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Thos. Allan.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN

MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1852.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.—TORONTO: JULY, 1852.—No. 1.

THE CITIES OF CANADA.

TORONTO.

It may be regarded as a high degree of local vanity—a species of Metropolitanism, closely allied to the pride of Cockaigne—which induces us to commence our series of illustrations of the cities of this portion of Our Most Gracious Majesty's Dominions, with a description of the place of our habitation. But, Reader, whatever the feeling which prompts this preference may be, you will, perhaps, readily concede that it is a most natural one. Dwelling in a city, whose every stone and brick has been placed in its present position, under the eye of many who remember the locality as the site of primeval woods, the region of swamp—of some who have seen the lonely wigwam of the Missasauga give place to the log-house of the earlier settler, and this in its turn disappear, to be replaced by the substantial and elegant structures of modern art—we feel that we are justified in yielding to the pardonable, if vain desire, of telling the wondrous metamorphosis of forty years. It is meet that we should rejoice over the triumph of civilization, the onward progress of our race, the extension of our language, institutions, tastes, manners, customs and feelings. In no spot within British territory could we find aggregated in so striking a manner, the evidences of this startling change; in none should we trace so strongly marked the imprint of national migration; in few discover such ripened fruits of successful colonization. The genius of Britain presides over the destiny of her Offspring—the glory of the Empire enshrouds the prosperity of its Colony—the noble courage and strength of the Lion inspires and protects the industry of the Beaver—the Oak and the Maple unite their shadows over breasts which beat in unison for the common weal.

We boast not superior intelligence, we claim not greater, nor even an equal share of, local advantages over the sister cities of our country, but we assert, in sincerity of belief and in justice to ourselves, a rapidity of growth and a stability produced by wholesome enterprize, as encouraging as it is remarkable.

The fine Bay in front of the city is formed by the remarkable peninsula, which, commencing at the River Don, stretches away westward, with a singular bend or curve at its western extremity, until it approaches the mainland opposite the Garrison. Here, a very narrow channel marked by buoys, admits vessels of almost any tonnage to shelter and safe anchorage. Over this expanded sheet of water may be seen, at this season of the year, many a graceful and tidy little craft gliding along under the skilful management of its amateur

crew—yatching being a favourite amusement and source of recreation to the inhabitants, after the toils of the day and the confinement of their occupations. A considerable number of steamers, both British and American—arriving and departing almost hourly—and numerous sailing vessels, laden with the produce of the "back country," or freighted with valuable imports from other lands, impart animation and bustle to the scene, which truly indicate the commercial activity of a thriving population; while the wharves which skirt the Bay, with their large warehouses and busy throng of stevedores, porters, carts, and cabs, confirm this impression.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage of its low situation, the effect produced on the mind when entering the Bay, and viewing the city from the deck of the steamer, is very pleasing and striking. Its spires and domes lighted up with the parting rays of the evening sun, the dark woods at the back, and the numerous handsome villas which flank the Bay, especially at its entrance, combine in creating an effective *coup d'œil*. A most prominent object, at the eastern end, is the Gaol, by no means a picturesque or prepossessing one, but still it may be taken as an indication of the general substantial and appropriate character of the buildings, being a solid symmetrical mass of grey limestone sufficiently significant of its purposes; not, however, in the same sense as the traveller, who said he knew that he was in a civilized country whenever he saw a gibbet. The Light House on the point of the Peninsula, the Lunatic Asylum, Government Wharf, the Parliament Buildings, the spires of St. George's, Knox's, and St. Andrew's Churches; St. Lawrence Buildings, the City Hall and Trinity Church, all attract the eye. The sites of the Anglican and Roman Cathedrals and the direction of the main streets, may also be made out. It is not our purpose to enter into a topographical description, and we therefore pass to other topics.

The "Queen City of the West" holds out no charms for the disciple of Monkbarns, and yet she has seen changes and vicissitudes in her time. All traces of these events it is true, are rapidly becoming extinct, recent as they have been; the few which still remain are not of sufficient interest to require any very extended notice. And it is well that it should be so. The absence of such evidences, to the curious investigator of a future age, will establish more fully the wonderful brevity of our transition state. But we may permit ourselves the indulgence of some reminiscences of the days that are past. Few who now stroll along the well boarded sidewalks of King Street, reflect upon the inconvenience attending this recreation to their grand-sires and grand-dames, who were compelled to tuck up their garments and pick their way from tuft to tuft, from stone to stone, and even to content themselves with an occasional dip in the puddle; but,

"Nothing is a misery
Unless our weakness apprehend it so,"

and spite of these little contrepieds, they would briskly do their shopping or call to enquire for Mrs. So-and-so and the darling little infant. It was no unusual sight to behold the heavy lumber waggon (Broughams were not then known,) sticking fast, up to the axle in the very middle of the Street, opposite to what is now McConkey's refectory, the gallant beaux constrained to soil their high-lows (Wellingtons enjoyed but a mythical existence in those primitive days) in the work of extrication. The party-going portion of the citizens were content either to "trudge it" or to be shaken down among the straw in a cart drawn by two sturdy oxen. The fashionable cry then was, "Mrs. McTavish's cart is here," and the "gee up Buck, ha! way Bright" resounded as clearly among the pines and elms as the glib "all right" of your modern footman along the gaslit street. We have been assured by those who participated in the enjoyment of the festivities of the times, that the social pleasures were much enhanced by these, to one and to all, trifling *désagrémens;* that while the amenities of life and conventional rules of society were strictly observed and respected, the simplicity of mode and frank hospitality rendered the gaieties of Little York as agreeably desirable as the more polished and fashionable reunions of the City of Toronto in 1852. Not that the latter virtue is less characteristic of modern society, but perhaps it was then better appreciated. The "even tenor of their way" received on one occasion a severe and alarming check.

The morning of the 27th of April, 1812, dawned with all the genial brightness of

an early spring on the inhabitants of the Town and revealed to their wondering gaze, the unwelcome sight of a hostile fleet ranged in battle order at the entrance of the Bay. War having been declared by America against England, such a casuality was not altogether unexpected by the authorities. But sanguine ever, all hearts were filled with hope that their quiet nook would escape the disturbance consequent upon aggression, and the ordinary pursuits of life were until that morning uninterruptedly maintained. On the previous day a brilliant entertainment had been given at the Garrison, and arrangements were made to continue the festivities at the house of one the principal of Matrons that night. The hour of assembling was much earlier than that now sanctioned by the arbitrary rules of fashion. The ladies had all arrived and the gentlemen were momently expected, among the latter there were of course included several gallant sons of Mars. Hour after hour passed away and the favored guests came not. At length one, more thoughtfully considerate than the others, rode in haste to the door and left a polite message excusing his absence. This was shortly followed by a missive from the Lady's "remaining portion" stating that the alarm of attack would possibly prevent his return that night. The panic created by this intelligence may readily be conceived—each fair and trembling belle hastened back to the protection of the parental roof. The amiable Hostess taking what precautions she could devise for the security of her house, patiently but anxiously awaited the return of her husband, who, at a late hour, came for a brief space to provide himself with the necessary munitions of war and counselled her to seek refuge from the danger she would encounter in his house, which was in a position much exposed to the enemy's fire. Hastily collecting those valuables which could be easily removed, she then repaired to the house of the Honble. J. McGill, at present inhabited by Mr. McCutcheon, which was considered to be a place of security, and had already become the hospitium of others similarly circumstanced. News of the progress of the battle was conveyed to them from time to time—at length an appeal was made for them to take a more active part in the business of the day. The men who had been engaged from an early hour were greatly exhausted from want of food. Every fair hand was instantly at work to prepare a repast for the famishing soldier. While thus honourably employed, a terrific sound appals the heart with terror and dismay—the magazine has exploded! They feel that the fate of the brave is sealed—the issue of the contest decided. And now apprehension as to what would be the conduct of the victors absorbs for a time every other feeling. This being found to be a groundless source of anxiety, and the enemy shortly afterwards abandoning their vantage ground, matters soon resumed their wonted aspect.

Since the peace of 1814, Toronto has steadily encreased in wealth and population. A just idea of this progress may be formed by the following facts.

At the period just alluded to there were about 900 souls living in Little York, to which some writers are wondrously fond of prefixing "muddy." In twenty years the population had reached 4,000. Ten years more swelled this number to 15,336. The census of the present year gives 30,763!

The first house on King Street was erected on a lot *given* to an enterprising settler, on the condition that he would build a house upon it. Not many days ago, a lot of land, about one-fourth of an acre in extent, and situated beyond the toll-gate on Yonge Street, two miles and a half from the city, was sold at auction for £900! The annual rental of a house in the business part of King Street is £300!

Where Bay Street *now is*, was part of an orchard or small "clearing." When the proposition to purchase this, *by the foot*, was first made, the idea was scouted as most ridiculous—inches have since become the subject of litigation! The assessed value of the property within the liberties of the Corporation, is estimated at £3,116,400!

The earliest settlers were content to receive their flour from the Commissariat stores, as the only source of supply. To-day the value of the dutiable and free goods imported is £694,597! The exports to the United States, and the various ports of our inland seas and rivers, amount to £409,206.

Such, reader, is the history which figures tell,—who, then, shall gainsay the reasonableness of our pride?

It is certainly a source of regret that with all this magic advancement in the substantialities of condition and importance, so very little,

comparatively, has been done to mark an equal progress in the higher qualities which adorn and accompany civilization. When one walks along King and Yonge Streets, and views with mingled feelings of surprise and admiration, the splendid Cathedral, the handsome St. Lawrence Buildings and the princely stores already built or in the course of erection, the mind will naturally revert to the intelligence which designed, and the skill which is completing them; and a desire will as naturally arise to ascertain the character and extent of the institutions appropriated to the furtherance of intellectual pursuits. Alas! shall we confess it, in this we are miserably deficient. Not a solitary building is to be seen answering this description. There is not even a public library! In the St. Lawrence Buildings there is a very large and convenient room, appropriated as a reading-room, and kept well supplied with the current periodical literature of the day—but that is all. Nor is there a room even devoted to the collection of specimens of art, or the fruits of genius. It may be said that we are unreasonable in this accusation, that the place is too young for such matters. But when we call to remembrance the work of this nature which has been done in smaller, less wealthy, and less important communities, we cannot refrain from expressing our conviction that much more ought to have been accomplished in Toronto.

Much to the credit of its promoters, there is a flourishing Mechanics' Institute, possessing a library worthy of better accommodation.

Within the past two years, also, a Society has been organized, under the appellation of "The Canadian Institute," which has for its object the promotion of literature, science, and art. Under the auspices of this Association, (which has been chartered,) a monthly publication is shortly to make its appearance, devoted to the cultivation of these pursuits. We hail this as a good omen of what we may shortly expect on a more extended and comprehensive scale.

We must also enter our protest against the injudicious manner in which most of the public buildings are "located," (to borrow a Columbian idiomatic term). The general effect of a fine proportionate building, however classical its style and elaborate its ornamentation, is completely destroyed by being crowded in among other less pretending structures, in an out-of-the-way place. Witness the result in the St. Lawrence Buildings—in the new Post Office, a truly chaste and well-designed piece of architecture, poked away behind an uninteresting row of fire-proof windows, in Messrs. Whittemore's four-storied warehouses. The same remark will apply to many others, but these examples will suffice.

The absence of large spaces, in the form of public squares, gardens and arrangements of a similar kind, is also most remarkable, and very much to be regretted. In a city whose local disadvantages, as far as public health is concerned, have been made the subject of frequent comment, we opine that the wisest policy would be to make a sacrifice of present wealth, for the purpose of future good.

The railroads to the north and west, and eventually to the east—the increasing means of water communication—the vast extent of cleared and highly cultivated farms around it, and the extending settlement of large tracts of land, point to a prosperous future for this city. We might expatiate on this and kindred topics to greater length, but we should only tire the patience of the reader, and exceed the proper bounds allotted to our subject.

[A View of the City had been completed for publication, but being disappointed with it, we have refrained from inserting it in the present issue. There are very great difficulties to be encountered in attempting a faithful picture of the place. We have seen several productions of various professional artists and amateurs, and in all, the failure has been nearly alike, and has arisen from the same causes. In one, we remember, to have discovered the nearest approach to accuracy of detail combined with decided pictorial effect, but its minuteness and panoramic character rendered it unsuitable for the purposes of this publication. The difficulties which preclude the possibility of taking a good general view, partake of the same nature which obtains with respect to all cities which are situated on low and flat surfaces, where the principal buildings are not isolated or separated to any extent from the surrounding houses, and where there are no contiguous heights from which an extended prospect is afforded to the eye.]

For the Anglo-American Magazine.

THE ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE COLONIES EQUAL, IF NOT SUPERIOR, TO THOSE OFFERED BY THE UNITED STATES.

In presenting "Amicus" to our readers, we take the first step towards the fulfilment of the pledge, that original subjects, connected with British North American interests, should, as occasion demands, appear in our pages, and it will be apparent to our readers that it is but the first of a series of articles on similar subjects. We may add, that besides "Amicus," the MS. of a work on Emigration, for the particular use of the French, Germans, and Belgians, is now before us. The author has passed several years in the United States, and appears, after patient and laborious investigation of his subject, during which time he has collected a great mass of materials, to have arrived at the same conclusion as "Amicus," viz., that the British North American Provinces offer a more desirable home to the emigrant than the United States.

The author dwells particularly on the evils that have resulted to the States from the *modus operandi* of speculating emigration companies, in the introduction of a vast number of most undesirable citizens to the Union, and he contends farther that a very large body, of a superior class, really desirous of emigration for legitimate purposes, have been deterred, from leaving their fatherland, and seeking our shores, through fear of again coming in contact with the restless and dangerous spirits who have preceded them. He says:—

"About twelve years ago there appeared in Germany several works on the United States, guides for emigrants. These books were obviously written by parties (German) employed by speculators, whether land or ship-owners—perhaps by the American Government itself. These works were widely circulated in pamphlet form, by agents specially selected for their aptness in making *ad captandum* appeals to the masses of the people, and in spreading far and wide the most fabulous versions of Republican institutions and Republican prosperity and wealth. The happiness of each man dwelling under his own fig tree, and governed by laws of his own making, was dwelt on with due emphasis.

"By employing these deceptive means, the Americans induced large bodies to leave, but now bitterly suffer from the evil consequences of their error in diverting the stream of emigration from its natural and universal course, and directing it solely to their own channel. For Germany itself the loss has been a gain—as it has been an especial boon that so many impure elements have been swept away from her shores—so many dangers removed, that threatened her prosperity in a political, religious, and social point of view."

Our author maintains "that if emigration to these Provinces be desirable, a more sympathetic relation with the wealthier and better educated classes in Germany, Belgium, and France, should be entered into," and recommends that some exertions should be made to disabuse these classes of the opinion they generally entertain that the British Provinces are, as are the United States, the point to which the disaffected and disappointed, the Illuminati of Germany, the Carbonari of Italy, direct their course, as affording a new and wider field for the ramifications of their respective secret associations. He seems to be quite *au fait* on the subject of the various political divisions in the United States, and asserts that the very number of these various parties afford a wider field of operation for the political *intriguant*, and winds up by very distinctly assuring his countrymen "that in this good, generous, and noble country, the land of free soilers and free institutions, men are *less free* than under stronger Governments."

Our author is perhaps too sharp in his remarks, and their causticity and satire prevent our making more copious extracts; but be it remembered that a perfect deluge of similar writings, on the opposite side of the question, has been poured forth, and that strong language respecting Monarchies, and the degraded condition of the unfortunates living under them has not been wanting, and that it behoves us, if we really desire to see the tide of immigration set in on our shores, to afford those richer and better educated classes, whom he represents as desirous of emigration, practical information as to our really free government, climate, soil, and other advantages.

I am aware that in treating of the subject indicated by the above title, I shall have to encounter much of misconception and misapprehension, that prevails very generally, as to the superior advantages which the United States are supposed to

possess, over the British possessions in this hemisphere; and to contend against prejudices, that have been engendered by misrepresentations which have been industriously disseminated, and which have been strengthened in no ordinary degree, by the apparently superior condition of the American population, in the vicinity of the Canadian boundary line; and which is incorrectly supposed to demonstrate an advanced state of society throughout the entire Union, than which no conclusion could be more erroneous.

European writers, who have visited that Country and who have partially travelled in the Northern section of the United States, have been at a loss to account for the comparatively prosperous condition of our American neighbours, when compared with that of the Colonies; and have been led to attribute this discrepance to superior intelligence and activity, the offspring of republican institutions; but which in reality, is the result of intense exertion and untiring industry—the legacy left them by the original settlers of the country, one far superior to wealth and fortune.

Throughout the whole extent of the United States, the same fundamental laws prevail, and the same free institutions exist; and yet the British Colonies offer no more striking contrast, than is exhibited between the Northern and Southern States. The moment you cross the Potomac and enter Virginia, you meet with the same inertness, with which the inhabitants of the British Provinces are charged; and after you leave Baltimore, generally speaking, there is no longer to be seen, the energy and enterprise of the North. The railroad will transport the traveller in less than two hours, from that stirring and thriving city to Washington, and a sail of half an hour will convey him to Alexandria, the commerce of which at one time exceeded that of New York; but the streets appear to be deserted, and the town is said to have scarcely advanced within the last half century. It is true, a railroad has recently been commenced, which will lead into the interior, and a canal connects with the Cumberland mines in another direction; but as yet with little accompanying benefit, if a judgment can be formed from the appearance of the place.

Proceeding to Richmond, the capital of the State, although it is a more busy place, yet it has not made that progress, which from its position, one would be led to expect; and a canal that was commenced soon after the close of the revolutionary war, meant to extend to the Blue Ridge, connecting it with James River at Richmond is not yet completed; and now that a railroad has been commenced at Alexandria, extending in the same direction, probably it never will be finished. Descending that river, we arrive at Norfolk, only to be again disappointed, and on reaching Wilmington, in North Carolina, the terminus of the Northern railroad, the appearance of things have rather deteriorated than improved. Thence a steamboat conveys the traveller in ten or twelve hours to Charleston, South Carolina, the population of which has not increased to any extent in the last twenty years; although during the season when cotton is shipped, it is a place of considerable commercial activity. A similar remark will apply to Savannah, the place of shipment from Georgia; although recently it is on the increase, owing to the projected railroads which are in part completed, connecting it with Florida, and by which, produce can be conveyed from the shores of the Ohio. In North Carolina education has been but little disseminated among the lower order of whites, and in Georgia, where the country people are termed "Crackers," they are the most miserable looking and ignorant class of persons to be conceived; and I never met one of them, without thinking of the Palmer in "Marmion," and repeating to myself,—

> "Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
> Had she but been in presence there,
> In his worn cheek and sun-burnt hair,
> She had not known her child!

If we pass on to Mobile, at the mouth of the Alabama River, we find a place of more activity, but dependent entirely upon the shipment of cotton, and affected in a most extraordinary degree, by the slightest fluctuation in the price of that article in the British market,—showing conclusively, that it has no innate resources upon which to rely; and it is only on arriving at New Orleans that we witness the busy scenes of Baltimore, Boston and New York; but which is referable to the introduction of northern enterprise, and the establishment of European Houses there. American institutions and example, have wrought no change in the character of the original inhabitants of the place, among whom there are old persons, as I understood when there, who have never crossed the street, which separates the American from the French and Spanish Municipality.

Advancing up the Mississippi, Baton Rouge, Vicksburg, Natchez, and Memphis, are the only places at which the steamboats usually call, Louisville, on the Ohio, is reached—a distance of five hundred miles from New Orleans in a direct line, and by the circuitous route of the river probably two hundred more. Louisville is a place of considerable trade, settled, as the Western

States necessarily were, from the north, and where I even met with two natives of Nova Scotia; but it is not till Cincinnati is reached that the enterprise and energy of the Northern States is fully developed, in the establishment of extensive iron and cotton manufactories, the curing of immense quantities of pork, and the employment of Germans in the cultivation of the vine, and extensively in horticultural and agricultural pursuits.

I am aware that much of the backward condition of the Southern States, may be attributed to the existence of slavery, which tends to degrade labour; yet after making every allowance for this incubus, for such it really is, still they stand out in marked contrast with the North; and even the tardy advancement they have made may be attributed to the immigration of persons from that section of the Union, who have engaged in mercantile and partially in mechanical pursuits, or who are cultivating farms in Virginia and Western Georgia—resuscitating the worn-out soil and rendering it productive.

It will be seen from this brief survey of the Southern portion of the American Union, that whatever improvement has been made in the condition of the country, is mainly attributable to the presence of people from the North and from the New England States, who have carried with them the same indomitable energy and enterprise which enabled the latter to establish for themselves and their posterity a prosperous and happy home, on the comparatively bleak and barren shores of Massachusetts and Maine,—to form themselves into incipient republics, and ultimately to incite the other States to take up arms against the government of the Parent Country, when it sought to violate the constitution, and ultimately to succeed in establishing the independence of the United States.

At the period when that event occurred, the British Provinces were still in their infancy, Canada having but recently been conquered by the British arms, and Nova Scotia, which had repeatedly changed masters, together with Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, then called the Island of St. John, having been permanently ceded by the treaty of 1763. At this time there were in these Colonies a large population of Acadian French, to which was added, at the close of the revolutionary war, an influx of refugees from the United States, who settled in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which was then formed into a distinct Province; and numbers of these loyal men, with their families, also sought refuge in Canada.

Scarcely had this happened, when the first French revolution astonished the world, the germ of which had been transported from America; and England became involved in a war with France, which lasted upwards of twenty years, during which the Colonies necessarily experienced but little of that fostering care, so necessary for their advancement; the energies of the nation being directed against the common enemy. Their trade was also cramped and circumscribed by those restrictive laws, once deemed so essential to British interests in the Mother Country. Still immigration had gone on slowly but steadily advancing, and in 1827, the population of Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton, according to the census of that year, was 153,848,—that of New Brunswick was probably 100,000,—of Prince Edward Island, 40,000; while that of Lower Canada, which in 1763 was 70,000, had increased in 1825 to 450,000; and that of Upper Canada, which in 1783 was estimated at only 10,000 souls, in 1826 had reached 231,778. The population of Prince Edward Island has now attained, if my recollection serves me, 70,000—that of New Brunswick, 170,000,—of Nova Scotia, 200,000; and United Canada contains nearly two millions of inhabitants.

While the British Colonies were gradually increasing during the long French and short American war, the United States were advancing in their career of prosperity, owing to causes with which their institutions had nothing to do. Occupying a neutral position, they monopolized almost all the carrying trade of France; men of property fled from that country and San Domingo, and an influx of wealth, amounting almost to plethora, was the inevitable result. Since that period, immigration has been directed to their shores, from the Continent of Europe and the British Isles, every pains having been taken to allure immigrants thither; until the population, which, at the termination of the war of independence, did not exceed three millions, at present is upwards of twenty.

The application of steam to the propulsion of vessels on rivers and lakes, opened up a new era, and facilitated the settlement of the far distant West; and an unrestricted and profitable commerce has been carried on by its active citizens, with the most remote parts of the globe; while at home manufactories and the useful arts have been introduced, and have made considerable progress.

This is the bright and most pleasing side of the picture; but, on the other hand, faction has reared its hydra-head;—the North is arrayed against the South, and the South against the North,—the new

States against the old, and the old against the new. Then the two prominent parties of Whigs and Democrats, which are doggedly opposed to each other, are split up into Free-Soilers, Unionists, State-rights Men, Abolitionists, Barn-Burners, Old Hunkers, Young Americans, and Old Fogies; and every four years the Union is convulsed to its very centre, as is the case at the present moment, with reference to the selection of a President, involving a struggle for office.

The extension of territory, growing out of the acquisition of Texas, and the consequent Mexican war, must have the effect of perpetuating the excitement which at present prevails; and may ultimately lead to disastrous results, affecting the integrity of the Union, should Congress determine that the area of slavery shall not be enlarged, in accordance with the prevailing sentiments of the age, the dictates of humanity, and even the interest of the new States themselves, which may hereafter be formed, it being very generally admitted at the South, that hired labour would be infinitely more advantageous than that of slaves. The great difficulty attending their manumission being, as to the disposal of them if they were free; as when they have been enfranchised, even to a partial extent, they are found to be an incumbrance—so much so, that there is evidently a determination to expatriate them by legal enactment. Add to all this, the interminable excitement and turmoil, caused by the frequent recurrence of elections for State officers, judges, and other local public functionaries, and it will at once be perceived, that the United States offer but little inducement to the lover of domestic tranquillity and happiness, to select that country for his permanent abode.

During my tours through the United States, I have frequently come in contact with natives of the British Isles, who were employed in the manufactories at the North, whom I found very intelligent men, and who had been disappointed in the expectations they had formed, previous to their arrival. The wages they obtained, they said, were nominally higher, but employment was very uncertain; and they could live better in England on a dollar a day, than they could in the United States. The only advantage which they offered, over the Mother Country, was in the greater facilities afforded for educating their children; but which may be as readily obtained in the Colonies. I would here observe, that a Bill has recently passed the House of Representatives, granting one hundred and sixty acres of land, to settlers not worth five hundred dollars. Were this plan adopted in relation to British subjects, who are at present toiling amid disappointment and estrangement, many of whom have relatives in Canada, a vast number of these men would avail themselves of the offer of one hundred acres, on similar terms, who would become excellent members of society, the more firmly attached to British rule from what they have seen of Republican institutions.

With reference to soil and climate, I can perceive no advantage which the United States possess in either of these respects, over the British Colonies; nor are they at all richer in mineral resources, which abound in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada. As to soil, that of the States of Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and even New York, does not equal in fertility that of the British Provinces; and although the spring may open a little earlier south of New England, yet the same bleak and inclement weather everywhere prevails until June, which is experienced in the extreme north of New Brunswick; and it is not until Mobile and New Orleans are reached, that its chilling influence ceases to be felt. In the Southern States the summer season is prolific of disease; and such is the malaria of North and South Carolina, that exposure at night is almost certain death; and even the negroes who cultivate the rice plantations, suffer from the miasma arising from the low and swampy lands, which generally proves fatal to those who have been unaccustomed to it from infancy.

If we revert to the British Provinces, we find a totally altered state of affairs, from what existed even five-and-twenty years ago; and had one-half the concessions been made to the former Colonies, they never would have revolted—whose object was not to rebel, but to obtain an acknowledgment of their rights as British subjects. Those laws which were formerly inimical to trade, have been repealed, and the vessel of the Colonist may freely navigate every sea; the sole and exclusive right to levy duties and expend the revenue which they yield, has been conceded to their legislative bodies; the Crown Lands, of immense value, over which in the United States, Congress exercises paramount control, have been surrendered to the local governments. The Custom House, which furnished such ample ground of complaint, to the former Colonies of Great Britain, retains but the shadow of its former self, there being no longer any Imperial duties to collect. The management of the Post Office and its revenues has been yielded to the Provincial Governments. And the Colonial Governors must select

for their advisers, men who possess the confidence of a majority of the representatives of the people. Thus, in a financial point of view, the position of the Colonist is superior to that of the citizen of the United States.

With reference to the superior natural and other advantages which the British Provinces possess over the United States, it would far exceed the proper limits of this paper were I to attempt minutely to describe them. In the Bay of Fundy, on the coast of Nova Scotia, around Prince Edward Island, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the water literally teems with life; and no where can the fisheries be carried on more beneficially for internal consumption and the supply of foreign markets. Swarms of fishing vessels from Salem, Cape Cod, Marble Head, and other places in their vicinity, annually proceed to the fishing grounds to the northward of Prince Edward Island and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which can only compete with the British fishermen, by means of a bounty that is granted by the State Legislature, owing to the length of the voyage, and the fish having to be brought home salted down in bulk, and cured after their arrival, foreigners not being allowed to land and cure the fish near where they are caught.

When Prince Edward Island was surrendered by the French, in 1745, it had 10,000 head of black cattle; several of the farmers raised annually 12,000 bushels of wheat; and it was so much improved as to be called *the granary of Canada*. It is yet a fine agricultural country, where several English gentlemen of wealth and standing, have purchased delightful residences; and if the island is not so productive as it should be, it is owing to the indolent habits of its population, many of whom are French, and the unfortunate propensity for lumbering and ship-building, which formerly prevailed to such an extent as to involve those engaged in these pursuits in inevitable ruin, during the panic of 1826.

Cape Breton, lying to the eastward of Nova Scotia, and forming part of that Province, from which it is separated by the Gut of Canso, is also a highly fertile island; the eastern and north-eastern portions of which have been settled chiefly by immigrants from Scotland; and it abounds with mineral coal of the finest quality, the mines of which are worked by a wealthy English company, as are those of Pictou, on the eastern part of Nova Scotia proper.

That Province is in a high state of cultivation; the blessings of education have there been widely diffused; and it possesses a population not to be exceeded, as respects comfort and intelligence, by any community in America. In New Brunswick the lumbering pursuit has produced the same disastrous results, which are everywhere its attendants; and the consequence is, that cleared land may be obtained at a reasonable rate, numbers of farmers having been ruined, and there is abundance of public land in the market. Greater attention is being paid to emigration than formerly, and the public schools are under the surveillance of a Superintendent, in whom the utmost confidence may be placed. The river St. John, flowing through the heart of the Province, and emptying into the Bay of Fundy, and the Miramichi, which discharges its waters into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, connect the interior with the ocean at two distant points.

Of the natural and ample resources of Canada, it were unnecessary to say more, than that with a soil of the richest quality, with lakes and rivers of immense magnitude, and with a climate unsurpassed in salubrity in any part of America, it offers every inducement to the emigrant in search of a home; whom the means of water communication will enable to reach the most distant points of settlement, with ease and facility. At length, as in Virginia, the attention of the inhabitants of Canada is being turned to railroad improvement, by which the river Detroit will be connected, in a direct line, with the head of Lake Ontario—Toronto with the Georgian Bay and the beautiful Lake Simcoe—Kingston with Montreal—and Bytown with the St. Lawrence. And should the negotiations at present going on with British Companies prove successful, a main trunk line will connect Canada with the Atlantic, at the spacious harbour of Halifax,—the other terminus of which will ultimately be on the shores of the Pacific.

In addition to the natural advantages and resources of the British Provinces, the British subject—and to such I would more particularly address myself—has the happiness and privilege of continuing to live under British institutions, and is protected by laws that are promptly and impartially administered. Republican institutions may be all very well for those who have been born, educated and brought up under them; and it is evident that no other form of government would suit the American people, who consider monarchy and despotism as synonymous terms. But that they afford greater or even equal protection to life, or secure a greater degree of freedom—either civil or religious, than is possessed by the inhabitants of the British Colonies, I very much doubt; and the opinion I entertain will, I am sure, meet

with approval from every dispassionate and unprejudiced American, who has visited Europe, and observed the operation of the British Constitution.

That a native of the British Isles may permanently fix his abode in the United States, and will experience much hospitality and kindness, I readily admit; but he will not meet with congenial minds among the American population, nor those habits and tastes to which he has been accustomed; he can feel no interest in the political struggle, which is continually occurring; and the tangled web of American politics, it would be folly in him to attempt to unravel. He may even swear allegiance to the United States, and renounce that which he owes to his native country; but while this invests him with the rights of a citizen, it will not exalt him in the estimation of those among whom he has established his home. The true American is an ardent admirer and lover of his country, and like the knight of old, is ready to break a lance with whoever doubts the peerless perfection of the object of his affection; and he doubts the fidelity and truthfulness of the man, in his new character, who would renounce his fealty to his sovereign, and

> "With soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land;
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned,
> From wandering on a foreign strand."

It is to the Provinces, therefore, that a British subject should direct his steps, when quitting, probably forever, the home of his childhood; where he will enjoy liberty without licentiousness; is eligible to fill every office of trust or emolument, to which he can reasonably aspire, and for which he may be qualified; where he will retain the proud and enviable position of a subject of that sovereign, upon whose empire the sun never sets —may listen to those national airs that have gladdened his heart from childhood; be cheered on his way to the temple of his God, by the sound of the church-going bell, reminding him, perhaps, of

> "The village church among the trees.
> Where once his marriage vows were given,
> With merry peal that swelled the breeze,
> Pointing with tapering spire to heaven;"

and be protected by that noble flag, which, "for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze."

With the removal of all vexatious restrictions upon trade, has vanished all civil and religious disabilities in the British Colonies,—all disqualifications founded on difference in religious creeds; everywhere liberal and ample provision is made for the promotion of education; and all that is required to render these Provinces as flourishing as the United States, is the vigorous improvement of the advantages they possess, a cordial union among themselves, and enlightened legislation. A prevailing characteristic of the present age, is an impious discontent—from which the citizens of the Republic, possessing all the points of Chartism, are not exempt. To check and control this evil propensity of our nature, should be the study and endeavour of every man who values the welfare and tranquillity of himself and those around him; and of this all may be assured, that the absence of contentment is the fruitful source of much of the discomfort and disappointment in life.

AMICUS.

ILLUSION.

Ah! "could we think!" but who that sails
Upon a tranquil sea
E'er dreamt of storms, and rising gales,
Of hidden rocks that be;
Of graves "five fathom deep"—
Who that beholds the blooming rose,
Is dreaming of decay?
Who thinks upon December's snows,
The while enchanting May
Her loveliest robe puts on!
Who that on the rising sun
Is gazing, joy imprest,
Thinks of his brilliant journey done,
When, fading in the west,
His glories lost shall be.—
But what avail were 't ours to pierce
The vista dim of years?
Could we time's secret working trace
And through the vale of tears,
Our destined path survey.

G.

FORGET ME NOT.

Flower of remembrance fond, the token,
Whisperer of hearts by sorrow broken;
Last gift of love, their origin of woe
Who, that has learnt, could check the tears warm flow,
The rushing current of regret restrain,
Or banish grief, since grief was ever vain?
Alas! alas! the hopelessness of woe
Who that e'er wept does not too dearly know.
Forget me not! how oft by passion spoken,
Ah! me by passion, too, how frequent broken!
Forget me not! the passing spirits wail;
Forget me not! still sighs the moaning gale,
From wanderer wafted, to far country gone,
Fated, it may be, never to return!
Forget me not, the clinging heart's sole prayer,
Fond, last petition in its deep despair!
And still, "Forget me not" the farewell cry
Of suffering nature in her agony!

G.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. I.

PROLOGUE.

GENTLE READER! (all readers are gentle, *ex-officio*, even although they should be first-cousins to Orson!)—gentle reader, if you are at all conversant with the topography of the country which lies between *Sanct Mungo's* city of Glasgow, and Ayr, famed for its

"Honest men and bonnie lassies."

it would be a work of impertinence for me to rehearse to you the whereabouts of the ancient Royal Burgh Town of Dreepdaily.

On the other hand, should you be ignorant of the aforesaid classic district of North Britain, a formal recapitulation of its latitude and longitude, and such like geographical items, would be as marrowless and dry (*wersh*, as Scotsmen would say,) as a lawyer's bill of costs in a suit to which, providentially, you were no party!

In these circumstances, I shall say nothing more on the matter;—a resolution for which I shall, doubtless, be lauded by many, and censured by none, save those kiln-dried grubs of literature, who love to devour doting directories, and batten, Ghoul-like upon glumphy gazetteers!

It is twenty-five—or, "by our Lady,"—it may closely be treading upon the heels of some thirty years (like Hamlet's ghostly father I keep but an indifferent "note of time!") since first I left Dreepdaily, to push my fortune in this woody country of Canada.

Perchance it was in Quebec that I laid the foundation of that competence which I am now enjoying in Toronto—perchance it was in Montreal or Cornwall,—at any rate, the question is one in which you cannot possibly have any very deep interest. Should you be a member, however, of the fraternity of *gossips*—a brotherhood which the Reformation utterly failed to extinguish—I have *instructed* Mr. Maclear (to use the semi-regal language of auctioneers) to convey to you the desired information,—conditionally, always, that you are a subscriber to his Magazine, and promise religiously to keep the secret when imparted to you!

Since my primary exodus from dear Scotland, I have cast my optics over many nooks and corners of this our planet. As the old song hath it—

"Far have I wandered,
And farther have I seen,"

but never have I lighted upon a spot which was half so wooing or winsome as Dreepdaily! It is very conceivable that the orthodoxy of this conclusion of mine may be questioned by not a few in these latter days of contradiction and controversy. Nay more, it is quite possible that my antagonists may be able to advance plausible reasons why they quarrel with my opinion. Not unlikely, there may be greener meadows—more fertile valleys, and woods of a richer and deeper complexion than those which surround that unpretending spot! With all this, however, I am "foolish and fond" enough to prefer the simple characteristics of my birth-place, to the noblest landscape Claude ever conceived or realized. It may argue little for my taste for the picturesque; but when speaking of Dreepdaily as it was—mark well, good reader, *as it was*—I am much inclined to sing, with glorious old Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount—

"—— its pleasaunce
Might be a pattern in Portugal or France!"

Is it strange that I should feel thus? No!—a thousand times, No! The "banks and braes" where we first pulled a *gowan*, and first "*harried*" a nest become invested by those acts with a freshness and a beauty, peculiarly and exclusively their own!

Dear, dear Dreepdaily! I think I see the whole scene as distinctly as it existed thirty years ago. The time is seven in the morning—the season midsummer, and the tall birch trees scarcely move to the salutation of the light zephyr-like breeze, which, skimming over Deacon Colewart's garden, diffuses a delicious odour of salery and sweet-briar through the Main Street. At yonder gushet-house sits old Elspeth Nairn, who, tempted by the *lounness* of the morning, has brought her wheel out of doors—she is stone-blind, but cheerful in her darkness, for, though poor as poverty itself, she is well seen to by her neighbours, who respect and pity—no, that is not the word—sympathize with one who has seen better days. Her story is too long to tell now, but it may be partly gathered from the little flax-polled urchin who is essaying to rouse the old tom-cat from its lethargy, by trailing a worsted thread before its nose. His

tunic is manufactured from a faded soldier's jacket, and as the aged woman taps her *oe* on the shoulder, her hand rests upon the only remaining button, on which the figures 42 are impressed. Well she knows the characters by the feel, for see a quiet tear starts from her sightless eye, and wends slowly down her furrowed cheek. That button is more precious to her than the richest gem of Golconda, for it tells of an only son slain on the field of Waterloo, fighting bravely for his king and country!

Yonder tall personage, habited in rusty black, who moves down the Main Street with the solemn gravity of a *Soulie*, is Master Paumy, the schoolmaster. He is a perfect dungeon of learning, who is whispered to have discovered the philosopher's stone, and to whom

> "Even Hebrew is not more difficile,
> Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

Many there be who assert that he should have had a kirk thirty years ago, and that "if he only got a trial, he could *ding the guts oot o' a Bible* as weel as the minister himsell." But alas! his father was neither a laird nor a grieve, and the highest promotion he could win from the heritors, was the birch and the *lettergueship*, which latter office he fills to admiration, though as guiltless of music as an influenzaed crow. He does not repine, however, at his lot, though now and then over a third tumbler he will hint at the wonders which he did at the *Blackstone* examinations in the Glasgow College, where he bore away the first premium from Peter Poundtext, who last year was *moderawtor* in the General Assembly. His advent is descried by a group of truant rogues playing at cat-and-dog beside the school-house, and the clique rush away behind yonder projecting wall to finish their game, ere they enter upon the bondage of the day—it wants three minutes to the hour, and these are precious as a handfull of March dust. Hush! what noise was that? a sudden splash succeeded by a jeering huzza!—The dominie absorbed in some speculation touching a Hebrew root, hath stepped into the goose-dub before Samuel Sourock's door, and the ambushed disciples, even with the fear of the *taws* before their eyes, cannot refrain from a jubilate at the mishap. But woe betide them if they are discovered! The *master* has sorely moiled his well-darned ridge-and-furrow stockings, and assuredly the ends of the correctional leather will be hardened in the fire of the smithy, which is "convenient to the academy. In fact the pedagogue has entered Vulcan's emporium for the very purpose, and the delinquents embrace the opportunity to steal noiselessly into the school-room, where on his entrance they appear the most studious of the tyros, conning their multiplication tables with the earnestness of a Mussulman humming the Koran. The storm has, however, passed over innocuous. Mr. Paumy has resumed his peripatetic reverie, and his insulters, laying aside their tasks, profane their slates with caricatures of his misadventure.

That old building resembling two barns, one across the other, is the parish kirk. It is very frail, and seemeth as if it may not support the burden of its roof much longer. You need not look there for the bell, the tower came down in the great storm ten years ago, and the ancient ecclesiastical herald is now suspended on yonder bushy lime. There has been much talk of getting the sanctuary rebuilt, but the heritors, who are mainly small farmers, grudge the expense, and think that what served their fathers may do for them. Mr. Novodamus, the writer, has, it is true, been egging on the Session to get the matter brought before the *Fifteen* in Edinburgh, but they are canny folk, and have had a salutary horror of the law, ever since they lost the plea with Sampson Snober the old light burgher, touching his arrears of tiend. A cause which, though not to be found in Morrison's entertaining Manual, was litigated for some six-and-twenty years, the sum in dispute being Ten Pounds Scots!

"The nearer the Kirk the farther frae grace," is a proverb which hath its verification in Dreepdaily. That grim iron-garnished window, looking into the Session-house, or vestry, as the polite now term it, is the place of terror to evil-doors, the flat above being devoted to the "sittings in council" of the august body which is by courtesy at least, "a praise and protection to those who do well." The "captive knight" smoking his pipe so philosophically at the grating, is old Donald McMillan, the superannuated corporal, who is the only *locum tenens*. He will, in all probability, be liberated as soon as his case

can be reported to the Provost, the delict not being very deadly. In fact, we believe that the "head and front of his offending" is little more than an ultra exuberant gaudimus on the preceding evening, being the anniversary of the taking of Quebec. On this, and some three or four other festivals, Donald is certain to be housed at the public expense, and is as regularly dismissed on the succeeding morning, with an admonition by the chief magistrate, the severity of the rebuke being tempered by a donation towards the purchase of black-rappee. Slanderous tongues have somewhat diminished the lustre of his honour's beneficence on these occasions, inasmuch as the "*mortified*" *obolus* speedily finds its way back into his coffers, he being the only vendor of the Raleigh weed in the parish.

On the opposite side of the street is the laboratory of Dr. Micah Scougall—the window thereof being distinguished by a huge snake, crammed into a case bottle, like the giant Alphonso in the castle of Otranto. That pursey Bardolph-nosed little gentleman at the threshold is the man of drugs himself—the privileged murderer of a whole burgh. Having spent the early portion of his mortal curriculum on board a man-of-war, he is the travelled man of the district, and many and strange are the tales he telleth of foreign parts. Indeed, we question if the illustrious Baron Munchausen himself could have spun a tougher yarn than Doctor Micah. He is a man of gallantry also, and is reported to have done sore havoc among the fair sex during the spring time of his life, when he was sowing his wild oats. Stern truth compelleth us to confess, however, that the Doctor is himself the principal evidence as to this fact, and that there are certain pretty strong *prima facie* objections to the truth thereof, in the shape *inter alia* of a snub nose—a unit eye—and a short leg and a shorter—in all which peculiarities the son of Galen rejoiceth. Be that as it may, Master Scougall has long been esteemed the man of ton and the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Dreepdaily. He is the master of ceremonies at every "doing," whether grave or gay, and as Haveral-Will the toun fool remarks, "It wud be a queer bridal or burial that wanted the Doctor at the head or tail o't."

But we fear, gentle reader, that you may be somewhat tired with your morning stroll, so, with your leave, we shall step into the shop of Master Peter Powhead, the barber, to whom we shall especially introduce you, more particularly as he is the moving cause which hath prompted us to take pen in hand on this occasion.

Master Powhead, at the period we have been speaking of—and, mind you, it is two-score years bygone—was a little, oily, bandy-legged burgess, nearer forty than forty-five. Phrenologists would designate his temperament as a cross-breed of the *nervous* and *lymphatic*, the former being exemplified by the fatigues he used to undergo in the cause of the gun or the angle, and the latter by the overweening delight which he took in spending "a lang summer day" in the delicie of gossip. His dress—one cannot be too particular in this age of restless inquiry—consisted of velveteen small-clothes, a red plush vest, and a genuine Kilmarnock night-cap, below which, the "egregious curls," as poor Kit Smart hath it, of a light brown wig, the masterpiece of his own manufacture, escaped in glossy luxuriance.

Though a barber, Master Peter was "no small drink." His lease of life being free from the incumbrance of a wife—the heaviest *lien* on a man's heritage—he was well to do in the world, and I doubt not but that the cashier of the Ayr bank had his own reasons for the marked respect of his bow, when at kirk or market he chanced to forgather with the "chirurgeon." He stood high in the estimation of his fellow-lieges, having filled the reputable and onerous office of Dean of Guild for a long term of years, and was the laird, moreover, of a snug little pendicle of land, with the "houses, yards, and biggings thereto pertaining." The sceptic on this head may have his doubts removed, by consulting the particular register of sasines for the burgh. I scorn to make an assertion without citing my authority.

The circle of his acquaintance was most extensive. There was not a laird or a farmer within twenty miles who did not reserve the cropping of his cranium for his shears—he had the quorum of the Justices for his clients—and there was even a current tradition that he had removed on one occasion the supernumerary hairs of Lord Eglantine himself. One

thing at least is certain, that the family carriage of that noble house once drew up before his threshhold, and departed at full speed with the tonsor, who had barely time to don his Sunday garment. Some, indeed, affirm that his Lordship's head was never the lighter for the visit, but that when his maiden sister, a lady of "a certain age," appeared next Sabbath in church, there was a marvellous change apparent on her chin, which before that epoch had much the favour of a weaver's fortnight beard. And the curious in such matters asserted that the said damsel was at that time meditating an attack matrimonial on the incumbent of the parish. Be that as it may, the matter must go down to posterity as impenetrable a mystery as the Mason's word, for Master Powhead never would suffer himself to be precognosced thereanent, answering all inquiries, by putting his dexter thumb on the tip of his nose, and winking hard at the inquisitor, through his black horn barnacles.

There were many reasons for our friend's wide-spread popularity. He was a humourist in the fullest acceptation of the term. To a keen perception of the outré and ridiculous, he added no inconsiderable powers of expression, both as regarded writing and mimicry. He was, moreover, a bit of a poet, and had perpetrated sundry local *jeux d'esprit*, which many opined fell not much short of the effusions of the Ayrshire ploughman himself. And then he was a perfect magazine of news and chit-chat, his bazaar being the principal coffee-room of the country-side; and if an heiress had been run away with, or a murder committed, you were certain to get the earliest speerings of the fact at the sign of the parti-coloured poll.

As I have hinted, he was a keen sportsman. Often, when he calculated that none of his customers stood in pressing need of his ministrations, would he leave the charge of his "concern" to his little club-footed servitor, and sally forth rod in hand, his basket filled with a change of raiment, and perchance, as the back-biting insinuated, a flask of something more potent than Adam's wine. If the weather was propitious and the sport good, small tidings would be heard of him till the Saturday night, when you could calculate on his re-appearance to a demonstration, for you might as soon expect to miss the carved pine-apple from the top of the pulpit, as Master Peter from his pew of a Sunday.

During his absence he would sojourn with the family nearest to the best fishing pool. He had never to seek for quarters, as every door from "the place" to the cottage flew open at his advent, and his only difficulty consisted in making such a selection as might offend none of his friends. "Na, na," he would say—"I canna dine wi' you the day—its sax months come Whitsunday since I took my four hours wi' auld McCorkle; but gin ye're no thrang, I'll maybe stap doun in the gloamin for a minute or twa, and pree how the whisky drinks ye got frae Islay last Lammas, as I'm to be at the Linn at ony rate." Gloamin would usher in the Barber accordingly, with a plenteous creelful of trout, but the "two minutes" of his sojourning must be estimated according to the prophetical notation of time, inasmuch as the sun generally surprised the jury before they had agreed on their verdict, touching the merits of the Islay importation.

Master Powhead was an especial favourite of the juvenile lieges of Dreepdaily. He was as great a poly-artist as John Howell, the ci-devant janitor of the Edinburgh High School, and his talents were ungrudgingly devoted to the service of the rising generation. No bows shot half so far, or with so unerring an aim as his, and as for his tops and peeries, one would think that they were gifted with the perpetual motion. His kites beat Franklin's, all to sticks, and the only accusation that could be brought against his shinties was, that the balls when smited thereby vanished incontinent, and like True Thomas—

"On earth were never more seen."

Worthy Peter Powhead! saving and excepting my widowed mother, I had more dolour in bidding thee farewell than my whole kith and kin put together.

* * * * * * * * *

Last year an overmastering attack of *home-sickness* constrained me to pack up my shirts and razors, and make tracks over the "big herring pond," or as it is more commonly called, the Atlantic. Landed at Liverpool, I lost no time in visiting the spot where I had chipped the shell, and the second day of my arrival at what Dibdin denominates the

"tight little island,"

beheld me the occupant of a first-class carriage, plying upon the Glasgow and Ayr railway.

"What town is that on the hill before us?" I inquired at the Conductor, as we neared a smoky mass of stalks and chimneys, which strangely confounded my ideas of local identity. "Dreepdaily, Sir," was the answer of the functionary, touching his badge-decked castor; and never was the client of an oracle more mystified by the ambiguous response of the *genius loci* than I was at this piece of information. That Dreepdaily! Had he called it Tadmor or Persepolis, the feeling of incongruity could not have been greater, and I could not help repeating with Macduff, "Stands Scotland where it did?" The truth was, that restless baggage, *improvement*, had chosen to shape her march through the ancient burgh of Andrew Fairservice. She had found it a quiet village, and left it a manufacturing town.

"*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*" I exclaimed, as, descending from the steam-propelled *curriculum*, I took a survey of the "latecome changes" which met my bewildered eye at every point of the compass.

