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THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—TORONTO: JUNE, 1854.—No. 6.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XVII.

As may be supposed, the blockade of the Chesapeake, and the threatening position taken up by the fleet, off Hampton Roads, placed the Americans on the *qui vive*, especially as many tongued rumour had been busied in ascribing plans and intentions of every description to the British Admiral.

The flotilla had failed in their attack on the Junon, thereby demonstrating that gun boats alone could effect nothing: the Constellation could not venture from under the batteries, and as there was, consequently, really no force by which the British could be attacked by water, the Americans were compelled to endure the sight of a hostile squadron daily before their eyes, with the mortifying conviction forced on them, that, inasmuch as they had been fomenters of the war, so were they now the principal sufferers—So strict was the blockade that it was not only impossible for any vessel to escape the cruisers which guarded the passage between Cape Henry and Cape Charles, but it was an enterprise attended with great risk for any vessel to leave the James, Elizabeth, York, or in fact, any of the rivers which disembogue into the Chesapeake bay.

All that was, under these circumstances, left for the Americans was to prepare against attacks, and we accordingly find in "Sketches of the war" that upwards of ten thousand militia were assembled round Norfolk and its vicinity, the points against which an attack was most likely to be directed. With the whole coast thus on the alert it was not to be expected that the preparations which were openly made towards the end of June by the British Squadron would escape observation. "Accordingly," as James has it "Craney Island being rather weakly manned, the commanding officer at Norfolk sent one hundred and fifty of the Constellation's seamen and marines, to a battery of eighteen pounders in the north west, and about four hundred and eighty Virginia Militia, exclusive of officers, to reinforce a detachment of artillery, stationed with two twenty four and four six pounders on the west side of the island. Captain Tarbell's fifteen gun boats were also moored in the best position for contributing to the defence of the post." It will thus be seen that very formidable preparations for the defence of this port were adopted, and the following despatch from Admiral Warren to Mr Croker announcing the failure of the attack on Craney Island will not wholly be unprepared for.

From Admiral Warren to Mr. Croker.

San Domingo, Hampton-roads,
Chesapeake, June 24, 1813.

SIR,—I request you will inform their lordships, that, from the information received of the enemy's fortifying Craney Island, and it being necessary to obtain possession of that place, to enable the light ships and vessels to proceed up the narrow channel towards

Norfolk, to transport the troops over on that side for them to attack the new fort and lines in the rear of which the Constellation frigate was anchored, I directed the troops under Sir Sydney Beckwith to be landed upon the continent within the nearest point to that place, and a reinforcement of seamen and marines from the ships; but upon approaching the island, from the extreme shoalness of the water on the sea side, and the difficulty of getting across from the land, as well as the island itself being fortified with a number of guns and men from the frigate and militia, and flanked by fifteen gun-boats, I considered, in consequence of the representation of the officer commanding the troops, of the difficulty of their passing over from the land, that the persevering in the attempt would cost more men than the number with us would permit, as the other forts must have been stormed before the frigate and dock-yard could have been destroyed; I therefore ordered the troops to be re-embarked.

I am happy to say, the loss in the above affair, (returns of which are enclosed) has not been considerable, and only two boats sunk.

I have to regret, that Captain Hanshett, of His Majesty's ship Diadem, who volunteered his services, and led the division of boats with great gallantry, was severely wounded by a ball in the thigh.

The officers and men behaved with much bravery, and if it had been possible to have got at the enemy, I am persuaded would have soon gained the place.

I have the honor to be, &c.

J. B. WARREN.

J. W. Croker, Esq.

A return of officers, seamen, and marines, belonging to His Majesty's ships, killed, wounded, and missing, in the attack on Craney Island, June 22d.

Killed, none—wounded, eight—missing, ten.

Return of land forces killed, wounded, and missing, in same attack.

Killed, six—wounded, sixteen—missing, one hundred and four.

The policy of making this attack has been very much questioned, and some of James' objections appear to have a considerable show of reason. He says, "There can be only one opinion, surely, about the wisdom of sending boats, in broad-day-light, to feel their way to the shore, over shoals and mud banks, and that in the teeth of a very formidable battery.—* But still had the veil of darkness been allowed to screen the boats from view, and an hour of the night chosen, when the tide had covered the shoals with deep water, the same little party might have carried the batteries, and a defeat as disgraceful to those that caused, as honorable to those that suffered in it, been converted into a victory. As it was the victory at Craney Island, dressed up to advantage in the American Official account, and properly commented on by the Government editors, was hailed throughout the Union as a glorious triumph fit for Americans to achieve."

We fully concede with many of James' objections, especially as to the injudicious selection of open daylight and an ebb tide. And although the particulars of the casualties are not given in Admiral Warren's despatch, yet other sources show that it was precisely to these causes that the failure was to be attributed.

In the first place there was an open parade of boats and an unwonted bustle round the British vessels; This was of course not unobserved by the enemy, who thus had time afforded to them to mature their plans of defence. In the second place the first part of the expedition of some seventeen or eighteen boats with about eight hundred men, under Sir Sydney Beckwith, was landed at a place called Peg's point, an untenable position, and from whence a movement, in support of the main body, could not be made. After remaining in this position for some time, the troops were re-embarked and returned to the fleet. The actual attack was made by a body about equally strong as the first division, and we would observe here, that it was made contrary to the opinion and advice of Captains Hanshett, Maude, and Romilly, however, overruled by the decision of Captain Perchell, the senior officer. It will thus be seen that the commanding officer had just half the force he calculated on for

*Here James indulges in a bit of the patriotic, about British basing their hopes of success on valour, not numbers, which we can afford to leave out. * * * * *

the demonstration, a fact that must not be forgotten when we come to compare American accounts. From the shallowness of the water, the tide being out, some of the boats got aground on a mud bank some hundred and fifty yards from the muzzles of the guns manned by the Constellation's men. In this position it is not very wonderful that two of the boats were sunk and many of the crews killed, especially when we add that the boats were ashore so close to the beach that the American Marines and Militia, by wading in a short distance, could pick off the men while struggling in the water. Admiral Warren's wording of his despatch is about as absurd as some of the American accounts. The Admiral slurs over the real reasons why his men were obliged to abandon the enterprise, but it would have been much more creditable if he had confessed honestly that the attack, injudiciously planned, was a total failure. His account, glossing over the affair, differs so widely from those of American writers that the reader is tempted to enquire farther, and the consequence is, that the Admiral is convicted of the very fault with which we charge—Thompson, O'Connor, Smith and Ingersol.

We have fairly stated the British force, and their loss; we will now examine the American version of the affair. One* makes the British force, that landed in front of the Island battery, consist of four thousand men, but forgetting shortly after his random figures, in the next page he states "that three thousand British soldiers, sailors and marines were opposed to four hundred and eighty Virginia militia, and one hundred and fifty sailors and marines." Mr. O'Connor reduces the force at Craney Island to fifteen hundred men, only thus doubling them, but to make his country some amends for this, he quadruples the force that landed on the main, stating them at three thousand strong. Commodore Cassin in a postcript to one of his letters adopts the same number, and even Ingersol, who from having been the latest writer has had more opportunity afforded of learning the truth, falls into the same error and makes the British troops twenty-five hundred strong, *adding besides fifty boats full of men.*

*Sketches of the War—p. 215.

It is also note worthy that in not one of the accounts is there one allusion to the boats having grounded, the sole cause of the failure, as experience had proved that the militia could not be depended on in an attack by regular troops. The Niagara frontier sufficiently proves the correctness of this assertion. Armstrong's account differs considerably from the others, but even he falls into a mistake. He states, "the disposable force of the enemy was divided into two corps, one of which, embarked into boats, and carried directly to its object, attempted to make good a descent on the northern side of the Island; while the other landed on the main, and *availing itself of a shoal, which, at low water, was fordable by infantry*, forced its way to the western side. Though made with a considerable degree of steadiness, both attacks failed.

The mistake, made in this paragraph, is that the troops crossed from the main land to the Island, and took part in the attack. That this was not the case is certain from the fact that the other writers, whose various accounts we have been criticising, make no mention of a fact which would assuredly not have been lost sight of by them, desirous as they were of making as great a parade of national valor as possible.

Looking at the descent on Craney Island in the most favorable light it can be regarded in no other light than as a badly planned demonstration, to be regretted for two reasons, —one, the loss of life and honor to the British—the other, that an opportunity was afforded to American writers of asserting that the attack on Hampton and the outrages committed there were in revenge for the failure at Craney Island.

We have already stated that large bodies of troop had been collected in and around Norfolk, and as it was supposed that a considerable body was stationed at Hampton, it was resolved that an attack should be made on that post; accordingly, on the night of the 25th of June, about two thousand men, under the command of Sir Sidney Beckwith, in a division of boats, covered by the Mohawk Sloop, landed. and, after some resistance, carried by storm the enemy's defences.

The two despatches from admiral Warren and Sir Sydney Beckwith will be found to contain all necessary particulars of the attack,

differing but little, in these points from American accounts.

San Domingo, Hampton-roads, Chesapeake, June 27th, 1813.

Sir, —I request to inform their lordships, that the enemy having a post at Hampton, defended by a considerable corps, commanding the communication between the upper part of the country and Norfolk; I considered it advisable, and with a view to cut off their resources, to direct it to be attacked by the troops composing the flying corps attached to this squadron; and having instructed rear-admiral Cockburn to conduct the naval part of the expedition, and placed captain Pechell with the Mohawk sloop and launches, as a covering force, under his orders, the troops were disembarked with the greatest zeal and alacrity.

Sir Sydney Beckwith commanding the troops, having most ably attacked and defeated the enemy's force, and took their guns, colours, and camp, I refer their lordships to the quarter-master general's report, (which is enclosed,) and that will explain the gallantry and behaviour of the several officers and men employed upon this occasion, and I trust will entitle them to the favour of his royal highness the prince regent, and the lord's commissioners of the Admiralty.

Sir Sydney Beckwith having reported to me that the defences of the town were entirely destroyed, and the enemy completely dispersed in the neighbourhood, I ordered the troops to be re-embarked, which was performed with the utmost good order by several officers of the squadron under the orders of rear admiral Cockburn.

I have the honour to be,
JOHN BORLASE WARREN.

John Wilson Croker, Esq.

No. 15.

From quarter-master-general Sir Sydney Beckwith to Admiral Warren.

His majesty's ship San Domingo, Hampton-roads, June 28, 1813.

Sir,—I have the honour to report to you that in compliance with your orders to attack the enemy in town and camp at Hampton, the troops under my command were put into light sailing vessels and boats, during the night of the 25th instant, and by the excellent arrangements of rear-admiral Cockburn, who was pleased in person to superintend the advance under lieutenant-colonel Napier, consisting of the 102d regiment, two companies of Canadian Chasseurs, three companies of marines from the squadron, with two 6-pounders from the marine artillery, were landed half an hour before daylight the next morning, about two miles to the westward of the town, and the royal marine battalions, under lieutenant-colonel Williams, were brought on shore so expeditiously that the column was speedily enabled to move forward.

