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BARKER'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. KINGSTON, AUGUST, 1846.

No. 4.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LIFE.

LEAF THE SECOND.

OF THE MAN WHO PLAYED HIS OWN GHOST.

*"Blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please."*

Hamlet.

I FOUND myself, on the evening of a very stormy autumn day, seated in the "Groeper Jager," by an abominably hot *poelle*, sipping some very sour Rhenish, eating from time to time little pieces of very black bread, and ridding myself of its taste by nibbling some still more thoroughly detestable cheese. I was forced to move round and round in this vicious circle, not by an external, but a rather severe internal pressure—an appetite of six hours' growth, acutely sharpened by a woodland walk of twenty-four miles. Eat I had to: there was a call that would not be denied, and I eat the cheese to overcome the bread, the bread to overcome the appetite, and the wine, to wash off the memory of both, went rapidly down the throat; but it, alas! left a more detestable twang behind than either. So I had to begin afresh, until the grumbling inner man permitted a relaxation. Then a glorious glass of "*veritable schiedam*," blotted out the memory of the whole abomination, and kept the stowage steady. I always have had an affection for big-bellied bottles from that day. At the particular moment of which I am treating, that love, however, like all new passions, was remarkably strong. With feelings of inexpressible delight, I grasped the long and slender neck, drew a tumbler to my hand, then elevating the Dutch abortion (beauty, I mean!) to an angle of ninety degrees, deposited a due proportion of its contents therein. Cluck, cluck, went the fluid, harmoniously, as it leapt from its prison, and pleasant in my nostrils was the aroma it sent up. Having concocted this very palatable beverage, filled my meerschäum—in short, gone through all necessary preliminaries to making myself comfortable—I, now

at my ease, with unjaundiced feelings took a survey of my abiding place. As this is a remarkable tale, I must be particular. The room was large, but looked small—firstly, because the ceiling was very low; secondly, because its area was much encroached upon by a row of benches and tables, that ran round three of its sides. From the fourth the stove projected into the centre of the apartment, on the flat pipe of which hissed and fished a number of corpulent tea-kettles, squab iron pots, “casserolles,” and “marmettes,” of various capacities, a monstrous coffee-pot closing the file. The rods of brass and steel that surrounded and defended the whole, had a most undeniable polish, and so had the litres and demi-litres ranged thickly upon the shelves on either side. There were three large latticed windows to give light on one side; two very substantial iron-knobbed doors, for ingress and egress, placed directly opposite each other; the floor was of red tiles, six inches square—red, aye, superlatively red—strewn with deep yellow sand.

The persons present were a stout, burley, round-faced man, about fifty, with a cotton night-cap on his half bald pate, a handsome “blouse,” that left nothing but the knees of a pair of coarse corded breeches, with their brass buttons on either side, to be seen, excepting a blue pair of woollen stockings, with large red clocks and slippers on his feet. Of course he had a pipe in his mouth, and of course a “litrom” of “Licver’s beer” by his side, to which he frequently applied himself, with many tokens of satisfaction. As he was pretty well powdered with flour, I made no doubt he was the master of that very mill, whose large wheel was going lazily round and round on the other side of the road, driven by the superfluous waters of the “Etay,” spreading its broad sheet directly before the windows. The mistress of the “auberge” was spinning flax—a plump partridge-like body, with very blue eyes, a very round face, and an immensity of very short petticoats; having, also, a red and orange cotton handkerchief folded over her head, and tied beneath the chin. An old crone sat knitting in the corner, ugly enough for a witch; and a very merry little soul of a girl was reeling thread, seated on a stool.

I tried a conversation with my male neighbor, but as he could only afford “*nein*” and “*ya*” to the common stock, it speedily dropped. Confound the rain, how it did come down! Plash, plash, steadily, evenly—you might have sworn it was Flemish, from its regularity. What was I to do? Six miles’ was no joke in such weather, through a dense forest, although on a *chaussée*. The devil, I knew the road well enough, but I tried a question to the woman, to have some one speak. “*Recht und bleib mein Herr,*” she said, with a meaning nod to the window.

“But I must go, *nein.*”

"You will be as wet as if you had fallen into the lake." That was the mill pond before my eyes. From time to time I had been looking through the window at the few melancholy bedraggled women, that went clattering along in their "*sabots*," to or from the half dozen houses dignified as the village of Watermill. But one tires of bare legs and short petticoats at last; and now I had no amusement except to wonder how the men in the door-ways could preserve so long the same exact position. I am sure half a dozen within view had not stirred for two good hours. They might have been taken for wooden Atlantes, carved in very Dutch taste, but for the small grey cloud about the nose, ever and anon renewed.

Relief is at hand!—there, on the slope of the hill leading to the "Stag," just emerging from the forest, are two men, objects for speculation. Side by side they come, slowly down the muddy path. Now they are on the *chaussée*—they wind round the mill—they cross the street—they enter. "*Was teufel*," said the first comer, as he pulled off his dripping cloak, and shook the water from his "*casket*,"—"what weather." He was one of the "Commune Guard," and as it appeared, the master of the auberge likewise. His fellow traveller stripped off his outer garments, also, and a tall, gaunt, bony man, full sixty years of age, stood before us. His lip, notwithstanding his years, was shaded by a fiery red mustache. Enormous whiskers, of the same hue, met beneath the chin; and, either naturally or from accident, a very sharp grey eye had ever and anon a most peculiar cast. He would have been positively ugly, only that an aquiline nose and almost womanly mouth, with a sort of devil-me-care expression of drollery working in its angles, brought him back within the pale of passable good fellows. A peculiar uprightness of gait, without the loss of a leg, and the ribbon at the button-hole of a very plain but neat citizen's dress, declared his profession. He carried a stout staff in his right hand, with which he struck heartily on the floor two or three times; then throwing himself into a chair, burst into a hearty fit of laughter. The master of the auberge laughed too; but suddenly turning very grave, declared, "It was an affair altogether too serious to joke upon."

"Not at all," said his military friend. "The old '*foutre*' will pause before he goes farther. The money was mine, and legally paid to me."

"But, his fears?"

"Well, his fears?—the old rogue, what had I to do with his fears, unless to profit by them?"

"Aye! aye! But the story about the masses?—all invention, pure invention!" and here he laughed again, until the tears ran over his cheeks, screaming between whites, "He had a dream!—a bad dream!—a very bad dream! *Sacre!* but it

was droll! *Was teufel!* but I would like to have seen him and Monsieur le Crevé after that dream."

Bread, cheese, and wine, being now set before them, conversation ceased. The man with the wooden leg eat and drank with the heartiness of an old campaigner, and very clearly showed that his predicament, whatever it might be, had no effect on his appetite. At last this exercise ceased—all things must come to an end. Unbuttoning his coat, he drew out a meerschaum also, and put it to immediate service. Then, for the first time, he appeared to notice our presence, and with polite inclination of the head, remarked, "*Monsieur est Anglais.*" On my acknowledging the fact, he rose, shook my hand heartily, and drawing his chair towards mine, said, "I have served: I was at Corunna."

"Indeed! Will you assist me in my potations? You are like myself, storm bound, I presume, and companionship is very desirable," I replied.

He smiled as he answered, "Not exactly so; my motions are more determined by that of our friend the aubergist, than by the weather. Frankly, I am a prisoner."

"A prisoner!"

"Oh! yes, nothing more simple. I waited on a rascally uncle, to obtain some account of a trifle—fifty thousand francs—that my mother, his sister, had left to his safe-keeping; when, *sacre!* he took me for a ghost, and has charged me with fraudulently possessing me of the money."

"A strange story this," I said. "Fill your glass, sir. It is somewhat important to be particular, but really—"

"I understand—you would like me to be more explicit?" I nodded. "Well, then, to begin at the beginning: when I was a mere boy, I got into a scrape—I had always a faculty that way; and the result was, that Cecile Desmoulins sent for me one morning, to say I was the father of a very pretty little girl. This was quite natural—the rest is not exactly so. Cecile got well, and I got along. I was an only child, a fatherless boy, and my mother did not scold over much. But a young fellow came to reside nigh Ohain, a relative of the Aumbeys. He saw Cecile, and made her overtures. I by no means approved. One morning Cecile came to me, and complained bitterly of his conduct. I waited on the scoundrel. He was very short, and gave me the meeting directly—it was to be that evening. I found a friend, Antoine Blemineckx, to assist. Peace to his soul! he died at Wagram. Reflecting on the matter, I wrote to my mother a penitential letter, and a farewell to Cecile; I requested my parent to be a mother to my child, and Cecile to be a daughter to my parent. They are all dead now!" and his voice trembled—"mother, *amic*, child, and so long ago, too, I can speak again lightly; but then it was otherwise. I knew my opponent was reputed a good

swordsman, and went to the rendezvous as to certain death. Passion very rarely supplies skill. In this, instance, however, it did wonders. My wind was so good, and my lunging so rapid, that De Brie stood on the defensive; but stumbling by chance, as I made a pass, before he could recover his guard I had passed my rapier twice through his body, and he fell a corpse.

"I was now fairly launched. That very night I reached Bruxelles; before the next closed, I was on the road to Spain, Antoine by my side, a private in the 194th regiment of infantry. Promotion was easy under the Emperor. Hunger, shots, travel, and the sword made many vacancies. I was with Lefebvre at Tarragona, Soult at Corunna, Massena at Wagram—poor Antoine, there we parted! On the morrow of that day, I found myself a Lieutenant and a *décoré*, without a sou, and without a friend." He paused; a shade passed over him that is indescribable—something indicating deep feeling and bitter memory, which struggles at times into light, when pride and worldliness have almost turned us into stone. Then he added, inquiringly, "I am afraid I weary you? In truth, I am well wearied of life myself; and yet I find relief in talking of the past, for aye it brings it back, and the dead, too, they visit me then." Thus spoke the hardened soldier—the iron man—and his voice quivered, and a tear dampened his cheek; but hastily stretching his hand to the tumbler, he raised it steadily, and drank deeply and quickly. It was necessary to say something, and as I really pitied the man, I said so, kindly and cheerfully.

"Well, then, if Monsieur loves to listen, I will go on. I see the rain comes down as fast as ever, so we must any way make a night of it."

By this time, in truth, the setting sun and steaming earth, with the rain and cloudy atmosphere, had brought darkness before its hour, and our host lighted a lamp, which he placed on our table. Turning, at the same time, to my companion, he said, "Monsieur le Capitaine, we must rest here to-night. The Mayor, Monsieur Vandeweyer, lives at St. Joppe, three hours from hence. I see no need of our walking through the rain, and disturbing the old man afterwards, particularly as you say the affair will be all cleared up."

My friend nodded; and after two or three preliminary puffs, went on:—"Well, there is no great need of precision. I shared the fortunes of the army and the Emperor, good and bad, until, in the retreat from Moscow, a carbine shot, at Jatz, brought me to the ground, and left me a prisoner to the Russians. How I escaped with life the toils and sufferings of those days, is a miracle. I did, however, thanks to a Cossack of the Don, who had been wounded and a prisoner in our advance. I had been of some service to him then, for he was

a gallant fellow, and we of the 194th had furnished him with a few trifles. He had escaped, and now repaid ten-fold our attentions. As soon as I could march, I was directed to Tagansay, nigh the Black Sea, and my friend Syeffskoi formed one of our escort, being still too much of an invalid for active service. We reached our destination in the June of '13. Two days after our arrival, Syeffskoi entered my miserable abode. 'Capitaine,' said he, in broken French, 'we never forget our friends, and I have come to prove it. To-morrow night, at eight, there will be no moon: go down to the bank of the river—do you see that tree?' He pointed to a large oak; one of its limbs was withered and leafless, and therefore readily recognized. I replied, 'I do.' 'Well, there will be a small boat under the bank; the oars will lie in the high grass under the tree; cross the river to a light you will see in a window dimly opposite; at the back of the house a horse will be saddled; mount, and keep south until you reach the mountains; travel only by night. I am poor, very poor, but here are four silver rubles; it is all I have in the world; my wife and children give it you. Farewell! The blessed saints protect you! Remember Syeffskoi! he will never forget you!' So saying, he thrust his purse in my hand, and ran off, as if he feared I might refuse him.

"I need not tell you how I watched the sinking sun, nor recite the eager haste with which, when all was dark and silent, I hastened to the appointed spot. I groped for some time in the darkness for the oars; they were found at last. I then entered the boat, and pulled cautiously into the stream. My beacon was burning steadily but afar. The river was rough, and swollen by the melting snows, it had a breadth of upwards of a mile. It was a perilous voyage to a landsman. In the centre the current was so rapid as to require all my strength to stem it. Notwithstanding my utmost exertions, I was forced far below my right landing place. I found the spot where the boat finally grounded a mere swamp, but I was too much exhausted to ascend the river again. I sprang into the marsh, and after an hour's wading, guided by the light, I reached a miserable hovel, the abode of some fisherman. The horse was in waiting. A small bag of meal, on one side of the saddle, balanced a skin filled with some liquid on the other. I was on his back in a moment. He was one of the small, shaggy, half wild Polish breed, ridden by the Cossacks. As I turned him, a voice said in Russian, 'Stranger, go in peace. Be careful of the water—you will need it.' I made a gesture of thanks, and striking my steed with the plaited thong in which the rein of the Tartar bridles terminate, dashed at a gallop eastwardly into the pitch-like obscurity. The soft marshy soil I found soon gave place to thick turf. For about four hours I continued my hazardous career, the hardy animal

that bore me showing no signs of fatigue. Suddenly the grass was changed for loose shingle; and in a few minutes more my horse, after snorting and shying a good deal, set his feet firmly, and refused to advance. Finding I could not change his position, I per force remained quietly seated on his back. It was bitterly cold in those open plains. I could hear every now and then the splash of water, and endeavored to pierce the thick darkness around, but in vain. Nothing but the rushing of the wind, and that constant plashing, could I catch. At last, a pale grey gleam stole over the landscape. It showed a boundless grassy plain on all sides but one—that one directly before me; there lay a lake of some size. I dismounted, and leading my tired horse, stooped to drink. Pshaw! it was brine! I now understood the warning, 'be careful of your water;'—and water it was that filled the skin at my saddle. I drank sparingly of it; and then re-mounting, concluding I was far enough from the river, turned southwards. Well, sir, I journeyed in this way eight days, without meeting either man or beast; and once or twice only, in the long travel, did I meet with drinkable water. I found, however, the heavy dews on the grass at night sufficed my generous companion. On the eighth day the water in the skin was expended. That day the sun rose glowing hot, and soon my torture became excessive. I was becoming dizzy with suffering, when, as I raised my eyes to the glowing heavens, I fancied I discovered a deep blue, well defined ridge on the southern horizon. Xenophon's tired soldiers shouted when they saw the sea—I almost shrieked. The Caucasus! there was water there!—there was life!—there was safety! I spurred on my staggering and panting steed. He understood me—he hastened on. Ah! ah! at last he neighs, and dashes desperately forward! The eternal grass is changed: there were shrubs, green boughs, shaking in the wind. To these he madly galloped. In another minute we were descending a steep bank, clothed with trees, at the risk of life, into the stream. At last we plunged. While the panting horse drank almost to bursting, I scooped up the muddy water with my hand. Talk of wine! ah! there was no nectar ever equalled that muddy draught! I dwell upon it now, and something of its indescribable delight seems to re-visit me.

