the wond'rous type!
May ever noble hands yet hold thee;
We trace thy work in ages past,
The sparkling thoughts the brain bath told thee;
And in Time's course of coming years,
With higher hopes and lessened fears
May Reason's mantle still unfold thee.

THE EMBROIDERED GLOVES.

Is that beautiful suburb of the city of Bath called Bathwick, there is a stately and curious old building, over the *façade* of which the word "Villa" is carved on the stone. It is situated some distance from the streets, and stands in the midst of a verdant wilderness of patchy gardens and high hedges of quickset, hawthorn, and alder. On the western side of it the Avon flows, and the narrow green lanes which twist and twine round it, form a labyrinth as if it were intended for the centre of a "puzzle."

In the latter part of the last century, this was a favourite place of public resort for the inhabitants and visitants of the city. The glory of Bath was then at its height. For a long series of years, successive kings and queens had come to drink the health-restoring waters of her mineral springs; the world of fashion flocked thither for a portion of each year; and the notabilities of politics and letters rendered the place illustrious by making it their chosen scene of recreation. The last century hardly produced a single English memoir, or yielded materials of biography to be produced in this, in which the city of Bath, its fashionable company, its imperious rules of etiquette, its hot waters, its floating sayings and *bon-mots*, its palatial streets and crescents, its hills and vales—do not make a pretty considerable figure. The Bathwick Villa was then the centre of a charming pleasure-ground—the Gardens as it was called—set out with pavilions, fountains, and statues, in that prim and classic style which characterised first-rate places of entertainment at the period; and here, during the summer months, the votaries of fashion and pleasure were wont to congregate for society and enjoyment. The fine old house is now little better than a ruin; but you may trace in its curiously-ornamental construction, in its ground-floor of tessellated marble, in its wide and handsome staircases, some reminiscences of its olden grandeur.

Time plays queer tricks with the fine places of the world. The Villa is now divided and subdivided, and is inhabited by a number of poor families; and the gardens are cut up into the batch of lanes and allotments spoken of above. It is not surprising that many a story and snatch of romance should be current in connection with a place which, for a long series of years, was the constant resort of fashion, in whose train the idle, the dissipated, and the gay, always move. The greater portion of these are idle tales, well enough to hear when you are on the spot, but hardly worth remembering or repeating. The following, however, will perhaps be deemed sufficiently singular to warrant its being written down.

A grand gala was announced to take place at the Villa Gardens on the 10th of July, 1786, on which occasion several then famous Italian musicians were to perform under the leadership of the celebrated Rauzzini, of whom Christopher Anstey, Horace Walpole, and Fanny Burney have made frequent mention; after which, there were to be fireworks and a fancy-ball. The weather was delightful, the entertainment was one of great attraction, the prestige of the Villa Gardens was at its height, and in consequence, an unusually large and brilliant company flocked to the

place. The house and grounds were illuminated with great taste: myriads of many-coloured lamps were festooned from tree to tree; the trim-gravelled walks, the pavilions, alcoves, fountains, and statues, were bathed in a fairy light; and the beaux, belles, dons, and duennas of Bath clustered and rustled over the glittering scene like the happy people of an enchanted land.

Among the people of mark in the city at this time were Sir John Farquharson and his daughter, and a young gentleman of the name of Blannin, a descendant of an ancient Welsh family. Miss Farquharson was in her twenty-first year, and was gifted with personal attractions of so remarkable a character, as to gain her precedence, amongst the gay connoisseurs of such endowments, before all the young beauties who then shed lustre over the Bath entertainments. Sir John, in consequence of the improvidence of sundry generations of grandfathers, was by no means wealthy, but was in the enjoyment of sufficient means to enable him to move in fashionable society, and to gather friends around him by a judiciously-conducted system of quiet and refined hospitality; and the consideration which such a mode of life secured for him was, as may be imagined, deepened and vivified by his close relationship to a young lady of almost peerless beauty, who imparted a degree of splendour to his household, and attracted interest and attention to all his movements. "Sir John Farquharson and the divine Clara!" was the toast *d'amour* of all the gallants of the day. Stephen Gerrard Blannin, the young gentleman of good family mentioned above, had been for some months the recognised and accepted suitor of Miss Farquharson. He was in his twenty-third year, of very elegant and prepossessing appearance—was impulsive, passionate, and restless as even Welsh blood could make him; and in his manner of dress and mode of life, affected a style of his own which gained him distinction amongst his fellow-beaux, and rendered him in a measure an object of public attention.

Sir John, his daughter, and Mr. Blannin, were among the fashionables who attended the gala of the 10th of July, and, as usual, were courted, quizzed, and lionised.

The same evening, a new constellation made a first appearance in this brilliant firmament. A tall young lady, extremely well-looking, of particularly graceful and majestic deportment, and dressed to the very extreme of the mode, was observed among the concourse, walking hither and thither in company with a lady of between forty and fifty years, also of striking stature and demeanour, and handsomely attired. These were fresh faces and figures upon the scene, and very few knew who they were or anything about them. There were black ribbons, indicating mourning, in various parts of the young lady's costume, and the elder lady wore a sort of modified widow's cap. The curiosity of the company, who, with the exception of these, were all either on speaking terms with each other, or were personally acquainted, was strongly excited by the accession of the strangers; a thousand remarks, questions, and suppositions were whispered respecting them, and all their movements were watched with persevering solicitude. The general enquiry at

length elicited the required information. A well-known physician proved the oracle of the occasion. He had attended the late husband of the elder lady for many years, until about a twelve-month before, when an attack of bronchitis had proved fatal, at once depriving the patient of life and the physician of a by no means contemptible item in his annual income. He was a Mr. Ranne, by occupation a brewer—a man who, from an humble sphere and with humble means, had risen to opulence by force of energy and sagacity. "Died immensely rich," whispered the doctor emphatically to whomsoever he communicated the much-converted material for gossip—"immensely rich. Widow and daughter must be worth one hundred thousand between 'em. Take my word for it."

The fashionables were at first somewhat alarmed at the idea of the widow and daughter of a brewer of obscure origin being amongst them; but the reputation of great wealth, so strongly insisted upon by the judicious physician, mollified the stringency of aristocratic sentiments, and preserved the strangers from anything like a display of rudeness or contempt. The ladies, too, were personages who really made a very stylish and distinguished appearance; particularly the younger one, in whose noble carriage, firmly yet delicately-chiseled features, rich dark hair, and bright flashing eyes, there was something queenly and imperious: so the *habitués* made no objection to the manager of the place respecting their presence there, but resolved to observe a passive behaviour, leaving the new-comers to shift for themselves, and procure society and countenance as they might happen to find opportunity.

The concert and the pyrotechnic display being brought to a termination, the ladies and gentlemen proceeded to their respective rooms to prepare for the ball; in other words, to set aside bonnets and hats, and to retouch various particulars of the toilet.

"You have dropped a pair of gloves, Miss Farquharson," said Miss Ranne, picking up the articles mentioned, and hastening to give them to the young lady, who had dropped them before she left the tiring-room.

But the beautiful Clara, fresh from proud communion with her mirror, her thoughts triumphantly basted with Stephen Blannin and the coming pleasures of the ball, heard not the friendly intimation, but passed quickly on. Her father and Stephen were waiting for her at the door; she passed her arm through that of the latter, and they proceeded directly towards the ball-room.

Miss Ranne and her mother followed the former, waiting a convenient opportunity to hand the pair of gloves to Miss Farquharson. As she walked on she looked at them, and the one glance irresistibly tempted her to examine them more curiously. They were really an exquisite little pair of gloves—made of the finest, shiniest white satin, the seams wrought and embroidered with delicate pink silk—the initials "S. G. B." worked upon the wrist of the right hand glove, and "C. F." on that for the left hand. With a covert smile, she showed them to her mother, and asked if they were not elegant morsels of workmanship. "Very pretty; but you could do

as well, my dear," answered the fond mamma, with a look expressive of unbounded confidence in her daughter's abilities, and satisfaction in her present appearance. "There is nothing Miss Farquharson could do that you could not do, my Fanny," she added.

"Oh, mamma, we do not know that Miss Farquharson made them," said Fanny.

"Why, to be sure she did," returned the penetrating madam: "don't you see what the letters are? It's a love-gift for Mr. Blannin, of course."

Fanny involuntarily sighed. Stephen Blannin was a handsome, brilliant young gentleman, and her eye had sought him many times that evening. She was volatile, passionate, and headstrong as Stephen was himself. Once or twice their glances had met, and without a word being spoken, that hap-hazard inexplicable clashing of soul to soul had passed between them, which may only be experienced once in a life-time. There was in their natures the moral affinity which starts a mysterious response, like a lightning-flash, before a question is asked or a syllable uttered.

They entered the ball-room. All was light and bright, gaily-attired groupes of young and old were promenading, strains of music floated over the scene. Again Fanny stepped towards Miss Farquharson with the gloves in her hand. Stephen Blannin turned as she approached, and a warm blush spread over her features as again she met his bright black eye. "Miss Farquharson has dropped a pair of gloves," repeated she.

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Blannin, taking the gloves with a low bow: "your kind attention, Miss Ranne, deserves our best acknowledgments." As he addressed her by name, the blush deepened upon her face.

"Miss Farquharson dropped them in the dressing-room," added Fanny: "I spoke to her at the time, but she did not hear me."

Clara had been engaged in conversation with her father and some young friends who clustered them. She heard not, and turned quickly towards her lover and Miss Ranne, with a look full of eager inquiry and surprise.

"This young lady, Clara," said Mr. Blannin, "has kindly handed to me a pair of gloves which you dropped in the ladies'-room."

Clara started with evident agitation as she at once perceived what had happened; possibly she cherished a belief in omens. She took the gloves, thrust them roughly into the pocket of her dress, bowed coldly and haughtily to the restorer of them, and turned again towards the party with whom she had previously been conversing. Fanny tossed her proud head, and without another look at either Stephen or Clara, moved slowly away with her mother. She was affronted, and immediately resolved to be revenged.

In a few minutes, dancing commenced, and the ball was fairly opened. Throughout the evening, the parvenu stranger continued to attract a large share of the attention of the company; the fine figures and handsome attire of the mother and daughter, and the report of their wealth, succeeded in gaining for them no small degree of consideration and countenance, notwithstanding the late Mr. Ranne had been a brewer, and had commenced life with small means. Miss Ranne, too, danced

superbly, and evinced in every movement and every phase of her behaviour, the peculiar air of grace and distinction of style which always mark the highly-bred and fine-spirited young lady. Hitherto, Clara Farquharson had been regarded by common consent as the belle of the assemblies, as undoubtedly she still deserved to be, on account of her extreme beauty; but now there was a presence of another description upon the scene,—a beauty not so correct and sweet, but of a stronger and more impressive character—which already began to divide the empire of the young Queen of the Ball. Before a couple of hours had passed, before half the programme of gavottes, minuets, quadrilles, and contre-danses, had been accomplished, Fanny Ranne and her mamma formed the centre of a tolerably numerous group of *habitues*, who, for the hour, courted their society and acquaintance; and the most noted gallants of the company contended at each successive dance for the honour of Fanny's hand. In short, the appearance of Miss Ranne was a decided hit, and created the species of interest which, in the fashionable circles of the time and the place, was denominated a sensation.

Stephen Blannin observed the course of events with the acuteness and watchfulness of one who passed his life amid such scenes, and who aspired to establish for himself the character of a thorough-going beau. Having danced with Clara twice or thrice, he left her for awhile, and not long afterwards was to be seen by the side of Miss Ranne. He solicited the favour of her hand for a minuet—solicited it with the easy grace of one who has been brought to believe the refusal of such a request impossible—but the honour was declined with frigid hauteur; and amid smirks and whispers, he, Stephen Gerard Blannin, Esq., walked away discomfited. The refusal was cold and concise: she did not say that she was already engaged, that she was disengaged for the next dance, or the next after that; she made no remark at all, but merely declined the honour with a slight and contemptuous bow. Stephen was intensely piqued. He had never endured such a defeat before. He at once attributed it to the cold, indeed, almost rude manner in which Clara had received the restored gloves, and felt particularly out of temper with her, with himself, and with every one else.

"Well, Clara," said he, as he returned to her, "have you lost your gloves again?"

"No, surely. Why?" returned she, directly taking them from her pocket, and starting again as she remembered the *rencontre* to which they had already given rise.

"Because if you had," said Stephen drily, "I should hope no one would be good enough to perform the thankless task of finding them and bringing them to you."

Clara blushed deeply, but made no reply. She put her arm within Stephen's, and drew him into a recess. She unfolded the gloves with nervous trembling fingers, and seemed strangely agitated all at once. Stephen leaned against the marble pillar, silent and displeased.

"Stephen," said she presently, offering the gloves to him, "I made them with my own hands for you. Your initials are worked upon the wrist of one glove, and my own upon the other. This being the case, it annoyed me much

to think I had been careless enough to drop them, and afford every one a chance of inspecting them."

"Oh, is that it?" exclaimed Stephen, mollified, immediately by an explanation, so sufficient, especially to himself. "Well, I had no idea of anything of that sort for a moment, or I should not have thought your conduct so strange. They are pretty, upon my word—very pretty; and I am much obliged to you, my dearest. I will put them on at once; shall I?"

"Oh, to be sure; if you like." She was pleased to hear his expressions of approval and gratification; but the quickness with which his mind passed to the mere use of the things—to putting them on—checked the warm thoughts which had rendered the making of them such a delicious task. They were not intended so much for show, for wear and tear, as for a memento of affection—not so much for the hands, as for the heart.

Stephen took off the gloves he had been wearing, and cased his hands in the love-gift. Really, it was a charming pair of gloves—certainly the finest and daintiest in the room. He declared he should be very proud during the remainder of the evening; and Clara laughed, half with pleasure, half with pain, as he gaily said so. They left the recess, and slowly returned to the more thronged parts of the room.

"Shall we dance this minuet, Stephen?" asked Clara, as the strain of the approaching dance commenced.

"I—I—I think not—not this time," returned he, somewhat absently and uneasily.

Clara looked up at his face: he was staring fixedly towards another quarter of the saloon, where Miss Ranne and a showy young gentleman were just taking their places for the minuet.

"Not dance this time, Stephen?"

"No—not this time, Clara. Indeed, I will not dance any more to-night: my head aches—the place is so hot—phew! the heat is stifling!"

Clara was alarmed. She thought she had better sit with her father for awhile, so that Stephen might have an opportunity of going out into the fresh air. He adopted the suggestion without a moment's hesitation, handing her to her father, and himself leaving the room. He got his hat from the dressing-room, walked out into the garden, and there brooded over the first discomfiture he had experienced since he had succeeded in establishing himself as a "presence" at the assemblies. His pride had received a poignant hurt, and at the moment his very thought was engaged in considering how he might recover his lost ground in some signal manner, and restore the feeling of self-sufficiency which had received such a rough shock.

He continued pacing up and down the garden-walks a considerable time, and was at length about to re-enter the house, when his movements were arrested by the approach of a party from the ball room. In some excitement he recognised Mrs. and Miss Ranne, who were escorted and surrounded by several gentlemen. They were all talking and laughing gaily save Miss Ranne herself, who seemed to be of a nature too proud and haughty for direct participation in any absolute levity. She walked slowly on with her head erect, gratified, no doubt, by the attentions paid

her, but receiving them passively, as if she cared nothing about them. Blannin eagerly noticed this peculiarity of her demeanour. There was something about the high-spirited, self-conceited girl that touched him strongly. Suspecting, from appearances, that the mother and daughter were going home, he turned back, and hurried by a circuitous path to the gates which opened upon the road to the city, and there remained till the party came down to the carriage, which was waiting without. As they approached, he drew himself up to his full height, and walking steadily up to Miss Ranne, brought them all to a stand-still.

"I beg leave, before Miss Ranne quits this place to-night," said he, with a light bow, "to express to her my deep regret that she should have been treated with incivility by a person with whom I have the honour of an intimate acquaintance—my regret that her kind politeness should have been received with behaviour not far short of rudeness. I beg to assure her nothing of the sort was intended—that it was all the merest chance of the time and occasion. Whether Miss Ranne may think it worth while to care anything about it or not, I, for my part, should not have been satisfied had I allowed her to leave this place without offering a formal apology."

He bowed stiffly, raised his hat, and was about to move away, apparently not caring whether any answer were returned to him; but Miss Ranne, with a quick, decisive movement, held out her hand to him in a manner which rendered his abrupt departure impossible. As he took the proffered hand, and bowed, she looked him full in the face, and then passed on. It was not so much the act of a bold woman, full of belief in her charms and their power, as the inspiration of a strong and wilful spirit which has formed a certain desire, and will not scruple to procure its fulfilment by whatever means it can; for there was something in the manner in which, for an instant, she gazed—it was more than a glance—at Blannin, that made him tremble with a strange emotion; and had there been no one by, he would have cast himself at her feet. The beautiful Clara seemed like a myth in comparison to the powerful, imperious reality which his heart and soul recognised in this remarkable young lady. She might have made him follow her to the ends of the earth, without speaking a word to him. The spirit of romance was stronger, and the regulation of the affections less a matter of consideration in those days than in the present; and Blannin, in recklessly surrendering himself to the influence of a newly-found attraction, was by no means out of the fashion. He followed them to their carriage door for the purpose of bidding a formal adieu. Miss Ranne merely bowed to the rest, but returned his farewell, and shook his hand, it appeared to those standing by, with something like ostentatious emphasis. To him she became talkative all at once, as the moment of separation seemed to have arrived—remarked upon the beauty and good order of the Villa Gardens, the prettiness of the illumination, the charms of the music, the pleasantness of the ball. Mrs. Ranne took her place in the carriage; and the gentlemen who had formed the escort from the ball-room, exchanging significant looks, retired, leaving Blannin behind.

