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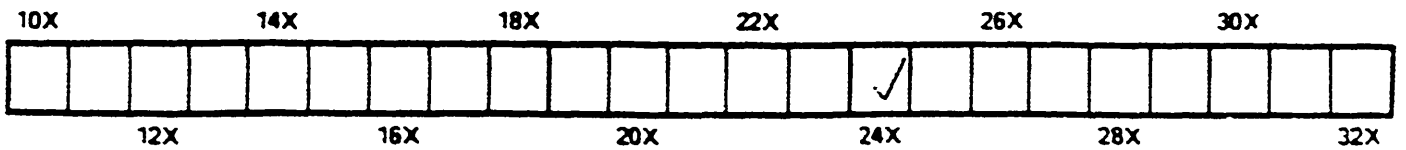

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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HISTORY OF THE WAR
BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
During the Years, 1812, 1813, and 1814.

CHAPTER XXII.

New England feeling towards Great Britain.

Before giving Captain Barrie's letter and the articles of capitulation, which Capt. Parker found the inhabitants most ready to accede to, it will be well to adduce a few instances to prove how ready to break the connexion with the United States, were the very colonies which had set the example of rebellion in a former war, and by whose gallant and vigorous exertions the independence of a great country was secured.

A Boston Journal, the *Sentinel*, stated that "Major Putnam, Captains Fillebrown and Varnum, arrived under parole from Eastport, and speak highly of the good conduct of the British regiment there, *so abused by the Virginians for their reputed misconduct at Hampton*. The soldiers behave remarkably well there; yet this is the corps said to have committed such outrages at Hampton."

At Dorchester from Ingersol's own testimony we learn that "when the 4th of July, 1814, was celebrated at Dorchester, where Washington commanded in 1775, one of the sentiments drunk was "our country united to Britain, and happy till the *pestilence of democracy* poisoned and blighted it."

Again it was recommended by the *Salem Gazette* that all imposts, taxes, and proceeds of captures within the state, that might go into the national treasury, be retained; that the prisoners of war then in the state should be exchanged for such of her own citizens as were in the hands of the enemy, and, finally, that peace should be made with Great Britain, so as to leave the burden of the war on the more belligerent States, and by these means to free Massachussets from the burdens which oppressed her.

After citing these instances of loyalty, Ingersol has the inconsistency and assurance on the very next page to assert "that the hearts of the common people of New England remained American."

This was not all, however, for Timothy Pickering, Member of Congress, on the 16th March, 1814, publicly recommended that no one should give his vote "to redeem the paper money, exchequers, bills, or other loans to continue this unnecessary and iniquitous war."

The remaining incidents connected with the attacks on the American coast will be found embodied in Captain Barrie's despatch and the articles of capitulation signed.

After our expose of American feeling, we think it unnecessary to bring forward more testimony on two points. The first that, our assertion at the beginning of this history, as to the war being unpopular and forced on the country by the administration was correct; secondly, that the evidence as to the behaviour of the troops, taken from

American sources, goes far to disprove the accusations made against them as regarding their conduct at Havre de Grace and Georgetown.

The despatch of Captain Barrie and the articles of capitulation are all that are necessary to place the reader in full possession of every fact of importance connected with Captain Parker's and Pilkinton's expedition.

From Captain Barrie to Rear Admiral Griffith.

H.M. sloop Sylph, off Bangor, in the Penobscot, Sept. 3, 1814.

Sir,—Having received on board the ships named in the margin,* a detachment of 20 men of the royal artillery, with one 5½-inch howitzer, commanded by Lieutenant Garsten; a party of 80 marines, commanded by Captain Carter, of the Dragon; the flank companies of the 29th, 62d, and 98th regiments, under the command of Captains Gell and Caker; Majors Riddell, Keith, and Croasdaile, and Captain Macpherson; also, a rifle company of the 7th battalion of the 60th regiment, commanded by Capt. Ward; and the whole under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel John, of the 60th regiment; I proceeded, agreeably to your order, with the utmost despatch, up the Penobscot. Light variable winds, a most intricate channel, of which we were perfectly ignorant, and thick foggy weather, prevented my arriving off Frankfort before 2 P.M. of the 2d inst. Here Colonel John and myself thought it advisable to send a message to the inhabitants; and having received their answer, we pushed on towards Hampden, where we received intelligence that the enemy had strongly fortified himself. On our way up, several troops were observed on the east side of the river, making for Brewer; these were driven into the woods, without any loss on our side, by a party under the orders of Major Croasdaile, and the guns from the boats. The enemy had one killed and several wounded.

At 5 P.M. of the 2d inst., we arrived off Ball's-head Cove, distant three miles from Hampden. Colonel John and myself landed on the south side of the Cove to reconnoitre the ground, and obtain intelligence. Having gained the hills, we discovered the enemy's piquets advantageously posted near the highway leading to Hampden, on the north side of the cove.

We immediately determined to land 150 men, under Major Riddall, to drive in the piquets, and take up their ground. This object was obtained by 7 o'clock; and notwithstanding every difficulty, the whole of the troops were landed on the north side of the cove by ten o'clock; but it was found impossible to land the artillery at the same place. The troops bivouacked on the ground taken possession of by Major Riddall. It rained incessantly during the night. At day-break this morning, the fog cleared away for about a quarter of an hour, which enabled me to reconnoitre the enemy by water; and I found a landing-place for the artillery about two-thirds of a mile from Ball's-head. Off this place the troops halted till the artillery were mounted; and by six the whole advanced towards Hampden.

The boats under the immediate command of Lieutenant Pedler, the first of the Dragon, agreeably to a previous arrangement with Colonel John, advanced in line with the right flank of the army. The Peruvian, Sylph, Dragon's tender, and Harmony transport, were kept a little in arrear in reserve.

Our information stated the enemy's force at 1400 men, and he had chosen a most excellent position on a high hill. About a quarter of a mile to the southward of the Adams' frigate, he had mounted eight 18-pounders. This fort was calculated to command both the highway, by which our troops had to advance, and the river. On a wharf close to the Adams, he had mounted fifteen 18-pounders, which completely commanded the river, which at this place, is not above three cables' lengths wide, and the land on each side is high and well wooded.

A rocket-boat, under my immediate direction, but manœuvred by Mr. Ginton, gunner, and Mr. Small, midshipman, of the Dragon, was advanced about a quarter of a mile a-head of the line of boats.

* H.M.S. Peruvian and Sylph, Dragon tender, and the Harmony transport.

So soon as the boats got within gun-shot, the enemy opened his fire upon them from the hill and wharf, which was warmly returned. Our rockets were generally well-directed, and evidentally threw the enemy into confusion. Meantime, our troops stormed the hill with the utmost gallantry. Before the boats got within good grape-shot distance of the wharf-battery, the enemy set fire to the Adams, and he ran from his guns the moment our troops carried the hill.

I joined the army about ten minutes after this event. Colonel John and myself immediately determined to leave a sufficient force in possession of the hill, and to pursue the enemy, who was then in sight on the Bangor road, flying at full speed. The boats and ships pushed up the river, preserving their original position with the army. The enemy was too nimble for us, and most of them escaped into the woods on our left.

On approching Bangor, the inhabitants, who had opposed us at Hampden, threw off their military character; and, as magistrates, select men, &c. made an unconditional surrender of the town. Here, the pursuit stopped. About two hours afterwards, brigadier-general Blake came into the town to deliver himself as a prisoner; the general, and other prisoners, amounting to 191, were admitted to their parole.

Enclosed, I have the honor to forward you lists of the vessels we have captured or destroyed, and other necessary reports. I am happy to inform you, our loss consists only of one seaman, belonging to the Dragon, killed; captain Gell, of the 29th, and seven privates wounded; one rank and file missing.

I cannot close my report, without expressing my highest admiration of the very gallant conduct of Colonel John, and the officers and soldiers under his command; for, exclusive of the battery before-mentioned, they had difficulties to contend with on their left, which did not fall under my observation, as the enemy's field-pieces in that direction were masked. The utmost cordiality existed between the two services; and I shall ever feel obliged to colonel John for his ready co-operation in every thing that was proposed. The officer and men bore the privations, inseparable from our confined means of accommodation, with a cheerfulness that entitles them to my warmest thanks.

Though the enemy abandoned his batteries before the ships could be brought to act against them, yet I am not less obliged to captains Kippen and Dickens, of the Peruvian and Sylph; acting-lieutenant Pearson, who commanded the Dragon's tender; lieutenant Woodin, of the Dragon; and Mr. Barnett, master of the Harmony; their zeal and indefatigable exertions in bringing up their vessels, through the most intricate navigation, were eminently conspicuous. Colonel John speaks highly in praise of Captain Carter, and the detachment of royal marines under his orders; and also of the seamen attached to the artillery, under the command of lieutenants Simmonds. Motley, L. State and Mr. Sparling, master of the Bulwark.

I have, on other occassions of service, found it a pleasing part of my duty to commend the services of lieutenant Pedler, first of the Dragon; in this instance, he commanded the boat part of the expedition most fully to my satisfaction; he was ably seconded by by lieutenants Perceval, of the Tenedos, and Ormond, of the Endymion; and Mr. Ansel, master's mate of the Dragon; this last gentleman has passed his examination nearly five years, and is an active officer well worthy of your patronage; but, in particularising him, I do not mean to detract from the other petty-officers and seamen employed in the boats; for they all most zealously performed their duty, and are equally entitled to my warmest acknowledgements. I am also most particularly indebted to the active and zealous exertions of lieutenant Carnegie, who was a volunteer on this occasion.

I can form no estimate of the enemy's absolute loss. From different stragglers I learn, that, exclusive of killed and missing, upwards of 30 lay wounded in the woods.

I have the honor to be, &c.

ROBERT BARRIE,
Capt. of H.M.S. Dragon.

ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION.

Article I. The officers and troops of the

United States, at present on Moose island, are to surrender themselves prisoners of war, and are to deliver up the forts, buildings, arms, ammunition, stores, and effects, with exact inventories thereof, belonging to the American government; and they are thereby transferred to his Britannic majesty, in the same manner and possession, as has been held heretofore by the American government.

Art. II. The garrison of the island shall be prisoners of war, until regularly exchanged; they will march out of the fort with the honors of war, and pile their arms at such place as will be appointed for that purpose; the officers will be permitted to proceed to the United States on their parole.

Capture of Washington, and destruction of Public Buildings.

The next event of importance, in order of date, was the descent on Washington, an affair, which, although strictly a retaliation for excessive and manifold atrocities, was made the pretext for the utterance of the vilest slander by the Federalists, against not only the British army, but the entire nation. We trust, however, to bring forward such evidence, as to the conduct of the British in this affair, as will satisfy the impartial reader, both as to the falsehoods put forth by part of the American press, and the absurdities uttered in the British House of Commons, and which carried, until disproved, considerable weight with a large portion of the people.

Nor was this all; American writers have not scrupled to declare that peace was indefinitely postponed "in order that the British Government might by its military and naval instruments, deliberately commit so atrocious a violation of civilized warfare."

Says Ingersol, "The unknown caitiff who attempted to assassinate General Ross is much less detestable and unpardonable than the member of the Government, Ministry, Monarch, Regent, or whoever the miscreant may be, guilty of the infinitely greater outrage of postponing peace for several months, after the causes of war had ceased, in order to devastate the public edifices of an enemy's capital."

Without adducing one iota of proof, Ingersol makes this bold assertion, and, unsupported by evidence, he bases the whole of his reasoning on a fact so injurious to the character of the British nation. Fortunately, however, we have evidence, that the Americans had been warned of this descent being intended so far back as the 26th of June, and we know from Armstrong that even at that date preparations for the defence of the capital of the nation were commenced. That these preparations were not more complete and formidable, appears incomprehensible.

Jomini in his "summary of the art of war" when dwelling on this subject says "The English performed an enterprise which may be ranged amongst the most extraordinary: —that against the capital of the United States of America. To the great astonishment of the world, a handful of seven or eight thousand English were seen to descend in the midst of a state of ten millions of souls, penetrate a considerable distance, besiege the capital, and destroy the public establishments there; results which history may be searched in vain for another example of."

It will be well to remark that Jomini in his comments dwells not on the infraction of the recognized principles of civilized warfare, but upon the incomprehensible state in which the Americans must have been to permit a handful of men to commit such devastation in the presence of so vastly superior a force.

Before entering on the expedition, it will be as well to get rid of one charge that was made by many American journals against the commanding officers of the fleet then lying on the Chesapeake, but no proof of which has ever been attempted.

During the whole period that the English fleet were on the waters of the Chesapeake, the officers, who were sent on shore to procure provisions and water, were constantly beset by crowds of fugitive slaves, who implored to be rescued from a state of bondage. These appeals, were too piteous, always to be disregarded, and the consequence was that hundreds of them were taken on board the British vessels, from whence they were

mostly transported to Halifax, a few being landed at Jamaica. This circumstance it was that afforded an excuse for the assertion of the American Government, that "the British, after receiving the negroes, shipped the wretches to the West Indies, where they were sold as slaves, for the benefit of British officers."

One of their organs the "*Norfolk Herald*" even announced that "To take cattle or other stock, would be consistent with the usages of civilized warfare; but to take negroes, who are human beings; to tear them for ever from their kindred and connexions is what we should never expect from a Christian nation, especially one that has done so much to abolish the slave trade. There are negroes in Virginia, and, we believe, in all the Southern States, who have their interests and affections as strongly engrafted in their hearts, as the whites, and who feel the sacred ties of filial, parental, and conjugal affection, equally strong, and who are warmly attached to their owners and the scenes of their nativity."

James very correctly notices this as one of the most inadvertent but happiest pieces of satire extant; and so it must appear to all. Even at the present time, no later than two days back, a New Orleans journal, the "*Creole*" contained an advertisement offering to purchase slaves from any quarter, and it is impossible to take up a Southern paper without the eye being offended and the senses disgusted with the accounts of slave sales—the attractions of a young quadroon being dwelt on and puffed with as much minuteness as the points of a horse. The revelations of the horrors of American slavery are so patent, and have excited such universal horror, that it is almost unnecessary to dwell on the unparalleled impudence which could assert that the slaves were warmly attached to their masters—slave owners selling their children, and the mother of their children: but the bare thought of these things is sickening, yet the very journals containing these advertisements were the foremost to accuse the British of having violated "the dictates of christianity and civilization."

The question, too, may be put in another form. It was submitted to the House of Representatives, by Mr. Fish of Vermont, and resolved, "That the committee on public lands be instructed to enquire into the expediency of giving to each deserter from the British army, during the present war, one hundred acres of the public lands, such deserter actually settling the same.

After this specimen of national honor, and considering what slavery was then in the United States, the position taken by the American press, appears the more extraordinary. The assertion that slaves were dragged away by force with the greatest cruelty is simply absurd; it was with the greatest difficulty that the British commander could victual his fleet, lying as it did on an enemy's shore, and it was not very probable that he would suffer his difficulties in that respect to be increased by the addition of loads of negroes, whom, to make profit on it, it would be necessary to feed and keep in good condition. The only marvel is that the British Commander should have allowed his feelings of humanity to overstep the strict line of duty, inasmuch as by rescuing those unhappy victims from slavery he was seriously inconveniencing the crews of the vessels under his command, and so crowding his ships as to render them almost unfit for going into action. To return, however, to the expedition.

Preparations made by U. States Government.

The President of the United States, informed officially since the 26th of June, of the approaching storm, lost no time in determining to prepare; accordingly the heads of departments and the Attorney General, were convened on the 1st July, and it was then decided, first, "that ten or twelve thousand draughts from the militia of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, should be held in reserve in their respective States, ready to march at a moment's warning.

Secondly. That not less than two, nor more than three thousand of the afore-mentioned draughts, should be assembled for immediate service, at some central point between the Potomac and Baltimore.

Thirdly. That the militia of the District of Columbia, (we omit detail) making an aggregate of three thousand combatants, should

constitute a corps at all times disposable, under the direction of the commanding General."

That these resolutions were not mere words, we have General Armstrong's testimony, who says: "Nor will it appear from the report made by the Congressional Committee of Inquiry, that any time was lost in giving effect to these measures, so far as their execution depended on the War Department. "On the 2nd July," says the Report, "the tenth military district was constituted, and the command given to General Winder. On the 4th, a requisition on the States for ninety-three thousand five hundred men was issued. On the 14th, the Governors of Pennsylvania and Virginia, acknowledged the receipt of the requisition, and promised promptitude. On the 10th, the Governor of Maryland was served with a copy of the requisition, and took measures to comply with it. On the 12th, General Winder was authorised, in case of either menaced or actual invasion, to call into service the whole of the Maryland quota (six thousand men), and on the 18th, five thousand from Pennsylvania and two thousand from Virginia, making an aggregate (the regular infantry, cavalry, marines, flotilla men, and district militia included) of sixteen thousand six hundred men."

When we run over these great preparations Jomini's surprise, that a handful of men should have been permitted to execute what they did, is natural, and after the admissions made by Armstrong as to their force, it is perfectly absurd in American writers to pretend that, at Bladensburg, they were conquered by superior members, or that the descents on Alexandria and Washington were not made, literally as Jomini expresses it, by a handful of men, in the face of a body outnumbering them three-fold.

Many of these reports have been drawn from Winder's despatches, but it was only to be expected that a General in Winder's position would attempt to represent matters in the most favorable light.

The two despatches which follow will give the reader a clear insight into all the plans and details of the expedition, and General Winder's despatch, which will be found in a note* will furnish a very good instance of the truth of an American bulletin.

From Brigadier-General Winder to the Secretary at War.

SIR, Baltimore, Aug. 27, 1814.

When the enemy arrived at the mouth of the Potomac, of all the militia which I had been authorized to assemble, there were but about 1700 in the field, 13 to 1400 under General Stransbury near this place, and 250 at Bladensburg, under lieutenant-colonel Kramer; the slow progress of draft, and the imperfect organization, with the ineffectiveness of the laws to compel them to turn out, rendered it impossible to have procured more.

The militia of this state and of the contiguous parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania were called out *en masse*, but the former militia law of Pennsylvania had expired the 1st of June, or July, and the one adopted in its place is not to take effect in organizing the militia before October. No aid, therefore, had been received from that state.

After all the force that could be put at my disposal in that short time, and making such dispositions as I deemed best calculated to present the most respectable force at whatever point the enemy might strike, I was enabled (by the most active and harrassing movements of the troops) to interpose before the enemy at Bladensburg, about 5000 men, including 350 regulars and commodore Barney's command. Much the largest portion of this force arrived on the ground when the enemy were in sight, and were disposed to support, in the best manner, the position which General Stansbury had taken. They had barely reached the ground before the action commenced, which was about one o'clock P. M. of the 24th instant, and continued about an hour. The contest was not as obstinately maintained as could have been desired, but was, by parts of the troops, sustained with great spirit and with prodigious effect; and had the whole of our force been equally firm, I am induced to believe that the enemy would have been rapulsed, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which we fought. The artillery from Baltimore supported by major Pinkney's rifle battalion, and a part of captain Doughty's from the navy-yard, were in advance to command the pass of the bridge at Bladensburg, and played upon the enemy, as I have since learned, with very destructive effect. But the rifle troops were obliged, after some time, to retire, and of course the artillery. Superior numbers, however, rushed upon them, and made their retreat necessary, not, however, without great loss on the part of the enemy. Major Pinkney received a severe wound in his right arm after he had retired to the left flank of Stansbury's brigade. The right and centre of Stansbury's brigade, consisting of lieutenant-colonel Ragan's and Shulers regiments, generally, gave way very soon afterwards, with the

From Major-general Ross to Earl Bathurst.

Tonnant, in the Patuxent,
Aug. 30, 1814.

My Lord,

I have the honor to communicate to your lordship, that on the 24th instant, after defeating the army of the United States on that day, the troops under my command entered and took possession of the city of Washington.

It was determined between Sir Alexander Cochrane and myself, to disembark the army at the village of Benedict, on the right bank of the Patuxent, with the intention of co-operating with rear-admiral Cockburn, in an attack upon a flotilla of the enemy's gun-boats, under the command of commodore Barney. On the 20th instant, the army commenced its march, having landed the previous day without opposition; on the 21st it reached Nottingham, and on the 22d moved on to Upper Marlborough, a few miles distant from Pig point, on the Patuxent, where admiral Cockburn fell in with, and defeated the flotilla, taking and destroying the whole. Having advanced within 16 miles of Washington, and ascertained the force of the enemy to be such as might authorize an attempt at carrying his capital, I determined to make it, and accordingly put the troops in movement on the evening of the 23rd. A corps of about 1200 men appeared to oppose us, but retired after firing a few shots. On the 24th, the troops resumed their march, and reached Bladensburg, a village situate on the left bank of the eastern branch of the Potomac, about five miles from Washington.

On the opposite side of that river, the enemy was discovered strongly posted on very commanding heights, formed in two lines, his advance occupying a fortified house, which, with artillery, covered the bridge over the eastern branch, which the British had to pass. A broad and straight road leading from the bridge to Washington, ran through the enemy's position, which was carefully defended by artillery and riflemen.

exception of about 40 rallied by colonel Ragan, after having lost his horse, and the whole or a part of captain Shower's company, both of whom general Stansbury represents to have made, even thus deserted, a gallant stand. The fall which lieutenant-colonel Ragan received from his horse, together with his great efforts to maintain his position, rendered him unable to follow the retreat; we have therefore to lament that this gallant and excellent officer has been taken prisoner; he has, however, been paroled, and I met him here, recovering from the bruises occasioned by his fall. The loss of his services at this moment is serious.

The 5th Baltimore regiment, under lieutenant-colonel Sterrett, being the left of brigadier-general Stansbury's brigade, still, however, stood their ground, and except for a moment, when part of them recoiled a few steps, remained firm, and stood until ordered to retreat, with a view to prevent their being outflanked.

The reserve, under brigadier-general Smith, of the district of Columbia, with the militia of the city and Georgetown, with the regulars and some detachments of Maryland militia, flanked on their right by commodore Barney and his brave fellows, and lieutenant-colonel Beal, still were to the right on the hill, and maintained the contest for some time with great effect.

It is not with me to report the conduct of commodore Barney and his command, nor can I speak from observation, being too remote; but the concurrent testimony of all who did observe them, does them the highest justice for their brave resistance, and destructive effect they produced on the enemy. Commodore Barney, after having lost his horse, took post near one of his guns, and there unfortunately received a severe wound in the thigh, and he also fell into the hands of the enemy. Captain Miller, of the marines, was wounded in the arm fighting bravely. From the best intelligence, there remains but little doubt that the enemy lost at least 400 killed and wounded, and of these a very unusual portion killed.

Our loss cannot, I think, be estimated at more than from 30 to 40 killed, and 50 to 60 wounded they took altogether about 120 prisoners.

You will readily understand that it is impossible for me to speak minutely of the merit or demerit of particular troops so little known to me from their recent and hasty assemblage. My subsequent movements for the purpose o preserving as much of my force as possible, gaining reinforcements, protecting this place, you already know.

I am, with very great respect, sir, your obedient servant,

W. H. WINDER,
Hon. J. Armstrong, Sec. of War. brig-gen.
10th mil. dist.

N.B. We have to lament that captain Sterrett, of the 5th Baltimore regiment, has also been wounded, but is doing well. Other officers, no doubt, deserve notice, but I am as yet unable to particularize.

The disposition for the attack being made, it was commenced with so much impetuosity by the light brigade, consisting of the 85th light infantry, and the light infantry companies of the army under the command of colonel Thornton, that the fortified house was shortly carried, the enemy retiring to the higher grounds.

In support of the light brigade, I ordered up a brigade under the command of colonel Brooke, who, with the 44th regiment, attacked the enemy's left, the 4th regiment pressing his right with such effect, as to cause him to abandon his guns. His first line giving way, was driven on the second, which, yielding to the irresistable attack of the bayonet, and the well-directed discharge of rockets, got into confusion and fled, leaving the British masters of the field. The rapid flight of the enemy, and his knowledge of the country, precluded the possibility of many prisoners being taken, more particularly as the troops had, during the day, undergone considerable fatigue.

The enemy's army, amounting to 8 or 9000 men, with 3 or 400 cavalry, was under the command of General Winder, being formed of troops drawn from Baltimore and Pensylvania. His artillery, 10 pieces of which fell into our hands, was commanded by commodore Barney, who was wounded and taken prisoner. The artillery I directed to be destroyed.

Having halted the army for a short time, I determined to march upon Washington, and reached that city at eight o'clock that night. Judging it of consequence to complete the destruction of the public buildings with the least posible delay, so that the army might retire without loss of time, the following buildings were set fire to and consumed,—the capitol, inculding the Senate-house and House of Representaives, the Arsenal, the Dock-yard, Treasury, War-office, President's Palace, Ropewalk, and the great bridge across the Potomac; in the dock-yard a frigate nearly ready to be launched, and a sloop of war, were consumed. The two bridges leading to Washington over the eastern branch had been destroyed by the enemy, who apprehended an attack from that quarter. The object of the expedition being accomplished, I determined, before any greater force of the enemy could be assembled, to withdraw the troops, and accordingly commenced retiring on the night of the 25th. On the evening of the 29th we reached Benedict, and re-embarked the following day. In the performance of the operation I have detailed, it is with the utmost satisfaction I observe to your lordship, that cheerfulness in undergoing fatigue, and anxiety for the accomplishment of the object, were conspicuous in all ranks.

To Sir A. Cochrane my thanks are due, for his ready compliance with every wish connected with the welfare of the troops and the success of the expedition. To rear-admiral Cockburn, who suggested the attack upon Washington, and who accompanied the army, I confess the greatest obligation for his cordial co-operation and advice.

Colonel Thornton, who led the attack, is entitled to every praise for the noble example he set, which was so well followed by lieutenant-colonel Wood and the 85th light infantry, and by major Jones, of the 4th foot, with the companies attached to the light brigade. I have to express my approbation of the spirited conduct of colonel Brooke, and of his brigade: the 44th regiment, which he led, distinguished itself under the command of lieutenant-colonel Mullens; the gallantry of the 4th foot, under the command of major France, being equally conspicuous.

The exertions of captain Mitchel, of the royal artillery, bringing the guns in to action, were unremitting; to him, and to the detachment under his command, including captain Deacon's rocket brigade, and the marine rocket corps, I feel every obligation. Captain Lempriere, of the royal artillery, mounted a small detachment of the artillery drivers, which proved of great utility. The assistance afforded by captain Blanchard, of the royal engineers, in the duties of his department, was of great advantage. To the zealous exertions of captain Wainwright, Palmer, and Money, of the royal navy, and to those of the officers and seamen who landed with them, the service is highly indebted,

the latter, captain Money, had charge of the seamen attached to marine artillery. To captain M'Dougall, of the 85th foot, who acted as my aide de camp, captain Falls, and to the officers of my staff, I feel much indebted.

I must beg leave to call your lordship's attention to the zeal and indefatigable exertions of lieutenant Evans, acting deputy quarter-master-general. The intelligence displayed by that officer, in circumstances of considerable difficulty, induces me to hope he will meet with some distinguised mark of approbation. I have reason to be satisfied with the arrangements of assistant-commissary-General Lawrence.

An attack upon an enemy so strongly posted, could not be effected without loss. I have to lament that the wounds received by colonel Thornton, and the other officers and soldiers left at Bladensburg, were such as prevented their removal. As many of the wounded as could be brought off were removed, the others being left with medical care and attendants. The arrangements made by staff surgeon Baxter for their accommodation, have been as satisfactory as circumstances would admit of. The agent for British prisoners of war very fortunately residing at Bladensburg, I have recommended the wounded officers and men to his particular attention, and trust to his being able to effect their exchange when sufficiently recovered.

Captain Smith, assistant adjutant-general to the troops, who will have the honor to deliver this despatch, I beg leave to recommend to your lordship's protection, as an officer of much merit and great promise, and capable of affording any further information that may be requisite. Sanguine in hoping for the approbation of his royal highness the prince regent, and of his majesty's government, as to the conduct of the troops under my command, I have, &c.

R. ROSS, maj-gen.

I beg leave to enclose herewith a return of the killed,* wounded, and missing in the action of the 24th instant, together with a statement of the ordnance, ammunition, and ordnance stores taken from the enemy between the 19th and 25th of August and likewise sketches of the scene of action and of the line of march.

H. M. Sloop Manly, off Nottingham, Patuxent, Aug. 27, 1814.

Sir,

I have the honour to inform you, that, agreeably to the intentions I notified to you in my letter of the 22d instant. I proceeded by land, on the morning of the 23d, to Upper Marlborough, to meet and confer with Major-general Ross, as to our further operations against the enemy; and we were not long in agreeing on the propriety of making an immediate attempt on the city of Washington.

* Killed 64; wounded 138.

Return of ordnance, ammunition, and ordnance-stores, taken from the enemy by the army under the command of Major-General Robert Ross, between the 19th and 25th of August, 1814.

August 19—1 24-pound carronade.

August 22.—1 6-pound field-gun, with carriage complete; 156 stand of arms, with cartouches, &c. &c.

August 24, *at Bladensburg.*—2 18-pounders, 5 12-pounders, 3 6-pounders, with field-carriages; a quantity of ammunition for the above; 220 stand of arms.

August 25, *at Washington.*—Brass: 6 18-pounders, mounted on traversing platforms; 5 12-pounders, 4 4-pounders, 1 5½ inch howitzer, 1 5½ inch mortar. Iron: 26 32-pounders, 36 24-pounders, 34 18-pounders, 27 12-pounders, 2 18-pounders, mounted on traversing platforms; 19 12-pounders, on ship-carriages; 3 13-inch mortars, 2 8-inch howitzers, 1 24-pound gun, 5 32-pound carronades, 5 18-pound carronades, 13 12-pound guns, 2 9-pound guns, 2 6-pound guns.

Total amount of cannon taken—206; 500 barrels of powder; 100,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridges; 40 barrels of fine-grained powder; a large quantity of ammunition of different natures made up.

The navy-yard and arsenal having been set on fire by the enemy before they retired, an immense quantity of stores of every description was destroyed; of which no account could be taken. Seven or eight very heavy explosions during the night denoted that there had been large magazines of powder.

F. G. J. WILLIAMS,
lieutenant royal artillery, A. Q. M.
J. MICHELL,
captain commanding artillery.

N.B. The remains of near 2000 stand of arms were discovered which had been destroyed by the enemy.

In conformity, therefore, with the wishes of the general, I instantly sent orders for our marine and naval forces, at Pig-point, to be forthwith moved over to Mount Calvert, and for the marine-artillery, and a proportion of the seamen, to be there landed, and with the utmost possible expedition to join the army, which I at once readily agreed to accompany.

The major-general then made his dispositions, and arranged that Captain Robins, with the marines of the ships, should retain possession of Upper Marlboroguh, and that the marine-artillery and seamen should follow the army to the ground it was to occupy for the night. The army then moved on, and bivouacked before dark about five miles near Washington.

In the night, captain Palmer of the Hebrus, and captain Money of the Traave, joined us with the seamen and with the marine-artillery, under Captain Harrison. Captain Wainwright of the Tonnant, had accompanied me the day before, as had also lieutenant James Scott, acting first lieutenant of the Albion.

At daylight, on the morning of the 24th, the major-general again put the army in motion, directing his march upon Bladensburgh; on reaching which place, with the advanced brigade, the enemy was observed drawn up in force on a rising ground beyond the town; and by the fire he soon opened on us as we entered the place, gave us to understand he was well protected by artillery. General Ross, however, did not hesitate in immediately advancing to attack him; although our troops were almost exhausted with the fatigue of the march they had just made, and but a small proportion of our little army had yet got up. This dashing measure was, however, I am happy to add, crowned with the success it merited; for, in spite of the galling fire of the enemy, our troops advanced steadily on both his flanks, and in his front; and, as soon as they arrived on even ground with him, he fled in every direction, leaving behind him 10 pieces of cannon, and a considerable number of killed and wounded; amongst the latter Commodore Barney, and several other officers. Some other prisoners were also taken, though not many, owing to the swiftness with which the enemy went off, and the fatigue our army had previously undergone.

It would, sir, be deemed presumption in me to attempt to give you particular details respecting the nature of this battle; I shall, therefore, only remark generally, that the enemy, 8,000 strong, on ground he had chosen as best adapted for him to defend, where he had time to erect his batteries, and concert all his measures, was dislodged, as soon reached, and a victory gained over him, by a division of the British army, not amounting to more than 1500 men, headed by our gallant general, whose brilliant achievements it is beyond my power to do justice to, and indeed no possible comment could enhance.

The seamen, with the guns, were, to their great mortification, with the rear-division, during this short, but decisive action. Those, however, attached to the rocket-brigade, were in the battle; and I remarked, with much pleasure, the precision with which the rockets were thrown by them, under the direction of first-lieutenant Lawrence, of the marine-artillery. Mr. Jeremiah M'Daniel, master's mate of the Tonnant, a very fine young man, who was attached to this party, being severely wounded, I beg permission to recommend him to your favourable consideration. The company of marines I have on many occasions had cause to mention to you, commanded by first-lieutenant Stephens, under the temporary command of captain Reed, of the 6th West India regiment, (these companies being attached to the light brigade), and they respectively behaved with their accustomed zeal and bravery. None other of the naval department were fortunate enough to arrive up in time to take their share in this battle, excepting captain Palmer, of the Hebrus, with his aid-de-camp, Mr. Arthur Wakefield, midshipman of that ship, and lieutenant James Scott, first of the Albion, who acted as my aide-de-camp, and remained with me during the whole time.

The contest being completely ended, and the enemy having retired from the field, the

general gave the army about two hours rest, when he again moved forward on Washington. It was, however dark before we reached that city; and, on the general, myself, and some officers advancing a short way past the first houses of the town, without being accompanied by the troops, the enemy opened upon us a heavy fire of musketry, from the capitol and two other houses; these were therefore, almost immediately stormed by our people, taken possession of, and set on fire; after which the town submitted without further resistance.

The enemy himself, on our entering the town, set fire to the navy-yard, (filled with naval stores), a frigate of the largest class almost ready for launching, and a sloop of war lying off it; as he did also the fort which protected the sea-approach to Washington.

On taking possession of the city, we also set fire to the president's palace, the treasury, and the war-office; and, in the morning, captain Wainwright went with a party to see that the destruction in the navy-yard was complete; when he destroyed whatever stores and buildings had escaped the flames of the preceding night. A large quantity of ammunition and ordnance stores were likewise destroyed by us in the arsenal; as were about 200 pieces of artillery of different calibres, as well as a vast quantity of small-arms. Two rope-walks of a very extensive nature, full of tar-rope, &c., situated at a considerable distance from the yard, were likewise set fire to and consumed. In short, sir, I do not believe a vestige of public property, or a store of any kind, which could be converted to the use of the government, escaped destruction: the bridges across the Eastern Branch and the Potomac were likewise destroyed.

This general devastation being completed during the day of the 25th, we marched again, at nine that night, on our return, by Bladensburgh, to Upper Marlborough.

We arrived yesterday evening at the latter, without molestation of any sort, indeed without a single musket having been fired; and this morning we moved on to this place, where I have found his majesty's sloop Manly, the tenders, and the boats, and I have hoisted my flag, *pro tempore*, in the former. The troops will probably march tomorrow, or the next day at farthest, to Benedict for re-embarkation, and this flotilla will of course join you at the same time.

In closing, sir, my statement to you, of the arduous and highly important operations of this last week, I have a most pleasing duty to perform, in assuring you of the good conduct of the officers and men who have been serving under me. I have been particularly indebted, whilst on this service, to captain Wainwright of the Tonnant, for the assistance he has invariably afforded me; and to captain Palmer and Money, for their exertions during the march to and from Washington. To captain Nourse, who has commanded the flotilla during my absence, my acknowledgments are also most justly due, as well as to captains Sullivan, Badcock, Somerville, Ramsay, and Bruce, who have acted in it under him.

Lieutenant James Scott, now first of the Albion, has, on this occasion, rendered me essential services; and as I have had reason so often of late to mention to you the gallant and meritorious conduct of this officer, I trust you will permit me to seize this opportunity of recommending him particularly to your favorable notice and consideration.

Captain Robins, (the senior officer of marines with the fleet,) who has had, during these operations, the marines of the ships united under his orders, has executed ably and zealously the several services with which he has been entrusted, and is entitled to my best acknowledgments accordingly; as is also captain Harrison of the marine-artillery, who, with the officers and men attached to him, accompained the army to and from Washington.

Mr. Dobie, surgeon of the Melpomene, volunteered his professional services on this occasion, and rendered much assistance to the wounded on the field of battle, as well as to many of the men taken ill on the line of march.

One colonial marine killed, 1 master's mate, 2 serjeants, and 3 colonial marines wounded, are the casualities sustained by

the naval department; a general list of the killed and wounded of the whole army will, of course, accompany the report of the major-general.

I have the honour be, &c.
G. COCKBURN, rear-admiral.
Vice-admiral the hon.
Sir A. Cochrane, K. B. &c.

P.S.—Two long 6-pounders guns, intended for a battery at Nottingham, were taken off, and put on board the Brune, and one taken at Upper Marlborough was destroyed.

General observations on the expedition.

As usual, Messrs Thomson and Smith give in their accounts the most exaggerated estimates of the attacking force, reducing, in an inverse ratio, that of their countrymen. Fortunately, they contradict each other in such a manner, and Gen. Wilkinson's testimony is so positive, that the correctness of the two British despatches is established. Mr. Thomson, in the first place, states the British force at six thousand men, just one thousand more than Mr. O'Connor, and two thousand more than Dr. Smith. In the second place, he says, speaking of the American force—"These consisted of but five thousand men, and offered battle to the English troops, but General Ross turned to his right and took the road to Marlborough."

Here is a direct insinuation that a superior body of British troops were afraid to meet an inferior force. Surely Mr. Thomson should have reflected on the consequences of making this statement, and that its absurdity must strike every one who reads even his own history. Six thousand men are afraid to fight five thousand, yet, strange to say, they persevere in their march into the heart of an enemy's country, knowing that their enemy is every moment becoming stronger. Really Mr. Thomson might have perceived the inconsistency!

General Wilkinson puts the matter in another light, and, speaking of General Ross, says—"General Ross marched from Nottingham the same morning, by the chapel road leading to Marlborough; and, on discovering the American troops, sent a detachment to his left to meet them, which advanced to the foot of the hill near Oden's house, when the American troops fell back, and the enemy resumed their march."

The real facts, independent of Wilkinson, are so notorious, that we cannot conceive how Thomson could have ventured to make his statement.

General Winder's dispatch.

General Winder's dispatch is nearly as mendacious as Mr. Thompson's assertions. The statement as to force contained in both General Ross and Admiral Cockburn's dispatches are fully borne out by General Armstrong,* and Winder himself admits that his force amounted to five thousand men, yet with a superiority of more than three to one he ascribes his defeat to the disadvantages under which he laboured.

Now we ask, in what did these disadvantages consist? was it that sufficient time for preparation had not been afforded? This could not be, as, from the 26th June, the Government had been apprised of the threatened visit. We have shown by Armstrong that it was not from inferiority of force. In what, then, did the disadvantages consist? We have no hesitation in answering—to the shameful conduct of his men, and the total want of precautions on the part of the General, in neglecting to avail himself of the *military obstacles that might have been used* advantageously to impede the enemy's approach. General Wilkinson writes, "Not a single bridge was broken, not a causeway destroyed, not an inundation attempted, not a tree fallen, not a rood of the road obstructed, nor a gun fired at the enemy, in a march of near forty miles, from Benedict to Upper Marlborough, by a route on which there are ten or a dozen difficult defiles; which, with a few hours' labour, six pieces of light artillery, three hundred infantry, two hundred riflemen, and sixty dragoons, might have been defended against any force that could approach them; such is the narrowness of the road, the profundity of the ravines, the steepness of the acclivities, and the sharpnets of the ridges."

We think the above extract will prove our assertion, as to Winder's capability of opposing

* Notices of the War, p. 130.

a young and dashing commander like Ross. Winder's statement as to his force is unhappily disproved by Dr. Smith, who gives a detailed list, which we subjoin:

"The army under General Winder," says doctor Smith, "consisted of:—

"United States' dragoons	140	
Maryland ditto	240	
District of Columbia ditto	50	
Virginia ditto	100	
		530
Regular infantry	500	
Seamen and marines	600	
		1100
Stansbury's brigade of militia	1353	
Sterrett's regiment, ditto	500	
Baltimore artillery, ditto	150	
Pinkney's battalion, ditto	150	
		2153
Smith's brigade, ditto	1070	
Cramer's battalion, ditto	240	
Waring's detachment, ditto	150	
Maynard's ditto, ditto	150	
		1610
Beall's and Hood's regiment of do.	800	
Volunteer corps	350	
		1150
Total at Bladensburg		6543
At hand.		
Young's brigade of militia	450	
Minor's Virginia corps	600	
		1050
Grand Total		7593

General Wilkinson is very sarcastic in his account of Bladensburg. He says, "their President was in the field; every eye was turned upon the chief; every bosom throbbed with confidence, and every nerve was strung with valor. No doubts remained with the troops that in their chief magistrate they beheld their Commander-in-chief, who, like another Maurice, having, by his irresolution, exposed the country to the chances and accidents of a general engagement, had now come forward to repair the error by his activity in the field; determined to throw himself into the gap of danger, and not to survive the power of his country."

If General Wilkinson is severe on Mr. President Madison, he is equally plain spoken with respect to the troops, and bears clear testimony as to the actual numbers of the British engaged. He says, "the American force they routed by about seven hundred and fifty rank and file of the 4th and 44th regiments."

The disparity of loss between the two armies is easily accounted for, as we find twenty-four pieces of artillery marked on General Wilkinson's diagram. These completely enfiladed the bridge, and were very destructive to the advancing columns. The American loss was trifling, as they seem, in common with the President, to have acted on the principle 'He that fights and runs away,' and so forth."

By the American estimate of public property destroyed at Washington, it would appear that full satisfaction was taken for the injuries committed at Newark and elsewhere. The estimate returned to Government was as follows:—

American estimate of public property destroyed at Washington.

The committee appointed by the American congress to inquire into the circumstances attending the capture of Washington, and the destruction consequent on that event, after giving a statement of the operations in the navy-yard, report the following estimate of the public property destroyed:—

	Dollars.
The capital, including all costs,	787,163
President's house,	234,334
Public offices,	93,613
	1,115,110

But the committee remark, as the walls of the capital and president's house are good, they suppose that the sum of 460,000 dollars will be sufficient to place the buildings in the situation they were in previous to their destruction.

The losses sustained in the navy-yard are thus estimated:—

	Dollars.
In moveable property,	417,745
In buildings and fixtures	91,425
	509,170

The committee then proceed to the recapitulation of the losses in the navy-yard, with an estimate of the real losses. After deducting the value recovered from the original value of the articles, the total amount is 417,745 dollars, 51 cents.

The original value of the articles destroyed was 678,219 dollars, 71 cents, of which 260,465 dollars and 20 cents value were recovered, in anchors, musket-barrels, locks copper, timber, &c.

The most important feature in the destruction in the Navy Yard, was the destruction of the new frigate, and the Argus sloop, as it inflicted a direct blow on a naval force still in its infancy.

Both Mr. Madison, in his proclamation, and Mr. Munroe, in his letter to Admiral Cochrane, have endeavoured to show that the British, by their attack on Washington, not only outraged the rules of war, in destroying the public buildings, but by again bringing forward the Hampton and Havre de Grace affairs, they leave it to be understood that the troops behaved in the same disorderly manner imputed to them on that occasion.

The American journals of that day prove however, the contrary of this. The *Columbian Centinel*, of August 31st, says, "The British officers pay inviolable respect to private property, and no peaceable citizen is molested." A Baltimore writer, under date, August 27, says, "The enemy treated the inhabitants of Washington with respect," and Mr. Gates, the mouth-piece of the Government, whose presses and type had been destroyed, was forced to acknowledge that any mischief done, was committed by "the knavish wretches about the town, who profited by the general distress."

Even Mr. Thompson was compelled to acknowledge that "the plunder of private property was prohibited, and soldiers transgressing the order were severely punished."

One more extract which we give from a Georgetown journal of September 8, will complete our list of proofs that both Mr. Munroe and Mr. Madison have foully wronged the British soldiers by their aspersions:

"The list of plunder and destruction, copied from a vile and libellous print of that city, is a gross and abominable fabrication, known to be such by every inhabitant. Most of the plunder was committed by rabble of the place, fostered among the citizens, and from whose villainy no place is free in times of peril and relaxation of the law. The British army, it is no more than justice to say, preserved a moderation and discipline, with respect to private persons and property, unexampled in the annals of war."

We think it unnecessary to cite further testimony in support of our assertion as to the behaviour of the British army, and now give the documents in which their character was assailed—Mr. Munroe's answer to a letter from Admiral Cochrane, and Mr. Madison's proclamation.* We also give Admiral

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From Mr. Monroe to Sir Alexander Cochrane.

Department of State, Sept. 6, 1814.

SIR,

I had the honour to receive your letter of the 18th of August, stating that having been called on by the governor-general of the Canadas, to aid him in carrying into effect measures of retaliation against the inhabitants of the United States, for the wanton desolation committed by their army in Upper Canada, it has become your duty, conformably with the nature of the governor-general's application, to issue to the naval force under your command, an order to destroy and lay waste such towns and districts upon the coast as may be found assailable.

It is seen with the greatest surprise, that this system of devastation which has been practiced by the British forces, so manifestly contrary to the usages of civilized warfare, is placed by you on the ground of retaliation. No sooner were the United States compelled to resort to war against Great Britain, than they resolved to wage it in a manner most consonant to the principles of humanity, and to those friendly relations which it was desirable to preserve between the two nations, after the restoration of peace. They perceived, however, with the deepest regret, that a spirit alike just and humane was neither cherished nor acted on by your government. Such an assertion would not be hazarded, if it were not supported by facts, the proof of which has perhaps already carried the same conviction to other nations that it has to the people of these states.

Cochrane's letter, as some expressions in it were laid hold of as breathing a most sanguinary and ruthless spirit:—

From vice-admiral Cochrane to Mr. Monroe.

His Majesty's ship the Tonnant, in the Patuxent river, Aug. 18, 1814.