"Well, I ascended this stream, and gradually approached the mountains, the path becoming every moment more and more difficult. It was, however, evidently travelled. Suddenly, turning a huge pile of granite, half hidden by the trees that grew in its clefts and at its foot, I came upon an armed party. The men started to their weapons, women screamed, children gabbled, while more than a dozen bearded fellows, with long barrelled guns in their hands, called out to me at once. I knew not one word they uttered, but I knew the value of tin...

and the absurdity of any attempt at defence. Having nothing better at command, I commenced a long speech from the *Cid*, accompanied with the appropriate gestures. They listened—they smiled—I watched. So then, with a concluding flourish, I dismounted, and walking straight to the oldest and ugliest of the party, shook him by the hand most cordially. He received my approaches as an ill-tempered cur the pattings of a stranger. But I had stepped into their good graces. They crowded round—the hand-shaking was repeated. They were dining, it seemed, when I came upon them. Re-seating themselves, I was invited to join the repast. God only knows its composition; I was too hungry to be particular. My voracity was so great as to make them merry. One in particular—a one-eyed, and most truculent looking fellow—bestowed uncommon attention upon me. He seized handfuls of every thing before him, and placed them on my platter, grinning like an ugly baboon as he saw them disappear. At last, in derision, he tore the entire shoulder from a roasted lamb, and set it before me. I smiled and winked, after the manner of the *varietés*, and was rewarded by a shout of laughter. A large jar was now produced, containing very tolerable wine. This was handed about, and drunken in such quantities as speedily produced intoxication. Songs were sung, and a scene of wild and violent merriment closed the day. To this I contributed in no small measure: my *chansonnettes* were received with the most unbounded applause. One by one my entertainers dropped at last asleep; to which, after tethering my horse, I at last also gave way.

“On the morrow a kind of council was held. They came to the resolution of questioning me, but the difficulty was to understand each other. Many languages were tried without effect—Turkish, Persian, Tartar; at last Russian. This I understood sufficiently to answer, ‘Was I Russian?’ Two or three dozen dark eyes flashed on me in a most unmistakable manner. ‘No,’ I answered, ‘but an enemy to Russia—a prisoner escaped from their hands.’ ‘Who was I then?’ ‘A Frenchman.’ Here was a pause. At length, ‘a Frenchman’ was repeated in a great variety of tones on all sides. They had never heard of France; but I was an enemy to the detested Russians, that was enough. By great effort and expenditure of words, I contrived to convey some dim ideas to them of our Emperor; and I learned in return, that an enemy of Russia was with them always a friend. It appeared they were about to commit some forage or other on the nearest settlements of that power. I was therefore dismissed for the time, and turned back, with their families and some old men, to the upper valleys of the mountains from which they had emerged.

“By wild, intricate, and all but impassable ways, we slowly ascended. It seemed to me, that none but the wolf or the

eagle could have followed. After two days further journeying, we entered a most lovely but secluded valley, opening to the south. It was well cultivated and thickly peopled. Far below lay the plains and marshes of Mingulia; while the blue haze, on the open horizon in the west, pointed out the distant Black Sea. In this unknown spot, buried, as it were, in the bosom of the mountains, I remained some months, and quite won the affections of its simple but savage inhabitants. Wearied of quiet, and anxious to return, if it were practicable, to France, I accompanied then some of our mountaineers through the Georgian passes to Tiflis. There I learned the fate of the Empire; and thence wrote to my beloved uncle (through whose act I am now a prisoner) of my fate. My child, my *amie*, my mother, were ever in my thoughts. The post goes not, however, very regularly in Turkey. It was three years after that I received a reply. It was a terrible blow: they were all gone—all—mother, *amie*, child! Life was without object henceforth.

“I had long before this passed into the service of the Turkish Governor, as a “*Maitre d’Armes*.” Solindin Pacha repaired my fortunes. My coffers grew full when I had no motive to save; but the old man loved me. War had made him childless, and the Russian was his deadly foe—these were the points of contact that united us. How long I might have remained I know not, had my master lived; perhaps I had left my bones there. It chanced, however, otherwise. One morning, when present at the exercise of an artillery company, a gun burst. One of its fragments settled the earthly account of poor Solindin; another maimed me as you see. Thanks to an Italian in the old Pacha’s service, I got well enough to travel. Through a mercantile house at Odessa, I transmitted half a million of francs to Paris. Then bidding a final farewell to Tiflis, by the route of the Danube I returned to ‘*La Belle France*.’ Having settled my affairs at Paris, I felt an extreme desire to re-visit my native place. No sooner had I arrived, than visiting the old Notary, my uncle, I contrived to get into a most laughable and notable scrape. But go along with us to St. Joppe; you’ll hear it all better than I can tell it—and what is more, it is worth the hearing. I believe I must to bed. Monsieur will excuse me.”

Saying this, and calling for a candle, he was ushered by the host to his sleeping room. I also began to nod, and intimating my wish, was conducted to a very clean apartment by the hostess. There, after a few minutes, during which French, Russians, and one legged men, danced through my brain in many revels, I sank into deep sleep.

The morning sun shone brightly in at the window when I awoke. Many voices were loudly talking below, half laughing, half angry, at the moment they had doubtless disturbed me.

Among them my guest's sonorous tones were to be heard in broken exclamations. I dressed hastily, and descended. The company of the last night was increased by three old men. One of these, by his long black coat and shovel hat, I knew to be a Priest; he was standing by the *poelle* as I entered. Another, in the dress of a respectable farmer, was talking in the door-way to the master of the auberge. From the respectful attitude of mien of mine host, I set this one down as a functionary. The third stood leaning on a table, at which the Captain was seated. He was very far advanced in years; grey straggling hairs escaped from beneath a black skull cap with which his head was covered. His whole appearance was legal.

"Clement," said he, humbly, "I do not want to make trouble—you are my sister's son. The money is yours, but give me a legal discharge."

"Very well," replied the soldier, "I knew we should understand each other."

"Yes, yes, but why did you come stalking into the house at such an hour? I scarce think old Thérèse will recover it."

"Nonsense."

"Why, it is so."

"Bah! I got off the Diligence on the Charleroi road, and walked across; that made me so late. As for Thérèse, when she opened the door I stepped in, and said, 'Thérèse, I must see your master.' The old woman screamed and fainted. Could I help her mistaking me for a ghost? Our father, there, will acquit me of that."

This brought the Priest into the circle. He said, addressing the soldier, "All this, my son, may be true; but after fifteen years of absence you ought to have written. Thérèse's fears were natural. But how came you to continue so cruel a farce? Your uncle deserved better of you."

"Well, father, that may be true, too; but the surprise and terror of my uncle were irresistible. There was something so comical in the whole affair, I had to go through with it. Thérèse's scream brought my uncle to the spot in great haste. In her fall, the old woman extinguished the light. No sooner, by the aid of that he brought, did he perceive me, than he commenced, '*Ave Maria, ora pro nobis,*' and ascending the stairs backwards. Thanks to you, good father, I believe he got through the whole Litany without missing a word."

"Clement! Clement!" said the uncle.

"Mien Gott!" said the miller, who had some time since joined the group, attracted, doubtless, by the stir from the duties of his mill.

"*Sanctissima!*" said an old woman in the corner.

"Well, I followed my uncle until he seated himself in his office, behind his baize covered table. He must forgive me;

I own it was wrong. Then, in a feigned voice, I said, 'I have come far, very far!' 'Holy father!' said my uncle; 'Heaven preserve my senses, he died long ago!' 'Can I sleep in peace? Think of the pains of purgatory!' 'Alas! alas! I will have masses said! All shall yet be well!' again spoke my uncle. 'It is necessary,' I replied; 'give me my money, the fifty thousand francs of my mother's estate.' He started—ghosts are not often money-seekers; but rising, he placed the key in the iron safe, and counted the *billetes de Banque* upon the table. I continued the extravaganza. Getting them into a heap, I took the whole and withdrew backwards, closing the doors carefully behind me. All this was wrong, very wrong, doubtless; but the folly of old Thérèse put the farce into my head, and my uncle is perchance to blame that I carried it on."

"Bah!" said the uncle, "you tell a good story, Hyppolite, but you don't tell the whole story; but I will say nothing further about the matter. Let Mr. Vandeweyer draw the quittance."

The Communal Judge was now called to the table, and the charges against the Captain being formally withdrawn, a discharge for fifty thousand francs was legally given and attested.

"Now, then, said the soldier, "we are once more friends. Let us have breakfast." He held his hand to his uncle, who shook it heartily.

"This is to be a day of forgiveness," remarked the Priest, "*beati sunt pacificati*. Your uncle asks your pardon. The old man has done you much wrong; his intentions were, however, good."

"*Mille tonneurs!* what now!" exclaimed the Captain, "more explanations?"

"Yes," pursued the Priest, "prepare for a surprise."

"Another ghost," chimed in the uncle.

"A restoration," said the Priest.

"A discovery," said the Judge.

The Captain turned from the one to the other to catch, if possible, in the changes of feature, the key to the joke, but all looked sadly serious—truthfully serious. "*Sacre!*" said he, at last, jumping up and stumping round on his wooden leg, "here's a precious riddle."

"Wait a while," said the Priest, solemnly, "and we will solve it for you. The mercies of God are great, my son; he has preserved to you—"

"*Au nom de Diable,* out with it!" burst in the irritable soldier.

"Swear not," continued the Priest, "but down on your knees and thank God, the saints, and the blessed Virgin," (here he devoutly crossed himself and looked upward,) "for the past, and prepare to receive your daughter."

"What? Man—Priest—Devil—speak again!" the Captain exclaimed, seizing the priest by the collar, then as suddenly letting go his hold. "What, my daughter! This is a cruel joke!" and he threw himself into a chair by the table, and buried his face in his hands. There was a pause. The old uncle at last went up to him; putting his hand softly on his shoulder, he said soothingly, "Hyppolite, be a man; your child lives, the daughter of your Cecile; in a few minutes she will be here."

The soldier raised his head—tears were streaming over his weather-beaten face. "*Au nom de Dieu*—in pity—if ye are men," he said brokenly, almost gasping out each word, "what would you do? why do you torture me thus?"

"By the name of our blessed Saviour," said the priest, reverently, "your daughter lives; she will be here quickly. How this is, you shall know hereafter."

Slowly, and as it were with difficulty, the soldier appeared to understand these reiterated assurances. At last he said, "Priest, you say my daughter lives, the child of my Cecile, and I will believe you—yes, I will believe you. Where, where is she?"

"Hush!" replied the Priest, (there was a sound of wheels,) "be a man."

A carriage stopped; the uncle, the Priest, and the Judge, rushed to the door. The Captain stood alone in the centre of the room, his hand resting on a table, gazing on the entry with a stupid, almost idiotic stare. In another minute a light step passed the floor of the auberge, and the full round form of a beautiful Belgian, of one or two and twenty, was before us. The Priest led her by the hand to the soldier, and said, slowly and distinctly, "Father, receive thy child—daughter, behold thy father!" The young girl stood without moving before her parent; his eyes, in the meanwhile, were bent intently on her, a wildness and eagerness no words can convey in his unsteady glances. At last he caught her to his bosom, and exclaiming, "My child! my child! my Cecile!" hung his head upon her shoulder and wept. Every one in the room, and it was by this time crowded, turned aside. The poor girl, notwithstanding she had been partially prepared for this interview, certainly showed more of shame than affection, at finding herself one of the chief actors in so exciting a scene; but the father speedily brought it to a close. "My child," said he, kissing both her glowing cheeks. "I will not complain that you feel not as I do; well I know that to be impossible. Hereafter you will know me better, and love me for myself. I must love you—the living likeness of your mother will compel that. I am a rough old campaigner, yet you will be wayward indeed if a harsh thought or word is felt or spoken against you." He then turned to the old man and said, with

extreme bitterness, "For you I shall find a time, and woe to you, also, if the explanation be not satisfactory."

"Father," said the daughter, laying her hand timidly on the arm of her parent, "be not harsh towards my great uncle; he has been very, very kind to me. Let me not lose him because I find you."

"For that one word 'father,' my child," said the soldier, "I will forgive him; and beside, he has been kind to you."

"And so he was to my mother," continued the young girl, soothingly, "while she lived."

"It is enough, I will not reproach him. There," said he, and he walked to the Notary, "there's my hand once again; henceforth I forget all but your kindness to the dead," (he spoke this mildly,) "and to the living whom you have restored to me. But let me ask, not in unkindness, why was the existence of my child concealed from me?"

"Nephew," replied the old man, "she had grown up with me—she had grown to me—she seemed my own—and I feared you might demand her. To part seemed almost impossible. I dreamed not then that you would ever return; and really, I believed in so doing I was acting for you, the child, and for myself, the best part. Our father has taught me better. It was not the fear of your spirit-like visitation overpowered me, so much as that of your actual existence; and no sooner had you quitted me, than I that very night recommended these doubts to our father. He rebuked me severely for my conduct, and advised your arrest, to prepare both you and Cecile for this *denouement*. I am now an old man—consider, is it well for your child to be taken from my hearth-stone! I am rich—she shall have all, all—you are poor."

"Bah! Monsieur Notary," burst in the Captain, "I have twenty-five thousand francs of *rente*." There was a general exclamation of surprise. "But she shall remain with you, on one condition."

"Name it," said the Notary, quickly.

"Well, then, you must receive me too."

"Agreed."

"Now let us adjourn," said the father.

"Whither?" asked the *Juge de Paix*.

"Home," answered the Notary; "come my good friends." They hastened to the door.

"And you also, Monsieur," said the Captain; "surely you go likewise to rejoice at my new found happiness."

I could not refuse. At the home of the Notary I that day spent one of the pleasantest of my life. It was some six years after, that I chanced to be in the neighborhood of Ohain. I then enquired after my old friends; they directed me to a handsome "Campagne." There I found the soldier and his daughter: the latter introduced me to her husband. The

old man did the same to a white-headed little rogue, whom they had called Hyppolite, after him, and whom likewise I learned he was doing his very best to spoil. The Notary had been gathered to his fathers long since, but the union between them had been undisturbed to the last. Years have rolled by, yet sometimes I trust to renew those old memories. That may never be possible; still the recollection of those days lightens sometimes a weary hour in my existence. Reader, may I hope the recital has achieved as much for you?

T. H.

OH! FROWN NOT UPON ME!

A SONG.

Oh! frown not upon me, thus lonely and weak;
I am far from my home, and my years are but few;
The softness of girlhood is still on my cheek,
Though sorrow has wilted and wasted its hue.

My betrayer will never embrace me again;
But, oh! if he find in the mercy of Heaven
Such love as this bosom's, now throbbing in pain,
The wrongs he hath done me will all be forgiven.

I loved like a woman--I loved him too much!
He vowed to protect me till life's dream was flown;
And my poor heart believed him--its fondness was such!
But he left me, 'mong strangers to wander alone.

No farewell he gave me--no token to prove
That e'er on his bosom enamored I lay:
Forsaken by kindred, by friendship and love,
No wonder my brain in that moment gave way.

A dark flood of feeling sprang up in my soul;
The world rolled in gloom, and my nature was changed;
My passions grew wild, and defying control,
Like the whirlwind of autumn, at liberty ranged.

I have suffered the censure and scorn of the world,
Till conscience, grown weary, has ceased to upbraid;
Oh! many a feeling, which tenderly curled
Around me in childhood, is sadly decayed!

