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ARTHUR WELLESLEY,  
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The following sketch of the life of the "Iron Duke," is abridged from an article published in the "London Times" since the decease of the Duke; and we have no doubt it will be acceptable to the great majority of our readers.

It is a circumstance of rather unusual occurrence that the day and place of a famous birth should be unknown even to contemporary inquirers; yet such is the case on the present occasion. It is certain that the Duke of Wellington was born in Ireland, and of an Irish family, and that the year in which he saw the light was that which ushered also Napoleon Bonaparte into the world. For most purposes but those of astrology these verifications of fact would be sufficient; but it is not unlikely that the event which has now thrown Britain into mourning, may reanimate a controversy not without its attractions to inquisitive minds. The 1st of May, 1769, is specified, with few variations, as the birth-day of Arthur Wellesley by those of his biographers who venture on such circumstantiality, and Dangan Castle, county of Meath, has been selected with similar unanimity as the place of the event. The former of these statements has received a kind of confirmation by the adoption of the Duke's name and sponsorship for a Royal infant born on the day in question; yet, in the registry of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, it is fully recorded that "Arthur, son of the Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Mornington," was there christened by "Isaac Maun, archdeacon, on the 30th of April, 1769." This entry, while it conclusively negatives one of the two foregoing presumptions, materially invalidates the other also; for, though not impossible, it is certainly not likely that the infant, if born at Dangan, would have been baptized in Dublin. Our own information leads us to believe that the illustrious subject of this biography first saw the light in the town residence of his parents, Mornington house, a mansion of some pretensions in the centre of the eastern side of Upper Merrion street, Dublin, and which, as it abutted eighty years ago as a corner house upon a large area, since enclosed with buildings, was occasionally

described as situate in Merrion square. We are not inclined, however, to pursue a question of which the most notable point is the indifference with which it was treated by the person most immediately concerned. The Duke kept his birthday on the 18th of June.

Two families, both English by original extraction, and but Irish by settlement and adoption, were centred in the lineage from which our great Captain sprung. We shall be giving sufficient prominence to points possessing little beyond incidental interest if we state that in the year 1728 Richard Colley, of Castle Carbery, in the county of Kildare, succeeded to the name and estates of Garret Wesley, of Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath. The Colleys had migrated in the 16th century from Rutlandshire; the Wesleys at an earlier date from Sussex. The two families had been already connected by a recent alliance, so that Richard Colley was first cousin of Garret Wesley, whose estates in default of lineal issue he was called to inherit. The former of these two names was indiscriminately specified as Cooley, Colley, or Cowley; the third of which forms obtained the preference at a recent revival of the family designation; the latter was usually written Westley or Wesley till 1797, when the first Marquis adopted the orthography of Wellesley, now familiar to the world. It was, however, as "Arthur Wesley" that the subject of these memoirs was first known as a soldier, and the young officer will be found so designated in contemporary descriptions of his early services. The double notoriety attaching itself to the name of Wesley will be suggestive, we doubt not, of some edifying thoughts, and to the ready pen which chronicled both reputations in the respective history of Methodism and the Peninsula War, we owe an anecdote curious enough to be transcribed into our more concise biography. When Charles, the brother of John Wesley, was at Westminster School, his father received a communication from an Irish gentleman, offering to adopt the boy as heir; but the overture, strange as it may seem, was declined. It was for this Charles Wesley that Richard Colley was substituted by the owner of Dangan, and thus, but for a capricious and improbable transfer of fortune, "we might," says Southey in his speculative reflections, "have had no Methodists; the British empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam,

and the undisputed tyrant of Europe might still have insulted and threatened us on our own shores." The Richard Colley thus favoured was created Baron Mornington, of the Irish peerage, in 1746, a title which was exchanged for an earldom, 14 years later, in favour of his son. This second Lord Mornington, of musical celebrity, left by his wife, Anne, daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, nine children surviving, of whom one became Marquis Wellesley, one Baron Cowley, and one, christened we presume after his maternal grandfather, Duke of Wellington.

Arthur Wellesley, by the death of his father in 1781, became dependent at an early age upon the care and prudence of his mother, a lady, as it fortunately happened, of talents not unequal to the task. Under this direction of his studies he was sent to Eton, from which college he was transferred, first, to private tuition at Brighton, and subsequently to the military seminary of Angers, in France. For the deficiency of any early promise in the future here we are not confined to negative evidence alone. His relative inferiority was the subject of some concern to his vigilant mother, and had its influence, as we are led to conclude, in the selection of the military profession for one who displayed so little of the family aptitude for elegant scholarship. At Angers, though the young student left no signal reputation behind him, it is clear that his time must have been productively employed. Pignérol, the director of the seminary, was an engineer of high repute, and the opportunities of acquiring, not only professional knowledge, but a serviceable mastery of the French tongue, were not likely to have been lost on such a mind as that of his pupil. Altogether, six years were consumed in this course of education, which, though partial enough in itself, was so far in advance of the age that we may conceive the young cadet to have carried with him to his corps a more than average store of professional acquirements. On the 7th of March, 1787, the Hon. Arthur Wellesley, being then in his 18th year, received his first commission as an ensign in the 73rd Regiment of Foot. The only point of interest in his position at this minute is the degree of advantage over his contemporaries which might be derived from the family connexions above described; and a review of the facts will lead, we think, to the conclusion that, though the young officer commanded sufficient interest to bring his deserts into immediate and favourable notice, he was not so circumstanced as to rely exclusively on such considerations for advancement. A French historian, indeed, has indulged in a sneer at the readiness with which the haughty aristocracy of Britain submitted themselves in after times to the ascendancy of an Irish *parvenu*, but this assumption is as little warrantable as that by which the distinctions of the young cadet are attributed to the nobility of his extraction. The pretensions of Arthur Wellesley were insufficient, even at a somewhat later period, to secure him from failure in that test of social position—the choice of a wife; nor

could his opportunities have produced more than commonplace success to a man of ordinary capacity. On the other hand, they relieved him from those risks of neglect and injustice which must occasionally be fatal even to eminent worth, and they carried him rapidly over those early stages in which, under other circumstances, the fortunes of a life might have been perhaps consumed. He possessed interest enough to make merit available, but not enough to dispense with it.

His promotion was accordingly rapid, but not more so in its first steps than in examples visible at the present day, and much less so than in the case of some of his contemporaries. He remained a subaltern four years and three months, at the expiration of which period of service he received his captaincy. The honour of having trained the Duke of Wellington would be highly regarded in the traditions of any particular corps, but so numerous and rapid were his exchanges at this period that the distinction can hardly be claimed by any of the regiments on the rolls of which he was temporarily borne. He entered the army, as we have said, in the 73d, but in the same year he moved, as lieutenant, to the 76th, and within the next eighteen months was transferred, still in a subaltern's capacity, to the 41st foot and the 12th Light Dragoons, successively. On the 30th of June 1791, he was promoted to a captaincy in the 58th, from which corps he exchanged into the 18th Light Dragoons in the October of the following year. At length, on the 30th of April 1793, he obtained his majority in the 33d, a regiment which may boast of considerable identification with his renown, for he proceeded in it to his lieutenant-colonelcy and colonelcy, and commanded it personally throughout the early stages of his active career. These rapid exchanges bespeak the operation of somewhat unusual interest in pushing the young officer forward; for in those days a soldier ordinarily continued in the corps to which he was first gazetted, and to which his hopes, prospects, and connections were mainly confined. So close, indeed, and permanent were the ties thus formed, that when Colonel Wellesley's own comrade and commander, General Harris, was asked to name the title by which he would desire to enter the peerage, he could only refer to the 5th Fusiliers as having been for nearly six-and-twenty years his constant home. The brother of Lord Mornington was raised above these necessities of routine; but what is chiefly noticeable in the incidents described is that the period of his probationary service was divided between cavalry and infantry alike—a circumstance of some advantage to so observant a mind.

Before the active career of the young officer commenced he was attached as aide-de-camp to the staff of the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1790, having just come of age, he was returned to the Irish Parliament for the family borough of Trim. The most eager researches into this period of his career, have not elicited anything to prove that he was distinguished from those around

him. In one particular, indeed, he shared the failings common to his class and times, after a fashion singularly contrasted with the subsequent developments of his character. Captain Wellesley got seriously into debt. So pressing, in fact, were his obligations, that he accepted temporary relief from a bootmaker in whose house he lodged; and before quitting England on foreign service confided the arrangement of his affairs to another Dublin tradesman, whom he empowered for this purpose to receive the disposable portion of his income.

At length, in the month of May, 1794, Arthur Wellesley, being then in his twenty-sixth year and in command of the 33d Regiment—a position which he owed to his brother's liberality—embarked at Cork for service on the continent of Europe, so that his first active duties involved great independent responsibility. The aspect of affairs at that period was unpromising in the extreme. War had been declared about twelve months previously between England and France; and 10,000 British troops, under the command of the Duke of York, had been despatched to aid the operations of the Allied Powers in the Low Countries. It would be difficult to impress an Englishman of the present generation with a true conception of the character and reputation of the British army at that period. Forty years had elapsed since the appearance of any considerable English force on the European continent, and the recollections of the campaigns in question were not calculated to suggest any high opinions of British prowess. In fact the Duke of Cumberland had been systematically beaten by Marshal Saxe, and the traditions of Marlborough's wars had been obliterated by contests in which the superiority of the French soldiery seemed to be declared. The ascendancy, too, so signally acquired at this time by our navy tended to confirm the impressions referred to, and it was argued that the ocean had been clearly marked out as the exclusive scene of our preponderance. Throughout a great part of the century these opinions had been rather justified than belied by our own proceedings. We fought many of our colonial battles with mercenaries, and we hired German battalions even to defend our coasts and protect the established succession of the Throne. A new school of war, to which the attention of the reader will be presently directed, was, indeed, forming in the East; but its influence was hardly yet known, and the Duke of York's corps was disembarked at Ostend with, perhaps, less prestige than any division of the allied army. Though the exertions of the Royal commander had already been directed, and with some success, to military reforms, yet the conditions of the service were still miserably bad. The commissariat was wretched, the medical department shamefully ineffective, and rapacity, peculation, and mismanagement prevailed to a most serious extent. Such was the army which Colonel Wellesley proceeded to join. It was no wonder that English as well as Imperialists were worsted by Republican levies, not only numerically superior, but whose system

confounded all received tactics as utterly as the campaigns of Charles VIII. in Italy demolished the conceptions of mediæval warfare. The Duke of York was repulsed in a series of engagements which we need not describe, and it was in aid of his discomfited force that Colonel Wellesley carried out the 33d Regiment to the scene of his first, as well as of his last service—the plains of Belgium.

The first military operation performed by the conqueror of Waterloo was the evacuation of a town in the face of the enemy. The 33d had been landed at Ostend; but when Lord Moira, who had the chief command of the reinforcements sent out, arrived at that port with the main body, he saw reason for promptly withdrawing the garrison and abandoning the place. Orders were issued accordingly, and though the Republicans, under Pichegru, were at the gates of the town before the English had quitted it, the 33d was safely embarked. Lord Moira by a flank march effected a timely junction with the Duke of York at Malines. Colonel Wellesley took his corps round by the Scheldt, and landed at Antwerp, whence he moved without delay to the head-quarters of the Duke. This was in July, 1794. The operations which followed, and which terminated in the following spring with the re-embarkation of the British troops at Bremerlehe, a town at the mouth of the Weser, constituted Arthur Wellesley's first campaign. They do not, for the purposes of our memoir, require any circumstantial description. The total force of the Allied Powers was strong, but it was extended over a long line of country, composed of heterogeneous troops, and commanded by generals, not only independent, but suspicious of each other's decisions. In the face of an enemy, first animated by desperation and then intoxicated by success, there existed no unity of plan or concert of movements. After the defeat sustained by the Austrians at Fleurus the campaign was resolved into retreat on the part of the Allies, and pursuit of fortune on the part of the French. The Austrians were on the middle Rhine, the British on the Meuse. The route taken by the Duke of York in his successive retirements from one position to another lay through Breda, Bois le Duc, and Nimeguen, at which latter place he maintained himself against the enemy with some credit. Early in December, however, he resigned his command to General Walmoden, and returned to England, leaving the unfortunate division to struggle with even greater difficulties than they had yet experienced. Disengaged by repeated triumphs from their Austrian antagonists, the Republican forces closed in tremendous strength round the English and their comrades. The winter set in with such excessive severity that the rivers were passable for the heaviest class of cannon, provisions were scanty, and little aid was forthcoming from the inhabitants against either the inclemency of the season or the casualties of war. It was found necessary to retire into Westphalia, and in this retreat, which was commenced on the 15th of January, 1795, the troops are said to have endured for

some days privations and sufferings little short of those encountered by the French in the Moscow campaign. So deep was the snow that all traces of roads were lost, wagons laden with sick and wounded were unavoidably abandoned, and to straggle from the column was to perish. The enemy were in hot pursuit, and the population undisguisedly hostile to their nominal allies. At length the Yssel was crossed, and the troops reposed for awhile in cantonments along the Ems; but as the French still prepared to push forward, the allied force continued its retreat, and as they entered Westphalia, the tardy appearance of a strong Prussian corps secured them from further molestation till the embarkation took place.