Very few of the characteristics of Main Street remained. The most of the tall narrow-gabled tenements were gone, and in their room stared a rank utilitarian crop of formal four-storied "lands," garnished with signs, as prosaically well pointed and spelt as those in the metropolis. I looked in vain for the ancient legend of "*eggs new-laid every day by widow Wilkie*," which in my boyish mind was connected with an idea of strange mystery, prompting us to examine the widow closely, to see whether she had any attributes of the gallina. The old three-legged black pot had likewise disappeared, and in lieu of "broth every day," my social recollections were shocked by the words "London chop-house." The church had shared in the common *improvement*—(gramercy on the word!)—it had vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision, along with the "grand old trees," and in its room stood a prim perjinct-like-structure, with an anglified tower, and "carvings about the windows thereof." The Town Hall still remained, but flanked by two glaring abominations, in the shape of cotton mills, polluting the free air of heaven with their pestilential exhalations. The landlord of the "hotel" at which I sojourned, pointed with pride to these bloatched structures, as denoting the growing importance of the place, but I could not contain myself from replying with Mercutio—

"A plague on both your houses, say I!"

I felt myself an utter stranger in the place I had first drawn breath in—"all, all were gone, the old familiar faces," and methought the visages that passed before me wore a more anxious and careful expression than they were wont in times bygone. And the children, too, were of a different race. Instead of the hearty laugh, and the "bounding holiday scream," there was the unnatural soberness of premature employment, and the unwholesome odour of the ill-aired factory. The pale puny chits shuddered in the May breeze, as if it were mid-winter's blast.

The sounds of music fell upon my ear, and somewhat like a thrill of auld lang syne shot athwart my heart, for I bethought me of the annual commemoration of *the* Wallace, when the lads used to parade from morn till night with the effigy of the patriot adorned with flowers and evergreens. Here at least, methought, I will get a remembrance of old times, and I felt curious to know whether the tall thistle would occupy its wonted prominent situation in the solemnity. On came the cortege, the town fool, now exceedingly aged and "*forfochen*," marching, or rather hirpling before the great drum. But here also change "had done its worst;" banners indeed flaunted and waved, as of yore, but the images and superscriptions which they bore were not those of the ancient Cæsars. "*Free Trade*" was painted over the pulse-rousing word "*Ellerslie!*"—and "*Bright*" had usurped the place of the "*Bruce!*"

Had I forgotten the worthy Barber all this time? Not I. He was the principal magnet which drew me to a spot where "no family or kin to me remained;" but seeing such mighty transformations on all sides, I felt a morbid hesitation in seeking out the shop endeared to me by so many delightful recollections. However, having at last screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and proceeded to the well-known quarter, when I came near, I started

"Like one who sees a serpent in his way,"

and cursed by my gods the sacrilegious Gothicism which had not spared even this sacred

ground. Instead of the snug *bein* one-storied messuage, with its hewn ashlar front, and thatched roof, stood a modern structure actually *elegant*—according to an architect of the nineteenth century's definition of the term. The little sashless "bole," garnished with two razors and a superannuated shaving box, was succeeded by a window of twelve feet by four, lighted by plate glass, and crammed to suffocation with Macassar oil, otto of roses, cold-cream, *et hoc genus omne*. The written advertisement of "*Mrs. Mortskeugh's salve for scalds and burns*" had given place to glaring coloured effigies of negro women, with hair reaching to their heels—and the notification of "shaving for a penny" was superseded by "wigs manufactured on phrenological principles." To crown all, a civet-like knave, with the air of a French Count's valet, occupied the middle distance in the door-way, his baboonish features displaying a grin, which my pained imagination could liken to nothing else than the exulting sneer of the demon over the ruin and debasement of Eden!

"In for a penny, in for a pound"—determined to ascertain the full extent of the evil, I entered the "emporium of taste." Phœbus! what a name for a Dreepdaily shaving shop! Here the metamorphose was as sweeping and complete as out of doors. This is no "half measure" age, in more senses than one. There was not a single memorial on which

"Memory's dove could rest her weary foot,"

not even a stone to record *Troja fuit*.

Having made a trifling purchase to excuse my intrusion, I stood looking listlessly about, my mind travelling full fifty years backward on the railroad of retrospection, when my eye lighted on a roll of paper on the counter, from which the *marchand à la mode* was about to tear a fragment to wrap up my purchase in. I instantly recognized the holograph of mine ancient friend, and clutched the sacred relict from the fangs of the caitiff, with the eagerness of a mother snatching her child from the brink of a precipice.

"You will find nothing there worthy your notice, Sir," said the man of musk, "it is only some scribblings of old Powhead (pronounced Pohed); a sad vulgar brute he was, Sir; used only brown soap in shaving, Sir, and never had a pot of *cudckarion* in his premises all his life, Sir. He has been dead these two years or better, and I flatter myself that I——"

I could bear it no longer—for the smallest coin in my possession I purchased what remained of the Sybilline leaves, and sought mine Inn with a feeling much akin to that of snuffy Davy, when he became possessor of the far-famed "*boke of chess*."

On overhauling my "*posie*," I found it to consist of a nondescript mixture of Journal and Omnigatheriana—a record, in fact both of the transactions of his business and of the local occurrences of the day. At the top of a page, for instance, might be found some such entry as "pd. John Sheepshanks, my servitor, one week's wage, 12*s*.;" and immediately succeeding a copy of verses "*on Haggai Crookshanks, the Burgher Elder, being overtaken with drink at the Tap Fair*." There were also memoranda of the proceedings of the Council and Guild Court, and narratives of the more remarkable occurrences in the burgh.

On perusing these, it struck me that some of them might not be unacceptable to this gossip-loving age, and I accordingly set myself to transcribe what seemed the most worthy of preservation. And if your appetite, gentle reader, be not spoiled by this rude whet, you may perchance find some food not altogether unworthy of digestion in the dishes which I shall serve up from this source. They may not be in the most polished style of cookery, but, if it be any recommendation, they will be at least thoroughly and out-and-out Scots. I will not promise you turtle soup or *côtelettes à la Maintenon*, but perchance you will not be inconsolable for the absence of such sunkets, if I serve you up *cock-a-lecky* and well *singed* sheephead. With this *proem* I bid you farewell.

"And now to dinner with what appetite you may."

HYDROGEN TO CHLORINE.

Oh! tell me when thou wilt be mine,
My beautiful, my green!
Oh! say our atoms shall combine,
My love—my own Chlorine!

How slowly will the moments pass,
The sand of Time will run
As Muriatic Acid Gas,
Till thou and I make one!

—*Lays of the Laboratory.*

PAPER-MONEY AND BANKING IN CHINA.

The origin or prototype of so many of our European arts and customs has been found in the 'central flowery land,' that it is not surprising to hear of the Chinese having begun to use paper-money as currency in the second century preceding the christian era. At that time, the coinage of the Celestials was of a more bulky and ponderous nature than it is at the present day; and we may easily believe that a people so cunning and ingenious, would contrive not a few schemes to avoid the burden of carrying it about; as the man did, who scratched the figure of an ox on a piece of leather, and went from door to door with that until he had found a customer, leaving the animal, meantime, at home in the stall. There was a deficiency, too, in the ways and means of the government: money was never plenty enough in the imperial coffers. At last, to get out of the difficulty, it was determined to try the effect of a paper-currency, and an issue was made of assignats or treasury-warrants, which, being based on the credit of the highest authorities, were regarded as secure; which fact, with the facility of transfer, soon brought them into circulation. Of course, a good deal of legislation was expended on the measure, before it could be got to work satisfactorily, and it underwent many fluctuations in its progress towards permanence. The intestine wars to which China was exposed at that period, by overturning dynasty after dynasty, led one government to disavow the obligations of its predecessor, and the natural consequences of bad faith followed. After circulating with more or less success for five hundred years, the government paper-money disappeared.

This happened under the Ming dynasty: the Manchus, who succeeded, gave themselves no trouble to restore the paper-currency; on which the trading portion of the community took the matter into their own hands, and by the time that their Tatar conquerers were quietly settled in their usurped authority, the merchants had revived the use of paper. They were too sensible of its great utility not to make the attempt; and since that time, they have gone on without any aid from the state, developing their plans as experience suggested, and so cautiously as to insure success. This result is, however, far below what has been obtained by Europeans. In comparison with ours, the banking-system of China is in a very primitive condition; theirs is extremely limited in its application, each city restricting itself to its own method; and while the means of intercommunication are imperfect, there is little prospect of improvement.

One example may be taken as an illustration of the whole; and we avail ourselves of a communication made by Mr. Parkes to the Royal Asiatic Society on the paper-currency of Fuhchowfoo, for the substance of the present article. As in other places, the system was started in the City of Fuhchow by private individuals, who began by circulating among each other notes payable on demand. As the convenience of such a medium became apparent, the circulation was extended, and ultimately offices were opened for the special purpose of issuing notes; but as the only guarantee for their security was the character of those who put them forth, the circulation remained comparatively trifling, until their credit was recognised and established. Not till the first quarter of the present century did the use of paper become extensive or permanent; and now, everybody in Fuhchowfoo prefers notes to coin.

As no licence is required, any one may commence the banking business, and at first considerable mischief resulted from this liberty Speculaters who forced their notes largely into circulation, not unfrequently met with a reverse, with the usual consequences of distress and embarrasment to their connection. Although this for a time brought paper into disfavour, it has now recovered, and the great competition is found to have the effect of mitigating the evils of failure. Where so many are concerned, individual suffering must be comparatively slight. The banks, moreover, are not banks of deposit; the proprietors prefer not to receive deposits, so that private parties run no risk of a great and sudden loss, beyond that of such notes as they may hold at the time of a stoppage. On the other hand, the usefulness of a bank is limited by this arrangement;—there can be no paying of cheques; but very few of the banking establishments can transact business beyond the city or the department in which they may be located, and seldom or never beyond the limits of the province. Hence the convenience and safety of making payments at places remote from each other, through the medium of a banker, is almost unknown in China.

Within certain limits, the large bankers undertake mercantile exchanges; they also refine the sycee, or silver, for the receivers of taxes. The government will take no silver under a standard quality; the collector delivers his sycee to the banker, who weighs, refines, and casts it into ingots, for a consideration, giving a receipt, which is handed to the treasurer of the department, who calls for the amount when required.

The small banks transact their business on an extremely petty scale. On first starting in business, their notes are seldom in circulation above a few hours, and they have always to be watchful to avoid a 'run.' It is among this class that failures most frequently occur, the time of the crash being the end of the year, owing to the demand for specie which then arises. As a paccautionary measure, some of them mostly circulate the notes of the large banks, which do not return to them as their

own would. Their own are sure to come back once at least in the twenty-four hours, as the large banks make a rule of sending all petty banknotes to their issuers every day, and exchanging them for specie or larger notes. The petty establishments resort to various expedients for the sake of profit; one is to locate themselves in a good situation: if far from a large bank, they charge a higher rate of discount on notes presented for payment, than is charged by their more powerful competitor; and the people who live in the neighbourhood submit to this charge, rather than take the trouble of going to the large bank. On the contrary, if the great and the small are near together, the latter charge lower, and make their profit by placing base coin among the string of copper *cash* which they pay to their customers in exchange for notes. The inferior cash is manufactured for the purpose, in the same way as Birmingham halfpence used to be for distribution by the keepers of toll-gates.

'Such petty chicanery is not viewed, as with us, in the light of an offence, since, from the exceeding low value of the Chinese cash—twenty-seven being only equivalent to a penny—those must be bad indeed which will not pass current with the rest; and, accordingly, the inferior sorts, when used in moderation, are accepted along with the better in all the ordinary transactions of life. The profits of these establishments must, therefore, be but slender—proportioned, however, to the extent of their dealings; and some of the smallest firms may not make more than half a dollar in the course of a day.'

'The banking establishments in the city and suburbs of Fuchow,' says Mr. Parkes, 'may be enumerated by hundreds. Most of them are naturally very insignificant, and the circulation of their notes exceedingly limited, Many of the outside notes will not pass current inside; and are only convertible at the place of issue. Such branches as these must be entirely superfluous, and might seriously inconvenience or trammel the transactions of the higher ones; but, in order to guard against encroachment from this direction, and as a self-protective measure, several of the leading banks of known stability co-operate with each other to keep up the value of their notes; and thus, by holding a strong check on the issues of those minor parties, effectually continue to regulate the whole system. There are thirty of these establishments inside and outside the city, all reported to be possessed of capital to the amount of from 500,000 to upwards of 1,000,000 dollars.

'Those latter establishments command the utmost confidence, and their notes pass current everywhere and with everybody. They contribute mutual support by constantly exchanging and continually cashing each other's notes, which they severally seem to value as highly as their own particular issues. This reciprocal and implicit trust must add greatly to their solidity, and tend to prevent the possibility of failure. The chief banker gained his high reputation by a voluntary subscription, about thirty years ago, of no less than 100,000 dollars to the government toward the repairs of the city walls and other public works, for which he was rewarded with honorary official insignia, and the extensive patronage or business of all the authorities. These large banks are complete masters of the money-market; they regulate the rates of exchange, which are incessantly fluctuating, and are known to alter several times in the course of the day. The arrival or withdrawal, from the place, of specie to the amount of a few thousands, has an immediate effect in either raising or lowering the exchange. The bankers are kept most accurately informed on the subject by some twenty men in their general employ, whose sole business it is to be in constant attendance in the market, and to acquaint the banks with everything that is going on, when they, guided by the transactions of the day, determine and fix upon, between themselves, the various prices of notes, sycee, and dollars. Their unanimity on these points is very remarkable; and they are all deeply impressed with the salutary conviction, that their chief strength consists in the degree of mutual harmony that they preserve, and the confidence they place in one another. These reports are also very useful to new arrivals, in affording them guidance on matters of exchange, or in introducing them to the best bankers; and the allowances that the strangers make to them for their assistance, and the banker for procuring him custom, constitute the gains of their calling. They have also to report the prices of silver every morning at the Magistracy, which, from its daily increasing value, has become an object of special attention.' Twenty years ago, much discontent was expressed that silver, which had been worth 1000 cash per ounce, rose to 1500; now it is over 2000, owing to the continuous drain of the metal from the country.

Still, with all this, failures are rare. The petty banks are most liable to this reverse; and on such occasions, they generally contrive to arrange the matters quietly among themselves; but the whole property or lands belonging to the defaulters may be seized and sold to satisfy the claims of the creditors: the dividend is usually from 10s. to 12s. in the pound. Wilful fraud is seldom practised; the heaviest instance known, for 70,000 dollars; from the year 1843 to 1848, there were but four bankruptcies, and three of these were for less than 6000 dollars. The defaulters frequently escape punishment owing to the high cost of prosecution. The large banks are safe; but at times, from false or malicious reports, are exposed to a sudden 'run;' a great crowd

besets the doors when least expected, and numbers of vagabonds seize the opportunity for mischief and plunder. These outbreaks grew to such a pitch that the magistrates now, whenever possible, hasten to the threatned establishment, to repress violence by their presence and authority. The rush, however, is so sudden, that before they can arrive on the spot, the mob has improved its opportunity for destruction, and disappeared.

Forgery is not often attempted, probably because it does not pay, owing to the fact of its being extremely difficult to circulate any but notes of small value. The penalty for this offence is transportation to a distance of three thousand *le*—about a thousand miles; or imprisonment or flogging, according to circumstances. We question if such an instance as the following ever occurred out of China:—'A forger of some notoriety having been several times prosecuted by the bankers, and with but little success, for he still continued to carry on his malpractices, they conferred together, and agreed *to take him into their pay*, making him responsible for any future frauds of the kind. He continues to receive a stipend from them at the present time, and is one of their most effective safeguards against further imposition, as it devolves upon him to detect and apprehend any other offender.'

Most of the bank-notes are printed from copperplates, but some of the petty dealers still use wooden blocks. They are longer and narrower than ours, and have a handsomely engraved border, within which are paragraphs laudatory of the ability or reputation of the firm. The notes are of three kinds: for cash, dollars, and sycee. The first are from 400 cash (1s. 3d. sterling), to hundreds of thousands, and are largely circulated in all the smaller business transactions. The dollar-notes, varying from a unit to 500, and, in some instances, to 1000, circulate among the merchants, their value continually fluctuating with that of the price of the silver which they represent. The sycee-notes are from one to several hundred *tacls* (ounces), and are chiefly confined to the government offices, to avoid the trouble and inconvenience of making payments in silver by weight. Whatever be the value or denomination of the notes, the holder is at liberty to demand payment of the whole whenever he pleases, and receives it without abatement, as the banker makes his profit at the time of their issue. When notes are lost, payment is stopped, as here, and they are speedily traced, as it is the practice not to take notes of a high value—say, 100 dollars—without first inquiring at the bank as to their genuineness. But no indemnification is made for notes lost or destroyed by accident. Promissory-notes are the chief medium of interchange among merchants, who take ten days' grace on all bills, except those on which is written the word 'immediate.'

The rates of interest are, on lands and houses, from 10 to 15 per cent.; on government deposits, which the people are made to take at times against their will, 8 per cent.; on insurance of ships and cargoes, owing to the risk from storms and pirates, from 20 to 30 per cent.; on pawnbrokers' loans, 2 per cent. per month, or 20 per cent per annum. Five days' grace is allowed on pledges; and if goods be not redeemed within three years, they are made over to the old clothes' shops at a settled premium of 20 per cent. on the amount lent on them. Pawnbrokers' establishments are numerous, and are frequented by all classes, who pawn without scruple anything they may possess. The banks, we are informed 'keep up an intimate connexion with the pawnbrokers, who make and receive all their payments in notes for copper cash, and will not take sycee, dollars, or dollar-notes—the former, lest they should prove counterfeit, and the latter on account of the fluctuating value. They are very particular in passing the bank notes, and will accept only those of the large banks. A notice is hung up in each shop, specifying what notes pass current with them; and when the people go to redeem the articles they have pledged, as they can present only those notes in payment, they have often to repair previously to the bank where they are issued, to purchase them, and, being at a premium, the banker thus gains his discount upon them. Of such importance is this considered, that, without the support of the pawnbrokers' connexion, the business of a banker will always be limited. Indeed, many of the banks keep pawnbrokers' shops also; and the chief banker at Fuhchow is known to have opened no less than five of these establishments. This is on account of the high interest paid on pawnbrokers' loans.'

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE BUTTERFLY.

(*From Thomson.*)

'Behold! ye pilgrims of the earth, behold!
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay;
See her bright robes the Butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wings to stray,
From flower to flower in balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.'

(*From Rogers.*)

'Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light,
And where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff frequent nectar from their cups of gold;
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut in silent ecstasy:
Yet wert thou once a worm—a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and slept.
And such is man—soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.'

JEAN CAPE,

THE TILE-MAKER OF PONT-DE-VAUX.

THE singular narrative which is here given, is one of many of a similar kind to be found among the treasures of European literature, illustrative of the uncertain and frequently entirely fallacious character of circumstantial evidence. It was communicated to an American paper, many years ago, by an anonymous writer, and was subsequently introduced to the notice of the English reader, with the following illustrative anecdote:—

"When I first visited London, several years ago, I carried with me to the great capital my full share of those apprehensions which strangers from the country generally entertain of the perils and dangers of various kinds,—the 'hair-breadth 'scapes and imminent dangers' to be looked for from London sharpers, pick-pockets, and other adventurers, who make a harvest of provincial inexperience, and 'live by their wits.' I was duly cautioned to button up my pockets,—not to stand gaping at print-shops,—to have especial care of the persons I sat near at the Theatre, and, lastly, to get by heart that sublime couplet—

"'He who his watch would keep, this thing must do—
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.'

"Armed with all these precautions, I arrived at what Cobbett calls the '*Great Wen*,' and took lodgings, by mere chance, in the very house in which Dr. Johnson used to reside. What a coincidence!

"I reached London in the evening, and as my hat was all the worse for the journey, and as I had my calls to make in the morning, I purchased a new *chapeau*, of the most approved fashion.

"I desired the servant to call me up in the morning, at seven o'clock, and to send for a hair-dresser, to give my provincial locks the true metropolitan cut. I was, however, so weary with my long journey, that I did not obey the first summons of the servant, but snored away until about ten o'clock.

"When I had breakfasted, and had been trimmed by the hair-dresser's apprentice, I looked for my cast-off hat, in order to have it furbished up, but could nowhere find it. I had taken my new one into my bed-room, but was quite confident I had left the other in my sitting-room the preceding evening. However, it was not to be found; and, as I was resolved not to remain at the lodgings unless the mystery was explained, I called up the mistress of the house and the servant, and told them that my hat was missing, and that I could swear I had left it the preceding night in my sitting-room. The mistress and maid appeared alike surprised, and the search was renewed, but in vain. I then inquired who had been in my room before I was up, and found that the hair-dresser's boy had called at the appointed hour of seven, and had remained alone in the apartment, while the servant went up stairs to apprize me that he was come. The mistress spoke so confidently about the long-tried integrity of her servant, that my suspicions fell naturally upon the hair-dresser's boy. I accordingly sent for him and his master, to whom I stated what had happened; and the confusion of the boy was so evident that my suspicions of his guilt were fully confirmed. On being asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied, with great trepidation, that he took no hat away with him but that which he brought. Upon this the mistress and maid observed that he brought none with him; when his confusion was so much increased, that his master expressed his conviction that he was the thief, and added, that he would give him a sound flogging to make him confess his guilt. I told him he must do no such thing; for although appearances were very much against him, still, as the servant of the house had been in my room, as well as the boy, she might have committed the theft. Upon this he proposed to have the lad taken up and examined at the Mansion-house; but I told him I should not appear as his accuser, and that I should take no other steps in the affair, except insisting that the suspected person should never again be admitted into my room.

"Some weeks elapsed after this, during which the boy was considered, by all who knew of the transaction, as a thief, when at length the mystery was explained. A friend had been supping with me, and when he rose to take his leave, he took up one hat, which he laid down, observing that that was not his. He took a second, and laid that aside also, making the same remark. He then found his own, and was in the act of taking his leave, when I requested him to stop a moment and show me the three hats, one of which I found to be that which I had missed on the evening of my arrival in London. On examining into the circumstance, I found that the first hat which my friend had taken up, had been secreted in the festoon of the curtain. On feeling in the window-seat, he had put his hand upon it on the outside of the curtain, and had extricated it from its place of concealment.

"I was very impatient for morning to arrive, that I might make some reparation to the poor fellow, whose innocence was now established. I dreamed of the affair all night, and rose early to perform an act of justice. When I told the servant-maid where the hat had been so long hid, she observed that she had often thought that the curtain was, lately, heavier than it used to be, as she raised or lowered it.

"I repaired, without a moment's delay, to the shop of the hair-dresser, which was only

a few doors off, and informed him of the fortunate discovery I had made of his apprentice's innocence, adding that I should never have forgiven myself had I not interfered to prevent the punishment which it had been proposed to inflict upon him. After having made the boy some pecuniary recompense for the injustice he had sustained, I requested he would explain what he meant by saying that he took away with him no hat but the one he had brought,—although it appeared by the evidence of the mistress of the house and her servant, that he had not brought any hat. He replied, that, in fine weather, he was in the habit of attending customers, in the neighbourhood, as often without his hat as with it; and when accused, so unexpectedly, by me of having committed a theft, he was so confused that he could not remember anything about the matter."

This simple tale shews very clearly how an innocent individual may become the victim of temporary unjust suspicion, which, but for the judgment and kindness of one party, might have led to more serious pers l consequences.

In the village of Pont-de-Vaux, in the then Province of Bresse, now the Department of Ain, lived Jean Cape, an industrious, money-getting tile-maker.

In the same department lived, also, M. Julien Gaufridy, whom the King had honoured successively with the offices of Notary, Commissioner, Receiver, Procurier Fiscal, and I do not know how many besides. The lovers of abstract merit (there are not many) respected his uprightness; the loaf and fish-seekers, who opened their mouths for the fragments of office like the gaping of a dry oyster, had the utmost regard for his rank; while the poor devils, whom circumstances or propensities rendered unbelievers in the excellence of that canon which forbids men to do evil that good may come, feared his power.

M. Gaufridy proposed to purchase Jean Cape's kiln; but a trifling difference of opinion presented a difficulty; the patrician offered too little, and the citizen asked too much; so the one kept his money, and the other his tiles.

In the winter of 17—, John Sevos, a townsman of Pont-de-Vaux, returning from one of the manufacturing towns, entered the village in the dusk of the evening. In the morning the usual inquiries were made for him by his friends, when it was found that his family were ignorant even of his return. They became alarmed for his safety —the disordered bustle of a search began; and his mysterious disappearance furnished an excellent and prolific theme for comment, wonder, and suspicion. The last originated in the general impression that he had money; and as every little town is blessed with some people who know every thing, it was intimated, with many oracular noddings and shakings of the head, which meant more than I have leisure to explain, that the *life* had been taken to prevent any unpleasant inquiries about the *booty*.

But the honest anxiety of the few was not to be entirely disappointed, nor the praiseworthy curiosity of the many disobligingly baffled by an obstinate secret; for, at a short distance from the place where he was last seen, appeared evidence of his fate, confirming the worst of conjectures. The ground, much trodden, as if by men engaged in a mortal struggle, had, in spots, assumed that fatal colour of which robbers and murderers have such legitimate dread. Near the scene of conflict was found a hedge-bill, partially covered with earth, upon the blade of which some hairs were sticking, matted with dirt. It was evident the murderer had not immediately accomplished his work, for the victim appeared to have partly staggered, partly dragged himself a few feet farther, when loss of blood, by which his progress was indicated, and the violence of the injury, had probably compelled him to lie down and die. There wanted not the agency of Solomon to resolve the disappearance of the body. The property of the hedge-bill, the only visible means of detection, and which, for once, presented no charms to the spirit of avarice, could not be established; every body either had their own hedge-bill, or they never had any at all; and the affair passed over, as do all others of a similar character, where, however strong may be the presumptions of suspicion, (that commodity whereof, upon such occasions, a liberal and gratuitous supply is never lacked,) there is wanting that moral conviction, founded on proof, without which there is no payment of the penalty of crime.

Six months had elapsed since the enactment of the foregoing tragedy, and its record was supposed to be registered nowhere but in the tablets of oblivion, when, one day, the brigade of the Marshalship of De Bourg drew up before the door of Jean Cape. In the next moment the house was surrounded, and an officer entered with a party of gens d'armes. The terrified inmates, except Cape, attempted to escape, but the bristling of a dozen bayonets at every door, evinced a decided objection in the officer to any such precipitate movements.

"Is your name Jean Cape?" said he to his unwilling host. "What right have you to ask?" answered he of the tiles; "and what is the meaning of this intrusion?" "Bah!" said his interrogator interrupting him, "I did not come here to answer questions, or to be tired to death with a long story: I ask you is your name Jean Cape?" "And I,"——said Cape. "Now, what the devil! who wants to be entertained with your conversation?" continued the catechist, again cutting him short, and interrupting himself at the same moment; "can't you answer in one word, yes or no? Silence gives consent," he added, waiting but an instant for what, from the very judicious and reasonable method he adopted to arrive at his object, he seemed likely never to get. "Guards, seize your prisoner!" This was soon done with a man who had not even the use of his tongue left wherewith to defend himself from violence; and the unfortunate tile-maker was instantly pinioned. "Madam," continued this hater of long stories, "your husband has confessed his name; you have not denied you are his wife, and these children,

too, are, no doubt, yours; I am commanded to arrest the whole: gens d'armes, conduct them to the street!" In an hour, the house had been abandoned to the plunder of a riotous soldiery, and the ponderous door of the dungeons of Pont-de-Vaux had closed upon Jean Cape and his family.

The second day, being the 29th of August, he was brought out heavily ironed, and placed in the criminal box of the Court of Pont-de-Vaux. Antoine De Lorme, a discharged or deserted soldier from the regiment of La Sarre, lately returned from Brest, presented himself as the accuser, charging Cape with the murder of John Sevos.

M. Ravet, the Judge, directed the proceedings to commence.

The 19th of February, De Lorme said, he was in the kiln or over-room of Jean Cape, when the deceased stopped there as he was passing. In reply to some bantering from Cape, on the success of his expedition, he exposed a handful of half-crowns, boasting that his pockets were so stuffed as to incommode him, and congratulating the other upon his better fortune in being able to travel without such an incumbrance. He added something the witness heard indistinctly, but understood the purport of it to be, that the hardest way to coin money was to broil it out of a man's face. It might be, that the taunt about coining money contained some significant allusions, comprehended only by the prisoner and the deceased; or it might be that the sudden and excessive displeasure of the former was caused by the ostentatious display of wealth, and his invidious comparisons; for there was something inexplicable to the witness in the rage with which Cape instantly turned upon the deceased, and bade him carry his unseasonable jeers and unnecessary company somewhere else. He went off laughing, complimenting the prisoner upon his amiable temper and winning manners, which he protested were perfectly irresistible. Cape, after a moment, followed him, and at a corner of the road witness lost sight of them both.

"This," he said, touching the hedge-bill, "I once borrowed of the prisoner. I know it by a particular mark," and he pointed to a small cross cut in the handle, so filled up with dirt as to be hardly perceptible. That night he enlisted in the regiment of La Sarre, and left the country early next morning. Six days since he returned, and unable, from what he had heard, to divest himself of the belief that the unhappy Sevos had been the victim of a sorry jest, he had been at some pains to unravel the mystery, of which, he said, he then held in his hand the thread.

He concluded by desiring that Claude Maurice and Pierre Vaudon might be put upon the stand.

The latter, the forester of M. Verambon, testified that, on the evening of the alleged murder, he observed a man approaching hastily in a direction from the street where Servos had disappeared towards Cape's house. He seemed perturbed; his dress was disordered, and his whole appearance indicated great anxiety. He had very much the manner of a man eluding pursuit, for he was looking back every instant. As they met, the prisoner (for it was him) started, and asking some confused question, without any attention to the answer, passed on abruptly. The forester thought his conduct strange, but, as some people were very full of whims, he made it a rule never to fatigue his brains with trying to account for them. His suspicions, he acknowledged, became excited the next morning; but, wanting the importance they would have derived from being better supported, their expression would only have brought him into trouble—a thing, he observed, of which having enough at home, he always carefully eschewed. He was induced to reveal them to Antoine De Lorme, from hearing the latter express some indirect opinion about the disappearance of Sevos, and his probable fate. This was all he knew.

The last witness, Claude Maurice, was called. As he stood upon the stand, he turned partly round, and fixed his eyes for a moment, with peculiar meaning, on the prisoner. The latter, as he encountered their significant expression, was observed to turn very pale, and a slight, though visible tremor, passed over his face. "For the love of mercy, if not for the fear of God," he said, in a voice quivering with such excess of emotion as to betray a conscious presage of the nature of the yet unuttered testimony, "destroy not an innocent man and his unfortunate family; let not the soul perish, that a diabolical passion may triumph!" "Silence!" said the Judge, whose notions of decorum were shocked at the impropriety of this appeal; "be you in such terror of justice, that you call upon the sympathies of your accusers?"

"If I am bartering my soul as the price of vengeance, said Claude, calmly, laying a slight emphasis on the last word, "that is my business, not yours."

"Go on, go on," exclaimed M. Ravet, impatiently. "Do you think I sit here to listen to your dialogues?"

A little after night-fall, on the 19th of February, Maurice observed—he was in the kiln-room, where he usually worked, when his master, the prisoner, came hurriedly in. He seemed restless and disturbed, but supposing the excitement about Sevos had not yet subsided, witness was retiring, when he was struck with the unusual disorder in his master's dress. Looking at him more attentively, he saw spots of blood upon his clothes. The prisoner seemed uneasy under his scrutiny, for he asked me harshly, said Maurice, if I had never seen him before? Witness left the room immediately for that in which he slept, but the unpleasant impression produced by the singular conduct of the prisoner, together with a vague and undefinable apprehension, kept him awake. It was after midnight when he thought he heard a step in the kiln-room, and, rising softly, looked through the crack in the door, where he saw a sight that fixed him to the spot with horror. A man had laid upon the ground a dead body, for it neither stirred, nor could he hear it breathe, and then came cautiously to the door of Claude's room. The latter was hidden behind it, and his master pushed it half-way open, when, after appearing to listen attentively an instant, he retired apparently satisfied with his examination. The kiln was burning preparatory to putting in the plates. The prisoner took up the dead body, and, with some effort, thrust it into the blazing furnace.

"An exclamation of horror escaped me," said

Claude, "and in an instant, before I had time to fly, or even to think, the prisoner held a long-bladed knife, or poinard, for in my fright I could not tell which, close to my breast.

"'Execrable spy!' he said, 'you have pried into the last secret, except one, you shall ever know. If you have a prayer, say it quickly, for you shall bear yonder miserable fool company, whose fate you have taken such pains to witness!'"

The witness fell upon his knees, begging his life, protesting the secret should never pass his lips; and forgetting his prudence in the very desperation of his terror, he claimed a return of the favour he had done Cape, when the latter was examined after the death of Antoine Duplex, in concealing himself, that his master should not be prejudiced by his testimony. If he persisted in his purpose, he would be made accountable, for he was already suspected.

Whether he relented from motives of compassion or policy, or from the compunctious horror of a double murder, witness did not know. The prisoner told him to rise, and compelling him to take the most horrid and unnatural oaths to secure his silence, left him with a menace, that if he knew how to pardon, he knew also how to avenge.

"The weight of this horrible secret, my Lord," continued Claude, "became an intolerable burden. I started at my own shadow. I was wasting away with feverish anxiety, and had half resolved to make confession to a magistrate, when Antoine De Lorme came a few days since to the kiln, and by his questions relative to the unaccountable fate of Sevos, determined me in my better resolutions."

He had nothing to add, save, that during the former examination of the prisoner, he heard a man say that he knew enough to hang Cape, but had conscientious scruples about volunteering his testimony. Casting another look upon Cape, which he seemed to sustain with difficulty, the witness left the stand.

The prisoner was remanded to his dungeon, to be brought out in the morning to hear his sentence.

The next day the hall of justice was thronged with an indignant and enraged populace, the furious rabble loading the miserable victim with every epithet of opprobrium and execration as he passed along; and when the Judge rose to speak, so eager were the spectators, that the hall was instantly hushed into deep and unnatural silence.

"Jean Cape," said he, permitting his words to fall slowly and distinctly upon the ear of the criminal, "the hours you shall remain upon earth are fast diminishing. Time would be wasted in indulging any longer a doubt of your guilt, and the forfeit of your miserable life will be a just, however poor, atonement for your revolting crime. You will die no common or easy death, and however mercy may sicken, or the compassionate weakness of human nature may shudder at its circumstances of seeming cruelty, yet the avenger of blood is on your footsteps, and there is for you no city of refuge. The forgiveness of Heaven you may supplicate, for its mercies are unlimited, but the pity of man you dare not ask, and need not hope. I ask you for the sake of form, and not because I believe there will be found virtue or help to you, in the indulgence, if you have any thing to say which may extenuate your guilt, or hold out a hope of human deliverance?"

"My Lord," said the prisoner, rising slowly, with a face colourless as the vestments of the grave, but speaking with the self-possession of settled despair, "I know not wherefore it is that Heaven has been pleased, in its inscrutable wisdom, to visit me with this desolating judgment. Certainly, it must have been for some deadly and unexpiated sin, of which, in its displeasure, it has caused me to lose the memory. I can say nothing, my Lord, which shall avail me any thing in this my extremity. But I trust in the righteous dispensation of a just Providence, that the plot of this fatal tragedy will one day be developed—that the blood of an innocent man shall not be shed like water, to dry up as quickly. Surely, there is a retributive justice, dilatory though it sometimes be; and when the time shall come in which the dark mystery, whereof I am this day made the unhappy sufferer, shall become a plain tale, the repentant testimony of those who have charged their souls with the murder of an unoffending man, will not be wanting, to the truth of the last words I shall ever utter.

"I protest before God, to whose presence I am hastening so rapidly, the unborn child is not more guiltless than I, of the foul crime for which I am wearing these bonds. I pronounce the whole history of Claude Maurice, who has this day sworn away my life, false and wicked as the heart that forged it. In the forgetfulness of passion I struck him. He swore to be revenged, and bitterly am I discharging his vow. Save this, I knew not that I had done harm to any living creature; and wherein I could have excited the enmity of the other witnesses, they know better than I. This much I have to say, my Lord, that my honest though unambitious name might not go down to a dishonoured grave, covered with unmerited obloquy, without one effort to rescue it from mingling with those of felons. I am hampered in the toils and must submit. Help in my calamity, other than human, I am too sinful a man to implore or expect, and of that, the last faint hope that yet lingered in my bosom is now utterly extinguished."

"Jean Cape," said the Judge, as he placed on his head the fatal cap, "the measure of your depravity is full. You have consummated a course of crime, already of disgusting enormity, by making the last act of your life one of impotent malice. Get yourself ready to meet your fate!"

"This is a pretty good play, so far," said a harsh voice, "but it needs one more actor!" and a sullen looking man, whose face was half hid by the folds of a shawl in the form of a huge neck-cloth, his forehead as low as the eyes covered by a blue handkerchief, tied round the head, with a little triangular tail sticking out behind, being a French peasant's substitute for a hat, stood out from the crowd.

"My Lord," said he, "*my* testimony is yet wanting, without which some in this presence will not receive their full measure of that justice you are here to administer impartially."

M. Ravet, scandalized at this disorderly interruption of the proceedings in which the dignity of office was treated with so little ceremony; and yet unwilling, in a matter of such grave moment, to

act with undue precipitation, and perhaps it would not be uncharitable to add, partially, influenced by his modicum of the inheritance from the first woman, reluctantly permitted him to proceed; intimating however, that if the importance of his disclosure did not justify his rude and indecorous interference, a place would be found him, in which he could cool his Quixotic ambition at his leisure.

A slight bustle was heard in the farther end of the hall, and a man was led out whom they said was taken suddenly ill.

Waiting impatiently for the last word of the permission to issue from M. Ravet's mouth, and unheeding, if he heard, the import of his friendly remark about the possibly careful attention he might experience—"There," said the stranger, pointing to De Lorme, and speaking in tones of high excitement, "stands the robber and assassin of John Sevos. I charge Claude Maurice and Pierre Vaudan with wilful perjury: and I denounce Julien Gaufridy as the suborner of the false witnesses, and the contriver of the horrible plot whose bloody enactment was on the eve of its accomplishment. It was he, the covetous, the vindictive, the merciless oppressor, who, when John Sevos had fallen to the ground from exhaustion and loss of blood, carried the body to his house, and made its disappearance the ground-work of his wicked contrivances. It was he who, by excessive bribes, enticed Vaudan to his perdition; who added fuel to the rancorous hatred of Maurice, whose evil passions were already sufficiently inflamed against his master; who procured the enlistment of De Lorme in the Regiment of La Sarre; and who has stood here till now, watching, with a detestable malice, of which none but he could be capable, the progress of his work of desolation. Here is the widow of Antoine Duplex," said he, pointing to a woman who stood a little in advance of the crowd, "whose husband died of a pleurisy, and with whose conscience Gaufridy has twice tampered, to induce her to inform against Cape as his poisoner. I am John Sevos!" he added, pulling off his cumbrous neckcloth, and exposing, as he pushed off the handkerchief from his head, a deep, unhealed gash, "who am here ready to establish my identity!"

On the 31st of August, Jean Cape, his losses amply indemnified from the overgrown wealth of his oppressor, was working at the tile-kiln.

The first day of September saw Claude Maurice and Pierre Vaudan chained, side by side, to the oars of a galley; in the mid-day sun, lay, baking, the crushed and mangled form of Antoine de Lorme, who had expired on the wheel; and the dews of heaven, as they ascended the next morning, carried up with them the smoke of the sacrifice of Julien Gaufridy, whose blood had been drunk by the sawdust of a scaffold.

* * * * *

Reader! would you know how all this came about? You must ask the grandfathers of Ponte-de-Vaux, who heard the story when they were little boys.

A SCENE IN BOSTON.

A coloured girl, eighteen years of age, some years ago escaped from slavery in the South. Through scenes of adventure and peril, almost more strange than fiction can create, she found her way to Boston. She obtained employment, secured friends, and became a consistent member of the Methodist church. She became interested in a very worthy young man of her own complexion, who was a member of the same church. They were soon married. Their home, though humble, was the abode of piety and contentment. Industrious, temperate, and frugal, all their wants were supplied. Seven years passed away. They had two little boys, one six, and the other four years of age. These children, the sons of a free father, but of a mother who had been a slave, by the laws of the Southern States were doomed to their mother's fate. These Boston boys, born beneath the shadow of Faneuil Hall, the sons of a free citizen of Boston, and educated in the Boston Free Schools, were, by the compromises of the constitution, admitted to be slaves, the property of a South Carolinian planter. The Boston father had no right to his own sons. The law, however, had long been considered a dead-letter. This was not to continue. The Fugitive Slave Law was enacted. It revived the hopes of the slave-owners. A young, healthy, energetic mother, with two fine boys, was a rich prize. She would make an excellent mother. Good men began to say: 'We must enforce this law; it is one of the compromises of the constitution.' Christian ministers began to preach: 'The voice of law is the voice of God. There is no higher rule of duty.' As may be supposed the poor woman was panic-stricken. Her friends gathered round her, and trembled for her. Her husband was absent from home, a seaman on board one of the Liverpool packets. She was afraid to go out of doors, lest some one from the south should see her, and recognise her. One day, as she was going to the grocery for some provisions, her quick anxious eye caught a glimpse of a man prowling around, whom she immediately recognised as from the vicinity of her old home of slavery. Almost fainting with terror, she hastened home, and taking her two children by the hand, fled to the house of a friend. She and her trembling children were hid in the garret. In less than an hour after her escape, the officer, with a writ, came for her arrest. It was a dark and stormy day. The rain, freezing as it fell, swept in floods through the streets of Boston. Night came, cold, black, and tempestuous. At midnight, her friends took her in a hack, and conveyed her, with her children, to the house of her pastor. Hence, after an hour of weeping, for the voice of prayer had passed away into the sublimity of unutterable anguish, they conveyed this mother and her children to one of the Cunard steamers, which fortunately was to sail for Halifax the next day. They took them in the gloom of midnight, through the tempest-swept streets, lest the slave-hunter should meet them. Her brethern and sisters of the church raised a little money from their scanty means to pay her passage, and to save her, for a few days, from starving, after her first arrival in the cold land of strangers. Her husband soon returned to Boston, to find his home desolate, his wife and children in a foreign land. These facts need no word-painting.

SELECTIONS EROM OLD ENGLISH POETS.

CHAUCER.

[*Description of a Poor Country Widow.*]

A poore widow, somedeal stoop'n in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwé cottage
Beside a grove standing in a dale.
This widow, which I tell you of my Tale,
Since thilke day that she was last a wife,
In patience led a full simple life,
For little was her cattle and her rent;
By husbandry[1] of such as God her sent,
She found herself and eke her daughters two.
Three large sowes had she, and no mo,
Three kine, and eke a sheep that highte[2] Mall:
Full sooty was her bower and eke her hall,
In which she ate many' a slender meal;
Of poignant sauce ne knew she never a deal;[3]
No dainty morsel passed through her throat;
Her diet was accordant to her cote:[4]
Repletion ne made her never sick;
Attemper[5] diet was all het physic,
And exercise, and heartes suffisance:
The goute let[6] her nothing for to dance,
Ne apoplexy shente[7] not her head;
No wine ne drank she neither white nor red;
Her board was served most with white and black,
Milk and brown bread, in wnich she found no lack,
Seinde[8] bacon, and sometimes an egg or tway,
For she was as it were a manner dey.[9]

[*The Death of Arcite.*]

Swelleth the breast of Arcite, and the sore
Encreaseth at its hearte more and more.
The clottered blood for any leche-craft[10]
Corrupteth, and is in his boulk[11] ylaft,
That neither veine-blood ne ventousing,[12]
Ne drink of herbes may be his helping.
The virtue expulsive or animal,
From thilke virtue cleped[13] natural,
Ne may the venom voiden ne expell;
The pipes of his lunges 'gan to swell,
And every lacert [14] in his breast adown
Is shent [15] with venom and corruption.
He gaineth neither[16] for to get his life,
Vomit upward ne downward laxative:
All is to-bursten thilke region;
Nature hath now no dominntion:
And certainly where nature will not wercne,[17]
Farewell physic; go bear the man to church.
This is all and some, that Arcite muste die;
For which he sendeth after Emily,
And Palamon, that was his cousin dear;
Then said he thus, as ye shall after hear:

'Nought may the woful spirit in mine heart
Declare one point of all my sorrows' smart
To you my lady, that I love most,
But I bequeath the service of my ghost
To you aboven every creature,
Since that my life ne may no longer dure.

'Alas the woe! alas the paines strong,
That I for you have suffered, and so long!
Alas the death! alas mine Emily!
Alas departing of our company!
Alas mine hearte's queen! alas my wife!
Mine hearte's lady, ender of my life!
What is this world?—what asken men to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave—
Alone—withouten any company.
Farewell my sweet—farewell mine Emily!
And softe take me in your armes tway
For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.

'I have here with my cousin Palamon
Had strife and rancour many a day agone
For love of you, and for my jealousy;
And Jupiter so wis[1] my soule gie,[2]
To speaken of a servant properly,
With alle circumstances truely;
That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthead,
Wisdom, humbless, estate, and high kindred,
Freedom, and all that longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne know I none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
Thaa serveth you, and will do all his life;
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.'

And with that word his speeche fail began;
For from his feet up to his breast was come
The cold of death that had him overnome;[4]
And yet, moreover, in his armies two,
The vital strenth is lost and all ago;[5]
Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwelled in his hearte sick and sore,
'Gan faillen when the hearte felte death;
Dusked his eyen two, and fail'd his breath:
But on his lady yet cast he his eye;
His last word was, 'Mercy, Emily!'

[*The Good Parson.*]

A true good man there was there of religion,
Pious and poor—the parson of a town.
But rich he was in holy thought and work;
And thereto a right learned man; a clerk
That Christ's pure gospel would sincerely preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient,
As proven oft; to all who lack'd a friend.
Loth for his tithes to ban or to contend,
At every need much rather was he found
Unto his poor parishioners around
Of his own substance and his dues to give:
Content on little, for himself, to live.

Wide was his cure; the houses far asunder,
Yet never fail'd he, or for rain or thunder,
Whenever sickness or mischance might call,
The most remote to visit, great or small,
And, staff in hand, on foot, the storm to brave.

This noble ensample to his flock he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.
Tee word of life he from the gospel caught;
And well this comment added he thereto,
If that gold rusteth what should iron do?
And if the priest be foul on whom we trust,

1 Thrift, economy. 2 Called. 3 Not a bit. 4 Cot, cottage. 5 Temperate. 6 Prevented. 7 Injured. 8 Signed. 9 Mr Tyrwhitt supposes the word "dey" to refer to the management of a dairy; and that it originally signified a hind. "Manner dey" may therefore be interpreted "a species of hired, or day-labourer." 10. Medical skill. 11 Body. 12 Ventousing (Fr.)—cupping; hence the term "*breathing* a vein." 13 Called. 14 Muscle. 15 Ruined. 16 He is able for. 17 Work.

1 Surely. 3 Guide. 3 Overtaken. 4 Agone.

What wonder if the unletter'd layman lust?
And shame it were in him the flock should keep,
To see a sullied shepherd, and clean sheep.
For sure a priest the sample ought to give
By his own cleanness how his sheep should live.
He never set his benefice to hire,
Leaving his flock acomber'd in the mire,
And ran to London cogging at St. Poul's,
To seek himself a chauntery for souls,
Or with a brotherhood to be enroll'd;
But dwelt at home, and guarded well his fold,
So that it should not by the wolf miscarry.
He wos a shepherd, and no mercenary.
Tho holy in himself, and virtuous,
He still to sinful men was mild and piteous:
Not of reproach imperious or malign;
But in his teaching soothing and benign.
To draw them on to heaven, by reason fair
And good example, was his daily care.
But were there one perverse and obstinate,
Were he of lofty or of low estate,
Him would he sharply with reproof astound,
A better priest is no where to be found.
He waited not on pomp or reverence,
Nor made himself a spiced conscience.
The lore of Christ and his apostles twelve
He taught: but, first, he followed it himselve.

[*Last Verses of Chaucer, written on his Deathbed.*]

Fly from the press,[1] and dwell with sothfastness;[2]
Suffice unto thy good[3] though it ce small;
For hoard hath hate, and climbing fickleness,
Press[4] hath envy, and weal is blent[5] o'er all;
Savour[6] no more than thee behoven shall;
Rede[7] well thyself, that otherfolk can'st rede,
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.[8]
Pain thee not each crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball;
Great rest standeth in little business;
Beware also to spurn against a nalle;[9]
Strive not as doth a crocké[10] with a wall;
Deemeth[11] thyself that deemest other's deed,
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.
That[12] thee is sent receive in buxomness;[13]
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness;
Forth, pilgrim, forth, O beast out of thy stall;
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all;
Waiveth thy lust and let thy ghost[14] thee lead,
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

1 Crowd. 2 Truth. 3 Be satisfied with thy wealth.
4 Striving. 5 Prosperity has ceased. 6 Taste.
7 Counsel. 8 Without fear. 9 Nail.
10 Earthen pitcher. 11 Judge. 12 That (which).
13 Humility, obedience.

ANIMAL LIFE.—The following is a scale of the average duration of animal life from the most celebrated writers on natural history:—A hare will live 10 years, a cat 10, a goat 8, an ass 30, a sheep 10, a ram 15, a dog from 14 to 20, a bull 15, an ox 20, swine 25, a pigeon 8, a turtledove 25, a partridge 25, a raven 100, an eagle 100, a goose 100.

VALUE OF LONG NAILS.—At Batavia, the Chinese used to pay the Dutch for a licence to wear nails long.

THE DEATH OF THE INFANTS.

BY GILFILLAN.

Oh! many a sigh came frae the heart,
And tears fell frae the e'e,
When the bairns took flight to the world of light,
Where tears can never be!

The sun shone with his fairest beams,
To light them on their way;
And the lav'rock high, with notes of joy,
Attuned his sweetest lay.

"Sweet birdie say—which is the way
That we'll gang through the sky!
We lett an earthly hame to-day
For a heavenly hame on high."

The bird up flew on soaring wing
Till near the hour of even,
When the bairnies heard the angel's song
At the portal gates o' heaven!

"Gang down! gang down! sweet bird, gang down,
Nae further maun ye flee;
For these are sounds ye maunna hear,
And sights ye maunna see."