"Do you return to the ball-room, Mr. Blannin?" asked Miss Ranne.

"No," answered he quickly—then adding, with some hesitation and embarrassment: "at least only for a minute or so to perform an act of politeness, which will be expected of me. I shall dance no more to night."

"Then why go back?"

"I have a reason, I—I—regret to say."

"Well, go back and go back, and by that means you will be enabled always to retain both the reason and the regret." She stepped into the carriage, and took her seat opposite her mother. Blannin was wonderstricken and indescribably touched by the bold, careless energy of her manner.

"Rather than do that, I will not go back," said he, a sharp thrill of pleasure darting through him at the inference he could not help drawing from what he had heard. "I will go home at once. May I ride?"

That night it became rumoured all through the fashionable circles of the city that the match between Mr. Blannin and Miss Farquharson was to be broken off—that Mr. Blannin had been smitten at first sight by Miss Ranne, the rich brewer's daughter—that he had left Miss Farquharson in the care of her father to get home how she could, while he himself had ridden home with the Rannes. The next day gave strong confirmation to the rumours. Blannin and Miss Ranne were observed for several hours riding about on horseback in all the most fashionable quarters of the neighborhood.

Sir John Farquharson examined the blade of his sword. He bade his daughter never mention Blannin's name again, and instructed his servants never to admit that gentleman to his house, and, if he insisted upon entering, to eject him by force. The second day after he conceived himself to have been insulted, and the honor of his family slighted, he went to Blannin's residence, and not finding him, rode straightway to that of Mrs. Ranne, where Blannin and Fanny were together.

On the evening of the same day, Clara Farquharson was sitting in her boudoir, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, a hasty step ascended the stairs, and a tall imperious figure entered the room in disorderly agitation.

"Miss Farq'on," exclaimed Fanny, for she it was, "again I restore to you your gloves. Look at them, and you will see how much they have cost me!"

She dashed the gloves upon the table as she spoke, using her left hand—the gloves upon which poor Clara had spent many an industrious, love-lorn hour! Clara's face flushed, and she rose immediately from her chair, for she had spirit and passion in her, though nothing in comparison to the headstrong, impulsive creature who now addressed her.

"Look at them, I say, and see how much they have cost me!" repeated Fanny fiercely. "And be satisfied with your revenge."

Clara looked at the gloves, and uttered a shriek of affright. The one for the right hand, on which she had wrought the initials of Stephen, was bathed in blood, with the exception of the three outside finger-parts, and the satin was cut through close beneath those portions which were

unstained. She took up the glove, and looked more closely at it. Horrible! There were the hairs of three human fingers remaining in it!

"They are mine!" cried Fanny, with frantic impetuosity—"they are mine! Keep them as an assurance of vengeance wreaked upon me for the wrong that has been done you."

She raised her right hand from beneath her shawl, and the frightened Clara saw that three of her fingers were cut off, and that the short stumps had been roughly bandaged. Before another word could be said, Miss Ranne left the house with the same vehement haste as had distinguished her coming.

Sir John and Mr. Blannin had been left alone at the request of the former; high words had arisen between them, and in the paroxysm of their quarrel, swords had been drawn without the formality of a duel. The house was alarmed; but none had been courageous enough to interfere so instantaneously as Miss Ranne, who rushed between them, and her hand coming in contact with the sword of Sir Joan, three of her fingers were cut off.

Intense excitement was occasioned by this remarkable affair. Sir John and Clara left the city, and Mr. Blannin and Miss Ranne became the observed of all observers. Fanny's hand was skillfully doctored, and, after much suffering, the remains of the fingers were healed; which consummation being happily arrived at, she resumed her horse-riding, attended by Mr. Blannin; and, perhaps to her satisfaction, her appearance was always the signal for gaping, whispering, remark, and gossip, and other symptoms of personal celebrity. The pair who had met so strangely, and so strangely wooed, were shortly afterwards married, and lived in great style, as far as the world could see, whatever might have been the state of domestic affairs. The beautiful Clara had sufficient pride to wean her heart from the remembrance of the faithless Stephen, and was also married, perhaps the more quickly in consequence of the above circumstances, and lived long and happily.

ON THE EFFECTS OF WHICH THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA MAY BE CONSIDERED THE CAUSE.

It may be looked upon as presumptuous, to attempt to trace, to their beginning, events which at our day happen, and in ages to come, will happen on this vast continent. Had America not been discovered! In the supposition of such an alternative we are lost in conjecture, and we may be continually forming to ourselves ideas of the probable state of the Eastern Hemisphere, overburthened as it might have been with an increasing population, with no grand continent far away to the westward offering inducements to its surplus enterprize, and where the struggle, between so many, to live, might have had alarming effects on the constitution of society, just as the

moment when the dark ages of the world were passing away, and mankind was beginning to approach the graces of those periods which immediately preceded the downfall of the Roman Empire.

It is all lost in conjecture as it must ever be. There is, however, an overruling Providence in it all—a Providence which inspired Columbus, at the moment when society began to be overburthened by its thousands, and while the new home which was thus pointed out to the countless myriads of his and of succeeding ages relieved, and still relieves, all the impending errors of a population becoming too large for its means of support.

To solve the great moral problem, it was an opening for the discharge of all those evil passions, which in crowded communities have perplexed statesmen, have baffled philosophers, and have induced philanthropists to give up in despair the hope of reforming mankind; while by a change more wonderful than was ever effected by magician's art, faction in the old world becomes patriotism, in the new! the adjuncts of poverty become the stepping stones to riches, and the busy emotions of man's brains, which in one world prompt to evil, in the other, afford at once the greatest impetus to enterprize, while a generous rivalry in all the arts and sciences, which enoble and adorn the human race, is created between the two hemispheres. Conjecture is again lost whether these boundless tracts of fertile lands spreading far and wide can ever become overburthened with a population which in time will seek yet undiscovered worlds to meet such an emergency.

Could Columbus have foreseen the present state of this continent, could the skilful navigator in his deep glimmerings of its existence, have observed the splendid reality which it now presents, who knows but that to his ardent mind the contemplation of such effects might have been some recompense for the coolness, the repulses and the trials which this enterprising sailor had to experience! And in the discovery of such a world, could Columbus have met with royal sympathy and patronage at once, and have inspired more confidence and belief in his expectations, there is a probability that the effects following his discovery might have been slightly different. Had the commercial mind of the Seventh Henry entered heartily into this project, this monarch, desirous, as he was of making his reign remarkable, would have found a field for his enterprize bound-

*Doubtful.—ED. A. A. MAG.

less in extent, and in which the glory of his country would have been more rapidly enhanced by its discovery. But although the enterprize of England was tardy then, it was afterwards left to Englishmen to follow up with more substantial steps the beginnings made by another nation. The accomplished Raleigh passes before our eyes,—the scientific navigator, the brilliant poet, who in the new world complimented his royal and virgin mistress in naming a colony. We pause to contemplate the life of this distinguished scholar, nor can we disconnect the idea of his sorrowful death from one of the melancholy effects of his dangerous enterprize. Referring more closely to our subject, we see colony after colony rising into importance. The names of the monarchs of England and France to this day remain inseparably connected with the countries which bear them. The phlegmatic Dutchman whom nothing but commerce could inspire, leaves his dykes and canals for the mountains and rivers of America. We see these colonies increasing daily in riches and productions; every breeze that blows fills more sails, and either hastens or retards the adventurer eager in quest of riches and novelty, or the barks deeply laden with the curiosities of another hemisphere. Further down the stream of time, we see the yeomanry of England in arms for their religion, and their rights as free men, either prepared to bring their Sovereign to the headman's-axe, or seek in the new world (which Columbus had lately discovered) a refuge from the political troubles which agitated their native land. We see the Pilgrims on the Plymouth rock—the men whose stern ideas of duty would lead them to the sacrifice of the Lord's anointed, relinquishing home, friends, kinsmen and children for the sake of principle, sincerely trusting in the rectitude of their conduct, and begetting a posterity, only too proud of the spirit which actuated their forefathers—a pride inculcating an egotism acceptable at home, but disagreeable abroad; and which, while truly honourable in itself, threatens, like an ill-set jewel, to obscure the value of the gem by its paltry decorations.

These may be some of the effects of the discovery of America in the new world itself. In the Eastern Hemisphere, while depicting the state of its western rival, we should not forget to contemplate the effects springing from a consciousness which it must have had of the existence of this vast continent. In all the sciences a fresh impetus was given. Astronomy could delight in making the truths of our solar system more palpable to the mass of mankind. Geo-

graphy burned to lay the fresh wonders of creation before the public gaze. History, anxious to pierce the cloud of mystery, in her unwearied assiduity, sees, in the wild natives themselves, the descendants of our scriptural patriarchs; and as in mankind, reads that the awe-struck traveller gazed upon the thundering cataracts and followed inland waters of glorious magnitude—now expanding to a sea, and anon contracting to numerous channels between beautiful islands, until the narrowing strait shewed a departure from one great lake only to open upon a larger, in almost endless succession. The various emotions and passions which prompt and agitate the human mind, found in these far-off lands a picture of repose and happiness. The patriot, burning with a sense of his country's wrongs and ashamed of his country's apathy, fancies he sees some connexion between the wildness of nature in the New World and that liberty which he has, perhaps, been worshipping in a questionable shape, and here selects an asylum where he can indolently indulge his vague ideas of freedom. Yes, America is looked upon as a great refuge. The Minister of State, in considering the great paradox of how so many thousands are to be maintained and fed, and kept out of idleness in his own country, cuts the matter short at once, and proposes emigration. The artisan who finds his business decaying and his family increasing, proposes emigration, and all whom vice and folly have driven from the usual walks of society, propose emigration. And they do emigrate, and the cry is, "still they come!"

Here is a most extraordinary effect of such a combination with the thousands of hardy, although unlearned, sons of soil, who bring more physical force than intellectual wealth into the land, joined to the strength and ingenuity for good or evil, possessed by those who, if they did not leave their native land to escape from justice, at least, came recklessly to follow fortune. Do they bring consolation with them? It would almost seem at first sight, that which honorable industry established, would only too readily be destroyed by the evil mind less bridle in its exercise. The result is far different, and as an effect following the discovery of America, we have presented to our view at once a great people composed of a heterogeneous mass of all nations—in an incredibly short space of time assuming a character of quickness and intelligence, with an almost intuitive enterprize, the very nature of whose country being boundless in extent, encourages, and is suggestive of the unlimited exercise of the intellect, who live in an age in which the

wildest speculations of their boyhood are realised before they attain manhood, while a golden prospect to the poor and adventurous of the whole world is still held out.

Such are only a few of the results—the most glorious of which pertain to Great Britain. We see her laws introduced and obeyed; we hear her language spoken everywhere. Without the discovery of America, it is almost impossible to conjecture what Great Britain would have been; though we can still fancy that country holding its place amongst the nations of Europe—less splendid, perhaps, in its Eastern possessions than at the present time, and with all the difficulties arising from a crowded population, still having the philanthropy and wisdom of which our laws and constitution are said to be the offspring. But at once the brilliant prospect opens. Britons commence another nation, and although centuries have passed away, it is still mindful and proud of its origin, and Britannia herself, watching the wonderful effects of the early enterprise of her sons, can now look upon their children, and with a shadowing of futurity applying to every part of this vast continent wherever her language is spoken, she sees them, although under another name, like the offspring of ancient Troy,

“*Terra potens arvis atque ubero gleba:*”

HORACE, ODE XIX, LIB. I.

TRANSLATION.

Venus, mother of the Loves,
 Daughter of the azure sea,
 And the merry, joyous boy,
 Bacchus, son of Semele;
 Frolic License joined with these,
 Cruelly my heart inspire
 To restore the smothered flames
 Of Love's all-consuming fire.
 Ah! thy charms, sweet Glycera,
 Purer in thy brilliancy
 Than the Parian marble, which
 Freely yields the palm to thee.
 Ah! thy pleasing wantonness
 And that winning face of thine
 Fire my soul to bow anew
 To the God of Love divine,
 Venus, girl with all her strength,
 That she might my heart beguile,
 Left, with all her wonted train,
 Cyprus, much-beloved isle,
 Nor permits me to recount
 Tales of Scythia's noble deeds,

Nor of Parthia's boldest, when
 Mounted on retreating steeds;
 Nor of aught but what relates
 To her unrelenting sway;
 Me, whose heart she kindles thus,
 Must her every look obey.
 Here, ye boys, the verdant turf
 And the vervain quickly place;
 Here, the sacred frankincense
 Purchased from the Arab race;
 Here, the wine which, two years since,
 Was from the Latin vineyards pressed;
 Venus, thus implored, will send
 Gentle Love to Glycera's breast.

GUSTAVE.

LITTLE BITS.

Do we doubt that pictures and decorations, of a very graceful kind, depend upon little bits? Have we heard nothing about mosaics, and inlayings, and buhl, and marquetric, and parquetric, and niello, and petro dure, and tessellated pavements, and encaustic tiles? All these are but so many applications of little bits—bits of enamel, bits of glass, bits of gems, bits of stone, bits of marble, bits of metal, bits of wood, bits of cement, bits of clay. Marked developments of skill and patience are connected with the working up of these little bits; and all the world knows that productions of great beauty result. Enamel, pebbles, marble and clay, irrespective of metal and wood, form a very pretty family of little bits, as a brief glance will easily show us.

The little bits of enamel which constitute mosaic are the subjects of a most minute and tiresome routine of processes—perhaps more than the products are worth. A true mosaic picture consists of an infinity of little bits of enamel, disposed according to their colours, and imbedded in a frame-work prepared for their reception. Enamel is nothing more than opaque glass, the colours being given by the admixture of various metallic oxides. The number of varieties is quite enormous; for in order to produce all the hues of a picture, there must not only be every colour, but many shades or tints of each. The Pope himself is a mosaic manufacturer. He keeps up an establishment near St. Peter's; and, at this establishment there are, it is asserted, no fewer than seventeen thousand tints of enamel, all arranged and labelled in boxes and drawers, whence they are selected as the compositor would select his type. The enamel is cast into slabs; and each slab, by means of hammers, saws, files, lapidary-wheels, and other mechanical aids, is cut into tiny bits; or else the enamel, while hot and plastic from the

furnace, is drawn out into threads or small sticks; for some of the bits for a small picture are as thin as sewing-thread. A back or groundwork for the picture is prepared, in marble, slate or copper; it is hollowed out to a depth varying from a sixteenth of an inch to an inch, according to the size of the picture. The cavity is filled up with plaster of Paris; and the artist draws his design with great care on the plaster. When the ground and the enamels are ready, the mosaicist begins. He digs out a very small portion of the plaster, in accordance with particular lines in the design, and fills up this cavity with a kind of putty or soft mastic, into which the little bits of enamel are pressed one by one. Thus hour by hour, week by week, and even year by year, the artist proceeds; guided by the design on the plaster in scooping out each little portion; and guided by the original picture or sketch in selecting the colours of the enamels. When the picture is finished, it is ground perfectly level with emery; and any minute defects or interstices are filled with a mixture of wax and ground enamel.

The works produced in this enamel-mosaic are in some cases really wonderful. When Napoleon was lord of the destinies of Italy, he ordered a mosaic copy of Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of the Last Supper, the same size as the original, twenty-four feet by twelve. Ten mosaicists were employed for eight years on this work, at a cost of more than seven thousand pounds. The Emperor of Austria, we believe, now possesses this extraordinary production. The face in a portrait of Pope Paul the Fifth is said to consist of more than a million-and-a-half of bits, each no longer than a millet-seed. There was exhibited in London, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, a mosaic table-top, containing a series of beautiful views in Italy. Perhaps the most wonderful specimens ever produced were two which had no back or groundwork whatever, presenting a mosaic picture on each surface. They were formed of coloured enamel fibres fitted side by side, and fused together into a solid mass. One specimen was an ornamental device; the other was a representation of a duck; and both exhibited great delicacy of outlines and tints by the occasional employment of transparent coloured glass intermixed among the opaque coloured enamels. So minutely were the details worked out, that the eye of the duck, and the feathers on the breast and wings, were imitated almost as exactly as could have been done by a miniature painter. It was one consequence of the mode in which these singular mosaics were produced, that the picture on one surface was a reverse of that on the other: the duck's head being to the right in the one, and to the left in the other.

True mosaic pictures are not common in this country, being very expensive productions.

In an artistic point of view, too, there is a limit to the excellence; for there must necessarily be a certain hardness of outline, unless the bits be almost infinitely small and almost infinitely varied in colour. If a mosaic be examined, all the separate bits will be readily seen, joined by lines more or less visible, according as the work is coarsely or finely executed. Like a young lady's Berlin pattern, the little squares are of many colours, but each square is of one definite uniform colour; indeed, we do not see why Berlin work should not be honoured with the name of mosaic.