Such was the Duke of Wellington's first campaign. Whatever might have been the actual precocity of his talent, there was obviously no room in such operations for the exercise on his part of anything beyond intrepidity and steadiness, and these qualities, as we learn, were made visibly manifest. His post was that which in a retreat is the post of honour—the rearguard. The command of a brigade devolved on him by seniority, and the able dispositions of Colonel Wellesley in checking the enemy or executing an assault are circumstances of special remark in contemporary accounts of the transactions. In particular, the affairs of Druyten, Meteren, and Geldermansel, are mentioned with some detail, as reflecting considerable credit on the 33d and its commander. Beyond this point Colonel Wellesley's reputation was not extended, but we may readily imagine how material a portion of his professional character might have been formed in this Dutch campaign. Irrespectively of the general uses of adversity, the miscarriages of this ill-starred expedition must have been fraught with invaluable lessons to the future hero. He observed the absolute need of undivided authority in an enemy's presence, and the hopelessness of all such imperfect combinations as State jealousies suggested. We are justified in inferring from his subsequent demonstrations of character that no error escaped either his notice or his memory. He saw a powerful force frittered away by divisions, and utterly routed by an enemy which but a few months before had been scared at the very news of its approach. He saw the indispensability of preserving discipline in a friendly country, and of conciliating the dispositions of a local population, always powerful for good or evil. Though a master hand was wanting at head-quarters, yet Abercromby was present, and the young Picton was making his first essay by the side of his future comrade. Austrian, Prussian, Hanoverian, French, Dutch, and British were in the field together, and the care exemplified in appointing and provisioning the respective battalions might be serviceably contrasted. Every check, every repulse, every privation, and every loss brought, we may be sure, its enduring moral to Arthur Wellesley; and although Englishmen may not reflect without emotion on the destinies which were thus

perilled in the swamps of Holland, the future General had perhaps little reason to repine at the rugged tuition of his first campaign.

On the return of the expedition to England the 33d was landed at Harwich, and for a short time encamped at Warley, where it soon recovered its effective strength. In the autumn of the same year Colonel Wellesley conducted his corps to Southampton, where it was embarked on board the outward-bound fleet, under the flag of Admiral Christian. The destination of the force was the West Indies, but through a series of accidents so remarkable as to acquire, in conjunction with subsequent events, a providential character, the orders were ultimately changed, and the services of the young Colonel were employed on a scene far better calculated to develop his military genius. For some time the winds were so adverse that the vessels were unable to quit the port at all, and when they had at length succeeded in putting to sea they encountered such tempestuous weather as to be finally compelled, after experiencing serious casualties, to return to Portsmouth. Meantime new exigencies had arisen, and in the spring of 1796 the weather-beaten 33d received directions to embark for Bengal. At this critical period, however, the health of Colonel Wellesley suddenly failed him. Considering that strength of constitution and temperament with which we have since become familiar, it is remarkable to observe how repeatedly the Iron Duke, in earlier days, was attacked, and apparently almost mastered, by debility and sickness. On the present occasion he was actually unable to embark with his regiment, but a favourable change afterwards supervened, and he succeeded in joining the corps at the Cape of Good Hope. The remainder of the voyage was soon completed, and in February, 1797, Arthur Wellesley landed at Calcutta to commence in earnest that career of service which will reflect such eternal lustre on his name.

The position of the Indian Government relatively to the Home Administration was not, when Colonel Wellesley arrived in those parts, materially different from that which exists at present. The great step of identifying these prodigious acquisitions with the dominions of the British Crown had virtually been taken already; and Lord Cornwallis, in the last war, had wielded, to Tippoo's cost, the resources of an Empire instead of the arms of a Company. A few years earlier India had scarcely been reputed among the fields open to the soldiers of the British army, and regiments were reluctantly despatched to quarters not looked upon at first with any favorable eye. But the scene had been changed by late achievements; and though a command in India was not what it has since become it was an object of reasonable ambition. Napoleon pretended, even after the victories of Seringapatam and Assaye, to slight the services of a "sepo general," but Wellesley established for the school, in the eyes of all Europe, a reputation which it has never since lost.

Small as were the anticipations of such

active service which the young Colonel could have entertained at his first landing in India, a few months saw him in the field with his corps against a resolute and formidable enemy. By a notable instance of fortune, the elder brother of Arthur Wellesley was nominated to the Governor-Generalship of India within a few months after the subject of these memoirs had arrived at Calcutta, and the talents of a most accomplished statesman were at hand to develop and reward the genius of the rising soldier. Lord Mornington, like many of his successors, went out in the confident expectation of maintaining peace, but found himself engaged in hostilities against his most ardent desire. At that time the three Presidencies of India shared pretty evenly between them the perils and prospects of active service in the field. Bengal, since the definite submission of Oude, had been comparatively quiet; but it was the Imperial presidency, and its troops were held readily disposable for the exigencies of the others. Bombay vibrated with every convulsion of the Mahratta States, by which it is surrounded; and Madras, in earlier times the leading government, had recovered much of its importance from the virtual absorption of the Carnatic, the formidable resources and uncertain disposition of the Nizam, and, above all, the menacing attitude of Tippoo Sultaun, the adventurer of Mysore. It was against this barbaric chieftain that the spurs of Arthur Wellesley were won.

When the two brothers met at Calcutta, in 1798, the principal risk of war was created by the unruly resentments of Tippoo. Oude had been subdued; Bengal was our own; the Carnatic had been absorbed, and the Nizam of the Deccan, like the other Princes still independent, was trimming between the British alliance and that of States whom he dreaded still more than ourselves. There still remained, however, a considerable element of French influence in the peninsula. We had, it is true, definitely expelled these dangerous rivals by the capture of Pondicherry in 1761, and they no longer worked openly on their own account; but the Nizam maintained an imposing force disciplined by more than 100 French officers, under M. Raymond, and Scindiah employed with similar views the services of General Perron. It can be little matter of surprise, therefore, that the dread of French influence should still predominate at Madras, and it was the assumed identification of Tippoo with these inveterate antagonists of Britain which rendered the wars with him, and with him *only* of all Indian Princes, so generally popular at home.

Tippoo had recently made peace with the Company, but the treaty as regarded his stipulations was so essentially of a penal character that his patient acquiescence in its operation was not to be expected, though Lord Mornington, as we have seen, did both desire and anticipate a perpetuation of the truce. Within a very few weeks, however, of his arrival at the seat of his government, he learnt that the Mysore Sultaun had been actively intriguing

with the French for the purpose of expelling us from the Peninsula. It is more likely, perhaps, that this idea should have been suggested to Tippoo by some one of the many Frenchmen still lurking in India than that the Oriental despot should of himself have desiered the resources presented to him by the unscrupulous ambition of the Republican Directory. However this may be, he undoubtedly despatched ambassadors with this object to the Mauritius, the nearest French settlement, and these envoys actually disembarked at Mangalore on their return voyage, with a body of European recruits, at the very moment that the new Governor-General on his way to Calcutta touched at Madras. It does not fall within our purpose to discuss the respective cases of the belligerents. It is enough to remark that Tippoo's suspicions of ourselves were most cordially reciprocated, and that this new dynasty of Mysore had been always regarded, both in India and at home, with excessive jealousy and alarm. A war with Tippoo was counted as a life and death struggle, and although the last campaign of Cornwallis had pretty nearly prognosticated the ultimate issue, yet the whole resources of the Indian Government were now summoned as to a deadly strife. Those resolutions nearly affected the rising fortunes of Arthur Wellesley. On landing, as we have seen, at Calcutta in February, 1797, he had been despatched upon an expedition directed against Manila, but transports sailed slowly in those days, and by the time that the several vessels had arrived at their first rendezvous the alarm had been given at Madras, and they were overtaken by a peremptory recall. Each Presidency mustered its whole strength for the conflict, and as a reinforcement of that most immediately menaced, the 33d was transferred from Bengal and placed upon the Madras establishment. On this new scene of duty Colonel Wellesley arrived in September, 1798.

It had happened, and, as we may reasonably conclude, by something more than accident, that the young Colonel was already well acquainted with the future theatre of war. On returning from the Straits he had paid a visit to Lord Hobart, then Governor of Madras. His stay extended over a few weeks only; but this short period had enabled him to cast his glance over the military establishments of that Presidency, and over the various capabilities of the Carnatic. He brought, therefore, to the duties which he now assumed, information of a most serviceable character. The Commander-in-Chief at Madras was General, afterwards Lord Harris, under whose auspices Colonel Wellesley was stationed at Wallajahbad, with the responsible commission of organizing, equipping, and practising the forces of the Presidency destined for the expedition. The state of feeling in India at that period partook of no such confidence as was afterwards displayed. The troops at the Governor's command were neither numerous nor well provided; the resources of the Treasury were scanty, and the alliances of the Company had been seriously

damaged by the temporizing and ungenerous policy of the late Governor-General, Sir John Shore. Moreover, although the last campaign had been undoubtedly successful in its results, recollections of a disagreeable character were created by its vast consumption of blood and treasure, and by the perils of miscarriage which had been experienced in its course. It is natural enough from our present point of view to consider these apprehensions as having been unduly magnified, but it should be remembered at the very moment when Colonel Wellesley was ordered to Madras, Bonaparte had actually disembarked a French army on the shores of Egypt, and had put himself in communication with Tippoo—facts quite menacing enough to warrant unusual misgivings. The strength, too, of the Mysore army gave at least 70,000 troops, admirably equipped, and in no contemptible state of discipline, while the Madras muster rolls showed a total of no more than 14,000 of all arms, including less than 4,000 Europeans. In fact, Lord Mornington had been compelled to exchange the scheme of attack originally contemplated for a more cautious and regular exertion of his strength. With these reluctant conclusions he ordered General Harris to stand on the defensive along the Mysore frontier, and to augment the efficiency of his army by all available means, while he turned his own attention to the native Courts, whose alliance or neutrality it was desirable to secure.

That nothing on his part might be wanting to the success of the enterprise, he had transferred himself and his staff from Calcutta to Madras, and the effects of his policy and his presence were quickly discernible in the impulse communicated to every department of the service, and the restoration of energy and confidence throughout the Presidency. These efforts were admirably seconded by the practical exertions of his brother at Wallajahbad. So effectually had Colonel Wellesley employed the three months of his local command, that the division under his charge from being weak and ill provided had become conspicuous for its organization and equipment, and when the whole army presently took the field in unparalleled efficiency, the especial services of Colonel Wellesley in bringing about this result were acknowledged in a general order of the Commander-in-Chief. The whole force now put in motion against the famous Tiger of Mysore comprised three divisions—that of the Carnatic, 30,000 strong, that of Bombay, two-thirds less numerous, and the contingent of our ally, the Nizam. The latter consisted of the British detachment in the Nizam's service, of a few battalions of his own infantry, including some of M. Raymond's force lately disbanded, and of a large body of cavalry. To complete the efficiency of this powerful division it was resolved to add a King's regiment to its rolls, and at the express wish of the Nizam's Minister, coupled with the prompt approval of General Harris, Colonel Wellesley's corps was selected for this duty, and on him the general command of the whole contingent was suffered to devolve.

By these arrangements, which were to the unqualified satisfaction of all parties concerned, Colonel Wellesley assumed a prominent place in the conduct of the war, and enjoyed opportunities of displaying both his special intelligence and his intuitive military powers. Few opportunities indeed could be better calculated for the full development of his genius. He held a command sufficiently independent to elicit all his talents; he formed one of the political commission attached to the Commander-in-Chief; and he acted under the eyes of a Governor whose acuteness in discerning merit, and promptitude in rewarding it, were quickened on this occasion by the natural impulses of affection. Nor were there wanting in the same ranks either models of excellence or stout competitors for fame. Besides Harris himself, there were Baird and Cotton, Dallas and Brown, Floyd and Malcolm—soldiers all of them of high distinction and extraordinary renown, who either sought or staked a professional reputation in this memorable war against Tippoo Sultan.