The birdie turned him to the earth,
The bairnies to the sky,
While the seraph strain awoke again
To welcome them on high!

MY PLAYMATES.

Ye playmates of my childhoods hours,
Of life's ecestatic morn,
Where are ye now? what fortune yours?
Tell me what clime ye own,
And what bright star has led you on,
While flowers your path have strewn,
And fair as summer's noon
Your onward journey been.

2

But soft—for lo! methinks I hear
A voice that whispers me,
Chilling my every pulse with fear,
Tempt not thy misery!
Nor seek that destiny to know
O'er which her veil would pity throw;
But let oblivion, still,
The knowledge screen of ill:
Forbear, rash one, forbear

3

Forbear! for they thy playmates gay,
Are scattered far and wide
And some from life have strayed away,
And others, on the tide,
The stormy tide of suffering fate,
Deceived of love, betrayed of hate;
Neglected, and alone,
Have wept themselves to stone,
And reckless, mock at change.

G.

THE O'SHAUGHNESSY PAPERS,

BEING STRAY CHAPTERS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED ADVENTURES OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY MARGARET ORMSBY FITZGERALD.

CHAPTER I.

Containing some account of a Jingle and its Occupants.

To Jingle Travelling in Ireland may be applied that quaint definition which some one has given of dancing—"spending half one's time between the sky and the ground,"—and a philosopher who was willing to risk his bodily safety for the advancement of science, might come to a tolerably accurate conclusion with respect to the powers of the opposing forces, attraction and repulsion, during a twenty miles' journey on such a vehicle. Its springs are evidently more for show than use; while the hard and time-worn things that the driver dignifies with the title of cushions, are, in their declining years, amusing themselves by playing the innocent, though considering their age, rather unsuitable game of cup and ball, with the travellers whom they throw up, merely as it would appear, to try if they could catch them in their descent. In no situation, is one so perpetually reminded of the uncertainty and instability of all sublunary things, as in this, where every jolt brings forcibly before us, and we sensibly feel, that this is not our abiding place; where, as we are momentarily projected upward, the most experienced gambler could not calculate the chances as to whether the car, ditch or bog will receive us on our fall.

It was about five o'clock on a raw February morning, in the year 18—, that a public jingle of this description, displaying the words "Cork—Killarney, Tralee"—in large letters on the bright yellow back,—drew up, a few moments after starting, at a small house in the outskirts of the latter town, from which a female, whose widow's garb of the simplest material, betokened not very affluent circumstances, issued, leading a boy and girl, of the respective ages of nine and four years, dressed like herself, in neat but coarse mourning. A few minutes sufficed to drop their luggage, consisting of two hair-covered trunks, into the unfathomable pit occupying the centre of the jingle, and which was denominated the "well."

"An' now, ma'm, get up av ye plaze, there's room for you an' the young one here with his Riverince and Misther Mullowney; an' I'll make out a snug sate for little masther on th' other side," said the driver, taking up the boy as he spoke, and placing him between a pale girl, who appeared to belong to the middle rank, and a fresh-looking old woman, whom he addressed as Mrs. Coffee. Then giving an additional twist to the hay rope, that answered the purpose of buttons, by confining a threadbare great-coat round his waist, and a pull to the remains of what was once a leaf, to press the old hat more firmly on his head, he mounted the driving-seat: then, with a shake of the reins, a lash of the whip, and a loud and long-continued blast of the trumpet that hung suspended from his neck by a piece of twine, the machine was once more set in motion, and the wretched-looking horses, whose skin alone saved them from the imputation of being perfect skeletons,—bent down their heads in patient submission to the decree of fate, and obeyed the whip and call of the ragged Jehu, by quickening their lazy walk into that half-dead half-alive pace, generally known as a "jog-trot."

It is a dreary thing to travel through a town very early in the morning; the closed shutters and deserted streets make it look like a city of the dead. A cold breeze sweeps heavily along, and the deep silence uninterrupted, save by an occasional growl from some dog, who eyes you suspiciously as you pass,—falls heavily upon the spirits, and you involuntarily start as the echoing tramp of the horses and the roll of the wheels which bear you onward, break the spell which night had woven, and startle dreamers from their sleep. Then, as house after house disappears in the dim distance, and street after street is passed, a feeling of loneliness steals coldly over you, as you think that among so many thousands who are around you, there is not one eye to look kindly, not one lip to smile upon, one voice to bless you, or one heart whose beatings would be in the least degree accelerated or retarded by your happiness or misery—your life or death.

The last street, the last house had been passed, and the little girl, laying her head on her mother's lap, was soon buried in the slumbers so untimely broken, when the stout, red-faced, good-humoured-looking traveller, who had been designated as "his riverince," by Paddy, having taken a few sly peeps at the wan and sorrow-stricken, but still beautiful face of the young widow, broke the silence by smilingly remarking—"'Tis rather an early hour for youthful travellers. Your little girl appears to think that her cot would be a better place for her than a public car."

"She has forgotten that she is in one, ere this," replied the young mother, fondly parting the rich curls from the brow of the sleeping child. "It would be well for us all if we could

throw off the cares, and think as lightly of the changes of life, as she does now," and the speaker sighed heavily.

"Yet every age has its sorrows, and if those which fall to the lot of childhood are lighter than those that manhood is called to bear, they are not less keenly felt. A blow would crush a wren, that would scarce bend a feather in the strong pinion of the eagle. I dare say that we would grieve less for the death of some friends, than she will at losing the playmates she leaves behind her."

"Fortunately she has not lived long enough in Tralee to make any acquaintances, so even that slight pang is spared her: her brother has been her only playmate, and he comes with us."

Just at this moment the trunk labels, on which was written "Mrs. Herbert, passenger, Cork," caught his Reverence's eye, and he changed the conversation, throwing out some general observations about the improving state of Ireland in general, and of Kerry in particular. The transition to the next county was easy, and he spoke of the commerce of Cork, the beauty of its environs, Glanmire, Blackrock, &c. &c.

"I have heard that the suburbs are very much admired."

"You have never been there, then?"

"Never. I shall enter it this evening for the first time."

"You will find it a pleasant residence. Every kind of society,—grave and gay—worldly and religious. There are more persons of the latter description in Cork than are to be met with in most cities."

"Indeed. Then I regret that I shall not have time to make their acquaintance, as I merely pass through Cork on my way to England."

"Ah! so I thought. I knew you were an Englishwoman the moment I heard you speak. There is an indescribable something in the English accent—a peculiarity too slight to be imitated—too strong to be imperceptible, which no Irishman or Irishwoman can attain to. I tried it and failed."

"To a certain extent you may be right, but——"

"Precisely so," interrupted the stout gentleman. "I understand. You mean to say that many have been deceived. Yes, a great many; but never a Kerryman. Now the present is what the lawyers call a case in point. I knew at once that you were an Englishwoman, by your accent."

"Then you must permit me to say that you are, for once, mistaken, as I have never been in England."

"Never!" he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled astonishment and incredulity. "Then how, in the name of wonder, did you pick up the accent?"

"I had an English maid when I was very young; and at school our accent was as much attended to as any accomplishment."

"Accomplishment!" exclaimed the gentleman. "I hate the word. It should be banished from the language. All my misfortunes in early life were owing to my accomplishments."

"Indeed!" cried the lady, whose curiosity the assertion appeared to arouse.

"How did that happen, Davy," enquired the pale-faced wiry-looking man, who has been already introduced to the reader as Mr. Mullowney, and whose thin compressed lips, and small deep-set grey eyes, which peered suspiciously from beneath a pair of shaggy brown eye-brows, gave a sinister expression to a countenance that was not in any way prepossessing; and of a truth the character borne by "Tim the 'torney," as he was called by the poorer classes, did not belie his appearance.

"How did that happen?" repeated the stout gentleman, whom we shall for the future call by his family name, O'Shaughnessy. "Easy enough, then, as no man can tell you better than myself. You knew my father?"

"I wasn't personally acquainted with him, but I always heard that he was a very good kind of man, who was no one's enemy but his own."

"'Zactly, that's what all the world said of him. Belonging to the Kerry aristocracy, a class distinguished by encumbered properties and unincumbered pockets, he had more creditors than credit; but was wonderfully blessed withal, for what he wanted in cash, he made up in children; and if his debts increased, so did his daughters. 'Tis true that he had a rent-roll of £15,000 a-year; but then his tenants had the rents, which as he was too good-natured or too indolent to do more than ask for, were, of course, seldom paid, and in return for his leniency or laziness, they got drunk with his money, and made bonfires of his plantations, as each additional daughter made her appearance in the family; and occasionally they gave stronger proofs of gratitude, such as beating bailiffs or ducking process-servers. In short, my father was a most popular man, and held up as a pattern to all the neighbouring landlords, who, while they laughed at his easiness, and persisted in not following his example, were obliged to acknowledge that 'he was a very good kind of man, who was no one's enemy but his own. But this could not go on for ever. New roads were made in all parts of the country, and with them came new laws: bailiffs and process-servers

swarmed round my father, and after a few efforts to preserve his freedom, he finally took to his bed as the safest place; his chamber being at the top of the house, and approachable only by a removeable ladder and trap-door. However, as the stock could not be kept in bed, or the potatoes taken in time out of theirs, they were distrained, and in this deplorable situation we applied to our relations, who one and all declared that they regretted much being unable to assist 'such a good kind of man as my father, who was no one's enemy but his own.'

"It was after the receipt of a refusal of this kind from our last first-cousin, that I was called one morning to my father's bedside, where I found my mother and three younger sisters.

"'Davy,' said my father, in a very solemn tone, after the usual salutations were over, 'sit down here till I talk to you. You were nineteen yesterday," he continued, when I had taken the seat to which he pointed, 'and are quite old enough to appreciate the inconvenience of the state to which your family is reduced.'

"Here he paused as though expecting me to say something, so I said 'Yes, Sir.' The Irish are justly considered to have more respect for their parents and filial affection, than any nation upon earth—of course, the Celestials are not included. An Irish son always says 'Yes, Sir,' to his father. Should the latter bid him go be hanged, it would be a point of conscience with the latter to say 'Yes, Sir,' not that he would have the least idea of obeying him, if he could help it, but it sounds dutiful to say so.

"'You have ten helpless sisters,' resumed my parent, and here my sisters put their aprons to their eyes.

"'And a mother, Davy,' interrupted my mother looking very much as if she intended to cry. 'And a mother,' repeated my father, 'all depending upon you.'

"'God help me!' I internally ejaculated, beginning to be seriously alarmed at the prospect.

"'Upon me, Sir!' I exclaimed aloud.

"'Yes, Davy, and you must exert yourself to do something for them. Your mother and I have talked the matter over, and decided that you are to marry an heiress.'

"'Yes, Sir, but——'

"'But what, Sir?'

"'I would have no objections, Sir, if——'

"'If what, Sir?'

"'If I could find one.'

"'Find one, is it? Go to England, where they are as plenty as blackberries.'

"'But maybe she would not have me.'

"'And why should not she, Sir? Can't you ride a horse, dance a jig, sing a song, and drink a tumbler of punch with any man of twice your age in Kerry? Have I not for the last ten years been teaching you, both by precept and example, to make your head? Didn't I pay—no I did not, but I promised to pay—and so I gave my word, if not my money, to your dancing-master for teaching you to make the most of your heels? Were not two of my best hunters killed making a horseman of you? Nature made you a voice, and if you can't make up your own mind to marry an heiress, blame yourself, that's all,' said my father, laying back his head on the pillow with a determined air of stern displeasure.

"'I'll do my best, Sir: I'll try, and if I fail——'

"'You can't fail,' cried my father: 'heaven must favour such a dutiful son.'

"'The best of sons,' sobbed my mother, weeping all out this time.

"'Dear Davy, dear brother,' chimed in my sisters in chorus.

"'But how am I to get there? Where are the means? I cannot go without money.'

"'Aye, my boy, that's the question; but I have thought of that, too. You see the old chaise and the carriage horses are little or no use, more especially as since the oats was seized, I have nothing to feed the latter with, while I am kept in bed in this way. 'Tis true the sessions will commence next week, and I may get up to-morrow, but still I dare not venture beyond the line of my picquets.—(My father was captain in a militia regiment in his youth, and occasionally used military terms.)—And then in six weeks at the farthest, I shall have to go to bed again, if you do not return before then,—not to mention the danger of having the beasts and machine seized in the interim. Well, considering all this, I thought it better to sell them,—so I sent them off three nights ago, and here's the money they brought, with my blessing; and the sooner you are off the sooner you will be back.'

"Well, to make a long story short, to England I went, where all my efforts to obtain a large fortune encumbered with a wife, were crowned with the most signal and undeserved ill-success. Alas! alas! for the short-sightedness of man! Those accomplishments upon whose value my revered parent expatiated with so much warmth, and founded so many never-to-be-realized expectations; those accomplishments that were to have been the irresistible magnet—the great centre of attraction to which all heiresses should tend—became the stumbling-blocks in my path, the causes of all my discomfiture. Yes, would you

believe it, I was actually dismissed from a ball-room, as a drunken Irishman, for dancing a reel, and my best steps too, through a quadrille, which, in defiance of all good taste, they would persist in dancing, though I almost broke a blood-vessel by exerting my voice to set them right in the reel figure. I was kicked down stairs by an alderman, to whose daughter I endeavoured to make myself agreeable, after proving the strength of my head on some bottles of his claret. And last, though not least, I broke my leg while breaking in a hunter for a retired -ster-monger, who had an only daughter and £100,000. In short, I was so uniformly unfortunate, that when, two months after my arrival in England, a stage-coach set me down in Bath, I found myself out of all my resources, with only what my mother was pleased to term my natural talent for singing, and £12 undrawn upon; while my hopes were at even a lower ebb than my purse. No time was to be lost, and I determined to make a last and desperate attempt at an heiress. Having discovered that in England the fact of my being an Irishman, and heir apparent to 6,000 acres of unavailable mountain and bog, encumbered with debts to the amount of £10,000, was not considered the best possible recommendation, I sunk the mountain, bog, debts, and the great O, in which my family had glorie' for centuries, calling myself Mr. Shaughnessy, and tried hard to pass for an Englishman. The third day after my arrival in Bath, I started an heiress, that is, I discovered that such a desideratum existed in the person of Miss Ellen Fanshaw, the daughter of a nabob, who lived some two miles out of town. Now or never, Davy, said I to myself. So having followed the lady in her shopping excursions, during sundry mornings, and commenced the attack with sighs and glances, I proceeded to follow up the impression which I had no doubt had been made; and ten o'clock that same evening found me sallying forth with my great-coat closely buttoned and an umbrella under my arm, on my way to serenade the lady. It was a beautiful night for such an excursion—so dark and so windy. Romantic young ladies like everything mysterious and dark, whether eyes, nights, or whiskers; and a high wind answers all the purposes of an instrumental accompaniment, by making up for any deficiencies of voice. I had not gone ten yards from my lodgings, when I stumbled upon a piper. He was an Irishman, and the only one of his profession in Bath. A bright thought struck me. 'Paddy,' said I, 'do you know Betsy Baker, Judy Callaghan, the Cruiskeen Lawn, or any other song fit to make love with?'

"'Is it do I know Judy Callaghan or Betsy Baker, eh? An' who'd know 'em if I didn't, I'd like to know? Haven't I been for the last twenty years singin' 'em at laste twice a day?'

"'Very well,' said I, 'come along, you're just the man I want; and if I have any luck to-night, I'll give you half a crown for your trouble.'

"'Stop a minnit,' said he, catching my coat as I was moving on, 'what ar' you about? tell me that first. If its breakin' into houses or robbin' churches ye ar', I won't have any hand in such divilment, though I wouldn't mind a small matter of cheatin' a revenue or punishin' a guager.'

"'You may set your mind at ease, Paddy,' said I, laughing at the mistake of the piper, 'and accompany me with all safety, for I'm neither going to rob or smuggle. It is only a young lady that I want to——'

"'Hurroo!' shouted Paddy, stopping me short before I had time to say half my sentence, and jumping up from the steps of a hall door, where he was seated tuning his pipes, 'if 'tis runnin' away wid a colleen ye are, I'm yer man, an' a better hand at that sort of thing nor meeself ye couldn't find from this to Dublin an' back again, though I say it that shouldn't. Didn't I run away wid my own three wives, more betoken I was near bein' hanged on the head of the last, jist because I didn't ax her consint beforehand, out of respic to her modesty.'

"'Wrong again, Paddy, though an elopement wouldn't be a bad idea, and who knows but it may come to it yet, but at present I'm only going to serenade her.'

"'Surinade!' exclaimed Paddy, in a tone which partook equally of contempt and astonishment.

"'Yes, and I want you to accompany me on the pipes. In the storm she will not know the difference between it and my other wind instrument.'

"'*Surinade!*' exclaimed Paddy, who had not yet got over his surprise. 'An' how much good do you think that'll do ye, eh? Take my advice an' run off wid her, instead of pipin' and screechin' undher her windy. Surinade! embossah, listen to me, masther,—I was 56 last Candlemass, an' a man can't come to that time of life widout gettin' at some exparience, more betoken I had three wives and six sisters, an' ought to know the nathur of women, the crathers, by this time. If ye don't take the ball at the hop, and run off wid her to-night, that's supposin' her father isn't agraable to the match, she'll change her mind before mornin'; an' a tune on the pipes, though 'tis the finest thing in the world to rise the heart wid, Judy Callaghan an' Betsy Baker to boot,

will be small consolation when she sends ye to whistle afther yer serenade!'

"'Well, well,' I replied, 'it will be time enough to see about that when we get there; chattering here won't mend the matter, and if we do not move on, the sun will catch us.'

"The darkness of the night made us lose our way two or three times, which, with the wind blowing right in our teeth, delayed us so long that it was past one o'clock before we reached the place of our destination. On our arrival we posted ourselves, as well as I could distinguish in the darkness visible, before the front of the house, and after a few preliminary groans from the pipes, we commenced our serenade, much against Paddy's grain, who strenuously advocated an elopement. The first verse of Betsy, with which we opened, (for I kept the more tender pathos of Judy Callaghan in reserve, as a clincher,) was unheard by the fair mistress of the mansion, for no sooner was the first note uttered than all the elements seemed to combine to drown the sweet sounds, and frustrate my love-making intentions. The hurricane, which I hoped had spent its fury, burst out again in one loud and long-continued roar, while the rain came down as if poured through a sieve. Noah's deluge was a sprinkling compared to it. Flesh and blood couldn't stand it: had it kept on, we should have been swept away. As it was, we had to take shelter in a shrubbery that ran close by the house.

"'And this,' said Paddy, as we sat crouching in the shade of a laurel bush, our heels drawn up under us, and our heads poked forward beneath the umbrella, which I grasped with both hands, to prevent its being carried off by the wind, 'and this is a *surenade!* throth if I had its christnin', 'tis wather-spout I'd call it.'

"Nothing lasts for ever; even the rain had to give up, and the moon could be seen glimmering between the broken clouds, as we changed our position to the gravel in front of the house, where, with the open umbrella above us—for it was still drizzling—we once more commenced Betsy Baker.

"For a short time it was a regular pitched battle—wind versus music—but we kept our ground most manfully, and were rewarded for such *cool* intrepidity by finding, at the end of the sixth or seventh verse (I forget precisely which) that the enemy had retreated, while our united voices and instrument swelled into the most triumphant discord. My voice had been pronounced the strongest in Kerry, and this night, you may be sure, I exerted myself to the utmost, but, bless your heart, my fortissimo was but the feeble squall of a new-born kitten compared to the weakest note emitted from Paddy's brazen throat, while a Methodist preacher would have made a fortune of the nasal twang with which he rounded off his cadences.

"'Throth I'm thinkin' 'tis a deaf wife you'll be afther gettin',' said he, as the last notes of Betsy Baker died away without producing any visible effect upon the inmates of the mansion, 'but by the head of St. Pathrick, if she's buried she'll hear this,' he continued, advancing close under the windows and commencing Judy Callaghan with a crash of the instrument and a yell from his lungs, that must have awakened the dead had there been a churchyard within a mile of the place. 'I knew that I'd do it,' he exclaimed, overjoyed at his success as we heard the shutters over our heads unbarred, and something white appear within the window. 'Now be ready to catch her when she jumps,' he cried, and in my frantic delight at the idea of such an event, I threw open my arms, striking him so forcibly with the umbrella, which I still held enclosed in my hand, that it broke with a crash, while Paddy, who was anything but prepared for such an unexpected salutation, measured his length upon the gravel. However, I had neither time for apology or assistance, for at the same instant, the window sash was raised, and I sprang forward to receive—not the lady—but, oh! horrible to relate, at least 20 gallons of cold water. I was stunned, stupified, I gasped for breath. Twenty gallons of cold water! What a shock to my feelings! While, as if to increase my suffering, a huge pair of shoulders, clothed in white, appeared at the open window, from which a fiery visage, surmounted by a red night-cap, was thrust, while its huge mouth, gaping like an open sepulchre, sent forth, at intervals, horrid screams of laughter, the whole giving one a perfect idea of a laughing devil. For weeks after its farewell words rang in my ears:

"'Take that for your serenade, you Irish rascals!'

"I left Bath the next morning," continued O'Shaughnessy, as soon as the laugh excited by the *denouement* of the adventure had subsided, "but not before I paid the piper, not only for the accompaniment, but also for his pipes, which had been broken in his overthrow."

HOUSE LEEK.—It is common in the North of England, to plant the herb house leek upon the tops of cottage houses. The learned author of the *Vulgar Errors* informs us, that it was an ancient superstition; and this herb was planted on the tops of houses as a defence against lightning and thunder.

THE COUNTER-STROKE.

JUST after breakfast one fine spring morning in 1837, an advertisement in the *Times* for a curate caught and fixed my attention. The salary was sufficiently remunerative for a bachelor, and the parish, as I personally knew, one of the most pleasantly situated in all Somersetshire. Having said that, the reader will readily understand that it could not have been a hundred miles from Taunton. I instantly wrote, enclosing testimonials, with which the Rev. Mr. Townley, the rector, was so entirely satisfied, that the return-post brought me a positive engagement, unclogged with the slightest objection to one or two subsidiary items I had stipulated for, and accompanied by an invitation to make the rectory my home till I could conveniently suit myself elsewhere. This was both kind and handsome; and the next day but one I took coach, with a light heart, for my new destination. It thus happened that I became acquainted, and in some degree mixed up, with the train of events it is my present purpose to relate.

The rector I found to be a stout, portly gentleman, whose years already reached to between sixty and seventy. So many winters, although they had plentifully besprinkled his hair with gray, shone out with ruddy brightness in his still handsome face, and keen, kind, bright-hazel eyes; and his voice, hearty and ringing, had not as yet one quaver of age in it. I met him at breakfast on the morning after my arrival, and his reception of me was most friendly. We had spoken together but for a few minutes, when one of the French windows, that led from the breakfast-room into a shrubbery and flower-garden, gently opened and admitted a lady, just then, as I afterwards learned, in her nineteenth spring. I use this term almost unconsciously, for I cannot even now, in the glowing summer of her life, dissociate her image from that season of youth and joyousness. She was introduced to me, with old-fashioned simplicity, as 'My grand-daughter, Agnes Townley.' It is difficult to look at beauty through other men's eyes, and, in the present instance, I feel that I should fail miserably in the endeavour to stamp upon this blank, dead paper, any adequate idea of the fresh loveliness, the rose-bud beauty of that young girl. I will merely say, that her perfectly Grecian head, wreathed with wavy *bandeaux* of bright hair, undulating with golden light, vividly brought to my mind Raphael's halo-tinted portraitures of the Virgin—with this difference, that in place of the holy calm and resignation of the painting, there was in Agnes Townley a sparkling youth and life, that even amidst the heat and glare of a crowded ball-room or of a theatre, irresistibly suggested and recalled the freshness and perfume of the morning—of a cloudless, rosy morning of May. And, far higher charm than feature-beauty, however exquisite, a sweetness of disposition, a kind gentleness of mind and temper, was evidenced in every line of her face, in every accent of the low-pitched silver voice, that breathed through lips made only to smile.

Let me own, that I was greatly struck by so remarkable a combination of rare endowments; and this, I think, the sharp-eyed rector must have perceived, or he might not perhaps have been so immediately communicative with respect to the near prospects of his idolised grandchild, as he was the moment the young lady, after presiding at the breakfast-table, had withdrawn.

'We shall have gay doings, Mr. Tyrrel, at the rectory shortly,' he said. 'Next Monday three weeks will, with the blessing of God, be Agnes Townley's wedding-day.'

'Wedding-day!'

'Yes,' rejoined the rector, turning towards and examining some flowers which Miss Townley had brought in and placed on the table. 'Yes, it has been for some time settled that Agnes shall on that day be united in holy wedlock to Mr. Arbuthnot.'

'Mr. Arbuthnot of Elm Park?'

'A great match, is it not, in a worldly point of view?' replied Mr. Townley, with a pleasant smile at the tone of my exclamation. 'And much better than that: Robert Arbuthnot is a young man of a high and noble nature, as well as devotedly attached to Agnes. He will, I doubt not, prove in every respect a husband deserving and worthy of her; and that from the lips of a doting old grandpapa must be esteemed high praise. You will see him presently.'

I did see him often, and quite agreed in the rector's estimate of his future grandson-in-law. I have not frequently seen a finer-looking young man—his age was twenty-six; and certainly one of a more honourable and kindly spirit, of a more genial temper than he, has never come within my observation. He had drawn a great prize in the matrimonial lottery, and, I felt, deserved his high fortune.

They were married at the time agreed upon, and the day was kept not only at Elm Park, and in its neighbourhood, but throughout 'our' parish, as a general holiday. And, strangely enough—at least I have never met with another instance of the kind—it was held by our entire female community, high as well as low, that the match was a perfectly equal one, notwithstanding that wealth and high worldly position were entirely on the bridegroom's side. In fact, that nobody less in the social scale than the representative of an old territorial family ought, in the nature of things, to have aspired to the hand of Agnes Townley, appeared to have been a foregone conclusion with everybody. This will give the reader a truer and more vivid impression of the bride, than any words or colours I might use.

The days, weeks, months of wedded life flew over Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot without a cloud, save a few dark but transitory ones which I saw now and then flit over the husband's countenance as the time when he should become a father drew near, and came to be more and more spoken of. 'I should not survive her,' said Mr. Arbuthnot, one day in reply to a chance observation of the rector's, 'nor indeed desire to do so.' The gray-headed man seized and warmly pressed the husband's hand, and tears of sympathy filled his eyes; yet did he, nevertheless, as in duty bound, utter grave words on the sinfulness of despair under any circumstances, and the duty, in all trials, however heavy, of patient submission to the will of God. But the venerable gentleman spoke in a hoarse and broken voice, and it was easy to see he *felt* with Mr. Arbuthnot that the reality of an

event, the bare possibility of which shook them so terribly, were a cross too heavy for human strength to bear and live.

It was of course decided that the expected heir or heiress should be intrusted to a wet-nurse, and a Mrs. Danby, the wife of a miller living not very far from the rectory, was engaged for that purpose. I had frequently seen the woman; and her name, as the rector and I were one evening gossipping over our tea, on some subject or other that I forget, came up.

'A likely person,' I remarked; 'healthy, very good-looking, and one might make oath, a true-hearted creature. But there is withal a timidity, a frightenedness in her manner at times which, if I may hazard a perhaps uncharitable conjecture, speaks ill for that smart husband of hers.'

'You have hit the mark precisely, my dear sir. Danby is a sorry fellow, and a domestic tyrant to boot. His wife, who is really a good, but meek-hearted person, lived with us once. How old do you suppose her to be?'

'Five-and-twenty perhaps.'

'Six years more than that. She has a son of the name of Harper by a former marriage, who is in his tenth year. Anne wasn't a widow long. Danby was caught by her good looks, and she by the bait of a well-provided home. Unless, however, her husband gives up his corn speculations, she will not, I think, have that much longer.'

'Corn speculations! Surely Danby has no means adequate to indulgence in such a game as that?'

'Not he. But about two years ago he bought, on credit, I believe, a considerable quantity of wheat, and prices happening to fly suddenly up just then, he made a large profit. This has quite turned his head, which, by the by, was never, as Cockneys say, quite rightly screwed on.' The announcement of a visitor interrupted anything further the rector might have had to say, and I soon afterwards went home.

A sad accident occurred about a month subsequent to the foregoing conversation. The rector was out riding upon a usually quiet horse, which all at once took it into its head to shy at a scarecrow it must have seen a score of times, and thereby threw its rider. Help was fortunately at hand, and the reverend gentleman was instantly conveyed home, when it was found that his left thigh was broken. Thanks, however, to his temperate habits, it was before long authoritatively pronounced that, although it would be a considerable time before he was released from confinement, it was not probable that the lusty winter of his life would be shortened by what had happened. Unfortunately, the accident threatened to have evil consequences in another quarter. Immediately after it occurred, one Matthews, a busy, thick-headed lout of a butcher, rode furiously off to Elm Park with the news. Mrs. Arbuthnot, who daily looked to be confined, was walking with her husband upon the lawn in front of the house, when the great burly blockhead rode up, and blurted out that the rector had been thrown from his horse, and it was feared killed!

The shock of such an announcement was of course overwhelming. A few hours afterwards, Mrs. Arbuthnot gave birth to a healthy male-child; but the young mother's life, assailed by fever, was for many days utterly despaired of—for weeks held to tremble so evenly in the balance, that the slightest adverse circumstance might in a moment turn the scale deathward. At length the black horizon that seemed to encompass us so hopelessly, lightened, and afforded the lover-husband a glimpse and hope of his vanished and well-nigh despaired of Eden. The promise was fulfilled. I was in the library with Mr. Arbuthnot awaiting the physician's morning report, very anxiously expected at the rectory, when Dr. Lindley entered the apartment in evidently cheerful mood.

'You have been causelessly alarmed,' he said. 'There is no fear whatever of a relapse. Weakness only remains, and that we shall slowly, perhaps, but certainly, remove.'

A gleam of lightning seemed to flash over Mr. Arbuthnot's expressive countenance. 'Blessed be God!' he exclaimed. 'And how,' he added, 'shall we manage respecting the child? She asks for it incessantly.'

Mr. Arbuthnot's infant son, I should state, had been consigned immediately after its birth to the care of Mrs. Danby, who had herself been confined, also with a boy, about a fortnight previously. Scarlatina being prevalent in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Danby was hurried away with the two children to a place near Bath, almost before she was able to bear the journey. Mr. Arbuthnot had not left his wife for an hour, and consequently had only seen his child for a few minutes just after it was born

'With respect to the child,' replied Dr. Lindley, 'I am of opinion that Mrs. Arbuthnot may see it in a day or two. Say the third day from this, if all goes well. I think we may venture so far; but I will be present, for any untoward agitation might be perhaps instantly fatal.' This point provisionally settled, we all three went our several ways: I to cheer the still suffering rector with the good news.

The next day but one, Mr. Arbuthnot was in exuberant spirits. 'Dr. Lindley's report is even more favourable than we had anticipated,' he said: 'and I start to-morrow morning to bring Mrs. Danby and the child'——— The postman's subdued but unmistakable knock interrupted him. 'The nurse,' he added, 'is very attentive and punctual. She writes almost every day.' A servant entered with a salver heaped with letters. Mr. Arbuthnot tossed them over eagerly, and seizing one, after glancing at the post-mark, tore it eagerly open, muttering as he did so: 'It is not the usual handwriting; but from her, no doubt'——— 'Merciful God! I impulsively exclaimed, as I suddenly lifted my eyes to his. 'What is the matter?' A mortal pallor had spread over Mr. Arbuthnot's before animated features, and he was glaring at the letter in his hand as if a basilisk had suddenly confronted him. Another moment, and the muscles of his frame appeared to give way suddenly, and he dropped heavily into the easy-chair from which he had risen to take the letters. I was terribly alarmed, and first loosening his neckerchief, for he seemed choking, I said: 'Let me call some one;' and I turned to reach the bell, when he instantly seized my arms, and held me with a grip of iron. 'No—no—no!' he hoarsely gasped; 'water—water.' There was fortunately some on a side-table. I handed it to him, and he drank eagerly. It appeared to revive him a little.

He thrust the crumpled letter into his pocket, and said in a low, quick whisper: 'There is some one coming! Not a word, remember—not a word!' At the same time, he wheeled his chair half round, so that his back should be towards the servant we heard approaching.

'I am sent, sir,' said Mrs. Arbuthnot's maid, 'to ask if the post has arrived.'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Arbuthnot, with wonderful mastery of his voice. 'Tell your mistress I shall be with her almost immediately, and that her—her son is quite well.'

'Mr. Tyrrel,' he continued, as soon as the servant was out of hearing, 'there is, I think, a liqueur-stand on the sideboard in the large dining-room. Would you have the kindness to bring it me, unobserved—mind that—unobserved by any one?'

I did as he requested; and the instant I placed the liqueur-frame before him, he seized the brandy *caraffe, and drank with fierce eagerness.* 'For goodness sake,' I exclaimed, 'consider what you are about, Mr. Arbuthnot: you will make yourself ill.'

'No, no,' he answered, after finishing his draught. 'It seems scarcely stronger than water. But I—I am better now. It was a sudden spasm of the heart; that's all. The letter,' he added, after a long and painful pause, during which he eyed me, I thought, with a kind of suspicion—'the letter you saw me open just now, comes from a relative, an aunt, who is ill, very ill, and wishes to see me instantly. You understand?'

I *did* understand, or at least I feared that I did too well. I, however, bowed acquiescence; and he presently rose from his chair, and strode about the apartment in great agitation, until his wife's bedroom bell rang. He then stopped suddenly short, shook himself, and looked anxiously at the reflection of his flushed and varying countenance in the magnificent chimney-glass.

'I do not look, I think—or, at least shall not, in a darkened room—odder, more out of the way—that is, more agitated—than one might, than one *must* appear, after hearing of the dangerous illness of—of—an aunt?'

'You look better, sir, than you did awhile since.'

'Yes, yes, much better, much better. I am glad to hear you say so. That was my wife's bell. She is anxious, no doubt, to see me.'

He left the apartment; was gone perhaps ten minutes; and when he returned, was a thought less nervous than before. I rose to go. 'Give my respects,' he said, 'to the good rector; and as an especial favour,' he added, with strong emphasis, '*let me ask of you not to mention to a living* soul that you saw me so unmanned as I was just now; that I swallowed brandy. It would appear so strange, so weak, so ridiculous.'

I promised not to do so, and almost immediately left the house, very painfully affected. His son was, I concluded, either dead or dying, and he was thus bewilderedly casting about for means of keeping the terrible, perhaps fatal tidings from his wife. I afterwards heard that he left Elm Park in a postchaise, about two hours after I came away, unattended by a single servant!

He was gone three clear days only, at the end of which he returned with Mrs. Danby and—his son—in florid health, too, and one of the finest babies of its age—about nine weeks only—I had ever seen. Thus vanished the air-drawn Doubting Castle and Giant Despair which I had so hastily conjured up! The cause assigned by Mr. Arbuthnot for the agitation I had witnessed, was doubtless the true one; and yet, and the thought haunted me for months, years afterwards, he opened only *one* letter that morning, and had sent a message to his wife that the child was well!

Mrs. Danby remained at the Park till the little Robert was weaned, and was then dismissed very munificently rewarded. Year after year rolled away without bringing Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot any additional little ones, and no one, therefore, could feel surprised at the enthusiastic love of the delighted mother for her handsome, nobly-promising boy. But that which did astonish me, though no one else, for it seemed that I alone noticed it, was a strange defect of character which began to develop itself in Mr. Arbuthnot. He *was positively jealous of his wife's affection for* their own child! Many and many a time have I remarked, when he thought himself unobserved, an expression of intense pain flash from his fine, expressive eyes, at any more than usually fervent manifestation of the young mother's gushing love for her first and only born! It was altogether a mystery to me, and I as much as possible forbore to dwell upon the subject.

Nine years passed away without bringing any material change to the parties involved in this narrative, except those which time brings ordinarily in his train. Young Robert Arbuthnot was a healthy, tall, fine-looking lad of his age; and his great-grand papa, the rector, though not suffering under any actual physical or mental infirmity, had reached a time of life when the announcement that the golden bowl is broken, or the silver cord is loosened, may indeed be quick and sudden, but scarcely unexpected. Things had gone well, too, with the nurse, Mrs. Danby, and her husband; well, at least after a fashion. The speculative miller must have made good use of the gift to his wife for her care of little Arbuthnot, for he had built a genteel house near the mill, always rode a valuable horse, kept, it was said, a capital table; and all this, as it seemed, by his clever speculations in corn and flour, for the ordinary business of the mill was almost entirely neglected. He had no children of his own, but he had apparently taken, with much cordiality, to his step-son, a fine lad, now about eighteen years of age. This greatly grieved the boy's mother, who dreaded above all things that her son should contract the evil, dissolute habits of his father-in-law. Latterly, she *had become extremely solicitous to procure the* lad a permanent situation abroad, and this Mr. Arbuthnot had promised should be effected at the earliest opportunity.

Thus stood affairs on the 16th of October, 1846. Mr. Arbuthnot was temporarily absent in Ireland, where he possessed large property, and was making personal inquiries as to the extent of the potatoe-rot, not long before announced. The morning's post had brought a letter to his wife, with the intelligence that he should reach home that very evening; and as the rectory was on the direct road to Elm Park, and her husband would be sure to pull up there, Mrs. Arbuthnot came with her son to pass the afternoon there, and in

some slight degree anticipate her husband's arrival.

About three o'clock, a chief-clerk of one of the Taunton banks rode up in a gig to the rectory, and asked to see the Rev. Mr. Townley, on pressing and important business. He was ushered into the library, where the rector and I were at the moment rather busily engaged. The clerk said he had been to Elm Park, but not finding either Mr. Arbuthnot or his lady there, he had thought that perhaps the Rev. Mr. Townley might be able to pronounce upon the genuineness of a cheque for £300 purporting to be drawn on the Taunton Bank by Mr. Arbuthnot, and which Danby the miller had obtained cash for at Bath. He further added, that the bank had refused payment, and detained the cheque, believing it to be a forgery.

'A forgery!' exclaimed the rector, after merely glancing at the document. 'No question that it is, and a very clumsily executed one, too. Besides Mr. Arbuthnot is not yet returned from Ireland.'

This was sufficient; and the messenger, with many apologies for his intrusion, withdrew, and hastened back to Taunton. We were still talking over this sad affair, although some hours had elapsed since the clerk's departure—in fact, candles had been brought in, and we were every moment expecting Mr. Arbuthnot—when the sound of a horse at a hasty gallop was heard approaching, and presently the pale and haggard face of Danby shot by the window at which the rector and myself were standing. The out-gate bell was rung almost immediately afterwards, and but a brief interval passed before 'Mr. Danby' was announced to be in waiting. The servant had hardly gained the passage with leave to shew him in, when the impatient visitor rushed rudely into the room in a state of great, and it seemed angry excitement.

'What, sir, is the meaning of this ill-mannered intrusion?' demanded the rector sternly.

'You have pronounced the cheque I paid away at Bath to be a forgery; and the officers are, I am told, already at my heels. Mr. Arbuthnot, unfortunately, is not at home, and I am come, therefore, to seek shelter with you.'

'Shelter with me, sir!' exclaimed the indignant rector, moving, as he spoke, towards the bell. 'Out of my house you shall go this instant.'

The fellow placed his hand upon the reverend gentleman's arm, and looked with his bloodshot eyes keenly in his face.

'Don't!' said Danby; 'don't, for the sake of yourself and yours! Don't! I warn you: or, if you like the phrase better, don't, for the sake of me and *mine*.'

'Yours, fellow! Your wife, whom you have so long held in cruel bondage through her fears for her son, has at last shaken off that chain. James Harper sailed two days ago from Portsmouth to Bombay. I sent her the news two hours since.'

'Ha! Is that indeed so?' cried Danby, with an irrepressable start of alarm. 'Why, then—— But no matter: here, luckily, comes Mrs. Arbuthnot *and her son*. All's right! She will, I know, stand bail for me, and if need be, acknowledge the genuineness of her husband's cheque.'

The fellow's insolence was becoming unbearable, and I was about to seize and thrust him forcibly from the apartment, when the sound of wheels was heard outside. 'Hold! one moment,' he cried with fierce vehemence. 'That is probably the officers: I must be brief, then, and to the purpose. Pray, madam, do not leave the room for your own sake: as for you, young sir, I *command* you to remain!'

'What! what does he mean?' exclaimed Mrs. Arbuthnot bewilderedly, and at the same time clasping her son—who gazed on Danby with kindled eyes, and angry boyish defiance—tightly to her side. Did the man's strange words give form and significance to some dark, shadowy, indistinct fear that had previously haunted her at times? I judged so. The rector appeared similarly confused and shaken, and had sunk nerveless and terrified upon a sofa.

'You guess dimly, I see, at what I have to say,' resumed Danby with a malignant sneer. 'Well, hear it, then, once for all, and then, if you will, give me up to the officers. Some years ago,' he continued, coldly and steadily—'some years ago, a woman, a nurse, was placed in charge of two infant children, both boys: one of these was her own; the other was the son of rich, proud parents. The woman's husband was a gay, jolly fellow, who much preferred spending money to earning it, and just then it happened that he was more than usually hard up. One afternoon, on visiting his wife, who had removed to a distance, he found that the rich man's child had sickened of the small-pox, and that there was no chance of its recovery. A letter containing the sad news was on a table, which he, the husband, took the liberty to open and read. After some reflection, suggested by what he had heard of the lady-mother's state of mind, he recopied the letter, for the sake of embodying in it a certain suggestion. That letter was duly posted, and the next day brought the rich man almost in a state of distraction; but his chief and mastering terror was lest the mother of the already dead infant should hear, in her then precarious state, of what had happened. The tidings, he was sure, would kill her. Seeing this, the cunning husband of the nurse suggested that, for the present, his—the cunning one's—child might be taken to the lady as her own, and that the truth could be revealed when she was strong enough to bear ... The rich man fell into the artful trap, and that which the husband of the nurse had speculated upon, came to pass even beyond his hopes. The lady grew to idolize her fancied child—she has, fortunately, had no other—and now, I think, it would really kill her to part with him. The rich man could not find in his heart to undeceive his wife—every year it became more difficult, more impossible to do so; and very generously, I must say, has he paid in purse for the forbearance of the nurse's husband. Well now, then, to sum up: the nurse was Mrs. Danby; the rich, weak husband Mr. Arbuthnot; the substituted child, that handsome boy—*my son!*'

A wild scream from Mrs. Arbuthnot broke the dread silence which had accompanied this frightful revelation, echoed by an agonised cry, half tenderness, half rage, from her husband, who had entered the room unobserved, and now clasped her passionately in his arms. The carriage-wheels we had heard were his. It was long before I could recall

with calmness the tumult, terror, and confusion of that scene. Mr. Arbuthnot strove to bear his wife from the apartment, but she would not be forced away, but kept imploring with frenzied vehemence that Robert—that her boy should not be taken from her.

'I have no wish to do so—far from it,' said Danby with gleeful exultation. 'Only folk must be reasonable, and not threaten their friends with the hulks'——

'Give him anything, anything!' broke in the unhappy lady. 'O Robert! Robert!' she added with a renewed burst of hysterical grief, 'how could you deceive me so?'

'I have been punished, Agnes,' he answered in a husky, broken voice, 'for my well-intending but criminal weakness; cruelly punished by the ever-present consciousness that this discovery must one day or other be surely made. What do you want?' he after awhile added with recovering firmness, addressing Danby.

'The acknowledgement of the little bit of paper in dispute, of course; and say a genuine one to the same amount.'

'Yes, yes,' exclaimed Mrs. Arbuthnot, still wildly sobbing, and holding the terrified boy strained in her embrace, as if she feared he might be wrenched from her by force. 'Anything—pay him anything!'

At this moment chancing to look towards the door of the apartment, I saw that it was partially opened, and that Danby's wife was listening there. What might that mean? But what of helpful meaning in such a case could it have?

'Be it so, love,' said Mr. Arbuthnot, soothingly. 'Danby, call to-morrow at the Park. And now, begone at once.'

'I was thinking,' resumed the rascal with swelling audacity, 'that we might as well at the same time come to some permanent arrangement upon black and white. But never mind: I can always put the screw on; unless, indeed, you get tired of the young gentleman, and in that case, I doubt not, he will prove a dutiful and affectionate son —— Ah, devil! What do you here? Begone, or I'll murder you! Begone, do you hear?

His wife had entered, and silently confronted him. 'Your threats, evil man,' replied the woman quietly, 'have no terrors for me now. My son is beyond your reach. Oh, Mrs. Arbuthnot,' she added, turning towards and addressing that lady, 'believe not'——

Her husband sprang at her with the bound of a panther. 'Silence! Go home, or I'll strangle' ——His own utterance was arrested by the fierce grasp of Mr. Arbuthnot, who seized him by the throat, and hurled him to the further end of the room. 'Speak on, woman; and quick! quick! What have you to say?'

'That your son, dearest lady,' she answered, throwing herself at Mrs. Arbuthnot's feet, 'is as truly your own child as ever son born of woman!'

That shout of half-fearful triumph seems, even now as I write, to ring in my ears! I *felt* that the woman's words were words of truth, but I could not see distinctly: the room whirled round, and the lights danced before my eyes, but I could hear through all the choking ecstacy of the mother, and the fury of the baffled felon.

'The letter,' continued Mrs. Danby, 'which my husband found and opened, would have informed you of the swiftly approaching death of *my* child, and that yours had been carefully kept beyond the reach of contagion. The letter you received was written without my knowledge or consent. True it is that, terrified by my husband's threats, and in some measure reconciled to the wicked imposition by knowing that, after all, the right child would be in his right place, I afterwards lent myself to Danby's evil purposes. But I chiefly feared for my son, whom I fully believed he would not have scrupled to make away with in revenge for my exposing his profitable fraud. I have sinned; I can hardly hope to be forgiven, but I have now told the sacred truth.'

All this was uttered by the repentant woman, but, at the time, it was almost wholly unheard by those most interested in the statement. They only comprehended that they were saved—that the child was theirs in very truth. Great, abundant, but for the moment, bewildering joy! Mr. Arbuthnot—his beautiful young wife—her own true boy (how could she for a moment have doubted that he was her own true boy!—you might read that thought through all her tears, thickly as they fell)—the aged and half-stunned rector, whilst yet Mrs. Danby was speaking, were exclaiming, sobbing in each other's arms, ay, and praising God too, with broken voices and incoherent words it *may be, but certainly with fervent, pious, grateful* hearts.

When we had time to look about us, it was found that the felon had disappeared—escaped. It was well, perhaps, that he had; better, that he has not been heard of since.

OCCASION.

"Say, who art thou, with more than mortal air,
Endowed by Heaven with gifts and graces rare,
Whom restless, winged feet for ever onward bear?"

"I am Occasion—known to few, at best;
And since one foot upon a wheel I rest,
Constant my movements are—they cannot be
repressed.

"Not the swift eagle, in his swiftest flight,
Can equal me in speed—my wings are bright,
And man, who sees them waved, is dazzled by the
sight.

"My thick and flowing locks before me thrown,
Conceal my form—nor face, nor breast is shown,
That thus as I approach, my coming be not known.

"Behind my head no single lock of hair
Invites the hand that fain would grasp it there,
But he who lets me pass, to seize me may despair."

"Whom, then, so close behind thee do I see?"
"Her name is Penitence; and Heaven's decree
Hath made all those her prey who profit not by me.

"And thou, O mortal! who dost vainly ply
These curious questions; thou dost not descry,
That now thy time is lost—for I am passing by."

ALFRED.

BORN A.D. 849.—DIED A.D. 901.

ALFRED THE GREAT was born in the year 849, at Wantage in Berkshire. He is described to have been from his infancy his father's favourite; and when he was only in his fifth year Ethelwulf sent him, attended by a splendid train of nobility and others, to Rome, where it is said he was, according to the custom of those times, adopted by the reigning pontiff, Leo IV., as his son, and also, young as he was, anointed as a king.* A few years after this, he again visited the imperial city, accompanied by his father himself, and this time his opening faculties may be supposed to have received many impressions from a scene so unlike anything he could have witnessed at home, which would prove indelible, and materially influence his future character and conduct. His father died when he was in his eleventh year; and he appears to have lost his mother some years before. He was now, therefore, left to the charge of his step-mother, Judith, a daughter of the King of France, who seems, however, to have acquitted herself admirably of the duty which had thus devolved on her.

