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Paris Fashions for October.



# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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## THE CITIES OF CANADA.

### BROCKVILLE.

BROCKVILLE, the subject of our illustration in the present number, is agreeably situated on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, some 60 miles east of Kingston.

The country is here broken into a pleasing variety of successive ridges, running parallel with the river, and on the first of these is built the principal street, with the Court House, Jail, &c., rising immediately behind. "The town," says Smith's Canada, "was laid out in 1802, and in 1817 it was stated to contain 64 dwelling-houses and stores; at that time the Court House was described as an elegant brick building." The population, by the last census, is stated to be 3,400, and one member is returned by the town to Parliament. At the extreme right of the engraving, on the top of the hill, is the Church of England, from its position the most prominent object in the view. A little behind stands the Presbyterian; and almost hid from sight amongst the trees, is the Congregational. Directly in the centre, and occupying a very conspicuous place in our sketch, is the new Court House, a very handsome building of blue limestone; a little to the right, again, is the Methodist, and to the left the unfinished tower of the Free Kirk is just discernible. These build-

ings are all handsome and substantial structures, as are also the Catholic and Baptist places of worship. The market is very easily distinguished in an open space or square; and strange to remark, it is of wood, a material, we should have imagined, would not have been selected for such a building, where an abundance of excellent stone is so easily procurable.

The Block House appears directly in the foreground, in front of the town. It was built during the rebellion of 1837, on the site where formerly stood the Cholera Hospital.

"Brockville," to borrow the words of the writer of a very spirited sketch in the "Maple Leaf," "though far from being the most important in size and population in our Province, yet cannot fail to be an object of interest. The association with the memory of him who fell in the arms of victory on the heights of Queenston, whilst it adds a feature to its attractions, renders it an enduring monument of his fame." Happily, however, these are not the times when grey-haired veterans, leaning on their rusty swords, refresh each other's memories with recollections of well-fought fields. The dove of peace hovers over our western waters, and our watchwords are Freedom, Concord, Industry, and Man. Nor is Brockville without evidences of the blessings which attend this change, or of the monu-

ments which peace is daily erecting amongst us.

The town affords an appearance of solidity grateful to the eye of those accustomed to the cities and towns of the Old World, and of substantial wealth and comfort. The handsome houses of stone, with cut-stone fronts, and public buildings of the same massive material, give it an appearance of wealth and importance, which few Canadian towns of the same size and population can boast of. At the same time, the heaviness and gloom which the general use of stone in the buildings would otherwise create, are agreeably relieved by the number of residences, even in the heart of the town, which are surrounded by neat gardens and ornamental trees. This appearance of wealth and stability, as we have already stated, is in a great measure attributable to the abundance of fine limestone and granite found everywhere in the neighbourhood.

The town boasts of a fair proportion of grist, saw, and other mills, while an extensive foundry is in operation, where a very large business is carried on, affording employment to nearly one hundred workmen.

There are several manufactories in the town for candles, pot and pearl ash, &c., besides extensive tanneries.

The St. Lawrence is here of considerable depth to the water's edge, obviating in a great degree the necessity for those long wooden excrescences which present generally such an offensive feature to the eye on an approach to our Canadian shipping ports.

Steamers of the largest class make daily stoppages on their course up or down the mighty stream, while quite a fleet of sailing vessels is attached to the port, and the busy hum of men and piles of merchandize attest the growing importance of the prettily situated town.

The commercial prosperity of Brockville declined, in some degree, after the construction of the Rideau Canal, a stupendous work of art, connecting the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, and cut by the Government chiefly for military purposes, but which enabled passengers and the forwarders of merchandize to avoid what was considered at that time the dangerous navigation of the St. Lawrence, even though by a circuitous and expensive route.

Of late years, however, the carrying trade has found its old and apparently natural channel, as canals wide and deep render the much dreaded rapids no longer an obstruction to navigation, while the business man smiles as he remembers the formerly impracticable "Lachine," "The Cascades," "The Cedars," and "The Sault."

The town boasts of a ship-building yard in which a considerable business is done.

The Agricultural Exhibition of 1851 was held in Brockville, and attracted a vast concourse of spectators.

The river is about two miles and a half across, and offers at every point a succession of the most beautiful and romantic views. From Brockville a macadamized road to Smith's Falls on the Rideau Canal has been completed, and another to Merrickville, also on the canal, with a short road, five miles in length, to Coleman's Corners, now called Lyra.

Just at the town, commences the beautiful scenery of the (so-called) Lake of the Thousand Islands, extending nearly to Kingston. They are mostly all composed of granite, some of them thickly wooded, while the scenery they present is exceedingly picturesque. Just in the neighbourhood of Brockville they are small and stand very close together, affording delightful spots for pic-nic parties, of which the inhabitants of this beautiful town and the surrounding country fully avail themselves during the summer, gathering together in numerous merry parties, in the well-built row-boats, or yachts, for which Brockville enjoys some degree of celebrity. Occasionally parties on a more extended scale visit this delightful spot, chartering for the day some one of the numerous small steamers which ply from shore to shore as ferry boats. Further up the river the islands are in clusters, and the channel through which the steamer steers becomes more crooked and narrower, while from the various bays and sheltered nooks myriads of wild fowl hover, ever on the wing, shrieking and chattering as if to scare the rude intruder away who has invaded their solitudes. Though called the Thousand Islands, the total number is 1330, from the islet (a mere speck on the bosom of the lake) jutting its irregular form out of the water, to the larger and fertile island, several square miles

in extent, and dotted with fine farms, evidencing, by their appearance and numerous flocks, the industry of the inhabitants.

The back country, generally, is level, without being flat,—is well cleared, and pretty free from stumps. It is well settled, and is said to be a good farming country. The soil is loam, and the timber consists of beech, oak, maple, elm, interspersed occasionally with a little pine, hemlock, cedar, and balsam.

### EMIGRATION TO NORTH AMERICA,

CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

If any reader has doubted the justness of what we said in our last paper, about the ignorance of Canada which is sometimes evinced on the other side of the water, we would just refer him to a recent most notorious instance.

The lieges of these Provinces were somewhat startled, a few weeks ago, by a piece of very remarkable news, which arrived per the English mail. They were informed by the geographically learned editor of a Liverpool paper, that the railroad from Quebec to Richmond is to be 600 miles long; and that the timbers were to be laid on the stumps of trees, which the erudite journalist believed of course, grow, in these regions, at the exact convenient distance asunder, requisite for laying the "track." The journal in question—*Willmer & Smith's Times*—is expressly published for American circulation, and in the present instance, at all events, contained something new to the Jonathans and Bluenoses, as well as to the Canucks. None of us ever saw such wonders, as those described by the learned instructor of the outside barbarians of both hemispheres. There was some reason to suspect, that a Yankee wag (there are a few, but not many of the species extant,) had hoaxed the Liverpool man, with the doubly mischievous purpose, of showing how little the English people know about the country, and of quizzing the climate of the Eastern Provinces. The story about running the material over the top of the frozen snow, is extremely rich, and reminds us of the slaughter we have known made among the deer, when the snow would bear the hunter's weight, but the poor animals broke through, and were easily caught. And in 1831-2, there were days during which, in the early morning, the cattle could walk on the frozen crust. But drawing railway material over so frail and very temporary a covering, is a thing unheard of in Canada, although the Liverpool genius (or the Yankee, which

ever it may be,) seems familiar with the idea. The article is too great a curiosity to be lost, and we accordingly enbalm it for the benefit of all concerned:—

"THE QUEBEC AND RICHMOND RAILWAY.

"We have noticed in another column, the departure of Mr. William Jackson, M. P., for the United States, by the *Africa*, on Saturday last. The precise object of the hon. gentleman's visit to the new world is not generally known. The Canadian Government have resolved on the construction of a railway from Quebec to Richmond, which is situated near the head of Hudson's Bay, with the view of forming a direct communication between the St. Lawrence and that great inlet of the Atlantic. During the last two years a civil engineer, named Ross, has been engaged in surveying the district through which this line is to pass, and, upon the faith of this report, Messrs. Brassey, Peto, Jackson, and Bates have contracted to construct the line, at a rate, we believe, of £10,000 per mile. The length of the line is about 600 miles, and the contract entered into is limited, at present, to the first 100 miles. The object of Mr. Jackson's visit to the spot is to ascertain whether the report of Mr. Ross can be so far relied upon as to induce the contractors to engage for the completion of the entire line. To assist him in arriving at a correct conclusion, a confidential agent of Mr. Brassey, who has had great experience in the formation of the Trent Valley, the North Staffordshire, the Havre and Paris, and other lines, goes out to-day in the *Canada*, for Boston, accompanied by an able engineer. They will join Mr. Jackson at Boston, and proceed at once by railway to Montreal, and thence to the scene of operations. The first object is to survey the route, and the second to convey, during the ensuing winter, the requisite *material* to different stations on the projected line, ready for active operations in the spring. This will be effected by means of sledges driven over the surface of the frozen snow. A vessel will, in due time, be chartered for the conveyance of iron, tools, and other requisites, together with a large body of skilled artisans, to the St. Lawrence, in the spring. The contractors have undertaken to clear the route of all timber within twenty-five yards on each side of the line, and the timber thus felled will, of course, be rendered available for the construction of the railway. One new and curious feature in this gigantic undertaking is that the trees, cut down on the direct route of the railway, will have their stumps left in the ground, about eighteen inches above the surface; to serve as cheap and permanent sleepers for the rails! The line, as we have said, will be 600 miles in length, and its construction will occupy a space of six years. When completed, it will form a line of communication of the greatest public importance; and we trust that the work will fulfil the expectations not only of the late Government, which conceived or adopted the plan, but of the contractors, whose public spirit and unrivalled enterprise have already spread their reputation throughout every region of the globe, and bid fair to realise the prophetic boast of Ariel, that he

"Would put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes." "

And now, to resume our backwoods prelections.

Having administered a few gentle hints to the monied gentlefolk who adventure to the "settlements," we have to notice some other classes who may make very useful settlers—useful both to themselves and the country.

Mechanics of all kinds, of course, have great advantages over those settlers who have not any trades at their finger ends. A carpenter, for instance, makes use of the profits of his shop-work to assist in clearing his land, and men of his craft being comparatively scarce when a settlement is commenced, he reaps a good reward for his industry. Smiths and waggon-makers, also, make rapid progress, and almost always become extensive freeholders.

We have spoken of men tenderly brought up, blundering into the woods, and having reason to repent of their rashness. This must be understood to apply only to those, who really are unable to bear the hardship and labour. There are, however, hundreds of young men, well enough educated, but without the slightest taste, or even capacity for pursuits requiring mental exertion or sedentary occupation. Many of these men have ample strength of body and constitution for hard work. They will perform wondrous feats at boating or hunting, and are prodigious in the cricket-field. They look forward to commissions in the army, which are not so easily had just now; and if the prize is gained, it leads, probably, to a campaign in South Africa, or some amusement of that kind, where the hardship and labour are such as would try the mettle of the toughest bushmen in America. How many of these youths could spend their time, with vastly more profit, in the settlements of Canada, than in idling about their father's houses, or spending their days in learning the besetting vice of idleness, while waiting with wearied hope for some "berth," which a kind patron has promised, but who cannot say positively that it will be vacant for the next five years, and for which, probably, young hopeful will not be found most admirably fitted after all. Such gentlemen are not without a certain daring to undertake bold enterprises; for, at this very time, scores of them are setting out for Australia. What they want, in Canada, is a cool, patient determination to master difficulties, even at the expense of time,—not merely the dashing boldness which would make them "smart" seamen, or brave soldiers. We have seen many specimens of them in Canada. Such as have evinced that moral courage and healthy determination, without which ultimate success is found in no country, have done well; and such men always will be success-

ful. They have entered with avidity upon the work required of them in their new station—and with too much eagerness probably at first,—and found, that although it would go hard with delicate lads, it is just the thing for broad-shouldered fellows, who always thought themselves fit for anything that required a strong arm and a determined will. The "style of living" they find somewhat new, and what wouldn't have been called exactly "the thing;" at Cambridge; but then, what of that? It is all *earned*, and there is something glorious in eating the bread of one's own winning. Any white-fingered gentry among our readers, who cannot subscribe to this fact from experience, owe us especial thanks for reminding them of it. We have pointed out for them a new pleasure. Go and try it, friends!

The gentleman-settler soon finds that he has not over-rated the hardships of manual toil. Unlike those of whose career we spoke in our last chapter, he is almost without means, and can only just manage to keep himself from being compelled to "hire out." But rather than be idle, or become a sponge, or a "loafer," he will do that, and right cheerfully, too, and will discover that he has not lost caste by it in the least, among those by whom he is surrounded. He soon learns the work of the country, and puts his shoulder to the wheel gallantly, to get in a piece of crop the first season, on some new land, in addition to the small patch of clearing his "lot" (which he is to pay for by instalments) contains. By the time this is done, he is pretty well up to things, and the neighbours always try to secure his attendance at their bees,—they wouldn't miss such a stout fellow on any consideration,—and he reaps the benefit of his usefulness, in the readiness with which he can obtain help when he wants it.

He sometimes is inclined to think of past days, and former companions, but very little of that sort of thing troubles him, for he has no time to be doleful. In fact, there is not a moment to spare, and the constant action of mind and body—the one contriving the work and the other doing it—cause a buoyant healthiness in both, which was unknown even at college. Nothing like constant employment for the prevention of dyspepsia or the blues. And if he does call to mind the career of his former chums, he is much inclined to be convinced that he's not the worst off among them. True enough, Snooks went to India, to take possession of a situation in the "civil service;" but that is not what it used to be for coining money, while the climate is just as severe upon the liver as ever. And Smith has got into the Guards, but he draws upon his unfortunate

father with an alacrity that astonishes the old gentleman, and with a lack of spirit at which a Canadian farmer's son would be disgusted. The poverty, if poverty it be, and the independence of the backwoods are better than *that*, at all events. And then poor Miles has got a situation in a bank, where he may be till his hair is gray, at the same remarkably moderate salary; and who wouldn't rather breathe the fresh air, though he has to work in it, with all the rough enjoyments of rustic competency about him, than remain poring over a desk all day,—so thinks, at all events, the manly occupant of the trim log-house, which he has built himself, and where he lives on the produce of his own industry and frugal management, and enjoys such a life much more than if he were costing his father an annuity he could ill spare, and assisting to diminish the family property which ought to be distributed among his sisters. It were well if this kind of spirit were more generally evinced by young gentlemen who come to Canada. They may learn a useful lesson in this respect from the youths of Canada and the United States. The old country youth, after he has arrived here, is too apt to think, that one of his chief duties is to draw bills of exchange upon "the governor;" while the young American or Canadian, is often too proud to receive assistance after he is sixteen or so, and, not unfrequently, at an age when an Englishman is still trying to bleed his friends, the young American is making arrangement to support the "old folks," for, as he justly remarks, they helped him when he "warn't" able to help himself, and it is his turn to help them now. It is true, that this independence of the youngsters has its evils; but they are only such as sound education will cure, while the benefits are most palpable, and thoroughly consistent with the state of a young and growing community.

But, we shall be asked, would you send fine promising young men, who have been brought up to expect the position and the comparatively easy lives which their fathers have enjoyed before them,—would you send these healthy buds of promise, to waste their glories in the wilderness of a "new settlement," among the uncouth plants of a Canadian bush? By your permission, most judicious (we are sick of calling you gentle, reader, we will answer that question, *imprimis*, by asking you another. Pray, then, what else would you do with these prime specimens? They are neither disposed nor fitted for business,—they cannot find their way into the Army List, or obtain sinecures,—they cannot be, and ought not to be, if it were possible, supported in idleness. If

you send them to Australia, they may possibly make money,—they are pretty sure to lead desperately hard lives. California is an infinitely less desirable place; and the only other destination we can think of, is the Western States. Now the life of a Canadian settler, even at the roughest, is pleasure itself, compared with what must be endured either in Australia, California, or the Western Prairies. In the case of nine out of ten of the men we are speaking of, it is necessary for them to move somewhere, and they may do far worse than turn Canadian farmers.

It is perfectly true that the position of such settlers is not free from temptation. There are few inducements to pleasure, it is true, but there are temptations to idleness and consequent dissipation, and that seems to be all that can be said against the social position of the gentleman bush man. Now we have but little to say to those, who give this as a conclusive reason against any attempt to convert respectable young men into good backwoods farmers. The temptations, such as they are, are not very powerful, where men of proper spirit are concerned. Those who have spent more of their time at the inn than on their lots, have been led into those practices by an inherent idleness, such as would pull them down in any country, and prevent their earning their livelihood at any employment. If the state of society in the new settlement is such as to lead to idleness and unbusiness-like habits, it must be admitted, that in any of the gold countries matters are infinitely worse; and we have never found that in the Western States, they are any better. There are many worse places, even as far as sobriety and morality are concerned, than a backwoods settlement in Canada. There is less gold, but less lawlessness, also, than in Australia, or some other places advertised by the Emigration Societies.

And the Canadian settler finds a resting-place in his adopted country. He does not merely come here as a wanderer in search of money, without to return to the old country, just in time to find that habit has deprived him of all taste for his old mode of life, and that the changes which time has effected, have rendered "home" the very reverse of the welcome goal which he has fancied it. Such is the case with men who "go abroad" in search of Indian promotion or Australian gold. But in Canada, a man *settles*, in the real sense of the term, and finds himself connected with, and interested in, the material progress of the country, the development of its resources, and the improvement of its society. There is something in this, more calculated to excite and to gratify a.

manly and honest ambition, than is to be found in any other British Colony. And in a foreign country, there are circumstances, which are calculated to damp very much any such laudable aspirations. The settler, such as we have described, finds himself surrounded by numerous circumstances, which if he will but look at them in a liberal spirit, cannot fail to excite his warm sympathies and most praiseworthy ambition. He finds, that although many thousand miles from his birth-place, the facilities for communication with home, are many times greater than those enjoyed by the people of any other colony of the empire,—that, except for the actual distance, he can almost imagine himself in England,—the people by whom he is surrounded are, with few exceptions, his countrymen,—the language is his own,—the habits of life are similar,—the climate, the soil, (when once the stumps are out of it), the productions of the earth—all these are, as nearly as possible, those of the old country. And he has to own allegiance to no foreign flag; but, while, to all men, of all creeds and colours, he finds the same British laws affording protection, he sees that all this is under the sway of the same monarch that he has been taught to honour from his childhood.

Yet the communities which spring up in the new settlements, are such, as to offer a wide field for social improvement. The neighbours are nearly all adventurers, of one kind or other, and many of them far from well-informed. The influence, in these new settlements, of the educated men, ought to be of much importance. They may be well expected to display a spirit above the mere consideration of their potato crops. They can readily become popular, if they exhibit ordinary courtesy towards their neighbours, and having become so, their advice and assistance are sought in all matters affecting the improvement of the settlement. They can be very instrumental in preventing those feuds which will arise, in places where people from different parts of the old country, perhaps from rival counties, are brought into collision,—in promoting the establishment of schools,—in assisting in public improvements,—and, above all, in aiding in the good work of providing for the religious instruction of the people,—in striving for the establishment of the means of public worship,—the erection and endowment of churches, where, in the most important respect, all may feel that their removal from “home,” has not been such an exile, after all, for, after the manner of their fathers, they may still meet and solemnize the worship of their God. In short, there are most glorious opportu-

unities, if men would but seize them, of making themselves thoroughly useful.

We know there are many who look upon manual labour, as something almost degrading, and measure a man's progress in life, by the successful efforts he may make to get away from the plough. We do not allude to the men who entertain old-fashioned aristocratic ideas about position, and so forth: those will generally listen to reason; but we have in our mind, one of the classes of the new school of social dogmas. A set of talkers and writers does exist, who are everlastingly maudling about “intellectual advancement,” as opposed to the earning of honest livelihoods, by plain two-handed work. These would be horrified at the idea of men, who had been sent to school in their boyhood, turning themselves into hard-fisted yeomen in after years. They would soon preach us a sermon about the “development of the mind,” and the degenerating influences of “unreasoning labour,” and the lack of ambition which is displayed by a man, who, with “higher powers,” has submitted to become a mere “hewer of wood and drawer of water.”

We are not quite certain, that a few months' active logging would not be a wholesome thing enough for these “new light” preachers.

It is absurd to say, that hard work is an “unreasoning” occupation, as we have seen it called. It is a time-honoured employment, and has been much in vogue, even in “pretty well-informed circles,” ever since the days of Adam, and the “intellectual capacity,” which these modern philosophers are so fond of talking about, was not at all dimmed, in the first preachers of our faith, by the bodily labour which they performed, to obtain the “daily bread,” which was given to them.

It must be recollected that we are speaking of men who have come to the woods, because their bodily strength and aptitude for out-of-door exercise fits them for the work, while all their tastes and habits of mind, have been such as to prevent their applying themselves to business or intellectual avocations. There are thousands of such men, and not without a fine manly turn of mind either, such as renders them fully as far above a mean thought or action, as the most acute and reputable merchant, or most brilliant star of any learned profession. To such men, and to nearly all descriptions of men, in fact, labour, and especially farm-work, is a healthy occupation to the mind as well as the body. In plain English, it keeps men out of mischief; and when straightforward, sensible *thinking*, on practicable subjects, is required, give us the “*mens sanus in corpore sano*.” Commend us to the man whose

brain has not become warped, by attempts to force it into that kind of action for which it was not intended, and whose mind has not become enervated by that sickly confinement of the body, which "office life" too often subjects it to.

One of the most absurd quack notions of the day,—and we are at perfect liberty to expose quackery and humbug, although we are pledged to eschew political and religious controversies—one of the ugliest of these impositions, is,—the attempt to separate education from labour, not by professing to take education from the working man—that absurdity, we hope, is exploded, but by proposing to take the well informed man from manual labour. In the United States, it is too much the fashion, as soon as lads have mastered their spelling books and can read general history (which consists of the history of the United States, made patriotically, to constitute the "hull" world of the school library,) to leave their wholesome farm labour, and betake themselves to some employment, which enables them to wear Frenchified dress coats, sport remarkably fine fingers, perhaps scribble nonsense for a fifteenth rate newspaper, and write occasional modest letters to the farm, about their "intellectual advancement," and the possible state for which they may shortly condescend to sit in Congress. Some Canadians are prone to follow the pernicious example, in the spirit of it, at least, and they sometimes do so to their cost.

The fact is, no man can be too well informed for his station. The very worst workmen as well as the worst farmers in Canada, are the most illiterate—the very best, are those who are educated. It has long been the boast of Scotland, that her yeomanry are better educated than those of the Sister Kingdoms. They are certainly far from being the worst workmen. Many of them are settled in Canada. We have always found them remarkable for the soundness of their education, the clearness of their views on general subjects, and particularly those most useful to a farmer, and, above all, for the *great amount of hard labour which they were accustomed to master*, as well as the cheerfulness and content with which they devoted themselves to it.

"Unreasoning labour" forsooth! We would respectfully ask whether there is anything less "intellectual" about ploughing and harvesting, than in the dull occupation of the counting house, or the abstruse science of measuring silks and cottons; or the monotonous labour of scribbling the trash of a lawyer's office.

Still, it is our duty, to point out, as well the mistakes made by some who do settle in the woods, as the errors of others in believing that they never could succeed there.

As we have before shown, the mistakes often arise from a want of consideration of

the capacities of the parties concerned,—their fitness or unfitness for a particular mode of life.

It too often happens, that men with large families, who, upon the whole, can do very well on a farm, insist on making all their sons farmers, come what will of it; while others, with an equal degree of ill-judgment, refuse to let any one connected with them, have anything to do with so laborious an occupation.

This is a country where education, for youths at all events, is readily accessible. The proper way then is, for any one who settles as a Canadian farmer and has a large assortment of the rising generation, to educate them all in a sound and sensible manner, and then, let all of them who have strong bodies and appear capable of becoming good farmers, stick to the soil, and not *flush* their heads about university scholarships, or the doubtful prizes of the "learned professions," which are now-a-days somewhat few and far between, and, like the breachy cattle we have seen in the woods, often caught with much labour, and after all of comparatively little value. It is pretty clear, that on a good farm, there will be found abundant use for all the knowledge which a lad has picked up at school, and for as much more indeed, as he is ever likely to get within his cranium. In the family there may possibly be one or two physically unable to rough it, and for them there can always be found employment in the cities. As the country improves, the opportunities for employment in mercantile and professional pursuits increase, and with a good education to begin upon, an industrious young man, even without capital, can always earn a competency.

If it be thought that we have over-coloured the success of the Canadian bushman, we err in good company, for very many men who have gained their experience in *the Province*, and whose testimony is therefore valuable, bear out our statements. Our space does not permit of our drawing upon more than one writer, but the following extracts from a Lecture on Emigration, delivered by the Hon. R. B. now Mr. Justice Sullivan, will be admitted to be reliable testimony:—

"How many, I should like to know, of the settlers on the Canada Company's lands, commenced their clearing with seventeen pounds sterling a head to bear their expenses. I look over the returns, and I find the most successful among them, who have acquired the most property, and paid best for their land, began with no capital whatever, ask those who remain of the early settlers of Upper Canada, when the journey hither was almost as difficult as one to the Rocky Mountains would be in our day. You do not find they had houses built for them, or roads made for them; no, their great struggle was with the isolation in which they were individually placed. Ten to one, but the first one you meet will tell you—'Sir,

when my father settled in our township, there was not a road, or a mill, or a neighbour within ten miles of us.' Most of them went in debt for the little supplies of provisions they wanted, and thought it no hardship to pay the debt afterwards from the produce of their lands. Five dollars worth of flour, and a like value of pork or other food, would be abundance for each individual, taking men, women, and children, until crops would be gathered. Families of five, becoming settlers, ought to consider themselves rich with twenty pounds worth of provisions, tools, and seed. I believe three-fourths of the settlers in the woods in this country, possessed no such sum; and with assistance to that extent the new settlers ought to succeed, and would succeed well."

And the learned gentleman in the same lecture, thus addressed his Irish countrymen, urging them to look to emigration to Canada as the means of relieving them from the poverty prevalent in their own unfortunate island:—

"You who are Irishmen and who belonged to the middle class of society, who are the sons of small farmers in Ireland, or of small tradesmen in Irish towns and cities, must remember well the narrow economy, the parsimonious housekeeping, which was necessary to make both ends meet. It used to be said of the Kinsale gentry that they had hake and potatoes for dinner one day, and, by way of rarity, potatoes and hake the next. You know with what anxiety parents watched their growing families, feeling them an increasing burden, and wondering where the mass of society would open places in which to introduce the wedge, which was to make their children self-dependent. You have witnessed the struggles to obtain small parcels of land at exorbitant rents, which would leave to the tenantry just sufficient in favorable seasons for subsistence, and hopeless arrearages, should prices be low or crops bad. Have you not had in your neighbourhood the midnight burning, the hideous murder? Have you not been startled from your slumber by the clank of arms, to look abroad and see the glittering sabres of the soldiery surrounding the unhappy criminals, on their way to captivity and death? What occasioned this? Some higher rent offered for a farm, which made the tenant homeless; some despairing resistance to the fate which was to make the tenant a half-employed laborer, and his family beggars. In this descending course to social perdition, were there not times when the sinking tradesman, the small farmer, could have emigrated, with more abundant means, more manly strength, and more of the habit of enduring privation, than one half the emigrants who have peopled the Western States of America; and more available property to commence a settlement, than one half the Irish emigrant population of Canada, who are now independent freeholders? What these people wanted was American ambition; they should not have struggled for what their own country contained. They should have sought for better things abroad. For several years of the period I speak of, namely, from 1816 downwards, land in this country was given free, and at this moment land can be obtained on credit, at prices which an industrious man can pay in a

few years with his own labour. Many have emigrated, many have come here, but how few in comparison with the multitudes left behind, how few in comparison with the multitudes which this country was capable of receiving. And yet did it require more courage to cross the Atlantic than to become an Irish laborer for hire, more exertion to clear a farm than to work from morning till night, seeding on potatoes at sixpence a day, more endurance to sit by a blazing wood-fire in a Canadian shanty, than to shiver over the stunted hearth of an Irish cabin?—was the certain prospect of abundance in the one case, less cheering than the inscription "hope rot," which may well be placed over the door of each Irish peasant?

"This picture is Irish. I dare not indulge in any portraiture of society in the sister island. If there be no destitution amongst the agriculturists and artisans of England, if the accounts we read of Parish Unions be fables,—if there be not in truth an addition of 300,000 souls to the population of England each year,—if the condition of the English labourer be not worse than it was twenty years ago,—if the prospects of the English farmer be as bright as they were twenty years since,—if the Glasgow weavers be a prosperous class, as compared with the Canadian landholders,—if the Highland hills afford abundance to the brave children of the soil,—then all I can say is—happy island! You want no extension of territory, you can afford to conquer colonies, and to give them for nothing to the needy Americans, that they may sell them, that they may found sovereign states upon your inheritance. But if there be destitution and poverty even in England and Scotland,—if the increase of population overstock the labour market,—if the wealth of nations flowing into your country brings no riches to the poor,—if the condition of the great mass of society have anything of a downward tendency,—if fathers look with any uneasiness upon the future prospects of their children,—then how much more applicable to you is my reproach; for you have the means of emigrating, you have the means of settling on land with ease and comfort, you have the opportunity before you of individual independence, and of founding a great transatlantic community, of spreading the constitution, laws, and intelligence of your country over new regions, and you want the spirit, the ambition, the enterprise of the Yankee, whose manners you ridicule, and whose wandering propensities you affect to despise. •

"To the class I have just described, those who have the means of emigrating, and of settling upon land; to those who are still more happy, in the present means of paying for land; to those who can do still better, and choose their new position on land already improved, and in the midst of cultivation and population; to all whose condition is not one of present ease, and of hopeful future for themselves and their children,—this country of Canada offers all the inducements to emigration, arising from cheap land, fertile soil, good and healthy climate. If labour be comparatively dear, so much the better for the labourers. If this makes land cheap, so much the better for the settler. If labour were here as cheap as at home, the land which you can now purchase for ten shillings or one pound an acre, would be worth one or two

pounds an acre in rent, and its selling price would be thirty or forty pounds an acre. How, then, could you become landowners? As the case now stands, those who have capital can employ labourers, and they can do it with profit, because the investment of capital in the price of land, is small. Part only of what you would pay in rent and poor rates, is paid in wages. One hundred acres of land, held in fee simple, is not so profitable as one hundred acres of fee simple property at home; but one hundred pounds worth of land will yield five times the profit of a hundred pounds worth of land at home; and, moreover, every man who works a week for himself, has a tangible or calculable gain. What, I ask you, must be the profit of cultivating land, when, with its produce alone, an industrious man can, by the improvement and cultivation of thirty or forty acres, in a few years, pay the credit price and interest upon two hundred acres, and make the market value of the farm double what it was at first, in the course of operation? If specimens are wanting of what Canada can produce, I ask the intending emigrant to examine the Canadian wheat and flour in the home markets. If specimens of what our poor emigrant population can do are wanted, let them inquire of the thousands at home who are benefitted by remittances of money from the poorest of our people, to aid their relatives in Ireland, or to assist in bringing them from that land of misfortune and beggary. These are simple, absolute truths, and if truth can cross the sea, why do men remain under circumstances daily becoming worse? Why do they not flee while it is yet time? Why will not love for their children move them, if they are too contented themselves? An Irish emigrant myself, I feel and speak on these subjects warmly; and, addressing, as I now do, an audience of my fellow-citizens of Toronto, chiefly composed of emigrants or their children, in a city which I have seen grow from eight hundred to twenty thousand inhabitants, in the midst of a country prospering by means of emigration, do you wonder that I should feel deeply on this subject, or that I should love the land to which a kind Providence has directed my footsteps?"

And the following well-told story illustrates, aptly enough, the idea we have endeavoured to give, of what may be done in the woods:—

"When I look into the books published to guide settlers, I find one of the first inquiries set down is, how much does it cost to build a log-house? How much will it cost to clear an acre of land? How much will the first crop sell for? A pretty set of settlers they would be, to whom these questions would be of any use. My answer would be,—Go and build a shanty for yourself, clear your acre of land with your own hands, and eat up your first crop, with the aid of your wife and children and the pigs, if you can.

"I was one day riding out towards the Owen's Sound Settlement, with a gentleman now dead, the late William Chisholm, whom we used to call White Oak, for his truth and honesty of character, and genuine soundness of heart. At the township of Garafraxa, a place with scarcely any inhabitants, after getting over a detestable road, and having been long without seeing a house, we

fell upon a large and handsome clearing of one hundred acres, with herds of cattle grazing in the pastures, sheep clustered in the shade under the fences, wheat ripening in the fields, and apples reddening in the orchard—a good log-house, and a better barn and stable, in the midst of all this. Inside the house was a respectable-looking man, his wife and grown-up daughters. Their house was clean, comfortable, and abundant, and we fared well. They had books on the shelves, and one of the girls was reading, others spinning, churning, or knitting. I asked no questions, but knowing that my friend could give me the history of the settler on the road in the morning, I waited. My first exclamation was, 'Well, Chisholm, I do envy you your countrymen! That man must have lived here many years without a neighbour?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'he was the first settler in these parts; and when he came, there was no white man between him and Lake Huron?' 'He must have been poor, or he would not have come here?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'he was very poor.' 'He must have educated his children himself?' 'Yes, there was no school within many miles of him.' 'He could not have employed labourers?' 'No, all this was the work of his own hands.' 'Then,' again I said, 'I do envy you your countrymen! This is Scotch prudence, Scotch energy, Scotch courage.' 'Well,' said he, 'it may be all just as Scotch as you like to make it, but after all the man is an Irishman.'

I could fill a book, not to say a lecture, with such anecdotes, but each one of you could do the same. They could be told of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, from north and south; of men with large families, and men alone; of men who began with a little, and men who began with nothing. And, Father of Mercy! is it for such men that poor-houses are built? and is it for such that a half a meal of potatoes is a bounty? Are such men to hold out their hands to beg? Are they to see their wives and little ones starving, while the lands of their country, their inheritance, lie vacant and unpeopled? Can three thousand miles of sea, and a three weeks' voyage, make all this difference?"

It has been naturally enough a matter of surprise, that the settlement of such vast tracts of available land, as are to be found in Canada, has not occupied more than it has, the attention of the Imperial Government. Public money and public energy is being directed to the transporting of the emigrant, to Australia. Would it not be as well to pay some attention to the settlement of the waste lands of Canada, to take means to disseminate information, as to the country, to provide the means of transport to their destination (not merely to Quebec) of such people as want nothing to make them good settlers, but the means of reaching the lands—to make liberal grants of land on the condition of actual settlement, and to encourage the emigration of all classes of enterprising men, by showing the poor that they can better their condition, and the wealthy that they can invest their capital with benefit to others and immense advantage to themselves. As Mr. Sullivan

observed, "what will be the consequence to us, if no great movement is made to people the British territories in this quarter of the world? The United States have pressed on us in the north-east; they have got to the northward of us in the west. We are advancing slowly, our Government is speaking with complacency of their emigrants being received into the United States, and our public lands are held back from settlement, and kept up for years. Why, the consequence will be that, out-flanked by a powerful population, left without the natural increase and nurture which a wholesome distribution of the people of the empire ought to cause, we must fall at no distant period into dependence on the American Republic. Then, indeed, British subjects will come and settle amongst us, and they will buy the land from strangers, which their forefathers bled to win and to maintain, and England will have the satisfaction of considering that she was very careful in keeping the peace, and very learned, respecting the labour market of America."

The space we have left for referring to the other occupations to which emigrants may turn their attention, is small, and this part of the subject can be but glanced at.

In a business point of view, it stands to reason, that a country in which real estate increases in value, in a manner almost unexampled in any other part of the world, must afford a fair field for the investment of money. There is very little difficulty in accounting for the wealth which is now enjoyed by the families of the earlier settlers in the Province. They began by purchasing or obtaining grants of large blocks of wild land. Those tracts now contain towns and villages, are intersected by good roads, and, except in cases where the capitalist has held at unreasonable prices, filled with thriving settlers. The sons of the first owner can now show fat rent rolls, and plethoric lists of bonds and mortgages. Some suppose that the increase in the value of these lands has been an accident, arising mainly from the fact of the unexpected immigration, which is not now proportionably so rapid as it was a few years back, and that such rises cannot be reckoned upon. This is a mistake. The rise in the value of property was never more rapid than at present, owing to the commencement of railway speculation. The fact is, that the fluctuations in property are now, and are likely to be, more rapid than ever.

Nor can it be a very bad country for the investment of money, when the market value of that commodity is from eight to ten per cent., and with no difficulty about safe investments. It may fall to seven, on the repeal of the Usury Laws, but it will not be lower than that for many years to come, while so much capital is required for the completion of the numerous public improvements.

The consequence of the rapid growth of

towns, where but a few years ago there were but huge trees, has been, that new openings have constantly been made for the investment of capital, the pursuit of all kinds of trade, and the employment of numerous artisans. A town containing 30,000 inhabitants now covers a space, which, so recently as the war of 1812, contained but a few small houses, and such a mere handful of people, that the Yankees were able to capture it. The accumulation of wealth has necessarily enriched those who have had the opportunity of taking part in the business of a place which was rising so rapidly; and the consequence is not surprising, that among its wealthiest inhabitants, we recognize tradesmen who commenced life at the very beginning, as far as capital was concerned, less than twenty years ago.

Every town and village in the Province affords a similar example in a greater or less degree; and now that the railway mania has set them all agog, some of the western towns evince an intention of showing, that in a few years they intend Toronto to be scarcely "a circumstance" to them.

There is abundant scope for the safe investment of capital and enterprise in all branches of mercantile business, but chiefly in that of domestic manufactures. The manufacture of Canadian wool, although Mr. Patterson and Mr. Gamble have carried off the prizes for blankets, at the Great Exhibition, is but in its infancy, as far as its extent is concerned. Those who have entered upon the business have shown, that Canada need not be behind hand in the quality of her fabrics, but there is much need of an increase in the quantity. To see what we can produce, and to judge therefrom, and it is the best possible criterion, whether it be advisable to embark in any kind of pursuit in the country, a person who is in doubt, should visit one of our Provincial Exhibitions, and compare what he there sees, with the produce of any other country he has ever heard of, of which the settlement is so recent. With sincere national pride, but without a spark of vanity on the subject, we simply defy him, to name any part of the world, so recently reclaimed from wilderness, where such a display of native productions could be got together.

And now most respected reader and most enterprising publisher, the "old settler" bids you good-by for a while. May the shadow of your infant magazine never be less! but let it win the reward which I never knew to fail judicious Canadian industry and enterprise. I feel a national pride in showing your "monthly as a thorough specimen of Canadian "home manufacture," and like the blankets of the Gamble's and Patterson's, it ought to win the honours. Good-day to ye, I say, I shall palaver no more 'bout emigration; but, a few months hence, I may be found, possibly, trudging to that snug shanty where you jollify with your

choice spirits, (no offence is meant to the promoters of the Maine Law.) But "shanty" is a strange name for that place where you luxuriate. In my time, a shanty was a place as innocent of chimney, door, window, or floor (save some hewn bass-wood slabs perhaps,) as Paul De Kock's and Reynolds' books are of decency, or common sense. If you would wander in my direction, I could show you a place of the kind, wherein a friend of yours lived near twenty years syne, and that a remnant thereof is still left, proves that elm logs are not bad material for house building. Such a shanty as your's, transplanted to the *real* backwoods, would gain the reputation of having been built by some rich gentleman, who was able to pay the highest price for flour and pork, and likely to let out some fat contracts in land clearing. By-the-by, I had some advice to give you about these kind of "jobs," but forgot it; never mind, the loss is small; and as your shanty, seems a snug box for an old man to spend an hour in, and your company somewhat of the funniest, I say you may expect at one of your "sederunts," to meet with your casual contributor, the "old settler."

R.

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 THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. iv.

TOUCHING THE SECOND COURTSHIP OF THE DOWAGER LADY SOUROCKS, AND THE ISSUE THEREOF.

AFTER Lady Sourocks had given the mitten to Beau Balderson, as recorded in the preceding chapter of these most veracious Chronicles, she, to a great extent, sequestered herself from the din and blandishments of society. Whether this resolution was come to in consequence of wounded pride or a damaged heart, I must leave to the determination of the learned. But, if I might hazard a conjecture, I should say, that, considering the ripe senectitude (as Mr. Paummy hath it) of the dame, Cupid had little to say in the matter. The truth is, that the notions of equality imported from France, along with lace and fancy soaps, had worked an unwholesome change upon the manners of the rising generation of Dreepdaily, prompting them to dispense with the respect which they had been wont to pay to the gentry. Time was, when the appearance of her ladyship on the Main Street, was the signal for a universal dropping of curtsies and doffing of Kilmarnock bonnets. Now, however, she could hardly show face, without being greeted with jeering interrogations about

the health of her ancient admirer, coupled with titling inquiries as to whether the wedding-day had yet been fixed.

In these circumstances, it was not much to be wondered at, that the scandalized dowager should withdraw herself as much as possible from a world which had been turned upside down; or that saving and excepting her periodical visits to the kirk, she was seldom seen beyond the precincts of her mansion.

The leading proportion of her time was devoted to antiquarian pursuits, and to the arrangement and cultivation of her museum, on which she set no small store.

This said museum, which had been accumulating for upwards of twenty years, was the wonder and pride of the whole country-side. Many opined that there was not its equal or marrow within the boundaries of the three United Kingdoms, not even excepting the host of curiosities in the Glasgow College, about which the student lads of Dreepdaily and its vicinity made such a boast.

As my duties made me, in a manner, a member of her ladyship's establishment, I can bear witness that fame had not exaggerated the *multiform marvels of her museum*.

It boasted of a specimen of everything raro and anti-deluvian, whether in nature or art. Touching the former, her ladyship's presses (cabinets she called them) and shelves were crowded, *chock-full*, with what might be denominated the "stickit" or spoiled handiworks of Nature, or productions which she had fashioned in moments of whim or eccentricity. There could be seen cats with two tails,—sheep with three legs,—owls sporting bats wings,—and toads covered with feathers, like black-birds. The store of warlike weapons, of the olden time, might have armed a whole regiment, and the ancient coins provided them with a day's pay in advance.

Then as to books, you would have been ready to make affidavit, that their owner had got the plundering of some of the convents or monasteries in the days of the Reformation! The very smell of them, as Dr. Scougall often used to observe, was enough to inoculate an ignoramus with learning! I much question whether the Moderator of the General Assembly, who composed his sermons in Hebrew, and wrote his dinner invitations in Greek, had read even the title-page of a title of them.

Indeed, for that matter, her ladyship used often to boast, when in a bragging mood, that the majority of them were *eunuchs*,\* by which she meant, so far as I could gather or expiscate, that no duplicates of them had escaped the destructionfull claws of Time!

To give anything like a list of these literary rarities, is altogether out of the question, because, even if I could manage to transcribe the heathenish names thereof, I verily believe that the catalogue would more than fill all the spare paper in the burgh! I may mention, however, that the most remarkable item of the lot was a tall Bible, bound in timber boards, imprinted in Latin, or some such barbarous tongue, by that notorious magician and serf of Satan, Dr. Johann Faustus. Some of the larger letters thereon were stamped with blood, instead of orthodox ink,—a fact to the verity of which I can depose, seeing that I had ocular demonstration of the same. Never could I look upon that growsome memorial of necromancy without shuddering, and marveling at the lengths to which a thirst after forbidden knowledge will carry the wayward children of Adam! Many serious folk were of opinion that it ill became a professing Christian to keep such a monument of iniquity within her dwelling, and worthy Mr. Whiggie's Elders used to hold it up, and with justice, as a matter of reproach against the Establishment, that the Kirk Session did not interfere and put an end to the scandal! Alas! the good old times of faggots and tar-barrels have long since passed away, never more, I sorely fear, to return!

But to revert to the museum. I have ever been of opinion that the immortal Robert Burns (the bard whose genius made the plough as illustrious as a Duke's coronet) must have had the collection of Lady Sourocks in view, when he penned the lines on "*Captain Gross's peregrinations through Scotland, collecting the antiquities of that kingdom.*" The following verses could only have been inspired by an inspection of the wonders of "the mansion," more by token that the glorious ploughman once visited the same, but never had an opportunity of overhauling the memorabilia of the Gross Gatherings:—

\* QUERR?—"Unique," P. D.

"She has a outh o' auld nick-muckets;  
O' rusty airm and juglin jackets,  
Wad haud the Lothians three in tacketts,  
A towmont guid;  
And parrich-pats and, and auld saut-backetts,  
Afore the flood!

Of Eve's first fire she had a cinder;  
Auld Tubal Cam's fire-shool and tender."

It is an old saying, that the longer a greedy man drinks, the thirstier he grows; and in like manner, her ladyship's itch for the acquisition of the rare and wonderful, increased in equal ratio with the replenishment of her cabinets. Never did she lose an opportunity of becoming the possessor of everything that was mouldy, worm-eaten, or useless, provided only that it was uncommon. She was a constant attendant at the auctions for twenty miles round, at which, instead of inspecting the napery and furniture, like other sensible folk, she was always to be seen prying and *poutering* amongst bunches of old ballads, and such like unprofitable trash. Every gang of tinkers which passed through Dreepdaily, visited "the mansion," with queer-shaped ram's-horns, for which they always found a ready market; and many an honest, sterling sixpence has she paid away to Hosea Twist, the tobacconist, in the purchase of moulded farthings and superannuated groats. Hosea knew his customer's weak side, and generally contrived to take a liberal measure of her foot.

At the cycle which I am now recording, Mr. Gideon Mucklekyte was the incumbent of the parish of Dreepdaily. Verily and truly he was in more senses than one, a *great* man in his day and generation, seeing that he weighed considerably more than nineteen stone. Beloved reader, if you have ever seen the effigy of Daniel Lambert in the *Eccentric Biography*, you will be able to form a pretty correct idea of the excellent pastor's bulk and ponderosity. If his *cloth* had permitted him to exhibit his person for filthy lucre, he would unquestionably have realized a mint of money; for assuredly such a mass of animated tallow was rarely to be met with. Like the fat Knight of Shakespear, he "larded the lean earth as he walked along," and when he chanced to stand beside a prize-competing ox at a cattle show, the quadruped, dwindled down by the contrast into a puny skeleton!

Mr. Thom, the witty minister of Govan, (who may well be termed the Scottish Dean

Swift) used to observe with his wonted jocosity, that there were few men in the Kirk of Scotland possessed of more *personal weight* than the unctuous Doctor Mucklekyte, but that unfortunately he was as *heavy* in the pulpit as *out* of the same!

Now the Doctor, worthy man, was, to a certain extent, tarred with the same stick as *Lady Sourocks*.

He had an equal reverence and veneration for whatever was old, *outré*, and useless. If his collection did not equal in extent that of his titled parishioner's, it was by no means for want of will, but solely because his preposterous and almost superhuman bulk prevented him from hunting after "*ferlies*." His limited stipend, moreover, put an interdict upon the purchase of the same, for the *teind* of Dleepdaily fell somewhat short of the income of the Archbishopric of Canterbury!

Since the formation of this petty planet which we call the world, two of a trade have never been found to agree. Consequently there was a continual war of rivalry between the minister and the dowager. The one never made a conquest of anything superlatively strange, without the other being well nigh ready to explode with spite and vexation.

When the doctor chanced to discover an antiquarian treasure, or a *lusus naturee*—say a mermaid or a mare's nest—he never failed to inform her ladyship, promptly, of the event, and request an early inspection of the same. With grief and humiliation do I record that a philanthropic desire of imparting pleasure was not the moving cause of the learned Mucklekyte's alacrity on such occasions. His object was more to enjoy his triumph over a less fortunate rival than to quench the thirst of her curiosity. However, there was no love lost between the pair. *Lady Sourocks* was fully qualified to play at the same tantalizing game, and never failed to repay her pastor's left-handed compliments with liberal interest, when she had the means of doing so.

Here I must leave the antiquarian couple for a brief season, in order to make my readers acquainted with a new and most important personage in the history which I have undertaken to record.

It was, as near as I can recollect, about three years, or three years and a-half, after the Nong-tong-paw affair, that Captain Gehazie

McLoon, the skipper of a London East India-man, came to Dleepdaily on leave of absence from the Honourable Company, as he was pleased to denominate his owners, to visit some of his kinsfolk who resided within the burgh.

Gehazie was a dashing, neck-or-nothing rover, boasting of a larger modicum of wit than of grace—and who, if all tales were true, was more conversant with the cards and dice-box than was promoteful of the health and vigour of his exchequer. He had the reputation, it may be added, with those sages that saw farther into mill-stones than their duller visioned neighbours, of being on the look-out for a wife, whose fortune might build up and replenish his consumptive and dilapidated purse! In fact, there was something about his look and manner which forcibly brought to mind that verse in Sir Alexander Boswell's excellent song:

"The first, a captain to his trade,  
Wit skull ill-lined, but lack weel clad,  
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,  
And papped on his knee,  
Quo' he ' my goddess, nymph and queen,  
Your beauty's dazzled faith my cen!  
But deil a beauty he had seen  
But—Jenny's sawbee!"

The genteel designation of Captain, and the blandishments and bravery of his golden and blue uniform, were passports to the best society of Dleepdaily. It is no marvel, therefore, that shortly after his advent, Mr. McLoon got acquainted with our excellent friend, *Lady Sourocks*, and ere long he was observed to pay her an extra particular amount of attention. He gallanted her to parties—carried her pattens when the muddy portions of the streets had been passed—and if he chanced to be her opponent at whist, generally contrived that she should be victorious in the game. As Dr. Scougal, who was somewhat of a cynic (as Mr. Paumy terms snarlers) observed, the captain baited his hook with a sprat in order that he might catch a herring!

Now, as I have hinted before, there was nothing about her ladyship's outward tabernacle, to account for this extra particular devotion on the part of the *blooming bachelor* of two-and-thirty. Small resemblance did she bear to the representation of Venus in the history of the heathen gods, and her temper, like summer small beer, had been rather soured by the thunder of Time's wings. Still she boasted of a redeeming point. She

could exhibit a bank receipt displaying more than three figures, the fourth being of a dignity considerably exceeding that of a paltry unit! In one word, the "tocher" of Lady Sourocks was the jewel, the brightness of which threw a host of imperfections into the back ground;—and Gehazie's eyes being none of the dullest, he soon got a glimpse of the same, and admired the prospect quite as much as Beau Balderston had ever done!

The captain's furlough, being but limited, he determined to make hay while the sun shone, and, accordingly, began to lay siege to the antiquated fortress in due and scientific form. Right speedily did he discover how the hearings of the land lay (to use the jargon of sea-favers), and being as cunning as a fox, and deep as a practice-bronzed lawyer, he pointed his guns accordingly. Artfully did he commence by lauding to the skies the dowager's collection of wonders, affirming with oaths which would have terrified a Flander's trooper, that they beat Prester John's, and the Pope of Rome's all to sticks, both of whose museums he had visited in his voyagings. At the same time, the flatterer took care to hint at some items which her ladyship, with all her riches, lacked, and which, as he mysteriously suggested, he might possibly, with some superhuman exertions, procure for her.

He had a tongue which might wile a bird from the tree, and often when curling the frontlets of the august Sourocks, have I laid down the tongs, fairly entranced and carried away by the intoxication of his narrations!

The yeast worked as favourably as the brewer could hope or expect! Every day did the antiquated dowager get fonder of her suitor;—and ere long the gossips of Dreepdaily (for we are cursed with our own share of such vermin) began to predicate the very day on which the minister would get a job in the conjunction of the parties.

It is incumbent upon me, at this point, to certiorate the ignorant in such matters, that one of the rarest things under the wide canopy of heaven is a tom tortoise-shell cat. Indeed, so much is it prized and sought after that, unless historians are the more deceitful, kings have been known to barter their dominions for one, and, after all, chuckle in their sleeves,

under a conviction that they had taken in, or done for the venders.