By the end of February, 1799, the invading forces had penetrated into the dominions of Mysore, though so difficult was the country and so insufficient, notwithstanding the previous preparations, were the means of transport, that half-a-dozen miles constituted an ordinary day's march, and three weeks were consumed in conveying intelligence from the western division of the army to the eastern. The first movements of Tippoo from his central position had been judiciously directed against the weaker corps which was advancing from Cananore, but in his attempt on this little force he was signally repulsed; on which, wheeling to the right about, and retracing his steps, he brought himself face to face with the main army under General Harris near Malavelly, a place within 30 miles of his capital city, Seringapatam. His desires to engage were promptly met by the British Commander, who received his attack with the right wing of the army, leaving the left, which was composed of the Nizam's contingent under Colonel Wellesley, to charge and turn the flank of the enemy opposed to it. Colonel Wellesley's dispositions for this assault were speedily made, and, having been approved by General Harris, were executed with complete success. The conduct of the 33d decided the action. Knowing that if he could break the European regiment the native battalions might be expected to despair, the Sultan directed a column of his choicest troops against Colonel Wellesley's corps; which, reserving its fire till the enemy had closed, delivered a searching volley, charged, and threw the whole column into a disorder which the sabres of the Dragoons were not long in converting to a rout. After this essay it was clear that the campaign would turn upon the siege of the capital, and on the 4th of April the army, by the judicious strategy of Harris, arrived in effective condition before the ramparts of Seringapatam.

Between the camp of the besiegers and the walls of this famous fortress stretched a con-

siderable extent of irregular and broken ground, affording excellent cover to the enemy for annoying the British lines with musketry and rocket practice. At one extremity was a "tope" or grove called the Sultaumpettah tope, composed mainly of betel trees, and intersected by numerous water-courses for the purposes of irrigation. The first operations of the besiegers were directed to the occupation of a position so peculiarly serviceable to the party maintaining it. Accordingly, on the night of the 4th, General Baird was ordered to scour this tope—a commission which he discharged without encountering any opposition. Next morning Tippoo's troops were again seen to occupy it in great force, on which General Harris resolved to repeat the attack on the succeeding night, and to retain the position when carried. The duty was intrusted on this occasion to Colonel Wellesley of the 33d and a native battalion, who was to be supported by another detachment of similar strength under Colonel Shawe. This was the famous affair of which so much has been said, and which, with such various colourings, has been described as the first service of Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

Instead of simply conducting a regiment, we now find him; though still only a colonel, in command of a powerful division of an army, influencing the character of its operations, corresponding on terms of freedom with the General-in-Chief, and preserving his despatches for the edification of posterity. Reserving, however, any further comment on these circumstances, we must now state that the attack in question was a failure. Bewildered in the darkness of the night, and entangled in the difficulties of the tope, the assaulting parties were thrown into confusion, and, although Shawe was enabled to report himself in possession of the post assigned to him, Colonel Wellesley was compelled, as the General records in his private diary, to come, "in a good deal of agitation, to say he had not carried the tope." When daylight broke the attack was renewed with instantaneous success, showing at once what had been the nature of the obstacles on the previous night; but the affair has been frequently quoted as Wellington's "only failure," and the particulars of the occurrence were turned to some account in the jealousies and scandals from which no camp is wholly free. The reader will at once perceive that the circumstances suggest no discussion whatever. A night attack, by the most natural results, failed of its object, and was successfully executed the next morning as soon as the troops discovered the nature of their duties.

When these advanced posts had fallen into our hands, the last hour of Tippoo's reign might be thought to have struck, and the final results of the expedition to be beyond peril. But there is an aspect of facility about Indian campaigns which is extremely delusive to those unexperienced in its risks. All goes apparently without a check, and all is thought easy and insignificant; but the truth is, that a single check, however slight, will turn the whole tide

of success. It is the characteristic of this warfare that reverses which in other countries would be endured without serious damage are here liable to be fatal. To our check before the little fort of Kalunga, in 1814, we owed probably the duration and losses of the Nepaul war, and it has been credibly averred that if the ingenious operations of our officers had failed before the gates of Ghuznee, the disasters of the Cabul retreat would have been anticipated in that first Afghan expedition, which now reads like a triumphal march. It is true that Tippoo's forces proved unequal to encounter in the field even the weakest of the invading armies, and that our position before Seringapatam had been taken up without any resistance proportioned to the renown or resources of our enemy. But the fort was extremely strong, the place unhealthy to the last degree, and any material protraction of the siege would have exhausted the provisions of the army, and given time for the season to do its work. The river Cauvrey is periodically swelled during the monsoon, and had this occurred earlier than usual, the siege must have been raised, and a disastrous retreat—for in India all retreats are disastrous—must have been the inevitable consequence. As it was, the Commander-in-Chief was full of apprehension, and Sir John Malcolm used in after days to relate an anecdote which shows better than any calculation how many chances still remained in Tippoo's favour. On the day appointed for the storm, he entered the General's tent, and saluted him by anticipation with the title which proved afterwards the reward of his services. "Malcolm," was the serious reply of the old chief, "this is no time for compliments. We have serious work on hand. Don't you see that the European sentry over my tent is so weak from want of food and exhaustion that a Sepoy could push him down? We must take this fort or perish in the attempt. I have ordered Baird to persevere in his attack to the last extremity; if he is beat off, Wellesley is to proceed with the troops from the trenches; if he also should not succeed, I shall put myself at the head of the remainder of the army, for success is necessary to our existence."

In fact, these arrangements had been actually made. Colonel Wellesley, whose unremitting attention to all the duties of the siege is shown in a multiplicity of despatches, and the value of whose suggestions is proved by their effect upon the operations, received orders to head the reserve in the advanced trenches and to await the success of the storm. The fighting in the batteries had already been desperate and the losses heavy, but 2,500 Europeans still survived to lead the assault, and a chosen column of Sepoys followed them. It was midday on the 4th of May. Colonel Wellesley had received reports of the state of the breach, had revised them in terms exactly like those afterwards used at Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, had superintended the final preparations, and was expecting the result from his appointed post. "It was," says one near him, "a moment of agony, and we continued with aching eyes to

watch the result, until, after a short and appalling interval, we saw the acclivity of the breach covered with a cloud of crimson." The assault succeeded, and Colonel Wellesley advanced from his position, not to renew a desperate attempt, but to restore order in the captured city, and to certify the death of our dreaded enemy by discovering his body yet warm and palpitating under a mountain of slain.

Duties little less arduous than those of the actual storm devolved presently upon the troops of the reserve and their commander. The captured city presented a scene of rapine, terror, and confusion, in which not even the conquerors were safe, and the despatches of Colonel Wellesley from within the walls to General Harris, who still remained without, assumed an almost peremptory tone in their demands for positive instructions and summary authority to arrest the evil. The suggestions of the writer were acknowledged by an appointment conferring upon himself the powers required for restoring order. The establishment of a permanent garrison under Colonel Wellesley's immediate command speedily brought the city to its ordinary state of tranquillity and confidence, and his services or his claims were still more conspicuously recognized by his subsequent nomination to the commission instituted for disposing of the conquered territories. Of these one portion was conferred on the Nizam, another offered to the Peishwa, a third retained by ourselves under the provisional government of Colonel Wellesley himself, and the remainder restored to the original proprietors, dispossessed by the usurpation of Tippoo and his father. In these hands it still remains, and the residence of the Court having been again transferred to its ancient capital, Mysore, Seringapatam, the creation of Hyder and Tippoo, and the scene of British triumphs, is now crumbling to ruins from desertion and neglect, and will probably leave as little visible trace as the dynasty which raised it. Such was the end of the famous war in which Arthur Wellesley won consideration and renown. It is not easy, perhaps, at this period of time to appreciate the extraordinary interest with which it was viewed by contemporary observers, but it deserves to be remarked that these impressions were by no means confined to the shores of Britain. In the negotiations for the peace of Amiens the French plenipotentiaries repeatedly specified the conquest of Mysore as counterbalancing the continental triumphs of Napoleon himself, and the argument was acknowledged by Mr. Fox and his party to be founded on substantial reason.

We have now, within little more than two years of Colonel Wellesley's first landing at Calcutta, accompanied his rising fortunes to the point of independent and almost vicegeral command. In July, 1799, he was actual Governor of Seringapatam and Mysore,—that is to say, of territories nearly equivalent to Tippoo's late kingdom; and as General Harris, on returning to the Presidency, had, in obedience to orders, surrendered to him the com-

mand in chief of the army of occupation, the civil and military authorities were united in his single person. The use which he made of these discretionary powers, and the account to which he turned such extraordinary opportunities of developing, correcting, and maturing his natural talents for organization and command may be readily conceived. For some months he was now actively engaged in reconstituting the various departments of an Administration wholly disorganized by the overthrow of its chief; he selected and appointed officers in every capacity, giving preference to those who had faithfully discharged their duties under the former *régime*; he repaired roads, opened communications, attended to the claims of every class of the population, and executed with admirable sagacity all the functions of a Governor. Of the assiduity and talents which he brought to the performance of his duties his correspondence during this period with Colonel Close, the resident at Mysore, contains copious illustration; but his services were soon to be again demanded in that capacity which was more peculiarly and memorably his own.

It is a characteristic of Oriental life that a few deeds of daring and a few turns of fortune will suffice to convert a freebooting adventurer into a popular captain, a mighty chief, and a recognised sovereign. Hyder Ali himself had been little more, and the existing rights of some princes of India are derived from a similar title. Scarcely had Tippoo's standard been overthrown when it was raised again by a rival, who, but for the opportune antagonism of Wellesley, might have repeated on a larger scale the pretensions and aggressions of the Mysorean usurper. The name of this desperado was Dhoondiah Waugh. Having been unable, even during Tippoo's life, to restrain his predatory propensities, he had been incarcerated in Seringapatam, and was only released at the general deliverance which attended our conquest of the capital. On escaping from his dungeon he betook himself to the district of Bednore, on the Mahratta frontier, collected a numerous force from the disbanded levies of the Sultan, and proceeded to lay the country under contribution after the usual fashion of such aspirants. On being pursued by a British detachment he crossed the frontier, and ensconced himself in a territory which it was then thought very undesirable to violate. Just at this juncture Colonel Wellesley received an offer which might have exercised considerable influence on his subsequent career. It had been resolved to attempt, though by negotiation rather than force, the reduction of the Dutch settlement of Batavia, and the military command of the expedition was placed by Lord Mornington at the disposal of his brother. As the appointment was eventually declined, little notice would have been due to the incident but for the indirect testimonies which it elicited to Colonel Wellesley's services. Lord Clive, then Governor of Madras, dissuaded, in emphatic terms, the removal of a commander so indispensable to the peace of the Presidency, and

Colonel Close alludes to the mere report of the project with unfeigned alarm. Wellesley himself remitted the question to the judgment of Lord Clive, not concealing his appreciation of the opportunity, but resolutely postponing all other considerations to those of public service, and candidly avowing that Dhoondiah's progress was taking a very serious turn indeed. His disinterestedness on this occasion suggested the most advantageous policy he could possibly have adopted, for if Dhoondiah, whose fortunes were watched by a far more powerful foe, had been permitted to gather strength, either our Indian empire must have been crushed in its infancy, or the glories of the Mahratta war must have been gathered by other hands than those of Wellesley.