With a view to turn the enemy's position, our march was directed towards the great road, leading from the country into the rear of the town. Whilst the troops moved on in this direction, rear-admiral Cockburn, to engage the enemy's attention, ordered the armed launches and rocket-boats to commence a fire upon their batteries; this succeeded so completely, that the head of our advanced guard had cleared a wood, and were already on the enemy's flank before our approach was perceived. They then moved from their camp to their position in rear of the town, and here they were vigorously attacked by lieutenant colonel Napier, and the advance; unable to stand which, they continued their march to the rear of the town, when a detachment, under lieutenant-colonel Willams, conducted by captain Powell, assistant quarter-master-general, pushed through the town, and forced their way across a bridge of planks into the enemy's encampment, of which, and the batteries immediate possession was gained. In the mean time some artillerymen stormed and took the enemy's remaining field-pieces.

Enclosed I have the honour to transmit a return of ordnance taken. Lieutenant-colonel Williams will have the honour of delivering to you a stand of colours of the 68th regiment, James city light infantry, and one of the first battalion 85th regiment. The exact numbers of the enemy it is difficult to ascertain.

From the woody country, and the strength of their positions, our troops have sustained some loss; that of the enemy was very considerable—every exertion was made to collect the wounded Americans, who were attended to by a surgeon of their own, and by the British surgeons, who performed amputations

on such as required it, and afforded every assistance in their power. The dead bodies of such as could be collected, were also carefully buried.

I beg leave on this occasion to express the obligations I owe to lieutenant-colonel Napier, and lieutenant-colonel Williams, for their kind and able assistance; to major Malcolm and captain Smith, and all the officers and men, whose zeal and spirited conduct entitle them to my best acknowledgements.

SYDNEY BECKWITH, Q. M. G.

Return of ordnance stores taken.

Four twelve-pounders in camp.

Three six-pounders do.

Three artillery waggons and horses.

Return of the killed and wounded.—Five killed, twenty-three wounded and ten missing.

James' observations on this affair are worth attention as he does not attempt to conceal the fact, that acts of rapine and violence were committed, unauthorized by the laws of legitimate warfare. James writes, "The Foreign renegadoes (les Chasseurs Britaniques) forming part of the advanced force, commenced perpetrating upon the defenceless inhabitants acts of rapine and violence which unpitying custom has, in some degree, rendered inseparable from places that have been carried by storm, but which are as revolting to human nature, as they are disgraceful to the flag which would sanction them. The instant these circumstances of atrocity reached the ears of the British commanding officer, orders were given to search for, and bring in all the Chasseurs," which was done.

It will be as well to remark in palliation of this, that, immediately after the storming of Hampton, the Commander of the Chasseurs, Captain Smith, waited on the Commander-in-Chief, and informed him that his men, on being remonstrated with respecting their outrageous conduct, declared it to be their intention to give no quarter to Americans, in consequence of their comrades having been so cruelly shot at whilst struggling in the water, and unarmed, before the batteries at Craney Island. The Admiral on learning from Captain Smith his conviction, that his men would act as they had declared they would, was compelled, although short of troops, to embark and send them from the American coast.

We do not pretend to extenuate the excesses committed, and deplore as heartily as any American that such should have occurred, still we must point out that these grave errors were but the fruit of the seed which Americans themselves had sown; besides, we can adduce from their own journals clear proof that, although many excesses occurred, still these actions have been grossly exaggerated by their historians. The Georgetown *Federal Republican*, of July 7th, a journal published under the very eye of the Government at Washington, testifies "that the statement of the women of Hampton being violated by the British, turns out to be false. A correspondence upon that subject and the pillage said to have been committed there, has taken place between General Taylor and Admiral Warren. Some plunder appears to have been committed, but it was confined to the Chasseurs. Admiral Warren complains, on his part, of the Americans having continued to fire upon the struggling crews of the barges, after they were sunk."

It might have been expected that, when penning their violent philippics against British cruelty and atrocity, this testimony would have had some weight with the denouncers of Admiral Cockburn and his men, but we regret to be compelled to state that in no American history from which we quote, nor in any other, that we have seen or heard of, does this exculpation of the British appear.

Admiral Warren, having effectually succeeded in annihilating the trade along the whole coast of the Chesapeake Bay, dispatched Admiral Cockburn, in the Sceptre 74, with the Romulus, Fox and Nemesis all *armèis en flute* to Ocracock, in North Carolina, for the purpose of striking a blow on the commerce carried on in the adjacent ports. On the 12th of July the expedition arrived off Ocracock, and preparations for landing were promptly arranged. On the morning of the 13th the troops were embarked under the command of Lieutenant Westphall, first of the Sceptre, and making for shore, after some opposition succeeded in capturing two privateers, the Atlas of Philadelphia, of ten guns, and the Anaconda of New York, of 18 long nines. These vessels took possession of, the troops landed, and without opposition entered Portsmouth. The destruction of the two letters of marque having been accomplished, Admiral

Cockburn re-embarked his men, finding that but few public stores were contained in the place, and that the inhabitants appeared peaceably disposed and disinclined to draw on themselves the chastisement which had attended the resistance made by some of the villages on the Chesapeake Bay.

The operations of the Southern Squadron were completed by the descent on Portsmouth and the British Admiral was satisfied that he had inflicted a blow on American commerce, which it would require years of prosperity to repair. In point of fact the great outlet by which American commerce found a passage had been hermetically sealed and the commerce of Delaware and Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, may be said to have been virtually extinguished. We will accordingly once more change the scene and again visit the Canadas.

We now transport the reader from a Southern June to a Canadian December, when we find Lieutenant Metcalf and twenty-eight militia capturing thirty-nine regulars, near Chatham. This exploit was but trifling, yet it is note worthy as it proved that General Harrison's occupation of the western peninsula had but served to infuse fresh spirit, and to render the opposition more determined. General Drummond was so satisfied with the gallantry displayed by Lieutenant Metcalfe, that he promoted him.

Another circumstance, which, however, was to be expected, must here be noticed No American has thought it necessary to mention this little expedition, although we hear numerous instances of more trifling affairs being duly chronicled. This, however, would have reflected no credit, hence the universal silence. The next affair was an attempt made by Captain Lewis Basden, commanding the light company of the 89th, and a detachment of the Rangers and Kent militia, under the command of Captain Caldwell, to check the invasion of the Americans along the Detroit and Lake Erie Shores. General Armstrong gives rather a lengthy account of this inroad of the Americans, and observes, "having a worthless object, it ought not to have been adopted. For of what importance to the United States would have been the capture or destruction of a blockhouse, in the heart of an enemy's country more than one hundred miles distant from the frontier, and which, if held, would have been difficult to sustain, and, if destroyed, easily reinstated." The Americans hearing of the approach of the British party retreated, but were compelled to make a stand, which they did intrenching themselves so effectually that their assailants were compelled to retreat with a loss of sixty-five killed and wounded, amongst them Lieut. Basden. As a proof of the sheltered position of the Americans we may mention that their loss only amounted to four killed and four wounded. The demonstration had, however, the effect of compelling the Americans to abandon any further advance and to retreat as fast as they could. Colonel Butler, the originator of the expedition, has written rather an exaggerated account of it to General Harrison, and he has not failed to reduce Americans by twenty in number, adding at the same time about forty to the British. His letter will, however, speak for itself:—

Dear Sir—

By Lieutenant Shannon. of the 27th Regt., United States' infantry, I have the honor of informing you, that a detachment of the troops under my command, led by Captain Holmes, of the 24th United States' infantry, has obtained a signal victory over the enemy.

The affair took place on the 4th instant, about 100 miles from this place, on the river de French. Our force consisted of no more than 160 Rangers and mounted infantry. The enemy, from their own acknowledgement, had about 240. The fine light company of the Royal Scots is totally destroyed; they led the attack most gallantly, and their commander fell within ten paces of our front line. The light company of the 89th has also suffered severely; one officer of that company fell, one is a prisoner, and another is said to be badly wounded.

In killed, wounded, and prisoners, the enemy lost about 80, whilst on our part there were but four killed, and four wounded. This great disparity in the loss on each side is to be attributed to the very judicious position occupied by Captain Holmes, who compelled the enemy to attack him at great disadvantage. This even, more gallantly merits the laurel.

Captain Holmes has just returned, and will

furnish a detailed account of the expedition, which shall immediately be transmitted to you.

Very respectfully,
Your most obedient Servant,
H. BUTLER,
Lieut.-Col. Commandant at Detroit.

Major-General Harrison.

Enemy's forces, as stated by the prisoners.

Royal Scots,	101
89th Regiment,	45
Militia,	50
Indians,	40 to 60
	236

We are rather at a loss to guess whether the information, as to force was gained from the one wounded man who fell into Captain Holmes' hands. The return made by the British, shows a loss of fifty-seven instead of eighty killed and wounded, and the only prisoner was a volunteer, who, poor fellow, had only just joined and could scarcely be expected to have had much time to learn particulars as to force.

Again we must, for a short space, leave the west and follow the movement to farther east. We must not omit, however, to chronicle a mistake into which Major General Browne was led, and which must have tended, materially, to lower American Commanders in the estimation of their men.

Wilkinson's memoirs show clearly, as explained by a letter of General Armstrong, of date the 20th January, that it was contemplated to open the campaign of 1814 by a pretended demonstration in the Upper Canadian peninsula. A twofold object was to be accomplished by this, as to defend the frontier ports along the Niagara would require the union of all the troops in Western Canada, and it would be rendered difficult, if not impossible, to make any demonstrations against Amherstburg, Detroit, or the shipping at Erie and Put in-bay. Again, this attack would prevent the possibility of any re-inforcements being sent to the lower Province, in case attacks should be contemplated on Kingston, Montreal, or Quebec.

The real orders to General Browne, were, "you will immediately consult with Commodore Chauncey, about the readiness of the fleet, for a descent on Kingston, the moment the ice leaves the lake. If he deems it practicable, and you think you have troops enough to carry it, you will attempt the expedition. In such an event, you will use the enclosed as a *ruse de guerre*."

The instructions to be used in this manner were "public sentiments will no longer tolerate the possession of Fort Niagara by the enemy. You will therefore move the division which you brought from French Mills, and invest that post. Governor Jenkins will co-operate with his five thousand militia; and Colonel Scott, who is to be made a brigadier, will join you. You will receive your instructions at Onondaga hollow." Poor General Browne, knowing that he would have to wait for some months ere the fleet could move, was induced to mistake the real object of attack, and accordingly marched forthwith his troops, two thousand strong from Sackett's Harbour westward, to the point where he was to receive his instructions; here he was unreceived and had to march back again through the most wretched roads to Sackett's Harbour. This marching and countermarching could not have inspired much confidence in the minds of the soldiery, when the time for action in the western peninsula really did arrive.

During all this time General Wilkinson had been at Plattsburg nursing his wrath against the Canadians and British for the reception which they had accorded to him in his expedition down the St. Lawrence. Finding it impossible, we presume, to restrain his desire for revenge, the General, on the 19th March, advanced with his army from Plattsburg to Swanton, Vermont, near to Missisquoi Bay, on Lake Champlain. On the 22d the General crossed the boundary and took possession of Philipsburg, a village just within the lines. On the 26th, the General re-crossed the lake for the purpose of striking a blow in another and more favorable direction, and we find him on the 29th, at the head of four thousand men holding a council of war to deliberate on an attack to be made on a British force stationed at La Colle Mill, about eight miles from Champlain. We here give the proceedings of the council, and the general order, which was the result of these deliberations.

Minutes of a council of war held at Champlain the 29th of March, 1814.