The only species of literature of which our future royal author yet knew anything, was the unwritten ballad poetry of his country, to which, as recited by his attendants and playmates, he had from his earliest years loved to listen. But the influence even of such intellectual sustenance as this in awakening both his patriotism and his genius, will not be thought lightly of by any who have accustomed themselves to trace the causes by which generous spirits have been frequently matured to greatness. The body is not fed and strengthened by bread alone;—so neither is the mind only by that sort of knowledge which is conversant but with the literalities of things. The prejudice of a certain philosophism against whatever appeals to the imaginative part of our nature is no wiser than would be a feeling of contempt on the part of a blind man for those who see. True, imagination has its tendencies to evil, as well as to good. And there are also temptations which beset the man who sees, from which he who is blind is exempted. And, universally, in this condition of things, whatsoever may be turned to good may be turned also to evil, and nothing is wholly and irretrievably either the one or the other. But it is the high office of philosophy to be ever so mixing up and combining the elements of power that are in us and around us, as to turn them all to good; none of them were given us to be either lost or destroyed; least of all were our imaginative tastes and faculties—which are the very wings of the mind, whereby it lifts itself to the upper regions of philosophy—made part and parcel of our being, only that they might be stinted in their growth, or left to perish. They were bestowed upon us

* Asser, 7.—Chron. Sax. 77.—Lingard supposes that Alfred was made to receive regal unction in order to secure his succession to the Crown, after his brothers, to the exclusion of their children.

undoubtedly, like all the rest of our nature, to be *educated*, that is to say, to have their potency changed from tyrannizing over us, to serving under us, even as the fire, and the water, and the beasts of the field, which also all aspire to be our masters, are converted by art into our most useful *ministers and subjects, and made, as it were,* to come and lay down their strength at our feet. Our business is to seek not to destroy our imagination, but to obtain the rule over it,—not to weaken, but to direct, its force. He whose imagination is his lord, is a madman; but he, on the other hand, is armed with the mightiest of all moral powers, whose imagination is his wielded and obedient instrument. It was fortunate, we must, therefore, hold, for Alfred to have had his sensibilities thus early kindled to the love of poetry. This was excitement enough to keep his intellectual faculties from wasting away, during the protracted period when he was yet without the elements of any other education. And who shall say how much, not of the enjoyment merely, but even of the greatness, of his future life was the offspring of that imaginative culture of his youth, which, as it must have smitten his spirit with its first love of heroic deeds, so would often supply it afterwards with its best strength for their performance. He himself at least retained ever after the deepest regard and reverence for that simple lore which had thus been the light and solace of his otherwise illiterate boyhood. Many of his compositions which have come down to us are in verse, and we are told by his friend and *biographer, Asser, that not only* was the poetry of his native land his own favourite reading, but that, in directing the education of his children, it was to Saxon books, and especially to Saxon poetry, that he ordered their hours of study to be devoted. The indulgence of his parents was probably, in part at least, the cause of his long ignorance of book-learning. But, however this may be, he had reached his twelfth year, Asser tells us, without knowing his letters, when one day his mother showed him and his brothers, a small volume somewhat gaily illuminated, and announced that the book should be the prize of him who should first learn to read it. Alfred immediately put himself into the hands of a teacher, and, although the youngest of the competitors, was in no long time able to claim the promised reward. From this period he continued to be throughout his life so ardent and devoted a reader, that, even when most oppressed with occupation, he was rarely to be found, if he had the shortest interval of repose, without a book in his hand.

Up to the time when Ethelred mounted the throne, as related in the preceding historical sketch, Alfred had never succeeded in obtaining from his brothers the property to which he was entitled by his father's will; and, owing to this cause, he seems to have been unable to provide himself either with books or instructors even in the few branches of science and of more refined scholarship which were then cultivated. There is some reason to believe that, in the recklessness produced by the untoward circumstances in which he was thus placed, his noble energies had already threatened to lose themselves in a career of dissipation and profligacy. But both his years at this time, and the steady virtues of his manhood, forbid us to suppose that he could have proceeded very far in such a course. Even after Ethelred became king, he still continued to be deprived of the independent provision which had been bequeathed to him; his brother, who, before his *accession, had promised to see his rights restored,* now excusing himself from performing his intention, on the ground of the troubled state of the kingdom, harassed as it was almost continually by those Danish pirates, who had first appeared on its coasts in the reign of Egbert, but had for some years past been in the habit of making their descents in such augmented force as to dispute the possession of the country with its natural occupants. From this date, however, he seems to have been brought forth from the obscurity in which he had hitherto lived; and his brother's estimate of his talents, indeed, is said to have been so great, that he employed him both as his principal adviser or minister in the general government of the realm, and as the commander-in-chief of his armies. In this latter capacity he repeatedly encountered the Danes with various success. At last he allowed himself to be drawn into an engagement with them as they were collected in formidable numbers near Reading; the issue of which threatened to be a total defeat of the English, when a fresh force arrived under the command of the king himself, and so entirely turned the fortune of the day, that the Danes were completely routed with the loss of many of their chiefs. Their disaster, however, *was far from driving the invaders from the country*; on the contrary, they boldly attacked the two brothers about a fortnight after, and beat them; and this success they followed up without loss of time by another attack, which terminated in a second victory; and in which, as already related, King Ethelred was mortally wounded. The crown, therefore, now fell to Alfred, by whom, however, his original biographer assures us, it was assumed with reluctance. The jewelled circlet, always lined with cares, had almost in this case, indeed, to be won before it could be worn.

Scarcely had Alfred laid his brother in the grave when he was again forced to meet the enemy at Wilton. The consequence was a third defeat. It was followed by a treaty, which, however, the Danes, rendered audacious by the consciousness of their strength, are asserted to have regarded just as far as it suited their inclinations or convenience. In the course of a few years Alfred found it necessary again to have recourse to arms; and he now resolved to meet the invaders on their own element, the sea. He accordingly fitted out a fleet, which soon afterwards attacked a squadron of five Danish ships, and took one of them. The foreigners, however, still maintained their position in the country in formidable numbers, quartering, plundering, and laying waste wherever they chose. Finding himself not strong enough to offer them battle, Alfred was obliged in 875 to make a new peace with them, or rather indeed to buy a cessation of hostilities. But the very next year he was forced to renew the war, which, with desperate vigour, he now pushed at once both by sea and land. Collecting all the forces he could, he shut up the

army of the enemy in the town of Exeter; but he was saved the risk of actually giving them battle, by the good fortune of his little navy, which in the meantime attacked their fleet, consisting of a hundred and twenty sail; and, aided by a storm which immediately succeeded the conflict, sunk part of the vessels, and drove the rest on shore, so that scarcely a man escaped. Another peace followed this glorious achievement, the enemy being obliged to give hostages. The very year following, however, they suddenly sprung up again in arms; and such was the consternation everywhere spread by this unexpected return of a scourge which now seemed altogether invincible, that utter despair took possession of the heart of the nation; and, while many concealed themselves, or fled from the country, others submitted to the invaders, and none could be found to go forth and make head against them. The kingdom in fact might be said to be conquered. The king himself was obliged to leave his palace, and to take refuge in disguise with one of the keepers of his cattle. It was while he resided in the man's hut that an incident happened with which all our readers are probably familiar: the scolding he one day received from the neatherd's wife—to whom his quality was unknown—for having, while engaged in trimming his bow and arrows, allowed some cakes to burn which she had appointed him in her absence to watch while toasting. The angry dame told him that it would have been but fair that he had attended to her cakes a little more, as he was generally ready enough to eat them.

Even while in this retreat, however, Alfred probably kept up a correspondence with some of his friends; and, after a short time, he collected his family and a small body of faithful adherents, and took up his residence along with them in the little island of Athelney in Somersetshire, formed by the inclosing waters of the Parret and the Thone. On this marshy spot he built a fort, which was from its situation almost impregnable, and from which he frequently sallied forth against the enemy at the head of his few but brave followers with no inconsiderable success. One day, some of the old histories tell us, he had been left alone in this fort with his queen, and was, as usual, engaged in reading, when he was roused from his book by the voice of a poor man asking alms. He desired the queen to see what store of provisions they had in the house; thereupon, opening the cupboard, she told him there was but one small loaf. He directed her, nevertheless, to give the half of it to the poor man, and expressed his trust that God would soon send them more. It is said that when this had been done he read for some time longer, and then both he and the queen fell asleep. When he awakened the king called to his consort, and told her that he had dreamed he had seen St. Cuthbert, who had informed him that God had at last determined to restore him to his throne, and that in token of the truth of the vision his servants, who had been sent out to seek supplies, would soon be back with a large quantity of fish. Her Majesty declared that she had had exactly the same dream; and in a few moments part of the prophecy was confirmed by the return of the servants overloaded with the produce of their nets. A portion of this story is probably the manufacture of the monks; but the fancy is unwilling to part with the belief that there may be truth at least in the incident of the divided loaf, if not in that of the double dream. Alfred had been nearly a year in Athelney when news was brought to him of a great victory which had been obtained over the Danes by a body of his subjects led by the Earl of Devonshire. The general of the enemy, with many of their other captains, had been slain, and their celebrated magical standard, called the Raven, which was believed to have the power of predicting the issue of the battle in which it was carried, had fallen into the hands of the victors. On receiving this intelligence, Alfred immediately prepared to place himself once more at the head of his people, now that they had reawakened to a sense of their duty to themselves, and of the necessity of shaking off the yoke of their foreign oppressors. Having issued letters to his nobility, informing them where he was, and inviting them to come to him, he laid before them a proposal for a general attack upon the enemy, which was eagerly agreed to. The better, however, to ascertain their position and their strength, he determined first to adopt an extraordinary expedient; and having put on the disguise of a harper, actually, it is said, introduced himself in that character into the camp, and was admitted to give a sample of his musical skill in the presence of their princes. The appearance of the English army close upon the unsuspecting Danes soon followed this adventure of Alfred. A battle ensued at Eddington in Wiltshire, which ended in the complete defeat of the foreigners. The English monarch, however, on their giving hostages, and consenting to embrace Christianity, treated them with great generosity, and even assigned them the whole kingdom of East Anglia—including the counties of Cambridge, Suffolk, and Norfolk—for their habitation.

No further annoyance was now received from this quarter till the year 884, when a numerous swarm of these northern pirates landed in Kent, and laid siege to Rochester. Alfred, however, attacked them, and forced them to raise the siege, and to fly from the country. In a battle at sea, also, which occurred shortly after, his fleet destroyed thirteen of their ships. There was now peace again for some years. But at last two large Danish fleets made their appearance nearly at the same time, the one consisting of two hundred and fifty sail on the coast of Kent, the other in the Thames. The crews of both effected a landing before they could be opposed, and fixed themselves severally at Appletree and at Middleton. The arrival of these new hordes was the signal for the revolt of large numbers of their countrymen who were settled in different parts of the kingdom, so that the situation of Alfred seemed now more perilous than ever. He prepared, however, to face the crisis with his characteristic boldness, skill, and activity. Various battles ensued, at Farnham in Surrey, at Exeter, and elsewhere, in all of which the English, led by their heroic monarch, were victorious. The Danes, however, were still far from being subdued, being in fact no sooner repulsed in one part of the country than they carried their devastations into another. A powerful band of them having come up the Thames, landed about twenty

miles from London, and there built a fort. From this stronghold, however, Alfred drove them by cutting certain trenches which left their ships dry, and then burning and destroying such of them as could not be got off. This and other successes at last reduced these barbarians again to subjection and quiet, after the war had continued for about three years, during a considerable portion of which time the miseries of famine and plague followed every where the ravages of the sword. A maritime engagement on the coast of Devonshire, in which five out of six ships of the enemy were sunk or driven on shore, concluded the triumphs of the English arms. The few remaining years of Alfred's reign were spent in tranquillity, of which he took advantage to repair the many mischiefs and disorders which so long a season of turbulence had introduced, and to establish such institutions as might secure the future prosperity of the kingdom.

It is generally allowed that Englishmen are indebted to this illustrious monarch, if not for the contrivance and first introduction, at any rate for the restoration and improvement, of several of their most valuable still existing safeguards of liberty and order. He did not, indeed, establish a representative government; but he ordered that the great council of the nation—the only species of legislative assembly suitable to the circumstances of the country in that age—should meet at least twice every year, thus providing a parliamentary, if not a popular check of considerable importance upon his own authority and that of his successors. The general application of trial by jury to civil and criminal cases is also thought to be due to Alfred. The common law is supposed to be founded principally on the regulations for the punishment of offences and the dispensing of justice which he promulgated. He settled the boundaries of the parishes, hundreds, into counties into which England still continues to be divided, and accomplished a survey of the whole, the results of which he caused to be recorded in what was called the book of Winchester, the foundation of the famous Doomsday Book, compiled two centuries afterwards by the Conqueror. By an ingeniously arranged system of police also, he placed every man in his dominions as it were under his eye, so that it is said offences against property and the public peace became eventually almost unknown, and the king was wont, by way of putting the sovereignty of the laws to the proof, even to expose articles of gold on the highways without any one daring to touch them. He founded new towns in different parts of the kingdom, and restored many of the old ones which had fallen into decay. London especially, which, when he came to the throne, was in the possession of the Danes, he rebuilt, extended, and chose as his principal residence and the seat of government. To Alfred, likewise, England is indebted for the beginning of her naval greatness,—that arm of her national power which is at once the strongest for good and the weakest for evil.

Nor did this wise and patriotic king neglect the civilization any more than the defence and political independence of his country. He not only established schools for elementary instruction in most of the different great towns, but spared no pains or cost to bring back and re-establish among his people that higher learning which the recent distractions had almost entirely banished. He was, according to some accounts, the founder of the university of Oxford; and it seems probable that he fixed and endowed a seminary of some description or other on the site afterwards occupied by this famous seat of education. So utterly had literature been extirpated from the land, that any one almost but Alfred would have looked upon the attempt to restore it as an altogether hopeless and impossible enterprise. The very few learned men—they do not appear to have been above three or four in number—who had survived the confusions and miseries to which the kingdom had so long been a prey, remained concealed and unheard of in remote religious retirements, which, naturally distrustful of the new-born and as yet unconfirmed tranquility, hardly any temptation could prevail upon them to leave. Alfred, nevertheless, left no efforts untried to attract to his court these depositories of the light; and his biographer, Asser, who was himself one of those whom he thus brought around him, has given us some very curious and illustrative details of the manner in which he was sought out and tempted from his monastery among the mountains in Wales by the good king. It was under the tuition of Asser that Alfred first carried his own acquaintance with literature beyond the knowledge of his mother-tongue, and engaged in the study of Latin. He had already reached his thirty-ninth year; but the time he had lost only spurred him to more zealous exertion, and he soon made such proficiency as to be able to read that language with ease. In his ardent and philanthrophic mind, however, his new acquisition was not long permitted to remain a source of merely selfish gratification. He resolved that his people should have their share in his own advantages, and with this view he immediately set about the translation for public use of several of the works by which he had himself been most delighted, or which he conceived most likely to be generally serviceable.

The first work which he undertook appears to have been the *Liber Pastoralis Curæ* of Pope Gregory, a treatise on ecclesiastical discipline, which he intended as a directory for the clergy. In an introductory address, in the form of an epistle to the bishop of London, which he prefixed to his translation of this performance, he states that when he began his reign there was not, so far as he knew, one priest to the south of the Thames who understood the prayers of the common church service, or could in fact translate a sentence of Latin into English. After this he either wrote or translated himself, or caused to be translated, so many books, that we may consider him as not only having laid the foundations of a literature for his country, but as having carried the superstructure to no ordinary height and extent. Among his other versions from the Latin is one of Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," which is in many respects rather an original work than a translation, the author's text being often expanded, or for a time entirely departed from, in order that he may introduce new ideas and illustrations of his own, many of which are in the highest degree interesting from their re-

ference to the circumstances of his age, his country, and even of his personal history. In his version, in like manner, of Orosius's Ancient History and Geography, he inserts from his own pen a sketch of the German nations, as well as an account of a voyage towards the North Pole made by a Norwegian navigator, from whom he had himself received the details. His greatest work is his translation of Bede's Ecclesiastical History, a truly splendid monument of his literary zeal and industry. A greater still would have been the complete version of the Scriptures, which some writers say he executed; but it is by no means clearly ascertained that he really translated the whole Bible, or even any considerable portion of it. *

We may well wonder how the necessary leisure for all these literary exertions could be found by a monarch who, in the course of not a very long life, is recorded to have fought fifty-six battles; and who, even when no longer engaged among the ruder troubles of war, had so many public cares to occupy his time and thoughts. To add to all the other disadvantages he had to struggle with, he is stated to have been attacked, ere he had completed his twentieth year, with an agonizing internal disease, which, although it did not incapacitate him from the performance of any of his royal functions, tormented him so unremittingly as hardly to leave him an entire day's exemption from misery during the remainder of his life; or if it ever, to use the affecting language of Asser, was through the mercy of God withdrawn from him for a day, or a night, or even a single hour, it would yet continue to make him wretched by the thought of the excruciating distress he would have to suffer when it returned.

Alfred, who was, if ever any one was, literally the Father of his country, presiding over and directing the whole management of affairs, almost as if the people had been indeed his family, accomplished what he did chiefly by the golden rule of doing everything at its own time. The method which he took, in the want of a better time-piece, to measure the flight of the hours by means of graduated wax candles, inclosed in lanthorns to protect them from the wind, is well known. He usually divided the day and night, we are told, into three portions, of eight hours each: the first of which he devoted to religious meditation and study, the second to public affairs, and the third to rest and necessary refreshment. Alfred died, as is generally stated, on the 26th of October, 901; but some authorities place his decease a year, and some two years earlier. By his wife Elswitha he had three sons, the second of whom, Edward, succeeded him on the throne —the eldest having died in his father's life-time —and three daughters. England has had no monarch, or patriot, of whom she had more reason to be proud, nor indeed does the history of any nation record a more perfect character, than this Anglo-Saxon sovereign.

The sum of *thirteen pence half-penny* is called *hangman's wages*, because the fee of the executioner used to be a Scottish mark, or thirten pence and the third of a penny.

* See Hearne's notes upon Spelman, p. 213.

LORETAN MARYANSKI.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Of all the strange situations it has been the lot of my eventful youth to be placed in, the most remarkable was the temporary care of a private asylum for the insane.

In the course of my medical studies I had frequently been thrown into society with a young gentleman, nephew to the proprietor of an establishment of the kind in question, in which he acted as assistant or clerk. We soon formed an intimacy, and at length, when a necessity arose that he should visit some near relations in the North of Ireland, he requested me to favour him by performing his duty in the house for a week or two during his absence.

As it was not inconvenient to me at the time, and I was very desirous to see the mode of treatment practised by the proprietor, who, though not by profession a medical man, had no indifferent reputation in his peculiar line, I was very glad to take advantage of the offer, and soon found myself at the establishment.

I was particular to make inquiry of my friend with regard to the nature of the cases to be under my care, and was informed that the house was unusually empty at the time, there not being more than fifteen patients in it, and that few of the cases were possessed of much interest, with the exception of one, whose peculiarities he forthwith proceeded to explain to me.

"The individual," said he, "is a young Pole, by name Loretan Maryanski, a person of very high talent; and his hallucination is, that on the Pythagorean principle, his body is animated by no less a soul than that of the celebrated hero Kosciusko. So long as you avoid interference with this idea you will find him a most intelligent and accomplished young fellow—a gentleman in every respect. He was a student of medicine in London for some years; in fact he has not been many months with us, and strange enough he devoted all along very much attention to the study of the mental disorders, upon which subject you will find his information nearly unimpeachable. He believes that he is at present, as a pupil, prosecuting his studies of that class of disease in our asylum, and devotes much attention to all the cases, whilst his care and humanity to the sufferers is unremitting.

"His father was a nobleman of one of the lesser grades in Lithuania, I believe, who, having taken an energetic part in the last insurrection, found it necessary to flee to England, and along with others, in similar circumstances, to become a pensioner on the bounty of our countrymen. By this means, and also from a tolerable income he could make by acting as foreign clerk to an extensive mercantile house, and by employing his spare hours in teaching German and French, he has been enabled to rear a family in comfort, and also to educate his eldest son for the medical profession.

"Loretan was a good clasical scholar before he was brought to England, and was acquainted with German, French, and English. The last he speaks with very little foreign accent, and is moreover familiar with almost all its idioms, a facility in acquiring which, as well as the accent, is, I am informed, a peculiar property of his countrymen,

beyond the people of any other continental nation. As a student he was most devoted, giving his great talents completely to his tasks, nor ever allowing the usual temptations of youth to draw him for a moment from them. I have often thought that when a man of active and original intellect has never been allowed—by constraint, whether of others, or self-imposed—to mingle with society, but has, from his earliest experience, associated with books, and not with men (if you will allow me the expression,)—when in addition he has the strong motives of emulation and knowledge of his own powers, or the stronger still of necessity, to force him to his solitary studies—he creates around him a strange world—book-derived—which is quite different from that of ordinary life, and really constitutes a kind of insanity. The idea of madness from much learning would appear to have been a prevalent one, from the days of the apostle Paul to our own; and when you reflect how many of the most noble minds of this age have sunk, and been extinguished in imbecility and mania, you will probably have a clearer view than otherwise, as well of my precise drift in the argument, as of the case of my poor friend Maryanski.

"His disorder had long been suspected of overstepping the bounds of eccentricity. He began to talk mysteriously of the possibility of holding intercourse with superior beings, to mention the old doctrine of Rosicrucianism with approbation, and seriously express his belief in the theory of the transmigration of souls. At length his hallucination took form, and he coolly and frequently enough announced himself to be the dead hero revived. These ideas his fellow-students received at first with ridicule, till at length it proved somewhat more than a joke to one. Several of them were together in a bookseller's shop, which they were in the habit of frequenting. He was among them, and found means, in the course of conversation on a German physiological work, to introduce his favorite notion, narrating several interesting anecdotes of himself when Kosciusko, which I am afraid are not to be found recorded in any life of that personage. But one of the students, more waggish than wise, ventured to tell him that he too had recollections of a similar kind, having in a former state of existance actually been the celebrated Marshal Suwarrow. The word had hardly left his lips, when the Pole, in a burst of frenzy that was plainly maniacal, seized a ponderous beam of iron, the bar used to fix the window-shutters at night, and heaving it aloft, brought it down with his whole strength in the direction of the unlucky jester's crown, accompanying the act with a wild shriek, that speedily collected a crowd round the door. Had the blow reached its aim, it would undoubtedly have sent the spirit of the Russian in quest of a less jocular tabernacle. As it was, the poor fellow had just time to start to one side, when the iron descended upon him; his arm, which he had instinctively thrown up, received it, and both bones were fractured.

"After this he went beyond all bounds, and in a few days, on the authority of the coroner, he was certified insane, and placed by his friends under our charge.

"Since then he has only had one paroxysm, which indeed happened closely after his arrival and was so violent as to require the whirling chair* So far as we can judge, he appears to be now in a steady way of recovery.

"We make a practice never to allude to the hallucinations of any patient. The allusions they make to it themselves are allowed to pass apparently altogether unremarked; while, by affording them other pursuits, of an active and engrossing nature, we endeavour to lead them altogether from employing their thoughts on the topic. I considered it as well to mention this, in order that, as you will be constantly in his society, you may follow a course in consonance with our system.

"You will find he does clerk's business in the asylum; takes reports, keeps the journal, looks after the dieting, and affects to have a sharp eye over the keepers. Of course you will attend to all these duties yourself, though you will find him of amazing value to you in a variety of ways. You must take care that no historical work of any kind, no atlas, globes, nor any newspapers or periodicals, come where they can possibly be seen by him. The time not occupied with his fancied duties you will find him devote to the perusal of books from my uncle's library, all regarding or bearing upon his own malady, such as Abercromby, Pinel, Reports of Dr. Hibbert's book, and a host of others; or to the study of botany, which he prosecutes with very great ardour. He is allowed to go about the fields as often as he chooses, but Jackson, the keeper always accompanies him, on the pretext of carrying his plant-case, which we have purposely had made very clumsy and inconvenient, as if to require such attendance.

"I should state to you that you must never betray the slightest evidence of timorousnes when alone with him; for if you attend to the above instructions he is altogether harmless, and, moreover, a most agreeable companion; whilst the least appearance of such a feeling gives him great uneasiness; for madmen, however strong may be their own notions, have always a suspicion about what people think of them, and any indication of the kind on your part will make him very despondent, and probably for a considerable time divert him from the salutary pursuits he is at present so much engrossed with. You may be as obstinate as you like with him in any discussion, you will always find his manner marked by good-humour and courtesy, whilst at the clear and masterly nature of his views on a multitude of subjects, you will be struck with surprise.

"One of his prime accomplishments, I had almost forgot to say, is drawing. Some of his productions in this way are admirable. They appear so to me, though I must confess I have no particular taste in the art, but I have heard them praised even more highly by others whose opinion is not so questionable."

Such was the account I received of this young

*This machine, frequently used in the violent fits of maniacs consists of a chair fixed upon a pivot, and so constructed that with the unfortunate creature in it, it can be made to revolve with great rapidity. Its calming effect upon patients is complete at the time, but whether permanently useful must be questionable. Its use has been with rare exceptions confined to the Continental Asylums, and even from these it is now nearly abolished.

man, and my experience shortly convinced me of its correctness.

His appearance was somewhat remarkable. He was what is called a fine-looking man, and had about him that indescribable cast of features and gestures by which it is almost always possible to know a foreigner. His eyes especially, large, prominent and of a blueish gray colour, darted rapidly from one direction to another, and their glance had that peculiar expression whereby some think that they can detect, at the first look, an insane person, or one subject to epilepsy. His voice was very sweet in its sound, and the slight foreign accent lent it a degree of interest that rendered him a most pleasing companion to discourse with. In talent and information I found him to be indeed all that my friend had promised, and very soon got much attached to him; whilst the reflection that this fine intellect was unsound, and profitless to himself or his fellow-creatures, added a feeling of melancholy to the regret I felt for him.

He dressed plainly, but had a taste for jewellery and for fine linen. He was fond of smoking, too, a habit he had acquired long before his illness, and of which those under whose treatment he was, had thought it advisable to permit his continuance. He used Turkish tobacco, in a long pipe of straight stick, with the bark on, which had a red clay bowl at one end, and a gilded amber mouth-piece at the other. I have since seen these in common use in the eastern part of the Mediterranean, but it was quite novel to me at the time, and added to the strange and outlandish appearance of all the man.

After I had been some days in the asylum, he used to come every evening to my apartment, generally with a book or portfolio under his arm, and we would smoke and drink coffee by ourselves for an hour or so, and talk over the contents of the volume. His very large collection, too, of sketches and water-colour drawings, was a fruitful source of pleasurable amusement to me on such occasions. They were certainly most masterly productions. A number were anatomical—chiefly copies of dissections of the nervous system; and these were executed with a cleaness and sharpness of outline, and a correctness of form and colouring, that was indeed remarkable.

I was particulaaly pleased with some drawings of the origin and distribution of the Trigeminus, or fifth pair.

The reader, who is in any degree acquainted with physiology, will know what a difficult subject this is, whether for demonstration or copying on paper; yet to such minuteness had the dissection apparently been carried, and with such accuracy and taste had it been depicted, that I was perfectly delighted, and emphatically expressed my admiration and preference of them to all the others.

"Yes," said he "they are the best—they were the last I ever did of that description. I was an enthusiast then for anatomy, especially physiological. I dissected eight hours out of the twenty-four for about two years, and when my other classes took up my time by day, I used to go at it by night. My grand subjects of investigation soon became the nervous system. I was incited and inspired by the discoveries of Bell, Marshall, Hall, and others, and convinced I too could do something, gave so much of my mind to the study, that I regularly became unwell, and sometimes think there has been a strange confusion in my mind ever since."

He said this with a look and tone so mournful, that I was much moved, and felt deeply for him. He paused awhile, then broke out suddenly, whilst his eyes flashed with strange lustre.

"But what do you think D——, my toils were at length rewarded, and gloriously. A discovery arose before me, in comparison with which all the boasted ones of the most distinguished names are but as dust. I actually found out and now know what is the nervous influence—where it resides—how to detect it, separate it from the body, accumulate it, treasure it up apart, make it obedient to my commands. Then first did I know what mind is, and how it acts upon matter, and is again reacted on. Then did I first ascertain the immortality of the soul, and—most interesting of discoveries!—find out the origin and transmigration of the spirit that animates my own frame.

"What do you think I came here for, but to render my knowledge complete, by watching in its deranged and unsound state that mind which I had so long and curiously studied in its perfect working?

"In a year or two, when I have acquired a thorough intimacy with the subject in every possible point of view, and had time to digest and arrange the facts in my thoughts, I will bring out a work that will strike the world with wonder, as did the deeds of Columbus, and open up an entirely new field for the speculations of ingenious men. The benefit I shall have conferred upon mankind will be incalculable. Who then will dread death, when he knows that his spirit can never die—that this awful event is simple as the changing of a garment, and that by a method which I shall make public, when the body becomes no longer suited to him, he can choose another, in what rank or race best pleases him?

"Oh, the wretched absurdity of hereditary honours! Could men but know when they lick the dust before a creature to whom the chance of bodily birth has given power, what sort of spiritual origin it hath, they would hide themselves for very shame of their monstrous folly. Shakspeare talks of the base uses our clay may come to, and traces the dust of Cæsar till he finds it stopping a bung-hole. But look at yonder youthful duchess in her box at the opera, glittering with jewels—herself more dazzling in her beauty—the focus to which the beams from all eyes converge; the theme of all conversation—the idol of all worship. Whence came the soul, that at the command of the chief spirit, entered into her frame when it first took form? From the body of a negro, which was corrupted to death by a loathsome leprosy, whilst itself was debased by ignorance, slavery, and unbridled passions, till it could scarcely be known from the disgusting matter of which it had been the life.

"When this bright discovery first opened upon me, and the transports of the joy attendant had subsided into the proud but calm consciousness of a mighty triumph, you can form no idea of the feelings with which I looked back upon the gropings of men whom the unenlightened call and honour by the name philosophers. When I

thought of their dreams about Matter and Mind, Consciousness, Cause and Effect, and other stumbling-blocks, I could only admire with how little talent a man may acquire the name. How would they regard my great revelation, when I choose to make it? Would they treat me as they did Harvey? No they could not—they would be overwhelmed with the vastness of the new intellectual world that would be displayed before them, and when they were, through its means, enabled to discern the nature of the mighty spirit animating the body of the discoverer, and to know the deeds it has originated in the different bodies it has sojourned in, they would fall down and worship, knowing it to be as far above them as the chief spirit again has marked the distance between it and himself.

"Would you know the manner in which this great discovery was made? It was terrible—(Here he shuddered)—as must always be any breaking through the laws of nature, for such is to be considered the first consciousness a man's material senses have of the presence of an immaterial being. For about six months I had been tormenting my mind, speculating upon what could be the precise nature of that Influence Fluid, or whatever else the ignorant call it, of which the brain is the reservoir, and the nerves the channels—whether it was a mere property of *matter, or separately existent—if the latter*, whether it was perishable or eternal. Methought if I could establish their separate and independent being—then matter and spirit would be proved to be the only things that had existence; but matter, we already know, is indestructible—why should not spirit then be indestructible likewise. And then wherefore should the connexion of a portion of spirit with matter be only solitary and temporary? should it not rather be continual; and as the organized portion of matter ceases in time to be capable of the connexion, should not a new portion be provided, and should not the spirit, upon the breaking up of one connexion, immediately form another, and thus migrate from body to body, suffering to be lost none of its power of being useful?

"Such is a specimen of the thoughts that filled my head, sleeping and waking, all the while I was endeavouring, by constant and most minute dissection, to gather facts whereon to build my hypotheses, and reading every book I could lay my hands upon, that bore in any degree upon the subject. I had a presentiment I should make some vast discovery, and grudged no labour nor expense which the most parsimonious living could enable me to afford. As the hospital dissecting-room was unsuitable for my pursuits, from the noise and continual interruption of young men, who appear to come to such places more as a lounge than for study, and also from the want of opportunity to dissect by night, I entered myself a pupil of Mr. P's private room.

"This place was situated in —— Lane, Southwark, a dingy, disreputable hole, the unseemliness of which prevented the facilities for study which it afforded from being properly appreciated and taken advantage of. Only some of the very poorest students frequented it, though about a century ago, it was the best attended anatomical school in London.

"The proprietor made no emolument from it, its sole use being to afford him the title anatomist, which was of course of infinite advantage to him in practice. He was the descendant of two generations of eminent medical men who had lectured there, and whose valuable museums of morbid preparations he inherited. To find your way to it, you turned from the lane up a dark covered passage for about fifty feet, then emerging into a kind of court, with blind walls all around, you saw before you a tall, dark building. The lower stories had been used formerly for a leather factory, but had been long since deserted, and were now quite ruinous and empty. The upper stories formed the school, approachable by a staircase behind, to get at which you had to go through another arched passage, as dark, but shorter than the first. After mounting this, and entering within the wall of the building, you ascended two narrow staircases of wood, and traversed a long passage with two doors, the further of which opened into the dissecting-room, the nearer into the theatre or class-room. Immediately under these were two large rooms, the museum, which opened at the top of the first wooden staircase. Their walls were concealed by shelves, crowded with cylindrical crystal bottles, containing various portions and organs of the body of man, and of other animals, preserved in alcohol. Several of these were very ancient, and almost interesting, *from the important phenomena* of which they were the proofs or illustrations.

"In various cabinets, with glass fronts, were displayed bones varnished, preparations of the arteries, veins, and nerves—in short, the place had all the ghastly features of an anatomical museum, with the peculiar stillness, coldness, and strange earthy smell.

The dissecting-room was an extensive hall, lighted up by two large windows in the roof. From the ceiling, which was very high, depended a couple of skeletons, one of which had the thumb of its hand fixed up to the nose in an attitude of derision, and the other had stuck between its teeth a short pipe, whilst one hand was made to hold a quizzing-glass to its empty socket. All round the dead walls were hung up drawings of various organs, plans of their action, preparations of legs, arms, &c., in the process of drying, and the leather and cloth gowns of the pupils; whilst, to complete the picture, fancy a couple of tables, each bearing the cast-off and decaying tenement of a spirit, opened up in its intricate machinery to the eye, like a watch denuded of its case.

"Such was the scene in which I passed many a lonely night of hard and uninterrupted study, with no companion but my books, with a small voltaic battery and coil, and some other instruments and apparatus of my own construction, of which no man but myself understands the nature.

"The place was plentifully supplied with light, the two windows taking up nearly the whole of the ceiling. In one of them I had fixed the reflector of a small solar microscope, with which I prosecuted my physiological investigations.

"But the first step towards my grand discovery was the finding a substance which had power to harden the nervous matter to an infinitely greater degree than alcohol, alum, corrosive sublimate, or any other antiseptic previously known.

"When my views began to open up more dis-

tinctly, I became apprehensive that my experiments and dissections might be watched; and during the day I came only at those hours when I knew the other pupils were engaged elsewhere. The night was my chosen time for labour. To facilitate my proceedings in this way, the proprietor allowed me to have gas-light to what extent I liked, and to keep the keys of the various doors of the rooms.

"Night after night did I sit there, absorbed and rapt in my solitary study, my light visible to no human creature, and the only sound I heard being the dropping of a cinder from the fire, or the rattle of a mouse or rat among the bones in the glass-cases below.

"Well, one day I was told by a young man, one of the pupils, that as he was to go up to some examination next day, he wished to sit up all night to study the bones. Of course I could not object, and that evening he came.

"After we had smoked together for a little at the fire, he took his book and the bones, and began to pore silently upon them. I resumed my labour, and soon became so absorbed, as to be altogether unaware of his presence. I was dissecting on the side of the face, the branches of the fifth and seventh, where the moter twigs of the latter run into the sentient ones of the former—a fact into which an insight was essential to my progress. I was deeply engrossed with it for several hours.

"At length, when it was between midnight and one o'clock—(I knew the time from the cold feeling that always comes on one sitting up at that hour: if you have ever studied by night, you will know that there is no time when you feel so chilly, or when your fire, if you are inattentive to it, is so apt to go out, as this)—having been for a long time in a bent and cramped position, leaning over my task, I instinctively sat up erect, to relax my wearied muscles, and half absently looked out into the empty room.

"What was my surprise to behold another being besides myself, standing on the opposite side of the table, and apparently scrutinizing my dissection with much interest. My first impression was, that the other student had left his own work, and come to look at mine; but on turning my head to satisfy myself, I saw him laid along, sound asleep, on a form before the fire. My eyes now returned, with unspeakable awe and terror, to the figure before me, and rooted to my seat, with my forceps in one hand, and my scalpel in the other, I sat gazing on it, holding my breath, whilst my hair stood up, and a cold shivering ran through my limbs. But judge of my amazement, when regarding it steadily, I saw its features to be identical in form and expression with those of the subject under my knife.

"I could easily perceive this, for I had only dissected one side of the face, and the other half was untouched, the open glassy eye of the corpse being one in colour with that which sparkled with unearthly radiance in the head of the spectre.

"Paralysed with fear, I remained unable to remove my sight from its countenance. It stood with one hand behind, and the other in its bosom. The features had an expression of much intelligence, but seem to have been wasted with continual distress, and wore a look of humiliation and hopelessness, apparently habitual to them. Had I met such a figure by day in the street, I should have taken it for an artisan out of employ—most likely a hand-loom weaver. Round the waist a white apron in appearance, was tied, which had been caught up and secured through the string to one side, leaving a triangular corner hanging down before.

"The feelings which actuated it in this strange inspection, appeared to be not at all of a wrathful description; deep interest and curiosity were all that I could read in the look that was so fixedly bent upon my work.

"Imagine the hour, the scene, the solitude, the silence, the ghastly remains that everywhere surrounded me!

"I looked around into the dim corners of the large hall, with the dark gowns, grim fragments of mortality, and blood-coloured pictures, darkly visible on the walls. Then my eye travelled to the yawning mouth of the pitchy passage leading down to the museum, and away to the far distant lane. I turned my gaze aloft; there swung the two skeletons, both turned towards me, their caged ribs and sharp limb-bones distinctly lined and shaded, under the light of the simple jet of gas that, depending from the ceiling over my table, illuminated the place, and their grotesque attitude adding a diabolical mockery to the dread and disgust themselves inspired; like the effect German romancers seek to produce when they tell of wild bursts of demoniac laughter, marking the ratification of unhallowed compacts of mortals with the fiend.

"A feeling of terror now possessed me, so strange and strong, that I can never express it in words. I wist not what to do—whether to address this unearthly visitant—to rise and flee from its presence, or experiment with the view to ascertain whether it might not be a delusion of the eye. You perhaps may consider, and many others with you, that this last would have been the most rational proceeding. It is all very well for one so to think, but let him be placed in the circumstances, and how will he act?

"Retreating backwards under the influence of overpowering fear, I went to where the other student lay asleep before the fire, and endeavoured to awake him—not with any view that he might witness the phenomenon of this breach of nature's laws, but solely from that master instinct that so urgently prompts us to seek the society of our own kind, when we deem that beings of another order are near us.

"He was sound asleep, and when I shook him, replied by some strangely murmured words of a dream. If you ever have had the nightmare, and when some hideous monster pounced upon you, and you essayed to spring away for very life, found yourself unaccountably devoid of powers to stir, you will have had an analogous, though far from equal feeling to what I experienced, when I found that though this young man was with me in the body, his spirit was away in far distant scenes. There was now an idea of forsakeness, desolation, and defencelessness, mixed with the feelings of awe and terror—the sense of vague and undefinable, but dreadful anger which had previously filled my mind. I would have cried out; but had I power to scream, which I had not, for a tem-

porary aphonia possessed me,* who would have heard me? and if any did, how come to my help through those dismal and labyrinthine passages, black with the thickest darkness, and blocked with numerous gates and doors, of which the keys lay there on the table, close under the eyes of that dreadful phantom. For during my attempts to rouse my companions, it had moved round to where I had been sitting, and now stooping down, over my dissection, appeared to be closely and minutely inspecting it.

"As I looked at it, I perceived, that the peculiar apparatus which I have before alluded to, as planned and understood solely by myself, and which I had placed upon the table, around and over the subject, had become disarranged, and that various portions of it had fallen together, apparently by accident, forming entirely new combinations and co-operations.

"I could not help starting forward to remedy this, as my whole heart was fixed upon the success of my experiments, but had just hurriedly touched it, when the sceptre turned its head, and looked calmly and enquiringly at me.

"I leaped back in affright, my momentary interference having confounded the apparatus more than ever; in fact I could not help fearing that it was altogether ruined.

"My concern at this was, however, in an instant absorbed in a new excitement. All at once the air of the apartment seemed to have acquired form, colour, and motion. A confused intermixture of vapoury wreaths, of every shade and colour, here and there dim, and scarcely perceptible, but elsewhere more palpable and distinct, appeared to move hither and thither, all over the large hall. More and more clear and vivid did they become, till at length the whole place seemed alive with a multitude of spectral figures, as plain to the eye as the single apparition which erewhile so disconcerted me. They appeared to be of both sexes, and of all ages, from mere infants up to the most elderly, and they moved about, apparently each engrossed with some pursuit of its own.

"I remarked that they did not avoid, or make way for each other to pass, as they glided about, but seemed to penetrate or go through each other. Two would come together, coalesce, their colours and forms seeming confounded, like one picture on paper seen behind another against a window. Then emerging, they would become distinct and separate. Their features, too, were very clearly marked, and expressive, all different, and of a more or less intellectual cast. The same look, however, of deep interest, which I had remarked in the first instance, pervaded all their countenances. They gazed at me as they went, too, but again I perceived no appearance of anything like displeasure at me; in fact, they looked at me as they did at one another. They seemed to view with much attention the whole paraphernalia about the room, especially the morbid preparations and drawings that stood and hung every where around.

"It was, indeed a most striking spectacle. I stood crouching close to the fire, in wonder and fear, whilst my companion lay stretched in deep slumber, ever and anon murmuring in his dreams.

"They were continually changing their places, like a company in an exhibition-room, and moving along the passages to the lecturing theatre, and down toward the museum. By and by I could perceive they had some means of holding converse with each other, and communicating ideas—not by speech for I heard no sound. They even appeared now and then, as I watched them closely, to draw each other's attention to particular objects, and sometimes to myself, seeming to converse interestedlywith regard to me, and then they would move on as if some other thing attracted their thoughts.

"At once the idea occurred to me that these were the spirits of the many hundreds of individuals that had, for three or four generations back, found their final earthly resting-place in these rooms, and whose remains were preserved in the glass bottles and cases. Of the truth of this surmise I became immediately convinced, and curiosity then began to rise in my mind from under the weight of dread that had oppressed it.

"I have said that they appeared to be of all ages—they also seemed to have been of all callings and professions, of which their external appearance gave evidence. They were, likewise, of all ranks, from the nobleman to the beggar; for the hand of the medical student of former times, like that of death, had no respect of persons, and it mattered not to him, whether his subject were snatched from the sculptured vault and leaden coffin, or from the shallow grassy heap of the open churchyard.

"In respect of dress, a more motley masquerade could hardly be conceived. Here I would remark the elderly physician of bygone times, with his perruke, full-frilled shirt, velvet suit, diamond buckles, and gold-headed cane; there the lady of quality, with her hooped petticoat, high-heeled shoes, monstrous head-dress, and the white of her complexion rendered more brilliant by fantastic patches of black; now my eye rested on a grotesque figure that seemed to have walked out of one of Hogarth's pictures; then it would be attracted by another in the old conical-capped, and white-breeched and gaitered uniform of a soldier; anon, it would shift to a beauty of the days of the latter Charles, with hat and feather, long train, luxuriant hair, deep stomacher, and necklace of pearl. All kinds of attire were there; old white-fronted naval uniforms, broad-skirted coats of silk and velvet, covered with lace, long-flapped waistcoats, periwigs, farthingales, sacques, hoods, plaids and philabegs, quaker broad brims, and collarless coats, jewelled rapiers, and glancing decorations, though the majority seemed to have been of the lower classes, and wore dresses to suit their particular employments.

"Many there were that had their limbs in fetters; these were they who had expiated their crimes upon the tree, and had been afterwards given to the schools for dissection. Some were stout, muscular bullies—these were burglars and highwaymen; several were pale, thin, darkly-dressed, and wearing the aspect of mercantile and professional men—these were forgers, and others guilty of similar offences.

"But the excitement—the terror—added to the fag of long study, want of food and rest, were at last more than my exhausted frame was equal to,

* Aphonia—Loss of voice—a symptom that may arise from various diseases of the larynx.

and I fell into some nervous fit, and remained for several hours insensible.

"I recovered consciousness, the morning was far advanced—the sun shining gaily down through the skylight, and gilding with joyous radiance, even the forbidding walls and furniture of that loathsome chamber.

"The other pupil had awakened and finding me laid senseless on the floor, had adopted some professional means to restore me, which were successful.

"I went home to my rooms, and all that day gave myself up to a deep and refreshing slumber. But time was not to be lost, so next night I was again at my work, alone.

"I now proceeded to arrange and disarrange my apparatus as formerly, convinced as I was that it had some influence in calling before my vision the remaakable spectacle I had that evening been witness to. My efforts were perfectly successful. Shortly before midnight I had again the spectral masquerade moving round me.

"I was now less under the influence of awe or alarm, and finding they had really no power to harm my body, I got familiar with them, and went on to experiment upon them night after night.

"At length I struck upon a plan whereby I could render these beings palpable to the sense of hearing as well as to that of sight. This was the the crisis, the hinge upon which the whole of my after discoveries turned. A while and I could call to my presence not only them, but spiritual essences of all degrees and descriptions; for it the classes and orders of earthly things are numerous, upon those of spirits the process of mind we call numeration cannot be brought to bear so vast is the stupendous theme.

"It was not long before I could discourse with them, and to this nocturnal converse I devoted myself with my whole energy and enthusiasm. Things now all went on smoothly with me, and from one vast view to another, I leaped with lightning celerity.

"Was it not a proud, a maddening thought, that I had rent up the curtain that veils the world of spirits from the eye of sense—that the abyss which sinks between mortality and immortality, matter and pure mind, was spanned by an arch of my construction, and that I could now snatch unbounded knowledge: for time and space had no more power to check the excursions of my intellect?

"I now found not only that my former blind surmises and conclusions were all real, but that other facts existed, to the statement of which, in the wildest dreams of my unenlightened state, I could never have given credence. But the aphorism, "Know thyself," clung to me, and one of the first and most exciting of my investigations, was the inquiry into the nature and history of my own soul. With a delight beyond the conception of one whose spirit is not etherealized, I ascertained its origin, its migrations, and its destiny, and learned to at almost all the noblest deeds which have been consummated in this world, have been by bodies which it has animated; but my delight was increased to the wildest rapture, when I knew that the spirit now sojourning in my brain was that which had fixed to their high deeds, Sobieski, the bulwark of Christendom, and Kosciusko the—"

"Hillo!" cried I, starting as the poor Pole had got thus far in raphsody. The thought struck me instantaneously. Was this the way to follow the instructions I had received with regard to his treatment—to fulfil my duty to my absent friend, and to him, too, my unfortunate patient, to whose ravings I was now listening with all interest and attention?"

"Up I sprang, covered with confusion, and unable to frame a pretence to break off the conference without exciting the suspicion or rousing the passion of the maniac.

"Excuse me for one moment," said I, "the recollection has just struck me, I left a taper burning in the midst of some papers down in the doctor's room."

"Away I ran but in place of returning sent one of the keepers to watch him. This man on entering, found him leaning forward upon the table, weeping piteously.

"Next day one of his fits of despondency seized him, nor did he recover his former cheerfulness while I remained at the asylum. He hardly ever spoke to me, appearing much chagrined and embarassed in my company, as a person does in that of any one before whom he has committed himself unwarily.

"For my part I looked upon him now with far different thoughts from what I had entertained before this singular disclosure. The narrative had riveted my attention whilst he delivered it, by its originality, its interest, and the absolute belief he appeared to feel in every incident. I was struck with the linking together of accurate reasoning, extravagance, and preposterous absurdity it evinced—at the many instances it displayed of a wildly exuberant and lawless fancy, breaking up and confounding the more sober faculties, till sort of chaotic whole was produced, in which fantastic conception, beauty and vigour of description, richness and power of creative imagination, scientific acquirement and research, were all blended together in an incongruous tissue of delirium. I could not help thinking, was not this a mind, if properly regulated, and placed in suitable circumstances, to have conducted the most laborious investigations with adequate ability and success, and to have communicated the result, in a manner equal to the importance of the subject,—a mind whose graces would have been as ornamental to society as its labours would have been useful. And now misfortune, haply mismanagement, had rendered it a melancholy though by no means ridiculous satire upon the class of intellects to which it belonged.

"Shortly after quitting the asylum I went to travel, and did not return for eighteen months. The friend whose place I had thus temporarily filled was one of the first I sought on my arrival in England, and one of my earliest inquiries was with regard to what had become of my former patient, the Pole.

"Not long after my departure, Maryanski was removed by his relations, with the view of being placed under the care of a practitioner in France. Hereafter he disappeared from the notice of my friend for about three or four months, till he was vividly brought before it by the following circumstances:

"One night a young lady, an actress, was travelling by one of the coaches that run betwen London

and Exeter; she was the only passenger. The night was cold, wet, windless, and dark, and no living thing could be seen from the vehicle, the lanterns of which were the sole lights that cheered the dreary road. The only noises audible, besides the mournful howling of some distant watchdog, were the rattle of heavy drops on the roof, the hurried plashing of the horses' feet, and the occasional sounds of encouragement addressed to the animals by the coachman and guard, anxious to get forward to where they knew that a good fire and comfortable meal awaited them.

"The passenger endeavoured to while away the tedium of her midnight journey, by watching through the rain-dimmed glass the stunted trees, and cold-looking wet hedges, as, for a moment illumined by the passing glare of the lamps, they seemed to flit away ghost-like to the rear.

"On a sudden, as the vehicle was crossing one of the gloomy and extensive plains that abound on that line of road, it was hailed from the wayside by a person who stood alone, enveloped in a voluminous cloak, and drenched with wet. The coachman halted, and the stranger craving a passage to the next town, he opened the door for his entrance.

"The lady remarked, as he passed under the light, something peculiar and unusual about his aspect, something by which she was led to believe him one of her own profession, and most likely travelling with similar views to hers. She was consequently induced to notice him with some interest.

"As the vehicle drove on, he seated himself before her, with his back to the horses, and commenced a conversation, which—she being a woman of considerable talent—was kept up for some time with much spirit. The extraordinary manners and language of the stranger afforded her not a little entertainment at first, as she believed their peculiarities to be acted for the time, and she listened to him with great attention.

"At length his topics and words became so strange and wild, that she could not follow them, and ceased to understand him. A feeling of wonder, doubt, and vague alarm seized her, and she sat trembling, and fervently wishing for the termination of the stage. Suddenly she heard a slight clicking sound, as of a small spring, and her eye could catch a dim, metallic gleaming through the darkness of the vehicle—a moment, and the head of her fellow-traveller fell heavily forward upon her lap, and her hands were bathed with some scalding fluid. She screamed aloud—the horses were suddenly drawn up—the guard pulled open the door, and the light from the lantern showed him the lady, pale and gasping with terror, with the male passenger prone upon her knees, his head turned to one side, and air gurglin from a deep wound in his neck. The fluid that bathed her hands and dress was blood. In the bottom of the carriage was a pocket-case of surgical instruments, and a slender bright bistoury, falling out as the door was opened, tinkled among the stones of the roadway.

"I shall go no further with the scene.