This being premised, it so happened that as the captain and his venerable sweetheart (for such in reality was now the dame) were sitting billing and cooing over a cup of green tea, her ladyship heaved a deep and expressive sigh. "Oh, Gehazie!" she exclaimed, many's the grand sight ye have seen (he had been enlarging upon Mahomet's Coffin, and the Roc of Sinbad the Sailor)—but have ye ever in the course of your travels fallen in with a tom tortoise-shell cat? Oh, what a proud and happy woman it would make me, if I could only become the possessor of such a priceless treasure! It would render my collection absolutely peerless, and cause the heart of Dr. Mucklekyte to break with sheer envy!"

Mr. McLoon did not say much on the subject, at that sederunt, but his eyes glanced and twinkled with an expression of cunning and exultation, and he seemed to be anxiously revolving some deep matter in his mind. He took his leave by times, and early next morning, when he called to pay his respects, he presented her ladyship with a fine, full-grown young cat, of the sex and colour which she so sorely coveted.

This, of course, was irresistible! What greater proof of affection could mortal man give? He struck whilst the iron was hot—made his proposals in due and regular form—was accepted—and an early day was fixed for the nuptials, the space being abbreviated in consequence of the captain's lack of time.

Was not the dowager Lady Sourocks a proud and happy woman? She seemed to tread upon the air, and if the king had met with her, the chances are great that she would not have condescended to call him cousin! So mighty was the ecstacy of her delectation that she appeared to think little about the change of condition which she was so soon to undergo. The idea of the *marrowless* cat was so extensive and absorbing that it occupied every nook and cranny of her brain, to the exclusion of every meaner concern!

I need hardly say, that, as a matter of course, her ladyship could not keep her good fortune to herself. Without loss of time she

de-patched a herald to the *manse* (or parsonage, as Englishmen call it), summoning Doctor Mucklekyte to his "*four hours*," or tea, as there was something extra wonderful to be submitted to his inspection!

The minister promised attendance, and religiously kept his promise, though it was Saturday night, and he had not written more than the twentieth head of his Sunday's forenoon discourse! Over he came at the appointed hour, and sat himself down, as usual, in the big elbow chair. The doctor had acquired a prescriptive right to this ease-gendering lounge, more by token that no other seat in the mansion would have accommodated his outrageous and unsurpassed bulk!

Justice having been done to the *scandal broth*, (as Sir Walter Scott styles it), and the paraphernalia of the tea-table removed, Lady Sourocks, who disdained the modern frivolity of bells, blew a silver whistle, and directed her right-hand woman, Betty Bachles, to bring in the illustrious, and never-enough-to-be-appreciated grimalkin! "You will find it," she said, "on my Indian shawl, upon the top of the spare bed, and, as you value your life, don't tootze or disturb the precious angel. I would not have a hair of it ruffled for a French King's ransom!"

Betty departed upon her momentous mission, but in vain did she search for the object of her embassy. There lay the shawl bearing evident marks of recent pressure, but the much cherished cat was no where to be found! Her ladyship soon got an inkling of the alarming aspect which matters had assumed, and rushed about the tenement in a state closely bordering upon distraction! Every corner was searched, and trebly searched, but in vain! The cat—the priceless, neighbourless cat was amissing, and not a clue could be got of her hiding place or fate!

Here was a terrific stramash, as the Highlanders say! Lady Sourocks speedily adjourned into a nervous fit! Betty Bachles stood quaking as white as a bleached dishcloth; and the doctor who on the plea of increasing infirmities in general, and the rheumatics in particular, had never abandoned his seat, began a homily touching the distresses of Job!

This was like casting oil upon a bonfire to extinguish the same, and had the effect of

driving the bereaved curiosity-hunter almost into a state of insanity, "Job!" quo he,—she shrieked like a delirious sea gull—"Job, indeed! Na, na, Doctor Mucklekyte, say naething to me o' Job! He nae doubt had his trials and crosses, honest man, but oh! he never, never lost a tam tortoise-shell cat!"

Betty Bachles afterwards certiorated me, that during the transaction of these passages the doctor, though he tried to assume an appearance of sorrow and sympathy yet could not altogether conceal a twinkle of exultation in his bleared grey eyes. Beyond doubt he was inwardly rejoicing that after all, his rival's collection was to be deprived of what would have thrown his own for ever into the back ground of mediocrity. Alas! for poor human nature!

After some time, when Mass John had exhausted his bead roll of costive comforts he rose to take his leave of the grief-stricken and most dolorous mansion. Hardly, however, had he reached the door, when his ears were riven with a scream, surpassing in bitterness that which ariseth from a ship at the moment of its going to the bottom!

"Oh, Doctor Mucklekyte! Doctor Mucklekyte!" yelled forth the seemingly demented dowager—"What's this that I see! Oh that I should have been spared to behold such a sight!"

Stupified and confounded by the unearthly din, the minister turned back. His eye, instinctively fell upon the chair which he had so lately occupied, and then the withering truth lay revealed in all its naked horrors! He saw—and his seething brain whirled round at the sight—he saw the miserable martyr of a cat lying on the seat, cold, and stiff, and dead, crushed flat as a paving stone or a pan cake!

Self-revealed was the mystery! The miserable quadruped had wandered into the parlor—fallen asleep upon the fatal arm-chair, and in a twinkling, before it could either squeak or squeel had been bereft of life by the unconscious doctor! Beneath his Titanic ponderosity even a bull-dog, would to a physical certainty, have been constrained to yield up the ghost!

But who can describe the innocent cause of this mighty ruin? Not Peter Powhead, for one! Suffice it to say that as soon as the

poor Doctor could command, to a certain extent his wandering and staggering wits he made a rush to the door—ran home as if the next year's stipend depended on his speed—and never drew breath till he had denned himself in the deepest recesses of his study.

Like the ancient Grecian painter, of whom I have heard Mr. Pauny discourse, I draw a veil over the sharp pangs of the doubly widowed Lady Sourocks. Imagine, gentle reader every thing that is gloomy and heart-rending, and then double the dose, and you may come to have some faint idea of her sufferings!

After the first whirlwind of her grief had subsided, her ladyship dispatched forthwith a letter to a cunning artificer in Glasgow, requiring him to come forthwith, and embalm the remains of the murdered cat. These were, in the interim, placed upon the roof of an out-house, the speedy progress of corruption (it being the middle of summer) forbidding any detention within doors.

Notwithstanding of the tragedy above recited, the preparations for the nuptials proceeded as formerly agreed upon. The captain, as I stated above, had a peculiarly enticing tongue—and he promised to bring home another cat of the same breed, which his friend the Emperor of China possessed, and which, he said His Majesty would doubtless bestow upon him, if applied to.

The important morning came round at last, like other ordinary days. Mr. McLoon was to call about noon with the best man, to claim his bride, and her ladyship was in a perfect even-down stew in adorning and beautifying her person for the solemn and awful ceremonial.

As she was meditatively standing, after the completion of her basking, at a window which overlooked the lair where the doomed cat lay in the purrless sleep of mortality, she thought that she discovered an incomprehensible change in its appearance. Not a word did she whisper to any one, but grasping a pair of tongs, glided softly out of the house, and made a careful *post mortem* examination of the corpse.

What a discovery did she make of the craft and villainy of the Judas, who had managed to gain her mature affections!

The cat was no longer of a tortoise-shell

hue, but the bulk thereof presented a dirty grey, and streams as of melted paint, ran all around the neighbourhood. To make sure of the matron's purse and hand, the graceless imposter had coloured a common *baudrons* in imitation of the rarity, and a heavy shower of rain falling shortly after the exposure thereof, had revealed the coat of paint, and the captain's coat of hypocritical darkness, at one and the same time!

Being a considerate woman and prudent, instead of proclaiming the discovery she lifted the tell-tale body into her apron, and regaining her chamber, quietly there awaited the coming of the blushless, fortune-hunting traitor.

Punctual to a minute he made his appearance, marching up the Main street with his white top boots and gold laced coat as proud like as the grand master of the turkey-cocks!—He knocked majestically at the outer door with the air of a man having authority, looking grandly on the convocation of women and children who stood at the bottom of the stair, admiring his pomp and bravery! The Duke of Wellington when he got a sight of Boney's back at Waterloo could not have exulted more than did Gehazie McLoon at that eventful epoch of his existence!

Slowly did the door open upon its massive hinges, but instead of the captain receiving his bashful (*rouge*) blooming bride, he got the defunct cat, rank as it was with filth and corruption dashed about his ears! And in place of "my brave sweetheart" and so forth, the gentlest word he obtained was, "ill-looking thief," and "unchanged deceitful catteran!"

To cut a long story short, the school boys, who had begged a holyday to see the company at the wedding, got word of the transaction, and executed summary justice upon the delinquent. They pelted the poor detected vagabond out of the town with rotten eggs, and never more was he seen within the bounds of the royal burgh of Dleepdaily!

And so endeth the chronicle of the Dowager Lady Sourocks' second and last wooing!

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THE THRONE OF THE GREAT MOGUL.—The Mogul empire has ever been proverbial for its splendour. At one time, the throne of its chief was estimated at £1,000,000 sterling—the value being chiefly made up of diamonds and other jewels, received in gifts during a long succession of ages.

## SONGS AND BALLADS,

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

## No. III.

## THE CANTY CADGER.

GEORGE TURNBULL, better known in the head of Liddesdale and Jed Forest, as the Cauty Cadger, or galloping Eggman, is the individual whose love is chronicled in the following verses. His father and grandfather, by the mother side, were both Cadgers; and Geordie, who had lived from a child with his old maternal relative, followed the same occupation. It was at Swinnie Toll-gate, three miles west of Jedburgh, where he used so oft to "come jingling in" on the market night, Tuesday, and was aye made so welcome by the Toll-keepers bonnie daughter. I can recollect, well, frequently seeing him and his grey mare, early on the Wednesday morning, just going out of sight at Swinnie dyke nook at the gallop. Unfortunately the upshot of so much love was a young Cadger. But Geordie was honourable—if he did what was wrong he also did what was right—put a stop to the gossip of the half of the parish, and made her "an honest woman," after all. They were living thirty years ago, and for aught I know may be living still, at the Blackleemouth, a little above the wears on Roule water, in the very cottage where old George Edomson, a Norian of eccentric memory, had first settled and lived for nearly a century before them.—"Bonnie Hobbie Elliot," the fine old Border Air, to which these verses were written, is mentioned somewhere by Scott, and was a great favorite in my young days. I have frequently known the douce guidman to order the parlor door to be set ajar, so that he might hear it more distinctly when sung by the maiden at her wheel on a winter's evening. The following verse, with the chorus, is all that I recollect now of the old Song:

My Peggy can bake my bread;

My Peggy can brew my ale;

And if I was ever sac sick,

My Peggy wad make me hale.

Bonnie Hobbie Elliot,

Cannie Hobbie now,

Bonnie Hobbie Elliot,

He lives at Unthanke knowe.

O weels me on the cadger,

He's aye sac fu' o' his glee,

O' a' the lads that ca' here

The cadger's the man for me.

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The cadger can cuddle and kiss,

The cadger can dance and sing,

And there's nae atween Liddle and this

But the canty cadger can ding.

O weels me on the cadger, &c.

Whenever I hear but his whistle,

Or stoulines he g'ies me a clap,

My heart gets in siccan a bustle,

It's like to loup into my lap.

O weels me on the cadger, &c.

Yestreen, when Kirk Yetholm and mair

At the bridal were a' in their braws,

He dawted and danced wi' me there

'Till I didna ken weel where I was.

O weels me on the cadger, &c.

I'm plagued to dethe wi' my mither—

Aye rhyning away "will ye spin,"

But my wheel gangs as light as a feather

When Geordie comes jingling in.

O weels me on the cadger, &c.

My tittle shee's everly jeering,

My father does naething but flyte,

I greet when I'm out of their hearing,

And wish so for Tuesday's night.

O weels me on the cadger, &c.

My blessings upon his grey yaud,

The yaud but and the creel,

And mickle braw luck to the lad

That's tousel me off sac weel.

O weels me on the cadger,

He's aye sac fu' o' his glee,

O' a' the lads that ca' here

The cadger's the man for me.

DRUDDERY OF PANTOMIME PERFORMERS.—The leading actors are seldom or never employed in the pantomime. They consider it *infra dig*, and secure exemption by a clause in their letters of engagement. The business is discharged by the second rates, and *utility* men. The latter are worked like galley-slaves; I have often marvelled how they got through the duties which belong to their position. They represent on the average four characters in the opening, with treble that number in the comic-sequel, a change of dress for each. Young aspirants for honours histrionic, who are tired of their indentures, and have souls for poetry, figure to themselves the stage as a nice, jolly, easy, idle life. I would advise them to begin at the beginning, and enlist as utilitarians for the run of a pantomime. There is nothing like experience for cooling down enthusiasm. Long before their term of service has expired they will petition for dismissal, or use interest for an immediate exchange into the comparative comfort and indulgence of the House of Correction.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

## OCCASIONAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE BLINKS'.

## No. I.

A CHAPTER RELATING TO THE BLINKS FAMILY, AND MORE PARTICULARLY TO ITS PRESENT RESPECTED HEAD—RAMBLING, INTRODUCTORY, AND A LITTLE BIOGRAPHICAL.

Mr. JOHN BLINKS was a good, honest, respectable and comfortable sort of a man, who had started light in the race of life; carrying little or nothing in those artificial cavities, the pockets, which serve much the same purpose in man, as the pouch of the monkey and extra stomach of the camel do in those other varieties of mammiferous animals.

The race of life, however, differs from all other races in this important particular—that light weight by no means increases speed—and to be what is commonly called a “fast man,” it becomes essentially necessary that he should be well, that is, heavily backed—the more heavily the better; and strange to say, the more of this kind of weight he carries, the more he seems to be in need of ballast.

In Mr. John Blinks, as I said before, these convenient appurtenances were at the commencement of his journey, in a collapsed, shrunken and empty condition—and if the naked truth must be told, the natural cavities of the body, which were evidently intended by nature to contain something, as she has made nothing in vain, were in not much better condition. “What!” says one, “were his stomach and his pockets equally empty?” Alas! poor fellow, it was even so, for being the second of ten boys, his father, who for the trifling duty of curing the souls of three or four thousand parishioners in a rural district in the south of England, received for emolument something less than half of the salary of my Lord Cutaway’s *valet de chambre*; was not always able, notwithstanding, the active economy of a bustling little wife, to spread so ample a board as the actual necessities of a growing family required.

Now John was emphatically a sturdy chip of an old English oak block, which means, I suppose, that he was sound at heart, though vegetating on little better than a barren rock. A soil, if so it may be called, which not unfrequently yields the toughest and most durable timber; and though not blest at the period of which I speak with the most acute perceptions—he had still a very tolerable share of what this world, ever dealing in the strongest contradictions, calls from its rarity common sense.

John had now attained the age of fifteen, and a perpendicular altitude of five feet four inches, and lying on his back one clear, calm, cloudless day, in the neighbourhood of a friendly hedge, looking up into the unfathomable sky, a position he was fond of assuming

when in a thoughtful mood—it seemed so to expand his soul, and clear his mind from the dust and rust of plodding every day matters, as a plunge in the clear blue ocean refreshes and invigorates the physical frame. The idea suddenly seemed to strike him that this kind of thing was not going to do. He was getting too old to be much longer dependent upon a father whose small means were already overtaxed. Sooner or later he must grapple with the world for himself, fighting in the ranks as a foot soldier, he must now advance with the column or he would be thrown down, marched over and trodden under foot. Man is a progressive animal, and already in the generous spirit of budding manhood he felt himself a man, his breast expanded at the thought, he did not believe the journey of life so rough as had been represented to him, he felt within him a latent energy which could scale mountains, or dare the dangers of the untrodden deep, and ere he sprang from the ground, his resolution was taken, and he who but an hour ago had lain down a boy, rose from the earth a man.

Of how much do we not feel ourselves capable at such an age, and why not? Is it not so in every phase of nature? It is the young bee, inexperienced though he may seem, that fabricates the purest honey;—the young shoots, and not the scathed and time-worn branches that yield the fairest and most perfect fruit. We all probably enter upon life forewarned, and therefore forearmed to meet its trials, we are ready and able enough to scale its cloud-topped mountains, but we stumble over the first mole-hill in our path—and, from every fall, rise dispirited and with the loss of much of that confidence which was our greatest strength. The gigantic difficulties we were to encounter and grapple with like Titans, seem never to come within reach of our arm—but the lapse of a few short years finds us broken down, disheartened, dismayed and perishing, like a lion stung to death by gnats, amidst the pressure of innumerable ills of so petty a nature, that they would excite in us only a smile of scorn, had we been left but a tithe of the glowing energy with which we first bounded forward to encounter them. Could we but meet the ills of life drawn up in array for pitched battle at such a time. Who would not fight manfully to the last gasp against any odds? and—

“As victor exult, or in death he laid low,  
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe.”

But this is not our destiny. We are fighting in an enemy’s country, whose policy it is not to expose himself to the first flush of our ardour; though the adverse powers never oppose themselves in any great force. Yet are they never altogether absent, we are harassed continually in front, flank and rear, until fairly worn out and exhausted with marching, counter-marching and innumerable

small reverses—too contemptible to be taken individually into consideration, we are ready at the first new alarm to throw down our arms, and yield us up prisoners to a mere handful of the foe.

John straightway returned home, and astonished his father by stating broadly the result of his cogitations,—adding, “If the world is, as Antonio says,

‘A stage where every man must play his part;’

then it is time I began to play mine. Life is short, and the world is wide. It must find room for me. I will no longer under any consideration be a burthen and expense to you and my mother. The world may be a hard nut to open, but if there is anything in it, it shall yield me my share of the kernel.”

It was in vain that the worthy old pastor impressed upon his mind the impracticability of his scheme, he maintained stoutly that “nothing is impossible to him that believeth,” and he had no want of faith. Was not history full of examples of the unconquerable force of the human mind when directed by energy and perseverance? Did not Thomas Guy, the lighterman’s son, begin the world penniless and die possessed of half a million? And do not the Tamworth Almshouses, Christ’s Hospital, and the yet more celebrated one in Southwark which bears his name, yet stand to commemorate the fact? And have not hundreds of others fought the battle of life single handed with equal success? Impracticable! Pshaw! every thing was impossible till it was accomplished. Columbus’ egg was a case in point; nature, he argued, was full of mysteries, which it was the business of man to unravel, and things that now are regarded as commonplace matters of course, were absolute impossibilities a few centuries ago.

As if to establish satisfactorily, at least to his own mind, the truth of his arguments; he succeeded in a short time in overruling by his honest and earnest manner the cautious advice of his father, and the, yet harder to overcome, tearful dissuasions of his mother, and one sunrise saw him with all his worldly possessions appended to a stout cudgel over his shoulder, bidding adieu to the home of his childhood, and stepping out manfully for the nearest seaport town, with the determination of putting himself on board the first ship, no matter what her destination, that would take him for what upon trial he might be worth. “*Aide toi, et le ciel t’aidera,*” says the French proverb. John had never heard of it, unless Æsop’s waggoner imploring assistance from Hercules could have given him a hint, but in his own mind he had already experienced its meaning.

John’s education in consequence of the active duties in which his father was engaged, coupled with his scanty means, had been much neglected; of reading and writing, those two doorways of knowledge, he pos-

sessed the keys, beyond this he had little to boast of; but there were few books in his own language, within his reach, that he had not read, and as is not unfrequently the case with boys who have felt the want of education, he was a tolerably good thinker. To have seen his awkward loutish figure, reclining in the position I have mentioned, beneath the shade of a hedge or tree—a casual observer would have regarded him as the personification of laziness; but such judgment would have been as false as the superficial judgments of the world usually are. There was an engine at work within that apparently inanimate form—and a certain amount which was represented by the knowledge he had picked up from various sources, was then and there being multiplied by reflection—any small facts which nature offered as he went along being added in to make up the sum total. By this process of mental arithmetic he had long since arrived at the conclusion, that the greatest mechanical power which the world has produced, could never equal the effects of the steady continuous application of the smallest means. The slow development of the oak from the acorn had not escaped him—nor the smooth and silent action of the rill which had worn itself a passage through the granite rock. “Rome” thought he, “was not built in a day,” but time hath conquered even Rome, the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong; and nature upon all sides proclaims this truth, that perseverance is strength. What is the power of the minute coral insect when compared to that of the mighty ocean in its wrath? Yet this insignificant adversary is daily robbing the sea of its dominions—and ocean recoils foaming before it. Many a fertile island, the work of this frail architect, now waves its blooming verdure—where once the storm-tost mariner foundered amid the waters and sounded their depths in vain!

It was with the full intention to go and do likewise, so far as the power in him lay, that John now,

“Like the nautilus shell on the fathomless sea,”

steered boldly forth into the world. It was his first voyage out of sight of home—but he was honest, resolute, hopeful and courageous.—all which qualities are indispensable in a journey attended by so many dangers;—and long ere time had

“Sent with pallid ray,  
Streaks of cold, untimely gray.  
Through the locks whose burnished hue  
Had but seen of years a few.”<sup>24</sup>

Honesty, resolution and courage, had won their reward. Rich, he was not, yet; but he had enough, and to spare—and this, in his opinion, was wealth.

The nature of John Blinks, however, was not one to enjoy the favours of fortune alone—and in verification of the proverb—“Where goods increase, they are increased which eat

them,"—he about this time took it into his head to marry—"to have some one," as he has since expressed it to me in the words of a favourite poet, (for John, while gathering the fruit of the garden, was not unmindful of the flowers.)

"To cheer his sickness—watch his health—  
Perk up his liver—waste his wealth—  
Or stand with smiles unmuting by,  
And lighten half his poverty."

The person who was distinguished by having this honour conferred upon her (and let me tell you that the gift of half such a heart as his was an honour that the highest in the land might have been proud of), was the only daughter of a Mr. Percival, a gentleman of decayed fortune, whose acquaintance he had picked up during a short sojourn at Monte-Video, where he had gone as supercargo. John had carried his principles with him fairly through life—did nothing in a hurry, except occasional acts of charity, of which the world, who considered him a close, cautious man, knew nothing; but having once made up his mind upon any subject, it became from that time as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It was owing to this peculiar idiosyncrasy that his matrimonial operations were conducted in a different manner to that commonly pursued by men who are getting up in the world. It did not take him long to satisfy himself that in Jane Percival he had found one of those rare specimens, who, though cast in Nature's fairest mould, presented her least attractive side to the outward gaze. Much as you might be struck by her first appearance, which was singularly beautiful, this, which might be called the bloom upon the rose, was lost sight of when a more intimate acquaintance revealed what, to follow up the comparison, might be called the fragrance of the flower—the genuine and sterling qualities of her mind.

John, however, was in no hurry. The idea of marriage had not presented itself to him, before, as one requiring his own personal consideration. Love had never knocked at the door, or, if he had, he had found the occupant so much engaged with other concerns that he had no time nor inclination to let in so troublesome a visitor. But now he would be denied no more—and his knocks were so loud and frequent that John felt he must give him a hearing at last; and who that ever yielded so much to the imp, but has found his concessions met by yet more unreasonable demands?

Such, however, was the experience of our friend. For though he had now sailed on his return voyage, the mischievous urchin, whose acquaintance he had made, would give him no rest. There was no end to the tricks he played him: and even his sleep, which before had been tranquil as that of a child, was now, through his machinations, continually troubled (or, fair reader, blest, if you prefer it), by vis-

ions of the lady of Monte-Video in desperate positions—either drowning, burning, being rudely assaulted, or some other equally terrible alternative, from which nothing but the most violent efforts of Mr. John Blinks could rescue her.

All men of genius have their peculiarities and favourite positions for indulging in meditation. Calvin thought best in bed; Cujas when laid at full length upon the carpet; Camoëns amidst the tramp of charging squadrons; Corneille with bandaged eyes, writhing upon a sofa. That of John may, perhaps, be remembered; and though far from the sunny fields of merry England, was there no other place in which he could indulge his humour? Happy thought! The upper poop deck was a quiet, retired spot; the cross-jack was as good for all practical purposes as a hedge; and, no sooner said than done, he was up—aye, and down upon his spinal processes ere his eye had lost its momentary glance of exultation. It was long since he had enjoyed such a refreshing reverie—even Time for a moment seemed to be arrested, and the past, the present and the future, were arraigned before him, as they shall hereafter stand in the endless *noix* of eternity. Who can tell over what weary wastes of land and ocean, thought, that electric spark of the mind ranged instantaneously, as some new feature of the case under consideration required the presence of the various parties interested at the conference. Swift as was the arrowy course of the shoal of porpoises which played about the ship, as though she rested stationary upon the waters, crossing and recrossing her course, curvetting and leaping; now, a thousand fathoms deep beneath the clear blue sea, now tossing the whole length of their shining bodies aloft into the sun's rays, glittering like gems and gold. What though their speed had rivalled that of the storm-driven cloud, was it, when compared to that subtle movement of the mind? Surely a type of its immortality. Space, it hath already annihilated. But Time is yet to be overcome.

After long study and reflection, John arrived at the conclusion that it would be prudent to marry. "I am not yet rich," said he, "but I can already see that the road I am travelling leads to competence, and I have travelled towards it too long to be mistaken." It never for a moment entered his thoughts to consider what the weight of the lady's dowry might be; he had never been accustomed to make bargains in that way; and, I am satisfied from what I know of him, that even when surrounded by the greatest difficulties, he would have spurned contemptuously any amount of gold that might have been offered him in compensation for marrying a woman he did not love. He despised all such trafficking as a species of dishonest barter, in which himself represented the

amount to be paid in consideration; and he would no more have consented to pass himself off for more or less than he was worth, than he would have paid for any merchandise in spurious coin. Poverty in principle and poverty in love, thought he, are the only two poverties to be avoided in marriage; for love which alone can confer happiness in the married state, is a plant that may be nourished by riches, but cannot be begotten by them.

John had practically fathomed the meaning of the word poverty, and understood the right use of money as well as any one. It represented at once his ammunition and commissariat department, for the war which he waged with Time—but beyond this he cared very little for it, thinking, with Bacon, that "riches cannot be called by a better name than the baggage of virtue; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory."

With riches, beyond what he had daily use for, he as yet knew little; but with poverty he had gone to school, and been on terms of the most intimate acquaintance. He was a rough fellow, and had bullied him a good deal at first, but John was candid enough to own that he had received as much good as evil at his hands; and after grappling with him often, and at length overcoming him, he had learnt to regard him in a different light—and, like a true John Bull, refused ever afterwards to fear an enemy whom he had once conquered.

His mind once made up on the question, he began to wonder within himself that its advantages had never struck him before. He always knew there was something he wanted—a sort of undefinable longing, as if some attraction were being constantly practised towards him, which he could not altogether resist, nor yet quite understand the means of complying with. It was as clear as the noon-day sun to him now: the fountain had burst its bounds, and flowed as naturally to the ocean of its destiny as any other mountain torrent rushes to the sea. And no two tributary streams ever mingled their clear waters to form one river, in more indivisible unity, than he felt in the beautiful language of Scripture, that "they twain would be one flesh." Nevertheless, he was to all appearance as cool as a cucumber, for he was not a man to be carried madly away by anybody or anything. The passions, he used to say, are either good or evil in exact proportion to the rank which they occupy in the kingdom of the mind. If they are subservient, then are we masters, and enjoy all the advantages to be derived from their ready participation in our desires. If they are masters, then are we slaves, and subject to all the heartburn-

ings and ignominious conditions which slavery imposes.

In leaving John to his soliloquy, the reader will not be surprised to hear that he soon found his way back to Monte-Video; he arrived there most opportunely, for Jane's father had died, and the young and delicately-nurtured girl, left to her own resources, was just making her first actual acquaintance with a cold and selfish world. Her unprotected condition left her exposed to the worst evils, and her hitherto sunny life had already been darkened by the petty annoyances to which her position rendered her peculiarly obnoxious. John, when he sailed from Monte-Video, had said nothing definite about ever returning thither again; but Jane, by that quick intuitive perception which women so eminently possess in matters of the heart, had read, to a certain extent, his feelings almost before he had rightly construed them himself. His return, therefore, though nothing could have been more in accordance with her own wishes, did not appear to astonish her so much as John had expected.

During his short stay upon this second occasion, he outraged all preconceived notions of his being a quiet commercial gentleman; embroiled himself with many of the young men of the city, one of whom, an erratic disciple of Esculapius, he had incontinently kicked out of the window, for some real or fancied impertinence to his innamorata, whereby, to use that worthy's own words, the glutei muscles and tubera ischii were so seriously injured, that he was unable to present himself comfortably on horseback for a week. And the probability is, that had he remained much longer in the vicinity, this aspiring anatomist would have been attempting to probe his pericardium with a rapier, or trying the physiological effects of metallic lead in doses of half an ounce. Matters, however, were soon satisfactorily arranged, and John sailed again for England with a tolerable cargo of hides and tallow, and a wife.

Now that we have fairly lodged him in the arms of his lady-love, we will bid adieu to him—wishing him, as he deserves, all health, happiness and prosperity, for the space of eighteen years; at the end of which period, viz., at the present time, this first day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two; we find a retired comfortable old gentleman of some forty-five or fifty years of age, resident not very far from Toronto, the Queen City of Western Canada—and generally known at the Post Office as John Blinks, Esq., vulgarly as "old Blinks" in contradistinction to a younger gentleman of that name who, but for a somewhat slighter make, more intellectual forehead, and some trace of his mother's look about the mouth, we might easily mistake at first sight for the John Blinks with whom we are already

acquainted, at the period of his life when this veritable history commences.

Rough old Time hath passed gently over the countenance of old Blinks—a tolerably fair proof that he has been a good, honest sort of a man: a kind of fellow whom even old time would feel a respect for and deal tenderly with accordingly. There was not a wrinkle in his face that was not eloquent of good humour and contentment. None of those scams and furrows which like the ripple-mark indelibly imprinted upon the rock, show where the waves of passion have once rolled; but good, honest, homely wrinkles, which like little wavelets dancing in the sunbeams tell that the deep, clear ocean peacefully slumbering beneath them, is tranquil and at rest.

Fortune, too, had favoured him even beyond his anticipations, probably because he had ever treated the fickle jade cavalierly. She regarded him evidently in the favourable light of an old suitor, of whom she need not be ashamed, and occasionally even yet, glanced complacently upon him—to show that she had not forgotten him. It might have been, too, that he was a different kind of man to those who usually courted her, for John was eminently calculated, had his lot fallen in other circumstances, to have made a scientific man and philosopher—she may have regarded him therefore in the light of an admirer seduced from her older, though, by many considered, more lovely sister science, and have felt an especial interest in him,—owing to this tacit acknowledgement upon his fact, of the superior fascinations of her charms: certain it is—she had treated him more handsomely, than many who had sacrificed themselves soul and body at her shrine, and now when he had ceased to pay her even a show of court, she liked to keep up his jolly acquaintance for the sake of auld lang syne.

But love, the mischievous scamp from whom he had at one time suffered so many torments, had perhaps recompensed him better than either. He seemed indeed to have been so much enchanted by the downright honesty and openness of heart, evinced by the old fellow on his first acquaintance, that he began to feel many twinges of conscience for the tricks he had played him. To make amends therefore, he resolved never to leave him again, lest a worse and more mischievous imp than himself, finding the door of such a goodly house open, should enter and play the devil there.

Blinks had two children, the eldest of whom, a boy, we have barely introduced to the reader; the other was a girl—and four individuals never rendered themselves happy, by the simple family process of each using all endeavours to make the others so, to a greater extent than the family of the Blinks'. Young Blinks possessed all the good abilities of his father, fostered by judicious education. He

had, like his father, a strong bias towards scientific pursuits, and he loved to follow and trace the workings of nature through all her wonderful and instructive paths. They were tastes that the old man delighted to foster, and indeed they had been implanted in his breast mainly through his instrumentality. He remembered how his own youthful yearnings after knowledge had been ripped and blighted by the stern necessity under which he laboured;—but in his son he saw himself young again, and reaped an ample reward for all his own toils and self-denials in the pleasure of thus, in his old age, leading him gently along the flowery paths, which in youth he had been forbidden to tread. Who has not felt the satisfaction and delight of travelling through new and beautiful scenery with one loved companion who can enter into our enthusiastic feelings, and, by their apt appreciation of all that strikes us as most lovely, enhance our own enjoyment of the scene? Such sensations were akin to the feelings of old Blinks, and it would be difficult to say, whether, in those short excursions into the fields of knowledge, the old man or the boy reaped the truer enjoyment. He was rather the friend and companion of his son, than the stern guardian and preceptor. He was one of those rare old men, of whom we can all perhaps recollect an example, with whom even as boys we felt ourselves at home; whom we never met without pleasure, and never parted from without regret. Yet, from whom we always carried something ennobling away, which made us hold ourselves more erect, and feel that we were something more than we had originally thought ourselves: whose words, which furnished food for meditation long after their authors had departed for ever, in many instances still linger like sweet music in our ears, and make us even as we transiently recall them, wiser and better men. I, at least, in the dim past can trace the shadow of such an one, who, when the snows of many winters rested upon his brows, was ever young and joyous with the young; entering into all their tastes and amusements, nay, prompting and directing them at the same time inseparably weaving and blending the most delightful instruction with them, with all the ardour and enthusiasm of a boy. It is a rare talent, possessed indeed by but few, and never to be forgotten by those who have once witnessed its effects.

It is a faculty which without directly imparting instruction by moral precepts and sage counsels, yet fills you with knowledge which it seems to draw from the depths of your own mind. It rather offers a conducting wire by which you be made acquainted with the depths of your own thoughts than supplies you with ideas ready made. It leads you insensibly to think and form conclusions which you adopt as if they came from one whom you implicitly believe; whereas as a *tasit assent*,

which indeed was all that was wanted to give the chaos a tangible form, is all that you have received. It is like a little furrow made to release the waters of a vast, swollen but land-bound lake, mighty even in rest. It needs but the direction, the first little outlet to be made, the first little impulse to be given, and soon the tiny, rippling rill spreads and widens into a broad and majestic river, whereon navies freighted with the wealth of nations may float to its utmost course.

In our next chapter we propose to treat of the Blinks' at home, and in the mean time

"Wish you all a fair good night,  
With rosy dreams and slumbers light."

## REFLECTIONS.

The woods that graced the rugged steep,  
And flung their branches o'er thy deep,  
Niagara, and seemed to frown  
As on thy surges they looked down—  
No longer unmolested stand,  
But ravished by a wanton hand,  
Their very ashes scarce are found,  
Now mingling with the furrowed ground.  
The "battle oak" which towered on high,  
And long the tempest did defy,  
Now sweeps across the foaming main,  
And ploughs its yielding waves in vain!

But where are they, the warrior band,  
Who called these wilds their fatherland?  
Who through the woods, now swept away,  
In former times were wont to stray;  
To rouse the panther from his lair,  
Or fearless face the shaggy bear,  
And force him from his rocky home  
To perish in the torrent's foam.  
Are they too gone?—And are there none  
To tell their tale?—Alas! not one—  
The echoes from thy sounding shore,  
Seem to reply, they are no more.  
Thy falling spray which bids to wave,  
The brightest verdure o'er their grave,  
In ceaseless tears weeps the decline  
Of those who worshipped at thy shrine.  
The deer which on thy verdure fed,  
Tosses on high his antlered head,  
And swiftly bounding o'er the earth,  
He leaves the heights that gave him birth,  
And seeks in some far distant wood,  
Far from thy falls, his flowery food.

Land of the west, the wild and rude,  
Nature's last mighty solitude,  
Ere the far rolling billows bore  
The bold Italian to thy shore,

Thy glorious inland waters rolled  
Majestically, uncontrolled,  
In solitary grandeur free  
Far westward from the wide prairie,  
To meet and mingle with the sea!  
And o'er thy free unfurrowed sod,  
The upright, dauntless native trod,  
He whom his conquerors have styled  
The savage of the western wild:  
Then Eric on thy stormy breast,  
Nought heavier than the sea-bird pressed—  
Save when the Indians' light canoe,  
O'er thy clear depths as lightly flew;  
Or when from out the woods profound,  
The wolf's long howl re-echoed round;  
And bursting from his covert near,  
Parted thy waves the panting deer.  
Not there as now, before the gale,  
The graceful bark let loose her sail;  
No gallant steamer dashed the spray,  
Triumphant from her bows away:  
But rolling surges like the steed  
Unbroken, coursed with fiery speed,  
Till checked at last, with sullen roar,  
They fell in foam upon the shore.

Here then indeed was solitude,  
Where man but rarely did intrude;  
The joyous earth with many a fold,  
Her varied garment round her rolled.  
Here rose in lofty majesty,  
The forests' queen, the "tulip tree;"  
While gloriously around her played,  
The huge "blackwalnuts" waving shade;  
And from its hoary, branching head,  
The creeping moss descending spread,  
Till through the tresses soft and green,  
Its rugged bole can scarce be seen.  
So have we seen in distant land,  
The ivy lay her trembling hand  
On some old tower, and kindly spread  
Soft mantle o'er its shattered head,  
As if to shelter from the storm  
The remnant of that noble form,  
To which it clung in ages past  
For stay, against the wintry blast.

There, too, in towering grandeur stood,  
That ancient warrior of the wood,  
The "hickory" whose coat of mail,  
The keenest axe may scarce assail;  
Yet even to its scaly breast,  
The vine depending, clung for rest,  
And circled round its giant stem,  
In many a leafy diadem.  
The "oak" and "maple" side by side,  
Flung to the sky their branches wide;

While graceful "birch" and "hemlock" green,  
Filled up the intervals between.

And flowers—oh! what hosts of flowers,  
Bloomed at their feet in summer hours:  
Of every form and every hue,  
"Turk's cap" and "lady's slipper" too;  
And bee-like "orchis" and more scant,  
Beside the stream the pitcher plant;  
And down the swaley forest glade,  
Now flashing bright, now lost in shade,  
The gay "lobelia's" crimson dye,  
And violets blue as the sky,  
With many a nameless flower, there,  
Then lent a sweetness to the air.

Here, where the sun his ardent ray  
Shot from the zenith at mid-day;  
The feathered tribe, a gorgeous race,  
Fled for a shady resting place.  
Amidst the overarching green  
The "scarlet tanager" was seen;  
And there, sweet harbinger of spring,  
The "blue-bird" glanced on azure wing.  
High up in plumes of orange drest,  
The oriole hung her pensile nest;  
While woodpeckers, a noisy train,  
Hammered away with might and main;  
And tiny humming-birds, so small  
An acorn would have held them all,  
Contending fiercely might you see,  
With some pugnacious humble-bee.

Such scenes by day gave glad delight,  
Yet scarce less lovely was the night:  
For there the pale moon's quiet beam,  
In silver traced the forest stream;  
And on the heaving lake did rest,  
Like lover, on his lady's breast:  
While through the dark umbrageous shade,  
The intermitting fire-fly played,  
And downy moths, that silent fly,  
Like spirits of the dead, went by.

Thus nature gloried as when young;  
And did not nature find a tongue?  
Aye—for such seasons short delay—  
For night, for morning, and mid-day.

Soon as the pine-top did disclose  
The mellow light as morn arose,  
From lowly bush and lofty "plane,"  
Pealed forth the "robin's" cheerful strain;  
The woodpecker his work began,  
The lively squirrel nimbly ran,  
And ocho clearly did prolong  
The merry mock-birds changeful song.  
The doe upstarted from her lair,

Shook the bright dew-drops from her hair,  
And bleating led the graceful fawn,  
To brouse in the refreshing morn.  
A tuneful nature then did raise  
A matin song of thanks and praise;  
Even the "chipmunk" tried to speak,  
And startled, gave a startling shriek:  
But noon's soft hour bids them rest,  
In silence by the heat oppressed;  
Save muffled sounds that fitful come,  
From where the partridge beats his drum,  
And through the arches far away  
The shrill clang of the noisy jay.

And when the quiet evening hour,  
Had closed the eyes of many a flower,  
The "whip-poor-will" with ceaseless cry,  
Sang to the moon his lullaby;  
While from the marshes damp and dim,  
The frogs sent up their evening hymn,  
And lonely owls like ghosts did stray,  
Pealing the mournful dirge of day.  
Yea—darkness and the drenching shower,  
To drown her voices hath no power:  
For then the "midnight warbler's" song,  
From bush to bush was borne along,  
As if it sang in cheerful strain,  
"Bright morning will return again!"

Such wert thou once—but such no more—  
Sweet lake is now thy winding shore:  
Man's wasting footstep hath been there,  
And marred thy beauties soft and fair,  
Invaded with fierce fire thy bowers  
And scorched and withered all thy flowers.  
A war exterminating waged,  
Against thy forests hoar and aged;  
His ruthless axe hath thinned their ranks,  
And now against their naked flanks,  
The hurricane, like charging foe,  
Comes crashing on and lays them low;  
The rotting trunks in heaps are piled,  
Where once the waving cedars smiled:  
And blackened stumps and girdled trees,  
Wave skeleton like in the breeze.

'Tis thy transition period,  
And even here may lead to good;  
Like revolutions though they tread  
At first through anarchy and dread.  
Already the once wooded plain,  
In autumn waves with golden grain—  
Only a scanty crop 'tis true;  
But let us hope—the soil is new,  
And for unnumbered years hath laid  
Unvisited by plough or spade.  
E'en now amidst the orchard green,

The stumps of ancient trees are seen,  
Which flourished ere the billows bore,  
Columbus to the unknown shore:  
And still the wolf with eye of fire  
Lingers unwilling to retire ;  
While in his fold the guarded sheep  
For safety and repose must sleep.  
And on the half reclaimed plain,  
The forest tree springs up again ;  
And wild shrubs mingle strange perfume,  
With the soft peach's roseate bloom.  
Times new and old seem yet to be  
Contending for the mastery.

Long centuries had rolled away,  
And this fair land unconquered lay ;  
Yielding precarious food at best,  
To those who wandered o'er her breast.  
Here nature in her might and pride,  
Man's all-subduing hand defied ;  
And now like rude, neglected child,  
Meets with stern teaching, harsh and wild,  
And struggles long ere she will yield,  
Her forest wealth to deck the field.

But man, her master, makes her feel  
In every limb the torturing steel ;  
Bending her stubborn nature still  
To his unconquerable will.  
The hardy pioneers explore,  
Where never white man stood before :  
Her stately woods before them bow,  
Her breast is ravished by the plough ;  
Her native beauties in their ire,  
Are scorched by desolating fire ;  
Her very streams no longer stray,  
In joyous freedom on their way :  
And now, alas, beneath our eyes,  
A torn disfigured wreck she lies ;  
Borne down by force against her will,  
Yet unsubdued, opposing still.  
Despairing of her freedom, she  
Reclines in sullen apathy.

Such art thou now—and such their fate—  
Whose forest home is desolate ;  
The warrior tribes who once did reign  
Sole monarchs of thy wide domain :  
Their glory gone—their country left—  
Few of the scattered race are left,  
In exile and despair to stray  
O'er rocky islands far away,  
Where Huron wild with sullen roar  
Chafes on the Manitoulin's shore !

For thee, fair land, prophetic eye  
May in the future dark desery

A calmer day, a brighter lot,  
Where such wild strife shall be forgot :  
When peaceful hamlets shall arise,  
And village spires salute the skies,  
And waving grain and fragrant hay  
The labouring rustic's toil repay.  
Then by thy vales and streamlets pure,  
The joyous lamb shall sport secure :  
And cheerful sounds the place supply  
Of the fierce wolf's discordant cry.

But thou, sad race, thy sun's decline,  
Tells of no future light divine.  
Like traveller whose voyage done—  
Like warrior whose meed is won.  
The end is near—one flickering ray  
Is all that yet may cheer thy way,  
And time alas shall not restore  
The star that sets to rise no more !

Oft as the husbandman, his toil  
Pursuing, furrows up the soil ;  
Some relics of the time gone by,  
Arrest awhile his wondering eye :  
The rude stone hatchet, carved with care,  
The flinty arrow-head are there,  
Often in such profusion found,  
As well to mark the battle ground,  
Where tribes, forgot in times unknown,  
Fought for the soil they called their own,  
And mingling with the war-whoop fell,  
Arose the warriors dying yell.

Poor wanderers, whom fire and sword  
And pestilence and faithless word,  
And treachery and trust betrayed,  
Have driven from their native glade,  
Or left beside the mournful wave,  
More enviable lot,—a grave.  
Oft as a child my bosom bled  
As thy dark history I read,  
Recounting all thy virtues o'er,  
But to admire thee more and more ;  
And long for inspiration high,  
To give thee immortality,  
But happier hand than mine must trace,  
The sorrows of thy banished race ;  
And wake for thee in future years,  
Too late regret and fruitless tears.

Oft as beneath the forests' shade,  
In childish listlessness I strayed ;  
Their silence o'er my mind would cast,  
Such sad reflections on the past.  
For the hoar patriarchs of the wood,  
Who side by side had firmly stood,  
For centuries, in phalanx strong,  
Frowned on me as I passed along.

Yet have I mourned, e'en as their child,  
The ruin of their grandeur wild,  
And inward tears of anguish shed,  
When some old warrior bowed his head.  
Have I not seen the forest land  
In its primeval glory stand?  
And heard the first tree crashing fall,  
To tell the destiny of all?  
Yea—and upon earth's mossy breast  
Where that old oak hath sunk to rest,  
Have seen the stout and stalwart arm  
The heart enduring, brave and warm,  
His race cut short, his need unwon,  
Sink ere his work was well begun!  
For the dark forests bowed in death,  
Yield in their hate a baleful breath,  
And as their wasting shadows go,  
Look withering back upon the foe.

ERRO.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR G—, You want to know all about my recent expedition, do you? and you say you long to go out with me to some of our rivers, and I am to tell you all about it!

On Friday last, then, I received from one of those electric eels, a telegraph boy, the following monitory shock, "I leave in to-night's boat, be ready to-morrow," signed John O—, an ally of mine, who was coming all the way from Boston to see what I could do for him by way of "camping out" and "trouting." Immediately on receipt of his message I sent for a calèche and started for Lorette, where after a good deal of palaver about distance, roads, sport, and things necessary and unnecessary, I engaged two Indians to be ready the following afternoon to accompany us as guides to the Rivière Ste. Anne, where we had decided upon going.

On my return to town, the evening was busily devoted to rods, reels, fly book, lines, and all the other numerous requisites for the fisherman's art. Everything was examined carefully and anxiously, lest at some moment of excitement when landing a three pounder, a false piece of gut, an unnoticed crack in the top joint, or a broken wheel in the reel, should send fish and patience to the bottom, both lost for ever! Now, before we start you will like to know what we took with us. First, then, in tackle, I had a good splice-rod, with two tops, landing net, fishing basket, fly book, with about three dozen good flies in it, and materials for more; six casting lines, with lots of spare gut, hooks, silk feathers, &c., a good jack knife, most indispensable of companions; a flask, holding half a bottle of "something," a cigar case with five and twenty "gifts" therein, besides odds and ends filling all my

pockets. My fishing basket held two reels, with spare lines, books, &c. I had also an extra pair of shoes, worsted socks, &c.

John O— arrived in the morning, and our arrangements being concluded, we started about 4, p.m., in a light waggon, placing Charlot on the front seat with his axe sticking out through his "ceinture" in the most blood-thirsty style, with his "couvert" at his feet we rattled along to Valcartier, where we intended to sleep the first night, Simon, our other Indian having agreed to walk next morning and meet us at Valcartier before we left.

Behold us! at length arrived at the last settlement—no more road—not even a track—and no Simon yet! Here was a "fix," all the prog—all our spare clothes, plaids, rods, baskets, kettles and pans to be packed and carried! However there was no use dallying—Simon *might* not come at all and we had better make a start, so we set to work and made up for ourselves, two very respectable packs, and I experimentally threw mine over my shoulder just to feel the weight,—I not only felt *that*, but I also felt morally convinced that I was in for a very sharp walk, particularly through bush. Whilst busy here at this work some one shouted "here's Simon!" and sure enough he was in sight, striding through the fields at a tremendous pace.

He had left Lorette before 4 o'clock, and when he reached Kerr's, found we were an hour in advance of him, so he had taken to running and had caught up to us after a burst of 18 miles with his pack on his back. We hailed his arrival, in time, as an omen of good luck, and the alacrity with which he instantly set to work and embodied all the paraphernalia into one huge bundle, gave us fresh courage, for that of course rose as our backs were lightened! All ready?—off—after a ten minutes' stop at Clarke's the last settler, to sharpen the axes.

The path through the bush strikes off immediately behind Clarke's house, so we very soon had a taste of what our day's walk was to be like. At first there was an indistinct idea of a track somewhere, lying about in patches here and there, and guiding us down the steep bank of the little Rivière-aux-Pins, but on the other side this soon disappeared and apparently all our Indian friends followed was the line of certain blazed trees, or here and there a broken branch; but now began (and until we again saw Clarke's for days afterwards it still increased,) our wonder and admiration at these Indians,—their sagacity in following the road was surprising, and the speed they kept up marvellous, considering they each carried a pack of 70 or 80 lbs. weight. I should tell you that the band or strap by which hung the back load crossed the top of the Indians' head! In walking the head is much lowered and pushed first, the

bundle following somehow and the legs underneath the bundle slipping along with a quiet and even celerity very surprising to watch and very difficult to keep up with. One hour and a half of this walking brought us to a halting place where there was a *cabane* and a spring of water, here we stopped for a chat and a rest, and first heard of Simon's walk, for he had hardly spoken before, and here discussed plans for the campaign, a biscuit, some brandy and water, and a cigar!

After half an hour's rest, on again through woods, so thick, so wild, the underbrush so luxuriant and so entangled that walking was reduced to a mere scramble, a sort of slippery fight forwards in which the hands were fully as busy as the feet; walking through the woods in this way, in what is called Indian file, the man immediately in front of you springs back every branch he touches across your cheek, or your eye, administering a rap as friendly as unsolicited. John O——, very early in the walk explained that a feeling had "come over him" of an intense desire to see the sky! or a clearing, to be able to see some distance a-head. This is a very curious feeling, almost amounting to longing; but the vast stillness of the woods has, I think, a greater effect on you; not a sound, where the slightest would be echoed far and wide, and this is altogether the most remarkable feature of the woods; they are not very beautiful; the trees are generally small in girth, though tall enough certainly, owing to their being so close together. There are very few flowers of any kind, here and there we saw some glorious ferns, huge umbrella-shaped fellows that I would have liked to carry off; some very beautiful mosses of pretty colors, and some most curious *fungi*, striped in concentric circles, the outer one being invariably of a brilliant white, several of these *fungi* projected from the trees a foot and a half at least. But see, Simon, who is leading, suddenly drops upon one knee, and has his nose close to the bit of earth on which his foot was to have gone. What now?—what does he see?—He gets slowly up, and showing his chin out, grunts "*Original!*" A moose has recently passed by and left his mark in the mud. J. O——, too, sees one gliding through the trees, and the Indians with eyes starting, and in a state of great excitement, examine more closely and find that a maternal moose has passed the night close by, with her baby moose in charge. Soon after this bit of "life in the woods" we come to stopping place, No. 2, a green bank sloping down to a sluggish looking pool, but oh! such clear, cold water! Here we had another smoke and a chat,—rest and light a fire, which is always the first thing done, to keep off the flies with the smoke, "*boucané les mouches,*" as the Indians call it; always sitting to leeward, also, so that the thick black smoke may get down your throat, and up your nose, and

into your ears, and surround you, in fact, so that the flies may prefer, which of course, you would too, fresh, bright clear air.

The walk nearly all day was much the same, one everlasting shoving aside of branches, stepping over roots, going round fallen trees and scrambling over mountain streams on prostrate pine trees. Try this amusement, by-the-bye, and when you can do it quickly you will be secure of an engagement with the first circus you meet, particularly if you grease your tree first of all with *green moss* and *rain*, and your boots with four hours walk over leaves and branches! The walk, too, was now up to the top of a mountain, and then down from it, so that it was delightfully varied by the dread of Simon and his pack just in front of you coming "back again," whilst going up, and crushing you to a pan-cake, or Charlot with his pack performing the same kindness from behind as you descend on the other side.