The theory of little bits is as susceptible of practical application with humble glass as with imperial enamel. There is a substance known as Keene's cement, which becomes as hard as marble, and receives a polish very little inferior to it. An ingenious artist has contrived so to combine little bits of coloured glass as to form a mosaic adornment to articles fabricated in this cement; the white polish of the cement, and the coloured brilliancy of the glass contrasting well with each other. Productions of a very fanciful kind have in this way been sent forth; one consists of a pair of twisted columns upon pedestals, six or seven feet high, and intended to hold lamps or vases; the columns themselves are made of the cement, and the glass mosaic is introduced around the spiral shaft of the column in bands of different patterns; while the pedestal exhibits the mosaic in a geometrical rather than an ornate style. The bits of glass are imbedded in the cement while wet, and the whiteness of the cement assists in rendering apparent the colours of the mosaic. It is evident that, if once this art should tickle the fancy and open the purse of his majesty, the public, an infinite variety of applications would be forthcoming—to walls, table-tops, chimney-pieces, pilasters, and so forth. It must be admitted, however, that this sort of mosaic is a very humble competitor to that in enamel; it is upholsterer's mosaic instead of artist's mosaic.

There is an elegant kind of mosaic or inlaying practised by the Italians, and called by them *pietra dura*, or hard stone. It consists of little bits of pebble imbedded in a slab of marble. The stone is really hard, for it comprises such varieties as quartz, agate, jasper, chalcedony, jute, cornelian, and lapis lazuli; and the formation of these into a regular pattern calls for the exercise of much patience and ingenuity. The artist first takes a slab of black marble, level in surface, and very little exceeding an eighth of an inch in thickness; he draws upon this the outline of his design; he patiently cuts away the requisite portions by means of files and saws; and he has thus prepared the ground-work on which his labours are to be hereafter bestowed. He then attends to the *pietra dura*, the gems,

the little bits; every piece is, by lapidaries' tools, cut to the exact size and form necessary to fit it for the little vacancy which it is to occupy; and all are thus adjusted until the mosaic pattern is completed. The thin fragile tablet thus prepared would never bear the wear and tear of active service unless further strengthened; it is on this account applied as a veneer to a thicker slab of marble or other stone. This is an extremely difficult art to accomplish with any degree of success; for in the imitation of natural objects, or in anything beyond a mere geometrical design, it is necessary to exercise great judgment in selecting the colours of the stones, and in fashioning each to a particular shape. The Florentine artists are especially skilled in this elegant art; they generally use pebbles picked up on the banks of the Arno. The Russians also show a fondness for these productions, which they vary by applying the small pebbles in relief on the surface of a slab; but this is not properly mosaic—it is a sort of stone-modelling in relieve, or it may deserve the name of cameo-mosaic, which has been given it. The jaspers and other pebbles, found abundantly in Siberia, enable the Russians to imitate various kinds of fruits with surprising correctness, in this cameo-mosaic. But the Hindoos excel both Florentines and Russians in *pietra dura* work; their designs are more elegant, and their workmanship more minute and delicate.

If a variegated marble pavement be called mosaic—which may be done by applying the theory of little bits to big bits—then we have many mosaics in England. But even here the Italians beat us hollow; for that is a land in which marble seems especially at home. The pavement of our own St. Paul's Cathedral shows how rich a design may be worked out by this application of marble. The artist, of course, sketches his designs originally on paper; and by giving to each piece of white or grey or black marble the size corresponding with the proper ratio, the design becomes developed on the whole area of the pavement.

But there are other applications of marble, approaching a little more nearly to the character of mosaics. As the pattern is made smaller, so can the details be made more delicate, more pictorial, more approaching to a work of art. Indeed, every one can see at a glance, that as stone can be cut into very little bits, so can these bits be combined in ornate or mosaic forms. Derbyshire is a redoubtable workshop for such productions, on account of the numberless varieties of stone, marble, and spar which it possesses; most of them very readily cut. Devonshire is another of our counties in which this mosaic art is practised. Sometimes a pattern is cut, in intaglio, in a solid block or slab of marble, and the cavities are filled up with a mosaic of small coloured pieces; whereas in other specimens a thin

veener of mosaic is formed, and is then cemented upon a slab of inferior stone, or else is cemented down piece by piece without being previously formed into a veneer. The Derbyshire mosaics produced, until recent years, were scarcely worthy of the name, being little more than a jumble of bits, placed side by side, because they differed in colour and shape, and imbedded in cement; but they now approach to the excellence of Florentine mosaic or *pietra dura*; and some of the works produced at Derby, Matlock, Buxton, Bakewell, and Castleton, are really beautiful. Chimney-pieces, table-tops, chess-boards, panels, caskets, and ornaments, are thus produced by a combination of British marbles in the natural state, stained marble, Sienna and other foreign marbles, malachite, aventurine, shells, and glass—forming a rich if not artistic kind of mosaic. There are not wanting, and are not likely to be wanting, those who can and will produce marble mosaics, if purchasers can and will pay for them. Three or four years ago, a German artist, Herr Ganser, a pupil of the distinguished sculptor, Schwanthaler, exhibited in London a mosaic which must have called forth a vast amount of time and patience. It was about a yard in length, and not much less in breadth. It represented the Gemini—Castor and Pollux—on horseback. The two naked youths were built up with little bits of marble, varying in tint to imitate the lights and shades of the nude figures, the whole having more or less a warm or reddish tinge; while the two grey horses were represented by numerous tints of grey and white marble.

Little bits of granite, of freestone, of limestone, and of such-like building materials, would be out of place; we should as soon think of setting an elephant to dance on the tight-rope, as to make a mosaic picture of such bits. Yet, can we imagine that houses, and terraces, and pavements, by a judicious combination of warm-tinted, and yellow-tinted, and blue-tinted stones, might have an effect given to them agreeable to the eye, without degenerating into meretricious tawdriness; all would depend on the taste with which this was done. Since the art of polishing granite has become better known and more practised, the dark varieties of this stone have been much used to give a pleasing contrast with stones of a lighter colour.

Little bits of clay have been formed into mosaics since the times of the Romans certainly—perhaps long before. We call such mosaics by the learned names of tessellated pavements and encaustic tiles. The red bits, at least, in the Roman pavements, are clay; but the majority of the pieces are formed of stone or marble. The best and costliest pavements (such as that still existing at the Baths of Caracalla) were made of coloured marbles of various kinds; but the inferior productions, such as those occasionally dug up to light in

England, and other parts of Europe, are usually made of such coloured stones as happened to be found in the vicinity. As there is no easily-obtained stone having so bright a red colour as burned clay, it was usual to employ the last-named material for this tint. In respect to the name, a *tessera* was a cubical piece of stone or other substance; a *tessela* was a smaller piece of the same shape; and thus a pavement of small cubical pieces came to be called a tessellated pavement. The pavement found at Woodchester, some years ago, had grey tessellæ of blue lias, dark brown of grit-stone, light brown of hyalite limestone, and red of fine brick. The tessellæ, in the rougher specimens, had joints, exhibiting gaping vacancies, which were filled up with cement.

When our pottery-people, or (to be more respectful) our porcelain-manufacturers, began to make clay pavements and slabs, they were puzzled to decide on the best combination of materials. One plan was to inlay tessellæ of stone with coloured cement; another was to inlay tessellæ of terra-cotta (baked clay) with similar cements. But it was found that in such combinations the tessellæ and the cement were of unequal hardness, and that the pavement consequently wore away into holes. Another plan was to use tessellæ of cement coloured with metallic oxides; and a fourth consisted in the substitution of bitumen for the cement. At length, the experiments arrived at the method of employing clay in varying degrees of softness, and treated by very ingenious processes.

There are three methods, altogether different, now employed in producing these clay mosaics for pavements; we may call them the soft, the liquid, and the dry methods. In the soft method, clay of fine quality is coloured in different tints; thin slabs are formed in each colour; small cubes or other shaped pieces are cut from each slab, and the tubes are cemented, side by side, upon any required ground-work. The surface of such a mosaic would wear well, because the clay tessellæ, after baking, would have equal density. In the liquid method, the pavement is built up of square tiles, instead of small tessellæ, and each tile is made in stiff clay, with the pattern cut out to the depth of a quarter of an inch; a mould is taken for this, having, of course, the pattern in relief. Stiff coloured clay (perhaps brown) is forced into this mould by means of a press, and there is thus produced a damp heavy square tile with a sunken pattern. To fill up this pattern, liquid clay is prepared (perhaps yellow,) or clay with a honey-like consistence; this is filled into the cavities with a trowel or knife; and the tile, after being very slowly dried, is scraped level and clean at the surface, baked in a kiln, and glazed—making its final appearance as an ornamental highly-glazed brown and yellow tile, which may be combined with its brother tiles in the forma-

tion of a pavement. The fact required in this art is, to select such materials that the liquid clay shall shrink in drying just as much as the stiffer clay, and no more: this is essential to the production of a sound and level surface. The third or dry method is a very remarkable one. When flint and fine clay are reduced to powder and thoroughly mixed, they may be brought into a solid form by intense pressure, without any softening or liquefying process. The ground materials are mixed with the requisite colouring substances—black, red, blue, yellow, green, and so forth—and are then forced into small steel moulds with such enormous force as to reduce the powder to one-fourth of its former bulk. Thus is produced an intensely hard and durable solid cube—or it may have a triangular or a hexagonal or a rhomboidal surface. Having thus provided himself with an army of tessellæ, little bits, the maker unites them into a slab by a substratum of cement, and lays this slab upon any prepared foundation.—*Household Words.*

BRIGHT TINTS ON A DARK GROUND.

BY MRS. CROWE.

We have all heard and read a great deal about the atrocities of the first French Revolution; let us for once take a glance at the other side of the picture, and recall to memory some extenuating circumstances, and a few of the generous deeds that relieve the horrors of those terrible scenes—deeds little known, their mild light having been too much overlooked amidst the lurid glare that surrounds them.

Perhaps one of the most frightful passages in the history of that period is the one which records the events of the month of September, 1792, when the mob of Paris, in a paroxysm of insanity, broke into the prisons, then crammed with the victims of political fury, and massacred the captives, on the plea that they were aristocrats. Napoleon, when at St. Helena, asserted that it was less cruelty than fear that prompted this general slaughter. The country was threatened with a powerful invading army, and the people who were called upon to go forth to defend it, dreading re-action in their absence, made a wild resolution to leave no enemies behind them. Danton said, "You must terrify the Royalists!" "Il faut de l'audace! encore de l'audace! toujours de l'audace!" (You must be bold! bolder! ever bolder!) And, wrought into fury, they steeped their arms to the elbow in blood to appease it. And yet it is remarkable, that in these savage September massacres, the Princess de Lamballe was the only woman that perished. The slaughter commenced on Sunday, the 2d, a day when all the mob of Paris was in the streets; for there was a great deal to be seen on that day. The

red flag waved from the Hotel de Ville, and at the door of each of the forty-eight sections, and scaffolds, ornamented with green boughs, were erected in every square and open place, to which 60,000 Parisians were hurrying to take the oath of allegiance, before marching to the frontier to repel the enemies of the republic; whilst every two minutes the deep-voiced cannon of alarm boomed forth a lugubrious warning that the country was in danger. In short, Paris was frantic, and it was just at this moment of fury and excitement, that four hackney-coaches, containing amongst them twenty-four priests sentenced to banishment, passed along the Quai, on the way to the prison called l'Abbaye. The people inquired who these prisoners were? "They are aristocrats," replied the Marseillais who escorted them; "villains, traitors, who boast that, whilst you were away resisting the Prussians and the Emigrants that would invade our hearths, they will murder your wives and children." The poor priests tried to draw up the glasses, but their guards objected to this, and, instead of hastening, slackened the pace of their horses. Maddened at this, and at the insults they received, one of the prisoners stretched forth his arm, and struck one of the escort with his cane, in return for which the man made a thrust at him with his sabre. This was the signal, the key-note that gave the tone to all that followed. Three only of these unfortunates escaped, through the generous aid of a watchmaker called Monnot; and one of these three, happily for the world, was the Abbé Sicard, afterwards so much idolized in France as the pupil and successor of the famous Abbé de l'Épée, teacher of the deaf and dumb. In the 1818, the writer of this article enjoyed the honor of an interview with the venerable Abbé Sicard, a pale, thin, benevolent-looking old man, whose life was wholly devoted to carrying out the system of instruction invented by his predecessor, for the development of faculties which had been hitherto supposed out of the reach of cultivation.

The *Septembriseurs*, as the assassins of that particular period were called, next proceeded to the Carmelites, where upwards of two hundred priests were slain; for in the beginning it was only against them that the fury raged. To each of these the question was first put—"Will you take the oath of allegiance to the Republic?" "*Potius mori quam fedari*," was the noble answer of all.

In the progress of the mob from prison to prison, they generally experienced very little delay at the gates, the jailors being but too willing to throw them wide on the approach of these savage visitors; fear and inclination both combining to forbid resistance. But there were one or two honorable exceptions to this rule. In order to get through their business the quicker, the assassins had separated into

bands, each taking a department for itself, and it happened that the party destined for the prison of St. Pelagie, finding themselves exhausted with their hard work, stopped at a tavern on their road, to renew their energies with wine. In this interval, some one seems to have given warning to Bouchotte, the jailor, for, on arriving at the gates they found them closed; neither was any notice taken of their knocks or cries for admittance. All within was silent as the grave. "The citizen Bouchotte has been beforehand with us, I fancy," said their leader; "he has done the job himself, and saved us the trouble." Hereupon, tools were procured, and an entrance being effected, the jail was found emptied of all its inmates, except the jailor and his wife, whom they found fast bound with cords.

"You are too late, citizen!" said Bouchotte; "the prisoners, hearing of your intentions, revolted against our authority, and after serving us as you see, have made their escape."

The assassins were deceived, and after releasing Bouchotte and his wife from their bonds, proceeded on their bloody errand to the Bicêtre; nor was it disclosed, till no danger could accrue from revealing the secret, that the prisoners had escaped through a private door, with the connivance of the jailor and his wife, who had suffered themselves to be bound in order to deceive the mob, and thus escape the penalty of their virtuous action.

At Bicêtre, the September carnage was terrible. According to Richard, the worthy, excellent jailor, who survived to relate the tale many years afterwards, there were one hundred and sixty-six adults and thirty-three children slain; and the assassins complained that the latter were more troublesome to kill than the grown people. "There was," says he, "a mountain of little bodies in one corner of the court; some were sadly mutilated, others looked like angels asleep. It was a sight to melt the heart of stone." This Richard is the man who had the courage to treat the unhappy Marie Antoinette with humanity, when she was placed under his keeping in the Conciergerie.

Though there were three thousand prisoners in Bicêtre, and although they were fully aware that the mob was approaching with murderous intentions, there was no disturbance; on the contrary, the universal sensation was indicated by the most profound silence; "you might have heard the buzzing of a fly," said Richard. About three thousand, too was the number of the assailants, but not more than two hundred took part in the affair either as judges or executioners—for judges they appointed—and this is the one redeeming feature in the case, namely, that, as soon as their rancour against the priests had been allayed by their blood, they sought to temper their cruelty by a wild kind of justice. They selected, amongst the most respectable, a certain number to sit in

judgment in the Registry, and having obliged the jailors to lay before them the books in which the names, offences, and characters of the prisoners were enrolled, they carefully perused them, calling for each individual in his turn. Those who were so paralysed as to be unable to speak, or who fell to the ground, their limbs refusing to sustain them, were at once condemned. "Conduct the citizen to the Abbaye," was the form in which the president pronounced sentence. Two men then took the prisoner by the arms, and led him forth between two files of executioners, who slew him with their axes, or pikes, or whatever weapon they happened to have. All were killed in this manner, as it has been generally believed. As soon as the victim was dead, they stripped the body; the clothes were appropriated by those who needed them, which were not a few; but the watches and money were punctually carried to the Registry, and there deposited. Those who were acquitted, were cheered and embraced, and at first they were set at liberty, amidst cries of "Vive la Nation;" but the mob afterwards considered that, as many of these persons were homeless and friendless, and had been shut up for one crime or another, it might be dangerous to let them loose on society all at once; and it was resolved to confine them provisionally, till the section should decide how to dispose of them. Of course, it was against those they considered aristocrats and royalists that their enmity was directed, not against ordinary criminals. The judges were twelve in number and were relieved every three or four hours. The sick, the decrepit, and the insane, were all left unharmed; and, indeed so anxious were the people that no mischief should befall them, that they had them shut up in the dormitories, to keep them out of danger.

At night the carnage was intermitted; the executioners needed repose; it was no light matter to extinguish so many lives; many had clung tenaciously to existence, and died fearfully hard. The assassins passed the night in the prison in company with the functionaries attached to it, and on the following morning resumed their terrific labours. On this day, which was the 4th, the children were slain—"the slaughter of the innocents!" It was three o'clock in the afternoon before their work was concluded, and they quitted the prison. When they were gone, and the keepers had time to look about them, the survivors were called over, and the dead buried, betwixt two beds of quicklime. One of the most extraordinary features of this affair was, that during the massacre every thing was conducted with the greatest order. Except the cries of the victims, there was no noise; the gates were kept closed; none of the inhabitants were allowed to approach the windows, lest the mob without should fire on

them; and whole internal business of the prison went on as usual.

It is asserted that, before commencing this destruction of life, a council was held, in order to discuss what mode of execution was preferable. Some proposed to set fire to the prisons, others to assemble the prisoners in the cellars, and drown them like rats by means of the pumps; but this indiscriminate slaughter not suiting their rude ideas of justice, individual assassination after a form of trial was decided upon.