In point of fact, at the moment of writing the despatches with his conclusions on this critical subject, Colonel Wellesley was in the field on Dhoondiah's track. Towards the end of May he had put his troops in motion against this rapacious marauder, who having assumed the title of "King of the two worlds," had appeared in imposing force on the borders of Mysore, alarming the well affected, enlisting the malcontents, and ravaging the whole country before him. There was, indeed, little likelihood that he would affect to make head against Colonel Wellesley's force in open field, but his troops were almost wholly composed of light cavalry and artillery, extremely difficult to overtake, and the seat of war, which was the "Doab," or space between two rivers called the Kitnah and Toombudra, was peculiarly calculated to facilitate his plans. The country was intersected in all directions by rivers, which swelled prodigiously after rains, it was under no regular government, and had been exhausted by Dhoondiah's previous ravages. The exertions, therefore, of Colonel Wellesley in this, the first campaign which he ever directed in person, were turned to the means of concentrating his detachments in this difficult region, of provisioning his troops, and of either "running down" his adversary by rapid movements, or surprising him by adroit manœuvres. A subject of extreme importance was the disposition likely to be entertained at the Mahratta Court of Poonah, since the instructions of the British commander now empowered him to cross the frontier, if necessary, in pursuit of his antagonist—a step which he foresaw might entail a Mahratta war. The Peishwa, however, professed his readiness to co-operate in the campaign, but his contingent was routed by Dhoondiah with such promptitude, that little positive service was experienced from our allies, who would, there was little doubt, have declared against us on any of those reverses rendered so probable by the difficulties of the campaign. For several weeks Dhoondiah, by doubling and countermarching, succeeded in eluding his pursuers, and it seemed doubtful how long the expedition might be protracted, when Colonel Wellesley received an offer from a native to terminate the whole business by a stroke of a poniard. His reply was as follows: "To offer a public reward by proclamation for

a man's life, and to make a secret bargain to have it taken away, are two different things; the one is to be done; the other, in my opinion, cannot, by an officer at the head of his troops." The contest was continued, therefore, on even terms. More than once did the British commander succeed in driving his adversary into a position from which there appeared no escape, but as often did the wily freebooter defeat the imperfect vigilance of our allies, or avail himself of some unforeseen opportunity for eluding his pursuers. At length, on the 10th of September, 1800, after two months of a campaign in which he had extemporized from his own resources all the means of the commissariat and engineer department, and had subsisted his army almost by his own skill, Colonel Wellesley came upon the camp of his enemy. Though the whole force with him at that moment consisted of but four regiments of cavalry, harassed and overworked by constant marching, he at once "made a dash" at his prey, and put his army to the rout by a single charge, in encountering which Dhoondiah fell. The corpse of "his Majesty" being recognised, was lashed to a galloper gun and carried back to the British camp, but a certain item of the spoil deserves more particular mention. Among the baggage was found a boy about four years old, who proved to be the favorite son of Dhoondiah. Colonel Wellesley took charge of the child himself, carried him to his own tent, protected him through his boyhood, and, on quitting India, left a sum of money in the hands of a friend to be applied to his use.

The little war, if such a term can be applied to any hostilities in a country like India, was a simple rehearsal, both in character and result, of the great expeditions which were to follow. Against any antagonist but Wellesley it is highly probable that Dhoondiah's audacity and enterprise might have established him in a dominion equal to that of the Mahratta chiefs, whose power, indeed, had risen from an origin not dissimilar. At this moment the authority of the Peishwa was clearly on the decline, and threatened speedily to fall to the strongest, nor was there any reason why Dhoondiah should not have competed with Scindiah himself for the prize. The success of the recent campaign at once terminated all these risks, and confirmed Colonel Wellesley in an extraordinary reputation both with the native Courts and the British Government. The former were peculiarly qualified to appreciate such a victory as he had recently achieved, and the latter could not withhold their testimonies to the abilities by which the brother of the Governor-General had justified the appointments conferred upon him. In fact, though still a simple colonel, Arthur Wellesley was already, as he himself expressed it, "at the top of the tree," being intrusted with commissions above his rank, and honoured with the entire confidence of those whom he served. His attention, after the fall of Dhoondiah, had been directed under the ever present apprehension of Mahratta policy, to the Court of Poonah, but the jealousies subsisting between the Peishwa and his own feudatories, especially

Scindiah, superseded for the moment any intrigues against the British dominion, and Colonel Wellesley was preparing to neutralize the ambition of the confederacy by supporting one of its members against the other, when events occurred which severely tested his moral fortitude, and which threatened at one time a serious interruption of his professional career.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

"THE metropolitan newspaper press is perhaps the mightiest moral engine in the world. The 'Journalism' of Paris is generally supposed by those conversant with both countries, to exercise a greater influence in France than the London Press does in England; but out of France the Parisian journals scarcely exercise any influence at all; whilst that of London is sensibly felt to the remotest extremities of the civilized world."

The "Times," the leading English daily paper, was established in the year 1788. It had existed for a few years previously under the title of the "Universal Register," which name was found to lead to confusion, the newspaper being confounded with other "Registers," and it was found advisable to alter it. For many years its circulation was inferior to that of the "Morning Chronicle," but after the peace of 1815, it began to take the lead among the London dailies. "To the 'Times' belongs the merit of having raised the daily press of England to its present respectable rank. It was the first to give a high rate of remuneration for their labour to all the literary gentlemen on the establishment, and also to improve the mechanical departments of the paper. It was the first to press the amazing capabilities of steam machinery into the service of the daily journals. To Mr. Walter, I believe, the credit of this great improvement is due. He incurred the enormous expenditure of £60,000 in experiments, before he brought it to perfection. It was in November, 1814, that the readers of the 'Times' were for the first time informed, by a short leading article, that the number of the paper they then held in their hands was printed by steam, and at the astonishing rate of 4,000 copies an hour. Other establishments, in the course of time, followed the example of the 'Times.' Before the introduction of steam power into the printing offices of the daily papers, the proprietors were obliged to cause duplicates of each number to be 'set up,' in order to get the paper out in tolerable time; and even then, as the most active and powerful pressman could not throw off above 500 impressions in an hour by means of his hand, the publication of part of the paper was always delayed to a late hour; while the necessity of going to press early prevented the possibility of giving any important intelligence, which chanced to arrive late in the morning,—in any other than a very limited part of the impression."

"The Times" was also the first journal to set the example of giving double sheets. For

many years, at great expense to the proprietors, it published supplemental sheets when there was a pressure of advertisements, or of other important matter,—on each of which it paid a duty of two pence, though no additional charge was made to the public. The idea was at length conceived, that by publishing one large sheet of the same size as the former two, the proprietors would escape the heavy expenditure. In one of these double sheets there is a quantity of matter equal to what is contained in three ordinary octavo volumes;—so that you get as much reading matter in a double sheet of a London Morning Paper for seven pence (since reduced to five pence) as you obtain from a publisher of novels for a guinea-and-a-half.

To "The Times" we are chiefly indebted for the plan now adopted by most of the Morning papers, of procuring important intelligence in the shortest possible time, by means of expresses. It was the first to set the example. All these expresses are attended by a heavy expense to the proprietors. They often cost fifty or sixty pounds, when the distance to be travelled is only between two and three hundred miles. Owing to accidental circumstances, they sometimes amount to a much larger sum. The expense of sending down two gentlemen to report the proceedings of the Glasgow dinner, given to Lord Durham in 1834, and 'expressing' the report of those proceedings, is understood to have cost the proprietors of the "Times" nearly £200.

This journal is a most valuable property. Its estimated worth is given at £250,000—its annual profits, for some years past, are supposed to be between £20,000 and £30,000.

"The Times" directly employs, in one way or other, nearly one hundred individuals. The number of compositors alone is between fifty and sixty. Including the communications of correspondents from every part of the country and all parts of the world, there is not perhaps a number of the paper which appears that does not contain a portion of the manual or intellectual labour of one hundred and fifty individuals.

The Morning Herald was established in 1782 and was for some time the great rival of "The Times." There are few journals which have undergone greater vicissitudes of fortune than the "Morning Herald." In 1820, it was scarcely ever seen or heard of; its circulation was as low as 1400 copies per day, and it was only prevented from dying altogether by the advertisements, which still continued, in considerable numbers, to find their way into its columns. It began to attract attention at the time I have mentioned, in consequence of a series of reports of the proceedings in Bow Street (Police) office, which were then commenced in it. These reports were written by Mr. White, now one of the proprietors and also one of the editors, and were remarkable for their humour. Of course they were, for the most part, caricatures of what actually transpired; but the public got something to laugh at, and it never troubled itself about the fidelity

of the representations. They appeared exclusively in "The Herald," agreeably to an arrangement between the proprietors and the writer. Those, therefore, who wished a dish of fun to be served up with their breakfast, and could afford to pay seven pence for it, were obliged to procure "The Herald." The consequence was that the paper rose in circulation with amazing rapidity. Another accidental circumstance occurred some time after, which contributed essentially to raise the character and extend the circulation of the paper. The property was divided into sixteen shares, which were held by several proprietors, one of whom, Mr. Glassington, having disputed with the late Mr. Thwaites, who held a majority of the shares, the property was thrown into the Court of Chancery. The managing proprietors, in order to exclude Mr. Glassington from a share of the profits—as they considered his conduct to be vexatious in the extreme—threw back almost all the returns on the paper itself. In parliamentary and law reporting—in expresses from all parts of the country—and in procuring with the utmost possible expedition, regular correspondence from all the leading towns in Europe, "The Herald" entered into a spirited competition with "The Times." The result, as might have been expected, was that the paper rose with great rapidity both in reputation and circulation. In its foreign correspondence "The Herald" was for many years especially distinguished.

"The Morning Herald" used to be subjected to a greater number of prosecutions for libel than any other newspaper in London. This, however, was not always for objectionable original matter; but in many cases, for its reports of the proceedings of public meetings, where a bad spirit and conflicting interests existed among the speakers. "The Herald," in reporting the proceedings of such meetings, evinced an unusual boldness. It was equally uninfluenced by fear or favour. For some years, the annual expenses of these actions, including the damages given, was said to be about £4000.

The great source of profit with the morning papers consists of the advertisements—the smallest of which, though consisting of only one line, is in the front page, five shillings. The charge for one of a column in length would vary in different papers—for the proprietors of the several journals have not a uniform scale of charges—from fourteen to sixteen guineas. On some occasions "The Times" double sheets contain between nine hundred and a thousand advertisements. The profits then, from this source, must be enormous. Before the reduction of the advertisement duty, the yearly sum "The Times" paid to government for advertisements alone, was not much under £20,000.

The other principal morning newspapers are the "Morning Chronicle," the "Morning Post," the "Morning Advertiser," and the "Public Ledger." The latter, although the oldest daily paper in London, has the most limited circulation.

The evening papers consist of "The Globe," "The Courier," "The Sun," "The Standard," and "The True Sun."

An evening journal is conducted at much less expense—in some cases at one-half less—than the morning papers. The expense varies from £120 to £150 per week. One heavy item of the expenses of a morning paper, from which an evening journal is exempted, is the salaries of regular foreign correspondents. Then the expenses of reporting on an evening journal are not, in many instances, a tenth part so great as on its morning contemporaries. A morning paper, again, has to incur a heavy expenditure in the course of the year from running expresses, when there is important intelligence to communicate, from the continent and from all parts of the country. The size of the evening papers, too, being for the most part much less than the morning papers, the former have not so much chance matter in the shape of penny-a-line reports, nor so much to pay for compositors' wages.

We often hear of the advantages of a division of labour. There never was a more striking illustration of this than is furnished in the case of parliamentary reporting. When Mr. Percy, late proprietor of "The Morning Chronicle," commenced his career as a reporter, which was about the year 1780, the morning papers had but one reporter each. He had to remain in the house during the whole of the proceedings, and to give an account of them—a mere outline of course—from the beginning to the end. What aggravated the fatigue and difficulty of the task, was the circumstance of not being allowed to take any notes in the gallery. Reporters were then obliged to trust wholly to memory. The entire number of parliamentary reporters now on the metropolitan newspaper press, is about eighty. The parliamentary corps of the leading morning papers varies from twelve to fifteen. Each reporter takes a turn of three-quarters of an hour's duration. The moment his time has expired, he quits the gallery, his place being supplied by another, walks down to the office of the paper for which he is engaged, where he extends his notes in a legible hand, and then transfers his manuscript, which is in small slips, to the printer. When the reporter who succeeded the first gentleman has been on duty his three-quarters of an hour, he is relieved by some of his colleagues, and he also goes directly to the office to write out his copy in a perfect hand. In this way the thing goes on till the House rises.

When a reporter takes copious notes of any speech, it usually requires five times the time to extend those notes in a readable manner, which it occupies in taking them. Supposing, for instance, that a reporter has a turn of an hour, it will take fully five hours' incessant labour to extend his notes for the printer.

The great body of the reporters have enjoyed the advantages of a university education; and many of them belong to the learned professions. Several of those at present in the gallery have been educated for the Church of England,

the Church of Scotland, and the Church of Rome. Some of them have been regularly ordained. Among the reporters are several physicians and surgeons; while a very large proportion of them are either barristers-at-law, or young men studying for the bar.

Among the reporters of a previous period are to be numbered some of the most distinguished men the country has produced. Dr. Johnson was among the earliest reporters of the debates in Parliament. He was anything, according to his own admission, but a fair reporter. He says, that in reporting the debates in Parliament, he always "*took care that the whig rascals should not have the best of the argument.*"

It is generally supposed that a parliamentary reporter must necessarily write short-hand. This is a mistake. Some years ago not more than about a fourth part of the reporters used short-hand: of late the number has increased, and now, perhaps, one-third of them use it. On the Times and Herald there are gentlemen who cannot write a word in short-hand, and yet are considered the most elegant reporters in the gallery.—*Abridged from the "Great Metropolis."*

#### MONSIEUR DURANCE,

THE MAN OF THE TWO ADVENTURES.