However, the fisherman's motto "pluck and perseverance" carried us on bravely, so that when Simon informed us that the river was "*pas loin*" (about three miles off) we felt much invigorated, and when after a further good walk, he stated that it was "*bien proche*" (about a mile further) we looked upon ourselves as perfect Barclays, (the pedestrian, not the brewer), and when standing on the top of, perhaps, the highest mountain yet, he gravely announced "*ou arrive*" we thought him certainly the best looking fellow we had seen for a long time, although his notions of distance were what might be called eccentric.

We did arrive, however, for at the foot of that last mountain ran the River, and the first glimpse we had of it amply repaid us for our weary tramp: the last half mile was done in sporting style and pace, and a very few minutes brought us to the *cabane*. Here we threw down our packs and rods, J. O—— and I ran off to the river to have a look;—certainly we were rewarded!—Just at the place where we stood, the stream made a sudden sweep with a beautiful little rapid to the right, and a nice gravelly beach left by the falling water; to the left was a deep, black-looking pool, which, by watching the bubbles we speedily saw, was the eddy from the stream. This was enough. The river made a sharp turn again to the right and went roaring off down another rapid, and the view downwards from this point was most beautiful. The banks rose high on each side into mountain tops; the one to the left took us an hour and a half to get up! clothed every foot of the way down, down into the very water, to the deep green, green foliage; far away down the river, an island, a point, a rock, and finally a sharp turn, varied the outline of the view and rendered that first look of my new acquaintance one to remember his features by for ever!

The silent lonely look of the river was very startling. There it ran, rolling its mighty

waters along in solitary grandeur, without a human eye, save our own, to gaze on and admire its wondrous beauty. As I watched its waves' unceasing flow, I thought—

"Adown the stream of life," how true!

He spake, who first, the contrast drew,  
Between the river or as it runs,  
And the brief course of earth's weak sons.

But here the rapidly repeated strokes of Charlot's axe echoes through the woods, and we returned to the *cabane*, already with a feeling of satisfaction at having conquered the difficulty of getting here. It was then about four, P.M.: so feeling none the worse for the walk, and longing for the first cast into the bosom of the virgin stream, we got our rods in order, put on a few killing flies, and under Simon's guidance, scrambled down again to the water! There's no feeling in all sporting that comes up to that with which you cast your flies for the first time over a water which you know to be full of large trout! Discourse not to me of horses, guns, boats:—Fish!—try it: and if your soul be above that of a parish overseer,—if your blood have the true Wal-tonian tinge, thank "kind heaven" for a sensation such as you cannot count many of in your life!

O— took the bank above me, just at the foot of the rapids. I plunged, slap-dash, into the pure element, and thus allowed the goddess of the stream to hold me in her lovely arms, whilst I—but stay—what *was* that? Certainly I saw a large swirl of water behind that tail-fly—is it possible? Could it be a fish? I threw again, far above the yet well-marked rings, and as my flies crossed the magic circle, I again saw the swirl which shews—bang!—a huge bold jump!—and safe I have him! whilst ringing in my ears is the proud exulting cry from O—, "a three pounder, old fellow, for me also!" Thus the sport began, and by steadily fishing forwards, at times nearly up to my waist in water, I managed to fill my basket with some beauties! O—, too, soon cried "enough!"—we had better give up, as standing in the water after that long hot walk, is not likely to improve us!" So we fished out and joined our "natives" in making preparations for the night. A large fire, lots of dry logs in readiness, fresh fir branches piled in the *cabane*, for our beds, and then a good supper; some trout cooked half alive, in all their speckled pride,—a smoke,—and turn in. We had been horribly bitten by the small black fly—O— and Simon much worse than I was, for I smoked a good part of the time, besides which, they don't annoy me so much. The Indians advised us to rub ourselves well with grease in the morning, and so, instead of washing, we each seized a good piece of bacon-rind and rubbed the unctuous kalydor all over face and hands, behind ears, and into whiskers—these being the favourite haunts of the little blood-thirsty aborigines—some of them so small as

to be scarcely perceptible, yet leaving a streaming wound after them, and so horribly venomous are they, that their bites swell up two or three days after their attack.

We decided on Simon's advice to walk, in the morning, three miles further on up the River, fish there a day (where there was another *cabane*) whilst the Indians made rafts for us to come down on, fishing *en chemin, fuisant!* This, therefore, was the order of march, and so we started early enough next morning to reach the upper *cabane* by about 8 o'clock. Here we left the baggage, and then tramped on further to a famous rapid and eddy, where Simon assured us of big fellows! When we reached the spot, and were about to enter the water for the purpose of wading to a little island in the middle stream which commanded the rapid and eddy—we were startled by another grunt from the Indian and "*Unours!*" where?—*Foilla!*—the mud had a huge fore-paw, as big as a soup-plate, imprinted on it, shewing that Ursa Major had been down for a drink but a very few minutes before us. Pleasant—very!

The practicable place to cross the river here appeared to be at the head of the rapid; so wading round to get a good offing and then embracing each other firmly round the shoulder, we entered the stream, here very rapid and very strong—I could not but remember those glorious lines of Aytoun's in the Island of the Scots:—

"No stay—no pause. With one accord  
They grasped each other's hand,  
And plunged into the angry flood,  
That bold and dauntless band.  
High flew the spray above their heads,  
Yet onward still they bore."

It was a lovely morning, "*temps couvert,*" as the Canadians say—cloudy—yet warm and with a gentle breeze—just all that was required to send the flies to any part of the pool. Shall I ever forget the first hour at that spot? Would you had been there! Whenever I threw in my flies, I rose a fish,—that sounds tame enough—yet sufficiently exciting to the Piscator,—but when I say, whenever I threw my flies, I rose a dozen fish, and those two, three and four pounders, and that we landed these glorious fellows two at a time, I may be pardoned for doubting if I shall ever forget it!

The first rush of these fish was something wonderful, our rods never ceased for an instant, and two or three hundred dozen seemed quite within possibility. However, they very soon got a little shy, missing so many companions and wondering at the emigration! so we left off for a while, retreating to a shady corner, and made a fire to keep off the black flies and mosquitoes. Here we made a huge cavern in the raised pie, and topping this off with some liquid, extended ourselves on the grass, and essayed, in emulation with the old log on our fire, to see which could make the most smoke!

I tried the stream at one or two other places,

but found the fish were smaller, and as the pool appeared inexhaustible, we stuck to it manfully—changing the set of flies towards evening so that the fish never discovered that we were the same fellows who had been there all day. About 7, P. M., we felt exhausted, if the river did not, so we were glad to see Simon's head peering through the bushes on the bank opposite,—we hailed him and he crossed the rapid to us—as delighted apparently with our success as we were, exclaiming every minute, "*Les grosses!*" "*Les belles!*" "*Belles pour boucanées!*" &c. We then marched off to the *cabane*—off with wet boots and socks and trousers. Dry dittos adopted—and then! Such a supper of fried trout and bacon!—Such tea!—Such a smoke round the fire!—Such beds of fresh aromatic fir branches!—some last preparations, and then, such a sleep!—Such hungry, dirty, greasy, unshaven, fly-bitten, fellows next morning!

The early dawn saw us at work with Charlot busy in the woods behind us, chopping for a raft, and we caught some fine fish, not only in the same pool as yesterday, but up and down the stream. Simon started off early to the lower *cabane* with our dry traps, and when he returned about noon, we left off fishing, had a jolly good dinner and soon after two, embarked. This, to my mind, was the most enjoyable day we were out, and the most delightful fishing—we had two rafts, of five logs each, well-tied together, Simon was the *Palinurus* of my craft, and Charlot of O——'s. We stood up, in the colossus of Rhodes attitude, in front of the raft—on it being baskets and other *conveniences*—the Indian at the tail with a long pole, with which he steered or stopped the raft at pleasure:—in this way we descended this lovely river, shooting down several beautiful little rapids and curling round and round at the foot of each, picking up some choice fish in the pools. The river was rather low, so that danger was out of the question, but the pools and eddies were very dark and deep and took careful fishing, for you may be sure I did not feel as firm on my pins as if I had been on land, and it is no joke to play a good sized trout and basket him, whilst your footing is on so very unsteady and slippery a foundation as round, wet, floating logs!

We had several smart showers during this day, and I adopted the postillion dodge of taking off my coat when the rain began and putting it on when the rain was over. I consider this to be a sensible plan and quite equal to a *sitz* bath or a *douche*,—as the dry coat over the damp, made me feel warm as a toast.

O—— got ahead of me in going down the river, and I found him, when I caught up, planted under a shelving bank, where some glorious old trees overhang the water, throwing a deep black shade over the most enticing pool we had yet seen, here he caught some glorious fish, about two dozen, in less than an

hour, all good sized, sporting fish. I escaped from my raft here and waded across the stream, striking the head of a beautiful run between the shelving banks of stone and sand. The first cast across the foot repaid me, and in about a quarter of an hour I landed some of the best fish I had yet taken, one fellow giving me at least ten minutes play, taking three springs out of the water and feeling strong as a horse. The Indians could not understand the idea of playing a fish; they generally fish with heavy coarse tackle, and one fly, which, by a curious motion of the wrist and elbow they keep in a most extraordinary state of gyration, like no fly ever was seen!

We arrived safely at the first *cabane* which looked like an old acquaintance, and fished till late in the evening, our last at the river, for the Indians had tempted us to try a lake, which they knew of, lying in our path home, at the very summit of a mountain, said to contain some huge fish; so we considered it would be a good thing to do, and next morning early we bid good-bye to our lovely river, with many vows to visit it again, and with much gratitude towards it for its hospitable treatment of us. The Indians, I had almost forgotten to tell you, had, of course, "*boucané*" the trout we had reserved for home consumption; they had split and cleaned them thoroughly, sprinkled a little salt over them, and then hung them to dry and smoke over the fire which is constantly kept up before the *cabanes*. I can give you no very accurate account of the number of trout we caught; but four hungry men eat trout four times a day for three days, and we brought home a bark package of trout, about the size of a champagne basket.

Wednesday morning we started for the lake, and reached it about noon; the walk we thought very little of in returning, though sufficiently laborious and fatiguing; it was, however, more down-hill than in coming out, and that made it easier.

The lake was the most extraordinary hole-full of water I had ever seen; appeared to be very deep, and as round as a ball, lying in a very cup, formed by three mountain tops.

As soon as we had reached this place, Simon started off to Clarke's, from which place we were only about two hours' walk, whilst Charlot set to work to make a raft; O—— and I busying ourselves in getting wood, making a pot of tea, cutting branches for our bed, &c. Charlot very soon made us a good large raft and O—— and I went out to try the lake. We fished round it and round it, and across and back again, and never rose a fish or saw the sign of one! So a couple of hours dispirited us very much, and made us dreadfully hungry! We returned to the shore and found that Charlot had knocked up a splendid *cabane* filled with fresh branches, plaid

spread, fire roaring, and every thing betokening comfort! Simon had returned from the settlement with a tin can of milk, a fowl, some fresh butter, and some flour, and we had the best dinner yet! O—went out again with Charlot after dinner to try the lake, but could not succeed in tempting a single fish out of the depths! This, after the river, was disgusting, so it did not require a wet, gloomy morning and heavy rains, to induce us to start for home. We left the lake about 8, a. m., and reached Clarke's about 10, wet about the legs and feet, but as strong and full of pluck as possible; here, finding that we could not get any cart or horse to carry us to Valcartier, we made ourselves up for a walk, finding the road a mere nothing after our tramp through the bush. The rain cleared off, leaving the air cool and fresh; so invigorated by a draught of milk, we struck out at a slashing pace for the settlements, coming into Valcartier and rousing up the Kerr's, as dirty a pair of hungry fishermen as those diggings ever had the honour of a visit from.

This ended the expedition, of course, for after this it was all easy sailing,—we were carried to Lorette in two farm-carts, and dined there, resting our bones till our faithful Jehu bowled up from town. We paid visits to the houses of our two Indians, and were introduced to their respective Squaws—and had half the population of the place following us about wherever we went.

Now, old fellow, here's a long yarn over,—if ever you could make up your mind to come so far to go through such hard hard-work, you will be amply repaid, I promise you,—and what though Mrs. Kerr did say I was “a perfect show!”—what though O—could not see next morning,—what though my shins were barked, my hands burned and blistered, my face scratched, my nails split, my clothes torn, and my beauty spoilt—had I not enjoyed myself thoroughly? and will I not go again? aye, that I will, next year, if I live, and I hope you will come with me.—VALE.

## FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. I.

“A few leaves gathered by the wayside.”

PARTIAL GLIMPSES AT THE COLONY, FROM “FOREST GLEANINGS,” BY THE AUTHOR OF THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords are dull,  
Where jails are empty, and where buris are full,  
Where church-yards are with frequent feet outworn,  
Law-court yards weedy, silent and forlorn;  
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;  
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied:  
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate  
A happy people, and well-governed state.

(From the Chinese.)

Most of the signs of national prosperity here enumerated, may be considered as applicable

to our colony. The spirit of industry and improvement is abroad, and the effects are visible on every side: it meets our observing eyes whithersoever we turn them. Walk through the length and breadth of the land, and comfort and prosperity is plainly to be read in the thriving, well-cultivated farms, the overflowing barns, the sunny pastures, or farm-yards, filled with an improved breed of cattle, horses, and sheep. Orchards bending under the weight of fruit, and gardens glowing with gay flowers, have superseded the unsightly waste ground that used to deform the Canadian emigrant's new settlement, with its rough rails and heaps of chips and bark, the leavings of the wood-pile and log-heap. The healthful spirit of industry and independence has done this, and, with God's blessing, has made the “desert to flourish as the rose.”

Let the discontented grumbler pause for an instant, and cast his eyes back to the colony, as it was thirty, nay twenty, years ago, and compare it with its present state of increased wealth and population. Let him look to the increase of the towns and villages,—of the state of their inhabitants. I need hardly point out the many ways in which this is visible—a glance around will be sufficient. Look at the roads—those great avenues of commerce—the bridges, navigable streams, and other means of transport; to the means of enjoying the public worship of our God—(though much is still wanting on this head, in the backwoods, but that, also, will follow,—the harvest truly is plenteous, but even yet the labourers are few,)—our schools. In short, our blessings have been multiplied beyond our most sanguine expectations, and shall we not be thankful to our rulers, and those who are placed in authority over us, and to Him who “openeth his hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness.”

The Irish emigrant can now listen to the reports of famine and misery endured by his unfortunate countrymen, while he looks round upon his own healthy, well-fed family, with a contented and thankful heart—assured that those dear ones are safe from such calamities. He sees his wife and his children clothed with fleeces of his flock, fed by the produce of his own fields, nourished by the milk of his own cattle, and enjoying luxuries of which he hardly knew the name in his days of poverty and dependence; and he feels an honest pride in the consciousness that the comforts which are now within his reach, were won by the toil of his good right hand, nerved by the joyful assurance of a plenteous reward.

The same Irish peasant who came to Canada, bowed down by care and misery, with pale, famine-pinched cheeks, and woe-worn, haggard brow, was among the first to contribute, with cheerful eye and open hand, to

the wants of his starving countrymen at home.

How many of those men who now frequent the churches and chapels, well clothed, and driving their own waggons and sleighs, have described themselves to me as possessing no more than the clothes that barely covered them, when first they set foot on this happy land: they were hungry, naked, and forlorn,—strangers and pilgrims, for whom no man cared: but what of that?—was not this their birthright—their inheritance? They had borne hunger and nakedness, sickness and despair, when they laboured without hope and without that great sustainer of the soul—self-respect. They now needed no selfish agitator—no cry of “repal”—to tell them that they were men. They put their shoulders to the wheel, and, inspired by hope of future independence, they laboured on, and they were not forsaken by Him who pitieth the poor, and blesseth the hand of the diligent. Should we not be proud of such men, and rejoice in their prosperity, and of the land that has proved a cherishing mother to them? These are the bones and sinews of the land, and in future ages, their sons will be among the best and wealthiest of the possessors of the soil.

The more independent these men become in circumstances, the less offensive is the tone they assume towards those whom they were once taught to consider their superiors,—they know and feel their own weight and standing in the country,—they owe no man anything, and feel within themselves the poet's words—

“A man of independent mind  
Is chief of men for a' that.”

It is among the new-comers—the newly-emanipated from the thrall of poverty and dependence,—that the offensive and insolent tone of manners is the most commonly to be found; who, like freed colts, have not learned how to control their actions, but riot in their newly-acquired freedom. The change is too sudden: but I have generally perceived with these poor people, that if you do not attempt to run a tilt against their newly-conceived notions of equality, they soon drop them, and gradually subside into a more respectful style: like the hedge-hog, they present all their spines, by way of warning to the enemy, but if no attack be made, they walk quietly off.—Those that court the attack, should bear in mind the words of the worthy Antiquary:—

“Hector. man—fool.—let alone the phoca!”

Those persons who live in the cities and towns, know little of the ways and means which bring wealth and independence to the humbler class of settlers,—they know almost as little of the domestic economy of the small farmers, as the inhabitants of Great Britain at large do of them.

They do not know how many irons a bush settler has in the fire,—how many resources

he has by which money can be, and is acquired, to assist him in paying for his lot of land, and maintaining his family. Half, may till within the last few years, the greater part of the flannel and cloth that was worn in the country, was supplied by the looms of the settlers,—many of whose wives and daughters were well versed in its mysteries, and whose means of livelihood it had been, before they crossed the Atlantic.

Who supplies the vast stores of woollen and coarse cotton socks, that you see exposed for sale in the stores?—the banks of white and coloured yarns,—the woollen mittens and gloves? The women who live in log houses and shanties.

Who makes the axe-handles, ox-bows, and ox-yokes? Who supplies the shingles, that roof our houses,—the oak and hemlock bark that is used by the tanner,—the poles that hoop the barrels,—the staves of which they are made,—the ashes that are consumed in the pot-ash works,—the maple sugar? In short, these, and a hundred other things, are the work of the backwoodsman and his family. So various are the modes that the settler adopts, by which to increase his ways and means, that it ceases to be a matter of surprise that he is soon enabled to set want and poverty at defiance.

And a portion of the hard-earned savings of a family is devoted towards the laudable purpose of paying the passage of relatives, whom they left behind them, in too hopeless a state of destitution to be able, unassisted, to follow them to their new country—the more blessed land of their adoption. But while we applaud the generous spirit that influences the settler, we may sometimes have reason to deplore the consequences. I have myself seen several notable instances in which the poor settlers have had cause to regret their disinterested kindness, having been reduced to absolute poverty by the unprincipled selfishness of their relatives,—arriving upon them like an army of locusts, and devouring their substance, without even rendering them the help that they could have done, in return, by assisting in the labours of the house or fields. Sometimes this conduct has been practiced by persons not destitute of the money necessary for settling themselves on land. An instance of this kind occurred some years ago, when we lived in the backwoods, which excited a general feeling of indignation in the neighbourhood, as it caused the entire ruin of an industrious settler's family.

It was a dark, blustering, rainy afternoon, in the beginning of October, that a party of ten emigrants, consisting of a man, his wife, and her brother, with seven children, boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, from sixteen downwards,—came to our log-house, and demanded, rather than besought, shelter for the night. The party was somewhat formidable in num-

ber, and might have enforced their request if we had attempted to deny it,—but so bad was the weather, and so late the hour, no other shelter but the dark woods being near, that we felt the emergency of the case, and made them welcome, without any remonstrance, to such hospitality as our means afforded. Blankets and buffalo-ropes afforded a bed for the females and smaller children, before the kitchen fire, while the men and boys were offered a bed of good hay in the barn. These people were on their way to the shanty of the man's brother, but being unused to the bush roads, they had missed the blazed line that led to his clearing, and were only too well pleased to find rest and a roof to shelter them from the rain and wind and coming darkness of the night. I was somewhat amused by the extravagant notions, that the strangers entertained, on various subjects connected with their new mode of life and country of their adoption. As to the notion of any of the children hiring out, that appeared to excite the utmost indignation and astonishment. Their children did not come to Canada to work,—her dear lambs (as the mother called her great rough boys and girls), had not come out to work like slaves,—they could but have done *that* in Ireland: but there they had no need for it, and kept servants to work for them. I wisely refrained from expressing my surprise, for I had become familiar with Irish pride during my six years residence in Canada.

“And, pray, Madam, be so good as to tell me what sort of work my boys would have to do, if they *did* hire out?”

I simply enumerated the usual employments of lads on a bush farm.

“Indeed, then, I am sure they will not like such a life as this,” she said, somewhat disdainfully. Pat and Martin, the elder boys, however, did not seem to look upon the hardships of the case quite in so dark a light as the mother, for, to prove their eagerness to rival our boy Job Singer, they caught up a couple of axes and marched gallantly out into the wood-yard, where they chopped away at a stick about the thickness of a man's arm, and soon brought it in, cut into lengths, triumphantly placing the result of their maiden efforts at chopping upon the fire, where they watched it with infinite pride, blazing away till it was consumed. Many a back-log did those brothers chop and roll in upon that hearth, in less than a year after this, their first night's work in the bush.

It was necessary, not only to warm, but to feed these people, and I told the woman to set her daughter to work to wash and prepare potatoes for their supper, as I well knew we had not a sufficiency of bread baked, to supply their wants without this needful auxiliary. At this, the woman looked much discomposed, and said, “though she was tired to death, she would do it herself,” casting, as she spoke a

reproachful glance at my servant girl, who was ironing clothes at the dresser, adding, that her “poor dear lamb had never been put to hard work like that, for when she was with-out a girl (servant) she did all these things herself,” she then got up and washed the potatoes, and hung on the large tripod herself, because she did not consider it was becoming in her lamb of a girl, a strong big-boned girl of sixteen, to be troubled with such matters, “Biddy has not come to *that yet*” she said, but Biddy did come to that, when the party reached the house, or rather shanty of their relations the next day, they found the man ill with lake fever, the woman and children weak from ague, and things in a very different state to the flourishing accounts that had been written home. Here, however, they remained, to the great disadvantage of the sick family, till they had fairly stripped them of all that they possessed, like the visitation of an army of locusts, they left nothing behind but ruin and desolation, and then, after enduring discomforts of every kind, they bought a farm, for they were by no means destitute of money, and settled down upon it; wisely sending out the elder boys, and the lamb of a girl, to service for the first year. This family are now enjoying every substantial comfort, but they caused the utter ruin of the brother and his family, who never recovered the state of destitution to which he had been reduced by this unlucky visitation.

Deeply interesting to me, are the struggles of the Canadian settler; how manly is the spirit that they exert in battling with the hardships that they have to encounter on their first settlement. How bravely do they bear up, with what a Spartan like spirit do they conceal their miseries from the world. I have listened to many a heart-stirring detail of these first hardships, told by some respectable, decently clad farmer, well to do in the world, till I have been moved almost to tears, and ended exulting that, these brave men met with the reward they so well had earned, yet these men were among those who had been cast off from their native land, homeless, heart-broken exiles, without an object, destitute of hope.

Ireland, of such spirit are thy sons, and yet these things are hidden from thy eyes, and thou knowest them not, when thou drivest them forth from thy unnatural bosom, to seek “the repose which at home they had sighed for in vain.”

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#### IMPROMPTU,

ADDRESSED TO AN EDITOR WHO STATED THAT  
BOLONGA SAUSAGES WERE MADE OF THE FLESH  
OF ASSES.

Bolonga sausages are made, you say,  
From donkies' flesh; if so, alas!  
If you should ever to Bolonga stray,  
From thence, in sausage guise, you'll pass!

## THE OLD MAN'S MYSTERY.

A pair of mignonette, a box of convolvuli, and a clean white curtain, shaded, some little time back, a window in the upper part of a house in one of the crowded thoroughfares of Paris; a window which seemed the point of attraction for all the young men, students, shop-boys, and others, who occupied the garrets facing around. But, despite the probability that many of the members of the huge corporation known as Young France might have horticultural tastes, it is certainly not likely that, from six o'clock in the morning until seven, Germain, the grocer's boy, would stand with his head out of his own window, gazing at a pot of mignonette; or that Paul Raquet, the medical student, would smoke his pipe for hours, admiring, meanwhile, the variegated beauty of green, and blue, and white, around the window-frame; or that citizen Froimantel, a well-known devotee of barricades and *émeutes*, would thrust his head, ornamented with a red cap, a huge pair of moustaches, and a Barbes pipe, out of a skylight on a roof of a house, for the mere purpose of catching a distant glimpse of a floating white curtain. No! There must have been some other attraction. So said Madame Ragourdi, the *marchande des quatre saisons*, who occupied the next room, and who often caught sight of these three assiduous watchers. She was wont to declare that it was a pretty, rosy-checked, blue-eyed girl, with fair hair and smiling mouth, who every morning appeared in that window, neatly dressed, at the hour of six, and watered her mignonette, and hung out her bird, and then began to bustle about the room and prepare breakfast. About half-past seven, a second face appeared—that of an old man; and a prim old man he was, rather tall, very sallow, close-shaven, with a coat buttoned up to his chin, and a red riband in his button-hole; and this old man would kiss the young girl on both cheeks, and smile at her—rather sadly it is true, but with a smile betokening affection and gratitude. And then he would sit down to his breakfast for just twenty minutes, at the end of which time he would depart, after taking a stick from the corner of room.

At five or six o'clock in the evening—sometimes later—the old man would return, though at times he would stay until midnight, and not even return at all. Generally, however, he did come back to dinner, which his daughter Héléne would have always ready, whether he came or not. In the meantime, she would sew, or read, or play—ay, play, on an old piano that had seem better days, but which served the purpose of the young girl. Héléne and her bird, a linet, sang all day, making cheerful that old room, queerly adorned with odd-looking pictures on the walls about that dreadful manslayer, Bonaparte.

But Héléne Dupuis was a French girl, and she admired these pictures because of their subject, however inferior their workmanship, because her father had been a soldier of Napoleon. What he was now, she could not tell. She knew he was employed in some public office, but she could not exactly tell which; she believed minister of war's, because he often had missives from the war-of-

fice, and many soldiers would call upon him of a morning, sometimes. However this may be, she had every week regularly her fixed sum of money for the *ménage*, and every quarter a certain sum for clothes and any little luxuries she required, while he himself would at times bring her some articles of dress, and anything he thought would please her. He was a very kind father; every moment he could spare was given to her: of an evening he would have her read or play to him, or play a game of *piquet*, while he smoked his pipe—the old soldier's necessary luxury. But if she asked to go for a walk, he bade her go with Carlo, not with him. Carlo was a huge Newfoundland dog whom M. Dupuis had constituted the protector and guardian of his daughter, and who admirably served the purpose.

But M. Dupuis resolutely declined all walks, even on Sunday. He said that his duties gave him walking enough; that when not employed he must have rest; and Héléne, who was a dutiful child, went out alone.

And thus lived M. Dupuis and Héléne Dupuis for some time. They had been seventeen years in that department—ever since Madame Dupuis died suddenly. Héléne had been, until seventeen, at a good school; but at that age she had been withdrawn to attend to her father's household affairs, which Madame Ragourdin had before watched over. Wonderful to relate, there was no enmity between the old and young housekeeper, for the old one showed the young one all those things which were indispensable for her to learn, if she would be a good *ménagère*.

One day Héléne sat at her window. It was very early. Her father had just left her, and had given her his morning kiss as he went out, and she had taken up a skirt of a dress in which she expected to shine at a village *fête*, where, on the following Sunday, she was to go, under the double guardianship of Madame Ragourdin and Carlo.

Presently she raised her eyes and let them fall again, as she noticed some one gazing at her. It was a new admirer, and a very different one from any of the three who were so familiar to her. It was a young man in a clean white blouse, a spotless shirt, a black silk tie, and with a neat smoking-cap on his head. He was very handsome, with a black moustache, and speaking eyes, and looked like one of the superior class of workmen. Héléne kept her eyes fixed on her work for a moment, and then blushed up to her very ears. She knew the face. It was that of a young man whom she had several times seen at a respectful distance, follow her, as if he took interest in her, but who had never ventured to address her. How came he there? How had he happened to select that room, which had been but one day vacant? These were questions which made the young girl's heart beat; for, truth to say, having noticed the handsome workman several times, and his respectful assiduity near her, she had rather taken a liking to him.

She would have given the world to have raised her eyes to him again, just to see if he were really looking, but somehow or other she did not dare, until presently she heard voices, and then she cautiously peeped, and saw the handsome stranger in earnest conference with two other workmen,

and then he actually bowed slightly and closed the window.

He had bowed. Here for an inexperienced girl of nineteen, rather learned in novels,—and French novels in general are the worst food which literature affords,—was matter for thought and reflection. Of course he was in love with her. That was not an idea admitting of discussion; and she built up more castles in Spain—as the French call castles in the air—than ever had occurred to her imagination during the whole of her previous life.

That day little work was done, for Hélène was too much occupied in thinking, to work. But when her father came home, his dinner was ready, and she received him as usual. She thought he was graver than he was in the habit of being; but thinking it was her own change of ideas which suggested this, she made no remark. Dinner over, he told her he was going out, which was so common an occurrence as to excite no surprise in his daughter. But this evening she did not feel inclined, as usual, to amuse herself with her needle and her book, so she determined to ask in Madame Ragourdin, and as a preliminary, went out to fetch some roasted chestnuts, of which the antique *marchande des quatre saisons* was very fond. Carlo took the basket, and ran before, as usual, pretty sure of his errand, for he galloped to the very bottom of the stairs without stopping once on any one of the six landings which intervened between the story occupied by the Dupuis and the ground.

She bought her chestnuts, and followed Carlo up stairs, inviting Madame Ragourdin, through her door, as she passed, and then hurried in to place them on a plate beside a bottle of wine. As she poured out the quart of steaming-hot chestnuts, out fell from beneath a letter. To look at it, to read the address, to open it, were all three acts done in the time usually required for one. It was a respectful, but earnest declaration of love from her neighbour opposite, who signed himself Alphonse Pons, typographe. He demanded her permission to make himself known to her parents, if she had any, and declared his wish to become better acquainted.

"Well, *ma biche*," exclaimed the thick husky voice of Madame Ragourdin. "What *poulet* is that you are devouring so eagerly?"

"Oh, Madame Ragourdin, such an adventure. I have got a sweetheart; and such a sweetheart. The handsomest man I ever saw."

"Ta! ta! ta!" cried the fat old woman, sitting down in the old soldier's leathern arm-chair.—"Your chestnuts are *délicieuse*; but sweethearts—here's a bad one—are not always the best friends. Let me see—a little drop of white wine, if you please—the letter. Read it to me, *ma biche*, you know my eyes are none of the best."

Hélène read the letter out, with some hesitation and many blushes, and then Madame Ragourdin shook her head, drank a glass of wine, ate a chestnut, and seemed to muse gravely. After some time she gave her opinion: the young man writes well and frankly, and he might mean very well; but she strongly advised Hélène not to take any notice of him, or to mention the subject to her father, until she—Madame Ragourdin, popularly mother Ragourdin—had inquired into

his character, sounded his intentions, and pronounced thereupon. Hélène gratefully promised her aged and experienced friend, quite unaware that in concealing from her father this letter she was acting somewhat undutifully and ungratefully. But young heads, influenced by love, are not the very wisest.

Next morning Hélène rose, looking not quite so blooming as usual. She had passed a sleepless night. Her father had returned at four o'clock in the morning, and she heard him go to bed,—quite an usual thing. She had been thinking of her new phase in life, and of her secret. This already weighed upon her. She felt inclined to rush into his arms, clasp him round the neck, and while kissing him to give him the letter, and say that she liked the look of the young man, and would not object to make his acquaintance. But she had been advised otherwise by Madame Ragourdin, and hence all the mischief that occurred. Secrecy of this kind seldom does much good.

Her father came down to breakfast late, and then he was very pale, as if from want of sleep. He scarcely spoke; and when his breakfast was over, took his stick and went out. He was very much occupied by some thoughts, and did not notice the extreme confusion of Hélène, who, though the window was always carefully closed at meal-times, had still, through a little opening in the blind, noticed the handsome workman smoking a pipe and looking anxiously across. Her father once gone, Hélène opened her window and occupied herself with clearing away the breakfast things. This task once over, she took up her sewing and sat down where she could see clearly without being seen. Scarcely had she done so when the young man, who had, on recognising her, bowed respectfully, turned round sharply, crying "come in," and as he did so, his door opened, and in walked *her father*!

The young man hastily closed his window, and Hélène, stunned, astounded, nearly fainting, sank back in her chair. Here was something truly mysterious. But no, it was not mysterious at all; it was quite natural. Her treacherous friend Madame Ragourdin had betrayed her to her father, and he was gone to call the young man to account. They were both fiery and excitable, she was sure, and who could tell what might happen. Poor Hélène, she was quite miserable, quite wretched, and she could not tell what to do, so she took Carlo and went out to perform her usual marketing.

The next day was the *fête*, and Madame Ragourdin was early with her, all dressed in her best, and away they started. They were going to Sceaux by the railway,—that singular railway, which is one of the curiosities of Paris,—and arrived at the station at five minutes to ten. Judge of the surprise of Hélène, when the first person she saw was Alphonse Pons.

"Oh, monsieur!" cried mother Ragourdin, as the young man came straight up to them, "this isn't fair. I did tell you we were going to Sceaux, but precisely to keep you away. I don't approve of this."

"My dear madam," said the young man, with extreme politeness, "you told me you were going to Sceaux with *mademoiselle*. You promised me that I should be introduced to her at some future

period. *Ma foi*, I thought, there is no time like the time present; and I risked all and came."

"It's of no use, I see," exclaimed Madame Ragourdin, good-naturedly; "young people will be young people; so, I suppose, I must put up with it."

So saying she formally introduced them; they took their tickets, and in two minutes more the young girl found herself seated next the young man in a railway carriage. How she passed that day, how they danced, and walked, and how they dined and danced again, and how all came home by the last train, and were safely deposited in the Rue de P——, and how Hélcène thought it the brightest and happiest day of her life, are matters which the sensitive reader will easily understand without any longer details.

From that day the young people were declared lovers. They met and took walks in the day under the guardianship of Carlo, and in the evening under the ponderous auspices of Madame Ragourdin, who also surveyed the Sunday expeditions—all, however, without the knowledge of papa. Madame Ragourdin rigorously insisted on choosing her own time for bringing about an explanation. The young people were painfully hurt at this delay, but they determined to wait a little longer. They were a very well-assorted couple. Alphonse was a highly-educated young man—French printers are often remarkable men—of lofty thought and noble aspirations, with a touch, it is true, of the enthusiast, and very hot-headed—while Hélcène was educated far above her station. Her father had paid for her education in a very superior school, the Government giving half on the strength of his being an old officer and a chevalier of the Legion of Honour, it was said.

It was in the month of January, 1848: France was beginning to seethe and boil. There were signs of revolution in the air for all who had acute perception, and any idea of politics. Men who so moved on among the people, and especially among the tradespeople, were aware that a change must take place—that it was inevitable, whether by violence or otherwise. Many of the vast secret societies were for immediate action,—for a general rising,—but no man knew when the signal was to be given.

One evening Hélcène sat in her room alone. She was musing gravely. It was eleven o'clock, and her father had not come home. She was thinking seriously—after four months of secret courtship—of her lover, and of her having kept him from her father. She was angry with Madame Ragourdin, with herself, almost with Alphonse Pons, though, poor fellow, he had done all in his power to bring about an explanation. As she sat, a knock came to the door. Hélcène started, and asked who it was.

"I—Alphonse," said the voice of her lover, in tremulous accents; "one word with you, Hélcène, my beloved."

"But it is late, Alphonse, and I am alone," said Hélcène, hesitating.

"Hélcène, on your life, by your love, refuse me not five minutes! We may never meet again."

Alphonse entered. He was pale and grave. He advanced a few steps into the middle of the room.

"Pardon my intrusion, Hélcène," he said, earnestly; "I have but five minutes to give you. You know that I am a republican. I look on Louis Philippe as the enemy of progress and humanity, I regard his fall as the signal for the universal triumph of liberty and fraternity in all the oppressed nations of Europe, and, therefore, as an active member of one of the secret societies, I obey with alacrity the signal given for action. At daybreak Paris will be in insurrection. I and four hundred companions will erect barricades in the Rue St. Denis."

"My God!" was all the girl could ejaculate.

"If I fail, I lose you, my love, my life! But my duty must be done."

"Alphonse, you must fail. There is no feeling deep-rooted enough to give success to a revolution. Alphonse, you are my future husband, my companion through life. I ask you not to desert your principles, but, believe me, this is madness. I have heard my father say, a hundred times, that for a revolution to succeed, there must be a general and sudden excitement."

"Hélcène, this is weakness. I come to bid you adieu, not to reason. Adieu! If I escape I am ever yours; but now I must go."

"No, young man, you must not go," said a deep voice behind them, and turning round, they saw the father of Hélcène.

"*Monsieur le Capitaine!*" cried the young printer.

"My father!" said Hélcène.

"What means this?" asked the old man, who was deadly pale, and much agitated. "How long have you known each other?"

"*Monsieur le Capitaine,*" said Alphonse, earnestly, "I have known your daughter four months. Listen to me, and I will explain our story."

The three sat down, all much agitated, but neither of the young people half so much as the father. Alphonse Pons, then, in a few words, told his story. The old man listened with such attention that he said nothing. He heard but the voice of the young man, and while he heard he thought.

"You intend, then, to marry my daughter!" said M. Dupuis, as the other finished.

"With your permission."

"I give it on condition you move not hence until morning," replied the old man.

"You know that to be impossible," said Alphonse, amazed.

"Hélcène," exclaimed the old man, "go to your room one moment."

"But your daughter knows all."

"Does she?—young man, does she know that you are going to your death,—that the insurrection of to-morrow is got up by the police to prevent a general insurrection by-and-by,—that every preparation is made to crush the movement in its bud,—that as the republicans have been a hundred times before, they are again the victims of a *mouchard*, of an *agent procureur*."

"Merciful God!" cried Alphonse. "I cannot believe it. This is a feint to keep me away."

"No, young man, I am that agent,—I am that *mouchard*; sit still, and listen. I was, eighteen years ago, a non-commissioned officer in the army of Paris, decorated, enjoying the respect of my superiors. I was married, and had one

child. I was an earnest republican; and when one of the many movements of the hour took place, I joined the *émancipés*. We were defeated. I was taken prisoner, and condemned to death. My wife implored my pardon on her knees, with my babe in her arms. They refused. Then they came to me and tempted me. They offered me a free pardon, a handsome salary, and education for my child, if I became—a police-agent. I was a coward, for I consented. From that hour my life has been a hell. My wife died of a broken heart. Having a respectable position, the name of an *ex-condamné*, of an officer, easily obtained the confidence of the republican party. Once entered on the path of crime, I did not stop. I betrayed the republicans. To be brief, I served the Government from 1831 until now, when the reform agitation excites alarm. The secret societies are very powerful, and the Government know it. To prevent the possibility of a real revolution, they require a sham *émancipé*. I was ordered to press my republican friends on to fight. I did so. Now I denounce myself to their vengeance. You, M. Alphonse, are the future husband of my daughter; rather than send you to certain death, I betray both myself and my employers."

There was a dead silence as he ended. Hélène understood too well now the cause of his long caution, of his refusal to be seen about with her; while the workman knew not what to say, so astounded was he.

"*Monsieur le Capitaine*," he exclaimed at last, "I pity you; and for what you have suffered, and for what you have now done, I forgive you all. I fear, if you be discovered, my companions will not be so merciful. But will you quit this life; will you abandon this accursed existence?"

"Oh, Monsieur," said the old man, "what am I to do? If the Government know of my defection, they will expose me; they will leave me to starve. Seventeen years of misery and degradation have not hardened me; but I am in a vicious circle; I know not how to get out."

"Monsieur," replied the young man, gravely, "if I still, after what you have said, marry your daughter, I shall take care——"

"But, Monsieur," cried Hélène, "I can never marry you. Let me remain with my father; he needs consolation. But I cannot, I never will, marry any one after what I have heard."

"My child," said the old man, in an agonizing tone, "if you refuse this generous offer, you punish your father more than any human being could punish him."

"Hélène, your father has not acted either wisely or well; but that cannot change my opinion of you. But, adieu! I must go away now, and warn my companions. The insurrection shall not take place."

Thus was prevented the expected movement for the 23rd January, 1848, which would have prevented, had it taken place, the Revolution.

Hélène and the old man remained alone. For a moment he was silent; and then, at greater length, he told all his sufferings, all his concealments, all his agonies, and Hélène forgave him. Next day Paris was perfectly tranquil, and M. Dupuis confessed himself deceived, and was dismissed as too old for his place. A month later took place the revolution of February, which

should have ended that abominable and atrocious system of police, which is the disgrace of a great and civilized country. M. Dupuis lingered, but not long. The involuntary disgust of his child on that night shocked him much; and he had only time to see his daughter married ere he died,—not a solitary victim, but one of many. The French secret police can only be compared with the inquisition. In times of despotism the Government of France singularly resembles that of Venice, while it stands almost alone in its Machiavellian plan of getting up sham insurrections to prevent revolutions. The young couple are very happy—as far as people can be happy in France, who have always convictions and warm hearts. But though now in evil days, Monsieur and Madame Pons live in hope that there is a good time coming, for them and for all the world.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

**THE RAINBOW.**—The rainbow has from the earliest times been an object of interest with those who bestow attention on optical appearances, but it is much too complicated a phenomenon to be easily explained. In general, however, it was understood to arise from light reflected by the drops of rain falling from a cloud opposite to the sun. The difficulty seems to be how to account for the colour, which is never produced in white light, such as that of the sun, by mere reflection. Marrolycus advanced a considerable step, when he supposed that the light enters the drop, and acquires colour by refraction; but in tracing the course of the ray he was quite bewildered. Others supposed the refraction and the colour to be the effect of one drop, and the refraction of another; so that two refractions and one reflection were employed, but in such a manner as to be still very remote from the truth. Antonio de Dominis, archbishop of Spalatro, had the good fortune to fall upon the true explanation. Having placed a bottle of water opposite to the sun, and a little above his eye, he saw a beam of light issue from the underside of the bottle, which acquired different colours, in the same order and with the same brilliancy as in the rainbow, when the bottle was a little raised or depressed. From comparing all these circumstances, he perceived that the rays had entered the bottle, and that, after two refractions from the convex part, and a reflection from the concave, they were returned to the eye tinged with different colours, according to the angle at which the ray had entered. The rays that gave the same colour made the same angle with the surface, and hence all the drops that gave the same colour must be arranged in a circle, the centre of which was the point in the cloud opposite the sun.—*Lestie*.

**EQUALITY.**—The different ranks and orders of mankind may be compared to so many streams and rivers of running water. All proceed from an original small and obscure; some spread wider, travel over more countries, and make more noise in their passage than others; but all tend alike to an ocean where distinction ceases, and where the largest and most celebrated rivers are equally lost and absorbed with the smallest and most unknown streams.—*Bishop Horne*.

## THE FALSE HAIR:

A TALE.

"PRAY remember, Monsieur Lagnier, that I wish particularly to go out this morning. It is now past one o'clock, and if you continue endeavouring to do what is quite impossible, my hair will never be dressed. You had much better plait it as usual."

Adelaide de Varenne pronounced these words in a tone of pettishness very unusual with her, as, giving vent to a long sigh of impatience and weariness, she glanced hastily at the mirror on her toilet-table, and saw there reflected the busy fingers of M. Lagnier, the hairdresser, deliberately unfastening her hair, and preparing once more to attempt the arrangement, which repeated failures had declared to be an impossibility. He looked up, however, as he did so, and seemed to read the expression of her features, for a comic mixture of astonishment and dismay immediately overspread his own.

"Fifteen years," he exclaimed, "I have had the honour of daily attending mademoiselle, and she never was angry with me before! What can I have done to offend her?"

"Oh, nothing very serious," replied the young girl, good-naturedly; "but really I wish you would not dally so long. It is of very little consequence, I think, how one's hair is worn."

"Why, certainly every style is equally becoming to mademoiselle," was the old man's polite reply. "Nevertheless, I had set my heart upon arranging it to-day according to the last fashion: it would suit mademoiselle à ravir." Adelaide laughed.

"But you see it is impossible," she said. "I have so very little hair; and I am sure it is not my fault—nor," she added archly, "the fault of all those infallible pomades and essences recommended to me by somebody I know." M. Lagnier looked embarrassed.

"Mademoiselle is so gay, she finds amusement in everything," he replied. "I cannot laugh upon so serious a subject." Adelaide laughed again more heartily than before, and M. Lagnier continued, indignantly: "Mademoiselle does not care for the loss of her beauty, then?"

"Oh, I did not know there was any question of that!" and the young girl suddenly resumed an expression of gravity, which completely imposed upon the simple old man.

"You see, mademoiselle," he continued earnestly, "I have been considering a long time what is best to be done. It is evident that my pomades, usually so successful have no effect upon *your* hair; owing, I suppose, to—to—I can't say exactly what it is owing to. It is very strange. I never knew them to fail before. Would mademoiselle object to wearing a slight addition of false hair?" he asked anxiously, after a moment's pause.

"Indeed, I should not like it," was the reply. "Besides, Monsieur Lagnier, you have often told me that, in all Paris, it was impossible to obtain any of the same shade as mine."

"Ah, but I have succeeded at last!" exclaimed he; and as he spoke, he drew triumphantly from his pocket a small packet, in which was carefully enveloped a long lock of soft golden hair.

"How beautiful!" Adelaide involuntarily ex-

claimed "Oh, Monsieur Lagnier, that is far finer and brighter than mine."

"The difference is very slight indeed; it would be imperceptible when both were braided together," returned the hairdresser. "Do, pray, allow me, mademoiselle, to shew you the effect;" and without waiting for a reply, he commenced the operation. In a few moments it was completed, and the old man's delight was extreme. "There!" he exclaimed in ecstasy, "I knew the style would suit you exactly. Oh, mademoiselle, pray allow it to remain so; I should be *au désespoir* were I obliged to unfasten it now."

Adelaide hesitated: it was, however, no conscientious scruple which occasioned her hesitation. She was a Frenchwoman, a beauty, and a little—a very little—of a coquette. To add to her attractions by the slight *supercheries* of the toilet was, she thought, a very venial sin; it was a thing which, in the society that surrounded her, was looked upon as necessary, and sometimes even considered as a virtue. She was a strange girl, a dreamer, an enthusiast, with a warm heart, and a lively, but perhaps too easily excited-imagination. From her infancy, she had been accustomed to reflect, to question, and to reason; but left almost entirely to her own unguided judgment, the habit was not in every respect favourable to the formation of her character. It was, however, but little injured by it. She was one of those favoured beings whom no prosperity can spoil, no education entirely mislead, and whose very faults arise from the overflowings of a good and generous nature. The thought which agitated her now was one worthy of her gentle heart.

"Monsieur Lagnier," she said earnestly, "such beautiful hair could only have belonged to a young person. She must have been in great distress to part with it. Do you know her? Did she sell it to you? What is her name? I cannot bear to wear it: I shall be thinking of her continually."

"Ah, Mademoiselle Adelaide, that is so like you! Why, I have provided half the young ladies in Paris with false tresses, and not one has ever asked me the slightest question as to how or where they were obtained. Indeed, I should not often have been able to reply. In this case, however, it is different. I bought it myself, and consequently can give you a little information respecting it. Yesterday evening, I was standing at my door in the Rue St. Honoré, when a young girl, attracted no doubt by the general appearance of my window, stopped to admire the various articles exhibited there. She had a pretty face, but I scarcely looked at that; I only saw her hair, her beautiful, rich, golden hair. It was pushed carelessly behind her ears, and half concealed beneath a little white cap. 'Mademoiselle,' I said, accosting her—for I could not bear that she should pass the door—'is there anything that you would like to buy? a pair of combs, for instance. I have some very cheap; although,' I added, with a sigh, as she appeared about to move on, 'such lovely hair as yours requires no ornament.' At these words, she returned quickly, and looking into my face, exclaimed: 'Will you buy my hair, monsieur?' 'Willingly, my child,' I replied; and in another instant she was seated in my shop, and the bright scissors were gleaming above her head. Then my heart failed me, and I felt half

inclined to refuse the offer. "Are you not sorry, child, to part with your hair?" I asked. "No," she answered, abruptly; and gathering it all together in her hand, she put it into mine. The temptation was too great; besides, I saw that she herself was unwilling that we should break the contract. Her countenance never changed once during the whole time, and when all was over, she stooped, and picking up a lock which had fallen upon the ground, asked in an unflinching voice: "May I keep this monsieur?" I said yes, and paid her; and then she went away, smiling, and looking quite lappy, poor little thing. After all, mademoiselle, what is the use of beauty to girls in her class of life? She is better without it."

"And her name—did you not ask her name?" inquired Adelaide, reproachfully.

"Why, yes, mademoiselle, I did. She told me that it was Lucille Dehmont, and that she was by trade a *fleuriste*. It was all the information that she would give me."

"What could she have wanted with the money? Perhaps she was starving; there is so much misery in Paris!" continued Mademoiselle de Varenne, after a pause.

"She was very pale and thin," said the hair-dresser; "but then so are the generality of our young citizens. Do not make yourself unhappy about it, mademoiselle; I shall see her again, probably, and shall endeavour to find out every circumstance respecting her." With these words, M. Lagnier respectfully took leave, having by one more expressive glance testified his delighted approval of the alteration which had taken place in the young lady's appearance.

Adelaide, having summoned her maid, continued her toilet in a listless and absent manner. Her thoughts were fixed upon the young girl whose beauty had been sacrificed for hers, and an unconquerable desire to learn her fate took possession of her mind. Her intended disposal of the morning seemed quite to be forgotten; and she was on the point of forming new plans, very different from the first, when the lady to whose care she had been confided during the absence of her father from town, entered the apartment, and aroused her from her reverie by exclaiming: "Ah, you naughty girl! I have been waiting for you this half hour. Was not the carriage ordered to take us to the Tuileries?"

"Yes, indeed, it was; but I hope you will excuse me: I had almost forgotten it." And Adelaide immediately related to her friend the circumstance which had occurred, and begged her aid in the discovery of Lucille. Madame d'Héranville laughed—reasoned, but in vain; and, finding Adelaide resolved, she at length consented to accompany her upon the search, expressing as she did so her entire conviction that it would prove useless and unsatisfactory.

The day was spent in visits to the principal *modistes* of Paris; but from none could any information be gained concerning the young flower-girl. None had ever even heard her name. Adelaide was returning home, disappointed, but not discouraged. Still resolved to continue her endeavours, she had just announced to Madame d'Héranville her intention of visiting upon the following day the shops of an inferior class, when the carriage was suddenly arrested in its course by

the crowd of vehicles which surrounded it, and they found themselves exactly before the door of a small warehouse of the description she alluded to. She was about to express a wish to enter, it being still early, when her attention was attracted by two persons who stood conversing near the door, and whose voices, slightly raised, were distinctly audible. They had excited the interest and curiosity of both Adelaide and her companion by the earnestness of their manner, and by the expression of sorrow depicted upon the countenance of the elder speaker, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, who, from his costume, as well as accent, appeared to be a stranger in Paris.

"I have promised—will you not trust me?" he said in a half-reproachful tone; and Adelaide bent eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the young girl to whom these words were addressed; but her face was turned away, and the large hood of a woollen cloak was drawn over her head, almost completely concealing her features.

"I do trust you," she said in reply to the young man's words—"I do indeed. And now, good-by, dear André; we shall meet again soon—in our own beautiful Normandy." And she held out her hand, which he took and held for an instant without speaking.

"May I not conduct you home?" he asked at length.