Like a bird that has strayed from its own native grove,
And dies where rude billows and winds are at strife--
Thus, lured from her home by the semblance of love,
Poor Mary shall sink in the ocean of life.

Then frown not upon me, thus lonely and weak;
I am far from my home, and my years are but few;
The softness of girlhood is still on my cheek,
Though sorrow hath wilted and wasted its hue.

G. M.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF 1843 & 1844.*

Saratoga.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I have been amusing myself with the character given to our race by the fair writer of "*Change.*" Bitter is her sarcasm—loud and long do the *changes* ring upon our unhappy country. The writer throughout proclaims her disbelief in our "being improved by her exertions, and is clearly of opinion that our skulls are quite too obtuse to be pierced" by even her pointed wit!

I can safely say, that I do not anticipate its being necessary to drag the Serpentine when her fiat shall become known to you; but should deem it a most inglorious death, were you, in despair, to seek that watery element, and bubble out your last sighs to the sympathetic swans.

I shall give you a few specimens of the light darts in this "book of information," and then to the serious charges:— "Rolled down the Haymarket, and passed the statue of George the Third, with a pigtail: the sculptor must have owed His Majesty a grudge." "The Mansion House is *squab* and square, as beseems a civic mansion." "At Guildhall I saw the hideous figures of Gog and Magog." The dainty lady had better have taken the trouble of seeing Copley's famous picture of the destruction of Gibraltar. It is there, with many others, celebrated; and what is more, the artist's father was a portrait painter of Boston, and his son is Lord Chancellor of England.

"Went into the Bank of England, where: sovereigns were flung about like pebbles, and saw a pompous looking man sitting with some others in a sort of cage." She forgot to mention that there were twelve millions sterling of specie in the vaults, which did not happen to be in the vaults of the Bank of the United States, when Mr. Biddle "sat with others in a sort of cage;" and the poor unfortunate thousands, in both countries, who have been reduced to beggary by its break-down, must smile a ghastly smile at idle ribaldry from such a quarter on such a subject, and sigh in vain to see the eagles "flung about like pebbles."

The truth is, that when persons write merely for effect, they are apt to sacrifice too much to it; and if the *lady* (leather breeches, dragoon serjeant, and gin-shop notwithstanding) had confined herself to facts, she might have afforded real gratification, by turning her talents of observation to matters of importance, and by calmly stating her unprejudiced opinions.

The ignorance of the English relative to America is held up to ridicule on all occasions. I will venture to say, that very few of the people here assembled know who is the

* Continued from the July number, page 146.

Chancellor of England, and who the Primate of Ireland ; and how many could tell you of the position and government of the Isle of Man, or whether Guernsey and Jersey have still French laws or otherwise ?

I was speaking the other day of the salary of our Prime Minister, which I believe is about £5000 sterling a year, and said that it was very moderate, considering the daily and nightly labor it entails, and its responsibility. The person agreed with me, but replied, "He can take as much more as he pleases." "From whence?" "Oh! from the people!" And they really did believe that he could either put his hand into the Treasury, or tax Her Majesty's subjects *ad libitum*. I attempted to undeceive them—they shrugged their shoulders.

The *culturess* says :—"Another discreditable feeling is rife in England generally, *perhaps*, but most assuredly in London—the irreverence for places that have been scenes of great events, or for houses the abodes of men who have left an undying name. Whether a house was occupied by John Milton or John Doe, is to them a matter of perfect indifference." The destruction of the places to which she refers occurred centuries ago, and have nothing to do with the present generation. More than sixty years have elapsed, and the erection of a monument in celebration of the battle of Bunker's Hill has only been completed in "our young country." When ages have gone by, what assurance is there that the residences of Cooper and of Washington Irvine may not have been swallowed up in a factory or an hotel? The former is already obliged to defend his character by legal prosecutions, and I can assure you excites little sympathy from those who have luxuriated in his descriptions of scenes "happed by land and sea." There is but one monument of Washington, that I am aware of. It may be said that all America is a monument of the great Washington. So it is; and did I write in the same spirit as the lady, I might add, and the people seem content to keep their hands in their pockets, and leave it so.

If such is the English character, whence came the monuments which adorn St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey? and in what country can she point out anything to be compared to them? Of both those places her accounts are most meagre. Fees are the cry: at the former she paid two-pence, and at the latter one shilling, not York. Did she attend the annual meeting of the charity children in St. Paul's, where ten thousand of them from the metropolis are assembled, to attend divine worship, join in the chant, and respond the deep amen? The late Emperor of Russia, Alexander, said he had seen nothing so affecting, in or out of his own dominions.

Julia says :—"The burnings in the rural districts are treated with an apathy at which *she* marvels. The Londoner reads

of blazing farm-yards, but as the danger is not at his very door, he cares as little about it as if it had been a part of the foreign news. His self-conceit encases him like armour, rendering him invulnerable to all *pity*; so he coolly stirs up the fire, wondering if the farmer fellow will be ruined." Arn't we nice chaps, Frank?

When there is a collision between rail-cars in this country, when snags tear the sides, and high-pressure engines burst the boilers of their steamboats, destroying hundreds of lives—when others are burnt at sea or on lakes, and the most horrible details are given, do they forget to look in the same paper at the state of the market, prices of cotton and the stocks, to say nothing of pork, cheese, lard, and leather?

"Here men," says my lady, "seem to think far more of the criminal than the punishment of crime." Did the writer never hear of Australia, of Van Dieman's Land, and the merciful care which leads Britain, at great expense, to save human life, and give offenders an opportunity of retrieving their characters, and making their peace with their God? I shall just, by way of rejoinder, give you an extract from the *paper of to-day*:—"Murder in Missouri,"—"Murder at the Long House,"—"Deliberate murder,"—"A shocking murder,"—"Attempt to murder and rob,"—"Murder in Hudson County,"—"A Murrelite shot." A little punishment here would not be amiss, I think. Besides, persons are permitted to give bail for the most heinous crimes. What say you of the prevention "in our young country?" All these are another proof, that when persons take the surface from which to form their conclusions, the chances are that nineteen times out of twenty they will be guilty of gross error and misrepresentation—like Baron de Hanssez, of cock-fighting celebrity.

I have never at home seen so much smoking and chewing, nor heard so much swearing, yet it would be very unfair in me to pronounce the Americans a smoking, chewing, swearing nation. Such forbearance would become the *authoress*; and until she acquires the gift of "the Devil on two sticks," she may depend upon it, she will be incompetent to decide, by a flourish, upon the character and merits of the English nation.

"The Americans as well as the English," says Julia, "may feel ennobled in Westminster, for *there* are the great names of a common ancestry—the warriors who made British valor felt, the poets and philosophers who gave undying lustre to the language, long before misrule made America, with unflinching voice, exclaim, '*I will be free!*' Chaucer, and Spenser, and Bacon, and Addison, and Newton, are ours as well as England's." Of course, having taken possession of Oregon, with the full approbation of General Cass, and acquired the navigation of the St. John's River, the next claim will be to Westminster Abbey, and some other odd trifles which they

may happen to covet. But, for the sake of argument, suppose that Westminster Abbey, and Yorkminster, and Chaucer, and Spencer, and Addison, Newton, and Bacon, Oliver Cromwell, Charles the Second, and a few others, are "ours by virtue of a common ancestry," then why not the evils of the feudal system, the hated royalty and aristocracy, and some other things which are not sparingly abused "in our young country?" If the one "ennobles America" by right of said "ancestry," why not put them in the opposite scale with Ireland and her evils into the bargain? All these were cherished for some centuries by the "ancestry;" and when their descendants had been nursed, fostered, protected, and then fancied they could make a better speculation, they cut the connection, and I should say, must be content to leave us all our honors together with all our faults. "Not so," say they, "we shall take what we consider best, and you and the rest may go to the devil!" Aint that cute, Frank, in "our young country?"

By the the way, talking of General Cass reminds me of Major Downing's account of old Hickory's royal progress through his dominions. I give it in his own words:—

"MR. EDITOR.—I have seen in your paper a '*Crowner's Inquest*,' saying I was drowned at the bridge at Castle Garden, and picked up in York Bay. This is a tarnal lie, and I wish you to say so. I did not so much as get my feet wet when the bridge fell, though it was a close shave, I tell you.

"I was riding right alongside the General—if anything, a little ahead of him. But this ain't the only thumper I've heard about that scrape. I've heard that Mr. Van Buren had sawed the string pieces under the bridge, (any body may guess for what,) but that can't be so, for he was right behind the General when the bridge fell, and all t' e folks were floundering in the mud and water. I thought he was gone too, for he was right in the thickest on 'em. I and the General clapt in the spurs, and we went quick enough through the crowd on the Battery; and the first thing I saw was Mr. Van Buren hanging on the tail of the General's horse, and streaming out behind, as strait as old Deacon Willoby's cue when he is a little too late to meeting. When we got up to the tavern where we put up over night, I and the General had a real laugh to see our folks coming in one arter another. Governor Cass had a bandanna tied round his head. 'What,' says I, 'Governor, are you hurt?' 'Not as I knows on,' says he, 'but I lost my wig.' And sure enough, come to take off the handkercher, his wig was gone. 'Well,' says I, 'Governor, you've got the whole Indian tribes in your Department, and it is a hard case if you can't get a scalp to suit you,'—and the General snorted right out. And then come Governor Massy, and he had his pantaloons ripped from the waist right down to the knee. 'Well,' says I, 'this beats all natur; it will cost more than fifty cents to mend 'em.' 'Never mind, Massy,' said the General, 'if you can't afford to get them pantaloons mended, the State 'll give you a new pair!' And then we all snorted and sniggered, I tell you."

Funny fellow, the Major, aint he Frank?—uncommon!—
Addio.

Saratoga.

MY DEAR FRANK.—In reading the various works upon America, you find the authors generally doubting the continuance of the self-government which exists so extensively

here. They talk to you of man's ignorance, his prejudices, his passions, and his interests, and theoretically conclude that such a state of things cannot exist. But how is it practically? Time rolls on—you see able Presidents, wise statesmen, acute diplomatists, profound lawyers, learned Judges, and eloquent representatives, arising from this same source, and exciting the surprise and the respect of the world. What nation is better upheld abroad?—what nation has better Governors at home? Men better able to do credit to their country in advocating its rights, you seldom find any where. I don't mean General Cass, of slave trade celebrity. The charges of Judges, although they are so frequently changed, are generally, as far as I can learn, cool and impartial, and the decisions of the Courts, except in some extraordinary cases, uniformly just. It would, therefore, seem that there, as yet, is some power which enables them to exercise great discretion, and works well to a most rational end. Is it because they are descendants from our noble country?

It will certainly not be for want of discussion if ignorance upon important matters of state happens to prevail. I do not know any subject that is not thoroughly passed through that ordeal, and well sifted by knots of politicians. Now the great question, as I said before, is the election returns relative to the future President, and its probable effect upon the tariff. All are interested: the merchant wishes it lower, as trade may languish; the consumer votes with him, as he pays an exorbitant price, from an indirect tax; the manufacturer is content, being amply protected at the expense of both; moderate men wish it reduced, and brought to such a scale as will secure a fair profit on manufactures, and not exclude foreign competition. It is thought, however, that parties will be unwilling to risk their popularity on a doubtful question, and nothing be done at present—a great injury to both sides of the Atlantic, from the want of the settlement of an important question.

The establishment of an uniform currency is also required. The difference of exchange, I am told, has been equal to twenty per cent—that is, the drafts of the far West were thus much depreciated in New York.

The far West I wrote of in my last, reminds me of the immense travelling in this country. You would suppose the world was abroad—rail-cars and steamboats are crowded, although there are several departures each day. This should form a bond of union between the different States, and the more locomotion is increased, the more that bond will be extended. In summer the South rushes to the North, to seek a cooler atmosphere; in winter thousands who desire more genial airs, travel on to the balmy South. All must tend to make them more like one family, and to dissipate jealousies.

which have existed, and do still exist, between the extreme sections of the Union, whose interests are certainly not the same. Mutual intercourse must, however, soften even these and numerous other prejudices. They who at one time contemplate the teeming North and West, and at another the glowing South, will surely exclaim, "All these, now bound together by mutual laws, must be kept together in the same unity; each and all should make the sacrifice necessary to retain in peace and harmony the mighty possession which has been assigned to us by Providence. To us has been given the noble patrimony—from us will be required the account of our stewardship."

New York, from being the chief emporium of trade, causes an immense resort of citizens to her marts. By land and by sea, still they come not less than three times a season for supplies, which are soon absorbed, and the productions of their fruitful soil are returned instead.

The present population will double itself in thirty years. There is room sufficient for an age to come; but when it shall have become as dense as Great Britain—when wealth and luxury shall produce indulgence—when numbers shall cause penury and distress, and broad lands be wanting to flee to—will she be equal to the parent which she now pretends to excel? Will she have her strength and integrity, her wisdom and power, her virtue, honor, and all the nameless charities, both public and private, that adorn her escutcheon? We hope and trust she may have them all, and that she will then, if the mighty monarch of nations shall have lost her vigor, guard her aged *madre*, and soften the decline which is allotted to all that is great and good here below. Will she be so generous, Frank? Do you remember the Persian proverb?—"Perhaps yes, perhaps no."

I have been luxuriating over Sam Slick, and laughing most heartily. His account of a juicy day in the country is delightfully full of fun, and so true. Poor Sam, never was mortal so out of his place: no talking politics—no smoking—no one particularly interested in the price of cotton or of corn—no one willing to listen to his praises of America, or his abuse of Captain Tyler. He had a sad time of it. Surely we do not need strangers to remind us of our faults, for between Boz and the witty Colonist, and others, they are pretty well exposed. If any person in this country were to write the same truisms of their fellow-citizens, they would have to pass through the gauntlet. Caricatures are not so much minded, but naked facts are disapproved of.

From Sam I turned to Julia, and exchanged my mirth for ire. I shall give you some of her ungenerous taunts. One of the letters is announced, "*Bleating in Parliament—Pompey, the negro.*" We shall let Pompey alone—she had better do so

too, unless she can set him free. The account of Westminster Abbey is very inferior to that in the Guide Book. If the sarcasms are gratifying to the writer, they can be so to few others. None will envy the feelings she appears to have brought away from that imposing place—that vast tomb, dedicated to the deity, in which all petty, splenetic jealousies must be swept away before the grave images and the sublime aspirations which it inspires. It is wholly omitted that the Duke de Montpensier was buried there—the brother of the King of the French. He died in England while in exile. The hardships of his imprisonment in France had undermined his constitution, and that of his brother Beaujolois. He sank first under its effects. His funeral was attended by persons of every rank, in token of respect for his amiability and his sufferings; and his remains were deposited in a Protestant Cathedral, among the mighty dead of the land which gave him refuge. No incense floated from the altar—no requiems echoed from the fretted roof, to implore peace for his soul. His brother died in Malta. England, that same noble, sheltering country, was the means of seating his family on the throne of the land from which they then were exiled. Such is the tide of human affairs.

The whole of *la charmante Julia's* letters are filled with collections of idioms relating to us, which, of course, are not exhibited as they occurred, but were thrown together for effect. If otherwise, she contrived to get into strange society. Indeed, there is something remarkable in the incidents. At first, in Regent-street her bonnet is poked under—she then runs helter-skelter, with some other *lady*, late for the Windsor cars, and is rudely treated—then bolts up to a dragoon sergeant for information—then in Oxford-street (appropriate place) is chased by a mad ox, (*query*, bull?) and takes refuge in a gin-shop. She heads her chapters "*leather breeches*," and ends them "*faugh, faugh*," which being interpreted means—A suspicious person this, Frank; beware how you poke under outlandish bonnets—here called hats.