SIR,

Having been called on by the governor-general of the Canadas to aid him in carrying into effect measures of retaliation against the inhabitants of the United States, for the wanton destruction committed by their army in Upper Canada, it has become imperiously my duty, conformably with the nature of the governor-general's application, to issue to the naval force under my command, an order to destroy and lay waste such towns and districts upon the coast as may be found assailable.

I had hoped that this contest would have terminated, without my being obliged to resort to severities which are contrary to the usages of civilised warfare; and as it has

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Without dwelling on the deplorable cruelties committed by the savages in the British ranks, and in British pay, on American prisoners, at the river Raisin, which to this day have never been disavowed, or atoned, I refer, as more immediately connected with the subject of your letter, to the wanton desolation that was committed at Havre-de-Grace, and at George town, early in the spring of 1813. These villages were burnt and ravaged by the naval forces of Great Britain, to the ruin of their unarmed inhabitants, who saw with astonishment they derived no protection to their property from the laws of war. During the same season, scenes of invasion and pillage, carried on under the same authority, were witnessed all along the waters of the Chesapeake, to an extent inflicting the most serious private distress, and under circumstances that justified the suspicion, that revenge and cupidity, rather than the manly motives that should dictate the hostility of a high-minded foe, led to their perpetration. The late destruction of the houses of government in this city, is another act which comes necessarily into view. In the wars of modern Europe, no examples of the kind, even among nations the most hostile to each other, can be traced. In the course of ten years past, the capitals of the principal powers of the Continent of Europe have been conquered, and occupied alternately by the victorious armies of each other, and no instance of such wanton and justifiable destruction has been seen. We *must* go back to distant and barbarous ages to find a parallel for the acts of which I complain. Although these acts of desolation invited, if they did not impose on the government, the necessity of retaliation, yet in no instance has it been authorized. The burning of the village of Newark, in Upper Canada, posterior to the early outrages above enumerated, was not executed on that principle. The village of Newark adjoined Fort-George, and its destruction was justified by the officer who ordered it, on the ground that it became necessary in the military operations there. The act, however, was disavowed by the government. The burning which took place at Long-point was unauthorized by the government, and the conduct of the officer subjected to the investigation of a military tribunal. For the burning of St. David's, committed by stragglers, the officer who commanded in that quarter was dismissed without a trial, for not preventing it.

I am commanded by the president distinctly to state, that it as little comports with any orders issued to the military and naval commanders of the United States, as it does with the established and known humanity of the American nation, to pursue a system which it appears you have adopted. The government owes to itself, and to the principle which it has ever held sacred, to disavow, as justly chargeable to it, any such wanton, cruel, and unjustifiable warfare.

Whatever unauthorized irregularity may have been committed by any of its troops, it would have been ready, acting on these principles of sacred and eternal obligation, to disavow, and as far as might be practicable, to repair. But in the plan of desolating warfare which your letter so explicitly makes known, and which is attempted to be excused on a plea so utterly groundless, the president perceives a spirit of deep-rooted hostility, which, without the evidence of such facts, he could not have believed existed, or would have been carried to such an extremity.

For the reparation of injuries, of whatever nature they may be, not sanctioned by the law of nations, which the naval or military forces of either power may have committed against the other, this government will always be ready to enter into reciprocal arrangements. It is presumed that your government will neither expect or propose any which are not reciprocal.

Should your government adhere to a system of desolation so contrary to the views and practice of the United States, so revolting to humanity and repugnant to the sentiments and usages of the civilized world, whilst it will be seen with the deepest regret, it must and will be met with a determination and constancy becoming a free

been with extreme reluctance and concern that I have found myself compelled to adopt this system of devastation, I shall be equally gratified if the conduct of the executive of the United States will authorise my staying such proceedings, by making reparation to the suffering inhabitants of Upper Canada; thereby manifesting that if the destructive measures pursued by their army were ever sanctioned, they will no longer be permitted by the government.

I have the honour to be, sir, with much consideration, your most obedient humble servant.

ALEXANDER COCHRANE,

Vice-admiral and commander in chief of his Britannic majesty's ships and vessels upon the North American station.

The hon. James Monroe,
Secretary of State, &c.
Washington.

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people, contending in a just cause for their essential rights and their dearest interests.

I have the honour to be, with great consideration, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

Vice-admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane,
commander in chief of his Britannic
majesty's ships and vessels.

JAMES MUNROE.

Mr. Madison's Proclamation.

Whereas, the enemy, by sudden incursion, have succeeded in invading the capital of the nation, defended at the moment by troops less numerous than their own, and almost entirely of the militia; during their possession of which, though for a single day only, they wantonly destroyed the public edifices, having no relation in their structure to operations of war, nor used at the time for military annoyance; some of these edifices being also costly monuments of state, and of arts; and the others, depositories of the public archives, not only precious to the nation, as the memorials of its origin and its early transactions, but interesting to all nations, as contributions to the general stock of historical instruction and political science.

And, whereas, advantage has been taken of the loss of a fort, more immediately guarding the neighbouring town of Alexandria, to place the town within a range of a naval force, too long and too much in the habit of abusing its superiority, wherever it can be applied, to require, as the alternative of a general conflagration, an undisturbed plunder of private property, which has been executed in a manner peculiarly distressing to the inhabitants, who had inconsiderately cast themselves on the justice and generosity of the victor.

And, whereas, it now appears, by a direct communication from the British naval commander on the American station, to be his avowed purpose to employ the force under his direction, in destroying and laying waste such towns and districts upon the coast as may be found assailable; adding to this declaration the insulting pretext, that it is in retaliation for a wanton destruction committed by the army of the United States in Upper Canada; when it is notorious, that no destruction has been committed, which, notwithstanding the multiplied outrages previously committed by the enemy, was not unauthorised, and promptly shewn to be so, and that the United States have been as constant in their endeavours to reclaim the enemy from such outrages, by the contrast of their own example, as they have been ready to terminate, on reasonable condition, the war itself.

And, whereas, these proceedings and declared purposes, which exhibit a deliberate disregard of the principles of humanity, and the rules of civilized warfare, and which must give to the existing war a character of extended devastation and barbarism, at the very moment of negociation for peace, invited by the enemy himself, leave no prospect of safety to anything within the reach of his predatory and incendiary operations, but in a manly and universal determination to chastise and expel the invader.

Now, therefore, I, James Madison, President of the United States, do issue this my proclamation, exhorting all the good people, therefore, to unite their hearts and hands in giving effect to the ample means possessed for that purpose. I enjoin it on all officers, civil and military, to exert themselves in executing the duties with which they are respectively charged. And, more especially, I require the officers, commanding the respective military districts, to be vigilant and alert in providing for the defence thereof; for the more effectual accomplishment of which, they are authorised to call to the defence of exposed and threatened places, proportions of the militia, most convenient thereto, whether they be, or be not, parts of the quotas detached for the service of the United States, under requisitions of the general government.

On an occasion which appeals so forcibly to the proud feelings and patriotic devotion of the American people, none will forget what they owe to themselves; what they owe to their country; and the high destinies which await it, what to the glory acquired now, and to be maintained by their sons, with the augmented strength and resources wth which time and Heaven have blessed them. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed to these presents. Done at Washington, Sept. 1, 1814.

By the President.

JAMES MADISON.

JAMES MUNROE, Secretary of State.

THOUGHTS FOR NOVEMBER.

"He casteth forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cold? He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know his work."

Like the sleep of man, and as naturally as the brightness and glory of the beautiful day are succeeded by night, so winter approaches, and nature exchanges the gorgeous livery of her October tints for the more subdued shades of russet and dark brown, sometimes even casting aside this sombre dress for a robe of snowy whiteness. The donning this robe, however, is most jealously regarded by the retiring season, and even as the first gray hairs which appear on the forehead of advancing manhood are hastily removed, so do the lingering rays of the sun strive ever and anon to wash away the first symptoms of their declining power.

Powerful, however, as the exertions of old mother Earth may be to keep off the wintry sleep of nature, still winter, sooner or later, asserts its power during the month, and every object begins to assume a sober sedate look. The flowers that had previously formed the gardener's pride, have all disappeared, and nothing remains to enliven the scene but the beautiful and pendant clusters of the snowberry, perhaps, the red clusters on the wild rose, the conical fruit-like blossoms of the sumach, and the red berries of the black alder.

In the fields, the long brown tufts of grass wave their heads mournfully, as if to bid adieu to the recollections of the soft airs which had swept over them, and the little streamlet that ordinarily rolled peacefully along, now dashes on with a sort of defiant air, as if to prevent the icy chains of winter from fettering its wavelets and binding it, too, in the universal sleep.

November is not always thus, however, in Canada. A cold, dreary, and foggy month in the Mother Country, in our more favoured clime, it often wears, to the very end, a smiling aspect, and it is in this month too that the beautiful phenomenon, the Indian summer, usually occurs, when it would almost appear as if nature threw a gauze veil over the face of nature, partially to conceal, and partly to renovate the fading beauties of the year.

Again, November must not be regarded as a type of decay, a season of sadness; to the reflective mind its approach brings solemn and purifying thoughts. The first flakes of snow "dropped on the face of nature, like the downy coverlet spread by its mother over the cradle of the sleeping babe," are most suggestive, as in these are discernable the wisdom and power of the Creator, in providing a protection for the soil and its included plants, against the approaching intensity of cold.

The very fettering of the brooks in icy chains must be regarded too as a wonderful evidence of the working of nature, as it is precisely when "The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen," the most remarkable chemical phenomena of winter are silently going on.

In the same manner it can be shown, that the soil, saturated with moisture, late in the autumn, is heaved up and pulverized by the alternate expansion and contraction of frost and thaw, a work which may be indeed styled "nature's ploughing."

Then it is that vital functions of the most important character are in operation, and that results are being perfected on which the future year depends, when the quickening influence of the returning spring shall again rouse from their slumber the animal and vegetable kingdom.

The Anglo-Saxons termed the month, says Verstigan, *wind-monath*, to wit, *wind-month*, "whereby we may see," adds Howitt, "that our ancestors were made acquainted with blustering Boreas, and it was the ancient custom for shipmen then to shroud themselves at home, and to give over sea-faring (notwithstanding the littleness of their usual voyages,) until blustering March had bidden them farewell."

According to Dr. Sayers, it was also called *blot-monath*, or *blood-month*, on account of the abundance of cattle killed for the winter store or for sacrifice.

When speaking of the uncertainty of an English November, and how the morning, after a fine day, may show a landscape of frost and snow, Howitt introduces some beautiful lines from Cowper, with which we can appropriately close our present notice.

"I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded, and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturned so lately by the peaceful share.
I saw, far off, the weedy fallow smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafless groves.
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.

To-morrow brings a change, a total change,
Which even now, though silently performed,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls the fleecy shower; the downy flakes
Descending, and with never ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle, and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil."

THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN V.

WHEREIN THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO A VERY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE.

After landing at Darlington the "notions" entrusted to my care, I lost no time in directing my attention to the fair Newlove and her idealic aunt.

Verily, and beyond all dubitation, the circumstances in which I found the brace of spinsters demonstrated that the junior one, at least, clemantly desiderated the supervision of an Argus.

Miss Applegarth was seated alone in the upper saloon, busily employed in masticating the contents of a yellow-coated fiction. The title of this production, which I had small difficulty in expiscating at a glance, was peculiarly appetizing, being "HORROR UPON HORROR; OR THE QUADRUPARTITE QUAKER AND THE MANICHEAN MONK!" If one could interpret aright the expression of wrapt terror which reigned in the staring grey eyes of the virtuous student, the legend in question must have belonged to the raw-head and bloody-bone school of literature. Ever and anon she uplifted her skinny hand, as if deprecating some act of super-infernal turpitude which fell under her cognizance; and an occasional groan, extorted, most probably, by the goings on of the unorthodox ecclesiastic, testified how profound was the interest which she took in disembowelling the mysteries of the plot!

Fanny was occupied in a manner somewhat different from her aunt, but apparently no less engrossing.

And here, before proceeding further, it is fitting to state, that I had made sure of the identity of the fair pilgrims by interrogating them touching their names. Of course, in my capacity of Purser, I could do so without laying myself open to the charge of irregular or impertinent curiosity. Gentlemen of my cloth, like the "black brigade," have the privilege of catechizing the lieges at pleasure.

Returning to the pulchritudinous Fanny Newlove, she was reclining on a settee, listening with all her ears, to the "*out pourings*" of a personage, whose appearance at once apprehended my attention, as indicative of anything except the clean potato.

So far as person went, he was passable enough, being well built, and of goodly stature. His countenance, moreover, might have been unexceptionable, had it not been shrouded by the densest, and most impenetrable thicket of hair which ever grew upon mortal face. I speak within bounds, and with all sobriety, when I affirm, that it was impossible to define, with any approximation to accuracy, the character of one of his features. His mouth was a matter of pure speculation and hypothesis; it might have been large or small—melancholic or hilarious—loving or ogreistic—profane or devotional, so far as a beholder could make out! That botheration of quidnuncs, the "man in the iron mask," did not exhibit a greater amount of physiognomic mystery! Even a London detective would have given up the perusal of that mouth as an utterly hopeless job!

This hirsute unknown was dressed after a pestilently exaggerated and theatrical fashion. The braiding which smothered his "pardessus"—as surtouts are now poetically named—fell to be computed by the mile, instead of the yard. Regarded as a whole, his *costume* presented a counterpart of that usually worn by the chivalrous gent who officiates as master of ceremonies to the arena of a circus. Such of my readers as may have been blessed with the vision of the glorious and immortal Widdicomb, that perennial flower of Astley's, will have no difficulty in twigging and realizing my meaning.

With a volubility which the most *glabber* tongued auctioneer, who can enunciate "two and six" fifty times in a couple of seconds might have envied, this youth was holding forth to Miss Newlove, as I entered the apartment.

Very obvious was it that the narrative he was emitting possessed a special interest in the damsel's estimation. She kept her eye intently fixed upon the narrator, and her colour came and went, like the hues of an expiring dolphin, in unison, apparently, with the vicissitudes and fluctuations of the story.

Under ordinary circumstances I should never

have dreamed of making more than a passing inquisition of the pair. Not oblivious, however, of my plighted promise to the honest Squire, I determined to find out, if possible, how the land was lying. Accordingly, having watched my opportunity, I managed to slip, unobserved, into the state room, in front of which Fanny and her new acquaintance were seated, and was thus enabled to play the part of a not dishonourable eaves-dropper, with the most perfect impunity.

Count Blitzen Von Hoaxenstein, (for so did the profusely be-whiskered incognito designate himself,) was detailing some appetizing incidents connected with his struggles on behalf of Hungary, whereof, as it would appear, he was a native.

"And so, fairest lady," quoth he, "I was overpowered by overwhelming numbers, and constrained to render up the trusty sword, which in the course of that bloody and disastrous day, had sent thousands of my detested foemen to Purgatory, or perchance a stage farther!

"When the haughty and diabolical Austrian, Clootzmahoun, had got me fairly in his power, the vindictive malice of the monster knew no bounds. He dragged me, barefooted, at the tail of his steed, for eight wearisome miles, to his castle, and having loaded me with a ton weight of chains, more or less, threw me into a dark and pestilential dungeon, two hundred and thirty-nine feet beneath the level of the indignant ocean.

"For six long days, divinest of thy sex, and as many longer nights, I tasted neither food nor drink,—*progst* and *lusht* we call these necessaries in beloved Hungary! Regularly, at noon, the truculent vagabond used to enter my cell, followed by a long train of mercenary minions, to whom his slightest word was law. These white-livered serfs bore upon their unkempt heads chargers replete with the most savoury, and tooth-watering viands, such as Caledonian collops, Cambrian rabbits, Anglican sirloins, and Hibernian stews, all piping hot, from gridiron, spit, pot, and pan! Other slaves were laden with massive tankards, foaming, like the tempest-vexed main, with lakes of porter, ale, half-and-half, and cider, freshly drawn from the tap!

"These delicacies were ranged upon the floor, about two feet—or it may be two feet and a half, for I cannot be accurate to an inch—beyond the reach of my chain. That being done, proclamation was made, that this wilderness of gustatorial wealth was all at my command and devotion, if I would only consent to brand the adorable Kossuth as a thimble-rigger and cheat-the-gallows!"

"Did you—oh, did you give way?" exclaimed the enthusiastic and tearful Fanny Newlove, grasping the Count's hand, in the overwhelming ardour of her interest.

"How can you ask such a derogatory question?"—returned the Hungarian Widdicomb, with something like indignant reproach in his accent—"No! I spurned the savoury bribe, as a lawyer would spurn a fee-less brief, preferring starvation and wershness (what you would call *sixpence spitting* to dishonour!)"

"Noblest of noble men!"—faltered forth the much-sobbing Fanny—"Hasten hither dearest aunt, and listen to a recital of sufferings, equal, if not greater, to what were endured by good Earl Lackaday, in that deliciously pathetic novel, *The Castle of De Greetandgirn!*"

Thus strenuously abjured, Miss Laura Matilda took a seat alongside of her impulsive niece, and having laid aside the *Quadrupartite Quaker* for a season, prepared to hearken to a story of real life.

I could discover with, literally, half an eye, through the key-hole of my lurking den, that the gallant Count Blitzen did not relish, over much, this addition to the sederunt. There was no help for it, however, and accordingly he continued his tragic narration with the best grace which he could command.

"Where was I?" said the hero, tapping his forehead, "since my misfortunes, this memory of mine is not worth a counterfeit copper!"

"I think," gently suggested the more juvenile spinster, "that you were at the collops and porter!"

"In other words," cried Von Hoaxenstein, "I was wishing that I was at them!

"For five horrid, ghastly, fevering days did this gustatorial torture continue, but my agony though Titanic, was doomed to be still more exquisitely aggravated!"

Here the weeping Newlove remarked, as she unfolded her handkerchief, that she could not conceive how one additional stone could be added to the already altitudinous cairn of the Count's misery?

"Listen, lady," continued the warrior, "and your pardonable scepticism shall vanish, like a

nimble-footed debtor at the advent of a bum-bailiff!

"Just as the strong-lunged warder, on the climax of the dungeon keep, proclaimed that the sixth day of my misery had reached its meridian, the door of the dungeon flew open as usual, and in marched the misbegotten Clootzmahoun, with his wonted train of ministering demons.

"This time the trial assumed a new aspect, The dishes which the sneering scoundrels bore, contained a fresh aliment! Oysters formed the staple of the temptation!

"There were raw oysters—scolloped oysters—fried oysters—pickled oysters—stewed oysters—oyster soup—and oyster patés! Oysters in every shape, phase, and form, which the diabolical ingenuity of fallen man could by any possibility devise! I verily believe that if Ancient Plunder (now vulgarly styled Old Booty) had officiated, for that day only, as cook to my jailor, he could not have added a single additional item to this felonious bill of fare!

"Now, noble ladies, you must know, that the above mentioned variety of shell-fish had ever been one of my fondest and most cherished solacements. Since the days of my sunny childhood, I could have lived on oysters from the *alpha* of the year to the *omega* thereof, without once seeking or sighing for change,

"This weakness I had unconsciously betrayed in the ravings of a troubled slumber, to a lurking spy of a turnkey, who failed not to enlighten his chief on the subject. Being thus put up to the dodge, the viper invented this gigantic trial, to which the faith and firmnes of your humble obedient servant was now exposed.

"Oh, my Sultanas, words the most vivid are all too feeble to adumbrate the crushing misery which I endured in the course of this terrific ordeal! To a wretch squirming under a six days' fast, North British collops were madness, but oysters constituted a cento of the horrors of Tartarus itself!

"There lay the maddening messes, ranged, like the far famed two dozen violinists, *all in a row!* Every one of them appeared gifted, *pro re nata*, with speech, and to intone,—*come eat me! come eat me!* To this blessed hour, I marvel hugely, that confirmed dementation did not immigrate into my horifically anguished brain! And there stood the Austrian oppressor—the incarnate son of perdition, repeating his thrice infamous propositions, and, between hands, singing forth the praises of the too, too captivating natives! Jupiter Tonans! where then slumbered thy thunderbolts, that they did not smite the malevolent monster into merited perdition?"

Here, aunt and niece simultaneously exclaimed, in sympathetic chorus,—"Where, indeed?"

"For a season," the Count went on to say, "I managed to preserve my self-command, but at length, the trial became too tremendous for poor flesh and blood to bear!"

"What!" exclaimed the much alarmed Fanny, "did you consent to heap odium on the honoured head of your country's idol for the sake of a paltry shell-fish?"

. "No beloved!" was Widdicomb's response, "Heaven be praised I was preserved from such an abyss of turpitude! As I said before, however, I could no longer bear up against the test to which my frenzied appetite was subjected! With a shriek that might have caused the ears of deaf Burke to tingle, I started to my feet, and by a mighty, spasmodic effort, burst my fetters as if they had been threads of a spider's manufacture!

"Ha! ha! ha! how I laughed, and yelled, and shouted, as I darted pell mell, slap dash, at the congregated oysters! At one absorbing gulp I drained off the soup, though it was hot as the molten lava of Mount Etna, or the limb of an intensely devilled turkey! Ere you could invoke the time-honoured name of Saint John Robinson, I was pegging away at the balance of the dishes, and in the twinkling of an optic they were clean, as if they had been subjected to the manipulation of a scullion! Speedy as the levin bolt, I next tackled a hoary headed poculum of double X, and before the world was a minute more ancient, the bottom thereof was as dry as a long winded essay on political economy! I did not even take time to ejaculate the customary orison of '*Heri luck!*'"

"But pray, Sir Count," interjected Laura Matilda, "what was the odious Clootzmahoun doing all this time?"

"He and his myrmidons," answered Blitter, "were fairly palsied with astonishment and surprise. So soon, however, as their presence of mind was restored, the biped scorpions rushed upon your unfortunate servitor *en masse*, and bearing me to the earth once more, fixed the cramping gyves upon my limbs!

"And now, ladies, I am arrived at the most marvellous portion of my strange, eventful history. If you harbour the slightest suspicion of my veracity, please say so at once, and I shall remain eternally silent! A million times rather would I be torn to vulgar fractions by wild horses, than be deemed capable of drawing that warlike but immoral weapon, the long bow!"

With many passionate protestations, the gentle auditors certiorated their knight that he enjoyed their entire and unbroken confidence. Indeed, Fanny declared, with something approximating to a zephyr-like oath, that she believed the passages under narration quite as implicitly as if she had beheld them enacted!

Whereupon the bearded Hungarian ventured to osculate the not unwilling hand of the maiden, in token of his approbation of her flattering faith, and then proceeded to unwind the clew of his discourse.

"That very night," he said, "as I was reclining in a delicious and ecstatic snooze, induced by the generous and unwonted meal which I had bagged, a bright and gracious apparition was vouchsafed to me.

"Lo and behold! a lady, young in years, and beautiful exceedingly, stood at the side of my couch of sordid straw, and asked me, in tones more dulcet than the bagpipes of Fingal, whether I longed to behold once more the green earth and the blue sky?

"Need I say that I jumped at the offer which the interrogation evidently enshrouded—jumped at it even as the male domestic fowl jumpeth to ravish the charms of a ripe and luscious gooseberry? Surely, oh surely, it is altogether unnecessary for me to say any such thing!

"The lovely vision then informed me, that on one condition she would put me in the way of giving limb security to my cruel and sanguinary oppressor. It was to the effect that I would never wed any daughter of our common ancestress Eve, except herself. Without one moment's hesitation I pledged myself as required, and the phantom, after pointing to a particular quarter of my bed, vanished in a flood of liquid fire!"

At this epoch of the story, Miss Newlove was overcome by a sudden attack of all-overishness, and it required the administration of a modicum of sherry and water, to enable her to regain her equanimity.

"Starting up from my slumber," continued the Count, "I made diligent search amongst the straw indicated by the vision, and found—"

"What?" eagerly interjected both the ladies.

"A bunch of keys," replied the narrator, "which evidently had been dropped by one of of the vassals, in the confusion consequent upon my oyster onslaught.

"With the aid of these friends in need, I managed not merely to free myself from the darbies which decorated me, but to gain the exterior of my grewsome bastile. Most providentially a railway train was puffing and snorting past, at that identical moment, and securing a first-class passage to Paris I was soon far beyond the reach of all pursuit.

"Not long afterwards, I had the satisfaction of reading in the public prints, that the rascal at whose hands I had suffered so much, had met with his most righteous deserts. Enraged beyond measure at my escape, Clootzmahoun cut the throats of all his retainers with one of Mechi's razors, and then expired in a fit of indigestion, induced by supping upon sixteen maturely grown lobsters. I could not but admire the aptness of the retribution, which made crustaceous fish the mediums of this matchless wretch's punishment. Never was there a more admirable instance of pure poetical justice!"

"And pray, noble Count," queried Squire Newlove's daughter; "pray, if it be not an indelicate and impertinent question, did you ever chance to fall in with the reality of the damsel, who visited you when in the embrace of Somnus?"

"Never," returned the hairy man, "till this memorable and never-to-be-forgotten day! Oh most peerless and transcendental of maidens!" cried he, convulsively laying hold of the agitated Fanny's hand, and looking round to see that there were no obtrusive onlookers, "it was thy thrice-blessed form which illumined the gloom of my Austrian dungeon! Behold, I lay myself, my title, and my fortune at thy feet, beseeching thee to make thy devoted knight the most felicitous of living men!"

Poor Fanny, as might be easily conceived, was struck dumb by a host of conflicting emotions, but her aunt was not backward in responding on behalf of the damsel. She roundly asserted that even a blind man could see the finger of fate in the affair, and that it would be the *ne plus ultra* of wickedness and reprobation to fight against the developed decrees of destiny!

Emboldened by this hearty backing, Von Hoaxenstein ventured to suggest, that to guard

against accidents the nuptials should be celebrated "right away," as the Yankees translate *quam primum*, and in the primary parson-containing town which the steam vessel might touch at.

"My father," faltered forth the sore perplexed and dizzied girl, "will never, never give his consent!"

"Of course he won't!" struck in the prompt and energetic Applegarth; "of course he won't, and therefore there is no use in trifling and shilly-shallying about the matter! My brother-in-law, if truth must be told, is an old, obstinate, pig-headed fool, who would sooner see you wedded to Michael Daddy, the tailor, than behold you the lady of any foreigner, however noble in birth or chivalric in deed. The illustrious count is perfectly right, as heroes invariably are where affairs of the heart are concerned, and you cannot do better than act upon his suggestion. In a short time we shall be at Cobourg, when, by playing our cards prudently, we may land unperceived by the Squire, and then all shall be plain sailing!"

"Yes," continued the eager and enamoured Blitzen, "and I have reason to know that we can procure a license this very evening, and so the ceremony—"

Here the party broke up their confabulation, for the purpose, as I opined, of getting their traps together, and I was left to chew the cud of reflection upon what I had seen and heard.

Of course I had no option but to inform Mr. Newlove of how matters stood, and that without delay. To my apprehension it was plain as a pike-staff, that the so-called Count was an impudent, unscrupulous adventurer, ready at a moment's notice to speculate in anything, from contraband tobacco up to clandestine matrimony. Beyond doubt he had become acquainted with the leading weakness of the squire's daughter; and the wealth of her sire, and made his calculations accordingly. He evidently deemed that if he could only contrive to wed the silly maiden, the old gentleman, though probably enraged at first, would in the end come to terms, and, making the best of a bad bargain, receive the pair into favor. I the more readily drew these deductions, because I had known a cognate game played before.

Next month I shall wind up this strange, eventful, and most veritable history.

Superficial people are very happy; cork never drowns.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

Professors Lillie and Williamson have both most ably in their writings proved the vast prosperity of Canada, her rapid increase in population and wealth, and have demonstrated that no country in the world has improved in the same ratio. Convincing, however, as their statistics may be, they fall far short of the impressions produced in the minds of those who visited the Forest City during the late Exhibition.

Five-and-twenty years ago, a forest, the City of London could only be compared, on the late occasion, to those creations of the gold diggings, Melbourne or Sacramento, with the difference, however, that whereas these places have been the product of feverish and unhealthy excitement, the Forest City has grown gradually and surely through the persevering industry and energy of the stalwart arms of a healthy class of settlers, and we may all bless that Providence, which, in shaping the foundation of our prosperity, infused into the minds of our early settlers the principles of justice and truth to temper somewhat the natural desire for prosperity and riches.

Strangers must not suppose, however, that at the late Exhibition the tithe of the actual products of Canada was exhibited; on the contrary we noticed with regret that many of the very sources by which we may most certainly expect vastly to increase our wealth were totally unrepresented.

It was evident that neither pains nor expense had been spared in the detail of the Exhibition, and the effect produced was most wonderful. We will, however, proceed to notice the articles which were exhibited, and then to state the deficiencies.

By far the greatest show was that of animals; horses, cattle, pigs, and sheep having been sent in very great numbers. This part of the Exhibition was very gratifying, especially when taken in connexion with the vast increase in the number of stock which we briefly quote from Williamson:—

"It is, therefore, a symptom which augurs well for the future, that the live stock of the Province is being increased in a greater and greater ratio every year, notwithstanding all the demands for domestic consumption, and the large numbers annually exported. In 1852, the number of neat cattle, in Upper Canada

was 504,963, in 1848, 654,845, being an increase of 10 per cent. in 6 years. In 1851, they amounted to 745,594, being an increase of 32 per cent. in 3 years, or 64 per cent. in 6 years. In 1842 the number of horses was 113,675; in 1848, 151,389, or 33 per cent. more in 6 years. In 1851, their number was 203,300, being upwards of 33 per cent. increase in 3, or 66 per cent. in 6 years. In 1842, the number of sheep was 575,730, in 1848, 833,807, being 45 per cent. more in 6 years. In 1851, their number was 959,222, or at the rate of 32 per cent. increase in 6 years. In 1842, the number of hogs was 394,366; in 1848, 484,241, or an excess over that in 1842 by 23 per cent. In 1851, their numbers were 570,237, being at the rate of 36 per cent. increase in 6 years. The total of live stock in Upper Canada, in 1851, was, therefore, 2,488,653, or nearly 3 to 1 of the population. In 1844, the whole number in Lower Canada was somewhat less than that of Upper Canada in 1842, but it also has greatly increased, and in 1851, amounted to 1,654,773, or about two-thirds of that in the Upper Province. The total estimated value of the live stock in the whole of Canada, in the same year, was £10,947,537."

Large as this statement proves the riches of Canada to have then been in amount of stock, both the quantity and quality have been vastly increased. In quality especially throughout the country the greatest pains have been taken to improve the breeds of the various animals, and this was well demonstrated by the specimens exhibited. The only drawback to this part of the Exhibition was the quality of the wool, which showed that Canadians have yet to pay more attention to improvement in this department. A very great inducement to this, too, should be the recollection that in 1852, 169,913 lbs. of wool was imported, of which fully two-thirds came from the United States.

Another deficiency perceptible was in the quality of the cheese; of the size of some of those exhibited no one could complain, and the author of the one weighing twelve hundred weight deserved the premium which he gained; but still there is a lack in our country of such cheeses as the Gruyere, Stilton, Roquefort, and Parmesan, for which consideration the only consolation is that, far behind some countries of Europe as we are in this respect, we still excel the United States, where such a thing as really good cheese is unknown.

In nothing was the extreme fertility of the Province shown so much as in the vegetables; in this department it was impossible for any country to have excelled the magnificent display, and although for unforeseen causes the prize was not awarded for the best quality of wheat, the following statistics will show the vast increase in the production of this and other articles of grain:—

"The whole estimated value of the vegetable productions of agriculture, in 1851, was of grain £5,624,268, and of other vegetable products of the farm £3,564,521, in all £9,188,789. The total amount of these various products exported in 1852 was £1,181,363. In 1851, the wheat crop of Canada West was 12,692,852 bushels, or 13.33 for every inhabitant, while it was only 3.46 in Lower Canada, and, in 1850 only 4.33 in the United States to each of the population. The amount of wheat raised in Upper Canada has been nearly quadrupled within the last ten years. About an equal number of bushels of oats is reaped every year, and next to wheat and oats, peas, Indian corn, potatoes, and turnips are most extensively cultivated. The amount of the crops of these, in 1851, displays the same astonishing increase as that of wheat. It is worthy of remark, however, that while the produce of wheat was four times greater in 1851, than in 1841, the proportion to each inhabitant was only doubled, thus showing, that the population had been growing during the interval with wonderful rapidity. The home consumption is further shewn to require a much larger portion of the wheat crop to meet its demands by the fact, that the exports of wheat and flour, are not being augmented to the degree in which they would have been, if the rate of increase of the population had been of an ordinary kind. Out of a crop of about 16,000,000 bushels, including the crops of Canada East and West, only about 5½ millions were exported in 1852, about 10½ millions, or at the rate of 5½ bushels for every inhabitant, being consumed in the country. The value, however, of this exported surplus was upwards of £1,000,0000, and the amount is being annually increased. And it is farther to be remarked, that the exports of wheat, as well as of other vegetable food, might be double, and even treble what they now are, if a system of more perfect farming, such as exists in Britain, were *more generally* pursued. In some counties of Canada West the average yield of wheat per

acre is from 19 to 20 bushels, or even more, but the general average is only 16½, and in Lower Canada only 7."

The show of grain of all kinds, and vegetables, proved most clearly that to Canada the mother country will ere long look for the supplies now drawn from Poland and the Black Sea; and it is a cheering thought that "from the rich flats on the south side of the St. Lawrence, below Quebec, and those to the south of Montreal, to the fertile regions of the west" Anglo-Saxon energy, in an adopted land, is each day diminishing the dread chance of a famine in the land of their forefathers.

A glance at the display of needle work suggested the recollection of another branch of manufacture, which only requires to be followed up to enable us to produce a fabric, which, although not equal to Lyons silk, may yet be most useful in connection with other materials.

This subject, "the production of silk in Canada" has, we think, been already brought before the public by an eminent naturalist in the Upper Province, and from the specimens he produced, there cannot be the slightest doubt but that this branch of manufacture is capable of being brought, if not to perfection, at least to a very high degree of excellence.

It is deeply to be regretted, considering the number of strangers who visited London, that the real capabilities of the country were not developed. Many a visitor must have returned ignorant that, in her grain, crops, and flocks Canada contains not the only elements of success. The productiveness of the forests, the mines, and the vast inland seas, were altogether inadequately represented.

A few statistics will serve to show the importance of each of these divisions, and that, as in agriculture, this country is prepared to lay claim to possessing all the three sources of wealth, to to an unlimited extent.

1. *First*, in the order now mentioned, of its natural products are those of the Forest, which as yet far exceed in value those of the Mine, and of the Seas, and even somewhat exceed those of Agriculture, and all other exports put together. The value of the wood of the white pine alone exported by the last returns of 1852 is upwards of £1,000,000, the next in value of the timber exports being those of Red Pine, Oak, and Elm. In 1853, 1145 vessels were loaded with timber at Quebec, against 1003 in 1852, shewing that the trade must have greatly increased during the past year. The exports of wood to Europe, and the lower provinces, are chiefly from Quebec in the forms of round, and square timber, deals, and planks, West Indian and other staves, together with masts and spars. The imports to the United States are generally in the form of planks and boards. By far the largest portion of the trade is with Liverpool, but the best kinds of timber, particularly of deals, go to the London market. Besides these products of the forest, the wood which is burnt off the ground in the new clearings, and for the purpose of fuel, yields large quantities of Pot and Pearl Ash, of which the value of £232,901 was exported in 1852 for bleaching, glass making, and other purposes. Furs and skins may also be reckoned as other productions of the forests of Canada, and were supplied by them in the same year to Great Britain, the United States, and other countries to the amount of £25,547.

In 1852, the total exports being £3,513,599 the whole exports of the produce of the forest amounted to £1,907,183, including £262,690, as the value of the ships built at Quebec, of which £1,436,637 were sent to Britain, and £460,049 to the United States.

It is not, however, only in Quebec or the lower ports that ship-building will form an important business; already some fine vessels have been built near Cobourg, and even now, any one passing along our Front street may see a thousand tons vessel nearly ready for launching, while the same firm to whom Toronto is indebted for giving an impetus to this branch, have at Coldwater on Lake Huron another vessel nearly ready for launching. With respect to the capabilities for ship-building possessed by Canada West, it may be observed, that Lloyd's inspector declared his admiration of the timber in these vessels, and pronounced it superior to anything he had ever seen put in a vessel.

Considering then, the vast productions of her forests, it was to be regretted that Canada was not represented in this department. Had there even been a display of the beautiful furniture wood, it would have shewn that Canadians are quite prepared, as far as materials, to compete with any nation in the excellence and quality of good furniture. The importance of this source of prosperity to the country may be imagined when it is stated that, home consumption exceeds considerably the amount exported.—The rapid growth of the country may be very significantly deduced from this last fact.

2. The next great deficiency was the imperfect representation of the products of the mines and quarries.

Respecting this, Williamson observes:—

"Although yet very imperfectly developed, its mineral wealth was very great. The only productions of the mine exported in 1852 were copper and copper ore to the value of £8,105 from the Bruce Mines, and a small quantity of pig iron. But various other minerals already add to the riches of the country, and supply materials for useful application within its own limits. Mining for gold, on a small scale, is carried on with profit by skilful hands on the branches of the Chaudiere. The white Potsdam sandstone is quarried at Vaudreuil for the manufacture of fine glass. Salt is procured from the brine springs of St. Catherines. Plaster of Paris is prepared in large quantities from native gypsum in the western part of Upper Canada, and deposits of shellmarl, which are abundant throughout the Province, are used, in like manner as the plaster, for manuring the soil. The lithographic stone of Marmora has been already quarried, and applied, to some extent, for prints and maps, and millstones of excellent quality have been made from the millstone rock of the Eastern Townships, and from the granite of the Chaudiere. Some of the marbles have also been partially worked, and the clays are wrought in various places into bricks and tiles, and articles of common pottery ware."

Many other natural productions of the mine, however, will ere long contribute to add greatly to the increase of the wealth of Canada. In every direction, it is possessed of vast beds of iron ore of the finest quality, from the bog iron of the St. Maurice forges to the specular iron of Lake Huron. Marmora and Madoc, South Sherbrooke, Hull, the Wallace Mine, and McNab, themselves contain iron enough for the supply of a continent for ages. The mines of copper on Lakes Huron and Superior admit of being worked with profit to a much greater extent. Chromic iron, a very valuable material for the manufacture of the chromates of potass, and of lead, for dye and painters colours, and for glass staining, is found in large quantities in the Eastern Townships. Besides these, iron ochre, in the forms of yellow ochre, Spanish brown, &c., abounds in various localities, equal to the best imported from France into Britain, and there are inexhaustible supplies of white quartzose sandstone, as at Vaudreuil, admirably adapted as a material for flint glass. Sulphuret of zinc is found at Maimanse, Lake Superior, sulphuret of nickel on Lake Huron, and manganese in the Eastern Townships. Sulphate of baryta for permanent white paint, soapstone and plumbago for earths and crucibles, and phosphate of lime for manure, and materials for roofing slates, wait only the growth of capital and enterprise to render them available for the supply of the country and for export. Marbles of various colours from the coarsest to the finest quality, white, black, mottled, variegated white and green, verd antique, and serpentine of the most beautiful description are found in various localities. And here we must particularly notice a most beautifully executed white Canadian marble chimney-piece from Sandwich.

3. A third great omission was the want of a proper display of those fish with which our lakes teem.

The furs and fisheries, particularly of the western lakes, form a branch of commerce of considerable and increasing value, especially the latter. White fish, lake trout, and sturgeon of great size abound in Lake Superior and Huron. White fish are also caught in large quantities in Lakes Erie and Ontario. 3590 barrels of fish were exported from Lake Erie alone in 1851, valued at 5 dollars a barrel, and this is but a small portion of a traffic which is yearly increasing in all the lakes.

With these facts before them it is marvellous how the Western Canadians should have let pass the opportunity of bringing so many sources of the wealth of the country prominently forward.

We have, however, said enough of what was and what ought to have been exhibited, and the statistics quoted will amply suffice to prove that in natural and industrial productions this country need fear competition with no other in the world, and that it only requires a continuance of the same vigorous steps that have been, and are now, taking to promote education and intelligence to make this much favoured country one of the most prosperous that the sun shines on.

A YOUNG LADY, at an examination of grammar was asked why the noun *bachelor* was singular. She replied immediately, with much *naivete*, "because its very singular they don't get married."

YEZID, THE WOODMAN OF THE EAST.

CHAPTER I.

Some eight or nine hundred years ago, an emperor named Soliman ruled over a large district in central Asia. He was gallant and brave in war, and in peace a munificent patron of the liberal arts; he was also hospitable to his nobles, kind and generous to the lower orders, fair and impartial in the administration of justice, and as such was deservedly beloved by all his people. But the best kings and emperors are not always the best served by their officials; and (as our story will show) we must not be too ready to believe the old proverb which says, "Like master, like man."

The emperor had been seated on his throne about four years, when, as he was riding one morning, attended by his suite, near a forest which lay along the banks of the river Ultza, he met a poor man whose face was wan and hollow, while his threadbare and tattered clothes, and his shrunk limbs which protruded here and there from beneath them, showed clearly that, however just and good the Emperor Soliman might be, still *one* of his people somehow or other, had not shared in the general prosperity. The emperor observed the man, and, touched with pity, stopped him just as he was about to fall down and do him homage in the true Eastern fashion, and asked him his name and occupation, and from what part of the country he had come. The poor man replied that his name was Haroun Osman, that he had seen better days, having formerly been clerk to a merchant at Bagdad; but that illness and misfortune had combined to render him penniless and homeless.

"Well, my friend," said the emperor, with a smile, "do you think that you could repair your broken fortunes, if I were to give you some work?"

"Merciful Allah!" cried the poor man, making another low prostration as he spoke, "your imperial majesty is too good to your servant of servants."

"If I thought that I could trust you, I would at once make you vizier over the district of Castolada, for news has just reached me that the viziership is vacant, and I am anxious as the people of the town are almost all poor, to set over them a man who knows what poverty is, as such a one, I think, could relieve them most effectually. Do you understand me?"

"Gracious Allah! whatever pleases your majesty is best. Your humble servant will gladly take upon himself any office to which your imperial pleasures may appoint my unworthiness. And if I do not act faithfully and justly as vizier of Castolada, I pray your majesty to take away the life which I hold only by your imperial permission." And he ended his speech with another prostration as low as before.

That same evening the imperial mandate went out in due form, the signet-ring was brought forth, and Haroun Osman, who got up that day in rags and poverty, went to bed vizier of Castolada.

But no sooner was Haroun raised to his high post than he began to show the stuff he was made of, by oppressing the poor, defrauding the weak and resistless, preventing justice, and selling his decisions. His insolence, too, towards his inferior officers and the captains of his guard knew no bounds, so that it soon came to be said in his own city (and it was whispered too, by a little bird into the ears of the emperor himself) that the vizier, Haroun Osman, though the lowest in birth, was far the proudest and most odious of all the viziers in the emperor's dominions.

One day, not long after his promotion, he was riding through the adjoining forest, when a sudden freak took him, and he ordered his foresters to dig a number of deep pits in the long glades of the wood, and to cover them over with green leaves and herbs, so that the wild beasts, as they prowled about at night, might fall into them and be captured to fill the menagery which he had ordered to be added to the stables of the vizier's residence.

But the story of Phalaris the Agrigentine, in ancient times, is not wholly false (our fair readers will find it at full length in their Lemprières); and in modern days the inventor of the guillotine we know was the first to suffer by his invention. And so it was with our friend, the vizier Haroun Osman; for a few weeks later he was riding in a remote part of this same forest, and was indulging in the thoughts of his proud position as vizier of so fair a district, his horse accidentally trod upon the edge of one of these pitfalls, and stumbling down threw his rider. In a moment the grand vizier had tumbled through the covering of loose leaves and herbs which was strewed lightly on

the surface, and found himself safely landed, without a bone broken, at the bottom of a pit about twelve feet in depth. The vizier's horse, by some accident or other, had saved himself from tumbling into the hole along with his master, and ran off neighing and snorting in the direction of the city; but before he had gone far, he was seen by a woodman, who, conjecturing that some accident had befallen the grand vizier, went into the forest to look for his dismounted rider, and to assist in case of any accident having occurred. But for many hours his search was all in vain.

In the meantime, it so happened that, to add to the vizier's troubles, a young lion came near the pit, and missing his footing, tumbled in. A few minutes later an ape came rolling down into the pit in like manner, and last of all came a large fierce-looking serpent, and each of these unwelcome visitors, finding that all attempts to escape were useless, amused himself with fixing his glaring eyes on the unhappy vizier, as he sat shivering with fear in one corner of the pit, expecting every minute to be eaten up for their dinner.

But it was not the will of Allah that it should be so. The Grand Vizier of Castolada was not destined by him to end his life in a forest pit, by the sting of a serpent or the jaws of a lion. He was preserved to give a lesson to posterity, as our readers will see.

It so happened that when some four or five hours of the afternoon were gone by, the woodman of whom we have already spoken, came near to the spot on his way home to his humble cottage in the forest, having given up all serious thought of finding the vizier after so many hours had elapsed. No sooner, however, did the vizier hear him come whistling along, than he began to cry out lustily for help, and fortunately his cries were heard.

The woodman lost not a moment in running in the direction from which the cries seemed to come, and quick as thought was at the mouth of the pit.

"Help, help! whoever you are," cried the vizier.

"Who is that crying out for help?" he said.

"It is I who have fallen into this pit by accident this morning, and there is a lion down here, too, and an ape, and a serpent, and I only wonder that I am now alive. Pray lend me a helping hand, throw down a rope, do something, do anything, pray, rather than leave me here with these savage creatures, who sit eyeing me as if they would eat me up. Pray get a rope and let it down, my good friend, as quick as possible.

"But I am so poor that I have not got a rope, and my wife and children are hungry at home, and I cannot leave my work for such as you, though, by Allah, it goes to my heart to see a poor man left to die in a pit with a lion and serpent. But it won't be the first poor man that's died by unfair means, I guess, since our new vizier came to us, by a good many," he added, pretending not to know who the individual might be.

"O, my good friend, I am the Vizier of Castolada, and I swear by Allah and by the beard of his Most Sacred Majesty the Emperor of all the Asias (emperors even then had rather extensive titles), that if you will only get a rope and lift me out of this horrible pit, I will give you half the treasures in my coffer for your pains before the sun sets to-morrow."