"No, André; it is better that we should part here. We must not trust too much to our courage, it has failed us so often already." And as she spoke, she raised her head, and looked up tearfully at her companion, disclosing as she did so a face of striking beauty, although worn and pallid to a painful degree, and appearing even more so than it really was from the total absence of her hair. The tears sprang to Adelaide's eyes. In the care-worn countenance before her she read a bitter tale. Almost instinctively, she drew forth her purse, and leaning over the side of the carriage, called "Lucille! Lucille!" But the young girl did not hear her; she had already turned, and was hastening rapidly away, while André stood gazing after her, as if uncertain of the reality of what had just occurred. He was so deeply engrossed in his reflections, that he did not hear his name repeatedly pronounced by both Adelaide and her friend. The latter at length

directed the servant to accost him, and the footman was alighting for that purpose, when two men turned quickly the corner of the street, and perceiving André, stopped suddenly, and one of them exclaimed: "Ah, good-evening, Bernard; you are just the very fellow we want;" and taking André by the arm, he drew him under the shade of a *porte cochère*, and continued, as he placed a morocco case in his hand: "Take care of this for me, André, till I return: I shall be at your lodgings in an hour. Giraud and I are going to the Cité, and as this pocket-book contains valuables, we are afraid of losing it. *Au revoir!*"

André made no reply. He placed the pocket-book carelessly in his bosom, and his two friends continued hastily their way. He was himself preparing to depart, when the footman touched him gently on the shoulder, and told him of Mademoiselle de Varenne's wish to speak to him. André approached the carriage, surprised and half

abashed at the unlooked-for honour; then taking off his cap, waited respectfully for one of the ladies to address him. At the same instant, a police-officer seized him roughly by the arm, and exclaimed: "Here is one of them! I saw them all three together not two hours ago!" And calling to a comrade who stood near, he was about to lead André away. At first, the young man made no resistance; but his face grew deadly pale, and his lip trembled violently.

"What do you want? What have I done?" he demanded at length, turning suddenly round to face his accuser; but the latter only replied by a laugh, and an assurance that he would know all about it presently. A slight struggle ensued, in the midst of which the pocket-book fell to the ground, and a considerable number of bank-notes bestrewed the pavement. At this sight, André seemed suddenly to understand the cause of his arrest; he stood for an instant gazing at the notes with a countenance of horror; then, with an almost gigantic effort, he broke from the grasp which held him, and darted away in the direction which had before been taken by the young girl. He was immediately followed by the police; but although Adelaide and her friend remained for some time watching eagerly the pursuit, they were unable to ascertain whether he had succeeded in effecting his escape.

"I am sure I hope so, poor fellow!" murmured Adelaide as they drove homewards—"for Lucille's sake, as well as for his."

"You have quite made up your mind, then, as to its being Lucille that we saw?" said Madame d'Héranville with a smile. "If it was," she added more gravely, "I think she can scarcely merit all the trouble you are giving yourself on her account. Her friendship for André does not speak much in her favour."

"Why, not? Surely you do not think *he* stole the pocket-book?" asked Adelaide, in undisguised dismay.

"Perhaps not; but his intimacy with those who did, leads one to suppose that he is not unaccustomed to such scenes. You remember the old proverb: 'Dis moi qui tu hantes, je te dirai qui tu es.'"

"Do you not think that we should give information respecting what we saw? He was certainly unconscious of its contents?" asked Adelaide again, after a short silence.

"He appeared so," returned Madame d'Héranville; "and I shall write to-morrow to the police-office. Perhaps our evidence may be useful to him."

"To-morrow!" thought Adelaide; but she did not speak her thoughts aloud. "And to-night he must endure all the agonies of suspense!" And then she looked earnestly at her companion's face, and wondered if, when hers, like it, was pale and faded, her heart should also be as cold. A strange, sad feeling crept over her, and she continued quite silent during the remainder of the drive. Her thoughts were still busy in the formation of another plan for the discovery of Lucille, when, upon her arrival at home, she was informed that M. Lagnier desired anxiously to see her, having something to communicate.

"Mademoiselle, I have not been idle," he exclaimed, immediately upon entering the apart-

ment. "Here is Lucille's address, and I have seen her mother. Poor thing!" he added, "they are indeed in want. Their room is on the sixth floor, and one miserable bed and a broken chair are all the furniture. For ornament, there was a rose-tree, in a flower-pot, upon the window seat: it was withered, like its young mistress!"

"They are not Parisians?" inquired Adelaide.

"No, no, mademoiselle. From what the mother said, I picked up quite a little romance concerning them. The husband died two years ago, leaving them a pretty farm, and a comfortable home in Normandie. Lucille was very beautiful. All the neighbours said so, and Mme. Delmont was proud of her child. She could not bear her to become a peasant's wife, and brought her here, hoping that her beauty might secure to her a better fate. The young girl had learned a trade, and with the assistance of that, and the money they had obtained upon selling the farm, they contrived to manage very well during the first year. Lucille made no complaint, and her mother thought she was happy. A Parisian paid her attention, and asked her to become his wife. She refused; but as he appeared rich, the mother would not hear of declining the offer. She encouraged him to visit them as much as possible, and hoped at length to overcome Lucille's dislike to the marriage. One evening, however, as they were all seated together, a young man entered the room. He had been an old lover of Lucille's—a neighbour's son, and an early playmate. She sprang forward eagerly to meet him, and the rich pretender left the place in a fit of jealous anger, and they have not seen him since. Then troubles came, one following another, until at last they fell into the state of destitution in which I found them. André Bernard, who had quarrelled with his parents in order to follow them, could find no work, and every sou that Lucille gained was given to him, to save him, as she said from ruin or from sin. Last week she sold her hair, to enable him to return home. She had made him promise that he would do so, and to-night he is to leave Paris."

"It is he, then, whom we saw arrested!" exclaimed Adelaide; "and he will not be able to return home. Oh, let us go to Lucille at once! Do, pray, come with me, Madame d'Héranville!" and turning to her friend, she pleaded so earnestly, and the large tears stood so imploringly in her eyes, that it was impossible to resist. Madame d'Héranville refastened her cloak, and soon afterwards, with Adelaide and M. Lagnier, found herself ascending the steep and dilapidated staircase of the house inhabited by the Delmonts. Adelaide seated herself upon the highest step, to await the arrival of her friend, whose agility in mounting was not quite equal to her own. As she did so, a loud and angry voice was heard proceeding from the apartment to which the staircase led. It was followed by a sound as of a young girl weeping, and then a few low, half-broken sentences were uttered in a voice of heart-broken distress.

"Mother, dear mother!" were the words, "do not torture me. I am so ill—so wretched, I wish I were dead."

"Ill! wretched! ungrateful girl!" was the reply. "And whose fault is it that you are so? Not

mine! Blame yourself, if you will, and him, your darling André. What will he do now that you have no more to give? nothing even that you can sell, to supply him with the means of gratifying his extravagance. You will soon see how sincere he is in his affection, and how grateful he feels for all the sacrifices that you have made—sacrifices, Lucille, that you would not have made for me.”

“Mother,” murmured the poor girl in a tone of heart-broken reproach, “I have given my beauty for him; but I have given my life for you.” Adelaide listened no more. Shocked beyond measure at the misery expressed in the low, earnest voice of Lucille, she knocked at the door of the apartment, and scarcely waiting for permission, lifted the latch and entered hurriedly.

Lucille was seated at the window working, or seeming at least to do so; for her head was bent over a wreath of artificial flowers, through which her emaciated fingers passed with a quick convulsive motion. It needed not, however, a very nice observation to discover that the work progressed but slowly. The very anxiety with which she exerted herself, seemed to impede her movements, and the tears which fell from time to time upon the leaves obscured her sight, and often completely arrested her hand. She did not raise her head as Adelaide entered; too deeply engrossed in her own sadness, she had not heard the opening of the door, or her mother's exclamation of surprise, and Mademoiselle de Varenne was at her side before she was in the least conscious of her presence. Adelaide touched her gently on the arm.

“What is the matter, Lucille?” she asked. “Tell me: I will do all I can to help you.” At these words the mother interposed, and said softly: “I am sure, Madame, you are very kind to speak so to her. I am afraid you will find her an ungrateful girl; if you had heard her words to me just now—to me, her own mother!”

“I did hear them,” returned Adelaide. “She said she had given her life for you. What did she mean? What did you mean, Lucille?” she asked, gently addressing the young girl, whose face was buried in her hands.

“Forgive me, mother; I was wrong,” murmured Lucille; “but I scarcely know what I say sometimes. Mademoiselle,” she continued earnestly, “I am not ungrateful; but if you knew how all my heart was bound to home, and how miserable I am here, you would pity and forgive me, if I am often angry and impatient.”

“You were never miserable till he came,” retorted the mother; “and now that he is going, you will be so no more. It will be a happy day for both of us when he leaves Paris.” At this moment heavy steps were heard ascending the stairs; then voices raised as if in anger. Lucille started up; in an instant her pale cheek was suffused with the deepest crimson, her eye flashed, and her whole frame trembled violently. Her mother grasped her by the hand, but she freed herself with a sudden effort, and darting past Madame d'Héranville and the hairdresser, who had entered some time before, she ran out upon the landing. Adelaide followed, and at once perceived the cause of her emotion. André was rapidly ascending the stairs, his countenance pale, and his whole demeanour indicating the agitation of his feelings.

He was closely followed by the police-officer, whose voice, as he once more grasped his prisoner, appalled the terrified Lucille. “You have given us a sharp run,” he exclaimed, “and once I thought you had got off. You should not have left your hiding place till dark, young gentleman.” And, heedless of the frantic and agonized gestures of the unhappy youth, he drew him angrily away.

Lucille sprang forward, and taking André's hand in hers, she looked long and earnestly in his face. He read in her eyes the question she did not dare to ask, and replied, as a crimson blush mounted to his forehead: “I am accused of robbery, Lucille, and many circumstances are against me. I may perhaps be condemned. I came here to tell you of my innocence, and to return you this;” and he placed a gold piece in her hand. It was the money she had given him for his journey—the fruit of the last sacrifice she had made. She scarcely seemed to understand his words, and still looked up inquiringly. “Lucille,” he continued, “they are taking me to prison: I cannot go home as I promised; but you will not think me guilty. How could I do what I knew would break your heart?”

She smiled tenderly and trustfully upon him; then letting fall his hand, she pushed him gently away, and whispered: “Go with him, André. Justice will be done. I am no longer afraid.” Madame d'Héranville and Adelaide at this moment approached, and eagerly related what they had seen, both expressing their conviction of the young man's innocence.

“It is not to me you must speak, ladies,” returned the gendarme, wonderfully softened by their words. “If you will be so good as to give me your names, and come to-morrow to our office, I have no doubt that your evidence will greatly influence the magistrate in favour of the prisoner.” The ladies gave their names, and promised to attend the court the following morning; and shortly afterwards, they left the house, having by their kind promises reassured the weeping girl, and succeeded in softening her mother's anger towards her. The next day they proceeded early to the court. As Adelaide entered, she looked round for Lucille, and perceived her standing near the dock, her earnest eyes fixed upon the prisoner, and encouraging him from time to time with a look of recognition and a smile. But notwithstanding all her efforts, the smile was a sad one; for her heart was heavy, and the appearance of the magistrate was not calculated to strengthen her hope. André had declared his innocence—his complete ignorance of the contents of the pocket-book his friend had placed in his hand; but his very intimacy with such men operated strongly against him. Both Giraud and his companion were well known to the police as men of bad character, and very disreputable associates. The prisoner's declaration, therefore, had but little effect upon those to whom it was addressed; and the magistrate shook his head doubtfully as he listened. Madame d'Héranville and Adelaide then related what they had seen—describing the young man's listless look as he received the book, and endeavouring to prove that had André been aware of its contents, his companion need scarcely have made the excuse he did for leaving it with him. At this moment, a slight movement was

observed among the crowd, and two men were brought forward, and placed beside André. At their appearance, a scream escaped from Lucille; and, turning to her mother, she pointed them out, while the name of Jules Giraud burst from her lips. Hearing his own name, one of the men looked up, and glanced towards the spot where the young girl stood. His eyes met hers, and a flush overspread his face; then, after a momentary struggle, which depicted itself in the workings of his countenance, he exclaimed: "Let the boy go: we have injured him enough already. He is innocent."

"What do you mean?" inquired the magistrate; while a look of heartfelt gratitude from Lucille urged Giraud to proceed.

"André knows nothing of this robbery," he continued; "his sole connection with us arises from a promise we gave him, to find him employment in Paris; and all the money he received we took from him under the pretence of doing so. Yesterday morning, we met him for the purpose of again deceiving him, but failed. He had a louis-d'or; but it had been given him by his fiancée, that he might return home, and he was determined to fulfil his promise. I would have taken his last sou; for he"—and the destined *forçat* ground his teeth—"for he owed me a debt! However," he continued recklessly, "it is all over now. I am off for the galleys, that's clear enough; and before starting, I would do something for Lucille."

"How had the accused harmed you?" asked the magistrate.

Giraud hesitated; but Madame Delmont came forward, and exclaimed: "I will tell you, monsieur. He wished to marry my daughter himself; and I," she added, in a tone of deep self-reproach, "would almost have forced her to consent."

The same evening, Madame Delmont, André, and Lucille were seated together, conversing upon what had passed, and deliberating as to the best means of accomplishing an immediate return to Normandy, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and the old hairdresser entered the room. He appeared embarrassed; but at length, with a great effort restraining his emotion, he placed a little packet in Lucille's hand, and exclaimed: "Here, child, I did not give you half enough for that beautiful hair of yours. Take this, and be sure that you say nothing about it to any one, especially to Mademoiselle Adelaide;" and without waiting for one word of thanks, he was about to hurry away, when he was stopped by Mademoiselle de Varenne in person.

"Ah, Monsieur Lagnier," she merrily exclaimed, "this is not fair. I hoped to have been the first; and yet I am glad that you forestalled me," she added, as she looked into the bright glistening eyes of the old hairdresser. "My father has just arrived in town, Lucille," she continued, after a short pause, "and he is interested in you all. He offers André the porter's lodge at the château, and I came here immediately to tell you the good news. It is not very far from your old home, and I am sure you will like it. Do not forget to take with you this poor rose-tree; it looks like you, quite pale for want of air. There! you must not thank me," she exclaimed, as Madame Delmont, André, and Lucille pressed eagerly forward to

express their gratitude: "It is I, rather, that should thank you. I never knew till now how very happy I might be."

And as Adelaide de Varenne pronounced these words, a bright smile passed across her face. The old hair-dresser gazed admiringly upon her, and doubted for a moment whether the extraordinary loveliness he saw owed any part of its charm to the lock of false hair.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

### PRICE'S CANDLE-BOYS.

COMMERCIAL companies are not supposed to have either souls or consciences. As such, they are supposed to have no mercy upon anybody, and accordingly nobody has any mercy upon them. They are a kind of acephalous organism,—all body and no head;—and though they may each possess as many eyes as Argus, those eyes are all planted in the breeches pocket, and are supposed to discern nothing but "dividends," and "things pleasant." This is the popular notion of companies of all sorts—mere selfish aggregations of persons having a keen eye to the main chance.

We don't know that the opinion is a sound one. We rather think not. For it will be found that public companies of all sorts are much more amenable to public opinion than private potentates are; and if they do not so much active good as some wealthy private individuals may do, they at the same time perpetrate fewer cruelties, are less scurvy in their dealings, and less under the dominion of petty personal avarice. Take the great landlord companies of Ireland, for instance. Is it not a notorious fact that their estates are the best managed, and that the farmers and peasantry who live upon them are the best conditioned in that country? There is none of that cruel unroofing of huts and forcible dispossession of tenants, none of that warfare between the rich and the poor, observed upon their estates, such as pervades so many of the richest districts of Ireland. Or, take the most powerful companies of England and Scotland—the railway corporations. It is very well known that the workmen employed by them are the best paid and most orderly class of workmen in this country, and that the attention paid to those companies to the comfort, education, and general well-being of their employées puts to shame the great individual millionaires of the manufacturing districts. One has only to look into the establishments of the London and North-Western Railway, at Crewe and Wolverton, and the Great Western establishment at Swindon—at the churches and schools and mechanics' institutes, they have erected and maintain, at those places—to discern that even great companies can and do exercise a very wise and generous care for the well-being of the operatives employed by them.

But even smaller companies,—less powerful and much less widely known than those we have named,—have recently shown an equal regard for the higher culture of the individuals whom Providence has, as it were, committed to their charge; for companies of employers, like individual employers, have their duties to perform towards those who are dependent upon them—whose happiness and well-being are in their power; and the

mere fact of the employers being combined together in the form of a company, does not in any way absolve the former from the obligations under which they lie to the employed. The relation of masters and men still subsists between them; and as the latter are required and obliged to perform their duties, so are the former bound to fulfil their's too. Indeed, companies, from the great power which they possess of acting in a combined form, and on an extensive scale of operations, perhaps lie under a greater weight of obligation, on account of the larger consequences involved in the proper performance of their duties as employers of workmen.

Probably there are many of our readers who may not have heard of Price's Patent Candle Company. They possess extensive premises at Belmont, Vauxhall, where they give employment to upwards of 1,000 hands. Many of these are young persons,—chiefly boys. A few years back it was observed that some half-dozen of these used to hide themselves behind a bench, after they had done their day's work and had their tea, when they employed themselves in practising writing on scraps of paper, with worn-out pens begged from the counting-house. The foreman of the department,—who must have been a man of a kindly nature,—seeing that the boys were engaged in no mischief, but on the contrary, seemed desirous of improving themselves, encouraged them in their pastime. As they persevered, and other boys began to join them, the kind foreman begged of the head of the concern that some rough moveable desks might be made for the use of the boys. Fortunately the firm was managed by pattern masters—Mr. J. P. Wilson and his brother,—who were quick to discover and to foster the seeds of improvement in these young minds. The desks were furnished, and nothing gave the boys greater pleasure, after their day's work, than to clear away the candle-boxes, and set up the writing-desks for their evening tasks—delightful tasks to them, though performed amidst the odour of tallow, and the by no means luxurious appurtenances of a candle factory. Those boys who could not read took lessons in reading from those who could; and those who read ill, learned to read better. Others took lessons in simple arithmetic; and all aspired to write and in course of time learned to write. Thus did this simple but most valuable movement originate entirely among the boys themselves.

The managers seeing the good effects of this humble school, encouraged it by all the means in their power. They did not force it, but generously fed it. They gave prizes to the best and most improving scholars; furnished copy-books, spelling-books, and Testaments; heard the boys their spelling, and helped them at their lessons; and made a point of being present at the school-meetings, to give the encouragement and sanction which the presence of those in power never fails to furnish. The scholars gradually increased. There were now thirty boys assembled nightly. The labour of removing the candle-boxes to make room for the desks was now considerable; besides, there was the disadvantage of sitting in a place that was necessarily dirty, and exposed on all sides.

Could not a more convenient place be found

for the school meetings? This question the managers undertook to solve. There was an old, and rather tumble-down building, part of which was used as a store-room, but the upper rooms of which were comparatively unused. These rooms were approached by a heavy wooden staircase. Here, then, was the place for a schoolroom. The Messrs. Wilson, at their own expense, gutted the upper part of this building, threw two stories into one, and made a lofty schoolroom, approached by an iron staircase. The room was large enough for 100 boys; but only the thirty—still working entirely by themselves—commenced proceedings there at first, in the winter of 1848. But many other boys from the factory now began to join them; and the numbers increased to such an extent, that it was found difficult to preserve order and subordination. The mutual system of instruction, which had worked so well among the candle-boxes, began to show evidences of imperfection, now that the number had increased, and perhaps a ruder and less cultivated class of scholars joined them. The better scholars found that they had exhausted all the powers of self-instruction which they possessed, and they began to leave it, to look out for better evening schools out of the factory. The necessity for a change was felt; and in order to secure order in the school, the boys elected a committee of their number to govern. This expedient failed, and the usefulness of the school was seriously impeded. At length, the best of the elder boys earnestly requested that the principle of self-government, on which the school had been started, should be superseded; and then only it was that Mr. James Wilson took the management and the government of the school into his hands. Since then the school has been worked entirely by authority, though the exercise of that authority is guided by the boys themselves in a general vote.

The educational experiment, which commenced so humbly, and so spontaneously, has since been thoroughly developed under the admirable superintendence of the manager above named; and now we do not exaggerate when we say, that the educational establishment, in connection with Price's Candle Company, is not surpassed for efficiency by any in England. It possesses day-schools for those boys who are employed only casually in the busy seasons. When not required for work, the children are sent up to the schools, where they are well taught, and kept from evil, and are always ready again when wanted in the factory; whereas they would otherwise be liable to be idling about the streets, picking up bad habits, and perhaps might not be available when next wanted. Of course, they are not paid except when at work, and great is their eagerness to be drafted back from the school to the work-shops.

The schools have acquired an excellent character in the neighbourhood, and parents are found anxious to have their children placed there, even before they are old enough to work, being drafted off from thence into the workrooms as vacancies occur; those being taken first who gain for themselves the best characters as scholars. The school is thus made a sort of nursery-ground for the factory, and the employers secure a comparatively high standard of character among the young people employed by them, which is of no less ad-

vantage to the company than it is to those young people themselves. Incurable characters are detected in the school before they are admitted to the works; and if found incurably careless, they are dismissed; for "one scabbed sheep mars a whole flock." And the scholars look upon their selection by the masters as fitted for work, as a prize for good conduct—to work for weekly wages being the height of their juvenile ambition.

What do you say to an excursion into the country for Price's Candle-boys? The country, with its woods, and green fields, and skies ringing with the song of birds,—the fresh, lovely, quiet, and peaceful country. Well; it was so. The factory school first made an excursion by railway-train to Guildford—a delightful excursion through a country which was always a favourite with "old Cobbett,"—a true lover of English scenery. The boys played a match at cricket, strolled about the green lanes, and in the afternoon begged from the clergyman of the little church on the top of one of the hills, the use of his church, into which they went, and chaunted their hymns, the clergyman kindly consenting to read some parts of the service. A long, green, delightful day was thus spent; and the quiet and extreme beauty of the country sank into the minds of these city boys, wakened up a world of new ideas and feelings in them, and attended them back to the busy town and factories, to dwell in their memories for long years after. "From the way they looked at and spoke of the country to each other when there, I am sure," says Mr. Wilson, "many of them, if they live till ninety, will remember that one day, and with a feeling more beneficial to their minds than any which months of ordinary schooling would be likely to produce."

There were other excursions. Next time, the candle-boys went sea-ward—to Herne Bay; not fewer than 250 boys went on this delightful voyage, and it was even fuller of novelty than the other. The smell of the salt water, the wide expanse, the forests of ships, the roll of the vessel, the thousand new sights, caused an infinity of delight ever afterwards to be remembered. This sea voyage was made in the summer of last year; and we hope the trip of the boys this summer will not prove less full of pleasure.

The schools in the meanwhile went on swimmingly. The one room became so crowded, that it was found necessary to build a new room over the old one, at a considerable expense. This became the more necessary in consequence of the large influx of children to the establishment, from the manufacture of Child's Night Lamps being now added to that of Price's Patent Candles. It was even found necessary to provide additional accommodation; and, fortunately, an arch of the South Western Railway (passing through Vauxhall) lay convenient at hand; so it was rented, made water-tight, and fitted up as an additional school.

We must not omit to notice, in passing, the girls' classes, and the agencies brought to bear on their improvement. This is a point of great importance; and one that has not been lost sight of in the course of Mr. Wilson's benevolent system of operations. First, great care was exercised in selecting girls of good character, before admitting

them to the companionship of the rest. Thus a good name was secured for the factory, and virtuous parents did not hesitate to send their girls to a place where they knew they would be taken proper care of, and preserved from vicious example as much as possible. The girls' school required, of course, to be placed under female management; and, fortunately, an intelligent and benevolent lady volunteered to take charge of the classes, and also offered to defray the expenses connected with them. The girls, besides being taught the ordinary branches of school instruction, were also taught sewing, knitting, mending, dressmaking, and the many little arts of making home comfortable,—thus qualifying them in after life to become useful women, good housewives, and intelligent mothers. On one occasion, a stranger—himself a manufacturer—on going over the candle factory, and noting the healthy and happy faces of these girls, their neat and tidy dress, and their modest and proper behaviour, could not help exclaiming—"Well! I never even *imagined* that factory labour could present a scene so cheerful and so pleasing!"

Industrial training has also recently been imparted to the young men:—for instance, in tailoring and shoemaking,—not with the idea of their ever practising these things as trades, but to enable them to mend, and perhaps make, their own clothes and shoes, and hereafter those of their families. Many working men do this, and find it a great saving. It also furnishes an occupation, which, while valuably employing a man's spare time, yet keeps him with his wife and family.

The last offshoot of this educational movement among the candle-boys, has been the establishment of a Mutual Improvement Society, consisting of the most advanced hands in the factory, which was inaugurated as recently as March last. Its meetings are held in the schoolroom under the railway arch; and never was railway arch put to a more admirable use. We hope we shall be able yet to relate something of the success which has attended this society.

After these things, who shall say that companies have no consciences; or that they have not the desire to ameliorate and elevate the moral condition of their work-people? Were more individual employers to exhibit an equal desire to benefit young persons in their employment that the proprietors of this public-spirited company have done, an entirely new face would soon be put upon the industrial society of England, and the happiness and well-being of all classes—employers and employed—would be alike promoted. —*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

**BENEFIT OF MEDICINE.**—The late celebrated Dr. Gregory states, that nine-tenths of his own profession consists in guess-work; and the following anecdote seems confirmatory, at least, of the fact, that the benefit derived from medicine is often purely imaginary. A physician having prescribed for a countryman, gave him the paper on which he had written, and told him he "must be sure to take that"—meaning the portion which he had ordered. The countryman, misapprehending the doctor, wrapped up the paper like a bolus, swallowed it, and was cured.

## THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S TALE.

AFTER my good and excellent mistress, Mrs. Dacre, departed this life for a better, it seemed as if nothing ever prospered in the family, whom I had the honour of serving in the capacity of confidential housekeeper. Mr. Dacre became morose and careless of his affairs; his sons were a source of great misery to him, pursuing a course of reckless extravagance and heartless dissipation; while the five young ladies—the youngest of whom, however, had attained the age of twenty-four—cared for little else than dress, and visiting, and empty show. These five young ladies had not amiable dispositions or gentle manners; but they were first-rate horsewomen, laughed and talked very loud, and were pronounced fine dashing women. There was another member of the family, an orphan niece of my master's, who had greatly profited by my lamented lady's teaching and companionship. Miss Marion had devoted herself to the sick room with even more than a daughter's love; and for two years she had watched beside the patient sufferer, when her more volatile and thoughtless cousins refused to credit the approach of death. Miss Marion had just entered her twentieth year; life had not been all summer with her; for she remembered scenes of privation and distress, ere the decease of her parents left her, their only child, to the care of her affluent relatives. She was a serious and meek, but affectionate creature; of a most goodly countenance and graceful carriage; and I used sometimes to think that the Misses Dacre were jealous of the admiration she excited, and kept her in the background as much as possible. It was not difficult to do this, for Miss Marion sought and loved retirement. After Mrs. Dacre's decease, she had expressed an urgent desire to earn her bread by filling the situation of a governess. But the pride of the Dacres revolted at this; besides, Miss Marion was a comfort to her uncle, when his daughters were absent or occupied. So the dear young lady gave up her own wishes, and strove to do all she could for her generous benefactor, as she was wont to call my master.

Circumstances, which it were needless to detail, except to say that, although I had served *one* mistress satisfactorily, I found it impossible to serve *five*, determined me to resign the situation I had creditably filled for so many years. I deeply grieved to leave my beloved Miss Marion; and the, sweet humble soul, on her part, yearned towards me, and wept a farewell on my bosom. I betook myself, in the first instance, to my brother Thomas Wesley and his wife—a worthy couple without children, renting a small farm nearly a hundred miles off. A very pleasant, small farm it was, situated in a picturesque valley, through which tumbled and foamed a limpid hill-stream, washing the roots of fine old trees, and playing all sorts of antics. This valley was a resort of quiet anglers, and also of artists during the summer season; and Thomas and Martha Wesley often let a neat parlor and adjoining bedroom to such respectable, steady people as did not object to observe the primitive hours and customs enforced at Fair-down Farm. Here I enjoyed the privilege of writing to, and hearing from, my dear Miss Marion;

and though she never complained, or suffered a murmur to escape her, yet from the tenor of her letters I had great cause to fear things were all going very wrong at Mr. Dacre's, and that her own health, always delicate, was giving way beneath the pressure of anxiety and unkindness.

In less than six months after I had quitted the family, a climax, which I had long anticipated with dread, actually arrived. Mr. Dacre, suddenly called to his account, was found to have left his temporal affairs involved in inextricable and hopeless ruin; and amid the general crash and desolation, who was to shield or befriend the poor dependent, the orphan niece, Miss Marion? She was rudely cast adrift on the cold world; her proffered sympathy and services tauntingly rejected by those who had now a hard battle to fight on their own account. Broken down in health and spirits, the poor young lady flew to me, her humble, early friend, gratefully and eagerly availing herself of Thomas Wesley's cordial invitation, to make his house her home for the present.

My brother was a kind-hearted, just man; he had once been to see me when I lived at Mr. Dacre's; and that gentleman, in his palmy days, was truly hospitable and generous to all comers. Thomas never forgot his reception, and now he was a proud and happy man to be enabled thus to offer a "slight return" as he modestly said, to one of the family. With much concern we all viewed Miss Marion's wan and careworn looks, so touching in the young; "But her dim blue een will get bright again, and she'll fill out—never fear," said Martha Wesley to me, by way of comfort and encouragement, "now we've got her amongst us, poor dear. I doubt those proud Misses Dacre were not over-tender with such a one as sweet Miss Marion——"

"Dame, dame, don't let that tongue of thine wag so fast," interrupted Thomas, for he never liked to hear people ill spoken of behind their backs though he would speak out plainly enough to everybody's face.

A few days after Miss Marion's arrival at Fair-down (it was just at the hay-making season, and the earth was very beautiful—birds singing and flowers blooming—soft breezes blowing, and musical streamlets murmuring rejoicingly in the sunshine), a pedestrian was seen advancing leisurely up the valley, coming in a direction from the neighbouring town—a distance, however, of some miles, and the nearest point where the coach stopped. The stranger, aided in his walk by a stout stick, was a short, thickset, elderly man, clad in brown habiliments from head to foot: a brown, broad-brimmed beaver, an antiquated brown spencer (a brown wig must not be omitted), brown gaiters, and brown cloth boots, completed his attire. His linen was spotless and fine, his countenance rubicund and benevolent; and when he took off his green spectacles, a pair of the clearest and honestest brown eyes ever set in mortal's head looked you full in the face. He was a nice comfortable-looking old gentleman; and so Thomas and I thought at the same moment—for Martha was out of the way, and I showed the apartments for her; the stranger who gave his name as Mr. Budge, having been directed to our house by the people of the inn where the coach stopped, who

were kin to Martha, and well-disposed, obliging persons.

Mr. Budge said he wanted quietness for some weeks, and the recreation of fishing; he had come from the turmoil of the great city to relax and enjoy himself, and if Thomas Wesley would kindly consent to receive him as a lodger, he would feel very much obliged. Never did we listen to so pleasant and obliging a mode of speaking; and when Mr. Budge praised the apartments, and admired the country, the conquest of Thomas's heart was complete. "Besides," as Martha sagaciously remarked, "it was so much better to have a steady old gentleman like this for a lodger, when pretty Miss Marion honoured them as a guest." I thought so too; my dear young lady being so lone and unprotected by relatives, we all took double care of her.

So Mr. Budge engaged the rooms, and speedily arrived to take possession, bringing with him a spick-and-span new fishing-rod and basket. He did not know much about fishing, but he enjoyed himself just as thoroughly as if he did; and he laughed so good-humouredly at his own Cockney blunders, as he used to call them, that Thomas would have been quite angry had any one else presumed to indulge a smile at Mr. Budge's expense. A pattern lodger in all respects was Mr. Budge—deferential towards Martha and myself, and from the first moment he beheld Miss Marion, regarding her as a superior being, yet one to be loved by mortal for all that. Mr. Budge was not a particularly communicative individual himself, though we opined from various observations, that, although not rich, he was comfortably off; but somehow or other, without appearing in the least inquisitive, he managed to obtain the minutest information he required. In this way, he learned all the particulars respecting Miss Marion; and gathered also from me, my own desire of obtaining a situation, such as I had held at Mr. Dacre's, but in a small and well-regulated household. As to Miss Marion, the kind old gentleman could never show kindness enough to her; and he watched the returning roses on her fair cheeks with a solicitude scarcely exceeded by mine. I never wondered at anybody admiring the sweet, patient girl; but Mr. Budge's admiration and apparent affection so far exceeded the bounds of mere conventional kindness in a stranger, that sometimes I even smilingly conjectured he had the idea of asking her to become Mrs. Budge, for he was a widower as he told us, and childless.

Such an idea, however, had never entered Miss Marion's innocent heart; and she always so grateful for any little attention, was not likely to receive with coldness those so cordially lavished on her by her new friend, whom she valued as a truly good man, and not for a polished exterior, in which Mr. Budge was deficient. Nay, so cordial was their intimacy, and so much had Miss Marion regained health and cheerfulness, that with un wonted sportiveness, on more than one occasion she actually hid the ponderous brown snuff-box usually reposing in Mr. Budge's capacious pocket, and only produced it when his distress became real; whereupon he chuckled and laughed as if she had performed a mighty clever feat, indulging at the same time, however, in a double pinch.

Some pleasant weeks to us all had thus glided away, and Miss Marion was earnestly consulting me about her project of governing, her health being now so restored; and I, for my part, wanted to execute my plans for obtaining a decent livelihood, as I could not think of burdening Thomas and Martha any longer, loath as they were for me to leave them. Some pleasant weeks, I say, had thus glided away, when Mr. Budge, with much ceremony and circumlocution, as if he had deeply pondered the matter, and considered it very weighty and important, made a communication which materially changed and brightened my prospects. It was to the effect, that an intimate friend of his, whom he had known he said, all his life, required the immediate services of a trustworthy housekeeper, to take the entire responsible charge of his house. "My friend," continued Mr. Budge, tapping his snuff-box complacently, his brown eyes twinkling with the pleasure of doing a kind act, for his green specs were in their well-worn case at his elbow—"My friend is about my age—a sober chap, you see, Mrs. Deborah;" here a chuckle—"and he has no wife and no child to take care of him"—here a slight sigh: "he has lately bought a beautiful estate, called Sorel Park, and it is there you will live, with nobody to interfere with you, as the lady-relative who will reside with my friend is a most amiable and admirable young lady; and I am sure, Mrs. Deborah, you will become much attached to her. By the by, Mrs. Deborah," he continued, after pondering for a moment, "will you do me a favour to use your influence to prevent Miss Marion from accepting any appointment for the present, as after you are established at Sorel Park, I think I know of a home that may suit her?"

I do not know which I felt most grateful or delighted for—my own prospects, or my dear Miss Marion's;—though certainly hers were more vague and undefined than mine, for the remuneration offered for my services was far beyond my expectation, and from Mr. Budge's description of Sorel Park, it seemed to be altogether a place beyond my most sanguine hopes. I said something about Miss Marion, and my hope that she might be as fortunate as myself; and Mr. Budge, I was happy to see, was quite fervent in his response. "My friend," said he, at the close of the interview, "will not arrive to take possession of Sorel Park until you, Mrs. Deborah, have got all things in order; and as I know that he is anxious for the time to arrive, the sooner you can set out on your journey thither the better. I must also depart shortly, but I hope to return hither again." Important business required Mr. Budge's personal attention, and with hurried adieu to us all, he departed from Fairdown; and in compliance with his request, I set off for Sorel Park, leaving my beloved Miss Marion to the care of Thomas and Martha for the present.

The owner of this fine place was not as yet known there; for Mr. Budge, being a managing man, had taken everything upon himself, and issued orders with as lordly an air as if there was nobody in the kingdom above the little brown man. The head-gardener, and some of the other domestics, informed me they had been engaged by Mr. Budge himself, who, I apprehended, made very free and busy with the concerns of his friend. Sorel

Park was a princely domain, and there was an air of substantial comfort about the dwelling and its appointments, which spoke volumes of promise as to domestic arrangements in general. I soon found time to write a description of the place to Miss Marion, for I knew how interested she was in all that concerned her faithful Deborah; and I anxiously awaited the tidings she had promised to convey—of Mr. Budge having provided as comfortable a home for her as he had for me. I at length received formal notification of the day and hour the owner of Sorel Park expected to arrive, accompanied by his female relative. This was rather earlier than I had been led to expect; but all things being in order for their reception, I felt glad at their near approach, for I was strangely troubled and nervous to get this introduction over. I was very anxious too, about my dear Miss Marion; for I knew that some weighty reason alone prevented her from answering my letter, though what that reason could be, it was impossible for me to conjecture.

The momentous day dawned; the hours glided on; and the twilight hour deepened. The superior servants and myself stood ready to receive the travellers, listening to every sound; and startled, nevertheless, when the rapid approach of carriage-wheels betokened their close proximity. With something very like disappointment, for which I accused myself of ingratitude, I beheld Mr. Budge, browner than ever, alight from the chariot, carefully assisting a lady, who seemed in delicate health, as she was muffled up like a mummy. Mr. Budge returned my respectful salutation most cordially, and said with a smile, as he hustled forward to the saloon, where a cheerful fire blazed brightly on the hearth—for it was a chill evening: "I've brought your new mistress home, you see, M. Deborah; but you want to know where your new master is—eh? Well, come along, and this young lady will tell you all about the old fellow."

I followed them into the apartment; Mr. Budge shut the door; the lady flung aside her veil, and my own dear, sweet Miss Marion clasped me round the neck, and sobbed hysterically in my arms.

"Tell her my darling," said Mr. Budge, himself quite husky, and turning away to wipe off a tear from his ruddy cheek—"tell her my darling, you're the mistress of Sorel Park; and when you've made the good soul understand that, tell her we'd like a cup of tea before we talk about the master."

"O my dear Miss Marion!" was all I could utter; "what does this mean? Am I in a dream?" But it was not a happy dream; for when I had a moment to reflect, my very soul was troubled as I thought of the sacrifice of all her youthful aspirations, made by that poor gentle creature, for the sake of a secure and comfortable home in this stormy world. I could not reconcile myself to the idea of Mr. Budge and Marion as man and wife; and as I learned, ere we retired to rest that night, I had no occasion to do so. Mr. Budge was Miss Marion's paternal uncle, her mother, Miss Dacre, having married his elder brother. These brothers were of respectable birth, but inferior to the Dacres; and while the elder never prospered in any undertaking, and finally died of a broken heart, the younger, toiling in foreign climes, gradually amassed a competency. On returning to his native

land, he found his brother no more, and the orphan girl he had left behind placed with her mother's relatives.

Mr. Budge had a great dread of appearing before these proud patrician people, who had always openly scorned his deceased brother; and once accidentally encountering them at a public *fête*, the contumelious bearing of the young ladies towards the little brown gentleman deterred him from any a nearer approach. No doubt, he argued, his brother's daughter was deeply imbued with similar principles, and would blush to own a "Mr. Budge" for her uncle! This name he had adopted as the condition of inheriting a noble fortune unexpectedly bequeathed by a plebeian, but worthy and industrious relative, only a few years previous to the period when Providence guided his footsteps to Fairdown Farm and Miss Marion.

The moderate competency Mr. Budge had hitherto enjoyed, and which he had toiled hard for, now augmented to ten times the amount, sorely perplexed and troubled him; and after purchasing Sorel Park, he had flown from the turmoil of affluence, to seek peace and obscurity for awhile, under pretext of pursuing the philosophical recreation of angling. How unlike the Misses Dacre was the fair and gracious creature he encountered at Fairdown! And not a little the dear old gentleman prided himself on his talents for what he called diplomacy—arranging his plans, he said, "just like a book-romance." After my departure, he returned to Fairdown, and confided the wonderful tidings to Thomas and Martha Wesley, more cautiously imparting them to Miss Marion, whose gentle spirits were more easily fluttered by sudden surprise.

For several years Mr. Budge paid an annual visit to Fairdown, when the trout-fishing season commenced; and many useful and valuable gifts found their way into Thomas's comfortable homestead, presented by dear Miss Marion. In the course of time, she became the wife of one worthy of her in every respect—their lovely children often sportively carrying off the ponderous box of brown rappee, and yet Uncle Budge never frowning.

These darlings cluster round my knees, and one, more demure than the rest, thoughtfully asks: "Why is Uncle Budge's hair not snowy white, like yours, dear Deb? For Uncle Budge says he is *very* old, and that God will soon call him away from us."—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

PRICE OF BOOKS.—Stow, in his "Survey of London," mentions that in 1433 £66 13s. 4d. was paid for transcribing a copy of the works of Nicholas de Lyra, in two volumes, to be claimed in the library of the Grey Friars. At this time the usual price of wheat was 5s. 4d. per quarter; the wages of a ploughman 1d.; and of a sawyer 4d. per diem. In a blank page of "Comestor's Scholastic History" deposited in the British Museum, it is stated that this MS. was taken from the King of France, at the battle of Poitiers; it was afterwards purchased by the Earl of Salisbury for £66 13s. 4d. (100 marks), and directed by the last will of his Countess to be sold for 40 livres. At this time the pay of the King's Surgeon was £5 13s. 4d. per annum, and a shilling a day besides.—*Spence.*

## TALES OF THE SLAVE SQUADRON.

## THE REVENGE.

LIEUTENANT ARMSTRONG was commander (acting) of the *Curlew*, for some months after the occurrence of the incidents related in a former paper; and a more zealous or successful officer has never, in my belief, illustrated the reputation of the British navy, for efficiency and daring, in the hazardous and difficult service on the slave coast. In four months we had made three captures—irrespective of the *Fair Rosamond*,—the name of one of which, *El Reyna*, a clipper-brig that had long eluded the vigilance and outstripped the speed of our cruisers, as well as the ingenious mode by which she was finally made prize of, must have attracted the notice of many newspaper-readers of those days. But although a first-rate seaman, and dashing commander, there was a defect—perhaps I should say an exaggeration of character—in Lieutenant Armstrong, which, in a considerable degree, marred his high qualities, and gave a tone of harshness to his demeanour, under certain circumstances, quite foreign, I am sure, to his real disposition. He was, in a word,—as I believe I have previously hinted,—an iron disciplinarian, and this entirely from a conviction that only by the stern, relentless application of the maritime code of punishment, could the supremacy of the British navy be permanently maintained. Peremptory, irresponsible power, such as then existed in the service, is pretty sure, at one time or other, to lead an officer who indulges in it, to the commission of serious wrong and injustice. This, at all events, was once the case, during his professional life, with Lieutenant Armstrong, and the consequences of that grave error were, by a remarkable fatality, visited upon him and others, at a time and in a manner equally unexpected and terrible. This omitted, but instructive passage in our naval history, I am now about to place before the reader.

We took *El Reyna* into *Sierra Leone*, and whilst there, news was brought that *Le Requin* (*The Shark*), a fitly-named, notorious and successful slaver, was on the coast. This vessel, the property of a French Brazilian Creole, was commanded by a skillful and active desperado of the English name of *Harrison*, and once a petty officer of the royal navy. His assumed designation, however, was borrowed from the fine craft he commanded,—*Captain Le Requin*,—and he was reported to have under his orders a motley crew of some of the most reckless ruffians that could be picked out of the refuse of half a dozen civilized nations. It was, moreover, well known that *Le Requin*, when the “*Black*” market was slack, overstocked, or more than usually hazardous, did a little in the way of ordinary, admitted piracy; and stringent orders had consequently been issued to the officers of the squadron to use their utmost efforts to sink or capture so daring and unscrupulous a rover.

It was manifest that Lieutenant Armstrong listened to the many rumours afloat relative to the probable whereabouts of *Le Requin*, with a far deeper than merely professional interest. His inquiries as to the appearance of the vessel, and the haunts she chiefly frequented, were earnest

and incessant; and it was whispered amongst us that *Harrison* had served in the same ship with the commander of the *Curlew*, and that circumstances of an unusual character had occurred in connection with them both. However this might be, there was evidently some strong private motive at the bottom of the lieutenant's desperate anxiety to get away in search of the piratical slaver, and so quickly did he dispatch his official business relative to the *Curlew*'s last important capture, that we were at sea again in less than half the time we had reckoned upon remaining at *Sierra Leone*. Our course was to the south and east, and as the winds proved favourable, the *Curlew* rapidly swept the African sea-board from *Sierra Leone* to the *Bight of Biafra*, looking as we passed into every inlet that might afford shelter or concealment to the object of our search. A sharp, wearying look-out was at length rewarded by a passing gleam of success. We were within about thirty leagues of *Cape Lopez*, which bore about S.S.W., and we were steering, close-hauled upon the larboard tack, as nearly as possible S.W. in order to give the *Cape* as wide a berth as might be in passing, when the look-out at the mast-head announced first one, and then two sail on the weather-bow. They rose quickly out of the water, and no wonder, for they had half a gale of wind on the quarter, and it was not long before we could guess pretty accurately at the character of both. The headmost was a square-rigged ship, of about four hundred tons burthen, pursued by an armed schooner of half that tonnage, coming up with her hand over hand. Commander Armstrong immediately pronounced the schooner to be *Le Requin*, an opinion confirmed by several old salts who had obtained a passing glimpse of the celebrated craft upon one or two occasions. As the *Curlew*, in anticipation of a dirty night, had been made very snug, and did not show much top-hamper, it was hoped she might not be seen till *Le Requin* was within reach of her guns. For upwards of an hour this appeared likely enough; but at last the anxious men, whose eyes swept the horizon in all directions, from the merchantman's deck, caught sight of us, and unable to restrain their exultation at the glad vision of a British man-of-war creeping up to the rescue, instantly let off a piece of pop-gun artillery, ran up the union-jack, and set up a tiny shout in derision of the pursuer, which the direction of the wind just enabled us to hear and echo, with sundry very hearty maledictions of their stupid throats. *Le Requin* quickly hauled her wind, and at once recognizing the character of her new customer, got with all possible speed upon the same tack as ourselves, and being a remarkably fine weatherly vessel, went off full half a point closer to the wind than the *Curlew*, thus showing from the first moment the well-nigh hopeless aspect of the chase. Night fell—black as the inside of a tar-barrel—with a gale of wind that by midnight had increased to a tempest accompanied by flashes of lightning and peals of thunder which those acquainted only with the electrical phenomena of temperate regions, can form but a faint conception of. Frequently, during the night, a more than usually brilliant coruscation showed us *Le Requin*, upon the white crest of a huge wave, far away to windward; but when the cold grey morning dawned, the schooner had

utterly disappeared, leaving us miserably cold, wet, disappointed, and savage. One thing, at all events, our night's chase had taught us,—that the Curlew was no match for *Le Requin* in point of speed, and that if we ever should succeed in putting salt upon his tail, it must be by some cleverer expedient than that of running after him at the rate of five feet to his six. Captain Armstrong looked considerably bluer than the bluest of us, and did not reappear on deck till five or six hours after the ascertained disappearance of the schooner. He then ordered the Curlew's course to be changed to the north-west till further orders. Those further orders were not issued till about noon on the morrow, when the sloop's head was pointed nearly due south; and whilst cracking on under a stiff breeze in that direction, the commander's new "dodge" for entrapping the coveted prey developed itself. The broad white ribbon along the gun line, was painted black; our No. 1 wan-of-war canvas was exchanged for some worn, and here and there patched, merchant-sails, fished up from the hold; the shiny brass fittings of the deck, and the glittering figure-head, were smudged brown; the brass swivel-gun amidships was unshipped and sent below; the carpenter and his crew manufactured a lot of wooden gun-muzzles (*Quakers*), and these, when painted, were protruded from the port-holes, in place of the real barkers, which were carefully concealed beneath tarpaulin, sails, hencoops, gratings, and other lumber, and so ostentatiously warlike were the "*Quakers*" fashioned, that their harmless character could be detected by half an eye, at half a league's distance. Many other minor changes and disguises were effected, and the Curlew's transmutation was complete. We now gradually edged away to the eastward, and as soon as we reached about nine degrees south latitude, and five degrees east longitude, the Curlew's bows once more pointed northward, and we crept slowly enough along in the day, whilst during the night we generally lay to, in order not to get along too rapidly. By the commander's orders, all the officers,—himself included,—replaced their epaulettes and laced uniforms and cocked hats, by round jackets and hats, and not more than twenty men were allowed to be on deck during day-light. All these twigs being carefully lined, we made way at an average rate of not more than three or four knots an hour, and in as lubberly a fashion,—considering the but recent practice of the crew in that line—as could be expected. Time crept on as lazily as we did, and doubts whether our captain's clever contrivance would not end in smoke, were beginning to be entertained, when we spoke a brig bound for the Cape, a little north of the equator, which gave us the pleasant information that a large barque she had fallen in with, laden with ivory, palm-oil, and gold-dust, had been plundered the previous evening by a piratical schooner supposed to be *Le Requin*. The crew, it was further stated, had not been personally maltreated, and the barque had proceeded on her course. This was great news, and so well did it sharpen the optics of many of us, that an almost simultaneous hail from half-a-dozen voices, at daybreak the next morning, announced a strange sail, hulled down, astern, and steering westward. Every man in the sloop was quickly directed towards the stranger, whose white sails—unmistakably those of a schooner—glanced brilliantly in the newly-risen unclouded sun. Everybody felt affected to be sure it was *Le Requin*; and when the schooner—which did not for some time appear to see us—turned her bowsprit towards the Curlew, and crowded sail (the wind was southerly—right aft), evidently in pursuit, the last lingering doubt vanished. And we, of course, zealously busied ourselves with ostentatious efforts to effect our escape from the suspicious-looking craft. But spite of all we could do, so miserably was our ship handled and steered,—terror-stricken men do nothing well,—that we could hardly get five knots out of her; and the ferocious schooner would, it was quite certain, be up with us in less than no time. The commander's face was deathly pale from over-excitement, I supposed; and as for the crew, they were in an ecstasy of uncontrollable mirth. The notion of a British sloop-of-war running away from, and being chased by a slaver or pirate, was a joke so exquisite as to defy all ordinary modes of expression; and the astounding capers the men cut—the grimly conical squints and winks, and quiet grins (silence being strictly enforced) they exchanged with each other, and the advancing schooner, were irresistibly droll. Once it was feared that a mis-giving as to whom it was he was so eagerly pursuing had seized our friend, for when not more than half a league astern, he suddenly luffed, and stood across our wake, apparently in keen scrutinizing observation. His hesitation was but momentary,—the fierce aspect of the "*Quakers*," I think, reassured him,—and the chase was resumed. In about half an hour he ranged fiercely up on our weather-beam, and as the red flash and white smoke which heralded a shot across the Curlew's bows, broke out of the schooner's side, a hoarse, powerful voice roared through a trumpet from the after-part of the deck, "Heave too, or I'll sink you." The commander of the Curlew leaped upon a gun-carriage, lifted his round glazed hat, and rejoined in as loud and fierce, but mocking tone, "That will we, Captain *Le Requin*, and in a hurry, too." At the same instant the seamen concealed about the deck sprang to their feet, the rest of the crew tumbled, with loud shouts, up the hatchways, the "*Quakers*" were shoved overboard, and before the astounded captors well comprehended what had happened, they were confronted by the frowning, double-shotted battery of the Curlew, and flight or resistance was out of the question. As soon, however, as the wild, confused yell of rage and terror which arose from the motley crew that crowded to the slave-pirate's deck had sufficiently subsided to permit of her captain's voice being heard, a desperate but of course futile effort to escape was made. We were in no trim or humour for another chase, and at a wave from Captain Armstrong's hand, gun after gun belched forth its iron shower upon the ill-starred schooner, and with such a terrible havoc to her spars and rigging, that in a few minutes she was a helpless log upon the water. The pirate carried no colours, but in this strait some of the crew ran up a Brazilian flag, and instantly hauled it down again in token of surrender. The firing at once ceased, and the schooner was hailed to send her captain on board the Curlew immediately. In a minute

or so it was replied that the captain had been carried below, mortally wounded, was rapidly bleeding to death, and could not therefore be removed. I was standing close by Commander Armstrong at the moment, and noticed that a hot, swarthy flush passed over his pale, excited features. After a moment's thought he said, hastily "Sutcliffe, have a boat alongside, manned and armed, as quickly as you can; I must see this fellow myself, and without delay, it seems." So saying, he left the desk. By the time the boat was ready, he reappeared in full uniform, and was swiftly rowed on board the prize.