I, too, have heard unusual modes of expression, and if I treasured them, could write a book. You are told a pudding is elegant—they don't love lobster—and don't use fish, &c. &c. The other day, in speaking of a broken merchant, the gentleman said he had "busted up," meaning what we would call broken down. We, perhaps, think of a carriage wheel, and they of a boiler—and why should they not?

I waste both your time and my own in retailing such peculiarities, which have no more to do with the intrinsic merits of this people, than the Bullisms, the "vells and wats," have to do with the renown of England. By the way, we are not unapt to say, "we are *fond*, or not *fond*, of a dish: to *fondle* a live lobster would be awkward; to be *fond* of a dead one,

cooked, is quite upon a par with loving it—a leetle worse, I think. I suppose it is derived from the French, *jàime*, which is applied to grub, and otherwise; which puts me in mind of Monsieur Mallett, as I saw him done by Hackett, at the Park Theatre, a short time since. He is pacing, in despair, in front of the Post Office in New York, having for weeks in vain expected letters from his daughter. The keeper of the lodging where he boards soothingly says to him, “Do return—it is the dinner hour—we have beans and bacon, and you *love beans*.” Mallett, in a genuine French fury, turns upon him and says, “I love my daughter—I use not such term for *des legumes*,”—and bolts *frantically!*

It has hitherto been usual to say, that in no other language is there a word synonymous with our *home*. Julia thinks otherwise, and says, “the English have little love for their country.” *Did you ever!* At all events they have defended her well; for a thousand years she has braved the battle and the breeze. Where is the consistency of saying, at one time, that “they abuse all other countries,” and then that they have no love for their own? It is precisely that preference which causes them to be complained of, and prevents them from *amalgamating* comfortably with other people.

A large portion of a letter is devoted to the new Poor Laws. She says, “I pretend not to say whether the new law really deserves its appellation of an amendment, or is only an experimental amendment.” She has pretended to the full knowledge of more difficult questions: and since, by her own admission, she knew so little, far better would it have been to remain silent until she had obtained better information. A Poor Law Commissioner might, perhaps, have been as civil as the dragoon sergeant—provided always, that she called not when he was at dinner. There are poor and Poor Laws in this country: the former sit on marble steps, that have columns vying with Grecian architecture, supporting *nothing!* Still they sit in want. In Broadway they are to be met at every square, seeking charity. Charity is cold. The opinions of the fair one, had she taken more pains, might have been beneficial to her own country in that respect.

The Poor Laws were originally devised by Queen Elizabeth, “to provide for the necessary relief of the lame, the blind, impotent, old, and such other parishioners as are old and not able to work: also, to provide for setting to work all such other persons, married or unmarried, children as well as adults, as have no means to maintain them, and use no ordinary trade.” Such is the preamble. These purposes have been kept steadily in view; abuses have arisen, and they have been reformed. Reams of paper have been filled with queries and answers before Parliamentary Committees, where members are not paid, and they do not adjourn their speeches from day to day:

and I believe no more *honest purpose* ever existed in any country, to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate poor. At all events, until the writer can show that proportionate zeal has been exhibited "in our young country," in behalf of the negro slave—that Committees of the House of Representatives have spent nights and days in searching into their condition, investigating their treatment, establishing their rights, or at least ameliorating their unhappy condition, by abolishing the lash—until then, the taunt and the gibe will fall harmless.

It might have amused the writer, to a useful purpose, had she computed the sum which has been raised and paid for the benefit of the poor since the time of Queen Elizabeth. She says "she hates statistics." Perhaps she hates figures, too. She is right: they are awkward facts, especially in calculating the interest of unpaid public debts—there are none such in England.—Yours, &c.

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Saratoga.

MY DEAR FRANK,—I have had a long conversation with a most intelligent person (how I do like superlatives!) who is a slave-holder. They very fairly tell you here that it was entailed upon them, and that the subsequent treatment of slavery is all they have to account for. This, however, is false reasoning. We, too, had slavery in our Colonies, and by a recent enactment have abolished it, and paid one hundred millions of dollars to the slave owners as an equivalent. With such quantities of waste lands, an arrangement could have been made with the owners, or at least have been attempted, and Hector, and Pompey, and Aristides might have been free.

We ordered matters differently. No one asked the owners what they would take for their property, nor whether they wished to part with it: and twenty pounds a head bid John Bull, and knocked down the bargain. "*Gone!*" said John, being the seller, bidder, and audience. Do you know, Frank, I have often had my doubts (and the wisest will have them) whether all this was fair and proper. Supposing Parliament wanted your coat for five shillings, (and you had but one, not worth a great deal more, if I remember right!) and the serjeant-at-arms came and took it *nolens volens*, as the quartermaster used to say, how would you like it? "Not at all." But you don't understand things; Blackstone says, "Parliament is omnipotent." "I never read Blackstone." Oh! don't you! they do in Westminster.

After all, it is not very reasonable to suppose that "in our young country," where all its means are required to develop its resources, a majority could be found to concur in any grant upon mere philanthropic principles, which would relieve a

portion of the inhabitants from a position of comparative comfort to one of doubtful advantage, and throw them, perhaps a nuisance, upon the public. For it is still a matter of doubt whether the West Indian negro has been benefited.

To suppose a new country, without roads, without sufficient defences, with internal Indian wars and external diplomatic difficulties—to suppose such a country voting some eighty millions of dollars to abolish slavery, established more than a century, is perhaps too romantic. Besides, there are other difficulties to be disposed of. To confer the rights of citizenship upon two millions of colored persons, must be followed by their taking their places in society as equals. How would you like a bench of black Judges? how like to see them in the halls of the capitol, enacting laws for their own future administration? how in the drawing-room addressing your sisters or daughters? It seems inadmissible, and would not be tolerated here. They will not sit at table with them, nor are they allowed to take places in the cabins of steamboats. With us, if they had plenty of money, and arrived in a coach and four, they would be received at the "Clarendon"—but that is another affair. There is a grave objection besides: the owners do not desire to dispose of them, and (your coat, notwithstanding) they won't trade, no how. All that can finally be found fault with is the want of legislation to restrain cruelty. It is said, I hope untruly, that if a master shot his slave he could not be punished. It was Lord Bathurst, I think, when Colonial Secretary, that abolished the lash, and required that a space of time should elapse before an owner could punish his slave, to allow passion and excitement to be past. It was humane, and like himself.

From the gentleman I before alluded to, I learned that meritorious slaves are kindly treated, the worthless punished, of course, not worse than the law would require, and all are better off than if left to themselves. The sweeping censure, therefore, which some writers aim at America for tolerating slavery, is unjust. If she does not render it as mild as possible, then only is she not to be excused. I never yet heard any person propose a practicable scheme for the relief of the evils of Ireland, which have grown out of centuries; neither did I ever listen to or see a feasible plan for the abolition of slavery in this country, surrounded as they are both with vested rights and other difficulties.

Julia "on English character."—I opened the book at a description of the lying-in-state of the late lamented Duke of Sussex, to which it appears her curiosity had led her. The letter is filled with the worst taste I have yet seen—the honored dead, you'd think, might escape from any grossness. Far otherwise. The private history of his late Royal Highness is exposed, and the misfortunes of his life, over which he had no control, are held up to ridicule. I was prepared for an

eulogy. He was in opposition to his royal brothers in all things which he deemed ultra. He was the man of the people—a Whig—which character he maintained to the last, having ordered his remains to be deposited in an unpretending churchyard. He was the patron of arts to an extent beyond his means. He was the friend of our amiable Sovereign, and loved her as his child. From this side of the Atlantic, a sympathy in liberal sentiments should have screened the ashes of the noble dead from mocking jest. But no! the hate which quailed not before the solemnity of Westminster Abbey, was not to be appeased by silent mutes, sable plumes, and mournful hatchments. I give you the following from Julia: “He dared in his youth, and in his more mature years also, to marry like other people, despite of the Royal Marriage Act, which George the Third, when he was *counted sane, too*, caused his obsequious Parliament to pass.”

A late Royal Duke, as you know, married a Roman Catholic, and it therefore became necessary to set aside his marriage. Any relinquishment on his part to the succession to the throne could not be binding upon his heirs, and might have become the source of future disturbance and civil war. The Royal Marriage Act was *wisely*, not obsequiously passed. With a large family of sons, it was impossible for His Majesty to foresee what connections they might form, and what embarrassment *to the nation* might be produced. The law, therefore, was enacted, and gave to a competent tribunal the proper jurisdiction for the occasion.

Why it should have been thought necessary to drag forward His late Majesty George the Third, does not appear. His was a life of exemplary worth. He possessed most of the virtues that confer grace and dignity on the human character—they should have shielded his memory from the insult. But that any one could be found so totally wanting in self-respect, so grossly callous to every generous feeling, so almost impiously irreverend, as to reproach the memory of the deceased monarch for the awful calamity with which it pleased Divine Providence to afflict him, and to avert which the prayers of a whole nation were constantly offered up, seems too great depravity of mind for even these unscrupulous times.

The writer, Julia, who apparently possessed no more suitable feelings than the rest of the spectators, says: “And then we stood in the *presence chamber*—I suppose I must call it so, for there was the coffin, and the room was hung with fluted black cloth, as were the stair-case and ante-room, and waxen tapers in silver sconces, which diffused dim light, and royal emblems hung around, and a coronet rested on the coffin, which was covered with rich crimson velvet, while chief mourners, not by right of consanguinity, but of custom, sat at its head, and in the chamber of death were thus gathered the

“vanities of life.” This of course is all intended for mockery, but with me the description has produced a solemn effect, and the whole funeral state leads one to exclaim with the psalmist—“Oh! vanity of vanities! what is life when all of royalty and grandeur is thus brought low.”

The last tribute to the dead, has by most civilized nations, and even by savages, been deemed an act of piety, as committing to the dust the frail body which had been framed out of it by its Heavenly Maker. The Jews had their ceremonies, and lying for several days was one of them. The Greeks, the Romans had theirs. Some nations hewed monuments out of rocks, as lifeless as the dead themselves, and others have been content to mark the beloved spot with the hum wild flowret, which grew and withered there.

The ceremony observed at royal funerals in England had been established for centuries before America was thought of: it is one of its most ancient usages, and I have not the least idea that one of its solemn details would have been omitted, even had it been known that the eye and the ear of the writer were to be there to collect the low ribaldry of the unfeeling, the thoughtless, and the vulgar.

There were none such at the funeral of General Harrison to trumpet the obscenity to us across the Atlantic, and desecrate his honored name. “The vanities of life were gathered too, in that chamber of death”; but they were there, as elsewhere, for the holy purpose of becoming instruments, in evincing respect for the memory of the dead, who by a sudden dispensation of Providence, had been taken from his high estate, and destined to an unexpected tomb—they were there as a last feeble consolation to the bereaved, to testify the honor felt for the respected remains, and heaven forbid that any rude, unfeeling hand, belonging to us, should open the wounds which time alone can heal.—Yours, &c.

West Point.

MY DEAR FRANK,—Having been told that on the first of next month, the Cadets at this place would strike their tents, break up their encampment, and go into winter quarters, I cut stick *et ni voici*. I was Goth enough to leave all the loveliness behind—commend me to such a bivouac as Saratoga—you must come next season and should I be here shall take care of you—didn't I always, entirely? what rubbish I am talking; to an Englishman too, who has to pay the postage—I respect your groans.

Never was I more astonished than at this superb place. I should have spent more of my time here had I known all—I could write a poem if I only were a poet. I ran about asking all manner of questions, and getting little information. Like

Julia, I was in a rhapsody—let me deliver myself—listen:—Isis in her frolics here, made this her chosen spot, she girt it round with rock and wood, and her own river arm, and when her work was done, she left it for a coming nation to train her sons to acts and to heroic deeds defensive; she bade those sons for future time, like their own eagle emblem, to watch and guard their trust. Here shall her liberal spirit, from her public store, shew to the admiring world her noble youth, the early harbinger of future greatness: and on this spot shall rest a tomb, sacred to him, great Kosciosko, who fought in liberty's best cause—and all shall be a monument to freedom; and when this my cherished haunt, shall, from a niggard race, feel want and cold neglect, then shall there be a sign: then a cloud shall rise, and soon the stormy atmosphere shall lower almost to bursting, and then, my rights again upheld, all shall be fair. She said, and blew her horn—"Why, Jack, what are you driving at, you're dreaming?"—No I ar'nt, Frank, it was only a vision. Don't know who Isis was, Frank? "Have not the pleasure of her acquaintancce." Ho't Mon', she was a divinity. "Like her all the better for that, hav'nt any such in my set." Let me enlighten you. Isis, among the Egyptians, was the goddess of nature—she was the mother and nurse of all things—"An uncommonly large woman, I should think,"—Don't interrupt me, Frank,—she married Osiris, who was the Bacchus of the Greeks,—“Stop, Jack, was that our jovial friend, Bacchiplenus?”—The same gentleman, Frank,—well, the father, who was Saturn, a crusty fellow you know, exactly—he pronounced that she, being *enceinte*, which, interpreted, means delicately round, should not have an accouchement “in any month, nor in any year.” Mercury undertook to discover a mode of evading this decision,—so in playing drafts with the Moon, which was Isis, she being the mother of all nature, he won from her the seventieth part of her light, with which he established a *factory*, and having made five days, he added them to the old fashioned year, during which the accouchement took place. “Don't tell me, Jack—Bah! it is all moonshine,—you that I have seen staking a lac of rupees, to talk of playing chequers for moonbeams. I would not give a button for a whole ship load of them.”

To describe the scenery would be a vain attempt—it has been rarely surpassed. There are said to be two hundred students, for such they may be called, as everything useful is taught in this Academy, and war's wicked tactics into the bargain—which said tactics, I trust, they will have no use for. I have seen them troop the guard this morning,—they are vastly like ourselves, barring that you are *getting into the sear*, and they are happy beardless lads, who, though they dream not of our roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, have equally good substantials in more than their mind's eye. The cadets

are, I believe, nominated by the Senators of each State, in certain proportions, and approved of by the President. They are fine looking fellows and go through their various exercises with much precision; when off duty many of them adjourn to the Hotel, where generally they find friends, coming as they do from all parts of the Union. The dress is neat, without being showy, and they become it well, looking like young officers in training, which in fact they are, although all the duties of privates are performed by them—some of which I could object to.

I should like to spin them a yarn, how you used me when I was your sag at Eton—they'd fix your flint for you if you tried it here. I forget when I see them around me that they may be opposed to us at some distant day, very distant I trust it may be, if ever; but don't mind, old boy, you'll be on the shelf and non-combatant.

There are grave thoughts which arise here, too; it was the scene of Andre's mistaken zeal, in his great anxiety to obey his commanding officer's behest,—and of that arch-traitor, Arnold, who caused the death of one of our brightest, most gallant soldiers. I shall say nothing of that death, it is matter of history, and a tardy monument has been raised to his memory; the youths here, who feel with what ardor they, too, would run all risks to execute the orders of their superior, frankly contribute their regret, which is perhaps of more worth than the sculptured marble.