"This traveller turned out to be the young Pole, my former patient. In a pocket of the instrument-case, was found a note addressed Alexis Maryanski, of such a street, London—his father. It was in German, and merely stated, that finding his present body unsuited to him, he had made arrangements to divest himself of it, and take another."

DON'T SAY ONE THING AND MEAN ANOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The little lane—the greenwood lane—
Where Mary dwelt, was gay with singing,
For brook and bird in many a strain
Down vale and moor their notes were flinging;
But Mary's heart was deaf to song,
No longer she her tears could smother,
For she had learnt—at last—'twas wrong
To say one thing, and mean another!

'Tis right—'tis due, when hearts are true,
To show that heart without deceiving,
And not to speak, in idle freak,
To try if one's the power of grieving!
In Mary's heart, and Mary's mind,
She loved one youth, and loved no other,
But Mary's tongue was oft inclined
To say one thing, and mean another!

Would all might see how sweet 'twould be
If truth alone their words directed;
How many a day might then be gay
That passeth now, in tears, dejected.
Would all might learn, and all discern,
That truth keeps longest, friend or brother;
Then maids be kind, and speak your mind,
Nor say one thing, and mean another!

A REMINISCENCE.

I knew thee when
Thou wert a little child,
And dream'd not then
A thing so sweet and mild
Could ever be
Aught but a child to me.

I watched thee growing
To beauteous womanhood,
And scarcely knowing
Why entranced I stood,
Unconscious duty
Offered to thy beauty.

The spell came on,
And thou in beauty's pride
Now brilliant shone;
Whilst standing at thy side
I altered grew,
And thou wert altered too.

In silent sadness
I gazed with deep devotion;
Love grew to madness—
When thou with sweet emotion,
Banished pain
By loving me again.

THE WONDERS OF MINCING LANE.

THERE are few persons who have not in the course of their lives swallowed certain nauseous doses of bark, colocynth, aloes, or castor-oil; who have not indulged in the luxury of otto of rose or musk; who have not had some dealings with the colourman, or the dyer; and yet I feel tolerably certain that not one-hundredth portion of those same readers know anything of where such articles come from, how they arrive here, and through what channel they are finally distributed. It will not occur to them that those costly drugs, and dyes, and perfumes arrived in this country from all parts of the world in huge packages; that, in fact, ship-loads of them come at a time; that the bales and cases which contain them fill enormous piles of warehouses in three or four of our docks; that several hundred merchants and brokers obtain a handsome living, many realising fortunes, by their sale; and that some millions sterling are embarked in the trade.

These things form a little-known world of their own. They thrive mostly in Mincing Lane, London. Even the omniscient Times knows nothing about them. The Thunderer is powerless within the drug circle. Search its acres of advertisements, but it will be in vain; nothing is to be found there of the dye and drug sales which are to be held on Thursday next at Garraway's. These mysteries are only to be learnt at the "Jerusalem," in Mincing Lane, London, at the "Baltic," or from the columns of the Public Ledger, a daily periodical devoted to all such matters, and known only to the initiated. In its columns you will find a motley list of all the vile materials of the Pharmacopœia; and in such quantities as to justify a belief in the existence of some enormous conspiracy to poison all living creatures.

Mincing Lane is like no other lane, and Mincing Lane men are like no other men. Any Thursday morning, between the hours of ten and eleven, and at every alternate doorway, may be observed catalogues of various drugs and dyes that are to be on sale at noon, gibbetted against the door posts. Mincing Lane men will be seen rushing madly along the pavement, as if a fire had just broken out, and they were in quest of the engines, jamming innocent lookers-on against gateways, and waggon-wheels, and lamp-posts.

It was into one of these obscure passages that I turned with a companion, groping our slow way up a narrow staircase, at the risk of constant concussions with frantic Mincing Lane men. We found ourselves in a broker's office, and thence in his sample room. This was a large square apartment, with wide counters extending round the four sides, and several tables and stands across the centre. On these lay papers containing various odd looking, unpleasant-smelling substances. My attention was chiefly attracted by a number of rows of pretty-looking bottles, containing some pale bright liquid, which several of the "Lane men" were busily sipping, smacking their lips after each taste, with uncommon relish. I inquired if the thin-looking bottles contained Johannesberg or Tokay? "No," I was answered, "castor-oil!" After that, I was prepared to find the "Lane men" heb-an-nobbing in laudanum, or nibbling lumps of jalap or aloes.

The time appointed for the sale approached; and, leaving the dark broker's offices, we did our best to reach Garraway's, where the auction of these articles takes place. Scores of clerks and principals were proceeding from the Lane towards the same spot. We hurried along Fenchurch Street, across Gracechurch Street, and up a part of Lombard Street, following close to the rear of a rather portly broker, who cleared a way for us in quite an easy off-hand manner, that was very pleasant to us; but not so agreeable to the six men who were offering toasting-forks and wash-leather bags for sale at the corner of Birchin Lane. I never could account for the extraordinary demand existing for these two articles in that neighbourhood; unless it be that bankers' clerks indulge freely in toast-and-water, and carry their dinners to office in the leather bags.

Out of Birchin Lane, down one narrow passage to the left, and around another straight forward, and there was Garraway's. We soon lost sight of the pictures in frames for sale outside, and turned to study the pictures out of frames inside. In the dark, heavy-looking coffee-room, there were assembled some of the mightiest City potentates,—the Alexanders, Nimrods, and Cæsars of the drug and dye world. I drew in my breath as I viewed that knot of stout, well-favoured persons, congregated at the foot of the old-fashioned staircase leading to the public sale-room above. I trod those stairs lightly, half in veneration, and laid my hands gently and respectfully on the banisters that I knew must have been pressed of old by mighty men of commerce. Down those wide sweeping stairs many had oftentimes tripped lightly homewards, after a day of golden labour, laden with the fruit of the fabled garden; sometimes, too, with gloomy brows, and feverish, flushed faces.

What a strange scene presented itself in the sale-room, when, by dint of scuffling and squeezing, we managed to force our way in. There could not have been a man left in all Mincing Lane, to say nothing of Fenchurch Street. The fog had come up the stairs and choked up the gas-lights, as effectually as though all the Lane men had been smoking like double Dutchmen. The queer little pulpit was shrouded in a yellow haze. The windows were completely curtained, half with cobwebs, half with fog. The sale was about

to commence, and the din and war of words got to be bewildering; whilst hundreds of pens were plunging madly into invisible ink-stands, and scratching imaginary sentences and figures upon myriads of catalogues.

Suddenly a cry burst upon my ear so dolefully and shrilly, that I fancied somebody had fallen down the old-fashioned staircase. It was only the "house-crier," proclaiming in a painful, distracted sort of voice, that the sales were "on." Every man to his place if he can find one! Old musty brokers, of the last century, with large watch-seals, white cravats, and double chins, grouped together in one dark corner: youthful brokers, with very new hats, zephyr ties, and well-trained whiskers, hovered about the front of the auctioneer's pulpit; rising brokers, with inky hands, upturned sleeves of dusty coats, and an infinity of papers protruding from every pocket, were in all parts of the room ready to bid for anything. Ranged against the walls on either side were scores of incipient brokers —the lads of the Lane. Hundreds of pens began to scratch upon catalogues; hundreds of voices were hushed to a low grumbling whisper. The first seller (every vendor is an auctioneer at Garraway's) mounted the tribune, and the curious work began. My former experience had shown salesmen to be anxious to make the most of everything, and strive, and puff, and coax, and dally, until they felt convinced the utmost farthing had been bid; and then, and not until then, did the "going, going," merge into the "gone," and the coquetting hammer fell. But those were evidently old-fashioned, disreputable sales. They don't stand any nonsense at Garraway's. There is no time to consider. The biddings fly about like lightning. Buying and selling at Garraway's is done like conjuring—the lots are disposed of by hocus-pocus. So rapidly does the little nubbly hammer fall on the desk, that one might well imagine himself near an undertaker's shop with a very lively business.

I said that the first "seller" was one of the *rising* men, with dark bushy whiskers, a sharp twinkling eye that was everywhere at once, and a strong piercing voice. He let off his words in sharp cracks like detonating balls. By way of starting pleasantly, he flung himself into an attitude that looked like one of stark defiance, scowling with his dark eyes on the assembled buyers, as though they were plotting together to poison him with his own drugs. Up went the first lots: a pleasant assortment of nine hundred cases of castor-oil, two hundred chests of rhubarb, and three hundred and fifty "serons" of yellow bark. The rising broker stormed and raved, as bid followed bid, piercing the murmuring din with sharp expletives. One, two, three, four—the nine hundred cases were disposed of in no time by some miraculous process of short-hand auctioneering, known only at Garraway's. I thought the broker would have gone absolutely mad, as the bids went rapidly on: some slow man, of inferior intellect, would have given the buyers time to overbid each other: he seemed to take delight in perplexing the whole room, and as quickly as a voice cried out "Hep!" (the bidding interjection of Garraway's) so instantaneously fell the everlasting little hammer; and as surely did the seller scowl harder than ever, as much as to say, "I should just like to catch anybody else in time for that lot." In this fashion above three hundred lots were sold in less time than many people in the last century would have taken to count them up.

The "rising" broker was followed by one of the old school, a pleasant-looking, easy-going man, the very reverse of his predecessor. He consumed as much time in wiping and adjusting his spectacles, as had sufficed just before to knock down a score of lots. He couldn't find a pen that didn't splutter, and he couldn't make his catalogue lie flat on the desk; and at last the impatience of the "rising" men, and the Lane Lads—Young Mincing Lane—was manifested by a sharp rapping of boot-heels on the floor, which soon swelled to a storm. The quiet broker was not to be hurried; he looked mildly around over his glasses, and rebuked rebellion with "Boys, boys! no nonsense." The bids went smoothly along; patent drugs, rich dyes, and costly spices fell before the calculating hammer; but each time, ere it descended, the bland seller gazed inquiringly, and I almost fancied imploringly, at the bidder, lest he had made a mistake, and might wish to retract his rash "Hep!"

The broker who followed, dealt largely in flowing language, as well as drugs and dyes. He assured the company present—and looked very hard at me, as though I was perfectly aware of the fact, and was ready to back him —that he intended to give all his lots away; he was determined to get rid of them, and he really would not allow his friends to leave the room, without distributing his goods among them. Considering his liberal spirit, I thought his friends evinced very little thankfulness; for the lots moved as slowly as presents could be supposed to do. There was one nice little parcel—about twenty cases of aloes—that he was determined on giving away to a very musty old dealer, who, however, shook his ancient head, and declined the bitter bargain.

There were a few score tons of some mysterious article, with an unintelligible name, that hung somewhat heavily at two-pence three farthings per pound. It was amusing to see how politely anxious the broker was to work the figure up to threepence; not that he wanted the extra farthing; he'd rather have flung it all into the sea than have felt such a paltry desire; but he just wanted to see the thing go at even money; it would look so

much better in the Price Current, and would make the total so much more easy to cast in the account sales. His winning eloquence was fruitless; the unpronounceable drug was knocked down at two-pence three-farthings. When I expressed my astonishment that men of such undoubted substance as I saw there, should condescend to haggle, like any hucksters, at an odd farthing, I was told that trifling as the difference appeared by the single pound weight, the aggregate of the extra farthing upon the quantity offered for sale that day, would amount to some thousands of pounds sterling; and that, at certain seasons, some paltry odd farthing had realised or lost fortunes. There were a few more unintelligible things—Mincing Lane jargon—that required interpretation. What "overtakers" could mean, I was at a loss to know; but I learnt that they were certain extra packages required to re-pack goods, after they had been opened out in the dock warehouses. One smart-looking seller astonished me by putting up what he termed a lot of "good handy sweeps!"—not climbing-boys, but the sweepings of the warehouses.

When the day's work was over; when the last lot of "sweeps" was disposed of, and buyers and sellers, Lane men and Lane lads, once more mingled in Babel discord; the dense green fog in the narrow alley peeped in at the sooty windows; the hazy gas-light over the pulpit, winked at the murky fog through the glass, flickered, struggled, waned, and went out; we turned towards the old stair-case, slowly merging into the general crowd, and I again heard the names of strange chemicals, and gums, and substances, spoken of in kindly sympathising brotherhood. Cream of tartar had no doubt, felt rather poorly a short time since, for it was said to be "decidedly improving." Opium must have been in an undecided and vacillating mood during a long period, as I heard it reported to be "showing a little firmness at last." Scammon was said to be "drooping;" and as for castor-oil, there was not the slightest hope of its "recovering." It was curious to hear those articles destined for the cure of human maladies, or ease of human sufferings, thus intimately linked in their own capacities with wordly ailings and earthly infirmities. I almost expected to hear that some of the dyes had got the measles, or that hooping-cough had made its appearance in the younger branches of the drug family.

A better estimate of the actual amount of potent medicine which the human family, somehow or other, contrives to imbibe, can scarcely be arrived at than by an attendance or two at these sales. Twice in every month —on each alternate Thursday—whole fleet-loads of deadly narcotics, drastic aperients, and nauseous tonics and febrifuge, are disposed of as sheer matter of course. At each of these auctions, as much castor-oil is sold as would suffice to float a first-rate frigate. In the course of about three hours, what with drugs, dyes and perfumery, fully fifty thousand pounds worth of property is disposed of, and that, too, of articles which the world at large have no conception of, save as distributed by chemists and others in twopenny packets or sixpenny phials. Vast, indeed, must be the amount of mortal suffering and affluent luxury that can thus absorb, week by week, these gigantic cargoes of physic and fragrance. From east and west the freighted ships arrive. Every nook and corner, every mountain and desert place, is scoured for contributions to our Pharmacopœia. Let any new disease make its appearance among us, and immediately the busy hand of science is at work, and in some remote corner of this wondrous world, some root, or seed, or oozing gum, is found, to battle with the newly-found enemy. Cost is of little moment, so that the remedy be efficacious. It was not very many months since "Koussa," a new and valuable vegetable medicine from Abyssinia, was introduced; it was immediately bought up at a guinea an ounce, and that price drew such abundant supplies to this country, that the same article is now selling at two shillings the ounce.

It may be truly observed that every nation under the sun is busily occupied in collecting products for our dispensaries and hospitals. In China, Tartary, Egypt, America, in the most southern isle of the South Pacific, on the loftiest peaks of the mighty Andes, in the hottest deserts of Arabia or Africa, in the most pestilential bunds of India, men are toiling for the inmates of the sick-room, to aid that high and holy art, whose noble aim is to win our bodies from the penalty of pain.

THE DAYS GONE BY.

The burthen of the world's old song,
Must have its share of truth,
That the most honoured life and long
Was happier in youth.
It is only Memory's cheat
That prompts the heart's deep sigh,
When, mid prosperity's defeat,
We think of days gone by.

A feeling lost, we know not what,
Sweet, because undefined,
Replaced by knowledge sadly got,
The cancer of the mind;
A glory on the youthful head,
A brightness in the eye,
Hues of our native Heaven are fled,
Among those days gone by.

Yet, O my friends, if this be sooth,
Yet faint not, but be sure
The vanished freshness of your youth
Was ignorant, not pure.
Heaven's glories may again be won,
And, streaming from on high,
As after moonset comes the sun,
Outshine the days gone by.

India, 1851. H. G. K.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

Old age owes a portion of its dignity to the authority it has won from experience, and a still greater degree consists in its proximity to that great future which will soon resolve the eternal destinies of men. Peace of soul beams uneclipsed from the brow of those devotees of excellence, who have preserved unstained the sacred treasure of moral virginity. Especially is its radiance majestically serene, as a halo of heavenly beams around the head of old age, when adorned with the attractiveness of frugal virtue and crowned with the memorials of a beneficent life. The termination of such an earthly sojourn is a repose calm and impressive, but a repose full of sublime vigour, like a mountain relieved against the clear evening sky, and radiant with the sun's richest splendours. The smile of heaven and the sweetest dews descend on brow and bosom, with the assurance that, though the shades of dun night are gathering round, the glories of a brighter morn will soon succeed. It is in relation to the same subject, that Wordsworth suggests:

> 'Rightly it is said
> That man descends into the vale of years;
> Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
> And not presumptuously, I trust, of age,
> As of a final eminence, though bare
> In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
> On which 'tis not impossible to sit
> In awful sovereignty—a place of power—
> A throne.'

An aged man, in whose soul purity and piety constitute the chief springs of action, and whose life, therefore, has been upright and useful, exercises a mild but potent magistracy upon earth. We instinctively revere him, and, without being commanded so to do, we are obedient to his exalted thoughts. In his presence animosities are subdued, passionate desires are calmed, guilt is stricken with compunction, and innocence is fortified with augmented strength. This power of venerable virtue is the more real and praiseworthy, because its control is not ostentatiously exercised. It is spontaneous in its goodness, and, like the sun, shines abroad quietly only to bless. It is a power that we approach with involuntary delight; we consult the venerated patriarch in the atmosphere of his own integrity, and feel ourselves better for honouring him; we covet his esteem, and the profoundness of our regard for his worth is the best commentary on the text, 'The beauty of old men is the grey head.'

Purity of mind and habit is essential to vigour of body, manliness of soul, the greatest force of thought, and the longest duration of life. 'A chaste soul,' said Bernard, 'is by virtue that which an angel is by nature; there is more happiness in the chastity of an angel, but there is more of courage in that of a man.' The remark of Cicero on this subject is striking, if we consider the age and country in which it was made. 'This grand law,' says he, 'differs but a little from the religious institutions of Numa. It requires that one should approach the gods with a pure heart, the central sanctuary of a chaste body; but we should understand that, if the body is required to be chaste, the soul is vastly superior to the corporeal frame, and therefore has still greater need to be pure: the stains of the body will of themselves disappear in a few days, or may be washed off by a little water; but neither time nor the greatest rivers can remove stains from the soul.'

It is an interesting fact, that Providence allows only such creatures as are pure long to remain among mankind as the objects of their admiration. Corrupt genius, however potent, has never created a lasting work of art that is lascivious in character. The hand of violence or contempt, despite the depraved instincts of the heart, soon consigns such works to oblivion. Paris, Florence, Rome, have no productions of art essentially beautiful, grand, or sublime, that are of a nature to create on the cheek of a vestal the slightest blush. Many have attempted lewd subjects, but, by the conservative law of God's holy government, such nuisances are speedily driven into darkness and consigned to the worm; while those masterpieces which illustrate and edify virtue, like truth, live on for ever. The virgin mothers and cherubic youth of Murillo and Raphael are heavenly beings on canvass, and will perish only when matter itself must die, and even then the recollection of them will live in the memories of the sanctified as an element of immortal bliss. The group of Laocoon, which sends a thrill of emotion through one's soul years after it was first seen; Niobe, and her despairing children; Brutus, with his impressive mien; the Gladiator, sinking in his own heart's gore; Apollo, beaming with supernatural glory; and the exquisite work of Cleomenes, 'that bending statue that delights the world;' are *all imperishable*, not because they are cut in marble, but because the ideas they embody are divinely pure.

But if sculptured excellence is worthy of admiration, how much more so is living worth. A virtuous and enlightened old man is the noblest object to be contemplated on earth. Says Solomon, 'Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers.' Priam, venerable in aspect as Mount Ida, like the bleached oaks of Gargara, hoary headed, and seated on his throne in the midst of an august court and his numerous household; and Plato, in the grove, or on the point of that cape, his favourite seat, where dashed the billows of the sea, bending his broad, venerable brow to teach throngs of youth the nature of God and eternal bliss, were among the ancient specimens of beautiful old age which we should do well to emulate.

When the affections have early been divorced from earth, and the wings of the mind have been accustomed through succeeding years to stretch further and further above the rank vapours of vice, they are prepared, when the ties of earth are sundered, to soar in triumph to the infinite expanse of immortal joys. *As in the ashes lives the wonted fire*, so, in the persons of the virtuous, the bright lamp which spiritual purity has kindled never grows dim. Mammon has not prostituted it; Bacchus has not obscured it; and though its light expires to our limited vision, it is not extinguished: angels have raised it to a higher sphere, where it forever shines in unclouded day. —*Hogg's Instructor.*

A "MUSIC PARTY," AFTER WATTEAU.

Music, Oh, how faint, how weak!
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou can'st breathe her soul so well.
Friendship's balmy bonds may feign;
Love's are still more false than they;
Oh! tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

A DISH OF VEGETABLES.

From the moss to the palm-tree, the number of contributions made by the vegetable world towards the sustenance of man, would make a bulky list of benefactors. We have not room to advertise them all, still less to talk about them all. It may be well, however, and only grateful in us as human beings and recipients of vegetable bounty, to do a little trumpeting in honour of the great families of plants, which have contributed with more especial liberality towards the colonization of the world by man.

For example, there is, in the first place, the Potato family, famous for its liberal principles, and the wide sphere over which its influence is spread. The members of this family, with equal generosity, are prompt to place a luxury upon the rich man's gravy, or a heap of food beside the poor man's salt. The Potato family has been for many years one of the noblest benefactors to the human colony, and when it was prevented lately, by ill-health, from the fulfilment of its good intentions, great was the anxiety of men, and many were the bulletins of health sought for and issued. Its constitution still appears to be a little shaken, and we all still hope for the complete recovery of so sincere and influential a friend.

The family seat of the Potatoes is well known to be in America. They are a comparatively new race in our own country, since they did not come over until some time after the Conqueror. The genealogists have nearly settled, after much discussion, that all members of this family spread over the world, are descended from the Potatoes of Chili. Their town seat is in the neighbourhood of Valparaiso, upon hills facing the sea. The Potatoes were early spread over many portions of America, on missions for the benefit of man, who had not been long in discovering that they were friends worth cultivating properly. It is said that the first Potato who visited Europe, came over with Sir Francis Drake, in 1573; it is said, also, that some of the family had accompanied Sir John Hawkins, in 1563; it is certain that a body of Potatoes quitted Virginia, in 1586, and came to England with Sir Walter Raleigh. M. Dunal, who has written an elaborate history of the Potato family, shows it to be extremely probable that, before the time of Raleigh, a settlement of Potatoes had been formed in Spain. Reaching England in 1586, the benevolent Potato family was welcomed into Belgium in 1590. In 1610, the first Potatoes went to Ireland, where they eventually multiplied and grew, to form one of the most important branches of this worthy race. The Scotch Potatoes date their origin as a distinct branch, from 1728. It was at dates not very different from this, that other branches of the family settled in Germany. The Potatoes of Switzerland first settled in 1730, in the Canton of Berne. In 1738, the thriving family extended its benevolent assistance to the Prussians; but it was not until 1767 that its aid was solicited in Tuscany. In France, the kindly efforts of this family were not appreciated, until, in the middle of the last century, there arose a man, Parmentier, who backed the introduction of Potatoes into France with recommendations so emphatic, that it was designed to impute to him the interest of near relationship, not indeed by calling him Potato, but by calling Potatoes by his name, Parmentiers. The benevolent exertions made by the Potato family on behalf of France, during the famine of 1793, completely established it in favour with the grateful people.

Potatoes, though so widely spread, are unable to maintain their health under too warm a climate. On the Andes, they fix their abode at a height of ten or thirteen thousand feet; in the Swiss Alps, they are comfortable on the mountain sides, and spread in Berne to a height of five thousand feet, or not very much less. Over the north of Europe the Potato family extends its labours farther on into the cold than even Barley, which is famous as the hardiest of grain. There are Potatoes settled in Iceland, though that is a place in which barley declines to live. The Potato is so nutritious, and can be cultivated with so little skill and labour, that it tempts some nations to depend solely on it for sustenance. The recent blight, especially in Ireland, consequently occasioned the most disastrous effects.

The Barley branch of the Grass family has, however, a large establishment in Scotland, even to the extreme north, in the Orkneys, Shetland, and, in fact, even in the Faroe Islands. They who are in the secrets of the Barleys, hint that they would be very glad to settle in the southern districts of Iceland—say about Reikiavik—if it were not for the annoyance of unseasonable rains. In Western Lapland, there may be found heads of the house of Barley as far north as Cape North, which is the most northern point of the continent of Europe. It has a settlement in Russia on the shores of the White Sea, beyond Archangel. Over a great mass of northern Siberia, no Barley will undertake to live, and as the Potatoes have found their way into such barren districts only here and there, the country that is too far north for Barley, is too far north for agriculture. There the people live a nomad life, and owe obligation in the world of plants, to lichens for their food, or to such families as offer them the contribution of roots, bark, or a few scraps of fruit.

It is not much that Barley asks as a condition of its gifts to any member of the human colony. It wants a summer heat, averaging about forty-six degrees, and it does not want to be perpetually moistened. If it is to do anything at all in moist places, like islands, it must have three degrees added to the average allowance of summer heat, with which it would otherwise be content. As for your broiling hot weather, no Barley will stand it. Other grasses may tolerate the tropics if they please; Barley refuses to be baked while it is growing. The Barleys are known to be settled as an old native family in Tartary and Sicily, two places very far apart. Their pedigree, however, and indeed the pedigrees of all the branches of the great Grass family, must remain a subject wrapt in uncertainty, buried in darkness, and lost in a great fog of conjecture.

We find Oats spread over Scotland to the extreme north point, and settled in Norway and Sweden to the latitudes sixty-three and sixty-five. Both Oats and Rye extend in Russia to about the same latitude of sixty-three degrees. The benevolent exertion of Oats is put forth on behalf not only of men, but also

of their horses. In Scotland and Lancashire, in some countries of Germany, especially south of Westphalia, the people look to Oats for sustenance. Scotch bone and muscle are chiefly indebted to oatmeal; for porridge (which consists of oatmeal and water, and is eaten with milk) is the staple—almost the only—food of the sturdy Scottish peasantry. Oatcake, a kind of mash, such as horses are fed on occasionally in this country, made into a thin cake and baked, is also much relished north of the Tweed. South of the parallel of Paris, however, the friendship of Oats is little cultivated. In Spain and Portugal nobody knows anything about Oats, except as a point of curiosity.

The Rye branch of the Grass family travels more to the north than Oats in Scandinavia. In our own country we decline to receive gifts from Rye: we succeed so well in the cultivation of more wealthy benefactors, that we consider the Ryes poor friends; and, like good Britons, hold them at arm's length accordingly. In countries where the land is poor, poor Rye is welcome to a settlement upon it. Rye is in great request in Russia, Germany, and parts of France, and one-third of the population of Europe look to its help for daily bread.

The most numerous and respectable members of the great Grass family, are those which bear the name of Wheat. There are an immense number of different Wheats; as many Wheats among the grasses as there are in this country Smiths among the men. We know them best as summer and winter Wheats. The family seat of the Wheats, most probably will never be discovered. There is reason to believe that Tartary and Persia are the native countries of Wheat, Oats, and Rye. Strabo says that Wheat is native on the banks of the Indus. Probably, wherever the old seats may be, all trace of them was destroyed in very ancient times, when even a thousand years ago and more, the plough passed over them. The settlements of Wheat in Scotland extend to the north of Inverness; in Norway, to Drontheim; in Russia, to St. Petersburg. How far north the Wheats would consent to extend the sphere of their influence in America, it is not possible to tell, because enough attempt at cultivation has not yet been made there in the northern regions. Winter cold does not concern the Wheats. The spring-sown Wheat escapes it, and that sown in autumn is protected by a covering of snow. Wheat keeps a respectful distance of twenty degrees from the Equator. Indeed in the warm latitudes, new combinations of heat and moisture, grateful to new and very beautiful members of the vegetable world, who suit their gifts more accurately to the wishes of the people whom they feed, would cause the kind offices of Wheat to be rejected, even if they could be offered there. On mountains in warm climates, settlements of Wheat of course exist. On the north side of the Himalaya mountains Wheat and Barley flourish at a height of thirteen thousand feet.

The well-known name of Rice carries our thoughts to Asia. The family seat is somewhere in Asia, doubtless; but all trace of it is lost. The family has always lived in Southern Asia, where it supplies food, probably, to more men than any other race of plants has ever had occasion to support. No Rice can enjoy good health without much heat and much moisture. If these could be found everywhere, everybody would cultivate a valuable friend, that is supposed to scatter over a given surface of ground more than a common share of nourishment.

Most liberal of all vegetables, however, in this respect, are the Bananas. Humboldt tells us, that they spread over the said given extent of ground, forty-four times more nutritive matter than the Potatoes, and a hundred and thirty-three times more than any Wheat.

Where the benevolent among our Grasses cease to grow, because it is too far south, there it is just far enough north for the Cocoa-Nuts, who, within their limited sphere, supply a vast contribution towards the maintenance of man, that very wise and very independent creature. Very nearly three million of Cocoa-Nuts have been exported in one year from the Island of Ceylon.

Then there is in Brazil that excellent vegetable friend Manioc, a shrub, whose roots yield almost the only kind of meal there used. An acre of Manioc is said to yield as much food as six acres of wheat.

And to come nearer home, there is a large-hearted plant, bearing the name of Maize, and the nickname of Turkish Wheat. Its native seat has not been fixed yet by the genealogist. It grows at a good height above the sea in tropical America, and it occurs in Eastern Europe on the banks of the Dniester, in latitude forty-nine. Maize does not care about the winter; it wants nothing but summer-heat, in a country which it is to choose as a congenial habitation. It will do, also, with less heat than the vine, for it has been grown in the Lower Pyrenees, at three thousand two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, the vine stopping at two thousand six hundred and twenty.

We have here spoken only of a few of the great liberal families belonging to the world of plants; families, to which the human colony looks for support; upon whose aid we, in fact, depend for our existence. The whole list of our vegetable patrons would be very long. Respectable names must crowd down upon every memory, and take us off to

> "Citron groves;
> To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
> With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
> Their lighter glories blend. Lay us reclined
> Beneath the spreading tamarind"—

in fact take us a long dance among roots, and fruits, and vegetables. It must be enough, therefore, that we have here briefly expressed a general sense of obligation to our vegetable friends, and hinted at a fact which, in our high philosophy, we now and then forget, that the outer world may be a shadow, or a reflex of our own minds, or anything you please to call it; but that we, poor fellows, should be rather at a loss for dinner, if the earth did not send up for us, out of a kitchen that we did not build, our corn, and wine, and oil.—*Household Words.*

Enjoyment from Stimulants.—The enjoyment of persons who are in the habit of using stimulants is frantic while it lasts, but exceedingly short-lived. It is not the steady sunlight of the spirit, but the flash of the lightning passing from cloud to cloud.

COURTING BY PROXY.

Young Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush was dreadfully in love—as, indeed, which of us is not? Everybody has a passion, though, fortunately, the objects are infinitely various. Mr. Alonzo was in love with himself for a year or two after he took leave of childhood and milk-and-water; but after that his grandmamma told him he ought to marry, and he forthwith fell violently in love with his future wife, and vowed to allow himself no rest till he had found her. This may be termed "love in the abstract," which, as we shall see, is not without its perplexities.

Mr. Alonzo was a darling boy, an orphan, and the heir of a good Knickerbocker fortune. His grandmamma was his guardian, in a sense beyond the cold, legal meaning of the term. She picked the bones out of his fish, and reminded him of his pocket-handkerchief, during all the years of his tender boyhood; and, until he was full fourteen years old, he slept in her room, and had his face washed by her own hands, in warm water, every morning. Even after he called himself a man, she buttered his muffins and tucked up his bed-clothes, with a solicitude above all praise. Thanks to her care and attention, he reached the age of twenty-one in safety, excepting that he was very subject to colds, which alarmed his venerable relative extremely; and excepting also that he showed an unaccountable liking for the society of a little tailoress, who had always made his clothes during his minority.

But now, as we have said, he was dreadfully in love; and what made his situation the more puzzling was, that his grandmamma, in her various charges, had entirely omitted to specify the lady to whom his devotions ought to be paid. She even urged him to choose for himself. What a responsibility!

"Only remember, Alonzo," said the good lady, "that you will never be happy with a girl that does not like muffins, and that it is as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one."

"Yes," responded Mr. Alonzo, with rather an absent air; "yes, and as to muffins—" here he sunk into a reverie. "Grandma!" exclaimed the darling, after some pause, "couldn't you ask Parthenia Blinks here to tea?"

"Certainly, my dear," said the good lady, and she rang the bell at once, preparatory to the making of several kinds of cake, and various other good things.

This invitation was duly sent, and as duly accepted by Miss Parthenia Blinks, who found it politic always to accept an invitation, that she might do as she pleased when the time came—a practice fully adopted by many fashionables.

The time did come, and there was the tea-table, set out with four kinds of preserves, arranged with the most exact quadrangularity; in the centre a large basket heaped with cake, and at the sides two mountains of toast and muffins; tea, coffee, and various accessories completed the prospect. The fine old Knickerbocker parlour was in its primest order, every chair standing exactly parallel with its brother; the tea-kettle singing on its chafing-dish; the cat purring on the hearth-rug. Two sofas, covered with needle-work, were drawn up to the fire, and the mandarins on the chimney-piece nodded at each other, and at the pink and azure shepherds and shepherdesses which ornamented the space between them. Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush stood before the glass, giving the last twirl to an obstinate side-lock, which, in spite of persuasion and pomatum, *would* obey that fate called a cow-lick. An impetuous ring at the door. The little tailoress, who had been giving a parting glance at her own handiwork, slipped out of the room, sighing softly; and Alonzo and his grandmamma seated themselves on the opposite sofas, for symmetry's sake. A billet in a gilded envelope. Miss Parthenia Blinks' regrets.

"What an impudent thing!" said the old lady, with a toss of her cap. (We do not know whether she meant the act or the young lady.) "But come, my dear, you shall eat the muffins, and never mind her. The next time I ask Miss Blinks it will do her good, I know."

Mr. Alonzo, nothing daunted by this mortifying slight, turned his thoughts next to Miss Justina Cuypers, a young lady who resided with two maiden aunts in a house which had suffered but little change since the revolution. The first step which suggested itself to the darling, was to ask Miss Cuypers to ride; but to reach this golden apple the aunts must be propitiated, and therefore it was judged best that grandmamma should make one of the party, in order that none of the proprieties might be violated. Alonzo was charioteer, but, as he was not much accustomed to driving, his grandmamma felt it her duty to take the reins out of his hands very frequently, besides giving him many directions as to which rein he ought to pull, in meeting the numerous vehicles which they encountered on the Harlem road. Whether from the excess of his passion for Miss Cuypers, who never spoke once the whole way, or whether from the confusion incident to reiterated instructions, poor Mr. Alonzo did finish the drive by an overturn, which did not kill anybody, but spoiled the young lady's new bonnet, and covered her admirer with mud and mortification.

The failure of these kindly attempts of his grandmamma to save him the trouble of getting a wife, taught Mr. Alonzo a lesson. He drew the astute inference that old ladies were not good proxies in all cases. He even thought of taking the matter into his own hands; and with this view it was not long before he set out, like a prince in a fairy tale, to seek his fortune.

The first house he came to—that is to say, the one to which his footsteps turned most naturally—was one belonging to a distant connection of his grandmamma, a lady whose ancestor came over with Hendrik Hudson, or, as the family chroniclers insisted, a little before. Miss Alida Van Der Benschoten, the daughter of this lady—a fresh sprout from the time-honoured tree—might have been known to Alonzo, but that he had always hidden himself when her mamma brought her to pay her annual visit to his grandmamma. She resided with her mother, one ancient sister, and two great rude brothers, on the borders of the city, in one of those tempting ruralities called cottages, built of brick, three storys high, and furnished with balconies and verandahs of cast-iron, all very agricultural in-

deed, as a certain lady said of a green door. The idea of Miss Alida being once entertained, the shrubberies about the Van Der Benschoten cottage, consisting of three altheas, a privet hedge, and a Madeira vine, seemed to invite a Romeo, and our hero resolved to open his first act with a balcony scene. Not that he had a speech ready, for if he had he would have delivered it in the parlour; but he had heard much of the power of sweet sounds, and conceived the idea of trying them upon the heart of Miss Alida before he ventured upon words, as Hannibal (wasn't it?), having rocks to soften, tried vinegar before pickaxes. Having often encountered bands of music in the streets at night—or rather in the evening, for his grandmamma never allowed him to be out after ten—he concluded the business of these patrols to be serenading; and, making great exertions to find one of the most powerful companies, he engaged their leader to be in full force before Mrs. Van Der Benschoten's door on a certain evening, resolved himself to lie *perdu*, in a convenient spot, ready to speak if the young lady should appear on the balcony, as he did not doubt she would. The Coryphæus of the band was true to his promise, and he and his followers had played with all their might for half an hour or so, when, observing no demonstration from the house, and feeling rather chilly, they consulted their employer as to the propriety of continuing.

"Oh! go on, go on," whispered Mr. Alonzo; "she isn't waked up yet!" (The youth understood the true object of a serenade.) "Play away till you hear something."

And, on the word, "Washington's March" aroused the weary echoes, if not Miss Alida.

This new attack certainly was not in vain. A window was softly opened, and as the band, inspired by this sign of life, threw new vigour into their instrumentation, a copious shower of boots, boot-jacks, billetts of wood, and various other missiles, untuned the performers, who, in spite of the martial spirit breathed but just before, all ran away forthwith.

Mr. Alonzo scorned to follow, particularly as he had a snug berth under one of the three altheas; but a voice crying, "Seek him—seek him, Vixen!" and the long bounds of a dog in the back yard, dislodged him, and he made an ignominious retreat.

We dare not describe the dreams of our hero that night, but we record it to his everlasting credit that he was not disheartened by this inauspicious conclusion of his daring adventure. He ascribed the rude interruption, very correctly, to one of Miss Alida's brothers; and every time he met one of them in the street he used to tell his grandmamma of it when he came home, always adding that he only wished he knew whether *that was the one!*

Music was still a good resource, and Mr. Alonzo resolved to try it in another form. He knew a young gentleman who played the guitar, and sang many a soft Spanish ditty to its seductive twanging; and, as this youth happened to be a good-natured fellow, and one who did a large amount of serenading on his own account, it was not difficult to persuade him to attempt something for a friend. So, when next the fair moon favoured the stricken-hearted, the two young men, choosing a spot of deepest shade, beset Miss Alida with music of a far more insidious character than that first employed by the inexperienced Alonzo. Few female hearts can resist the influence of such bewitching airs as those with which good-natured Harry Blunt endeavoured to expound his friend's sweet meanings; and, after a whole round of sentiment had rung from the guitar, and the far sweeter tenor of its owner, a window opened once more, and poor Mr. Alonzo scampered off incontinent

Harry, who had not been exposed to the storm which rewarded the previous serenade, stood his ground, and had the satisfaction of picking up a delicate bouquet which fell just before him in the moonlight. This he carried most honourably, to his friend, whom he supposed to be already in Miss Alida's good graces.

'What shall I do?' said Mr. Alonzo, who had a dim perception of the responsibility attached to this favour from a lady.

'Do!' exclaimed Harry, laughing, 'why, order a splendid one at N——'s, and send a servant with it to-morrow, with your compliments.'

'So I will! See if I don't,' said Mr. Alonzo, delighted. 'I'll get one as big as a dinner-plate,

In pursuance of this resolve, he called up an old family servant, and, locking the door, gave him ample directions, and in the most solemn manner.

'And mind, Moses,' said young master, 'get one of the very largest size, and give whatever they ask.'

Hapless Alonzo! Why not put on thy hat, and go forth to choose thy bouquet in person? Moses took the ten-dollar note which Alonzo handed him, and departed, with injunctions to utmost speed and inviolable discretion. Mr. Alonzo paced the floor, with the air of a man who, having done his best, feels that he ought to succeed, till at length the returning steps of his messenger greeted his ear.

'Well, Moses, have you carried it? Did you get a handsome one? Did you see her? What did she say?'

Poor Moses showed the entire white of his eyes.

'Why, massa,' said he, 'you ax me too many questions to onst. I got him, and I carried him to Miss Van Der Benschoten's house, but I no see the young woman; but I tell the coloured gentleman at the door who sent him.'

'That was right,' said Mr. Alonzo; 'but was it large and handsome, Moses?'

'Monstrous big, massa; big as dat stand anyhow! And here's the change; I beat him down a good deal, for he ask two shillin', and I make him take eighteenpence.'

And it was with much self-complacency that good old Moses pulled out of his pocket a handful of money.

'Change!' said Mr. Alonzo, with much misgiving, 'change—eighteenpence—two shillings—what are you talking about? What kind of flowers were they?'

'Oh! beautiful flowers, massa. There was pi'nies and laylocks, and paas-blumeehies, and eberyting!'

We will only say that, if hard words could break bones, poor old Moses would not have had a whole one left in his body—but of what avail?

Next day came out invitations for a large party at Mrs. Van Der Benschoten's, and Harry Blunt, who had been spied out by one of the belligerent brothers of Miss Alida, and recognised as the hero of the serenade *à l'Espagnol*, was invited, while our poor friend, Alonzo, was overlooked entirely, in spite of the laugh which his elegant bouquet had afforded the young ladies.

The morning after the party, Alonzo encountered his friend Harry, who had been much surprised at his absence.

'Why didn't you go?' he asked; it was a splendid affair. I heard of your bouquet, but I explained, and you need not mind. Write a note yourself—that will set all right again.'

'Would you really?" said Mr. Alonzo, earnestly.

'To be sure I would! Come do it at once.'

But Alonzo recollected that he had not yet found much time to bestow on his education, so that the writing of a note would be somewhat of an undertaking.

'Can't you do it for me?' said he; 'you are used to these things.'

'Oh, yes, certainly,' said the obliging Harry; and he dashed off a very pretty note, enveloped it, *comme il faut*, and directed to Miss Van Der Benchoten, Humming-bird Place.

A most obliging answer was returned—an answer requiring a reply; and, by the aid of his friend Harry, Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush kept up his side of the correspondence with so much spirit, that, in the course of a few weeks, he was invited to call at the rural residence, with an understanding on all sides that this interview was to be the end of protocols, and the incipient stage of definitive arrangements which would involve the future happiness of a pair of hearts.

It was an anxious morning, that which fitted out Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush for this expedition. His grandmamma washed and combed him, and the little tailoress brushed his clothes, picking off every particle of lint with her slender fingers, and thinking, when she had done, that he stood the very perfection of human loveliness.

'Thank you, Mary,' said he, very kindly; and, as he looked at her, he could not but notice the deep blush which covered a cheek usually pale for want of exercise and amusement.

However, this was no time to look at tailoresses; and Mr. Alonzo was soon on his way to Humming-bird Place. How his hand trembled as he fumbled for the bell-handle, and how reminiscences crowded upon him as he saw on the step a large dog, which he knew by intuition to be the very Vixen of the serenade. Then, to think of what different circumstances he stood in at present! Oh! it was overpowering, and Mr. Alonzo was all in a perspiration when the servant opened the door.

'Is Miss Van Der Benchoten at home?'

'Yes, Sir.' (A low bow.) 'Walk up stairs, sir.'

Another low bow. The servant must have guessed his errand.

He was ushered into a twilight drawing-room, and sat down, his heart throbbing so that it made the soft-cushions quiver. Hark!—a footstep—a lady—and in another instant Mr. Alonzo had taken a small hand without venturing to look at the face of the owner. He had forgotten to make a speech, so he held the little hand, and meditated one. At length he began—'Miss Van Der Benschoten, my grandmamma——' and here, at fault, he looked up inadvertently.

"What is the matter, Mr. Rush?" exclaimed the lady.

"I—am sick," said Alonzo, making a rush for the street door.

The lady was the elder sister of Miss Alida—diminutive, ill-formed, and with such a face as one sees in very severe nightmare.

Alonzo reached his grandmamma's, and the first person he met as he dashed through the hall was the little tailoress. We know not if he had made a Jephtha-like vow in the course of his transit, but he caught the hand of his humble friend, and said, with startling energy, "Mary, will you marry me?"

"I! I!" said the poor girl, and she burst into tears.

But Alonzo, now in earnest, found no lack of words; and the result was that he drew Mary's arm through his, and half led, half carried her, straight to his grandmamma's sofa.

"Grandma," said he, "this shall be my wife or nobody. I have tried to love a rich girl, but I love Mary without trying. Give us your blessing, grandma, and let's have the wedding at once."

The old lady, speechless, could only hold up both hands; but Alonzo, inspired by real feeling, looked so different from the soulless darling he had ever seemed, that she felt an involuntary respect which prevented her opposing his will very decidedly. It was not long before he obtained an absolute permission to be happy in his own way. Wise grandmamma!—say we.

Mary was always a good girl, and riding in her own carriage has made her a beauty too. She is not the only lady of the "aucune" family who flourishes within our bounds. As for our friend Alonzo, he smiles instead of sighing, as he passes Humming-bird Place.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE WORLD GROWN OLD.

The world grows old, her beauty fadeth fast,
More and more frequent cross her mind
The bodings of her doom:
Two hundred generations all have passed,
We only now remain behind,
And populate their tomb.
On every face appears
The trace of recent tears,
Save where the laugh of madness rattles by,
Or idiotcy's idle eye
Glances from Earth to Heaven in vacant gloom.

A TEACHER BY EXAMPLE.—I once escaped at table the well-meant persecutions of the kind-hearted wife of a medical friend, from whom, ever and anon, came the inquiry of what I would take next? This had been so often repeated, that I had begun to look round, fearing that my character, as a teacher by example, might suffer, and replied, 'If she pleased, I would take breath.' It was saucy and ungrateful, but it was good-naturedly received and understood.—*The Stomach and its Difficulties, by Sir James Eyre.*

THE MONOSYLLABLE TRAVELLER.

I AM yet a young man, but I have led a wandering life so long (my friends call me *der Wandernde Vogel*—but that's a secret), and have seen so many unco sights, and undergone so many queer adventures, and met so many unaccountable people, that I sometimes fancy myself quite an octogenarian; and, truly, I have had more rough experience of life than usually falls to the lot of the 'most potent, grave, and reverend seniors.' But don't be alarmed by this bit of a preface, as I am not about to inflict a garrulous egotistical gossip, for the Editor himself knows me personally, and will bear ready witness that *I* am not the 'Monosyllable Traveller.' Nevertheless, 'the tale that I am going to tell is just as true as ——' most tales told by the philosophical vagabonds, of whom I am a fair type.

On the evening of the 20th day of December, 1851 (you see the epoch of this veritable story is so very recent, that ladies and gentlemen can easily satisfy themselves of its perfect truth in these days of electric telegraphs), I was wandering in my usual aimless harebrained fashion in a wild district of the North Riding of Yorkshire. It was cold, oh! bitter cold! and the fierce wind blew the snow cuttingly in my face. But I am a case-hardened fellow, and I didn't care a pinch of snuff for the weather. I only settled my old gold-banded Danish cap firmer on my head, and 'drew my auld cloak aboot me,' and sucked the tip of my frozen moustache, and hummed *Den tappre Landsoldat*, and strode onward as careless and happy as a wood-sawyer's clerk. But whither was I going? Ay, that's what I didn't know myself. I had somehow lost the course I had been directed to steer at the village I passed, and as I knew nothing of the latitude and longitude of the country, and it was too cloudy overhead to admit of any celestial observation, I e'en sailed hap-hazard. But I thought to myself that I must surely stumble on a town, or a village, or an odd house sooner or later, and the worse come that might, I could lie down on the lee-side of a hedge or a tree, and take out my allowance of sleep in my dear old sea-clock, as I had done many times before.

Well, about four bells of the first watch, as we used to say at sea (10 P. M.), I descried a twinkling light ahead, and, making all sail, I came alongside of it, and found it to proceed from the porch of a very ancient solitary road-side inn, bearing the singular sign of the Mermaid. I shook off the snow from my cloak in the porch, and in a minute I was in the comfortable parlour of the inn. There was only one guest seated there, and him I cheerfully saluted with—'Good evening, sir!'

He stared vacantly at me a moment, but never opened his lips.

'Good evening!' I repeated.

This time he evinced a sort of consciousness, by emitting a low unintelligible growl, which I fancied at the time sounded like 'yah!'

I looked more particularly at him, and, perceiving that he wore beard and moustaches, and clothes of a fashion I had often seen in Scandinavia, it struck me that he must be a native of that region, and probably unacquainted with the English language. So I addressed him in Danish.—'*Hvorledes befinder Dem? Taler de Dansk?*' He shook his head slowly from side to side.

'Do you speak English, sir?' continued I, rather vexed at his taciturnity.

'Yes.'

'Oh, I'm glad of that. I beg pardon, but I thought you were a foreigner.'

'No.'

'Stormy night, sir!'

'Eh?'

'Cold—windy—snowy—real wintry weather.'

'Ah!'

'Have you ever travelled this road before, sir?'

'Yes.'

'Lonely road, it seems—desolate country by daylight, I suppose?'

'Hum!'

'I was glad to stumble on this inn—queer place for one. Fancy it is never overcrowded with customers?'

'No.'

'Any news in this part of the world—anything stirring?'

'Oh.'

'I asked you, sir,' repeated I with some asperity (for my best friends never reckoned me a Job), 'if there's any news?'

'Ay.'

'Well, what is it?'

'No.'

'Ay and No! What do you mean, sir?' and I stared in turn at the man, beginning to fancy him an escaped lunatic.

'Yes,' he mumbled.

'Sir!' exclaimed I, my hand involuntarily moving towards the poker (for I'm rather peppery—at least people say so), 'do you understand me?'

'No.'

'I thought not.'

'Yes,' drawled he.

I was now absolutely dumfoundered, and said not another word. The landlord entered at the moment with a supper I had ordered, and, as he set a smoking stew before me, I jerked my thumb at the Monosyllable Traveller, and whispered, 'Who is he?'