Present—Brigadier-general Macomb, brig-

adier-general Bissell, brigadier-general Smith, colonel Atkinson, colonel Miller, colonel Cummings, major Pitts, major Totten.

Major-general Wilkinson states to the council, that, from the best information he can collect, the enemy has assembled at the Isle aux Noix and La Colle Mill 2500 men, composed of about 2000 regular troops and 500 militia, of whom, after leaving a garrison of 200 men at Isle aux Noix, 1800 regulars and 500 militia may be brought into action. The corps of the United States, now at this place, consists of 3999 combatants, including 100 cavalry, and 304 artillerists, with 11 pieces of artillery. The objects of the enemy are unknown, and the two corps are separated nine miles. Under these circumstances the major general submits the following questions for the consideration and opinion of the council.

First—Shall we attack the enemy? and in such case do the council approve the order of march and battle hereunto annexed, with the general order of the day?

Second—When and by what route shall the attack be made, on the plan of the intermediate country hereunto annexed?

Third—Shall a single attack be made with our force combined; or shall two attacks be made; or shall we feint on the right by the shore of the Sorel, or to the left by Odell's mill, to favour the main attack?

The general will be happy to adopt any advantageous change which may be proposed by the council, or be governed by their opinions.

The council is of opinion, that the light troops should cover a reconnoissance towards La Colle Mill; and if it is found practicable, the position should be attacked, and the enemy's works destroyed; that the whole army move to support the light troops; that the order of battle is approved, and the manner and mode of attack must be left entirely with the commanding general.

ALEX. MACOMB,
TH. A. SMITH,
D. BISSELL,
R. PURDY,
JAMES MILLER,
T. H. PITTS,
H. ATKINSON,
JOSEPH G. TOTTEN.

Under existing circumstances my opinion is, that we go as far as La Colle Mill, designated in the map, to meet the enemy there, and destroy their block-house and the mill in which they are quartered.

M. SMITH, col. 29th inf.

No. 18.

American general order of the 29th of March.

Head-quarters, Champlain, 29th March, 1814.

The army will enter Canada to-morrow to meet the enemy, who has approached in force to the vicinity of the national line of demarcation; the arms and ammunition are therefore to be critically examined, and the men completed to 60 rounds. The commanding officers of corps and companies will be held responsible for the exact fulfilment of this essential order. The troops to be completed to four days' cooked provisions, exclusive of the present; and it is recommended to the gentlemen in commission to make the same provision. No baggage will be taken forward, excepting the bedding of the officers. Let every officer, and every man, take the resolution to return victorious, or not at all: for, with double the force of the enemy, this army must not give ground.

Brigadier-general Macomb having joined with his command, the formation of the troops must necessarily be modified. They are therefore to be formed into three brigades; the first, under general Macomb, consisting of his present command, with the addition of colonel M. Smith's consolidated regiment; second and third, under the command of brigadier-general Smith and Bissell, consisting of the troops already consigned to them. The order of march and battle will be furnished the brigadier generals, and commanding officers of regiments, by the adjutant general.

The transport permit will be immediately returned for, and distributed by, regiments.

On the march, when approaching the enemy, or during an action, the men are to be profoundly silent, and will resolutely execute the commands they may receive from the officers. In every movement which may be made, the ranks are to be unbroken, and there must be no running forward or shouting. An officer will be posted on the right of each platoon, and a tried serjeant will form a supernumerary rank, and will instantly put to death any man who goes back. This formation is to

take place by regiments and brigades, in the the course of the day, when the officers are to be posted.

Let every man perfectly understand his place; and let all bear in mind what they owe to their own honor and to a beloved country, contending for its rights, and its very independence as a nation.

The officers must be careful that the men do not throw away their amunition: one deliberate shot being worth half a dozen hurried ones; and they are to give to the troops the example of courage in every exigency which may happen.

In battle there must be no contest for rank or station, but every corps must march promptly and directly to the spot, which it may be directed to occupy. The troops will be under arms at reveillée to-morrow morning, and will be ready to march at a moment's warning.—All orders from the adjutant and inspector-general's department; from captain Rees, assistant-deputy-quarter-master-general; and major Lush and captain Nourse, extra aides de camp to general Wilkinson, will be respected as coming from the commanding general himself. Signed, by order,

W. Cummings, adj. gen.

We have on several occasions been reminded of the old saying, *montes parturiunt nascitur ridiculus mus*, when chronicling the sayings (*not doings*,) of American commanders, but in no instance have we found more ridiculous results following inflated professions. The proclamation breathed the very spirit of valour, and the orders to conquer or to die were most explicit. A retreat was not to be thought of, and in case any craven spirit should exist amongst the four thousand, (save one,) breasts animated with Wilkinsonian ardour, (perhaps as James has it "*as an additional stimulus to glory*") a picked man was chosen to whom instructions were given to put to death "any man who goes back."—What could promise more fairly for the annihilation of the twenty-three hundred Britishers. One is almost forced to believe that this proclamation had been drawn up under the supervision of the Cabinet at Washington.—Let us examine, however, before following the steps of the heroes who had just set out, through snow and mud, on the fourth invasion of Canada, how the case really stood.—For this purpose a passage from James will be sufficient:—

"At St. John's, distant about fourteen miles from the Isle aux Noix, and twenty-one from La Colle river were stationed under the command of lieutenant colonel Sir William Williams, of the 13th regiment, six batalion companies of that regiment, and a battalion of Canadian militia; numbering altogether, about seven hundred and fifty rank and file. At Isle aux Noix, where lieutenant colonel Richard Williams, of the Royal marines, commanded, were stationed the chief part of a battalion of that corps, and the two flank companies of the 13th regiment; in all about five hundred and fifty rank and file. The garrison of La Colle Mill, at which major Handcock, of the 13th regiment, commanded, consisted of about seventy of the marine corps, one corporal, and three marine artillerymen, captain Blake's company of the 13th regiment, and a small detachment of frontier light infantry under captain Ritter; the whole not exceeding one hundred and eighty rank and file. At Whitman's, on the left bank of the Richelieu, distanced about two miles from the Mill, and communicating with Isle aux Noix, was the remaining battalion company of the Canadian fencibles, under captain Cartwright, and a battalion company of Voltigeurs were stationed at Burtonville, distant two miles up La Colle river, and where there had been a bridge, by which the direct road into the province passed."

On a review of these numbers it will be found that there were not altogether more than seventeen hundred and fifty regulars and militia within a circle of twenty five miles in diameter, yet general Wilkinson in the estimate presented to the council numbers the troops at Isle aux Noix, and La Colle. alone, at twenty five hundred and fifty, and designates them all as regular troops with the exception of two companies. Before entering on the expedition we will give a description of this famous post against which four thousand valiant Americans were marching.

The Mill at La Colle was built of stone with walls about eighteen inches thick, having a wooden or shingled roof, and consisting of two stories. It was in size about thirty-six feet by fifty, and situate on the south bank of La Colle river; which was then fro-

zen over nearly to its mouth, or junction with the Richelieu, from which the Mill was about three quarters of a mile distant. The Mill had been placed in a state of defence, by filling up the windows with logs, leaving horizontal interstices to fire through. On the north bank of the river, a little to the right of the Mill, and with which it is communicated by a wooden bridge, was a small house, converted into a block house, by being surrounded with a breast-work of logs. In the rear of this temporary block house was a large barn, to which nothing had been done, and which was not even musket proof. The breadth of the cleared ground, to the southward of the Mill, was about two hundred, and that to the northward, about one hundred yards, but in the flanks the woods were much nearer. The reader has now before him the position and strength of the Mill, the number of troops available for its defence, and the number of the assailants. These points then haing been settled, we will accompany General Wilkinson on that march which was to result in victory or death.

The Americans commenced the expedition by setting out in a wrong direction, and instead of La Colle found themselves at Burtonville, where they attacked and drove in a small piquet. This mistake discovered, the march was resumed but again in a wrong direction. At last, however, they got on the main road near Odelltown, about three miles from La Colle. This road was found almost impassable for the troops, in consequence of the trees on either side having been felled, and before the march could be pursued, the axe-men were compelled to cut up and remove the obstruction. While this operation was going on, a piquet sent forward by Major Handcock, opened a severe fire and killed and wounded several men. At last, however, the Mill was reached and by half-past one in the afternoon the American commander had invested the fortress with his nearly four thousand men. As the General very naturally expected that the one hundred and eighty men who composed the garrison, would attempt to escape, six hundred, under Colonel Mills, were sent across in rear of the Mills, to cut off all chance of a retreat. A heavy fire was then opened from an 18-12 and 6 pounder battery, also from a 5½ inch howitzer. By this time the two flank companies of the 13th had arrived at the scene of action, and a gallant charge was made by them on the battery, but the overpowering fire kept up compelled them to retreat and recross the river. A second charge was now made by the Fencibles and the Voltigeurs, with the remnant of the two companies of the 13th. This charge was so vigorous that the artillerymen were driven from their guns which were only saved from capture by the heavy fire of the infantry. The evidence as to the gallantry of the British and Canadians is fortunately to be found in the proceedings at General Wilkinson's court martial. Lieutenant-Colonel McPherson who commanded the artillery, deposed on that occasion that, "the ground was disputed inch by inch, in our advance to the mill; and the conduct of the enemy, that day, was distinguished by desperate bravery. As an instance one company made a charge on our artillery, and at the same instant, received its fire, and that of two brigades of infantry." Lieutenant-Col. Totten, of the Engineers, and Brigadier General Bissell might both be also cited as bearing the same testimony. Despite, however, this gallantry, it became apparent to Major Handcock that farther attempts on the guns, in the teeth of such overwhelming superiority in numbers, would be but to sacrifice valuable lives, the men were accordingly withdrawn to act on the defensive. Here we must correct a statement made by General Wilkinson, in his trial, viz., that he had to contend against not only Captain Pring's two sloops, but also two gun-boats at the back of the mill. We assert on the authority of James, and Wilkinson's own memoirs, (vol. 3, p 235,) that not one American officer stated anything of the kind, and that Colonel Totten swore positively "that the fire from the gun-boats was perfectly useless, fifty or a hundred feet above their heads."

It was by this time about dusk, but although the fire of the besieged had slackened for want of powder, the enemy made no attempt to carry the Mill by storm, but retired from the field. Thus ended the fourth great invasion of Canada.

It would almost seem impossible for any historian, however unprincipled to represent this affair in any other light than as a check

of a large by a small body, but nothing, it appears, was too difficult for true patriots, who desired to place their country in the most favorable light. Accordingly we find Messrs. Thompson, O'Connor and Smith explaining away and smoothing the failure of the attack until in their skilful hands, the affair almost assumes the character of a victory. Mr. O'Connor contends that the enemy must not be permitted to claim a victory because circumstances "*concurred to render it nearly impossible to drive him from his cowardly stronghold.*" Instead of one hundred and eighty, Dr. Smith places two thousand five hundred men within the Mill, although it is difficult to imagine how so many men could be packed in a building fifty by thirty-six feet —[considering that there were two stories to the Mill, this would be somewhere about an allowance of one and a half feet to each individual.] As the account which has been just given is necessarily imperfect, a despatch from Colonel Williams to Sir George Provost, is added, which will be found to be detailed and perhaps more satisfactory.

From Lieutenant-Colonel Williams to Sir G Prevost.

La Colle, March 13, 1814.