Fort Putnam is still to be seen, a ruin. *There* was held the midnight meeting to betray his General—*there* were planned the schemes of slaughter, based on treachery and avarice, which a keener eye, and abler hand were yet to frustrate—you may easily imagine the whole scene realized—the sloop in waiting—the shock at finding her gone—the reluctance to undertake the land journey—the arrest—the end.

A very neat monument, in excellent taste, has been erected here in memory of Kosciusko, who after all his struggles, died I believe some where in France. I, too, asked questions, and if I were ill-natured enough, could furnish many amusing answers; but of that and other things when we meet. The walks are various and beautiful, the view from the gallery of the hotel, which is one of the best I have been at, is almost unsurpassed. Numerous sloops are steaming along the river, about two hundred feet below me, through a narrow passage walled in on every side, stupendously, by nature's skillful hand. 'Tis all majestic grandeur, while the distant quiet town of Newburg fills up the blank below.

The Cemetery is on a beautiful spot; there is a cenotaph to the memory of one of the cadets, who was accidentally killed in firing off a cannon. It is well conceived, and was erected by his sorrowing comrades—grateful to his spirit must have

been the tribute. I came away low, thinking of youth cut off, and friends bereaved.

There was service yesterday, in a very neat Chapel belonging to the establishment. Every thing was conducted in the most satisfactory manner—the students all attention, save and except a few whose eyelids could not resist eighty degrees of heat—they had been on guard, poor fellows—you would have snored. This place is kept up by an annual grant of Congress—how I hate annual votes for permanent national purposes, which should not be left doubtful. I shall look with anxiety, when far distant, for the provision in support of this highly interesting and useful Institution, which may be swept away by one veto. There is a band here, chiefly German, which discourses excellent music, and I found on the drawing-room table an invitation from the cadets to a cotillion party this evening—when did surly John Ball do so gracious a thing to a perfect stranger? Sam Slick says you are a grumbling, do-nothing set, and having seen you since I did, I am bound to believe him.

The boys seem hardly worked, and the discipline is rigid. There are excellent regulations, however, preventing the sale of any ardent spirits whatever, prohibiting gambling and all other vices. 'Tis wisely done, and the good habits formed here may lead hundreds to happiness.

I had a conversation with a young cadet this morning, and when praising the numerous beauties, he observed that I should be less enthusiastic, if I saw as much of them as he did, and I thought *be obliged to see them*. Still such things must be, and the more delightful the place the more agreeable the duty. It is said that the severity of winter ill agrees with the health of Southerners, causing pulmonary complaints. I can well believe it; but among two hundred youths many in-door charms may be devised to defy the climate. The officers in charge and the Professors live at the hotel, with a few exceptions. They are all you could wish or expect.—Yours.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

S O N N E T .

Soldier!—Hero!—by the mighty stream,
 Thy proudest battle field, thou sleepest well!
 There, where the death shots rang thy funeral knell,
 Wear out thy rest of Time, without a dream.
 What, though the Affghan, (whom thy name turned pale)
 Smile when he hear that fate hath stricken thee,
 Murmuring Jellalabad, Cabool, Ghuznee—
 Thine own loved land will bless thee, gallant SALT!
 Her wide-spread language, like a golden shrine,
 Will wrap thine ashes, on the crowded page
 Of all the boasts of mighty and of sage!
 Thou standest now for an Eternal tale!
 What matter where life's perishable stuff
 Decay!—thy Glory's epitaph enough

LEGENDS OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS.

BY CINNA.

NO. II.

MAROON HENSEY.

“ He knew and crossed me in the fray—
I gazed upon him where he lay,
And watched his spirit ebb away :
Though pierced like pard by hunter's steel,
He felt not half what now I feel.”

THE Town of Johnstown is situated on the left bank of the St. Lawrence, directly at the commencement of that long line of rapid water, which, after hurling downward for forty miles at a tremendous pace, finally disembogues itself grandly over the shallow expanse of Lake St. Francis. Johnstown was named after old Sir William Johnston, and was a place of note at the end of the last century. It is laid out beautifully at the side of an immense bay, the lower point of which stretches far into the river, and was called by the old *voyageurs* “Pointe du Lac.” Three miles above, another point shoots into the stream, and between these two the bay forms an exact semi-circle. The streets of Johnstown are laid out at right angles ; in front are those intended for the active scenes of business—in the rear are the parks and garden plats, which were set apart for the abodes of the wealthy and more fashionable. Johnstown had, and has its Court House, the first erected in the District of the same name, though now the bats and night-hawks have undisputed possession of the Court room, where once many of our ancient Lawyers and Judges were wont to exhibit their legal acumen beneath the eye of the assembled country. Though the cells and jury rooms beneath may have been converted into sleeping apartments by successive generations of occupants, yet the old Court room holds its own in gloomy majesty, and is like to do so until its strong oaken supporting beams give way, for the place is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of Bill Randall, who was condemned to death for murder here ; concerning which report we have nothing to say, not having evidence within our reach of a convincing nature that Bill is not there in the body every night of the year. All we can venture upon at the present is, that if Bill be verily and truly there, bodily, we wish him joy of his residence, and trust that he has acquired sufficient knowledge of the law to keep his neck out of the noose for the future.

Johnstown, like its Court House, (it never had a Church,) has gone into decay. The Government are selling the Parks

to the neighboring farmers—the “Squire” has monopolized, at five pounds the acre, many of the eligible lots in range A. B. and C., and soon Johnstown will be waving in fields of clover, and become renovated in golden crops of wheat and rye, for which its strong clay soil seems peculiarly appropriate, speaking after the manner of Secretaries of Agricultural Societies. It has now many aged and tottering houses, which have survived the original occupants; and they, too, must soon go. Alas! old Sir William! the Lord of the Mohawk, deserved to have his name perpetuated in a more enduring manner! But we forget the District—our District of Johnstown!—that will not soon pass away! One house in this ruinous, but by no means deserted Town, still remains in all its original proportions. It is built in the Dutch style, with sharp pointed roof, and curious gables, and has but one story, if we except the dormitories and pigeon houses above. This house was framed of oak of the finest growth; and considering that it has been drawn from lot to lot, until it has travelled almost the entire extent of the bay, within the last half century, it certainly is a remarkable edifice. It is now a hostelry, as it has always been, and no sign of repentance can yet be seen in its huge sign-board, exhibited at the top of a taper pine, on which some cunning disciple of Michael Angelo hath depicted a tolerably sized square, and a pair of exquisitely expansive compasses, striding classically, in imitation of the Colossus of Rhodes, with the staring capitals of “*Live and let live—St. John’s Hall—Peace and plenty to all mankind,*”—thrown in as a sort of relief to the compasses, and as a sweet inducement to the weary and dust-begrimmed traveller to walk in, and make himself as comfortable as the little peculiarities of the lazy-eyed landlord, and the singular temperament of the landlady, will allow.

This house is Governor Simcoe’s house. In it John Graves Simcoe, the first Governor of the U. E. Loyalists, himself a hearty, brave old Colonel, who fought in the cause of these men, held his levee, on his first arrival in Upper Canada. Time hallows all. Young Canada has her antiquities—although she may be more prone to look forward to the future with hope, than back on the past with regret. Yet the house in which John Graves Simcoe reposed himself, and cast his martial eye over the gracefully curving bay, the sparkling river, and the dilapidated fortifications of the old French ascendancy, on the point and islands below, may still be an object of interest to more than those who reside in the vicinity, in a Province, which owes so much of its present prosperity to the good commencement made by one possessed of his historic heroism, humanity, and noble self-denial in the cause of an exiled race. At the period when this narrative commences, the house stood on a point of land formed by the bay

and a small stream which parts it from the north-westward, called formerly by the French, "*Riviere de la Vielle Culotte*," which being translated, probably means "*Old Breeches River*." Governor Simcoe had but a short half hour previously taken his departure for Niagara, in one of those large bark canoes with which the passage on the St. Lawrence, and along the shore of the lakes, was then generally made. A brigade of smaller canoes and boats followed him, conveying his suite, and a few soldiers; and never since the year 1756, when Montcalm led his army upward to the attack of Oswego, had the swelling bosom of the wild forest river borne so glad a sight as on that sparkling morning.

The old piece of Ordnance, obtained from the island fort below, had ceased to belch forth its thunders from the clay bank, whereon, for want of trunnions, it had been deposited; the gentry of the surrounding country, collected together for the occasion, and looking spruce, though weatherbeaten, in their low tasselled boots, their queer old broad-skirted military coats, and looped chapeaux, with faded feathers fluttering in the wind, had retired to the inn, and were toasting in parting goblets the "*good old cause for ever*," previously to betaking themselves to their woodland path homeward, or embarking in their canoes to reach their destinations by water, above or below.

"Now I am content—content, I say, and can go home to reflect on this proud day. Our Governor—the man of all others—has come at last—mine eye hath seen it—drink to him gentlemen—he will do the rest for us,"—cried Col. Tom Fraser, his face flushed and fiery, and his stout frame drawn up to its full height at the head of the table.

"We do—we do," vociferated young Kingsmill, emptying his glass, and stamping to express his joy. "*Bonhomme*" Tom Fraser then got on his legs, and shouted a brawny young soldier's echo to the toast of his relative.

The mild, placid countenance of Dr. Solomon Jones was lighted up by the occasion, and he arose also and responded to the toast, recounting some of the services performed by the newly appointed Lieut.-Governor, in the late war.

Capt. Elijah Bottum, a large portly person, having at his side a formidable basket-hilted claymore, then addressed them in brief military phrase, and gave one of the old war slogans. Major Jessup followed in the same strain, and proposed a sentiment which was received with vociferous cheers by the younger portion of the Company. Capt. Dulmage, and Capt. Campbell, and Pay-Master Jones, and Commissary Jones, and Capt. Gid. Adams, and Lieut. Sam Adams, and Ephraim Webster, and Capt. Markle, and Capt. Grant, and numerous other Captains and other officers managed to make themselves

heard on the joyful occasion, until finally the meeting broke up, and the company separated not to meet again until the next fourth day of June, in the following year.

The hostelry was soon afterwards deserted, save by a few loungers who still remained drinking in the small room set apart as the bar, among whom the landlord, Dick Tucker, who was possessed of a meagre person, and a thin, jaundiced face, was the Sir Oracle of the occasion.

"I have nothing to say nor to gainsay about him or them. The old gentleman treated me well, I am sure; the others drank my Jamaica, and paid me down the doubloons; and wherefo' should I have anything to say or gainsay? I am satisfied with matters all round the board," said Tucker, with a patronizing air, looking round upon his customers, and jingling some small change in his pocket, while he walked from the bar to the outer door.

"Dick, you were always independent—money or no money, starving or well off, fighting or keeping tavern," said a short, athletic man, who was lounging on a bench, and who was possessed of a most villainous expression of countenance. His dark, drunken eye wandered keenly for a moment over the person of Tucker as he passed, and finally settled steadily upon him while he stood in the door.

"I have nothing to say or gainsay with regard to you, Maroon. If you drink here, you do not drink at my expense, at all events," said Tucker, rather insultingly—more, perhaps, from having long habituated himself to a saucy mode of speech, which passed among his fellows for smartness, than from any ill will to the individual whom he called Maroon.

"And I do not believe I ever treated you in my life, and I don't intend to," said the Maroon, sulkily.

"Can you say you ever gave glass for glass with any man in your life? Say yes, if you dare!" continued the landlord, turning, and looking steadily upon him on the bench.

"I won't satisfy you by saying yes or no—that is my business," rejoined the Maroon, rising up, and looking malevolent.

"I don't say or gainsay it," replied the landlord, in the cant terms in which he generally indulged; "but I know one thing of you, and that is that you have been drinking at some one else's expense since daylight this morning, and that is what no other man would do in the settlement."

"And that is my business. Boys, do you hear what he says? You know when I have money it goes. When the rafts come down I have pilot money. Boys, do you object?" enquired the Maroon, appealing to those about him with somewhat of a cowed tone, for he felt the unmerciful gibes of the domineering landlord. None of those to whom he addressed himself, saw fit to reply, feeling the omnipotence of Tucker

within the precincts of his own bar, and that he exercised a tyrant's jurisdiction over his bottles of Jamaica.

"Yes, you may have pilot money, but we don't see much of it in Johnstown. Did you ever pilot a barrel of beef from Montreal to the door of your wife and family?—did any one ever see it?" continued the landlord, now evidently in a passion, while he walked the floor, and finally stopped opposite to the poor, crest-fallen Maroon.

"Yes, many a one; and he lies who says nay!" cried the Maroon, springing up a moment after, and stamping with vehemence.

"I know you, Maroon!" said the landlord, pointing to the door, "and you know me. I am master here, and your master, hog-thief—leave!" and he moved a pace forward, while his hitherto gaunt frame swelled momentarily, until he actually seemed capable of instantly bearing down the firmly knit form of the Maroon, as if he were a child.

"I can quit—but beware!" cried the Maroon, quitting the house at once, while a darker menace flamed from his eye than had been uttered by his tongue.

"Beware!—pooh! Hog-thief, that won't do here! Off!" exclaimed the landlord, turning from the door, whither he had followed his antagonist, and walking directly into his bar, where he disappeared.

"Old Dick never could bear Hensey. He first called him Maroon some years ago, when the box of specie was lost at Point Iroquois, and the name follows him," said one of the idlers in the tap.

"And if Dick had not always cowed him before, I for one would not like to stand on his shoe-leather," replied another.

—It was too bad in Dick to begin it on this day; he bore too heavy. Besides, the treating was our look-out. I am half mad myself; and if Maroon stands this, he is coward enough, which I don't believe him," said another. At this moment a strange man, dressed in a respectable garb, entered the tap, carrying a valise under his arm, while two Indians, who had brought him that far in a canoe, were seen again embarking, and taking a course towards Pointe du Lac.

PART II.

The stranger sat down on one of the benches of the tap, and cast his eyes around the room, evidently in search of the master of the house; but not finding any one in the motley assemblage whom he could designate as such, he finally made some observation on the subject of the stir the Governor's arrival had made throughout the whole country as he came along.

"You are from below, then?" enquired one of the idlers, eyeing the stranger as if he did know, or would very much like to know, who he was, where he came from, and where he was going.

"Yes, I am from below," replied the stranger.

"Montreal, I suppose?" continued his interrogator.

"Yes, from Montreal, and up along."

"What news?"

"All about the new Governor—great rejoicing."

"Going far?" enquired his interrogator.

"Yes, far enough—I wish I was at my journey's end," replied the traveller, good naturedly.

"Which way?" was again the enquiry.

The stranger eyed his questioner for a moment, and then said in return, "You are there, are you? Pray, how long have you been out of Connecticut?"

"About three years, Mister," replied the curious gentleman.

"Ah! well, since you take things so easily, perhaps you would like to know all about me? Eh?"

"No particular objection; but I know you, Mr. Avery. I knowed you, I did, when I first saw you," replied the man.

"I suppose you do, since you know my name. My name is Ebenezer Avery. Where did you ever see me before?"

"I saw you at Hatfield, when they had you up as a spy; but you got clean off. The U. E.'s of that part always called you a very cunning man after that. They said it was proved upon you that you entered the rebel camp, and sold them partridges. For all that you got off from them, which was a good trick, I call," said the man. The remainder of the company seemed to be of the same opinion, which they gave vent to in sundry ejaculations approaching to profanity; and after surrounding the stranger, they clamorously invited him to a general drink, to which he at once consented, as the readiest mode of freeing himself from importunity. Tucker, the host, was ever close at hand whenever there were any symptoms that his Jamaica would be in requisition, and now he was not long in making his appearance.