After briefly directing the men to disarm and secure the crew, he hurried below, motioning as he did so, that I should accompany him. The captain of *Le Requin*—a tall, gaunt, but not, I should think, originally ill-looking man—was unquestionably dying. His right leg had been carried away above the knee by a round shot, and although a *ru le tourniquet* had been applied, the loss of blood had previously been so great that life, as we entered, fluttered but feebly in his veins, and there was scant breath left, it struck me, in the mutilated, panting frame, to answer much questioning, if that were, as I supposed, Lieutenant Armstrong's purpose there. This was my first impression; but the ferociously triumphant scowl that broke from his darkening eyes, at the sound of his visitor's voice (he had not seemed to recognize him by sight), testified to the still untamed energy of *will*, which could thus force back retreating life to the citadel it had all but finally abandoned. He partially raised himself, and glared at the lieutenant, as if in fearful doubt that his failing eye-sight and hearing had deceived him. "You here—Lieutenant Armstrong here," he hoarsely declared as he fell back,—then is death welcome as a bride!"

"I am sorry to see you thus, Harrison," said the lieutenant, in a compassionate tone. "I would much rather have met you alive and well."

"You could never have captured me alive," retorted Harrison. "That I am always provided against. And sorry, are you?" he went on relapsing into feebleness. "The time is past when that might have availed. You have been my rock ahead through life—always. *El Reyna* and her dusky cargo were partly mine,—and now *Le Requin's* gone. Yes,—ever, my triumphant foe,—oppressor! But," he added, again with kindling ferocity, "the *last* stake is the crowning one, and that, *that*—Lieutenant Armstrong—I win."

"I once did you grievous wrong, Harrison," replied the lieutenant, heedless of this idle menace,—unintentionally so. It was a mistake,—a blunder, which I regret,—although—"

"It was a murder!" screamed the dying seaman,—"murder of soul and body. For another's fault—not mine—you lacerated my flesh and brutalized my spirit. I was a lost man from that hour! I, gently-born, to be—but no matter. Well, I ran,—was caught,—again flayed by your order,—yet I escaped at last, and now—now!"

The savagely-exultant tone of these words not only startled me, but also for a moment the steel-nerved commander of the *Curllew*. It seemed a vain alarm. There was no other person in the cabin save a coloured lad about nine years of age. Harrison himself was lying helplessly upon a

locker in front of his open sleeping-berth, in which hung a short bell-pull, the tassel of which his right-hand fingers clutched convulsively;—but what help could he summon? The crew, we knew from the quiet overhead, had been secured. He was, no doubt, I concluded, partially delirious, and fancied himself still in command of *Le Requin*. The lad, whose bright glistening eyes had been intently fixed upon us, (he was Harrison's son) handed his father a cordial of some sort. It greatly revived him, and the expiring lamp of life played up with momentary brightness in the socket.

"You well know, Harrison," urged the commander of the *Curllew*, "what I wish to be informed—assured of."

"Ay, to be sure I do. Did the beautiful *Bermudian Creole* live, die, or marry? To be sure. Ay, and I will tell you," added Harrison, quickly, as if suddenly warned that but a few moments more remained to him. "You *alone*; in no one else's hearing. Johnny," he went on rapidly, addressing his son, "I dropped a pocket-book near the fore hatch-way—the *fore* hatchway, mind,—fetch it me at once. And you, sir?" He looked at me. Lieutenant Armstrong nodded affirmatively, and I followed the lad up the companion-stairs. The boy went forward, but I, prompted by curiosity, remained about mid-ships, where, unobserved myself, I could discern through the long open skylight, what was going on at the further end of the cabin, and pretty well hear what passed. I missed some words, either of anger or remonstrance, they seemed, and then Lieutenant Armstrong exclaimed, passionately,

"Will you answer me, or not? say yes or no!"

"Yes—yes," shouted Harrison, fiercely grasping what I had taken for a bell-rope. "This—this, atrocious tyrant,—this is my answer!"

A terrible volume of bright flame, accompanied by the roar of a thousand thunders, instantly burst forth. I felt caught and whirled into the air by a fiery whirlwind, and I remember nothing more till many days afterwards, when I awoke to returning consciousness in an hospital at Cape Coast Castle. I had been frightfully bruised and burnt, and fever-had supervened, but the loss of two left-hand fingers was the only permanent injury I sustained. The lad, Johnny, had also been picked up, scarcely hurt; and from him and others of *Le Requin's* crew, the mode by which the explosion, which blew the after-part of the schooner into fragments had been effected, was pretty accurately ascertained. It was Harrison's fixed resolve,—especially after he had added piracy to his less hazardous trade of man-stealing,—never to be taken alive. With this view, a barrel of gunpowder was placed beneath his cabin-floor, into which, when about to engage in any perilous enterprise, a flint gun-lock was inserted, the trigger of which was attached to the bell-rope hanging in his sleeping-berth. Both himself and Lieutenant Armstrong must have been blown to atoms—a sad fate to befall so zealous and promising an officer, more especially just as the well-earned honours and rewards of his profession were within his reach, and time had begun to sensibly mellow and soften an unfortunate rigidity of temperament, to which, as we have seen, the sudden and melancholy catastrophe was mainly owing.—*Elize Cook's Journal*.

## DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY W. C. DRYANT.

The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds and naked woods,  
And meadows brown and sear;  
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,  
The wither'd leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust  
And to the rabbit's tread;  
The robin and the wren are flown,  
And from the shrub the jay,  
And from the wood-top caws the crow,  
Through all the gloomy day.

And now when comes the calm mild day,  
As still such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee  
From out their winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
Though all the trees are still,  
And twinkling in the smoky light  
The waters of the rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers  
Whose fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wind  
And by the streams no more.

And then I think of one who in  
Her youthful beauty died,  
The fair, meek blossom that grew up,  
And faded by my side;  
In the cold moist earth we laid her,  
Where the forest casts her leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely  
Should lead a life so brief;  
Yet not unmeet it was that one,  
Like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful,  
Should perish with the flowers.

## DINING WITH THE MILLION.

The French journals, debarred from the discussion of prohibited politics, have been lately discovering several heroes in humble life. Modest merit is very apt thus to turn up in the newspapers at dead seasons, like the Shower of Frogs, and Tremendous Turnips, which, in England, are among the most important results of the close of the parliamentary session. It happens occasionally that we read in the obituary of some very distinguished person, an honour to his country; whose like, the journalist inform us, we ne'er shall look upon again, and whose name we thus hear mentioned for the first time. We have never suspected the great man's existence until he has ceased to exist. We have never known of the honour we enjoyed until we have ceased to enjoy it.

Thus it is that a large portion of the Parisian public were perhaps utterly unable to do honour to the Père Nicolet, until they were all of a sudden deprived of him. Death, however, unlocks the bibliographical treasures of the French Journals,

and they have celebrated the memory of Père Nicolet with that nicely-modulated mournfulness, that neatly-balanced regret, that well-punctuated pity, and that enlarged sympathy which a *feuilletonist* (who is paid by the line) can never coldly repress.

"Who is, or rather, who was Père Nicolet?" may especially be asked in our own country, where ignorance—so that it be the result of choice—is so distinguished and respectable.

Few can answer the question better than I can. The Père Nicolet! how well I remember that great and magnificent man. The remembrance carries me back (with a swiftness comparable to nothing but Prince Hussein's carpet, or an Excursion at two and two-pence,) to old familiar Paris—to

"Other lips and other hearts,"

not to mention "other cookery and other *cartes*"—Paris with its narrow Seine, that divides, but does not separate its shores; its terraces, fountains, and statues; its sauntering and sun; its immaculate toilettes, and morals (occasionally) to correspond; its balls where people actually dance, and its *conversations* where talking is not unknown—Paris, where people go to the opera merely because they like music, and yawn not, though a play be in nine acts; where gloves are carried to perfection; where it is not customary to consider any man a snob or a swindler until you have been introduced to him; where nobody is so ill-bred as to blush, although many, perhaps, have reason to do so; where everybody is a great deal more polite to everybody else than anybody deserves; where all the children are men, and all the men are children, and where all the ladies are more important than the two put together; for the politest nation in Europe fully recognises the Rights of Woman to govern—and to work.

The Père Nicolet! The mention of his name recalls an eventful evening. Everybody who has been accustomed to sun himself occasionally in Paris has experienced the difficulty of dining. Not difficulty in a vulgar sense. That may be experienced elsewhere, even in our own happy land, where great men have been reduced to feed their horses upon cheese-cakes. I allude to the more painful embarrassment of prandial riches. In England, according to Ude, a man is troubled in the choice of a religious sect, because there are fifty of them; but he has no hesitation as to his fish sauce, because there is, or was, but one. In France the case is reversed. The example of the English philosopher, Hobson—proverbial for the ready adaptation of his inclination to his alternativeless condition—is readily followed in matters of faith; it is in feeding (can alliteration excuse a course expression?) that the Frenchman finds himself at fault. Thus it is that in Paris, I have found what I may call a *carte-load* of five hundred dishes an insuperable difficulty in the way of a dinner, compared to which the English embarrassment between a steak and a chop, or a chop and a steak, is felicity itself. What monotony in variety it is to go the round of the *restaurants*! How soon the gilding is taken off the Maison Dorée; how quickly the Café de Paris ceases to be distinguished from any other café—de Paris, or elsewhere; what a disagreeable

family the *Trois Frères* speedily become. Then Vachette, Véry, and Vofour—Vefour, Véry, and Vachotte!—are ringing the changes in vain. The dinner which was probably prepared for the *Sleeping Beauty* previously to her siesta, and kept waiting a hundred years, may have been found somewhat behind the age when it came to be eaten; but it could not have been more changeless and unchangeable than those great conservative *existences*.

Be it observed, however, that I am not assuming to myself any particular claims to epicurean honours. I am not going to eet up an ideal on so very material a subject, to talk about the spiritual and divine side of gastronomy; to fall into affected raptures at the traditions of Vatel or the treatise of Savarin; to talk of the rare repasts I used *not* to revel in before the old *Rocher* was ruined, and the wonderful old vintages which I must confess had *not* then come under my notice. Nobody raves in this manner but antiquated dogs, who have not only had their day, but who have been making a night of it ever since—except, perhaps the comic *bon vivant* of some Irish magazine, who has probably drawn his inspiration from a *restaurant* in the *Palais Royal*, at two francs, *prix fixe*. Perhaps there is no subject upon which more nonsense has been written (inclusive of the *lucubrations* of the comic Irishman) on both sides of the question than upon French cookery. For my part, I am perfectly aware that the best dinners in the world are to be had in Paris, if you go to the right places. But the vaunted variety is all nonsense as far as the accidental dinner is concerned. Deduct from the ten thousand *plats*, or whatever number the *carte* may profess to contain, the dishes that do not happen to be in season (always a large proportion); those that never are, and never will be in season (a still larger number); those of which, at whatever time you dine, the last *plat* hast just been served (an equally large number); those which requires to be specially ordered in the morning (not a few); and you will find that as to selection the remainder is not very bewildering—especially when it is remembered that two different names very often refer to one dish or to two, with a difference so slight as to be scarcely distinguishable.

Having thus, I hope, justified myself for finding promiscuous dining in Paris, monotonous after a few months of it, I need not farther explain how I came to test the resources of the *Barriers* in this respect, and how, in the course of not finding what I was looking for, I met with the *Père Nicolet*.

The *Barriers*, I may premise, are a grand resort, not only of dancers (to whom I have already alluded in this journal) but of diners and drinkers of all descriptions and degrees. It is owing to their happy attraction that so few drunken persons are seen about the streets of the city; and not, as has been sagaciously inferred, because drunken persons are by any means rare phenomena among a Parisian population. The *octroi* duty upon viands and wine entering Paris, was diminished a few months ago by a popular act of the President, but not sufficiently so to injure the interests of the *restaurants* outside. It is when the neighbourhood around becomes so

thickly populated that the Government find it desirable to extend the boundary and bring it within the jurisdiction of the city authorities—which has happened now and then—that these establishments suffer. Placed under the ban of the *octroi*, their wines and viands are no longer cheaper than in the heart of the city; and their customers forsake them for the new establishments set up on the outside of the new *Barriers*—destined perhaps some day to be themselves subjected to a similar proceeding.

Meantime, on every day of the year—but on Sundays more especially—thousands upon thousands, attracted perhaps as much by the excursion as by other considerations, flock to these *restaurants* to transact the mighty affair of dinner. Let us plant ourselves—that is to say, myself and two or three congenial associates, at one of the largest and most respectable. The place is the *Barrière Clichy*, and the time, Sunday, at six o'clock. The principal dining-room, on the first floor, is spacious and lofty, with all the windows open to the air. Nearly all the long narrow tables—which look very white and well appointed—are occupied by satisfied or expectant guests. Yonder is a respectable shop-keeper at the head of his very respectable family. See with what well-bred politeness he places chairs for his wife and the elder girls; who hang up their bonnets, and adjust their already nicely adjusted hair in the mirror with perfect composure—not at all embarrassed by the presence of a couple of hundred persons whom they have never seen before. At the next table is a grisette dining with a young gentlemen of rustic appearance, with red ears, who does not seem quite at his ease. Never mind, she does, that's very plain. They are waiting to order their dinner. The young lady stamps impatiently with her little foot upon the floor, and strikes a glass with a fork to attract the attention of a waiter—a practice that is considered underbred by fastidious persons; and which, to be sure, one does not observe at the *Trois Frères*. The *garçon* at length arrives, and the young lady pours into his ear a voluble order;—a flood of *Jullienne* soup and a bottle of anything but *ordinaire* wine, corking it down with a long array of solid matters to correspond. The young gentleman with the red ears, meantime, grins nervously; and indeed does little else during a very long dinner, making up, however, for the subordinate part he has hitherto played, by paying the bill. Round the room are scattered similar parties, arranged variously. Now a lady and gentlemen—then a gentlemen alone—then a lady alone (who partakes of everything with great gravity and decorum); then two ladies together, who exchange confidences with mysterious gestures, show one another little letters, and are a little lavish in the article of *curaçoa*; then two gentlemen together, who are talking about the two ladies, exchange a glance with one of them, and depart.

Such is a specimen of the society usually to be met with at a dinner outside the *Barriers*. If you wish to exchange a little for the worse, you will not find the process very difficult. In the *restaurants* of a lower class, there is a greater preponderance of cold veal and fried potatoes among the viands, and of blouses among the

guests. The wine, too, is rougher, and what Englishmen call fruity. You will be amused, too, during dinner, by musical performers (who walk in promiscuously from the street,) conjurers, and other ingenious persons—some of whom whistle duets with imaginary birds, which they are supposed to carry in their pockets, and imitate the noises of various animals with a fidelity which I have seldom known equalled.

The sun is setting as I stroll forth with my friends along the exterior Boulevards, rather dull, as becomes inhabitants of our beloved island, and anxious for "something to turn up" to amuse us. One proposes a visit to a suburban ball; another, an irruption into a select wedding party, which is making a great noise in a large house adjacent, where dancing may be seen through the open windows. The last proposition is negatived on the ground that we are not friends of the family, and might possibly be ejected with ignominy. I had myself, by the way, assisted at one of these entertainments a few days previously. It had been given by my laundress, on the occasion of the marriage of one of her "youngladies" with a youth belonging to my hotel. On that occasion I had been bored, I must say; and, moreover, had found myself compelled to contribute, in the style of a *milord*, towards setting up the young pair in life—for which purpose a soup-plate was sent round among the guests. It was next proposed to inspect the manners of the lower orders. With great pleasure,—but how, and where? Somebody had heard of a great establishment, which could not be far off, where "the million" were in the habit of congregating to an unlimited extent—on Sundays especially. We would stop the first intelligent plebeian we came across, and inquire for such a place. Here is a man in a blouse, with a pipe in his mouth; a circle is formed round him, and six questions are addressed to him at once. He is a plebeian, but not intelligent—so we let him pass. The next is our man; he looks contemptuously at us for our ignorance, and directs us to the *Barrière de Rochechouart—le Petit Ramponneau*, kept by the *Père Nicolet*, whom everybody (sarcastic emphasis on everybody) knows.

The *Barrière de Rochechouart* is not far off; and the Barrier once gained, the *Petit Ramponneau* not difficult to find. A long passage, bordered by trees, leads into a spacious court-yard, bounded by gardens. Round the court-yard, taking the air pleasantly, hang the carcasses of sheep and oxen in great—in astonishing—in overwhelming numbers. Not a pleasant spectacle, truly, to a person of taste; but, viewed with an utilitarian eye, magnificent indeed. Mr. Pelham would find it simply disgusting; Mr. McCulloch would probably describe it as a grand and gratifying sight. Making our way across the court-yard, rather inclined to agree with Mr. Pelham, we pass through the most conspicuous door fronting us, and find ourselves at once in the kitchen—an immense hall, crowded with company, well lighted up, and redolent of

—"the steam

Of thirty thousand dinners."

On the right hand, on entering, there is a bar—a pewter counter crowded with wooden wine measures—in the regular public-house style; but with

something more of adornment in the way of flowers and mirrors. On the left, the actual *batterie de cuisine* is railed off, like the sacred portion of a banking-house. On the sacred side of the railing the prominent object is a copper of portentous dimensions;—scething and hissing and sending forth a fragrant steam, which, night and day, I believe, is never known to stop. Cooks, light and active, white-capped and jacketed, are flirting about, and receiving directions from the proprietor—the great and solemn Nicolet himself. To say that the *Père* was stout, would be, simply, to convey the idea of a man who has more than the ordinary amount of flesh upon his bones. To say that he was solemn and grand, would not be distinguishing him from the general notion of solemnity and grandeur, as associated with any heavy and stupid persons. Let it be understood then that he united all these qualities in their very best sense, and had, besides, a *bonhomme* and good-humour that is not always found reconciled with them. As he stood there distributing his orders, and himself assisting continually in their execution, he looked like a monarch; and, probably, felt himself to be every inch a king.

Meantime, a crowd through which we had elbowed our way, are choking up the space between the counter and the sacred railing, all intent upon winning their way to a little aperture, through which dishes of smoking and savoury ragout, or whatever the compound may be called, are being distributed to each comer in succession, as he thrusts in his arm. This great object gained, he passes on and finds a table where it pleases him. This, it should be observed, is no difficult matter. In this principal room itself long tables and benches are arranged on all sides; in the garden, in every direction, similar accommodation; up stairs, in several large rooms, extensive preparations are spread. Everywhere—up stairs, down stairs, throughout the garden—groups are engaged in the one great occupation. Conversation,—here in whispers, there buzzing; now boisterous, anon, roaring and unrestrained—on every side. Heartiness and hilarity predominant, and everybody at his ease. As we stroll through the place, our foreign—and, shall I add, distinguished—appearance, so unusual at the *Petit Ramponneau*, attracts attention. I hear somebody stigmatize us as spies, but somebody else re-assures the suspecter by a description a little nearer the mark—that we are only English—a little eccentric. It should not be forgotten by philosophic persons who like to intrude into strange scenes, that a good-humoured word to the roughest and most quarrelsome-looking fellow has always a good effect; and that nothing stops the democratic mouth so effectually as wine.

Having "inspected," as the newspapers call it, the resources of the place, we planted ourselves down stairs to see what it could afford us by way of refreshment. Here the proprietor himself was at hand, all bows and blandishments and expressions of "distinguished consideration," and, through him, we duly made the acquaintance of some of the other people of the house, who were taking their own dinner—or supper, now that the labours of the day were at an end. One of these—a lively, bright-eyed young lady, who went about like a benevolent countess, a youthful Lady

Bountiful, great in ministering charities—I understood to be the daughter of the proprietor. We had succeeded in accomplishing a very satisfactory fraternisation in that quarter by the time our wine arrived. The wine, I may observe, was some of the best Burgundy—at the price—I ever drank, and we gave it due honour accordingly, to the delight of the Père, who prided himself especially upon his cellar. We invited him to partake, and he immediately sat down and grew communicative. The conversation turned naturally upon himself; then upon his house. He had commenced on his present system, he told us, a poor man, without a penny to bless himself with. By the exercise of industry and economy, which—I have since learned—approached to something like heroism, he became what I saw him. As I saw him, he was simply a cook in a white cap and apron. But he was, in reality, something very different. His wealth, I have since learned, was immense—indeed, he had the reputation of being a millionaire. Yet, with all his prosperity, he never changed his old habits, nor made the slightest attempt to set himself up higher in the social scale, which men of a tenth part of his means are accomplishing successfully every day. He might have married his daughters to bankers even; but he gave them to men of his own rank, and was satisfied so that they were happy. As for the business, it had increased by degrees to its present extent; and even now it augmented day by day. Nor did he gain his wealth by any undue contribution upon the poor; on the contrary, the *Petit Ramponneau* was the greatest blessing that they could enjoy. A dinner there, he assured me to my surprise, cost the visitor but five *sous*, exclusive of wine, which, however, could be enjoyed at a proportionately economical rate. If any testimonial was wanting to the excellence of the system, it could be found in the number of persons who availed themselves of it—sometimes from three to four and five thousand in the course of the day. Of these, the majority were of the very poorest class, as I could see for myself; but among them were many of an apparent respectability that made their presence there a matter of surprise. The number of persons of the better classes who were reduced by “circumstances” to dine there, was by no means inconsiderable. He himself, the Père, had often recognised faces that had been familiar to him in far different scenes. And he was convinced that the establishment which, by good management, was so large a source of profit to himself, was an inestimable benefit to the poorer classes of Paris.

I thought of the many thousands in London who starve more expensively than they could dine at the *Petit Ramponneau*, and entirely agreed with the worthy Père.

While we were talking, the guests had been gradually moving off; plates and dishes were being carried away in huge piles; the tables and benches were being cleared and re-arranged; the copper had ceased to hiss, and the furnace to roar. Everything denoted preparations for closing.

Presently half-a-dozen men began to roll some huge tubs—nearly as high as themselves—into the court-yard. I asked the meaning of this

arrangement. “They are the wine-barrels that have supplied the consumption of to-day,” was the reply.

I was fairly astonished, and by a matter of the merest detail. It gave me the best idea I could have formed of the large number of the frequenters of the *Petit Ramponneau*. But so it always is. Statistics tell us very astonishing things in calculations and total results; but they suggest nothing definite to ordinary minds; but the sight of these huge empty wine-barrels gave me a more distinct idea of the enormous consumption of wine in one day, than the most skilful grouping or tabulating of figures could possibly have done.

Here we took our leave of our new acquaintances, and made the best of our way into Paris. As for the *Petit Ramponneau*, it flourishes still, I believe; but I regret to learn that the worthy proprietor is among the things that were. Poor fellow! he died, I am told, true to the last to his simple unostentatious system; in his white cap and apron by the side of the great copper and the roaring furnace.—*Household Words*.

#### ZULMIERA, THE HALF-CARIB GIRL.\*

FOR some moments after the departure of the young cavalier, Zulmiera remained standing in the same posture; and then, suddenly rousing herself, she gazed once more earnestly around, and finding all still, stepped without the bounds of the shrubbery, and retracing her steps, once more gained the border of the copse. She was about to make use of an arranged signal, when a dark figure came bounding over a natural mound, formed by wild plants and brushwood, and in another instant stood before her.

Near seven feet in height, and of corresponding breadth of shoulder, the stranger looked able to compete with a dozen men of ordinary growth, while his whole appearance was such as to strike terror into the heart of the beholder. Attired in a garment of dark red cloth, which only covered his person from his waist to his knees, the remainder of his body was painted in a most hideous manner. A black leathern belt, passing over his brawny shoulders, supported a huge naked broadsword, doubtless obtained in some predatory exploit, whose edge was blunted and hacked by many a rough encounter, dangled by his side, or struck harmlessly against his naked legs. His face, the features of which were naturally good, was disfigured by grotesque colourings, and horrible scars; while his long black hair, to which was fastened small pieces of copper brass buttons, and tufts of parrot feathers, floated behind him in matted locks, and gave him the appearance of a wandering gnome. An old regimental coat, from which part of the lace had been cut, and which was another of his war spoils, was tied around his

neck by the two sleeves, serving the purpose of a cloak; and upon his breast reposed—a silent but melancholy memento of his habits—a string of human teeth, their dead white contrasting vividly with his dark skin. This stranger was Cuanaboa, the dreaded Carib chief.

Rendering to Zulmiera his simple obeisance, he commenced the conversation by remarking in a barbarous kind of dialect, “the Boyez\* gave the time to meet when the big star,” pointing to the moon, “rose above the hill, and the lady promised to obey; but now it’s shining o’er our heads, and the charm may be broken—the bow may indeed be bent, and the arrow speed on its way, and yet fall to the ground wide of the mark. We meet to-night, ’tis true; but the time the Boyez appointed is long past, and now perhaps our purpose may fail and our enemies escape.” “Oh, no! Cuanaboa, believe not so,” replied Zulmiera; “listen not to the wild words of the Boyez; thinkst thou I care for what he saith?” “Ay, lady, but thou art fallen from the faith of thy fathers—thou hast lived too long with the Christians; but it matters not now, let us talk of our plans. Myself and comrades have agreed to lead the attack upon yonder house about this time to-morrow night, and we look to you to draw from their weapons those little round stones which kill so many of us, we know not how. Guacanagari has joined me with twice so many men, (holding up his hand, and spreading out his fingers,) and as fine a canoe as ever was paddled along these seas. He landed with his party just as the sun touched the waters: an hour badly chosen by him, for too many eyes are then abroad. I hope, though, none saw them but their red brothers, for they skulked along by the thickest part of the woods; and now their canoe lies high and dry, beneath the shelter of yon high banks, while they repose in safety in the cave,† attended by old Quiba. Now, lady, as, when the white men are subdued, and, falling beneath our clubs, or transfixed by our arrows, serve us as sacrifices to Maybaya,‡ we are to look upon you as our Queen——”

“And Raphe as your *king*,” interrupted Zulmiera, in hurried accents. “You promised that, or I would never have agreed to what I have; and had I known Cuanaboa as much as I do to-night, even that scheme of grandeur would not have tempted me to turn traitor, to promise, as I have, to open the doors, where I have lived so long, to give entrance to the enemy, and to lull

their fears, while the worse than blood-hounds were upon their steps. Oh, Cuanaboa! I might have been so very happy, had I only waited in patience for a little time—happier as plain Mrs. de Merefield, than I shall be, perhaps, as queen of the Caribbees; but it is no use repining now; I have given my word, and, right or wrong, Zulmiera will stand by it.”

The long eyelashes fell over her burning eyes, and the beating of her heart sounded audibly, and shook her very frame; and recovering herself, she continued—“There is another subject to be discussed, Cuanaboa; the daughter of the governor is my dearest friend, and therefore she must be preserved unharmed throughout the fray, guarded with the most scrupulous care, and I look to you to place her in safety. Dost thou comprehend what I say?”

“Yes, lady; and I was going to remark, when you interrupted me, that as you wish certain of the enemy saved alive, particularly the fair youth you mentioned just now, it would be well for you to give your orders to Guacanagari; and for that purpose I would advise you to visit the cave to-morrow evening, when we intend holding a serious assembly and dance, previous to commencing the attack. Guacanagari will be rejoiced to meet you, and he will be as fond of the maiden and the youth as I am;” and a very sinister expression, but unobserved by Zulmiera, passed over the face of the Carib chief. Besides, lady, it is but right that Guacanagari should know his queen—never Carib had one before.”

“I will attend,” replied Zulmiera. “And now, as it is past midnight, ’tis time we parted;” so saying, she bowed to the Carib, and drawing her mantle around her, walked away with all the dignity of a sovereign.

Keeping his dark eye fixed upon her as long as she continued in sight, no sooner had the intervening shrubs screened her from his view, than, throwing himself upon the ground, the Carib broke into a shrill laugh. “And so the haughty beauty thinks that a people who have scarcely known control, will bend their shoulders to the dominion of a girl and a white-faced boy! —ha! ha! If the wild kites chose a king, would it be a colibri? No! Should the Caribs follow the custom of the strangers who have come among us, and torn away our most fruitful countries, and own a king, who should it be but Cuanaboa? for who has slain so many enemies and drunk their blood as I have? or who can shew a longer string of teeth than I have here?” and he played with

\*A priest, or magician, among the Caribs.

†Now called Bat’s Cave.

‡Supreme deity among the Caribs.

\*The Indian name for the humming bird.

the one which ornamented his neck. "If Zulmiera will be queen, it must be as my wife; and truly she would serve to swell a richer triumph than I even expect to have. But as for the youth, his race is almost run; before this time to-morrow, I think he will give me but little further trouble. 'Tis well I came so soon to-night, and thus was witness of the meeting. I wish I could have understood what he said; but these pale-faced people speak so vily, that it is hard to know what they mean. However it matters not, I saw enough; and as I intend Zulmiera to be my prize, I will very shortly get rid of the youngster; he'll make a capital sacrifice to Old Mayboya. White men eat better than red people, it can't be denied;" and as he finished his soliloquy, he arose from the ground, and springing over the brushwood was lost to sight in the impending copse.

#### CONCLUSION OF THE LEGEND.

THE morning after this eventful meeting rose fair and bright. Bridget and Zulmiera, seated at an open window, inhaled the sweet breeze, while they bent over their embroidery frames; and the fair Englishwoman was giving a description of her own far-off land, when, gazing in the direction of the before-named copse, Zulmiera espied a white feather glancing for a moment above the tops of the trees, a well-known signal indicating the presence of Raphe de Merefield.

Framing an excuse, she shortly left the apartment; and taking a circuitous route to escape observation, in a few moments gained the old tree, where, as expected, she found her lover.

"Zulmiera," said the young man, after the first greetings were passed, "I have suffered deeply in mind since we parted, on account of the strange words you let fall last evening; and I now seek your presence to demand, as your affianced husband, their signification. Tell me, Zulmiera, thine whole heart, or as Willy Shakspeare saith—

"If thou dost love me,  
Shew me thy thought?"

Accosted in this sudden manner, and surprised by his serious demeanour, Zulmiera's caution forsook her, and bursting into tears, confessed to her lover, as best she could, the following facts. Having been treated with great scorn and harshness by the governor, and looking upon herself as the descendant of a line of chieftains, and consequently entitled to respect, a deep and irresistible feeling of revenge sprang up in her breast, and absorbed her every thought. Roaming, as she had ever been wont, amid the romantic dells and leafy labyrinths of her native islands, she came one evening upon a curious cavern; her

love of novelty led her to inspect it, but in the act of doing so, she was driven back in alarm by the sight of a flashing pair of eyes.

Unable to suppress her fears, yet too much overcome by the encounter to fly, she leaned against the rocky opening of the cave; when, rushing from his concealment, a powerful man, whom she immediately recognised as a Carib, darted upon her, and placing his hand upon her mouth to prevent her screams from being heard, was about to bear her away as his captive.

Terrified as she was, she still had the presence of mind to declare her origin, and claim his forbearance, on the score of their allied blood. To such a plea, a Carib's heart is never deaf; the grasp upon the shoulder was relaxed; the armed warrior stood quietly by her side; and a conversation in the Carib tongue (which Zulmiera had acquired from her mother) was carried on between them.

The stranger declared himself to be a Carib chief, named Cuanaboa, and with the openness for which that people were noted among their friends, acquainted Zulmiera with the cause of his appearance in that lone cave. Following the example of his fathers, Cuanaboa said he had resolved to make an attack upon Antigua, accompanied by a neighbouring chief and their several tribes; but in a war-council held by them, it had been arranged for him to pay a secret visit to the island, in order to inspect it, and endeavour to find out its weakest parts. Accordingly leaving his mountain home in Dominica, he had paddled himself over in a slight canoe, and easily discovering the cave, which had been well-known to the tribe in their former predatory visits, he took up his abode there.

Zulmiera listened eagerly to this communication; and excited as she was, thought it a good opportunity for effectually procuring her revenge. After arranging for the safety of Raphe de Merefield, to whom she had been long engaged, she finally promised, that upon an appointed night, she would open the doors of government house, and admit the band of Caribs. Ignorant of the real force of Antigua, and led away by her own turbulent and romantic passions, the Indian girl wrongly supposed a few half-armed Caribs would be able to strike terror into the breasts and camps of the well-arranged ranks of the English. In consequence of this wild fancy, Zulmiera further proposed, as her reward, that when the battle was gained, and the English defeated, she should be immediately elected queen, and Raphe king of the Caribbees. Many other meetings had taken place between herself and the

Carib chief; and she concluded her relation, by informing Raphe of the arrival of the whole band of Caribs, and that the hour of midnight was the time proposed for the intended assault upon government house.

The surprise, the consternation of the young man, as she unfolded this tale to him, was overpowering, and for some moments he remained as if rooted to the ground. At length, striking his hand upon his forehead, he exclaimed, in a tone of extreme bitterness—"Oh! Zulmiera—Zulmiera! what hast thou done! Surely it is some horrible dream; and yet it is too true; thou couldst not have distressed me so, an' it not been. To-night, sayest thou? Unhappy girl, thou hast indeed dashed the cup of happiness from thy lips! Now I understand thy visible emotion—thy half-smothered expressions! But I must away—the lives of hundreds, perhaps, hang upon my steps;" and darting from her, he left her to the deepest feelings of despair.

Leaving against the tree for the support her own limbs denied her, the unfortunate Zulmiera remained with her face buried in her hands, until aroused by the sound of foot-steps. Hastily looking up, Raphe again stood before her. "Dearest Zulmiera," said the pitying young man—"rouse thyself; I cannot leave thee thus; all may yet be well. I will immediately to the governor, and without implicating you as my author, inform him of the impending attack. Much as I dislike the man, it is my proper plan—so now dry your eyes;" for the warm tears were again gushing down the cheeks of the repentant girl; "return to the house, keep yourself quiet, and trust the matter to me." So saying, he imprinted a fond kiss upon her brow, and turning away, hastened with a quick step in the opposite direction.

Mastering her emotions, Zulmiera returned to her home, determined, when the evening fell, to seek the cave, and if possible, persuade Cuanaboa of the impracticability of his schemes, and by that means, prevent the effusion of blood, which a meeting of the Caribs and English was sure to produce.

In the meantime, Raphe sought the presence of the governor, and without bringing forward Zulmiera's name, contrived to give him the necessary information, and then departed, taking upon himself the office of scout. Preparations were immediately made for the intended attack—ambuscades arranged, and fire-arms cleaned; and with anxiety the party awaited the rising of the moon.

As the day grew to a close, Zulmiera became more and more restless, until at length, unable to

bear the conflict of her feelings, she left the house, and, unperceived by the family, sought the promised meeting in the cave. The sun had sunk behind the waves, and the stars began to peep forth, as the half-Carib gained the entrance of the wood. Carefully threading her way through its tangled bushes, and avoiding as she went the numerous impediments, she gradually progressed deeper and deeper in its thickening gloom. The air was calm, and nothing disturbed the almost pristine stillness but the whisperings of the soft breeze, or the shrill cry of some of the aquatic fowls who made that lonely grove their home. In some parts the foliage was less thick, and the beams of the now rising moon forced their way through and sported upon the ground, forming many a fantastic shadow. Uprooted and sapless trees lay in various directions, around which parasites wound in luxuriant beauty, and hid the whitened wood in wreaths of green. In other parts, the larger trees and shrubs made way for dense thickets of thorny underwood, over which the active girl was obliged to leap.

Onward she sped, stopping only now and then to recover her breath, and then darting forward at increased speed, until, gaining a little knoll, where pointed crystals strewed the ground, and the manchineel showered its poisonous apples, beautiful and treacherous as "Dead Sea fruits," a mark in one of the trees told her she was near the place of her destination; and winding round another thicket, Zulmiera stood before the mouth of the cave.

The interior was lighted by a few torches of some resinous wood, stuck in the fissures of the rock; and their flickering light shone upon the dark countenances and wild costume of the inmates. Branches of trees roughly plaited together were placed partly before the opening, and served to screen the light of the torches from the view of any wandering stranger; while the ground before the entrance to the cave had been cleared away, forming a kind of rustic amphitheatre.

As soon as the maiden was perceived, Cuanaboa came forward, and introduced her to Guacanagari, and a few of their principal followers, who only appeared to be waiting for her presence, to commence their solemn dance, as was ever the custom of the Caribs, before undertaking any warfare.

Darting from the cavern, about twenty of these wild warriors arranged themselves in a circle around an old woman, known among them by the name of Quiba, who, squatting upon the ground, chanted, in a monotonous voice, the burden of a war-song: the men moving slowly, and joining in

the chorus—"Avenge the bones of your fathers, which lie whitening upon the plain!" Continuing this revolving motion for some time, but gradually increasing in celerity, they at length appeared as if worked up to the highest pitch of their passions; and releasing each other's hands, and twirling round and round with the greatest rapidity, tearing their hair, and gnashing their teeth, at length hrew themselves upon the ground, foaming with rage.

Zulmiera, terrified at their frantic movements and horrid contortions, tremblingly leant against the trunk of a tree, until, aroused by an exclamation from the old woman, she perceived another party of savages, apparently of meaner grade, bringing in large calabashes and baskets, huge pieces of baked meats, and bowls of some kind of liquids. Placing them upon the ground, they retreated; and old Quiba, quitting her recumbent posture, seized upon one of the pieces of meat, and throwing it among the prostrate warriors, exclaimed, in a cracked voice—"Eat of the flesh of your enemies, and avenge your fathers' bones."

As she uttered these words, the men sprang from the ground, and rushing upon the viands, devoured them with savage greediness; while Cuanaboa, lifting up one of the smaller pieces of meat, approached Zulmiera, and, with harshness, requested her to eat it. Alarmed at his ferocious manner, but not daring to shew it, the trembling girl essayed to obey; and putting a portion of it into her mouth, by a strong effort swallowed it. No sooner was this effected, than, breaking into a horrid laugh, and with his eyes gleaming like the hyena's, Cuanaboa shouted to the old woman, who had just before entered the cave—"Bring forth our present for our queen; surely, she deserves it, now she is one of us!"

Startled by this evident irony, Zulmiera turned round, at the moment that Quiba emerged from a natural passage in the interior of the cave, bearing in her hand a small bundle, which, with a sardonic grin, she laid at the feet of the observant girl. "There, lady; that is our first present," croaked forth the old hag. "Ay, lift it up, and search it well; Mayboya will stand your friend, and send you many more, I hope." So saying, she hobbled up to one of the torches, and taking it from its resting-place, held it before the face of Zulmiera.

Impelled by an irresistible desire to know the worst, Zulmiera stooped and undid the folds of red cloth wound around their proffered gift. After untwining it for some time, the wrapping felt damp to the touch; and dreading she knew not

what, she loosed the last fold, and a human head rolled upon the ground.

Uttering a cry of horror, but forced on by her unconquerable emotions, she turned the gory object round; and as the torches flashed with further glare, her eye fell upon the pallid features. The blue eye, glassed by the hand of death, and over which the starting eyelids refused to droop—the parted lips, parted with the last throes of agony, and shewing the pearly teeth—the finely-moulded cheeks, but disfigured by a deep gash—and the long auburn hair, dabbled with the blood that still oozed from the severed veins, bespoke in Raphael Merefield's! Her own blood congealed around her heart like ice—her pulse quivered and stopped—and with one unearthly, prolonged shriek, the unfortunate Zulmiera sank senseless upon the ground.

Recovered by the means of some pungent herb applied to her nostrils, by the hands of Quiba, she awoke to all her misery. Her eyes fell again upon the mutilated head of her lover; while the demoniac voice of Cuanaboa whispered in her ear—"The food you partook of just now was part of the body of your minion! I met him wandering in the copse a time ago; and I thought he would make a fine sacrifice to Mayboya." This last horrible information completely altered her nature, and changed the fond loving girl to the disposition of a fiend. Lifting up the head, and imprinting upon the blood-stained lips one long fervent kiss, she enveloped it again in the wrappings of red cloth, and carefully binding it around her waist, was in the act of quitting the cave, when arrested by the powerful grasp of Cuanaboa.

"Not so fast, lady" exclaimed the Carib chief; "remember your oath to Mayboya! We still stand in need of your assistance to guide us to the house of yon white chief. Remember that was part of your bargain: let us in; and when we have vanquished the enemy, we shall still be willing to receive you as our queen; that is, if you will agree to take me for your king instead of the pale-faced boy, whose body has served to regale us and our people." With eyes that flashed fire, Zulmiera was about to reply, when suddenly constraining herself, she simply muttered—"My oath to Mayboya!—follow me, then!" and with determined purpose, left the cavern.

The whole party of Caribs, consisting of about eighty, were by this time gathered around the spot, armed with bows and arrows, clubs, darts, spears, and all other rude implements of warfare. As the two chiefs made their appearance, they pointed to the moon—then rapidly ascending the heavens—and uttering a suppressed war-whoop,

they commenced their march in the direction of government house, preceded by the half-Carib.

Unconscious of pain, Zulmiera darted through the thorniest thickets, turned not aside for any impediment; but borne up by the hopes of revenge, she outstripped the most active of the party. Knowing, as she did, that the inmates of government house were prepared for the attack, she felt assured that few, if any, of the Caribs would escape; but completely altered in disposition, from the effects of the horrible scenes she had gone through, she experienced no compunctious feelings for the event. Her only wish, her fixed purpose, was to possess herself of a dagger—stab Cuanaboa to the heart—*drink his warm blood as it gushed forth*—and after bathing the head of her lover with it, kill herself upon the spot. To deceive Cuanaboa, she pretended that her fear of Mayboya led her to conduct the party, an assurance which his own blind zeal for that dreaded deity caused him to believe.

In furtherance of her dreadful scheme, she carefully avoided those spots where she supposed an ambuscade of English might be stationed; fearing lest some other hand should take the life of the chief. In this manner she was gradually progressing towards the house, thinking it more probable a weapon could be there procured, when in passing a clump of trees, one of the governor's scouts, who was stationed behind it, and who was unable to bear the sight of the Carib chief so near him without endeavouring to take his life, sprang from his concealment, and rushing upon Cuanaboa, was in the act of stabbing him with a dirk, when, with a cry of some infuriated wild animal robbed of its prey, Zulmiera was upon him. Wresting the weapon from the astonished Englishman, the maddened girl fled after the Caribs, who, abashed by this encounter, and the sudden appearance of a troop of soldiers, were flying in the greatest confusion, and at their utmost speed, in direction of the before-named creek, where they had left their canoes.

Many of the Caribs fell wounded by the way, from the fire of their pursuers' muskets; but Cuanaboa, closely attended by Zulmiera, still kept on, until after passing over the same undulating ground, forcing their way through thickets, leaping over natural barriers, and creeping through leafy arcades, they gained upon the creek. But woe to the Caribs! a party of English, in hot pursuit, were, in fact, driving them into a trap, at the point of their weapons. Throughout this irregular and hurried retreat, Zulmiera had never dropped her dirk, or her gory burden; neither had she lost sight of Cuanaboa; while the chief,

seeing her dash the weapon from his uncovered breast, when one stroke of the Englishman's hand would have caused his death, thought she had forgiven his horrid barbarity, and was well pleased to see her nigh him.

As they emerged from the deeper glades of the wood, a volume of smoke rose above the trees; and upon gaining the open ground, the whole extent of their danger was revealed to the Caribs. There lay their canoes, a burning mass; while the foreground was occupied by another band of Englishmen, ready prepared for battle. Hemmed in on all sides, the Caribs fought with the fury of uncaged beasts, and sold their lives dearly. Many of the English were stretched upon the ground, a flattened mass, from the blows of their heavy clubs; while others, wounded by their poisoned arrows, only lived to endure further torments. Still Cuanaboa remained unhurt; and standing upon a gentle knoll, brandished his club, and dealt destruction upon the foremost of his enemies. His friends were rapidly falling around him; and as he turned to seek for refuge, Zulmiera approached him unperceived, and with one blow, drove the dirk into his very heart.

Without a groan, the Carib chief sank dead upon the earth; and Zulmiera, kneeling by him, plucked the weapon from the wound, and applying her lips, *drank the warm blood as it gurgled forth!* Unbinding the head of the unfortunate Raphe de Merfield from her waist, where she had carried it throughout the fray, she gazed ardently at it; tenderly parted the still bright hair, imprinted a last kiss upon the cold lips, and then taking up in her hand some of the vital stream, which was still flowing from the wound of Cuanaboa, and forming a pool around him, she bathed the head with it, exclaiming as she did so, "Raphé, thou art avenged! thine enemy lies dead before thee, slain by my hand; and thy bride, faithful in life and death, comes to share thy gory bed."

These actions completed, she looked up. The dying and the dead lay stretched around her,—the conquering English were looking to their captives,—the last gleam of the fire was shooting upwards to the sky,—the moon had gained her zenith,—while, as if in contrast to that bloody field, the waters of the creek rolled on like molten silver, beneath her lovely beams. For one moment the wild but beautiful girl gazed upon the scene; old remembrances sprang up in her mind, and brought the tear into her eye. But dashing them away, she regained her former implacable mood; and as a party of the governor's servants came forward to arrest her, placing one hand upon her lover's head, she raised with the

other the dirk—its bright steel glittered for a moment in the moonbeam—in the next it was ensheathed in her heart; and she fell a corpse upon that dire chief, to whom she owed all her misery.

The scene of this Antiguan tragedy may still be viewed; the creek bears the name of "Indian Creek," while the cavern in which they held their barbaric meeting is called "Bat's Cave." The governor retained his office until 1660, when Charles II. was restored to the vacant crown; but refusing to acknowledge his sovereign, he was superseded, and the vacant post was filled by Major-General Poyntz, a royalist, who continued to act as governor until 1663, when Lord Francis Willoughby obtained a grant of the island.

The name of Raphe de Merefield (the uncle of the young cavalier) appears with that of Sir Thomas Warner in the original grant signed by Charles I. It is still to be seen at "Stoney Hill,"—an estate belonging to the late Samuel Warner, president of Antigua, and a descendent of the old family. This property was willed by him to his god-son, S. W. Shand, Esq., of the house of Messrs. Shand, Liverpool.

## LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A LAW-CLERK.

### A DARK CHAPTER.

A SMALL pamphlet was printed at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, in 1808, which purports to be "A Full and Complete Summary of the Extraordinary Matters brought to light concerning the Bridgman Family and Richard Green, of Lavenham, with many interesting particulars never before published." By this slight *brochure*—which appears to have had a local circulation only, and that a very confined one—I have corrected and enlarged my own version of the following dark page in the domestic annals of this country.

One Ephraim Bridgman, who died in 1788, had for many years farmed a large quantity of land in the neighbourhood of Lavenham, or Lanham (the name is spelt both ways), a small market town about twelve miles south of Bury St. Edmunds. He was also land agent as well as tenant to a nobleman possessing much property thereabout, and appears to have been a very fast man for those times, as, although he kept up appearances to the last, his only child and heir, Mark Bridgman, found, on looking closely into his deceased father's affairs, that were everybody paid, he himself would be left little better than a pauper. Still, if the noble landlord could be induced to give a very long day for the heavy balance due to him,—not only for arrears of rent, but moneys received on his lordship's account,—Mark, who was a prudent, energetic young man, nothing doubted of pulling through without much difficulty,—the farm being low-rented, and the agency lucrative. This desirable object, however, proved

exceedingly difficult of attainment, and after a protracted and fruitless negotiation by letter, with Messrs. Winstanley, of Lincoln-Inn Fields, London, his Lordship's solicitors, the young farmer determined, as a last resource, on a journey to town, in the vague hope that on a personal interview he should find those gentlemen not quite such square, hard, rigid, persons as their written communications indicated them to be. Delusive hope! They were precisely as stiff, formal, accurate, and unvarying as their letters. "The exact balance due to his lordship," said Winstanley, senior, "is as previously stated, £2,103 14s. 6d., which sum, secured by warrant of attorney, *must* be paid as follows: one half in eight, and the remaining moiety in sixteen months from the present time." Mark Bridgman was in despair: taking into account other liabilities that would be falling due, compliance with such terms was, he felt, merely deferring the evil day, and he was silently and moodily revolving in his mind whether it might not be better to give up the game at once, rather than engage in a prolonged, and almost inevitably disastrous struggle, when another person entered the office, and entered into conversation with the solicitor. At first the young man did not appear to heed,—perhaps did not hear what was said,—but after a while one of the clerks noticed that his attention was suddenly and keenly aroused, and that he eagerly devoured every word that passed between the new comer and Mr. Winstanley. At length the lawyer, as if to terminate the interview, said, as he replaced a newspaper—*The Public Advertiser*—an underlined notice in which had formed the subject of his colloquy with the stranger, upon a side-table, by which sat Mark Bridgman. "You desire us, then, Mr. Evans, to continue this advertisement for some time longer?" Mr. Evans replied, "Certainly, six months longer, if necessary." He then bade the lawyers "good day," and left the office.

"Well, what do you say, Mr. Bridgman?" asked Mr. Winstanley, as soon as the door had closed. "Are you ready to accept his lordship's very lenient proposal?"

"Yes," was the quick reply. "Let the document be prepared at once, and I will execute it before I leave." This was done, and Mark Bridgman hurried off, evidently, it was afterwards remembered, in a high state of flurry and excitement. He had also, they found, taken the newspaper with him,—by inadvertence the solicitor supposed, of course.

Within a week of this time, the good folk of Lavenham,—especially its womankind,—were thrown into a ferment of wonder, indignation, and bewilderment! Rachel Merton, the orphan dressmaking girl, who had been engaged to, and about to marry Richard Green, the farrier and blacksmith,—and that a match far beyond what she had any right to expect, for all her pretty face and pert airs, was positively being courted by Bridgman, young, handsome, rich, Mark Bridgman of Red Lodge (the embarrassed state of the gentleman-farmer's affairs was entirely unsuspected in Lavenham); ay, and by way of marriage, too,—openly,—respectfully,—deferentially,—as if *he*, not Rachel Merton, were the favoured and honoured party! What on earth, everybody

asked, was the world coming to?—a question most difficult of solution; but all doubt with respect to the *bonâ fide* nature of Mark Bridgman's intentions towards the fortunate dressmaker was soon at an end; he and Rachel being duly pronounced man and wife at the parish church within little more than a fortnight of the commencement of his strange and hasty wooing! All Lavenham agreed that Rachel Merton had shamefully jilted poor Green, and yet it may be doubted if there were many of them that, similarly tempted, would not have done the same. A pretty orphan girl, hitherto barely earning a subsistence by her needle, and about to throw herself away upon a coarse, repulsive person, but one degree higher than herself in the social scale,—entreated by the handsomest young man about Lavenham to be his wife, and the mistress of Red Lodge, with nobody knows how many servants, dependents, labourers!—the offer was irresistible! It was also quite natural that the jilted blacksmith should fiercely resent—as he did—his sweetheart's faithless conduct; and the assault which his angry excitement induced him to commit upon his successful rival, a few days previous to the wedding, was far too severely punished, everybody admitted, by the chastisement inflicted by Mark Bridgman upon his comparatively weak and powerless assailant.