Sir,—I beg leave to acquaint you, that I have just received from Major Handcock, of the 13th Regiment, commanding at the block-house on La Colle river, a report, stating that the out-posts on the road from Burtonville and La Colle mill, leading from Odell-town, were attacked at an early hour yesterday morning by the enemy in great force, collected from Plattsburgh and Burlington, under the command of Major-General Wilkinson. The attack on the Burtonville road was soon over, when the enemy shewed themselves on the road from the mill that leads direct to Odell-town, where they drove in a piquet stationed in advance of La Colle, about a mile and a half distant; and soon after the enemy established a battery of three guns (12-pounders) in the wood. With this artillery they began to fire on the mill, when Major Handcock, hearing of the arrival of the flank companies of the 13th Regiment at the block-house, ordered an attack on the guns; which, however, was not successful, from the wood being so thick and so filled with men. Soon after, another opportunity presented itself, when the Canadian Grenadier Company, and a company of the Voltigeurs, attempted the guns; but the very great superiority of the enemy's numbers, hid in the woods, prevented their taking them.

I have to regret the loss of many brave and good soldiers in these two attacks, and am particularly sorry to loose the service, for a short time, of Captain Ellard, of the 13th Regiment, from being wounded while gallantly leading his company. The enemy withdrew their artillery towards night-fall, and retired, towards morning, from the mill, taking the road to Odell-town.

Major Handcock speaks in high terms of obligation to Captain Ritter, of the Frontier Light Infantry, who, from his knowledge of the country, was of great benefit. The marine detachment, under Lieutenants Caldwell and Barton, the Canadian Grenadier Company, and the company of Voltigeurs, as well as all the troops employed: the Major expresses himself in high terms of praise for their conduct, so honourable to the service.

Major Handcock feels exceedingly indebted to Captain Pring, R.N., for his ready and prompt assistance, in mooring up the sloops and gun-boats from Isle au Noix, to the entrance of the La Colle river, the fire from which was so destructive. Lieutenants Caswick and Hicks, of the royal navy, were most actively zealous in forwarding two guns from the boats, and getting them up to the mill.

To Major Handcock the greatest praise is due, for his most gallant defence of the mill against such superior numbers; and I earnestly trust it will meet the approbation of his excellency the Commander-in-chief of the Forces. I have the honour to transmit a list of the killed and wounded of the British: that of the enemy, from all accounts I can collect from the inhabitants, must have been far greater.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

William Williams,
Lieut.-Col. 13th Reg.,
commanding at St. John's.

List of killed, wounded, and missing, in action at La Colle mill, on the 30th March, 1814.

11 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 1 subaltern, 1 sergeant, 43 rank and file, wounded; 4 rank and file missing.

Note—1 Indian warrior killed, 1 wounded.

R. B. Handcock, Major.

A comparison between Col. Williams modest letter, and Mr. O'Connor's version of the same affair will not be uninteresting to the reader:

"The issue of this expedition," says Mr. O'Connor, "was unfortunate, although in its progress it did honor to the Americans engaged. The enemy claimed a victory, and pretended to gather laurels, only because he was not vanquished. General Wilkinson, at the head of his division, marched from Champlain with the intention of reducing the enemy's FORTRESS at the river La Colle.

"About eleven o'clock, he fell in with the enemy at Odell town, three miles from La Colle, and six* from St. John's. An attack was commenced by the enemy on the advance of the army under Colonel Clarke and Major Forsyth. Col. Bissell came up with spirit, and the enemy was forced to retire with loss. General Wilkinson took part in this action, and bravely advanced into the most dangerous position, declining frequently the advice of his officers to retire from imminent danger. The enemy having used his congreve rockets without producing any effect, retired to La Colle, where he was pursued. At this place an action was expected; but the enemy whose force, when increased by a reinforcement from the Isle aux Noix amounted to at least twenty-five hundred men, mostly regulars, *declined meeting the American force, although much inferior in numbers and means of warfare.*

"Several sorties were made by the enemy, but they were resisted with bravery and success. The conduct of every individual attached to the American command, was marked by that patriotism and prowess, which has so often conquered the boasted discipline, long experience, and military tactics of an enemy who dared not expose his "*invincibles*"† to the disgrace of being defeated by a less numerous force of Yankee woodsmen."‡

This extract we would not venture to give without naming also the very page from which it was taken. Would any one, we ask, believe it possible that this writer was describing the repulse of four thousand Americans in an attack on *a mill*, garrisoned by one hundred and eighty British—with somewhere about twelve hundred regulars and militia stationed in the vicinity. Even General Wilkinson was compelled to allow, on his trial, that the building was defended by a garrison of, not eighteen hundred regulars and five hundred militia, but of six hundred veteran troops.

Col. McPherson's testimony on the same occasion showed that in his estimation, at all events, the gallantry so much vaunted by Mr. O'Connor was not displayed, and he declared "that the army should have attempted to force a passage into the mill, and employed the bayonet at every sacrifice, or have renewed the attack, with heavier ordnance, at daylight the next morning."

How Messrs. O'Connor, Smith, and Thompson could, with the proceedings of General Wilkinson's trial open to the world, venture to put forth their statements would puzzle any one unaccustomed to their through thick and through thin style of laudation and apology.

James is very severe upon the poor General for the note which he put forward in answer to Col. McPherson's assertion that "the bayonet ought to have been employed." To take such a post, wrote Wilkinson, with small arms, has often been attempted, but never succeeded, from the time of Xenophon who failed in the attempt down to the present day. Xenophon himself was baffled in an attempt against a Castle in the plain of Caicus, and also in his attack on the metropolis of the Drylanes, and in times modern as well as ancient, we have abundant examples of the failure of military enterprises, by the most distinguished chiefs."

Before giving James's comments on this note we would suggest to General Wilkinson and his three apologists that an attack on a Stone Castle with narrow slits for the double purpose of admitting light and discharging arrows, cross-bolts, or javelins, and an attack on a Mill, (where is not usually a lack of good sized windows,) with musketry and a well served battery of three heavy guns, are not quite one and the same thing. As the General has gone so far out of his way to find an excuse, we also may be excused for travelling back a few years, in order to confute his assertions. In that veracious historical

* We presume Mr. O'Connor means twenty-six miles.

† These italics are Mr. O'Connor's.

‡ History of the War, page 219.

work generally known as Ivanhoe,* we have an instance of a stone castle being carried by a rabble armed with bows, bill hooks, and spears, assisted only by one Knight. Now if such deeds of *derring do* could be effected by the brave foresters of olden times, we opine that American woodsmen, especially when aided by a General *whom it was difficult to keep out of danger*, should have at least attempted one onslaught. The whole passage, however, is too ridiculous to laugh at, we will therefore return to James, who, commenting on the General's note in justification, observes "General James Wilkinson, of the United States Army, then has the effrontery to compare his disgraceful discomfiture before a Canadian grist mill, with what occurred to—Lord Wellington at Burgos—Bonaparte at St. Jean D'Acre—and General Graham at Burgos. James here declares himself to be as sick of the Bobadil General, as he presumes his readers to be.

We have dwelt sufficiently long on this subject, and will therefore but remark that Wilkinson returned after his repulse to his old quarters, relieving the Canadians from fear, not of his men as soldiers, but as marauders and pillagers, quite as expert as the much abused sailors and soldiers of the Chesapeake squadron.

The next event which occurred was one for which Sir George Prevost has been severely blamed. Commodore McDonough had just launched a ship and a brig, both destined for service in Lake Champlain—and had also collected a great store of provisions and munitions of war at Vergennes, Vermont. On the 9th May Captain Pring judging that the ice was sufficiently broken to allow his using the flotilla under his command, determined to attack the place and destroy at once the ships and stores. He, however, found the enemy in too great force for him to effect any movement, as he was without troops to attack the enemy on shore, he was therefore compelled to return to Isle Aux Noix.

James remarks on this affair: "had a corps of eight or nine hundred men been spared, the lives of Downie and his brave comrades would have been saved in the September following, and all the attendant circumstances, still so painful to reflect upon, would have been averted. Veritas in his letters speaks still more plainly, 'Captain Pring applied to Sir George for troops—as usual the application was refused—but when Captain Pring returned, and reported to Sir George *what might have been done by a joint attack then*, he was offered assistance, to which offer the Captain replied, that it was *then too late*, as the enemy had taken alarm and prepared accordingly." Sir George's mistake in not despatching troops, whether asked for or not, on this expedition, will be more clearly understood when we reach that part of our narrative, relating to the attack in which Captain Downie lost his life.

From the River Richelieu we must transport the reader to Ontario, and follow the fortunes of the expedition against Oswego, a place, next to Sackett's Harbour, of the most importance to the enemy, and at which it was supposed that large quantities of naval stores had been deposited. On the 3rd of May the fleet under the command of Sir James Yeo, embarked at Kingston, a body of one thousand and eighty men, all included, and on the 4th, General Drummond himself embarked. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th the fleet had arrived sufficiently near Oswego to open their fire, and preparations were at the same time made for disembarking the troops; this movement, however, was frustrated by a gale springing up which compelled them to claw off a lee shore, and gain an offing. The three despatches which follow, will convey a very clear idea of the proceedings which took place as soon the weather moderated. The first is from General Drummond.

H. M. S. Prince Regent
Oswego, May 7.

SIR—I am happy to have to announce to your Excellency the complete success of the expedition against Oswego. The troops mentioned in my despatch of the 3rd instant; viz, six companies of De Watteville's regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Fischer, the light company of the Glengarry light infantry, under Captain Mc Millan, and the whole of the second battallion royal marines, under Lieutenant Colonel Malcolm, having been embar-

*We contend that Ivanhoe is quite as reliable authority as either Smith, O'Connor, or Thompson.

ked with a detachment of the royal artillery under captain Cruttenden, with two field-pieces, a detachment of the rocket company under Lieutenant Stevens, and a detachment of sappers and miners under Lieutenant Gosset, of the royal engineers, on the evening of the 3rd instant, I proceeded on board the Prince Regent at day-light on the 4th, and the squadron immediately sailed; the wind being variable, we did not arrive off Oswego until noon the following day. The ships lay to, within long gun-shot of the battery, and the gun-boats under captain Collier were sent close in, for the purpose of inducing the enemy to shew his fire, and particularly the number and position of his guns. This service was performed in the most gallant manner, the boats taking a position within point-blank shot of the fort, which returned the fire from four guns, one of them heavy. The enemy did not appear to have any guns mounted on the town-side of the river.

Having sufficiently reconnoitred the place, arrangements were made for its attack, which it was designed should take place at eight o' clock that evening; but at sun set a very heavy squall blowing directly on the shore, obliged the squadron to get under weigh, and prevented our return until next morning; when the following disposition was made of the troops and squadron by commodore sir J. Yeo and myself. The Princess Charlotte, Wolfe,* and Royal George,† to engage the batteries, as the depth of water would admit of their approaching the shore; the Sir Sidney Smith‡ schooner, to scour the town, and keep in check a large body of militia, who might attempt to pass over into the fort; the Moira§ and Melville¶ brigs, to tow the boats with the troops, and then cover their landing, by scouring the woods on the low point towards the foot of the hill, by which it was intended to advance to the assault of the fort.