"Dick, this is Mr. Avery, our spy, who carried partridges into the rebel camp, and sold them, when Burgoyne came up," said one of the most forward of the company.

The keen, penetrating eye of the landlord dwelt for a moment on the stranger, and seemed to convey to his mind at once all that he wished to know concerning him.

"I don't say or gainsay anything about it; all I know is, that I do my own spying when required, and can kill partridges, too, if required," replied he.

The stranger smiled faintly, and having been furnished with a small quantum of the only spirit at that time in use in the

country, he drank to all his newly acquired friends, and regained his seat.

"This young man who first addressed me appeared desirous to know my business, and where I was going," said he, after a pause. "I can readily satisfy him, without any inconvenience; in fact it is necessary I should explain things that far. I am in the employ of the Government, and my destination is now Fort Niagara, by the way of the back settlements. I must be at the Rideau river by to-morrow at noon; and as it lies some thirty miles in the interior, I wish to set out at once. My first object is to obtain a guide. Can any of you direct me where I may find one?"

"Maroon Hensey is your man, soldier. He knows the woods better than he does the river. He is our greatest hunter, and has been guide before," replied one.

"Either Maroon or Dick Tucker. Dick is now getting too lazy and cross, otherwise he can tread the woods lighter than a wolf. He was called the first moose hunter in the Hampshire Grants," continued another.

"Where are these men, then?" enquired the stranger.

"The landlord's name is Dick Tucker—the other has but lately left here, owing to a small fight they have had. They are always by the ears, I suppose out of envy like."

"In that case, then, I will endeavor to find Mr. Maroon Hensey," said the stranger, strapping on his back his small valise, which, notwithstanding its diminutive size, appeared to be quite weighty. "I do not think your host would be a very agreeable companion in the woods,"—and he accordingly left the house, with several of the men who volunteered to conduct him to where the guide might be found. They found the Maroon walking on the bank, with his slouching hat drawn over his eyes, until their business was made known to him, when he at once became animated, and gazed long and intently on the stranger, not forgetting to bestow a scrutinizing glance at the leathern appendage strapped to his back.

"Can you go, my man?" enquired the stranger, "and if so, at what time can you be ready?"

"I can go well enough," said the Maroon, "but what kind of a bargain do you propose? It is seventy-five good miles travel for me."

"Anything in reason—say ten French crowns," replied the stranger.

"That is enough, and I can arrange my business so as to leave at once," replied the Maroon, eagerly.

"Which way do you go, Maroon—by the Town line, or the hard land?" enquired one of the party.

"Either—all the same to me," replied he, moving off, after informing the stranger that as they must necessarily remain a night in the forest, he would require to carry some provisions

for his supper and breakfast along with him. This he accordingly repaired to Tucker's to obtain, appointing to meet the Maroon on the road to the Town line, some two miles up the river.

When they arrived at the hostelry, they found the landlord pacing back and forth in the tap-room, in an evident state of excitement.

"Pretty advice they have been giving you in my house, and you a stranger here, as you say you are, about which I have nothing to say or gainsay. It is pretty clear you do not know Johnstown, you Mister. You can get many a guide here, and Maroon Hensey among the number, I dare say. But I have known of men setting out for some part of this world, who happened to get guided to another. Pretty advice, and in my house, too!" continued he, pacing the room, and finally stopping in front of the stranger.

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated the stranger; "I thought I was among friends—comrades in a common cause. What mean you, man, by such language?" enquired he, rising up, and confronting the landlord.

"Walk this way, and I will tell you. You are in *my* house now, and in my house I am master. Waik this way!"—and the stranger was conducted through the bar into a small room adjoining, where they remained together for some few minutes. When they finally came forth again, the landlord was giving directions to his son as to the management of the business of the bar, which comprised about all the responsibility attached to inn-keeping at that day, if it be not a considerable item in the same line at the present time in Johnstown. He was fully equipped with rifle, sword belt, horn, and bullet pouch, and with a close leathern cap on his head, and arrayed in a short hunting frock, he could not be recognized as the same individual who a few minutes previously was shuffling about the floor, the very impersonation of laziness and crabbedness united.

They repaired to the shore, where Tucker, producing two beautifully carved paddles, embarked the stranger in a long, light canoe, and took a course down the river at a rapid pace.

"I knew it was all up with Maroon when the old fellow took him inside. They go by the lower route. How savage Maroon will be!" said one of the idlers, while they watched the canoe departing.

"Yes, and I do not call that honorable deal between man and man; but we are all at sixes and sevens here. I hope our new Governor will arrange things better," said another; and after many other similar observations, the matter was dropped in a general resolution, which seemed to be come to, of testing another bottle of Jamaica under the administration of the junior Dick Tucker.

PART III.

It was on the evening of the same day, that two men were seen crossing over, at a rapid pace, a high hill in the rear of the present Township of Edwardsburg; and as the deeper shadows from the heavier timber of that part of the wood began partially to obscure their path, the one who led the way hastened his footsteps almost to a run, until the hinder one found increasing difficulty in keeping pace with him.

"Friend, I am not accustomed to giving out on a tramp of this kind, but you will do well to recollect that I have been moving since daylight this morning, and am not quite so fresh as I confess I ought to be, with you by my side," said he in the rear, somewhat testily, to the one before him.

"It is no idle endeavor in me, stranger, now to put you upon your mettle in following me. Dick Tucker has not at this late day to get his name sounded abroad as the lightest man on a wood tramp that can be sounded any where. You are tolerable—but too small, both in bone and nerve, to stand a contest with one of my natural build for it. This no foolish brush, as I said before, stranger, but a strong desire on my part to place the Petite Nation water between us and the St. Lawrence," replied the guide.

"How so, Mr. Tucker? What need of that? Can we not make our camp as well on this hill, as beyond the Petite Nation?" enquired the other.

"Perhaps as well, and may be not, Squire. I am a curious man, but I know my business, and you had best leave all to me," replied Tucker.

"Very well—but I am in no condition, after surmounting that hill, to continue on so rapidly. A little less haste over this villainous blind path, and I will endeavor to keep you in view."

"You *must*, Captain—you *must* keep me in view, and we must move on. There, now, that will do. Shall I give you a lift with that leather pack?"

"I will take it still further, now that we are near the camp ground," replied the other, evasively.

"Have you any arms about you, Captain?" enquired Tucker, carelessly, while he abated his pace, and threw his rifle on the other shoulder.

"No, I am too small a man to live by bullying, and should die of starvation were I forced to become a hunter. What gave rise to the question?" enquired Avery, who at the same time allowed his right hand to play with the butt ends of a brace of pistols, concealed in a belt under his doublet.

"Because we all go armed here; and I hold that they are an extraordinary fine thing, good arms, on some occasions, Captain," answered the guide, still striding in front with a slouching gait.

"In my younger days I was much of your opinion; but I have lived to see much evil come of it. Hot blood is not to be trusted; and there is seldom an occasion for strife where the olive branch of peace may not be substituted for the pistol or sword, provided those weapons be not too rashly thrust forward," continued Avery, evidently with the intention of extracting something farther from the guide on the startling topic which he had broached.

"It is easy to know, Captain, when a man requires something more than his naked hands to protect himself with; and I believe a good weapon that can be trusted, is well worth the trouble of carrying about these times," replied Tucker, mysteriously. "But hearken a moment! Is that the sound of running water, and did you not hear the snort of a frightened buck?" he continued in a whisper, while he made two strides to the trunk of a large pine, by the side of which he listened long and silently. "I am cursed if he is not right in our path, Captain! Do you see that grove of hemlocks? Our course is through them, and not far off is the stream. It is nothing but an old buck, for I heard him strike his horns against one of the trees; it sounded like the tap of a heavy rifle on wood, carried by a man in a hurry. Now we will gain the crossing, and choose our camp ground," continued the guide, regaining the path, and moving on at a rapid pace.

The small stream could now be distinctly heard, and in a brief space they arrived at the crossing, consisting of a large tree, felled for the purpose, across from one bank to the other. By the dim twilight the guide led the traveller over the precarious bridge, and thence up a narrow dell, where he found a spot suitable for his purpose, and proceeded at once to strike a light for their camp fire. Ere long they were comfortably seated beside a cheerful blaze, which the heavy dew of the night, and the cool air from the vast shadowy wilderness to the Northward, rendered necessary to the comfort of the thoroughly wearied traveller, and, from long habit, became an unfailing appendage to the woodland bivouac of the guide.

They sat opposite each other, partaking the substantial supper which the wallet of the guide displayed; and that individual now relapsed from his usual taciturnity into a more valuable mood, in evident enjoyment.

"I was brought up in loneliness, Captain, where my own thoughts were my best friends, and I love the shady world since that time, and shall always do so, it is likely. Do you think us bushmen were weaned from our old habits during the late war, Captain? No; we were corrupted, but not altogether lost. I am a married man, and have a family—that keeps me among my neighbors—that binds me down among ruffians, and makes a ruffian of me, too, often. I know. But the old love will return when I walk the woods again; and I

often wish that my wife and young Dick would consent to come along with me into these forests. I could show them spots where a man could live quiet in this great land—choice spots, where a man could have all his old feelings back again, and where he would not be tempted into tom-fooling," said the guide, in a tone much softened, and in a manner so altered as to take his companion's attention.

"You are dissatisfied with your lot, then? I could not have thought that of you; yet I suppose we are all alike. For my part I am satisfied with being dissatisfied. I do not intend to allow the 'tom-foolers,' as you call them, which are turned up in my mind, to affect my comfort. We seem all to be in a fair way enough now," replied the traveller, languidly, while he lay extended on the soft moss, resting his head on one hand, and eyeing his strange companion.

"True enough, mayhap, Captain, but this is my bent. I hate the infernal rascality and turmoil of a crowd. They ought to be hated. Men, instead of choosing their homes far apart, with no one to interfere with their corn-fields or hunting-grounds, seem to have a natural desire to huddle together, and live by making sharp bargains with each other. I am up to them, and no one cheats me; but I should like them better if they did not attempt it," continued the guide, finishing his meal, and arising to take a few steps before the fire.

"The greatest curse that can befall man, is to let his random thoughts conquer his judgment so far as to keep him in a continual turmoil of excitement. I have my vagaries as well as another, but I keep them down when I have ought on my hands, and at other times they afford me amusement. I have no idea of permitting my stray fancies to run away with my body, and condemn it to slavery ever afterwards. These are all whims of yours. You have had sufficient experience to feel that you can be, if not perfectly happy, at least contented, as well in one spot as another. All folly, believe me, and you ought to know it, this unsettled state of mind of yours," said the traveller, in a tone of firmness.

"Far from it—far from it, stranger. These feelings are deeply rooted in what I call my soul. The fancies you speak of are those which came over me when I gave up the quiet of the woods for a wrangling life among men. Every one according to his experience. You, now, think you cannot do better than get well paid for carrying proclamations and large sums of money about the country; I—"

Here their conversation was interrupted by the distant crack of a rifle, and by the brands of the fire being scattered around from having been struck by a bullet. The guide turned for a moment, with quivering lip and nostrils distended, in the direction whence the sound came.

"A long shot, and well aimed, but too far for that gun of yours, Maroon. I am on earth yet, and to your sorrow, perhaps," he muttered to himself; while at the same time he seized his rifle and haversack, and told the traveller to follow him. They moved stealthily away from the light, and not a word was spoken by either, until they had ascended a ridge some half a mile in the rear.

"Here we will pass the night—you to sleep, and I to keep guard. He dare not cross the creek until the moon gets up," said the guide, choosing another ground for their encampment, amid a cluster of huge pine trees, where he had evidently been before.

"Who cannot cross?—to whom do you refer?—how is this?" enquired the traveller, in an agitated tone.

"Who, stranger? Why your lately chosen guide, of course. The Maroon!—do you know him? I do!" replied Tucker, in a sarcastic tone.

"What! that man? How know you that?" enquired the traveller, in a voice of astonishment. "I took it to be the shot of some stray vagabond of a Huron."

"Pshaw! I know better. Why, I know the very report of his rifle. The Maroon it was—came after me, and after you too, with that leathern bag of yours. He hates me, but likes your money. I did not think we were exposed from the South side; but he walked up the bank, and fired from a tree. He dare not cross the creek, for he knew I would hear him. However, I am safe, and so long as I remain so, you cannot be molested. Pretty judgment you have, in choosing a guide, stranger. Yet now you must to rest, and I will awake you when you are wanted," said the guide; and the traveller yielded himself entirely to his dictation, so totally was he overcome with astonishment at what had occurred, and what had been revealed to him.

A short time before daylight the traveller was awakened by the guide, and with as little delay as possible they recommenced their journey.

"You must be sorely out of sorts with your night-watch, my friend; you look pale and excited. Has anything occurred during my sleep, which so grievously oppressed me after my fatigue of yesterday?" enquired the traveller of the guide, who still strode before him, but more moodily than on the previous evening.

"I will not say nor gainsay but there has something occurred, stranger; but that has nothing to do with our present business. On—on—is the thing. Ah! now you may lead the way," replied the guide, hesitating, and looking hurriedly around the forest on either hand. "The open wood now ends—the track is by the edge of that cedar swamp—you cannot miss it—make your way along it, stranger."

"Nay, you do mean to desert me here!" said the traveller, anxiously. "Is this the faith of an old soldier? What mean you?" he continued, turning upon the guide, with a menacing tone, and placing his hand upon one of his pistols, which he half drew out. "What devil's plot is this in which you have involved me? I will not move one step, nor shall you, until you give me some explanation," he continued, resolutely facing his companion.

"Pooh! Mr. Avery, do as I tell you. I never yet deserted man nor post. So then you are armed? But it won't do! I tell you I am your friend; and I say you must move on that path without me. Will you do it?" enquired the guide, with an extraordinary earnestness of manner.

"And for what? Are you not aware that I depend solely on some one to direct my steps to my destination?" replied the traveller, with equal earnestness.

"True; and I am here to do it. Take that path, and pursue it steadily, swerving neither to the right nor to the left, and depend on me," continued the guide.

"This is certainly most extraordinary conduct! And how am I to depend on you, when you leave me thus?" enquired the traveller.

"I will meet you at the branch stream, or never meet man!" replied Tucker, waving his hand, and immediately disappearing in the thick underwood by which he had been standing.

The traveller, upon this, looked closely to his arms, and feeling that his only course was to advance, he at once set out, as rapidly as he was enabled to do, on the wild path before him. He made his way by the side of the swamp alluded to by the guide, and continued on for the space of an hour, slowly toiling forward; until, from sheer fatigue, he at length sat down on the stump of a fallen tree. Hardly had he been seated, when the sharp, ringing report of a rifle was heard within a few yards of him—he heard a suppressed cry, like that of the human voice, and the next moment the guide stood before him! The traveller started up, from the state of surprise in which the occurrence had thrown him, and uttered an involuntary exclamation, while he fixed his eye steadily on the countenance of the guide, as if to divine the meaning of what had occurred.

"Now follow!—follow!—follow!—and you are safe, and so am I!" hastily ejaculated Tucker, striding forward, and loading his rifle as he passed along.

"Did you fire that shot, then, and at what?" enquired the traveller, mechanically obeying the order of Tucker.