The landlord contented himself with giving a short nod, a dry cough, and a droll wink. After this, I ate my supper in perfect silence; the ticking of the clock and an occasional sigh and groan from the stranger excepted. I actually began to think I had made a worse mistake than Goldsmith did when he entered a gentleman's house for an inn, for I fancied I must have taken up my quarters in an asylum, and the recollection I involuntarily conjured of the singular revelations which recently appeared in the papers about Hanwell Asylum, by no means tended to re-assure me. I am not a nervous man—far from it, but I am not ashamed to say that I very hastily swallowed my pint of sherry to strengthen my heart and clear my brain by the same operation. I also took the precaution to rear my blackthorn stick between my knees; for who can tell what freak a madman may take in his head at any moment? It is true that my monosyllable companion sat very quietly on one side of the fire, with a half-drained glass of liquor on a little round table before him, and his eyes calmly fixed on the blazing sea-coal, but how could I tell how soon he might wildly grasp the tongs,

and put an end to all the wanderings of *der Wandernde Vogel?*

The entrance of the worthy landlord to clear my table, relieved me from the worst part of my apprehensions, for *he* at any rate at once proved himself to be a sane man, by inquiring whether my supper was to my liking, and whether I was comfortable, &c. I looked at his rosy, intelligent face with secret satisfaction, and, bidding him bring me a bottle of his best wine, I invited him to help me to drain it, and nothing loth, he seated himself by my side, and certainly I had no reason to complain of *his* taciturnity. He was 'as good as an almanack,' as seamen say, for he knew what the weather would be better than Murphy; he knew the times, the tides, and the coming events; he knew, or pretended to know, everybody and everything.

This is a somewhat out-o'-the way place for an inn, landlord,' remarked I.

'Well, yes, sir; but it isn't what it was when I first knew it. I know'd it when we've been so full that we haint known wheer to put folks; but times is altered now.'

'It seems so,' dryly answered I.

'It's all along o' them railways,' ejaculated he, fiercely striking the table with his fist. 'You see, sir, the ould *Mermaid* stands on the great high road, and, afore them things was invented, we used to have coaches changing every hour, and gentlefolk's carriages putting up by dozens. But now, except it be a gentleman like yourself as knows better nor to trust his precious limbs on sich breaknecks, we often doesn't see a living body but our precious selves from week's end to week's end.'

'How, then, do you make both ends meet, eh?'

'That's what sometimes puzzles me, sir. But we've a bit of a farm, you see, and—oh! them railways!'

'Hem!' said I, glancing significantly towards the Monosyllable guest, who steadily continued his occupation of gazing at the fire, apparently quite unconcious that anybody but himself was in the room—'hem! you must have strange sort of company at times though?'

The landlord perfectly understood me, for he put his finger to his nose, winked thrice with great solemnity, and then pointed to the clock, which approached the hour of twelve.

Precisely when the last stoke had boomed, the Monosyllable Traveller arose to his feet, sighed profoundly, muttered—'Bed!' and stalked out of the room.

'Who is that man?' exclaimed I, the moment he was gone.

'Ay, there's the mystery, sir,' replied the landlord, with a very queer look. 'For the last seven years he has regularly arrived here on horseback, on the evening of the 20th of December—that is to say, as to-night—and, after sleeping here, he leaves at the same hour on the following evening, and we never see any thing of him again, till the anniversary of his visit comes round.'

'And don't you know who or what he is?'

'Not at all, sir. What is yet more wonderful, he never utters more than one short word at a time, and even when giving his orders, he merely says, 'steak,' 'ale,' or what not; and, when questioned, he never makes any reply but 'yes,' 'no,' 'hum,' 'ah,' 'oh,' 'eh,' 'ay.' Whoever speaks to him, he replies by a single word only, and he invariably sits, as he did to-night, for many hours, doing nothing but staring at the fire.

'But, landlord, whom do you *suppose* him to be?

'Why, sir,' laughed he, a 'gentleman here once said he must be the man born to discover the perpetual motion, and that he is yet studying it; but I myself have fancied that he is merely the ghost of some wicked fellow who committed an awful deed in this old house centuries ago, and is doomed to revisit it to the end of time, on the anniversary of his crime."

'Ah, but you know that ghosts don't eat and drink—and this mysterious personage does both.'

'Very true, I forgot that. But what is your own opinion, sir, for you have now seen almost as much of him as any of us?'

'Why, landlord, if I may speak in strict confidence, between ourselves, my firm private belief is that he is no other than——'

'Who, sir?' eargerly interrupted the landlord.

'The Wandering Jew!' whispered I.

The landlord nodded thrice, and drained his glass with the air of a man perfectly satisfied by an unexpected solution of a most difficult enigma. —*Chamber's Journal.*

JULY WEATHER.

The storms of wind, and rain, and *hail*, in this month, are not unfrequently accompanied by thunder and lightning. The awful and terror-striking, but salutary phenomena of thunder and lightning, are well depicted by Mr. Balfour, in the following powerful lines.—*Ed.*

Sudden, on the dazzled sight,
Darts the keen electric light;
Shooting from the lurid sky,
Quick as thought it mocks the eye:
Rolling thunder rends the ear,
Seems to shake earth's solid sphere:
Hill and dale prolong the sound,
Echoes deep each cavern round;
Till afar, in distant skies,
Fainter still, it fades and dies.
Hushed the peal—a pause succeeds—
Again the forky lightning speeds;
Bursting from the black cloud's womb,
Blazing o'er the deepening gloom.
Shattered by the arrowy flash,
At my feet, with groaning crash,
Falls the forest's branching pride,
All its honours scattered wide!
Louder peals, and louder still,
Shake the vale, and rock the hill;
Mountains tremble, green woods nod;
Nature hears, and owns her God!
Soon the rushing shower descends,
The dark cloud melts, the tempest ends;
Bright again the lord of day
Sheds abroad his cheering ray;
Creation smiles, and joy and love
Enliven mountain, glen, and grove;
Reviving blossoms pour their rich perfume;
And Nature glows in renovated bloom.

A VENETIAN ADVENTURE OF YESTERDAY

I was induced last summer to do rather a foolish thing for a middle-aged spinster—I undertook to chaperon a volatile young niece upon a continental tour. We travelled the usual course up the Rhine into Switzerland, which we enjoyed rapturously. Then passing the Alps, we spent a few days at Milan, and next proceeded to Verona. In all this journey, nothing occurred to mar our English frankness, or disturb our good humour, We beheld, indeed, the subjection of the Lombardese people with pain. Still, it was no business of ours; and I may as well candidly state that to the best of my recollection, we gave exceedingly little thought to the subject.

At Verona, the romance of Claudia's character found some scope. She raved at the so-called tomb of Juliet, was never tired of rambling among the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre, and made herself ill with the fresh figs and grapes presented in such abundance in the picturesque old market-place. I confess I should as soon have dreamed of danger from some ancient volcano of the Alps, as from the political system of the country which we were traversing. Indeed, it never could have occurred to us that a quiet lady of a certain age, and a young one just emancipated from frocks, were persons about whom a great empire could have been in any alarm. It was destined that we should find ourselves of much more consequence than we gave ourselves credit for.

On returning from our ramble, and entering the great *sala* of the *Due Torre*, I remember experiencing a slight sense of alarm at sight of the large proportion of Austrian officers amongst those sitting down to dinner. Still, as the feeling sprung from no definite cause, I readily gave up my wish for a separate dinner; and, yielding to the solicitations of an officious waiter, allowed myself and niece to take seats at table. My first feeling returned in some force when I saw a tall, bearded officer, after depositing his sword in a corner of the room, seat himself next to Claudia. A request on her part for the salt, sufficed to open a conversation between them; but as it was in German, I could not follow its meaning. I observed, however, that by and by it waxed more warm than is customary in the languid hour of a *table d'hôte*; and, what was more, a silence ensued among a considerable number of those within hearing, as if the subject of their conversation were of an interesting character. A kind-looking English gentleman, on the opposite side of the table, seemed to become uneasy, and he soon telegraphed to me with a look which I could not misunderstand. In real alarm, I touched Claudia's arm, and indicated my wish to retire. As soon as we reached our own apartment, I anxiously asked her what she had been saying, and what that animated conversation was about. "Oh, nothing particular, Tantie, dear. We were talking politics; but I am not a Republican, you know. You need not look afraid. I am a Royalist, and I told him so. Only, I said I thought it would be better for Italy to have an Italian king than an Austrian emperor. He did not seem to think so; but you know every one cannot think alike."

"Oh, you unfortunate little girl!" I exclaimed, "you little know the imprudence of which you have been guilty;" and I bitterly regretted my ignorance of German, which had allowed her to make such a demonstration of her sentiments. Still, she was but a child—what she had said was but a foolish sentiment. I could scarcely, after all, think that any serious consequences would ensue from so simple a matter; nevertheless I felt that the sooner we left Verona the better. We accordingly started for Venice next morning.

It was a most lovely day. The sun shone richly on the thousands of grape-bunches that hung on the vines, and on the wild-flowers that grew at their feet; and then the beautiful languid way in which the vines grow added another charm to the scene: apparently overcome by heat and lassitude, they throw themselves from one tree to another for their support, and hang between them in graceful festoons. We were not long, however in the region of the green, and now slightly autumn-tinted leaves; our steam-engine seemed suddenly to have conceived the idea of drowning us, for we darted into the sea, and with nothing but water on either side, we appeared to be hurried on by some gigantic rope-dancer, so light was the bridge over which we were carried. Involuntarily, I seized hold of Claudia's arm; but gradually I saw in the distance so beautiful a thing—such a silent, white, fairy-like city, under such a brilliant sky, that I lost all earthly fear, and, in spite of the tangible railway carriage in which I was, I felt as if, like King Arthur, I was being borne by fairies to their fairy home.

At last we arrived, and entered by a long dusty passage the dogana, in order to be examined. All romantic visions had now faded away: ordinary mortals were in attendance to look over our boxes; and it being the middle of a hot day, I began to feel both thirsty and tired, and most anxious to arrive quickly at the hotel, in order to secure comfortable apartments. Claudia stood for some time with the keys in her hand, vainly endeavouring to induce one of the custom-house officers to look at our boxes. The examination did not appear very strict, and we observed many of our fellow passengers had their boxes just opened, and then were allowed to depart, with scarcely any delay. At last, one of the men approached us, and Claudia pointed to her open box, and asked him to examine it. The man looked up into her face—I thought, in a very scrutinising manner—then at the name on the box, and then retired, and whispered to one of his companions, who came back with him, and asked in Italian for our passport. This I immediately produced. They examined it, and said something to each other in German; upon which Claudia, who was more familiar with that language than with Italian, asked them in it to be kind enough to examine our boxes quickly, as her aunt was much tired. I saw the men exchange glances, and then they came forward to examine us. Being utterly unconcious of any necessity for concealment, we had left several English books at the very top of the box. These they carefully took out and laid on one side, and then proceeded to rummage the boxes from top to bottom. By this time, as most of our fellow-passengers had been examined, and had proceeded to their hotels, I was getting fatigued and nervous, when it struck me that a small douceur would

perhaps set matters right. This idea I communicated to Claudia, and she, speaking privately to a superior sort of man, who was overlooking the other, assured him that we were two perfectly unoffending English ladies, travelling for pleasure, having nothing whatever to do with politics, and entreated him to let us go on, at the same time putting some money in a hand conveniently placed for its reception. No sooner, however, had it been safely pocketed, than the man assured her that he could do nothing whatever for us, and that he must take some opportunity, when nobody was looking, of giving her back the money. It is needless to say, that this opportunity never arrived; and in the meantime, we were taken into a small room, to be more particularly examined.

Here another box was opened, when, to the great vexation of my dear Claudia, her journal was found. Hitherto she had been very patient, but now she could bear it no longer. What! her journal, so carefully locked that nobody had ever been allowed to read it, to be at the mercy of these strange men! Claudia remonstrated loudly. "They might have anything else they chose," she said, "but that she really could not give them." She did not perceive that the more anxious she appeared about the book, the more important it seemed in their eyes, and the more anxious they, of course, were to retain it. After a long discussion, and many prayers and entreaties on Claudia's part, the books and papers were sealed up before us. They inquired what hotel we were going to, and told us we must call the next day for our books at a certain custom-house office they mentioned. Feeling harassed and persecuted, we proceeded to our hotel, my unhappiness being rendered more acute by our being separated from our *Murray*, without which I felt myself a perfectly helpless being, entirely at the mercy of any one who chose to impose upon me.

We obtained apartments at the hotel we intended lodging at, and as it was now late in the day, ordered our dinner, and retired early to rest, very anxious for the morrow, that we might know the fate of our books. Accordingly, the first thing we did the next day was to take a gondola, and proceed to the custom-house that had been mentioned to us. There, however, they knew nothing of our books. So we went to the British Consulate, to inform them of our case, and then returned to the hotel. During this voyage, I had several times observed a paper stuck against the walls, with *Notificazione* written in large letters on it, with some smaller printing beneath it. With a very uneasy heart, I asked Claudia to read it, and tell me what it meant. She did so, and found that it was informing the world in general, that two noble Italians were condemned, one to death, and the other to the galleys, for political offences. Of course, we were no judges of the rights of the case; but it is impossible not to feel one's heart saddened by the approaching death of a fellow-creature; besides which, my heart trembled for Claudia, and I conjured up to my mind the leaden-roof prisons; those beneath the ducal palace, those under water; the Bridge of Sighs; and that fearful part of the lagoon where no fishing was allowed, lest it should reveal some fearful secret, known only to the dead, and to certain minions of the dread Council. In vain I repeated to myself, that those days were past; in vain was it that Claudia laughed at my fears, and told me it was disgraceful for a British subject to feel them: still my heart felt heavy, and I shall not soon forget the anxiety of that hour.

We returned to the hotel, where we had not long been, when we were informed that a gentleman wished to speak to us. Fearful moment! I pictured to myself a ferocious-looking officer with a guard, like those who come upon the stage with Jaffier. Somewhat to my relief, the reality turned out to be of a gentler character. I found myself introduced to a polite-looking personage, who, however, speedily informed me, through the medium of the waiter—for we had no common language—that he did not want me, but a younger lady! O, my poor Claudia! My heart beating violently, I returned to her, and informed her that she was wanted. Instead of being at all alarmed, she appeared rather gratified at finding herself of so much importance, and hastened to join the person who was waiting for her. He, in a very polite and respectful manner, told us that our books were at the police-office, and only awaited our arrival to be examined. Accordingly, we ordered a gondola, and accompanied him there. On the way, he took an opportunity of informing Claudia, that he was not what was called in England a policeman, but a gentleman, and that the person who would examine her was a count. Claudia replied rather haughtily, that she was an English lady, and had never been examined by any one. At last we arrived, and proceeded to the apartment of the count; but what was my distress when I was informed that Claudia was to be examined alone! Claudia declared that she was a British subject, and that such a proceeding was an insult. I was almost in hysterics, and with tears entreated to be permitted to accompany my niece; but the obdurate though polite count was immovable. He merely said to Claudia: "Madame, you have avowed that you have in your possession papers which have never been read by anybody but yourself; therefore you must be examined alone." Further opposition was hopeless, so I returned disconsolate to my gondola, to await the issue.

When Claudia was left alone with the count, he shewed her a paper in which he was officially informed, that a lady of her name and appearance was coming to Venice, who was suspected of being a dangerous political character. To hear such a character attributed to her—to her, who was only last year boarding in a school—to her, who knew little more of politics than that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were the most amiable young couple in England—was ludicrous even in that hour of trouble. I do not exactly know how she comported herself during her examination; but I suspect she not merely laughed at the whole affair, but felt a little elated at the idea of being held as of so much importance. She was really anxious, however, about her journal and writing-case, as they contained so many things "of no importance to any but the owner." When the count informed her, that the journal and papers must, in the first place, be subjected to translation, she could set no bounds to her vexa-

tion; and yet the thing had its ridiculous aspect also. She had been pretty free, in the journal, with her criticisms on the Austrian army, though only with regard to the appearance and manners of the officers. How they were to take her remarks on their moustaches, their everlasting smoking, and their almost as constant perseverance in *dining*, was not to be conceived. Then her papers—scraps of paper on which she had tried rhymes, such as love, dove; heart, part; fame, name; with a view to embodiment in her poems—letters from young friends, telling all about the parties of their respective mammas, and how interesting the last baby was: to think of these being subjected to the rigid scrutiny of a council of either Ten or Three, was too whimsical. To the count, on the other hand, everything was grave and official. He said he could well believe, that she was innocent of all that had been imputed to her; still, his instructions must be obeyed. He could not promise the restoration of her papers in less than ten days. At the end of the examination, he courteously dismissed her, but not without letting her know, that she and her companion would be under the surveillance of the police till the papers were fully examined.

My light-hearted niece returned to me with an air of importance quite new to her, and which did not abate till she observed how exceedingly I had suffered during our separation. I felt reassured on learning that every thing depended on the examination of the papers, as I had no doubt they were of a sufficiently innocent character. The shock, however, had been enough to mar my power of enjoying Venice. We did, indeed, go about to see the usual sights; and even the shadow-like attendance of the policeman ceased at length to give us much annoyance. But I saw everything through an unpleasant medium, and heartily wished myself out of a region where the government of pure force seems the only one attainable. At the end of a fortnight, we received back our papers, with many apologies for their detention, and for the scrutiny to which we had been exposed; which, however, it too truly appeared, had been brought upon us by that one incautious expression of Claudia at Verona. Very soon after, we left Venice, and regained the safe shores of England with little further adventure.

[*Note.*—Let no one suppose that this is in any degree an exaggeration of the present state of things in Venice. Only about a month after the adventure of the two ladies, two individuals of that city were condemned for having been in correspondence with political exiles. One, a nobleman, had his sentence commuted to the galleys, at the intercession of a Spanish princess, daughter of Don Carlos; the other, a bookseller in the Piazza di San Marco, was hanged on the morning of Saturday, the 11th October, during the whole of which day his body was exposed to the public gaze. The walls were next day found extensively inscribed with, "Venetians! remember the murder of yesterday, and revenge it!"—*Ed.*] —*Chamber's Ed. Jour.*

AMBIGUOUS SIGN.—The following is said to be copied from a sign-board at D——: "Boarding-school for young *laddies*."

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S STORY.

'Now, monsieur,' said my host, as he folded up his napkin in a complicated way, 'draw your chair to that chimney-corner, and I will establish myself in this one. When my wife has cleared away the things, she will come and sit between us.'

I did as I was told to do, my friend seated himself with a comfortable look, crossed his legs, and began to twirl his thumbs. And the old lady having soon finished her work, threw a fresh log on the fire, which quickly gave out a famous blaze. She then blew out the candle, took her place, and smoothed down her apron. 'There!' said she, and she began to knit.

'Would monsieur like to hear me tell a story?' asked her husband, putting his head on one side with an air that seemed to say, 'You do not probably know what a rare privilege you may now enjoy.'

'With the greatest pleasure,' said I.

'Well, do, Jean,' said his wife.

'I am very fond of a telling a good story by the fireside, after supper on a Saturday night,' said the schoolmaster; 'and I think,' he continued, after a moment's reflection, 'that I will tell you about a strange thing that once took place at Vallerançon, a village not far from this.'

'O do, Jean!' cried the good lady. 'I always like to hear that story, I have heard it so often. Besides, of course, I know all about it.'

'Of course, you do, Marie. You see, monsieur, my wife was housekeeper to one of the parties concerned in it, so it is natural enough——'

'Well, begin, Jean,' said the impatient little woman.

'I will at once, and do you put me right if I go wrong.'

'To be sure; but begin, begin!'

'At Vallerançon,' said my host, after clearing his throat, and assuming a solemn air, 'there is a Protestant temple. A few years back—about twenty years back—the curé of the parish——'

'The pastor, you mean,' interrupted madame.

'The pastor, I mean,' resumed the narrator; 'though there was a curé too, and I might have been speaking of him, for all you knew. But no matter. His name was Martin, and an excellent man he was; for, though I am a Catholic, I trust, monsieur, that I can appreciate a good man of a different creed. One day he went to say mass as usual——'

'To say mass! To preach, you mean, Jean'.

'To be sure I do; to preach as usual. When he had got into the pulpit, he began to give out his text from a small Bible he held in his hand, and had read some verses, when suddenly he seemed agitated, stood for some moments silently looking on the book, and then, without any explanation put it into his pocket, and made his way rapidly out of the church, crossing himself.'

'What are you about, Jean, with your masses, and curés, and crosses?' cried madame, laying down her knitting, and looking full at her husband. 'Don't you know that Protestants never cross themselves? What do you mean?'

'I really do not know,' replied the poor man, evidently much annoyed; 'I never told a story so ill before. I cannot tell what is the matter

with me to-night; I am afraid I must really give it up——'

'O pray don't,' said I; 'I am very anxious to know what caused the pastor's emotion. Pray, go on.'

'Well, if monsieur will excuse me——'

'Proceed, Jean, and take more care,' said madame.

'I will. The pastor went straight from the church to the house of the mayor. Now this man kept an inn, and, as he was very busy from its being a fête day, he was much annoyed at the pastor's asking for a private interview with him; but, from his own position and the character of the clergyman, who told him he had something of great importance to communicate to him, he was obliged to grant it. He was, moreover, struck with the firmness and warmth of M. Martin on this occasion, as the pastor was in general the mildest of men. I may say also that he was one of the simplest; he was in fact not too well fitted to deal with the world—he was too unsuspecting.'

Here madame nodded her head approvingly, and said, 'That's true' Jean.' For my part, I could scarcely suppress a smile at the worthy man's innocence—he had been, from the little I had seen of him, exactly describing himself. He resumed as follows:—

'When they were alone, the pastor said, 'M. Mayor, here is my business with you in a single word. On opening my Bible to-day to give out my text, I found this in it;' and he handed the mayor a slip of paper. The mayor took it and read it. He was a long time about it, but at last he finished, and when he did so he burst into a loud laugh. At this moment his son came into the room to ask him for the key of the cellar, on which his father, still laughing, cried out, 'What do you think, Pierre? here is Pastor Martin who has found a slip of paper in his Bible, stating that a murder has been committed somewhere——'

—'I wished to have spoken to you alone,' said the pastor, with emphasis; 'but, since young M. Masson has heard so much, let him hear all. It is not because I found this slip in the way I told you that it has so much struck me; it is because it was not there when I looked at the very passage a few moments' before in the vestry, and that during that time the book never left my hands.'—'You must have put it in yourself then, that's clear,' said the innkeeper, laughing louder than ever.—'I am speaking very seriously, M. Masson, and——'—'Perhaps it will disappear as oddly as it came,' interrupted the mayor. 'There, put it off, and let me go; I am very busy to-day, and must attend to my customers.' The pastor insisted for some time longer, but the mayor said the thing was too absurd, and that he would do nothing. M. Martin had wished him to make some search at a place indicated in the mysterious slip, but finding remonstrance useless, or worse, for the mayor was becoming very rude, the pastor took his leave, escorted to the door by the young man, who was civil enough, and apologised for his father's conduct. M. Martin then bent his way to the residence of the nearest commissary of police. This gentleman listened to him attentively, and, when he had heard the story, asked of course to see the slip. M. Martin pulled out his Bible, found the place of his text, and turned very pale. The slip was gone——'

'Ah!' said I, 'that was strange enough.'

'Gone!' repeated madame, who had evidently been watching the effect the announcement would have on me, and was delighted at my surprise. 'Gone! And the commissary was my master, so I know all about it.'

"This is very strange,' said the commissary, rather coldly.—'I had it when I left the mayor's,' replied M. Martin. 'My Bible has never left my pocket, and now the slip is gone. There is something supernatural in this.'—'It will be difficult to get a commissary to believe in supernatural appearances of the sort,' said the other, pointedly.—'M. Commissary,' said the pastor, solemnly, 'so deeply were the words impressed on me, that, having read them twice, I can now repeat them. They were these:—'On the night of the 10th, a man was murdered by two others, on the highway, going from Valerançon towards Bellevue, and his body was thrown into the old well, under the willow-tree, a little beyond the Croix-Rousse.''—'Hum!' said the magistrate.—'I assure you, M. Commissary, that I cannot be mistaken. At all events a search in the well could do no harm.' The commissary, though he did not say much, had been not a little impressed by the earnestness and evident sincerity of the pastor, so, after considering some time, he said, 'Continue your walk a little farther, as far as Lourdigneux, then go back by another road than that you came, and don't speak of the matter till I see you again.' When the pastor was gone, the commissary considered a little, and then a sudden thought seized him. 'Saddle me a horse,' he said, 'and send Besnard here.' When Besnard——'

'Who was Besnard, may I ask?' said I.

'Why, the gendarme, of course. When Besnard came, he told him, after a short consideration, to go to the Croix-Rousse, and, concealing himself a little beyond it, to remark any one who should happen particularly to observe the old well under the willow-tree. Then he got on horseback, and went straight to the Mayor's inn, at Vallerançon, after, however, having made the pastor recount more particularly, and indeed very particularly, all that had passed between him and the two Massons. When the commissary reached the inn, he was received with great deference by its proprietor, and they talked on other matters for some time, the magistrate gradually insisting on the increasing influence of the Protestants in that quarter, and on the possibility of their uniting with the more strict Catholics to make him shut up his house at certain times, especially on Sundays. On this the mayor got excited, the more so that he had already been drinking; in short, and at last, he told the story of the pastor's application to him, calling him a fool and a madman. 'But the slip of paper,' said the commissary, 'what did it contain?'—'Oh, I don't remember,' said the mayor, 'neither I nor my son.'—'Then you both saw it?' asked the magistrate.—'Yes—that is to say—yes, we both saw it.' The commissary talked for some time on other subjects, and then left the inn, riding slowly and by a circuitous path towards the Croix-Rousse, saying to himself, 'This slip has been lost, for it existed; and so must be found, for it was found; and was

lost, and so must have existed; and existed, for it was lost, and must be——'

'Jean! Jean!' cried my hostess, 'I never heard you tell that story so before. Found and lost! Existed and found! Why, my old master never spoke in that way. Lost and found! Get on with the story. Monsieur, we are coming to the best of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jean. Wake up, or—(and here, in her zeal, the worthy woman drew from her knitting one of the needles)—I'll run this into the calf of your leg.'

On this the schoolmaster mechanically changed the crossing of his legs—a movement which disclosed the fact that they were calves on either—and went on.

'When the commissary got a little beyond the Croix-Rousse, he found Besnard, and asked him what intelligence he had. Besnard told him that several people had passed that way, but that none had gone near the old well except young Masson, the mayor's son, who had come at a quick pace to the spot, and, after looking down the well, had returned the way he came, 'Ride on to Bellevue,' said the commissary, 'buy a lantern, a cord, and a tinder-box, and be back as soon as you can. Discretion, remember, Besnard! It is curious, very curious. Stay a moment; let us look down first.' (They had approached the well as they were talking, and now dismounted.) 'Do you see anything particular about that bush growing out of the side, Besnard?' continued the magistrate, after both had peered into the dark pit for a minute or two; 'there about five feet down—to the left.'—'Some of the twigs seem to have been broken, sir, said the gendarme, 'and I think I see something like a bit of cloth sticking to it.'—'Just so,' said the commissary. 'I have no longer any doubts. Ride off, and, as there is no time be lost, you will not only bring a lantern, but you will desire two men that can be depended on to follow you hither, and to bring with them a long and stout rope.' Besnard soon returned. The lantern was lighted, and lowered into the well. It disclosed——'

Here the schoolmaster paused, to give effect to his story, while his wife stopped her knitting, and, heading forward, looked me in the face with with widely-opened eyes. 'It disclosed——' said she.

'It disclosed,' continued her husband, speaking slowly, and in a hollow voice, 'something like a bundle of clothes.'

'I expected as much,' said I, at which remark the schoolmaster looked disappointed. But he resumed:

'The two men sent for soon came up, and Besnard was let down in the well by the rope they brought. He found at the bottom a dead body!' It is impossible to describe the way in which the schoolmaster pronounced these words, nor the theatrical air with which he passed his hand over his forehead, as if a cold sweat had broken out upon it. 'A dead body monsieur! He disengaged himself from the rope, fastened it to the dead body, and called to the men to hoist away.

This they did; but, when the dead body came in sight, and they saw it was not Besnard, as they expected, but a dead body, they were so frightened, that they almost let go their hold; and if the commissary, who was a very strong man, had not caught the rope himself, poor Besnard might have been killed by the fall of the dead body.'

'In which case,' said I, 'there would have been two dead bodies.'

At this somewhat unfeeling remark, my two companions seemed hurt, and madame, in a reproving tone, said, 'Yes, monsieur; and Besnard was an excellent man, and the father of a family, and a pretty figure he was when he came back. He was all covered with mud from the bottom of the old well, and with blood, from handling the dead body, and his uniform was much torn by the briars on the sides. I know that, for I mended it myself. And,' continued she, reproachfully, 'it is not every one that would venture down into an old well to bring up a dead body.'

I said nothing, and the narrator went on to tell, in a somewhat prolix way, how 'the dead body' was conveyed to Bellevue; how it was recognised to be the corpse of a pedlar well known in that part of the country; how it appeared he had received no fewer than thirteen wounds; how, on inquiry, it was found that he had passed through the village of Vallerançon on the evening of the 10th; how he taken some refreshment at Masson's inn, and had disposed of some of his wares there; how he had incautiously exhibited a large sum of money in his possession; how, about dusk, he set off for Bellevue, which he never reached; and how the commissary immediately caused the mayor and all his family to be arrested on suspicion. My host also entered minutely into the details of the circumstantial evidence brought against the father and son; all of which, however, with one exception, I may pass over. At their final examination, the commissary observed to the elder Masson that his coat wanted a button, and asked him where he had lost it. The prisoner said he did not know. 'I know,' returned the magistrate, 'You lost it at the well near the Croix-Rousse. I found it in the bosom of the murdered man; and here, sir, it is', said he, turning to the *juge d'instruction;* I place it among the *pièces de conviction.*' And truly enough the button corresponded with the others on Masson's coat. It had evidently been torn off, either in a struggle with the pedlar, or in the effort of throwing the corpse into the well.

'The Massons were tried, condemned, and executed,' said the schoolmaster. 'There's my story—that's all.'

'Not quite, I think,' returned I. 'You have not explained the mystery of the slip of paper—how it so strangely appeared and disappeared. How was it?'

My two friends looked at each other triumphantly, as much as to say respectively, 'I knew he would ask that,' and then my host resumed; 'As to its disappearance, that was soon found out; the younger Masson, after his conviction, confessed that, when he followed Pastor Martin to the door, after his interview with the father, he had managd to pick the worthy man's pocket of his Bible, to abstract the slip, and to replace the book without being detected. But as to how it originally came into the pastor's Bible, the secret was not discovered till long after. It was thus: M. Martin had a servant called Antoine Pouzadoux, who acted also as beadle at the Temple. On the night in which the murder was committed, he had gone,

without his master's knowledge or permission, to see a young woman at Bellevue whom he was courting. On the way home, he saw two men approaching, carrying between them what seemed a dead body. He concealed himself in a ditch, and saw them throw the dead body into the old well near the Croix-Rousse. He was very much terrified, and did not know what to do. Next day he thought of informing the authorities, but, like many of our peasants, he had a horror of having anything to do with the police in any way whatever; so he thought of writing what he had seen on a slip of paper, and putting it into the pastor's Bible; which he did. That was the way the thing happened.'

'But,' interrupted I, 'the pastor declared that when he looked at his text in the vestry the slip was not there, and that the book never left his hands till he found it—how was that accounted for?

'I shall tell you presently; it was the commissary explained that. Antoine Pouzadoux married the girl of Bellevue, and told his wife the secret. She advised him to confess all to the pastor. He did so, much to M. Martin's relief, for the worthy man had been sorely puzzled on the subject. The pastor told the commissary, who sent for Antoine, and gave him a terrible scolding for not having declared openly what he had seen. He then came to the pastor's, and asked him to show him his Bible, and the text he had intended to preach from on the memorable Sunday. M. Martin complied; and, after a short examination of the book, he said, 'I think I understand the thing. You see, M. Martin, that the last verse of your text is over the page. When you looked at the passage in the vestry, either from hurry, or from knowing this last verse by heart, you did not turn the page, and so did not see the slip of paper, which was placed, not between the leaves where you began, but between those where you ended.' And the pastor said it was likely enough.'

'So it was,' said I; 'but how did Antoine know where the pastor was to preach from?'

'The pastor,' replied the schoolmaster, 'had always a few written notes placed at his text—that guided Antoine There, that's my story.'

'And a very good one it is, and capitally well told. I am indeed much obliged to you,' said I.

The schoolmaster seemed much gratified, crossed his legs the other way, and gave the fire a poke with his wooden shoe.

'And there,' cried his wife, who had risen and taken something out of a drawer—'there'—here she thrust the object close to my nose—'there's the button! Besnard got it for me after the trial, and I keep it as a souvenir of the commissary, who was such a good clever man.'

Long Breakfast.—A farmer observing his servant a long time at breakfast, said "John, you make a long breakfast." "Master," answered John "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you would think of."

Revenge.—A person being asked why he had given his daughter to a person with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

ANGEL EYES.

The cold night-wind blew bitterly;
The rain fell thick and fast;
The withered trees sighed mournfully,
As a Woman hurried past.
What does she here, on a night so drear,
Alone amid the blast!

Her face, though fair and youthful,
Is worn with want and pain;
And her hair, that was once a mother's care,
Is tangled with wind and rain;
And nights of sin and days of woe
Have wrought their work on her brain.

There is no tear upon her cheek;
But a wild light in her eye,
And she turns her sin-seared countenance
Up to the frowning sky,
And prays the quivering lightning flash
To strike—that she may die!

The wild sky gazed unpitying
On the wilder face below;
The lightning mocked her desperate prayer
As it darted to and fro;
And the rain ceased and the stars came forth,
And the wind was hushed and low.

"Oh, stars! have ye come forth to gaze
Upon me in my shame!
I left the city's wicked streets,
For I could not bear the blame
That was heaped upon me as I went,
And that cruel, cruel name!

"I passed the house of the false, false one,
Who tempted me to sin;
I stopped and gazed through the window pane,
And saw the bright fire within;
And *he* sat there with wine and cheer,
While I stood wet to the skin.

"Behind me, on the wintry sky,
There gleams the city's light;
Before me, shine the clear cold stars,
Like the eyes of angels bright;
I cannot hide from men's eyes by day,
Nor from angels eyes by night.

"I know a pool that's still and deep,
Where, 'neath the willow's shade,
When a happy child, the water-weeds
And rushes I would braid;
But I little thought within that pool
My grave would e'er be made."

She sought the place with hasty steps,
And a wild and rigid stare;
But she saw the mild, bright eyes of the stars
Had got before her there;
And to Him who sent them to soften her heart,
She fell on her knees in prayer.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

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PROLOGUE.

Some one has said or written, in some place or in some book, at some period heretofore, (the precise authority, medium and date, are unimportant, and have passed from our memory,) that a prologue is a kind of officious interloper—a useless advertisement of persons and things that must be judged entirely by their own merits. Despite this oracular pronunciamento, we follow in the wake of many a bright example, and proceed to introduce our readers to the design of this department of our publication, by giving a brief description of the origin of the undertaking, the persons with whom they will regularly be brought into familiar, and we hope, pleasureable, intercourse; as well as the place in which the editorial symposia are periodically held, and of which the following pages contain a faithful record.

The difficulties with which literary enterprize has to encounter in these days of utilitarian philosophy, encyclopædic knowledge, and almost limitless facilities of multiplication and reproduction, are in no trifling degree encreased in this country, where the "battle of life" is mainly fought in the fields of commerce and labour, and in which the combatants, and of these comparatively few, have neither the leisure or means—alas! that we should think the inclination also wanting to partake of the relaxation of intellectual pursuits and to encourage the attempts which are made to promote them. We believe, however, and we rejoice in the belief, that as the stern asperities of life's chequered way are rapidly diminishing under the triumphs of energetic and successful enterprise, so the desire, natural to the race from which we spring, of enjoying to the fullest extent those fruits of mental culture and those benefits of refinement, which have been aptly termed "the embellishments of life," will grow stronger. Limited as the influence of this desire is, the materials for its gratification, particularly in the lighter class of publications, we speak strictly of those produced on this continent, are more abundant than profitable. It is with no desire to detract from their literary merits that we venture on this bold assertion. The talent displayed in many of the original compositions which they contain, is unquestionable; the industry evinced in their compilation is most commendable; we have no doubt also, that much discrimination is employed in selecting such articles as are best suited to the tastes of the majority of the people among whom they circulate; but it is precisely in this particular that we deem them deficient and inapposite for the Canadian public.

It is with the hope and intention of remedying this defect that the "*Anglo-American Magazine*" has been commenced. By making our selections from sources seldom used by our contemporaries and by regulating the nature of the articles published in our pages, we shall endeavour to maintain in their integrity, what we believe to be, those characteristic elements of the genius of British Colonists—monarchical principles.

THE PLACE AND THE MAN.

On a gentle slope some four miles to the westward of the "Muddy clearing," as Solomon of Streetsville delighteth to call our city, may be seen one of those primitive fabrics yclept in Canuckian vernacular a "Shanty." Now dear, good, gentle, wise readers, you at least who are familiar with the physical peculiarities of these buildings, will continue the perusal of our description, with associations awakened little calculcated for sympathy with the "poetry of our feelings," as we gaze on that quiet-looking simple dwelling. True, there are the rudely fashioned logs with their notched ends overlaid—there the rough bark and plastered seams—but over them creep the mingled foliage of the wild grape and honey-suckle.

The thatch has been replaced by a shingled roof—the loop holes which ordinarily represent windows have been neatly cased and glazed—the doorway has an unpretending porch with a trelliswork of vines—there is a patch of bright green sward in front, over which droop the gracile branches of a spreading willow. One or two noble elms flank the rustic gateway which opens on a path gliding among the pines which clothe the bank of the Humber, of which we catch a furtive glance, as it steals silently along its sedgy bed on its course to the lake. A few sturdy oaks give a partial shade to the small enclosure which is dignified by the classic title olitorium; on the window sill or on stands beneath the window, are seen some neatly painted boxes and small kegs with geraniums, roses, oleanders, balsams and carnatians, the especial favorites and objects of tender solicitude to one with whom we shall shortly make you acquainted. As we sit in the cozy

little porch enjoying the cool breeze after a sultry day, Ontario sleeps before us without the dream of a wavelet. In the distant south-west can oft-times be seen a vapour-like cloud kissed by the warm lips of the setting sun. Homage to the fleecy ensign of the mighty Niagara! the signal of its giant leap over the rocky fastness which stands between it and the expecting and longed for lake! Distantly to the East are seen the shining spires of the City, while the view to the West is bounded by the woods above the Mimico. Within this retreat all bespeaks an air of frugal comfort—the plainest materials compose its furniture—while a small gem by Teniers and a good old print after Claude, convey some faint inkling of the tastes of the owner. Nor is evidence wanting that a gentler influence is at work than that of the *Cœlebs Magister*. The neat arrangement of every object within the narrow limits of the modest apartment devoted to the common uses of dining hall and sitting room, with due attention to effect and economy of space, betoken a woman's head and hand. Alas! Poor Mrs. Grundy—how often thy patient spirit has been tried by the merciless forgetfulness and carelessness of thy masculine friend. Quietly the misplaced book is returned to its wonted shelf—the scattered papers arranged with care—the missing extract preserved from the ruthless breeze which would have swept it into the oblivion of the waters beneath. Yet how well your labours are repaid with the kindly smile and cheerful praise of that same eccentric mass of quaint readings and odd sayings. In one corner of the room may be seen one of those modern contrivances of mechanical skill, which put the escritoires of our forefathers to as deep a blush as their mahogany surface will permit—one of those ingeniously arranged receptacles in which every thing seems as it were by instinct to be just in its proper place, at the precise moment when it is wanted, and within the most convenient distance possible from our hand. On the opened cover of this are writing materials; to the left stands a frame, in which is stretched a piece of German canvass on which neatly traced, appears the last device of slipper pattern. On the turned knob of one of its supporting pillars, there is an Editorial smoking cap, waiting for the last finishing touch of braid. Over the protecting end of the axle on which it swings, hangs a bag, from the puckered mouth of which peer the truant ends of many hued wools. To the right, on a small ledge conveniently disposed, are the latest numbers of all sorts of volumes and papers, with illustrations in ink, in colours, from steel, wood and stone. Here it is that the good dame prepares with consummate judgment the matter for her part in the editorial labours, and to which we can with confidence and satisfaction refer our lady readers. Of dear, good Mrs. Grundy and her gatherings we shall often have occasion to speak and mayhap we may one day beguile her into telling a tale of other times. At the opposite corner of the room just a little removed from the window there is an old and quaint oaken desk, the very antithesis of Mrs. Grundy's table; a pen or two worn to stumps are heedlessly thrown among slips of paper, open books and scraps of every size. One of Jacques and Hays' most delectable study chairs (the only piece of extravagance in the place) is placed "forenent" the desk and in it sits in all the sombre gravity of editorial abstraction our friend and gossip—our editor—CULPEPPER CRABTREE, ESQ., of that Ilk. The Government have recently promoted him in the militia service of the Province, at the special instigation of the Adjutant General, and on account of his services in the rebellion he passes among his familiars by his military style "The Major." Here it is his wont to receive the visits of several choice and congenial spirits who monthly convene for the purpose of discussing the topics of the day—when men and books, music and art, are spoken of with a freedom somewhat unusual in the ordinary intercourse of quiet people. Nor are these sederunts always unprovided with the creature comforts. On these state occasions, the Major directs that if the weather permits it, the "shield of Bacchus" as he facetiously calls the principal table, shall be placed at the foot of the Willow and there provided with a proper quantum of Davis' best "Port Hope" for his friends, his own particular jug, and the requisite paraphernalia. Nor is the South forgotten. The redolent Havannah too is there—and for those who prefer them the T. D. cutties. Having now performed our duty of introducing the two principal personages of our Dramatis Personæ we will leave them to speak for themselves.

* * * * *

One thing we forgot to mention. The Major abominates the affectation of quoting latin—but has nevertheless given us permission to reveal the motto under which he has for years followed out his favoured lucubrations.

"Homo sum et humani a me nil alienum puto."

SEDERUNT I.

THE MAJOR (*soliloquises.*)—There! the last dash of the old quill has accomplished a task which has occupied my mind for days. When next I resume thee oh! nicely nibbed friend, thy labour shall be devoted to a more social strain—a letter to ——— ah! how strangely do our thoughts obey some mysterious influence! here comes the very man: *Doctissimus*, thou art welcome to our Shanty—here have I been musing on the desire of inflicting upon thee one of my rambling scrips, and thou hast most opportunely came to hear me speak what else thou wouldest have had to spell.

THE DOCTOR.—That pleasure I trust is but postponed. The day has been so sultry in

the city that taking the omnibus as far as the gate of the Asylum, I have trudged the remainder of the way through dust and heat for the luxury of a cool evening and a quiet chat. Nay more have I to say—our worthy friend the LAIRD promised to follow close on my heels. I left him about to submit himself to the tender mercies of Mr. Wright, nor was the resolution ill-timed. His chin being the very semblance of one of his own newly cradled fields. Nor should I be at all surprised if he persuades his Hibernian chum to accompany him, and then indeed we shall have work enough to do.

THE MAJOR.—The more the merrier say I! What a pity it is that popular prejudice has been aroused against the institution which you made the starting point of your pedestrian feat. It is a noble evidence of the civilization and philanthrophy of this land of our adoption, and despite its architectural deficiencies, speaks well for the enterprize of the people.

THE DOCTOR.—It is a great fact, Major, but it is a great mistake. It never should have been built where it is. Although situated in the healthiest spot in the neighbourhood of the City, it is nevertheless under the influence of many combining causes of pathogenesis.

THE MAJOR.—Pray speak plainly, let us have none of your technicalities.

THE DOCTOR.—*Peccavi;* The situation of a Lunatic Asylum above all things should be carefully selected. Quietude, salubrity, variety of scenery, and ample space are the requisites. Picture to yourself the misery the unfortunate inmates are daily subjected to. Gazing on the busy crowd passing and repassing along the road in the enjoyment of personal liberty, the *idea* of their incarceration is ever present to their darkened minds and warped imaginations—and this is a point on which the insane are peculiarly sensitive. Then again the ground about it is too limited. There is no variety, and if the proposition of cultivation for useful purposes only is completely carried out, this defect will be still further encreased. The internal arrangements also are very unsatisfactory. The accomodation is insufficient for the purposes of classification, a most important feature in the management of Lunatics; indeed it is said not to be sufficient for the numbers who require treatment.

THE MAJOR.—What is the number of inmates?

THE DOCTOR.—About three hundred, I believe.

THE MAJOR.—What? Do you tell me that there are more madmen still to treat?

THE DOCTOR.—Aye truly, Major! The proportion of insane to the population is not greater I believe in Canada than it is in other countries, not so great as it is in some—but still it seems strange that it should be even as large as it is, in a country where the means of livelihood would seem to be within the reach of all. But this is a question too purely professional for you, and therefore let us change the subject.

THE MAJOR.—One word before we do. An impression seems to prevail that the present Medical Officer is incompetent to discharge the duties of his responsible position. What say you?

THE DOCTOR.—I hav known Scott for many years. We were at Edinburgh together. I believe him to be as well qualified by education as any man in the country. I have not had much opportunity of observing him personally since he entered the busy scenes of life, but the evidence of those who have enjoyed his friendship is all in his favor. If anything goes wrong in the Institution it is not his fault. He has too much put upon him, and is too hampered. He should have assistants, and the benefit of consulting men. He should be perfectly untrammelled by any other duties than the treatment of the *Malady*, and be fortified by the counsel of those who would assist him in the investigations he must necessarily carry on. But to other matters.

THE MAJOR.—First wet your whistle. Have you anything new in the shape of books?

THE DOCTOR.—Nothing very new to many perhaps, but I have lately been vastly taken with a production from the pen of an old mutual acquaintance.

THE MAJOR.—Name your friend.

THE DOCTOR.—William Gregory.

THE MAJOR.—I know the man, and I guess the book. "Letters on Animal Magnetism."

THE DOCTOR.—The same, and a very remarkable one it is. The subject is engaging the minds of men of every calibre at the present day. And Gregory among others has come in for a very liberal allowance of harsh criticism. Now from what we both know of him, I think you will agree with me, that although always a little visionary in his views, he at least is a man on whose probity the utmost reliance is to be placed, and who would not assert anything which he did not from conviction believe to be true. Still he relates some very remarkable circumstances, and is apparently in some degree led away, by the enthusiasm with which he is imbued, to receive the statements of *all persons* with the same good faith as he would himself record his own observations.

THE MAJOR.—But believing them, is he wrong in using their evidence in support of his argument?

THE DOCTOR.—Certainly not, but he should not forget that every one is not as firmly impressed with the truth of the doctrines of magnetism as he is, and therefore he ought carefully to have avoided the relation of any fact bordering on the marvellous.

THE MAJOR.—But what of the literary merits

of the book? The science of the thing passeth my comprehension at present—I have yet to make up my mind on the subject and will require to cogitate and read upon it for some time longer, before I venture upon a judgment or an opinion.

THE DOCTOR.—Said with the caution of your country. The book is written in an easy epistolary style, a little too verbose perhaps, but then you know Gregory is an awful German scholar, and has picked up this style in his study of that language. It is the reputation which he enjoys in the scientific and literary world, which probably arouses the jealous enmity of others less gifted. It is no small praise that such a man as LIEBIG should have sent him the manuscript of one of his best works to translate for publication.

THE MAJOR.—Oh he has great talent. I could tell you some amusing anecdotes of him in years gone by. Do you think he has made out a good case for his science?

THE DOCTOR.—He puts the argument for unprejudiced investigation fairly and forcibly. He applauds his correspondent for "a rational incredulity, without any share of that irrational scepticism which is often applied to new investigations." Dwelling on the fallacy of the latter spirit, he declares that time alone can conquer it, and thus illustrates his position:—

"Time put an end to the violent opposition which was offered to the system of Copernicus, on the ground that it not only contradicted the evidence of our senses, according to which the sun revolves round the earth, but was directly contrary to the plainest declarations of Scripture. It was time which, aided by the discovery of the New World, finally established, in the public mind, the truth that the earth is spherical; a truth rejected by the most learned professors, on account of the inherent absurdity of the idea of antipodes, its necessary consequence; of the impossibility of the existence of countries, where men walked head downwards, and trees grew downwards in the air from their roots in the soil; and also on account of its inconsistency with the scriptural truth, that the heavens are spread over the earth like a tent. Let us think of Columbus trying in vain to convince geographers and astronomers of the probable existence of a western hemisphere, and branded by them as an adventurer and impostor, up to the day of his sailing on his first voyage, and only two years before his return to Spain, with his ships laden with the gold of the new continent: let us think of his fate, and we can easily see how the promulgator of true facts in Animal Magnetism may be decried and reviled as a visionary and a cheat.

"Time alone established the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, a doctrine so obviously founded on the most easily observable facts, that we can hardly now conceive how it could be doubted. Many learned doctors rejected it till their dying day. And, at the present day, it is Time which is gradually but surely dissipating the prejudices which we can all remember to have seen in full vigor against Geology, because, in the opinion of many good men, it contradicted the Mosaic account of the creation. Men now begin to perceive that, the better geology is understood, the more perfectly does it harmonize even with the brief account given by Moses; and that, to reconcile them, we need not to abandon one established fact. No one thinks now of maintaining that mountain ranges, of miles in depth, bearing, in unmistakable characters, the evidence that hundreds and thousands of generations of living creatures lived, died, and were embalmed in the rock during its formation; that such masses of rock were formed in their present shape within one or even six of our present days. Time is producing the conviction that the facts of geology, like those of astronomy, cannot really clash with scriptural truth; in short, that one truth cannot possibly contradict another truth; and that, instead of injuring the scriptural truth, geology, like all true science, serves only more firmly to establish it. So also will it be with the truths of Animal Magnetism."

Again in reasoning on the general tenor of the objections raised against the study he writes:—

"There are some things which we know to be impossible. It is, for example, impossible for two and two to make more or less than four. It is impossible for the three angles of any triangle to exceed or fall short of two right angles, or 180°. It is impossible for a living or dead mass of matter to be in two or more places at the same time. But it will be found on examination, that none of the facts, alleged to occur in Animal Magnetism, are impossible in this sense. They are only, at the utmost, exceedingly difficult, or rather, it is exceedingly difficult to account for or explain them. We cannot even say that it is impossible to transmute lead into gold; for we are ignorant of the intimate nature of these metals; nay we only call them elements or simple bodies, because we cannot *prove* them to be otherwise. And, even if they were absolutely simple, it is not inconceivable, nor absolutely impossible, that they might be mutually convertible, and that the difference in their properties might depend on a mere difference in the mode of arrangement of the ultimate atoms, these last being, in their own nature, all identical; just as phosphorus, sulphur and carbon, three non-metallic elements (as far as we know) appear to us each of them in at least two totally distinct forms, differing as much from each other as sulphur does from phosphorus, or phosphorus from carbon, that is, in physical external properties. And yet, while we cannot say that the transmutation of lead to gold is *impossible*, no one has, in modern times, professed to transmute lead into gold, and still less has any one ventured to say that all can accomplish that transmutation. Whereas, the alleged facts of Animal Magnetism have not only been repeatedly observed and produced by well-qualified experimenters, but they have been described in such a way as to enable all, who choose, to produce them at pleasure.