The morning after the return of the newly-married couple to Red Lodge, from a brief wedding trip, a newspaper which the bridegroom had recently ordered to be regularly supplied, was placed upon the table. He himself was busy with breakfast, and his wife, after a while, opened it, and ran her eye carelessly over its columns. Suddenly an exclamation of extreme surprise escaped her, followed by—"Goodness gracious, my dear Mark, do look here!" Mark did look, and read an advertisement aloud, to the effect, that "If Rachel Edwards, formerly of Bath, who, in 1762, married John Merton, bandmaster of the 29th Regiment of Infantry, and afterwards kept a school in Manchester, or any lineal descendant of hers, would apply to Messrs. Winstanley, solicitors, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, they would hear of something greatly to their advantage." "Why, dear Mark," said the pretty bride, as her husband ceased reading, "my mother's maiden name was Rachel Edwards, and I am as you know, her only surviving child!" "God bless me, to be sure! I remember now hearing your father speak of it. What can this great advantage be, I wonder? I tell you what we'll do, love," the husband added, "you would like to see London, I know. We'll start by coach to-night, and I'll call upon these lawyers, and find out what it all means." This proposition was, of course, gladly acceded to. They were gone about a fortnight, and on their return it became known that Mark Bridgman had come into possession of £12,000 in right of his wife, who was entitled to that sum by the will of her mother's maiden sister, Mary Edwards, of Bath. The bride appears not to have had the slightest suspicion that her husband had been influenced by any other motive than her personal charms in marrying her—a pleasant illusion which, to do him justice, his unvarying tenderness towards her through life, confirmed and strengthened; but others, unblinded by vanity, naturally surmised

the truth, Richard Green, especially, as fully believed that he had been deliberately, and with *malice prepense*, tricked out of £12,000, as of the girl herself; and this conviction, there can be no doubt, greatly increased and inflamed his rage against Mark Bridgman,—so much so that it became at last the sole thought and purpose of his life, as to how he might safely and effectually avenge himself of the man who was flammng it so bravely in the world, whilst he—poor duped and despised castaway—was falling lower and lower in the world every day he lived. This was the natural consequence of his increasing dissolute and idle habits. It was not long before an execution for rent swept away his scanty stock in trade, and he thenceforth became a ragged vagabond hanger-on about the place,—seldom at work, and as often as possible drunk; during which fits of intemperance his constant theme was the bitter hatred he nourished towards Bridgman, and his determination, even if he swung for it, of being one day signally avenged. Mark Bridgman was often warned to be on his guard against the venomous malignity of Green; but this counsel he seems to have spurned or treated with contempt.

Whilst the vengeful blacksmith was thus falling into utter vagabondism, all was sunshine at Red Lodge. Mark Bridgman really loved his pretty and gentle, if vain-minded wife,—a love deepened by gratitude, that through her means he had been saved from insolvency and ruin; and barely a twelvemonth of wedded life had passed, when the birth of a son completed their happiness. This child (for nearly three years it did not appear likely there would be any other) soon came to be the idol of its parents,—of its father, the pamphlet before me states, even more than of its mother. It was very singularly marked, with two strawberries, exceedingly distinct, on its left arm, and one, less vivid, on its right. There are two fairs held annually at Lavenham, and one of these—when little Mark was between three and four years old—Mr. Bridgman came in from Red Lodge to attend, accompanied by his wife, son, and a woman-servant of the name of Sarah Hollins. Towards evening, Mrs. Bridgman went out shopping, escorted by her husband, leave having been previously given Hollins to take the child through the pleasure—that is the booth and show part of the fair,—but with strict orders not to be absent more than an hour from the inn where her master and mistress were putting up. In little more than the specified time the woman returned, but without the child; she had suddenly missed him, about half an hour before, whilst looking on at some street-tumbling, and had vainly sought him through the town since. The woman's tidings excited great alarm; Mr. Bridgman instantly hurried off, and hired messengers were, one after another, dispatched by the mother in quest of the missing child. As hour after hour flew by without result, extravagant rewards, which set hundreds of persons in motion, were offered by the distracted parents; but all to no purpose. Day dawned, and as yet not a gleam of intelligence had been obtained of the lost one. At length some one suggested that inquiry should be made after Richard Green. This was promptly carried into effect, and it was ascertained that he had not been home during the night. Further investiga-

tion left no room for doubt that he had suddenly quitted Lavenham, and thus a new and fearful light was thrown upon the boy's disappearance. It was conjectured that the blacksmith must have gone to London; and Mr. Bridgman immediately set off thither, and placed himself in communication with the authorities of Bow Street. Every possible exertion was used during several weeks to discover the child, or Green, without success, and the bereaved father returned to his home a harassed, spirit-broken man. During his absence his wife had been prematurely confined of another son, and this new gift of God seemed, after a while, to partially fill the aching void in the mother's heart; but the sadness and gloom which had settled upon the mind of her husband was not perceptibly lightened thereby. "If I knew that Mark was dead," he once remarked to the rector of Lavenham, by whom he was often visited, "I should resign myself to his loss, and soon shake off this heavy grief. But that, my dear sir, which weighs me down—is in fact slowly but surely killing me—is a terrible conviction and presentiment that Green, in order fully to work out his devilish vengeance, will studiously pervert the nature of the child—lead him into evil, abandoned courses—and that I shall one day see him—but I will not tell you my dreams," he added, after stopping abruptly, and painfully shuddering, as if some frightful spectre passed before his eyes. "They are, I trust, mere fancies; and yet—but let us change the subject."

This morbidly-dejected state of mind was aggravated by the morose, grasping disposition—so entirely different from what Mr. Bridgman had fondly prophesied of Mark manifested in greater strength with every succeeding year by his son Andrew,—a strangely unloveable and gloomy-tempered boy, as if the anxiety and trouble of the time during which he had been hurried into the world had been impressed upon his temperament and character. It may be, too, that he felt irritated at, and jealous of, his father's ceaseless repinings for the loss of his eldest son, who, if recovered, would certainly monopolize the lion's share of the now large family property,—but not one whit too large in his—Andrew Bridgman's—opinion for himself alone.

The young man had not very long to wait for it. He had just passed his twentieth year when his father died at the early age of forty-seven. The last wandering thoughts of the dying parent reverted to the lost child. "Hither, Mark," he faintly murmured, as the hushed mourners watched round his bed with mute awe the last flutterings of departing life; "hither: hold me tightly by the hand, or you may lose yourself in this dark, dark wood." These were his last words. On the will being opened, it was found that the whole of his estate, real and personal, had been bequeathed to his son Andrew, charged only with an annuity of £500 to his mother, during life. But, should Mark be found, the property was to be his, similarly charged with respect to Mrs. Bridgman, and £100 yearly to his brother Andrew, also for life, in addition.

On the evening of the tenth day after his father's funeral, young Mr. Bridgman sat up till a late hour examining various papers and accounts connected with his inheritance, and after retiring to bed, the exciting nature of his recent occupation

hindered him from sleeping. Whilst thus lying awake, his quick ear caught a sound as of some one breaking into the house through one of the lower casements. He rose cautiously, went out on the landing, and soon satisfied himself that his suspicion was a correct one. The object of the burglars was, he surmised, the plate in the house, of which there was an unusually large quantity, both his father and grandfather having expended much money in that article of luxury. Andrew Bridgman was anything but a timid person,—indeed, considering that six men altogether slept in the house, there was but little cause for fear,—and he softly returned to his bedroom, unlocked a mahogany case, took out, loaded and primed, two pistols, and next roused the gardener and groom, whom he bade noiselessly follow him. The burglars—three in number, as it proved—had already reached and opened the plate closet. One of them was standing within it, and the others just without. "Hallo, rascals," shouted Andrew Bridgman, from the top of a flight of stairs, "what are you doing there?"

The startled and terrified thieves glanced hurriedly round, and the two outermost fled instantly along the passage, pursued by the two servants, one of whom had armed himself with a sharp-pointed kitchen knife. The other was not so fortunate. He had not regained the threshold of the closet when Andrew Bridgman fired. The bullet crashed through the wretched man's brain, and he fell forward, stone-dead upon his face. The two others escaped—one of them after a severe struggle with the knife-armed groom.

It was sometime before the uproar in the now thoroughly alarmed household had subsided; but at length the screaming females were pacified, and those who had got up, persuaded to go to bed again. The corpse of the slain burglar was removed to an out-house, and Andrew Bridgman returned to his bed-room. Presently there was a tap at the door. It was Sarah Hollins. "I am come to tell you something," said the now aged woman, with a significant look. "The person you have shot is the Richard Green you have so often heard of."

The young man, Hollins afterwards said, seemed much startled by this news, and his countenance flushed and paled in quick succession. "Are you quite sure this is true?" he at last said. "Quite; though he's so altered that, except Missus, I don't know anybody else in the house that is likely to recognise him. Shall I tell her?"

"No, no, not on any account. It would only recall unpleasant events, and that quite uselessly. Be sure not to mention your suspicion,—your belief, to a soul."

"Suspicion! belief!" echoed the woman. "It is a certainty. But, of course, as you wish it, I shall hold my tongue."

So audacious an attempt created a considerable stir in the locality, and four days after its occurrence a message was sent to Red Lodge from Bury St. Edmunds, that two men, supposed to be the escaped burglars, were there in custody, and requesting Mr. Bridgman's and the servants' attendance on the morrow, with a view to their identification. Andrew Bridgman, the gardener, and groom, of course, obeyed the summons, and the prisoners were brought into the justice-room

before them. One was a fellow of about forty, a brutal-visaged, low-browed, sinister-looking rascal, with the additional ornament of a but partially-closed hare-lip. He was unhesitatingly sworn to by both men. The other, upon whom, from the instant he entered, Andrew Bridgman had gazed with eager, almost, it seemed, trembling curiosity, was a well-grown young man of, it might be, three or four and twenty, with a quick, mild, almost timid, unquiet, troubled look, and features originally comely and pleasing, there could be no doubt, but now smirched and blotted into ill favour by excess, and other evil habits. He gave the name of "Robert Williams."

Andrew Bridgman, recalled to himself by the magistrate's voice, hastily said "that he did not recognise this prisoner as one of the burglars. Indeed," he added, with a swift but meaning look at the two servants, "I am pretty sure he was not one of them." The groom and gardener, influenced no doubt by their master's manner, also appeared doubtful as to whether Robert Williams was one of the housebreakers. "But if he be," hesitated the groom, hardly knowing whether he did right or wrong, "there must be some smartish wounds on his arms, for I hit him there sharply, with the knife several times."

The downcast head of the youthful burglar was suddenly raised at these words, and he said, quickly, whilst a red flush crossed over his pallid features, "Not me, not me,—look, my arm-sleeves have no holes—no—"

"You may have obtained another jacket," interrupted the magistrate. "We must see your arms."

An expression of hopeless despair settled upon the prisoner's face; he again hung down his head in shame, and allowed the constables to quietly strip off his jacket. Andrew Bridgman, who had gone to some distance, returned whilst this was going on, and watched for what might next disclose itself with tenfold curiosity and eagerness. "There are stabs enough here, sure enough," exclaimed a constable, as he turned up the shirt-sleeve on the prisoner's left arm. There were, indeed; and in addition to them, *natural marks of two strawberries* were distinctly visible. The countenance of Andrew Bridgman grew ashy pale, as his straining eyes glared upon the prisoner's naked arm. The next moment he wrenched himself away as with an effort, from the sight, and staggered to an open window,—sick, dizzy, fainting; it was at the time believed, from the closeness of the atmosphere, in the crowded room. Was it not rather that he had recognised his long-lost brother,—*the true heir to the bulk of his deceased father's wealth*, against whom, he might have thought, an indictment would scarcely lie for feloniously entering his own house! He said nothing, however, and the two prisoners were fully committed for trial.

Mr. Prince went down "special" to Bury, at the next assize, to defend a gentleman accused of a grave offence, but the grand jury having ignored the bill, he would probably have returned at once, had not an attorney brought him a brief, very heavily marked, in defence of "Robert Williams." "Strangely enough, too," remarked the attorney, as he was about to go away, "the funds for the defence have been supplied by Mr. Andrew

Bridgman, whose house the prisoner is accused of having burglariously entered. But this is confidential, as he is very solicitous that his oddly-generous action should not be known." There was, however, no valid defence. The ill-favoured accomplice, why, I know not, had been admitted king's evidence by the counsel for the crown, and there was no resisting the accumulated evidence. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, "I never intended," he said, after the verdict was returned; and there was a tone of dejected patience in his voice that effected one strangely, "I never intended to commit violence against any one in the house, and but that my uncle—he that was shot—said repeatedly that he knew a secret concerning Mr. Bridgman (he didn't know, I am sure, that he was dead) which would prevent us from being prosecuted if we were caught, I should not have been persuaded to go with him. It was my first offence—in—in housebreaking, I mean."

I had, and indeed have, some relatives in Mildenhall, in the same county, whom, at the termination of the Bury assize, I got leave to visit for a few days. Whilst there, it came to my knowledge that Mr. Andrew Bridgman, whom I had seen in court, was moving heaven and earth to procure a commutation of the convict's sentence to transportation for life. His zealous efforts were unsuccessful; and the Saturday County Journal announced that Robert Williams, the burglar, would suffer, with four others, on the following Tuesday morning. I reached Bury on the Monday evening, with the intention of proceeding by the London night coach, but there was no place vacant. The next morning I could only have ridden outside, and as, besides being intensely cold, it was snowing furiously, I determined on postponing my departure till the evening, and secured an inside place for that purpose. I greatly abhor spectacles of the kind, and yet, from mere idleness and curiosity, I suffered myself to be drawn into the human stream flowing towards "Hang Fair," and once jammed in with the crowd in front of the place of execution, egress was, I found, impossible. After waiting a considerable time, the death-bell suddenly tolled, and the terrible procession appeared,—five human beings about to be suffocated by human hands, for offences against property!—the dreadful and deliberate sacrifice precluded and accompanied by sonorous sentences from the Gospel of mercy and compassion! Hardly daring to look up, I saw little of what passed on the scaffold, yet one furtive, quickly-withdrawn glance, showed me the sufferer in whom I took most interest. He was white as if already cofined, and the unquiet glare of his eyes was, I noticed, terribly anxious! I did not again look up—I could not; and the surging murmur of the crowd, as it swayed to and fro, the near whisperings of ribald tongues, and the measured, mocking tones of the minister, promising eternal life through the mercy of the most high God, to wretches whom the justice of man denied a few more days or years of mortal existence—were becoming moniently more and more oppressive, when a dull, heavy sound boomed through the air; the crowd swayed violently from side to side, and the simultaneous expiration of many pent-up breaths testified that all was over,

and to the relief experienced by the coarsest natures at the consummation of a deed too frightful for humanity to contemplate. It was some time before the mass of spectators began to thoroughly separate, and they were still standing in large clusters, spite of the bitter, falling weather, when a carriage, furiously driven, with the body of a female, who was screaming vehemently and waving a white handkerchief, projected half out of one of the windows, was seen approaching by the London Road. The thought appeared to strike every one that a respite or reprieve had come for one or more of the prisoners, and hundreds of eyes were instantly turned towards the scaffold, only to see that if so it had arrived too late. The carriage stopped at the gate of the building. A lady, dressed in deep mourning, was hastily assisted out by a young man with her, similarly attired, and they both disappeared within the jail. After some parleying, I ascertained that I had sufficient influence to obtain admission, and a few moments afterwards I found myself in the press-room. The young man—Mr. Andrew Bridgman,—was there, and the lady, who had fallen fainting upon one of the benches, was his mother. The attendants were administering restoratives to her, without effect, till an inner door opened, and the under-sheriff, by whom she was personally known, entered; when she started up and interrogated, with the mute agony of her wet, yet gleaming eyes, the dismayed and distressed official. "Let me entreat you, my dear madam," he faltered, "to retire. This is a most painful—fright—"

"No—no, the truth!—the truth!" shrieked the unfortunate lady, wildly clasping her hands, "I shall bear that best!"

"Then I grieve to say," replied the under-sheriff, "that the marks you describe—two on the left, and one on the right arm, are distinctly visible."

A piercing scream, broken by the words, "My son!—oh God!—my son!" burst from the wretched mother's lips, and she fell heavily, and without sense or motion, upon the stone floor. Whilst the under-sheriff and others raised and ministered to her, I glanced at Mr. Andrew Bridgman. He was as white as the lime-washed wall against which he stood, and the fire that burned in his dark eyes was kindled—it was plain to me—by remorse and horror, not by grief alone.

The cause of the sudden appearance of the mother and son at the closing scene of this sad drama was afterwards thus explained:—Andrew Bridgman, from the moment that all hope of procuring a commutation of the sentence on the so-called Robert Williams had ceased, became exceedingly nervous and agitated, and his discomposure seemed to but augment as the time yet to elapse before the execution of the sentence passed away. At length, unable longer to endure the goadings of a tortured conscience, he suddenly burst into the room where his mother sat at breakfast, on the very morning his brother was to die, with an open letter in his hand, by which he pretended to have just heard that Robert Williams was the long-lost Mark Bridgman! The sequel has been already told.

The conviction rapidly spread that Andrew Bridgman had been from the first aware that the

youngful burglar was his own brother; and he found it necessary to leave the country. He turned his inheritance into money, and embarked for Charleston, America, in the barque Cleopatra, from Liverpool. When off the Scilly Islands, the Cleopatra was chased by a French privateer. She escaped; but one of the few shots fired at her from the privateer was fatal to the life of Andrew Bridgman. He was almost literally cut in two, and expired instantaneously. Some friends to whom I have related this story deem his death an accident; others, a judgment: I incline, I must confess, to the last opinion. The wealth with which he embarked was restored to Mrs. Bridgman, who soon afterwards removed to London, where she lived many years,—and ones, no doubt, but mitigated and rendered endurable by the soothing balm of a clear conscience. At her decease, not very many years ago, the whole of her property was found to be bequeathed to various charitable institutions of the metropolis.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

### SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

BORN A. D. 1545.—DIED A. D. 1596.

FRANCIS DRAKE, one of the most brilliant names in the naval history of England, was born of obscure parentage, at Tavistock, in Devonshire, in 1545. He was the eldest of twelve sons, all of whom, with few exceptions, went to sea. Francis was early apprenticed to the master of a small vessel that traded to France and the Low Countries, who, dying unmarried, left him his ship in reward of his faithful services. At this time the West Indies had not been long discovered, and little was talked of amongst merchant-seamen but the riches of this new country and the wealth to be got by trading with it. Drake, too, was dazzled by the prospect of an adventure to the West Indies, and having sold the vessel of which he had so lately become possessed, embarked the proceeds in what was then called the Guinea-trade, and sailed from England in the squadron of Captain John Hawkins. The regular course of this trade was to repair first to the Guinea coast, and, by force, fraud, and other means, procure a cargo of slaves, and then to proceed to the Spanish islands and colonies, where the Africans were exchanged for such commodities as were most marketable at home. Hawkins's squadron having completed their cargo of slaves sailed for Spanish America, and entered the port of St. Juan de Ulloa, in the gulf of Mexico, where they were treacherously attacked by the Spanish fleet, and four of their vessels destroyed. The *Minion*, with Hawkins himself on board, and the *Judith*, commanded by Drake, were the only English ships that escaped on this occasion.

Drake lost his whole property in this unfortunate adventure, but, though oppressed and impoverished, he retained at least his courage and his industry; and, with that ardent spirit which prompted him to, and bore him through, so many adventures, he instantly projected and executed a new voyage to America, with the view of gaining accurate intelligence of the state of the Spanish settlements in that quarter, preparatory to a

grand expedition against them. This first experimental voyage took place in 1570; but Drake's first attempt at reprisal upon a large scale was made in 1572. On the 24th of May, that year, he sailed from Plymouth in the *Pasha*, of 70 tons, accompanied by the *Swan*, of 25 tons; the latter vessel being placed under the command of his brother John. The whole force with which Drake set out on this occasion, to make reprisals upon the most powerful nation in the world, consisted of these two light vessels, slightly armed, and supplied with a year's provisions, and 73 men and boys. He, probably, however, increased his force during the cruise, and we know that he was joined before his attack on *Nombre de Dios*, by one Captain Rause, whose ship was manned by about 50 men. His attack on *Nombre de Dios* failed, but, shortly after, he had the good fortune to capture a string of treasure-mules, on the route from Panama to that port. It was during the hurried march which he made across the isthmus, with the view of effecting this capture, that Drake caught his first sight of the Pacific, from "a goodly and great high tree,"—a sight which, to use the words of Camden, "left him no rest in his own mind till he had accomplished his purpose of sailing an English ship in those seas."

After his return to England from this successful expedition, we find Drake acting as a volunteer with three stout frigates, under Essex, in subduing the Irish rebellion. His services on this occasion enabled Sir Christopher Hatton to present him with many recommendations to Queen Elizabeth, who, pleased with the young mariner's appearance and account of himself, promised him her patronage and assistance for the future. Drake now announced his scheme of a voyage into the south seas, through the Straits of Magellan, and Elizabeth secretly encouraged his design. It was of importance to conceal the matter from the Spaniards. The squadron, therefore, which Drake collected for his new expedition was ostensibly fitted out for a trading voyage to Alexandria. It consisted of five small vessels, the largest, called the *Pelican*, being only 500 tons, and the aggregate crew only 164 men. A violent gale forced them back, soon after quitting port, and did considerable damage to the little squadron; but, on the 13th of December, 1577, they again put to sea, and, on the 20th of May, 1578, the squadron anchored in the Port St. Julian of Magellan, in 40° 30' south latitude. "Here," says one relation, "we found the gibbet still standing on the main where Magellan did execute justice upon some of his rebellious and discontented company." Whether Drake took the hint thus suggested from his predecessor or not, he embraced the opportunity afforded him during the stay of the fleet at this place to bring one of the partners of his expedition to trial on a charge of conspiracy and mutiny. The accounts which we possess of this transaction are by no means clear or corroborating. We know, in fact, little more of it than Cliffe has expressed in one brief sentence, "Mr. Thomas Doughty was brought to his answer,—accused, convicted, and beheaded." Mr. Francis Fletcher, the chaplain of the fleet, states that Drake took the sacrament with Doughty after his condemnation, and that they then dined together "at the same table, as cheer-

fully in sobriety as ever in their lives they had done; and, taking their leaves, by drinking to each other, as if some short journey only had been in hand." Early in September, the squadron emerged from the western end of the straits—having spent about fifteen days in their navigation, and, on the 6th of the same month, Drake enjoyed the long prayed for felicity of sailing an English ship on the South sea. On clearing the straits, the fleet held a north-west course, but was immediately driven by a violent gale into 57 south latitude, soon after which the *Marigold* parted company, and was never heard of more. To complete their disasters, the *Golden Hind*, in which Drake himself now sailed, while anchored in a bay near the entrance of the straits, broke her cable and drove to sea. The *Elizabeth*, her companion, commanded by Captain Winter, immediately returned through the straits, and reached England in June, 1578. But the *Hind*, being beaten round without the strait, touched at Cape Horn, from which place Drake sailed along the coast to Valparaiso, nigh to which latter place he had the good fortune to fall in with and capture a valuable Spanish ship, in which were found 60,000 pesos of gold, and 1770 jurs of Chili wine. A richer prize soon after fell into his hands: this was the *Cacafuego* having on board 26 tons of silver, 13 chests of plate, and 80 lbs. of gold. Drake now began to think of returning home, but, as the attempt to repossess the straits would have exposed him to the certainty of capture by the despoiled Spaniards, he resolved on seeking a north-west passage homewards, and, with this resolution, steered for Nicaragua. In this attempt, he reached the 48th northern parallel on the western coast of America, but, despairing of success, and the season being now far advanced, he steered westward from this point for the cape of Good Hope, and, on the 16th of October, made the Philippines. After narrowly escaping shipwreck on the coast of Celebes, in 1° 56' south latitude, they made sail for Java, which they reached on the 12th of March, and, on the 15th of June, they reached the cape of Good Hope, which, to their great surprise, they doubled with comparative ease and safety,—a circumstance from which they concluded "the report of the Portugals most false," which had represented the doubling of the cape as a thing of exceeding danger and difficulty. On the 25th of September, 1580, Captain Drake came to anchor in the harbour of Plymouth, having completed the circumnavigation of the globe in two years and ten months. The fame of his exploit, and of the immense booty which he had captured, soon rang throughout all England, and, on the 4th of April, 1581, Queen Elizabeth rewarded the intrepid navigator by dining in state on board the *Hind*, and conferring upon its commander the honour of knighthood. The Spanish court was loud in its complaints against Drake, and solemnly protested against the right of the English to navigate the South sea; but Elizabeth treated its remonstrances with scorn, and a war betwixt the two nations ensued forthwith.

In 1585, Sir Francis sailed, with an armament of twenty-five sail, to the West Indies, and captured the cities of St. Jago, St. Domingo, and Carthagena. His vice-admiral in this expedition

was the celebrated Martin Frobisher. His next exploit was an attack upon the shipping of Cadiz, which was to have made part of the armada. In this service he was completely successful, having burnt upwards of 10,000 tons of shipping in that harbour. A more lucrative, if less splendid, achievement, was the capture of the *St. Phillip*, a Portuguese carrack from the West Indies, with an immense treasure on board. In the following year, he was appointed vice-admiral under Howard, high-admiral of England, and acquitted himself most nobly and successfully in the ever-memorable fight with the armada. In 1595, Sir Francis was, for a short time, associated with Sir John Hawkins, in an expedition against the West Indies. The expedition proved fatal to both its commanders. Within little more than two months after the death of Sir John Hawkins, Admiral Drake expired on board his own ship, off Porto Bello, on the 28th of January, 1596.

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## FOREST GLEANINGS.

No. II.

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 "A few leaves gathered by the wayside."  
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### THE RICE LAKE PLAINS.

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TWENTY years ago, I passed over the Rice Lake Plains, by the rich but uncertain light of an August twilight. We had just emerged from the long, dark forest of pines through which in those by gone days the rough, hilly, and deeply channelled road lay, forming the only line of direct communication between Cobourg and Sully and thence to the town of Peterboro', at that date containing about 300 inhabitants. It was the second day after my arrival from Montreal, and a thousand vivid recollections of the country of my birth—my own beloved and beautiful England, were freshly painted as it were upon my heart. Nevertheless I was charmed with the beauties that even a partial glance of the fair lake and her islands revealed to my admiring eyes. Weary and worn as I was with recent illness. (I had gone through the ordeal of the cholera at Montreal, and was still weak from the effects of that direful disease) I wandered out into the moonlight, and climbing the rough snake fence that encircled the orchard ground, I stood on the steep hill above the old log tavern, and gazed abroad with delight upon the scene before me. There lay the lake, a sheet of moon-lit crystal reflecting in her quiet depths the wood-crowned islands; while beyond stretched the dark mysterious forest, unbroken, save by the Indian village, and Captain Anderson's clearing, which looked like a little oasis in the wilderness, that girded it in on three sides. I thought of my own future home, and said to myself "will it be like this?" How busy was fancy—how cheering was hope that night. Beneath me lay the rude tavern, and its still ruder offices; and the

foreground of the picture was filled up with a group of poor Irish immigrants—picturesque even in their dirt and wretchedness, which happily the distance concealed from my eyes. Their blazing log fires, around which they reposed or moved, gave broad light and shadow to the scene, and would have rejoiced the heart of a painter. Our little steamer (she was thought a wonderful affair in those days) lying at the rude wharf, ready to receive her motley cargo of live and dead stock, by early morning's light, completed the picture.

At the period of which I write, there were not more than five or six settlers on the Rice Lake plains. Few emigrants of the better class had been found with taste enough to appreciate the beauties of the scenery, and judgment sufficient to form a correct estimate of the capabilities of the soil. By most people it was regarded as utterly unfitted for cultivation. The light loam that forms the upper stratum which on first turning the soil, is of a yellow color, but which darkens by exposure to the air, was at first sight declared to be sand, and not worth the labour of clearing. Land on the plains was a drug in the land market, and so continued till within the last six years, and the few who in defiance of public prejudice, bought, builded, and cultivated farms on the plains, were regarded as visionaries, who were amusing themselves with hopes that would empty their pockets, but, not fill their barns. Among the very few who chose to think for himself on this matter, was that highly respectable, and intelligent gentleman, William Falkner, for many years a District Judge in this portion of the colony, who may with justice be termed the "Patriarch of the Plains," after many, many years of solitude, he has lived to see his hopes realized, and his judgment confirmed. The plains are now settled in every direction, the despised, sandy desert, has become a fruitful garden, "the land is at rest and breaks forth into singing." It is now found to be highly productive for every sort of grain and green crop, and for gardens it is unequalled.

For years that lovely lake haunted my memory, and I longed to return again to it; and fondly cherished the hope, that one day I might find a home among its hills and vales. The day dream has been realized; and from the "Oaklands," I now look towards the distant bay beyond the hills where I spent my first night on the Rice Lake Plains, and can say, as I then said "truly it is a fair and lovely spot."

I know of no place more suitable for the residence of an English gentleman's family. There is hardly a lot of land that might not be converted into a park. The noble oaks and majestic pines, (not here as in the forest, subject to certain destruction and overthrow) form an enduring ornament, to be cut down or left to grace the clearings, at the taste of

the owner, an advantage which is not to be looked for in the woods, or on old long cleared lands, where few have been planted, and none left. Here, too, the diversity of hill and valley, wood and water, afford such delightful building sites, that you can hardly choose amiss. The excellence of the roads, and facility of water transport, are great advantages, and, what many persons will regard as a still greater inducement is the society, which is principally English and Scotch, with a few Irish settlers of the higher class. Mills are in operation on the lake shore; a village in progress, with stores and taverns, steamers plying upon the lake, and a railroad is being surveyed which is to cross the lake, and form a rapid communication between Cobourg and the far back country. Such are the changes that a few brief years have effected on these despised Rice Lake Plains.

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### HURRAH FOR THE FOREST.

#### ▲ SONG FOR THE WOOD.

Hurrah for the forest, the old pinewood forest,  
The sleighbells are jingling with musical chime,  
The still woods are ringing,  
As gaily we're singing,  
O merry it is in the cold winter time.

Hurrah for the forest, the dark pinewood forest,  
With the moon stealing down on the cold frozen  
snow,  
When with hearts beating lightly,  
And eyes beaming brightly,  
Through the wild forest by moonlight we go.

Hurrah for the forest, the dark waving forest,  
Where silence and stillness for ages have been  
We'll rouse the grim bear  
And the wolf from his lair  
And the deer shall start up from his dark leafy  
screen.

O wail for the forest, the proud stately forest,  
No more its dark depths shall the hunter explore,  
For the bright golden main  
Shall wa- free o'er the plain,  
O wail for the forest, its glories are o'er.

C. P. T.

ANECDOTE OF THE AUTHORESS OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.—When A. S. was a child of three or four years old, Peter Simons, the careful old Scotch gardener, found her seated among the boughs of one of the old apple trees in the garden and on his bidding her come down, she at first

refused, and when he remonstrated at the naughtiness of her conduct, she replied. "How can I help it, if climbing was born in me, then don't you know that I *must* climb," and the ambitious child became an aspiring woman. She is now at the top of the tree!

A Professor of phrenology once lectured on a cast of her head, it had been sent to him, anonymously, he knew not even whether it was that of a male or female; after having remarked on the extraordinary power and talent developed in the intellectual organ, he spoke of the moral organs, and, pointing to the cast, said, so finely developed is the region of conscientiousness, that I should say of the original, "that person would not condescend to tell an untruth under any temptation." He was right, as a child she never told a lie to save herself from the severest punishment.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HER WELL.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A FAIR RETORT.—An elderly lady who prided herself on her bluntness in plain parlance her rude speeches, greeted her niece (a very handsome girl) whom she had not seen since she was a babe, with the pleasing remark.

"Well, Jane, can that be you? why my dear you were the prettiest baby I ever saw in my life—but they say that the prettiest children grow up the ugliest men and women."

The offended beauty slightly elevated her eyebrows, and replied with great coolness.

"So I have heard aunt, what a remarkably pretty baby you must have been!"

The aunt had not a word to say in reply, it struck home.

THE FIRST "TARIFF MEN."—Nor is the true derivation of "tariff" unworthy to be traced. We all know what it means, namely, a fixed scale of duties levied upon imports. If you turn to a map of Spain, you will take note at its southern point, and, running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, of a promontory, which from its position is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, and watching the exit and entrance of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called in the times of the Moorish domination in Spain, "Tariffa;" the name is indeed of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchant-ships going into, or coming out of, the Midland Sea; and, issuing from this stronghold, to levy duties according to fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out of the straits, and this was called, from the place where it was levied, "tariffa;" or "tariff;" and in this way we have acquired the word.—*R. C. Trench.*



## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SIDERUNT IV.

[The Doctor and Major are discovered with books, manuscripts, &c., before them.]

THE MAJOR *loquitar*.—I have been much interested with a communication received this morning on the subject of the "Law of Copyright as applied to Canada" but have been so interrupted that I have not had time to finish it; suppose, Doctor, as we have a moment's breathing time you read it to me.

THE DOCTOR with pleasure, reads:—

### THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT IN CANADA.

"It may be right, on Free Trade principles, to allow foreigners the privileges of British subjects; it must be wrong to allow foreigners a privilege denied to British subjects. Foreigners bring here their re-prints of British copyrights: subject to 12½ per cent. duty. British subjects here cannot re-print them at all.

MAJOR.—Ah! there is one of the many disadvantages under which we labour, as, while we admit, *free of duty*, books from all countries, except a FEW American reprints of British copyrights IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE LIST, we cannot send any work to the Mother Country, except under a duty that virtually amounts to a prohibition; and even our reciprocity-loving neighbours on the other side of the lakes charge us a minimum duty of 10 per cent.,—the maximum duty in many instances amounting to 20 per cent.,—while we admit their works, as I before said, with some few exceptions, free. However, I am interrupting. Pray go on.

DOCTOR continues:

"Money and labour are thus driven from us to enrich rivals who levy heavy duties on

our produce and on British manufactures; thus literary enterprise, the life of a people, is discouraged, and our reading mostly limited to original American works, Canadian re-prints of them, or mutilated American re-prints of British works, as the works themselves are too expensive. I say 'mutilated re-prints' for the spirit of improvement (?) is so rife among American publishers, that, like the English sexton who white-washed the old statues in the parish church to make them look decent, they can leave nothing alone. To save space, to conciliate American prejudices, and perhaps to make the work tell against Canada, the introductory and explanatory chapter, with some loyal stanzas, are omitted, in the American reprint of Mrs. Moodie's 'Roughing it in the Bush.' Shakespeare is not delicate enough for their mock modesty; so 'Family Shakespeares' are manufactured; other classic English writers are admitted to a similar process, while the most obscene books are freely circulated. Such sentences in Alison's History of Europe as "conflict with American ideas of liberty (?) and equality" must be omitted. Macaulay does not know how to spell; therefore a leading publishing house generously pays a person to give him lessons in Webster's Dictionary. Their own great Washington is not safe; the greater Professor Sparks undertakes to give him lessons in grammar; in several cases his meaning and phraseology have been altered to suit the professor's pigny propensities. Speaking of Putnam in one of his letters, Washington called him 'old Put.' Jared thinks this undignified, and alters it to 'General Putnam,' so in numerous other instances, according to a writer in the 'Literary World,' yet

Sparks life of Washington is republished in France and considered a standard work. We may expect an 'expurgated' Bible some day, though the word of God has hitherto escaped from the atrocious Vandals."

THE MAJOR.—Hold there! Even this last enormity has been perpetrated, and the good souls who have been hitherto doing what they considered their duty, viz. "to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the perfect truths of the most perfect of works, find to their consternation that they stand convicted, according to miserable Yankee Publishers, of having been all their lives studying an improper book.

THE DOCTOR.—Nay! you are rather hard—

THE MAJOR interrupts.—Not a whit! I use the word "improper" advisedly, why alter the language of the Bible, if the truths, revealed in it, are clothed in proper and fitting terms. Out! I say on such infidel conventionalities, such blasphemy I should say, in a country where, as English capitalists can testify, Bonds still remain unliquidated. However go on:—

THE DOCTOR reads:—

"In short, American reprints are not reliable, if sentiments contained in the original works militate against American taste or feelings; yet British Americans must put up with such garbled and mutilated editions, read American works or remain in ignorance on literary matters, thus their unity and British spirit are weakened. Such is the disease; now for the remedy; one which will be beneficial to all parties concerned except the American publisher."

"British authors should be protected. Colonial publishers should have the same privileges as American publishers;—cheap and accurate reprints of British works should be procurable in the colonies, these three objects can be secured by one regulation. It would be useless to leave it to private arrangements with British publishers in each case, as before such could be effected a United States reprint would be in almost every bookstore in Canada; a law should be passed that any inhabitant of the colonies reprinting a British copyright work should pay a certain rate for every sheet contained in the work, so unity to be given for the payment of the proceeds to the collector of customs for transmission to the copyright holder within six months from time of reprint. A tax of \$10 per 16 pages 8vo. would about equal 12½ per cent.; or the tax might be laid at so much per 100,000 ems. \$5 per 16 pages 8vo. with the duty on United States reprints as at present would yield a much larger revenue than that now derived from the latter source."

"We have every facility but this for publishing books in Canada; with increased and increasing rapidity and cheapness of communication between the colonies we

have room to sell them. The rush to Australia;—the great and steady increase of population and intelligence throughout British North America—all tend to enlarge the field; with an inter-colonial free trade in books great facilities would exist for disseminating useful literature; this would bind them to each other and to Great Britain with a power which nothing could sever.

"Said a statesman of the last century, 'Let me make the songs of a nation, I care not who makes its laws.' Substitute 'literature' for songs and there is truth in the sentence, on which those who desire the integrity of the British Empire should ponder. Those who, by preserving the unity of the empire would uphold the liberty of the world and maintain a bulwark both against the slavery of the United States and the despotism of Russia should see that facilities exist for supplying the British with a literature free as the winds and the waves;—untainted by the breath of slave-hunters—unpolluted by the despotism of princes, popes, presidents or populace."

THE MAJOR.—There is one fact that must not be lost sight of however. The English themselves led this ruthless attack on literature; and the Family Shakspeare was the work not of an American, but of a citizen of the country which gave birth to the immortal Bard of Avon.

THE DOCTOR.—By the way, Crabtree, I expect a friend in the course of the evening, a young Southern gentleman, who has been tempted by our Agricultural Fair to visit Toronto.

THE MAJOR.—His name?

THE DOCTOR.—Orlando Plees. He hails from Virginia, and is a very agreeable, well informed person, I can assure you.

THE MAJOR.—Welcome shall Orlando be for your sake, as flowers in May.

THE DOCTOR.—I am sure you will cotton to him. He is no common place man, I can assure you! By the way what became of you this blessed afternoon? To quote the old song, I have been searching for you, for hours

"Up stairs,  
Down stairs,  
In my lady's chamber!"

THE MAJOR.—From the bank overhanging the Shanty, where I lay supine under a branching oak, did I hear you shouting, oh son of Galen!

THE DOCTOR.—And why in the name of civility, did you not return my hail, most recent of Majors?

THE MAJOR.—To speak truth and shame—no matter who—I was kept prisoner by a most enticing little red coated gent of a book, the latest recruit to *Appleton's Popular Library*.

THE DOCTOR.—This, I presume, is the delinquent; "*Summer Time in the Country*. By the Rev. R. A. Willmott."

THE MAJOR.—Even so. After dinner I

sauntered up the *brac* with the volume in my hand, purposing to remain *sub Jove* no longer than the discussion of a cigar. So seductive, however, were the lucubrations of the parson, that I read page after page, and ignited weed after weed, till I had finished the *toma*, and swept my case clean as the shell of an expatriated oyster!

THE DOCTOR.—If the author at all has furnished a realization of his title, I marvel not at the hold which the work had upon you. "*Summer Time in the Country*," there is a *lust in rust* twang in the very sound!

THE MAJOR.—You have, at hap-hazard, given a very fair idea of the production. It is emphatically, a *bon camarado*, for the mid-summer's day dreamer. Mr. Willmott, who is not unknown in the republic of letters, is at once a poet, a scholar, and a critic, and as he leads you through green lanes, and to the brink of mountain tarns, gossipeth pleasantly and erratically of the pen, the pencil, and the lyre.

THE DOCTOR.—Is his style simple?

THE MAJOR.—Chastely so, as you may judge from the following passage:—

"Can this be the nightingale which I heard singing on the same hawthorn in last May and June? He left us in August, and has been absent between eight and nine months. What he must have seen and heard in his long vacation! While the snow froze on my window, and his neighbour the robin sat piping on that sparkling bough, where was he? Probably enjoying a run among the Greek Isles. I have read of a naturalist who understood the bird-language. Why did he not give lessons? I should like to ask this nightingale a few questions about his travels; such as—whether he compared the dark sea, streaked by deepest purple, with our lake? marble pillars of ruined temples on green hill-sides, with gables and porches of old Berkshire farms? or dim islands—Cos and Ithaca—glimmering through a cloud-curtain of silver, with our country towns, just visible in the early dawn? Perhaps he preferred a tour in Egypt, long a favourite winter-home of his kindred. What for food those "bright, bright eyes," in the land of sphinxes and mummies? What a stare at the Pyramids, and longing, lingering look at Rosetta! Our Loddon—the tranquil and clear-flowing—is a pretty river; but think of the Nile, sprinkled with spreading sails, and bordered by gardens. Pleasant falls the shade from vast boughs of sycamore and fig-trees! I can see him plunging into the twilight groves of date, citron, lime, and banana, and covering himself over in gloom and fragrance. There, truly, he might sit "darkling." What bowers of roses! But no—our wood challenges the world for roses; and here Hafiz might have contented his own Bulbul.

Surely, that "bright, bright eye" drank in with wonder the living figures of the landscape—and, strangest of them all, the Arab in his long blue dress at the door of the Mosque of Abumandur. How different from our parish-clerk shutting the church windows in the evening! One is curious to know what a nightingale, on his first tour, would think of his own feathered brethren

and the quadrupedal race:—Of that rare fellow the pelican, with his men-power appetite—and the buffalo, his black nose snorting the Nile into foam, as he crosses from side to side.

But the sweet musician who sits on his branch rejoicing, quite heedless of me or my speculations, may have taken a different road. If he visited the Archipelago and Egypt in former years, did he turn his wing to Syria? Again I sigh for the bird-language. Touching stories that tongue might tell of the field which the Lord hath blessed with the dew of heaven, the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine; of the woody tops of Carmel; the sunny vineyard and grassy upland; the damask rose; the stately palm of the Jordan; the silver sands of Geinesaret; and the sweet flowers—

That o'er her western slope breathe airs of balm;

the hum of bees in clefts of the rocks; the solemn olive-garden; the lonely wayside! For think of the reach of that large dark eye! A French naturalist has calculated the sight of birds to be nine times more powerful than that of man. Belzoni himself would have been nearly blind by the side of this little brown explorer.

But, oh! unmindful nightingale! a broader, brighter eye was bent over thee—the eye that never slumbers nor sleeps—as thou screenedst thyself in the orange branches. If even young ravens that call on Our Father are fed from His hands, and the sparrow, sitting alone on the housetop, does not fall to the ground unobserved or uncared for; surely thou art ever seen and watched—in the rose-gardens of the East, and the green coppices of English woods—dear pilgrim of music and beauty. I think thou art God's missionary, publishing abroad His wonders and love among the trees—most eloquent when the world is stillest. Time and Sin have not touched thee or thy melody. Where thou art, Paradise grows up before the eye of faith, as when the burnished boughs flung long shadows over Eve, dreaming by moonlight within

—a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, laden with fairest fruit.—  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue."

THE DOCTOR.—Beautiful exceedingly! Graceful union of taste and Christianity!

THE MAJOR.—Here is another extract abounding with suggestive matter:—

"We are not only pleased, but turned by a feather. The history of a man is a calender of straws. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal in his brilliant way, Antony might have kept the world. The Mohammedans have a tradition, that when their Prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were baffled by a spider's web over the mouth of the cave.

The shadows of leaves in water, then, are to me so many lessons of life. I call to mind Demosthenes, rushing from the Athenian assembly, burning with shame, and in the moment of degradation encountered by Satyrus. It was the apparition of his good spirit, and changed his fortune. The hisses of his countrymen melted into distance. He learns the art of Elocution; and, when he next ascended the *bema*, his lip was roughened by no grit of the pebble. Again: Socrates, meeting Xenophon in a narrow gateway, stopped him, by

extending his stick across the path, and inquiring, "How a man might attain to virtue and honour?" Xenophon could not answer; and the philosopher, bidding him follow, became thenceforward his master in Ethics. These incidents were shadows of leaves on the stream; but they conducted Demosthenes into the temple of eloquence, and placed Xenophon by the side of Livy.

We have pleasing examples nearer home. Evelyn, sauntering along a meadow near Says Court, loitered to look in at the window of a lonely thatched house, where a young man was carving a cartoon of Tintoret. He requested permission to enter, and soon recommended the artist to Charles II. From that day, the name of Gibbins belonged to his country. Gibbon among the ruins of Roman grandeur, conceives his prose epic; Thorwaldsen sees a boy sitting on the steps of a house, and goes home to model Mercury. Opie bends over the shoulder of a companion drawing a butterfly, and rises up a painter; Giotto sketches a sheep on a stone, which attracts the notice of Cimabue, passing by that way; and the rude shepherd-boy is immortalized by Dante. Milton retires to Chalfont; and that refuge from the plague, gives to us *Paradise Regained*. Lady Austin points to a Sofa; and Cowper creates the Task. A dispute about a music-desk awakens the honour of the Lutrin; and an apothecary's quarrel produces the Dispensary. The accidental playing of a Welsh harper at Cambridge, inspired Gray with the conclusion of "The Bard," which had been lying—a noble fragment—for a long time in his desk.

Slight circumstances are the tests of science. Pascal heard a common dinner-plate ring, and wrote a tract upon sound. While Galileo studied medicine in the University of Pisa, the regular oscillation of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cathedral attracted his observation, and led him to consider the vibrations of pendulums. Kepler determined to fill his cellars from the Austrian vineyards; but, disputing the accuracy of settler's measurement, he worked out one of the "earliest specimens of what is now called the modern analysis." Cuvier dissects a cuttle fish; and the mystery of the whole animal kingdom unfolds itself before him. A sheet of paper sent from the press, with the letters accidentally raised, suggests the embossed alphabet for the blind; and a physician, lying awake and listening to the beating of his heart, contributes the most learned book upon the diseases of that organ.

Thus, in life and science, the strange intricacies and unions of things small and splendid are clearly discerned. Causes and effects wind into each other. "By this most astonishing connexion—these reciprocal correspondences and mutual relations—everything which we see in the course of nature is actually brought about; and things, seemingly the most insignificant imaginable, are perpetually observed to be necessary conditions to other things of the greatest importance." History is a commentary on the wisdom of Butler. A proclamation furls the sails of a ship; and Cromwell, instead of plying his axe in a forest-clearing of America, blasphemes God, and beholds his sovereign at home. Bruce raised his eyes to the ceiling, where a spider was struggling to fix a line for his web; and instead of a crusader, we have the hero of Bannockburn."

THE DOCTOR.—Here is another very sociable little volume from the press of Harper and Brothers. It is entitled "*Lotus-Eating. A Summer Book.*"

THE MAJOR.—Who is the author?

THE DOCTOR.—He answers to the name of G. W. Curtis, and has already earned some repute by two clever works, "*Nile Notes of a Howadji,*" and "*The Howadji in Syria.*"

THE MAJOR.—I read both of these productions without yawning, which for me, is no small commendation. Let me have a mouthful of *Lotus* by way of sample!

THE DOCTOR.—Here are Mr. Curtis's experiences of Niagara.

Disappointment in Niagara seems to be affected, or childish. Your fancies may be very different, but the regal reality sweeps them away like weeds and dreams. You may have nourished some impossible idea of one ocean pouring itself over a precipice into another. But it was a wild whim of inexperience, and is in a moment forgotten. If, standing upon the bridge as you cross to Goat Island, you can watch the wild sweep and swirl of the waters around the wooded point above, dashing, swelling and raging, but awful from the inevitable and resistless rush, and not feel that your fancy of a sea is paled by the chaos of wild water that tumbled towards you, then you are a child, and the forms of your thought are not precise enough for the profoundest satisfaction in great natural spectacles.

Over that bridge how slowly you will walk, and how silently, gazing in awe at the tempestuous sweep of the rapids, and glancing with wonder at the faint cloud of spray over the American Fall. As the sense of grandeur and beauty subdues your mind, you will still move quietly onward, pausing a moment, leaning a moment on the railing, closing your eyes to hear only Niagara, and ever, as a child says its prayers in a time of danger, slowly, and with strange slowness, repeating to yourself, "Niagara! Niagara!"

For although you have not yet seen the Cataract, you feel that nothing else can be the crisis of this excitement. Were you suddenly placed blindfolded where you stand, and your eyes were unbandaged, and you were asked, "What shall be the result of all this?" the answer would accompany the question, "Niagara!"

Yet marvellous calmness still waits upon intense feeling. "It was odd," wrote Sterling to a friend, "to be curiously studying the figures on the dock-waistcoat, while my life, as I thought, was bleeding from my lips." We must still sport with our emotions. Some philosopher will die, his last breath sparkling from his lips a pun. Some fair fated Lady Jane Grey will span her slight neck with her delicate fingers, and smile to the headman that his task is easy. And we, with kindred feeling, turn aside into the shop of Indian curiosities and play with Niagara, treating it as a jester, as a Bayadère, to await our pleasure.

Then, through the woods on Goat Island—solemn and stately woods—how slowly you will walk, again, and how silently! Ten years ago, your friend carved his name upon some tree there, and Niagara must now wait until he finds it, swollen

and shapeless with time. You saunter on. Is it not a sunny day. It is cloudy, but the light is moist and rich, and when you emerge upon the quiet green path that skirts the English Rapids, the sense of life and human passion—fills your mind. Certainly no other water in the world is watched with such anxiety, with such sympathy. The helplessness of its frenzied sweep saddens your heart. It is dark, fateful, foreboding. At times, as if a wild despair had seized it and rent it, it seethes, and struggles, and dashes foam-like into the air. Not with kindness do you regard it, but sadly, with folded hands of resignation, as you watch the death struggles of a hero. It sweeps away as you look, dark, and cold, and curling, and the seething you saw, before your thought is shaped, is an eddy of foam in the Niagara River below.

As yet you have not seen the Fall. You are coming with its waters, and are at its level. But groups of persons, sitting upon yonder point, which we see through the trees, are looking at the Cataract. We do not pause for them; we run now, down the path, along the bridges, into the Tower, and lean far over where the spray cools our faces. The living water of the rapids moves to its fall, as if torpid with terror; and the river that we saw, in one vast volume now pours over the parapet, and makes Niagara. It is not all stricken into foam as it falls, but the densest mass is smooth, and almost of livid green.

Yet, even as it plunges, see how curls of spray exude from the very substance of the mass, airy, sparkling and wreathing into mist—emblems of the water's resurrection into summer clouds. Looking over into the abyss, we behold nothing below, we hear only a slow, constant thunder, and, bewildered in the mist, dream that the Cataract has cloven the earth to its centre, and that, pouring its waters into the fervent inner heat, they hiss into spray, and overhang the fated Fall, the sweat of its agony.

THE MAJOR.—That metal rings true. Pray leave me the book, and in return accept "*Reports on the Sea and River Fisheries of New Brunswick, by H. M. Perley, Esq.*" The brochure is well deserving of a nook in your statistical library, as it is replete with curious facts, and well digested details. To the statesman and the naturalist, Mr. Perley's work equally commends itself.

THE DOCTOR.—In looking over Goethe, the other day, I felt a little rusty, so forthwith recommenced my German studies, and in my inquisition after something, in the shape of either dictionary or grammar, to lighten my labours, I stumbled on Klauer's German Tables. Have you seen them?

THE MAJOR.—Yes, and a very good aid to the acquisition of the German language they are—the tables are concise and the directions for pronunciation are clear: it is altogether a very useful work that will enable any one, with common application, to acquire a fair knowledge of German, even without a master.