Being destined early for a mercantile profession, I was sent, when a youth of fifteen or sixteen, to Bourdeaux, in order to acquire the knowledge requisite for my proposed pursuits, in the counting-house of one of the first establishments of that ancient city. The head of this firm, which was an extremely wealthy one, was M. Durance, a gentleman who, from an old friendship for my father, took me into his own house, and was most parentally kind to me. M. Durance was well up in years, round and ruddy in aspect, social in his habits, and possessed of one of the very best of hearts. He had one foible, however, which made the good soul almost intolerable to all mankind. Notwithstanding the great extent of the business he had conducted, he had seldom been out of Bourdeaux. He had only once been at Paris; but that once was enough. On that occasion he had met with *two adventures*. Oh, those two adventures! Tongue cannot tell, nor brain conceive, the delight which the worthy man took in narrating these incidents. His friends were kept thereby in a state of perpetual alarm. They never heard the words, "Did you ever hear me tell"—or even "Did you ever"—come from M. Durance's lips, without an internal shudder, and an instant retreat, if possible. "Did you," itself was enough to bring out a cool perspiration. For

if the good old merchant once began, pause or rest was out of the question for the succeeding couple of hours. How often have I been compelled after dinner to listen to these two eternal adventures! It was not that they were uninteresting in themselves. On the contrary, they were of a very remarkable order, and still more remarkable as having occurred at one and the same time. But who can listen even to a good thing forever! Nevertheless, as it is not likely the reader can ever have suffered from M. Durance's perpetuities, we shall repeat them once more, with a little more brevity than it was the honest man's practice to employ,

M. Durance had occasion to go to Paris upon business. He had a carriage or chariot in which he proposed to travel, but at the time when he found it convenient to set out, this vehicle required a slight repair, and the merchant, then comparatively young and active, thought it better to ride slowly forward on horseback for a couple of stages, leaving his servant to bring the carriage after him. M. Durance thus hoped to enjoy, for some part of the way, a more leisurely view of the country, which he had scarcely ever seen beyond a few miles distance from his own house. Accordingly, after giving full instructions to the servant, M. Durance set out, respectably mounted, and well armed, for he carried a large sum in bills and money. To do him justice, he had a stout spirit and a fair share of courage; but not much of either was required to travel alone at that period, owing to the admirable degree of efficiency into which the famous Fouché had brought the police of the country.

M. Durance's first day's travel was unproductive of any wonderful event. He stopt before nightfall at a village inn, rested comfortably, and the next morning pursued his route. While riding slowly along the border of a large wood, in the forenoon of the second day, he observed a party of men, also on horseback, a short way before him. He continued his course, and they did the same; but the merchant was uncomfortably surprised in the end to observe them frequently turning round, one after another, apparently to look at him. M. Durance thought of his pistols, and began to be very uneasy. The road now struck into the wood already mentioned, and when in the middle of it, poor Durance was shocked to see the men halt and turn round to observe him, as if simultaneously. The Merchant was at this

time but a short distance from them, and could not help drawing up his horse also for a moment. While he was in this situation, one of the men, after an apparent consultation with the others, left them, and advanced to our friend.

"Now is the time," thought Durance; "here comes a demand for my purse! What is to be done!" And the worthy soul's heart sank within him, as he thought of the heavy sum which he bore.

When the man came up, however, there was no demand of this kind made. The stranger's first words to Durance were, "What is your purpose here?" The merchant hesitated, and at length stammered out, "I have come—upon an honest errand, I hope—like yourself." "Ah, I thought so," replied the stranger, after a moment's pause, he continued, "Well, what will you take to go away? Will you take one hundred louis?" Mystified thoroughly, Durance, almost by accident, bolted out a "No!" The man again spoke, and said, "I cannot offer you more without speaking to my companions." With which words he turned away, and rejoined his band.

M. Durance never was so much puzzled in his life, but his spirits rose as he saw no intention on the part of the men to injure him, and he waited quietly till the stranger's return. That personage was not long away, and when he returned to the merchant, a bag of money was in his hand. This bag he held out to Durance, saying, "We have come to the resolution of just offering you three hundred louis, at once—here they are—if you choose to go away. Now, do take them" continued he; "upon my word, we cannot offer more." Durance sat more bewildered than ever, and was about to speak, when the bag was thrust into his hand by the stranger, who at the same time said, "Now do take it without another word. It will be as well for you, perhaps, as you are alone; and I can tell you there are some determined fellows yonder, who would think nothing to drive you off. But I was for a compromise, and, upon my honor, we cannot give more." With this the man turned to move away. Part of his last speech had made a wonderful impression on Durance, who, though utterly unable to tell the meaning of all this, thought it wise to pocket the bag, and ride onwards. He did so, and soon lost sight of the strangely liberal party he had met.

M. Durance continued his route peacefully

till nightfall, pondering all the way on what had passed, yet incapable of coming to any conclusion on the subject. On reaching the village where he proposed to rest all night, he was joined by his servant, Joseph Demaray, with the chariot, and on the ensuing day they pursued their journey in this vehicle. Nothing of interest occurred throughout their further progress, until they reached the very gates of Paris. But just as the vehicle was passing the barrier, a gentlemanly-looking person came up to the carriage side, and thus addressed M. Durance: "Sir you will have the goodness to go with me." "What?" said the merchant, "whither must I go? and why?" In a low tone of voice, and with the utmost civility, the gentleman replied, "You will permit me to have the honor, sir, of conducting you to M. Fouché," "M. Fouché!" ejaculated M. Durance, in no small alarm at the thought of what the famous head of the police could want with him; "I have committed no offence, I have broken no law, and I cannot understand why I should be sent for by"—The stranger cut short this speech by saying, "I have been waiting for some time upon you, sir, being instructed that you would arrive in a carriage like this; and your person, portmanteau, and every thing answer the description given to me. I cannot therefore be mistaken in the party, and you will have the goodness to attend me to M. Fouché, who will himself explain his business with you, which is more than I can do." There was no resisting this peremptory civil request. By the stranger's direction, M. Durance sent on his servant to the hotel where he proposed to lodge, and, seeing no alternative, followed the messenger to the office of the head of the police.

M. Fouché received our hero with the utmost politeness, and after requesting him to be seated, entered immediately on a detail of certain matters, which made the eyes of M. Durance grow as round as full moons, and led the good man to the conclusion that Fouché and the other gentleman in black were things synonymous.

"You are M. Durance of Bourdeaux, the head of the extensive mercantile house which bears your name; you have in your portmanteau the sum of—(naming the exact sum) in specie, and the sum of—in bills; you are about to reside at the hotel B., near the Boulevards; and it is your custom to retire to rest about eleven o'clock." These

are but a few of the particulars regarding M. Durance's situation, purposes and habits, which the police functionary seemed to be aware of. The merchant sat in mute astonishment.

M. Fouché evidently enjoyed the visitor's wonder, and before any reply could be made, the police functionary continued in these rather startling words: "Sir, are you a man of courage?" We have mentioned already that M. Durance had a good deal of spirit about him, and he was now roused to make the reply, "that no one had ever doubted his courage, and he begged to know the cause of the question." "Sir" answered M. Fouché, "you are to be robbed and murdered this night." "Robbed and murdered!" exclaimed the thunderstruck merchant of Bourdeaux.

"Gracious heavens! can this be true!" "It is true," returned M. Fouché, "You have seen how much of the truth, relative to your affairs, I am acquainted with, and this also is the truth. My reason for putting a question to you, affecting your courage, is this. If you have enough of that quality, you will go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour, placing your portmanteau, as usual, by your bedside, and betraying no suspicion to those around you. Only take care not to fall asleep—and leave the rest to me. It will be unnecessary, and, indeed improper, for you to look into the closets or beneath the bed. In short, do nothing but go to rest as you would do at home, and leave the rest to me. Have you resolution to do this?" M. Durance meditated a little, it was not unnatural, on which the head of the police addressed him again. "If you do not feel inclined to go through with this affair, I will procure one to personate you. This would render the affair more difficult, and its success less certain, but it might be done." "No, no," exclaimed our friend, "I will do it myself. I will act precisely as you direct, leaving my life in your hands." "You may do so, sir," replied M. Fouché, "with perfect confidence."

After a repetition of his instructions, and receiving some further particulars relative to the intended attack on him, the worthy merchant left M. Fouché, and having procured a street vehicle, was driven to the hotel whither he had sent his servant and carriage. The evening was now pretty well advanced, and ere M. Durance had rested himself and taken some refreshment, it wanted little more than two hours of bed-time. The merchant felt himself incap-

able of going out, and he therefore sought a book and sat still. But, with his usual kindness of heart, he did not wish to confine others on his account. His servant, Demaray, who was a Parisian, asked to go out and call upon his friends. "By all means, Joseph," said M. Durance; "go to see your friends, but recollect to be here again by eleven." After this M. Durance attempted to read, but, finding himself incapable of following the meaning of two lines together, he laid down the book and thought.

Joseph returned punctually at eleven, and lighted his master to bed. On being left alone, the courage of the merchant almost gave way. He looked around him. As M. Fouché had stated, there were two large closets in the room. The thought that, at that instant, his intended murderers might be there, came across the mind of M. Durance, and he was strongly tempted to satisfy himself before he lay down. But he recollected his promise—he remembered how accurate the intelligence of M. Fouché had been on the other points—and he resolved to confide in what had been stated to him, and to obey every direction. Having come firmly to this conclusion, he put out the lights and lay down on the bed. The counsel "not to sleep," proved most superfluous in the case of the honest merchant. His mind and sense were too much on the alert to permit him to slumber. Sometimes, within the first hour after he lay down, he thought he heard stifled noises, but they were not continuous, and led to nothing. At length, however, about half-past twelve, the door of his bedchamber was opened, and a glimmer of light fell on the opposite wall. Having purposely arranged the bed-clothes about his head in such a way as to enable him to see without being seen, M. Durance then beheld three men enter, bearing a dark lantern, and each armed with pistols. One of them advanced to the bed-side and seized the portmanteau. In this person's face, to his horror, the merchant beheld the lineaments of his own servant, Joseph Demaray. The first act of the men was to rip up and rifle the portmanteau; but while they were doing so together, each one being unable, seemingly, to trust his companions, M. Durance heard them agree upon the necessity of his own immediate death. Ignorant of the means prepared by M. Fouché for his succour, M. Durance felt the perspiration burst upon his body; and he was not kept long in this state,

for, ere the rifling of the portmanteau could be completed, the closet door burst open, five or six men rushed out, and in an instant the surprised robbers were in the hands of justice. On the officers coming out, the bed-room door at the same time was opened, and lights brought in, showing that all had been indeed thoroughly prepared for the relief of the merchant and capture of the offenders.

"Ah, ah!" M. Durance would here say, when narrating the story himself, "what think you of my second adventure? More wonderful still than the first, was it not?"

Whatever may be thought on this point, there is obviously less of mystery in the last incident than in the preceding. The extraordinary degree of information displayed by M. Fouché resulted simply from the villain Demaray having written from Bourdeaux to Paris, announcing to his associates the prize which was coming in their way. It may be thought that a roundabout and dangerous mode for M. Durance was adopted for the seizure of the offenders, and this may be in part true. But it is to be remembered that the slightest symptoms of preparation would have awakened the suspicions of Demaray, and would thus have prevented, in all probability, the capture of his associates, who, though old offenders, had long escaped detection by the police. As to the other points, M. Fouché, doubtless, had been afraid lest Durance, if informed previously of the treachery of his servant, and other particulars, might have prematurely done something to betray the scheme.

The wretch of a servant and his associates were punished as they well merited. M. Durance, thankful for his escape, blessed the wonderful police of his country, settled his business to his satisfaction in Paris, and in due time returned to Bourdeaux. It was not till after his return, notwithstanding many enquiries, that he could get any rational explanation of the first of his two adventures. Finally, however, by dint of local investigation, the mystery was solved. And what does the reader think was the cause of the three hundred louis being given to him, with such strange and apparently causeless liberality? The explanation is simple. In that wood, on the afternoon in question, there was to be a great sale of cut wood, which the party of men had come from a distance to buy in concert with one another. They looked for a great bargain, having reason to hope that no person would appear to bid

against them. But on seeing M. Durance in their track, they at once concluded that he was on the same "errand" as themselves. On consultation they thought it worth their while to endeavour to buy up his opposition, by the offer of a good round sum. M. Durance's first words unintentionally confirmed the mistake as to his purposes. The issue is known to the reader.

It is not exactly in our power to say to what extent M. Durance carried his inquiries, with the view of restoring the three hundred louis. We believe he offered publicly to give it up on call, but that it was never claimed from him. Perhaps the parties were ashamed of their extraordinary and simple-witted self deception.