It is, therefore, in the highest degree illogical to reject these facts, because of their alleged impossibility or incredibility; which can mean nothing more, than that we find it impossible to

account for them, and are, therefore, entitled without inquiry to reject them."

THE MAJOR.—Very good. But why does he not come out at once like a man and tell what this Animal Magnetism is?

THE DOCTOR.—Nay, the science is in the germ as yet; we are on the threshold only of the great truths connected with psychological phenomena, and not until Gregory's appeal to study the subject dispassionately and philosophically is complied with, can we hope to elicit much. Read the book, Major, you will lose nothing by it, but may gain many wrinkles.

THE MAJOR.—I will, but methinks I hear the Squireen's chuckle.

THE DOCTOR.—Yes! here they come!

[*Enter the Squireen and the Laird.*[

THE SQUIREEN.—The fag end of a purty day to you. When next I venture on an excursion to your shanty, I will undoubtedly apply to Mr. Mink for his choicest team!

THE LAIRD.—Ech! Sirs, Whew!

THE MAJOR.—Ah Laird, this is nothing to the Sauchy Hall road, nor yet to the plains of Egypt.

THE LAIRD.—Whisht man, stop your chaffing. You're unco gleg with that cutty in cheek. Gie me a drink to wash the gritty dust frae my teeth and then I will express myself in the polite language o'modern salutation.

THE DOCTOR.—Perhaps you would prefer a little Alloa ale, pale and bright as amber, to the limpid fluid from the Humber?

THE LAIRD.—Wha instructed you touching the weakness o' my nature? Or is the remembrance o' Mrs. Rutherford's pewter still fresh on your lips, as when last you smacked them, in Register Street, on your way to Surgeon's Square?

THE DOCTOR.—Perhaps, Laird, a little of the ginger still sticks to your's?

THE SQUIREEN.—By the tongs of St. Dunstan! friend Crabtree, but you have created quite a metamorphosis in this crib of yours. Why, a few months ago, and a decent thorough-bred pointer would have scrupled to make this same chamber his kennel, and now——

THE MAJOR.—And now even the fastidious O'Blarney commendeth it! What more need or can be said? "Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley!" Permit me to recommend a fresh cheroot from Lyons' last importation.

THE DOCTOR.—We have just been discussing Gregory's letters on "Animal Magnetism," and here I find two books on the Major's table, which I confess I am surprised at, for more trashy stuff I never looked into.

THE MAJOR.—What may the books be which call forth such wholesale condemnation?

THE DOCTOR.—"*Light from the Spirit World*," and "*The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine and others to the seventh circle of the Spirit World.*"

THE LAIRD.—The Speerit warld! The region o' Glenleevit?

THE DOCTOR.—No, Sir! The emanations of a disordered imagination; the fruits of the Rochester Knockings—one of the most glaring and impious impostures ever practised on the human mind.

THE LAIRD.—The exhalations o' a pint-stoup!—the fumes o' a whiskey-bottle!

THE DOCTOR.—Probably the effect of similar causes. The author professes to write under the dictation of a spiritual monitor, nay, the very penmanship is executed by an invisible agency,—his hand is guided by the spirit of Paine, and he declares himself not responsible for the sentiments expressed against his volition. He only professes to supervise the orthography and punctuation.

THE LAIRD.—Gie us a touch o' his speerituality.

THE DOCTOR.—(*Reads*):—

"We came to a world of eternal reality. I entered within a sacred repository of wisdom, where I saw minds renowned in history, whose countenances reflected a light which illumined all who came near them. The wide arch of heaven rung with song, and waste places felt the genial influence of virtue. Before us were written in letters of gold the words, "Worthy art thou to receive glory, and honor, and praise, and power." On the right were crowns at the feet of saints, and on the left were gems of silver brightness, linked with a chain of light. These gems were so arranged as to represent in a minature the words, "Poverty and riches embrace wisdom, when one receives what the other gives." Near the entrance of this magnificent theatre of wisdom, rose a writing, "Enter thou into the joy of wisdom." Beneath our feet were clouds of vapor, on which the sun shone, giving them a smiling appearance. A vase of flowers stood in the centre, and near by it a well, out of whose mouth came a gushing current of the water of life. As we passed the well, the Worthy said, "This is the water that whosoever drinketh thereof shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life. Drink freely."

THE LAIRD.—Aye, there it is, drink freely! That's the cream o' the wicked ranting.

THE DOCTOR.—(*Reads*):—

"But who will work the necessary change? I see a change in the human condition approaching. I see a mighty revolution in the organization of human society. I see means which can accomplish the result. There is a progress in the rudimental world. The crowns of kings are growing old with mind. Reverence for human authority will not last forever. The relics of other days, are monuments of wrong. The tide of progression will sweep into oblivion the injustice of tyranny. The sun of truth will enlighten the nations of earth. The glory of God will be revealed, and all flesh shall enjoy it together. But, until the change shall come, no human wisdom can control the disorders of society. Efforts will be made by

philanthropic minds, to rectify the evils, but without success. Organized communities will be established, but the evil, in some form, will remain. Something more than a change of external conditions is required. Externals affect internals, but the external should not control the internal. The external is the stream, the internal the fountain. Nature provides that the internal, the fountain, should control the external, the effect. Not until the fountain becomes pure, will the stream be worthy. The wrongs of society, are the manifestations of wisdom in embryo. It is enshrouded in the darkness of other days. The night of superstition is far spent. The morning light of truth must break from this sphere. The fountain of pure water must refresh the desolate earth. The well of sympathy must flow freely, to nourish the plants of immortal progress.

THE LAIRD.—Nae mair! nae mair o' that! Light your pipe wi' that last passage, man. I feel ma *internals* all in a boil at the thocht, that ane o' my kind should commit such egregious folly—such moral sin, as to send abroad upon the warld the foul iniquity. It's a blasphemous paraphrase o' the Revelations—a clear passport to the torments o' the damned! Put the wicked buik in the fire, and let us talk o' something mair rational.

THE SQUIREEN.—I say, Major, what book is that in your fist, with binding coloured like a pickled beet? The crathur seems blushing at its own contints!

THE MAJOR.—It has no cause to do so, then, my lad, for the *tome* is one of the most readable duodecimos which I have met with for some time.

THE SQUIREEN.—And pray what may the modest spalpeen call itself?

THE MAJOR.—"*Papers from the Quarterly Review;*" being the latest number of "*Appleton's Popular Library.*"

THE SQUIREEN.—Faith and throth the compiler of the same must have had no small botheration in making such a *ween* selection from such a mountain of materials! Twenty volumes would hardly suffice to give even a taste of the ould Quarterly's *crame!*

THE MAJOR.—The difficulty, I admit, was great, but the Editor has accomplished his task in a very satisfactory manner. He has managed to present "the million,"—(to use one of the slang terms of the day,)—with a most delightful afternoon's reading.

THE LAIRD.—Afternoon, div ye say? Od, the man's clean gyte! Are ye in earnest when ye say that ye wud sook the juice o' that gaucy buik between denner and supper-time?

THE MAJOR.—Of course I am! Why, I would make no bones of discussing three such affairs in that period!

THE LAIRD.—Weel, weel! that beats a'! I fear your lair maun be a thocht superficial! Nae wonder that Tam Carlyle ca'st his "the age o' puff paste and Vauxhall sandwiches!" Why, I am gae and gleg at the uptak, but still I wud like twa days, at least, to disgeest sic a turreen fu' o' literature!

THE SQUIREEN.—You have got behind the "go-a-headishness" of the times during your exile in the bush! A few sederunts in our friend Crabtree's *shanty* will brighten up your wits like blazes! But to come back to the point in hand,—What are the gems that Appleton has culled from the Quarterly?

THE MAJOR.—They are only five in number, but are all of *first Cheap* water. The following are their titles:—"*The Printer's Devil,*"—"*Gastronomy and Gastronomers,*"—"*The Honey Bee,*"—"*Music,*"—and "*Art of Dress.*"

THE LAIRD.—There's *variety*, at any rate, if there's naething mair—as Dugald McHaggis said when he was praisin' the colours o' his auld torn kilt! Pray, Major, whilk o' the papers is your pet?

THE MAJOR.—Why, I should say the first; the writer of which has invested the various processes of typography with all the interest of romance. In the following quaint style does the article commence:—

"*And noo, ma freends,*"—some fifty years ago, said an old Highland preacher, suddenly lowering a voice which for nearly an hour had been giving fervid utterance to a series of supplications for the welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, of his flock,—"*And noo, ma freends,*"—the good man repeated, as, wiping his bedewed brow, he looked down upon a congregation who with outstretched chins sat listening in respectful astonishment to this new proof that their pastor's subject, unlike his body, was still unexhausted; "*And noo, ma freends,*"—he once more exclaimed, with a look of parental benevolence it would be utterly impossible to describe—"*Let us praigh for the puir Deil! There's naebody praighs for the puir Deil.*"

THE LAIRD.—My grandfather kent weel the honest man that said that! He was minister o' the parish o' *Rumblety-thump*, in Argyleshire. I mind anither story about him, nearly as sappy!

THE SQUIREEN.—Let us have it, by all means!

THE LAIRD.—You see, the parishioners o' Rumblety-thump had got unco lazy, and didna come regularly to kirk in the mornings; so Maister McBain (for so he was named) determined to gie them a red face. Accordingly, on a particular afternoon, he thus addressed his truant sheep on the enormity o' their conduct, concluding in the following words, which my grandsire heard wi' his ain lugs:—"*Oich! oich! ye'll stay at hame in your beds in the mornings, instead o' coming to the preaching. And wha are your companions there? Wha but the Deil and the fleas?—and your blankets no scooral since they cam' frae the weavin'!*"

THE SQUIREEN.—Ha! ha! ha! We are forgetting our book, however. I say, Crabtree, can you give us another tasting of the same?

THE MAJOR.—With pleasure. In the *Printer's Devil* we are presented with an exceedingly graphic description of the gigantic

establishment of Messrs. Clowes, from which I shall read to you the following interesting account of the process of impressing coloured maps. To me, at least, the passage has all the freshness of novelty :—

"By his beautiful invention, the new artist has not only imparted to woodcut blocks the advantages of impressing, by little metallic circles, and by actual type, the positions, as well as the various names of cities, towns, rivers, &c., which it would be difficult as well as expensive to delineate in wood, but he has also, as we will endeavour to explain, succeeded in giving, by machinery, that bloom, or in other words, those colours to his maps, which had hitherto been laboriously painted on by human hands.

"On entering the small room of the house in which the inventor has placed his machine, the attention of the stranger is at once violently excited by seeing several printer's rollers, which, though hitherto deemed to be as black and unchangeable as an Ethiopian's skin, appear before him bright yellow, bright red, and beautiful blue! "Tempora mutantur," they exultingly seem to say, "*nos* et mutamur in illis!" In the middle of the chamber stands the machine, consisting of a sort of open box, which, instead of having, as is usual, one lid only, has one fixed to every side, by which means the box can evidently be shut or covered by turning down either the lid on the north, on the south, on the east, or on the west.

"The process of impressing with this engine is thus effected. A large sheet of pure white drawing paper is, by the chief superintendent, placed at the bottom of the box, where it lies, the emblem of innocence, perfectly unconscious of the impending fate that awaits it. Before, however, it has had any time for reflection, the north lid, upon which is imbedded a metal plate, coloured *blue*, suddenly revolves over upon the paper, when, by the turn of a press underneath the whole apparatus, a severe pressure is instantaneously inflicted. The north lid is no sooner raised than the south one, upon which is imbedded a metal plate coloured *yellow*, performs the same operation; which is immediately repeated by the eastern lid, the plates of which are coloured *red;* and, lastly, by the western lid, whose plates contain nothing but *black* lines, marks of cities, and names.

"By these four operations, which are consecutively performed, quite as rapidly as we have detailed them, the sheet of white paper is seen successfully and happily transformed into a most lovely and prolific picture, in *seven* colours, of oceans, empires, kingdoms, principalities, cities, flowing rivers, mountains (the tops of which are left white), lakes, &c., each not only pronouncing its own name, but declaring the lines of latitude and longitude under which it exists. The picture, or, as it terms itself, "The Patent Illuminated Map," proclaims to the world its own title: it gratefully avows the name of its ingenious parent to be *Charles Knight.*

"A few details are yet wanting to fill up the rapid sketch or outline we have just given of the mode of imprinting these maps. On the northern block, which imparts the first impression, the oceans and the lakes are cut in wavy lines, by which means, when the whole block is covered *blue*, the wavy parts are impressed quite light, while principalities, kingdoms, &c., are deeply designated, and thus by one process *two blues* are imprinted.

"When the southern block which is coloured *yellow*, descends, besides marking out the principalities, &c., which are to be permanently designated by that colour, a portion of it re-covers countries, which by the first process had been marked *blue*, but which by the admixture of the *yellow*, are beautifully coloured *green*. By this second process, therefore, *two* colours are again imprinted. When the eastern lid, which is coloured *red*, turning upon its axis, impinges upon the paper, besides stamping the districts which are to be designated by its own colour it intrudes upon a portion of the *blue* impression, which it instantly changes into *brown;* and thus by the single operation, *three* colours are imprinted.

"But the three lids conjointly have performed another very necessary operation—namely, they have moistened the paper sufficiently to enable it to receive the typographical lines of longitude and latitude, the course of rivers, the little round marks denoting cities, and the letterpress, all of which, by the last pressure, are imparted, in common black printer's ink, to a map distinguishing, under the beautiful process we have described, the various regions of the globe, by light blue, dark blue, yellow, green, red, brown, and purple."

THE SQUIREEN.—Wonders will never cease, as Paddy observed when he saw the primary *Tee-totaller* refuse a gratuitous sup of potheen!

THE MAJOR.—Laird a-hoy, there! Why, man, you seem to have been in *Cloud Land*, for the last five minutes! What work is that which you are delving into?

THE LAIRD.—It is "*The Days of Bruce—a story from Scottish history*," by that clever Jewish lassie, Grace Aguilar. Puir thing! she's dead and gane noo!

THE MAJOR.—And what hand has the Hebrew damsel made of the "Bruce of Bannockburn?"

THE LAIRD.—The remark that Dandie Dinmont made anent the Gypsie, is applicable to Grace's story—there's baith bad and good aboot it!

THE SQUIREEN.—Pray expound! as the man in the play says.

THE LAIRD.—Weel, ye see that sae far as a narrative o' facts is concerned, the thing is weel done. The reader, wha, to his misfortune, chances to be ignorant o' the matchless pages o' Tytler, will find mony incidents weel worth the kenning. Generally speaking, too, the style o' the story is dignified, and the "stage effect," as Crabtree wud ca' it, far from contemptible.

THE SQUIREEN.—A pretty liberal amount of commendation! Now for the *per contra* side of the account.

THE LAIRD.—The main faut that I have to the tale is, that the personages thereof speak as if they were Lords and Leddies, and Priests and Generals o' the present day and generation! They want that indescribable raciness

with which Scott invests his auld-warld heroes and heroines.

THE MAJOR.—I presume, from what you say, that Grace Aguilar's work bears some resemblance to Miss Porter's *Scottish Chiefs?*

THE LAIRD.—Na, na! "The Days of Bruce" are far superior to that fushionless, wishy-washy piece o' twaddle! Why, though the "Bruce" o' Grace converses with unnatural smoothness, minding you o' a blackthorn walking-stick polished up and varnished, he is far from wanting birr and smeddum! Through a' the artificial gloss ye can recognize the blackthorn! Miss Porter's "Wa' ace," on the ither haun, is just like a play-actor warrior. Ye can never help thinking that he wears French kid gloves below his gauntlets, and that he patronizes otto o' roses and bear's creesh!

THE SQUIREEN.—Are you not a fraction too severe on the "Chiefs?" They used to have a great run, as our friend Maclear would say.

THE LAIRD.—They never had "a run" wi ony that kent what Scotland is, or what the Wallace was! It is true that when the romance first appeared there was a sad lack o' national prose fictional literature—naething worth speaking o', in fact, being to the fore, save the "Cottagers o' Glenburnie," and consequently folk, in the desperation o' hunger, read it, just as they would eat raw kail kustocks rather than starve. But when Miss Ferrier, and Mrs. Johnston, and aboon a' the matchless Wizard o' Abbotsford, appeared, Miss Porter and her feckless bantling gaed oot like a superannuated fardin caunle!

THE MAJOR.—It is still reprinted, however.

THE LAIRD.—Like enough! And so is that conglomeration o' trash, "The Children of the Abbey," by Regina Maria Roche. Budding milliners and sprouting tailors will ever require sic-like sickly viands, and consequently they will never gang oot o' the market; mair's the pity!

THE MAJOR.—Returning to "The Days of the Bruce"; you are bound to cite some evidence in justification of your censure.

THE LAIRD.—I will do that, Crabtree, my man, in the cracking o' a hazel nut! Just listen to this sentence; Nigel Bruce is speaking to his great brither, Robin:—

"Oh, I have watched thee, studied thee, even as I loved thee, long; and I have hoped, felt, *known* that this day would dawn; that thou *wouldst* rise for Scotland, and she would rise for thee. Ah, now thou smilest as thyself, and I will to my tale. The patriot died—let me not utter how; no Scottish tongue should speak those words, save with the upraised arm and trumpet shout of vengeance; I could not rest in England then; I could not face the tyrant who dared proclaim and execute as traitor the noblest hero, purest patriot, that ever walked this earth. But men said I sought the lyric schools, the poet's haunts in Provence, and I welcomed the delusion; but it was to Scotland that I came, unknown, and silently, to mark if with her Wallace all life and soul had fled. I saw enough to know that were there but a fitting head, her hardy sons would struggle yet for freedom—but not yet; that chief art thou, and at the close of the last year I took passage to Denmark, intending to rest there till Scotland called me."

THE SQUIREEN.—Pretty considerable polished lingo, for rough old Nigil to use, I must admit.

THE LAIRD.—Wæsock! wæsock! Just to think o' the burly warrior lisping and spouting, touching "lyric schools," "poet's haunts," and what not, as if he had been an assistant dominie in the Upper Canada College! Rax me a cigar, Squireen, to put the taste o' the sugar-and-water abomination oot o' my gab!

THE SQUIREEN.—Here is the precious weed, oh, luckless Laird! and whilst you are undergoing the process of fumigation, I shall tip you a bit of my mind about another novel, which has greatly won my young affections. I mean "*Pequinillo.*"

THE MAJOR.—Who is the concoctor thereof?

THE SQUIREEN.—That man whose pen is gifted with perpetual motion—George Prince Regent James.

THE MAJOR.—Is the story really a clever one?

THE SQUIREEN.—It is, and no mistake! The interest of the narrative is sustained from first to last, and never wavers or flags. The cove with the aristocratic handles to his surname, seems as fresh at author-craft as he was when he first enlisted in the active service of the Republic of Letters!

THE MAJOR.—What is the plot of "*Pequinillo*"?

THE SQUIREEN.—In a beautiful part of that beautiful country called Buckingham, there lived, once upon a time, a——"

THE LAIRD.—Haud your haun, Squireen, or I'll throw this jug o' toddy at your head!

THE MAJOR.—Why, what's the row, now, old *ridge-and-furrow?*

THE LAIRD.—Row enough! Here's a land-loupin' loon, wha first maks your teeth water by praising a tale, and then begins to rob ye o' a' pleasure in its perusal, by telling ye o' its drift before-hand! Why, Paddy, I really thocht ye had mair gumption than to play sic a trick!

THE SQUIREEN.—I sit corrected, oh thou Caledonian agriculturist! and shall suffer you to open and eat the oyster for yourself! By way of *whet*, however, perchance you will permit me to indoctrinate you with a lively sketch of an English country fair?

THE LAIRD.—Read awa', my man!

THE SQUIREEN.—Here goes, then:—

"On one side were fat oxen, and fatter pigs, Atlasian sheep which had much ado to carry the world of wool upon their backs, and horses with their tails done up with straw, as an indication of the intention of selling themselves as readily as any political rogue to a winning party. Samples

of grain, and peas, and beans, were there also, and a variety of vegetable specimens of the big things that the power of man can force out of the bowels of mother Earth. Men hawking brandy balls were seen, and stalls with gingerbread, some plain, some gilt—as if gingerbread ever wanted gilding! I vow, though I hate medicine, that I would at this moment take a hundred pills of it, totally ungilt, upon the smallest consideration—or upon no consideration at all, if I could but get it. Then there were boys wtih apples in their hands; and bigger boys with a devilish invention for scraping people's backs, and making ladies think that their gowns were torn; and less boys with penny trumpets—more diabolical still.

Moreover—worse than all—was a man with a big trumpet, mounted upon the stage of a perambulatory theatre, and dressed in the worn-out suit of a beef-eater, with a countenance as resplendent as his coat, although the Tyrian dye with which it was tinged, was probably limpid and white when he swallowed it. He blew, and he spoke, by turns, to the gaping crowd which stood beneath, hanging on his words. When he blew, he seemed to blow all the blood into his nose—unluckily he did not blow it all out of it. When he spoke, he seemed as if he would have burst his whole frame, and certain it is, he had already gone so far as to crack his voice. Though not a soul could distinguish a word that he said, his eloquence,—it was action, action, action, according to Demosthenes—persuaded a great number of people to mount, and walk in, to see a bloody tragedy that was to be performed within, of which a pictorial representation was given without displaying horrors such as the tyrant of Padua himself had never conceived. Probably he would have persuaded more but that hard by, was an enormous caravan, of what people frequently called dumb animals—a slander upon them, to which they indignantly give the lie from time to time, by outroaring the trumpeter, and outscreaming the trumpet; while over all the din, rose up the dong, dong, dong, the clash, clash, and the jingle, jingle of the drums, cymbals and triangles of half a dozen wandering bands, each playing a different tune. At a remote and respectful distance from these grander shows, but still near one of the principal entrances to the fair, was a booth of less pretensions, across the caravan front of which, was painted, in letters two foot long, an invitation to men, women, and children, to enter, and behold feats of mighty necromancy, performed by the great and celebrated Doctor Pequinillo, the world-renowned magician of Toledo. Before this booth there was less din, and the only living attractions apparent without, were a man with lugubrious face, dressed as a Merry-Andrew, and a little girl, with her hair tricked out with pink ribbons, and her person not too much covered by a spangled frock, of very dirty muslin. The man in the clown's jacket, might be an Andrew; but he certainly was not very merry—outside the booth, at least—and he seemed to have taken offence against some one; for his only audible words were—addressed to the girl by the way—"D——n him. I haven't had a gill all day, and its half-past ten now. Curse me if I'll be witty on cold water!"

THE MAJOR.—A life-like picture, which we have all witnessed, I doubt not, a dozen times.

THE SQUIREEN.—There is likewise a good deal of point in the following little *bit*, as our chum Paul Kane would say:—

"Julian retired to his seat again, but left the door partly open, and in a few minutes after, a stranger presented himself: a stout man of about forty, or perhaps a little more, tightly buttoned up in a military coat, with a good deal of black lace about it. His face was broad, and not remarkable for beauty; but there was a sort of jovial, good-humored expression in it, far from repulsive; and a certain little foppery—shown in the attempt to conceal his corpulence, in the jingling spurs upon his heels, and the exceedingly neat cane he carried in his hand—exhibited an amusing specimen of the man, so frequently seen, *who never learns how to pass gracefully from one stage of life to another.*"

THE MAJOR.—Bravo! It is a capital idea that of would-be youthful Pantaloons "never learning how to pass gracefully from one stage of life to another!" I vote, that on the strength of this bright thought, (not forgetting scores of other *bon mots*) the Prince Regent be voted an honorary member of our Club! Say I well, my masters?

THE LAIRD, SQUIREEN AND DOCTOR.—Agreed! agreed!

THE MAJOR.—I shall write the *shantyist elect* of the honour conferred upon him, and I doubt not that we shall have his legs under our mahogany ere long.

THE LAIRD (*lugging a couple of volumes out of his pocket.*)—Hae ony o' you seen this work?

THE MAJOR.—I see it now, but am not much wiser in consequence of the vision!

THE LAIRD.—Oh, Crabtree, but ye are unco gleg, in catching at a body, whenever ye think ye discover a *lapsus linguæ!* You mind me o' what the Fox o' Kelso once said.

THE MAJOR.—And pray, gossip, what was the remark of the North British Reynard?

THE LAIRD.—The *Tod* in question was walking, *ae* warm simmer's day, through a gentleman's *policy*, near Kelso, and sair did he perspire in the heat. "*Oh*," quoth he, at length, "*I wish that this thick tail o' mine were awa! It is mair than I can thole!—its a perfect burden in sic weather!*" Nae sooner were the words oot o' his mouth, than bang! went a trap in the grass, and knippit aff his fud close to the rump! "*Its a queer place this*," cried the puir fox, "*where folk are taken sae sharply at their word!*"

THE SQUIREEN.—Having thus hit Crabtree pretty hard, perhaps you will now tell us the title of the book?

THE LAIRD.—It is "*The Life and Works of Robert Burns, edited by Robert Chambers*"—at least the first and second volumes thereof.

THE MAJOR.—With all due deference to my friend Chambers, I think that he might have employed his brains upon a less beaten field! Can anything new be said or sung, touching the glorious Exciseman?

THE LAIRD.—I shall let Chambers himself answer your question. He says in his business-like, and modestly-written preface :—

"The writings of Burns—his poems, songs, and letters—are most of them so expressly the coinage of his immediate experiences and feelings, that his life might be read in them alone. As hitherto arranged, each series might be likened to a fragmentary view of the poet's life, supplementary to the meagre memoir usually prefixed. So arranged, the biographic effect of the whole is either imperfectly developed, or lost by dissipation. It occurred to me,—and I find that the same idea had latterly occurred to Allan Cunningham, and even been proceeded with to some length by the late Mr. Alexander Peterkin—that if the various compositions were strung in strict chronological order upon the memoir, they might be made to render up the whole light which they are qualified to throw upon the history of the life and mental progress of Burns, at the same time that a new significancy was given to them by their being read in connection with the current of events and emotions which led to their production. Such is the plan here adopted, and the result is not merely a great amount of new biographical detail, but a new sense, efficacy, and feeling, in what many would perhaps describe as hackneyed, the writings of the poet himself."

THE SQUIRES.—And has Chambers executed his task in a satisfactory manner?

THE LAIRD.—Sae far as he has gane, entirely sae! Sma' as my library is, it contains every life, o' moment, o' the "Ayrshire Bard," and I would-na gie the present biography for the whole lot o' them! I see, Major, that your attention is arrested by something which you see in the first volume o' the work;—read it oot, if you please.

THE MAJOR.—It is a little notice of the poet's mother, which I have now perused for the first time. I have done so with the greater interest, believing, as I do, that, in general, men take their characteristics from their mothers, rather than from their sires. Here is the passage :—

"Mrs. Burness had a fine complexion, with pale red hair, and beautiful dark eyes. She was of a neat small figure, extremely active and industrious —naturally cheerful, but in latter life possessed by anxieties, no doubt a consequence of the life of hardships and difficulties through which it had been her lot to pass. She sang very well, and had a never-failing store of old ballads and songs, on which her poetical son must have fed in his boyhood. As a trait of the life of Mrs. Burness in the days of sadness which preceded her husband's death, Mrs. Begg remembers the old man coming in one day from sowing, very weary. He had used all the thrashed-up grain, and was now desirous of preparing some for dinner to the horses; but his worthy helpmate, on seeing his fatigued state, insisted that he should refresh himself by a rest, while she herself would see that the beasts were duly cared for. The heroic little woman then went to the barn with her servant Lizzy Paton, and the two soon had the necessary corn for the horses both thrashed and winnowed. Such was the household of the youthful Burns. Who can but regret that the lot of such a family was not from the first a kindlier one!"

THE LAIRD.—I hae twa or three things to say, touching Burns, but shall reserve them till I hae received and read—(*read*, mind ye, Crabtree!)—the remaining volumes o' the series.

THE LAIRD.—Hae ye ony mair buiks to talk aboot? or ailbiins ye wad prefer to follow the auld-farran doctor's example and tak a snoozle!

THE DOCTOR.—Pardon me laird and friends if I have been apparently absent, but this little pamphlet has thoroughly engrossed my attention.

THE SQUIRES.—Is it the life of Molly Carew, or does it contain unadulterated poesy from the pen of Adela Nambina Pamby?

THE DOCTOR.—Nay, it cannot claim for itself such qualities as entitle it to be classed in the same category with those most captivating productions, but nevertheless it is worthy of perusal by all who honour genius and can appreciate well bestowed homage.

THE MAJOR.—I am glad you have introduced the book to our attention. I read it last evening with great interest. It is a fitting tribute to a man of peculiar merit, to a——

THE LAIRD.—Hoot man! tell us the name o' the subject o' this commendation.

THE MAJOR.—It is styled a "Memorial of Cooper," and is really a pleasingly compiled record of certain proceedings which have recently taken place in New York, with the view of giving expression to the public sentiment on the death of that illustrious novelist. It contains also an eloquent discourse on the life, character and genius of Cooper, by one who apparently knew him well and has shewn himself capable for the task he has undertaken, W. C. Bryant.

THE DOCTOR.—I have been much struck with the candour and fairness of Mr. Byrant's criticisms. It is well to make much of Cooper, for he certainly possessed a great quality of author-ship—originality. His "Leather Stocking" is a *chef d'œuvre*, and the great feature of his writings. It was the character of the day, unequalled and not to be surpassed. It grew out of the circumstances, scenery and people by whom he was surrounded. It was the off-spring of associations which could have been awakened by no other less peculiar or less forcible influences—awakened in a mind whose qualities were singularly well-balanced —where imagination seems to rove freely over the wild field of nature—kept constantly in check by sound discriminating judgment.

THE LAIRD.—I like his writings weel eneuch, but ah! man, he's no to compare wi' Walter Scott.

THE DOCTOR.—"Comparisons are odorous,"

Laird, but still I will venture to affirm that in some points he approached so nearly to the standard of your countryman's genius as to render it difficult to discriminate.

The Squireen.—There's Bulwer, few would think of classing them together either.

The Doctor.—In some respects I prefer Cooper.

The Major.—May I venture to suggest Marryatt as a name worthy to be placed along with his.

The Doctor.—You certainly have made admirable selections for the purpose of your comparison, may I not rather as correctly say, contrast. Each of those authors is a type of a peculiar style, in which they certainly have not as yet been excelled. But the great charm of Cooper in my estimation is, that in each of these varieties of style he has written with a vigour and success which render his works generally acceptable. Nor is this feeling confined to those speaking the same language. Of this, as well as the reputation enjoyed by his novels, Mr. Bryant adduces the following evidence:—

"Such are the works so widely read, and so universally admired, in all the zones of the globe, and by men of every kindred and every tongue; works which have made of those who dwell in remote latitudes, wanderers in our forests, and observers of our manners, and have inspired them with an interest in our history. A gentleman who had returned from Europe, just before the death of Cooper, was asked what he found the people of the Continent doing. 'They are all reading Cooper,' he answered; 'in the little kingdom of Holland, with its three millions of inhabitants, I looked into four different translations of Cooper in the language of the country.' A traveller, who has seen much of the middle classes of Italy, lately said to me, 'I found that all they knew of America, and that was not little, they had learned from Cooper's novels; from him they had learned the story of American liberty, and through him they had been introduced to our Washington; they had read his works till the shores of the Hudson and the valleys of Westchester, and the banks of Otsego lake had become to them familiar ground.'"

The Squireen.—By the powers, I believe that after all, that is the best praise any author can expect.

The Doctor.—I would fain read, for your enjoyment, the peroration of Mr. Bryant's address if it would not tire you.

Omnes.—Not at all! Fire away!

"He is gone! but the creations of his genius, fixed in living words, survive the frail material organs by which the words were first traced. They partake of a middle nature, between the deathless mind and the decaying body of which they are the common offspring, and are, therefore, destined to a duration, if not eternal, yet indefinite. The examples he has given in his glorious fictions, of heroism, honour and truth, of large sympathies between man and man, of all that is good, great and excellent, embodied in personages marked with so strong an individuality that we place them among our friends and favorites; his frank and generous men, his gentle and noble women, shall live through centuries to come, and only perish with our language. I have said with our language; but who shall say when it may be the fate of the English language to be numbered with the extinct forms of human speech? Who shall declare which of the present tongues of the civilized world will survive its fellows? It may be that some one of them, more fortunate than the rest, will long outlast them, in some undisturbed quarter of the globe, and in the midst of a new civilization. The creations of Cooper's genius, even now transferred to that language, may remain to be the delight of the nations through another great cycle of centuries, beginning after the English language and its contemporaneous form of civilization shall have passed away."

The Squireen.—Ah! how swately the dew of praise must fall on the sensibilities of departed genius, if the spiritual essence be cognizant of the incense of corporeal votaries at its shrine and susceptible of its influence.

The Laird.—Nane o' your poetical flights of fancy. Dinna forget we hae four miles o' limestone to hirple o'er afore the sma' hours come ringing frae the St. Lawrence Ha'! Guid nicht, Major. [*Exeunt.*

COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

The June Colonial annals present few items of general interest, and consequently our readers must not blame us if the abstract we lay before them be correspondingly meagre. It is difficult, as the old proverb teaches, to manufacture a silken purse from the ear of a sow, and this difficulty we at least, have not been able to overcome!

On the 6th a signally calamitous fire visited Montreal, which consumed an immense number of buildings in the densest business portion of the City. The *Herald* in trying to estimate the loss says that

"The rental of buildings destroyed amounted to £5,915; and taking it for granted that real property pays ten per cent per annum, this gives a total value of nearly £60,000, or $240,000. The value of the land should be deducted from the amount. The property destroyed within the buildings was probably much in excess of the value of the buildings themselves, for this calamity has fallen upon us, at a time when every merchant had just completed his Spring importations. It is not at all easy to arrive at the proximate amount of this part of the loss. But we have gone into detail over the several commercial establishments which have been wholly or partially

burned, and we think do not over estimate the loss, when we state it at £144,000. To what extent this property is insured it is quite impossible to say. Many of the sufferers are insured to the full amount; but many more, we hear of, who either bear the entire loss or a very large part of it. It is certain, however that all the leading insurance offices must be heavy losers."

Two young Children lost their lives, one being burned, and the second mortally injured in leaping from a window.

Montreal has on former occasions suffered severely by fire. In 1765—only two years after the cession of the country to Great Britain, one-fourth part of the City was consumed, and about the third part of its value. The loss amounted to £87,500 sterling. Again in 1768 upwards of ninety houses and two churches were burned. And on the 6th of June, 1803, a conflagration occurred greater in extent than the one which took place last month.

In Upper Canada, likewise, the number of fires during the byegone few weeks has been great; and the damage occasioned considerable. One which occurred at Cooksville, on Dundas Street, sixteen miles west of Toronto, destroyed nearly half of that village.

Messrs. Chandler and Hincks have failed to procure the Imperial guarantee for the Halifax and Quebec Railroad. The latter gentleman in a letter addressed to Sir John Pakington written on the eve of his departure for Canada, observes: "I have reason to believe that I can effect arrangements on the spot with eminent capitalists to construct all the railroads necessary for Canada, with our own unaided credit. I have likewise reason to think that the European line from Halifax to the frontier of Maine can be constructed by the unaided credit of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick."

Considerable excitement prevails in Newfoundland in consequence of the receipt of a despatch from the Home Government refusing to concede Responsible Government to that Province.

Canadian credit stands high at present in the Home market. Our six per cents were, last month, quoted three per cent higher in London than corresponding United States securities. It is to be hoped that no excessive and ill-digested railroad speculations on our part, will have the effect of marring this gratifying state of things.

It is with pleasure we notice that an increasing desire prevails throughout the Province, to ameliorate the condition of mercantile employers, by shortening the hours of labour. In Hamilton the shopkeepers have resolved to close their places of business at 7 o'clock, p.m.; and the wholesale drygoods dealers of Toronto (with one exception) have agreed to close their establishments at 6 o'clock, p.m.

Three convict inmates of the Provincial Penitentiary have recently been transferred from that establishment to the Lunatic Asylum, Toronto, in a state of insanity. Surely it is incumbent upon our executive to inquire whether the descipline of the Penitentiary may not have been to a great extent the cause of the mental ruin of these unhappy persons.

The Crown Land Department has set apart a block of land in the thriving village of Sydenham, C.W., for a public pleasure ground. Sincerely do we trust that such an excellent precedent will be universally followed in time to come by the Provincial Government. Nothing more conduces to the health of civic communities than parks for exercise and and recreation, and if the appropriation be not made at the commencement of a town the chances are great that the object will never be attained at any future period.

During the last month several persons convicted of murder both in Upper and Lower Canada have had their sentences commuted from death to that of imprisonment for life. In more than one instance the clemency of the Executive appears to have been exercised without sufficient warrant for any extenuating circumstances. We would be the last to advocate an excessive severity in the infliction of capital punishment, but at the same time must express our firm persuasion that *maudlin mercy* is the most dangerous error into which a government could fall. Unless an undoubted plea in mitigation can be advanced and made good, every crime should be visited with its statutory penalty.

That ingenious Yankee Showman Barnum, is at present itinerating through Canada West

with a gigantic exhibition, comprising beasts, dwarfs, wax figures, and miscellaneous "wonders." By way of attracting additional notice the long-headed speculator delivers lectures upon *temperance* in the towns which he visits. Barnum has fairly earned his *soubriquet* of "*the Napoleon of the Jack Pudding tricks.*"

In Montreal and Toronto receiving offices for letters in connection with the main post-office have recently been established. The inconvenience resulting from the lack of such *dépôts* has long been severely felt, and much credit is due to the postal authorities for having conceded them.

Mr. Cochrane in the British House of Commons, recently gave notice of the following motion, which we trust will be discussed in a genial spirit, and with favourable results:

"That it is desirable that our important colonies of the Canadas and Newfoundland should have their resources developed by direct steam communication with the Mother Country, and that while Parliament votes large sums of money for the packet service between Great Britain and foreign countries, the interests of our colonies should not be overlooked."

The telegraphic communications of Canada are greatly on the increase. A new line is in course of erection to extend from Hamilton to Quebec. The wire goes by the way of Prince Edward District, crossing the Bay under water, at Lambton's Landing. The portion from Kingston to Quebec will be finished this fall. It is computed that the total number of miles of telegraph that will be erected in Canada this season will exceed one thousand. This is the country which a handful of shallow-brained alarmists recently pronounced to be in a state of "*ruin and decay!*"

From Halifax we learn that the prospects of the mackerel and herring fisheries are exceedingly encouraging. The authorities of Newfoundland have fitted out an armed steam vessel to protect their piscatorial grounds from the poachings of the French. These gentry require to be sharply looked after, for if conceded an inch, they invariably strive to acquire an ell!

The Quebec Bar have presented a congratulatory address to the Hon. Sir James Stuart, Bart., Chief Justice of Lower Canada, upon "his restoration to health, and his return to this Province, to resume the duties of his high office." Sir James is deservedly held in high esteem, as one of the ripest lawyers, and most upright Judges upon the Canadian Bench.

THE papers which have arrived during the past month contain a large amount of intelligence, each particular of which must be interesting to some of our readers. But we profess only to give the leading features of the current news—nor would our space permit us to extend this department.

The promise of an abundant harvest seems to be very great notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather in the earlier part of the season. Commerce never was so flourishing and money is most abundant. One result of this plenteousness of capital has been a very considerable demand for Canadian debentures which have attained a high price in the Stock market—prices having been quoted as high as 13½ per cent.

The aspect of political affairs is one of the most singular which has been presented to the contemplation of the historian for a long pe-

ried of time. We find a minister of the Crown resigning his trust into the hands of his Sovereign from reasons apparently of private pique, at least no very satisfactory explanation is given to the country for the step. The reins of Government are taken up by a party who have been for years in opposition, and who ostensibly assumed power upon principles opposed to the popular doctrines of free trade. This change may be considered but the usual one—but the singularity of the position is that the New Ministry continue to carry on the Government of the Country with the same parliament which sustained their opponent predecessors—use the material which the latter had prepared for their purpose, by modifying the several measures to meet their own views—are sustained in many instances by large majorities—and appear to entertain no doubt that they will successfully carry public opinion with them at the ensuing general election. Meanwhile both parties are arming for the strife, and it is as yet, problematical who shall win.

Sir John Pakington, the new Colonial Secretary has granted a Constitution to New Zealand, and refused responsible government to Newfoundland.

Gold has been discovered in both England and Scotland, but the astounding reports which daily arrive from Australia appear to have engrossed the public mind to the exclusion of the advantages of possessing the precious metal so much nearer home. Emigration to an unexampled extent is taking place in the direction of the new California; where it is said the flocks, hitherto the great staple of wealth to the South Sea farmer, are most shamefully neglected, and are consequently perishing. Much apprehension appears to be entertained that the Wool trade will suffer materially in consequence.

News from India does not show that Britain has given any very decided check to the Birman depredators; nor have matters at the Cape of Good Hope assumed that satisfactory aspect which the despatches of Sir Harry Smith would lead one to expect.

The malancholy fate of a Missionary party to Patagonia has engrossed the Christian sympathy of the World, the particulars of which are most harrowing.

"The vessel that took them out landed at Picton Island, off the southern coast of Terra del Fuego, on the 6th December, 1850, and kept hovering about to see how they were likely to be received. The natives seemed menacing: but on the 18th of December the missionaries left the ship, and with their stores of provisions, Bibles, &c., embarked in two boats, meaning to make for the coast of Terra del Fuego. On the 19th the ship sailed; and no news of them having reached England, the ship *Dido* was ordered by the Admiralty in October, 1850, to touch there, and ascertain their fate. The *Dido* reached the coast in January, and after ten or twelve days of search, on a rock near where they first landed on Picton Island, a writing was found directing them to go to Spaniard Harbor, on the opposite Fuegan coast. Here were found, near a large cavern, the unburied bodies of Captain Gardiner and another of the party; and the next day the bodies of three others were found. A manuscript journal, kept by Captain Gardiner, down to the last day when, only two or three days before his death, he became too weak to write, was also found, from which it appears that the parties were driven off by the natives whenever they attempted to land; that they were thus compelled to go backward and forward in their boat, and at last took refuge in Spaniard Harbor, as the only spot where they could be safe; that they lived there eight months, partly in a cavern and partly under shelter of one of the boats, and that three of them died by sickness, and the others by literal and lingering starvation. Four months elapsed between the death of the last of the party and the discovery of their bodies."

The diary found, which was kept by Capt. Gardiner breathes the purest spirit of piety and resignation.

The Continental intelligence has not exhibited any very striking feature. Louis Napoleon is carrying out his several ingenious devices to amuse and conciliate the French people with apparent success. The desertion however of the most illustrious and celebrated Generals will probably have a decided effect upon the Army who may not be found to sustain him should a time of needful exertion arrive. A meeting of the Crowned heads of Russia and Austria seems to have been regarded as a most significant indication of the manner in which his assumption of the title and rights of Emperor will be received. In the mean time the peace of Europe is profound. Whether it is the bodeful calm which precedes the awful tornado, time alone will reveal.

In the United States the ferment which quaternally precedes the Presidential election is at its height. Conventions of all political denominations are daily taking place in the several States for the purpose of nomination and numerous ballots are taken before the point is settled. It is impossible to say who the favorite is, but we presume some man will be chosen who shall represent the popular voice, as it is not conceivable that after the distillation and concentration of opinion which must be produced after 50 or 60 Ballots, in each State, this result can be avoided.

It is contemplated to hold an exhibition of all nations upon a similar principle as that on which the Great Industrial one of England last year was established, and active preparations are in progress for its accomplishment.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

It is far from our aim to assume a scientific portion in reference to Agriculture, or to attempt to supersede in any way those periodicals exclusively devoted to its interests. We do think, however, that the want of a column devoted to information on that subject in a publication that must look for its main support to a community almost wholly agricultural, would be a capital blunder, and by no means in accordance with that wisdom and prudence we fancy ourselves possessed of.

What we contemplate is to bring before our readers practical hints from the best authors, bearing upon the business of the farm, so as to impress them with the necessity of keeping pace with the discoveries and improvements of the day.

In one word, we would aspire to act as a pioneer, so to speak, to the agricultural press; and a stimulant to the young Colonial farmer to greater and more intelligent efforts in his noble profession.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

There is matter suggestive of serious consideration in the following paper which we derive from that excellent journal the Albany *Cultivator*. We recommend it to the thoughtful perusal of our unmarried agricultural clients.

THE FARMER'S WIFE should be an independent, healthy, and cultivated woman—one on whose culture, both physical and mental, the agriculturist has bestowed at least *as much* thought as he has upon that of his swine or his turnips—but is it so?

When a young farmer arrives at an age that he wishes to choose for himself a fitting wife, he naturally desires one whose intellect and taste has been enlarged and educated to an equal degree with his own, and generally he prefers one who has either been reared upon a farm, or has become personally acquainted with rural pursuits; and his wishes are easily gratified, for girls who have been carefully trained and well educated, are happily, at this day, far from being rare, or difficult to find. A genuine love of good books, skill and taste in music, and the arts, combined with depth and strength of intellect, are possessed by many of the young girls who have enjoyed the privilege of a country birth and residence.

Such a person, not unfrequently unites her fate with that of a farmer, thinking no doubt, from what she has read in agricultural periodicals, that thus she can more certainly gratify her taste for horticulture and the embellishment of her home and at the same time fulfil a more exalted destiny than she could expect, if she was to become a part of the fashionable circle of the city or village. Yet she is ambitious to perform as much labor as her neighbor, who has for years been engaged in household labor, and therefore assumes the duties of house-wife, and maid-of-all-work, and her husband, who has been accustomed to see his neighbor's wives toiling from morning until night, in the cook and dairy-room, thinks it all right, with as little reflection as the peasant of Europe bestows upon the coupling his wife and mule together at the plough or cart; and thus from mere custom, and want of thought, he allows the woman of his love to become his most devoted slave.

From this time forth, the life of the farmer's wife is one of confinement and unremitting toil. From early dawn until late at night, it is nothing but mend and botch, cook and bake, wash and sweep, churn and make cheese, wait upon her husband and his band of laborers, bear children and nurse them. No time for relaxation or enjoyment, or the improvement of her mental or social faculties is found. As the means of the farmer and his family increase, the *husband* becomes more noticed, and his circle of acquaintances and friends enlarges; he daily meets his associates and mingles with the world, but his wife toils on in the old dull routine, with nothing to break in upon the monotony of her existence, except perhaps the advent of another child, or the death of one to whom her heart is bound in the strongest ties.

The husband, it may be, is engaged in some public business, or drives frequently to town for a market or for his pleasure, but he never thinks of his martyr wife, and the necessity there is in her nature, that *she* should share with him his pleasures and relaxations. *Her* labors are never

ended, her cares never cease, until premature old age has come upon her, and with blanched and bowed form, she sinks into an early grave, leaving the children of her love, and the property she had saved and earned, to the care of a more youthful successor, who not seldom avenges these wrongs by tyrannising over her husband and abusing the children.

This is no fancy picture, or a delineation of what was in by-gone days, but unfortunately the original can be found in almost every neighborhood, and even among those who are called model farmers. Neither is it confined to the cultivators of the soil. All classes and occupations of men include too many in their ranks, who practically scout the idea that their wives and daughters are human beings, with *souls* in some way connected with their bodies, and that they are "endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights and privileges," among which are life and the rights to enjoy the pure air of Heaven, uncontaminated with the odours of the kitchen or the steam of the wash-tub—that their social and intellectual nature is an essential part of them,—and that to live, in the full sense of the word, is to enjoy and increase the ability of enjoying these higher attributes, by a free and varied intercourse with the pure and the gifted of their own and the opposite sex.

We hope to see the day when men, even those who consider it a privilege as well as a duty to gain a livelihood from honest toil, will take as much pains to secure these social pleasures and innocent amusements for their wives and their daughters, as they do to give proper excercise and recreation to their horses and their cattle.

When farmers will consider it proper for the females of their families, to *join* with them in forming and executing their plans for the improvement of the soil and of society—when they become aware of the fact that their wisest advisers and their truest friends are to be found within the limits of their own households; and will invite their friends to their *homes*, and *there* form their *farmer's clubs*, and arrange their plans and examine their prospects, they will discover that the female part of the community have a genious above being simply their maids-of-all-work, mere labor-saving machines, designed to cook potatoes, or mend stockings; or to make fashionable calls, and repeat the silly nothings and nonsense of polite society.

Let farmers take as much pains to increase the happiness and cultivate the minds of the females of their households, as they do to enlarge their fields and fertilize the soil, and they will secure a harvest of more value than any or all to which a premium has ever been awarded by any agricultural committee ever chosen.

MANAGEMENT OF SWINE.

In the New York *Plough* (or *Plow*, as the word is spelt, with a savage and heretical disregard of everything in the shape of orthodox precedent) we meet with the subjoined judicious remarks touching the breeding and management of swine.