THE DOCTOR.—Simplicity is in my opinion the principal requisite in an elementary work,

right-well do I remember the difficulties with which the students had formerly to contend in acquiring a new language in the complicated grammars put into his hand.

THE MAJOR.—I think in the present instance you will, after looking into Klauer's table, admit that is it as concise, yet clear, a help to German as you will meet with.

THE DOCTOR.—I beg your pardon Cullpepper, but I hear Nell uplifting her voice, she heralds, I presume, the advent of Orlando!

THE MAJOR.—As you love me, breathe not again the name of Nelly within these timber walls. We live in an extra refined age and clime, and Judge Snob hath ruled that it is rustic to allude to the barking of a hound!

THE DOCTOR.—I take!—See the door opens!—[*Enter Orlando Plees.*]—Welcome to the Shanty, Mr. Plees! Permit me to make you acquainted with the Satrap thereof, Cullpepper Crabtree of that ilk!

THE MAJOR.—I trust, sir, that you will consider yourself at home. "Rude is our forest bower," as the poet hath it, but such as it is, it is very much at your devotion.

PLEES.—You are exceedingly kind! What a beautiful locality this is?

THE MAJOR.—Fresh charms do your commendations add to the landscape, as they say in Shiraz! [*Aside*] I say Doctor, smuggle *Uncle Tom's Cabin* off the table, like a good fellow!

ORLANDO [*smiling*].—Make no stranger of me, I beseech you, as far as *Uncle Tom* is concerned. Like the skinned eels I am now pretty well used to the infliction! Not a day has elapsed of the last three weeks, in which I have not stumbled upon the *Cabin*! From New York to Toronto there has been a perpetual sounding of *Tom Tom*'s in my ears!

THE MAJOR.—Now that you have broken the subject, might I make bold to inquire how this redoubtable volume is regarded in *Old Virginia*?

ORLANDO.—Its ability is generally admitted, but exceptions strong, and in my opinion, most religious are taken to the fairness of the authoress. Mrs. H. Stowe singles out with malignant assiduity, a few black, scabbed sheep, and exhibits them as average samples of the flock at large. Slavery as it is, is a widely different affair from the mythical creation (I can use no gentler term) of this *fair* but biased special pleader!

THE DOCTOR.—I am half inclined to agree with you! But why not fight the enemy with her own weapons? Why not get up a *per contra* romance?

ORLANDO.—The thing has been done and well done too. Perhaps Major Crabtree, you will honour me by accepting a copy of the work to which I refer. It is entitled "*Aunt Phillis's Cabin; or Southern Life as it is.*"

THE MAJOR.—I heartily thank you for your gift, I had already heard of the book, but

hitherto have been unsuccessful in procuring a copy. Our Canadian bibliopoles are emancipationists to a man; at least I conclude they are from the assiduity with which they always "remember to forget" to obtain for me the volume which I now hold in my hand.

ORLANDO.—May I be permitted the liberty of reading to you a single scene from *Aunt Phillis*?

THE MAJOR.—You will greatly oblige me by so doing.

ORLANDO.—I may premise that Mr. Weston is a planter. Bacchus and Peggy are two of his slaves, the former being considerably the worse of liquor. Mr. Weston has just entered his kitchen, unobserved by Peggy, who is engaged in lecturing the aforesaid Bacchus:

"It's no use, Mister Bacchus," said she, addressing the old man, who looked rather the worse for wear, "it's no use to be flinging yer impudence in my face. I'se worked my time; I'se cooked many a grand dinner, and eat 'em too. You'se a lazy wagabond yerself."

"Peggy," interposed Mr. Weston.

"A good-for-nothing, lazy wagabond yourself," continued Peggy, not noticing Mr. Weston, "you'se not worth de homony you eats."

"Does you hear that, master?" said Bacchus, appealing to Mr. Weston; "she's such an old fool."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Mr. Weston; while Mark, ready to strangle his fellow-servant for his impertinence, was endeavoring to drag him out of the room.

"Ha, ha," said Peggy, "so much for Mr. Bacchus going to barbecues. A nice waiter he makes."

"Do you not see me before you, Peggy?" said Mr. Weston, "and do you continue this disputing in my presence? If you were not so old, and had not been so faithful for many years, I would not excuse such conduct. You are very ungrateful, when you are so well cared for; and from this time forward, if you cannot be quiet and set a good example, in the kitchen do not come into it."

"Don't be afeard, master, I can stay in my own cabin. If I has been well treated, it's no more den I deserves. I'se done nuff for you and yours, in my day; slaved myself for you and your father before you. De Lord above knows I don't want ter stay whar dat old drunken nigger is, no how. Hand me my cane, dar, Naney, I ain't gwino to 'trade my 'siety ou nobody." And Peggy hobbled off, not without a contemptuous look at Bacchus, who was making unsuccessful efforts to rise in compliment to his master.

"As for you, Bacchus," said Mr. Weston, "never let this happen again. I will not allow you to wait at barbecues, in future."

"Don't say so, master, if you please; dat ox, if you could a smelled him roasting, and de whiskey-punch" and Bacchus snapped his finger, as the only way of concluding the sentence to his own satisfaction.

"Take him off, Mark," said Mr. Weston, "the drunken old rascal."

"Master," said Bacchus, pushing Mark off "I don't like do way you speak to me; t'aint 'spectful."

"Carry him off," said Mr. Weston, again. "John, help Mark."

"Be off wid yourselves, both of ye," said Bacchus; "if ye don't, I'll give you de devil, afore I quits."

"I'll shut up your mouth for you," said Mark, "talking so before master; knock him over, John, and push him out."

Bacchus was not so easily overcome. The god whose namesake he was, stood by him for some time. Suddenly the old fellow's mood changed; with a patronizing smile he turned to Mr. Weston, and said, "Master, you must 'scuse me: I not well dis evening. I has the dyspepsy; my suggestion aint as good as common. I think dat ox was done to much."

Mr. Weston could not restrain a smile at his grotesque appearance, and ridiculous language. Mark and John took advantage of the melting mood which had come over him, and led him off without difficulty. On leaving the kitchen, he went into a pious fit, and sung out

"When I can read my title clar."

Mr. Weston heard him say, "Don't, Mark; don't squeeze an ole nigger so; do you 'spose you'll ever get to Heaven, if you got no more feelins than that?"

"I hope," said Mr. Weston, addressing the other servants, "that you will all take warning by this scene. An honest respectable servant like Bacchus, to degrade himself in this way—it gives me great pain to see it. William," said he, addressing a son of Bacchus, who stood by the window, "did you deliver my note to Mr. Walter?"

"Yes, sir; he says he'll come to dinner; I was on my way to tell you, but they was making such a fuss here."

"Very well," said Mr. Weston. "The rest of you go to bed, quietly; I am sure there will be no more disturbance to night."

But what will the Abolitionist say to this scene? Where were the whip and the cord, and other instruments of torture? Such consideration, he contends, was never shown in a southern country. With Martin Tupper, I say,

"Hear reason, oh! brother;  
Hear reason and right."

It has been, that master and slave were friends; and if this cannot continue, at whose door will the sin lie?

THE DOCTOR.—Is not such a scene somewhat uncommon in the Southern States? If Mrs. Stowe culls out her black sheep, does not Mrs. Eastman (the authoress of *Aunt Phillis*) devote her attention with equal exclusiveness to the whiter quadrupeds?

ORLANDO.—I can only speak from my own experience. Honestly do I assure you, that pictures similar to the above are familiar to me as "household words."

THE MAJOR.—That I am frankly willing to admit. Permit me, however, to ask you a question or two. *May* not the worst scenes delineated by Mrs. Stowe, occur in the South? *May* not a happy community, such as I concede Mr. Weston's establishment to be, be broken up by death or bankruptcy, and the members thereof scattered east, west, north,

and south? *May* not the husband be torn from the wife, the child from the mother, the brother from the sister?

ORLANDO.—There is no well constituted slave owner, who will not feel pained, as I now feel pain, at being constrained to return an affirmative answer to these interrogatories.

THE MAJOR.—Then, my dear sir, I am bound to say, that I consider the authoress of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," fully justified in every sentence and line that she has written! If only one such case of outrage occurred in the course of a year, that case would furnish ample warrant for the sternest and most uncompromising denunciation of the system that permitted it!

ORLANDO.—I wish, from the bottom of my soul, Major, that you could behold the happiness of the slaves on my uncle Bovell's plantation. Why, I have witnessed no corresponding light-heartedness and joviality amongst the free labourers of the Northern States or British North America.

THE MAJOR.—And do you not perceive, Mr. Plees, that this very occasional joviality is one of the strongest proofs of the crushing degradation which slavery brings upon what old Fuller quaintly terms "God's image, cut in ebony?"

ORLANDO.—It may be owing to my obtusity, but I confess my inability to trace the legitimacy of your deduction.

THE MAJOR.—Do you think that we could be sitting here, enjoying ourselves "fancy free," if there was a *possibility* that ere many months or weeks had elapsed, we could be driven like hogs to the St. Lawrence Market, and knocked down at so much per head to any brute or bumpkin, who could produce the requisite amount of mammon? Would not that hideous *possibility* dim our eyes and cloud our brows, and constrain us to live in constant heaviness of heart and bitterness of spirit? No, Mr. Plees, the *mirth* of the animated, soul-endued chattle, is the strongest, and most infernal evidence of the debasing tendency of enforced servitude. In proportion as the slave's laugh is loud, does he resemble the horse or the mule, whose highest enjoyment is exemption from the lash, and whose *To Kalon* is a mess of oats, and appetite to masticate the same!

THE DOCTOR.—I am sorry to break in upon this discussion, but I have an engagement this evening, and before I go I must deliver a brace of messages, one from the Laird and the other from the Squireen.

THE MAJOR.—By the way, what has come over our messmates? I was wondering why they did not show face.

THE DOCTOR.—The Laird is one of the Committee of Management for the Agricultural Festival, and cannot find time even to eat, much less to visit the Shanty. As for

the Squireen he has found it *expedient* to take a run across the lake.

THE MAJOR.—Why, what has come over poor Paddy?

THE DOCTOR.—Two brothers, named *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*, met him yesterday in King Street, and somewhat importunately invited him to accompany them to the jail, to arrange what poor Theodore Hook used to call—

"An I. O. U.,  
Somewhat past due!"

The Milesian blood of the Squireen got up to fever heat. He *flooded* the *gemini*, and so he is now at Rochester?

THE MAJOR.—You spoke of some messages, I think?

THE DOCTOR.—Yes. The Laird wishes you to read "*The Paris Sketch-Book*," by Thackeray, which has just appeared in Appleton's series. He says it abounds, even to overflowing, with wit, humour, and graphic delineations of character. Though written many years ago, (the Laird adds,) it prophetically indicates the course which Louis Napoleon has recently followed, and altogether is a *rare avis* of books.

THE MAJOR.—And the Squireen?

THE DOCTOR.—Oh, he merely wishes you to remit him £20, if perfectly convenient.

THE MAJOR [*starting up*].—Mr. Plees, I hear the supper-bell!—*Adons!*

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## COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

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### PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

No measure of any importance has been passed since our last. The debate on the Address from the Throne, occupied several days, when an answer, in echo thereof, was carried.

Mr. Hincks has brought forward a series of Resolutions on the Clergy Reserves, urging upon the Crown the expediency of permitting the Provincial Legislature to deal with the question, as they may think proper.

Mr. W. H. Boulton has given notice of a counter series of Resolutions, to the effect that the settlement of the Reserves by the Imperial Parliament of 1840, may be rendered final.

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### THE ASSESSMENT LAW.

A meeting of merchants and traders was recently held in the City Hall, Toronto, at which a petition to Parliament, of which the following is the prayer, was unanimously adopted:—

"That your Honourable House will so amend the Assessment Act of 1850, and the Assessment Law Amending Act of 1851, that, in so far as they relate to the cities, towns, and incorporated villages, the annual produce of skill or labour, or of some or all of them combined—that is to say income, by whatever name called, or from whatever

source derived, shall be taken as the basis of taxation on personal property, and that any person assessed on any income derived from any office, or from trade, calling or professions, shall be assessed in the Municipality in which such office is held, or such trade, calling or profession exercised, and that such further measures may be adopted as shall to your Honourable House appear best fitted to ensure the equitable operation of the Assessment Law so amended."

We invite our readers attention to Mr. Baines' Circular, and shall return to the subject in our next issue, space forbids, in the present number, our affording such proofs as we could wish, of this gentleman's usefulness and business habits:—

"CROWN LAND AGENCY,  
Toronto, 4th August, 1852.

"The Hon. The Commissioner of Crown Lands, having approved of my acting as an Agent for the disposal of Canadian Farms, Wild Lands, and for other matters interesting to actual or intending settlers, it is my intention to transmit monthly to my Agent at Liverpool, a return of Farms and Lands, &c., left with me for sale.

"I shall also have, at my Office, a Monthly sale by Auction, of Farms, Lands, &c.

"A Registry of Lands, &c., left for private sale, will be kept.

"THOMAS BAINES."

#### TORONTO.

The following sketch of Toronto as it is, is given by a recent correspondent of the *Montreal Herald*:—

"It is about twelve months since the writer was in that city, and in that short time, the beauty of the principal streets has been very greatly increased. St. James's Church had been completed, and added to it, some pretty school buildings and other dependencies. This church, built of white brick, for which Toronto is famous, in the restored style of church architecture, is decidedly the most beautiful and appropriate religious structure to be seen in Canada. In the order of Civil Architecture, the new Court House deserves notice. It promises to be as fine a structure, in its own kind, as the Church. But public buildings may sometimes proceed rapidly, while general distress prevents improvement in Domestic Architecture. This is not the case in Toronto. Upon King Street, we noticed the builders at work in some five or six places, besides observing several new and handsome brick houses, where a year ago wooden ones stood. Our readers, who are acquainted with Toronto, will remember the corner of Bay and King Streets, which used to be disfigured by some wooden shanties of two stories. These have been completely swept away, to make room for elegant brick houses. While the retailers have thus been improving their places of business, the wholesale warehouses have also continued to augment in number and beauty. Yonge Street, from the wharf to King Street, is now completed nearly throughout, with dry goods and

other warehouses, such as would do credit for their substantial roomy designs to St. Paul's Churchyard or Cheapside; and we noticed similar improvements on Wellington Street. However, but a short time was given for these investigations,—what is here mentioned, is the result only of a cursory glance through the city."

#### THE PARK.

We have already in our Magazine advocated the establishment of Public Parks in the rising cities and towns of our young country. It is with pleasure we notice that the inhabitants of Toronto are alive to the importance of the subject, as will be seen by the following extract from the *News of the Week*:—

"At a public meeting held in the City Hall, on the 2nd ult., to consider the best mode of securing a portion of the Garrison Common, as a public Park for the use of our citizens, the following Resolutions were proposed and adopted:—

"Resolved,—That it is most desirable that the portion of the Garrison Common leased to the Corporation, should be appropriated for a Public Park for the citizens, secured to the city in such way as will justify the necessary improvements.

"Resolved,—That in the opinion of this meeting, to carry out the proposed plan of settling old pensioners upon the lands within the limits of the city, as this meeting understands the intention of the Imperial Government to be, is highly objectionable, and will prove injurious to the interests of this city, inasmuch as such a settlement must necessarily be composed of such a class of dwellings as would not be creditable to the city, and will form a small and insignificant village within the limits of the city, at a point where the contemplated Park is proposed to be situated, and where our principal western railroads must necessarily pass; and would, in the opinion of this meeting, be a violation of the compact entered into between the Corporation and the Ordnance Department in reference to the said land.

"Resolved,—That this meeting fully approves of the course taken by His Worship the Mayor and the City Corporation, to defend the rights of the city property in question, and respectfully requests they will continue their exertions to secure the same."

#### THE CENSUS RETURNS

For Canada East and West, have all been received at the Government offices, with the exception of the returns for Bonaventure, in Lower Canada. They form an immense mass and it is said that considerable difficulty is experienced in making them properly. Quite a number of clerks are employed in putting them into a tangible shape. Many of the returns are said to be incomplete, and in a great number the totals are not given, which causes a good deal of additional labour to the clerks: The population of Canada East is estimated at 904,000; Canada West, 852,005; total,

1,856,005. The following table may prove interesting:—

CENSUS OF CANADA WEST, BY CREEDS.	
Church of England.....	323,928
“ of Scotland.....	57,713
“ of Rome.....	167,930
Free Presbyterian.....	64,930
Other Presbyterians.....	81,979
Wesleyan Methodists.....	96,769
Episcopal “.....	44,022
New Connexion “.....	7,726
Other “.....	60,186
Baptists.....	45,475
Independents or Congregationalists.....	7,931
Quakers or Friends.....	7,497
Universalists.....	2,688
Unitarians.....	833
Lutherans.....	12,085
Not known.....	2,886
No Creed given.....	36,801
All other Creeds not classed.....	31,545
	<hr/>
	952,005

CENSUS OF CANADA WEST, BY RACES.	
English.....	82,482
Irish.....	177,955
Scotch.....	75,700
French Canadian.....	26,500
Other Canadian.....	523,327
Germany.....	9,721
American.....	43,460
All others.....	23,760
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	952,005

SILVER IN CANADA.

Mr. Orvis Ball, of Hatley, C.E., has recently discovered, near the railway, north of Sherbrooke, a rich and extensive vein of silver ore. From a specimen, weighing one pound, he obtained pure silver of the value of a quarter of a dollar.

COMMERCIAL POLICY OF CANADA.

A meeting of the different Boards of Trade throughout the Province, was held at Quebec last month. Resolutions were adopted by the synod, recommending the re-imposition of differential duties in favour of all imports by the way of the St. Lawrence. This policy is viewed favorably by Government.

CANADA GRAND TRUNK TELEGRAPH LINE.

This line is progressing with its branches, in several sections of the Provinces, and the poles are about being delivered from Toronto to Buffalo. They are set from this city to Kingston. This line, with the side lines leading to it, will amount to some 1600 miles, taking in all the principal business towns and villages of Canada. We have no doubt our business men will eagerly respond to the call for stock, so far as Toronto is concerned.

Some 250 miles of the line will be in operation by the middle of next month. The advantages of the two lines can hardly be appreciated,—they will serve as a check one on the other, for extortionate prices and energy in serving the public, in forwarding early intelligence; and in case one line “is down,” the other will be ready for business.

INDIAN REMAINS.

It seems that the cuttings for the Great Western Railroad have been the means of bringing to light many curious relics of antiquity. The Windsor *Oak*, of a late date, says:—“In excavating the bank above here, for the Great Western Railroad, the men under the charge of Curtiss and Churchill, two of the overseers, found a large number of Indian ornaments, consisting of silver pins, brooches, bracelets, amber bead necklaces, &c., also red stone pipes, copper camp-kettles, and a variety of articles usually buried with an Indian. The place where these things were found was an Indian burying-ground. A great many skulls, bones, and skeletons have been found; doubtless these ornaments were buried centuries ago, with the lords of the soil.”

PAUPER EMIGRATION.

We have seldom met with a more reprehensible case of heartlessness, on the part of parochial authorities in the Mother Country, than the following one detailed by the *Quebec Chronicle*:—

“The Jane Black, Captain Gorman, from Limrick, arrived in this port on the 26th ult, with 312 passengers, 233 of whom were sent out by the guardians of the Rathkeale Union, and were informed that they would receive on landing here the sum of one pound sterling each adult, which money it was stated had been sent to the Emigration Department here. On enquiry, we learn that no money, nor any advice or instructions whatever has been received by that department. The great majority, who are single females, and widows with one or two children, were perfectly destitute, one girl was deaf and dumb, and another (her sister) partly out of her mind, and few of them had even a change of clothing. Some 15 or 20 obtained situations in this city, and the remainder were forwarded up the country, and we hope the government will oblige the guardians of the Rathkeale Union to pay any expense the country may be put to on their account.”

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Government of Nova Scotia has resolved to build a main trunk line of railway, with branches, 300 miles east, commencing from Halifax; and constructing 30 miles each year—thus occupying ten years; the works to be carried out by opening a savings' bank, is-

suings Province paper, redeemable at the treasury in gold and silver, and by opening cash accounts with banks at home or abroad, on Provincial credit and Provincial bonds.

#### THE FISHERY QUESTION.

According to the most recent intelligence from Great Britain, the difficulties connected with the Fishery question were in a fair train of adjustment. Considerable excitement still prevailed, however, in the Lower Provinces on the subject. A large meeting recently assembled at Halifax, and passed very strong resolutions, praying the Queen to suspend all negotiations on the question.

#### THE CURRENCY.

A Bill passed by the Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia at its last session, has received the sanction of the Crown, and it now goes into effect. It establishes the value of the American eagle, coined under the present law of the United States, at £2 10s. currency; of the British sovereign, at 24s. 6d. currency; of the crown, at 6s. 2d.; and other coins in proportion.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

We copy the following account of the state of affairs in the Province of New Brunswick, from the Fredericton *Head Quarters*, of a late date:—

“The present year seems likely to be one of mark in the annals of this city and Province. Most of the many of our people who engaged in

the lumber trade last winter, have realized a handsome remuneration from their labour. Sufficient quantities have been got to market to supply the current demand, and enough remains over in available streams to meet the requirements of the fall trade, which is likely to be active and remunerative. The agricultural interests of the country have not been neglected, and the accounts from all the districts about us are favourable. Hay, which it was feared at one time would be short, will be very nearly an average crop. Grains are on all hands promising an abundant harvest, and so far the reports from the potatoes are more satisfactory than might have been expected. Our gardens and orchards are yielding generous supplies of vegetables and fruits. Everything about us is indicative of plenty, and full of incentive to gratitude and hope. In our city the merchants and labourers are all employed steadily and profitably. Fredericton is rising renewed from the effects of the fire, and even now presents an appearance of beauty and substantiality which would make us very loth to say (if we could) “as you were,” to November, 1850. If the Fathers of the last generation could walk up Queen Street as it is, they would be sorely puzzled to believe themselves in Fredericton. Some of the old familiar places have been wonderfully “purified by fire,” and the handsome ranges of lofty and elegant buildings which Messrs. Barker, Doherty, and McTavish, and Hatheway & Small have had the taste and spirit to erect, afford evidence of large advance upon Fredericton architecture of the last age. Above and below, and behind these handsome structures, others of less pretensions, yet of very considerable value and beauty abound in great number, and in every progress, attesting the courage and the independence of our people, and proving that, as a community, we are making a profit of a loss.



RARELY have we turned over a budget of European newspapers so barren of interesting topics, as those brought by the *Europa*, the mail steamer of the 23<sup>rd</sup> ult.—There is not any topic afloat, on which public attention seems to be concentrated. Nay, it would almost seem that the public, having made up its mind that the season is, and must be dull, declines any approach to excitement.

The Queen has gone to her seat at Balmoral, Scotland.

Trade in Manchester steady, with a fair business in goods and yarns.

The progress of the Cholera on the continent of Europe is of more moment just now than the movements of ambulatory sovereigns, or the spectacles set before the eyes of a debased and down-trodden popul. cc. The fêtes of Paris, uncalled for and partially unsuccessful—the fêtes of Vienna, got up for the purpose of welcoming the young Emperor on his safe return from a journey through a disaffected province—these have had their day, and are forgotten, even with the last flicker of the myriads of illuminated lamps. Not so with the fearful and mysterious disease that is again in possession of Central Europe, and

appears to be again advancing in a westwardly direction. Accounts from Warsaw of the 18th ult., state that in one day four hundred persons had been attacked in that city, one half of whom had died. This ratio of mortality is unusually large.

The government of Louis Napoleon, having availed itself of its unrivalled organization, for the purpose of forming councils ready to be the faithful echo of its own views, is busily engaged in obtaining the *spontaneous* prayers of these very respectable expositors of the public will, to the effect that his high-mightiness the President would be graciously pleased to make his power permanent. The declaration of the Empire, then, is set before the French and the European public as the one great question on which the prosperity of France depends, just as if the world's welfare were merged, in the cut and colour of liveries!—The power that drew forth a larger number of votes in favour of Louis Napoleon than there were adult males in France capable of voting, will have no difficulty in pronouncing the *unanimous* verdict of the country in favour of a new Emperor. The date is uncertain; but we look for a false halo, a sham excitement, and a pretended renewal of Imperial splendour.—After that who knows what may happen? A political deluge in France, after the assassination or expulsion of her Emperor, might be more safely prophesied than in England, after the downfall of the Earl of Derby.

The French minister of Commerce informs Havre merchants that government will not protect them in the right of taking guano at Lobos.

**CRYSTAL PALACE IN FRANCE.**—The French Government is at present getting drawn up the draft of a decree relative to the construction of a crystal palace in the large square of the Champs Elysees. The building in question is to be conceded to M. Ardoin and Co., for 35 years, the state guaranteeing a minimum interest of 4 per cent. on a capital which is not to exceed 13,000,000f. Before any sum is set aside for interest, the amount required for the sinking fund is to be deducted. A sum of 50,000f. is to be deposited in guarantee of the good execution of the works, which are to be commenced within two months after the date of the concession, and terminated in two years. The national exhibition of the fine arts and that of the manufactures are to be held in the edifice at the periods fixed by the Government. At all other times the State reserves to itself, for military and other *fêtes*, the free use of building any two days in the week which it may select. Should the Government not require the building on the two days of the week, the company may profit by it, on asking leave of the Minister of the Interior. During the other five days of the week the company having the building may employ it for private *fêtes* or exhibitions. During the national exhibitions the company may demand, on the days fixed by the Government, an entrance fee, which is not to exceed 3f., one day in the week being fixed at 50c. The Government may at any period after the first ten years take possession of the building on condition of paying as an

indemnity to the company, the average of the last five years' receipts, multiplied by the number of years remaining to run to the end of the concession. As the ground belongs to the city of Paris, the company is to pay to it an annual rent of 1200f. The city of Paris is to be entitled, with the authorisation of the Minister of the Interior, to the use of the building gratuitously for its *fêtes* and ceremonies.

**BELGIUM AND FRANCE.**—The *Moniteur* announces that the Minister of Foreign Affairs, signed two treaties, on Sunday last, with the Plenipotentiaries of the Belgian Government, the first reciprocally guaranteeing all property in literary works of art; the second making certain modifications in the customs tariff.—*London News*, August 28.

#### SCRAPS FROM INDIA.

THE Bengal *Hurkaru* informs us that, according to the custom of Indian warfare, the landing of ladies of any class whatever at Rangoon has been most strictly prohibited. Any vessel having ladies on board will be detained, or ordered to return to some port less exposed to the dangers of war. Rangoon is, we imagine, very nearly as safe as Calcutta, but the experience of our north-west campaigns has at length taught our rulers how fearfully the presence of ladies hampers the movements of an army. There are few officers in the army, we presume, who will not be rejoiced that their wives are compelled to remain at a distance from the dangers and distractions of a Burmese campaign.

The Calcutta *Englishman* reports that two Frenchmen, one of them a cavalry officer, formerly in the Spanish service, left Calcutta by the Emperor for Rangoon, with the intention of taking service with the Burmese. They are in the disguise of Spanish Jews, and our contemporary advises that an order should at once be forwarded to Rangoon directing the commodore to return them to Calcutta. As the name of one of the officers is given, we presume the account is authentic.

The Calcutta *Morning Chronicle* says, that the relief this year will be very extensive, nearly all the Punjab regiments moving into the provinces, and being replaced by the regiments at Dinapore and Benares. The 11th, 42nd, and 74th at Barrackpore, will be succeeded by the 2nd Grenadiers, 25th and 68th regiments, N. I. If this statement be correct, circumstances have probably rendered it necessary to disregard Sir C. Napier's promise to move the regiments as little as possible for three or four years.

The Calcutta *Englishman* mentions, that the 10th Irregular Cavalry, now stationed at Segowlee, have been selected for service in Burmah, and will be ordered down to Calcutta. We suppose it is not intended to march them 500 miles across Bengal in the rainy season, more especially as they must be intended to join a force which will invade Burmah across the Aeng Pass. It is not likely that an attempt will be made to transport cavalry from Rangoon to Prome in river

steamers, and at Rangoon itself they would be of little use.

"Never," says the *Agra Messenger*, "was the Indian army so full of martial ardour as at the present moment. While one portion is engaged in Burmah, another in the mountains of the north-west, and a third volunteering to go anywhere, and farther still, the remainder amuse themselves by mock combats to enliven the dullness of their respective stations. Thus, at Agra, the 6th and 24th entered the lists of bruise-bestowing Mars; at Nussarabad, Horse and Foot mingled in dusty strife; and more recently, at Cawnpore, Her Majesty's 70th and the Honourable Company's 68th have been testing the weight of each other's arms and the solidity of each other's heads. A court of inquiry, we understand, was immediately formed of the commanding officers of the different regiments at the latter station, and equal justice will no doubt be meted to all."

The *Calcutta Englishman* states, that the reinforcements to the army at Rangoon, and its reconstruction as the Army of Burmah has already been decided upon. Two Sikh corps will, it is said, be among the forces, and we are heartily glad to hear that this resolution has been adopted, and that the fresh enthusiasm of these troops will be taken advantage of. The Burmese, it is said, dread the Sikhs even more than the British, and the knowledge that the former are on their way will have no small effect upon the future fortunes of the war. The 1st Bengal Fusiliers will also, it is said, be employed.

THE EARTHQUAKE.—Havana, Aug. 31.—The city of Santiago de Cuba was visited on the 20th by a terrific earthquake, unequalled for its disastrous ravages in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants. Families took refuge in the neighboring plantations, haciendas, ships, public squares, fields and streets, struggling to escape from impending ruin—buildings falling around them in all directions. The entire city exhibits a most heart rending picture. In every street were seen crumbling walls, cornices of buildings and tumbling structures. Every house, to a greater or less degree, felt its influence; many were left in a dilapidated condition; numerous others totally uninhabitable. The shipping anchored in the harbor are yet occupied by families who took shelter in them. All vessels, both Spanish and foreign, vied with each other in this work of humanity. Prisoners of distinction were conducted with others to H. M. steamer *Blasco De Garay*, which vessel, as well as the *Charuka*, the only two steamers in port, were occupied in like manner with the merchantmen.

The loss is estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000, exclusive of minor damages sustained by plantations and villages, concerning which all accounts as yet are vague and confused.

Letters received from Saltadero, state that the shock was severely felt there. The most violent shocks were felt at 3 p.m., thirty minutes after 5 p.m., 9 p.m., 1 a.m., and another violent shock at 3½ a.m., another at 4 a.m., when the atmosphere became very dark, contributing very much to increase the alarm.

THE AMERICA AND THE ARROW.—The *Arrow* yacht, which achieved so signal a victory at Ryde last week, was lengthened and remodelled entirely under the superintendence of her spirited owner, Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq., of Cranbury Park, Hampshire. When it was known that the *Arrow* was about to be altered, many plans were suggested and models sent for the consideration of her owner; but he had determined that the plan should be his own, and that by the success or failure of that plan would he stand or fall. Having, therefore, engaged some ship carpenters only, he set to work, and the result has been that the *Arrow* has been enabled (although near double the tonnage) to beat the famous schooner *America*, till now the acknowledged fastest sailer in the world. The great beauty of the *Arrow* is, that she has all the accommodation that a gentleman's yacht should have, and that none of it has to be disturbed to increase her sailing capabilities—so much so, that Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne, with several members of their family, besides friends, had been constantly living on board up to the morning of the race; and even during the race luncheon was put on table at the usual hour, as if the vessel had been at anchor; and, as somebody remarked, even the newspaper had not been removed after breakfast. This is as it should be, and Mr. Chamberlayne deserves the thanks of the whole nautical world for his ability and enterprise. A few days before her defeat, Lord de Blaquiere, the owner of the *America*, published a statement of the sailing qualities of his yacht. It appears to sail 7,978 miles she took seventy-two days two hours, being a little better than at the average rate of 110 miles in twenty-four hours; but on one occasion she ran from Malte to Zante, a distance of 387 miles, in one day fifteen hours, or at the rate of 240 miles in twenty-four hours, which is remarkably good work and equal to that of an Atlantic steamer.

THE LATE SINGULAR INSULT OFFERED TO THE FRENCH NATION.—With the progress of science appears to increase the political insanity of the nation. Nevertheless, we read of the act of Admiral Dundas saluting the birth-day of Napoleon with the guns of our English fleet, with the unpleasant impression that it must be a hoax or an act of utter imbecility, calling for strong measures. The man who would do that to the memory of the uncle, would capitulate to the nephew and receive the cross of the "Legion of Honour." But it must be a mistake! The English were scaling their guns on that day, and a false report has gone abroad.

THACKERAY AND THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.—We understand that the Mercantile Library Association have completed an arrangement with Mr. Thackeray, the celebrated English novelist, to deliver his course of lectures on the writers of the age of Queen Anne, before that institution the coming winter. Mr. Thackeray is expected to arrive in this country in the same vessel with the late American Minister at London, Hon. Abbot Lawrence, and his lectures will commence early in December. The wide fame which at-

tended the delivery of this course in London, as well as the general popularity of Thackeray with Americans, as a masterly delineator of character, will cause no small sensation on his arrival among us. His lectures will attract whatever is intelligent and appreciative in this City, and we doubt not he will be received with the hospitable courtesy that is due to an eminent writer in our mother tongue—with civility, and without servility. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

Miss F. Bremer, speaking of English authors, says:—"No country in the world can at this time exhibit such an affluence of good authors as England, and their affluence is founded upon the great principles of humanity which they serve not merely by the power of genius, but of practical reason. Authors of the most varied political and religious opinions are united in this—the advocacy of some human right; some human advantage, the crown of which is in heaven, while its root is on earth—or they are rejected by the public mind; everything must become subservient to the supreme claims of humanity. The genius of England distinguishes itself from that of France, not so much by its genius, but by its sound reason. The dissimilar fate of England and France at this time may be estimated by the dissimilarity in the works of their romantic writers. The romance of a people and of their authors have more in common than people believe."

A striking and most useful feature of the Victoria-street Hospice is the accommodation for training young women into a knowledge of the matters necessary to make good domestic servants. At present it is unfortunately the case that many respectable and well-disposed young women in London would like nothing so well as to enter the service of a respectable family, but who are utterly unfitted for such a purpose. They can scarcely clean a knife or a spoon, much less

attend to the little niceties which are required by those in the condition to need a reputable servant. At this new institution an attempt is to be made to remove this evil. Lamps of different construction are brought together, their principles and method of trimming explained, and the young girls afforded an opportunity of practicing until they become perfect in the management of each. They are in like manner to be instructed in cleaning silver plate, knives, glass, and crockery ware: they will also be instructed to arrange the breakfast, dinner table, &c., in a proper manner—to wash and iron the finer descriptions of linen, and to become proficient in various other useful matters. From this industrial school we look for great results, and it will be the means of placing many a young person in a condition of comfort and usefulness, who might otherwise have been lost to her family and society. The ceremony of opening the new hospice was appropriately commenced by a suitable prayer; after which the Lord Mayor, in a most feeling address, advocated and expressed his interest in the society, on the broad principle of Christian charity, which made it the bounden duty of those who were blessed with this world's wealth to dispose of a share of it in a manner which would be most likely to conduce to the improvement of the poor. His Lordship observed that the poor would not cease from the land; and that while he regretted the promiscuous manner of alms-giving so much practised in the streets, still he was not the person to say that such alms should be withheld, but was of opinion that places like the present would be a great means of preventing a practice which had become a great abuse. The Lord Mayor spoke warmly in praise of the school for servants, and commented on the mutual dependence between the employer and employed. After several other observations, which were much cheered, his Lordship carefully inspected the various parts of the building, with which he and the numerous visitors expressed great satisfaction.



## FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

### THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE FARMER.

As time rolls onward, there are periods in the social, as well as the political world, which are marked by more than ordinary interest. Such a period is now before us in the agricultural world. There never was a time when agriculture, as an occupation, was so well thought of and so favourably looked upon, as at this moment. The tide against which we have so long struggled, seems

really about to turn, and many, who formerly thought that the farmer's life was one of unceasing toil, and that the farmer himself had no need of much more intelligence than the animal who aided him in his labor, really begin to think that it is possible for him to become a rational, thinking man, and through the aid of his intelligence to benefit his condition. True—there has been much eulogy pronounced upon the life of the farmer by some individuals in other occupations; for exam-

ple, the politician, anxious to secure his election, has complimented the agriculturist to the fullest extent. He has called him the sinew of the country—the bone and muscle of the state, the *sine quo non* of society—while at the same time he has used him as a tool, wherewith he has worked himself into office, but he has taken good care, after once installed, to do nothing whatever for the benefit of agriculture. The merchant compliments agriculture, and talks of the beauties and charms of a country life—he sighs for the time when he can retire from the cares of business, and settle himself upon a farm. So, too, the lawyer, the doctor—each in turn, long for the hour when they may lead a *farmer's life*. Indeed, farming seems to these men a kind of Eldorado, a perfect Elysium, a resting place from all their labors. But this idea of farming is very different from the life that the practical agriculturist is leading. Few of the classes spoken of would like to become *working farmers*, or be dependent upon their farms for a support. All they mean is simply, that having accumulated money in other occupations, they are willing to spend a portion of it in rural pleasures.

What then is it, about what is called *practical agriculture*, that craves to attract men to it, and even drives them from its ranks? But one answer to this question meets us on every side—its hard labor and small profit! And looking about through many sections of the country, seeing how many farmers live, (or rather exist,) one might almost be inclined to submit fully to the answer, and join in the general saying, that farming is truly all work and no profit, or very little at least. Look at that man, says one; he has toiled, toiled, toiled, through long days and weary years, and what has he made—something to be sure—but what he has got has been gained more by *saving* than *making*. He has denied himself the fruit of his own labor. He has stunted himself and his family, and scarce allowed them the common necessaries of life, and for what? Why to get a few paltry dollars together, that had he been engaged in any other business, he might have obtained with half the toil. Thus says the opposer of agriculture as an occupation, and he backs his assertion not by one case alone, but by scores.

Now, for my own part, I have ever considered agriculture as the most useful and honorable of all occupations, and as such, I am willing to stand by it through good and through evil report. I love its toils, for they are at least honest toils. I love its labors, for they are Heaven ordained. Nor do I believe a righteous Providence ever meant that an occupation, which is universally acknowledged, by great minds, at least, to be at the fountain head of all social prosperity, should be one so wanting in attraction, and in the proper reward due to labor, as to drive from its ranks all men of refinement and intelligence. Without wishing then, at present, to deny the objections so often urged against agriculture as an occupation, let us rather admit the facts of the case, and try to find out whether the occupation, or the men pursuing it, are in fault, and then seek for the remedy.

Now, if it could be proved, that no man had ever gained a competency for his labor, through agriculture as an occupation, and that all men

following it had been always obliged to restrict themselves to the greatest economy, in order to gain a livelihood—that it had never, in any instance, paid a fair profit on the capital invested—then, indeed, we might be somewhat disheartened, and might consider our case rather a hopeless one. But I think a very different state of things can be proved.

But again, in almost every country where agricultural societies exist, men are found in the ranks of practical agriculture, contending for the premiums offered for crops of various kinds, and as the societies all demand affidavits from the several parties concerned, such as the surveyor who surveys the ground, the party who raises the crop, and the person or persons who assist in gathering and harvesting the crops, there is little room for deception. The net profit on these crops, after deducting all expenses, interest of land, &c., &c., varies from \$30 to 100 per acre, according to circumstances—the average may be considered \$50 per acre. I presume no one will deny that this is a large profit on the capital invested.

But, says one, still doubtful that anything can be made by farming, remember this is but one acre; it is not to be expected that a man can have his whole farm in such order. Here then, is just the very point that I would urge upon the attention of the farmers in our section of country at least. It is a system of *thorough culture*, combined with proper calculation—from these alone, are we to look for large profits. Land half worked can never more than half pay. *Thorough culture* is the only true system for any farmer, whether he cultivates 10 acres or 100. The more I have thought of this, scanned it from every side, and turned it over and over in my mind, and the more I have read about it, the more have I been satisfied that it is in the difference been imperfect and thorough culture, that lies all the mystery why some farmers make so little, and some so much. And now, in the next place, (for I must run over the subject rapidly, as in the space allotted for an article like this, we cannot be expected to cover the whole ground,) how are we to go to work, to introduce this system of thorough culture and calculation to the farming community generally.

There are two ways in which this can be done, and they are both somewhat connected, namely: By practicing it ourselves, thereby showing its utility, and by inducing farmers to think upon the subjects connected with their occupation. The first of these things is comparatively easy, but some difficulty attends the second. To overcome prejudices—to break down old systems of farming suited to by-gone days—to induce men to read and reflect about what they have always supposed needed no thought or reflection—all these and many other things are hard to contend with. But let us not despair—the object to be accomplished is a great one, and patience and perseverance will do much.

First, then, I say, let us conduct our own farming operations in a proper manner, with due regard to the fact that we wish to reap the reward of our labor and to receive the largest amount of profit upon our capital invested. Let us keep regular accounts with the several departments of our farms—the stock, crops, &c. &c.—let us calculate the cost of raising every article produced

upon the farm, whether live stock, grain, or ought else—let us mark well what pays a profit, and what does not. There is nothing, perhaps, in which farmers, as a class, are more negligent than in this one point, of keeping accounts. Few, so called, *practical farmers* have any idea of what number of pounds of hay a yoke of oxen will consume during the foddering season; so too of cows, horses, sheep, &c. &c.; everything is fed by guess work, and in consequence much farm produce is sold by guess work too. Merchants keep accounts, without them their business would certainly prove a failure; go to a merchant to buy goods, who has just received a supply from some city or distant country, who has not yet seen his bills or made up the amount of cost, and what will he tell you? "I do not know, sir, what to ask for those goods. I have not yet calculated their cost." But alas! what do too many farmers do? They calculate the cost of nothing. We raised this grain, say they, and we can afford to feed it out, it cost us nothing. Ah, my friend, is the expenditure of bone and muscle which that bushel of corn or potatoes cost thee, nothing? Were the drops from thy sweaty brow, with which thou watered many a hill through the long summer day, worth nothing! Other men in other occupations, live by their labor, whether of the body or the mind. Calculate then, friend, and know what thy labor is worth to thee.

I well know that circumstances alter cases, and that different systems of agriculture are suited to different sections; but I do say, without fear of contradiction, that in many sections the system generally pursued, is such an one, that without the most rigid economy, amounting even to parsimony, farmers could not live by their labor; and I attribute the fault, not to our noble calling, but to the negligence and want of calculation of those concerned in it. I have no theory to support, no selfish ends to serve; I only wish to awaken thought upon these subjects among farmers, and especially among the farmers of this section of our country. If I am wrong in my views, no man will be happier to be set right.

In regard to the question, how shall we induce farmers to think upon the subjects connected with their occupation, let me propose the following plan. I do not know of its ever having been tried, or how it will succeed generally, but perhaps some few districts at least may be benefitted by it.

Let notices be given out that monthly meetings in every school district will be called, beginning in October and ending in March; this would give six meetings during the winter. Let the district school-house be the place of meeting. At these meetings let such articles be read from the Transactions of the Society, and from agricultural papers, as may be deemed interesting and beneficial to those present.

Some men will get together and listen to a little reading, whereas if they remained at home they would not touch a book during a winter evening, but doze in the chimney corner, or around the stove, or be at work at some manual labor, thinking they could not spare time to read a book.

Let such questions as the following be presented for their consideration: The cost of rearing stock from the time of birth till three years old; the

number of pounds of hay a yoke of oxen will consume during the foddering season; the cost of wintering, (not half starving,) a cow, a horse, a sheep, &c., &c., during the whole foddering season; the number of quarts of milk given by a good cow during the year; the number of quarts given by the same during the first week after the calf has been taken away, or four weeks after calving—this to be done by actual measurement in a quart measure, not by milking in a pail supposed to hold a certain number of quarts; the number of bushels of corn usually raised on an acre in the neighbourhood; same of oats, of rye, buckwheat, &c., &c., actual measurement to be taken, instead of *cart loads*; the usual value of cows in the fall; the usual value of same animals in the spring; what a farmer gets therefore, for wintering said animals; the value of each farmer's hay, stalks, grain, &c., in the fall; the value of stock in the fall; the value of his stock in the spring, after consuming his hay, grain, &c., &c.; what his cows realized for him in the shape of milk and butter, during the season; how much nett profit they make him after deducting all expenses; the number of pounds that a bushel of corn weighs each year; same of wheat, rye, oats, buckwheat, &c., &c. These, and a hundred other questions of practical value, might be proposed at the various meetings. Let a number of farmers present take three or four of these questions at each meeting, and answer them as far as practicable, at the next meeting. Some of them would require a season to test them in—they can be given out and reported upon at the next winter meetings. These meetings will act as aids to the county agricultural societies, and through their means many men may be induced to join those valuable institutions, who would otherwise give themselves no trouble about them. The various questions may one and all of them have been tested by many intelligent and reading farmers, but I am pretty certain few (so called) *practical farmers*, have ever taken the pains to try any of them. Let such plain questions be once fairly put to trial, and I think the result would be a mass of facts that could not fail of being greatly beneficial to the interests of the farmers in their respective neighborhoods. We would then know better than most men, how to *shape our course*. By this means, a change in the mode of farming in some districts, might be brought about, and a more profitable course than the one pursued, might be adopted. What was proved to be unprofitable in one part of our country, would be left to be pursued in another, where it could be done with more advantage.

Many other things suggest themselves, but we will leave them to the reflecting minds of those noble spirits, a few of whom may be found in almost every neighborhood, who are wrapped up in the great cause of agriculture, and whose hearts are beating with high hopes and aspirations to elevate that noble, but hitherto down-trodden calling.

#### AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH PRESENT MEANS.—  
While much has been said, both wisely and un-

wisely, concerning the establishment of great Agricultural Schools; and while all attempts towards their endowment by state funds, have signally failed—is it not well to consider what can be accomplished with existing means? The establishment of Agricultural Colleges, is certainly, on all accounts, desirable; and it is to be hoped that the friends of agriculture will call upon the legislatures, in full force, and carry their measures as far as may be prudent, at least. But we have already the means with which to work a vast change, and one scarcely less great, than any contemplated institution could perform.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS are the starting point. Here let the efforts of the friends of rational husbandry commence. Are there not enough readers in one-half the school districts of this country to discuss the subject of agricultural education, in the school meetings? Let care be taken that trustees and superintendents of the common schools, be instructed to secure and encourage teachers who will instruct in scientific agriculture.

Let our County Agricultural Societies secure the services of some competent person to attend teacher's institutes, and communicate instructions and enthusiasm to teachers, so as to fit them more perfectly to teach farmer's sons.

Let them also offer premiums to teachers, and classes, who shall teach and learn the most, and the best of this subject.

I cannot forbear here remarking, that the substitution of useful books, or farm and horticultural implements, for money premiums, would accomplish vast good in raising the tone of agricultural practice. There is no reason why farmers should not have money from other sources, and every reason why they should have good books, from such a source, embodying the experience of many, with reference to their pursuits, and which, instead of being merged into the general currency, shall always be before a man as an evidence and remembrancer of merit.

What county society will first pronounce these suggestions good, and act upon them?

TEACHERS who love your profession, and have zeal to honor it,—a word to you.

In "the rural districts" nine-tenths of the children you instruct are farmer's sons and daughters, full of robust health, blessing you with the beaming of bright eyes, and the joyous music of happy voices. Do you desire that they,—full of innocence and strength,—should grow up to the noble inheritance of "a sound mind in a sound body;" that they should honor the art that is the earliest and best? Be not content to let them pass into life—either the life of the farmer, or that of a profession—without knowing the beautiful truths, which the farmer ought to know, because he is a farmer; and which the young man aspiring to a profession ought to know, that he may intelligently settle upon his course of life.

Two years ago, excuse might be urged that we had no suitable text book. But now there are admirable works on Scientific Agriculture, which leave no place for that objection. These books have met with higher praise than I can bestow

upon them, but I can say that such are their admirable simplicity of style, and so logical are their arrangement, that in the course of some considerable experience—I have never met with more satisfactory text books on any subject.

**CROSKILL'S PATENT CLOD CRUSHER ROLLER.**—This is, beyond question, the most efficient implement which modern mechanical skill has furnished the farmer for reducing to a fine condition, the driest and most stubborn soils.

It consists of a series of cast metallic rings, or roller parts, placed upon a round axle, and acting independently of each other, thereby producing a separate action in turning round upon the headlands, without moving up the soil, and effecting a self-cleaning movement. The ordinary size of the roller is six feet and a half in width, with single shafts, and weighs about 27 cwt. The roller parts are 2 feet 6 inches in diameter, with indented or serrated surfaces, having a series of inner teeth at right angles to the centre of the axle, and pointing directly perpendicularly into the clods, more effectually pulverising the roughest land into a fine and even surface mould.

This implement has been aptly termed "a roller and harrow combined." It has been used with much advantage on young wheat in the spring, when the soil requires consolidation, and it is said to prevent the ravages of the wire-worm in many situations. Its high price, (varying, according to size, from £15 to £25 sterling) will form the principal hindrance to its adoption in Canada. We have seen an imported one on the farm of Messrs. Taylors, Paper Manufacturers, near Toronto.

**PRUNING IN AUTUMN.**—The late S. W. Cole, who strongly recommended autumnal pruning for fruit trees, says, "Thirty-two years ago, in September, we cut a very large branch from an apple tree on account of an injury by a gale. The tree was old, and it has never healed over, but it is now sound, and almost as hard as horn, and the tree perfectly hard around it. A few years before and after, large limbs were cut from the same tree in spring; and where they were cut off the tree has rotted, so that a quart measure may be put in the cavity."—*Illustrated Cultivator*.

**DWARF APPLES.**—The *Genesee Farmer* states, that a dwarf apple tree, seven years planted and ten years old, the tree not over three feet high, growing on the grounds of Aaron Erickson of Rochester, produced a Fall Pippin sixteen inches in circumference and weighing twenty-six ounces. Two or three others were nearly as large. Apples grow rather larger on dwarfs than on standards. There is one interesting question in connexion with this subject, that we would like to have answered, viz: At what price could such apples, thus grown on dwarfs be afforded per bushel, as a general average for seasons and cultivation and the cost of a crop per acre,—and the comparative value with other apples in market.—*Id.*

## SCIENCE AND ART.

### THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

The exceedingly unpropitious weather on Monday and the early part of Tuesday, had a very injurious effect in retarding to a considerable degree, the preparations for the Provincial Fair, to complete which, there would have been barely time, had the day been perfectly favourable. As it is, some difficulty will be experienced in having all the arrangements complete by the time appointed. The public, however, may rest satisfied, that no exertion has been spared by those gentlemen who have undertaken this arduous task, to complete their work to the satisfaction of all concerned. By Tuesday morning, but very few articles had arrived. They continued, however, to pour in during that day and the next, and no doubt by this time, most of the things expected are on the ground.

We can assure all our readers that the articles exhibited are of a very superior class; and we trust that when the happy recipients of prizes are made known, a goodly proportion of them will be found to be residents of our good city, and of the adjoining country, in the prosperity of which she is more immediately interested.

The main approach to the Exhibition ground presented a very lively and animated aspect. One of the most curious looking affairs in the collection was a large glass case containing a quantity of wigs, perukes, &c., of all shades and shapes, which wagged about with the motion of the cart, in the most ridiculous manner conceivable. Busy artizans, full of importance at the interest their handiwork was to create in the minds of admiring beholders; jolly old farmers, with their badges most ungracefully tied in the button-holes of their garments of good home-spun, and their sons sporting theirs upon apparel of questionable manufacture and worse cut, completed the picture.