### A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

One of the sweetest spots—one of the happiest homes—I ever saw in the world, and I have seen much of it, was on the banks of the St. Clair, in Upper Canada. Of course, in every quarter of those newly populated regions the scenery has a touch of wildness, heightened to the eye of the visitor from the other hemisphere by the magnificent scale on which the trees, rivers, and other natural objects, are formed. So it was with the delightful spot alluded to. Its charm lay not in the mathematically-clipt hedges, and trim-shaven lawns, which meet the eye in countries long subjected to the hand of art. From the wide and stately forest, which covered the Canadian shores of lake St. Clair—sloping from the interior of the country to the very brink of the waters—a square space, extending several hundred yards each way, had been redeemed by the axe of the settler. Near the centre of this clearing, which was bounded in every direction by trees, excepting in front, where the broad and pure sheet of the St. Clair was extended, there stood a homestead, rudely constructed, but having the appearance of warmth and comfort. The cleared space around was laid out in parks or fields, divided from each other by paling-fences, and at a little distance from the chief building were several smaller huts or sheds, for the lodging evidently of cattle. Other objects were visible upon this clearing, such as are usually seen on a well-managed farm, but into a detail of these it is unnecessary to enter.

Such was the spot which I approached on a summer evening, some years ago, on my way to visit a more distant settlement on the banks of the Huron. On entering the clearing by a rough bridle-road leading from the nearest village, which was about twelve miles distant, I halted for a moment; and as I gazed on the scene before me, embosomed by the trees and the lake, I thought to myself, "Here, now, is a retreat where care cannot come! here is an abode for a world-weary spirit!" After satiating my eye with the prospect presented to it, I rode forward to the dwelling-house on the little farm, and was warmly received by its possessor, Mr. Adams, though I had no claim upon his attentions, except a very general recommendation from a gentleman officially connected with the government of the province. The circumstance of requiring hospitality, however, I soon found, was sufficient to ensure it from my present host, who, with his wife, must be described to the reader.

Mr. Adams was still a young man, being apparently under forty years of age. He was tall, stout and well formed, with a manly, good-humoured countenance, bronzen by exposure to the open air. Altogether, he seemed one, without metaphor, who was in the habit of putting his hand cheerfully to the plough, and who thereby gained both health and strength. The jacket of thick fustian which he wore accorded well with such habits, and his strong shaggy bearskin bonnet, evidently of home manufacture, showed that he could handle his rifle, as well as guide the plough, upon occasions. The wife of my host appeared to be a little younger than her husband, and her aspect, like his, indicated the enjoyment of health and comfort. Matron as she now was, she was still a beautiful woman, and her form retained all its grace and activity. In her manner and speech, too, I thought I discovered marks of breeding and refinement, which one could scarcely have expected to meet with under such circumstances, though in her they did not seem at all out of place. Such were the mental observations which I made, after a little converse, upon my host and hostess, who received me in the parlour-end of their dwelling, where they had been sitting with their children, four ruddy little crea-

tures, when I arrived. The comfortable character of this room surprised me at first. The walls and roof were oil-painted, the floor was covered with matting, and on the hearth lay a bearskin rug; in short, every thing spoke of warmth, if not elegance. My host afterwards told me that the whole of the house, which was constructed of logs, was lined internally with smooth boards, a plan which rendered painting easy. Outside the walls were covered with clay, and the roof closely thatched with a species of long grass found on the shores of St. Clair.

I found Mr. Adams an intelligent man, excellently adapted for the situation in which he was placed, and well contented with it. When the evening meal was placed before us, I saw, indeed, many substantial reasons for this content. The number of good things, produced on and around this little farm in the wilds, was truly amazing. Fresh trout, caught by Mr. Adams's eldest boy from a boat which was kept on the St. Clair, sugar from their own maple trees, fowl, of which the farm possessed abundance, chiefly of the Guinea breed, milk, bread of various kinds; all these articles, and even more, were forthcoming, short as the notice was. My host's farm-assistant's wife, who lived in the same house, leant a hand in serving up these dainties, but Mrs. Adams, "on hospitable thoughts intent," did not disdain herself to do the principal part of the duty. How I relished the viands, and a draft of ale of Mr. Adams's own manufacture—how we chatted upon all and every thing—how I slept soundly on a shake-down—must all be left to the reader's imagination, seeing that I must hasten to present to him the story, to which this long introduction is in a measure prefatory.

When I arose in the morning, I looked again over the little farm on which I then stood, with redoubled pleasure, being now aware how worthy its possessors were of such a sweet and quiet nook. When my host joined me, to lead me to the shore of St. Clair, and show me his clearing in the most favourable point of view, I could not help congratulating him on his seemingly happy lot, and on his good fortune in having found such a mate as Mrs. Adams. "Yes," said he warmly, "she is a treasure—a blessing! And how

providentially she became mine!—how nearly had I lost her!” Observing my eye turned upon him with some degree of curiosity at this exclamation, he said, with a smile, “Our history, or rather the history of our union, is rather a curious one, sir. It still wants some time to our breakfast hour—perhaps the story may amuse you in the interval? On my declaring that nothing would give me greater pleasure, Mr. Adams began as follows:

“When a mere infant I had the misfortune to lose my mother, who, on her deathbed, recommended her only child to the care of her aunt, the wife of a respectable farmer, resident at no great distance from the Scottish metropolis. My father, a thriving merchant in that city, consigned me with pleasure into hands so well qualified to watch over my infancy.—Hence, from spending the greatest part of my childhood at my kind relation’s farm, I acquired so strong a taste for the occupation of farming, that, on passing my schoolboy days, I prevailed on my father to permit me still to remain with my grand-uncle, in order to learn the business of agriculture thoroughly. Perhaps my father might have demurred to this had not the passion for making money taken possession of his whole soul, to the exclusion of almost every other feeling. The death of my mother, and my own separation from him, had driven him as it were to concentrate his desires and affections upon this one object. He died, however, while still in his prime, and I found myself, at the age of twenty-three, master of a considerable sum of money, the proceeds of his industry. His affairs required some time to wind them up, and with this view I had gone to Edinburgh, intending, when the business was concluded, to take a farm on my own account.—While thus occupied, I was invited frequently to the houses of my late parent’s friends and acquaintances, some of whom I had often seen before. Among others, I visited the family of a Mr. Pringle, whom I had not seen since my boyhood. Mr. Pringle had two daughters, the eldest of whom, Marion Pringle, was about eighteen years of age, and seemed to me at first sight an extremely interesting and pretty girl. This impression did not decrease on further acquaintance; on the contrary, I found ere long that her image

had fixed itself permanently in my breast, and that all my thoughts for the future had a reference to her. Feeling this to be the case with myself, you may guess that, in my now daily visits to Mr. Pringle’s, I watched with anxious eyes to discover any tokens of Marion’s sentiments towards me. The result of these observations was most unsatisfactory. Sometimes I imagined that her sweet blue eye beamed on me with undisguised tenderness and affection, but when I was emboldened by this belief to emit a glance or word of more open admiration than usual, my hopes were at once cast to the ground, by the cold distance which her manner assumed. It seemed, in truth, as if she only looked on me with kindness when she was off her guard. Many, many were my ruminations, to no purpose, on this point, but an explanation came in time. One day a scene of this ambiguous character had occurred, and on my calling at Mr. Pringle’s the following morning, I found Marion’s sister, Anne, a lively girl of seventeen, sitting alone. As soon as I had seated myself, Anne took up a letter from the table before her, and said archly, that, if I would not speak of it to any one, she would tell me a family secret. A family secret! The words pierced my heart like a knife. I had thought a thousand times of a rival, but I could discover no one, among Mr. Pringle’s visitors on whom Marion appeared to look with the slightest interest. Now, however, my fears led me to anticipate what this family secret would be. I was not wrong. Marion, while almost a child, had engaged herself, with her father’s consent, to a young man, named Macall, who had gone to America, and the letter which Anne held in her hands had just arrived from him, requesting Marion to cross the Atlantic as soon as possible, as he had succeeded in business in New York, and was now prepared, on his part, to fulfil their engagement. My agitation, on hearing this, was great and irrepressible; my heart seemed to swell till it choked my breathing, and my whole frame shook as if ague-struck. The poor girl beside me was terrified at my appearance, and, in her hurried endeavours to soothe me, let drop some words which only increased my anguish. ‘Marion had not heard from America for a long time before, and she

thought—she was so young when Mr. Macall had gone away—.’ Several confused expressions of this kind fell from Anne’s lips, and were checked as soon as half uttered. I was unable to speak a word in reply, but rose and left the house as soon as my immediate agitation subsided. Oh, how I railed at the folly of young and long engagements, and the parents that permitted them! Marion I did not blame in the slightest degree for not informing me sooner of the state of things; I had never spoken openly; and to be suspected of presuming upon a man’s love, before he avows it, or where it does not exist, is inexpressibly distressing to a modest female. The communication made by Anne was, I believe, preconcerted, but the words which called up in me the most painful yet pleasing thoughts, were certainly unauthorised by Marion. These were, ‘Marion had not heard for a long time from America, and she thought—.’ How often and how long I mused upon this fragment of a sentence!

From my knowledge of Marion’s character, I was certain that she would fulfil her engagement. She did so. Within a few weeks after the explanation given to me by Anne, Marion sailed for New York, under the protection of a merchant going thither on business, and a friend of the family. Once only, before she went away, did I trust myself to gaze upon her. I placed myself in an obscure corner of the church which she attended, and took a last look at Marion, about to be lost to me for ever. She seemed paler and thinner than usual, unless imagination beguiled me. When she sailed, I left town also, and betook myself to my kind relation’s farm, there to brood over my disconcerted plans and hopes. Instead of taking a farm, or plunging into business, to dissipate my carking thoughts, I roamed about for several months, listless and moody, until I fell really ill, and was confined for some weeks to bed. On recovering, I was recommended by my medical attendant to go to the Continent for a change of air. No sooner was this idea suggested, than a thought which I had long ago entertained of settling in Canada, returned upon me with fresh vigour, and I determined to prosecute the scheme without delay. Having converted all my father’s effects

into specie, I took farewell of my friends, and proceeded to Liverpool, where I found the Quebec packet on the point of sailing. I entered myself as a passenger, and was soon on the broad bosom of the Atlantic.

Though the wind was generally favourable, our passage was a stormy one, particularly as we drew nigh the American coast. One day, when we were off Cape Breton, and the weather was more tempestuous than usual, a vessel was seen by us, driving about at a most dangerous proximity to the shore. On approaching more closely, it became obvious, as we had suspected, that the ship was drifting about at the command of the waves, and not of her crew; for a crew she had, as the signal of distress, hoisted as we bore in sight, satisfactorily proved. Every moment we expected to see the rudderless bark dashed against the rocks of the Cape. What was to be done? The packet could not, without a mad risk of lives, be brought near to the distressed vessel, in a strong if not boisterous sea. A boat was the only chance, and, to their credit, the packet crew were not slow in proffering to make an attempt to reach the strange vessel. I also volunteered my services, and, being young and vigorous, was taken at my word. The wind sunk a little as if to favour our purpose, and the jolly-boat of the packet was quickly lowered from her side. Six in number, we sat down to the oars, and safely rowed the boat towards its destination. Faint cheers reached us in our course, from the drifting vessel, but I had no opportunity of looking at its deck until we ran alongside. When I did stand up, what were my emotions at beholding, among the eager faces that looked down upon us, Marion—Marion Pringle! Her face was pale, and her eye vacant, while all around her were delirious with joy; but the moment that I shouted her name, her eye caught mine, and, extending her arms, she cried, ‘Philip! Philip! oh, Philip! save me!’ With an agility that even the sailors there might have envied, I found my way to the deck, and, forgetful of all that had happened, or might have happened, clasped the dear form of Marion in my arms. Though our little boat on its return was crowded, these arms were never unwound until I had placed her safe in the packet-boat, nor even

then, until I had learned my fate. One whisper revealed it. 'Marion, are you free?' I felt her heart beat more violently, while her lips uttered a blessed affirmative. 'Can you—will you be mine?' was my next question, and the murmured response was the same. The pressure to my heart which followed this reply was not resisted, and then, after leading Marion to the cabin, I flew to assist the sailors in attending to the crew of the distressed vessel, every one of whom had been saved at the same time when I brought off, and was absorbed only in the care of, her that was dearer to me than all the world. The ship in which she had been was dashed to pieces before our eyes, on the cliffs of Cape Breton.