At the prison named l'Abbaye, the Besogne, as they called it, seems to have been conducted with less decorum, owing to the president of the tribunal there being of brutal character. He was called Maillard, but was surnamed Tapedur (Strike Hard), an appellation which speaks for itself. He wore a grey coat, and a sabre at his side, and stood nearly the whole time at the end of a table, on which were bottles, glasses, pipes, and writing materials. The rest of the judges, some of whom wore aprons, or were without coats, sat, or stood, or lay their lengths on the benches, as it happened to suit them. Two men, in shirts stained with blood, and with sabres in their hands, guarded the wicket; and one of the turnkeys kept his hand upon the bolt. M. Journiac St. Méard, who had the good fortune to be one of the acquitted, relates, that the president having taken off his hat, said to the others, "I see no reason for suspecting this citizen, and I grant him his liberty. Do you agree?"

The judges assenting, the president commissioned three persons, as a deputation, to go forth and inform the people of this decision. "The three deputies were then called in, and I being placed under their protection, they bade me put on my hat, and then led me into the street. As soon as we were there, one of them cried, "Hats off! This is he for whom your judges demand help and aid!" The executive power then took possession of me, and placed me between four torches, for it was night, and I was embraced and congratulated by the people, amidst cries of "Vive la Nation!" These honours entitled me to the protection of the mob, who allowed me to pass, and I proceeded to my own residence, accompanied by the three deputies who had been commanded to see me safe there."

When, after the usual examination, the president, instead of an acquittal, said, "A la Force!" it was a formula of condemnation. The prisoner followed his guides, expecting to be transferred to another prison, but at the last wicket he was felled to the earth, and quickly dispatched. On the night of the 2d of September, one hundred and sixty bodies were stretched lifeless in the court of the prison, and amongst them several persons of worth and distinction. Some had resigned themselves at once to the fate that awaited them; others sought to escape by force or cunning, which

only served to prolong their sufferings. M. Nougaret relates, that an ecclesiastic, whilst waiting his turn to be summoned before the judges, bethought himself of throwing off his robes, which were sure to condemn him, and, having rolled them in a bundle and hid them, he attired himself in some wretched cast-off rags, which had been left by a vagrant on the floor of the dungeon. When interrogated before the tribunal as to the cause of his imprisonment, he replied, "I am a poor beggar, and because I begged my bread in the street, I was seized and thrown into jail." Upon this answer, to the correctness of which his rags attested, he was discharged. Intoxicated with joy, he hastened home, but in the street in which he lived, he met two of his neighbours, one of whom was a butcher and a savage Jacobin. "Rejoice with me, my friends!" cried he; by this disguise I have escaped death, and regained my liberty." These were his last words; another moment saw him a corpse at their feet, pierced with wounds.

Our readers will think, whilst perusing the record of these horrors, that we are forgetting the extenuating circumstances and the generous deeds we promised them. It is difficult indeed to excuse such enormities as these; but, as regards the mob, the extenuation is to be found immediately in their fears, and remotely in their sufferings. There is no doubt that these monstrous murders were committed under the influence of a panic, and we all know what blind fools or frantic wild beasts men become under that influence. Their leaders, for their own purposes, roused their terrors, and instigated them to violence, which they told them was the only means of counteracting the cunning devices of the aristocrats; and the people had too lively a recollection of the oppressions they had endured, not to be thrown into fury at the prospect of again falling under the yoke. Yet, in the midst of their frenzy, they paid a homage to justice; and, to the best of their rude capacities, avoided taking the lives of any whom they did not believe dangerous to their newly-acquired liberties.

A few days previous to the fatal 2d of September, Mademoiselle Cazotte, then only seventeen years of age, who had been thrown into prison with her father, under the usual accusation of being an aristocrat, was discharged; but she would not leave him, and with some difficulty she obtained the favor of still sharing his confinement. When the day of massacre arrived, M. Cazotte, being condemned by the judges, was about to perish beneath the weapons of the assassins, when she threw herself before him, crying "Kill me, but spare my father!" Her beauty and devotion touched these savage hearts, and there was a cry of "Grace! Grace!" repeated by a hundred voices. The file opened to let

them pass; and this virtuous daughter had the happiness of restoring her father to his home and family. But her joy was of short duration; the old man was again arrested, and his daughter's devotion could not save him, though she accompanied him to prison, and attended him to the last moment of his life. He was condemned this time, not by the illegal, but by the legalized assassins, and perished by the guillotine, at the age of seventy-four.

Cazotte was an author, and man of letters; but is now chiefly remembered by his daughter's devotion, and by the singular prophecy which he delivered in a moment of (apparently) inspiration, in the year 1788, when he foretold to a company of eminent persons the fate which awaited each individual, himself included, in consequence of the revolution then but commencing.

Another devoted daughter, Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, more fortunate, preserved the life of her father, which the assassins granted to her, on condition that she drank a cup of blood! At a later period, when Madame de Rosaambo accompanied her father, the venerable Malesherbes, to execution, she said to Mademoiselle de Sombreuil, "You have had the glory of saving your father: I have the consolation of dying with mine!"

As we before observed, the celebrated Abbé Sicard was one of the twenty-four priests who were attacked by the assassins on their way to the prison of the Abbaye. Just as he was about to fall beneath their pikes, the watchmaker, Monnot, threw himself before him, crying, "It is the Abbé Sicard; a man who is a blessing to his country. You shall only reach his body through mine!"

Sicard then addressed them:—"I instruct the deaf and dumb," said he; "and since this misfortune is much more common amongst the poor than the rich, I belong more to you than to them."

The people were moved, and taking him in their arms, they would have carried him to his home in triumph, but now a scruple seized him, and he represented to them, that, having been arrested by a legal authority, he did not feel himself justified in accepting freedom at their hands. He therefore proceeded to the Abbaye, where, during the ensuing forty-eight hours, he was several times on the point of being massacred. He was, however, restored to liberty on the 4th.

Beaumarchais, the celebrated dramatic poet, relates, that, having been arrested and brought before the mayor, his examination proving satisfactory, he was about to be released, when a little man, with black hair and a ferocious countenance, stepped forward, and whispered something to the president, which changed the state of affairs, and he was re-

conducted to the Abbaye. This little man was Marat.

There were one hundred and eighty-two of us (says he) confined in eighteen small rooms, and, as we knew that the enemy had taken Longevy, and were expected to enter Verdun, we apprehended that which actually ensued; namely, that the people would be seized with a panic, and that we should probably be all assassinated. On the 29th of August, however, as we were sadly discussing this unpleasant prospect, I was called out by one of the turnkeys.

"Who wants me?" said I.

"Monsieur Manuel, and some members of the municipality," he replied.

He went away, and we looked at each other. Thierry (who had been first valet de chambre to the king) said, "He is your enemy, is he not?"

"Alas!" I replied, "I hear he is, although I never beheld him. Doubtless my hour is come."

They all cast down their eyes, and were silent.

When I entered the lodge where the municipality were, I asked which was Monsieur Manuel.

"It is I," said one of them, advancing.

"Sir!" I rejoined, "though strangers to each other, we have had a public dispute on the subject of certain contributions. I assure you I not only paid my own, but those of many others who were unable to do it for themselves. My situation must have become very imminent, when you think it necessary to lay aside the public business, to come here and occupy yourself with mine."

"Sir!" answered Manuel, "the first duty of a public officer is to release a prisoner unjustly confined. Your accuser has turned out a rogue, and it is to efface the memory of our public difference that I have come in person to release you."

This was on the 29th of August; on the 2d of September, Beaumarchais, hearing that free egress from the city was permitted, went into the country to dinner. At four o'clock the tocsin sounded, and the massacre commenced.

Manuel committed many horrible crimes; he not only foresaw the crisis that was approaching, but was one of its chief promoters; yet he saved Beaumarchais, and certainly from no private or interested motive.

A worse monster than St. Just the annals of the Revolution scarcely exhibit, yet we have a good deed to tell of him too.

The Abbé Schneider was a concentration of all the sin and wickedness that the convulsions of France developed or disclosed. As active as cruel and unscrupulous, he committed every conceivable atrocity in the name of liberty. One of his favorite feats was to invite himself to dine with some respectable family,

who from fear entertained him with profusion; and as soon as the dinner was over, he would call in his myrmidons, and, under color of some absurd accusation, condemn and execute the unfortunate *amphytrion* within his own walls!

This wretch had formerly been a monk, and, wishing to efface this stigma on his patriotism, he changed his name, and determined to take a wife. The bride he selected was a young lady of great beauty and merit, who resided near Strasburg, and her father, who was a very rich man, was in prison as an aristocrat. Him Schneider released, and then, inviting himself to dinner with them, he communicated his intentions. Exactly opposite the windows of the apartment in which they were dining, was drawn up the ambulatory guillotine, which was ready to chop off her father's head, if she refused; so, pretending to be extremely grateful and flattered, she entreated her parent's consent to the match, which of course he durst not refuse.

"I am so proud of this distinction," said she, "that I request the ceremony may be public, and that I may be married in the city, in order that every one may know I am the chosen bride of our first citizen."

Schneider consented.

On the following day, the cavalcade, consisting of the bride and groom in an open carriage drawn by six horses, preceded by four outriders, and followed by a number of gentlemen on horseback, entered the gates of Strasburg; the procession being closed by the heavy car which bore about the guillotine and the executioner. The Abbé was quite in his glory. In their progress, however, they had to pass under the balcony where stood St. Just, out of compliment to whom the procession paused. When the young lady saw him, she leapt from the carriage, and throwing herself upon her knees on the pavement, and raising her arms, she cried aloud, "Justice, citizen, justice! I appeal to the Convention!" And in a few words related her case. St. Just granted her his protection.

"What would you have done, had you been obliged to marry him?" asked he.

"Killed him to-night," she replied, showing him a dagger she had hid in her bosom. "Now," she added, "I ask you to pardon him."

But Schneider, after being dragged about the city, tied to his favourite guillotine, was thrown into prison, and afterwards executed.

These last were the good actions of bad men; they were exceptional, but we now come to record a case of a different kind.

The name of Labussiere was almost forgotten in France, when Flcury, the celebrated French actor, who, amongst others, owed him his life, restored him to the memories and gratitude of his countrymen, by publishing a sketch of his merits and services. Labussiere had himself been a performer of low comedy

parts in one of the humblest theatres of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and, according to Fleury, he was one of the first actors in that particular line that Paris has produced. He seems to have been a sort of Grimaldi, a clown who received blows and kicks with infinite grace, and was the delight of the grisettes and artisans of the faubourg. "Well," says Fleury, "this incomparable simpleton, who threw his audience nightly into roars of laughter, proved himself one of the most noble, subtle, and audaciously courageous men in France. Hundreds of times did Labussière risk his own life to save that of others, who had often no claim on his generosity but their need of it. Never was there seen such devotion, such self-sacrifice, nor such dexterity and *finesse* , as he displayed in the execution of his benevolent schemes.

As was the case with so many others, Labussière's fortune was ruined by the Revolution, and whilst he was looking about for something to do, a friend in power who knew him to be suspected as an aristocrat, proposed to him, as a measure of safety, to *afficher* his republicanism, by becoming a member of the Committee of Public Safety. Labussière reflected a little, and then accepted. The first office he held was in the Bureau de Correspondance, to which all the denunciations from the departments were addressed. Here the inhumanity of the accusers and the fulseness of the accusations soon disgusted him so much, that he wished to resign; but his protector, hating that to resign was to offer his head to the guillotine, kindly transferred him to the Bureau where the names and offences of those already in confinement were registered; "a blessed event," says Fleury, "for the Comedie Francaise, and for hundreds of innocent victims whom his situation enabled him to save by destroying the accusations and the lists; for in this office were kept all the papers which were to be produced against the prisoners on their trials. At first he felt his way cautiously, abstracting a paper here and there, but, as soon as he saw how little order there was, he set to work on a larger scale; for neither was there any strict account kept of the prisoners, nor was it well known who was dead or who alive; insomuch that an order was very frequently issued to release people who had been executed months before." "On one occasion," says M. de l'Espinaud, "an order arrived for the liberation of eighty persons, when it was discovered that sixty-two of them had already been guillotined."

"I set myself, in the beginning," said Labussière, to save the fathers and mothers of families, of all ranks, rich or poor. I hoped this would bring me good luck. I first dexterously slipped out their papers, and, when I found an opportunity, I locked them carefully in a private drawer. Then, in the middle of the night, I returned to the office, with steal-

thy steps, and in the dark, and clutched the fruits of my day's pilfering. But now came my greatest difficulty. Going in was easy enough, and I could have found an excuse, had I been observed; but coming out with the papers was another affair. The packets were often bulky; fire there was none, and, with the slightest suspicion, I lost my own head, and my proteges' too. The first time I tried this, I was nearly at my wit's end; and my agitation and anxiety were so great, that, to relieve the headache they occasioned, I felt about for a bucket of water that was kept there to cool the wine. Suddenly a thought struck me. By wetting the papers, I could press them into a small compass! "O, my God, I thank thee!" cried I: it was like an inspiration. But it was summer time, and fires rare; so, to annihilate all traces of these fatal papers, I used to go daily to take a bath, where I subdivided the large lumps into small ones, and these I let float away into the river. In a very short period, I had thus saved nearly a thousand people." By and by came complaints from the committee, to the effect, that the lists were getting more and more imperfect, with a hint that there must be some traitor in the garrison; but Labussière dared on, and made his paper bullets nevertheless.

The whole company of the principal theatre in Paris was at this period in prison, and, as their detention was a matter of public notoriety, it was exceedingly perilous to abstract their papers, the more especially as they had been repeatedly called for; but, when he could withhold them no longer, Labussière resolved, at all risks, to destroy them. Having selected a night that appeared favourable to his purpose, he had made his way to the office, and had got possession of the packet, when, to his horror, he heard the voices of St. Just, Collot d' Herbois, and Fouquier Tinville, the one proceeding from above, and the others from below, so that he found himself between two fires. In this dilemma, he suddenly recollected that there was a large chest at hand, in which the store of wood for the winter was usually deposited. It was now nearly empty, so he jumped into it, and shut the lid. In a moment more, down came Fouquier Tinville, and seated himself upon it, whilst he raved his colleagues for their want of zeal, and then came Collot d' Herbois, and, seating himself beside him, began to play the "Devil's Tattoo" with his heel against the side. By and by, however, they arose and departed, and when he could no longer distinguish their voices, the prisoner stole out, and, through many difficulties and dangers, at length succeeded in sending the perilous parcel down the stream, after those which had preceded it. The accidents and dangers this worthy man encountered, in order to save the lives of persons who were often utter strangers to him, would fill a volume; yet he survived to tell the tale, which he used

to do with extraordinary vivacity and dramatic effect, beginning quietly and softly, and becoming more and more animated, as he drew nearer to the moment when his prisoner was safe.

We will conclude this paper with an anecdote that belongs to another period. After the French Revolution of 1830, many persons were arrested under suspicion of republicanism; amongst these was Zanoff, a Swiss of humble condition. He was seized two hundred miles from Paris, whither he was forced to march, handcuffed and on foot, like a thief or an assassin, to be thrown into prison. But this was not the worst. Zanoff had a wife and child, whom he adored, and his confinement robbed them of their bread. They followed him to Paris, where both mother and infant soon fell sick. What was to be done? As soon as she was able, she sought for work; but, alas! the times were hard, and she could get no employment, except on condition that she separated herself from her child. Every day she came to the parlour where the prisoners saw their friends, and Zanoff shared his miserable pittance of food with them; but it could not support them all; she saw him wasting away daily, and preferred starving to taking it. The poor man became distracted. One day he went to M. Laplain, a Swiss gentleman also in confinement for the same offence, and asked him if their trial would soon take place.

"Alas!" returned M. Laplain, "they have just deferred it for another month!"

"Sir!" said Zanoff, "if one of us died, would our wives and children be deserted by the party we have suffered for?"

"Ey, Zanoff!" said M. Laplain, "honest men never forsake their allies. But are you ill?"

"Very ill, sir."

"Then go to bed, and if you want anything let me know." Zanoff did as he was bid, had a feverish night, and in the morning sent for M. Laplain, and repeated his question, "If I die, will my wife and child have bread?"

"Assuredly they will; make yourself easy, and rest."

"I will," said Zanoff, in a firm voice.

On the following day, Zanoff committed suicide. He was discovered before he was dead, and they tried to save him; but he tore off their bandages, and would not be saved.

"Shut up here," said he, "I cannot work for my family; when I am gone, they will be provided for."

Yet on Zanoff's breast was found, when he was dead, a golden *fleur de lis* of considerable value, which he would not sell to purchase that bread he voluntarily died to procure. He was in reality a Royalist of the *ancien regime*.

It is better to stoop at a high doorway than run against a low one.

"TO ALL OUR ABSENT FRIENDS."

A TOAST—BY G. D.

While festive mirth reigns round the board,
And gladdened hearts respond;
We'll think of home—our native land.
Endeared by memory's bond.
And whilst we with affection dear,
Call up each well known spot,
We'll turn to joys that we have here,
And glory in our lot.

Though happy here, we can look back,
And cherish with good will;
The feelings of the dear loved isle,
For home! we call it still.
And whilst that word will make us look,
To where our friends abound;
We'll bless our present happy state,
Where friendship still is found.

Then wreath the goblet, drain the bowl.
While memory brings to view,
The friends,—long since you've parted with,
Where first affections grew.
And now your bumper high is raised,
Your heart, a zest it lends;
Throughout the world—no matter where,
"To all our absent friends,"

THE KNOWING SHOPKEEPER.