The woodman ran off and soon returned with a rope in his hand, and let down one end of it into the pit.

"Now, then, your highness, make one end fast round your middle, and I'll pull as hard as I can at the other. Now then, is all right?"

"Yes, all right," said the lion, springing forward and seizing the rope in his claws, and he allowed himself to be drawn gently up. No sooner, however, had he reached (we were going to say *terra firma*, but we will content ourselves with a more humble phrase) the surface of the ground, than he turned to the frightened woodman, and thanking him for his politeness with a most royal bow, begged him to make himself quite easy, for that neither he, nor the ape, nor the serpent would injure one hair of his head and implored him to let down the rope again.

When the rope was lowered a second time, the ape came forward, and said,—"Pardon me, Mr. Vizier, I must go up first," and seizing the rope, was drawn up by the side of the lion, when he immediately began to address the woodman in terms of gratitude. A third time the rope was lowered, when the serpent coiled his slimy folds around it and was landed on the grass, and outdid the lion and ape in professions of the same kind.

The fourth time that the rope was lowered, the vizier ascended, and as he had heard the ad-

dresses of the lion and his other acquaintances, he felt he could not do less than tell the poor woodman to call next morning at the palace, when he should be richly rewarded for his trouble. And so saying, the grand vizier set off on foot for the city.

"Mark my word," said the lion, solemnly, "he will not keep his promise; and if he does not, both you and he shall see me again."

"And me, too," added the ape.

"And me, too," said the serpent, as with another bow they each took their leave of the woodman and retreated into the wood.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, at an early hour, the poor woodman repaird to the residence of the vizier, and, presenting himself to the porter at the gate, told him his business with the vizier, and begged that he would ask him to grant him an interview. The porter took his message in, but the vizier pretended to know nothing of the affair, and told his porter to send the idle fellow away, for that he was only a beggar, and had come to get assistance under false pretences. So the woodman returned home; but resolving to persevere in his suit until he obtained from the vizier the performance of his promise, he went, a few weeks afterwards to the Grand Palace again, and repeated his request. But this time the vizier was so angry that he came out himself to the woodman in the greatest fury, knocked him down at the gate, and beat him in a truly Oriental fashion, until he had scarcely a limb in his whole body which was not black with bruises.

It was several days—perhaps a week or more—before the woodman was able to go out again to his work in the forest, so severe were his contusions. But it so happened on the very first day that he went out, while he was loading his donkey with wood, in a very retired part of the forest, he looked up and saw coming towards him a lion, followed by ten camels laden with merchandize. In fear and trembling, he led his donkey homewards, but the lion and the camels still followed him till they came up to the door of his cottage. The lion then advanced a few steps, and, with a graceful bow, exclaimed, as he pointed to the treasures, "Sir, these are all yours!" and then withdrew in a most gracious and royal manner.

The woodman immediately perceived that his visitor was the same lion which he had drawn up out of the pit a few weeks previously, and proceeded, without delay, to unload the camels and unpack the bales with the assistance of his wife. On opening them, he was astonished to see the richness and variety of the shawls, satins, and velvets which they contained; then, after publishing a notice to the effect that if any one had lost such property he might claim it within a reasonable time, and finding that no one came forward to own it, he sold it in open bazaar in the neighbouring city, and realized by it a handsome competency.

The next day, he went, as usual, to his work in the forest again, for he was resolved not to part with his habits of industry on account of any sudden accession of good fortune; when he had no sooner set to work than the ape which he had liberated suddenly leaped out from among the trees, and placing in his hands a purse full of gold, said, "Sir, I thank you for your kindness, and am sorry that I have nothing better to offer you!" and immediately disappeared in the forest.

Again, the following morning, he was early at his work, when another old acquaintance, the serpent, came to him, bringing in his mouth a brilliant stone of three colours, which he laid at the woodman's feet, and saying, "See, I do not forget," glided gracefully away beneath the long grass.

The woodman, overcome with his run of good luck, told the whole story to his wife that evening as they sat at supper in their little cottage. By her advice, next morning, he took the stone to the emperor's jeweller, who as soon as he saw it, told him that the three colors of the stone had each a separate meaning.

"The purple," he said, "signifies that the fortunate possessor of this stone shall have joy without grief; the green, that he shall be rich and never want again; while the yellow denotes that he will have perfect health of mind and body as long as he lives. I will also give you another secret," he added. "If you sell it for less than its real value, it will deceive the purchaser, and came back into your own hands as often as you part with it."

The woodman soon grew very rich; indeed, so much so, that his good-luck became the common talk of all the city and country round, and reached the ears even of the emperor. It was not long before Soliman resolved to send for the poor woodman to his court, and to bid him bring with him the wonderful stone, to which such extraordinary virtue was attached.

No sooner did Yezid appear in the presence of the emperor, than he was questioned as to the virtues of the wonderful stone; and when he had recounted them at length, the emperor offered to give him 10,000 pagodas in gold for it. It was in vain that he pointed out to the emperor that, unless the sum paid was a full equivalent, the stone would not stay a single night in the imperial coffers, but would travel back to him at his cottage in the forest. The emperor, however, was resolved to have it, whatever it might cost, so he placed it securely in his strongest jewel-box, paid the woodman his 10,000 pagodas, and sent him home.

Next day what was the astonishment of the emperor and empress on opening the royal jewel-box to find the precious stone of three colours gone. A messenger was about to be immediately despatched in search of the woodman, when the latter was announced to be in waiting at the palace gates, and desirous of seeing the emperor forthwith. On being ushered into the imperial presence he made the usual prostrations, and after many protestations of innocence, related that on waking early in the morning he and his wife had found the same three-coloured stone lying on the table in their chamber, which the woodman had seen his majesty lock carefully away yesterday among the imperial treasures. Having said thus much, he produced the stone and placed it once more in the emperor's hands, and prayed his mercy and forgiveness.

This the emperor cheerfully accorded to his request upon condition that the woodman related to him how he had become possessed of the wondrous treasure. Yezid at once told the whole story before the Emperor Soliman and all the court, who where struck with no less indignation as they listened to his account of the vizier Haroun Osman's base ingratitude than they were astonished at the grateful behaviour of the wild animals towards the woodman. A proclamation was immediately made that the vizier of Castolada, Haroun Osman, should appear before his majesty in his imperial court, and have an opportunity of making answer to the story of the fortunate woodman. The next day but one the vizier came, and when he was confronted with the woodman he could not speak. The story of the pitfalls and of the vizier's own detention in the pit, of the promises which he had made in distress but had afterwards forgotton, while the lion, the ape, and the serpent had rewarded their benefactor, though bound by no promises so to do, and lastly the injuries which he had inflicted on the poor defenceless woodman when he came to claim his promised reward, were listened to by the emperor and his court and the whole body of nobles present with breathless attention, and there was not a voice that refused its applause when the emperor spoke as follows: "Haroun Osman, vizier of Castolada, I raised you from a humble state and made you what you are, because I thought that having tasted the bitters of poverty you would be able to take better care of my poorer subjects in the province of Castolada; but you are proved to be worse than the very beasts of the field in selfishness, ingratitude, and tyranny; you are reported on every side to be the oppressor of the poor and friendless, and to be ungovernable in your fury and rage; the story of Yezid proves this to be true. Now therefore, proud man, I strip you of all your rank, wealth, and honours; I degrade you again to be what you were before I raised you to the viziership, and your office and place I now confer upon Yezid the woodman, and your riches I entrust to the new vizier to distribute in charity among the poor of Castolada."

"Allah be praised!" "Allah is good!" shouted every one that was present, till there was scarcely a dry eye to be seen; and there was not a voice in the hall that did not congratulate the humble woodman on his high promotion.

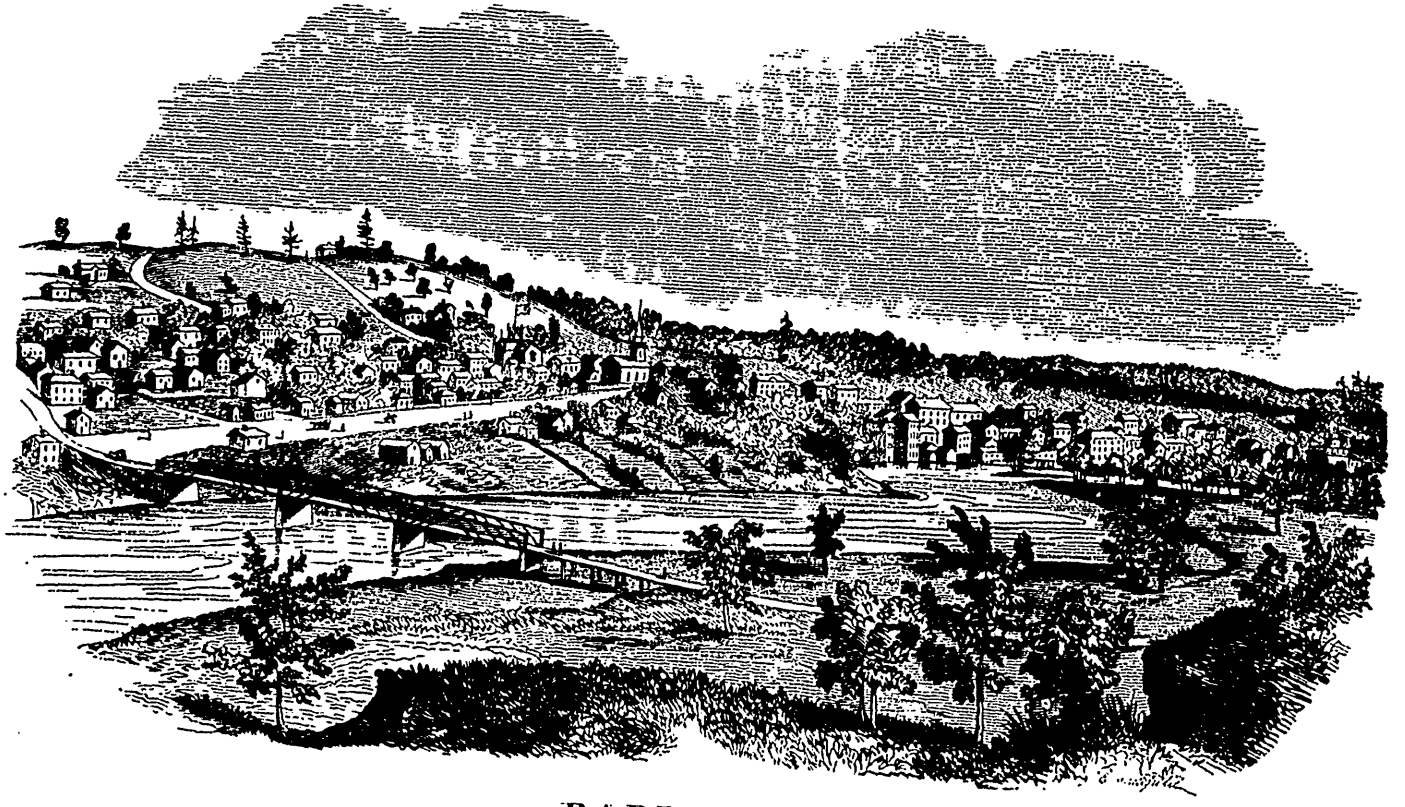
The good news very soon spread to the city of Castolada, where Yezid was already well known; and our readers may feel sure that the tidings caused universal joy. Haroun Osman spent the remainder of his days in poverty without a friend and without a home; and probably he would have been left without food to support existence, if it had not been for the new vizier, who sent him food daily from his palace to keep him from starvation. But the city prospered, and the people were happy and contented; and whenever the new vizier appeared in public, the people cried out, "Long live the mighty and good Yezid, vizier of Castolada!"

We had almost forgotten to add, that as the ex-vizier and Yezid left the emperor's palace, the first object that met their eyes were the lion, the ape, and the serpent, and that the lion, as spokesman for the rest, said slowly, in a very solemn tone, "Yezid and Haroun, we have kept our word: you will remember us!"

EXTRAORDINARY ANGLING ADVENTURE.

A few summers ago, I was pursuing my favourite amusement, when I met with the following ludicrous incident, over the recital of which I have since had many a hearty laugh, in which, I have no doubt, my readers will join. The scene of my adventure was a small lake in Perthshire, beautifully situated at the head of a richly wooded glen, and the undulating hills, which slope down to the water's edge, are clothed with noble specimens of the Scotch fir; the reflection of the lofty trees, the grey rock, and the purple heather, upon the quiet deep water, gives the picture the cast of the most intense solitude, and the spirits gradually sink into a state of melancholy pleasure. It is the recollection of wandering amid such scenes as this which produces a sort of mania for fishing which we often see in some anglers, and surely it is an excusable one where the imagination can revel on the wonderful and stupendous works of our Creator. I was diligently working the little silvery trout, with which my hook was baited, when my reflections were disturbed by a low muttering from the wood behind me. I had not listened long before a loud crashing among the branches warned me that it was time to cut; and, as a bull is an ugly customer at all times, I seized my rod, and dashed for the nearest tree, but a pike at this moment, not aware of my alarm, followed my example in dashing after my bait! There was no time to spare; so letting my reel run, with the aid of a little gymnastics, I established myself firmly on the first stock of a stout pine, and viewed, with great satisfaction, my savage, blear-eyed foe just in time to be too late; he seemed determined, however, on a blockade, and kept tearing up the turf, and butting his broad forehead against my house of refuge, giving me a good sample of his bloody intentions. My attention was quickly recalled to my aquatic friend, who was making most woeful depredations on my line, which, fortunately, could boast of nearly three score yards and ten; he had nearly run it out, and it was with joy that I saw him throw his huge carcase a couple of feet out of water, with the view of breaking his bonds by the weight of his fall. I was prepared for this; and, after a few wild and unruly runs, he became much more tractable. It was out of my power to come to terms so long as old horney stood sentry below; so I sat very comfortably playing my fish. At this part of the lake the water covers a shallow bank to the depth of a few inches. It was here, after in vain seeking to ease himself of my steel, he made his last and grand struggle for liberty. He took a furious dash, sprung and rolled about, and, at length, run himself aground, producing an infernal commotion in the water, which he lashed into foam around him. It was not long before the bull's fancy was tickled; and, possibly, reasoning from my earnest attention to the motion of the pike, that there existed some connection between us, made furiously at his new acquaintance. Here commenced one of the rarest combats that was ever fought, but the knight of the water proved himself more than a match for his more lordly antagonist. However skilful I may be in playing my fish, I could not pretend to have any power over the motions of the assailants, but sat, almost splitting with laughter, whilst my line, which was immediately broken, was twisted round the horns and legs of the bull, who was goring right and left into the stranded fish, who was, notwithstanding, scarcely hurt, as nothing very effectual could be done against his shiny sides, whilst every now and then he would would turn to pin his enemy. An opportunity was not long in occurring, and his long jaws and hooked teeth were firmly fixed in the nether lip of the enraged and terrified animal, who, bounding along the shore, tossing his head, and using every effort to get rid of his tormentor; but it was all in vain, his roaring and his rage were equally useless.

I was quickly on terra firma; leaving my rod, dashed on in pursuit, in which I was joined by two herdsmen, with their dogs, who had come up on hearing the noise. What is coursing, what is fox-hunting, what is any chase that can be named, in comparison with the sport we were now engaged in? There was the bull tearing on, tail erect, and bellowing with pain, and three dogs keeping up with him, and every now and then venturing a spring at his nostrils, or at



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the dead and torn fish which still appended to him, his grasp in death as deadly as in life. This however, could not last long, and the poor bull, completely exhausted, sunk down vanquished by a *dead fish!* The dogs were taken off him, as likewise the remains of my pike, which could have been but little short of twenty pounds, and it was so torn as to be fit only for the dogs, who did not however seem to relish it. The herdsmen were much amused with the recital of my adventure, and assured me the bull would quickly recover from the effects of his spree; and such another, I hardly think, he would wish to be engaged in

LINES.

BY JAMES MCCARROLL.

How oft, while wandering through some desert place,
I've met a poor, pale, thirsty little flower
Looking t'wards heaven, with its patient fa ,
In dying expectation of a shower.

And when the sweet compassion of the skies
Fell, like a charm, upon its sickly bloom,
Oh! what a grateful stream gushed from its eyes,
T'wards Him who ear'd to snatch it from the tomb.

And, oh! when all its leaves seemed folding up
Into the tender bud of other days,
What clouds of incense, from the deep'ning cup,
Rolled upwards with the burden of its praise.

And, then I thought,—in this dry land of ours,
How few, that feel affliction's chastening rod,
Are like the poor, pale, thirsty little flowers,
With their meek faces turned towards their God.

How few, when angry clouds and storms depart,
And all the light of heaven re-appears,
Are found, with incense rising from a heart
Dissolved, before His throne, in grateful tears.

WAR.

War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
That from the aged father tears his child!
A murderer's fiend, by fiends adored
He kills the sire and starves the son;
The husband kills, and from her board
Steals all his widow's toil had won;
Plunders God's world of beauty, rends away
All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

THE TOWN OF PARIS.

Paris is beautifully and advantageously situated at the junction of the Grand River with Smith's Creek, in the township of South Dumfries, in the county of Brant, and is distant 25 miles from Hamilton. It was first located, some twenty-three or twenty-four years ago, by Hiram Capron, Esq., who purchased a large tract of land, and he wisely foresaw that the locality on which Paris now stands must one day become an important place. The town derives its name from the immense bed of gypsum (or plaster of Paris) which exist in the hills on the banks of the Grand River, in its immediate vicinity. In the year 1850 Paris contained a population of 1810 persons, but her inhabitants now number nearly 3000 souls, and was set apart as an Incorporated Village during that year. In 1851 the assessment roll was only £7502, but so rapid has been the increase, that in 1854 it amounted to £12,395, which will be greatly augmented next year, as its boundaries have been considerably enlarged by an order of the Governer in Council.

There is very extensive water facilities, derived from Smith's Creek and the Grand River; that on Smith's Creek amounting to about 87 horse-power, has been in operation for some years, driving two flouring mills, two plaster mills, two foundries, a woollen factory, a saw-mill, a tannery, and several mechanic shops. The power on the Grand River has hitherto been idle, but is now, happily, being called into use. Last year, the Paris Hydraulic Company obtained a charter to raise £3000, to enable them to open up a fall at the south end of the town, which will afford 200 horse-power. The race is already cut, and the dam will be built next year. But another and still greater water-power has been brought into operation this year, owned by Messrs. Kerr and Whitlaw, and situated close to the centre of the town. The mill-race is open, a splendid dam has just been completed, and is now ready to be occupied, which will give a power of 600 horses. Three of the mill-sites have been taken up, and there is every probability that a flax and oil mill connected with it will be erected next year. From the very central position of Paris, and the easy access to it from all parts, no better location can be found in Upper Canada for the erection of manufactories, such as cotton mills, paper mills, agricultural implement factories, or the like.

Its exports are considerable. The two flouring mills turn out some 40,000 barrels annually, while 20,000 more are brought into Paris from the neighbouring mills for exportation. The plaster mills grind about 3000 tons of plaster per annum, which amount is fast increasing, as carriage is so ready by the rail. There is also a large saw-mill, which cuts and exports some 1,000,000 feet of lumber annually. There is brought into Paris 250,000 bushels of wheat every year, which are either manufactured into flour or bought for exportation. The hills on the Grand River, near the town, abound with plaster of the first quality. There are five plaster beds now in operation, but the supply is considered to be inexhaustible. This is a great internal source of wealth, which but few places in the Province possess.

As is well known, the Great Western Railway has a large station here, which is considered as the third in importance on that flourishing line. During the first six months of this railway being in operation, no less than 13,000 passengers left Paris by it. The Buffalo, Brantford, and Goderich Company have also a station, and joins the Great Western, at Paris. These two railways afford great facilities for travel and the conveyance of merchandise to and from this town.

The general appearance of Paris is highly attractive. It possesses an excellent town-hall and market, erected last year at a cost of nearly £4000. It has seven churches, belonging to the Episcopal, Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, United Presbyterian, Free Church, and Roman Catholic bodies. Some of them are elegant brick structures. There is a large number of stores, many of which would do credit to a city, and the merchants of Paris are amongst the most prosperous in the Province. Several brick and stone stores are also in process of erection, which are rented as fast as finished. A large first-class hotel is also now being built, in order to afford accommodation to the greatly increasing number of travellers who resort to, or pass through Paris. There are extensive nurseries on the high land above the town, which ere long will rank with the first in the Province.

Two newspapers also hail from Paris. They are both large and well-printed journals, and bear the stamp of prosperity. The "Star," which commenced some five years ago, and has a very wide circulation, is liberal in its politics; and the "Maple Leaf," which has been in existence six weeks, is in connection with the Conservative party.

The high bridge, which forms a conspicuous object in our view of Paris, is the bridge of the Buffalo, Brantford, and Goderich Railway, over the Grand River. It was built in 1853 by Messrs. Mellish, Morrell, & Russell. It is 100 feet high, and 788 feet long, and is of the how-truss principle, built of wood and iron, and supported by solid stone piers, costing £25,000. It is a very beautiful structure.

The scenery of Paris and its immediate neighbourhood is highly beautiful and romantic. The noble and rapid river running through it between its lofty and luxuriant banks, covered with rich foliage, immediately arrests the attention of the stranger, who is at once impressed with the beautiful situation of the town. Paris, built on a gravelly soil, is some 500 feet above Lake Ontario, and is exceedingly healthy. The country around Paris cannot be surpassed for beauty of scenery or fertility of the soil. It is inhabited by an industrious and wealthy population, and the land produces the finest wheat. Indeed the far-famed Genessee Valley cannot surpass the quality of grain raised in old Dumfries. As an instance of which, it may be stated that on the farm of D. Christie, Esq., was raised the wheat to which was awarded the first prize at the World's Fair at London, in 1851. It is the general remark of Americans who pass through this section of the Province, that they never saw a finer or better tilled land in their lives.

Taken altogether the inhabitants of Paris have much to be thankful for. They are situated in a splendid locality. Excellent gravel roads lead into Paris in all directions, her streets sound with the busy hum of industry on every side, her citizens are enterprising, industrious, and prosperous, and ere long, by their exertions, and the right use of the great natural facilities that Providence has given her, she must become a large manufacturing town—the Lowell of Canada.

Of all the actions of life our marriage least concerns other people, yet of all the actions of our life it is most meddled with by other people.

Many who, in our days of wealth we deemed but heartless churls, have in our distress shown themselves friends.

THE MAN WHO WAS BLESSED WITH A COMPETENCY.

Every boy in Dr. Lashem's school envied Tom Heaviside, the parlor-boarder, for Tom was the richest and best-tempered fellow of us all. But besides being rich and good-tempered, he possessed a natural aptitude for learning which would have been a fortune to him had he ever required to exert it. Unfortunately for Tom, he was born to a competence. His school-days were passed for the most part in luxurious idleness. Though he was ready enough at times to assist a class-mate with his theme or translation, he was seldom perfect himself. "And after all," he would say, "where was the use of his bothering himself about learning, he hadn't to get a living by it." And so, in due time, after sauntering away four or five years upon the threshold of knowledge, and knowing a deal more about how to tickle trouts as they slept under the stones in the doctor's fishpond, or the "points" of dogs and horses, which latter knowledge he had acquired from his father's groom, than of Horace or Virgil, Tom Heaviside left school, to the great grief of us all.

As became a gentleman's son, of course Tom went to college. The vicar recommended Cambridge, as most likely, he said, to bring that out of him which he was sure Tom had in him—the capacity of distinguishing himself. But the vicar's advice was not taken, and Tom went to Oxford, because that was the gentleman's college, and as his father observed, he would be sure to get amongst the "best set" there. Brazenose was the college selected, because Tom's father's friend's son, Sir Richard, was there already. At college Tom did *not* distinguish himself as a scholar, though everybody said he might have done so had he chosen. Indeed the undergraduates to a man declared that he had the "stuff in him," and if he only cared to exert himself he might have gained honours. But then being blessed with a competency, Tom contented himself with driving the best four-in-hand, being the best-mounted red-coat of his college when they took the field after the hounds, and being esteemed an indifferently good coxswain when he could be persuaded to sufficiently exert himself to make one in a boating-party on the Isis. His abilities were undeniable, everybody acknowledged that; but then, having no need to exert them, he made no figure beyond that of a fashionable idler, and left college, after three or four terms, without a degree, and in good favour with the tradesmen, as a very easy and safe customer.

In the course of years, Tom's father died—you may see the scutcheon and marble slab recording his virtues in the chancel of the village church any day—and Tom succeeded to the estate. He did not attempt any improvements on the land or in the village; and so, though he was generally considered a pretty good landlord, he was never very popular with his neighbours or his tenantry. He was invited to stand for the county, but he was getting corpulent and lazy, and declined the offer. To be sure, he went to London now and then, but he made no figure in politics or the world, and was considered "nothing particular," even by the waiters at his club.

His doctor advised travel as an antidote to his increasing corpulency, and so Tom made the grand tour in a lazy fashion—sauntering about Paris for a while, visiting Berlin, going up the Rhine in a steam-boat, playing in a *nonchalant* manner at the gambling-houses in the little towns on its banks, and coming back no wiser and no slimmer than he went.

Tom remained in London after his return from the continent, because, as he said, "it was dull down at his place in Barkshire, with only the old lady, his mother, and the servants." But he did not enter into many of the dissipations of town life—he was too lazy for that; and his chief occupations appeared to consist of smoking, newspaper reading, and billiard playing, which latter game he played in a careless fashion of his own, which everybody said might be greatly improved if he tried. In fact, as Tom got older, his idleness grew into a habit. He would get up about ten in the morning, sit for a long time over his breakfast, at which meal he would read any book that came to hand; smoke a cigar directly afterwards; dress for a walk or a ride by about two; *take* his walk or ride, during which he would smoke several more cigars; dine at his club about six, take a nap for half an hour or so, with the newspaper in his hand, in the smoking-room, saunter up stairs to the billiard-room, and get home sober to his hotel, in George Street, about twelve. And in this way day after day would be spent.

He was not by any means blind to his own failings, nevertheless. He knew that his neglect of his estate was daily injuring it, both morally

and pecuniarily. He knew that his idle life in London was a morally bad and useless one, because it was productive of no good results to himself or others. He knew that he had neglected opportunities which few possessed, and wasted talents on trifles, which might have made him, under different circumstances, a useful man in his generation. Well, he would mend all this; he would go home and take the management of the estate into his own hands, and gladden the eyes of his old mother once more; he would marry and reform. And then, in the excitement of these good resolutions, he would write hasty letters to his mother, and his steward, and his land agent, and his lawyer, and for a day or two would be quite busy making preparations for leaving London.

But in a day or two the heat of the reform fever would go off, and he would resume his old idle, uneventful, useless life: and so year succeeded year. If ever he went down to "his place in Barkshire," it was only for a few weeks in the shooting-season; and as he got older and stouter, he grew yet more disinclined to exert himself. But at last, when his mother died, he took up a permanent residence in the old house. The man however, had not changed so fast as his place. The farms were ill-let and the tenements out of repair, and the villagers hardly cared to acknowledge the squire when he came to reside in their midst, and everything bespoke an absent proprietor. There was ruin everywhere; and though Tom was blessed with a competency, it was *only* a competency. He had lived, such a life as it was, fully up to his income, and nothing now remained but to make the best of it, and take things as he found them. At least that was Tom's notion of the matter; and thus, instead of looking his affairs boldly in the face, he sat himself lazily down in his library, and dreamed his life away with a cigar in his mouth and a book in his hand. The best years of his life had passed fruitlessly away, and it was scarcely to be expected that now he had attained the steady side of fifty he could retrench or reform. He remembered, sadly enough sometimes, how all the bright promises of his youth had one by one proved failures. He might have been a good landlord, he felt, but that he had neglected his estate till its final ruin was irretrievable; he might have proved a useful member of Parliament, but he had let the opportunity slip through his hands without a struggle; he might have been a respectable man, with children's faces round his hearth, but he had failed to cultivate society so long that society had almost forgotten his existence; he might have been a respectable poet, for he bethought him of some good translations of Juvenal's satires he had once executed for a college friend, but that he had neglected his studies; he might have been respected and respectable, but that he *was blessed with a competency*, which fact had crushed the natural ambition which teaches men to rise in the world, and make for themselves names and reputations among their fellows.

He never married, he never reformed, he never retrenched; but with a cigar in his mouth he went lazily about his grounds or sat in his library, till death came at last and found him unprepared to die.

His heir, some fiftieth cousin, came to his funeral with the rest of his scattered family, and took possession of the estate. Not having been blessed with a competency, he speedily set about putting things to rights. He sold one-half the estate, paid off the incumbrances upon it, had the grass cleared out of the gravel walks of the lawn, rebuilt the farms, got rid of non-paying tenants, and in less than half a dozen years afterwards sat in the House of Commons as member for the county, and was acknowledged on all hands to be a most promising young man and an ornament to his county.

Does this little sketch need to be enforced by a moral? We think not.

COTTON, SLAVES, AND SLAVERY.

A cursory glance at the history of the world from those distant ages of antiquity, whose only memorials are the ruins of Babylon, or the palace-mounds of ancient Nineveh, to the busy commercial present of A.D. 1854, would lead to the supposition that slavery was either a political or an economic necessity—an hereditary evil, so to speak, among the nations of the earth, only extinguished amid the crash of fallen empires in the Old World, to re-appear in a future epoch, and in another form, in the more recently discovered territories of the New. Of its universality among the ancient nations, there can be no doubt. Almost every great city, every great work of antique civilisation, the pyramids of Egypt, the rampart walls of Babylon, the temple of Jerusalem, and the city of ancient Rome,

were all built by the forced labour of slaves; while we may consider the state of serfdom in the feudal system of the middle ages in Europe to be the connecting link between slavery in ancient and modern times, existing, as that system unquestionably did, at the time of the discovery of America in the fifteenth century. And, when feudality was extinguished in Europe by the combined influences of advancing civilization, and commerce, and increasing population, we have only to cast our eyes on the map of the New World, to behold the seeds of the same dire evil germinating in the Spanish colonies of the southern main, to eventually take even deeper root in those settlements of the north, which were the nucleus of the present United States. Widely, however, as slavery may have differed, in these successive epochs, in form as in practice, yet, to our thinking, the original cause, the corner-stone on which it has reared its hideous front among mankind, has been always the same—it is less a political than an economic and social necessity, originating in the scarcity of labour. For, although there is reason to suppose that the ancient empires of the East were numerously, though, probably, not densely peopled, yet the want of mechanical skill, which caused all their stupendous public works to be done by the labour of men's hands, necessitated the employment of immense bodies of workmen. Slavery, in the remote times of which we speak, existed in the patriarchal form, as described in the Old Testament. The more odious features of the system, the legalised traffic in human flesh, the forcible abduction of thousands of innocent families from their native continent to the shores of the New World, are atrocities which have been engrafted on it in comparatively modern times. That labour, the great desideratum of every colony and new country, should have been, as it still is, the want of America, whose trackless solitudes offer to every man the prize of independence, is neither matter of novelty nor doubt; and that, misled, as we firmly believe, by erroneous notions of the greater cheapness of slave labour compared with free, the slave owners still cling to their 'peculiar institution,' in days like the present, when that scarcity, from the tide of emigration and other causes, is admitted to be rapidly on the decrease, is another fact too well known to need repetition at our hands. But, against this prejudice, strengthened by long-established custom, we believe that the exertions of the abolitionists in America, and of honest, though not always, rightly judging sympathisers at home, have but small chance of success. That, however, which the will of man is sometimes most resolute to maintain, the slow, though not imperceptible effects of circumstances often tend to abrogate. Of all changes which have distinguished this nineteenth century from its predecessors, none is more remarkable for the rapidity of its progress in the present, or more pregnant with important results for the future, than the alteration which is taking place in the condition of that great class of our countrymen whose daily bread is won by their daily labour. Steam, the miracle work of modern times, which began by curtailing their modes of employment at home, has ended by opening up to them more extensive and lucrative markets for their labour abroad. While the political convulsions of our day explode in air, like the loud but profitless explosions of a volcano, productive of no permanent result, this far mightier social revolution, which is gradually upheaving the masses in the social scale, resembles the rising of those fair islands of the Pacific from the deep, which are the slow but sure work of time. It is a process which is developing the Australian bush and the Canadian forest into the republics and empires of a future age. And, though irrelevant to the subject of our essay, we may remark, that this silent revolution, as it has been aptly termed, will be as productive of change in the condition of the working man who remains at home, as in that of him who emigrates abroad. Already it bids fair materially to alter, if not eventually to reverse, the present relations of employer or employed, and to derange with new and embarrassing fluctuations the *statu quo* in the market of labour. Without participating in the fears of those who foretell that famine, lawlessness, and disorder, will be rife among the heterogeneous community assembled at the diggings, or that ruin, and a state of collapse in the money market, will be the result of the gold mania, we may safely draw the inference, that considerable numbers of their daily increasing population will eventually weary of a toilsome, and frequently unsuccessful, search for a metal, the very abundance of which must ultimately cause it to deteriorate in value, and turn their attention to the pursuits of agriculture. It would seem, indeed, the design of Providence that the glittering metal should be found in the rivers of Australia, or imbedded in its rocks, in order that the toiling millions of England should be lured to cross the wastes of ocean in its pursuit,

and be thereby the means of converting this magnificent country into another seat of empire for the Anglo-Saxon race. Of the mildness and salubrity of its climate, the fertility of its soil, and the variety of produce it is found capable of growing, no traveller or colonist has ever yet returned, without speaking in terms of unqualified, and often enthusiastic admiration. Australia appears, indeed, the paradise of the working man, where, for the first time in the history of the world, the Eastern metaphor seems likely to be realised, which depicts every man as sitting under his own fig-tree. We could not, if we would, stay the torrent of emigration which is flowing from all parts to its golden shores; but it is well worth our while to consider, how, as population increases, and the gold mania wears off, to be succeeded by a desire to embark in other speculations, or more settled employments, we may direct that labour into channels profitable to those at home as well as abroad. It is the natural characteristic of this vast and fertile continent, that it will grow the productions of the tropics, as well as those of the temperate zone. Wheat, maize, and almost every description of grain—coffee, sugar, flax, and tobacco, with several varieties of the grape, are said to thrive. According to the testimony of the well-informed, though somewhat eccentric, Dr. Laing, who has devoted the labours of a lifetime to the colony, Australia also contains the future cotton field of the British Empire. In his elaborate and well-written History of New South Wales, Dr. Laing describes the eastern coast of Australia, for about six hundred miles of latitude, to be suitable in every respect of soil and climate for the cultivation of the cotton plant; and further informs us, that the district in question possesses the advantage of ten or twelve rivers, all navigable for steam vessels, by which its produce could be conveyed to the coast. He procured nine different samples of cotton, grown at his instigation in various localities on the eastern coast, which were pronounced by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to fully equal the American cotton. One of the cultivators of the samples, a Mr. Douglas, calculated the cost and profit of the experiment, which was only attended with one difficulty, that of getting the seed separated from the cotton. The produce was 920 lbs. of rough cotton, or of cotton in the seed, to the acre, a quantity which, at the usual rate, would yield one-fourth, or 230 lbs. of clean cotton, which at 2s. per pound, would amount to £23 per acre. Dr. Laing considered that, deducting even 25 per cent. from this amount, there would still remain a handsome return to the cultivator for his capital and labour. He also suggests that the mechanical difficulty of getting the cotton cleaned might be removed, by having that process performed in a single ginning establishment, worked, perhaps, by steam-power, for the whole cotton-growing district, and superintended by persons accustomed to the business. The doctor also informs us, that four acres under cotton were calculated by one of the cultivators to be sufficient to maintain an English labourer and his family. For the correctness of this calculation we cannot, of course, vouch, but other travellers and colonists confirm Dr. Laing's statements as to the facilities afforded by the soil and climate of Australia for its growth. Mr. Sidney, in his History of the Three Australian Colonies, includes cotton among their indigenous products, but adds, that, under existing circumstances, it does not pay for cultivation. We have seen, however, how the chief obstacle to its being remunerative, that of getting the cotton cleaned, might be obviated. Among other evidence, Dr. Laing gives that of a magistrate stationed in the future cotton-growing district, who describes the land to be amazingly fertile, and of such an extent, that the valley of the Richmond river, by which it is traversed, would contain the whole surplus population of Great Britain, without infringing on the rights of the squatter. But all who have read Dr. Laing's works are familiar with the evidence he brings forward, from ministers of the gospel, officials of the crown, and settlers in the colonies, of the capabilities of the soil and climate of Australia for growing cotton.

That free labour costs less than that of slaves, is an economical truth which few now will be hardy enough to dispute; but how far the calculations of Dr. Laing, though framed, we observe, since the discovery of the gold fields, will apply to the present state of things, we cannot undertake to say. But recent advices from Melbourne, we may remark, make known a fall both in the wages of labour and the price of provisions; and there are other indications to show that the present is an unexceptional state of things in the colony not likely to last, and which, indeed, the lapse of a very few years will, we confidently predict, see materially modified. It may be assumed that the state of transition so much dreaded by a recent writer (Mr. Stirling) will be far less felt in the colonies than at home. As a necessary result of the coming re-

action, real property will increase in value in the colonies as at home, and the possession of land be more eagerly sought after, from the probable depreciation in value of the precious metals, and the fluctuations of the money market in less tangible securities. Agriculture in Australia will then regain its former popularity. When that already not distant epoch arrives, we believe that the then numerous population of the three colonies, combined with the unrivalled variety of their produce, and the salubrity of their climate, will present a field of speculation to the capitalist at home, as well as the colonist at the antipodes, unprecedented for its extent, variety, and security. And what article of its multifarious produce will be more certain to find a profitable market at home, than the one which employs two millions of our population, and the capital and industry of the second city in the British Empire? Manchester, we doubt not, would return an affirmative answer to our question.

Turning now to another portion of that mighty empire, we find the cotton plant a naturalised inhabitant of the vast plains of Hindostan, and wanting only greater facilities of carriage from the interior to the coast, to become probably the most profitable article of export from British India to England. It is calculated that the expense of cultivating the cotton plant there would not amount to one-sixth of the cost of employing slaves; nor is it the least inducement to adopt this plan, that it could be grown by Europeans. Desirable, however, as this might be, we confess we should be mere rejoiced to see a profitable source of employment, like the cultivation of cotton, opened more freely to the depressed and poverty-stricken native population. A heavy responsibility devolves upon us with regard to them. We only express our honest conviction, when we affirm that no class of Her Majesty's subjects deserve more consideration at the present crisis. If we looked for a parallel case to the condition of the ryot, or native cultivator, we should, we fear, only find it in that of the Irish corn-acre tenant, before the tide of emigration and recent legislation had contributed to develope some elements of improvement in his lot. It would be diverging from the object of our brief essay to discuss the condition-of-India question, which of late has been so prominently before the public; but we cannot but express our conviction, that, unless the government of India is administered on a different system, the resources of that country will continue to be insufficiently developed, and its export trade with us, consequently, not increase in a ratio proportioned to its capabilities. We have seen it stated on authority, that the importation of East India cotton exceeded, in the year 1819, that from America in the same year. It is needless to lay before the intelligent reader the figures which prove the immense difference now exhibited in the quantity of cotton imported from these countries, the balance being, as is well known, enormously in favour of America.

But approaching events in India warrant us in anticipating an improved state of things. The time draws near of the expiration of that most gigantic monopoly of modern times, the East India Company; for although many powerful influences combine to retain it in a modified form, still it is impossible that it should long brave the force of public opinion, that bears so strongly down upon it. Come what time it may, the change will give an immense impetus to the trade which this country carries on with India. Without speculating on details, it can scarcely, we think, be a matter of doubt, that the modern principles of economical science will form a principal element in any scheme of government that may be formed for British India. An increase of our East India trade, proportioned to that which has been the result of their adoption here, may then be confidently anticipated. Bnt, for these increased facilities in trade, especially the conveyance of merchandise, roads and railroads from the interior to the coast are imperatively necessary. Although a considerable number of lines are now projected, some of which are in process of formation, the great cotton field of India is as yet unmarked by the engineer. In these districts, the cotton plant is a drug, for want of a cheap and expeditious mode of transit to the coast for shipment. It is calculated that a line eastward from Bombay to Oosurawuttee, in the centre of the cotton-growing tract of country, would effect this greatly-to-be-desired object, much expense, delay, and consequent injury to the cotton in its removal to the coast, would be thus avoided. Secure of a market, from the improved mode of transit, the cultivation of cotton by the natives would receive such an impetus as would probably soon double the quantity at present exported. We do not, however, disguise our conviction, that for these great undertakings a more lavish display of enterprise would be probably required, and possibly a different mode of procedure, to that now applied to some of the

railways in course of formation It would be perhaps unreasonable to expect that degree of energy and enterprise to be exhibited during the rule of a bureaucracy, perhaps anticipating dissolution, or at least the certainty of change. Meanwhile the problem of who shall govern India stands like the Egyptian sphinx of old by the wayside, challenging inquiry and a speedy solution of the enigma; and we commend the question to the earnest consideration of all; for on the answer, which shall be returned, depends the future of British India, and the increase of an important branch of our commerce with its wide territories. But, whatever the precise nature of that answer may be, we doubt not, that, under sound principles of political economy, we may see our Indian empire, like our other colonies, thrown open to that English enterprise, capital, and engineering skill, which have constructed so many miles of railway, and astonishing public works at home and abroad. We shall then have no fear that India will not send us ample supplies of cotton.

If we glance aside to another smaller and less known dependency of the British crown, we find that cotton of the finest and best quality is now grown at the settlement of Natal. Mr. Barter, who lately published a book of travels in that colony, entitled, 'The Dorp and the Veld; or, Six Months in Natal,' represents the cotton plant there to be perennial, though an annual elsewhere, and further informs his readers that it can be grown to any extent, the climate being as well suited to its growth as that of Georgia. It ripens throughout the year, but the principal harvest is from January to the end of March. Several companies have been formed for its cultivation on a large scale, in order the better to enable the growers to meet the expenses of shipment; and it is also in contemplation to introduce coolies from India, that they may get a more certain supply of labour. We may, therefore, rank Natal among the cotton-growing colonies of Great Britain; and from the systematic way in which the cultivators conduct their experiments, there appears every chance of their proving successful.

One more instance of the practicability of procuring ample supply of cotton from our own colonies and we have done. In those islands, the gorgeous luxuriance of whose tropical vegetation inspired with such wonder and admiration the philantrophic Patterson, and the earlier discoverers of the Western World, where the hideous institutions of slavery once reigned supreme, and traces of its baleful influence still remain, the productiveness of a neglected and imperfectly cultivated soil is a fact admitted by every colonist and traveller.—There are symptoms now to show that a portion at least of the colonists of these islands, ceasing to repine after the privileges of the past, are accepting the greater responsibilities of their present position, desirous of improving the advantages still left to them in the bountiful gifts of nature. Recent communications from Trinidad make known the cheering fact, that the experiment of growing cotton has been lately tried there with complete success, and it is believed that with adequate capital for the remuneration of skilled labour, the plant could be cultivated there as cheaply as elsewhere. It has also been ascertained that the free coloured inhabitants of the United States would be very willing to emigrate to Trinidad, to engage in the task of its cultivation, provided they were insured a permanent and profitable settlement on the island. No doubt can be entertained of their fitness for the employment. If we have placed Trinidad last on the list of our colonies whose climate and soil have been found favourable to the growth of cotton, it is not because we think the less of its capability for furnishing us with it. On the contrary, from the tropical climate, the great advantage held out of obtaining the labour of practised hands for its cultivation, and the facilities afforded by our rapid steam communication with the West Indies, we are disposed to believe that Trinidad may prove one of our finest cotton fields. We end with that beautiful island our survey of the colonies which, we believe, that enterprise and perseverance on the part of our colonists, combined with some judicious and liberal encouragement from those who, having embarked their capital in the cotton manufacture, are so deeply interested in procuring ample and certain supplies of the raw material, may convert into the future cotton fields of Great Britain.* On this latter subject, we may be allowed to offer a few suggestions. The principle of co-operative associations is all-powerful in our times. When there are Australian, New Zealand, and a variety of other colonization companies afloat,

*We cannot consider the attempts recently made to grow cotton in Ireland, as sufficiently decisive and satisfactory to warrant us in ranking that country among the future cotton fields of the British Empire.

why should there not be any for the cultivation of colonial cotton, if practicable, formed on the principle of growing the plant under the American prices? If the existing scarcity and high wages of labour in Australia offer at present a bar to the scheme, or the transition-state of India in political matters render immediate action there unadvisable at this juncture, there remains Natal and Trinidad. In the latter spot land is cheap, and the class of persons said to be so peculiarly well fitted for the cultivation of the cotton plant are near at hand, ready to emigrate from the neighbouring continent.—Another. Where the plant is already grown, why should not the manufacturing body encourage its cultivation by giving prizes for the best samples of colonial cotton, like the agricultural ones, who yearly reward the best producers of *their* staple commodities, cattle, poultry, vegetables? No great risk would be incurred by the latter plan, which would at all events excite competition.

That the foregoing remarks are not altogether uncalled for, will be admitted by all who are acquainted with the risk and uncertainty of obtaining the whole of the immense supply now required by our mills from America. It is said that the quantity at present consumed probably amounts to as much as forty thousand bales per week; and that, since the passing of the free-trade measures in 1846, it has been increasing at the rate of little short of ten thousand bales per week. Of this immense amount there is seldom more than two months' supply on hand, and from natural causes, such as any failure in the crop, it is obvious that America cannot always be relied upon to entirely satisfy the present enormous demand. Nor can it be for a moment supposed that this amount, large as it is, will remain stationary; on the contrary, it is evident from its rapid increase since the working of the free-trade system, that under favourable circumstances for the supply of the raw material, it is susceptible of augmentation to even an indefinite extent.