"That is best known to him who sees all. I did it in self-defence, stranger—I did it—I did it—in self-defence, as you know, stranger, I did it!" tremulously replied the guide, in a low voice, turning imploringly on his companion, who perceived

that his countenance wore an ashen paleness, and that his sharp angular features twitched convulsively.

"We ought to go and see—stay till we ascertain. I must know at what you shot. This mystery!—this—"

"Oh! I ask you, not!—I ask you, not!—better not! Follow me, for God's sake!" replied the guide, interrupting him, with a horrible alarm depicted on his countenance, while he seized the traveller's hand, and drew him forward with a giant's strength. The traveller permitted himself to be led away from the spot, nor did he sufficiently recover his presence of mind to make any observation on what had occurred, until they had reached the South Branch of the Rideau, and embarked across it in a canoe, which Tucker drew from a clump of alders on the bank.

PART IV.

Some four years after the events last related, it became necessary for the express traveller, Avery, again to visit the back settlements on the Rideau, on business of a public nature; and he again made his appearance at Johnstown, with the same black leathern valise strapped to his shoulders, having been brought thither in a canoe by two Indians, who at once departed, after having landed him on the shore. He directed his course to the hostelry which his former guide had occupied at the time of his previous visit; but he found another person in possession, who received him courteously at the door, and conducted him into the best room the house afforded, with a degree of politeness which favorably contrasted with the reception he had formerly met with there. He refused all offers of refreshment, and expressed his anxiety immediately to proceed on his journey, providing he could obtain a guide to conduct him through the forest.

"That is no easy matter at this time, neighbor, in Johnstown, they tell me. Many go alone by the Town line to the Branch, where they generally find canoes to complete the journey with by water," replied the host, to his enquiries on the subject.

"Singular," replied the traveller, meditatively. "And what is the reason of that? I have money to pay to any one who will go with me, and be assured I should not ask to be accompanied did I know the way myself. My business will not allow of delay, and I wish you to assist me in this, if in your power."

"I have only lately come in, neighbor, and do not know much of these wild parts, or the inhabitants. They tell me men are afraid to go on the route now, except in company," replied the landlord.

"How is that?" enquired the other, with interest.

"Some talk of a mad Indian who prowls about those woods, and who is in the habit of haunting the footsteps of travellers."

"I never heard of such a thing," replied the traveller, some little startled. "And who has seen this mad Indian?"

"I know nothing more than what I tell you, neighbor—I hear such talk."

"Can you tell me anything about one Tucker, who formerly kept this Inn?" enquired the traveller.

"He lives in one of the parks. You will find him engaged this morning—his son is to be married to-day."

"Oh! aye! but I can speak to him possibly. Will you point out his residence?" And after being directed, the traveller repaired immediately to the house designated, but he found no person within. He remained a few moments irresolute what he was next to do, until he saw a young man passing along, apparently in his best attire, from whom he enquired concerning Tucker.

"Follow me, Mister, and I will bring you to him. The old man is sick, and not often away; but his son Dick is to be married to-day, to Sophrona Hensey, and we all join in the frolic, you know," replied the youth in the spruce attire.

"Hensey—Hensey—I have heard that name," meditated the traveller. "Does the bride live here in Johnstown?" enquired he.

"Yes, a nice girl, and young Dick is considered fortunate, although her mother is but a widow, and not the best off," replied the young man; who straitway conducted the traveller to a dilapidated house not far away, in which was assembled a considerable company. The young man was too late for the commencement of the ceremony; but nothing daunted, he took the traveller's arm, and ushered him with some energy into the door of the large room in which all those assembled were standing, in deference to the happy occasion. An aged man, of powerful frame, dressed in faded regimentals, with a formidable looking sword by his side, was addressing himself to the young couple in front of him, in a strain conveying much of paternal advice, in which he dilated earnestly upon the new duties they each were assuming, particularly the bridegroom.

"You, sir," he continued, "are stout and rugged, and are about to become a man. You think you have been boy long enough—'pon my word you have. Now be a man among men. Be steady, and work for your wife—there is something heroic in that. I know she will make you comfortable at home. Take her mother under your charge, and be a good son to her—she is a widow, and Heaven will scowl upon you if you do not lighten her path. Love her children as if they were your own brothers and sisters—they are fatherless." Here a groan was heard in one corner of the room, which the more surprised the audience, as the widow was in another part. "They are fatherless—do you assume the part of their

protector. Be sober, for unless you are, strong drink will shorten your days, and make them full of trouble. Shall I ever look upon you as a drunkard?—let me not see it. Be hard-working, and you will and must succeed—this is nothing new, but it is very true. Be loyal—be prepared to stand by your King, and love your country. This is a good enough country—we like it, and you must defend it for us, you young men.”

Here the old martinet looked around him, while his hand played with the hilt of his sword. During the pause a slight stir occurred in the passage—a strange cry arose, which was heard by all—a commotion ensued, with the mingling of voices, as of men in terror.

“Hold my horse! Stand back there!—I have a right here, I believe,” cried a stout, powerful man, who entered the room, dressed entirely in the tanned skins of the deer, and wearing on his head a cap, from which many long feathers dangled. He bore in his hand a rifle, on seeing which the old martinet at once drew his sword, and advanced on him.

“Your servant, Squire and Major—never mind me! I want to see Dick Tucker—where is he?” he said, in a voice not the least excited.

A stir occurred in a darkened part of the room, and a man, apparently worn down with disease, faltered forward. His eye shone with an unnatural lustre while he drew near the intruder. They gazed upon each other steadily, while the form of Tucker became more erect, and his hand moved involuntarily to his throat, as if he were laboring for breath.

“You look old, Dick, and sick—what is the matter, eh?” enquired the intruder, still continuing his gaze at Tucker. “My name is Daniel Hensey, the Maroon, as you called me. You know, Dick, all about that keg of specie, and who was the robber. Look at my neck—there is a welt across it that did not heal for a year. You know whose rifle did that for me, by the South Branch. I lay for four days, Dick, in my tracks, but it would not do. I got well, and became an Indian, because an Indian saved what a white would kill. Because I rode on horseback they called me mad, but I did it to be even with you. You would have been mine, had you not been afraid of your old occupation; but I am glad as it is. I have heard you have been kind to Hannah, and young Dick is to marry Sophrona—that softened me. You nearly took my life, while I sought yours—that was not so bad! You were always too cunning for me! Never mind, I am satisfied; and now, old war-comrade, give us your hand!” cried he, advancing with out-stretched arms.

Tucker was seen to attempt to come forward, while his face was lightened with a smile of unutterable joy. “Thank God I did not do it!” he shouted in an unnatural voice, and fell dead at the feet of the Maroon.

THE RESCUE OF THE GENERAL.

BY THE CANADIAN SETTLER.

"How is it," said I to my friend and neighbor, Captain Gordon, as one evening we sat chatting over our wine, "that you made such a fortune in India? You could only have been a few years in that country, and I thought that Pagoda trees were not to be found now o' days."

"I perceive," said my friend, "that you are anxious to know my history, and I will run over it to please you; and, indeed, as we are soon to be so nearly connected, you have every right to know it; and I think you will admit, that although I have health, wealth, and youth, I have also some cause for the melancholy you have so often noticed,"—and without further preface, he told me the following story:—

"I was born near the town of H——, in one of the Southern counties of Scotland. My father was a lawyer, but had an independent estate, besides a large professional income, and was looked upon as one of the leading men in the Shire. My mother (the only daughter of Sir George B——) was a beautiful, but very weak woman. I was their third son, and I had three sisters. My eldest brother George, or the "young Laird," as he was commonly called, was attending the law classes in Edinburgh when I first remember. James, the second, was a student at St. Andrews. I myself was at school in H——, from whence I returned every evening to sleep at the "Park." One of my sisters was older and two younger than myself. Your *friend*, Mary, was the youngest of the family.

My father and mother had each their favorites, and on them they lavished all their kindness—neglecting the others; to be sure they occasionally changed their pets, but neither of them ever took a liking to me. I was, certainly, wild and troublesome, but not unfeeling or wicked; however I had a love of all sorts of fun, and so much ingenuity in planning, and such daring in carrying my schemes into execution, that I soon became a great character at school; but this sort of reputation had its drawbacks, for I was often severely punished on mere suspicion, and because I had the name of being a "leader" among those about my own age. The master was a man of deep learning, but in every other respect most unfit for a teacher—he had a bad temper and a cruel, vindictive and unforgiving heart; he never thought of studying the dispositions of any of his juvenile culprits—like a quack doctor he had but one cure for all disorders, and that was severity; and he actually took delight in using the rod, particularly if the sufferers chanced to be what he called "one of his incorrigibles." Some boys can be ruled by such treatment—others it hardens—and I was one

of the latter; an occasional word of sympathy and kindness would have melted and reclaimed me, while all the torture he could inflict only made me worse.

One rainy day, five or six of us were employed "making rhymes on the Doctor," as we called it, and I was pronounced the most successful competitor, my epigram was most unfortunately committed to writing, and before night some "kind friend" put a copy in the Doctor's way—it was as follows:—

"The devil came up to our earth, to seek a congenial profession,
And he's now the head master at H——, an elder and clerk to the session."

His rage was far beyond my powers of description—he actually raved and foamed at the mouth, but to the astonishment of the whole school, I was not flogged: he seemed, however, to have vowed hatred and vengeance against me from that time; his first step was to tell my father that I was the most wicked and callous boy he had ever seen, and he feared that, unless severe measures were taken with me, I would bring disgrace on my family, and "come to bad end"—a favorite expression of the Doctor's. My father believed all this, for many of my most mischievous pranks, greatly exaggerated, had been industriously brought to his notice, and in place of attempting to reclaim me himself, which he could have by the sacrifice of a very little trouble, he sent me—may God forgive him—to live altogether with this monster at H——, as a boarder; the Doctor had made his calculations accurately, for this was exactly the object he aimed at. I was not permitted to visit "the Park," and my father and mother informed me that none of its inmates would hold any communication with me until Dr. Simpson should report me a reformed character.—The other boarders were warned against associating with me. I was abused, insulted, and flogged till my blood boiled, and my heart hardened, and I believe it would have broken out right, had it not been for the secret sympathy of almost every boy at school, few of whom could be brought to dislike me, although great trouble was taken to induce them to do so.

When I was about fourteen, I was overjoyed to learn that Dr. Simpson had been appointed *Rector* of a large school in another part of the country, and my heart bounded with delight at the very thought of escaping his fangs—but alas! my joyful anticipations were of short duration; a few days after the intelligence was made public, the Doctor summoned me to his study, and said with one of his sinister smiles—"Well, William, I suppose you have heard that I have got a better situation than head master and clerk to the session at H——, as you facetiously express it,—are you not grieved to lose me?" I was silent. "Answer my question immediately, you stubborn rascal." Bad as they called me, I would not lie—so I replied boldly that I thought I had rather cause to be

glad than sorrowful. He received my reply with a grin, and then proceeded to inform me that my father still entertained hopes of my amendment under *judicious management*, and had, in consequence, begged that Dr. Simpson would take me with him, and give me another chance, and that he had agreed to do so.—“You will therefore be pleased to get your things ready, as we start by the stage to-morrow.”

I actually felt my blood curdle with despair, as I left the study. I would have given worlds to cry but could not ; I rushed from the house perfectly unconscious of what I was doing or of where I was going, but instinct I suppose led me to my father's door. I entered and found him alone in the parlor—I knelt down before him, and prayed and entreated that he would spare me—I attempted to explain the Doctor's hatred to me and the cause of it, but he was inexorable and would not even listen to me ; he told me I might bid my mother and sisters good bye as I was in the house, but ordered me back to H—— immediately I had done so. I found them up stairs in the drawing room, but not one kind word or look did I get. I went through the ceremony of bidding them good bye mechanically ; I could see nothing that was passing, and I thought I would expire ere I could reach the open air. I soon recovered a little, and had hardly got among the trees, when my sister Mary overtook me and threw herself into my arms ; the noble hearted girl was shocked at the reception I had met with, and could not let me go, without coming to assure me that one heart in my father's house felt for me. We entered into a long explanation, with the details of which I will not trouble you suffice it to say, that the whole system pursued towards me, was in accordance with the advice of Dr. Simpson, who declared, that my proud spirit must be broken ; he described me as vicious and wicked, far beyond my years, and this poor girl was the only one who had the generosity to doubt the truth of his statement ; at length Mary was obliged to leave me, and we parted with mutual vows of the most sincere and ardent friendship.

I returned to H—— and went to bed, but not to sleep ; my heart was in a state of agitation bordering on frenzy—I reviewed my past life, and asked myself if I were indeed the monster they painted, and my conscience loudly told me—no ! I verily think I should have been driven to some deed of desperation that night, had not the remembrance of Mary's sympathy and love, softened my heart, calmed my perturbed feelings, and restrained my evil passion ; from that night however, I have been a man, and I never afterwards entered into any boyish games or amusements.

The Doctor and I started next day for ——, where I remained twelve months, worse used than ever : during all that time, I never saw a single relation or heard a word from home, unless

two letters from Mary, written and sent by stealth, but my father and the Doctor kept up a regular correspondence; what their ultimate intentions were regarding me I had no means of knowing, but an affair occurred about this time, which brought things to a crisis.

At this School there were three assistants or ushers as we called them. Mr. Forsyth, the Minister of this Parish, was one of them; he saw through my temper and disposition, and was shocked at the manner in which the Doctor treated me the day I was imperfect in some task, and Mr. Forsyth remonstrated with me in a kind and friendly manner. I had been so long unaccustomed to any thing of the sort, that it fairly overcame me, and I burst into tears; when school was over we had a long conversation, in which I told him all I have narrated to you, and a great deal besides, which I cannot now remember; he appeared to feel greatly for me, and gave me much good advice, which I acted upon. I applied myself to my studies, and gave the highest satisfaction to my new friend, but the notice thus bestowed upon me, seemed to render the Doctor more inveterate against me, and at length I declared I would enlist as a private soldier. Mr. Forsyth has since told me that he was much puzzled how to act, as his interest led him one way, and what he considered the strict letter of his duty as a Christian another. His parents, though respectable, were very poor, and he had nothing to depend upon, but the situation he held under Dr. Simpson. He was a Licentiate of the Church of Scotland, but had scarcely a hope of ever getting a Parish; to his honor therefore, be it spoken, he followed the dictates of conscience, and wrote a plain unvarnished statement of what he had seen, and of what I had detailed to him, and sent it to my father; by his advice, I at the same time, wrote to my mother, humbly, but fully, and begged for her intercession with my father.

We had been looking for a reply from the Park for some time when one day we were both summoned to the presence of the Doctor who, to our dismay and astonishment, produced both our letters enclosed in one from my father to himself. I will not attempt a description of the scene that took place; he loaded Mr. Forsyth with abuse "betrayal of the man whose bread^d he ate," and "domestic spy," were among the mildest epithets bestowed on him, and he dismissed him on the spot, and ordered him to quit the room. He then turned on me with the glare of a tiger, and exclaimed, "as for you, you ungrateful scoundrel, I have often been compelled to punish you with severity, but I'll now make you confess that all gone-by was child's play—strip." I was tall and powerful for my age, and I never wanted pluck, besides which, oppression had "stirred the old Adam within me." so in place of obeying his laconic command, I told him that if he would forgive Mr. Forsyth I

would submit to any punishment he might think proper to inflict. "Forgive him," screamed the enraged school master—"never—you are both liars—infamous liars," and he advanced towards me; I attempted to parley, but the Doctor made a furious blow at my head with his heavy walking cane, which I managed to receive on my left shoulder. I could contain my rage no longer, but rushing on him, I wrested the stick from his grasp, and next moment he was senseless at my feet.