Several years ago, when the north side of Edinburgh had hardly commenced either to be a place of residence or public resort, some ladies of distinction sauntering about in the High Street, one of them proposed a walk to the Meadows, being at that time the fashionable promenade. "I am very willing," answered another; "but first let us call at Milne, the silkmerecer's, merely to divert ourselves by turning over his goods." They were then at some little distance from the shop. Milne, however, though not observed by them, happened to be but a little way behind, and within hearing of the conversation. Being aware of the ladies' intention, he hastened to his shop, so that he might be behind the counter to receive them. The usual routine of a lady's shopping visit passed, in tumbling over the articles, and eager inquiries about prices and fashions. Mr. Milne was all civility, though he knew well that no purchases were in view. At last, after gratifying themselves with the sight of every piece of finery worth seeing, they took their leave. "We are much obliged by your attention, Mr. Milne." "Well, may I now wish you a pleasant walk to the—*Meadows*."

He whose soul does not sing need not try to do it with his throat.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE EUROPEAN AND
NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY, ST.
JOHN, N. B.

September 15, 1853.

There was a general holiday here yesterday to celebrate this auspicious event; the different trades, draymen, carters and freemasons, formed a procession nearly two miles long; each had its appropriate dresses and emblems, among which were conspicuous a carpenter's shop in full work, a printing press striking off hand-bills, and several model ships. After walking through the principal streets, the procession reached the ground. Lady Head turned the first sod; His Excellency the Lieut. Governor followed; appropriate addresses were delivered by him and the President of the Company, and a number of salutes fired. In one respect at least the proceedings are strikingly contrasted with what took place on the opening of the Crystal Palace, New York. There, the procession was entirely composed of militia and politicians; here, it was mainly mechanics and other workers *as such*. In the United States there is much talk about the "dignity of labour," but that is all; in the British Colonies they *act it*. Here labour is honored, for no slave pollute the soil; there, for a contrary reason, it is degraded.

After the procession was a lunch, at which over four hundred persons were present. When the routine toasts were finished, His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor proposed the health of the President of the United States, and subsequently that of Commodore Shrubrick, U. S. N., who was present. In answer to the toast of "The Sister Colonies," Mr. Johnston, of Nova Scotia, said that New Brunswick and Maine had been energetic in doing their share. Maine—having united Portland to Montreal, had now arisen like a giant refreshed—but certainly not with wine—and would put it through in another direction with like energy. Railways would bind the Colonies in a union much closer than one merely commercial. An inhabitant of a small isolated colony was sometimes apt to swell out considerably in order to secure respect abroad, but with an inhabitant of "The United Colonies of North America," the case would be entirely different. *His* country would be everywhere known and respected.

A gentleman from Prince Edward Island said that there too the people wanted Railways; their products of grain had increased four-fold within a few years; that of potatoes had doubled; their exports of horses had increased from twenty-two in 1843, to eight hundred in 1852. All these products they could double in two years if facilities of transportation were provided.

Commodore Shrubrick also replied, in a very felicitous manner, to the toast in favour of himself. He had come down here, he said, to watch the interests of American fishermen, but he found that the steamers were not required at all, and the fishermen, both English and American, only wished that the steamers would keep away, and not scare the fish with their paddles (laughter.) The gallant Commodore proceeded at considerable length, and went to show that, descended from the same stock, our interests should be identical.

Mr. Jackson said, the way to get railways was to sink all jealousies: let each act for the interests of all, and rest satisfied that his turn would come. Conflicting interests on the Halifax and Quebec line were much less than they had been in Canada;—yet in the latter country all difficulties and differences had been overcome, and the people went as one man for the amalgamated railroads. He had seen the effects in England of every place wanting a railroad of its own; they had thus sunk seventy millions sterling. Colonists cannot afford this. It was said their firm only wanted to make money out of the Colonies: they meant to do that, but could only advance their own interests by promoting those of others: he believed he was "properly posted up," as the people of United States have it, in the resources of all parts of British America; he considered the wealth of the British Colonies inexhaustible: in Canada West they had more wealth on the surface in the shape of a rich, fat, fertile soil, than Great Britain had below it.

He said that he had seen and travelled through these Colonies, from Halifax to the extremity of Upper Canada; that he had made himself fully acquainted with the value and capabilities of these Provinces; that on behalf of distinguished capitalists, in connection with himself, who had constructed many of the Railways of Europe, and who had undertaken great Railway operations in the British North American Colonies, he felt fully satisfied that whatever he did in connection with this great measure would be fully appreciated by the whole people of New Brunswick. He trusted to their honour in carrying forward this great object, and he felt satisfied that it would advance the interests of the North American Colonies, and connect them closer in commercial relations with the United States.

Mr. Poor, of Portland, also gave an excellent speech, and referred to the unity which was to spring up between the Colonists and the United States.

Mr. Thresher (formerly of Cuba, now of Louisiana,) said that the principles of the "Young

American" party to which he belonged, were to encourage free intercourse among all nations; to maintain the dignity of labour and to increase its reward; to elevate mankind on the plane of an advancing civilization. He rejoiced, therefore, that an enterprize had been commenced here which would facilitate communication between British America and the United States; between the United States and the mother country. The South had been blamed for seeking a closer alliance with England: he was not going to "filibuster," but he knew that the people of Cuba were much more enterprising and intelligent than was generally thought; improved machinery of all kinds was there in common use; they had left their mark—in produce and manufactures—in every country in Europe, in spite of the restraints to which they were subject; he was happy to witness the progress and union peaceably taking place here, but to obtain these ends means must be taken with reference to time and place.

Mr. John Neal, of Portland, thought Com. Shrubrick's testimony in favor of peace principles of great value. Some United States fishermen a short time since made a complaint in St. John's of the conduct of a (supposed) British cruiser. Commodore Shrubrick, making inquiries on his arrival here, found it was *his own vessel* they had complained of. Mr. Neal severely censured the conduct of a portion of the press in fomenting dissensions about the fishery question.

After addresses from the Mayor of Portland and others, the assembly dispersed.

That portion of the road now commenced is from St. John to Shediac, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles. The opening of this portion of the road will save several hundred miles travel between St. John's and Quebec, and render profitable a much larger trade between Canada West and these Provinces. Merchandise has now to go several hundred miles out of the way, or pass through the United States at great cost and annoyance. It is expected that, on the completion of this portion, steamers will run between Quebec and Shediac, and that this will be the thoroughfare from Canada to the Eastern Provinces for travel and traffic. Some cheaper and pleasanter route than by the United States, and quicker one than by sea, between Canada and these Provinces, is much required.

WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX?

Females are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong who is? When men wrap themselves in thick garments, and incase the

whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear water-proof boots over woollen hose, and incase the whole in India-rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold! When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half cover their heads with straw bonnets, and ride twenty miles in an open sleigh, facing a cold north-wester, and pretend not to suffer at all. They can sit, too, by men who smell of rum and tobacco-smoke, enough to poison a whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were a bundle of roses. Year after year they bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron. And then is not woman's mental strength greater than man's? Can she not endure suffering that would bow the stoutest man to the earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel, for had she not been stronger than man, the race would long since have been extinct. Hers is a state of endurance which man could not bear.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

Near some little town in N. America, a carrier's horse happened to drop down dead. His owner immediately proceeded to the town in quest of a farrier to skin the animal. Not long after, another horse, in a farmer's cart, dropped down also near the same place; the driver, however, being sensible the horse was only in a swoon, went to get some oats in his hat by way of medicine. No sooner had he left his charge than the farrier made his appearance, and mistaking the living horse for the dead one—uns indeed there was very little difference in their appearance—proceeded to the operation of flaying. After making considerable progress, the animal began to revive, and, at the same time, the driver returned with the oats. The consternation of all parties may be easily conceived; but how the matter ended, the American paper, from which this occurrence is copied, does not say.

NECESSITY FOR VARYING INTELLECTUAL LABOR.

One of the worst results of overworking the brain, in any exclusive direction, is, that it tends, when it does not absolutely break down that organ, to produce mental deformity. As the nursery maid, who carries her burden with the right arm exclusively, is afflicted with spinal curvature, so the thinking man who gives his intellectual energies to one subject, or class of subjects, gets a twist in his brain. Those, therefore, who are chained to mental labor, and cannot give the brain repose, should try to vary their labors, which is another form of repose. Intense and prolonged application to one subject is the root of all the mischief. As our body may be in activity during the whole of the day, if you vary the actions sufficiently, so may the brain work all day at varied occupations. Hold out a stick at arm's length for five minutes, and the muscles will be more fatigued than by an hour's rowing: the same principle holds good with the brain.—*Literary Journal.*



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XVI.

[*The Major and Laird are discovered sitting at a table with books, papers, &c. before them.*]

LAIRD.—I think, Major, in my young days, we were mair observant o' the rules o' politeness frae the young to the auld; here we've been wasting mair nor an hour for that harum scarum seamp o' a doctor.

MAJOR.—Don't be impatient, Laird. Our medical friend rarely infringes on the rules of propriety, without a cause. Were you walking to-day after the rain?

LAIRD.—Aye, I was up by day-break, and went out for a walk, and maist delightfu it was. I do love the early dawn, there's something in it melts the human heart, and suggests feelings no' to be described by the pen. It has aye been my joy to hear the first whistle o' the blackbird, or the dainty love note o' the mavis. Their matin hymns aye cheer my soul with visions o' greater promise than can be found on our sphere.

MAJOR.—Why, Laird, you're quite "the old man eloquent." You seem to have drunk deep this morning at the vintage of the beauty of nature; for my part, I strolled towards the market, and returned with my head occupied with nothing but women's petticoats.

LAIRD.—What an auld sinner! I'll tell Mrs. Grundy.

MAJOR.—You are quite out, for once in your life, my old friend. I assure you my observations on this particular branch of feminine garments was anything but complimentary to the sex.

LAIRD.—What do ye mean?

MAJOR.—Why, that I was most particularly disgusted, as I strolled along, at observing the dragged state of the garments which swept past me. I do think that womens' dress, as at present arranged, is liable to the objections of dirt, danger, discomfort, and though it may seem a paradox, from its extreme length, indelicacy.

LAIRD.—Hoo, in the name of wonder, do you mak oot that?

MAJOR.—Very easily. Women who have a natural respect for common cleanliness, as naturally endeavour to preserve their skirts from contamination, and I can assure you that I beheld, this morning, ladies holding their dresses so high, that a most unseemly display was the consequence, as the poor things were unprovided with proper coverings for their legs.

LAIRD.—You're vera richt, my auld freen'; it's just sickening to see hoo silks and satins are made to go aboot doing the wark o' sweepers' besoms.

MAJOR.—It is a mystery to me why women do not put on proper under-garments, so as to allow them to shorten their petticoats.

LAIRD.—Ye're surely no an advocate for the "Bloomers."

MAJOR.—By no means. I utterly disclaim any admiration of the exaggerated and ridiculous caricatures exhibited on the stage and in our shop windows, under the head of "Bloomer costume." Such a style of dress will never be adopted by any sensible woman; but I do recommend that a modified phase of the dress should be judiciously

substituted for the present inconvenient and absurd long petticoat.

LAIRD.—Why, Major, if ye dinna tak tent, ye'll be having all the thick-ankled women in the toon about your lugs!

MAJOR.—I know it; and I know, also, that it will be only from them that any difficulty will arise. I know that their conceited prejudice will operate strongly against the desired reform: but I am also sure that you will see the same women, who will raise the greatest outcry about indelicacy, and so forth, to be the most ready to commit what is, in my opinion, a much greater breach of delicacy—expose their necks and bosoms. Heaven forbid that I should, in the most remote manner, wish to neutralize the exquisite and charming constituents of woman's real modesty. Neither am I a raving enthusiast seeking to prove women entitled—so to speak—to wear the breeches, but still I am convinced that the women might be invested with a freer, safer and cleaner style of attire than the present, without being disqualified for her legitimate duties.

LAIRD.—What wad ye recommend, then?

MAJOR.—I daresay Mrs. Grundy could suggest something. I am not learned in these matters; but this I know that I would like to see the women of the present day cover their bosoms, and wear such under-garments as would ensure them the free use of their legs. (*Enter the Doctor.*)

DOCTOR.—What's in the wind now, Major, that you seem so excited?

LAIRD.—Naething av a', but that the Major's gaun demented about the lassies' petticoats.

DOCTOR.—Oh, never mind them for the present. I have something else to show you. (*Turning to Laird.*)—Do you remember, Laird, what I recommended in our last Shanty, about the Esplanade? Here is a plan which embodies all my ideas on the subject, and I think it so good that I have had a plate prepared, to give our readers, generally, an idea of its nature. The plan is by Mr. Kivas Tully. Shall I read it, Major?

MAJOR.—By all means.

DOCTOR.—I will skip the first few paragraphs, which only go to show why the plans proposed at our last sederunt cannot be adopted, as the objections to each have turned out to be many, and shall begin with the pith of the matter. (*Reads.*)

As the presiding officer of the City Council, and as a citizen, who I am aware has ever taken an active and practical interest in the prosperity of this City, I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject, which for sometime past has engaged the public attention, and is of the utmost importance to the citizens generally.

In my communication dated 10th February last,

and laid before the Council, I stated that, "with the prospect of a considerably increased traffic, additional accommodation will, of course, be required, and this can only be supplied by constructing the long-talked-of Esplanade, with the wharves and slips attached;" also, "It is time, therefore, that this subject should be seriously taken up and disposed of by the Council. A general plan suitable, and if possible, to accommodate all parties, should be drawn up by an experienced engineer and forwarded to the Governor General in Council to be approved. By so doing the speculations and conflicting interests of the several Railway Engineers, will be set at once and forever at rest. The Wharfingers and Lessees are deeply interested in the matter. The Esplanade should be at once constructed, to enable them to compete with the Railway wharves which I can tell them are about to be constructed."

As no general and comprehensive plan appears to have been prepared, I again press the matter on the attention of the Council, being fully satisfied that the longer the adoption of a general plan is deferred, the greater will be the difficulty in arranging it to accommodate all parties.

Two or three plans have been suggested, but none of them have been officially recognized by the Council, and with all due respect for the authors of them, I do not think any plan that has yet been proposed can be considered satisfactory, to all parties and suitable to the general public.

It is now nearly eighteen years since I first commenced in the Council, as some of the present members can testify, to press the importance of the subject on their consideration. Many are well aware, that I wished to defer the question of granting a lease of the Market Block property, as a passenger station to the Northern Railway, in the hope, that some arrangement would have been made with regard to the construction of the Esplanade, which would prevent the rails from being laid on Front Street, and consequent danger to life and property.

Carrying out the views which I then entertained, I claim the right of having first called the attention of the public to this important matter,—and also I claim the impartial consideration of the Council, in reference to a Plan which, if adopted, I feel assured will be found to be the most economical, and at the same time the most practicable.

In the first place, I would recommend that the original plan, with probably some slight modifications to suit the Railway curves be adhered to, as the delay and difficulty in altering it would be a source of endless trouble and expense—whilst the Lessees and Wharfingers would suffer by the delay.

In order to comprehend the question fully, I have classified the different interests in the following order:—

1st. Railway interests, as tending to benefit the City generally.

2nd. The Lessees of the Water lots, who have as it were the keys of the City, and as Tenants of the Council, have a right to be protected.

3rd. The City Council as Arbitrators between all parties, and protectors of the public interest.

By a late Act of the Provincial Parliament, the power to carry out this important project is placed in the City Council,—and I have no doubt the

duty will be faithfully and impartially performed.

The plan which I propose, contemplates a union of the Railway and Public interest. By the Railway interest I conclude, that an insulated line of communication in front of the City, connecting with the Railways East and West must be provided.

By the Public interest, including the Lessees of Water lots, I consider that the thoroughfares must be maintained, and access procured at all times to private property, North and South of the insulated line of Railway.

The Railway and Public interest must be identified, and in fact cannot be separated—at the same time the Railway interest cannot be admitted to be paramount—for instance the Directors should not have the power to place their rails where they choose, to the detriment of the Public interest, and the injury of private property. All that can be demanded by the Railway interest from the City, is a right of way along the front, with a convenient space for their Stations.

The City Council are the guardians of the Public interests of the citizens, and it is their duty to see that they are not infringed.

This union I think can be carried out by the following arrangement:—

Wherever slips and streets are shown on the original Plan of the City frontage, I propose to divide the sixty-six feet equally, South of Front street, one half to be bridged so as to carry the level of Front street over beyond the Railway line with an inclination to the wharves. The other half to form an inclined plane from Front Street to the level of the Railway line; and thereby maintaining the communication north and south of the insulated Railway line. The width of these Streets being sixty-six feet, I propose to divide as follows:—

Bridge.....	26 feet	
Parapet one-half.....	1 "	
Sidewalk.....	6 "	33 feet.
—		
Street.....	26 feet	
Retaining wall one-half...	1 "	
Sidewalk.....	6 "	33 feet.
—		
		66 feet.

The Esplanade which is 100 feet wide, I propose to divide equally; also appropriating the southern half for Railway interests, and maintaining the Public thoroughfare on the North half as follows:—

Esplanade.....	43 feet	
Fence one-half.....	1 "	
Sidewalk.....	6 "	50 feet.
—		
3lines of Rails 12 feet each.	36 feet	
Pier for Bridge, one-half..	3 "	
Sidewalk for Railway....	4 "	
Fence.....	1 "	
Sidewalk.....	6 "	50 feet.
—		
		100 feet.