My anxiety to know how Marion came to be in this situation was great; and on the morning after her rescue, she told me her adventures, while blushes, sighs, and smiles, mingled with the narration. Accompanied by her kind protector and friend, Mr. Clark, she had arrived safely in the city of New York, and was left by him at a hotel, on the day of their landing, until he went and informed Mr. Macall of her arrival. That gentleman was easily found, as he occupied a handsome house in the city. On Mr. Clark's announcing to him Miss Pringle's arrival, Mr. Macall looked somewhat confused, but said he was glad to hear of it, and invited the two new-comers to tea on the following evening. This seemed, both to the lady and her friend, rather cold and strange behaviour; but it was sufficiently explained next day, when Macall, meeting Mr. Clark on the street, took him aside, and, after much hesitation, mentioned that his affections had undergone an alteration—he feared he could not now make Miss Pringle so happy as she deserved—in short, he desired to be relieved from his engagement. Mr. Clark parted from him in indignation, and, on making inquiry, found that the real cause of the change in the affections of Marion's lover was his having recently met a lady of considerable fortune, who seemed inclined to unite her fate with his. When all this was told to Miss Pringle, her first thought was one of distress and deep humiliation of spirit; but these feelings soon gave way to an opposite sentiment of joy and gratitude for having escaped

the companionship of a being so mean and dishonourable as this conduct showed Macall to be. She immediately requested Mr. Clark to make preparations for her return to her native country, and she was on her way thither in one of the New York line of packet vessels, when it got into distress, became unmanageable, and had drifted northward to the point where we had found it.

'Now,' said Marion, when she had narrated her story to me, 'you know that you have before you a jilted and despised woman.' My only answer to this was a fervent prayer of thankfulness to heaven for the circumstances, disgraceful as they were to the principal actor in them, which had given me my Marion. I will not attempt to picture to you the sweet revelations, respecting our early feelings for each other, that passed during the rest of that voyage, but shall only say, that on reaching Quebec we were married, and that we soon after took up our abode in this little spot of cleared land, where we have been as happy, I believe, as ever mortals were.

"One remarkable thing that occurred since we came here," continued my host, in conclusion, "I ought to tell you. A poor tattered wretched wanderer came to our door one evening, begging for bread. He was on his way to the settlement on the Huron. I knew him not, but Marion did—it was Macall. We were kind to the poor wretch, fed him, clad him, and sent him on his way. His wife—she for whom he had broken his faith with Marion—had ruined him by her extravagance and ill conduct, and had at last deserted him. Retribution thus fell on him in the very form which his misconduct merited."

Mr. Adams and I now went into his comfortable dwelling, to enjoy our morning meal, and it may be believed that I did not regard his comely wife with less interest after the story just told. So kind and pressing was their invitation, that I staid another night with my friendly entertainers, and I saw in their family such a picture of peace and concord, such manifestations of conjugal, parental, and filial love, as to justify the assertion with which I set out, that the "happiest home I ever saw in the world was on the banks of the St. Clair, in Upper Canada."

*Chambers' Ed. Journal.*

## THE RIVAL STAGE-COACHES.

The proprietors of steamboats, railroads and stage-coaches often carry the spirit of competition to a ruinous and ridiculous extent. Not many years ago there lived on Long Island a jolly, well-to-do, honest old Dutchman, who drove a stage from Brooklyn to the village of Jamaica, for two dollars. This had been the charge since Adam was a juvenile. It was sanctioned by immemorial usage, and had all the crust of antiquity about it. Nobody thought of disputing the matter. It was settled, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and was a thing not to be sacreligiously meddled with, or altered on any account whatever.—The proprietor's great-grandfather had driven the same route, and so had all his other ancestors, and none of them had managed to realize more than enough to make both ends meet when Christmas came round. But it was left for these degenerate days, and for modern innovators to work changes in the destinies of Jamaica, which was then a mere dot on the unexplored map of Long Island. You might have held it in the hollow of your hand, or Major Noah could have put it into his waistcoat pocket. It has assumed vast consequence since that period.

In the course of time travelling increased on the Jamaica turnpike; the Dutchman had his stage full every trip, and began to thrive.—But the star of his good fortune, though it had risen clear and unclouded, was not long in the ascendant; for one fine morning there came another stage-driver, the owner of a new turnout, as fine as a fiddle, who put in his claims for employment. He was a full-grown stripling, with some ready money, and he secretly resolved upon bearing off the palm from the quiet but covetous Dutchman. At first he demanded the usual rates, and divided the business with his old-established rival; but finding that he had less custom, that he was looked upon as an interloper, and that all faces were set against him, he resolved to cut down the fare to a single dollar—and he did so, greatly to the satisfaction of the applauding multitude.

This was a sad blow to the prospects of the poor old Dutchman, whose carriage was instantly deserted, all the fickle populace instinctively flocking to the glossy vehicle of his adversary, who cracked his whip in high glee as he dashed along the dusty and unpaved streets of Brooklyn. At first Mynheer did not know what to make of the matter, so he lighted his pipe and looked to St. Nicholas for the solution of a mystery altogether too profound for his comprehension. One day, however, a friend unravelled it to him, and suggested the propriety of a reduction also in his price, whereupon the whole truth flashed upon him in the twinkling of an eye, and he instantly resolved, in defiance of the good examples of his forefathers, to humble himself to the insignificant fare of the pestilent competitor. Now all was right again, and things went on as swimmingly as before, until the new-comer again lowered

the fare—called his omnibus the "People's Line," and branded his opponent's "The Monopoly;" upon which the Dutchman flew into a violent passion, broke his pipe into a thousand pieces, and vowed by all the saints in the calendar that he would thereafter carry his passengers for nothing! And so strange was his demeanour, flying hither and thither in a hurricane of hot haste and hotter disdain, that all his neighbours stigmatized him as the "Flying Dutchman," a name which he has never been able to get clear of till this very hour.

The "People's Line," nothing disconcerted by this unexpected calamity, also came down to *nothing!* and painted on the panel of his carriage the figure of a fiery old man addressing a multitude, and begging them to ride in his carriage gratis, with the motto,

"Nothing comes from nothing; *try* again."

This was evidently intended as a hit at the "Flying Dutchman," who retorted by staining the "Interloper," as he always persisted in designating the "People's Line," with certain Dutch epithets, which respect for our readers prevents us from translating into veritable English. Fierce were the animosities, bitter the feuds, and arduous the struggles that ensued between the belligerents. Long they lasted, and fatal promised to be the consequences to both. Every expedient was resorted to, but as neither would yield an inch of ground to the other they both went on, season after season, running the stages at their own expense, and annoying every body who would listen to them with a full and particular recital of their wrongs, their wrath and their wranglings. At last the owner of the "People's Line," fairly wearied out by the obstinacy and perseverance of the redoubtable Dutchman, caused a mammoth handbill to be struck off and posted from the East-River to the Atlantic Ocean, in which he stated, in ponderous capital letters, that he would not only carry his passengers for nothing, but that he would actually pay each and every one of them the sum of twenty-five cents for going! To the unhappy Dutchman this was the drop too much; and it effectually did the business for his now unpopular and detested "Monopoly," which was denounced at every tavern by the road-side as a paltry, mean, and "unconstitutional" concern, while the "People's Line" was lauded to the skies for its liberality and public spirit. The Flying Dutchman flew no more. His spirit was evidently broken as well as his prospects, and his horses crawled to and from Jamaica at a snail's pace, equally unmindful of whip or rein—evidently sympathising in their master's disappointment and discomfiture. Yet go the Dutchman would—he had become accustomed to the occupation—it was second nature to him; and he could not easily overcome the force of habit: he preferred working for nothing and finding himself to relinquishing the road to his indefatigable annoyer. "His shirtless majesty," as some audacious poet has impertinently called the sovereign people, however, generally gave its countenance and support to its own

line, which still kept up its speed and its reputation. It speaks volumes—volumes, did I say? it speaks ten thousand libraries—for the intelligence and good feeling of our locomotive countrymen; and, as faithful chroniclers, we are bound to record the fact, that not a single individual ever applied for the two shillings that had been so generously and disinterestedly tendered, every one being actually contented with going the whole distance gratis, and with being thanked into the bargain!

One day, however, a long, thin, lank-sided, mahogany-faced down-easter chanced to read the mammoth bill with ponderous capitals; and without a moment's hesitation he decided upon bestowing his corporeal substance snugly in the back seat of the "People's Line;" and it so fell out that he was the only passenger.

The down-easter was a talkative, prying, speculative jimerack of a fellow, who propounded more questions in a single minute than one could answer in a whole hour; and in less time than you could say Jack Robinson he was at the bottom of all the difficulty, and in possession of every particular respecting the rival lines. He was "free of speech and merry"—joked with the proprietor, ridiculed the Flying Dutchman, called him a cockalorum, and finally denounced him as an inflated, over-grown, purse-proud capitalist, who advocated a system of exclusive privileges contrary to the spirit of our glorious institutions, and dangerous to the liberties of the country; and he even went so far as to recommend that a town meeting should be immediately called to put the old blockhead down, and banish him from the sunshine of public favour for ever!

"I will put him down!" said the driver.—"And he shall stay put when he is down!" replied Jonathan, with an approving nod of the head.

At the various stopping-places, Jonathan—who was not a member of any of the temperance societies, for those institutions were not founded at the time of which we are writing—to show his good fellowship, but with no other motive, did not scruple to drink sundry villainous bar-room compounds at the expense of his new acquaintance, who, that day, was so overjoyed to find that the stage of the "Monopoly" was compelled to go the whole route entirely empty, that his hilarity and flow of boisterous humour knew no bounds, and he snapped his fingers, and said he did not care a fig for the expense—not he!

"Here's to the People's Line!" drank Jonathan. "The People's Line for ever!" shouted the driver. "And confusion to the Monopoly!" rejoined the down-easter. "With all my heart!" echoed the friend of the people. "The Flying Dutchman is deficient in public spirit!" said the landlord, a warlike little fellow, who was a major in the militia. "Behind the age we live in!" remarked a justice of the peace.

"And he deserves to run the gauntlet from Brooklyn to Jamaica for violating the constitution!" responded all the patriotic inmates of the bar-room.

"I say, mister, you're a fine specimen of a

liberal fellow," said Jonathan, as his companion paid the reckoning, resumed the ribbands, and touched up the leaders gaily. "You deserve encouragement, and you shall have it. I promise it to you, my lad," continued he, as he slapped the "People's Line" on the shoulder like an old and familiar friend, "and that's enough. The Flying Dutchman, forsooth! why, he's a hundred years at least behind the march of improvement, and, as he will never be able to overtake it, I shall henceforward look upon him as a mere abstract circumstance, unworthy of the least regard or notice."

Jonathan weighed every word of the last sentence before he pronounced it, for he was, upon the whole, rather a cute chap, and had no notion of letting his friendship for the one party involve him in a law-suit for a libel with the other.

The overjoyed proprietor thanked him heartily for his good wishes, and for the expression of his contempt for the old "Monopoly," and the lumbering vehicle thundered on towards Jamaica.

Arrived, at last, at the termination of the journey, the driver unharnessed the horses, watered them, and put them up for the night. When he turned to take his own departure, however, he observed that Jonathan, who, after all said and done, candour compels us to acknowledge, had rather a hang-dog sort of look, seemed fidgetty and discontented; that he lingered about the stable, and followed him like a shadow wherever he bent his steps.

"Do you stop in this town, or do you go farther?" asked the driver. "I shall go farther, when you pay me the trifle you owe me," replied Jonathan, with a peculiar, knowing, but serious expression.

"That I owe you?" "Yes—is there not something between us?" "Not that I know of." "Why, mister, what a short memory you've got!—you should study mnemonics, to put you in mind of your engagements." "What do you mean? There must be some mistake!" "Oh! but there's no mistake at all," said Jonathan, as he pulled a handbill from his pocket, unfolded it with care, and smoothed it out upon the stable door. It was the identical mammoth handbill with the ponderous capitals.

"That's what I mean. Look there, Mr. People's Line. There I have you, large as life—and no mistake whatever. That's your note of hand—its a fair business transaction—and I will trouble you for the twenty-five cents, in less than no time; so shell it out, you 'tarnal critter."

"My Christian friend, allow me to explain, if you please. I confess that it's in the bill; but, bless your simple soul, nobody ever thinks of asking me for it."

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Jonathan. "Now, that's what I call cutting it a little too fat; but it's nothing to me. I attend to nobody's affairs but my own; and if other people are such ninny-hammers as to forgive you the debt, that's no reason why I should follow their bad example. Here are your conditions, and I want the moppuses. A pretty piece of business, truly, to

endeavour to do your customers out of their just and legal demands in this manner. But I can't afford to lose the amount, and I won't! What! haven't I freely given you my patronage—liberally bestowed upon you the pleasure of my company, and, consequently, afforded you a triumph over that narrow-contracted 'Monopoly?' and now you refuse to comply with your terms of travel, and pay me my money, you ungrateful varmint you! Come, mister, it's no use putting words together in this way. I'll expose you to 'old Monopoly' and every body else, if you don't book-up like an honest fellow; and I won't leave the town until I am satisfied."