Captain O'Connor had the direction of the boats and gun boats destined to land the troops, which consisted of the flank companies of De Watteville's regiment, the company of the Glengarry light infantry, and the second battalion of the royal marines, being all that could be landed at one embarkation. The four battalion companies of the Regiment De Watteville, and the detachment of artillery remaining in reserve on board the Princess Charlotte and Sir Sidney Smith Schooner.

As soon as every thing was ready, the ships opened their fire, and the boats pushed for the point of disembarkation, in the most regular order. The landing was effected under a heavy fire from the fort, as well as from a considerable body of the enemy, drawn up on the brow of the hill and in the woods. The immediate command of the troops was entrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Fischer, of the regiment of De Watteville, of whose gallant, cool, and judicious conduct, as well as of the distinguished bravery, steadiness, and discipline of every officer and soldier composing this small force, I was a witness, having, with commodore sir James Yeo, the deputy-adjutant-general, and the officers of my staff, landed with the troops.

I refer your excellency to Lieut.-Col. Fischer's letter enclosed, for an account of the operations. The place was gained in ten minutes from the moment the troops advanced. The fort being every where almost open, the whole of the garrison, consisting of the third battalion of artillery, about 400 strong, and some hundred militia, effected their escape, with the exception of about 60 men, half of them severely wounded.

I enclose a return of our loss, amongst which I have to regret that of Captain Haltaway, of the royal marines. Your excellency will lament to observe in the list the name of that gallant, judicious, and excellent officer, captain Mulcaster, of the royal navy, who landed at the head of 200 volunteer seamen from the fleet, and received a severe and dangerous wound, when within a few yards of the guns, which he was advancing to storm, which I fear will deprive the squadron of his valuable assistance for some time at least.

In noticing the co-operation of the naval branch of the service, I have the highest satisfaction in assuring your excellency, that I have throughout this, as well as on every other occasion, experienced the most zealous, cordial, and able support from sir James Yeo. It will be for him to do justice to the merits of those under his command; but I may nevertheless be permitted to observe, that nothing could exceed the coolness and gallant-

*Montreal. †Niagara. ‡Magnet. §Charwell. ¶Star.

try in action, or the unwearied exertions on shore, of the captains, officers, and crews of the whole squadron.

I enclose a memorandum of the captured articles that have been brought away, in which your excellency will perceive with satisfaction seven heavy guns, that were intended for the enemy's new ship. Three 32 pounders were sunk by the enemy in the river, as well as a large quantity of cordage, and other naval stores. The loss to them, therefore, has been very great; and I am sanguine in believing that by this blow, they have been deprived of the means of completing the armament, and particularly the equipment, of the large man of war, an object of the greatest importance.

Every object of the expedition having been effected, and the captured stores embarked, the troops returned in the most perfect order on board their respective ships, at four o'clock this morning, when the squadron immediately sailed; the barracks in the town, as well as those in the fort, having been previously burnt, together with the platforms, bridge, &c and the works in every other respect dismantled and destroyed, as far as practicable.

I cannot close this dispatch without offering to your excellency's notice the admirable and judicious manner in which lieutenant-colonel Fischer formed the troops, and led them to the attack; the cool and gallant conduct of lieutenant-colonel Malcolm, at the head of the second battalion royal marines; the intrepidity of captain de Berzey, of the regiment de Watteville, who commanded the advance; the zeal and energy of lieutenant colonel Parson, inspecting field-officer, who with major Smelt, of the 103rd regiment, had obtained a passage on board the squadron to Niagara, and volunteered their services on the occasion; the gallantry of captain M'Millan, of the Glangarry light infantry who covered the left flank of the troops in advance; and the activity and judgment of captain Cruttenden, royal artillery; brevet-major De Courten, of the regiment de Watteville; lieutenant Stevens, of the rocket company; lieut. Gosset, royal engineers, each in their respective situations.

Lieutenant-colonel Malcolm has reported in high terms the conduct of lieutenant Lawrie, of the royal marines, who was at the head of the first men who entered the fort; and I had an opportunity of witnessing the bravery of lieutenant Hewett, of that corps, who climbed the flag-staff and pulled down the American ensign which was nailed to it. To lieutenant-colonel Harvey, deputy-adjutant-general, my warmest approbation is most justly due, for his unremitting zeal and useful assistance. The services of this intelligent and experienced officer have been so frequently brought under your excellency's observation before that it would be superfluous my making any comment on the high estimation in which I hold his valuable exertions.

Captain Jervois, my aide-camp, and lieutenant-colonel Hagerman, my provincial aide de camp, the only officers of my personal staff who accompanied me, rendered me every assistance.

Captain Jervois, who will deliver to your excellency, with this despatch, the American flag taken at Oswego, is fully able to afford every further information you may require; and I avail myself of the present opportunity strongly to recommend this officer to the favorable consideration of his royal highness the commander in chief.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

GORDON DRUMMOND.

Col Fischar's letter to Colonel Harvey, and that from Sir James Yeo to McCroker, being more explanatory, will furnish still more conclusive evidence, as to the importance of this affair.

From lieutenant-colonel Fischer to lieutenant-colonel Harvey.

H. M. S. Prince Regent, off Oswego,
SIR, Lake Ontario, May 7.

It is with heartfelt satisfaction that I have the honor to report to you, for the information of lieutenant-general Drummond, commanding, that the troops placed under my orders for the purpose of storming the fort at Oswego, have completely succeeded in this service.

It will be superfluous for me to enter into any details of the operations, as the lieutenant-general has personally witnessed the conduct of the whole party; and the grateful task only remains to point out for his approbation, the distinguished bravery and discipline of the troops.

The second battalion of royal marines

formed their column in the most regular manner, and, by their steady and rapid advance, carried the fort in a very short time. In fact, nothing could surpass the gallantry of that battalion, commanded by lieutenant-colonel Malcolm; to whose cool and deliberate conduct our success is greatly to be attributed.

The lieutenant-colonel reported to me, in high terms, the conduct of lieutenant James Laurie, who was at the head of the first men who entered the fort. The two flank companies of De Watteville's, under captain De Berzey, behaved with spirit, though labouring with more difficulties during their formation, on account of the badness of the landing place, and the more direct opposition of the enemy. The company of Glengarry light infantry, under captain M'Millan, behaved in an equally distinguished manner, by clearing the wood, and driving the enemy into the fort. I beg leave to make my personal acknowledgements to staff-adjutant Greig, and lieutenant and adjutant Mermet, of De Watteville's, for the zeal and attention to me during the day's service. Nor can I forbear to mention the regular behavior of the whole of the troops during their stay on shore, and the most perfect order in which the re-embarkation of the troops has been executed, and every service performed.

I enclose herewith the return of killed and wounded, as sent to me by the different corps.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

V. Fischer,

Lieut.-col. De Watteville's regiment.

Lieut.-col. Harvey,

Deputy adjutant-general.

Return of killed and wounded of the troops in action with the enemy at Oswego, on the 10th of May, 1814.

Total—1 captain, 2 sergeants, 1 drummer, 15 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 1 subaltern, 2 sergeants, 58 rank and file, wounded.

J. Harvey,

Lieut.-col. dep.-adj.-gen.

Return of the killed and wounded of the royal navy at Oswego, May 6.

3 seamen, killed; 2 captains, 1 lieutenant, 1 master, 7 seamen, wounded.

Total—3 killed; 11 wounded.

J. Lawrie, sec.

His majesty's brig Magnet, (late Sir Sidney Smith,
Off Oswego, U. S. May 7.

Return of ordnance and ordnance-stores, taken and destroyed at Oswego, Lake-Ontario, the 6th May, 1814, by his majesty's troops under the command of lieut. genl Drummond.

Taken;—3 32 pounder iron guns, 4 24-pounder iron guns, 1 12-pounder iron gun, 1 6-pounder iron gun.—Total 9.

Destroyed;—1 heavy 12 pounder, 1 heavy 6-pounder.—Total 2.

Shot;—81 42-pounder, round; 32 32-pounder, round; 36 42-pounder, canister; 42 32-pounder, canister; 30 24 pounder, canister; 12 42-pounder, grape; 48 32-pounder, grape; 18 24-pounder, grape.

Eight barrels of gunpowder, and all the shot of small calibre in the fort, and stores, thrown into the river.

Edward Crutienden, captain,
commanding royal artillery.

E. Baynes, adj.-general.

Memorandum of provisions stores, captured.

One thousand and forty-five barrels of flour, pork, potatoes, salt, tallow, &c. &c. 70 coils of rope and cordage; tar, blocks, (large and small,) 2 small schooners, with several boats, and other smaller craft.

Noah Freer, mil. Sec.

DEATH.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

Angel, who treadest in the track of Time?
Guarding the entrance to that unknown clime,
Whence come no whispers to the world below,
Whence not a song we hear
Of triumph or of cheer,
Or sound of happy footsteps passing to and fro.

Pale as the Maybell trembling in the breeze
Thou makest youthful cheeks. The summer seas
Lose their calm blue beneath thy waving wing;
Fierce storms thou summonest
From the deep mountain-breast,
To be thy pursuivants when thou art wandering.

Thy name is terrible; thine icy breath
Stern order to the War-Fiend uttereth,
Who stains the pleasant turf a fearful red;
Or dashes in the wave
A myriad spirits brave,
For whose eternal rest no saintly song is said.

THOUGHTS FOR JUNE.

Howitt, in his book of the seasons, commences his beautiful chapter on June with a joy and gladness of tone inspired by the glad some occasion. "Welcome" he writes "once more to sweet June, the month which comes

"Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrowned"

This idea of the blending of the two seasons has a peculiar signification to Canadians, as with them, scarce has the spring made her appearance, when they find themselves in the full leaf of summer, and it is indeed startling to behold how far, in a few days, the season has advanced

> "Blushing, knowing not their doom,
> See the early blossoms come,
> Redolent with Heav'n sent grace,
> But to yield to summer place."

We miss in this country the coy approaches with which the summer appears, and it would almost seem as if the remark that "America has no youth," were applicable to her seasons. In our father-land each season may be almost said to be woo'd by its successor to yield to its advances, and even should grim winter maintain his place, and prove obdurate to the whispering of the "sweet south," his lingering icicles, when constrained to yield to the more ardent advances of this month, but serve to carry fertility to the parched fields.

With the advance of the month a striking change comes over the landscape, and the pale green of the woods and fields assume a deeper and stronger tint, emblematic of the growth of the year. This change extends also to the flowers and the bright decided colours of June present a marked contrast to the more delicate hues of the first creations of spring.

These changes are but too often permitted by the unthinking to pass unnoticed, and alas! that it is so, for

> "Thus they come, and thus depart
> Powerful whisperer to the heart
> Of mutability below;—
> Of human weal and human woe:
> The spring of hope, the summer sky,
> When joy seemed all too bright to die."

We are often, and with much justice, taunted that our woods lack the sweet "wood notes wild" which charm the ear in the mother country, but to a mind properly attuned to nature's voice, there is as much pleasure in hearing the shrill cries of the insect tribe, as the sweetest songster of the grove, for we reflect that these, too, are a thanksgiving hymn.

The nightingale or linnet

> "With unnumbered notes."

may woo their mates more melodiously, but not more cheerily, nor is the grasshopper's shrill pipe less significant of perfect happiness. When, too, at nightfall the glow-worm lights her lamp we have another and, indeed, shining proof of the wonderful adaptation by nature of the means to the end.