The Esplanade, which I would recommend being called Union Street, would be nearly equal to the width of King Street, with six feet side-walk for foot passengers. If the space appropriated

for railway purposes would be sufficient—the Directors of the different lines would have to purchase a right of way south of the Esplanade, from the different parties through whose property the railway passes. They should also be accountable for any damage done to private property, as in other cases.

To explain my proposition more fully, I have prepared a diagram showing the arrangements at the intersection of the streets, which I also submit to the Council.

The railway line is placed on the southern side of the Esplanade for greater facility for trains out to the wharves, only crossing a side-walk, and it would be advisable to prevent the railway from crossing the street on the northern side.

When the railway stations are contemplated, bridges on the Front Street level could be constructed, to connect the buildings north and south of the railway line, so that a level crossing would be avoided. The number of bridges that would be required for the whole front, as shown on the original plan, would be fifteen, from Simcoe Street on the west, to Berkeley Street on the east.

For the present traffic, five might be considered sufficient, the remainder to be eventually constructed as a matter of justice to all parties.

It would be out of place at present to enter into a more detailed explanation of the proposed arrangement. Should the Council consider my plan worthy of adoption, I am prepared to furnish a plan of the whole city frontage, showing the general arrangement, so as to combine both the railway and public interests, without injury to private property.

With respect to constructing the breastwork on the southern limit of the Esplanade of stone, I cannot see the necessity of doing so, unless the line is removed south to command a depth of nine feet of water at the lowest period; this would bring it nearly to the windmill line. The lessees of water lots have the power also of filling up their lots to the windmill line, so that the expensive stone fencing would be covered up in many instances.

A timber breastwork, twelve feet wide, is all that would be required for the present, sufficiently close and strong to prevent the bank from being washed away by the action of the water.

At the slips opposite the streets, a stone facing sloping to the water would be judicious, and would be a great improvement on the timber contrivances which have already cost the city probably as much as would have made permanent and substantial slips.

West of Simcoe street where there are no protecting wharves at present, and beyond the line contemplated by the original plan, I would recommend the stone facing to be constructed, with jetties to be used as public wharves. In all the propositions that have been laid before the public not one of them makes any provision for the general drainage along the front of the city. Are the drains allowed to deposit their refuse in the slips where they empty themselves? No, surely not; Some provision must be made for remedying this increasing evil; otherwise the health of the citizens will be endangered.

The evil is very great even now; witness the rank vegetation round the wharves; what will it

be when this city numbers 100,000 inhabitants? Provision should therefore be made for drainage conjointly with the construction of the Esplanade.

In my communication in February last, this subject was also discussed, and I recommended "that a covered channel 10 feet wide and 6 feet in depth, should be constructed in the centre and beneath the intended Esplanade, from the river Don to the Queen's Wharf. The drains of the city to be extended to this channel, and a portion of the current of the River to be turned into it by draining the present channel, and allowing the surplus water to flow into the marsh as at present, over a waste wier one foot in height above the present level of the water."

I have not altered my opinion since that time, and if the plan should not be thoroughly successful, it would be the most effectual method of preserving the purity of the water of the Bay, and getting rid of an increasing source of unhealthiness to the city.

The importance of these subjects to the citizens generally, and the advantage to be desired by the adoption of a general plan, combining the Railway and Public interest, with a due regard for general improvement—is, I think a sufficient reason for having again, gratuitously expressed my opinions on matters, on which a free discussion has been invited.

DOCTOR.—There is the plan—now, what do you think of it?

MAJOR.—Really, I think it a very judicious combination of the best points of the plans discussed at our last sederunt. Eh! Laird?

LAIRD.—It's a maist sappy amalgamation o' conflicting interests, but what say ye, yourself, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—Well, if you have patience, I will just recapitulate, under heads, what I consider the main advantages to be derived by the adoption of this plan—but before I begin, I think one point worthy of note, viz: the dilatoriness of the Council in not having adopted some plan before the present time; passing this over, however—the first advantage is, that this plan does not interfere with any other existing right, and it would be, therefore, unnecessary to apply again to Parliament, the original line remaining unaltered; this would be a saving of much valuable time.

A second benefit is, that of preserving an insulated line along the front, with a thoroughfare running parallel to it. Thirdly,—I like the suggestion of dropping the word Esplanade, which I think particularly suggestive of nursery-maids and squalling children, who, I opine, can have no business in what must eventually be the most business part of the city. Again, it obviates the folly of compelling owners of water-lots to construct cutstone breast-works, a very important con-

struction, as there would be a chance of all this work being hereafter shut in, for we must not forget that the power exists to carry the line of frontage out to the wind-mill line.

Fourthly,—It meets the necessity of having stone-ships and landings at the foot of each street, a thing as essential to health as convenience.

Fifthly,—I consider the importance of having a public, permanent, wharf for landing passengers, so as to do away with the present odious tribute now exacted, much to the disgust of every new arrival, who is exposed moreover, to the chance of tumbling through the rickety apologies for wharves. This would certainly be accomplished, as the Harbour Commissioners have offered to build such a wharf, if the Corporation give the building-site; so that the citizens would not be directly taxed for this improvement. Another serious consideration is the health and comfort of the citizens, which must be always seriously affected so long as the drains continue to be emptied at the foot of each wharf. This disadvantage is well met by the proposal contained in Mr. Tully's plan, in reference to the tunnel drain.

Another point is that, in the dry arches underneath the bridges could be constructed public baths, wash-houses, and other conveniences for the poorer classes. These may not be absolutely required now, but the day is not far distant when they will be imperatively called for.

I think, however, we have had enough of the Esplanade for the present. Laird ring the bell, or as you would say, cry ben Mrs. Grundy. I wish to know what she has done in the way of "gatherings" for the month.

(Enter Mrs. Grundy.)

Good evening, Mrs. Grundy, I am anxious to know the state of your budget before I inform the Laird of the fate of that pile of facts which I see before him.

MRS. GRUNDY.—Are you ready so soon for me? I was in hopes we were to have had something more from the Major touching his trip to Barrie.

MAJOR.—All in good time; I intend ere long to take a trip up to the Sault Ste. Marie, so I will reserve the rest of my observations till I can add to them and amend them, but in the mean time I vote as it is yet early, that we have a chat before the "facts" or the "fashions."

DOCTOR.—"I'm agreeable," as a modern and elegant phrase has it. I had a letter yesterday from our friend the Squireen, and he commissioned me to present you with his best regards.

LAIRD.—And whaur may the auld bo-trotter

be hanging oot noo? I have 'a' heard a word about him for mony a lang day.

DOCTOR.—He dates from the town of Wooden-Nutmegville, in Ohio, where he has established a cold-water-cure shop, and having combined table-moving, and spirit-rapping with the *douche*, he is driving an overwhelming business. Amongst his inmates, at present, are three "strong-minded women," a brace of "Judges," and some half-score of "Generals," and as the geese have plenty of auriferous feathers, Paddy is waxing fat upon their pluckings.

LAIRD.—Ay, ay! Let a Hibernian alone for filling his pouches, when he fa's in wi' fules ready and willing to part wi' their baw-bees! Od, they are a queer set, 'the Yankees after a'! They can mak' sillar, like the Jews, when other folk would be starving, and at the same time every mountebank wha' presents them wi' some new whigma-leerie, constrains them to dance to his piping, and throw their dollars into his creechy hat! As honest auld Commodore Trunnon said about sailors, oor republican neebours "earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses!"

MAJOR.—True for you, old stump-extractor.

DOCTOR.—Our friend at Wooden-Nutmegville has transmitted me a volum., which he says contains more juicy and appetizing matter, than any duo-decimo published since he last took a horn in the Shanty.

LAIRD.—Is it the buik you hae under your oxtar?

DOCTOR.—It is.

MAJOR.—Pray trot out the new comer.

DOCTOR.—Thus runs the title page, "*Personal Sketches of his own times, by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, &c. &c., Redfield, New York.*"

MAJOR.—Why that is an old acquaintance of mine! It is fully thirty years since I first perused it.

DOCTOR.—The work has been long out of print, and to many of the present generation must possess all the charm of entire novelty.

MAJOR.—Though somewhat given to moralize and be otherwise prosy, Sir Jonah is one of the most piquant story-tellers which Ireland has produced, and that is saying a good deal. The realities of the garrulous knight are quite as sprightly as the fictions of Lover or Lever.

LAIRD.—As it never was my chance, to fa' in wi' the production, maybe ye will let me pree the viands ye praise so highly?

DOCTOR.—Most willingly, thou prince of "plough compellers," as Dan Homer hath it. The only difficulty lies in selecting. So great is the

variety of good things, that like the monied school boy in a pastry cooks, one knows not when to commence, and when to leave off.

LAIRD.—Oo, just gie us the first sappy gobbet that comes to haun'.

DOCTOR.—Here is a sketch of the famous bull engenderer Sir Boyle Roche:—

"He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir John Cave, Bart.; and his lady, who was a 'bas bleu,' prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity (it was said) by forcing him to read 'Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire,' whereat he was so cruelly puzzled without being in the least amused, that in his cups, he often stigmatized the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of.

"His perpetually bragging that Sir John Cave had given him his *eldest* daughter, afforded Curran an opportunity of replying, 'Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an *older* one still he would have given her to you.' Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back, had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology.

"This baronet had certainly one great advantage over all other bull and blunder makers: he seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted. When a debate arose in the Irish house of commons on the vote of a grant which was recommended by Sir John Parnel, chancellor of the exchequer, as one not likely to be felt burdensome for many years to come—it was observed in reply, that the house had no just right to load posterity with a weighty debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage. Sir Boyle eager to defend the measures of government, immediately rose, and in a few words, put forward the most unanswerable argument which human ingenuity could possibly devise. 'What, Mr. Speaker!' said he, 'and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honorable gentleman, and this *still more* honorable house, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity: for what has posterity done for us?'"

"Sir Boyle, hearing the roar of laughter which of course followed this sensible blunder, but not being conscious that he had said anything out of the way, was rather puzzled, and conceived that the house had misunderstood him. He therefore begged leave to explain, as he apprehended that gentleman had entirely mistaken his words: he assured the house that 'by posterity, he did not at all mean our *ancestors*, but those who were to come *immediately* after them.' Upon hearing this explanation, it was impossible to do any serious business for half an hour.

LAIRD.—Ha, ha, ha. Oh, Sir, Boyle must hae been a broth o' a boy, and no mistake!

DOCTOR.—As you belong to the Orange body, Crabtree, the following particulars touching an

ancient Dublin club, must prove interesting to you:—

"This curious assemblage was called 'The Aldermen of Skinners' Alley:' it was the first Orange association ever formed; and having, at the period alluded to, existed a full century in pristine vigor, it had acquired considerable local influence and importance. Its origin was as follows: after William III. had mounted the English throne, and King James had assumed the reins of government in Ireland, the latter monarch annulled the then existing charter of the Dublin corporation, dismissed all the aldermen who had espoused the revolutionary cause, and replaced them by others attached to himself. In doing this he was certainly justifiable; the deposed aldermen, however, had secreted some little articles of their paraphernalia, and privately assembled in a ale-house in Skinners' Alley, a very obscure part of the capital: here they continued to hold anti-Jacobite meetings; elected their own lord-mayor and officers; and got a marble but of King William, which they regarded as a sort of deity! These meetings were carried on till the battle of the Boyne put William in possession of Dublin, when King James' aldermen were immediately cashiered, and the *Aldermen of Skinners' Alley* reinvested with their mace and aldermanic glories.

"To honor the memory of their restorer, therefore, a permanent association was formed, and invested with all the memorials of their former disgrace and latter reinstatement. This organization, constituted near a century before, remained, I fancy, quite unaltered at the time I became a member. To make the general influence of this association the greater, the number of members was unlimited, and the mode of admission solely by the proposal and seconding of tried aldermen. For the same reason, no class, however humble, was excluded—equality reigning in its most perfect state at the assemblies. Generals and wig-makers—king's counsel and hackney clerks, &c., all mingled without distinction as brother-aldermen: a lord-mayor was annually appointed; and regularity and decorum always prevailed—until, at least, toward the conclusion of the meetings, when the aldermen became more than usually noisy and exhilarated—King William's bust being placed in the centre of the supper table, to overlook their extreme loyalty. The times of meeting were monthly: and every member paid sixpence per month, which sum (allowing for the absentees) afforded plenty of eatables, porter and punch, for the supping aldermen."

MAJOR.—Barrington, though a Protestant was no friend to the admirers of King William, and consequently his description of the Skinners' Alley Aldermen must be taken *cum grano*.

DOCTOR.—Aaron Burr, and Randolph of South Carolina, being in Dublin, requested Sir Jonah to introduce them to the celebrated Henry Grattan.

"We went to my friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Colonel Burr, from America, Mr. Randolph, and

myself, wished to pay our respects, and the servant informed us that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at the moment much occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert! Randolph also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demosthenes. At length the door opened, and in hopped a small bent figure, meager, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat-sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head.

"This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously, asked, without any introduction, how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other; their replies were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself, but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course, who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest and most dignified looking man of the two, gray-haired and well-dressed; Grattan therefore, of course, took him for the vice-president, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could shortly have the honor of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which our host, not doubting but they knew him, conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere to amuse himself.

"This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and, taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right Honorable Henry Grattan."

LAIIRD.—I dinna like the idea o' writing accounts o' great men, in sic daft like predicaments. If ony ane had ca'd at Bonnybraes on a certain afternoon during the late hot weather, he would hae caught me in a fine mess. Girzy was mending my breeks, and during the operation I was sitting at the house end smoking my cutty, wi' naething on my lower regions except a petticoat o' the damsel's. Noo suppose the editor o' a paper—say the *Kingston News*, or the *Hamilton Spectator*, had stopped at my dwelling to get a drink o' butter-milk, or maybe something a trifle stronger, and seen me sitting like a clockin' hen! What wud ye think o' the land-louper if, for lack o' something else to say, he made a leading article oot o' me and my honest sister's habilliment?

MAJOR.—Your indignation is righteous, most excellent flail-flourisher! Nothing can be more abominable than authors running, like gossiping elderly vestals, to the press, with every item of tittle tattle about friend or foe which they can

grub together. I would, if an absolute Satrap, condemn such gentry to wear in perpetuity the article of costume which you only assumed *pro tempore*.

DOCTOR.—In connection with this subject, permit me to read you a few passages from a recent number of one of our Canadian journals. The writer after detailing how a certain editor made public capital, out of some expressions dropped by a brother of the big "we," thus proceeds:—"Let the precedent be generally followed, and what an unmitigated Pandemonium would society become, so far at least as the editorial profession was concerned. Men would be constrained to talk continually on the square, when meeting in the street, or at the convivial board. In fact their conversation would be neither more nor less than *recited editorials*, and each word would be painfully weighed before being uttered, from a dread, if not a positive conviction, that it was destined to obtain typographical publicity."

LAIRD.—Gie us another preeing o' Sir Jonah, to put the grewsome taste o' sic a fouty topic out o' our mouths.

DOCTOR.—Queer places must the Irish theatres have been in the worthy knight's calf days.

"The playhouses in Dublin were then lighted with tallow candles, stuck into tin circles hanging from the middle of the stage, which were every now and then snuffed by some performer; and two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, always stood like statues on each side of the stage, close to the boxes, to keep the audience in order. The galleries were very noisy and very *droll*. The ladies and gentlemen in the boxes always went dressed out nearly as for court; the strictest etiquette and decorum were preserved in that circle; while the pit, as being full of critics and wise men, was particularly respected, except when the young gentlemen of the university occasionally forced themselves in, to revenge some insult, real or imagined, to a member of their body; on which occasions, all the ladies, well-dressed men, and peaceable people generally, decamped forthwith, and the young gentlemen as generally proceeded to beat or turn out the rest of the audience, and to break everything that came within their reach. These exploits were by no means uncommon; and the number and rank of the young culprits were so great, that (coupled with the impossibility of selecting the guilty), the college would have been nearly depopulated, and many of the great families in Ireland enraged beyond measure, had the students been expelled or even rustricated."

LAIRD.—Does he say any thing about the actors?

DOCTOR.—Yes. Listen.

"I remember seeing old Mr. Sheridan perform the part of *Calo* at one of the Dublin theatres; I

do not recollect which: but I well recollect his dress, which consisted of bright armor under a fine laced scarlet cloak, and surmounted by a huge, white, bushy, well-powdered wig (like Dr. Johnson's) over which was stuck his helmet. I wondered much how he could kill himself without stripping off the armor before he performed that operation. I also recollect him particularly (even as before my eyes now) playing *Alexander the Great*, and throwing the javelin at *Clytus*, whom happening to miss, he hit the cupbearer, then played by one of the hack performers, a Mr. Jemmy Fottarel. Jemmy very naturally supposed that he was hit *designedly*, and that it was some *new light* of the great Mr. Sheridan to slay the cupbearer in preference to his friend *Clytus* (which certainly would have been a less unjustifiable manslaughter), and that therefore he ought to tumble down and make a painful end according to dramatic custom time immemorial. Immediately, therefore, on being struck, he reeled, staggered, and fell very naturally, considering it was his *first death*; but being determined on this unexpected opportunity to make an impression upon the audience, when he found himself stretched out on the boards at full length, he began to roll about, kick, and flap the stage with his hands most immoderately; falling next into strong convulsions, exhibiting every symptom of exquisite torture, and at length expiring with a groan so loud and so long that it paralyzed even the people in the galleries, while the ladies believed that he was really killed, and cried aloud.