Our suggestions of the many different modes in which we believe that supply may be increased have, as will be at once evident to the reader, a twofold object; viz., the practical abolition of slavery by a process which will develope the resources of the most extensive colonies ever possessed by a nation. Our remedy for the hideous evils of the system, now newly baptised as "involuntary servitude," lies in half a dozen words—*Make Slavery unprofitable, and it will cease to exist.* Obtain our supplies, or even only a large proportion of them, from other quarters, and the value of the slave to his owner on the cotton plantations is at once reduced. It is, we consider, in the power of England, and, excepting America, of England alone, to give a death-blow to this atrocious system, for she is the principal consumer of the produce of the plant which is reared and watered by the groans and tears of the slave, the American factories at Lowell and other places absorbing a comparatively small amount of the crop, Three ingredients go to the composition of the remedy—time, energy, and some facilities given on the part of government with regard to waste lands in the colonies, and more especially the public works of India.

Having indicated what we honestly believe to be the only practicable means of extirpating slavery by any third party—that is, neither by the slave owners or the slaves themselves—we come next to the consideration of what may be the end of slavery, if the holding of slaves, from the lack of competition in the principle article they are employed to cultivate, continues profitable to owners, traders, and all concerned in the nefarious traffic. The qualities of the negro character form necessarily an important item in taking this view of the subject. Very little discrepancy, on the whole, may be observed in the descriptions given us of it by those who are unbiassed in their judgment.—Seldom gifted with any great powers of intellect, though it is more than probable that these, if developed by culture for successive generations, might ultimately reach the European standard, he is distinguished by simplicity, docility, the quality of passive obedience, or rather, we might say, that of long-suffering; while the absence of the impetuosity and fiery passion of the Celt, and the sturdy self-reliance or self-governing principle of the Anglo-Saxon, would seem to mark him out as likely to become subject to some dominant and domineering race, wherever he may be. To these qualities, it cannot be surprising that long years of tyranny and ruthless coercion should have added, in some few cases, the ingredients of craft and treachery. But who, we ask, will deny that craft and treachery are not peculiar to any race or nation, but are the offspring of cruelty and oppression wherever exhibited on the face of the globe? But no other race on that wide surface have endured such protracted woe, such unmitigated oppression, as that of the negro.—

The discovery of the New World, which brought power and riches to Europe, inflicted upon Africa the doom of slavery and exile upon generations of her children yet unborn. It has been endured for the most part with an unresisting submission, which never yet won a single concession from their enslavers; and when in some few instances tyranny has aroused rebellion, it has been punished with a severity which owed its origin not to justice, but to a spirit of fiendish revenge. Who has not read (we are not speaking of works of fiction) accounts which have found their way into American newspapers, of tortures inflicted in punishment on the negro which have made one's blood run cold? We have observed such instances within a very recent date. Whether the slave of pure negro blood will ever originate a rebellion against his yoke, is with many a matter of doubt, though the name of the brave but unfortunate Toussaint L'Ouverture has found a niche in history with the martyred patriots of Europe, and rarely, indeed, has it happened that, strong and mighty in the consciousness of a righteous cause, there has not stepped forth a leader from the ranks of the oppressed. But if, disregarding special instances, and taking our ground on more matter-of-fact considerations of race and national character, we decide that the negro is *not* formed by nature to lead on his fellow slaves to deeds of daring and of desperate resistance against their oppressors, we must not forget in our calculations the existence of another large and increasing portion, *not* of pure negro blood—the mulattoes, quadroons, and other mixed races, in whose veins run an Anglo-Saxon current, too often that of those who hold them in degrading subjection. Here, indeed, is a fact often slurred over as of little importance by the upholders of slavery, but pregnant, we believe, with momentous results for its future. For, looking back on the world's history, what influence, not excepting that of government or religion, has been so powerful as that of race? We are told, it is true, by some writers, that these people, considering themselves from the accident of colour superior to those of undilated negro blood, treat them with contempt; and that, on this account, it is improbable that they will ever make common cause with them against their owners. The gradations of this aristocracy of colour, say they, from the pale olive hue of the handsome quadroon, to the deepest tint of nature's plebeian black, represent castes almost as strongly marked as are the differences of rank in England.

That feelings of this kind do exist, we are far from disputing, but, though the maxim, *divide et impera*, may be sometimes acted upon by their masters, and the prejudice find encouragement from society, we entertain, for our own part, a conviction that it will give way before a perception that their interests are the same, and be merged in a yet deeper feeling of hatred against their common oppressors. Herein lies, we believe, the chief danger with which slavery is threatened from within. Akin in blood, temperament, and character, the half-breed quadroon has seen and felt in his father's house the galling insults and unjust distinctions made between him and his more fortunate legitimate white brothers. He is treated like a tame puppy, alternately petted and kicked—allowed a certain amount of personal liberty, yet denied in all things to have a voice in the settlement of his own fate. Soon, probably, the day comes when even the few privileges of boyhood he is deprived of. Indifferent in life to the fate of his hapless illegitimate offspring, his father dies without emancipating him; the lawful heir succeeds to his possessions, and with no legal claim on a brother's affections, or even his sense of justice, he is sold by him into slavery, with as little compunction as the other slaves on the estate. Yet he is, in blood, in sensibility of disposition and capacity of mind, one of those who thus arbitrarily dispose of his fate, and he carries with him into slavery the same scorn and bitter detestation of it which they in his place would do, with the proud and bitter consciousness that in name alone he is a slave, and that he is as much entitled to freedom as are those who deprive him of it. Is it probable that he will always pursue the short-sighted policy of holding aloof from his companions in misfortune, and never join with them in striking a blow for their common freedom? Does the infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins render him callous to the woes of his mother's race? or the tinge of African, on the other hand, deprive him of the feelings of his father's free-born ancestors on the subject of slavery? And what reason have we to conclude, because the darkest of the children of Africa are commonly found submissive to their lot, that they have no wish to reverse it—no pinings after liberty, after lost families and friends?—Oppressed nations in Europe have appeared as passive, till the fated hour struck which gave

them opportunity, leaders, perhaps defeat, or only a short-lived triumph. The impulsive Neapolitans stirred not till aroused by the fisherman Massaniello, and even the stern indomitable Romans submitted to patrician tyranny till they found a Rienzi.

The natural ability and aptitude for education possessed by the mixed races is admitted even by their enemies. Although nature is said by naturalists to abhor a hybrid, it is nevertheless a fact, that the mixed races not only largely increase, but that they are often gifted with personal as well as mental advantages of no common order. The effect of the amalgamation would certainly appear in some cases to bear a greater resemblance to the engrafting of the warmer temperament, and livelier, more susceptible organization of Spain or Italy, on the colder and more stolid Anglo-Saxon character and constitution, than what we should expect from the mingling of the two distinct types of the Negro and European races. But, without further speculating on the often disputed question of the traits of their idiosyncrasy, we may state our belief, that the existence of such races under a different mode of treatment, might be made a powerful means of civilizing the whole black population, and be a bond of union and peace between the two races. Born of the two extremes of society—the unprotected slave and the powerful owner of the soil—they would appear to constitute the natural link between them. Yet this, we fear, we must admit to be a Utopian dream, in the present relations of the black and white population of the United States: and so long as the institution of slavery continues to spread corruption like a festering sore in the moral character of the white and to keep the minds of the black in a state of either brutish ignorance or childish imbecility, it will remain the same. We resume, instead, our considerations of what may be the part played by the mixed races, in the future history of their native land. It cannot be expected that, with their mental and bodily qualifications, it will always be a passive one. Of the side to which their sympathies will ultimately incline, we have already expressed our opinion; and no one, we think, will differ from us, who are cognizant of the oppressions under which they labour, in common with those of a deeper tint, and which are felt as more galling by them, from the greater sensibility and intelligence they are found to possess. No one can deny also, that, from their increasing numbers, they form a formidable element in the population of the United States. They appear chosen, indeed, by nature to act as leaders to the negroes, in any attempt to cast aside the chains of slavery, destined to give to mere brute force a directing intelligence, and to rouse into action the *vis inertiæ* of their less sensitive negro brethren.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks, that we belong to those who believe in the probability of a revolt on the part of the slaves, and of one or more attempts made by them to gain their liberty. We admit it. It cannot be otherwise, in the ordinary course of things.—Every nation, every government carrying within its bosom so gigantic an evil, so monstrous an injustice, will be brought to a terrible reckoning. Everywhere history shows the oppressed class taking some fearful, though perhaps tardy revenge. The power and splendour of the monarchy of France, in the time of Louis le Grand were the foundation of the debt, discontent, and anarchy, which laid it low in that of Louis XVI. The text may be thought a stale one, but history furnishes us with a dozen more, could we find space to quote them. Popular vengeance resembles the gathering of a Swiss avalanche, slow, gradual, in the beginning imperceptible, but certain, terrible, and overwhelming.—Instead of crowns and kings to be immolated, there is in America the Moloch of the cotton trade to be laid low. Because Manchester wants 40,000 bales per week, and Lowell also some, how many human souls, souls immortal, though cased in ebony, a mere fraction, it is true, to the said 40,000 bales—how many immortal souls, repeat we, have appeared from time to time at the bar of heaven since the hideous iniquity first existed, to protest against the forced labour which destroyed them body and mind, that they might be produced? If the comparison were not too trite and hackneyed for our pen, we might say that the social condition of the southern states, undermined by slavery, resembled the thin superficial crust of a volcano, of which no man can say when the flame and ashes may not burst forth. Yet it is highly probable, we think, that such an outbreak would not assume any formidable shape at the beginning, and that it would, with facility be subdued. Want of skill and combination, perhaps, of the implements of warfare and of leadership, with the advantage which the civilized white man always has in war over the ignorant demi-savage, will probably contribute to give the slaveowner an easy victory. But

the 'snake which is scotched is not killed.' For once the miserable despised slave will have tasted the sweets of revenge, and like the tiger cub after its first draught of human blood, he and his fellows will stealthily watch their opportunity to slake their thirst for it. Feelings will only become more embittered on both sides. The recollection of long years of cruelty and injustice, of a childhood of neglect torn away from the maternal bosom, and of a manhood, crushed by oppression and toil passing the powers of nature—all these things, we say, will be branded too deeply in the hearts and brains of the suffering slaves, to be banished by fear, or forgotten in the lapse of time. Lynch law may reign. The enraged masters may hang, torture, or hunt and shoot like wild animals, all they can find, for the quality of mercy would indeed seem on these occasions unknown to the generality of American slaveowners; but, in very desperation and despair, attempts of a similar nature will be repeated; and may probably become more formidable. Our apprehensions (for what well-wisher to the United States would not prefer seeing this vexed question settled in a peaceable though just way) —our apprehensions, we repeat, are not of a well-organized or successful revolt on the part of the slaves, but of an intestine war between the two races—of extermination on the part of the whites, without mercy on that of the blacks; a long, deadly, harassing, guerilla warfare, resembling that of the Jacquerie in France, where, secure in the wild fastnesses of their country, the serfs waged war against the feudal lords of the soil. Nor do we think, in such a revolt, that the whole of the slaves would take part. The aged, infirm, and cowardly, with the greater part of the women, would probably remain passive with their masters, but the number of those in a state of outlawry and rebellion would receive constant accessions from the courageous and disaffected, which, supplying the place of those taken or killed, would prolong the contest. The consequences of any outbreak of this kind to the cotton trade would be manifestly unfavourable to the sending of the large supplies now required by England.—It would be obviously impossible to rely with any certainty on securing the whole of the crop, when a considerable part of the employers and employed were at open feud, and engaged in deadly warfare. We doubt, in such a case, whether a sufficiently large number of able-bodied slaves could be imported from the two northern slave states, Kentucky or Virginia, to supply the deficiency; for the ripening and getting in of the cotton crop is simultaneous, and the labour at those times almost without cessation. The partial but disastrous disorganisation of the slave states which would thus ensue, our readers may form some idea of.—Should the refractory slaves be not brought into subjection, some of the plantations might be thrown out of cultivation. Whether, indeed, the planters, overseers, with the rest of the scanty white population, would be able, unassisted, to subdue the slaves, and keep them down, under the circumstances we have predicted, we think a grave matter of doubt. It is probable that they would find themselves compelled to apply to Congress, not only for additional powers, but also for some regular force. The freest country in the world would thus eventually come to resemble the most despotic—Austria and Russia—having itself an Italy or a Poland within its boundaries, in the shape of an irregular horde of outlawed slaves in perpetual revolt against all constituted authority. Of the dangers which would menace popular institutions we need not speak. Perhaps the most serious result of the establishment of any regular military force would be the great increase in the expenses of a government, the wise economy and simplicity of whose pecuniary arrangements is not the least of the blessings now enjoyed by the inhabitants of the United States. Nor is it probable, we think, that the numerous section of its inhabitants living in the north would submit to this and other evils resulting from the continual denial of emancipation. Will they, in such a juncture, come forward to demand freedom for the negro, or the separation of the north from the south! We should be thought perhaps too presumptuous a prophet, did we carry our hypothesis farther, and speculate what might be the answer to such a question. Perhaps in that day it will be found that in the New World as in the Old, the true interests of employers and employed whether black, yellow, or white, are the same.

Anticipating, therefore, that much social disorganization, and disturbance of the relations of commerce must ensue, if the institution of slavery, in all its native hideousness, is longer maintained, we believe that England would do wisely, if she followed our advice to literally sow the seeds of future cotton harvests elsewhere. Every state in the Union, whether it be a slaveholding one or the reverse, we hold to

be implicated in the moral guilt of slavery, if it tolerates the enormities of that infamous system among the rest; and warning them of the result, we would earnestly exhort them to be 'up and doing,' to check the frightful growth of the evil.

Especially have we no words strong enough to express our abhorrence of the principles of those American clergymen, who, with the words of Christ upon their lips, but his spirit afar from their hearts, attempt to justify and defend it.

STANZAS.

Art thou not lovely, oh beautiful earth?
With thy pine-crested mountains, thy voices of mirth;
In thy greenest recesses the violet is born,
The lily's scent floats on the gales of the morn;
And the glance of the dawn sweepeth down through the vines,
Like arrows of gold in thy emerald shrines.

Art thou not lovely, oh star-lighted sky?
With thy cross of the south flashing proudly on high;
The belted Orion looks out from his shroud,
Like a turret of gold on a temple of cloud,
And the glory that shines in the bright morning light
Floats up to the zenith in the calm winter's night.

Art thou not lovely, oh silvery sea?
The foam on thy waters sweeps chainless and free;
The scream of the sea-bird, the dash of the oar,
Are blent with the voices that ring from the shore,
And the chaunt of the free winds as wildly they rave,
With the song of the surges, the roll of the wave.

Star of the Infinite! ever to thee
Rises the music of planet and sea,
The blush of the flower and the flash of the gem
Reveal but thy beauty o'er shadowing them,
The reflex of glories that sweep from thy throne,
Where thou in thy holiness dwellest alone.

The tempests arise at the rush of thy wings,
God of the universe! Monarch of kings!
Mortality never hath gazed on thy form;
But we know thy revealings in sunlight and storm,
Enthroned on the winds and enshrined in the wave
Is thy Spirit for ever, O Light of the grave!

Lake Simcoe, Sept., 1854. S. K. B.

SECRETARY'S TOUR FROM OHIO TO NEW BRUNSWICK.

It may be necessary to state that the authoress of the following is a native of England, has been a resident in the United States four years, making her home in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Dayton, Ohio, a description of which places may be hereafter given if thought expedient. Having accepted the office of private Secretary to Paul Pry, Esq., S.G., B. N. A., she was induced to leave the stars and stripes, return to her allegiance under the Union Jack, and assist the S. G. in his exploring operations in British North America. Thinking that a description of the country from the Buck-eye State to Blue-nose Land might be interesting to the readers of the Anglo-American she ventures to record some of the incidents and scenes met with on the way.

Left Dayton about 5 a.m., on the 31st of March: took the railroad for Cleveland: met with nothing very interesting or beautiful on the way, for Ohio is so low and flat that there is little change of scene. The thousands of swine, however, travelling from one part to another on the railroad gave us some music of a superior description. If those animals are needed for food the people show great wisdom in keeping them in Ohio, and not spoiling any of the spots where beauty makes her home. I was a little amused by an argument that arose between two gentlemen—an Englishman and Yankee—on Napoleon. The latter declared Napoleon was a noble man, and that justice had never been done him until Abbott wrote his life. The Englishman said, with great warmth, that hanging would have been too good for him—that he was a cruel ambitious scoundrel.

Arrived in Cleveland about 3 p.m., and was delighted with the surrounding country. The rough craggy, hilly and picturesque, are strewn o'er and around the city which is indeed pretty. It really did one's eyes good to look upon something beautiful again. Lake Erie adds to its many other natural attractions. The Lake Shore Railroad, thence to Dunkirk, passes along the lake shore, from which circumstance it takes its name. As we rode along, the lake to our left lay like some fair dreams of hope's imagining. On our right, high hills, lovely houses, scattered here and there, which were

built something in the English cottage style, and gardens, sloping gently to the shore, reminded me of dear England and her ten thousand charms, and I once more felt a something of the bliss I used to feel in looking on her scenes. The flowery meadow—the daisies and butter-cups, that looked like stars in the green-sward, and the happy, tasty home which those beauties bless. The country, as seen from the cars, was pleasing. The green pine gave a cheerful aspect to the woods, and almost made one forget it was not summer. Dunkirk I did not see, for it was dark: had only time to change cars, and then, "ride away, fly away," I must take my eyes from the outer world and look for company and amusement in the cars only. A gentleman sat opposite, with whom I conversed freely, on a variety of subjects. Like all Yankees, he was mighty inquisitive. "Where are you going?" "Where do you come from?" "What is your busines?" are specimens of his questions. I told him my business, the situation I had accepted as Secretary to the Honourable Paul Pry. Oh, how wide he opened his mouth and eyes, and brought out his "aint's" and "heerd's". I declare his face would have been a good picture for *Punch*. "You women are getting a-head too fast," was his concluding sentence. He got out a little way from Dunkirk, and I left alone, laid down on the seat and tried to make believe I was in bed. The cars leaped, danced and rocked as if they were practising a few steps; the engine puffed and roared in applause at the wonderful and graceful moves which everybody knows are vastly superior to anything England could produce.(?) "England never saw nothin' like it."(?) Slept very well, except when the train stopped at the stations, I then took a peep round; all were laid down, and reminded me of the sleeping beauty in Madame Tussaud's exhibition.

"Corning!" cried out the conductor, about 4 a.m. One gentleman stopped there, looked after my luggage, and saw me safely housed in the Railroad Hotel. Some extracts from my diary may be interesting.

"April 1st. Corning is small, but has every appearance of becoming a large place. It is nestled snugly in the valley, and gently stretches up one hill, which is kindly covered with the evergreen and loving pine. The Chemung river steals along gracefully among the trees and villages that adorn its banks and form the back-ground of the picture, as viewed from the hills which rise proudly above each other, and shelter the country, which has a southern aspect, from the cold north winds. How I love this wild rough scene; here, indeed are God's first temples; here I feel like worship and adoration. I have danced and leaped from rock to rock, wandered among the fallen trees, with all the zest I felt when a child in my own loved English home."

As the Honourable Paul Pry has given you a sketch of the country between Corning and New York, I will omit mine and introduce my readers at once to the great city—New York. "Monday 3rd. Arrived in New York this morning. When landing from the steamer that conveys passengers from the train, in New Jersey, to the city side, we were attacked by a number of animals of the shark species,—"cab sir,"—"cab sir,"—"cab sir," was the peculiar sound emitted by those animals when in a state of excitement. I felt greatly relieved when I saw a thick rope between them and us, otherwise I was apprehensive they would pounce upon us, and devour our purses, for which they have a voracious appetite.

What a busy bustling city! people seem to live on the flavour of the almighty dollar only. Where is the greatest amount of happiness, ye plodding toiling multitudes? Think you it is to be found in scraping together dollars and cents, and neglecting the God-Head within you, or is it to be found in the harmonious working of the whole man? verily, in the latter. Man should not despise labour; no! labour is essential; we cannot be perfectly happy without it. Is a large and crowded city the place for the development of man's true nature? Go unto the green woods; study the great book of nature; make thyself acquainted with its laws, and square thy life accordingly; then wilt thou sip the sweets of life, weave for thyself exalted wreaths of spiritual garlands, and beautifully encircle life with flowers.

Visited the Crystal Palace—the great Yankee glory, but though the building was pretty enough, oh, what an apish-looking fit-out! Certainly there were some good-looking dry goods, suitable for dresses, coats, &c.; cutlery, a good assortment of knives, spoons, &c.; a few pictures, stuffed fishes and animals, graced by the only article really valuable—statues. A good Jew's shop. I could fancy some speculating London Jew had emigrated to this coun-

try, to try his luck among the Yankees. Verily, all could be put in one corner of the British Museum, and no person would think there was an accession of curiosities. I was highly delighted with the cheapness of city travelling in railroad omnibusses. Each is drawn by two horses, on rails, which are laid in the street, and will accomodate between thirty and forty persons. Starting from the centre of the city they extend about five miles to the northward, all, or any part, of which can be travelled for five cents.

"Wednesday 5th. Left New York yesterday; passed through a charming country of hill and dale, flowing rivulets, lovely cottages, and peaceful looking mansions, homes of the sweet and tranquil. Spring is gently tripping along, and touching the grass and plants with her magic wand, and they are slily peeping to see if they may venture out. They are a little more cautious than their relatives in Cincinnati, Ohio. The cherry trees had put on their bridal robes a week ago, and the crocuses were lifting up their heads and smiling on their beauty. The Honourable Paul Pry, by some mistake, is not here as I expected; I fancy he has gone on, thinking to hasten the meeting, so I must content myself by looking round the city, until his Honour makes his face visible. If those rappers could call up the spirits in the body it would be very convenient just now."

Boston is a fine large city, certainly, but the streets are crooked and shapeless. Boston Common is delightful. Hundreds of men and boys were playing at cricket, while vast numbers of ladies and gentlemen were promenading or reclining on seats scattered here and there. Every city ought to have such a spot or spots where the inhabitants may enjoy themselves; surely, where land is so cheap and plentiful this might be done.

Visited Woburn, a little town about ten miles from Boston. The train stopped on the way about twelve or fourteen times, wherever there was any person waiting. Residences speaking of refinement and taste were scattered or clustered in groups, surrounded by gardens, which must be lovely in summer. These are principally occupied by merchants and others doing business in the city. As the railroad company issues season tickets, they are enabled to do their business in the city, and enjoy their happy country homes with very little addition to cost, on account of the reduction of rent and saving of doctors' bills.

At length Paul Pry made his appearance, and together we visited the far-famed and wonderful Bunker Hill Monument. A pile of rough stones; I thought it a high chimney. The most ugly and unsightly thing in creation—without the least beauty about it. It is singular what three grand mistakes these United States men have made with regard to the monument. 1st. The defeat of the United States Army, which it was built to commemorate, took place, not on the spot where the monument is erected, but on another, some distance off. 2nd. Monuments are usually erected to commemorate victories and not defeats. 3rd. The monument itself, instead of being a thing of beauty, is ugliness personified, much in the style of a lanky down-easter, and the only thing I can see that it commemorates, is the stupidity of the builders and those who supplied the cash for its erection. An English gentleman in the company, full of wit and fun, lavished a little of it on a Yankee. "What is that, sir?" (pointing to the Monument).

"That! that! don't know what that is?"

"No, sir."

"No! don't know what that is! why, sir, that's Bunker Hill Monument. We licked the British in that place."

"Ain't you mistaken?" (Acting their phraseology.)

"Why, no, ain't you heerd how that we knocked the British into cocked hats?"

"No, sir, ain't heerd on't."

"Did you ever read the History of England? or, perhaps, as you never heerd of Bunker Hill, you have read the history of the war of 1812, when we licked the British?"

"I have read the History of England, but it don't say 'nothin' about neither. The English know 'nothin' about it. Perhaps the Yankees stole a few oyster boats, in the vicinity of Shediac, New Brunswick."

"Where were you born, sir, to know nothin' about these wars?"

"I was born down East, and brought up all long shore."

"Have you read Timothy Anthony Higgin's History of America?"

"No, sir."

"Why, sir, then you ain't read nothin'. Where have you been all your life?"

"I have been in the British Navy, sir."

(In a grumbling tone.) "Oh, oh, ah, ah."

This joke was rich, and enabled us to climb the 260 steps conducting us to the top of the

Monument, very merrily. The only light a small lamp, given to us by the man who has the care of it, and receives 12½ cents from each visitor. From the top we had a pleasing and magnificent view; Long Island and numerous others slumbering on the bosom of the ocean, and Boston, looking like a scroll of parchment spread out on the sunny waters.

Took our passage on board the Admiral, and left Boston for St. John, New Brunswick, on the 18th of April. The snow was six inches deep, hoary headed winter, I suppose, was bidding us good bye, before his return to his home in the stormy north. Hill and dale were covered with snow, and fearing sea-sickness I went to my state-room, and only ventured out to look at the coast when there was anything worth looking at, and thus cheated the sea of its dues.

The snow gradually disappeared, and the craggy hills of New Brunswick presented themselves, with small white skull caps on, so that a fair view of their charms could be obtained. Two nights and one day brought us to St. John. It was morning; Paul Pry very kindly told me I would be repaid by going on deck and taking a view of the scene. Oh, how lovely it was! Nova Scotia gracing the horizon on the south-east; St. John lying in the distance; the proud spires and lofty masts of the vessels, from which I could distinguish the Union Jack fluttering in the breeze; the ships wafted to and fro; the shore on our left, with little cots like sunny islets in the stormy sea; all filled my soul with joy and love.

Some persons have said that God made New Brunswick last, when tired of his work, but if he did he gave it enough of the beautiful. The leaping waves responded to my feelings and hugged to their bosoms the beams of the sun, and bore them to the shore, or lifted them to the clouds in joy and praise. God's earth is beautiful! Passed Partridge Island, situated at the mouth of the St. John river, and which gives it quite a picturesque appearance.

St. John has the appearance of a beautiful English city. I could fancy I was in England once again—people, style of dress, of buildings, stores, and goods, all are English, or very like it. I am busily occupied in my new vocation, as Secretary to Paul Pry, for he finds enough for us both to do.

Winter is leaving us rather reluctantly, the ice has burst its chains, and is coming from the upper part of the river, apparently very glad to scamper off to a warmer clime; sometimes, in its hurry to escape it comes in contact with the steamers ploughing the waves, and is pushed into the dock, or cruelly knocked on the head.

Much variety of food cannot be procured. The market affords nothing but potatoes, carrots, meal, and butter. The supply, however, is in accordance with the demand, for the people have no idea of gastronomic matters, in proof of which, potatoes sell readily at 6s. per bushel, while carrots are a drug at 3s. Fruit, at this season, cannot be obtained for love or money; diatetics are little thought of, and do not desire it. The air is pure, the locality healthy, the people retain all the freshness of our Island home, and look quite as well as they did in the mother's nest.

THE HORSE.

The horse! the brave, the gallant horse,
Fit theme for the minstrel's song!
He hath good claim to praise and fame,
As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

What of your foreign monsters rare?
I'll turn to the road or course,
And find a beauteous rival there,
In the horse, the English horse.

Behold him free on his native sod
Looking fit for the sun-god's car;
With a skin as sleek as a maiden's cheek,
And an eye like the Polar star.

Who wonders not such limbs can deign
To brook the fettering girth,
As we see him fly the ringing plain,
And paw the crumbling earth?

His nostrils are wide with snorting pride,
His fiery veins expand;
And yet he 'll be led by a silken thread,
Or soothed by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's spirit and might;
But the voice he has learnt to love
Needs only be heard, and he'll turn to the word,
As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise who learns to prize
His barb before all gold;
But is *his* barb more fair than ours,
More generous, fast, or bold?

A song for the steed, the gallant steed—
Oh! grant him a leaf of bay;
For we owe much more to his strength and speed
Than man can ever repay.

Whatever his place—the yoke, the chase,
The war-field, road, or course,
One of Creation's brightest and best
Is the horse, the noble horse!

MOUSTACHES AND LADIES' BONNETS.

Amongst the social follies of the day the moustache movement is extending to all ranks and conditions of men, to which no inconsiderable number add beards, some actually covering three-fourths of their face with hair. Mechanics are nearly all adopting the moustache, and it is spreading to cabmen, cads of omnibuses, carmen, and all the *omnium gatherum* of the lower class of society. It seems that the clerks of the Bank of England caught the infection, whereon each young gentlemen so affected received a circular from head-quarters, politely intimating that unless he appeared next morning with the objectionable appendage removed, he would be kind enough to send in his resignation. There was some grumbling, but of course, every upper lip appeared next day as clean as a lady's. The differences between the different styles of adorning the upper-lip is striking: some gentlemen curl up the end, some curl them down, and some who are in the happy possession of good whiskers unite them with the upper lip. Others go to the extent of a beard, some are short and bristly, some are long, and cultivated with much care; but the most miserable things are the downy and hardly distinguishable emanations issuing from the upper lips of gentlemen with excessively light hair. These belong to the class of the strivers after the impossible. Scarcely less curious is it to see the condition of the ladies' bonnets not much bigger than tidy little caps, which the Parisian grisettes wear on the back of their heads. The neat little net, or perchance lace border, just coming over the crown, was introduced by the Empress of France. In a week they were all over Paris: in a month all over France. Of course, they crossed the Channel in about twenty-four hours after their first *début* in the windows of the Boulevard modistes; and at this moment there is only, say, one woman in fifty through all London who have bonnets on their heads, that has not rushed to the bonnetmaker's, and imperatively demanded bonnets to be perched on the back of them Vain is all the satire—vain are all the jokes vain even are the labors of *Punch*—the mania, seems spreading day by day, and the bonnets getting smaller than ever. There may be, perhaps, some light shadow of an excuse for young ladies who possess beautiful black or fair locks, but there is none for old maids whose locks are beginning to exhibit a palpable tinge of grey; and there is no excuse for respectable married ladies from thirty to forty-five setting a bad example to their daughters. But every lady and every woman in London will have the tiny bonnet, and servants slip out on the sly with them, and the veriest carroty-headed damsels will insist on exposing the beauty of their locks to mankind.

IT CAN'T BE HELPED.

"CAN'T be helped" is one of the thousand convenient phrases with which men cheat and deceive themselves. It is one in which the helpless and the idle take refuge as their last and only comfort—it can't be helped!

Your energetic man is for helping everything. If he sees an evil, and clearly discerns its cause, he is for taking steps forthwith to remove it. He busies himself with ways and means, devises practical plans and methods, and will not let the world rest till it has done something in a remedial way. The indolent man spares himself all this trouble. He will not budge. He sits with his arms folded, and is ready with his unvarying observation, "It can't be helped!" as much as to say, "If it is, it ought to be, it will be, and we need not bestir ourselves to alter it."

Wash your face, you dirty little social boy; you are vile, and repulsive, and vicious, by reason of your neglect of cleanliness. "It can't be helped."

Clear away your refuse, sweep your streets cleanse your drains and gutters, purify your atmosphere, you indolent corporations, for the cholera is coming. "It can't be helped!" Educate your children, train them up in virtuous habits, teach them to be industrious, obedient, frugal, and thoughtful, you thoughtless communities, for they are now growing up vicious, ignorant, and careless, a source of future peril to the nation. "It can't be helped!"

But it *can* be helped. Every evil can be

abated, every nuisance got rid of, every abomination swept away; though this will never be done by the "can't be helped" people.

Man is not helpless, but can both help himself and help others. He can act individually and unitedly against wrong and evil. He has the power to abate and eventually uproot them. But, alas! the greatest obstacle of all in the way of such beneficent action, is the feeling and disposition out of which arises the miserable, puling, and idle ejaculation of "It can't be helped!"

A PEEP AT SECRETS.

As the setting sun throws a hue of beauty and sublimity over clouds that would otherwise be but dull, heavy, unattractive masses, so poetry by a similar effect lends lustre to thoughts and feelings that would under any other auspices be even repulsive. Grumbling is excessively unpleasant when coming from an ordinary individual in ordinary language; and if persisted in is apt to cause him to be dubbed a bore; but hear Byron grumble—all *Childe Harold* is one long growl, and yet how enchanting it is. "But," cries some unhappy lover who has just been sighing over sad remembrances, "Byron's is melancholy sentiment—it is *that* which charms us so much." Exactly so, but are they not synonymous terms? however much the fact may argue against the old saying, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." When Byron declares his weariness of life, how different the effect produced by that declaration and the common grunt, "I wish I was dead." But grumbling is far from being the only mortal frailty canonised by poetry. Anger has been equally fortunate; how differently is it treated in fairy-land life and in commonplace life; one can hardly imagine that he was witnessing the same passion when "Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye," and when Jack called Bill a clumsy fool, and told him he would like to punch his head; and yet in both cases the impulsive agent was essentially the same. There are numerous other examples of the same fact, so apparent that any one may, with a moment's consideration, detect them. When the poet leaves his native shore he breathes a fond adieu, which delights us because arrayed under the Muse's banner; but under other circumstances the unfeeling world terms him home-sick. A tear has a most tender effect in poetry, but how we hate to witness blubbering in reality.

WOMAN.

Oh! man, how different is thy heart,
From hers, the partner of thy lot;
Who in thy feelings hath no part,
When love's wild charm is once forgot.
What, th' awakening spell shall be,
Thy heart to melt, thy soul to warm,
Or who shall dare appeal to thee
To whom "old days" convey no charm?
When Adam turned from Eden's gate,
His soul in sullen musings slept—
He brooded o'er his future fate,
While Eve, poor Eve, looked back and wept.
So man, even while his eager arms
Support some trembling fair one's charms,
Looks forward to vague days beyond,
When other eyes shall beam as fond,
And other lips his own shall press,
And meet his smile with mute caress;
And still as o'er life's path he goes,
Plucks first the lily—then the rose.
And half forgets that e'er his heart
Owned for another sigh or smart;
Or deems while bound in passion's thrall
The last, the dearest loved of all—
But woman, even while she bows
Her veiled head to altar vows;
Along life's slow and devious track,
For ever gazes fondly back.
And woman, even while her eye
Is turned to give its meek reply
To murmured words of praise,
Deep in her heart, remembers still
The tones that made her bosom thrill
In unforgotton days.
Yea, even when on her lover's breast
She sinks, and leaves her hand to rest
Within his clasping hold,
The sigh she gives is not so much
To prove the empire of that touch,
As for those days of old;
For long remembered hours, when first
Love on her dawning senses burst—
For all the wild impassioned truth
That blest the visions of her youth!

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

ADVENTURE IN A TUNNEL.

A FRIGHTFUL accident, which occurred a few weeks since to some of the workmen employed in the Halshaw Moor Tunnel, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, reminds us of an adventure in a tunnel, as related to us not long ago by a person in the employment of the Telegraph Company. He had been engaged in the inspection and repair of the telegraph wires, and their fixings, which are subject to many accidents, and require constant looking after to ensure their integrity and efficiency. Even when carried through tunnels, in gutta percha casings, embedded in leaden tubes, they are liable to accidents—from passing waggons, or, in winter, from lumps of ice falling down the sides of the shafts, and damaging the tubes. It appears that one day, the door of a coal-waggon had got loose in the long tunnel of the ——— railway, and dashing back against the sides of the tunnel, had torn the tubes, and even cut across the wires in many places. The telegraph was, therefore broken; it could not be worked, and several workmen were sent into the tunnel to execute the necessary repairs. The person who related the following adventure, acted in the capacity of inspector, and it was necessary for him to visit the workmen, ascertain the nature of the damage that had been done, and give directions on the spot, as to the repairs, the necessity for completing which was of the greatest urgency.

"I knew very well," said he, "that the tunnel was of great length—rather more than two miles long,—and that the workmen, who had set out in the morning from the station nearest to the tunnel, had entered it by its south end; so I determined to follow them, and overtake them, which I would doubtless be able to do somewhere in the tunnel, where they would be at work. I was accompanied by a little dog, which trotted behind at my feet. After walking about a mile, I reached the tunnel entrance, over which frowned the effigy of a grim lion's head, cut in stone.

"There were, as usual, two lines of rails—the up line and the down line, and I determined to walk along the former, that I might see before the approaching lights on any advancing train, which I would take care to avoid by stepping on to the opposite line of rails; at the same time that I should thus avoid being run over by any train coming up behind from the opposite direction, and which I might not see in time to avoid. I had, however, taken the precaution to ascertain that no train was expected to pass along the *up* line over which I was proceeding, for about two hours; but I was aware that that could not be depended upon, and therefore I resolved to keep a good look-out ahead. Along the opposite *down* line, I knew that a passenger-train was shortly to pass; indeed, it was even now due,—but by keeping the opposite line, of rails, I felt I was safe so far as that was concerned.

"I had never been in a tunnel of such length as this before, and confess I felt somewhat dismayed when the light which accompanied me so far into the tunnel entrance, began to grow fainter and fainter. After walking for a short distance, I proceeded on in almost total darkness. Behind me there was the distant light streaming in at the tunnel mouth; before me almost impenetrable darkness. But, by walking on in a straight line, I knew that I could not miss my way, and the rails between which I walked, and which I occasionally touched with my feet, served as to keep me in the road. In a short time, I was able to discern a seeming spot of light, which gradually swelled into a broader gleam, though still at a great distance before me; and I knew it to be the opening of the nearest shaft—it was a mere glimmer amid the thick and almost palpable darkness which enveloped me. As I walked on, I heard my little dog panting at my heels, and the sound of my tread re-echoed from the vaulted roof of the tunnel. Save these sounds, perfect silence reigned. When I stood still to listen, I heard distinctly the loud beating of my heart.

"A startling thought suddenly occurred to me! What if a goods train should suddenly shoot through the tunnel, along the line on which I was proceeding, while the passenger train, now due, came on in the opposite direction. I had not thought of this before. And yet I was aware that the number of casual trains on a well-frequented railway, is

very considerable at particular seasons. Should I turn back? reach the mouth of the tunnel again, and wait until the passenger train had passed, when I could then follow along the *down* line of rails,—knowing that no other train was likely to follow it for at least a full quarter of an hour?

"But the shaft, down which the light now faintly streamed, was nearer to me than the mouth of the tunnel, and I resolved, therefore, to make for that point, where there was I knew, ample room outside of both lines of rail, to enable me to stand in safety until the down-train had passed. So I strode on. But a low hollow murmur, as if of remote thunder, and then a distant scream, which seemed to reverberate along the tunnel, fell upon my ears,—doubtless, the passenger-train which I had been expecting, entering the tunnel mouth. But looking ahead at the same time, I discerned through the gleam of daylight, at the bottom of the shaft toward which I was approaching, what seemed a spark of fire. It moved—could it be one of the labourers of whom I was in search?—it increased! For an instant I lost it. Again! This time it looked brighter. A moaning, tinkling noise crept along the floor of the vault. I stood still with fear, for the noise of the train behind me was rapidly increasing: and turning for an instant in that direction, I observed that it was full in sight. I could no longer disguise from myself that I stood full in the way of another train, advancing from the opposite direction. The light before me was the engine lamp; it was now brilliant as a glowing star,—and the roar of the wheels of the train was now fully heard amidst the gloom: it came on with a velocity which seemed to me terrific.

"A thousand thoughts coursed through my brain on the instant. I was in the way of the monster, and the next moment might be crushed into bleeding fragments. The engine was almost upon me! I saw the gleaming face of the driver, and the glow of the furnace flashing its lurid light far along the lower edge of the dense volumes of steam blown from the engine-chimney. In an instant I prostrated myself on my face, and lay there without the power of breathing, as I felt the engine and train thundering ove. ——. The low-hung ash-box swept across my back; I felt the heat of the furnace as it flashed over me, and a glowing cinder was dropped near my hand. But I durst not move. I felt as if the train was crushing over me. The earth vibrated and shook, and the roar of the waggon-wheels smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. I clutched the earth, and would have cowered and shrunk into it if I could. There was not a fibre of my body that did not feel the horrors of the moment, and the dreadfulness of the situation. But it passed. With a swoop and a roar the break-van, the last in the train, flew over me. The noise of the train was still in my ears, and the awful terror of the situation lay still heavy on me. When I raised my head and looked behind, the red light at the tail of the train was already far in the distance. As for the meeting passenger-train, it had also passed, but I had not heeded it, though it had doubtless added to the terrific noise which for some time stunned me.

"I rose up, and walked on, calling upon my dog. But no answer—not so much as a whine I remembered its sudden howl. It must have been crushed under the wheels of some part of the train. It was no use searching for my little companion, so I proceeded, —anxious to escape from the perils of my situation. I shortly reached the shaft, which I had before observed. There was ample room, at either side of the rails, to enable me to rest there in safety. But the place was cold and damp, and streams of water trickled down the sides of the shaft. I resolved, therefore, to go on, upon the *down* line, but the tunnel being now almost filled with the smoke and steam of the two engines which had just passed, I deemed it prudent to wait for a short time, until the road had become more cleared, in case of any other train encountering me in my further progress. The smoke slowly eddied up the shaft, and the steam gradually condensed, until I considered the road sufficiently clear to enable me to proceed in comparative safety. I once more, therefore, plunged into the darkness.

"I walked on for nearly half an hour, groping my way: my head had become confused, and my limbs trembled under me.—

I passed two other shafts, but the light which they admitted was so slight, that they scarcely seemed to do more than make the 'darkness visible.' I now supposed that I must have walked nearly the whole length of the tunnel; and yet it appeared afterwards that I was only about half-way through it. It looked like a long day since I had entered. But by and by a faint glimmer of lights danced before my eyes; and as I advanced I saw it was the torches of the workmen, and soon I heard their voices. Never were sight and sound more welcome. In a few minutes more I had joined the party. But I felt quite unmanned for the moment; and I believe that sitting down on one of the workmen's tool boxes, I put my hands over my eyes, and—I really could not help it—burst into tears.

"I never ventured into a tunnel again without an involuntary thrill of terror coming over me."

The accident which occurred to the workman in the Halshaw Moor Tunnel, was of a similar nature to that above recited. The men employed were plate layers engaged in the repair of the permanent way. In long tunnels, there are men belonging to some "gangs" who are almost constantly employed there, and who see little of daylight except from what passes down the shafts. Sometimes, when busy at their work, and their ears are deafened by the noise made by the hammers, picks, and spades of the "gang" engaged in driving in a spike, or tightening a key, or packing the ballast under a sleeper, a train suddenly comes upon them; and if close at hand, the men sometimes are only able to escape by throwing themselves flat upon their faces, and letting the train pass over them. The two men in the Halshaw Tunnel were engaged at their work when two trains entered at the same time, one from each direction. One of the men threw himself down by the side of the tunnel, and called upon his fellow workman to do the same. But it had been too late. The trains had come upon the unfortunate workman with such velocity, that he had not even time to prostrate himself: or perhaps his self possession was for the moment suspended by the sight of the two trains shooting towards him from opposite directions; and when search was made, after the trains had passed through the tunnel, it was found that one of the trains had passed over the poor workman and cut him into pieces.,

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT.

CHAPTER I.

It would have been obvious to the most ordinary observer, had such a person been seated in the breakfast parlour of Honiton Lodge, Canonbury, that Mrs. Goodall, when she entered that apartment on a fine morning in August, was in a frame of mind of a rather seriously reflective character; and that, as she turned her eyes towards the window and beheld in the garden, alert among the shrubs, one of the most pleasant-looking elderly gentlemen that ever carried health and happiness in his countenance, the object was before her who had been the cause of her anxious meditations.

"A nosegay for you, my dear," said Mr. Goodall, as he came into the room, "selected and arranged with a taste which one person only in the world could have infused into me;" and he handed the offering to his wife with a low bow, and then began to wonder how the hot rolls had suffered themselves to be distanced by the new-laid eggs.

Mrs. Goodall put aside the nosegay, and pouring out a cup of tea, observed, as she presented it to her husband—

"I do really wish, Herbert, that you had not taken that ticket for the anniversary dinner of the Samaritan Society. Not that the expense is great—certainly not; but our dear Herbert, now that he is gone to Cambridge, will be such a serious source of expense to us, that we positively ought to look twice at every shilling before we let it out of our hands."

"But I think you told me, my dear, that you had tied him to the apron-string of prudence when he left us," said Mr. Goodall. "No boating on the Cam; no betting at Newmarket; no champagne suppers; 'no tradesmens' bills,' as the man says in the advertisements."

"Yes, but," urged Mrs. Goodall, "the ordinary scale of expenditure at the Univer-

sity is quite astounding. he informs me in his letters; and we ought to pinch ourselves that he may be launched into the world creditably."

"Herbert would not mind, and will never miss, the guinea I have thrown away upon this dinner," remarked Mr. Goodall, with a cheerful smile. (He knew very well that his boy would cheerfully go without his own dinner to purchase him a bundle of early asparagus.)

"I hope it may be so," returned the lady. "But you know I hate these public dinners."

"Quite without cause, I would have you to recollect, at the same time," said Mr. Goodall. "Besides," he added, with dexterous quickness, perceiving that his wife was about to enter upon a reminiscence of flushed faces and bottles of soda water of former years, when they resided in Milk Street; "besides, consider, these dinners are to be regarded, not as feasts whose only results are headache and indigestion, but as sacrifices of their own personal comfort, which a certain number of people consent to make for the worthy purpose of doing good to others. The Samaritans eat that others may do so after us; and if we don't teach them the way, we provide them with the means of doing so. Now, for instance, that fine brother of yours, Peregrine, who went abroad more than thirty years ago, and of whom you never afterwards heard—if there had been any such society as this at any port he might have reached, would probably have been saved to his friends and family, and might long ere this have returned to England a prosperous man."