"It is said that a certain old lady once upon a time, endeavoring to initiate a friend into the mysteries of making *rabbit pie*, commenced her instructions in this way:—"*First catch a rabbit.*" In like manner I would say to the person who sets out to breed swine—*First get a breeding sow.* This, it may be thought, is a very easy matter; but such has not been my own experience, nor do I think it has been the experience of many others. Certainly it is easy enough to get a sow that will breed; but to get one that will breed well—that will produce a numerous, healthy, and thrifty litter, and by keeping them thrifty until old enough to wean, will thus give them an impetus at the outset, without which I have never known one of this race to prove really profitable, is anything but easy; it is, in fact, very rare and very difficult to find such an animal. In the course of ten or twelve years I have known only one such, and could I get her back again at a cost of $20, I should think myself a very great gainer by the contract. Her name was Bina, and she was the sister of Betsey. Betsey was a beautiful thrifty animal, having all, or at least, most of those points, which take the eye and satisfy the judgment in hogs, together with as strong a disposition to take on fat at moderate feeding, as can be found. She was a great pet, and great calculations were made on her as a breeder. Bina, on the other hand, though equally thrifty, was not so pleasing to look upon. She was more dumpy—wanting the graceful length, rounded barrel, tapering legs and feet, delicate head, pointed ears, and, in brief, the "*je ne sais quoi*" of her sister."

"In process of time, these two sisters each produced a litter of pigs; but it was not long before my attention was arrested by certain facts in regard to them. While Betsy retained her rotundity, sleekness of coat, and symmetry of figure, almost in perfection, her young ones, small and puny from their birth, exhibited no appearance of thrift. Feed as I would, it made no difference; the mother grew fat—the children grew poor. In a short time their hair began to stiffen—then to stand erect like "quills upon the fretful porcupine;" next, they became mangy, and finally infested with vermin. They thus got what is commonly called a *back-set*, and from it they never recovered, being at last brought to the pickling tub at a much greater expense than I could have purchased an equal quantity of pork out of the droves daily passing before my door, from Kentucky to the South. Bina, on the contrary, always the most ungainly of the two, from the very birth of the family, began to grow thin. She lost flesh so fast, and became so Gothic in her architecture, that I really began to fear she would die. But just as fast as she lost, her young ones gained. At the end of two months they were more than twice the size of her sister's, and such beautiful, chubby, sleek, comfortable-looking little fellows, I never saw. They resembled their sire, a pure Grazier, more than their dam—a cross, if memory does her office, of Berkshire upon some common stock, thriving and fattening upon comparatively nothing to the close of their life."

In due time, each of these sisters produced a new litter, and with very similar results: the one converting all that was given her to eat, into fat, flesh, &c., to cover her own ribs: the other.

like a good nursing mother, keeping scarcely anything to herself, but imparting almost the whole to her offspring. Betsy being found worthless as a breeder, was brought to the shambles; but Bina was kept four years, and uniformly managed her family matters in the same way. Take her for all in all, I do not expect to look upon her like again. She bred rapidly and numerously; always more after her sire than herself, and never failed, though almost at the expense of her own life, to leave her litters in that healthy, thrifty condition, which, perhaps, more than any other one thing contributes to make a hog profitable. It is at least two years since I parted with this sow, and though I have since owned many, having purchased several at high prices, I have never found one really good breeder. Invariably there has been some great defect; either shy breeding, both as to time and number, sickness after parturition, a very common case, or most generally, a disposition to take on fat from what they consumed, instead of converting it into milk for the benefit of their young. This may seem a needlessly long story; but in all things pertaining to rural economy, facts are important; and besides, as Byron says of one of his poems, "it hath a moral." The moral and practical lesson is this:—When you stumble on a really good breeder, keep her. Let not bad treatment destroy her, let not friendship nor flattery wheedle you out of her, nor money buy her, nor increasing years induce you to kill her for pork. Let her live while she will breed, if she dies upon your hands with old age, for you will not be likely to find another, soon, and may not in a lifetime.

FACTS ABOUT MILK.

In Canada, too little attention, is generally paid to the economy of the Dairy. The *Agriculturist* (a periodical of which our Province has just cause to be proud) contains, in the June number, some useful facts relating to the temperature of milk. Our contemporary says:

Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep, narrow dish; and, if it be desired to free itself most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy—50 degrees Fahrenheit—all the cream will probably rise in thirty-six hours; but at 70 degrees, it will, perhaps, rise in half that time; and, when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes solidified. In wet and cold weather, the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; and, on this account, more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thundery weather. The season has its effects. The milk, in spring, is supposed to be best for drinking, and hence it would be best suited for cheese; and, in autumn,—the butter keeping better than that of summer,—the cows less frequently milked give richer milk, and, consequently, more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all time and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

A LIQUID FERTILIZER.

Are our readers acquainted with the *Horticulturist*, edited by A. J. Downing, and published in Albany by Luther Tucker? If not, we would strongly advise them to introduce themselves thereto through the medium of a subscription without delay. The *Horticulturist* treats of Pomology, Landscape, Gardening, Botany, Entomology, and Rural Economy in general, and the name of its conductor (of European as well as American celebrity) is a sufficient guarantee that its *dicta* on these topics may be safely relied on. From the last number we extract the following account of "A Liquid Fertilizer for Choice Plants":—

A LIQUID FERTILIZER FOR CHOICE PLANTS.—BY AN AMATEUR.

Dear Sir,—I am confident that there are many of your lady readers, and perhaps many of the other sex, who are puzzed among the many *new manures*, and having failed with some, and injured their plants with others, they end by raising only sickly and meagre plants, when they might have them presenting a luxuriant and satisfactory appearance—with leaves of the darkest green, and flowers or fruit of double the usual size.

Having made a trial for three years past, with a *perfectly safe and satisfactory liquid fertilizer*, which appears to suit all kinds of vegetation, which is clean and easily applied, and procured without difficulty, in any town, I confidently recommend it to your readers, especially those who wish to give especial pains to, and get uncommon results from, certain favorite plants—either in pots, or in the open garden—plants whose roots are within such a moderate compass, that they can be reached two or three times a week, if not oftener by the watering-pot

This liquid fertilizer is made by *dissolving half an ounce of sulphate of ammonia in a gallon of water.*

Nothing so good can be cheaper, and the substance may be obtained at almost any apothecary's.

Now for the mode of using it. I may say, at the outset, that weak as this solution appears to be, and is, if plants are watered with it daily, they will die—just as certainly as a man will who drinks nothing but pure brandy.

The right way to apply it is to water the plant with this solution *every sixth time;* the other five times with plain water.

The proportion is so simple, and the mode of using it so easy to understand, that the most ignorant person cannot possibly blunder about it—*if he can count six.* If we prepare the solution occasionally, and water our plants in pots *every Saturday*, with this ammonia water, and all the rest of the time with plain water, we shall have a safe rule.

The result will, I am sure, both delight and surprises every person who will make a trial of it.

It has become such an indispensable thing with me, that I regularly mix a barrel of it every Friday, and use it on Saturday, upon any plants that I particularly wish to invigorate and stimulate. I do not know that I have seen a single instance of its disagreeing with any plant—ammonia being the universal food of vegetation. Of course, the more rapid growing plants—those with foliage that perspire a great deal, are most strikingly benefitted by it. Of course, also, *plants* that are *at rest*, or not in a growing state, should not be fed with it; but any plant that is about starting, or *is actually in a growing state*, will not fail to be wonderfully improved by it. Many plants that have fallen into a sickly state by reason of poor, or worn out soil, will, usually, in the course of a month, take quite another aspect and begin to develope rich, dark green foliage. I will enumerate some of the things that I have had great success with.

STRAWBERRIES.—Beds of indifferent appearance at the opening of the spring, last season, after being watered four times with this solution, grew very luxuriantly, and bore a crop of remarkably fine fruit. This year I have repeated the experiment on half of every bed; both foliage and blossoms are as large again on the watered, as on the unwatered bed; and by way of comparison, I have watered some with plain water also—and find, though rather benefitted, (for the strawberry loves water,) they have none of the extra depth of verdure and luxuriance of those watered with the ammonia.

EARLY PEAS.—At least a week earlier than those not watered, and much stronger in leaf and pod.

FUCHSIAS.—A surprising effect is produced on this plant, which, with the aid of ammonia water, will grow in very small pots, with a depth of verdure, a luxuriance, and a profusion and brilliancy of bloom, that I have never seen equalled. Old and stunted plants are directly invigorated by it.

DWARF PEARS.—Some sickly trees that I have given the best attention to for three years previously, without being able to get either good fruit, or healthy foliage, after being watered four times with the solution—of course with the usual intermediate supply of common water—became perfectly healthy and luxuriant, and have ever since, (two years,) remained so.

DAHLIAS.—Which I have never succeeded well with before, have done beautifully with me since, flowering most abundantly and brilliantly, when watered in this way. In all out-of-door plants, if mulching is used, only half the quantity of plain water is needed. For plants in pots, I consider it invaluable; and gardeners who wish to raise specimen plants for exhibition, will find this mode of watering them, *every sixth time*, with the solution, to produce a perfection of growth not to be surpassed in any other way.

Yours truly,
AN AMATERR.

We endorse our correspondent's testimony to the value of the solution of sulphate of ammonia, applied in the manner he directs, having witnessed its satisfactory effects.—ED.

THE ECONOMY OF TIME

is of vital importance in every profession and imperious on the farmer. Every day has its own duties to perform, which if trifled away in unprofitable amusements is often attended with the most serious consequences. Stephens in his book of the Farm, (a book by-the by, we would seriously advise our agricultural reader to get intimately acquainted with,) thus endeavours to demonstrate its value to the young farmer.

"It is a paramount duty of every farmer of an arable farm to have his field operations in an advanced state at all seasons. He should remember that if by forgetfulness or delay any important operation is postponed for even a week beyond its most proper season, it may not be only overtaken by the succeeding bad weather but he thereby invites a deficient crop. When his field operations are in advance of the season it is in his power to wait a few days at any time for the land to be in the best possible state; and when every operation is finished with the land in that condition he may cherish the well founded hope of a good return."

WORK OF THE MONTH.

HAY-MAKING.

THERE are but few departments of husbandry which demand more attention than this, nor the weather adapted for making good hay can seldom be depended upon for a long period of time together, the most vigilant circumspection is therefore necessary for the due performance of the work. Mowing should commence with the dawn of day, and care be taken that the grass is cut close and clean, never forgetting that whilst an hour in the morning is as good as two at noon, so an inch at the bottom is worth two at the top.

Every farmer ought to provide himself with a horse-rake, the common revolving one is the best, which with a horse and man, will keep at least eight hands actively employed in cocking, and raking between the cocks. The chief points to be observed in the making of hay are thus given by Professor Norton:—

1. To cut the grass while a considerable portion of it is yet in flower.

2. To cut no more than can be properly attended to.

3. To commence the shaking out of the

partially dry hay as soon as the dew is sufficiently dried off the ground.

4. To be active in turning during the middle of the day, and to do it thoroughly leaving no locks unshaken. When the hay is nearly made, little shaking is necessary, but when green it should be well shaken and made to be as even as possible.

5. To commence the raking in good time so that the cocks should be put up before the hay begins to feel damp and flexible in the hands.

We cannot better conclude than by reminding our readers of the old adage:—"Make hay while the sun shines."

UNDER this heading we have placed some interesting records, derived from various sources. The discovery of a new Telescopic Planet is now becoming a matter of almost every-day occurrence, which, except to the strictly scientific reader, possesses no charm. It is sufficient for the general reader to know that such an event has taken place, and that the discoverer is a German, whose persevering and skilful observations are doing much to elucidate the riches of celestial scenery.

Gold appears to be turning up in every direction; it has even been hinted that Canada is not to be an exception to the general rule. In some of the Islands of Scotland, in the South of England, in Australia, in California, *hic et ubique gentium*. The abundance of this hitherto precious metal, will, no daubt, exercise a powerful influence over the social condition of the world, and perhaps not the least interesting result will be its general adaptation to the purposes of scientific apparatus, and its more extended employment in works of Art.

The fate of the Crystal Palace has been finally and irrevocably fixed. The work of demolition is going on, and in a few months it will rear its frame in another locality. The materials have been purchased by an enterprising Company, who propose to reconstruct them at Sydenham, a short distance from London, on the line of the Brighton railway. It is to be appropriated as a Winter Garden, and will, no doubt, contribute much to the health and comfort of the people.

On the subject of this remarkable structure, and the events which occurred in it, we give the following:—

"In looking back over the career of this vast enterprise, so happily originated and carried out, the consideration which most strongly impresses itself upon the mind is its unprecedented popularity. As an illustration of this, it is stated, that in the month of May, 734,782 visits were paid to the building; in June, 1,133,116; in July, 1,314,176; in August, 1,023,435; in September, 1,155,240; and in the first 11 days of October, 841,107. These figures give a total of 6,201,856, as the sum of visits to the Exhibition. The greatest number of persons ascertained to have been in the building at any one time was on the 7th of October. *when* 93,224 *were present*. On the same day the number of visitors reached its *maximum*, and was 109,915. The total amount of expenditure, from the commencement of the Exhibition to its close, including the cost of the building, was £170,743. The receipts of the Exhibition, from subscriptions at the commencement and from fees of entrance, were £469,115; leaving a large balance in the hands of the Commissioners."

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

HOME EXERCISES.

We only repeat an established truism, familiar to us all, when we say that there is nothing which conduces so much to the health and consequent happiness of our fair friends as moderate exercise, or voluntary labor. We very naturally compassionate the condition of those who are compelled to work at some sedentary occupation from "early dawn" to the mid-watches of the night, for a mere subsistence, shut in from the freshness and healthfulness of the morning and evening breeze; from the brightness of the sun, at this season of the year, from the enchanting loveliness of nature. And yet, we can scarcely feel less compassion for those who voluntarily fall into idle, listless, and enervating habits, which not only destroy the buoyancy and elasticity of the mind, but absolutely deform the beauty and paralyze the energies of the body.

However unfashionable the sentiment may appear to some of our more than usually romantic and fastidious readers, we shall not hesitate to confess the fact, that we seldom meet with a more agreeable sight on a bright sunny morning, as we trudge to our daily labor through a fashionable part of Toronto, than to behold the daughters of some of our opulent citizens dusting the sills of the windows, brush in hand, or, with broom in hand, sweeping the hall or parlour carpet. There is that in the bright eyes, and in the rosy flush of their cheeks, as they sparkle and bloom from beneath the closely drawn bonnet or hood, which to us are irresistible evidence of health and cheerfulness. There is something, indeed, in such a sight, not merely encouraging on account of the assurances it gives of the practical wisdom which pervades the whole family circle—but also of the industry, comfort, peace, dignity, and purity of mind which reign over all within the *little* kingdom.

But besides a class of fashionables who may not choose to take regular exercise at the brush or broom handle, there is another unhappy class, the members of which, either through ignorance of, or inattention to the requirements of their bodies, or through forced mental labor while yet in their childhood, have in fact lost the muscular power to apply themselves to such voluntary labor as we have been describing. To both these classes, with whose necessities, infirmities, and prejudices we have been made somewhat familiar, we propose to recommend for their consideration, and for their adoption, should they follow our advice, a series of practical exercises which, we verily believe, will have the most beneficial effects on their systems, whether diseased, deformed, or simply suffering from the absence of those physical energies, and that buoyancy of spirit, which exercise scarcely ever fails to reproduce in those who apply themselves to it prudently, in time, and with a will.

We shall here endeavour to explain to our readers the use of an instrument formed of two elastic bands, which is furnished with a hook and handle, or a catch, and can be fixed upon any object, either in or out of doors, and be at once ready for use without delay, such as the corner of a table, the handle or frame of a door, window-sill, or bed-post. The hook acts somewhat in the manner of a "claw," or pair of "dogs," viz.: the greater the strain the firmer the hold, and out of doors can be attached to the top of a wall, railing, or branch of a tree. The exercises to be performed by it are varied, numerous, entertaining, and exciting. They may be increased to upwards of two hundred, and have been recognized in England, where the instrument was first introduced, as the most conducive towards the full development of the bodily frame, and the increase of muscular power.

In the future notices of this subject, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity which will be afforded of impressing upon our readers not merely the importance of the exercises it embraces, to the healthy, but to those who are laboring under diseases of the chest and spine. The information in relation to the origin and formation of such diseases will be drawn from unquestionable authority, and will be interesting to parents as furnishing the means of prevention, as well as affording to the afflicted the most probable means of relief, if not of cure.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The ball given on the 23d, at the Ministère des Traveaux Publiques, affords us an opportunity of describing to our readers the newest fashion, for *balls*, which will as usual shine in London, Baden Baden, Vichy, and the Pyrenees. The return of the fashions worn during the Empire such as head-dresses *à la Grecque*, bringing to our recollection the bad taste of that period, had been for some time apprehended; but we are happy to learn that the flattery will not be entertained.

Bonnets are worn almost covered with small flowers, such as polyanthus, *roses pompon*, &c. The fronts and crowns are literally covered with flowers without leaves—a bunch on each side, and inside are bunches that are lengthened so as to come round the face. The bonnets this year are very much trimmed, the face seeming buried in a mass of flowers, ribbon, tulle, blonde, &c.

For half-dress, percales, book-muslins, and printed muslins are worn, with flounces or stripes; they resemble barège and *mousseline de soie*, and have the advantage of being light wear in very warm weather. They are printed in different ways, so as to make up as "redingotes" for morning; the bodies being also printed for this make. "Albanaises" are likewise printed cross-wise in various widths. All these dresses are made up full in the waist, and worn with long sashes; but they cannot be made up with tight bodies.

For the country we cannot say too much in favour of white muslins; they wash admirably. Bows of ribbon, tastefully placed, form an elegant dress. Dark ribbons completely change the appearance of the dress; with pink or blue petticoats the dress appears metamorphosed for travelling.

The number of flounces varies from three to seven; they are scolloped large, round or pointed.

At present much trimming is worn, coloured or white: for example, a tulle dress, looped up with bows of pink, blue, or cherry colour, dark figured ribbon, or even Scotch plaids; this fashion we believe to be imported from England. Organdie is also worn with this same trimming. We have seen one with five flounces. A pink ribbon is drawn through the hem of each flounce, at the last making a bow, with long ends, which join the next flounce; bows of ribbon on the shoulders, with streamers, completing an elegant dress. On a petticoat of white taffetas are four skirts of tulle, also white, each looped up by blue ribbon, with *nœuds contrariés*—of course, smaller as they reach the waist. Another dress in tulle: Four jupes, two pink and two white; the pink being the hem longer than the white: the hem to be eight centimetres in width. The body is *bouillonné de rose et de blanc*. The *coiffure* is of roses the same tint.

A new article for dress has appeared—*la batiste de laine*. It is plain *et sec*; particularly adapted for travelling. It is made *à disposition*, and wears extremely well.

Headdress is worn of natural flowers, velvet, ribbon, and lace; with a dress of worked muslin, two *volans*, pointed body, bows and streamers on shoulders. Berthe, two rows of lace on the chest; a boquet of natural flowers, to match the *coiffure*. Bouquets are worn smaller than last year. A favourite *capotte* is made in vegetable straw, trimmed in *cérise*: inside, flowers of the same colour.

The mantelet is made up in taffetas, with rows of narrow velvet: *volant* of lace. Albanaise or Valencias, grey ground, red and *cérise* stripes.

Bonnets, straw and horsehair, of different patterns.

DRESSES OF THE QUEEN AND MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE AT THE LATE DRAWING-ROOM.—The queen wore a train of white poplin, embroidered with small wreaths of the rose, thistle, and shamrock in colors; the petticoat was of white satin. The head-dress was composed of feathers and a wreath of red roses. Mrs. Lawrence wore a train of green velvet, lined with pink glacé, and trimmed with point de Venise; dress of pink *chiné moire antique*. The head-dress was composed of feathers, point de Venise lappets, and the ornaments were a profusion of diamonds and emeralds.

ANGLO-JAPANESE WORK.

THIS elegant and most useful work is very easy in its execution, while the means and appliances for its performance are within the reach of every one. The materials are simply yellow withered leaves, a little dissolved gum, black paint, and copal varnish; while the objects to be ornamented may be a box, cupboard, table, &c., in fact, any old furniture that has been rendered unsightly by age or long use. A plain deal box, costing about a shilling, may by this process, so far as the outside goes, be converted into a costly-looking dressing-case. An exquisite chess-board may be made, with very little skill, from a square piece of deal. Flower-pots, pole-screens, folding and hand-screens, may all be decorated in this manner, and from untidy-looking lumber, may be converted into articles of use, elegance, and beauty; and this at a merely nominal expense, *taste* being the chief requisite in the production. The employment forms one of the most agreeable and pleasing amusements for summer days and winter evenings; in the summer giving a purpose and an aim to many a joyous ramble, for in these desultory walks a goodly collection may be made of Nature's ambered jewels.

All leaves that are small, of uneven shape, and serrated at the edges, are well adapted for this work. As they are collected, they should be placed between sheets of paper, but not close together, then pressed by placing a board on the top, with a weight upon it, to express any moisture that may be therein, and to render them quite flat. In the autumn, the sweet-scented geranium-leaves, the maple, thorn, chrysanthemum, wild parsly, fern, and a multitude of others may be found, including the smaller sycamore and small vine leaves; but they must all have turned of a golden hue, or reddish-tinted yellow. Prepare the article to be ornamented thus: First rub the surface smoothly down with sand-paper; then coat it over with black paint, which can be procured ready mixed at any oil-shop; when dry, rub it down smoothly with pumice-stone, and give two more coats. When these are dry, arrange the leaves on the surface in a careless manner, but not in groups, unless preferred. Butterflies, drawn and colored yellow with gamboge, or cut out of prints, and then colored, may be struck at different spaces with advantage; but there should be no other color than the brown and different tints of yellow in the leaves. Gum the wrong side of the leaf, and press it on its appointed place with a hard tuft of wadding, fastened tightly up in a piece of silk. Continue this with the whole of the leaves; and when they are all gummed on, dissolve some gelatine or isinglass in warm water, and while rather warm, brush it well over every portion of the work, using the brush entirely one way, not forward and back. When dry, give the work three coats of the best copal varnish, letting the article remain a day or two between each coat. This process, though elaborate in detail, is easily and even quickly done, and will well repay any trouble that may be taken, as, with a renewed coat of varnish every five or six years, it will remain, as long as the wood will hold together, as bright in appearance as when first finished.

CANDLE-LAMP MAT.

Materials.—Half ounce each of stone-color and shaded violet, 6-thread; half ounce of shaded amber, 4-thread Berlin wool; 4 yards of ordinary-sized blind or skirt-cord; 77 small curtain rings, the size measuring across five-eighths of an inch; Nos. 1 and 2 Penelope Hook; 2 bunches No. 6 steel beads.

With No. 1 hook, and drab wool, work 11 stitches over the end of the cord; double in as small a circle as possible, unite, and work 2 stitches into every loop for three more rounds.

5th round.—1 stitch into every loop.

6th.—Increase 1 stitch in every 2d loop. There must be 72 stiches in this round.

7th.—Place a pin in every 9th loop, and in this same 9th loop work with 6-thread violet, 1 stitch; then 9 stiches drab in the next 8 loops, that is,

increasing 1 stitch in about the 4th loop; repeat this all round.

8th.—Work 3 stitches violet into the 1 violet stitch; then 9 stitches drab, working only 8 stitces in the last compartment, to commence next row.

9th.—In the last drab stitch that was not worked into, work 1 violet stitch; then 4 more violet; then 7 drab, increasing 1 in 4th stitch; in the last compartment make only 2 drab after the increased stitch, in order to make 8 violet in next round.

10th.—8 violet, the 1st to come before the 5th violet of last row, and the last to come after the 5th violet, but increasing 1 violet on the 5th stitch; then 7 drab, increasing one in the 4th drab stitch.

11th.—All violet, increasing 1 in every 5th stitch.

12th.—All violet, but without increasing, unless required.

The diameter of the mat should now measure six inches across; but, should it be required larger, another row of cord, or even two, will give the increased size.

Now do under all the rings, about 30 to 32 stitches for each ring are necessary; unite and tie the knot very neatly, and sew six of these rings round a 7th, sewing them with cotton the color, and sewing them at the parts where each ring is joined, about 6 stitches in length; be careful that no stitches are seen on the right side; then sew steel beads round the centre ring, taking up five to six beads at a time on the needle; then place the needle between the joinings of the rings, take upon it about 35 beads, and draw the cotton across to the opposite point; repeat this twice more; sew the circles of rings on to the mat by two of the rings, and sew the circles together by one ring. Any other color beside amber will do for the rings. If the table-cover is scarlet, green wool should be used; if blue, amber; or if green, scarlet or pink.

RECEIPTS, &c.

A VERY PLEASANT PERFUME, AND ALSO PREVENTITIVE AGAINST MOTHS.—Take of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and Tonquin beans, of each one ounce; then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and then put it in little bags, among your clothes, &c.

AN EXCELLENT DISH.—*Potatoes "à la Maître d'Hotel."*—Boil the potatoes, and let them become cold; then cut them into rather thick slices. Put a lump of fresh butter into a stewpan, and add a little flour—about a teaspoonful for a middling-sized dish. When the flour has boiled a little while in butter, add by degrees a cupful of broth or water; when this has boiled up, put in the potatoes, with chopped parsley, pepper, and salt. Let the potatoes stew a few minutes, then take them from the fire, and when quite off the boil add the yolk of an egg beat up with a little lemon juice and a table-spoonful of cold water. As soon as the sauce has set, the potatoes may be dished up and sent to table.

HOUSEKEEPER'S KEYS.

DISINFECTANTS.—Do our lady readers understand the simple theory of disinfectants? Every house keeper has had occasion to use chloride of lime: half a pound to five gallons of water, is the quantity recommended by a very able chemist. Aromatic vinegar poured upon a heated iron plate is perhaps the pleasantest of all, though not always to be had, or remarkably economical. The cheapest, and, at the same time, one of the most convenient and agreeable of all, is common coffee. Pound the well-dried *raw* bean in a mortar, and strew the powder on a moderately heated iron plate. Just traversing the house with a roaster containing freshly burned coffee will clear it from all offensive smells.

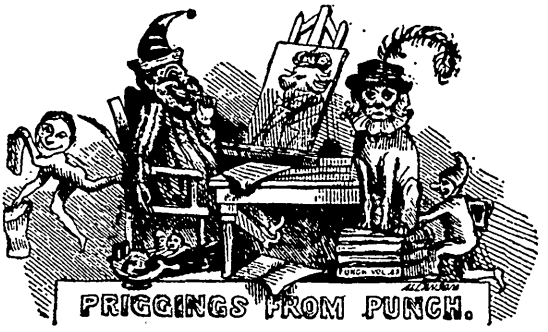
THE BUSINESS OF BEING BEAUTIFUL.

WE commend the following notes on the "business of being beautiful" to the attention of our younger ladies, who are just commencing a self-forming process of character. We know it is rather a new doctrine; that the world, as a general thing, will cry it down under the name of vanity; but we separate the consciousness of giving pleasure by grace or delicacy from the vulgar pride in physical advantages, to which, and their display, the name more properly belongs. It is not a selfish motive, that of giving pleasure to others, and every one knows that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." The "Quarterly" is a good authority, moreover, and we quote from the "Quarterly;" so, ladies, it is your duty to be beautiful, whether you like it or not.

"Man's face is bound to be clean, and may be allowed to be picturesque; but it it a woman's *business* to be beautiful. Beauty of some kind is so much the attribute of the sex, that a woman can hardly be said to feel herself a woman who has not, at one time of her life, at all events, felt herself to be fair. Beauty confers an education of its own, and that always a feminine one. Most celebrated beauties have owed their highest charms to the refining education which their native ones have given them. It was the wisdom as well as the poetry of the age of chivalry that it supposed all women to be beautiful, and treated them as such.

"What can be more false or cruel than the common plan of forcing upon a young girl the withering conviction of her own plainness? If this be only a foolish sham to counteract the supposed demoralizing consciousness of beauty, the world will soon counteract that; but, if the victim have really but a scanty supply of charms, it will, in addition to incalculable anguish of mind, only diminish those further still. To such a system alone can we ascribe an unhappy anomalous style of young woman, occasionally met with, who seems to have taken on herself the vows of voluntary ugliness—who neither eats enough to keep her complexion clear, nor smiles enough to set her pleasing muscles in action—who prides herself on a skinny parsimony of attire which she calls neatness—thinks that alone respectable which is most unbecoming—is always thin, and seldom well, and passes through the society of the lovely, the graceful, and the happy, with the vanity that apes humility on her poor disappointed countenance, as if to say, 'Stand back, I am uncomelier than thou!'"

Fashions for July.



THE LAW OF CROCHET.

PARLIAMENT has at length been compelled to give its ever-tardy attention to a question deeply affecting the domestic happiness of thousands of her MAJESTY'S married subjects. We allude to the Crochet question. The measure is entitled, "*An Act to Amend, Consolidate, and Define the Law of the Crochet-Hook.*"

The PREAMBLE recites that the power of the Crochet-Hook has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Clause 3, exempts a husband from all the penalties of looking grumpy and being a disagreeable cross old thing, in certain cases; namely,—

When a lovely anti-macassar is held up for his admiration, he having at the time one or more buttons deficient in his shirt.

Clause 5, provides that nothing in that Act contained shall prevent a devoted wife from sitting up till any hour of the night darning stockings, or mending the children's things.

Clause 6, declares that all disputes arising as to the meaning of any words in the Act shall be settled by the husband, without appeal.

Clause 8, provides that the husband shall be obliged to furnish his wife with the means of rational and sensible amusement during his absence from home; namely, if a lawyer, he had better give her some copying to do; if a merchant, he can send her account-books to cast up; and, if an author, he can desire her to read his works; but this latter task (which no author's wife can condescend to perform) is to be prescribed in moderation.

There are some other Clauses, but their nature will be explained on the discussion of the measure. The charge of the Bill in the House of Lords will be entrusted to LORD BROUGHAM, who is celebrated for his Crotchet work, and in the House of Commons to MR. DISRAELI, because he really works very fairly—with a hook.

A GRAND DISAPPOINTMENT.

The late events in Paris may be characterised as a Grand Disappointment.

First of all, part of the Army was disappointed. They expected an Emperor before the day was half over; whereas in the evening there was only a Prince President just the same as in the morning.

Secondly, the Orleanists were disappointed, because they made sure there would have been a row of some sort or other, by which they could not fail to have profited; whereas things passed off so quietly, that they were no nearer the throne after the review than they had been before it.

Thirdly, the Legitimists were disappointed for the same reason.

Fourthly, the Republicans were on the lookout for a *coup d'état*, and were in hopes that something good to their cause might come out of it; but no *coup d'état* occurring, they were equally disappointed with all the others.

Fifthly, the foreigners and strangers, who flocked to Paris in the strong expectation that the Empire was to be proclaimed, came away terribly disappointed, declaring that they had been seduced there under false pretences, as nothing had taken place beyond a stupid review, of which the dust took very good care to prevent them seeing anything.

And lastly, Louis Napoleon was more disappointed than anyone else, as he rose in the morning with the full certainty that the Army would proclaim him Emperor, and went to bed at eight o'clock with the unpleasant conviction that some one had made a slight mistake.

And the fact is, every one was disappointed, officers and soldiers included. The officers because they had several days' pay deducted to pay the expenses of a fête that only ended in smoke; and the soldiers, because they had all the hard work to do, without any of the feasting that followed afterwards. They expected showers of champagne and *saucissons* at least, but had nothing to swallow but dust and disappointment.

So, under all the circumstances, we think we are perfectly justified in characterising the late Fêtes of Paris as a—

GRAND DISAPPOINTMENT.

IMPROMPTU DINNERS.

An Advertisement with the above heading annoys us daily. We are by no means *gourmands*, but we cannot say we relish the idea of an *impromptu* dinner. The very word "impromptu" seems inevitably to imply haste. Now, if there's one thing more than another that an Englishman hates to hurry over, it is unquestionably his dinner. The suggestion is, therefore, nationally repugnant to our taste. In America we could fancy "*impromptu* dinners" would be in great request. Celerity is there the motto of the people, and nowhere is the spirit of go-aheadism more conspicuously manifested than at the dinner-table.

Intrinsically, by no means would we depreciate these dinners. We have never tasted, and, therefore, cannot judge them. But nominally we must repeat, the notion is to us a disagreeable one. And if ever we are asked to an *impromptu* dinner, we shall certainly stipulate that it be what Molière calls "*un impromptu, fait à loisir.*"

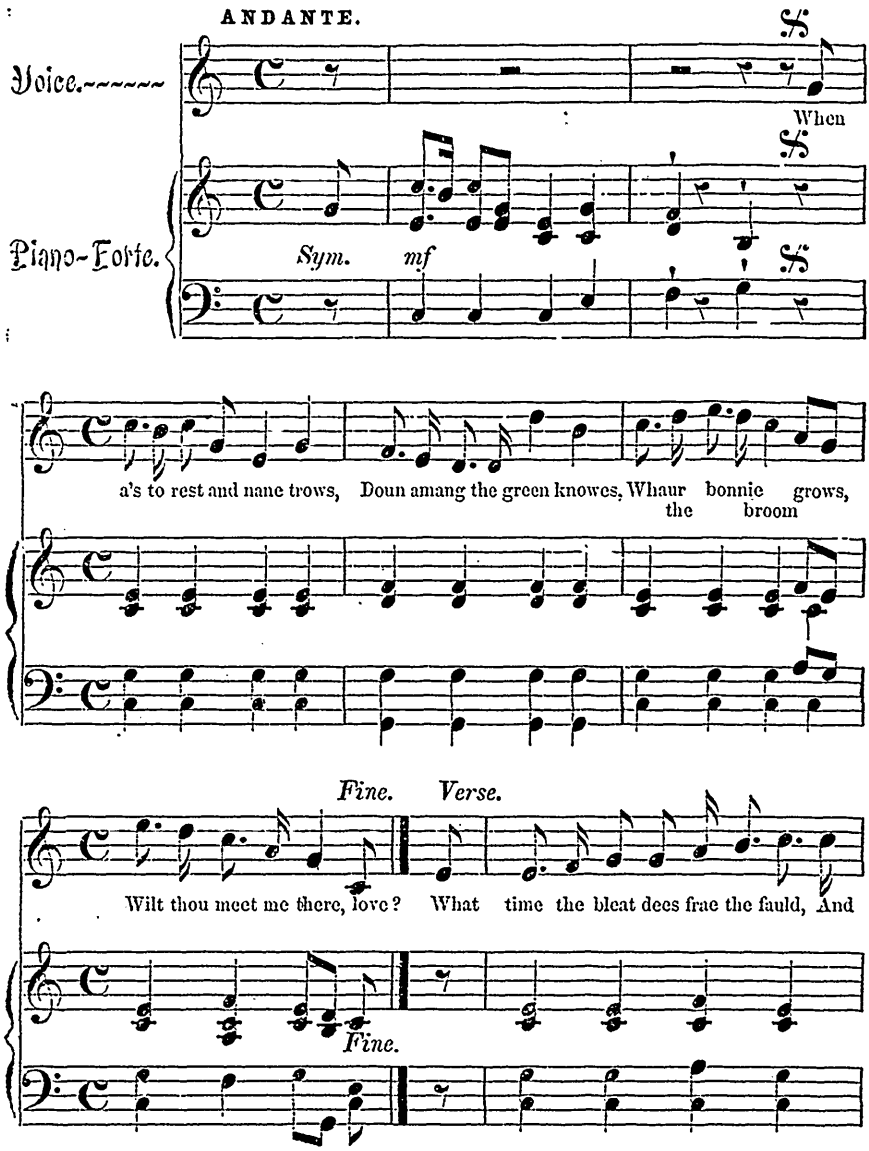
THE GREAT DERBY DAY.

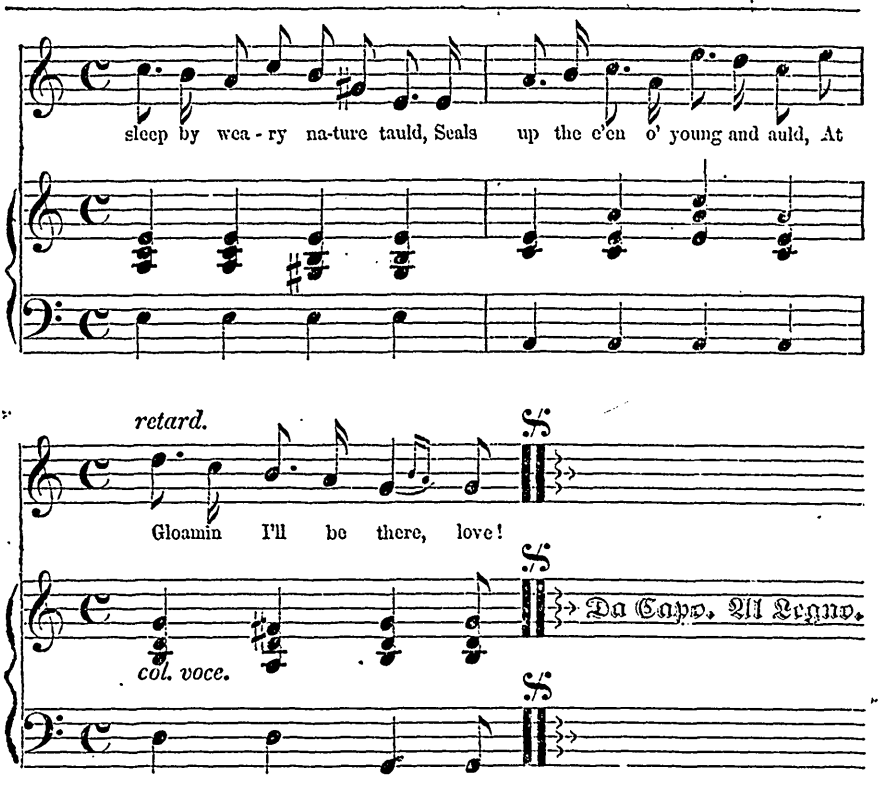
Rt. Hon. Mr. Punch. "Now, My Lord, which do you Declare to Win with—Free Trade, or Protection?"

"AT GLOAMIN I'LL BE THERE, LOVE!"

A Ballad.

WORDS BY JAMES PATERSON, ESQUIRE: MUSIC COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO MISS HARRIS, BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.





II.

The setting sun may e'erie fa',
And wild the gathering blast may blaw,
Wi' fearfu' din, yet still for a',
At Gloamin I'll be there, love!
When a's to rest and nane trows, &c.

III.

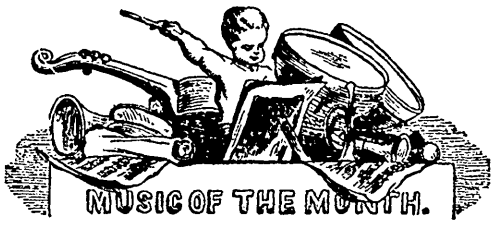
There's something to my bosom dear,
I wadna' tyne for warld's gear,
And just to whisper 't in thy ear,
At Gloamin I'll be there, love!
When a's to rest and nane trows, &c.

IV.

My plaid frae scaith to row thee in,
An artless tale your heart to win,
Just whaur the burn loups o'er the linn,
At Gloamin I'll be there, love!
When a's to rest and nane trows, &c.

V.

In pity, Katy, listen then,
Your wakrife mither ne'er will ken;
Steal softly out, and doun the glen.
At Gloamin I'll be there, love!
When a's to rest and nane trows,
Doun amang the green knowes,
Whaur the bonnie broom grows,
Wilt thou meet me there, love?



MUSICAL EVENTS AND NEW MUSIC.

THE most striking Musical features of the past month have been the Concerts by "The Paiges," "The Germanians," and "The Vocal Music Society."

The Selections for the first of these events struck us as injudicious, and not of a popular cast. We do not think, moreover, that it is indispensable for every *debutante* to sing "Casta Diva." Miss Paige is a pleasing young singer, requiring age and practice to mature a voice of moderate compass. She lacks neither talent, taste, or feeling, and will, doubtless, become a pleasing stock singer. Mr. Paige has a fine voice, but is too *manieré* for our taste; and, to do justice to his organ, he must adopt a simpler style.

THE GERMANIANS.—These Concerts afforded, as was anticipated, a rich treat to such lovers of harmony as, from the cultivation of their taste, are enabled to comprehend and appreciate the higher developments of genius. The concerted pieces performed on Friday included the Overtures to Masaniello and Guillaume Tell, the Wedding March in "Midsummer Night's Dream," a Terzetto by Verdi; besides waltzes and galops by Wittman, &c. Of these, the Overture to "Guillaume Tell," was the most exquisitely performed, and was listened to with breathless attention by the audience. The terzetto for Clarionette, Corno and Bassoon, was charmingly given, and deservedly encored. M. Schultze's fantasia on the violin, was most favourably received, and deserved great commendation: the *artiste* possesses an accuracy of ear, and a facility of execution, which argues a brilliant career.

The Saturday evening's Concert was a gem in every sense of the word. Everything was perfect of its kind; and M. Alfred Jaell created a complete *furore* by the mingled sweetness and brilliancy of his execution. Except Leopold DeMeyer, no artist has visited Toronto who can be compared to Jaell. A greater musical feast than was afforded us on Saturday evening, we never expect-*ed* to listen to; but the Concert on Monday evening was even a more brilliant display, and more easily imagined than described. The programme was delightfully arranged, and selected from the most popular works of "Beethoven," "Rossini," "Verdi," "Herold," "Lanner," &c., and it would be impossible to say which of the pieces were best executed. We, however, think Verdi's Grand Overture to Nabucco and Rossini's dramatic "Siege of Corinth," not to be compared with the massive grandeur of Beethoven's grand finale from the symphony in C Minor. Lanner's lively and sparkling waltzes always please us, and the "Congress Ball Dance," was a gem, as well as the Aria from "Pré aux Clercs," for violin and clarionette. The "Merry Figaro," a piece containing seventeen different airs, closed the evening's entertainments.

The foregoing notice of these performers will satisfy them and the public, that we are quite ready and anxious to do justice to meritorious talent, wherever it exists. We have no doubt that the interests of the press generally were not overlooked by the agents of these performers, but we must remark that WE were an exception to the courtesy usually extended to those connected with the periodical literature of the city. We had to pay for our gratification. We are well aware that we may be accused of a somewhat close imitation of the New York *Albion*, in its strictures recently passed on Goldschmidt, for a similar instance of neglect; but agreeing so completely, as we do, with our contemporary, we can not conceive that we err in following his

example. Artists should never overlook the fact that when their evident interest is to conciliate public opinion and favour, for the purpose of future fame and emolument, the easiest, the customary, and the cheapest way of effecting this, is to invite the candid criticism of the Press, and this is always best done by forwarding tickets of admission to the office of publication.

It may be argued that we were not yet in existence, and that therefore we were not considered in the distribution which did take place.—But it was pretty generally known throughout the city, that our publication would issue on the 1st July, and that our notices would be therefore for the past month; we consequctly take this early opportunity of checking what we must consider as culpable negligence and indifference, which cannot be allowed to exist with impunity.

The Concert by the Vocal Music Society was, in excellent taste, dedicated to the Memory of Moore, and the selection was rewarded with what it merited—a "bumper." This Society improves most rapidly, and reflects great credit alike on the exertions of the Conductor J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac. and the application of the pupils.

"The Banshee," "Hark! the Vesper Hymn," "The Canadian Boat Song," were most effectively given, as were also some of the Solos. We forbear particularizing, as it is hard from a pretty *bouquet* to select the prettiest flower; we will, therefore, only remark, that they well deserve the liberal meed of praise bestowed on them by the various daily journals.

Mr. and Miss Paige most kindly lent their aid, and most sweetly and touchingly were the delicious "Believe me if all these endearing young charms," and "The last rose of summer," sung,—melodies which have so linked soul, sentiment and song, as to come ever fresh upon the ear.

We think the compliment paid to the large Irish population of Canada, by the tribute offered to Erin's bard, should recommend this most deserving Society to their gratitude, for we cannot doubt that amongst the most treasured relics of his Fatherland, which the emigrant carries in his heart of hearts, are the well-remembered melodies of his native country. Almost painfully sweet must those strains have fallen on the ear of the Irish present, awaking in their bosoms that indescribable home-sickness, so peculiar to the natives of mountainous countries. Such emotions are difficult to describe; but Moore himself has pictured similar in his exquisite lines on Music, when he says:—

> "Oh, how welcome breathes the strain!
> Wakening thoughts that long have slept!
> Kindling former smiles again,
> In faded eyes that long have wept."

We see it announced that Sontag will come to America, but when her *debut* may be expected, is, as yet involved in much uncertainty. Grisi and the veteran Lablache are also spoken of as meditating a visit, but when? or can we expect so much good fortune in one year?

NEW MUSIC.

We perceive amongst the collection of New Music at Messrs. Nordheimer's establishment, "The Maple Leaf," by J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac.; this we most heartily recommend to all lovers of music. Either as a solo or arranged as a chorus, as we have heard it, it is a beautiful song, and worthy the composer's reputation. "The Belle of the Ball," will also be found to be very pretty, as are "Stars of Love," "Song of the Exile,"—both by Wallace—"Ruth and Naomi," "Every land my home," and the "Emigrant Ship." Amongst the Waltzes are "The Mayflower," "Echo of Home," and "Tantallon." The Polkas are "The Scotch Fusilier," and the "Osborne House."

ALBONI.

THE great contralto, perhaps the greatest in the World, with whom no one is ever compared, unless it be Angri, arrived in New York on the 7th June, in the Hermann, accompanied by Signori Roviere and Sangiovanni and made her debut on Wednesday the 23rd June at Metropolitan Hall.

The reception which greeted her was one of the warmest description; and the plaudits occupied some time, before the symphony to her opening song, the *cavatina* from "Semiramide" was allowed to proceed. This is a flattering testimonial of approbation, and one which we do not often witness. Her success was the more remarkable, as a proof of the great intrinsic interest and power which Madamme Alboni's singing possesses, since

contralti generally require the contrast of *soprani* to give them proper relish. The ear naturally awaits those acute and brilliant tones of the higher treble, which so perfectly distinguish the voices of the female from those of the opposite sex; but Madame Alboni scarce leaves us anything to wish for. The upper and lower notes are so beautifully balanced and contrasted in themselves; such are the grace, the ease, and the finish, with which her ornaments (and not too exuberantly either) are applied; and above all, such is the *sincerity* of her style, that it seems to create a place for itself in the mind which for the time brings us completely under its influence.

The first song was sung by the new tenor, Signor Sangiovanni. This is an exquisite voice, a pure Italian tenor; and his singing afforded us very great gratification throughout the evening. The delicacy of his tones may at present be rather at the expense of power (perhaps from recent labour in the attainment of the polish and culture which he exhibited); but such a voice in the musical drama, when the opera season comes round again, would be a great acquisition to any manager. Signor Rovere seemed to forget that he was not exactly on his native element, the boards of the operatic stage, and entered with such a spirit into Donizetti's comic duo from "L'Elisir d'Amore," as must have appeared a little extraordinary to those unacquainted with its genius. He is a capital *buffo* however.

FOREIGN.

Each week's report from London is a perfect wilderness of all sorts of Concerts. As well might we try to enumerate the qualities of each particular nest of Songbirds in the June woods, as to keep the run of them. The Illustrated News says, with a heavy sigh, "This has been a trying week for the musical critics, who have been daily called upon to attend divers grand Morning and Evening Concerts, Classical Meetings, *Matinées and Soirées Musicales*, sometimes two or three in a day." We may however mention the debut of two New Prima Donnas. Mdme. Jullienne at the Royal Italian Opera, and Mdme. Lagrange at 'Her Majesty's.' Madame Jullienne's debut is thus noticed,

"Her *début* in Donizetti's "Martiri," on the 20th of April last, has been duly recorded in the columns of the Illustrated London News Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present on the occasion. Four times has this work been given, and the third and fourth acts twice, the last time on Tuesday night, and no *artiste* has ever produced a more striking impression on the public than Mdme. Jullienne. The duo between her and Tamberlik in the last scene of the "Martiri," for veritable enthusiasm, has never been exceeded. On the 20th of May, Mdme. Jullienne sang for the first time in London the part of *Rachèle* in the Italian version of "La Juive," the Queen and Prince Albert honouring the representation with their presence, and remaining from the first scene to the fall of the curtain, In this magnificent opera, which, in addition to its intensely interesting libretto, contains some of the finest dramatic music ever heard, Mdme. Jullienne has permanently established her fame as a great lyric *artiste*. In all operas in which a powerful soprano is required for strong passions, Madame Jullienne is invaluable. She is yet but young in the profession, and her coming in contact with the refined school of Italian vocalisation cannot fail to develop ultimately the liberal gifts with which she has been endowed by nature, in a still higher degree.

Madame de Lagrange is thus estimated by Musical Savans.

"Madame de Lagrange, the new *prima donna* whose name we have just mentioned, is a French lady of rank, who originally appeared in 1839 on the stage of the Rénaissance (Théâtre des Italiens), in Paris, as an amateur, in Flotow's opera "La Duchesse de Guise." Such was the impression made by her talent, that she subsequently began an operatic career in Italy; and for some years has sung on the lyric boards of that country as well as in Germany. On Saturday night she appeared as *Lucia*, and repeated the performance on Tuesday—Gardoni being the *Edgardo*, Susini *Bidebent*, Mercuriali *Arturo*, and Ferlotti *Enrico*. Madame de Lagrange's version of Sir Walter Scott's heroine is in accordance with the picture of the novelist: it is gentle, lady-like, and unassuming; and even in the provocative to exageration supplied by the Italian librettist in the mad scene, her style was subdued. A tall and commanding figure and an expressive face are her physical advantages; but, as an actress, she is more to be distinguished by elegance and correctness, than by impulse and passion. Her vocalisation is that of an artiste who has studied in the best schools, but whose organ has been exposed to much wear and tear as in the Verdi operas. The quality of the voice is not sympathetic but it is penetrating, and in the concerted pieces will be distinctly heard. It is in the florid passages of the upper octave that the brilliancy of Mdme. de Lagrange's singing is most striking and effective.

Mario by his late achievements in Song seems to have totally disproved the statements advanced by some of the London Journals "That his voice is breaking" as his singing the famous "A te O Cara" appears to have been most enthusiastically received, and his phrasing, intonation, and expression are commented on as "beyond all praise" "his execution admirable" and "his falsetto in every respect perfect."

Of the unfortunate Miss Wagner, the bird that can sing, and would fain sing, but shant sing, we may state that the injunction continues, and that Lovers of Song are still deprived of the pleasure they so eagerly anticipated.

CHAUCER.