"Though then very young, I was myself so terrified in the pit that I never shall forget it. However, Jemmy Fottarel was in the end, more clapped than any *Clytus* had ever been, and even the murderer himself could not help laughing most heartily at the incident.

"The actresses of both tragedy and genteel comedy formerly wore large hoops, and whenever they made a speech walked across the stage and changed sides with the performer who was to speak next, thus veering backward and forward, like a shuttlecock, during the entire performance. This custom partially prevailed in the continental theatres till very lately.

"I recollect Mr. Barry, who was really a remarkably handsome man, and his lady (formerly Mrs. Dancer); also Mr. Digges, who used to play the *ghost* in 'Hamlet.' One night in doubling that part with Polonius, Digges forgot on appearing as the *ghost*, previously to rub off the bright red paint with which his face had been daubed for the other character. A spirit with a large red nose and vermilioned cheeks was extremely novel and much applauded. There was also a famous actor who used to play the *cock* that crew to call off the *ghost* when Hamlet had done with him: this performer did his part so well that everybody used to say he was the best *cock* that ever had been heard at Smock-Alley, and six or eight other gentry of the daughill species were generally brought behind the scenes, who on hearing him, mistook him for a brother *cock*, and set up their pipes all together: and thus, by the infinity of crowing at the same moment, the hour was the better marked, and the *ghost* glided back to the other world in the

midst of a perfect chorus of cocks, to the no small admiration of the audience."

MAJOR.—Permit me to make you acquainted with an exceedingly pleasing, and unassuming writer, George Barrell, Junr.

LAIRD.—Barrell, said ye? Od, that's a queer name. To my mind it's strongly suggestive o' Lochfine herring, and Edinburgh yill!

MAJOR.—George has produced a very modest, and most readable volume, entitled "*The Pedestrian in France and Switzerland*."

DOCTOR.—Did the writer really traverse the lands specified, upon the steeds with which nature had gifted him?

LAIRD.—Tut man! Can ye no' say *shanks naiggie* at once, and be done wi' it!

MAJOR.—Yes. He travelled, as he tells us, "almost entirely on foot, and nearly in the garb of a peasant." Thus he had an opportunity of mixing with that portion of the population, least generally seen by tourists, and of beholding scenes which the more fastidious tourist would have sought in vain.

DOCTOR.—In these circumstances the book ought to be amusing, provided the tourist made use of his eyes as well as of his feet.

MAJOR.—I shall read you a passage, from which you can judge for yourself. Mr. Barrell coming to Caen, finds himself amidst the festivities of a fair.

"Press through this mass of men and women. You find yourself on the edge of a vast circle, in the centre of which a small carpet is spread; on it are two lean men in very ancient 'tights,' displaying their gymnastic accomplishments.

'Un peu plus de courage, Messieurs!' said one.

'Un peu plus de courage, Messieurs!' said the other.

"What was intended by their wishing the gentlemen to have a little more courage, was this: They were desirous of having money thrown to them! Some two or three did have 'a little more courage,' which, instead of satisfying the performers, made them yet more desirous of receiving an increase. And it was amusing to see them run here and there, collect the sous and liards (half-sous) thrown upon the carpet, and yet observe there was not sufficient courage shown!

"Come, gentlemen, a little more courage, if you please," said the leanest of the two, "and you shall see me raise that weight; a little more courage, if you please!"

"What a tremendous racket is made by that drummer and fifer. See the people run together, and collect around the coach with its capacious postillion's seat! Who is going to display himself? At Caudebec there was a drummer and 'Cymballeo,' and a 'professor from Paris' was seen; perhaps a savaun from the same centre of the intellectual world will now make himself visible.

"Some one ascends the coach, takes off his hat, and makes a bow to the audience. It is, no doubt, a dentist. Yes, it is one; for he opens a large book, and displays it to those around him. In it you see representations of all kinds of teeth, those with straight, and those with corkscrew-shaped roots. Then he turns a page, and again shows the book; but does not either smile or move his head—his whole appearance being as of one who understands the science of dentistry to perfection, and only condescends to make a public exhibition of his knowledge.

"The music ceased. Making another inclination of the head, he commences a learned speech, and gives birth to many Latin quotations, which are, however, 'Greek' to his hearers. He understands them, perhaps, about as well as they. Then he invites some one to ascend, and he will astonish him—with his learning. After a while a youth mounted, being tormented by a front tooth in the upper row. The orator examined it for a moment, and then drew a white handkerchief from his long-tailed coat. This the patient ties over the eyes of the dentist, who, standing like the professor of Caudebec, behind the subject, upon the seat, felt for the tooth, and pushed it out! A clapping of hands ensued, and the youth quickly put his finger in his mouth, to discover whether the right one had been removed. He found the place where once it was, and then testified to the skill of the operator.

"I hope the dentist is usually more fortunate than he was upon that afternoon, as he failed most signally in trying to extract a double-tooth from a woman. He wrapped a handkerchief around the handle of a terrible looking instrument, and then commenced twisting. But the tooth would not stir; and the woman, turned deadly pale, while a cry of indignation arose from the men below: it was only after a second trial, and with a vigorous wrench, that it was removed.

"A militaire had a back tooth jerked out as quick as a flash, but he screamed with pain, clapped his hand to his face, and turned as pale as the woman. The dentist quickly poured some water in a cup, and dropping therein a small quantity of liquid contained in a vial, gave it to the sufferer.

"Do you feel better?" he asked after the other had cleansed his mouth.

"Yes."

"The pain has entirely left now, has it not?"

"No," said the militaire, "not by any means!"

"Here, gentlemen and ladies," said the professor, "you see a most wonderful liquid! It is an elixir which will remove all pain from the face and teeth in an instant of time; and though very powerful in its curative effects, would not harm an infant, were he to drink the entire contents of this flask." He then poured some of it in a glass which he drank, to show that he spoke the truth.

"And," continued he, "though it is both so harmless and yet powerful, if you were but to smell it, you would imagine yourself in a ravishing country, where millions of the most superb flowers fill the air with their delightful perfume! Hold forth your handkerchiefs, gentlemen and ladies, and let me drop a little upon them—hold them forth!"

"In an instant were thrust upwards an hundred handkerchiefs of all sizes and colours; and the

dentist dropped a little of the magical fluid upon each; but, finding the number to be so immense, sprinkled the audience, and put the empty bottle in his pocket. This act of generosity had the desired effect. The woman's agony and the soldier's scream were forgotten; and whenever I passed the coach during the rest of the afternoon, the lucky dentist was torturing his fellow-creatures."

(*Mrs. Grundy jumping up.*)

Dear me! I smell the sausages burning—you must excuse me for a moment, gentlemen.

LAIRD.—(*With a very lugubrious expression of countenance*) quotes—I never loved a sausage fried, but it was either burnt or dried. Heigh ho! we pair mortals are born to disappointment. (*Mrs. Grundy enters.*) Weel, Mrs. Grundy, are they a' spoiled?

Mrs. GRUNDY.—By no means, only we must go to supper first and talk after—I have ordered it to be dished and by this time it is on the table.

[*Exeunt.*]

AFTER-SUPPER SEDERUNT.

MAJOR.—The rage of hunger and thirst having been now appeased, we will proceed to finish our sederunt. Come, Laird, facts are good things to begin with.

LAIRD.—Here are some remarks upon the way they should manage at Hamilton, and awa down at Montreal, at the exhibitions. By the by, do ony o' ye ken anything about them?

DOCTOR.—I thought that it would be better not to attempt doing anything this month, as it would have made our issue a late one, besides these exhibitions are of no merely ephemeral importance, and the interest attaching to them will keep fresh for a month. What have you got Mrs. Grundy?

LAIRD.—What does the callant mean? Do ye think I am gaun to be fobbed off wi' my pouches fu' o' papers, a' o' importance, every ane, ha ha!

DOCTOR.—Needs must, Laird. I can give you two pages and a-half, and you have chosen to fill them, as it appears, with one homily. Come, Mrs. Grundy, I can only give you one page.

(*The Laird, after much grumbling, begins to read his remarks on autumn exhibitions.*)

THE AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

Autumn is again upon us, and with it the accustomed round of annual fetes of rural industry commence, at which the best products of the farm and garden are to be brought forward for comparison and competition. The amount of money and time spent in this country annually on these occasions is enormous; but so far it has been well spent, for they have awakened a spirit of improvement that has conferred vast benefits upon the industry and resources of the country. They are not mere holidays with us, devoted to frivolous

amusements, sight-seeing, and dissipation; people go to these exhibitions to learn, and they bring with them the products of their skill and industry to compare with that of their neighbors', for mutual instruction and encouragement. The mere love of novelty cannot induce so many thousands of intelligent people to leave their homes and business, and to incur all the toil and expense of attending these fairs. They have a higher purpose in view—they seek information; and in proportion as these shows afford facilities for obtaining this, will they become worthy of public patronage and support.

Hitherto the want of experience on the part of those who have been entrusted with the management of exhibitions has stood greatly in the way of their usefulness, and great dissatisfaction has arisen from people being unable to gain the information which they had just reason to expect. It is poor satisfaction for a man who has travelled hundreds of miles, and made great sacrifice of personal comfort, to be jostled about in a crowd, scorched with heat and choked with dust, on the show grounds, and yet not be permitted to see the objects exhibited in such a manner as enables him to understand their merits. No pains should be spared in arranging and classifying all objects, not only on the grounds and on the tables, but in printed catalogues, in such a way as to enable judges to discharge their duties easily and accurately, and spectators instantly to understand the position that each article occupies, and the degree of merit that has been awarded it.

We are glad to see that this matter is receiving attention, though it has not yet been carried out as far as necessary. We shall confine our remarks chiefly to the department of horticulture. Take for instance the department of apples. Now, suppose that a dozen individuals should compete for this premium; each one should be required to show just twenty varieties—neither more nor less—and the twelve collections should be placed side by side on the tables, so that not only the judges but the spectators might easily make their comparisons. Each one should be designated by a number only until the judges have made their awards, and then the names of the exhibitors can be displayed as well as the awards. We have served enough on committees to know that some such arrangement is absolutely necessary to ensure accurate decisions. Heretofore the general practice has been for every exhibitor to display his objects where he chose, and a dozen competitors for such a premium as we have quoted, would exhibit in a dozen different places, and have these twenty varieties of apples mixed up with twenty other varieties and a great collection of other fruits, leaving it for the committees to select varieties as they thought proper, and run about from one table to another to make their comparisons, thus losing their time and scarcely ever arriving at correct conclusions, because it was impossible to do so under the circumstances. So we would have it in regard to "the best ten varieties of table apples," "the best seedling apple," "the best twelve varieties of pears," and, in short, every special object, or class of objects, for which a prize is offered. Let them be placed together and each be conspicuously designated, so that judges and spectators may know at once what particular

merit the exhibitor claims for his articles. Then, again, amateur and professional cultivators should be assigned separate tables or departments, and not be permitted to mingle their contributions; and each of these departments should be conspicuously designated, that no doubt could be entertained as to what class they belonged to. Then, again, every exhibitor who shows twenty varieties of apples, or ten varieties, or six varieties, or any number of varieties of apples or other fruits, should prepare a list of the same, and then when the judges have decided, they should insert in their reports the names of the varieties to which they awarded the prize and state the principal points of merit, which could be done in a few words. If this were carried out, we should have useful reports instead of mere barren announcements that such a prize was awarded Mr. A., and another to Mr. B., which amounts to nothing in the end, as far as the great aim and end of the show is concerned.

Another great difficulty is generally experienced in securing the services of faithful and competent judges, who appreciate the importance of the duties assigned them, and are willing to discharge them with care and patience. No fault can be found in general with the selections made by the Society; but it very often happens that of a committee of four or five not more than one or two will make their appearance, and the vacancies must be filled by such as can be found on the ground. Now, it is a responsible and delicate duty that committees have to perform, requiring careful and patient investigation and sound judgment, and, therefore, the greatest care should be taken in filling vacancies. There are always a number of persons ready to offer their services on committees, and especially on "tasting committees," who regard the duty as being simply to eat up everything that comes before them, if at all eatable. To allow such persons to associate themselves with committees is a manifest outrage upon the exhibitors as well as upon public decency. Every year we are surprised to see how far this thing is carried by persons of whom better might be expected. Committees should understand that they have no right, more than others, to cut up, eat and destroy people's fruits, and when they do so they should be exposed and punished. A mere taste to test the quality is all that is necessary and all that decency would permit. We think it would be well for every society to define the rights and duties of its committees and have them printed on every schedule of prizes, so that there could be no mistake.

There is another point still to which we must call attention, and it is this: Both committees and exhibitors are generally at fault in not having their arrangements completed in good season. We have seen it happen more than once, that in the horticultural department of our Fairs all the dishes for the display of fruits had to be procured, and all the fruits arranged, *after* the hour when all should have been submitted to the inspection of the judges. The consequence was that there was nothing but confusion and grumbling on all sides; nothing was right—nobody pleased. Timely and ample arrangements should by all means be made. It is much easier to make them before a crowd of uneasy exhibitors arrive, than afterwards

Abundance of water, dishes of various sizes, vases, pitchers, &c., &c., should all be in the hall in good season and placed in the hands of a person whose duty it would be to give them out as called for. Then officers should be in waiting to assign every exhibitor his position immediately on his arrival, so that he would not be subjected to the trouble and annoyance of inquiring all around where he could place his articles for exhibition. Exhibitors, too, would save themselves much trouble by being early on the ground and having their arrangements completed before visitors are admitted. Judges, too, should have their duties all discharged before a rush of spectators is admitted to interrupt or annoy them.

We feel it to be a very important matter for the country that these great shows be conducted with the strictest regard to order and regularity. The points to which we have called attention briefly, are but a few among the many that should receive attentive consideration, in order that the greatest possible amount of good may be derived from the time and money expended.

NEUTRALISING OFFENSIVE ODOURS.

The North British agriculturist furnishes a statement of Lindsey Blyth, in relation to a very successful experiment for destroying a most offensive smell in a stable, arising from the decomposition of urine and dung. He tried the mixture of Epsom salts and plaster of Paris, (gypsum)—"the most wonderful effects followed, the stable-keeper was delighted." Previously, the stable was damp and unwholesome; and if closed for a few hours, the ammoniacal vapors were suffocating. After sprinkling the sulphate underneath the straw, and along the channel of the drain, the smell disappeared, and even the walls became drier. He recommends as an economical preparation for this purpose and for sewers, magnesia limestone dissolved in sulphuric acid, (forming sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts,) with a portion of super-phosphate of lime (made by dissolving bones in sulphuric acid)—these, at the same time that they retain the escaping ammonia, also add greatly by their own presence to the value of the manure.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POUURETTE.

As all who till the soil are interested in the subject of manures, let me give you the partial result of some experiments tried during the few past years.

In the first place, I had a lawn of about an acre in extent, which had hitherto yielded only a light crop of grass, and which became quite brown and dry during mid-summer. As it was not convenient for me to break it up and seed down afresh, I determined last spring to try the value of some kind of top-dressing; and as sufficient barn-yard and manure could not be had for this purpose, I resorted to the following expedients:—

Dividing my grounds into several portions, I spread on the first part a light dressing of pourette, (at the rate of about fifteen bushels to an acre)—on the second a more liberal dressing, with the addition of a compost made of a little barn-manure mixed with rotten sods and other refuse; on the third a heavy coat of pourette, (at the rate of thirty bushels to the acre,) with the

addition of unbleached ashes sufficient to cover the poudrette, and on the fourth a good dressing of ashes alone.

The grass throughout the whole lawn came up earlier, and grew more vigorously than it did last year. In the first part it was lightest, and most infested with weeds. The second and third gave a very good crop of hay, the difference between them being hardly perceptible. The fourth was a little better than the first. I ought to add that my soil is a clayey loam, inclining to become parched and cracked in summer.

So far as a judgment can be formed at this season of the year, and from a single experiment, I think there can be no doubt of the value of poudrette as a top-dressing for grass. On stiff, dry soils, a good compost from the barn-yard might be preferable, as that, by mechanical action, loosens the ground and protects the tender roots of the grass from the heats of the mid-summer sun. This region, (Oneida Co.) is now, (July 25th,) suffering from drouth, and yet my lawn looks much fresher than it did in the midst of a similar drouth last year.

I have tried poudrette also in my garden, on corn, beans, asparagus, grape-vines, &c. In the growth of corn, squashes and beans, there is, thus far, a perceptible improvement. But of these and some other things, I can give you a more complete report next fall.

HEAP WELLS.