Mrs. Goodall did not answer to this appeal of her husband, but she sighed deeply—an utterance of the heart which her companion very widely mistook. He could not help thinking that the guinea ticket still rankled in the breast of his wife, and accordingly began once more to felicitate himself upon his prudence in withholding from her the fact that he had some days previously forwarded a cheque for five guineas, as his subscription to the Samaritan Society; a fact, indeed, which, had he communicated it to his wife, would most seriously have discomposed that good lady. But her thoughts had taken another direction. The mention of her brother's name had, with vivid distinctness, recalled to her memory the handsome, high-spirited lad, whom a little more considerate kindness, or even a more easily intelligible and consistent discipline on the part of his parents, might have kept in check, and prevented from an untimely, and, perhaps, a cruel death; and she inwardly resolved that her son Herbert should never have any just cause to reproach either Goodall or herself with any want of affectionate and judicious indulgence. From the son to the father—from one Herbert to another—was an easy mental transition, and the really kind and amiable Mrs. Goodall began to tax herself rather severely with her querulous selfishness (even though it was partly in behalf of "his boy,") in seeking to debar her husband from enjoying so rare a festive luxury as an anniversary dinner at the London Tavern. All his disinterestedness, all his generosity, all his genuine worth, now magnified themselves before her mind's eye in inordinate proportions, so that he appeared a highly idealized sort of cartoon figure of the congregated virtues of humanity. Had not Goodall sought her hand when he first entered life on his own account, and been roughly repulsed by her father with a plain intimation that his pretensions were as imprudent as they were extravagant? Had he not renewed his addresses when his prospects ought not to have been contemned, but with no better success; and, when disgrace fell upon her father and ruin upon the family, did he not endeavour to trace out her mother and herself in their humble lodgings in the suburbs, and did he not at length find the once proud and petulant girl, but by that time the humbled and spiritless ten years' governess, and make her his wife? Why, to be sure he did. And was she to deny him so cheap a relaxation as a city charity dinner might afford? Not to be thought of! And Mrs. Goodall arose to attend to her household duties. I am not sure whether, while these reminiscences were in full play, if Mr. Goodall had imparted to her the circumstance of the five guinea check, she would not have good-humouredly owned that "it was just like him," however she might afterwards have warned him against repeating the offence for the time to come. As it was, when the hour drew nigh

to be thinking of his departure by the omnibus, Mrs. Goodall, in laying out his apparel, did not forget his most attractive and imposing waistcoat, neither did she omit placing upon it that curiously elegant silver snuff-box, which he prized so highly, because she had presented it to him shortly after their marriage.

Meanwhile, Mr. Goodall did not ransack his memory in search of materials for vexatious and self-accusing reflections. He seldom troubled the past except for handy reminiscences that were sure to come at his bidding, and cheerfully show a light to the future. In accordance, therefore, with the dictates of this principle, or rather practice, he turned over in his mind, in well pleased succession, the many public dinners at which he had assisted, taking note of the distinguishing points that gave an agreeable character to each. But there were important, exalting, and impressive circumstances, connected with these festivities, which were common to all. It is a privilege (so thought Mr. Goodall) acquired at a low price, when a guinea will obtain it for you, to sit at a magnificent table glittering with a profusion of glass and plate, with hundreds of well dressed gentlemen, all in good humour and high spirits, and all apparently, and many really, as benevolent as ourselves. Then the band above, who incite you with martial music to the dismemberment of a boiled fowl, and the vocalists afterwards, whose warblings seem to thrill through and cause to tremble the very bees' wing in your wine glass! And then the exhilarating and irresistible entreaty?—no, exhortation?—hardly, command?—yes, that's the word, from the predominant toast-master, bidding gentlemen to "charge their glasses!" "That predecessor of Mr. Harker—what was the gentleman's name?" mused Goodall, "whenever he commanded us to charge our glasses, always gave me a vivid conception of the heroical tone in which the great Duke vociferated 'Up Guards, and at 'em;' and the manner in which we used to obey (here he chuckled), showed, no doubt, as much promptness as did those great battalions."

Anticipating a treat, to be recalled to memory hereafter: and made to act as a stimulus to future enjoyment, Mr. Goodall, after dressing himself with more than common care, suffered himself to be scrutinized from top to toe by his wife, received her admonitions, more than once repeated, to take every care of himself, with a benevolent but superior smile, indicating that it would be rather odd if he did'nt know pretty well how to do *that*, and stepped into the omnibus, which conveyed him to the Bank. Everybody knows what a short walk it is from that favourite resort of the public creditor, when the books are open for the dividend, to the London Tavern; and thither, for he feared he might be rather late, Mr. Goodall made the best of his way. A courteous waiter, when he entered the hall of that establishment, alertly put himself into a position to learn the pleasure of the new comer.

"The Samaritan Society's Dinner," said Mr. Goodall, presenting his ticket, with a smile of recognition.

"Postponed," said the waiter, with a bland curtness, jerking his head on one side, and his right eye verging in that direction, asking by that motion, as plainly as speech could have done, "how on earth came you not to know that, sir?"

"Postponed!" exclaimed Mr. Goodall, "What! put off!"

"Till the twenty-fourth, sir. Did you not see the advertisement in the *Times*?"

"I am sorry to say I did not. God bless me, very awkward!"

"Here," cried the waiter, and vanished, but presently returned, bringing with him a printed list of the chairmen and stewards and other particulars, with the substitution of the later date, which he handed to Mr. Goodall.

But zephyr-like as was the swiftness of the etherealized waiter, as he did this last spiriting of his, our friend had had time to realize the unpleasant circumstances attending the attitude in which he stood, considered as a physical structure furnished with digestive organs, which had remained long enough unemployed. He knew not where to dine. Should he betake himself to one of the taverns which abound in the courts and alleys off Cornhill? Out of the question. He had

never been a solitary consumer of chops and steaks at the "Woolpack," "Joe's," or the "Fleece." Should he incontinently return home? It must even be so, although hopeless was the chance of any dinner to-day in that quarter; for he well knew that, whenever he dined out, Mrs. Goodall took the opportunity of having something of which she was particularly fond, and which he could not bear,

As he stood at the door of the tavern, debating this matter in his mind, with his lacklustre eye fixed upon the printed paper which had just been given to him by the waiter; who should suddenly accost him but his old friend, Worthington, of Wood Street, with whom he had been acquainted pretty nearly as long as he remembered the tree which stands at the Cheapside corner of that populous thoroughfare.

"Ha, Goodall, glad to see you," said his friend. "But what has lured you from your sylvan retreat to this busy part of the city, where there is nothing to remind you of the country but the "Flower Pot" hard by? But you look as though the spectre of the late Joseph Ady had just appeared to you, and presented you with a letter, informing you that he knows of something that concerned your welfare, which he should be happy to communicate on the payment of a sovereign."

"With satisfactory references to the Lord Mayor for the time being, and the persecuted Sir Peter," returned Goodall, with a faint smile. "No, my old friend, I'll tell you what it is, and all about it;" and hereupon he made an unreserved confession to Worthington of his present perplexity.

"Well, 'as luck would have it,' you were not to dine to-day at the London Tavern," remarked Worthington, with a genial briskness, that the other could not but consider rather ill-timed. "I say, 'as luck would have it,'" he continued, "because you shall dine with me. No denial, I won't stand it. I'm going to Blackwall to join a parcel of fellows at a white-bait dinner. Why, you know several of them; they'll be all delighted to see you. Now, no struggling and fighting in the street. The city police is a very active and efficient force by this time. Come, no nonsense." And Worthington thrust his arm under that of his almost reluctantly resisting friend, and walking him up Gracechurch Street, took a short cut through the market, listened to a few pathetic remonstrances on the part of Goodall in Fenchurch Street, which he made contemptuously light of, and had his victim on the platform of the Blackwall railway in no time.

"Now I have you, my old boy," said Worthington, as he thrust him gently into one of the carriages.

"Yes, you have me," mused Goodall, as he placidly took a seat, and nodded assentingly. "But what will Harriet think of this, I wonder? Stuff, ridiculous! For who could resist under the circumstances? I must tell her so, I must make that quite plain to her. Harriett is a woman of sense; indeed, I don't think it would be easy to find a woman who can more readily be induced to listen to reason than Mrs. Goodall! An excellent creature—bless her!" And after this mental soliloquy, Mr. Goodall faced his friend with something very like composure.

Now, I would not for the world it should be supposed by the reader that our hero—so to call him—by making the above flattering allusions to his wife's understanding and amiability, even though by so doing he sought (as many greater men have done) to forestal her lenient construction of his *present act*, when he came up for judgment—I say, I would not, because he did this, have it signified that he was, what is commonly called, "hen-pecked." The truth is, Mr. Goodall had accustomed himself to defer to his wife in all things; and as his name had long ago taught him that she never complained *altogether* without cause; and as, moreover, her displeasure was always mild, and never prolonged over five minutes; and further still, as he knew full well that it was caused by her affection for him and concern about him, he was well content to be the butt of shafts, whose feathers were plucked from the halcyon's wing, and whose points were tipped with a balsam that healed every wound as soon as it was made. Therefore it was that Mr. Goodall began to think it extremely likely that he should spend a very pleasant evening.

And how could it well be otherwise, be

felt, as soon as he was ushered by Worthington into the room where all the guests were assembled? Sure enough, there were several there whom he knew very well, and who were as delighted to meet him as he was to see them; and the strangers of the party all looked like people with whom he should be happy to be better acquainted. The dinner, too, was of the first quality, and served in the best style. What champagne could be finer than this, which he was tempted to make rather too free with? Every joyous laugh testified to its exhilarating qualities; nor was his laughter unheard amidst the rest. He "must certainly bring Harriet to dine at Blackwall." "She must come; and Herbert, too, the young dog! Would'nt he twist off the wires, ha! ha! He must'nt go the whole hog, though."

CHAPTER II.

During the evening, Mr. Goodall, feeling a little heated, took a seat at one of the windows to enjoy the fresh breeze from the river. In the chair opposite sat a gentleman who had been introduced to him, and whose singular melancholy at such a board, and in such company, had awakened his sympathy. His present taciturnity encouraged in Goodall a well-meant desire to draw him out.

"This is a glorious prospect, Mr. L'Estrange," said he; "and one of which we Britons may well be proud."

"Of what are we Britons *not* proud?" remarked the melancholy man, with a smile that interested Goodall. "I should not be surprised to hear that even the Isle of Dogs has its champions."

"Ha, ha, very good! But, my dear sir, those vessels that represent the commerce of the world—the bustle, the activity, the signs everywhere about us, that denote a vast metropolis at hand—"

"Which in a few days I shall behold no more," interrupted Mr. L'Estrange. "To scenes familiar to me in my infancy and boyhood, I bid an eternal adieu on Friday."

"In the Company's service, I presume?" asked Goodall; "your leave of absence expired?"

"No, sir. My friend yonder, Captain Alexander, brought me over with him from India, and I return thither in his vessel. I had hoped to have ended my days here; but, unsuccessful in discovering one or two very near and dear to me, I must e'en go back to Delhi and resume old habits, since I am not permitted to renew old affections."

"Dear me! very unpleasant, though, very distressing that," observed Goodall, taking a pinch of snuff; and he sat with his box open, gazing upon L'Estrange, who was now looking out abstractedly upon the water.

"I am very rude; pray pardon me," said the melancholy man at length, turning round suddenly. "I was in one of my sad moods again. A pinch of your snuff may, perhaps, enliven me."

Goodall handed him the box. He was about to return it, after taking a pinch, when something within the lid appeared strongly to attract his attention. There was yet light enough to examine it. Meanwhile, Goodall watched him smilingly.

"How strange!"

"Yes, rather so," thought Goodall, nodding his head.

"How lovely!"

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Goodall, highly flattered; "a miniature of my wife."

"Your wife! so young!"

"Not so very young. It was taken many years ago, long before we were married. I'll tell you all about it. You must know, I had acquired the habit of snuff-taking, and I really could not break myself of it, even though the woman I loved objected to the practice. Finding that, and being a dear girl—as she is still—she made me a present of this box, with her likeness on it, saying, that if I saw her looking at me every time I was about to take a pinch, I should, perhaps, make less frequent applications to my rappee.

"Ah! a good idea," sighed L'Estrange, and again sank into silence; but he was no longer in a state of abstraction. Several times he looked intently at Goodall, and was about to speak; but upon each occasion checked himself, apparently with a strong effort. Unluckily (so he appeared to consider it), just as he was about to offer some remark, or to make some communication,

Goodall was beckoned by Worthington from the other side of the room, that he might pass his well-approved judgment on something "very curious and particular, indeed," which he was at that moment carefully, and with a face of well-pleased anticipation, decanting.

A little before the company broke up, however, L'Estrange seized an opportunity which presented itself, and drew Goodall aside.

"My dear sir," he said earnestly, "it has occurred to me very forcibly, that you could render me a most essential service. I feel that it is of the utmost importance to me that I should have some private conversation with you."

"By all means, my dear sir," answered Goodall; "let us have a little conversation. But it must be a little one though," he added, "for the boat is expected every minute."

"This is neither the time nor the place for any communication," answered L'Estrange; "least of all, should the consequence ensue which I most fervently hope from it. Will you do me the favour of dining with me at the 'the George and Vulture,' in Cornhill, to-morrow, at five precisely.

"My dear L'Estrange," cried Goodall, patting the other gently and familiarly on the shoulder, for the "very curious and particular" was beginning to dispose him to look upon every man in the world as a friend and a brother; "*that* is quite out of the question. Here, I was to have dined at the London Tavern to-day; but friend Worthington brought me by force to this miserable place, where I've had a dinner not worth eating, and wine not worth speaking of. No, sir, I was once a laceman in Mill Street, but I am now a country gentleman, and I never come into the city except when I can't help it, that is, twice a year, to see an old lady—*the* old lady, I may say, who still keeps her sitting, and long may she continue to sit!—in Threadneedle Street. No, two days' dissipation running, my dear L'Estrange, would never do. Harriet—yes, you may look—that's my wife's name—would not allow that. I'll tell you what—you shall dine with *me*. Sharp four, recollect! and we can have a friendly talk," and out he flourished his card case, bidding L'Estrange select one of the blackest amongst them; "for the man who did them is a shocking printer," said he; "and in half my cards makes me look like a gentleman who does'nt wish his name to be known, living at a place he wishes nobody to find out."

The quickness with which L'Estrange availed himself of this offer, and the eagerness with which he made himself acquainted with the address on the card, together with the uncommon care he showed that it should be safely lodged in his pocket-book, gave Goodall suddenly to understand that he was "in for it" now. But he was in no mood to encourage evil forebodings as to the morrow. and he took leave of L'Estrange (who was the guest that night of his friend the Captain) in the highest conceivable spirits, repeating almost continually his "Don't forget, now," "Sharp four, remember," "Omnibus starts from the Bank at three," &c. Wafted in what seemed to be no time to London Bridge, he was placed without delay by that "excellent fellow, and jolly dear old friend of mine," Worthington, into a cab; and a slight shaking, followed by a grating sound (the lowering of the cab steps), and a sharp click (the recoil of the gate-bell), assured him that he was *not* at the London Tavern, making along and eloquent speech on the culinary and vinous virtues of the Messrs, Lovegrove; but that he was really and truly about to be set down at Honiton Lodge, Canonbury.

Mrs. Goodall, whose imagination, ever since half-past ten o'clock, had been diving into the cells of station houses, rambling through the wards of hospitals, and making itself a spectator of a few garotte robberies, under varying but equally awful circumstances, felt greatly relieved on beholding her husband enter the room perfectly safe: and she greeted him with a smile of welcome, which he acknowledged with hilarious cordiality. But she could not, for the life of her, make anything of the worthy man's bit by bit, disjointed narratives, which became more attenuated and incoherent every successive minute, and had no bearing whatever on the doings at the Samaritan Society's dinner. She wisely counselled him, therefore, to go to bed, adjourning him, as it were, for a more strict examination on the following morning.

Mr. Goodall entered the breakfast parlour a very different person from the lively little gentleman who had skipped into it two hours earlier on the preceding day; but he applied himself to his broiled ham with a tolerable appetite, and begged by anticipation for a cup of tea more than ordinary, and then entered, unasked, upon a true and faithful account of the events of yesterday. This, he was glad to find, as he proceeded, was received far more favourably than he had expected; so much so, that his wife had positively inquired whether "white bait was really so delicious?" Nothing now remained to tell but the invitation to L'Estrange, and this required something by way of preface.

"My dear, it would seem that I am to dine out a good deal just now."

"What do you mean? Ah, that horrid dinner at the London Tavern has still to be eaten."

"Yes, so it has. But one of the party yesterday—a gentleman just returned from India—told me he thought I might be of especial service to him, and particularly wanted my advice on some matter. He invited me to dine with him to-day at the 'George and Vulture.'"

"But you did not accept—you are not going?" exclaimed Mrs. Goodall in dismay.

"Who could refuse? but *I* did; so don't be angry. I invited him to dine with me."

"Well, upon my word, Goodall," said his wife, considerably relieved, although she did not choose to appear so, "you are one of the most foolish, easy men *I* ever was acquainted with. How do you know this person is a gentleman? He may be,"—she paused.

"Well?"

"One of the," another pause.

"One of the what?" asked Goodall.

"One of the mob we read of in the newspapers—which," added Mrs. Goodall, prudishly, "is called by a vulgar name, signifying inflation."

"The swell mob! ha, ha!" roared Goodall, although he had a terrible headache. "Signifying inflation" mimicking her. "There spoke the governess of former years, Harriet. Don't blush and be offended with me."

His wife gave him a playful pinch of the ear, and left him, and his mind was now perfectly set at ease. It was with no small satisfaction that he heard various orders issued during the morning, which assured him (although he had not doubted the fact) that Mrs. Goodall's hospitality, on which she prided herself, and for which she was celebrated by his friends, was not likely to be wanting on this occasion.

The bell at the gate gave notice of the approach of a visitor, just at the moment when Mr. Goodall's watch was telling him that such an event ought to happen, and he took what, on like occasions, was his accustomed place—at the parlour window, and scrutinized L'Estrange as he walked up the short path.

"Rather a fine style of man," said he, returning his eye-glass to his waistcoat. "I had not the best opportunity of observing him yesterday. Not one of the inflationists, I fancy."

"Mr. Goodall!"

But the door was opened, and the stranger was duly introduced and welcomed.

"God bless my soul! dear me! how extraordinary!" Where *could* Mrs. Goodall have met that tall dark man, with the large black earnest eyes, before? There was that Captain Hamilton, when she had the tuition of the three Misses Lackland. But no, that could not be. He died, poor man! of the liver complaint before they left Cheltenham. Then, again, when she was at Milan, with Lady Ramble. Didn't she well remember that night at the ball given by the Countess Dolce Farniente, when that tiresome Count Scampini so persecuted her? But "oh, absurd!" was not the Count at that time of the same age as this man now—and it was twenty-two years ago? And was not this gentleman's name L'Estrange? Well, it was very odd! She could not tell what to make of it. Why did the man persist in gazing at her so very, very earnestly? It was almost rude. And yet she could not but admit no rudeness was intended.

The dinner passed off quietly. The mind of Mr. L'Estrange was, doubtless, full of the communication he intended to make. And yet he had praised highly the curric, which had been prepared under Mrs. Goodall's su-

pervision. He addressed his remarks chiefly to that lady—a circumstance which was very pleasing to Mr. Goodall, not because such a mark of politeness was uncommon, but for a totally opposite reason. It was ever so. Mrs. Goodall was a very superior woman, and people were apt to find *that* out. Mr. Goodall was not altogether under a delusion; but if he had been, let the happy and honest love of the man plead his excuse.

"Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,"

entreats Byron, in a case which demands far more leniency from us.

When, after a glass or two of wine, Mrs. Goodall was about to retire, Mr. L'Estrange sprang to the door, and, as she passed out, said, in a low voice, "I could wish very much to see you for one minute alone."

"What can this extraordinary person mean by asking such a thing? I *have* seen him before. What will Mr. Goodall think? But he shall be told all."

Such were the hurried thoughts of Mrs. Goodall, hastening up stairs, and terrified at the rustling of her dress, till she found refuge in the drawing-room, where she sat during the next half-hour puzzled and frightened, and wrought herself into a state of highly nervous excitement.

Meanwhile, the gentlemen sipped their wine below. Goodall, spite of the interest he took in some of the Indian adventures told him by L'Estrange, was anxious to know what that gentleman could possibly have to say to him in relation to affairs in which his advice could prove of any assistance. He hinted as much, and was rather surprised to be told by his guest that his object was already gained, and that he need not trouble his kind host with the communication he desired to make.

It was with evident joy that, shortly after rejoining the lady in the drawing-room, L'Estrange heard the servant desire her master to step out for a moment, for that he was wanted. Mrs. Goodall, oblivious of etiquette, was about to follow, but she could not move from her seat. There was that man's dark eye fixed upon her, and she was unable to withdraw her own from his gaze. At length, leaning forward his elbow on his knee, he said with a smile that made her heart leap in her bosom, and in a voice which almost assured her what was coming—

"Am I so entirely changed, then? What, Harry, don't you remember Perry?"

Mr. Goodall heard his wife's scream as he was coming up-stairs: and hastening into the room was so excessively astonished to see Mrs. Goodall caressing and uttering words of the most affectionate endearment to Mr. L'Estrange, and Mr. L'Estrange kissing alternately the cheek and forehead of Mrs. Goodall, that he was quite unprepared indignantly to order his green-eyed monster to be saddled immediately, that he might run full tilt at the delinquent.

"Ha, Herbert!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodall, when she perceived her husband, "here is our dear Peregrine back to us at last." And so saying, she released herself from her brother, and flinging herself into Goodall's arms, gave way to a flood of the sweetest tears she had shed since, twenty years ago, he had made the poor governess promise to become his wife.

"Peregrine, my boy," cried Goodall, somewhat bewildered, "we are delighted to see you again" (he had never seen him before). "My dear fellow, give us your hand. But see, I must hold her. Ah! that's it—shake my elbow—that's right. Let us lead her to the sofa. Come—well; that's it—she's better now!"

All was soon explained. Peregrine was shocked to hear, on his return to England, of his father's failure under disgraceful circumstances, and that he had soon after destroyed himself. Concerning his mother, an old lady, once intimate with the family, told him that "Mrs. Wareham was dead, and that Miss Harriet had become a governess, and gone abroad." She had altogether lost sight of her. Of himself, L'Estrange had many things which need not here be set down. On the death of his partner at Delhi, who had left him his fortune, he had taken his name; and having found his sister, he was now resolved on settling in his native country.

And he did so, taking a house not many hundred yards from that of his brother-in-law. The two are very good friends, holding, however, different opinions on many

important points. Mrs. Goodall usually sides with her brother when both are present, and with Mr. Goodall when she is alone with him. She does not forget—"though Mr. Goodall sometimes seems to do so"—that she has a son, and that Peregrine is the boy's uncle; and it is observable, when she walks out or goes to church with her brother, that she is always rather fidgetty and nervous. "The unmarried ladies of the present day are such very forward creatures." As yet, however, Mr. L'Estrange has not been —caught, "as luck would have it!"

THE TOMBS OF SAINT DENIS.

"And the story which you have been telling us, Doctor, pray what does that prove?" asked M. Ledru.

"It proves that the organs, whose function it is to transmit to the brain the impressions they receive, are liable to be deranged in their action by some unknown cause, so as to present an unfaithful image to the mind; and that, in such cases, objects are seen and sounds are heard which, in point of fact, have no real existence. It proves nothing more than that."

"Nevertheless," said the Chevalier Lenoir, with the timidity of a sincere and earnest philosopher, "nevertheless, there do happen certain things which leave a trace, certain prophecies which come to pass. What explanation, Doctor, can you give of the fact that blows dealt by mere spectres have caused black bruises on the person who have received them? How will you explain revelations of the future made by visions, ten, twenty, and thirty years before the events predicted have taken place? Can that which has absolutely no existence inflict a wound, or announce beforehand what will occur hereafter?"

"Ah!" said the Doctor "you allude to the vision of the King of Sweden."

"No; I allude to what I witnessed myself."

"You!"

"Yes, I."

"And where?"

"At Saint Denis."

"And when?"

"In 1794, when the profanation of the royal tombs took place."

"Ah; yes! Attend to that, Doctor," said M. Ledru.

"Did you really see anything? Tell us all about it."

"The facts were these. In 1793, I was appointed director of the Museum of French Antiquities, and in that capacity was present at the disinterment of the bodies in the Abbey of Saint Denis, whose name had been changed into 'Franciade' by the enlightened patriots who then had the upper hand. After the lapse of forty years, I can tell you some strange particulars which occurred during the course of that desecration.

"The bitter hatred against Louis XVI., which had been instilled into the people, and which was not abated by the bloody sacrifice on the scaffold of the 21st of January, flowed backwards towards the kings who had preceded him. The mob panted to obliterate the monarchy to its very source, to destroy the monarchs even in their tombs, and to cast to the winds the accumulated ashes of a long line of sixty kings. Perhaps, also, they were further instigated by an inquisitive desire to see whether the great treasures which were stated to be inclosed in some of the tombs remained as completely undisturbed as they were reported to be. The people, therefore, rushed in a body to Saint Denis. From the 6th to the 8th of August they destroyed fifty-one tombs, the history of twelve centuries. The government then resolved to put a little method into all this disorder, to make search for its own profit, and to constitute itself the heir of the monarchy which it had just smitten down in the person of Louis XVI., its last representative. Their object, too, was to annihilate the name, the memory, and even the mortal remains of the dynasty—to erase utterly from the annals of the country fourteen centuries of regal government. Poor fools! They could not comprehend that man may, perchance, influence the future, but can never change the past. A vast common grave had been prepared in the cemetry, after the model of the graves of the lowest of the people. Into this large grave and on a bed of quicklime, as if they

were a mass of the vilest offal, were to be cast the remains of those who had made France one of the greatest nations in the world, from Dagobert to Louis XV.

"The people were highly satisfied with this unseemly act of violence; but it gave a still greater measure of delight to those envious legislators, advocates, and journalists —those revolutionary birds of prey—whose eyes are offended by every form of splendour, exactly, as the eyes of their brethren, the birds of night, are painfully impressed by each bright ray which falls upon them. Those who feel themselves incompetent to build, take a malicious pleasure in destruction.

"I was a appointed inspector of the excavations. It afforded me an opportunity of saving a multitude of precious relics, and I accepted the office. On Saturday the 12th of October, whilst the Queen's trial was going on, I opened the vault of the Bourbons, on the subterranean chapels, and I first removed the coffin of Henry the IV., who was assassinated on the 14th of May, 1610, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. His bronze statue on the Pont-Neuf, a master-piece by John of Bologna and his pupil, had been melted down into two-sous pieces. The body of Henry the IV. was in wonderful preservation. His features pefectly recognizable, were the same that we know to have been consecrated by the love of the people and the pencil of Rubens. When he was dragged out of his grave, the first, and appeared in broad daylight in his winding-sheet, which was equally well-preserved, it caused a great sensation; and the cry, 'Long live Henry IV.!' once so popular in France, was very near being instinctively shouted beneath the vault of the desecrated church. When I observed these marks of respect,—indeed, I may almost say of affection,—I caused the body to be set up right against one of the pillars of the choir, so that all who choose might go and look at it.

"He was dressed exactly as during his lifetime, in his black velvet doublet, set off by his white ruff and wristbands; in velvet breeches to match the doublet, with silk stockings of the same colour, and velvet shoes. His grisly locks still formed a sort of halo around his head, and his handsome white beard still fell upon his bosom. An immense procession immediately took place, as if they were visting the shrine of a saint. Women approached to touch the hands of the good king; some kissed the hem of his mantle, others made their children kneel before him, as they murmured in an under tone, 'Ah! if he were only now alive the people would not be so wretched!' They might have added, 'nor so ferocious;' for want and misery are the great causes of all national ferocity. This procession lasted during the whole of Saturday the 12th of October, of Sunday the 13th, and Monday 14th. On Monday the search was recommenced after the workmen's dinner, namely, about three o'clock in the afternoon.

"The first body brought to light after that of Henry IV. was the corpse of his son, Louis XIII. It was in good preservation; and though the whole countenance was fallen, it could still be recognized by the moustache. Then came that of Louis XIV.; recognizable by the large features, which have caused his face to stand for the typical mask of the Bourbon race; only he was as black as ink. Then came successively those of Mary de Medici, the second wife of Henry IV.; of Ann of Austria, the wife of Louis XIII.; of Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain and wife of Louis XIV.; and that of the Grand Dauphin. All these bodies were putrified. That of the Grand Dauphin alone was in a state of liquid putrefaction. On Tuesday, the 15th of October, the disinterments still continued. The body of Henry IV. remained all the while leaning against the pillar, an impassible spectator of the enormous sacrilege which was being perpetrated simultaneously on his predecessors and his descendants.

"On Wednesday the 16th, exactly at the moment when the Queen, Marie Antoinette, was beheaded in the Place de la Revolution, namely, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the coffin of Louis XV. was in turn dragged from the vault of the Bourbons. He lay, according to the ancient ceremonial of France, at the entrance of the vault, awaiting his successor, who was not destined

to follow him there. They took him, carried him out, and did not open the coffin till they reached the cemetry, on the very verge of the common grave. At first, the body, when removed from the lead coffin, and still wrapped in its linen and its bandages, appeared to be entire and in good preservation; but the instant it was disincumbered of its swathing, it offered a most hideous spectacle of decomposition. The stench that came from it was so insupportable that every one near escaped to a distance; and they were obliged to burn several pounds of gunpowder in order to purify the air. In the greatest haste, they tossed into the grave all that remained of the hero of the Parc-aux-Cerfs, of the lover of Madame de Cheâtearoux, Madame de Pompadour, and Madame du Barry. As soon as the unclean relics fell upon their bed of quicklime, another heap of quicklime covered them I remained to the very last burning squibs to fumigate the spot, and shovelling on quicklime, when I heard a great uproar within the church. I entered hastily, and perceived a workman struggling with his comrades, while the women shook their fists at him, and threatened him with their vengeance.

"The wretch had quitted his sad employment to witness a spectacle that was sadder still—the execution of Marie Antoinette. Afterwards, excited by the cries which he had uttered himself, and which he heard around him, and maddened by the sight of blood, he had returned to Saint Denis, and then, going up to Henry IV., who still remained leaning against the pilla, surrounded by inquisitive visitors I might almost say by devotees, he shouted out, 'What right have you to be standing here when kings have been beheaded in the Place de la Revolution?' At the same time, seizing the beard with his left hand, he tore it off, and with his right hand gave a blow to the royal body.

"It fell to the ground with a dry sounding noise, as if a bag of bones had tumbled down. A loud shout instantly arose in all directions. To any other king whatever a similar outrage might have been offered with impunity; but to Henry IV., the popular king, it was almost an insult to the people themselves. At the moment when I ran to his assistance, the sacrilegious labourer stood in considerable danger of being torn to pieces. As soon as he found that I was able to shield him from harm, he put himself completely under my protection. But although I did consent to protect him, I chose to leave him to bear the whole burden of the infamous action which he had just committed.

"'My friends,' I said to the workpeople, 'let this wretched fellow go. Henry IV., whom he has thus insulted, is sufficiently in favour with Heaven to obtain from God his chastisement.'

"Then, taking from him the beard which he had torn away, and which he still retained in his left hand, I turned him out of the church, telling him that he should never have any further employment from me. The yells and the menaces of his comrades pursued him down the street as he made his escape.

"Fearing some fresh outrage to Henry IV., I ordered him to be carried into the common grave; but, to the last, the body was accompanied with marks of respect. Instead of being tossed, like the others, into the royal charnel-place, he was carried down, gently deposited, and carefully laid at one of the corners; and then, a stratum of earth, instead of a layer of quicklime, was piously spread over his remains.

"When the day's work was done the labourers departed, and the keeper remained there alone by himself. He was a worthy fellow, and I placed him there to prevent any one from entering the church at night and perpetrating fresh mutilations and additional thefts. This keeper slept during the day; he watched from seven in the evening till seven in the morning. He passed the night without lying down, and either walked about to warm himself, or seated himself by a fire that was lighted against the pillar nearest to the gate. The whole basilica presented one complete image of death, which was rendered still more terrible by the devastation which had taken place. The vaults were opened, and the flagstones were set up against the walls; broken statues were scattered over the pavement; here and

there violated coffins had yielded up their dead, of which they expected to render no account before the last day of judgment. The whole scene invited the mind of man to meditation, if that mind were of an elevated order; a weak intellect would have been overwhelmed with terror.

"Happily, the keeper had no intellect at all; he was merely a mass of organised matter. He regarded all these wrecks in the same light as he would have looked upon a forest that was being thinned, or a cornfield that was under the reaper's hands. His only thought was to count the strokes of the clock, whose monotonous voice was the sole surviving living thing that sounded in the desolate basilica.

"At the moment when the clock struck midnight, and while the last stroke of the hammer was still vibrating through the sombre recesses of the church, he heard loud cries proceeding from the direction of the cemetery. Those cries were shouts for help, long wailings, and lamentations of sorrow. After the first instant of surprise, he armed himself with a pickaxe and advanced to the door which communicated from the church to the cemetery; but as soon as he had opened the door, he felt perfectly certain that the cries came from the grave of the kings. He was afraid to advance any further, so he closed the door and ran to awake me at the hotel where I was stopping.

"At first I refused to believe in the reality of the sounds which, he said, appeared to issue from the royal grave; but, as my room was exactly opposite to the church, the keeper opened the window to convince me, and in the midst of the silence of night, which was disturbed only by the rustling of the autumnal breeze, I felt quite assured that I did hear noises which were something more than the wailing of the wind. I dressed myself, and accompanied the keeper to the church. After we had arrived within, and had closed the porch door after us, we heard much more distinctly than before the wailings which he had described to me. It was all the easier to distinguish the spot whence the sounds proceeded, because the door of the cemetery, which the keeper had neglected to close properly after him, had blown open again. No doubt could be entertained that the wailings actually came from the cemetery.

"We lighted a couple of torches and proceeded to the spot; but thrice, as we drew near the door, the current of air which rushed in extinguished them. I perceived that our situation resembled that of mariners windbound in a narrow strait, and that once in the cemetery we should no longer have the same struggle to maintain. Besides our torches, I made him light a lantern. The torches were blown out once more, but the lantern defied the force of the blast. We passed the strait, and as soon as we were in the cemetery we relighted our torches, and the wind spared them in the open air.

"Meanwhile as we drew near to the spot, the cries became gradually fainter, seeming to retire to a greater distance; and at the moment we reached the edge of the grave they were scarcely audible. We waved our flambeaux over the vast pit; and, in the midst of the remains, upon the stratum of lime and earth in which they were imbedded, we saw a shapeless something writhing and struggling upon the ground. That something resembled a man.

"'What is the matter with you, and what do you want?' I asked of the seeming spectre.

"'Alas!' he murmured, 'I am the wretched labourer who gave the blow to Henry IV.'

"'But how is it that you are here?' I asked.

"'First help me out of this place, Monsieur Lenoir, for I am dying; afterwards I will tell you all about it.'

"As soon as the guardian of the dead was convinced that he had to do with a living creature, the terror which at first had seized him instantly vanished. He raised a ladder which was lying on the grass, supported it in an upright position, and awaited my orders.

"I told him to let down the ladder into the pit, and urged the unfortunate wretch to mount it. He managed to drag himself to the foot of the ladder; but when he tried to rise and to mount the steps, he discovered

that he had one arm and one leg broken. We lowered him a rope with a running noose. He slipped it over his shoulders. I held the other end in my hands; the keeper descended several steps to meet him, and thanks to this double support, we contrived to rescue the living man from the fearful company of the dead. He fainted as soon as he was drawn out of the pit. We carried him close to the fire, laid him on a bed of straw, and I then sent the keeper to fetch a surgeon. He returned with a doctor before the wounded man had regained his consciousness, and it was only during the operation of setting his limbs that he opened his eyes.

"As soon as all was finished I dismissed the surgeon, and as I was anxious to know through what strange circumstance the profaner of departed royalty had fallen into their grave, I also sent the watchman home. He, for his part, desired nothing better than to go to bed after passing such a night, and I was left alone with the maimed labourer. I sat down on a stone close to the straw on which he was lying, and before the fire, whose trembling flame illumined the part of the church we occupied, leaving the distant portions of the edifice in darkness, which seemed all the thicker from our being within the circle of light. I then interrogated the wounded man, and the answer he gave me ran as follows:—

"His dismissal had caused him but very little anxiety. He had money in his pocket; and up to that day he had always found that, with money, he need want for nothing. Consequently, he entered a public-house. There he sat down to drink a bottle of wine; but as he was pouring out the third glass the landlord entered.

"'Will you make haste and finish?' the host inquired.

"'Why so?' answered the labourer.

"'Because I am told that you are the fellow who gave a blow to Henry IV.'

"'To be sure, yes; it *was* I!' said the labourer, insolently. 'What then?'

"'What then? I don't choose that a blackguard like you should drink in my house. It is enough to bring down a curse upon it.'

"'*Your* house! Your house is anybody's house. Where I pay my money I make myself at home.'

"Yes; but this time you have nothing to pay.'

"'How so?'

"'Because I won't finger money that comes from such a scamp. And, as you have nothing to pay, you have no right to make yourself at home; and, as I am master of the house, I shall take the liberty of turning you out of doors.'

"'Yes, if you happen to be the stronger of the two.'

"'If I am not, I will call my men to come and help me.'

"The landlord did call; and three young men, who had had a hint beforehand, entered at the sound of his voice, each with a stout cudgel in his hand; and, however much he might wish to stop, the intruder was compelled to retire, without uttering another syllable. He wandered for some time about the town; and, as the dinner-hour drew near, he entered an eating-house, which was frequented entirely by persons of his own class. He had just finished his soup, when some labourers, who had left off work, came in. As soon as they saw him, they stopped short on the threshold, and calling the landlord, told him that if that fellow was allowed to use his house, they would all leave it, from the first to the last. The eating-house keeper asked what the man had done, so make him an object of such universal execration. The answer was, that that was the fellow who had given a blow to Henry IV.

"'Take yourself off,' said the landlord, striding up to him. 'May what you have eaten here poison you.'

"It was even more impossible to make any resistance now than it was at the public house. The culprit rose and went out, vowing vengeance on his comrades, who shrank away from him, not because of his threats, but on account of the profanation which he had committed. He departed in a rage, spent part of the evening in strolling through

the streets of St. Denis, swearing and blaspheming; and at last, about ten o'clock at night, directed his steps to the lodgings where he slept. Contrary to the usual custom of the house, the doors were shut. He knocked. The lodging-house keeper appeared at a window. As it was quite dark, he could not see who it was that wanted to be let in.

"'Who are you?' he asked.

"The man told him his name.

"'Ah!' said the master of the house; 'you are the person who gave a blow to Henry IV. Wait a minute.'

"'What should I wait for?' said the workman impatiently.

"The next moment a bundle fell at his feet.

"'What's this?' he asked.

"'That's everything belonging to you here.'

"'What do you mean by everything belonging to me?'

"'You may go and find a lodging wherever you like. I have no mind to have my house tumble about my ears to-night.'

"The workman, in a fury, took up a paving-stone, and threw it at the door.

"'Stop awhile,' said the lodging-house keeper, 'I will go and wake up some of your friends, and then we'll try and settle the business.'

"The fellow had an idea that he had nothing very agreeable to expect. He retired; and having found a door open a hundred paces off, he entered, and laid himself down in a shed. In the shed there was a quantity of straw, and upon the straw he fell asleep. A quarter before midnight it seemed as if some one touched him on the shoulder. he woke up, and saw before him a white form, which had the aspect of a woman, and which made signs to him to follow it. He believed it to be one of those unhappy females who have always a lodging and entertainment to offer to those who have the means of paying for both; and as he then had money in his purse, and preferred passing the night under a roof and in bed, to spending it in a shed on a bunch of straw, he arose and followed her. For a moment she passed close to the houses on the left side of the Grand Rue, then she crossed the street, and turnd up a lane to the right, still beckoning him to follow her. He made no difficulty about the matter; for he was only too well experienced in these nocturnal adventures, and acquainted with the lanes inhabited by those pitiable creatures. The lane led to the open fields; he imagined that the female occupied some lone house close by, and went on following her. A hundred paces further they passed through a breach in a wall; but suddenly raising his eyes, he saw before him the old Abbey of St. Denis, with its gigantic steeple, and its windows slightly tinged by the fire within it, close by which the watchman was keeping guard. He looked to see where the womon was—she had disappeared. He found himself in the cemetery. He tried to return by the breach in the wall; but in the opening, gloomy and menacing, with one arm stretched towards him, there appeared to stand the spectre of Henry IV. The phantom made a step in advance, and the wretch who had insulted him retreated a step. At the fourth or fifth step the earth gave way beneath his feet, and he fell backwards into the pit. It then seemed to him that all the kings, the predecessors and descendants of Henry IV., rose from their grave and stood around him; that some raised their sceptres over him, and others their hands of justice, shouting vengeance on the sacrilegious criminal; that at the touch of those hands of justice and those sceptres, which weighed as heavy as lead, and burnt like fire, he felt his limbs broken one after the other. At that very moment the clock struck twelve, and the watchman first heard the sounds of wailing.

"I did all that lay in my power to restore and re-assure the guilty sufferer; but his mind kept wandering; and after a delirium of three days' duration, he died, shouting, 'Mercy! mercy!'"

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, "but I do not exactly understand what inference you mean to draw from your story. The accident which happened to your labourer proves that, his mind being preoccupied with what had occurred to him in

the course of the day, he wandered about during the night, no matter whether really awake or in a state of somnambulism; that in the course of his perigrinations he entered the cemetery, and that, whilst he was looking in the air instead of minding his feet, he fell into a deep pit, where he very naturally broke a leg and an arm. But you mentioned a prediction which has come to pass; now, in all this, I cannot discover the least shadow of a prediction."

"Be patient, doctor," said the chevalier. "The story which I have just been telling, and which you are right in designating as a mere matter of fact, brings me to the prediction I am about to relate, and which *is* a mystery. The prediction is this:—

"About the 20th of January, 1794, after the demolition of the tomb of Francis I., the sepulchre of the Countess of Flanders, daughter of Philip the Long, was opened. These two tombs were the last which remained to ransack; all the vaults were broken open, all the sepulchres were empty all the bones were in the charnel pit. One final place of burial remained undiscovered, namely, that of Cardinal de Retz, who, it was said, had been interred at St. Denis, All the vaults had been closed again, or nearly so; the vault of the Valois, and the vault of the Charleses. There only remained the vault of the Bourbons, and that was to be shut the following day. The watchman was passing his last night in this church where there no longer remained anything to guard; permission was therefore given him to sleep, and he profitted by the permission. At midnight he was awoke by the sound of the organ, and other sacred music. He roused himself, rubbed his eyes, and turned his head towards the choir—that is, in the direction whence the psalmody proceeded. He then beheld, to his great surprise, that the stalls of the choir were filled by the priests of St. Denis; he beheld an archbishop officiating at the altar; he beheld the *Chapelle ardente* lighted, and beneath the lighted *Chapelle ardente*, the grand mortuary cloth of gold, which served exclusively to cover departed kings. At the moment when he awoke the mass was ended, and the ceremony of interment began. The sceptre, the crown, and the hand of justice, lying on a cushion of crimson velvet, were delivered to the heralds, who presented them to the three princes, by whom they were respectively received. The gentlemen of the bed-chamber immediately advanced, gliding forwards rather than walking; and without the sound of their footsteps awakening the slightest echo, they took the body and carried it to the vault of the Bourbons, the only one that still remained open. Then the king-at-arms descended; and when he had descended, he shouted to the other heralds to come to him to do their office. The king-at-arms and the heralds were altogether six in number. From the bottom of the vault he called the first herald, who descended, carrying the spurs; then the second, who descended, carrying the gauntlets; then the third, who descended, carrying the shield; then the fourth, who descended, carrying the crested helmet; then the fifth, who descended carrying the coat of arms. Next he called the king's head carver, who carried the banner; the captains of the Swiss, the archers of the guard, and the two hundred gentlemen of the household; the grand esquire, who carried the royal sword; the first chamberlain, who carried the banner of France; and the high steward, before whom all the other stewards passed, casting their white wands into the vault, and saluting, as they filed away, the three princes who carried the crown, the sceptre, and the hand of justice. Then the king-at-arms thrice shouted in a loud voice, —'The king is dead—long live the king. The king is dead—long live the king. The king is dead—long live the king.' Another herald, who remained in the choir, repeated after him the triple cry. Finally, the high steward broke his wand, in token that the royal household was broken up, and that the king's officers were now at liberty to look out for a fresh commission. Instantly the trumpets sounded, and the organ pealed. Then, while the voice of the trumpets grew fainter and fainter, and the notes of the organ died away, the lights of the tapers gradually faded, the forms of the company melted into air, and at the last audible tone of the music, all had utterly vanished away.

"Next day the watchman, weeping with emotion, described the royal interment he

had witnessed, and at which he, poor man, was the only person present, prophesying that the mutilated tombs would be restored, and that, in spite of the decrees of the Convention, and the murders of the guillotine, France would behold a new monarchy, and St. Denis would receive fresh kings.

"This prophecy cost the poor devil an imprisonment, and very nearly cost him his life. Thirty years afterwards, namely, on the 20th of September, 1824, behind the same column where he had beheld the vision he pulled me by the skirt of my coat, and said:—

"'Well, Monsieur Lenoir, when I told you that our poor kings would one day return to St. Denis, was I mistaken?'

"In fact, on that very day Louis XVIII. was buried with exactly the same ceremonial as the guardian of the tombs had seen performed thirty years ago.

"Explain that if you can, Doctor."

A WINTER HOUR.

Comes there no joy in a winter hour,
When the blast howls by with strength and power,
When flowers are withered and leaves are shrunk,
And Autumn hath bared the maple's trunk,
When Summer is flown; no more is heard
The mellifluous strain of the wild-wood bird,
When Winter hath saddened the season of bloom,
And death stalks over the silent tomb?

Is there no mirth in the joyous dance
At the banquet board, where bright eyes glance?
Doth not the song inspire our souls
Amid the libations of nectared bowls?
Have we a tear the eye to annoy,
A grief to shadow its light of joy?
Doth the heart return where shadows fall
On the cypress tree, or ruined wall?

'T were vain to conjecture thus on earth,
Where mirth and sorrow alike have birth;
The clouds that hang o'er the soul to-day,
By the sun of to-morrow may vanish away;
Let us seek our homes 'mid realms above,
Where strife comes not—blest land of love.
Let us flock round the hearth while burning bright,
And bless the hour on a Winter's night!

GEO. BAYLEY.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

"Well, it's all very nice, certainly, and very complete; there doesn't seem a single thing wanting. It does credit to your taste, my dear; and I'm sure I'm heartily obliged to you for taking the trouble off my hands," said Mrs. Johnson to her husband, a prosperous city grocer, as they stood together in a drawing-room of a pretty house at Streatham, which he had just furnished for his eldest daughter's wedding. "Mary will be delighted; it is just her fancy. It must have cost you a great deal of money."