Cultivation has not yet prepared for us the perfection of rural wildness to be found when sauntering through the lanes and copses of "merrie England;" we miss the quiet beauty of the banks and braes of bonny Scotland, or the stern grandeur of her mountain scenery; we sigh unconsciously as we compare our somewhat tame landscape with the beauty of Killarney or Wicklow, but soon returns the thought that, despite the alluring attractions of our Fatherland, in Canada the June sun sheds its brightness over a country whose aspect offers a purer and a higher charm. As we gaze on the wide spread though rough cultivation, and mark the smoke ascending from many a homestead, although "unembowered by trees," the reflection arises that those homesteads are owned by a happy and independent class, who can never be exposed to the vicissitudes that would mark their pilgrimage in their native country—we remember that each man sits beneath the shadow of his own roof, and we fervently bless the Almighty disposer of all good for the change.

It must not, however, be supposed that, to these reflections alone a Canadian June is indebted for welcome. The month is the very carnival of nature, and most profusely are her treasures poured out, as if to make amends for her lingering approach. It is a perfect luxury to roam through the woods, and commune with Nature, as she "indulges," says Howitt, "every sense with sweetness, loveliness and harmony.

Sheep shearing is an interesting ceremony in this land, but lacks the observances with which the occasion was formerly marked. "It was," says Howitt, "a time of merry-making, the maidens, in their best attire, waited on the shearers to receive and roll up the fleeces. A feast was made, and King and

Queen elected; or, according to Drayton's "Polyolbion," the king was pre-elected by a fortunate circumstance

"The Shepherd King
Whose flocks had chanced that year the earliest lamb to bring,—
In his gay baldric sits at his low grassy board,
With flowers curds, clouted cream, and country dainties stored.

We lack the observances, but still it is with great interest that, as we approach some bend in the river, where a deep pool has been formed, we watch the operation and the sturdy arms employed in throwing in or washing the sheep.

Occasionally but very rarely, are the first offerings made to the passing year by the mowers, and the luxuriant grass bows its head before the scythe, emblematic of the lapse of time and our common lot. We will not, however, indulge these thoughts, but will say

"Speed, then, chasing seasons, speed,
Fade the flower, and thrive the weed;
Good and evil here must blend,
Lightnings flash, and storms descend:
But a few revolving years,
Chequered o'er with smiles and tears,
Bide we yet,—when freed, shall soar.
The spirit to a happier shore—
Come like shadows—so depart;
Not a pang shall wring my heart,
Passing to a brighter world,
Faith, with banner wide unfurled,
Shall on high the cross display,
Point to heaven and lead the way;
Chase the mists that round me rise,
And bear me upward to the skies."

ON RUSSIA.

BY REV. R. F. BURNS, KINGSTON.

In any circumstances it would not be uninteresting or unprofitable to contemplate a country which covers nearly a ninth part of the habitable globe—which contains fully 60 millions of the earth's population, and with which are associated, directly or indirectly some of the leading events that figure on the page of modern history. But now when we have, unhappily for the prosperity of Europe, been brought into collision with this country, and that the peace of nearly forty years is disturbed, by its ambitious and aggressive spirit, the subject is pressed upon us with more than ordinary force, and should secure on our part more than ordinary attention. Standing on the threshold of 1853 the most lynx eyed observer could not detect on the surface of the political horizon even a little cloud of hand breadth dimensions. It seemed as if the sublime peace congress, of which the Crystal Palace was the scene, had inaugurated a new era, during which the hatchet of strife would be buried, the boom of the cannon hushed, the finer feelings of our nature obtain full play, and an universal brotherhood be established. The cotton princes of Manchester hailed the coming coronation of their favourite idea, and even the most suspicious were beginning to feel as if there was more of fact than of fancy in the opinion that the rivalry in arts had permanently succeeded the rivalry in arms. 1854 has dawned on a different spectacle. The clouds have suddenly gathered. The most sceptical cannot presume to deny that a storm impends. Nicholas I. aping the airs and assuming the mantle of Napoleon I., desires to grasp the world.

On the most pitiful pretence the gauntlet of defiance has been thrown down. To pamper the pride and aggrandize the power of this modern Goliah an arrest must be laid on the wheels of the world's progress—the hum of peaceful industry be exchanged for the din of battle, and the happiness of the social circle for the misery of the camp and the field. What momentous issues hang on the lips of a single mortal! How the complexion of the world may be changed by a single word? And yet while we wait in painful suspense —the altar to the moloch of war has been reared, the victims are being piled upon it—the sacrifice is going on—

"Hark, heard ye not those sounds of dreadful note,
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath,
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrant slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale fires flash on high;—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

In view of the coming struggle it is well for us to know the worst. It is the dictate of sound policy calmly to contemplate the resources of that formidable power which has assumed the heavy responsibility of attempting to turn the world upside down. That this power is formidable it would be foolish to deny. Convinced though we be that with the foremost of civilized nations ranged on the opposite side, the issue will not be doubtful, still we cannot afford to treat with derision the threats emanating from a country of which Napoleon *the Great* declared "backed by the eternal ices of the pole which must forever render it unassailable in rear or flank, it can only be attacked, even on its vulnerable front, during three or four months in the year, while it has the whole twelve to render available against us. It

offers to an invader nothing but the rigours of sufferings and privations of a desert soil, of a nature half dead and frozen, while its inhabitants will ever precipitate themselves with transport towards the delicious climates of the south. To these physical advantages we must join an immense population of brave, hardy, devoted, passive and vast nomade tribes to whom destitution is habitual and wandering is nature. One cannot help shuddering at the thought of such a mass, who can at any time with impunity inundate you, while, if defeated it has only to retire into the midst of its snows and ices, where pursuit is impossible and reparation of loss, easy, it is the Antœus of the fable which cannot be overcome but by seizing it by the middle and stifling it in the arms, but where is the Hercules to be found who will attempt such an enterprise. He did, who could alone attempt it, and the world knows what success he had.—Show me an Emperor of Russia, brave, able and impetuous—in a word—a Czar who is worthy of his situation—and Europe is at his feet. We may smile at the conceit of the caged Eagle, and deem the picture over-drawn, still there is in it substantial truth. From that rock to which Prometheus-like he was bound, the mind of the chafed exile reverted to that memorable campaign, (the turning point in his eventful history) when nearly half a million of his best troops found a sepulchre in the snow: the voice from St. Helena should not fall upon listless ears. It should be heeded, not to produce a panic but to impart a spur—not to to make our illustrious fatherland with her powerful allies flee with craven heart from the field, but that the means of resistance may be made on a scale proportionate to the magnitude of the foe to be met, and to the momentousness of the interests involved.

I. The source of this mighty Empire like that of some migty rivers it is difficult to discover.—We wend our way upwards along the stream of its history till we almost lose ourselves amid the brakey thickets of the past.

It has been conjectured that the children of Magog the son of Japhat pitched their tents on this bleak northern region which forms a section of the Empire in its present form, soon after the Babel dispersion. By the Romans they were denominated Scythians, and were little better than the painted savages of Britain, or the aborigines of our own American continent. They were merged in the Sclavonians who flocked eastward from the banks of the Danube and settled down in the neighbourhood of the Dnieper and the Baltic. They were strangers to the arts of civilized life—they were addicted to fishing, hunting and plunder. Though their habits were wild and wandering, they found it necessary for mutual safety to have common meeting points and as much as possible to keep together. Mud cabins were erected and out of these sprang in course of time the flourishing cities of Kiow and Novogorod.

Towards the Ninth Century the waters of the Baltic were ploughed by the sharp keels of a race of Pirates, who seized upon every luckless craft with which they came in contact, and made repeated descents on the countries bordering on that great northern sea. They formed a portion of the Ancient Scandinavians and were composed principally of the junior branches of wealthy families; who, having no inheritance in store for them, sought one on the bosom of the deep. It was not to be expected that the rising communities to which we have referred, would escape their notice. Accordingly, we find that in 862 A.D. an event occurred corresponding closely to that which in 1066 changed the current of our national history. As the Normans invaded Britain and became gradually amalgamated with the Saxons, so the Varagians (originally belonging to the same flock) invaded Sclavonia and were amalgamated with the Sclavi. Ruric, the Varagian chief, acted exactly the part of William the Conqueror, and the plains of Novogorod witnessed a contest precisely similar to that of which, two centuries after, Hastings was the scene.

Russia took its name from the victorious Ruric, —and Russia's history proper dates from the period of the Varagian conquest.

II. From an origin so obscure sprung the Russian Empire—an empire now rivalling the Ancient Roman, and threatening the world's peace. One cannot help feeling struck at the advancement it has made, if not in mental and moral, at all events in material wealth. As we overleap the interval between Ruric and Nicholas, we behold the territory that hinged the Dneiper and the Baltic stretching into two hemispheres—we behold the little one that was rocked in such a rough cradle becoming a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

We may reasonably doubt the durability of the materials of which the Russian Empire is composed, and the permanence of the basis on which it rests, but none can be blind to the vastness of the field it embraces or the value of the resources it contains. It is represented in three divisions of our globe,—Europe, Asia and America,—and comprises an area of nearly seven million square miles. Take the Asiatic part alone and people it in the same ratio as Great Britain and Ireland,

and it would accomodate more than the population of our globe. Take the European part, and you could put into it the British Isles sixteen times over. Its length has been estimated at 9200 miles—its breadth at 2400, including 150 degrees of longitude and 39 degrees of latitude. Within this wide range meet the extremes of verdure and barrenness—of heat and cold. At Archangel the ground is covered with a constant mantle of snow; the thermometer ranges, oftentimes, between 30° and 40° below zero—there is the piercing atmosphere of the Arctic regions. At Taurida, snow is a rarity, the rigors of frost are unknown—there is the bright sky and balmy atmosphere, and rich soil of Italy.

"While in its northern extremities the cold is so intense, and vegetation, in consequence, so stunted, that a birch tree, full grown and of perfect form, can be carried in the palm of the hand; in its southern latitudes the richest fruits of the vine, the apricot and the peach ripen on the sunny slopes of the Crimea, and fields of roses which perfume the air for miles around, flower in luxuriant beauty on the shores of the Danube." (Alison.)

Of this southern region Professor Pallas has furnished such a fascinating picture as to make us almost feel as if the curse of Eden had been rolled away and Paradise regained. "These vallies—which are blessed with the climate of Anatolia and lesser Asia, where the winter is scarcely sensible, where the primroses and spring saffron bloom in February and often in January, and where the oak frequently retains its foliage throughout the whole winter—are, in regard to botany and rural economy, the noblest tract in Taurida, or perhaps in the whole extent of the empire. Here, on all sides, flourish, in open air, the olive tree, the ever-verdant laurel, the lotus, the pomegranate, and the celtis, which, perhaps, are the remains of Grecian cultivation. In these happy vallies the forest consists of fruit trees of every kind, or rather they form a large orchard left entirely to itself. The contrast of the rich verdure with the beautiful wildness presented by the adjacent mountains and rocks, the natural fountains and cascades that agreeably present their rushing waters, the near view of the sea where the sight is lost in the unbounded prospect; all these beauties together form so picturesque and delightful a whole, that even the enraptured muse of the poet or the painter would not be able to conceive a more captivating scene." Despite the trackless wastes with which it abounds, Russia possesses not a few such green spots on which spontaneously grow the finest fruits and flowers of which any conservatory can boast.