It must be admitted that the present mode of digging and finishing wells for the supply of water for farms and dwellings, is rather behind the modern progress of labor-saving machinery. The shovelling and picking, and the slow and laborious turnings of the windlasses, day after day, as the depth is gradually increased under these tedious and heavy labors, should give way to something nearer the horse-power and steam-engine principle. Wells are needed by every farmer, and are as necessary as food and clothing, and an improvement in making them would benefit millions. We are not about to propose anything, but merely to suggest the subject to ingenious men; and in the meantime, by way of assisting such suggestion, we furnish a few of the interesting facts in relation to wells, stated at a late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

In soils free from stone, and consisting of sand, clay, marl, or gravel, successful experiments have been recently made, at a very moderate cost, by the following mode:—Instead of digging the common large well, to be walled with hard brick or stone, a hole was first made with an ordinary boring auger, or cylindrical scoop, which brings up the soil to the surface. A cast-iron cylinder, half an inch thick, five inches in external diameter, and four feet in length, its lower end being brought to a sharp edge so as to penetrate the earth, is then driven down into the hole by means of a heavy mallet, or beetle. To keep it steady, a collar of wood made by perforating a plank, is placed around it on the surface of the ground. The earth enclosed within it is again removed with the auger; and in order to obtain a further downward passage for the cylinder, a tool is used for the removal of the earth in the form

of a circle beneath its cutting rim. It consists of a rod with a cross-handle like that of an auger, and at its lower end a claw at right angles to the rod, so that in turning the rod, this claw turns round and cuts the earth below the lower edge of the cylinder, which is then again beaten down with the mallet. Successive cylinders are placed one upon another, as they descend. In this way, a well of ordinary depth, or twenty feet deep, is commonly completed in a single day, the sides being incased with iron cylinders from top to bottom. A bed of gravel is then thrown into the bottom, and a metallic pump inserted. It was stated at the meeting above mentioned, that the expense of such wells, where a business was made of it, did not exceed eight to fifteen dollars for a depth of twenty feet, including pump with lead tube; the cost of the iron cylinders is not mentioned, but if they are five inches inner diameter and half an inch thick, calculation would show that they would weigh about 37 lbs. to the foot in length, and could not therefore be afforded in many places in this country at less than a dollar per foot, unless made smaller and thinner. It may be that in soft earth, and especially soft sand, earthen tubing like drain tiles, with the addition of glazing, might be strong enough, and might be adopted to great advantage, especially as some of the speakers at the meeting stated that the use of iron had been found to impart a rusty appearance to clothes washed in the water. From the statements of other members, it appeared that some had found a serious inconvenience from corrosion in the use of iron pumps, while others had experienced no evil whatever, owing undoubtedly to the difference in the water in different localities, and in the substances held in solution. The same difference has been found in the corrosion of lead-pipes, some water not affecting them at all, and others eating them away in a few years. We have known a similar difference in the effect of water in this country. But it may be laid down as a rule that should in no instance be departed from; the water from lead-pipes should never be used for cooking or as drink, which remains any length of time stagnant in the pipe instead of merely passing through.

The preceding mode would be applicable to such localities as contain large subterranean strata of water in beds of gravel, from which it pours out freely. There are many such, well determined, in regions where stone would not impede the sinking of the tubes. In other places where it is important to excavate larger reservoirs for holding slowly collecting waters, this mode would not be applicable.

ARTESIAN WELLS.—Will you please to inform me as to the implements used, and manner of using, to make Artesian Wells? If proper, I would ask for a drawing of the implements, or so much that I may understand the process.

DOCTOR.—I will. Come, Mrs. Grundy.

(Mrs. Grundy reads:)

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

Silk dress, the skirt with five rows of black lace, set on quite plain: bows of ribbon the color of the dress; ornament the front of skirt *ca* *is*

biere: high body à revers closing about half way to the throat; the silk *revers* is covered by one of lace; the *basquine* is rounded in the front, and has a row of lace set on quite plain; the point at waist, and termination of the *revers* are each finished by a bow corresponding with those on the skirt. Fanchon cap of honiton lace.

REMARKS ON PARIS FASHIONS.

The adaptation of the fashion of past times to the costume of the present day, contributes to produce most charming models; but the immense variety, both in form and embroidery, renders it quite impossible to give anything like a lengthened detail. The *peignoirs* worn for morning in the country have a plastron formed of insertions of embroidery and narrow tucks, and are composed of musook, trimmed with deep-pointed embroidery and insertion of Valenciennes. Some ladies have their *peignoirs* of tulle de Berse, or taffetas flammable, lined with gros de Naples. Casaque are still in favor; they are of taffetas, trimmed with fringe, and worn over a skirt of English embroidered muslin. Morning caps are very small, with long floating strings; they are made of embroidered muslin and narrow Valenciennes, or plain net insertions. The new comb, with double galerie, just invented, may be worn under these caps, as well as with all styles of coiffure; and is particularly pretty for evening dress with a wreath of flowers or a bouquet of roses. Evening dresses for undress parties are composed of white muslin, with three skirts trimmed with Mechlin lace; of tarlatane trimmed with fringe; or taffetas skirts may be worn with muslin bodies. Walking or riding dresses are high to the throat when made of taffetas. Printed muslin, barèges, and taffetas d'Italie skirts are worn with canezous of muslin, embroidered in small dots; a taffetas shawl, edged round with stamped velvet and Chantilly lace, clear muslin scarf, or barège scarf with fringe, or an echarpe mantelet of taffetas with a *ruche à la veille* upon a ground of black tulle. Leghorn bonnet trimmed with plaid ribbon, embroidered with fruit and flowers, or fancy straw trimmed with ribbon and straw flowers. The *glacés* silks have given place to the taffetas gorge de pigeon, which is always beautiful for demi-toilette. Nothing can be prettier than a robe formed of one of these patterned taffetas, trimmed with four flounces, on the edge of which is sewn an amaranth of green velvet; the body is flat, open en *cœur allonné*; chemisette à la chevalière of muslin, in small tucks between insertions of embroidery. Open-worked straw bonnet, trimmed with small bunches of bows; manœnes of violets and daisies. English green is still in fashion. A taffetas robe of this shade is distinguished. The number of flounces is left to the taste of the wearer; five or seven are mostly worn; and usually in patterns of colored wreaths, or bunches of flowers in scallops. China crape shawl, bonnet of rice straw, and bouillonnés of crape with Brussels lace fall; a cactus at one side completes this elegant toilette. Velvet being more than ever in vogue as trimming, we find it applied to mantillas, which increases their beauty and value. The stamped velvets are brought to great perfection, and harmonize well with all descriptions of embroideries; flowers and feuillage,

en relief, are fastened on the groundwork with chain-stitch, and are beautiful ornaments both for robes and manteaux.

Full mantelets are in shape the same as the summer style, but made of different colored taffetas, and trimmed profusely with deep black lace over rows of violet ribbon.

Tarlatane scarfs are worn over colored crêpe lisse, with a wreath embroidered round the edges, and the ends trimmed with a deep fringe. These scarfs are very handsome, and beautifully light. An ingenious novelty has just appeared—the scarf, with a double face, composed of two tarlatanes of deep colors, so blended as to produce a most surprising effect; for example, scarlet and blue, green and pink, white and maize, or gold color. They can be worn either side outwards, thus forming two toilettes. Barèges will always be worn, as nothing can be found more useful for summer wear; but, in order to preserve the material from becoming too common, it is made in the most expensive patterns and colors. The flounces are in most beautiful designs, or the skirts ornamented with bands of the same description; we must mention some. A robe of dust color with five flounces; at the edge of each, three rows of small checks, embroidered in white silk so brilliant as to appear like silver when the reflection of the sun falls upon it. At the head of the top flounce a double row of these checks is embroidered on the robe. The body is open in front, and trimmed like the flounces. The garniture forms a shawl upon the chest, turns round to the waist, and descends to the top flounce. The sleeves are loose, and reach half way down the arm; they are covered with five rows of narrow frills in the same style as the flounces. This toilette is accompanied with a white China crape shawl, and a guipure straw bonnet, trimmed with large bouquets of white roses with crape foliage, and white rosebuds inside.

Rich silks are also employed for full-dress robes, and are rendered more expensive by the prodigality of diamonds with which they are ornamented. The little *chaperons à l'Elizabeth* are also much worn, and are equally ornamented with precious stones.

Fancy straw is much used both for bonnets and trimmings. Rosettes of narrow-pattern straw are mixed with ribbons both for outside and inside ornaments of these light and graceful bonnets.

Capotes are often composed of a mixture of straw and taffetas, or tulle. Taffetas bonnets are also worked with an embroidery of straw in wreaths or detached flowers.

Young ladies' bonnets are mostly composed of white taffetas; the crowns are plaited en *coquille*, with a *ruche* of pink taffetas across the head and edge of the front, which is made of a stripe of taffetas and one of plaited crepelisse; bunches of long ends of narrow white ribbon at each ear, and small flowers inside.

Black-lace bonnets continue to be worn, and are much trimmed with flowers and light-colored fancy ribbons; the crowns are loose, and floating in the fanchon style.

DOCTOR—Now for my music and chess. Come, I'll give chess first—just a page—and then wind up the evening with my song.

Paris Fashions for October.



CHESS.

CHAPTER I.—THE GAME.

Amusement has ever been found an indispensable requisite in human life. Whether it be adopted for the sake of relaxation from the toils and anxieties of business, or from the perhaps still more severe stress of pursuits especially mental, experience has proved that it is not only pleasing but necessary. Many who have been stimulated by the promptings of duty or the desires of ambition, have endeavored to do without that rest of the spirit which is found in the engagement of time without any directly profitable object in view, and which is usually designated by one of the two terms that we have applied to it above; but no one ever did so with impunity. Unremitted labour will cause a strain, and even the cheat which care has often attempted to put upon itself of obtaining the end desired, by a change of occupation, instead of a cessation of fatigue, has ever proved delusive and vain. Since, then, amusement cannot be dispensed with, the first consideration, and an important one it is, is that the means which are taken to procure it should be innocent, and the next is, that they should, if possible, have a tendency to be useful. Various devices have been resorted to for this purpose; but among them unquestionably the first in importance and value is the Game of Chess. It possesses not only the attraction of intense interest, but so effectually calls forth, nay, absolutely requires the use of the faculties in the nobility of their power, that we will venture to affirm there are few species of discipline so influentially permanent and effective. Indeed, one of our best writers has not hesitated to assert that if two individuals were to set out in the world gifted with equal ability, placed under the same circumstances, with the same education, and having the same opportunities, one of whom played chess well, and the other not, the first would inevitably checkmate his friend in every situation in life, when they should be brought into contest.

Chess is acknowledged by all writers to be the most entertaining and scientific game in existence. It allows the greatest scope to art and strategy, and gives the most extensive employment to the mind. Lord Harvey, in an essay on Chess, says that "Chess is the only game, perhaps, which is played at for nothing, and yet warms the blood and brain as if the gamesters were contending for the deepest stakes. No person easily forgives himself, who loses, though to a superior player. No person is ever known to flatter at this game by underplaying himself."

Deep and abstruse as this game is in its principles, and comparatively complex in its movements, it is yet so ancient that we have no certain account of its origin. However, to a short account of the History of the Game, we will devote another chapter.

We are tired of making apologies for the non-appearance of our chess type: when they come, we assure our readers that we will use them.

ENIGMAS.

No. 7. *By Mr. Meymott.*

WHITE.—K at K B sq.; R's at K Kt 4th, and Q 7th; B at K 7th; Kt at K 4th; P's at K R 3d, KB 4th, and Q 4th.

BLACK.—K at K B 2d; R's at K R sq., and Q Kt 3d; B at K R 2d; Kt at Q B 7th; P's at K Kt 4th, and K 3d and 4th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

No. 8. *By Mr. A. G. McC.*

WHITE.—K at K R 2d; Q at Q Kt sq.; R's at K Kt sq., and Q Kt 3d; B's at Q B 8th, and Q Kt 2d; Kt at K Kt 5th; P's at K R 4th & Q 6th.

BLACK.—K at K Kt sq.; Q at Q Kt 2d; R at Q R 2d; Kt's at K B 7th and Q B 4th; P at K R 2d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 9. *By D. B.*

WHITE.—K at K Kt 3d; R at Q Kt 5th; Kt at K B 6th; B at Q 4th; P's at K R 2d and K Kt 4th.

BLACK.—K at K Kt 2d; Q at her 7th; R at K R sq.; P's at K Kt 3d, and K B 6th.

Either party to play and mate in four moves.

GAME BY CORRESPONDENCE, JUST TERMINATED,
BETWEEN STOCKHOLM AND UPSALA.

(The moves appeared originally in the *Stockholm Aftonblatt*, evening paper.)

BLACK (Stockholm),

WHITE (Upsala).

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. K P two | K P two |
| 2. K Kt to B 3d | Q Kt to B 3d |
| 3. B to Q B 4th | B to Q B 4th |
| 4. Q Kt P two | B takes Q Kt P |
| 5. Q B P one | B to Q R 4th |
| 6. Castles | B to Q Kt 3d |
| 7. Q P two | B to K 2d |
| 8. P takes K P | Q Kt takes P |
| 9. K Kt takes Kt | Q takes Kt |
| 10. Q to Q Kt 3d | Q to K R 4th |
| 11. K P one sq | K Kt to = 2d |
| 12. K to R sq | Castles |
| 13. Q B to R 3d | Q takes K P |
| 14. Kt to Q 2d | Q P two |
| 15. Q R to K sq | Q P takes B |
| 16. Kt takes P | Q to Q 4th |
| 17. B takes Kt | R to K sq |
| 18. Kt takes B | Q takes Q |
| 19. R P takes Q | R P takes Kt |
| 20. B to Q 6th | B to K 3d |
| 21. B takes Q B P | Q R to Q-B sq |
| 22. B takes P | Q R takes P |
| 23. Q Kt P one sq | |

Drawn Game.

AWAY FROM THE WORLD, LOVE!

A Ballad.

MUSIC, BY BESSY ***; WORDS BY W. HARRY NORMAN, ESQ.

Andante Affettuoso.

A - way from the world, love, 'tis

L. H. Dim. in - u - en - do.

heart - less and cold; Let us live in a world of our own, for men's hearts are

stones, their blood molten gold, And knees bend to Mammon a - lone, And their knees
their

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'stones, their blood molten gold, And knees bend to Mammon a - lone, And their knees' with a line break 'their' below. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

bend to Mammon a - lone. A - way from the scenes of dis -

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'bend to Mammon a - lone. A - way from the scenes of dis -'. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked 'Dim.' (diminuendo) with a wavy line indicating a gradual decrease in volume. There are also some dynamic markings like '8' in the bass line.

traction and strife, From the fol - ly and falsehood and crime; And

The third system of the score has the vocal line with lyrics 'traction and strife, From the fol - ly and falsehood and crime; And'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and rhythmic patterns.

dear to each other in Death or in Life, Let us float the ocean of Time.
down

The final system on the page has the vocal line with lyrics 'dear to each other in Death or in Life, Let us float the ocean of Time.' and a line break 'down' below. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with sustained chords and melodic fragments.

The image shows a musical score for piano. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in a common time signature. The piece begins with a series of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. A dynamic marking 'Dim...' is placed above the right hand staff, indicating a decrescendo. The score ends with a double bar line.

JULIEN'S CONCERTS.

Wonderful as is Julien's band for the vastness of its organization and the perfection of its detail, for its almost stunning power and yet marvellous delicacy, in no respect is it more extraordinary than in the number and excellence of its solo players. Of these we now purpose to speak.

Koenig on the cornet, Bottesini on the double bass, Wuille on the clarinet, Lavigne on the oboe, and Reichart on the flute, constitute the first class of soloists; and the Brothers Mollenhaur on the violin, Schreus on the viola d'amore, Hughes on the ophicleide, Collinet on the flageolet, and Hardy on the bassoon, the second class.

First in importance, as in popularity, we mention Herr Koenig, whose performance on the *cornet à piston* has given him the highest position in the estimation of the public. Of him, as indeed of all the first class soloists, it may be said that he stands confessedly at the head of his profession. He has no peer, he is *par excellence* the player of the world. His tone is distinguished for its purity, fullness, clearness, and correctness. Considered as a mechanical player he surpasses all others in the rapidity and distinctness of his execution and the perfection of his *trille*. His phrasing and expression are the most correct and artistic; but his crowning influence consists in the beautiful delicacy of his intonations and his fine sympathetic powers. Every note is replete with sentiment and pathos; a poetic feeling pervades all; whilst the intensity of his expression is so great as to produce a tremulousness of tone as rare as it is delightful upon this instrument. One of his greatest effects is the wonderful echo which he produces in such a telling manner in

the "Echos du Mont Blanc." The peculiar strength of lip required to produce this effect may be best appreciated by those conversant with the mechanical difficulties of the instrument. As a mere mechanician, Herr Koenig has no equal; and when we add that unimpeachable good taste characterizes every phrase and note, we need not wonder at the hold he has taken of popular feeling.

Bottesini is at least an equal prodigy on the ponderous instrument, from which he extracts such wonderful tones. In his hands the *contrabasso* becomes entirely metamorphosed. Divested of its usual orchestral character, it rises to the dignity of a singing Concert instrument. No longer confined to the dull ordinary routine of orchestral substratum, it soars into the regions of the violincello and violin, and vies with these instruments in the delicacy and subtlety of its tones. And yet it loses none of its elementary characteristics, but retains all the fullness, depth, and firmness of tone, which gives it its fundamental importance in the orchestra. It is incomprehensible to us, how Signor Bottesini with his fragile physique, manages to wield this gigantic instrument, requiring as it does the utmost rapidity and dexterity, with the greatest strength of hand and fingers for the production of the lower notes. His harmonics, and that too, in running passages, are equal to those of Ole Bull or Paul Julien. In the "Carnival of Venice" he gives the most remarkable example of his wonderful facility in passages of execution, and in the solos from "Sonnambula" the artistic feeling in singing *sostenuto* passages are not surpassed by any artist of the Italian Opera. He is unapproached and unapproachable in the world.