"Pretty well. Setting Tom up in his farm, and buying John that living, and now starting Mary, has made my balance at Masterman's look rather blue. However, now that I've got a little breathing time again, I must hunt up some of my debts; for, what with one thing and another, I've let 'em run on sadly; and I've one or two customers who won't be the worse for looking after. But what are you starting at, Madge? I know by your face that you're not quite satisfied that this room does not want something yet?"

"Well, it certainly does; it struck me at first. I shouldn't have mentioned it, only you asked me; and the more I look, the more convinced I am. In fact, the room isn't complete without it."

"Why, I thought just now you said it was complete—not a single thing wanting?"

"Did I? Well, I certainly was very wrong then; for the principal thing of all, in a room like this, is missing?"

"Confound it, what is that?"

"A handsome looking-glass, to fit that recess and reflect those beautiful hills."

"A looking-glass; Why, one to fit that place would cost fifty or sixty pounds."

"Would it? Ah! very likely. I don't ask you to buy one, of course; only when poor Mary has one of her very bad attacks, and keeps the house for weeks, it would be so nice for her while lying on the sofa here to be able to see the country without moving."

"She could do that, if she sat near the window."

"Yes; but then she must go so far from

the fire, and you know how chilly she is. Certainly every thing is very nice and comfortable, and I am quite delighted; and if there was a table and clock, or something of that sort, put in the recess, the glass would n't be so much missed——"

"Why the plague won't it do as it is? I'm sure I see nothing the matter with the recess."

"Oh, no; it's a beautiful recess, and that is what makes it so provoking not to have the proper thing to put in it. But never mind; Mary won't be vexed about it, I'm sure; she's a dutiful girl, and knows what a great deal she and her brothers have cost you lately. Besides, if she was to speak to Mr. Ingram, he'd give it her in a minute."

"If she does, I'll ——. No, Madge; I promised Mary to furnish her house from top to bottom for a wedding present; and if she or you asks her husband that is to be for a stick or stone, I shall consider it an offence. I certainly did think there was everything here that mortal could desire; but it seems men are not up to everything. It would have been better, perhaps, if I'd let you do the furnishing yourself, only I had a fancy to surprise you, and so it seems I have—only in the wrong way."

"Oh, I'm sure, John, I meant nothing——"

"No, no, I dare say not," interrupted Mr. Johnson, irritably; "nobody ever does. But what I am going to say is this. Since you've found out this hole in the cloth, there'll be no peace till it's mended, I know; and you'll put so many plans to do it into Mary's head, that she'll be dissatisfied, too; and, like all the world, she'll be discontented with what she has, in pining for what she has n't. Now, I don't want this; I've promised that every thing shall be complete, and so it shall, looking-glass and all. There, don't look so delighted, Madge, as if I was taking the girl out of the workhouse, instead of putting her on the road to it; but listen to the rest. She shall have the glass; but when, I can't justly say. I haven't got so much spare cash by me at present, and I won't run in debt. Now, don't turn glumpy; she *shall* have the thing, though how soon, must depend on other people. If I can get in one or two bills that are promised, you shall buy the article at once; if not, you must wait."

"Oh yes, of course, nothing can be fairer. I wouldn't hurry you for the world. Mary won't be up from Derbyshire for perhaps six weeks yet; so there's plenty of time. Only I should very much like to know, dear, if you don't mind telling me, whose money you depend upon. I should have a better idea then, perhaps, of how soon you'd get it."

"Oh, it's no secret; but you'll not be much wiser for knowing. It's Matthews I look to principally just now for ready cash. He owes me about a hundred pounds; and if he pays to-day, as he promised, you shall have the glass at once."

Oh, thank you. Then, perhaps, you'll call in with me at that shop in Oxford Street and choose one. It 'll spare you the trouble of having to go another time; and, as we're sure to want it some day soon, the people won't mind keeping it for us, of course, till we're ready. We needn't say why we can't have it now; they may think the house isn't finished, or fifty things; and really I shouldn't like to choose such an important article without your opinion, you have such taste."

"Stuff, Madge! I'm too old for blarney, and I'm not going under false colours to any man's shop. You'd better wait till I can give you the money, and then go and take the goods with one hand, and pay for them with the other; but if you can't wait—and no woman that ever I knew could—I'll go with you, and tell the man straight out that I want the article, and when I'm ready to pay I'll have it."

And with this, knowing that when her husband spoke in the tone he now used he was immovable, Mrs. Johnson was obliged to be content.

And thus it came about, that, two hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson stood in Mr. Porter's splendid show-room in Oxford Street, admiring their own full lengths, as shown in about a hundred different mirrors. Bewildered with the brilliancy of the scene, it was some time before the lady could make up her mind which to choose; but at last she fixed upon a beautiful oblong, framed in the most costly manner. The price of it was

fifty-five guineas—a price which, after much demurring, and reducing from guineas to pounds, her husband agreed to pay.

In the evening of the same day, Mr. Johnson went to his customer, Mr. Matthews—a young retail tradesman, in South Audley Street—to claim the performance of his promise.

"I can't pay the money to-day, Johnson,' said Matthews, "because I've been disappointed in a remittance from the country, and I've been refurnishing my little place at Hornsey; but I'll give you a bill at a month, which will be as good to you."

"Yes, if you're sure to be ready to meet it. Don't give it if you're not. I'd rather wait a few days; for I make it a point never to take up another man's bill."

"Of course; *I never do it myself. I shall* be ready, never fear. Your taking my bill would be an accommodation to me just now; for, as I said before, I've been refurnishing my house, and that runs off with a man's spare cash amazingly."

"Yes, as I know to my cost. But how comes your house to want new furniture so soon? You haven't been married above five years, have you? and I haven't had so much as a new chair in mine since I went into housekeeping forty years ago, though I've had seven children to break and wear things out more than thirty of the time."

"Ah, but we can't all manage so well as you and Mrs. Johnson. Young wives have n't the care and experience of older ladies, and we must bear with them, and give them their way sometimes. Besides, the world goes on differently now to what it did when you began business. Then it was the question who could save most and spend least; and if things answered the purpose, nobody cared if they were shabby or not. Now, if a man would get on, he must cut a dash, keep up an appearance, which is'nt to be done for nothing; and, by the bye, talking of that, I'm going to have a warming soon, and shall hope to see you and Mrs. Johnson—with as many of my young friends as will honour us with their company. Your eldest is settled in the country, I think?"

"Yes, and the second is going to be married to Robert Ingram. You know the Ingrams; don't you deal with them?"

"Yes, a little," said Matthews, rather hastily, and changing the subject. "When the day is fixed for the house warming, you shall have a card. And now, take a glass of sherry while I send out for a stamp."

"No, thank you; it's near tea-time, and I never drink just upon that; besides, I've had my allowance of grog, and though I don't approve of the teetotal system, I think it does a man no good taking more than his regular quantity."

"Oh no, certainly, but I like a glass of wine *myself; I think it does me good.*"

"May be; but too much wine drinking is an expensive habit."

"So it is; but, like the ladies, we young fellows have'nt got the wisdom of our elders, and fall into bad habits, which we can't readily leave off."

With a shake of the head, Mr. Johnston listened, took his customer's bill for one hundred pounds at a month, and went homewards.

A few days afterwards his intended son-in-law called, and in the course of conversation Mr. Matthews' name was mentioned.

"He's an expensive fellow, I think," said Mr. Johnson. "I don't quite like the way he is going on. He has been new furnishing his house again, and talks of giving a grand party there soon. I suppose you'll go, Ingram?"

"I don't know; perhaps I may, for I want to see how the land lies. He's rather deep in our books; and, like you, I don't quite like the way he's going on. He may be all right, but I should like to feel safe. We've got his paper to the tune of about two hundred and fifty pounds; and that's a smartish sum, you know."

"Yes, I didn't think you gave such long credit."

"We don't generally; but he was well introduced."

"When's his bill due?"

"Oh, somewhere about three weeks off."

"Does he owe much, do you think?"

"Well, no, I should think not; and he's

doing a good trade. But where's Mrs. Johnson? I want to talk to her about a letter I've had from Mary."

A week after this conversation an envelope, addressed to "John Johnson, Esq., Bucklersbury," having Mrs. Johnson's name in the left-hand corner, was delivered by the postman. It contained a handsomely engraved card, stating that Mr. and Mrs. Matthews presented their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and Family, and requested the honour of their company to an evening party on the ensuing Tuesday week. That there would be dancing, was notified by the addition of the word "quadrilles" in a corner A similar card was dispatched to Mr. Robert Ingram, who called the same evening upon the parents of his betrothed, and mentioned the circumstance.

"It'll be a dashing turn out, I hear," said he. "I met Wingfield just now, and he tells me there are above seventy invitations, and only five refusals yet. I hope Mary will be up in time."

"Oh, no fear," answered Mrs. Johnson; "but what a large house the Matthews' must have to be able to give such a party."

"Ay, and what a lot of money it'll cost them," said Johnson—"more than any of the folks that go will do them good."

"That's certain; but if every body thought like you, John," replied his wife, "there would be no society or merry-makings at all; it would be a sad dull world for young folks."

"No, it wouldn't; only I would make them *get* the money first, and spend it afterwards, which I don't think William Matthews does. However, I suppose you'll go; what's the date?"

"The tenth."

"Hum!" thought the old man, as he turned away, "that's two days before his bill to me falls due; these parties won't help him to pay it, I'm thinking."

Pending the engagement to the Matthews', Mary Johnson came home, and her mother renewed her attack upon her husband for the glass; while he, having discounted Matthews' bill, and received the money, felt that he had no excuse to offer for delaying the purchase.

Without a cheque, therefore, in her pocket, Mrs. Johnson posted off to Oxford Street, marched with an air of authority, such as became the purchaser of a fifty-five pounds mirror, into Mr. Porter's show-room, and glancing to the well-remembered spot, found it empty.

As might be expected, she was in what ladies call a "state of mind," and quickly cried out—

"Where's my glass? Who has taken my glass? I chose it three weeks ago, and Mr. Porter promised to keep it till I called. It is an abominable thing to behave in this way; but——."

"It was quite an oversight, madam," said the foreman; "Mr. Porter went out of town in a hurry, and forgot to tell me that the article had been chosen. I therefore have sent it elsewhere; but if you can wait till after the tenth, you shall be certain to have it, unless you will make choice of some other instead."

"No, indeed, I can't; there's none here to be compared with it; there's not a frame in the room like it."

"Certainly not, madam; I must say you are quite right on that point; the frame is truly exquisite, worth the whole of the price; there's not another of the pattern in London."

"Then, of course, there is all the greater reason for my having it. I want something quite out of the common, and that is why I chose that particular glass."

"Certainly, madam; but I am sorry to say, that unless you will be good enough to select another from the stock, we shall not be able to send you this article until after the tenth."

"That is nearly a week, and I want it at once. It is really too bad—I have a great mind to go somewhere else."

"I do not think any house in London could show you a larger or better assortment than we can, madam; and you could not obtain the pattern you want elsewhere, because it was designed expressly for us, and is registered. No other house in the trade has it."

"How tiresome! Well, if I do consent to wait, can I be sure of having it? You will not deceive me again?"

"Oh, no, assuredly not. I am very sorry

there should have been any misunderstanding at all; but in the press of business I suppose Mr. Porter overlooked the matter, which I'm certain he will regret extremely; however, if you kindly determine to wait until the eleventh, or say the twelfth, to make quite certain. I will guarantee your having the article delivered at your house."

"Very well; then this is my address, and this is where the glass is to go to. I gave the direction to Mr. Porter; but I dare say it all went out of his head together. Now, remember, I shall depend on you."

In due course, Tuesday, the tenth, came, and by about nine o'clock the reception-rooms of Mrs. Matthews were crowded.—They were good rooms, and by a clever but expensive arrangement the principal chambers were connected for the evening, by means of a temporary passage, fluted and draped tent-fashion; and at the end of the suite, an elegant card-room, "run up," as Mr. Matthews said, at "a mere trifle of expense," attracted the attention and admiration of all the guests except Mrs. Johnson, who, to her inexpressible indignation and surprise, recognised her chosen and favorite mirror at the upper end! At first, she could scarcely credit the evidence of her senses, and for a long time refused to believe them; but at length, a closer inspection confirmed her first impression, and then her wrath was boundless.

Vain were all the blandishments of her hostess—the civilities of her host—the strains of Mary's voice singing from an outer room. She could attend to nothing—think of nothing but the glass, and Mr. Porter's unexampled treachery. For a time her displeasure was exclusively confined to the faithless dealer, and his wicked ally the shopman, who had so shamelessly deceived her by making a promise, which, at the very moment of making, he must have known it would be impossible for him to perform; and for a space she comforted herself by nursing her wrath against them, and repeating over and over again, *sotto voce*, the terrible storm of reproach with which she would overwhelm the delinquents on the morrow. But ere long this exasperating consolation failed; others began to share in the angry lady's indignation; and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, and even poor innocent Mary became, almost equally with Mr. Porter, the objects of her displeasure.

In this mood she remained nearly the whole evening, replying to the affectionate speeches of Mary, the civilities of the Matthews', and the attentions of her husband, as shortly and snappishly as possible; so that Mr. Matthews (who for reasons best known to himself, was particularly anxious to stand well with his guest) and Mr. Johnson (who besides feeling thoroughly out of his element, and dissatisfied with the extravagance of his customer, was suffering from the misery attendant upon the wearing of a new pair of tight dress boots) heartily wished the festival over. But wishes and their accomplishment are generally far apart; and, notwithstanding the mortification of the host, and annoyance of his fellow sufferer, some weary time had yet to pass before either could be released from their thraldom.

At last poor Mrs Johnson (who had been too closely attended upon by her entertainers to allow her the opportunity of speaking a single word in private to her husband, and whose rage against him and every one was all the more furious, since she could not expend it in words) took advantage of a rush from the supper-room to seize her husband's arm, and draw him angrily towards the tent.

"What is the matter? What on earth has put you out to-night, Madge?" growled Mr. Johnson, as, almost panting with suppressed indignation, his wife stopped suddenly before a large mirror, which reflected their not very graceful figures from head to foot; "what with these confounded boots, and your snappishness, I'm almost savage.—Catch me coming to such fooleries as these again."

"*I* shall never ask you. Not that it would matter much if I did, seeing what attention you pay to my wishes," replied the lady, in an injured tone.

"Why, what the plague would you have? Don't I do everything on earth you wish, and what——"

"Do you? Look at that!"

"Look at what? I don't see anything to

look at, except two cross faces in a looking-glass."

"Oh, of course not! and nothing particular in the glass, I dare say?"

"No, except that it's very smart—too smart for a wise man's pocket, I should think."

"Well, really! But it is just what one might have expected, though it's very hurtful to one's feelings, for all that."

"What's hurtful, Madge? and what's just what might have been expected? If anything's wrong, why the deuce dont you speak out, and not keep on beating about the bush in this way? You've gone on enough to-night to make a man say what he should'nt."

"Have I?"

"Yes; but now do let's have an end of it, and speak straight out. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, if you don't think so."

"Very well; then there's no occasion to hear any more about it; there's been enough said about nothing, in all conscience."

"I dare say you think so," replied the angry lady; "but I don't suppose Mary will."

"Mary? Why what has Mary got to do with it?"

"Only that your friend, Mr. Matthews, has bought the looking-glass you promised her, and she has lost it—that's all."

"How do you know?—'tis n't likely.—Fifty-five pounds! The man would never be such an idiot!"

"Idiot? A very lucky one, I think. Why the shopman told me himself there was not such another glass in London; and to think of poor Mary losing it, all because you would'nt let me buy it at once? I declare I could cry with vexation."

"Don't you be an idiot, too, Mrs. Johnson, like this hand-over-head fellow here. If that glass is gone, there are plenty more as good to be had in London for the paying for. And if there are not, folks who haven't their pockets always running over with money must look for disappointments sometimes. Fifty-five pounds for a glass! muttered the old man to himself; "and the spoons and gimeracks at supper *plated!* The man's a fool! A 'dash' indeed—he shan't dash with my money though, after this account is closed, I can tell him."

Discontentedly enough, though from very different causes, the Johnsons left the gay scene; which, whatever it might have been to others, had been to them one of unmitigated annoyance and vexation; and Mr. Matthews, returning to the supper-room after handing Mrs. Johnson to her seat in the fly, uttered an exclamation of most heartfelt relief.

All the evening through the presence of the whole family had oppressed him like an incubus; and now that they were fairly gone, he breathed freely, as if relieved from an intolerable weight.

The next morning Robert Ingram, who had observed the night before that something was wrong with his papa and mama-in-law elect, but without, of course, having the faintest idea of what it was, called upon them to make all dutiful inquiries. By the gentleman he was received more briefly than courteously; for he and his wife had been tormenting each other all the morning with a most unamiable perseverance; and two or three hours' incessant recrimination seldom operates pacifically upon the blandest temper.

"And so you stayed after we came away, I suppose, muttered Mr. Johnson to his visitor. "You had n't had enough of the sham!"

"Oh there was some capital fun after you left, and some desperate mischief too. About a dozen fellows got speechifying in that card-room; and in the very thick of it, old Benson—you know 'Bachelor Ben', that rich old screw in Cornhill?—went in to fetch his nephew, who was kicking up a furious row, when, somehow or other, he pushed his way rather too authoritatively through the crowd, who, in return, gently turned him round and round like a tectotum, until, unluckily, he or they made one twist too many, and turned him through the looking-glass at the end of the room.

"No! What, through that spicy fifty-five pound glass!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson, now thoroughly restored to good humour by the news.

"Yes; and a thorough smash they made of it. It was a desperately provoking thing for Matthews, I must say; for I don't suppose

any of the men who helped in the row could afford to pay for the damage; and Benson made it pretty well understood that he wouldn't."

"Oh, but he must, surely," cried Mary.—"Mr. Matthews will make him, if he is mean enough not to offer to do so of his own accord."

"I don't think he will even if he could, which I am not quite so certain about."

"Why! Is he to be at the loss of other people's rioting?"

"I don't know, unless he's under any obligation to the old fellow; and a few words that were said in the clamour sounded very much like it. At any rate, Matthews was wonderfully careful to assure him how perfectly he exonerated him from all blame."

"Hum!" said the grocer suspiciously; "when you have done talking to the ladies, Ingram, I want a word with you in the counting-house."

Half an hour after, while passing the door of the sanctum, which happened to stand ajar, the sandal of Mrs. Johnson's shoe fell down; and, while retying it, she heard the following scraps of a conversation between her husband and his visitor.

"Well, that's all right; and now, perhaps, you won't mind telling me if Matthews took up his acceptance regularly?"

"No, not exactly. He paid the odd fifty, and talked over the Governor into renewing for the rest at six weeks."

There was a gloomy look upon Mr. Johnson's countenance the whole of that afternoon; and when, towards the evening, a messenger brought him a letter, which he read with every mark of displeasure, his wife was not surprised to hear from the foreman that his master was gone out on business, and that she was not to wait tea for him.

Glancing over the letter which thus cost Mr. Johnson his favourite meal, we read, as well as the jolting of the omnibus will allow, the following words:—

"My dear Sir,

"I regret to say that a sudden and most unexpected loss will prevent my taking up my bill to-morrow, as I had fully expected to do. I shall, however, be prepared to meet it in three weeks or a month. Will you, therefore, oblige me so far as either to hold it over for that time, or renew it in due form? With best compliments to the belles of last night, believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

"W. Matthews."

The writer of this very nonchalent epistle was out when his creditor arrived to answer it in person; but returned earlier than he had perhaps intended, since the first glimpse of that gentleman's countenance assured the debtor that the present was anything but one of Mr. Johnson's "soft moments."

For a long time the young man persisted in talking on matters unconnected with the subject of his letter, overpowering his visitor with inquiries and compliments; but at last, finding his creditor sullen and impracticable, he dashed boldly into the matter, saying, with an air of candour—

"I'm afraid you're very angry with me about this business, Johnson; though 'pon my life you can't be half so much annoyed as I am. But there's no foreseeing everything, you know. Yesterday I was as sure of meeting the bill as I am sure of being alive at this moment; and now to-day——"

"Well, and what to-day?" said Mr. Johnson coldly, seeing that he paused. "You know I told you when I received the bill that I never took up any man's acceptance; and I——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Matthews, hastily; "that's all right; I know that; but circumstances alter cases sometimes. And this affair last night—I suppose you heard of it? Infernally provoking—was it not?"

"What, the party?"

"Oh, no, no; not that, my dear Johnson. How could you think of such a thing? I was delighted to see my friends. Society is my delight—my existence."

"And a pretty expensive one you must find it, if you always exist at such a rate as you did yesterday.

"Yes; it does cost one something certainly; but then, besides the pleasure, there's the advantage to one's connexion. It's quite necessary, in these go-a-head times, to keep up appearances like one's neighbours."

"Hum! Well, every man to his taste. But keeping up appearances isn't mine. Yet this has not much to do with my business, I suppose; for as you're not a ready-money

customer, I find, I don't suppose yesterday touched your pocket much. That's a delight to come."

"Ha! ha! you're a wit, Johnson. But didn't you hear of the accident which happened after you and the steady-going folks took their departure?"

"What, the looking-glass smash!"

"Yes: a pretty thing wasn't it? A hundred-guinea mirror broken by a set of fellows that I can't ask to pay a farthing."

"A hundred guineas! Why it was but fifty-five three weeks ago; and dear enough I thought it then. But prices rise wonderfully sometimes."

"Fifty-five, was it? Well, perhaps so; all the better for me," replied Matthews, somewhat disconcerted by the speech, "though that's bad enough."

"Quite. Well, you must do without a glass for the future. Look enough at your face up stairs in the morning to last all day."

"Ha, ha, so I must, so I must. Indeed I do not think, all things considered, that I should have kept the mirror after all. It wasn't quite to my taste, handsome as it was. The frame was rather too wide; and I didn't altogether like that cupid at the top—rather out of proportion, I fancy—but it did very well for the occasion."

"Very. And as you don't mean to have another, I can't see what the breakage has to do with my bill."

"But it has—everything. I shall be obliged to pay for the glass to-morrow; for the man said he had a customer, and ——"

"A customer for your glass?"

"It wasn't exactly mine; at least I hadn't bought it out and out. I only hired it for the evening."

"Hired it! Why man, is this the way you spend your money? No wonder you can't meet your bills, and want 'em renewed. This is keeping up appearances, with a vengeance."

"But, my dear sir, you look at the matter in a wrong light. Everybody who lives in the world is compelled to do things in a certain way—to have recourse occasionally to such means of ——"

"Humbugging. Well, thank goodness! I don't live in the world. And as it don't seem to me that I shall get on very well with those who do, I think the sooner you and I close this bill affair the better. I paid your acceptance away more than a fortnight ago to Mr. Edward Benson, tea-broker, of Cornhill; and he will, of course, present it at Masterman's to-morrow. If they're obliged to answer, 'no effects,' you know the consequence. I'm sorry for it; but I can't help you."

And taking up his hat without further parley, Mr. Johnson walked out of the west end counting house.

Three months after there might have been seen in the *London Gazette*, amongst the bankrupts, the following lines:—"William Matthews, grocer and tea-dealer, South Audley Street," &c., &c.

On tracing back events to their source, it was easily found that the broken mirror, involving, as it did, the dishonouring of Mr. Johnson's bill, and consequent exposure of Matthews' affairs to the holder (a very large creditor), had been the active, if not actually the primary, cause of his ruin. His favorite maxim of "keeping up appearances" had cost him credit, business, and reputation.

The last time Matthews was heard of he was keeping a handy-store at the "Diggins;" and, judging from appearances, not thriving much better than in England.

ANNIE LIVINGSTONE.

Not far from the straggling village of Nethan Foot, in Clydesdale, stood, many years ago, a small cottage inhabited by a widow and her two daughters. Their poverty and misfortunes secured for them a certain degree of interest among their neighbours: but the peculiarities of the widow prevented much intercourse between the family and the inhabitants of the district.

In her youth "daft Jeanie," as she was style in the village, had been the belle of Nethan Foot; but by her coquetry and love of admiration, she had excited great jealousy among the girls of the country side; and her success in securing the handsomest lad in the place as her husband had not tended to

increase her popularity. Those days, however, had long passed away. A terrible calamity had befallen her; and one single night had deprived her at once of home and husband. A sudden flood, or "spate," of the river had inundated their cottage; and, in their endeavours to save the wreck of their furniture from destruction, her husband had lost his life, and her eldest daughter received such injuries as to leave her a helpless cripple for the rest of her days.

Jeanie, never very strong-minded, broke down completely under these accumulated misfortunes; and though her bodily health was restored after the fever which followed, she rose up from her sick-bed an idiot, or rather what is called in Scotland "daft"—that peculiar state of mind between idiocy and mania.

The charity of a neighboring proprietor gave her a cottage rent free, and the Nethan Foot people gave what help they could in furnishing it, but they were themselves too poor to do more, so that the whole support of her helpless mother and sister devolved on Annie Livingstone, the younger daughter, a handsome girl of fifteen years of age.

It is only by living among the peasantry of Scotland that we learn fully to appreciate the warm heart and heroic self-sacrifices which are often concealed under their calm exterior and apparent coldness of manner; and no one acquainted with her previous history could have guessed that Annie Livingstone, the blythest hay-maker, the best reaper, the hardest worker in the field or house, the most smiling, cheerful, and best conducted-girl in the valley of the Nethan, had home sorrows which fell to the lot of few in this world. Day after day she had to leave her bed-ridden sister alone and unattended to seek a scanty means of subsistence for the family in out-of-doors labour; while more than half of her hours of rest and refreshment were occupied in running down to the cottage to see that Marian required nothing, that her mother had remembered to make the porridge, or having done so, had given Marian her share instead of devouring it all herself. But a want of care of her helpless daughter was not the only thing Annie had to dread from "daft Jeanie." The peculiar temper and disposition of her girlhood subsisted still, and no longer kept in check by intellect, displayed themselves in a thousand vagaries, which rendered her the laughing-stock of the village, and caused bitter mortification to her daughters. Once or twice Annie had ventured to interfere with her mother's modes of proceeding; but instead of doing good by her endeavours, she not only brought upon herself reproaches, curses, even blows, but by exciting the revengeful cunning of madness, occasioned the perpetration of malicious tricks, which greatly added to her previous annoyances.

It was wonderful that in such circumstances the young girl contrived to keep her temper and good spirits; but she was well-principled and strong-minded, and, as she sometimes said when the neighbours pitied her for what she had to bear—"Eh, woman! but the back is made for the burden; and He that has seen fit to gie me heavy trials has gi'en me also a stout heart and braid shouthers to bear them. And better than all, He has given me my ain dear Mair'n to be a help in all my difficulties."

"A help, lassie? A hindrance you mean."

"No, woman, a help. Gude kens my spirit would fail me out and out if I had na Mair'n to keep me up—to read to me out of the Lord's book—for you ken I am no a great scollard mysel'—and to learn me bonnie psalms and hymns to sing when I am dowie (disheartened)."

The picture displayed by these simple words was a touching one; but much more touching was the reality of Annie's devotion to Marian. When her day's labour was over, she hurried back to her poverty-stricken home; and having swept out and dusted the kitchen, and set on the kettle for tea—an indulgence which she laboured hard to afford the invalid—she would creep up the ladder-like stair to the loft, which was her sister's sleeping chamber, and, wrapping her in an old shawl, would carry her carefully down stairs, place her in her own peculiar chair, and wait upon her with the tenderness of a sister and the watchfulness of a slave.

When tea was over, the open Bible was laid on the table; a splinter of the clear

cannel coal of the country, which the very poor of the district frequently use instead of candles, was set on the upper bar of the grate; and by its flickering light the two sisters would spend the evening together, the younger employed in darning and patching their well-worn garments, the elder in reading to her from the holy volume. Meanwhile "daft Jeanie" would wander in and out, backwards and forwards, sometimes amusing herself with playing spiteful tricks on Annie—to whom as years went by she seemed to take a strange antipathy—sometimes sitting cowered up on the hearth, maundering and moaning, and, in spite of their efforts to the contrary, producing the most depressing effect upon her daughters' spirits. At such times it was useless to try to induce her to go to bed; her natural perversity seemed to find pleasure in refusing to do so, till Annie, worn out by her day's work, was ready to fall asleep in her chair, and was yet unable to go to bed till she had seen her mother safely in her's.

In spite of these disadvantages, however, Annie grew up a handsome, cheerful girl, respected by all who knew her, and dearly loved by those who were intimate with her. But she had very few intimates. She had no leisure to waste in idle gossip; she could not spend an evening hour in rambling by the sparkling Nethan water, or by the banks of the stately Clyde; no one ever found her loitering in the hay-field after the sun went down; no one ever met her at a kirn (harvest-home) or other rural gaiety: and even on "Saturday at e'en" she would hurry home to Marian rather than join the group of merry lads and lassies gathered round the village well. Marian was her one engrossing thought—to be with her, was her greatest happiness; and no holiday pleasure could in her eyes equal the delight she felt when on a summer Sabbath afternoon, she carried her helpless charge in her arms to the top of Dykebutt's field, and let her look at the trees, the skies, and the rushing water, listen to the song of the lark as it fluttered in the blue ether above them, or to the mavis singing in the old apple tree that hung its branches so temptingly over the orchard wall.

But a time came when what had hitherto been Annie's greatest pleasure, was put in competition with one far greater; when the heart that had lavished so much affection on her crippled sister, and had stood steady in filial duty to a selfish and lunatic mother, was subjected to a trying ordeal.

One eventful year, when an early spring and intensely hot summer had caused the corn-fields of Blinkbonnie to ripen with such unheard of rapidity, that the Irish reapers had not yet made their appearance in the neighbourhood, it was announced throughout the vale of the Nethan, that if every man, woman, and child in the district, did not aid in getting in the harvest, half the crop would be lost. Now, as David Caldwell, the tenant of Blinkbonnie farm, was a great favourite in the neighbourhood, everybody who could handle a sickle responded to his appeal, and made quite a "ploy" (fête) of going to shear at Blinkbonnie. Marian Livingstone had been so great a sufferer that season, that Annie had given up farm-labour for "sewing-work," as she called embroidery, that she might be more at home with her sister, and secure a larger income; but sedentary employments were so repugnant to her naturally active habits, that she rejoiced at the necessity which forced her to join the reapers, for David Caldwell himself had asked her to come, and he and his family had been too steadily kind to Marian for her to refuse such a request, even had she wished it. But she did not wish it; and she was among the first of the reapers who appeared at the farm.

Blinkbonnie was, as its name suggests, a very pretty place. Situated on a slope of a gentle hill that faced the south, it was the earliest farm in that part of Clydesdale; and as the winding river bathed the foot of the hill, and the woods of Craignethan clothed the opposite bank, it was also a favourite resort of the young people of the neighbourhood, who found a drink of May Caldwell's buttermilk, or a bite of her peas-meal scones a very pleasant conclusion to their evening strolls. In short, Blinkbonnie was as popular a place as the Caldwells were popular people, and everybody did their utmost to get in the corn quickly. As we have said, Annie

Livingstone was a good hand at the "heûk," or sickle; it was therefore natural that the best "bandster," or binder of sheaves should be selected for the part of the field where she was; and much rural mirth and wit were shown in the endeavours of two very different people to secure this honourable title, and its attendant position. They were Alick Caldwell, the farmer's brother, a journeyman carpenter of Nethan Foot and Jamie Ross, the blacksmith, who had been friendly rivals all their lives, and were so in the present instance; but Annie was by general vote chosen umpire between them, and she gave judgement in Alick's favour.

In those days the Clydesdale lasses wore the old Scottish peasant dress of the short-gown and petticoat, one which is, we fear, almost exploded, but which was as becoming as it was convenient. In it many a girl, who would have looked commonplace in modern costume, appeared piquant, if not pretty; and to Anne Livingstone it was peculiarly suited. Her broad but sloping shoulders, and her rounded waist, showed to great advantage in the close-fitting short gown, whose clear pink colour, contrasting with the deep blue of the linsey-woolsey petticoat, gave a look of freshness and cleanliness to her whole appearance, which was enhanced by the spotless purity of her neckerchief, and the snowy whiteness of her throat, In short, with her well-knit figure, her rosy cheeks, her smoothly snooded hair, her dark eyes, and her "wee bit mouth sae sweet and bonnie," Annie was altogether a very comely lassie; and when she blushed and looked down as Alick thanked her for the judgment given in his favour, he thought her so very pretty, that he was strongly tempted to catch her in his arms and give her a hearty kiss,—a mode of expressing admiration, at which many girls in their primitive district might have been more flattered than annoyed; but there was something in Annie Livingstone's whole manner and conduct which made it impossible to take such a liberty with her.

Nevertheless, when the reapers returned home that night, Alick refused his brother's invitation to remain at Blinkbonnie; and he not only contrived to keep near Annie all the way home, but was waiting for her next morning at the end of Dykiebutt's field to escort her to the farm, and made himself quite agreeable to her on the way thither by promising to show her where she could find some wild flower roots, which Marian had long wished to have transplanted to their little garden.

"It is a pity, Annie, that you don't turn this kail-yard of yours to better account," Alick said that evening, when, on the plea of carrying the roots for her, he accompanied her down to the cottage; "it would grow potatoes and turnips as well as kail, and that would make a pleasant change for Marian."

Annie blushed.

"Maybe so," she said, ingenuously, "but I hae nae time for garden-work. I wish whiles that I had, for Mair'n is terrible fond of flowers."

The hint so unintentionally given was seized with avidity; and from that time forward many of Alick's leisure hours were devoted to Annie's garden, and not a Sunday passed over without a visit from him to "daft Jeanie's" cottage to bring a nosegay for Marian. Such considerations affected Annie very much; but Alick's weekly visits after a time gave her almost as much pain as pleasure. It was delightful, certainly, to see how happy they made Marian; and to herself, personally, they were in every way gratifying, she did so like to hear her sister and Alick talk together, to listen to their remarks on the books they had read, and the thoughts they had thought; and to feel that unlearned as she was, she could appreciate the intellectual gifts which both possessed, and which they had the power of giving forth so well; but she soon found that to her mother Alick's presence was very distasteful. So long as he was there she kept tolerably quiet—a stranger's presence generally has a certain control over persons afflicted as she was; but the moment he quitted the house, she indemnified herself for her enforced good behaviour by increased restlessness and ill temper; she abused Alick in no measured terms, ill-treated Annie worse than ever, and made Marian suffer in consequence.

And yet it was impossible to put an end to Alick's visits. If Annie told him not to come to the cottage, he said with a smile, "that he would not, if she forbade him, come ben the house; but he could not leave the garden uncared for, nor could he do without seeing her and Mair'n on Sabbaths in Dykiebutt's field. Mair'n would miss him if he did not come to see her, and bring her nosegay, and carry her down to the waterside, or to the bonnie firwood on the Lanark road; it was so dull for her, poor body, to spend ilka Sabbath in Dykiebutt's field. Besides, Mair'n liked him to come, whatever Annie did."

Poor Annie's heart beat fast.

"Oh, Alick!" she began; but suddenly recollecting herself, she stopped abruptly, and no persuasions could induce her to finish her sentence.

She felt intutively that it was not only to talk to Marian that Alick came so often. She was conscious that it was not Marian's eyes he sought when he spoke those beautiful words which caused her heart to glow, and which seemed to shed on earth, and tree, and sky, a glory they had never known till now. But she felt, also, that this ought not to be, that in her peculiar situation she was not entitled to encourage such attentions; and yet—and yet, alas! she could not be so unwomanly as to tell him plainly that she understood why he lavished so much kindness and time on her sister. No, she had nothing for it but to let things take their course and strive to guard her own heart against him. She no longer, therefore, interdicted his visits, but she took every opportunity that offered to leave him alone with Marian, and steal out, meanwhile, to the most sequestered spots near at hand, where she might commune with her own heart, and seek from Heaven the strength necessary to sacrifice her own hopes of happiness to the claims of duty, and the comfort of her helpless charge.

Thus time stole on, till one evening, on one of these lonely strolls, she chanced to meet some of her acquaintance walking along the road in the Craignethan direction. They greeted her heartily, and asked whether she would come with them to the preaching.

"The preaching!" she said. "What preaching?"

"Eh, lasssie, did you no' hear that Mr. Cameron, of Cambus, is to preach the night in the Campfield? He is a real grand preacher. You had best come."

Now this invitation was very tempting to Annie, for she could not afford time to go more than once a fortnight to church at Lanark, seven miles distant, and she liked nothing better than "a grand preacher;" while enough of the old imaginative Cameronian temperament remained in her to make an open-air service more agreeable in her eyes than that in a church.

"You see, Annie," her friends continued, "the day's preaching is a kind of trial, just to see if the folk care for good doctrine; and if they come, we hear tell that Mr. Cameron will preach there ilk other Sabbath. Sae, come awa, like a good lassie. Marian can well spare you for a time."

"Maybe she can spare me the day," Annie answered, "for Alick is down by yonder the now, sae she will no' be wearyin' for want of me. Just bide a minute till I see."

And away she flew to make the proposal to Marian. *She* gave her unqualified approbation to Annie's going; but a shadow passed over Alick's face, even while he volunteered a promise to remain with Marian during her sister's absence, and added with a laugh, which somehow had little mirth in it, that he had just been telling Marian that he thought he must set on the kettle himself the night if he was to get his tea with them, for Annie seemed to have forgotten them altogether.

"Oh, no, I'll sort the kettle," Annie said nervously; and she lifted it from the crook, and proceeded to fill it with water at the well; but Alick took it from her, saying at the same time, that "it would set her better if she gaed to her ain room, and made herself braw for the preaching."

The touch of bitterness in his tone as he said this brought the tears to Annie's eyes. He little guessed how willingly she would have given up the preaching, anything to spend an hour in his company, if *it had been right;* but she felt that it was not so for

either of their sakes; so she brushed away her tears, smoothed her glossy hair, put a silk handkerchief he had given her round her neck; and having seen that Marian had everything she required, and that her mother was quietly asleep in her chair, she hurried to join her friends.

It was a lovely September evening. The leaves were bright with the tints of early autumn; the apple-trees, for which Clydesdale is famous, laden with golden fruit, hung temptingly over the orchard walls; and the high road, passing through a gently undulating country, abounded in charming peeps of the ever-flowing Clyde, whose varied banks, sometimes rich in wood, sometimes hemmed in by massive rocks, and sometimes skirted by gently-sloping and extensive meadows, comprise some of the fairest river scenery in Scotland. Annie, however, walked forward with a heavy heart. What was it to her that the sky was bright, and the sun brilliant? that the soft fleecy clouds piled themselves up in fantastic forms round the horizon, and that all nature seemed happy and joyous? There was an oppression on her spirits she could not shake off—a feeling that some crisis of her fate was at hand which she had no power to avert, but whose consequences would take the life from her heart, the glory from her sun and sky. Alick had spoken to her as he had never done before, as if he thought that others might have more influence over her than he had, as if she could care for any one thing or person in comparison with him; and when she tried to fix her thoughts on the place to which she was going, and for what purpose, Alick's voice rang in her ear—Alick's sad, disappointed look haunted her memory; and she reached her destination long before she had regained her composure.

The Camplield was a small holme, washed by the Nethan Water, which, making a sudden whirl at that point, surrounded it on three sides, while the fourth was bounded by a wooded hill, which separated it from the ruined Castle of Craignethan. It was a tradition in the country that the spot had been a camp of the Covenanters in the days of Claverhouse, and that a band of the Royalists had been defeated there before the great battle of Bothwell Brigg. The people of the district still point out the path by which the Covenanters gained the hill that commanded Craignethan Castle; and allege that, for a time at least, the Royalist fortress was in their hands. At all events, the place is so connected in their minds with the days of the Covenant, that it is a favourite site for a field preaching; and nothing can be more picturesque than the scene it presents under such an aspect. The steep hill-side, the murmuring water, the soft thymy turf, the crowd of listeners, in every attitude of earnest attention, hanging on the eloquent words of the preacher, take one back to the old times when, in caves, and dells, and bleak moor-sides, the stern men of the Solemn League and Covenant listened to the truth at the risk of their own lives, and those of their nearest and dearest. Just such a preacher as might have led these warlike and determined men was Mr. Cameron of Cambus. He was old in years, with silver hair and wrinkled brow: but he had a clear penetrating eye, and that look of power, mingled with gentleness, that uncompromising love of right and truth which strike conviction to every heart, and rouse men's souls to do or die.

At any other time, Annie Livingstone would have listened to the preacher with a kindling eye and a glowing cheek, but to-day she sat there, pale and cold, struggling to quell the tempter that whispered to her to forsake her natural duties for the love of one who was becoming dearer to her than all the world besides. She fixed her eyes on the minister, she endeavoured to follow his words, but the prayer fell unheeded on her ear: and when the full swell of the psalm, preceding the sermon, rose into the air, her voice, generally the clearest and sweetest of the congregation, quivered, and was silent. But the music was not wholly without influence on her tortured heart; and when they resumed their places to give ear to the sermon, her spirit felt more attuned to the duties of the hour.

The text given out was this:—"No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." Annie started as the words were uttered:

and as she listened to the doctrines which Mr. Cameron deduced from them, she felt as if he must have known her inmost thoughts, so forcibly did he warn his hearers of the sin of forsaking the true and narrow path of duty to follow the devices of their own hearts, so powerfully did he press upon them the necessity of sacrificing all that was most dear to them, if it even threatened with the appointed course of life which God had traced out for them. Annie's heart beat painfully, for she knew too well that he spoke the truth. She felt that if she became Alick Cadwell's wife she could not then perform, as she now did, those filial and sisterly offices which had been hers from childhood, and which it would be mean and criminal to forsake. When she rose to receive the old minister's blessing, vowed, with a sad heart, but a stedfast spirit, that, come what would, she would abide by her duty. Poor girl! she little thought how near and severe a test was awaiting her.

"Annie," said a voice at her ear, as she turned to leave the Campfield; "did you no' ken that I was so near you?"

Alick need not have asked the question, for the sudden flush of the cheek, and the quick bright sparkle of the eye were enough to show her previous ignorance.

"Marian bade me follow you, lassie. She said she did not like the look of the sky, and would feel mair at ease if I convoyed you hame."

"Hout," said Annie hastily; "what makes Mari'n sae timoursome? The sky is like and bright, and even if it should be wet, what does a drop of rain signify?"

"I thought you would have liked me to come, Annie," was Alick's simple answer.

Annie turned away her head to conceal how much his sorrowful tone affected her.

"Ay, so I do," she said with assumed cheerfulness; "but I dinna like Marian being left alone, so we had best walk fast hame," and she quickened her pace. As they did so, a distant muttering of thunder was heard, and Annie added, "Marian was right, after all. It is wonderful how she guesses some things, Alick. She is like the birds and the beasts that get restless and uncomfortable before a storm, although there is not a sign of it in the heavens bigger than a man's hand."

"That one is bigger," Alick said, pointing to a mass of threatening cloud which was rapidly covering the sky; "and if you would take my advice, Annie, you would gang with me to Blinkbonnie, and bide there till the storm is past."

"No, no," she said nervously; "I maun gang hame to Marian, and my mother, puir body."

Alick remonstrated no further, but silently followed her, as she flew rather than ran in the direction of Nethan Foot. It was growing very dark, and the rest of the congregation, having no such call as Annie's to hurry homeward, had already taken shelter in the cottages near Campfield, advising her, as they did so, to follow their example.

"I cannot," she said; "I must get hame, 'deed I must;" and striking off from the high road, she hurried along the by-path by the Nethan Water. The evening grew darker and darker; it seemed as if the twilight had been forgotten, and the bright day had suddenly been merged in night. The thunder became every moment louder, and the lightning flashed through the trees with fearful brilliancy. The river roared along its banks, and as they approached the Nethan's confluence with the Clyde, even Annie's brave spirit trembled. She wondered whether they could cross the stepping-stones in such a flood, and in such darkness. But she had a strong will: she knew the stones to trust as well by night as by day; and besides, the storm had so lately begun, that the Nethan, she thought, could not have risen very much. So she hurried forward still faster, and her foot was already on the overhanging bank, when Alick drew her forcibly back.

"Are you mad, Annie," he cried, "to try the stepping-stones in such a spate?" (flood). And he threw his strong arms round her.

"Let me go, Alick! I must get home to Mari'n," she said, struggling to get free; and she might have succeeded in doing so, for she was nearly his equal in physical strength, had not a vivid flash lighted up the scene at the moment, and shown her the peril which awaited her. The generally calm Nethan Water was seething like a cauldron, and ca-

reering down to the Clyde with uncontrollable force. As if a thick curtain had been withdrawn by the flash, she saw sticks and stones whirl past by the raging and boiling waters. She saw the banks giving way before her eyes, and the trees that grew on them nodding to their fall. It was a glorious but terrific picture, as the whole bend of the river illumined by that fearful light shone for a single instant, then disappeared in the darkness. But short as that glance had been, it had showed her that had not Alick pulled her back, she must have been engulphed in the waters, and no mortal power could have brought her to shore alive. The imminence of the danger from which she had been saved overcame her with a sudden weakness; she trembled, her struggle ceased, her head dropped on Alick's shoulder, and she burst into tears.

"Annie," he said soothingly, "dinna' greet, for you see I couldna' let you drown yoursel' afore my een and no' try to save you;" and the stalwart arms that had lately so sturdily opposed her will, now folded her in a close embrace.

"Oh, Alick," she replied, with her usual simple truthfulness, "it's no' that gars me greet, but the thought that my wilfulness might hae cost your life as well as my ain."

He stooped down and pressed a first kiss on the brow that still rested on his shoulder.

"Annie, my own Annie!" he whispered; "what would life be to me wantin' you?"

"Dinna say that, Alick," she said hurriedly, and rousing herself from the momentary yielding to her softer feelings; "this is neither a time nor a place to think of such things. I maun gang hame to Mair'n."

It was impossible for Annie after that Sabbath adventure to conceal either from herself or Alick that they loved each other dearly; but no persuasions could induce her to consent to be his wife. In vain he represented that he should consider Marian's presence in her household as a blessing, and that he had been so long accustomed to her mother's ways that he should find no difficulty in accomodating himself to them. "It was true that Mrs. Livingstone was a little afraid of him, but that was so much the better, as it evidently kept her in check."

Annie shook her head.

"She knew better what her mother really was, and to what she would expose them both; and she loved Alick too dearly to inflict such annoyance upon him."