Viewing Russia in its physical aspect, we mark again a series of vast plains, called *Steppes*, resembling the Sands of Africa or the Prairies and Pampas in the west and south of America. Towards the centre of Siberia and the banks of the Volga their undulating surface swells out, interspersed with lakes of salt and occasional patches of verdure.

The boundless forests form a striking contrast to the leafless plains. In the northern provinces especially, those present a dense barrier which no army could penetrate, and which, it might almost be supposed, the sweeping scythe of time itself, would fail to exterminate. Here we find 216 millions of acres of fir and pine—there 47 millions. Here we find 8 millions and a half oaks of the largest size, fit to supply for a lengthened period the navies of the world. There again *three hundred and fifteen millions* of lesser dimensions. Thus, in a country which geologists have declared to be like our own, destitute of coal, Providence has kindly furnished a substitute to an almost unlimited extent. Though thus distinguished by forests and sandy plains, Russia is by no means destitute of mountains. The principal ranges are the *Caucasian*, separating Russia on the one side, and Persia on the other, and stretching between the Black and Caspian seas: the *Altaic* separating Russia on the south from the vast Empire of China:—*Olonetz* running the length of 1000 miles between the Swedish frontiers and the cheerless banks of the White Sea:—The *Uralian* forming the wall of partition between the two grand divisions of the Empire, and the *Volday* forming the elevated background to the road that leads from St. Petersburgh to Moscow.

In the bleak region of *Kamtschatka* there are mountains, the gaping craters on whose summit, and the burning springs in whose neighbourhood attest their volcanic character, but where the devouring elements is at present hushed. It is singular in the bowels of a region bound with eternal frost, to find such smouldering fires. Russia is distinguished almost as much by water as by wood. We meet with rivers, lakes, gulphs seas; some of them of great size and importance. Amongst rivers the principal are the *Onega* flowing into the White Sea: the Neva, into the Baltic: the Dneiper and the Don into the Black Sea, and the Volga, into the Caspian.

Amongst lakes, Ladoga and Onega are perhaps the largest of any in Europe, the one being 120 and the other 150 miles long. *Baikal* in Asiatic Russia is hardly inferior, and serves important commercial purposes. But none of them can for a moment be compared with those mam-

moth inland seas with which we are familiar. Among Gulphs we find Finland and Archangel. And among seas, leaving out of account the Arctic Ocean, and that part of the Pacific denominated the Eastern Archipeligo, the Black Sea 800 miles long, the Caspian 760, and the Baltic, 700, stand prominent.

Russia constitutes a fine field for the mineralogist. In the European part we meet with iron and copper. In the Asiatic part we meet with gold, lead, silver, and precious stones. On the ridges both of the Ural and the Caucasus, rich veins have been discovered which were successfully wrought a century and a half ago. The Siberian tract, regarded by many as a wilderness, has disclosed such hidden treasures as the topaz, the hyacinth, the emerald, the beryl, the onyx, the jasper, and the crysolite. Who knows but that yet, as in the case of California and Australia an all-wise Providence may employ the fact of its being such a rich repository as a means of opening up a mighty district of country that would otherwise by reason of physical barriers remain closed against the civilized world.

The animal kingdom is as prolific as the mineral. Russia has most of the animals that abound throughout Europe in general, with some peculiar to itself. The Lithuanian and Livonian horses are celebrated for their strength, beauty, and speed. The vine-clad steppes and verdant vales of Taurida supply the richest pasture for sheep, whose wool will challenge competition with the world, and whose numbers are such, that a flock of 50,000 possessed by a single farmer is not uncommon.

The undulating steppes of Siberia form a spacious hunting ground over which scamper at large the wild horse, the wild ass, and the argali or wild sheep. The deep fissures and beetling crags of the Classical Caucasus are frequented by the shaggy bison, and the frisking chamois. Lapland is inseparably associated with the useful reindeer, and Kamtschatka with the costly sable. On the banks of some of the lakes and rivers are to be found the stag, the wild boar, the musk, and the beaver. Seals swarm about the inlets of the great Northern Ocean, while walrusses infest its shores. The leading seas teem with fish, and the entire Empire with fowls of every description.

III. But we must pass from the physical to the civil aspect of Russia—from the geographical, vegetable, mineral, and animal departments, to that with which man has more directly to do.

At different periods in Russian History, we find government assuming different phases. At first it wore a republican air. With the increase of the aristocratic element, a sort of oligarchy came into existence. Then a limited monarchy had the ascendant, but with the weakening of the power of the nobility, and the abolition of constitutional usages, this has given place to a rigid despotism. It is not very long since this despotism burst into its present full blown dimensions. Till towards the close of the 17th century the responsibility of the Emperor was shared with the Boyards and Burghers, who were the same as our Lords and Commons. Since the advent of Peter the Great, a death-blow has been dealt to the influence of both these classes, and now there is nothing to span the gulph between the solitary sovereign on the one hand and his myriad serfs on the other. The sovereign is regarded (like the Lama of Thibet, or the Emperor of China) as partaking of the divine as well as the human, and as uniting in his single person supreme religious as well as civil authority. The most blind submission is rendered, the most blasphemous homage is paid to him; from his will there is no appeal; to his every caprice the utmost deference must be shewn.

Peter thought nothing of caning or kicking, his proudest nobles. His head feeling cold one day in church, he, without the slightest ceremony transferred to it the immense wig of a courtier sitting by, leaving his exposed cranium as a subject for the suppressed tittering of the assembled congregation. During the reign of Paul, the father of the present Emperor, despotism in its most repulsive form was rampant.

Decrees were issued with the most solemn and pompous preambles, regulating the cut and colour of the clothes, and minutely specifying the mode in which the hair should be worn. If any man did not appear dressed in a cocked hat, or in a round hat, pinned up with three corners, a long Chinese pig-tail hanging down the back—a single breasted coat and waistcoat—knee buckles instead of strings, (the Emperor was death on pantaloons) he ran the risk of being thrown into prison or hurried off in a sledge to Siberia. One man was publicly whipped for having his neck cloth too thick. An unfortunate lady because her hair happened to hang over her neck (a slight deviation from the imperial statute), was closely confined and fed on bread and water. A devotee of the Muse, who wrote an epigram composed of two lines, which were supposed to contain a slight on the Emperor, had his tongue cut out and was transported to a savage region on the N. West coast of America. It is amazing how the most distinguished nobles will submit without a murmur to the greatest indignities from their chief. The Emperor Alexander (brother and predecessor

of Nicholas) asked one of them one day what favor he could confer upon him. As if it was an honor to be noticed at all, the contemptible fragment of humanity replied; "Whenever thou meetest me at Court whisper in my ear, Thou art an ass." The present Emperor is doing all in his power to maintain this servile spirit on the part of his nobles. He encourages their keeping up the most expensive establishments, expecting that thereby they may become involved in the meshes of bankruptcy, and that their estates may revert to the crown. He delights in keeping them in hot water one with another, and in allowing the veriest upstarts to step over their heads into seats of honor and emolument. He tries to curry favor with the common people at their expense. Since the revolutionary scenes of '48 he has been more than ordinarily strict in forbidding them to cross the confines of Russia, fearing lest their loyalty might be impaired by their breathing the air of freedom. It is a significant fact, that hardly a Russian noble was to be met with within the Crystal Palace. His great object is to spoil individuality and to promote centralization. His acute and comprehensive mind being fully aware of the heterogeneous elements of which his overgrown empire is composed, he is anxious to fuse them down into one molten mass—to secure entire uniformity in religion, politics, education—in short in every department. The Empire is a mere Automaton—the Emperor the main spring that causes all the wheels to move.

And yet with all this crushing power of despotism, there is the faintest form of Constitutional Government. Nicholas has got all the laws of the Empire published from the earliest period, amounting to nearly 40,000, and filling upwards of 40 quarto volumes.

The Empire is partitioned off into 53 Provinces, each presided over by distinct officers and possessing distinct courts. Of these courts there is a regular graduating scale. The division is four-fold, not altogether unlike what we are familiar with. The District—the Provincial—the General assembly or Senate, and the Cabinet or Council of the Empire.

There cannot be fewer than 600,000 officers in all, each owing his appointment to the will of the Emperor, in appearance serving the people—in reality girt round with leading strings that stretch from the Throne. The Senate, the only thing worthy the name of a popular assembly, is packed with creatures of the Emperor, all selected by himself, and sworn to carry out his wishes. The Cabinet corresponding to our Executive, has twelve Departments, sub-divided into variety of Bureaux, whose duties range from the high and knotty questions of diplomacy and statesmanship to the building of theatres and the cleaning of stables. But of every spoke in the cumbrous and complicated machinery, the breath of the Emperor is the motive power. *Corruption* is a natural accompaniment of despotism. The servants being principally selected on the score of their likelihood to prove pliant tools in the hand of their master, it could not be expected that they would be impelled by generous motives or be susceptible of noble deeds. Deception is the order of the day. The most unprincipled actions are perpetrated without the slightest compunction. Conscience is a curiosity—compliance with its dictates an antiquated form. The old adage, 'honesty is the best policy,' is exchanged for "Set a thief to catch a thief." A Russian nobleman informs us, "The speculations of those in office are beyond all calculation. All the functionaries high and low steal openly and with impunity, from the ammunition to the rations of the soldiers, and the medicines of the hospitals. Will it be believed that they actually conceal the number of men who fall in every action till the end of the campaign, and thus continue to receive the provisions and equipment of those who have disappeared from the ranks, but who nevertheless remain on the lists. In the Caucasus where hostilities are incessant, this abuse had risen to an enormous excess. The ranks were thinned, yet the lists were full, as also were the pockets of the officers." This lying leprosy has tainted every beam in the rotten framework of Russian society. The want of confidence, thereby induced, has led to a mean system of espionage peculiarly repulsive to the feelings of every freeman. The entire country resembles a Penitentiary, whose walls are covered with slits, through which the turnkeys may glance unseen on the unfortunate prisoners. Spies swarm as thickly as Mosquitoes in summer, only they suck more blood. They are divided into regular classes and nestle everywhere.—Many innocent victims are suddenly seized on, information lodged, in expectation of a costly fee, and hurried off, without form of trial, to the Siberian Mines. There is hardly any regular administration of justice in any case. Law is not studied as a profession. It is distasteful to those in authority, because it might set bounds to a will which is regarded as the supreme and ultimate Court of Appeal. Peter the Great had as intense an antipathy to Lawyers as Paul had to pantaloons. When visiting Westminster Hall in London, he eagerly asked who were all these busy people in black gowns and wigs. On its being

explained to him they were lawyers, he exclaimed: "Lawyers! why I have only two in my whole dominions, and I think of hanging one of them the moment I get home."

With the utmost rigour and recklessness death has been dealt out to some of the loftiest dignitaries about the throne, wherever they incurred the frown of its arbitrary occupant. There is perhaps no country under the sun that has witnessed such revolutions in the wheel of fortune. The mighty have been degraded—the mean elevated. The scene of Haman and Mordecai in the days of old has been often repeated. Munich, the prime minister, becomes an exile of Siberia. Menschikoff, a youth who cried pies through the streets of Moscow, is lifted into his seat. By the way it becomes not him who now wears the title of Menschikoff (and whose blustering manifesto was the beginning of the present troubles) to assume such airs and get on such a high horse, when he considers his pie boy ancestor. In the case of Catharine I, too, we have another illustration that there is no romance equal to that of reality. Here we have the widow of a military sergeant promoted to share the imperial throne with the Great Peter, and singly to grasp the sceptre when he laid it aside. Special favor is shewn to foreigners, either from lack of native talent, or to wound the pride and weaken the power of the native nobles.