I travelled on foot to my father's house, indeed as I had no money, I had not a choice as to the mode of performing the journey. Ere my arrival the news of the fracas had reached them, the Doctor having recovered sufficiently from his drubbing to write an account of it; they proposed sending me back, but I told my father, that nothing would persuade me to this and that rather than go I would enlist; this alarmed him for "the honor of the family," so I was allowed to remain at the Park, idle, for nearly three months, and was then sent to a Military Academy in the vicinity of London, where I got fair play, made great progress in my education, and was happy and comfortable: but here I was not suffered to remain long.

During the short time I was at home "*in disgrace*," I met neither cordiality nor kindness from any one, except Mary, and she was never permitted to be alone with me when it could be prevented; I was consequently as seldom in the house as possible, but wandered about among the woods and hills, lonely and dejected. In one of these rambles, I met Ellen Shand, the daughter of a small farmer on my father's estate, and somehow or other I every day took the same path, and she as regularly met me. Well sir, I had been only a few months at — Academy when I received a letter from my father, informing me that I had ruined the poor girl, and discarding me forever, as a disgrace and stain to his name and family. He directed me to go to a relation of my mother's in town, who would inform me of my future destination. This gentleman came for me the same afternoon; he was a man of the world, and treated the whole affair with a levity that shocked me—for I was grieved to the heart for the disgrace and misery I had brought on the poor girl and her family. He informed me that my father had got a Cadetship in India for me, and that he had been requested to ship me 'off as soon as possible—and had been furnished by "the old gentleman," as he called him, with £500 for that purpose. He shewed me great kindness, took me to Leadenhall Street and got me "passed," ordered my outfit, engaged my passage, and devoted the whole of the week to showing me the Lions of the great city; he appeared much amused with my astonishment, and highly diverted by my remarks. He gave me thirty of the five hundred pounds for pocket money, and fifty more, at my urgent request, to send to Ellen Shand: but he quizzed me

most unmercifully on this subject—constantly making allusions to “the fair disconsolate” in the most annoying manner. I bore all this with the best grace I could, in return for his kindness to me, and he on his part put me on the proper method of remitting the money, and indeed on the whole seemed to approve of my sending it.

I embarked at Gravesend on the 13th September, 18—, with a letter of credit on a “House of Agency,” in Calcutta, for £150, the balance had gone towards paying my outfit, passage money, &c., &c., and after a most delightful voyage, I reached that city in the end of the following January.

There was war in India, and I was promoted to a lieutenantcy almost immediately, and joined my regiment in the field; but I would keep you till morning were I to relate one-half of my adventures, or even to attempt a sketch of the noble and gallant fellows who assembled round the mess table of the old—th; so I will leave all this to some future opportunity, and pass over about eight years, when we were again in the field. I was in command of an outpost, when, one morning, the General of our division, rode to the front to reconnoitre, attended by his Aide-de-Camp, and about a dozen Lancers. He had not proceeded far when a Resalla of the enemy’s dashed down, took him prisoner, and cut his slender escort to pieces. I was just about to dismiss my men (for we had turned out as the old man had passed) when one of my sentries, who was posted in advance, came running in to report what was taking place beyond a patch of jungle, and some low hills which were in our front.

I had thirty troopers and the light company of “ours” under me. I dispatched one man of the former to the rear to report to the field officer of the day, and with the rest I mounted immediately. The light company I ordered to follow at the “double,” under the Subadar, old Shaick Hinqun, as staunch a fellow as ever lived—*black or white*. We skirted the low hills I mentioned, and found a body of about three hundred horsemen in the plain beyond. I had neither time nor opportunity to see more, for we were in the midst of them in an instant. We reached the General, and were soon trying to cut our way back, but this was now a difficult matter, for the enemy recovering from their surprise at our sudden onset, and seeing how few in number we were, seemed determined we should pay dearly for our bold attempt. My poor fellows were falling fast, but none of them flinched for a moment; I had my sword arm broken, and above half our saddles were empty.—The old General, who was close to me, remarked, “I fear it is all up with us,” but I thought otherwise, for at that moment I heard, above the clashing of sabres, the clear, ringing voice of old Shaick Hinqun, and—bang—came a volley from the “Light Bobs,” and away went the enemy, helter skelter, to the

right about, leaving us masters of the field, with the gallant old gentleman safe and uninjured. A brigade of cavalry soon came thundering up at a hand-gallop, with the whole staff of the division at its head,—most of them were sent in pursuit, but our opponents were too nimble for them, and we all returned to camp together. Of the twenty-nine men, who charged with me, eleven were killed, eight escaped without a scratch, and the remaining ten were all, more or less wounded, and several of them died in hospital afterwards,—not a man of the infantry was touched.

When the evening orders were issued, I was, you may believe, a proud man. The whole affair was detailed in the most gratifying manner to all concerned, and great credit was given to me for my "judicious conduct and gallantry." The survivors among the troops were all promoted to non-commissioned officers, and I was directed to select ten men of our own light company for promotion. Old Shaick had "the order of merit" conferred upon him, and I was appointed A. D. C. in the room of the fine young lad killed in the morning. I was taken to head quarters, and nursed with great skill and kindness, and was soon fit for duty again. I served on General Gordon's staff for two years, and saw a good deal of hard fighting, and was at length so severely wounded, that a trip to Europe was deemed necessary to my recovery; the parting between the General and myself was a melancholy one. I was leaving the only being who had ever called forth the best and kindest emotions of a heart naturally affectionate,—to him it was like losing an only and much beloved son; and never did son love and revere a parent more than I did the good old man, who for two years had been, indeed, a father and friend to me.

The sea air soon brought me round, and by the time the voyage home was over, I had perfectly recovered. I went down to Scotland, chiefly to see Mary, but I was also impelled by other motives: the General had advised me to leave no stone unturned to remove the unjust prejudice against me, from the minds of my parents, and I myself was most anxious to effect so desirable an object—but I had only faint hopes of accomplishing it. I was received at the Park, by all, except Mary, with the most chilling indifference. I staid there upwards of a month, striving my utmost to gain their love and esteem—and with what success think you? I was accused of fawning on my father for money. I could have easily deceived them in this, had I thought proper. I had saved something in India, which, with my pay, was more than I could spend; besides this I had a large yearly allowance from the General, and permission to draw on his agent in London to any extent; but, as I said, I had enough without availing myself of his generosity. I could not bear, however, to remain in my father's house, after being thought capable of such des-

picable meanness by its inmates, so I left the Park, and went into lodgings in H——, and by putting great restraint upon myself, I managed to effect my change of quarters without coming to an open rupture, which I was anxious to avoid, chiefly on Mary's account.

During my residence in Scotland, I fell in love with a very handsome girl, whom I first met at a country ball at H——, we soon became intimate, and she agreed to accompany me to India; her father and mine were well acquainted, and chanced about this time to travel from Edinburgh in the same coach, and the former spent a day at the Park, before going home. In the course of conversation he mentioned me, and hinted how he thought matters were likely to go, with regard to his daughter and myself. He was little prepared to hear such a character of me as he then got, at my own father's table. They spoke of my violent temper, headstrong passions, and bad heart, and even brought up the old story of Ellen Shand, in judgment against me. Mary defended me on this, as she did on every other occasion, and was, in consequence, looked upon as but a few degrees better than myself. When I next rode over to see my "sweetheart," her father told me he could not give me his daughter, and forbid me his house; I thought however, that she would not believe the stories against me, as I had given her the true version of most of them before; but I was wrong—for, shortly after my interview with her father, I got a note from her saying she had torn me from her heart, and was about to wed a man equally agreeable to herself and her beloved parent. I felt towards her, nothing but contempt, and was truly thankful for such an escape.

I now determined to return to India, and as Mary was not comfortable at home, and wished to accompany me, I asked my father's permission, which to my delight he at once gave, and indeed seemed overjoyed at the prospect of getting fairly rid of us both. Our adieux were very easily made, and we went up to London without further delay.

To my inexpressible grief, I received intelligence, on my arrival in town, that poor General Gordon was no more. The whole of his large fortune he bequeathed to me, without any condition whatever, but in a letter which the good old man wrote to me on his death bed, he asked me to take his name, if I had not met with more kindness (than my letters to him intimated,) from those who bore my own.

One of the first things I did was to send my father two thousand pounds to repay him for Mary's education and my own, and the portions of five hundred pounds we had each received. I begged him, in the event of his not choosing to take it himself, to make it over to my sisters at home. I gave no further explanation, and they believe that Mary and I are

grilling on the banks of the Ganges, and for the present I see no necessity to undeceive them.

I took the name of Gordon, and, as you know, purchased this estate. Mary still retains her father's name, but she and you have some plot between you against her doing so much longer.

Nothing has given me so much real pleasure and satisfaction, since I became a wealthy man, as having had it in my power to bestow this Parish on Mr. Forsyth, and I am sure there is not a family in it who does not approve of my choice, although he has been but a short time among them.—But Mary will think we are forgetting her and her tea-table altogether, so, if you have no objections, we will join her up stairs.

TO TIME.

Time! Time! thou spendthrift! wilt not halt,
 And leave at least some breathing space,
 That we may con each by-gone fault,
 And mend perchance our race?

Pause, thy swift feet crush down, too soon,
 The unripe fruit, the bud, the flower;
 These are not thine,—spare beauty's noon—
 Hoar age must own thy power.

Pause, thou stern mocker of life's loves,
 Why lay thy hand on every heart?
 And cank'ring all, each most approves,
 Smile as their stars depart.

Thou soulless harlequin, whose wand
 All things obey that mortals prize;
 Wit, folly, strength, complaint, command,
 What are they in thine eyes?

Thy velvet footsteps turn us pale.
 Each pulse beat, reckons up a dream.
 Swept off, a leaf of life to sail,
 Thy surgeless, soundless stream.

Forget me, if thou can'st, a while.
 Thou'st harvested alas! too well,
 Yet, life is worth a sickly smile.
 It yet hath hopes to quell.

The dearer, that they are so few,
 Beside their hidden springs I stand,
 A desert pilgrim, with no view,
 Behind, before, but sand.

T.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—No Agricultural Report could be correctly written at this particular period, while the accounts respecting the Harvest are so various and contradictory. Our remarks must therefore be postponed until September, when something like a correct state of the crops may be expected. The Editor's Table for this month is omitted for several reasons, the first of which will be deemed sufficiently satisfactory—we have no room in the Number.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED MONTHLY BY MR. R. SCOBELL, INSPECTOR.

Kingston, 1st August, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES.—Pearl, \textsterling cwt.....	0	18	0
Pot	0	17	6
Sal Eratus (Morton's) per cwt.....	1	5	0
FLOUR.—Superfine, \textsterling bbl. 196 lb.....	0	18	9
Fine, do.	0	17	6
Middlings, do.	0	15	0
HIDES.—Cow, \textsterling 100 lb	1	0	0
Calf Skins \textsterling lb	0	0	5½
PRODUCE.—Wheat, \textsterling bushel, 60 lb	0	4	0
Barley, do. 48 lb	0	0	0
Oats, do. 34 lb	0	2	0
Pease, do.	0	3	0
Beans, do.	0	5	0
Rye, do.	0	3	0
Corn, do.	0	3	0
Buckwheat, do.	0	2	0
Hay, \textsterling ton.....	1	5	0
PROVISIONS.—Beef, fresh, per 100 lb.....	1	7	6
Beef, mess, \textsterling bbl.....	2	10	0
“ prime mess, do	2	0	0
“ prime. do	1	12	6
Mutton, \textsterling lb.....	0	0	4
Pork, fresh, \textsterling lb.....	0	0	0
Do. mess, \textsterling bbl.....	3	10	0
Do. prime mess, \textsterling bbl.....	3	0	0
Do. prime, \textsterling bbl.....	2	10	0
Potatoes, \textsterling bushel	0	4	0
Turnips, do.	0	1	9
Butter, \textsterling lb	0	0	7½
Fowls, \textsterling pair.....	0	2	0
Eggs, \textsterling dozen.....	0	0	6
SEEDS.—Timothy, \textsterling bushel	0	5	0
Red Clover.....	1	15	0
STAVES.—Standard	20	0	0
West India, do.	5	10	0
Black Oak, W I do.	4	0	0
Headings, 2½ feet by 1½ inch	10	0	0
SOAP, \textsterling lb.....	0	0	2½
TALLOW, \textsterling lb	0	0	4½
Candles, \textsterling lb.....	0	0	6½
TIMBER.—Pine, \textsterling cubic foot.....	0	0	2
Oak, do.	0	1	0
Plank and common Boards, \textsterling thousand feet.....	1	15	0½
Cleared do. \textsterling thousand feet.....	2	5	0
Black Walnut, \textsterling thousand feet.....	6	5	0
WOOD, \textsterling cord	0	7	6
WOOL. \textsterling stone of 8 lb	0	10	0

PRICES CURRENT AT MONTREAL.

(Our quotations are the prices of articles of the first quality.)

MONTREAL, August 1st, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES—Pots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt	1	1	6
Pearls	1	1	6
COFFEE—Laguayra, (good.) $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	8 $\frac{1}{2}$
FLOUR—Canada Fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl. 196 lb	1	1	0
Superfine	1	1	0
American Superfine	1	2	3
GRAIN—Wheat, Upper Canada best, $\frac{1}{2}$ 60 lb	0	4	5
Middling do. do.	0	4	0
Lower Canada Red, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	0	0
Barley, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	3	0
Oats	0	1	9
Pease, boiling	0	3	6
IRON—English Bar, $\frac{1}{2}$ ton	14	0	0
English Hoop, do.	16	0	0
Scotch Pig, No. 1, do.	6	7	6
Swedish Bar, do.	1	0	0
Steel, English blst. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	4
Do. Cast	0	0	11
Canada Plates, $\frac{1}{2}$ box	1	2	0
Nails, Cut	1	1	3
MOLASSES, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon	0	1	8
OILS—Linseed, Boiled, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon	0	3	1
Linseed, Raw, do.	0	2	10
Olive, do.	0	4	1
Lard, do.	0	3	10
Sperm, do.	0	6	0
Cod, do.	0	2	6
Seal, do.	0	2	8
Palm, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	5
Castor. do.	0	0	9
PROVISIONS—Beef, Prime Mess, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.	2	1	3
Prime, $\frac{1}{2}$ bbl.	1	16	3
Pork, Mess, do.	3	6	3
Do. Prime Mess, do.	2	13	9
Lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	5
Butter, do.	0	0	8
SEEDS—Clover, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	10
Linseed, $\frac{1}{2}$ minot	0	5	0
Timothy, do.	0	10	0
SOAP—English, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Canadian, do.	0	0	2
SUGAR—Muscovado, fair to bright, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.	2	4	6
Muscovado, dark to fair, do.	2	2	6
Bastards, white.	3	0	0
TEAS—Gunpowder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	3	9
Imperial, do.	0	3	6
Hyson, do.	0	3	9
Young Hyson, do.	0	3	0
Hyson Skin, do.	0	1	9
Twankay, do.	0	2	6
Congou, do.	0	2	0
Souchong, do.	0	2	9
TOBACCO—United States Leaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Plug, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb	0	0	6