"Then could she not remain in her present home and have a lassie to wait on her?" Alick asked. He was well to do in the world; he could easily afford the expense, and that would make all straight.

But Annie was firm in resisting every temptation. On that same night when Alick had saved her life, she had knelt down by Marian's bed, and in her presence had vowed a vow to the Lord, that nothing should ever persuade her to yield to him in this matter. And she would not, she could not be forsworn.

"Well, well, Annie," Alick said, with a faint smile; a wilful wife maun ha'e her way. He that will to Couper maun to Couper; but if Annie Livingstone is no' to be my wife de'il tak' me if any other shall have me."

And he marched out of the cottage.

The tears sprung to Annie's eyes—they came there very often now—but she wiped them away, and said—

"Ay, ay, he thinks so the now; but men canna wait as women do, hoping and hoping when the heart is sick and the spirit faint. He will marry some day; and if it be for his happiness, I will be thankful."

Still it was very hard for her to be thankful, when, year by year, she saw him courted by the bonniest lasses of Clydesdale; or learned that Alick Caldwell had been the blythest singer at the Hogmenay (last night of the year) ball at Blinkbonnie, or that every one suspected that the fine valentine Ellen Lauder got on St. Valentine's day came from "bonnie Alick." At length the report of his engagement to Ellen became so prevalent, that even Marian believed it; and one fine day, when returning from Lanark, where she had been to carry home her "sewing work," Annie herself met Alick and Ellen walking together in the firwood. A pang went through her heart at this confirmation of all she had heard, and she was startled to find from it how little belief she had hitherto had in the truth of the story. Yet it was only natural

and right that it should be true. It was now three years since she had refused Alick, and very few men would have waited so long.

Thus thinking, she was a little surprised to see him come to the cottage as usual, and bring with him Marian's nosegay, and some numbers of a periodical, with which he had supplied her regularly since its commencement. But though he had not forgetten to be kind to Marian, Annie fancied that he looked less cheerful than he generally did; and, with the view of putting him at ease, she took courage to congratulate him on his marriage to Ellen, and to wish him every happiness.

He got up; and advancing straight to the place where she stood, he took her two hands in his, and said seriously—

"Annie, do you mean what you say? Do you really believe that I love, or, rather, that I mean to to marry Ellen, while you are still Annie Livingstone?"

The colour came and went into Annie's cheek, and her eyes fell under his steady glance; but she answered faintly—

"I did mean it Alick; and I think you would only do what is right and prudent if you married her."

"And you, Marian," he said, turning to the poor cripple. "What do you think?"

"That a man is the better of a wife," she said quietly, "and that you will never get Annie, you might just as well tak' Ellen."

Alick looked distressed, and muttered—

> "'For if you forsake me, Marian,
> I'll e'en tak' up wi Jean.'

That is what an auld sang of the Ewebucht says. I ken that," he added; but it is not my doctrine, Marian. I consider marriage in a higher and holier light; and if Annie refuses me, I must e'en rest as I am. So now you have my thoughts on the matter, and you must never again insult me by believing the nonsence of the Nethan-Foot chatterers."

And thus things went on, month after month, and year after year; and the only comfort poor Annie had in her life of trial was the conviction that she was doing her duty. As age advanced on daft Jeanie, she became more unmanageable; and all the exertions her daughter could make was scarcely sufficient to keep her eccentricities within bounds, and to support her and Marian. But Annie contrived it somehow; and not even Alick guessed the bitter struggles, the personal sacrifices, the weariness and the starvation she endured to keep her poor mother from the parish, and to provide for Marian the little luxuries which in her position were actual necessaries.

The end however, came at length, and when it was at least expected. "Daft Jeanie" took a fever and died, and Annie's toils were comparatively light thenceforward; but in one particular it seemed as if the release had come too late, for Alick weary of waiting as many years as Jacob served for Leah, had quitted Nethan-Foot a few months previously. Some said he had gone to Edinburgh, some said to London; but, at all events, he had disappeared entirely from the neigbourhood; and in those days of heavy postage, so little intercourse was kept up between distant friends, that even his brother at Blinkbonnie only wrote to him at long intervals. Thus it happened that nearly a whole year elapsed ere Alick learned "that daft Jeanie was gone at last, and a' the folk thought poor Annie had a good riddance of her; but nevertheless she looked mair ill and pale than she had ever done before."

The news caused Alick to hurry back to Nethan-Foot, and one beautiful spring afternoon he entered the home of his childhood. He had walked from Lanark; and, somewhat overcome by heat and fatigue, he paused under the shadow of the firwood to collect his thoughts ere he re-entered Annie's cottage. He looked down on the Clyde and its rolling waters, on the green grass fields, on the apple orchards white with blossom; and as he recalled the many trifling incidents which connected Annie with these familiar objects, he pictured how she would greet him now. Would not her eyes light up, as they used to do so long ago, when he chanced to come on her suddenly? her cheeks brighten, and her lips smile upon him? and would she not speak to him as she had spoken on that eventful night, in that sweet, touching, tearful voice that still

rung in his ear? The very thought of it made his heart bound within his breast, and caused him to quicken his pace as he took the path leading to the cottage. To his surprise he found several groups of people gathered round the door; and there was something in their strange way of looking at him, as he advanced, that sent a chill through his veins he scarce knew why.

"How is Annie?" he asked, abrubtly, of an acquaintance who stood in the door-way.

"Gang in yoursel' and see," was the enigmatical answer; her troubles are past, to my thinking."

What did the man mean? Alick had not the courage to ask the question in words; but, on entering the kitchen, he turned white and faint, as the mourning groups standing round seemed to give a dreadful confirmation to his fears.

"Annie, Annie!" he exclaimed, as he darted torward dowards the inner room. "I maun see my Annie ance again!"

He rudely thrust aside those who strove to prevent his entrance into the chamber where the corpse lay.

"She's there, Alick," they whispered; "but you mauna gang in—you mauna gang in."

Alick made no answer, but pushed open the half-closed door. On the rough kitchen table stood the open coffin; men and women were gathered around it; and the expression of deep grief that clouded their faces destroyed the last glimmer of hope that lingered in his breast, and for an instant he stood powerless. But the noise he had made on entering had caused the mourners to turn towards the door; and one of them, with a shrill cry, sprang towards him, and flung herself into his arms.

"Alick, dear Alick, are you come at last? She said you would come, and that none but Alick Caldwell should lay Marian Livingstone's head in the grave. And you are come? His name be praised!"

That night Annie Livingstone spent alone in her desolate cottage; but a little time afterwards she quitted Nethan-Foot as Alick Cadwell's wife; and her after-life gave proof that a good sister and dutiful daughter are sure to make a good wife and a good mother.

ZELINDA: OR THE CONVERTED ONE.

CHAPTER I.

A MILD evening air rose from the waves that wash the shores of Malaga, awakening the guitars of many merry musicians, who either whiled away a lonesome hour in the ships that lay at anchor in the harbour, or who chanced to be in some suburban villa with its beauteous gardens. Their melodies, vying with the tunes of the feathered songsters of the grove, seemed to greet the return of the evening's refreshing coolness, and were wafted, as it were, on the wings of the gentle zephyrs that breathed from ocean over the adjacent paradise. Some groups of soldiers reclining on the beach, and who intended to pass the night under the canopy of heaven, that they might be ready to embark at earliest dawn of day, forgot, through the charms of the pleasant evening, their former resolve to devote these last hours, which were to be spent on European soil, to the comfortable enjoyment of refreshing slumber. This purpose had, however, given way to jovial carousings; the scene assumed the appearance of a military mess; soldier songs were sung; flasks containing generous Xeres wine were opened and quickly emptied. whilst the air rang with the "Vivats" occasioned by drinking the health of the great military toast of the day, the Emperor Charles V., who at this moment was besieging that pirate's nest, Tunis—and whom these soldiers were destined to join as a reinforcement.

The merry troops were not all countrymen. Only two companies were Spaniards' the third consisted entirely of Germans; and doubtless many squabbles had arisen on account of the difference of customs and idiom. But now the common dangers of their approaching voyage and exploits, as also the pleasurable sensations produced by the mild southern evening, served to tighten the bond of fellowship among them in free undisturbed concord. The Germans tried to converse in the Castilian idiom, the Spaniards in German, nor did it occur to either the one or the other to ridicule the oddities of speech which now and then were heard in the community. They mutually assisted each other; considering only the pleasure of the companion addressed, and the speakers used the idiom most familiar to their respective hearers.

At some little distance from the boisterous group, a young German officer, Heimbert von Waldhausen by name, lay reclining under a cork-tree, gazing at the stars with fixed look,

and thus apparently quite estranged from that spirit of social hilarity which was wont to characterize him, and render him a favourite among his comrades. Don Fadrique Mendez, a brave young Spanish captain, and usually as grave and thoughtful as the other was cheerful and affable, solemnly accosted him in the following manner:—

"Pardon, me, senor, if I disturb your meditations. Since, however, I have frequently had the pleasure of witnessing your heroism and brotherly attachment in many an hour of need, I address myself to you in preference to any one else, for the purpose of requesting the assistance of your knightly services this evening, provided that this does not interfere with your own arrangements."

"Dear friend," replied Heimbert, "I will not conceal from you the fact that I have some important matters to transact ere sunrise, but till midnight I am disengaged, and entirely at your service."

"That suffices," said Fadrique; "for by midnight all the tones must be hushed, with which I intend to take leave of what is dearest to me in this my native place. But that you may be so acquainted with all the particulars as beseems a generous comrade, listen to me attentively for a few short minutes:—

"Some time before leaving Malaga for the purpose of joining myself to the standard of our great Emperor, in order to assist in spreading the glory of his arms throughout Italy, I, according to the custom of young knights, was in the service of a beautiful young lady of this town, called Lucilla. She had at that time barely arrived at the threshold which separates childhood from maidenhood; and whilst I, a mere boy, just capable of handling a sword, presented my homage in a friendly, boyish manner, it was received by my young mistress in a way equally friendly and childlike. I soon after took my departure for Italy, and, as you who have since then been my companion in arms well know, have been at some warm engagements, and travelled over many an enchanting corner of that delightful country. Amid all the shiftings and changes of my course, I always had the image of my mistress deeply imprinted on my memory, and never, for a moment, lost sight of the promises I made her at departure; though, to tell the honest truth, I was actuated by a feeling of honour, inasmuch as I had pledged my word, rather than by any very ardent or immoderate glow of feelings in my heart. On recently returning to my native town, after having wandered, Ulysses-like, through so many strange and various regions, I found my mistress married to a rich nobleman here. Love now yielded to maddening jealousy—this all but omnipotent child of Heaven, or of the infernal regions, spurred me on to track Lucilla in all her walks; from her home to church, from thence to the door of any of her friends, thence again to her home, or to a circle of ladies and knights—in short, as indefatigably as opportunity would possibly permit. When, however, I became convinced that no other young knight was in her train, and that she had devoted all the affections of her heart to the husband, not of her choice indeed, but that of her parents, I was perfectly satisfied, and would not have importuned you now, had not Lucilla whispered into my ear, the day before yesterday, imploring me not to provoke her lord, who was of a very irascible as well as bold temper; that although not the least danger could ensue to her, whom he fondly loved and honored, yet his rage would burst forth the more furiously on me. Thus you may easily perceive, noble brother, that I could not avoid proving my utter contempt of all personal danger, by following Lucilla's footsteps still more closely than before; and by serenading her each night under her lattice, until the morning star began to make ocean's waves his mirror. This very night, at the hour of twelve, Lucilla's husband journeys to Madrid, after which time I purpose entirely to avoid the street in which he lives; till then, however, I shall commence, as soon as dusk will decently permit, one incessant serenade of love romance before his house. Of course, I have my suspicions that not only he, but also Lucilla's brothers are prepared to give me a soldier-like reception, and therefore, senor, have thought fit to enlist your valiant sword in this brief adventure."

Heimbert now took the Spaniard cordially by the hand, and said:—"To prove to you, dear friend, how willingly I undertake to execute your wishes, I will exchange confidence for confidence, and relate to you an agreeable adventure that happened to *me* in this town, at the same time engaging the favour of your assistance in a little scheme after midnight. My tale is brief, and will not detain us longer than we otherwise should have to wait, till twilight

shall have set in with deeper and more lengthened shadows.

"On the day we entered this town, I took a fancy to promenade up and down the beautiful gardens which surround it. It is now long since I first set foot in these southern climes, but I am almost constrained to think that the dreams which nightly transport me to my northern Fatherland contribute greatly to render every body and everything that surround me here strange and astonishing. At least I know that every morning, on awaking, I am as much lost in amazement, as though I had just arrived. In such a mood I wandered, on that day, among the aloes, laurels, and rose-laurels. Suddenly I heard a scream, and a young lady, slender in figure and dressed in white, fell into my arms in a fainting fit, whilst her companions ran about in the greatest alarm and confusion. A soldier can generally recollect himself in a short space of time, and thus I immediately became aware that an enraged bull was pursuing the damsel. I lost not a moment in swinging the fair one over a hedge then in full bloom, vaulted over myself after her, when the animal, blind with fury, rushed past; nor did I ever learn anything respecting its fate, except that some young knights, in a neighbouring town, had been intending to practise with it, previous to the regular bull-fight, and that this had occasioned its unceremonious course through the gardens. We now stood quite alone, the lady still insensible in my arms, whom to behold was to me such an enchanting sight, that I never in my life felt at once so delighted, and yet so sad. At last I laid her gently on the ground, and sprinkled her angelic brow with water from an adjacent fount. I remembered, indeed, that under these circumstances the fresh breezes of the sky should gain admittance to the alabaster bosom and neck, but I could not venture on such a step in the case before me—being too entranced to look at her.

"She expressed her thanks in words both graceful and modest, and called me her knight, but I stood still like one enchanted, and could not utter a syllable, so that she must have almost taken me to be dumb. At last, however, I found words to address her, and from my heart proceeded a request that the lovely maiden would often deign to be found in this same garden; I told her that in a few weeks the service of the Emperor would oblige me to go into sultry Africa, and besought her to grant me the bliss of seeing her lovely features till then. Regarding me partly with smiles, partly with tenderness, she nodded assent. In compliance with the eagerness of my request, she has faithfully kept her promise, and appeared to me almost every day, though we have not exchanged very many words with each other; for, notwithstanding that she frequently came unattended, I could do nothing else than walk by her side in mute astonishment and ecstasies. At times she sang a song, and I also one. On informing her yesterday that our departure was nigh at hand, it seemed as though dew sparkled in her soft blue eyes. I too must have appeared quite overcome, for she said, as it were to console me—'Honest and unassuming soldier, I will trust thee as I would an angel. After midnight, ere to-morrow's dawn invites you to your journey, I permit you to take leave of me on this very spot. If you can obtain some faithful, discreet comrade to accompany you and prevent disturbance on the part of strangers, it will be all the better; as there may be many a tumultuous soldier traversing the streets on his return from a farewell banquet.' And now fortune has provided me with just such a comrade, and I go to the lovely maid with double pleasure."

"Would that your adventure were replete with peril," said Fadrique, "that I might be enabled, practically, to prove to you how much my life is at your service. But come, noble comrade, the time for my adventure has arrived."

And enveloping themselves in their capacious Spanish mantles, both young captains bent their steps hastily towards the town, Fadrique having meanwhile put a handsome guitar under his arm.

CHAPTER II.

The night-violets before Lucilla's window had already begun to breathe out a refreshing odor, when Fadrique, who leant against the corner of an old church-like edifice on the opposite side, which spread a huge shadow around, tuned his instrument. Heimbert had placed himself not far from his comrade behind a pillar, having a naked sword under his mantle, and looking about on every side with his bright blue eyes, resembling two watchful stars.

Fadrique sang:—

I.

In merry May upon the meadow,
Graceful stood a flow'ret bright:
White and ruddy—soft and slender,
'Twas my youthful eyes' delight.

Its praise I frequent sang the while,
It blossomed 'neath my secret smile.

II.

Far, since then, and wide I've wandered,
In dangerous and bloody ways;
My wanderings o'er, to home returning,
I sought my flower of early days.
No more it grew in open air.
Transplanted was my flow'ret fair.

III.

Surrounded by a golden railing,
I marked the bright, secluded spot:
Seemed thus to me the gardener saying—
"Admire the flower, but touch it not?"
The golden rails to him I grant,
Give me my flower—my flower I want.

IV.

Yet while around I'm wandering,
Sadly I touch my lyre's soft string:
And, as before, thy loveliness,
My flow'ret loved and lost, I sing—
The gardener can't deny me this,
Nor rob me of this secret bliss.

"We will see that, Senor," exclaimed a man, approaching Fadrique, unperceived, as he thought; who, however, having ascertained the stranger's proximity through a signal given by his vigilant companion, replied with the utmost coolness—

"If, Senor, you are desirous of having a lawsuit with my guitar, allow me to intimate that, on such occasions, my instrument is furnished with a steel tongue, which has already rendered some important legal services under similar circumstances. To which of the two, then, are you willing to address yourself at present—the guitar or the advocate?"

Whilst the stranger, somewhat puzzled, still maintained silence, Heimbert had made up to two muffled figures, who stood at a little distance, as though they were stationed there, with the view of intercepting his comrade's retreat, should he feel disposed to make his escape. "I presume, gentlemen," said Heimbert in a jocular manner, "that we are all here on the same errand, viz., to prevent any one disturbing the conversation of those two noblemen. As regards myself, at least, you may rest assured that whosoever manifests the slightest wish of interrupting them, receives my poignard in his heart. Take courage, then; I fancy we shall fulfil our trust nobly." The two figures hereupon bowed courteously, though with evident embarrassment, and were silent.

On the whole, the coolness which the two soldiers had evinced throughout the whole affair entirely disconcerted their three antagonists, who were at a loss how to commence the affray; all doubts upon the subject were, however, dismissed, when Fadrique, tuning his guitar anew, prepared to accompany his instrument with his voice, this mark of defiance and contempt, as though there were no danger, or even shadow of danger, at last had the effect of exasperating Lucilla's husband—for it was he who had taken his stand at Don Fadrique's side—to such a degree that, without any further delay, he drew his sword from its scabbard, and exclaimed in a voice almost stifled with rage—"Draw, or I will thrust you through the body in an instant."

"With all my heart," said Fadrique composedly; there is no necessity for you to threaten me thus; you might have spoken to me more civilly." Then carefully depositing his guitar in one of the niches of the edifice, he seized his sword with his right hand, saluted his opponent after the approved manner of fencing etiquette, and put himself on the defensive.

At first the two muffled figures, who, as the reader will probably have already conjectured, were no other than Lucilla's brothers, stood motionless at Heimbert's side, but when they saw Fadrique pressing upon their kinsman, their gestures were strongly indicative of a desire to interfere in the matter. Heimbert, noticing this, brandished his powerful weapon in the clear moonshine, and said—

"I beg, gentlemen, that I may not have to practice upon yourselves what I so lately alluded to! I trust that you will not compel me to take any steps; but, in the event of there being no alternative, I shall, without a doubt keep my word."

The two young men, on hearing this speech, stood motionless and perplexed by the mingled firmness and trusty fidelity of Heimbert's words.

Meanwhile, Don Fadrique, who though he pressed his opponent hard, had nevertheless been generous enough not to wound him, practised one of those skilful feats common to skilful swordsmen. Striking his antagonist's weapon out of his hand, he tossed it up in the air, and adroitly catching it again near the point, politely presented the handle to the other, with these words—

"Take it, Senor, and I hope that our affair of honour is now ended, as, under these circumstances, I may confess to you that my presence here, at this moment, is solely for the purpose of showing that I fear no sword in the world.—

The cathedral clock is striking twelve, and I give you my word of honour, as a knight and a soldier, that neither does Donna Lucilla, in the slightest degree, favour my suit, nor will I ever again, were I to remain a hundred years in Malaga, sing love ditties from this spot. Have no scruples to order your travelling carriage, and may God bless you."

Having taken leave of his discomfited opponent with grave and solemn courtesy, he went away. Heimbert followed him, having previously shaken hands in a friendly way with the two young strangers, and addressed them as follows:—"Oh! no, gentleman, let it never enter your head to interfere in an honourable duel; pray, remember that."

He soon made up to his companion, and walked at his side full of ardent expectation, and with so violent a palpitation of the heart that he could not utter a syllable. Don Fadrique Mendez likewise was silent; only when Heimbert stopped at a neat garden gate, and pointing to the heavily-laden orange branches, said, "This is the spot, dear comrade!" Only then did the Spaniard open his mouth, as in the act of asking a question; but he immediately seemed to have changed his purpose, and only replied—"Of course, according to our preconcerted arrangements, I shall stand sentry at the gate till dawn; I give you my word of honour for that."

Thereupon he began to march backwards and forwards before the gate, with his drawn sword like a sentinel, whilst Heimbert trembling all over, slipped into one of the walks partially obscured by the densely overhanging, fragrant foliage.

CHAPTER III.

He had not to seek long for the lovely constellation which he felt was destined to guide the course of his whole future life. A delicate figure, whom Heimbert soon recognized to be the object of his love, approached him at a little distance from the gate, in tears (as the full moon, just ascending in the heavens showed), and yet smiling with such tender grace that her tears resembled a festive ornament of pearls rather than a veil of sadness. Full of feelings of felicitous joy, as well as deep anguish, the two lovers walked in silence side by side along the blooming hedgerows; now, a stray branch rocked by the gentle evening breeze, brushed the lyre under the maiden's arm, producing a soft murmur which mingled sweetly with Philomela's notes; now, her taper fingers flew over its cords in seraphic flight. The shooting stars seemed to dart forward in unison with the flighty tones of the lyre. Oh! how replete with heavenly bliss was this walk to both the lovers; no impure feelings, no unhallowed desires, disturbed the current of their meditations.—They walked side by side, happy in the thought that heaven had willed their pleasure, and so little desirous were they of ought else but each other's company, that even the transitory nature of present delight receded into the background of their memory.

In the centre of this charming garden, a grass plot, decorated with well-chiselled statues of Parian marble, contained a fountain shedding its melodious jets around. At its edge, the lovers seated themselves, taking a refreshing gaze, now at the stars of heaven, reflected by the kindly moon in the calm blue waters, now regarding each other's features, glowing with healthful beauty.

The maiden fingered her guitar, whilst Heimbert, moved by emotions unintelligible to himself, sang as follows:

Maiden, tell, O tell me, name,
Reveal by what undying flame
This heart is scorched, till it can spare
Of life no longer any share:
Would'st thou be kind, then tell to me,
Maiden, if love has found out thee?

Suddenly he paused, and a blush, caused by fear that his boldness had given offence, overspread his face. The maiden also reddened, and, turning her face slightly from the instrument, accompanied it with her voice:

DONNA CLARA.

I.

Tell me, ye stars, bright shining,
Mirrored in the fountain's tide,
Who is the maiden sitting
And the youth its brink beside?
Needs the maiden tell her name?
Tells it me this blush of shame?

II.

The knight's name first discover,
Fair Castile, who on the day
Of thy most famous battle
Fought at Pavia.
Highest in the rolls of fame—
Heimbert is the hero's name.

III.

Conqueror in that proud battle,
And in hundred fights beside,
He sits now by the fountain,
Donna Clara at his side.
Now the hero knows her name,
Needs she feel the blush of shame?

"O, as to that Pavian affair," said Heimbert, blushing as deeply as before, but not from the same cause, "upon my word, Donna Clara, it was a mere trifle, a bit of preparatory exercise, nothing else; and, if I ever chanced to encounter peril or difficulty, I could never merit such joy as I now experience in your company. Ah! now I know your name, and may lisp it, lovely Clara! But do tell me who it was that mentioned my little adventures to you in so flattering a manner, and I will carry him in my arms henceforth."

"Does the noble Heimbert von Waldhausen imagine," replied Clara, "that the grandees of Spain send not their sons into the hottest part of the fight at Heimbert's side? You must have noticed them, senor, during some period of the engagement, and why may not some kinsman of mine have related your exploits to me?"

Meanwhile a small bell was heard sending forth its silvery voice from a neighbouring palace, and Clara whispered, "'Tis high time I must be gone. Adieu, my love!" And, with tears in her eyes, but a smile on her ruby lips, she curtsied to the young soldier, who almost fancied that a fragrant kiss breathed upon his mouth. On collecting his wandering senses, he saw that Donna Clara had disappeared; the vault of heaven was beginning to be tinged with beams faintly shed from the east, and Heimbert, with a world of proud feelings in his breast, returned to his expecting friend at the gate.

CHAPTER IV.

"A word with you," said Fadrique, sternly, to Heimbert, on coming out of the garden, and presented the point of his sword at his breast in a fencing attitude.

"You are mistaken, my dear comrade," said the German jestingly. "It is I, your friend, and not a meddling stranger, as you at first supposed."

"Think not, Count Heimbert von Waldhausen, that I mistake you for another," replied Fadrique. "But my word has now been kept, my sentinelship has expired, and I must request you, without further delay, to draw, and defend your life, whilst one drop of heart's warm blood circulates through our veins."

"By all the Saints," said Heimbert, with a deep drawn sigh, "I have frequently heard that in these southern lands there are sorcerers who confuse people's heads by magic words and enchanting spells, but I have never experienced it to be true, till this day. Recollect yourself, my good comrade, and accompany me back to the shore."

Fadrique smiled grimly at these words, and answered.

"Dismiss that idle conceit of yours, and learn what cause I have to challenge you thus to mortal combat. Know that the maiden who met you near the entrance of this *my* garden, is my own sister, Donna Clara Mendez. Hasten, then, to handle your weapon, and give me satisfaction."

"No, not for the world," said the German, without ever touching his sword: "you will be my kinsman, Fadrique, but not my murderer, and much less will I become yours."

"Fadrique's only reply was an impatient shake of the head, and an angry thrust at his comrade, who still stood immoveable, and said, "No, Fadrique, I cannot find it in my heart to harm thee; for, besides being the brother of *her* on whom my best affections are concentred, you are probably also the same who discoursed to her of my deeds, during the Italian campaign, in such honourable terms?"

"When I did so, I was a fool," muttered Fadrique, in accents dictated by passion. "But do you, cajoling, chicken-hearted coward, draw the sword."

Fadrique had scarcely uttered these words, when Heimbert, exclaiming, "Let who will bear it longer, I cannot," and foaming with rage, made his weapon leap out of its scabbard, and now both combatants thrust at each other like madmen.

The contest was of a far different character from that in which Fadrique had shortly before been engaged with Lucilla's lord. They were well matched; either young soldier was an able swordsman; boldly breast was opposed to breast; like rays of light both blades dashed against each other, now this, now that, making a passado quick as lightening, and as quickly parried sideways by the opponent. The left foot stood firmly rested in the ground, the right either advanced for a desperate thrust, or receded into a position of defence. From the circumspection and unrelenting spirit exhibited by both parties, it was not difficult to conjecture that one of the two would breathe his last under the overhanging branches of the orange-trees, which were now being gilded by the morning

dawn streaming in upon them; and such, doubtless, must have been the result, had not a cannon-shot from the port, echoing all around, suddenly broken the silence of approaching dawn.

The combatants, as though under the influence of a command common to both, stood still, and while they were listening for a repetition of the same sound, a second shot discharged its thunder. "It is the signal for departure, Senor," said Don Fadrique. "We are now in the Emperor's service, and all contentions that do not relate to the foes of Charles V. are hushed for a time."

"Certainly," answered Heimbert; "and I postpone my revenge for the insulting appellation you have applied to me, till the siege of Tunis is terminated."

"And I," added Fadrique, "consent to defer till then the vengeance of one who will not brook the heraldic glory of his family, transmitted with unsullied purity through a long line of noble ancestors, to be stained even by the semblance of dishonour."

"Willingly granted." And now the two soldiers hastened to the beach, ordered the embarkation of their troops, and when the sun overtopped the ocean, both were in the same bark, cutting the rippling surface of the main, far from Malaga's strand.

CHAPTER V.

The ships had to contend for some time with contrary winds, and when at last the Barbary coasts began to be visible, evening had so far usurped its black dominion over the watery waste, that no pilot, belonging to the little fleet, would venture to cast anchor in the shallow strand. In anxious expectation of the morning dawn, they cruised about on the waters, which had now become comparatively calm; during which time the troops, eager for the fight, crowded together impatiently on the decks, to take a view of the scene of their future exploits.

Ever and anon the heavy ordnance of both besiegers and besieged pealed deep notes of thunder from Fort Goleta; and as night spread her dark mantle thicker and thicker around, the lurid flames, bursting from some mighty conflagration, became more and more visible—the fiery course of the red-hot cannon balls, as they shot along in fantastic directions, grew more distinct—and their effects, as they dealt out death and destruction, more ghastly.

Now the Musslemans must have made a sally, for some smart firing, evidently proceeding from small guns, was heard amidst the roar of cannons, The fighting suddenly drew nearer to the trenches of the Christians, and the troops, who witnessed the whole affair from the decks of the ships, were uncertain whether the redoubts of the besiegers were in danger or not. At last the Turks were seen driven back into their fort, the Christians pursuing them, and a deafening cheer of victory resounded from the Spanish camp.—Goleta was stormed.

How the ship's crews, consisting of young, and yet experienced, soldiers, rejoiced at the sight of the animating scene, no one, whose pulse throbs higher at the sound of glory, need be told, and on all others description would be entirely lost. Heimbert and Fadrique stood near each other. "I do not know how it happens," said the latter, soliloquising, "but I feel as though I were destined to plant my victorious flag to-morrow on yonder heights, which are now illuminated by the purple glare of cannon-balls and conflagration."

"I feel so too," exclaimed Heimbert: then both maintained a sullen silence, and turned away from each other in ill-will.

The long-expected dawn had lit up the partial gloom of the surrounding scenery, the ships made for shore, the troops landed, and an officer was immediately despatched to the camp, in order to inform Field-Marshal the Duke of Alva of the arrival of the reinforcement: whilst the troops after having cleaned their arms, and drawn themselves up in military order, stood in all the pride of warlike accoutrement, awaiting their great leader. A cloud of dust advancing in the distance announced the return of the officer who had been despatched to give information of the landing of the troops; he arrived almost breathless, with the intelligence that the General was close at hand; and as the word "*Alva*" signifies "*dawn*" in the Castille idiom, the Spaniards huzzaed loudly at the coincidence, and regarded it as a favourable omen, for with the approach of the calvary, the first rays of the sun illumined the horizon.

The earnest figure of the General was now seen on a tall jet black Andalusian charger. After galloping once up and down before the troops, the mighty warrior reined up in the centre of the line, looked earnestly, but with

evident satisfaction, along rank and file, and at length said: "Soldiers, you stand in good order for muster; that is as it should be, and what Alva likes. Notwithstanding your youth, I see you are disciplined soldiers. We shall now proceed to muster, after which I shall conduct you to warm work."

He then dismounted, and, walking up to the right wing, put one squadron after another through various evolutions, always having the respective captain of each division at his side, and mentioning the most trifling incident to him. A few stray cannon balls from the fort occasionally whizzed over the troops as they were passing muster; then Alva would stand still, and cast a scrutinizing glance at the men; but when he saw that not one of them moved an eyelid, a contented smile hovered a moment around his severe, pallid countenance. When he had mustered the forces to his heart's desire, he remounted his steed, and galloping once more to the centre, said, as he stroked down his long curly beard with his right hand—"I congratulate you, soldiers, on your creditable appearance, wherefore you shall participate in the glorious day that even dawns upon our wholé Christian army. Soldiers, we attack Barbarossa! Need I say more to arouse your bravery? Do you not already hear the drums beat in the camp? Do you not see him defying the imperial forces? Then do your duty!"

"Long live Charles V.!" resounded from the ranks. Alva now beckoned the officers to approach him, and assigned to each his post. He generally mixed up German and Spanish squadrons, to spur on the emulation of the soldiers to the highest pitch of bravery. Thus it happened that Heimbert and Fadrique were ordered to one and the same spot, which they recognised to be the identical one they had seen on the previous evening enveloped in flames, and each individually had desired for himself.

Loud thundered the cannons, the drums beat, flags fluttered merrily in the breeze, "march!" burst simultaneously from the lips of either captain; the troops eagerly obeyed the order, and prepared for an assault.

CHAPTER VI.

Thrice Fadrique and Heimbert had advanced up the heights, almost as far as the mound of an intrenchment, and thrice they were forced back with their troops into the plain beneath, by the desperate stand which the Turks made. The Mussulmen yelled with savage joy after the retreating foe, made strange music by the clash of weapons, and, with insulting gibes invited another attempt to gain the heights, at the same time signifying their intention to mow down the bold aggressors with their scythe-like scimitars, and hurl huge missiles on them. The two captains, grinding their teeth with discomfitted passion, rallied their troops anew, who had been materially thinned by three unsuccessful onsets; while a murmur ran through the line, that an enchantress was fighting on the side of the Turks, and gaining them the victory.

Duke Alva arrived at the spot just at this critical moment; casting a look of astonishment at the breach that had been made, he exclaimed,—"What, the foe not routed here yet! I am amazed; for I had anticipated better things of you young men, and also from the soldiers under you!"

"Hark ye, hark ye!" said Fadrique and Heimbert, galloping at the head of their division. The troops cheered loudly and desired to be led against the enemy. So great was the ardour of all, that even the wounded and the dying summoned their failing strength to cry out, "On comrades, on!" Suddenly their mighty leader leapt down from his horse like a shot, snatched a partizan out of the stiff, cold hand of a prostrate soldier, and appearing at the head of both wings, said, "I will share your glory. In the name of Heaven and the Holy Virgin, forward, my fine fellows!"

The ascent of the hill was now vigorously made, the hearts of all beating with increased confidence, the field-cry rose to the skies triumphantly; several of the soldiers already began to exclaim, "Victoria! Victoria!" The Mussulmans staggered and fell back. Suddenly there appeared in the Turkish lines a maiden, resembling some indignant angel; she was covered with purple, gold-embroidered robes, and when the Moslems beheld her, though they were on the point of being defeated, shouts of "Allah, il Allah!" coupled with the name of "Zelinda! Zelinda!" rent the air.

The maiden drew from under her arm a small box, having opened and breathed into which, she hurled it at the Christians. Immediately a wild din issued forth from the destructive casket, and an immense number of rockets, grenades, and other messengers of death, sending

forth ruin and devastation, burst forth. The beseigers, taken wholly by surprise, for a moment ceased storming.

"Advance!" cried Alva. "Advance!" urged the two young officers, just as a flaming shaft clung to the Duke's hat, which was covered with feathers, and made such a hideous crackling noise that the general fell insensible to the ground. Both German and Spanish soldiers fled in dismay down the hill; the onset again proved fruitless. The Mussulmans shouted in triumphant derision, whilst in the midst of the fleeing soldiers, Zelinda's beauty sparkled like a malignant star.

Alva, on recovering his senses, found Heimbert stretched over him by way of protection; the young soldier's cloak, arm, and face were strongly marked by the flames which he had not only extinguished around his general's head, but had also kept off a huge mass of ignited matter proceeding from the same direction, by throwing himself extended on the body. The Duke was about to thank his youthful defender, when a party of soldiers made up to him in great haste, informing him that the Saracens were attacking the opposite wing. Without a moment's delay the great hero mounted the nearest charger, and galloped to the spot where the peril was most imminent.

Fadrique looked with glowing eyes up to the mound where the damsel, brandishing a two-pronged spear in the air with her snowy arm, now encouraged the Mussulmans in Arabic, and now mocked the Christians in Castilian. On seeing her in this attitude, the Spaniard exclaimed, "Oh, the senseless maiden! does she think to intimidate me, and yet exposes herself to the danger of being taken by me, a tempting booty?"

And as though magic wings had grown from out his shoulders, or as if he had been mounted on Pegasus of legendary lore, he began to ascend the heights with such incredible celerity, that even Alva's recent onset seemed a snail's pace in comparison. In a few moments he had gained the heights, seized hold of the maiden in his arms, after having wrested spear and shield from her, whilst Zelinda clung with all the agony of despair to a palisade. Her cries for assistance were vain, partly because the Turks were induced by Fadrique's wonderful success to believe that the damsel's magic power had become extinct, and partly because e trusty Heimbert, who had been a spectator of his comrade's bold achievement, now led on both squadrons to the charge, and thus diverted the attention of the Turks. This time the infuriated Mussulmans, paralysed by the joint influence of superstition and surprise, were totally unable to withstand the heroic onset of the Christians. The Spaniards and Germans assisted by successive reinforcements of those who had been in the plain below, completely routed the enemy. The Mahometans set up a hideous howl, whilst the stream of conquest flowed ever further and further, till at last the holy banner of the German Empire, and that of the regal house of Castile, fluttered in unison on the glorious battle-field before the ramparts of Tunis, amid the swelling chorus of "Victoria! Victoria!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CONSTANTINOPLE.

I shall ne'er forget the city, nor the throb of wild delight.
When the glorious dwellings of the East first burst upon my sight:
The tall and graceful minarets—the waving cypress trees,
The gay and glittering palaces of luxury and ease.

Upon the sparkling Bosphorus 'twas there I loved to glide
When evening's golden radiance shed its splendour on the tide;
Is there an earthly paradise from human cares released?
'Tis the city of the Sultan—the glory of the East!

I shall ne'er forget that city, though I've wandered far away,
Where over many a northern clime my lot has been to stray,
For like those bright and fairy realms that come in childhood's dreams,
The mem'ry of that golden shore, still sweetly, brightly, beams.

Oh! were I free to choose my home, 'tis there I'd ever be,
The North may boast its wilder charms—the glowing East for me!
With one loved form to share my lot, I'd deem my cares had ceased,
In the city of the Sultan!—the glory of the East!

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXIX.

[*Major, Doctor, and Laird.*]

DOCTOR.—I am glad to observe that J. G. Baldwin, the clever author of *Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi*, has made another contribution to the republic of letters. Have you read his last volume, Crabtree, intitled *Party Leaders:* Sketches of Thomas Jefferson, Alex. Hamilton, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John Randolph of Roanoke, &c.?

MAJOR.—I have dipped into the work, and am inclined to award it a fair amount of commendation. It is written with considerable vigour, and with as much modesty as could reasonably be looked for from a son of Uncle Sam, when dealing with

"The greatest nation
In all creation!"

LAIRD.—Wonders never *will* cease! Surely the lift maun be aboot to fa', when an auld fossil like you, that swears by the divine right o' kings, an' holds that Geordie Washington should have danced a hornpipe upon naething, can thus talk in reference to a book which speaks o' Dollardom as bein a shade less abominable than Gomorrah!

DOCTOR.—Shut up, will you, in the name of common humanity!

MAJOR.—Though, I grieve to say, a republican to the backbone, Mr. Baldwin does not believe that all political virtue is confined to the United States. It is true that he sometimes magnifies, after a preposterous fashion, the small modicum of statesmanship, worthy of the name, which the contiguous mobocracy has given birth to, but still he admits that the Cabinets of the Old World have produced some "pretty men," as John Highlandman hath it!

DOCTOR.—Is the work a mere cento of detached sketches?

MAJOR.—By no means. The author presents his readers with a lucid bird's-eye vidimus of the political annals of the "model republic," from the unnatural and unprovoked rebellion down to the present time. Without entering upon details, he furnishes us with the marrow and pith of the Chronicles of Dollardom during that period. As a prologue to what I may term the drama of the revolted colonies, it is very valuable.

DOCTOR.—Such praise, coming as it does from such a quarter, Mr. Baldwin may well be be proud of.

LAIRD.—It may be a' true what you say, neighbour, but like a cannie Scotsman, I dinna like to tak' onything for granted. As your specs are on your nose at ony rate, just read us a screed frae the production that we may judge for oorsells.

MAJOR.—Here is a passage descriptive of the feelings with which Randolph of Roanoke contemplated the most discreditable war declared by the United States against Great Britain in 1812:—

"Randolph did not desire war with England. He had no prejudices against England. He saw

and condemned her faults. He did not justify her conduct towards us. But he remembered that we were of the blood and bone of her children. He remembered that we spoke her language, and that we were connected with her by the strongest commercial ties and interests; that, though we had fought her through a long and bloody war, yet we had fought her by the light of her own principles; that her own great men had cheered us on in the fight; and that the body of the English nation were with us against a corrupt and venal ministry, when we took up arms against their and our tyrants. He remembered that from England we had inherited all the principles of liberty, which lie at the basis of our government—freedom of speech and of the press; the Habeas Corpus; trial by jury; representation *with* taxation; and the great body of our laws. He reverenced her for what she had done in the cause of human progress, and for the Protestant religion; for her achievements in arts and arms; for her lettered glory; for the light shed on the human mind by her master writers; for the blessings showered by her great philanthropists upon the world.

"He saw her in a new phase of character. Whatever was left of freedom in the old world, had taken shelter in that island, as man, during the deluge, in the ark.

"She opposed the only barrier now left to the sway of unlimited empire, by a despot, whom he detested as one of the most merciless and remorseless tyrants that ever scourged this planet. Deserted of all other men and nations, she was not dismayed. She did not even seek—such was the spirit of her prodigious pride—to avoid the issue. She defied it. She dared it—was eager—fevered—panting for it. She stood against the arch-conqueror's power, as her own sea-girt isle stands in the ocean—calm amidst the storm and the waves that blow and break harmlessly on the shore. She was largely indebted, but she poured out money like water. Her people were already heavily taxed, but she quadrupled the taxes, She taxed everything that supports or embellishes life, all the elements of nature, everything of human necessity or luxury, from the cradle to the coffin. The shock was about to come. The long guns of the cinque-ports were already loaded, and the matches blazing, to open upon the expectant enemy, as he descended upon her coasts. We came as a new enemy into the field. It was natural to expect her, in the face of the old foe, thought by so many to be himself an over-match for her, to hasten to make terms with us, rather than have another enemy upon her. No! She refused, in the agony and stress of danger, to do what she refused in other times. She turned to us the same look of resolute and imperturbable defiance—with some touch of friendly reluctance in it, it may be—which she had turned to her ancient foe. As she stood in her armour, glittering like a war-god, beneath the lion-banner, under which we had fought with her at the Long Meadows, at Fort Du Quesne, and on the Heights of Abraham, Randolph could not—for his soul, he could not find it in his heart to strike her then."

LAIRD.—Eh, man, but that's fine! If ye ever hae occasion, Crabtree, to write to Maister Baldwin, be sure to say that should he ever visit Canada, I'll tak' it unkind if he doesna' mak' my bit shanty at Bonnie Braes his head quarters!

MAJOR.—Permit me to give you one quotation more. It has referenee to the unswerving constancy with which Randolph adhered to the text which regulated his political curriculum:

"He preached State-Rights, as if his life had been consecrated to the ministry of those doctrines. Whenever he spoke—whatever he wrote—wherever he went—*State-Rights, State-Rights*—STATE-RIGHTS were the exhaustless themes of his discourse. Like Xavier, with his bell ringing before him, as he walked amidst strange cities, addressing the startled attention of the wayfarers, with the messages of salvation, and denouncing the coming wrath; Randolph came among men, the untiring apostle of his creed, ever raising his shrill voice, "against the alarming encroachments of the Federal Government."

"Nor was he without his reward. The distinctive doctrines of his school, in their fundamental and primitive purity, were well-nigh lost, after the era of the fusion of parties in Monroe's, if not, indeed, under the "silken Mansfieldism" of Madison's administration. The old knights and cavaliers of the South were living, indeed, but were torpid; like—as we have somewhere seen it quoted—the knightly horsemen, in the ENCHANTED CAVE, seated on their steeds with lances in rest and warlike port, but rider and horse spell-bound and senseless as marble, until the magician blew his horn, when, at the first blast, they quickened into life, and sprang forth again to deeds of chivalrous emprize; so Randolph's clarion tones waked the leaders of his party to battle for the cause of their order.

"But suppose he had no reward? Suppose all this labour and all this life were poured, like water, in the sand? Suppose he had followed, always, a losing banner? What then? Are we wasting ink and paper in recording the annals of such a warfare—the story of such a man? Are martyrs so common—is heroic constancy so frequent, and devotion to principle and love of truth such vulgar things, in this our age of political purity and sainted statesmanship, that a man, consecrating the noblest faculties to the service of his country, and following no meaner lights than the judgment and conscience God gave him, to guide his steps through a long road of trial and temptation, is unworthy of being held up for admiration and reverence?"

LAIRD.—That puts me in mind of the perti-

nacity wi' which my respected uncle, Gavin Glendinning o' Melrose, stuck to his pig-tail, or tie. "Na, Doctor!" quoth Gavin to the minister, wha was advising him to amputate the appendage. "Na, Doctor, it will gang wi' me to the kirk-yard! The savoury Ralph Erskine had a tie whilk reached half way doon to his latter end, and I canna' gang far wrang in following sic an orthodox example. When ye preach me as sappy and unctuous a sermon as the wershest o' Ralph's, I'll divorce my tail, but no' till then!"

DOCTOR.—Did the divorce ever take place?

LAIRD.—If ye had ever heard the then mess John o' Melrose hold forth, ye never would hae speered sic a needless question! My honest uncle died as he had lived, leaving strict injunctions in his will that the tie was to accompany him to the grave!

DOCTOR.—Let it repose in the coffin where it found a sanctuary!

LAIRD.—No' sae fast, auld Paregoric! The pig-tail never obtained permission into that grim ark! When the corpse was ganging to be kisted, it was discovered that the tie was sae stiff, that it couldna' be doubled up. Accordingly, Samuel Shavings, the undertaker, had to bore a hole in the head o' the coffin, through which the affair projected like a ratton's fud! Weel do I mind the graceless cheers o' the reprobate schuil laddies, at the sight o' the familiar pendulosity wag-wagging frae below the mort-cloth!

DOCTOR.—If a' tales be true, that is no lie!

LAIRD.—Confound the vagabond! Does he mean to insinuate that a ruling elder could tell a lee!

DOCTOR.—Why, if Robert Burns is to be credited, personages of an ecclesiastical status, even more exalted, may be guilty of such a backsliding! Have you forgotten the pungent lines in "Death and Dr. Hornbook?"—

> "Even ministers, they hae been kenn'd
> In holy rapture,
> Arousing whid, at times, to vend,
> And nail't wi' Scripture!"

MAJOR.—Somewhat too much of this! I hereby throw down the baton, and proclaim this unprofitable duello at an end. Shut up, Sangrado! Not another word out of your head, Bonnie Braes, or the can of turtle soup which Mr. Leask sent this afternoon shall remain unbroached!