The grounds are of considerable extent, occupying the whole space known as the Cañr Howell Grounds, extending from the top of William Street to the road leading to the cricket-ground. This space is enclosed with

a high fence, and contains about sixteen acres. On entering the ground from William Street, the ticket-office, the entry office, and the committee rooms, are found on the left hand. Next to them is the space allotted for poultry, of which more anon, on the other side of which is the gate by which visitors are to leave the show-ground. A large open space extends across the front part of the enclosure, occupied with various agricultural implements and mechanical contrivances, such as threshing machines, ploughs, waggons, &c. &c.; at the east side of this space are the refreshment booths, and in the rear are the Mechanics' Hall, the Floral Hall, and the Agricultural Hall. The principal of these is the Floral Hall, 50 feet by 32, to the rear of which is attached a large building running east and west, 100 feet long and 50 feet in width, devoted to specimens of the Fine Arts and Ladies' Work. The Floral Hall is handsomely decorated with evergreens and berries, to represent an ornamented arbour. The other buildings are more or less ornamented with evergreens.

The Agricultural Hall stands on the left of the Floral Hall. It is 60 feet by 40, and in it are placed all articles of Agricultural produce. The Mechanics' Hall, of the same size, stands on the right of the Floral Hall. As its name indicates, it is the receptacle for specimens of Mechanical production.

Pens for sheep and cattle have been erected along the fence on the west side, through the entire length of the enclosure, and in the rear of the buildings just described are the spaces allotted to horses and cattle. Immediately behind the principal building is the President's stand, from which the address will be delivered. In the centre of the northern part of the ground, a little to the rear of the President's stand, is a small open space, entirely surrounded by trees: the horses are exhibited in this space,—the groves on either side being set apart for horned cattle. This is a very convenient arrangement, as by it, shelter is afforded to the cattle from the heat of the sun and the annoyance of flies during their continuance on the ground. At the north side is another entrance and ticket-office, by which egress and ingress will be permitted from the Collego Avenue and the Cricket Ground.

On your entrance at the east end of the Fine Arts department, St. George's banner very appropriately first strikes the eye, with a fine specimen of wood-carving, directly on the right: the subject, a Knight, with sword half-drawn—the attitude of this figure is good. A little farther on floats a Temperance Banner, splendidly worked and beautifully finished.

We pass on to the consideration of the pictures exhibited by Mr. Paul Kane : these are eight in number, and are illustrative of Indian Scenery, character, and customs. Mr. Kane has been nearly eight years in making sketches for the collection of which these paintings form a part. The entire collection consists of nearly one hundred pieces, and it is evident to the most careless observer, that nothing short of the most intimate acquaintance with each subject, could have produced the accuracy of detail with such striking effect of light and shade. We will now give a short description of each picture.

No. 1.—(*Class Historical.*)—THE MEDICINE PIPE-STEM DANCE.—The scene is on the plains, near the Rocky Mountains, among the Black-Foot Indians. This is a ceremonial to which great importance is attached : the objects of it are various, but the extracts, which we subjoin from Mr. Kane's journal, will fully explain the picture and superstitions attached to the ceremonial :—

“A Blackfoot Pipe-Stem Carrier is a dignitary elected every four years, and not allowed to retain the distinction beyond that period. The office is a very expensive one,—the Pipe-Stem itself and its accompaniments, which constitute the emblems of his office, costing generally from 15 to 20 horses,—these the carrier elect has to pay to his predecessor. Should he not possess sufficient means, his friends usually make up the deficiency—so that the office would, in many cases, be declined, were it not compulsory to serve. The official accompaniments of the Pipe-Stem are numerous, consisting of a highly ornamented Tent, which he is always expected to reside in,—a Bear's skin, upon which the Pipe-Stem is to be exposed to view, when any circumstance requires it to be taken from its envelope, such as a council of war, or a *Medicine Pipe-Stem Dance*, or on a quarrel taking place in the tribe, to settle which the *Medicine-Man* opens it for the adverse parties to smoke out of, their superstition leading them to fear a refusal of the reconciling ceremony, lest some calamity should be inflicted on them by the Great Spirit for their presumption,—a *Medicine Rattle* is also among the accompaniments, which is employed in their *Medicine Dances*,—also, a *Wooden Bowl*, from which the dignitary always takes his food; this he always carries about his person, sometimes on his head, sometimes in his hand,—as well as numerous other articles. It requires two horses to carry them when on the move. The *Pipe-Stem* itself is usually carried by the favourite wife of the official; and should it, under any circumstances, happen to fall to the ground, it is regarded as a bad omen, and many ceremonies must be gone through to reinstate it. A young man, a half-breed, assured me, that he had once a *Pipe-Stem* committed to his charge, by an official who had gone out on a hunting excursion, and that being well aware of the sanctity attributed to it by the Blackfeet, he was determined himself to try the effect of throwing it down and kicking it about,—that shortly after this act of desecration, as it would be considered,

the *Pipe-Stem Carrier*, who had consigned it to his care, was killed by the Crees,—so that he had become a firm believer in its sanctity. A *Pipe-Stem Carrier* always sits on the right side of his lodge, as you enter; and it is considered a great mark of disrespect to him if you pass between him and the fire, which always occupies the centre of the Lodge. He must not stoop to cut his own meat, but it is always cut for him by one of his wives, (of whom he usually has five or six,) and placed in his *Medicine Bowl*, which, as before said, is his constant companion. One of the greatest inconveniences, particularly to an Indian, who has always innumerable parasitical insects infesting his person, is, that the *Pipe-Stem Carrier* dares not, without compromising his dignity, scratch his own head, without the intervention of a stick, which he always carries for the purpose. The *Pipe-Stem* always hangs in its long bag, made, when they can procure it, of parti-coloured woollen cloth, on the outside of the lodge, and is never taken inside, either by night or day. It is never allowed to be uncovered when any woman is present.”

The two figures in the centre of the group, are the principal actors in the scene. The absorbed countenances of the musicians are worthy of remark, as is also the accuracy of detail in the costumes, and the finish of the stem, which is highly ornamented with feathers of various colours. On either side appear conical lodges of dressed buffalo hides : the uniformity of colour is broken by the trees which fringe the stream of water.

We think the most striking features in this picture are its harmony, and the care with which the fore-ground has been worked in. The grouping is good and the attitudes natural.

No. 2.—*Also an Historical piece.*—A HORSE-RACE AMONG A TRIBE CALLED THE BLOOD INDIANS, (who are allies of the Black Feet,) on the east side of the Rocky Mountains.

This picture, from the attention bestowed on the delineation of costume, must be valuable hereafter, as time is rapidly removing those distinctive characteristics which are so skillfully and truthfully represented in it. There is not a fold of the robe, or plait of the dress, which has not been sketched from nature.

We would invite particular attention in studying this picture, to the group on the right, which forms, in fact, a picture of itself, and is remarkable for composition, colour, and drawing. The attitude and fixed attention of the figure on the extreme right is good, and over the whole is thrown that extraordinary atmospheric effect produced by Indian Summer; and we would remark that this is an effect observable in many of Mr. Kane's pictures. The foreground is represented as carpeted with the prairie rose, a pretty wild flower, not very common, we believe, elsewhere. A spirit of gambling is very rife amongst the Indians, and everything in the world, even their lives, are often staked on the issue of a race. It is

remarkable, however, that quarrels arising from losses, are of rare occurrence.

No. 3.—*Landscape*.—**CAMP OF INDIANS ON LAKE HURON.**—The most striking feature in this picture is the Canadian character of the scenery. The foreshortening of the canoes is very good, as is also the manner in which the dark clouds on the right bring out the lodges, and the fine effect produced, something similar to the light cast on the near approach of a thunder-storm.

The lodges are made of bark, which is to the North American Indian what the cocconut tree is to the native of the Pacific Islands: almost every article they require, except clothing, is produced from birch-bark, and the skill with which it is divided into layers, is very extraordinary.

A trait of Indian manners is here to be noted. The woman is pounding corn in a primitive kind of mortar (a hollowed log of wood), while the man lays supine in front of her. This is characteristic of the Indian, who does nothing but hunt, leaving to the women labour of every other description.

No. 4.—*White Mud Portage, on the River Winnepeg*.—**THE SOTO INDIANS.**—The clump of trees in the centre of the middle ground, is very striking and very beautiful, and any one accustomed to American scenery will see, at a glance, that this is an autumnal sketch—the different hues show this at once; and we have no doubt that to an English eye, it may appear unnatural, but to persons accustomed to the gorgeous brilliancy of an American wood in autumn, the truthfulness of the colouring will be very apparent, as will also the distant wall of wood, which is very correctly painted. This picture is a very fine one: the sky and clouds,—the rapids are all good, and the colouring altogether is very correct and chaste.

No. 5.—*Animals*.—**BUFFALO-FIGHT.**—The composition of this picture is a little similar to some of Poussins, viz., there is a grandeur in it, scarcely to be expected from its simplicity of design. Great pains has evidently been taken in the painting of it, and great care bestowed in developing the limbs and muscular powers of the combatants, and, very wisely, the other portions of the picture are brought in more as accessories. The pond, with flags and tufts of prairie grass have had great attention bestowed on their finish; the principal effect, however, is the rock immediately behind the animals, which masses together what would be otherwise unconnected features, and imparts a very picturesque effect to the whole.

No. 6.—*Animals*.—**CREE INDIANS DRIVING BUFFALOS INTO A POUND.**—This picture shows the sort of locality which must be selected for this object, and judging from the picture, it appears to be essential that wood should be

at hand. This may be considered the most thorough prairie scene in the collection, and is valuable for another reason, viz., the difficulty of finding subjects that admit the being treated as the one under consideration. A remarkable feature in Rembrandt's paintings is, that masses are brought in direct opposition to some very brilliant light; and such is the case with this picture, where the darkest part of the middle distance is placed against the lightest part of the sky. The pound is worthy of notice, from its being so perfectly natural that the spectator feels it almost as if it were in his power to walk in to survey the preparation for the reception of the expected visitors.

The Medicine Man may be distinguished on the tree to the right, chanting an invocation for the success of the undertaking; while a large flock of crows, an invariable attendant on a buffalo-hunt, hovers over the scene, waiting apparently for their share of the promised slaughter.

The mode of capture may be thus described: When the scouts have discovered the herd, the first object is to start them; this is easily effected by raising a little smoke to windward of the drove, and as soon as the scent is carried on the wind towards them, the estampe commences. The object is to head them in the direction of the pound: this is done by runners who gradually edge the buffalos in a straight line with the entrance of the enclosure; stumps, called dead men, (as is seen in the painting,) are placed at regular distances, diverging from the entrance for nearly a mile, with scouts placed here and there, for the purpose of shouting and terrifying still more the affrighted animals, as they rush headlong on. The whole drove is thus urged onwards until they are fairly in the enclosure, when the entrance is secured, and the herd finally dispatched with spears and arrows.

Very little of the flesh is consumed as food. The Indian, always improvident, thinks not of providing for the wants of the morrow, but cutting off what will serve for present purposes, he trusts to chance for a future supply.

No. 7.—*Portrait*.—**A SQUAW—NOW-A-K-JE-GOO-QEAI**—which being interpreted, meaneth "The Mid-day Woman," a daughter of the Ojibbeway tribe, near Lake St. Clair. The artist had some difficulty in persuading this girl to sit for her portrait, from a superstitious feeling prevalent amongst the natives, that in the transfer of the likeness to the canvas, some portion of their identity is removed, and that ever after the painter exercises some mysterious power on the fate of the person whose portrait he has drawn.

The robe, which is of dressed deer-skin, is remarkably well painted, and the countenance of the girl is very effective. There is a rich tone of colouring in this portrait, which could scarcely be found in that of a white woman; and there is a very remarkable brilliancy and

transparency in the back-ground. It is evident that if the school-master has not been abroad, that a trader has, as the strings of beads are not of native production.

No. 8.—*Portrait*.—SKETCH OF A CHINOOK.—Process of flattening the head of an infant:—

"Immediately after the birth the infant is laid in an oblong wooden trough, by way of cradle, with moss under the head; the end on which the head reposes is raised higher than the rest; a padding is then placed on the infant's forehead with a piece of cedar-bark over it; it is pressed down by cords, which pass through holes on each side of the trough. As the tightening of the padding and pressure of the head is gradual, the process is said not to be attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant, however, while under it, is shocking: its little black eyes seem ready to start from their sockets; the mouth exhibits all the appearance of internal convulsion; and it clearly appears that the face is undergoing a process of unnatural configuration. About a year's pressure is sufficient to produce the desired effect; the head is ever after completely flattened; and as slaves are always left to nature, this deformity is consequently a mark of free birth."—*Oregon Territory, by the Rev. C. G. Nicolay.*

Whatever the process of which Mr. Nicolay speaks may be, whether of unnatural configuration or not, it is certain that it is one which does not give pain, as the papoose remains perfectly quiet while under, what appears to be, a soothing operation, and only cries on being taken out of the frame. In this we have a landscape back-ground, a tree, and rock, and have thus afforded us an opportunity of admiring another of Mr. Kane's styles of colouring. This picture is valuable, not only from its merits as a painting, but as a trait of Indian customs.

We have been tempted to dwell on Mr. Kane's pictures as, irrespective of their great merit, we consider his collection to be an object of attraction, more purely American than almost any other in the Fine Arts' Department. His pictures are in fact American, leaves from an American plant.

At the west entrance, and nearly opposite the pictures just spoken of, are several of Mr. Armstrong's contributions, amongst which we would call attention to a very well executed pheasant. "A wreck," is also very well painted, and the "Undine," a small pleasure boat belonging to Mr. J. Arnold, is very correctly drawn, there is another picture of the same boat, by the same Artist, in coloured crayons, also very well done. A water piece, taken, we think at sunrise, is well painted, the colouring soft, and the aerial perspective in good keeping, the colouring is perhaps rather dark to be in nature. It is, however, a very

fine piece: we did not learn the artist's name. Mr. W. Hind has an oil painting "Reading the News," which is full of promise, the figures in the foreground are spirited and correctly drawn. There is one other picture to which we must direct attention, we do not know the title, but the figures appear to be beggars; it is very finely painted, the large figure particularly, both as to face and drapery. There are several other good portraits which we do not notice, as we have been informed that they are not intended for competition, not having been painted in this country. There are also several very fine specimens of painted glass, of penmanship, of well executed daguerreotypes and pencil drawings.

Various objects of *Tertu* here meet the eye on every side, with some fine cases of stuffed birds on the right. A little farther on, nearly in the centre, is a grand piano, by Thomas, in a black walnut frame, a handsome instrument—directly in the centre, in front of the fountain, is a four octave Organ, by Townsend, of Hamilton. Still proceeding westward, we find on the right, a very handsome silver spade and vases, used at the turning the first sod of the Northern Railroad. Some luxurious easy chairs succeed—perfect "sleepy hollows," and a very beautifully inlaid centre table of Canadian wood. This is a very handsome article of furniture, and we regret that we are unable to furnish the name of the maker. Cabinets, screens and a variety of other ornamental furniture, form the chief attraction at this point; and in the west corner is a most useful piece of furniture—a shower and hot bath, a commode and an easy chair are all offered, in one piece, by Piper and Brothers, 56, Yonge Street.

Here are also some very good specimens of book binding, and some very finely engraved maps, *fac-similes* of those in Smith's Canada, are presented to notice. In a room, which has been projected and put up since our diagram was drawn, to the west are architectural designs, we noticed amongst them St. Michael's Cathedral and Brock's Monument. Retracing our steps eastward, we find a good display of furs by Messrs. Marks and Messrs. Rogers. The former shows a very beautiful wolf-skin robe. Messrs. Rogers amongst a variety of well made articles, some fine gloves and pretty caps. Next

to Rogers's display are some coats that promise protection from any intensity of cold.

Shawls of pretty patterns come next—good warm and useful articles, and then some such blankets, so soft and yet with such body (we do not know the precise term to use) such promise of comfort and warmth—such absence of a hard unyielding substance, crushing the exhausted body down into the hollows of the bed and murdering sleep.

Quilts, counterpanes, rolls of flannel, models of ships, brigs, &c. are seen on either side until the fountain is again reached. Next to this *jet d'eau*, which is very tastefully decorated with rock work, is a fine collection of Indian articles, contributed we believe, by Okah Tubee, which seems as if intended to illustrate Mr. Kane's Pipe-Stem Dance, as we have here the eating bowl, the pipe and stem, the executioner's club, the caps for reception and fatigue, the mocassins and spoon, with deer's foot, all are here, beautifully ornamented, and very like what may be seen in the picture.

We turn to the right and proceed down Floral Hall with abundance of the most beautiful fruit on either side, but we will pass the fruit hastily by, as the mere recollection of it produces a disagreeable sensation about the fauces, such as, when a school-boy, we experienced on feasting our eyes with a goodly array of pastry; suffice it to say that it was good to look at, and we confidently pronounce the taste equal to the promise. Justice, however, imperatively demands the admission, that nothing present could compete with the show of fruit and flowers by Messrs. Ryan & Co. of Rochester. Their show of dahlias was superb, at least eighty different sorts were displayed, and the exhibitor assured us that they had over one hundred and fifty different kinds. We saw nothing else in the way of plants worthy of notice, except a very tolerable striped aloe, and an Adam's needle.

We pass out of Floral Hall, and find ourselves in the midst of a perfect paradise of Wax Flowers and Fancy Work, very artistically executed, and recalling to memory the beautiful feather-flowers manufactured by the Nuns at Madeira.

This is the closing scene in the Fine Arts and Work department, and we must hasten to ruder scenes and materials.

At the entrance of Mechanics' Hall is a very

complete hot-air apparatus by Tiffany; and directly behind it is what, to our inexperienced eye, seems the most complete and compact stove possible—"The Kitchen Queen,"—J. K. Griffin, Burford, C.W., patentee. In this Hall are stoves of every shape and variety and heating apparatus for every imaginable purpose. Here are also very fine rolls of leather for binding or boots, and some very creditable specimens of pottery. Shoe-pegs in thousands, or rather in myriads, and fancy-coloured soaps enough to purify the city; saleratus, cordage; iron fire-proof doors, by Becket, and by Messrs. Vale; with a fine show of axes, also by Vale; cross-cutting saws and reaping machines; handsomely finished agricultural implements, lightning-rods, pumps, of every size and shape; weighing-machines, &c. All are here of the best description.

Messrs. Downes, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., show a powerful double-action force pump, and a portable engine that will be valuable to nursery gardeners.

Passing from Mechanics' to Agricultural Hall, by the north of Floral Hall, are carriages and buggies, of every sort; children's carriages, farm and other waggons, light and heavy, plain and gaudily painted. To this department, however, we shall, as well as to those of Stock and Farm Implements, and Perry's fire-engine, return in our next No., as it is impossible, in this short sketch, to notice half the valuable things submitted for inspection.

We must, however, mention that the show of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, is considered to be one of extraordinary merit, and exhibits the most praiseworthy and energetic measures in the improvement of breeds.

In Agricultural Hall we find extraordinary potatoes, gigantic squashes, and broddignagian beets, delicate butter, and such appetizing cheese, that we could have seen with pleasure the sacks of flour converted instant into French rolls. A monster cheese, of over 700 lbs. from the Brock district, made by Hiram Ranney, fairly distanced all competitors. The show of grain was very fine, and some of the oats, in particular, deserve to be mentioned.

In the tent, immediately in front of Agricultural Hall, are displayed every kind of vegetable, from the pumpkin of two hundred weight down to the most delicate vegetable

marrow. A very pretty trophy of flowers is also here.

In the tent in front of Mechanics' Hall, is a very handsome carpet from Hamilton, and a fine display of harness, &c.

*En passant* we would remark that there is a very beautiful carpet exhibited at the Bazaar, in the Parliament buildings, which would, we think, excel its Hamilton competitor in elegance and work. The centre squares, sixty-three in number, are bunches of flowers, grounded with white, orange and black—while the border squares, twenty-eight in number, have, gracefully interweaved the rose, shamrock and thistle. Each square measures two feet, and the carpet is a most elegant one. We have not space in this number to discuss this Bazaar, but shall return to it in our next.

Time forbids our paying more than a very brief visit to the poultry department, although we would fain linger over the feathered prodigies exhibited. Master Charles Seymour Horne, of our city, exhibits some rare specimens of Dorkings, Shanghae, black Spanish and Poland fowls, weighing from 9lbs. to 9lbs. 9oz. each. Daniel Lewis, of York, is famous for evermore for his geese; and Col. Allen's white turkeys, and A. Goodenough's Cochinchina fowls, are all admirable, and beyond praise. Why, we would ask, are such fowls confined to a few individuals? A large fowl does not consume more than a small one, and is twice as profitable. Farmer's wives of Canada, see that at the next Exhibition you also have something to boast of.

We now wish to bring to our readers notice the establishment opened a few days ago, in Leslie's building, 29, King Street East, by Mr. A. M. Della Torre, where may be seen many an elegant article of *virtu* and *art*, the existence of which, we suppose, are as yet unknown to most of the *connoisseurs* of our good city; but we have had the good fortune to look over this very beautiful collection, and we were particularly struck with the taste and elegance of the *ensemble*. The bronze groups, *sevrès*, porcelains, *carcel* lamps, the splendid brass stand telescopes, and a lively polka, mazurka or valse, &c., from the large organ, would amply repay the trouble of an inspection. We are decidedly of opinion that such an importation is creditable to Toronto, and will be the means of improving the degenerate taste for common and comparatively worthless ornaments; and we must hope that Mr. Della Torre will not be the

loser by his very expensive and hazardous enterprise.

#### IMPROVEMENTS IN OCEAN STEAMERS.

THE great steamer *Orinoco*, now lying in the Southampton Docks, is about to have her masts and topworks reduced. The original masts and riggings of the *La Plata* were lessened by several tons weight before she started on her voyage. The *Magdalena* is to have her paddle-wheels lightened. Each of the paddle-wheels of the *Orinoco*, *Parana*, and *Magdalena*, weighs nearly eighty tons. It has been deemed advisable to reduce the weight, as it is found detrimental to speed. The paddle-wheels of the *La Plata* are not above half the weight of the others; she is the only one that has not got feathering floats—the weight of the iron-work necessary for them counterbalances their advantages. The *Parana* and *Orinoco* have made the passage between St. Thomas and Southampton in fourteen days; the *Magdalena* has taken sixteen days. The *Magdalena* is, however, as fast, if not faster, than the others, if she could carry coals sufficient. She was placed on full speed but one day during her recent homeward voyage, and yet she had but just coals sufficient to bring her to Southampton. There is no doubt that by lightening the topworks and paddle-wheels of these steamers, and enabling them to carry more coals, that their speed will be considerably increased. It is very evident, however, that we have almost arrived at the maximum both as to speed and size of ocean steamers for longer voyages than 3,000 miles at a stretch, unless fuel less bulky than coal can be found or manufactured. True the *Himlaya* and *Atrato* are building, which are vastly superior in size to the gigantic *Orinoco*; and the stupendous Indian steamers about to be built by the Eastern Steam Navigation Company will be of greater magnitude still. It remains to be proved, however, whether ships of such enormous magnitude can be completely under the control of one man. Even in the monster West India steamers all communications made from the commander to the engine department is done by a system of bell-ringing. As to *viva voce* commands from the paddle-box to the fiery regions beneath, they are impossible. By what pneumatic contrivances can the captain of a ship 400 feet long communicate orders to men at the bowsprit and stern, amidst the howling of a storm? Even with the present West India steamers the labour of commanding one of them is terrific. It is seriously contemplated to have two captains to one of the enormous steamers now building, so that a commander may be always on duty. The cost of the great and important experiments now making by the West India, Oriental, and Eastern Steam Navigation Companies to build ships of stupendous magnitude that can perform long ocean voyages at a high speed, will cost considerably above a million of money. Should these experiments succeed, and the great difficulties of traversing great ocean stages like those between England and Chagres, Panama and Tahiti, and Tahiti and Sydney, be overcome, the voyage between this country and Australia may be performed in little more than a month.

## MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

## MRS. GRUNDY'S CHIT-CHAT.

OUR FASHIONS.—Certain parties have fallen into the habit, lately, of contemptuously alluding to what they call "milliner's magazines," that is magazines with fashion plates. The sapient fault seekers in question, we have no doubt, are either crusty old bachelors, or conceited young fools. If they knew half so much as they pretend to do, they would know that every "woman who is a woman," as Lamb says, desires to render her personal appearance engaging; and that, if she has not this instinct, she invariably degenerates into a sloven. Fashion plates are to the sex, therefore, what guide-posts are to a traveller; they teach ladies how to dress gracefully, and in unison with the customs of the day. The prettiest woman alive would look hideous if attired in the costume of the fourteenth century, simply because people are no longer accustomed to the horned caps and other attire of that day. A lady, dressed even as ladies dressed twenty years ago, would seem absurd, and for a similar reason. Every woman "follows the fashions," as a necessity of her sex. They may not dress, in the new style, the first year it comes out, but they do eventually. How much more sensible to adopt it at once! The new dress, or dresses of each season might just as well be made in that year's fashion, as in that of the preceding one.

A favorite argument of these addle-headed critics is, that fashion cramps the waist and injures the health. If they knew more about the subject, they would know that this is precisely what fashion does not do, and that those ladies, who persist in lacing to death, do not know what the true fashions are. Nobody ever reads in this Magazine, a word in favor of tight-lacing; but everybody who takes the "Anglo" has read many an article on the proprieties of dress. Ladies who wish to dress sensibly as well as elegantly will take a periodical that gives the fashions: ladies who wish to look like scare-crows will undertake to dress without such a guide, and will of course lace tightly and commit all other kinds of exploded absurdities.

We shall continue to give fashion plates, though they are the costliest embellishments that are got up. For instance, the expense of our fashions, this month, is as great as the printing of thirty-two-extra pages would have been. Some of our contemporaries have, instead of fashion plates, substituted heavy reading matter, and that not original, but selected. We could print as cheaply, if we adopted the same plan; but we prefer to give the ladies, what we are sure they prefer, a lively Magazine, with a good fashion plate, and as much original matter as can be afforded.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is but little change in the style of making dresses, except that round waists are gaining ground. Round waists must not be confounded with short waists: for the former, the dress-maker ought, on the contrary, to en-

deavour to make the sides as long as possible, and merely suppress the point in front. Flounces are still very much worn, and have but little fulness;—the general rule is, that where the skirt has five breadths, six are allowed for the flounces. Three and five are the usual number of flounces on a dress, though some go as far as ten or even more. There are but very few figures tall or slender enough to look well with these last number.

VELVET RIBBON will be very much used in trimming the skirts of dresses. It is put on in three or five rows around the skirt, then a space, and the trimming repeated thus several times.

CASHMERE are generally very gay, the colors being bright and varried, and the patterns large. Some even have designs of houses, bridges, pagodas, &c., on them. One pattern, called "*The Creation*," had nearly every flower that was ever known upon it. These are fantastic, rather than beautiful.

An elegant article for Walking Dresses is the Chamborde. The material is plain, and woven in dress patterns, with satin stripes around the skirt. It is too heavy for a house dress, being of worsted and thicker than a merino, and has a corded back, something like a poplin. The dark blue, maroon, and green ones are particularly rich.

Another handsome material, and not so heavy, is composed of worsted and silk, and is of a zig-zag pattern of white over colored grounds, such as brown, dove, &c. The patterns of brown have rich satin stripes in brown around the skirt, in bunches, that is in rows of five, three, &c., decreasing in number and width as they rise toward the waist. The dove colored ones have stripes of Mazarine blue in the same style.

Some of the newest dresses of Cashmere have flounces with palm-leaf borders in elegant cashmere designs, like the shawls. On a cashmere having a ground of brown, dark green, tan or straw color, these palm-leaves in varied colors are exceedingly effective. Chequered or plaided borders are also very fashionable for the flounces of cashmere dresses. The cross stripes forming the chequers are large and woven in satin. The cashmere flounced in this style have frequently a ground of stone color, or some neutral tint, covered with running flower patterns, or with fanciful Chinese designs in lilac.

The silk manufacturers have recently introduced a novelty which imparts to a silk dress all that variety of hue which was formerly confined to fancy materials. This novelty consists in flounces, with borderings in various patterns and colors. Some of the new taffety dresses, having flounces in this style, are remarkably elegant, and showy in effect. Several of these dresses are intended for evening costume. They are of white taffety, with five flounces, slightly undulated and edged with a satin stripe, lilac, blue or green, according to the hue predominating in the wreath of flowers which surmounts the stripe. The same style of flounces is adapted to dresses of pink, sea green, or azure blue silk.

There is no decided change yet in Mantalets.

It is also too early for the winter style of Bonnets. Many are, however, taking off the light vapory trimming of the spring and summer from their straws, and replacing it by the rich, heavy ribbons. The simpler straws are generally trimmed with a *fanchon* or very wide ribbon passing over the top, where it is spread at its whole width, and gathered in at the ears, passing under the cape, and tied in a large bow under the chin. Another mode consists in two ribbons, the one crossing the brim, not straight, but brought forward in a point nearly to the edge, where it is held by a loop of straw; the other further back, but taking the same form.

A word to our readers on gloves. These are one of those details of the toilet which confer a stamp of distinction on female dress. A lady should be both well gloved and well shod. The fit of gloves is a point of the greatest importance; if too loose they make the hands look large, if too small they are liable to tear. Great care should, therefore, be observed in selecting them. Their color should be in perfect harmony with the dress with which they are worn, light with a dress of printed muslin or of silk of light hue, and dark with a dark colored dress. Any broad contrast between the color of the gloves and of the dress is objectionable. Harmony, even the most simple points, is the test of good taste. With a robe of the simplest and plainest material, with neat shoes, well fitting, unsoiled gloves, and a becoming bonnet, a lady will look well dressed, and will even have an air of elegance not to be acquired by the most costly toilet without a due attention to the accessories referred to.

THE CHAUSSURE is also becoming quite an important part of dress. No lady can be elegantly dressed who has not on a neatly fitting shoe, or nice stocking. Stockings of thread or very fine cotton clogged with embroidery, and slippers ornamented with bows made of ribbon and narrow black lace, are worn in the morning—whilst the finest silk thread or silk stockings with black satin slippers are used in evening wear. A new style of boot is worn in Paris of bronze leather, and of a soft, light color; the boots have usually low heels, and are fastened with enamel buttons of the same color as the material of the boot.

THE NEW HEAD DRESSES are made to pass over the front of the head, about half way between the crown and forehead. They are composed of velvet, plaided ribbon, &c. A very beautiful one is a bandeau of straw and black velvet, plaited together, made to pass across the head, just above the forehead, and after being turned around the torsade at the back of the head, finishes with two flowing ends of velvet.

#### DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

CHILD'S COSTUME.—Embroidered muslin frock, with two flounces, the worked petticoat appearing below it: coloured embroideries are now much admired for children. The body is plain, and is trimmed with work *en stomacher*: broad pink sash, tied in front, the ends finished by a broad fringe.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—Dress of blue *moire antique*; the skirt long and full, is trimmed up the centre of the front breadth by six rows of narrow velvet. *Watteau* body, and rather short

pagoda sleeves, with deep *engagantes* of lace. Sutherland *par-dessus* of white muslin, lined with pink silk; the body opens in front nearly to the waist; the skirt has two openings at each side; the *par-dessus* is trimmed entirely round with two rows of white silk fringe. The sleeves are large; they are of the pagoda form, and are open about half way to the elbow; they are trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of white lace, the form round and open; it has a full light feather drooping at the left side; the interior is ornamented with pink flowers.

#### THE WORK TABLE.

CROCHET.—SOFA PILLOW.

*Materials.*—4 shades of green, 4 ditto of amber, 4 ditto of violet, and 4 of scarlet single Berlin wool, 3 skeins of white wool, and 3 skeins of gold colour floss silk. Penelope crochet, No. 3. 1 tassels and a shaded cord, to correspond with the wools, will also be required.

With the darkest violet make a chain five-eighths in length, and work two rows with each shade to the lightest, working only on one side, detaching the thread at the end of each row. Work one row with the brightest scarlet, one row with white, two rows with the lightest green, one row with floss silk, one row with green, after which work the pattern as follows with shades of green and amber:—

1st row.—(Lightest shade of green and darkest shade of amber.) 8 green a, 4 amber, 10 green, repeat from a.

2nd row.—6 green, 2 amber, 4 green, 2 amber, repeat.

3rd row.—1 amber a, 4 green, 1 amber, 8 green, 1 amber, repeat.

4th row.—(Second shade of green and second shade of amber.) 1 amber a, 3 green, 1 amber, 8 green, 1 amber, repeat.

5th row.—1 amber, 2 green, 2 amber, 2 green, repeat.

6th row.—1 amber, 1 green, 2 amber, 6 green, 1 amber, 3 green, repeat.

7th row.—(Third shade of green and of amber.) 1 green, 3 amber, 5 green, 1 amber, 3 green, 1 amber, repeat.

8th row.—1 green a, 2 amber, 6 green, 4 amber, 2 green, repeat from a.

9th row.—3 amber, 11 green, repeat.

10th row.—(Lightest green amid scarlet and silk.) 2 scarlet, 4 green, 1 silk, 1 green, 1 silk, 5 green, repeat.

11th row.—2 scarlet a, 3 green, 2 silk, 1 green, 2 silk, 3 green, 3 scarlet, repeat from a.

12th row.—2 scarlet a, 5 green, 1 silk, 1 green, 3 scarlet, repeat from a.

13th row.—2 scarlet a, 3 green, 2 silk, 1 green, 2 silk, 3 green, 3 scarlet, repeat from a.

14th row.—1 scarlet, 5 green, 1 silk, 1 green, 1 silk, 4 green, 2 scarlet, repeat from a.

15th row.—(Lightest amber and darkest green.) 1 amber a, 11 green, 3 amber, repeat from a.

16th row.—1 amber a, 1 green, 4 amber, 6 green, 3 amber, repeat from a.

17th row.—1 green, 1 amber, 3 green, 1 amber, 5 green, 3 amber, repeat.

18th row.—1 amber, 3 green, 1 amber, 6 green, 2 amber, 1 green, repeat.

19th row.—(Next shades of green and amber,) 1 amber, 9 green, 2 amber, 2 green, repeat.

20th row.—1 amber, 8 green, 2 amber, 3 green, repeat.

21st row.—1 amber, 8 green, 1 amber, 4 green, repeat.

22nd row.—(Next shades of green and amber,) 1 green a, 2 amber, 4 green, 2 amber, 6 green, repeat from a.

23rd row.—3 green a, 4 amber, 10 green, repeat from a.

24th row.—All green.

25th row.—All silk.

26th and 27th rows.—Lightest green.

28th row.—White.

29th row.—Scarlet.

One stripe of the pattern is now completed. Now work a shaded stripe of scarlet to correspond with the stripe of violet shades, then repeat the pattern stripe, after which work a stripe with shades of violet, third stripe of the pattern, then again a stripe with shades of scarlet.

In working with two or more shades it is necessary to change the wool when half the previous stitch is marked, otherwise the work will have an uneven appearance.

THE MISTRESS.—Far the greater proportion of households, throughout our whole country, are managed without the aid of many servants, by the females of each family. The maxim, "If you would be well served, you must serve yourself," has considerable truth in it; at least those families who serve themselves, escape many vexations of spirit, because, if the work be not very well done, when we do it with our own hands, we are more apt to be satisfied. There are some sorts of domestic work, that of dairy work is one, which no hired servant would be competent to discharge. This must be done by a wife or daughter, who feels a deep personal interest in the prosperity of her husband or father. Many of our farmers' wives are among the best housekeepers in the land, possessing that good sense, vigor of mind, native delicacy of taste or tact, and firm conscientiousness which gift the character with power to attempt everything that duty demands. These are the "noble matronage" which our country should honour. It is the sons of such mothers who have ever stood foremost to defend or serve their country—

"With word, or pen, or pointed steel."

One of the greatest defects in the present system of female education, is the almost total neglect of showing the young lady how to apply her learning so as to improve her domestic economy. It is true that necessity generally teaches, or rather obliges her to learn this science after she is married; but it would have saved her from many anxious hours, and tears, and troubles, if she had learned how to make bread and coffee, and cook a dinner before she left her father's house; and it would have been better still, if she had been instructed at school to regard this knowledge as an indispensable accomplishment in the education of a young lady.

I was once told by a lady, that, when she was married, she scarcely knew how a single dish should be prepared. The first day of her house-

keeping, the cook came for orders—"What she would have for dinner?"

The lady told her, among other items, that she would have an apple pudding.

"How shall I make it?" was the question which the lady was unable to answer—she knew no more how to make a pudding than to square the circle. She evaded the question as well as she could, by telling the girl to make it in the usual way. But the circumstance was a powerful lesson on the inconveniences of ignorance to the housekeeper. The lady possessed good sense, and was a woman of right principles. She felt it was her duty to know how to order her servant—that wealth did not free her from responsibility in her family. She set herself diligently to the study of cookery; and, by consulting friends, watching the operations of her servants, and doing many things herself, she has become a most excellent housekeeper.

For the young bride, who is entirely ignorant of her household duties, this is an encouraging example; let her follow it, if she would be happy and respected at home. But it would be better to begin her lessons a little earlier; it is not every woman who has sufficient strength of mind to pursue such a rigid course of self-education. And no lady can be comfortable, unless she possess a knowledge of household work; if she need not perform it herself, she must be able to teach her servant, otherwise she will always have *bad servants*.

I am aware that it is the fashion with many ladies to disparage Irish domestics, call them stupid, ignorant, impudent, ungrateful, the plagues of housekeeping. That they are ignorant, is true enough; and it does require skill, patience, and judgment, to teach a raw Irish girl how to perform the work in a gentleman's family; but they are neither stupid nor ungrateful, and if they are taught in the right manner, they prove very capable, and are most faithful and affectionate domestics.

A friend of mine, who is just what a woman ought to be, capable of directing—even doing, if necessary—in the kitchen as well as shining in the drawing-room, hired one of these poor Irish girls, new from the land of the Shamrock, who only understood the way of doing work in a hovel, yet, like all her class, she said, "Sure couldn't she do anything the lady wanted?" The lady, however, did not trust the girl to make any experiments, but went to the kitchen with her, and taught her, or rather did the work herself, and allowed the servant to look on and learn by example, which for such is more effectual than lectures. When the dinner was nearly ready, the lady retired to dress, telling Julia to watch the roast, and she would return soon, and show her how to prepare it for the table. We may imagine with what utter bewilderment the poor girl had been overwhelmed during this, her first lesson in civilized life. The names of the articles of furniture in the kitchen, as well as their uses, were entirely unknown to her; and she had seen so many new things done, which she was expected to remember, that it must have made her heart-sick to reflect how much she had to learn. But there was one thing she thought she understood—which was to cook potatoes. These were done,

and she would show the lady she knew how to prepare them for the table.

When the lady returned, she found the girl seated on the floor, the potatoes in her lap, while she, with a very satisfied look, was peeling them with her fingers!

Are there not ladies who would have exclaimed—"Oh, the stupid, ignorant, dirty creature! She cannot be taught to do my work. I must send her away!" And away she would have been sent, irritated if not discouraged, perhaps without knowing a place where to lay down her head in this strange country.

My friend did not act in this manner—she expressed no surprise at the attitude of the girl, only quietly said—"That is not the best way to peel your potatoes, Julia—just lay them on this peeler, and I will show you how I like to have them done."

That Irish girl remained a servant in the same family for five years, proved herself not only capable of learning to work, but willing and most devoted to the service of her mistress, whom she regarded with a reverence little short of what a Catholic feels for a patron saint.\* And thus, if with patience and kindness these poor Irish girls are treated and taught, may good and faithful servants be obtained.

But unless ladies know how the work should be done, and are willing to teach their domestics, they should not employ the Irish when they first arrive.

Those who do employ and carefully instruct this class of persons, perform a most benevolent act to the usually destitute exiles, and also a good service to the community, by rendering those who would, if ignorant, become a burden and a nuisance, useful and respectable members of society.

To educate a good domestic is one of the surest proofs that a lady is a good housekeeper.

**TO PURIFY WATER.**—A large spoonful of powdered alum stirred into a hogshead of impure water will, after the lapse of a few hours, precipitate the impurities, and give it nearly the freshness and clearness of spring water. A painful may be purified with a tea-spoonful of alum.

Water-casks should be well charred before they are filled, as the charcoal thus produced on the inside of the cask keeps the water sweet. When water, by any accident, becomes impure and offensive, it may be rendered sweet by putting a little fresh charcoal in powder into the vessel, or by filtering the water through fresh-burnt and coarsely powdered charcoal.

**FLANNELS.**—Should be washed in clean hot suds in which a little bluing has been mingled; do not rinse them. Woolens of all kinds should be washed in hot suds.

**MILDEW STAINS.**—Are very difficult to remove from linen. The most effectual way is to rub soap on the spots, then chalk, and bleach the garment in the hot sun.

\* Julia only left her mistress to be married; she is now the good wife of a respectable mechanic.

**INK AND IRON MOULD.**—May be taken out by wetting the spots in milk, then covering them with common salt. It should be done before the garments have been washed. Another way to take out ink is to dip it into melted tallow. For fine, delicate articles, this is the best way.

**TO WASH CARPETS.**—Shake and beat it well; lay it upon the floor, and tack it firmly; then with a clean flannel wash it over with 1 quart of bullock's gall, mixed with 3 quarts of soft cold water, and rub it off with a clean flannel or house-cloth. Any particular dirty spot should be rubbed with pure gall.

Crusts and pieces of bread should be kept in an earthen pot or pan, closely covered, in a dry cool place.

Keep fresh lard and suet in tin vessels.

Keep salt pork fat in glazed earthen ware.

Keep yeast in wood or earthenware.

Keep preserves and jellies in glass, china, or stone ware.

Keep salt in a dry place.

Keep meal in a cool, dry place.

Keep ice in the cellar, or refrigerator, wrapped in flannel.

Keep vinegar in wood or glass.

Housekeepers in the country must be careful that their meats are well salted, and kept under brine.

Sugar is an admirable ingredient in curing meat, butter, and fish.

Saltpetre dries up meat—it is best to use it sparingly.

#### TABLE OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES,

By which persons not having scales and weights at hand may readily measure the articles wanted to form any receipt, without the trouble of weighing. Allowance to be made for extraordinary dryness or moisture of the article weighed or measured.

#### WEIGHT AND MEASURE.

Wheat flour.....	1 pound is.....	1 quart.
Indian meal. 1 pound, 2 ounces, is.....	1 quart.	
Butter, when soft.....	1 pound is.....	1 quart.
Loaf sugar, broken... 1 pound is.....	1 quart.	
White do. pow'd.... 1 pd. 1 ounce, is.....	1 quart.	
Best brown sugar.... 1 lb. 2 ounces, is.....	1 quart.	
Eggs.....	10 eggs are.....	1 pound.
Flour.....	8 quarts are.....	1 peck.
Flour.....	4 pecks are.....	1 bushel.

#### LIQUIDS.

Sixteen large table-spoonfuls are.....	1 pint.
Eight large table-spoonfuls are.....	1 gill.
Four large table-spoonfuls are.....	1/2 gill.
Two gills are.....	1/4 pint.
Two pints are.....	1 gallon.
Four quarts are.....	1 gallon.
A common-sized tumbler holds.....	1/2 pint.
A common-sized wine-glass.....	1/4 gill.
Twenty-five drops are equal to 1 teaspoonful.	



#### A BLOW FOR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

On the day of the Paris fêtes, it was found impossible to light many of the Napoleonic devices which were intended to have illuminated the French capital. The Prince President must have been greatly amazed at the failure of his devices; and it must be admitted that, on the day in question, there was certainly something in the wind.

#### WALKING THE PLANK.

Napoleon the Great called the throne "a plank covered with velvet." Napoleon the Little is at present busy "walking this plank," and though he has kept himself up hitherto with wonderful good luck, still it would be too much for any one to say whether he will be able to maintain his equilibrium with the same steadiness until he gains his end. And when he does, who can tell whether, at that very point, he may not suddenly fall over and disappear in the "sea of difficulties" that for some time, has been raging underneath him. Far happier to be Prince Albert, and "walk the slopes" every morning!

#### "NO ONE KNOWS WHEN HE'S WELL OFF."

So says the popular saying; and it applies particularly to a Government steamer, for that is no sooner "off" than it is obliged to come back again for repairs; and it comes back so often, that not a soul on board can tell "when he's well off."

#### KENSINGTON GARDENS—A POSER FOR PAPA.

"La! Pa, dear!—What is the meaning of 'Kochruteria Paniculata'; and why should such a little tree have such a very long name?"

#### THE DISPUTE WITH BRITAIN.

(From the *New York Patriot*.)

"Our readers require, and indeed know well, that they may expect from us the very best and most copious details concerning the dispute with Britain. Yes!

"That this matter with regard to the fisheries may be amicably settled, is our dearest wish—but the overwhelming audacity of the British officials will probably lead to awful consequences. A bloody war may ensue!

"Webster and the British representative dined together, and played blind-man's-buff yesterday. Yet, after all, where are the thirty-two's that the War Department promised? Why has not the brig *Loafer* yet emerged from the *Shooterback*?

"Peace is the dearest desire of our hearts, but the audacious British, infamous in oppression, march on us. The Volunteers are forming on the common, near our office. Jonathan loves his brother Bull, but if Bull will be grasped with a bloody hand, and squashed, his blood be on his own head.

"Amity we cry! And where are the fire-ships that Blinker invented, under the command of Captain Moggy?

"&c. &c. &c."

STOP HIM!—A Scotch gentleman puts the postage stamps wrong way up on his letters, and calls it, with a tender feeling,—Turning a penny!

#### OF-FISH-AL INTELLIGENCE.

Take our word for it, there will be no fighting between America and England. We have seen a letter from the President to Mr. Thomas Baring, that breathes nothing but Port and Sherry. It is an invitation to dinner, and is couched in the following terms:—"Come and discuss this matter pleasantly. There will only be a quiet little bit of fish, and a small bone to pick afterwards."

THE INFLUENCE OF DINNERS.—"There is no dispute in this world so large that it cannot be covered with a Table-Cloth!"—*A diplomatist of the Old Rocher-de-Causcote School.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGNS.—As yet they only consist of two—two grand mock battles. The first was fought last year at the Trocadero, and the second only took place the other day on the Seine. THE NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE can now boast of his two victories: one on land and the other on water. He has thus surpassed his great relative; for it is well known that the Emperor never was triumphant on the latter!

FIRE! FIRE!—THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S fireworks were *feux de joie*, in commemoration of some great victory. LOUIS NAPOLEON'S are *feux d'artifice* in connection with some mock battle.

## A FOREST HOME.

A Ballad.

THE POETRY FROM "FRAZER'S MAGAZINE;" THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO DR. METCH, FERGUS,

BY

J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

IN MODERATE TIME.

Voice.

*Sym.*

They

P. Forte.

Sweet i m a g - e s of beau - ty, day by day, And sounds of wild - est

nat - ural mu - sic mould Our in - most thoughts to peace, and steal a - way All

fau - cies that might make the heart grow cold!

The glory the autumnal sunset brings,  
 The shadows of the changeful clouds that sweep  
 Above the trees, as o'er the lyre's sweet strings  
 Rinneth a master hand, arousing deep  
 Undream'd of harmony; the varied woods  
 That like a wreath of triumph crown yon hill;  
 All these have power to cheer our sadder moods  
 And make our hours of joy more joyful still.

There are shy deer that glide across our sight,  
 Or pause with lifted neck and glowing eye;  
 There are wild owls, that oftentimes at night,  
 From tree to tree give out their cheerful cry,  
 Yea, many a happy creature round us dwells,  
 And we have caught an echo in their bliss,  
 And learned to love their haunts, their woods,  
 their dells,  
 And e'en a home they deem so lone as this:

At eventide when'er the driving rain  
 Hides from our view the fair autumnal scene,  
 Rushing like white-robed ghosts in rapid train  
 Then turn we from what is, to what *has been*,  
 Some gorgeous history of olden time  
 Unfolds its pageant to our gladden'd sight,  
 Or poets lay, with sweet returning chime  
 Fills the hushed soul with beauty and delight.

And still as time glides on, we ever feel  
 'Twas wisely done to make our dwelling here  
 And take to heart such joys as cannot steal,  
 Like shadows, but will grow from year to year  
 And far more beautiful, doth nature seem  
 To them who daily meet her face to face,  
 And learn from her the bliss, that like a dream  
 Robes common things with beauty and with  
 grace.



It is no less extraordinary, than true, that, at a time when the attractions of the Exhibition are expected to draw a greater concourse of persons than the Queen City of the West has ever before assembled, at one time, within her limits, there should be no musical treat prepared for the visitors. We really think it a sort of retributive justice, for when the Toronto people have talent within their reach they do not know how to appreciate it. Witness Paul Julien, and Mrs. Bostwick.

The Infant Drummer is exhibiting, in conjunction with the Panorama of the World's Fair, at the Lyceum; and Payne's Grand Exhibition of the Oxyhydrogen Mammoth Microscope, with dissolving Views, Chromatopes, &c. will be at the Royal Exchange Hall, during the week.

We have already expressed our opinion with respect to the merits of the Panorama, which has only to be seen to be appreciated, and we have also recommended every one, who is able, to visit it, not once, but as often as circumstances admit, as each visit will give increased satisfaction.

Of the Infant Drummer, we would observe, that it is impossible, without hearing him, to form a just estimate of his powers.

His execution is really marvellous, and when we add, that he is an admirable timeist, we think there remains very little more to be expected. His is no clap-trap exhibition, the child is better worth both hearing and seeing than most things that have yet appeared in the city.

The next open night of the Vocal Music Society will take place on the 29th inst., in the large hall of the St. Lawrence Buildings, and we can safely promise, on that occasion, a rich treat to Musical Amateurs. We regret that previous arrangements prevented this meeting taking place during the exhibition week.

#### MADAME ALBONI.

The warmest well-wishers of this distinguished lady could not have desired a higher success than was that of her third grand concert, at Metropolitan Hall, on Tuesday evening last. The house was filled, and the audience was as appreciative and as much delighted as any that we have ever seen assembled in that gay and handsome concert room.

The Signorina appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, and afforded therefore an opportunity of fully enjoying the perfections of her style and execution, and the marvellous qualities of her voice. Of the latter it were in vain to attempt description; its individual charm and character are such, that commonly understood and ordinary epithets would be merely wasted in the endeavour. But added to every attribute of excellence we would say that a most delicious and heart-inspiring freshness is an element which predominates more in the voice of Signorina Alboni than in that of any other singer we have heard. It is not, however, this quality alone which lends such peculiar charm to her singing; there is in it something so natural, she seems so perfectly at home in all her performances, and her obvious trust and faith in her own inspiration and in the intrinsic beauty of what she undertakes to impart to her audience are so sincere, that an atmosphere of perfect repose is created by her, both delightful in itself, and delightfully contrasting with the high finish and wonder of her execution. Now this, to us, seems one of the very highest attainments possible for a singer; for although we cannot refuse sympathy to the evidences of lofty aspiration and of striving after high distinction, we feel more happy and grateful when the art by which we are enchained is thus concealed. Those therefore who desire to gratify the natural and universal love of the marvellous, in the study of a musical star of the first magnitude, and to enjoy at the same time in the fullest sense *ars sine arte*, should go and hear this accomplished woman.

Madame Alboni's first triumph was the *Cavatina*, "*Una voce poco fa*." She retired, perfectly laden with bouquets, after the encore, and a beautiful wreath was sent to her by the hands of a little boy from one of the audience on the right.

"*Ah, non credea mirarti*," from "*Sonnanbula*," was, we think, Alboni's greatest achievement of the evening. The sweet plaintive strain at the commencement, set off the voice to admiration, and her *crescendo* with the concluding shake in more joyous key brought down such a storm of applause, and such an impetuous encore as we have seldom witnessed.

The *Rondo Finale*, "*Non pia mesta*," is one of the brightest gems in Madame Alboni's casket; and though the audience had been already called upon for so many proofs of approbation, it was warmly applauded and encored.

Sontag (the Countess Rossi) arrived by the *Arctic* on Sunday evening. Last night she was to be serenaded at the Union Place Hotel. We do not see her first appearance yet announced.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—See page 449.