"You won't?" "No." "Are you serious?" "Guess you'll find I am." "And you will have the money?" "As sure as you stand there." "What, the twenty-five cents?" "Every fraction of it." "And you won't go away without it?" "Not if I stay here till doomsday; and you know the consequence of detaining me against my will." "What is it?" "I'll swinge you, you *pyson serpent*, you?" "You'll what?" "I'll sue you for damages." "You will?" "Yes; I'll law you to death, sooner than be defrauded out of my property in this manner; so, down with the dust, and no more grumbling about it."

The bewildered and now crest-fallen proprietor, perceiving from Jonathan's tone and manner that all remonstrance would be in vain, and that he was irrevocably fixed in his determination to extract twenty-five cents from his already exhausted coffers, at length slowly and reluctantly put into his hand the bit of silver coin representing that amount of the circulating medium.

Jonathan, we blush to say, took the money; and, what is more, he put it into his pocket; and, what is still more, he positively buttoned it up, as if to "make assurance doubly sure," and to guard it against the possibility of escape.

"Mister," said he, after he had gone coolly through the ceremony, looking all the while as innocently as a man who has just performed a virtuous action, "mister, I say, you must not think that I set any more value on the insignificant trifle you have paid me than any other gentleman:—a twenty-five cent piece, after all, is hardly worth disputing about—it's only a quarter of a dollar, which any industrious person may earn in half an hour, if he chooses—the merest trifle in the world—a poor little scoundrel of a coin, that I would not, under other circumstances, touch with a pair of tongs—and which I would scorn to take even now—*if it were not for the principle of the thing!* To show you, however, that I entertain a high respect for the "People's Line," that I wish no good to Cockalorum, and that I do not harbour the slightest ill-will towards you for so unjustifiably withholding my legal demands, the next time I come this way again I will unquestionably give your stage the preference—unless the 'Flying Dutchman' holds out greater inducements than you do; in which case, I rather calculate, I shall feel myself in duty bound to encourage him."

Since the veritable circumstances here related, the Jamaica rail-road has entirely superseded the necessity of both the "Monopoly" and the "People's Line," and the public-spirited proprietors of these vehicles, after making a prodigious noise in the world, have retired under the shade of their laurels, deep into the recesses of private life. There we shall leave them, to enjoy whatever satisfaction may be gathered from the proud consolation of having expended every farthing they were worth in the world for the gratification of a public that has long ago forgotten they ever existed!

G. P. Morris.

CELEBRATED TAILORS.—Among the celebrated tailors that this country has produced, Sir J. Hawkwood usually styled Joannes Acutus, from the sharpness of his needle, or his sword, leads the van. The arch Fuller says, he turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield. He was son of a tanner, was bound apprentice to a tailor in London, pressed for a soldier, and then, by his spirit, rose to the highest command in foreign parts. He served under Edward III., and was knighted. He showed proofs of valour at Poitiers, and gained the esteem of the Black Prince. He finished his glory in the pay of the Florentines, and died, full of years in 1394. His native place (Hedingham, Essex) erected a monument to his memory in the parish church.—Sir R. Blackwell was his fellow apprentice, and knighted for his valour by Edward III., married his master's daughter, and founded Blackwell Hall.—John Speed, the historian, was a Cheshire tailor. His merit as a British historian and antiquary is indisputable.—John Stowe, the antiquary, born in London 1525, was likewise a tailor. In his industrious and long life he made vast collections, as well for the history and topography of his native city, as for the history of England. He lived to the age of eighty, and died in poverty.—Benjamin Robbins was the son of a tailor, of Bath; he completed Lord Anson's voyage, and had great knowledge in naval tactics.—The first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the slave trade, was T. Woolman, a Quaker, and a tailor of New Jersey. He published many tracts against this unhappy species of trade; he argued against it in public and private; and made long journeys to talk to individuals on the subject. In the course of a visit to England, he went to York in 1772; caught the small-pox, and died.

ENGLISH IDEAS OF AMERICA.—Some questions were asked in relation to the authority of American consuls. An English cockney who was present, and who volunteered to give us information on the subject, afterwards asked, "Have you attorneys or lawyers in America?" I mention this because it reminds me that a gentleman of the same tribe asked me at Valparaiso, in 1827, what we did in America when we wanted a coat; then pausing, and perhaps perceiving my astonishment, added, "Ah! but I imagine some English tailors have gone out there by this time."—*Ruschenberger.*

## A B C.

Oh, thou Alpha Beta row,  
Fun and freedom's earliest foe,  
Shall I e'er forget the primer,  
Thumbed beside some Mrs. Trimmer,  
While mighty problem held me fast  
To know if Z were first or last?  
And all Pandora had for me  
Was emptied forth in A B C.

Teazing things of time and trouble,  
Fount of many a rolling bubble,  
How I strived with pouting pain  
To get thee quartered on my brain;  
But when the giant feat was done  
How nobly wide the field I'd won!  
Wit, Reason, Wisdom, all might be  
Enjoyed through simple A B C.

Steps that lead to topmost height  
Of worldly fame and human might,  
Ye win the orator's renown,  
The poet's bays, the scholar's gown:  
Philosophers must bend and say  
'Twas ye who op'd their glorious way.  
Sage, statesman, critic, where is he  
Who's not obliged to A B C?

*Elicia Cook.*

## SAY, OH! SAY YOU LOVE ME!

By the gloom that shades my heart  
When, fair girl, from thee I part;  
By the deep impassioned sigh,  
Half suppressed when thou art nigh;  
By the heaving of my breast,  
When thy hand by mine is pressed;  
By these fervent signs betray'd,  
Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid?  
Then say, oh! say you love me!

By the joy that thrills my frame  
To hear another praise thy name;  
By my mingled dread the while,  
Lest that one should woo thy smile;  
By the flush that dyes my cheek,  
Telling what I ne'er could speak;  
By these fervent signs betray'd,  
Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid?  
Then say, oh! say, you love me!

Heart and soul more fond than mine,  
Trust me, never can be thine;  
Heart and soul, whose passion pure,  
Long as life shall thus endure.  
Take, oh! take me! let me live  
On the hope thy smiles can give;  
See me kneel before my throne,  
Take, oh! take me for thine own!  
And say, oh! say, you love me!

*Elicia Cook.*

## THE SPINSTER'S SONG.

Now lads, an there's ony among ye,  
Wad like just upon me to ca',  
Ye'll find me no ill to be courted,  
For shyness I hae put awa.  
And if ye should want a bit wife  
Ye'll ken to what quarter to draw,  
And e'en should we no mak a bargain,  
We'll aye get a kissie or twa.

## THE LOVER'S WREATH.

With tender vine-leaves wreath thy brow,  
And I shall fancy that I see  
In the bright eye that laughs below  
The dark grape on its parent tree.  
'Tis but a whim, but oh! entwine  
My wreath round that dear brow of thine.

Weave of the clover-leaves a wreath  
Fresh sparkling with a summer-shower,  
And I shall in my fair one's breath  
Breathe the soft fragrance of the flower.  
'Tis but a whim, but oh! do thou  
Entwine my wreath around thy brow.

Oh! twine green rose-leaves round thy head  
And I shall dream the flowers are there,  
The moss-rose on thy rich cheek spread,  
The white upon thy forehead fair:  
'Tis but a whim, but oh! entwine  
My wreath round that dear brow of thine.

## THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily, the flowers die away:  
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!  
Just live a live of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,  
Then drop, without decrepitude or pain, into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures! they neither toil nor  
spin,  
Yet lo! what goodly raiment they're all apparelled in;  
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright  
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiamed with light.

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never  
pall;  
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!  
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed  
air,  
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely  
share.

The happy, careless creatures! of time they take no heed,  
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;  
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;  
Nor when 'tis gone cry mournfully, "would God that it  
were day!"

And when their lives are over they drop away to rest,  
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy nature's breast:  
No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay,  
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they!

*Caroline Bowles.*

## JOHN BULL

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,  
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;  
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,  
And on his counter beat the d—'s tattoo.  
His wars were ended, and the victory won,  
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John;  
And authors vouch, 'twas still this worthy's way  
"Never to grumble till he came to pay;  
And then he always thinks, his temper's such,  
The work too little and the pay too much."

Yet, grumbler that he is, so kind and hearty,  
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,  
And past the power to harm his quiet more,  
Poor John had well-nigh wept for Bonaparte!

*Sir W. Scott.*

**HOAXING A CHINAMAN.**—The Cochin-Chinese are a polite people, and punctilious observers of etiquette. At Vunglam the chief Mandarin questioned the propriety of one of his rank and numerous titles holding intercourse with Mr. Roberts, who came from a country where he understood there were no titles, and all men were equal. Mr. Roberts, perceiving that unless this objection were removed, all negotiation would be at an end, replied that the Mandarin had been in some measure misinformed. He told him, if his Chinese secretary would take a piece of paper, he would enumerate his own titles and convince him of his error. The secretary selected a half sheet of paper, but Mr. Roberts requested him to take a whole one, as that even would be scarcely large enough. The American officers present were of course at a loss to imagine how Mr. Roberts would extricate himself from this seeming difficulty. But not so Mr. Roberts. He dictated as follows: Edmund Roberts, Esquire, Special Envoy from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Cochin-China, Citizen of the United States, Citizen of Maine, Citizen of New Hampshire, and continued enumerating himself citizen of each of the twenty-four states; for, being citizen of all, he was so of them severally. Before the sheet was half full the Mandarin exclaimed, it was unnecessary to go farther, as his titles already exceeded his own. Had he not been satisfied, Mr. Roberts intended to enumerate as many of the cities, towns and villages as he could remember, not doubting the success of this *ruse diplomatique*.

*Ruschenberger.*

**FOOTE THE ACTOR.**—In giving sumptuous dinners to the first society in Edinburgh, his mode of preparing for these entertainments was a strange kind of satire, by contrast, upon "Scotch economy." Jewell told me that while Foote remained there, he papered up the curls of his wig, every night before he went to bed, with the One Pound Notes of Scotland; to show his contempt for promissory paper of so little value, which was not then in English circulation; and that, when his cook attended him next morning for orders, not orders for the play, but orders for dinner, he unrolled the curls on each side of his head, giving her the One Pound Notes to purchase provisions, *ad libitum*, and then sent her to market in a *sedan-chair*.

**APPROVED REMEDIES FOR EVERY-DAY MALADIES.**—*For a fit of Passion:* Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton. *For a fit of Idleness:* Count the tickings of a clock; do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a negro. *For a fit of Extravagance and Folly:* Go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced,

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,  
Must be content to lie forlorn.

*For a fit of Ambition:* Go into the church-yard, and read the grave-stones; they will tell you the end of ambition. *For a fit of Repining:* Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit

the bed-ridden and afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

**MARRIAGE BROKERS.**—In Genoa there are marriage brokers who have pocket-books filled with names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, &c. These brokers go about endeavouring to arrange connections; and when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when everything else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match, on condition of his defraying the brokerage, and any other expenses incurred.

**A KNOWLEDGE OF NICKNAMES.**—Many anecdotes might be collected to show the great difficulty of discovering a person in the collieries without being in possession of his nickname. The following was received from a respectable attorney:—During his clerkship he was sent to serve some legal process on a man whose name and address were given to him with legal accuracy. He traversed the village to which he had been directed from end to end, without success, and after spending many hours in the search, was about to abandon it in despair, when a young woman who had witnessed his labours kindly undertook to make inquiries for him, and began to hail her friends for that purpose. "O! say, Bullyed, does thee know a man named Adam Green?" The Bull-head was shaken in sign of ignorance, "Loy-a-bed, does thee?" Lie-a-bed's opportunities of making acquaintance had been rather limited, and she could not resolve the difficulty. Stumpy (a man with a wooden leg), Cowskin, Spindleshanks, Corkeye, Pigtail, and Yellow-belly, were severally invoked, but in vain, and the querist fell into a *brown study*, in which she remained for some time. At length, however, her eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her companions on the shoulder, she exclaimed triumphantly, "Dash my wig! why he means my feyther!" and then turning to the gentleman, she added, "You should ha' ax'd for Ould Blackbird."—*Flowers of Anecdote.*

**A TROUBLESOME WITNESS.**—"Hold up your head, witness: look up; why don't you look up, I say? Can't you hold up your head, fellow? Can't you look as I do?" "Nay, Sir," replied the countryman with perfect simplicity, "I can't—you squint."

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