LAIRD.—But only consider the provocation! What will the Session say if they hear that I've been accused o' lubricity, and the charge backed by Robert Burns?

MAJOR.—Peace, or look out for a Lenten vigil!

DOCTOR.—Not for many a long day have I read any book with such appetite as the one "captioned" (as they say in Hamilton) *Captain Canot:* or Twenty Years of an African Slaver.

MAJOR.—My impression, founded upon some partial newspaper extracts, was, that it was a trifle long-winded and common-place-ish.

DOCTOR.—Never were you more thoroughly off your eggs, than when you jumped to such a conclusion! The Captain, in spite of his grewsome trade, is a veritable brick—a veritable *soup of a juvenile*, as the Paddyism "broth of a boy," is translated at the Normal School! I do not use the language of exaggeration when I affirm that his journal is as entertaining and graphic as the fictions of Dan. Defoe!

LAIRD.—That's a big word!

DOCTOR.—Yes, but it is a true word! Canot possesses the rare faculty of making you see objects with his eyes. You become, *nolens volens*, an actor in the scenes which he describes, and a *particeps criminis* in his huxtories of human flesh! With all my ante-slavery predilections, I had become an enthusiastic dealer in animated ebony, before I had half-finished the volume!

MAJOR.—Does the writer not draw drafts upon the bank of fancy?

DOCTOR.—There is abundance of evidence, both internal and external, to refute such a supposition. You instinctively feel that the man is telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I am as thoroughly convinced, as I am of my own identity, that he gives, in the words of the preface, "a true picture of aboriginal Africa, unstirred by progress, unmodified by reflected civilization, full of the barbarism that blood and tradition have handed down from the beginning, and embalmed in its prejudices, like the corpses of Egypt."

MAJOR,—Had the Captain any *brushes* with our cruisers in the course of his transactions?

DOCTOR.—Several. On one occasion, when sailing under the Portuguese flag, which, as he had no title to use it, constituted him a pirate in the eye of law, he fought with an English corvette. He was captured, after a dashing action, and as the sequel of the adventure furnishes a pleasing illustration of the good-heartedness of our blue-jackets, I shall quote it:—

"I was summoned to the cabin, where numer-

ous questions were put all of which I answered frankly and *truly*. Thirteen of my crew were slain, and nearly all the rest wounded. My papers were next inspected, and found to be Spanish. "How was it, then," exclaimed the commander, "that you fought under the Portuguese flag?"

Here was the question I always expected, and for which I had in vain taxed with my wit and ingenuity to supply a reasonable excuse! I had nothing to say for the daring violation of nationality; so I resolved to tell the truth boldly about my dispute with the Dane, and my desire to deceive him early in the day, but I cautiously omitted the adroitness with which I had deprived him of his darkies. I confessed that I forgot the flag when I found that I had a different foe from the Dane to contend with, and I flattered myself with the hope that, had I repulsed the first unaided onset, I would have been able to escape with the usual seabreeze.

The captain looked at me in silence a while, and, in a sorrowful voice, asked if I was aware that my defence under the Portugese ensign, no matter what tempted its use, could only be construed as an act of *piracy!*

A change of colour, an earnest gaze at the floor, compressed lips and clenched teeth, were my only replies.

This painful scrutiny took place before the surgeon, whose looks and expressions strongly denoted his cordial sympathy with my situation. "Yes," said Captain * * * *, "it is a pity for a sailor who fights as bravely as you have done, in defence of what he considers his property, to be condemned for a combination of mistakes and forgetfulness. However, let us not hasten matters; you are hungry and want rest, and, though we are navy-men, and on the coast of Africa, we are not savages." I was then directed to remain where I was till further orders, while my servant came below with an abundant supply of provisions. The captain went on deck, but the doctor remained. Presently, I saw the surgeon and the commander's steward busy over a basket of biscuits, meat and bottles, to the handle of which a cord several yards in length, was carefully knotted. After this was arranged, the doctor called for a lamp, and unrolling a chart, asked whether I knew the position of the vessel. I replied affirmatively, and, at his request, measured the distance, and noted the course to the nearest land, which was Cape Verga, about thirty-seven miles off.

"Now, Don Teodore, if I were in your place, with the prospect of a noose and tight-rope dancing before me, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that I would make an attempt to know what Cape Verga is made of before twenty-four hours were over my head! And see, my good fellow, how Providence, accident, or fortune favours you! First of all, your own boat *happens* to be towing astern beneath these very cabin windows; secondly, a basket of provisions, water and brandy, stands packed on the transom, almost ready to slip into the boat by itself; next, your boy is in the neighbourhood to help you with the skiff; and, finally, it is pitch dark, perfectly calm, and there isn't a sentry to be seen aft the cabin door. Now, good night, my clever fighter, and let me never have the happiness of seeing your face again!"

As he said this, he rose, shaking my hand with the hearty grasp of a sailor, and, as he passed my servant, slipped something into his pocket, which proved to be a couple of sovereigns. Meanwhile, the steward appeared with blankets, which he spread on the locker; and, blowing out the lamp, went on deck with a "good night."

It was very still, and unusually dark. There was dead silence in the corvette. Presently, I crawled softly to the stern window, and lying flat on my stomach over the transom, peered out into night. There, in reality, was my boat towing astern by a slack line! As I gazed, some one on deck above me drew in the rope with softest motion, until the skiff lay close under the windows. Patiently, slowly, cautiously,—fearing the sound of his fall, and dreading almost the rush of my breath in the profound silence,—I lowered my boy into the boat. The basket followed. The negro fastened the boathook to the cabin window, and on this, lame as I was, I followed the basket. Fortunately, not a plash, a crack, or a footfall disturbed the silence. I looked aloft, and no one was visible on the quarter-deck. A slight jerk brought the boat-rope softly into the water, and I drifted away into the darkness.

LAIRD.—What kind o' a production is this, that bears the new-fangled, jaw-breaking name o' *Periscopics?* Is it onything anent the Peris, that Tummas Moore maks sic a sang aboot?

MAJOR.—Not at all. The volume is a mere collection of odds and ends which have appeared in sundry Yankee magazines and newspapers.

LAIRD.—Were the aforesaid odds and ends worthy o' republication?

MAJOR.—So far as two-thirds thereof are concerned, I should emphatically say—no! The author, William Elder, appears to be one of those writing machines, who are at all times ready to grapple with every subject, to order, from Parr's Pills up to the philosophy of Kant. Under an editor who could judiciously use the scissors, he might make a useful penny-a-liner, but further this deponent sayeth not! He enunciates stale platitudes with all the apparent profundity of a seraphic doctor; and every now and then shows his originality by differing point blank from his fellow mortals!

LAIRD.—Are ye no a fraction overly snell on puir William?

MAJOR.—Judge from the following snatch of an essay upon our great English epic—

"In our apprehension Milton's Paradise Lost is a very bad novel—a book, whose mischief in theology, moral tone, and general influence, are not atoned for even by its poetry!"

LAIRD,—Hoot awa' wi' the clatty land louper! Let my freend and benefactress, Jenny, hae his tinkler-tongued trash, in order to sing geese wi'! If I kenned whaur the Toronto hangman puts up, I would gie him a groat, in order to burn the abomination at the common place o' execution.

DOCTOR.—You perceive, Laird, that an *Elder* can write heresy as well as a meaner mortal!

LAIRD.—None o' your impudence, ye railing Rab-shakeh! Oh, I wish I had ye before the Kirk Session for half an hour! Foul fa' me, if I wadna' gie ye a face red as a pickled beet!

MAJOR.—By the way, Bonnie Braes, in case I forget it, let me give you this volume for my friend, the fair and chaste Grizelda.

LAIRD.—That's oor Girzy, I suppose! Hech, sirs, but she's getting up in the world! What ca' ye the piece?

MAJOR.—*Donna Blanca of Navarre:* an Historical Romance, by Don Francisco Navarro Villoslada.

LAIRD.—It will be a translation, I'm thinking.

MAJOR.—You are right. It is an English version of a story which has acquired no small degree of popularity in Spain.

LAIRD.—But what makes ye sae keen for Girzy, puir woman, to get it?

MAJOR.—Because it is just the thing for a romantic maiden's perusal. *Donna Blanca* is a tale of the genuine old school, full of love-making, and mysteries, and murders, and what not, as an egg is of meat.

LAIRD.—Is it clever?

MAJOR.—Decidedly so. The author is impregnated to the back-bone with the concentrated essence of story telling. On he goes from one adventure to another, without stopping to moralize, or do the sentimental, and crams as much material into a chapter as would serve the majority of modern fiction manufacturers for a full-grown volume!

DOCTOR.—Are you serious in your commendations? On cursorily turning over the pages of Don Villoslada's engenderation, it struck me that it belonged to the justly exploded Minerva Press school of literature!

MAJOR.—"Clean wrang," as Bailie Nicol Jarvie says. It is a pear of a widely different tree. The Don's ladies are composed of veritable flesh and blood, and his knights are regular bone-breakers and blood-tappers! One of them would put to flight a baker's dozen of Miss Porter's wishy-washy heroes, who indulge in bear's grease, and cannot make a campaign without a supply of medicated shaving soap and pearl tooth powder!

LAIRD.—Weel, mony kind thanks to you for the buik; but, man, I wish sairly that Girzy would tak' to some profitable course o' reading! She kens as little aboot history as she does aboot the pattern o' Cleopatra's night-sark!

MAJOR.—Why, for that matter, your sister will receive from the perusal of *Donna Blanca* a considerable inkling of the manners and customs, and the intestine feuds of Spain during the fifteenth century.

LAIRD.—That's aye some consolation! Better for a bairn to eat it's way to learning through a ginger-bread alphabet, than to grow up ignorant o' the A, B, C!

DOCTOR.—So it seems, Laird, you have been seeing Dugald Macallister, the far-famed wizard of Saint Mungo?

LAIRD.—Confound me if Toronto is not the very El Dorado o' gossip! I verily believe that if the Laird blew his nose at the Lunatic Asylum twa minutes afore twull, the transaction would be reported at St Lawrence Ha', ere the knock had heralded the birth o' noon! Wha informed you o' my visit to Dugald?

DOCTOR.—Our mutual friend the Bachelor of Music. He sat behind you in the same box.

MAJOR.—And how did you enjoy the necromancer's performances?

LAIRD.—No' weel at a'.

MAJOR.—Indeed! Why, I understood that he was a clever, nimble-fingered mountebank!

LAIRD.—He was o' that, and yet I was choused and cheated oot o' every particle o' pleasure, which I might hae derived from his cantrips, in consequence o' my having the misfortune to be seated next to a diabolically *practical* man!

DOCTOR.—Pray explain yourself!

LAIRD.—The vagabond (I canna ca' him onything else) to whom I refer was a prim, stuck-up, black-a-viced-looking customer, sporting black claes and a white neck-cloth, stiff as a sheet o' tin iron. Frae the style o' his conversation, I jaloused that he was a Professor o' Moral, Natural, and Political Philosophy in some o' the ten thousand and ten Universities o' Dollardom, wha confer degrees upon young

hizzies fonder o' opening the mysteries o' *Lock* than frying *Bacon!* Be that as it may, my gentleman did naething but lecture during the entire evening to a miserable, pipe-clay complexioned stripling, his son, or aiblins his pupil, that he had under his care. If the laddy took oot a biscuit to eat, the Professor made him tell the process o' baking; and if he sooked an oranger, he was catechized touching the geography o' the lands where the fruit grew.

MAJOR.—But what had all that to do with Macallister?

LAIRD.—Ye shall hear! Nae sooner had the screen been drawn up, than the Professor took care to inculcate upon his ward that everything on the stage was tinsel and flummery. The yellow cups were nae gold, ony mair than the white kists were silver! Thinks I to mysel—"puir chap, ye may be the *wiser* for this knowledge, but I doot muckle whether ye are *happier!*" Weel, sirs, the magician waved his wand, and gabbled over his hocus-pocus paternoster, and changed gloves into doos, and watches into pancakes, and if I had been onywhere except where I was I would have enjoyed the sport amazingly. But the infamous Professor, whenever a trick was commenced, began to tell his disciple hoo it was done, and thus clean destroyed its interest! For instance, when the big kail pot was hun' up fu' o water, my tormentor explained that the rods from which it was suspended were hollow tubes, through which the liquid was pumped oot behind the scenes! Of course, wi' this knowledge it was nae wonder to me when Dugald took doon the pot and showed that it was as dry as his loof! I couldna' cheer and ruff wi' the laive o' the congregation! I was far too *enlightened* for that!

MAJOR.—Verily you were to be pitied!

LAIRD.—Again, when the Warlock took a cage fu' o' canaries oot o' a portfolio, the utilitarian snob indoctrinated his charge with the fact, that the aforesaid cage could be compressed and expanded at pleasure, and that the birds were in the bosom of the performer till within a second o' their occupancy o' the cage! This explanation was, questionless, correct, but it made the feat wersh as parritch withoot saut!

DOCTOR.—Had I been in your position I should have pitched the miscreant neck and crop into the pit!

MAJOR.—I would have seconded the motion, having, however, previously recited in the scoundrel's hearing old Sam Butler's couplet—

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
In being cheated as to cheat!"

LAIRD.—I am sorry I didna' tramp on the rascal's taes, at ony rate! Oh, the caulkers in my boots would hae made him squeel, as loud as Mahoun did, when Saint Dunstan grippit his neb wi' the red-hot tangs!

MAJOR.—It striketh me that this most preposterous Professor is a type of but too many of our modern educationists, whose leading aim and object seems to be, to convert children into premature philosophers!

LAIRD.—Ye are no' far wrang there, Crabtree.

MAJOR.—You are constantly meeting now-a-days with walking encyclopedias, not exceeding three feet in altitude, who will patter off screeds of mechanics and mathematics by the hour, on the slightest provocation! I cannot help opining that if these precocious gentry were confined to such homely commons as Jack the Giant Killer and Blue Beard, their brains would be all the sounder for it in mature age!

DOCTOR.—In the name of Jupiter Gammon, utter no such heresies in the vicinity of the Normal School, or you will be stoned to death by male and female baby-grinders!

MAJOR.—Well, to change the subject back again to literature, I have received the two last numbers of the Edinburgh edition of "Chambers' Journal," which I mentioned on a former occasion to be far superior to the American editions in every respect.

DOCTOR.—I have a great liking for clean, nice editions of books. I think that the pleasure of reading them is greater, and it is a satisfaction to feel that after you have read your volume you can place it on your shelves as worthy of preservation.

MAJOR.—It is one of the faults of the publishers of the day to issue their works for the reader of the hour. Their books, generally, will not bear a second reading, no matter how good the contents thereof may be.

DOCTOR.—Say rather that it a fault forced on the publishers by the readers themselves. The public now read to pass away the time. There is no demand, now, for the substantial tome got up in the olden style. However, here is Mrs. Grundy come to announce supper; but I hope to have a chat with you at another time on the causes of this change in public taste. Come, Laird, to supper, and put away your newspaper; the fall of Sebastopol will keep. England and France have it now in their possession.

MECHANICAL CONVEYANCE OF MANURE.

Manure is as necessary to successful farming as the engine to a steamship, or as fuel to a locomotive; and the amount of discussion on the economy of saving the materials and manufacture of manures, shows that their importance is well understood by intelligent cultivators. There is one part of their management and application, however, that seems in a great measure to have been overlooked, or at least underrated, and this is the saving of *mechanical labor* in its conveyance, while preparing and applying it.

Drawing manure is one of the heaviest and most costly of farm operations. The farmer who draws twenty loads of wheat, or thirty tons of hay, laborious as this may seem, performs but a small task in comparison with what he should yearly accomplish in the conveyance of manure; for every farm of one hundred acres will yield at least two hundred loads of the best manure if properly managed, and some may be made to double this amount. Hence it is no wonder that we often see huge piles of this life-element of farming, wasting in barn-yards through the summer unapplied.

But the farmer who makes manure in the ordinary imperfect manner, that is, by merely casting out into his yard the cleanings of stables mixed with the litter, added to the droppings of the cattle running at large, obtains but a small quantity in comparison with the skilful manager, who saves every thing by a large admixture of absorbents. If then, the more scanty heap occasions too great a labor to draw out and apply, how important it becomes that the most careful management be devised, to economise as much as possible the cost of handling and carting the increased accumulations of the most improved process.

On small farms, where the fields to which the manure is applied lie quite near the barn-yard, it may do to manufacture the compost heap in the stable-yard. But in most cases this will be a most expensive practice. The largest amount and the best manure must be made by not only collecting all the solid droppings mixed with straw or litter, with the liquid portions saved and added, but a large portion of peat, turf, loam, and other absorbents of a more solid character should enter largely into its composition. Now to cart a hundred loads of turf into the barn-yard from a remote part of the farm, and then to draw all this heavy bulk back again into the fields, is causing a vast amount of labor. Again,—the shovelling over and mixing of the compost heap, which is practiced with so much advantage by Europeans, cannot be thought of for a moment by our farmers who pay the present high wages. The intermixture resulting from drawing and spreading the heap; may generally be sufficient, but a more thorough execution of this work would be better.

The question therefore occurs, How may this labor of conveyance be reduced as much as possible?

We have found a most important means of saving labor, by forming the compost heap in the field where the manure will be required. Loam and turf are absolutely essential for the absorption and retention of the amonia. Large quantities of turf may be obtained from fence corners, where otherwise it would be of little or no use; but on large farms, the more mucky portions of pastures may be obtained at less labor, by first plowing the sod. Let the manure from the yard, as it accumulates, be drawn out and spread a few inches in thickness, in a long and narrow strip, say from a few feet to a rod in width according to its quantity, and then be covered with a layer of turf (or loam) at least equally thick. A second layer of manure is applied and a second layer of turf until gradually

during the season, a height of some two feet has been attained. If the successive alternate layers have been thin, a great deal of subsequent intermixing will not be necessary, and this may be easily and cheaply accomplished by the use of a large plow attached to a yoke of oxen, beginning at the sides of the heap and plowing down successive slices of the mixture, using the harrow between each plowing, until a most thorough pulverization is accomplished. This may now be drawn off and spread from the cart or waggon in an even and perfect manner, being entirely free from lumps. Such a material as this is admirably fitted for preparing wheat land.

A western farmer keeps his yard perfectly clear of stable accumulations by drawing out every morning a waggon load when the team goes out to plow or to other work. This practice is pursued more particularly during the times of spring and fall plowing. In summer but little accumulates; and in winter there is little difficulty in keeping the coast clear. During the sharp frosts of winter, however, a difficulty exists in consequence of the earth being frozen and incapable of being applied in successive layers. Those who are so fortunate as to possess a drained muck, or peat swamp, may draw from it without hindrance any time of the year; but others may secure a supply of turf by the plan lately mentioned in the Country Gentleman, namely, plowing up a turfy or mucky pasture early in autumn, and piling the sods when dry like cords of wood, under a large coarse shed made for the purpose. These will become so free from moisture as to be easily used any time during the winter. But in the absence of either of those provisions, an imperfect substitute may be found in spreading a layer of old straw, chip dirt, &c., upon the manure.

This mode of forming the heap in the field possesses two especial advantages. The stable yard is at all times kept clear of those accumulations, which are never any ornament to the establishment, and which in wet and muddy weather are a serious inconvenience; and the manure being nearly accessible to the land requiring its application, it is drawn on and spread without that large consumption of time usually required at the exceedingly busy season of preparing for crops.

One of the largest and best farmers in the country, whose stables are arranged in an octagon, with the animals' heads towards the feeding room in the centre, saves a vast amount of labor by a covered cartway running round the whole, by means of which the stable cleanings are shovelled immediately into a passing cart, and drawn at once to the field without a single transfer or reloading; and it would prove of great advantage in all cases could the same provision be made for carting off the accumulations of stables without the labor of wheeling them first out into the yard, except in those instances already named where the fields are closely contiguous, and the materials for compost are as easily accessible here as at other parts of the farm.

We are by no means confident that we have pointed out the best mode for accomplishing the great saving needed in this laborious farm-process, but if we have afforded suggestions for further improvements, an important end will be attained.

FLAX CULTURE.

The Earl of Albermale, as President of the Norfolk Agricultural Association, has called the attention of the members of the Association, and of the public, to the consideration of the question, 'How are the Agriculturists of Norfolk (and of England) to be supplied in future at a moderate price, with the necessary articles of linseed and oil-cake, if we continue at war with the chief producing nation of those articles?'

This is a question deserving consideration in England, which imported last year 94,000 tons of flax, of which Russia furnished 64,000, and, also, 63,000 tons of hemp, of which Russia furnished 41,000 tons.

These importations cost, at peace prices, five millions of pounds sterling, and at present war prices, would be of the value of nine millions. Here is a premium on the growth of flax and hemp of four millions sterling. The Earl then proceeds to state other considerations which tend to make it obvious that flax might be advantageously raised at home. Such of these considerations as are as applicable to the condition of things in America as to that in England, we shall submit to our readers with as much succientness and brevity as possible.

One of the great merits of flax culture, according to the Earl of Albemarle, is the necessity for the exercise of skill in its cultivation. It is therefore a crop better adapted to the present advanced state of agriculture than it was in former times. As the present high prices of

wheat and grain cannot always continue the Earl asks if it is not therefore desirable to have a crop that will indemnify the farmer for the occasionally low price of grain. Flax, he thinks is such a crop, being the most remunerative that can well be grown. From various parts of the country he has obtained estimates, according to which the profit of a crop of flax would, at usual prices, be more than double that of a crop of wheat.

Another inducement to the cultivation of flax is this, that it would afford increased employment to persons of both sexes, of all ages, and at all seasons of the year.

As another inducement it is stated that flax will grow on almost every description of soil, and will take its place on any part of a rotation. Sir John Mac Neil, one of the largest cultivators of flax in Ireland, says that, though the soil best adapted for the growth of flax is a deep rich loam, yet he grew 600 acres, in 1853, on almost every description of land. Flax appears to grow best and produces the largest quantity, when sown on land on which oats had grown the previous year, but it is the practice in Armagh and Down to sow it after potatoes or turnips, and sometimes after barley. In every case the land should be exceedingly well cleaned, and free from weeds. The seed should be sown immediately after the land is plowed, as the seed is generally six weeks in the ground before it appears, and will be longer if the ground should have lost the moisture it has when first plowed before being sown. After plowing, the land should be harrowed, then rolled with a heavy roller, then harrowed with a light harrow and the seed sown, and finally rolled with a light roller. When the plants are 3 or 4 inches above the ground, the field should be weeded by children, *against the wind*. The plant should be pulled when the lower leaves appear to be decaying, or getting tinged with yellow. This is a very material point to be *attended to*, for if allowed to get too ripe the *fibre* will be injured, and if pulled too green the *seed* will be injured. The average quantity produced from an acre, in Ireland, may be taken at 2¾ tons weighed when dry, or 650 to 750 or 800 lbs. of dressed flax.

Grass seeds and clover may be sown with the flax without any injury to the latter. The land will be very smooth for mowing. Sir J. Mac N. thinks that it is a mistake to suppose that flax injures the land. It may be sown every 4th or 5th year without injury to the land, if the crop is properly weeded.

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.

Messrs Editors—I beg leave to send you another remedy for scratches in horses. I apply a plaster of All-healing Ointment. This ointment is composed of 8 parts by weight of oxygen, and one of hydrogen. But you need n't take the trouble to compound it, for our kind Creator has provided it at our hands in unlimited abundance. It is deeply to be regretted that its healing properties are so little known. It is a better application than man has ever invented or ever will invent for healing human as well as brute maladies both internal and external. But it is so simple and natural that men can't have faith in it. Every *thing* must have some *art* and *mystery* about it to obtain favor. Try this All-healing Ointment, gentlemen. It is cheap and easily applied. I have tried it and it works like a charm. C. N. P.

The free use of our correspondent's prescription [*water* we suppose] will at least promote cleanliness in men and animals, while doctors disagree as to its further effect in the removal of disease.—*Ed. of Cultivator.*

DEGENERACY FROM BREEDING IN-AND-IN.

The fact that animals of all kinds become degenerate from breeding from two parents between which there is affinity of blood, is one that is pretty well known. It is not always, however, attended to in practice, else we would not have witnessed the degenerate lambs which we have seen this spring. Through thoughtlessness or carelessness a neighbouring flock of ewes was sired by the same buck which had been with them before for two seasons. He sired, therefore, his own lambs, and perhaps his lambs' lambs. The owner knew better, and intended to have procured a change of bucks; but in some way the result above stated happened. The result was a number of very weakly and deformed and idiot-looking lambs. Some were so weak in the hind legs that they could not support their own weight; and some had their hind legs twist outwards when they attempted to walk. One lived several days, but breathed quick and short all the time, and had to be assisted about nursing. One was coarse-woolled almost as a water dog, and looked very stupid and idiotic. Such results seem worthy of being put on record as a warning against like carelessness or neglect in others.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—Fig. 1—Is a beautiful garment of black velvet, adapted for the present season. It is made with a yoke behind, and a plain front. The skirt is set into the yoke with full box plaits, and falls rather low in the most superb drapery. The fulness extends to the shoulders, where it falls gracefully to meet the front, draping the arms. A border of rich galoon, about four inches wide, surrounds and crosses the entire front in horizontal bands three inches apart. The ground work of this galoon is Maria Louisa blue satin, embossed with a set pattern of black plush, with a gleam of white on each edge. A graceful vine of ash leaves, raised from the blue, in black plush, runs the centre; these leaves are dashed with white, as if they had been struck by the moon-beams, and thus all the effect of chenile is produced. The dress of this figure is emerald green satin, with two deep flounces, striped with a bayadere pattern of sea-green, striped with black. The corsage is made open in front, and the sleeves are rather closer to the arm than we see in the pagoda style usually.

Fig. 2—Is a smoke-coloured barege. The skirt is covered with three flounces, edged with long waving scollops, two ruches of narrow satin ribbon follow the waves, and the trimming is finished with fringe an inch and a half deep. The corsage is open to the waist, and finished by a deep basquine that rounds abruptly away from the front. This basquine is trimmed like the flowers. The sleeves are formed with two full puffs laced together by a profusion of ruches, and ornamented with butterfly bows.

PLATE II.—Fig. 1—Is a cap made of *point d'aiguille*. The ground represents a kind of lace parachute. Bows of ribbon decorate the back of the cap exactly in the same style as bonnets. Lace ornaments round the crown; loops of ribbon on each side of the cheeks.

Fig. 2—Is a bonnet of Leghorn, the most aristocratic of all bonnets. The crown slopes backward from the head, and is trimmed with green ribbons.

Fig. 3—Is a *rotonde*, having a plain tulle ground ornamented with ruches made of violet silk ribbon. Two deep flounces of chantilly lace, placed one above the other, border this elegant cape.

AUTUMN FASHIONS.

The Autumn begins to operate more than one change in Fashions. Rich tissues are already taking the place of bareges, jaconets, and muslins. However, for the days on which the sun still appears in all his radiant brightness, barege is worn for walking dress, on condition however, of its being lined with silk, which makes it a double dress, comfortable, warm, and elegant. Ladies who like uniformity, and who have not the courage to set at nought the criticism of their neighbors, line their barege dresses with silk of the *same color*. *Those*, who, on the other hand, like to indulge in fancy, caprice, and originality, line their bareges with silk of a contrasting color. For instance, blue, cherry, green, violet, maroon, or pink, with gray barege. The gray agrees well with all the colors above enumerated, and has really a very distinguished appearance. These robes will not however maintain their vogue much longer. Silks with inwove patterns will inaugurate the winter season. They will be also very full trimmed with a variety of ornaments, affording a fine field for the display of the dressmaker's talent and taste. The *following* is a description of two dresses we have just seen at Palmyre's: the first is made of pearl-gray silk cut from the piece, that is to say, quite plain. The skirt has four flounces cut straight-way of the stuff. On each flounce there are transversal stripes traced slanting and composed of very small bows of emerald green ribbon. At the end of each stripe there is a little bow of ribbon with long ends. Imagine the effect. The body has lappets, and closes down the front with green crystal buttons imitating emeralds. The lappets are in harmony with the flounces already described. *On each side of* the crystal buttons are bows of ribbons. The sleeves are composed of a plaited part beginning at the shoulder, then of a flounce striped with green ribbon; next comes another plaited piece, and than a second flounce fuller and opener than the first. To give proper support to these flounces they are lined with stiff glazed calico.

The second dress is made of black silk with flounces bordered with lozenges alternately moire antique and dec, blue plush. The edges of these lozenges are surrounded by a miniature ruche of black lace. The body is high, and has three rows of plush buttons. *Beginning* at the shoulders, there is a row of lozenges forming *bretelles* or braces, before and *behind*, and also continued on the lappets. The sleeves have en

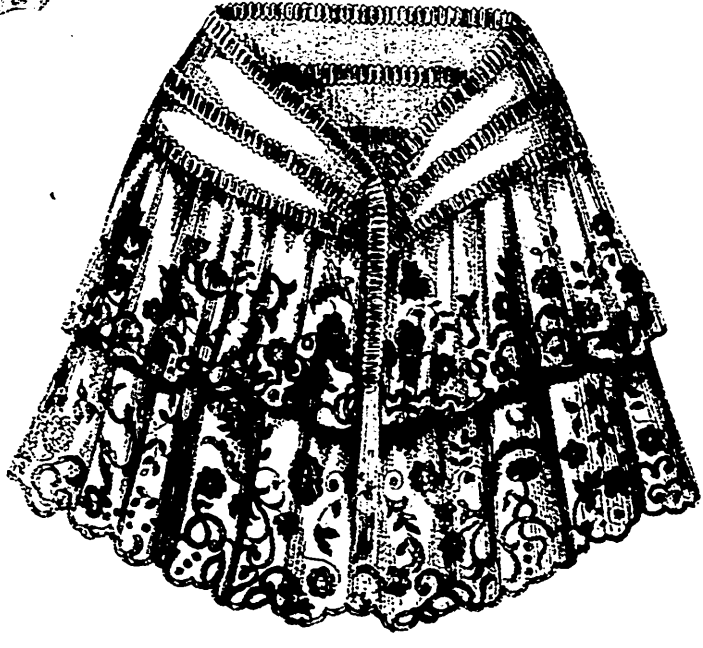
PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Maclear & Cº Lith. Toronto.

Fig. 1

Fig 2.

Fig 3.



each side of the seam a band of lozenges, like those on the flounces of the skirt. The end of the sleeves is also bordered by lozenges. Below the lozenges hang three buttons of plush and moire.

This very elegant dress may be made of any color, that of the lozenges being changed of course, to keep up the contrast. The vogue of bodies with lappets may probably be drawing to a close, if we are to believe what we hear. But a month or two will solve the doubt. What seems to have given rise to the report is that certain ladies, who have been considered the queens of fashion in the Parisian *beau monde*, are now having their dresses made without lappets, and the bodies pointed, both before and behind, with buttoned revers on each shoulder. On these bodies, without lappets, a bow of ribbon is placed at the waist, both behind and before. The bow in front is pretty enough, but we think the one behind would be quite as well suppressed. When the body opens and turns back on the breast-like revers the bottom at the waist opens like the points of a waiscoat, and the sleeves are turned up in mousquetaire cuffs. Great attention should be paid to keeping the different parts of the dress in harmony with each other. Ribbon and lace *bretelles* are quite the rage, but they do not sit well on every lady, especially when not sewed down on the body. These *bretelles* are essentially youthful, and ought only to accompany a slight, delicate figure. Bodies of plain poplin, or cashmere, are trimed with two broad velvets, or four or five small ones sewed on as *bretelles*. At each end of the velvets, and at the bottom of the lappets, is put a black velvet bow with long ends. The sleeves are striped on each side with as many velvets as there are on the body, This body is very original and very elegant at the same time.

There is nothing absolutely decided as to bodies yet, but numberless experiments are being made. Fancy is the queen of the hour. Sleeves are modified in every imaginable way. Those with flounces falling one over another, and looped up under the arm with a bow of ribbon, seem to have the advantage over plain sleeves.

Outer garments are made very full, and arranged in flutes. Mantelets and *rotondes* or capes are the only two kinds we have yet seen for autumn. The mantelet has square or rounded ends in front. The cape resembles a large pelerine. I have also seen some little *crispins*, to which the name of *Figaros* has been given. I will particularly mention one made of a whitish gray clòth, and ornamented with a broad velvet ribbon of a sky-blue color; and another of fine black cashmere embroidered nearly all over. A Figaro has a very small and striking appearance on a young lady. The velvet *rotonde* is also very elegant when bordered with guipure or broad bands of feathers of one or two colors only. These feather trimmings are very stylish and aristocratic; nor is there any danger that they will ever become vulgar, as they cost too much for that. Many ladies will carry a muff made of feathers of the same color as those used in the trimmings of the mantelet or dress. As rivals of ermine and grebe tippets, we have seen some made of white feathers and spotted with blue ones, stuck here and there about them. For the theatre tippet is chosen to match the color of the dress. Over velvet dresses these tippets are really charming.

Velvet and plush bodies will be in high favor with skirts of moire antique and taffeta, having inwove flounces, a toilet for home.

The plush body is a novelty that we have not seen till now. Its only trimming should be a kind of plush moss nicely curled, or else bands of feathers. As plush makes a person look stouter than velvet, it is peculiary adapated for ladies of a tall and slender figure.

The sleeves are made plain, and the body is closed with jewelled buttons.

The flowers brought out for autumn are very fanciful: roses made of white plush with foliage of white crape and plush; roses half silk, half velvet; velvet grapes, with foliage, half crape, half velvet; and flowers of chenille and crape.

As for bonnets, the shape is made rather larger than they were in summer. The crowns are square at the edges, rather large than small and fall less backward. This kind of crown, is not remarkably graceful. If the tapering crowns were extravagant, the square ones are very unsightly. The following are the most remarkable novelties in bonnets.

The *Senator* bonnet, of violet satin stretched smooth except in the front, which is narrow, gathered like a drawn bonnet. Bands of black velvet are placed horizontally on the sides of the bonnet. Between these velvets, at the edge of the front and of the crown, are slashes of

lace. The same arrangement on the crown. Black velvet strings. Inside of the front trimmed with violets of three colors, made of satin and velvet, with a bow of black velvet, and a blonde ruche.

This same bonnet of white terry velvet and blonde is exquisite with a tuft of roses and a bow of lace, moire and blonde.

Next the *Cambridge* bonnet, made of deep green velvet, On one side of the front is a bow of Cantilly lace, from which falls a green and black feather. On the other side is a width of plated green velvet, fastened by agraffes of green velvet. Very full curtain. Inside, blonde, purple velvet volubitis flowers, and black velvet bow.

The *Scabious* bonnet, so called from its color, which is that of the scabious, or widow's flower. The front is satin edged with velvet, and the crown is all velvet, The top is covered with little rolls of velvet, trimmed with lace, representing a gothic rose window; and round this flutters a deep lace, which veils tuft of delicate pink made of velvet of mixed colors. The inside ornament consists of tufts of black lace and velvet pinks, smothered in a blonde ruche.

Strings of scabious velvet with ribbed stripes.

Lastly, the *Raphael* bonnet, made of white plush, having eleven white satin cords bordering the caul, and eleven others connecting the front with the crown. On one side is an oval rosette of plaited plush mixed with blonde. On the other a round one. Inside an oval velvet rosette, flame-color, edged with blonde, and a blonde ruche all round.

NOVELTY FOR LADIES.

A Parisian *Modiste* has recently contrived a chapeau which obviates the inconvenience of wearing bonnets at *dejeuners*, and other occasions within doors, by converting them into caps. This is done by removing a portion of the bonnet, as easily as a gentleman can take off his hat, when there remains on the head a coiffure of the most tasteful description. Our Canadian friends will most likely have the full benefit of this novelty next summer, and for our part, assure them that as soon as we receive a pattern we shall engrave it.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Fashion still accords her favours to the spas and aristocratic chateaux, while the few of her votaries that remain in Paris are prevented from showing themselves in the Champs-Elysees or the Bois de Boulogne by the continued wetness of the weather.

Straw continues quite the rage, and its holding such high favour may be fairly attributed to the great progress made in its manufacture. Plain straw is entirely forsaken, giving way to the fancy kinds in guipure patterns mixed with velvet, or to the straw ornaments so cleverly blended with blonde, silk and ribbons.

Bonnets of Algerine netting predominate for cool country toilets. Tuscans are trimmed with great simplicity; a fine branch of flowers or a rich tuft of feathers forms their principal ornament.

The rice-straw bonnet is a charming novelty. We have seen one most remarkable for its aristocratic elegance. This bonnet, intended for wedding visits, was simply decorated with a half-wreath of lilies, forming tufts on each side and covering the comb behind. On the curtain, at the edge of the front, is put a blonde ornament of exquisite design. The edges are white silk; inside blonde, jasmin, and white silk buds. It was exquisitely elegant and most appropriate for the mother of the bride Also, a head-dress of blonde and corn flowers, with golden hearts mixed with blue roses and accompanied by handsome white feathers. This head-dress of unusual richness, breathed an air of high distinction. Our *modestes* are already preparing for the ensuing season, and have allowed us to have a glimpse of many graceful novelties, but we are obliged to keep them secret till the season is about commencing. But we may be permitted to inform you that our artistes have never exhibited a talent more graceful, elegant, or Parisian, than in the new creations or preparations for the next season.

We have remarked some charming embroidered jackets, trimmed with lace chicorees, and fringe, a delightful garment for *in-doors* or a walk in the garden or grounds attached to a country seat. Nor must we forget the handsome stuffs, the fresh-looking quadrille taffeta, the plaid poplins, the shaded silks, nor those with broad stripes. These last are of such dimensions that they have suggested to the artistes the idea of making dresses of widths of silks of different colours. This innovation has been favourably received, and seems likely to be extensively adopted.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

TYRO.—Your Problem, as amended, is still incorrect. It is very seldom that a defective position can be rendered perfect by the addition of a Piece or pawn: it almost invariably interferes with the conditions.

A. M. S.—Thanks for the positions sent: they shall be examined and reported on. We remarked the notice of our Magazine in the *Illustrated News*.

ROB.—Send us your games, and they shall be reported on. Our correspondents, we are sure, could supply us with plenty of really good games and positions for Problems or Enigmas, if they would only take the trouble to send them.

Solutions to Problem 11, by Tyro, J. B., J. H. R., and Amy are correct.

Solutions to Enigma No. 34, by Tyro and J. H. R., are correct. The other Enigmas were answered correctly by J. H. R., J. B., Amy, and C. C.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XI.

White.	*Black.*
1. Kt to Q B sq (dis. ch.).	Q takes Q.
2. B to K Kt 8th (ch).	K to R sq.

3. Kt to K B 6th, and play, as Black can: he must be mated next move.

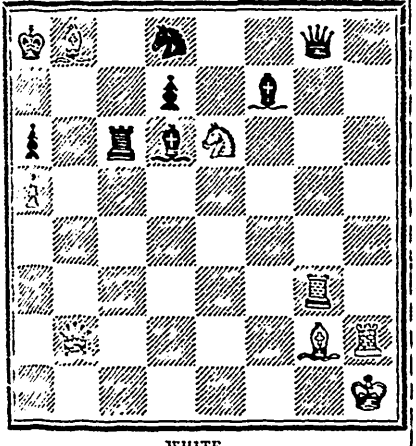
SOLUTION TO ENIGMA No. 34.

White.	*Black.*
1 K to Q 7th.	P takes P (ch).
2. K takes B (best).	Kt to Q B 8th (ch).
3. K to K sq.	B to Q 3d.
4. P to K 4th.	P to Q B 7th.
5. R to Q 8th.	Any move.
6. Kt or B mates.	

PROBLEM No. XII.

*By the Editor.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in six moves.

*Published originally in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

ELIJAH WILLIAMS.

The late Mr. Elijah Williams, the celebrated Chess-player, was professionally a surgeon, but for many years had discontinued practice. When the cholera, to which he fell a victim, broke out, he benevolently posted a notice on the door of his house, inviting the poor to apply to him for preventive medicines, if attacked by premonitory symptoms, offering it to them gratuitously. On leaving his home for the last time, he asked his wife to give him some of the medicine, as he felt unwell. Unfortunately, the last bottle was exhausted. He walked to town, and was seized with violent pains near Northumberland House, in the Strand, and on the advice of a friend went to the Charing Cross Hospital for relief. This occurred on the 6th of September, and on the 8th he expired in that establishment.

On Mr. Williams' arrival in London, he at once took rank among the first chess-players of the great metropolis, contending evenly against Horwitz, Harrwitz, Captain Kennedy, Buckle, Lowe, and others of that force, though with indifferent success when entering the lists against Staunton at the odds of pawn and two moves. In the year 1848 we find him winning a match, in which he gave pawn and move to Mr. C. Kenny, a rising young amateur, after a close contest of eleven games to nine, five being drawn. In 1849 occurred the Tournament at Ries' Divan, the precursor of the grand one that took place in the Exhibition year: in this Mr. Williams was at first matched against Mr. Flower, a player not of the first order, and defeated him easily; but in the second series of games he was utterly routed by Mr. Buckle, who is considered a rival to Mr. Staunton for the headship of English chess-players.

In the great tournament of 1851, at which nearly all the chess magnates of the world were congregated, Mr. Williams took part, and was fortunate enough to carry off the third prize. Although there can be no doubt that Mr. W. had improved greatly in his play since the days when he accepted Pawn and two from Mr. Staunton, we should not be justified in believing that it was to skill alone that he owed so splendid a result as this contest afforded. The arrangements for the tournament, though perhaps the best that could be adopted, left far too much in the power of the blind goddess. In the first series, it fell to Mr. Williams' lot to encounter the illustrious Hungarian, Lowenthal, who had

come from New York expressly for the Tournament; much to the surprise of the chess world Mr. W. defeated his opponent by two games to one; in the next series he won the necessary victories off-hand from Mr. Mucklow, a poor player; but in the third series he had to encounter Mr. Wyvill, who ultimately gained the second prize, and this contest was the most remarkable one of the whole Tournament. Mr. W. won the first three games, thus only requiring one more victory to carry off the prize, when Mr. Wyvill, rallying in the most gallant manner, defeated him in the next four games, and snatched it from his grasp. In the concluding series he was pitted against Staunton, his former master, and the champion of England. Though Mr. Staunton was undoubtedly suffering from ill health, and his play in this tournament had been much below his former standard, few persons anticipated that Mr. Williams would here achieve so great a victory as to defeat the champion by four games out of seven, and thus become entitled to the third prize. At the conclusion of the tournament, matches were arranged between Messrs. Williams, Lowenthal, and Staunton, to allow the latter a chance of retrieving their laurels; the results were that Lowenthal was victorious in a contest of 16 games by 7 to 5, 4 having been drawn, while Mr. Staunton, who had agreed to *give* his opponent two games, was compelled to resign the match, after winning 6 to 4, for the alleged reason that his health could not sustain the fatigue produced by the "excessive slowness" of his opponents' moves.

In 1853 Mr. W. achieved a great triumph over the brilliant Horwitz, by winning five games to three, no less than nine games being drawn; but in the same year he sustained severe defeats in two successive matches with Mr. Harrwitz, in the first match not scoring a single game, and in the second only two, to his opponent's seven.

This was his last public contest before he was so suddenly cut off in the prime of life. Had he lived to mature his powers, there is little doubt he would have ranked among the very first of chess-players. His style was modelled on that of Philidor and Staunton; profound, solid, and severe, rather than imaginative and brilliant; stubborn and tenacious to the last in circumstances of disaster, and following up any advantage with slow but deadly perseverance.—*Communicated to Ed. A. A. M.*

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

The following interesting game was played a few years back between Mr. Kepping and the late Mr. Williams;—

(*Kings' Knight's Opening.*)

White (Mr. Kepping.)	*Black* (Mr. Williams.
1. P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2. K Kt to B 3d.	Q Kt to B 3d.
3. P to Q B 3d.	K Kt to B 3d (*a*).
4. P to Q 4th.	K Kt takes P.
5. P to Q 5th.	Q Kt to his sq.
6. Q to B 2d (*b*).	K Kt to B 3d.
7. Q B to Kt 5th (*c*).	P to Q 3d.
8. K B to Q 3d.	K B to K 2d.
9. P to Q B 4th.	Q Kt to R 3d.
10. P to Q Kt 4th.	P to Q Kt 4th (*d*).
11. P to Q R 3d.	Q Kt P takes P.
12. B takes Q Kt P.	Castles.
13. K B to Q 3d.	P to K R 3d.
14. P to K R 4th.	Q Kt to his sq (*e*).
15. Q Kt to B 3d.	Q B to Kt 5th.
16. Q B to K 3d.	Q Kt to Q 2d.
17. K Kt to R 2d.	Q Kt to Kt 3d.
18. P to K B 3d.	Q B to Q 2d.
19. Q to Q Kt 3d.	K Kt to R 4th (*f*).
20. P to K Kt 3d.	K Kt takes P.
21. K R to Kt sq.	B takes K R P.
22. Castles.	P to K B 4th.
23. Q B to K B 2d.	P to K B 5th.
24. K R to Kt 2d.	Q B to K R 6th.
25. K R to Kt sq.	Q to K B 3d.
26. K Kt to Kt 4th.	B takes Kt.
27. P takes B.	K Kt to K 7th (ch).
28. B takes Kt.	B takes B.
29. K R to R sq.	B to K 6th (ch).
30. K to B 2d.	Q to Kt 3d (ch).
31. K to Kt 2d.	B to Q 5th.
32. K to R 2d.	P to Q R 4th.
33. P takes P.	R takes P.
34. Kt to Kt 5th.	K R to Q R sq,
35. R to Q 3d.	B to B 4th.
36. Q to Q Kt sq.	Q to K 5th.
37, K R to K sq.	Q to B 5th (ch).
38. R interposes.	R takes R P (ch).

And White resigned.

Notes.

(*a*) This we believe to be the best reply to White's last move.

(*b*) Q to K 2d appears preferable.

(*c*) Had he taken the K P, he would have lost his Kt.

(*d*) Black dared not have taken his opponent's Q Kt P.

(*e*) It is quite obvious that Black would speedily have lost the game had he ventured to capture his adversary's Q B.

(*f*) The attack now appears to change hands.