"The German who was a tailor in Hanover may become a Professor in the Academy of Sciences; the Italian who carried an organ about the streets of Rome, may become a director of music; the Swiss who was a confectioner and constructed pyramids of ice and pagodas of pastry, may be made an imperial architect; the English inspector of a cotton mill may be made a general of Engineers; and the Frenchman who arrived as a valet, may turn tutor to a nobleman's sons, find his way up the ladder, and receive the appointment and title of a Counsellor of State."—(Maxwell.)

Our sketch of the Civil Government of Russia would be necessarily incomplete, were not some reference made to the two rulers (who have cut the most conspicuous figure on the stage of her chequered history) who have done more than any before or since their time to develop her resources, and to give her that position in the scale of nations she now fills. Undoubtedly Peter I and Catharine II have cut the most conspicuous figure on the page of Russian History—and with all their failings proved real benefactors to their country. Peter's life is a romance of itself sufficient to furnish matter for a distinct article. To follow him to the dock yards of Amsterdam and London, where, under the name of Peter Timmerman, he wrought as a mechanic. To view the early reverses and ultimate victories which marked his protracted struggle with Charles XII of Sweden.—To record the energetic efforts he made to rub over the rough face of his barbarous country the varnish of modern civilization, would exhaust our remaining time and space, and be foreign to our present purpose.

Suffice it to say that he did not a little to extend the commerce, to increase the revenue, to consolidate the power, and to give lustre to the name of his country. His colossal stature (for he was 6 feet 7) and massive build (for his bulk was in proportion) pointed him out as one born to command.

But though he could rule others, he had not the "rule over his own spirit." His ungovernable temper drove him to excesses which have stained his memory, and made the historian feel at a loss whether most to censure or to praise. There is too good ground for believing, that like Alexander the Great, he died the victim of that vice which has proved the ruin of millions.

It is an interesting fact, that a woman stands side by side with this notable man. Catharine II, who reigned till towards the close of last century, gained a reputation which has thrown into the shade her namesake, who made the sudden transition from being a soldier's widow to being a sovereign's wife. Of her, it has been accurately observed, "Prudent in Council and intrepid in conduct; cautious in forming resolutions, but vigorous in carrying them into execution; ambitious, but of great and splendid objects only; passionately fond of glory, without the alloy, at least in public affairs, of sordid or vulgar inclinations; discerning in the choice of her counsellors, and swayed in matters of state only by lofty intellect; munificent in public, liberal in private, firm in resolution, she dignified a despotic throne by the magnanimity and patriotism of a more virtuous age." But these great qualities were counterbalanced by as remarkable vices and more truly perhaps of her than of the Virgin Queen of England, it might be said in Burleigh's words, that "if to day she were more than man, to-mormorow she would be less than waman." Vehement, sensual and capricious in private life, she seemed, as a woman, to live only for the gratification of her passions; tyrannical, over-bearing, and sometimes cruel in her administration, she filled her subjects with unbounded awe for her authority. In the lustre of her administration however, the career of her victories, and the

rapid progress of her subjects under so able a government, mankind overlooked her dissolute manners, the occasional elevation of unworthy favorites, frequent acts of tyranny, and the dark transaction which signalised her accession to the throne. They overlooked the frailties of the woman in the dignity of the princess; and paid to the abilities and splendor of the Semiramis of the North that involuntary homage which commanding qualities on the throne never fail to acquire—even when stained by irregularities in private life."—(Alison.)

IV. But we must hasten from the civil to the military aspect of Russia. This is a view which the present crisis invests with more than ordinary interest and importance. It is almost impossible to come to anything like certainty respecting the military strength of Russia. We have already alluded to the corrupt practice of not erasing the names of the departed from the muster roll, that the pay may be continued. This practice is so notorious and widely diffused that no reliance can be placed on any official statements. These may present a formidable array of figures, but let them be rigorously sifted and they will be sadly pared down. Multitudes are inserted that have been in eternity for years. Although therefore we find an infantry of nearly a million, and a cavalry of 250,000, we need not be alarmed. It is a mere flourish on paper. Let the roll be called, and in regard to fully one-half, it would be a calling spirits from the vasty deep. But will they come?

It is an historical fact, that when Napoleon entered the blazing Moscow, with his mammoth army reduced to 130,000, Alexander could not muster as many, even in the very centre of his dominions. The army has not certainly more than doubled since then. Considering the vast extent of its territory and population,—the immense frontier exposed—the numerous posts requiring to be garrisoned, and the havoc made by disease and misrule, the available force of Russia is not in proportion to that of either France or Britain. We speak not of bravery or skill—but of the matter of numbers alone,—and we feel persuaded that a close examination of the statistics of the respective countries will bear us out in the statement. Golovine, a Russian of distinction, writes as follows:—"It is impossible to conceive all the ill usage to which the Russian soldier is exposed on the part of his superiors, high and low. Without pay, without suitable food, overwhelmed with oppression and stripes, he is destined beforehand to the hospital and premature death. Hence the Russian army loses nearly as many men in time of peace as in time of war. Men are still held so cheap in Russia that more than once at Leipsic, at Varna, in the Caucasus, when a Russian detachment, on the point of succumbing, has been liable to occasion the loss of an entire corps, volleys of grape shot have been poured on Russians and enemies, mowing down both alike." From this testimony of an intelligent Russian whose patriotism alone would prevent him from unjustly slandering his country, you may infer what degree of credit is to be attached to the high-sounding eulogiums that have been pronounced on the magnitude and the discipline of the Russian army The body guard of the Emperor certainly presents a magnificent spectacle, but, being made up of picked men, it forms no criterion by which to judge of the whole.

The beating about for recruits is very uphill work. The serfs, from whom the majority of the recruits are drafted, most thoroughly detest the life of a soldier. They will submit to be beaten without a murmur, but when the lot falls upon them the air is rent with their cries. With poignant anguish they tear themselves from the soil on which they have been reared and the huts around which their affections cluster. Their march to the battlefield, so far from being (as has been said) like that of the fanatic or the crusader, is more like that of the condemned criminal to the scaffold. As they never expect to be other than a race of Gibeonites—mere hewers of wood and drawers of water—they have no spur to exertion, and the system of grinding tyranny to which they are subjected paralizes energy and quenches the flame of loyalty and love. In deference to the Emperor a forced enthusiasm is sometimes evoked —and the mutual interchange of such endearing titles as 'Father" and "Children," might lead the casual observer to the conclusion that they are happy and contented, but enter the barrack-room, or penetrate into the inmost souls of those who crowd them, and you will find the vast majority of them strangers to that generous ardour which is now running like an electric current through the combined forces of England and France, or which is directing the aim of Turkish shot, and the sweep of Turkish scimitars on the plains of Asia and the banks of the Danube.

It must be confessed that in an emergency Russia can summon into the field, in addition to the regular troops, a monster militia, and that for this purpose *Military Colonies* are now in course of formation. But common sense may suggest whether she has much to hope, or her antagonists much to fear, from a motley mass comprising eighty-one distinct tribes, all more or less differing from each other. That mass contains an

amount of combustible material which a spark might ignite. And having little or no knowledge of European tactics, they would form no match for the descendants of those accomplished veterans who won laurels on the fields of Austerlitz and Waterloo.

V. We must reserve for another article the consideration of the Agriculture—the Arts—the Professions—the Habits—the Education and the Religion of Russia. In the meantime we would devote our brief remaining space to the question which is now keeping the world in suspense, and which is suggested by the view of Russia's Military resources we have just taken.

No reasonable doubt can be entertained as to the real motives of the Czar in the present movement. The possession of the Key to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is a hollow sham. No one at all acquainted with the past relations in which Russia has stood to the Porte, can have difficulty in penetrating the mask he has assumed. Blasphemously he presses religion into the service as a cloak for his ambitious projects. His eye is fired on that matchless metropolis, the description of whose variegated beauties has taxed the powers of the most celebrated writers. His aim is to transfer himself from the cold climate and unhealthy marshes of St. Petersburgh to the glittering minarets and sunny terraces of Constantinople. Nor is it perhaps to be wondered at that a spot possessing such unequalled advantages should rouse his ambition.

The picture of Alison is no exaggeration:—"Placed mid-way between Europe and Asia, it is at once the natural Emporium where the productions of the East and West find their obvious point of contact, and the midway station where the internal water communication of Europe, Asia, and Africa find their common centre; while the waves of the Mediterranean and the Ægean bring to its harbour the whole production of Egypt, Lybia, Italy, and Spain, the waters of the Danube, the Dniester, and the Volga waft to the same favored spot the agricultural riches of Hungary, Germany, the Ukraine and Russia. The caravans of the desert, the rich loads of the camel and dromedary, meet within its walls; the ample sails and boundless riches of European commerce, even the distant pendants of America and the New World—hasten to its quays to convey the best productions of the Old and the New Hemisphere. An incomparable harbour where a three-decker can, without danger, touch the quay, and from the yard arms of which, a bold assailant may almost leap on the walls, affords, within a deep bay, several miles in length, ample room for all the fleets in the universe to lie in safety; a broad inland sea, inclosed within impregnable gates, gives its navy the extraordinary advantage of a safe place for pacific exercise and preparation: narrow and winding straits on either side of fifteen or twenty miles in length, crowned by heights forming natural castles, render it impregnable to all but land forces. It is the only capital in the world perhaps which can never decline so long as the human race endures, or the present wants of mankind continue; for the more that the West increases in population and splendour the greater will be the traffic which must pass through its gates in conveying to the inhabitants of its empires the rich products of the Eastern Sun."

To find a fulcrum for her lever on this grand central station has been the policy of Russia from the earliest period of her history. Scarcely had the victorious prince got fairly settled down in the mud walled Novogorod, than he set out for the Bosphorus. The ninth century witnessed a succession of Russian invaders in substance the same with that of the nineteenth. The Greeks were subjected to similar treatment to that which has excited such sympathy in behalf of the Turks, although Russia received from Constantinople her religion in the 11th century, that very religion has been converted into a plea for seizing the spot that bestowed on her the boon.

For nearly three centuries did the Musselman reign over Russia. Toleration was proclaimed—wealth flowed in—the foundations of her future greatness were laid, and now Russia turns on the Mussulman, and exhibits her gratitude in fire and sword. To those who ruled in Constantinople prior to 1453 Russia owes her Christianity. To a people identified in sentiment and sympathy with those who have ruled in Constantinople since that memorable epoch, Russia to a large extent owes her commerce. And yet mark the return she makes! Since the beginning of the last century there have been almost half a dozen distinct wars between Russia and Turkey, in all of which save the first, Russia has, in the end, had the advantage.

Emboldened by past success and encouraged by the supposed enmity between England and France, she has lit the torch and sounded the tocsin again.

Eighty years ago Baron Thugut the keen sighted Austrian diplomatist predicted the very course which the Czar seems bent on following, and in eighteen hundred and thirty we find Count Nesselrode the present confidant of Nicholas, making use of the following modest language, 'it depended on

our own armies to march on Constantinople and to overthrow the Turkish Empire. No power would have opposed it. No immediate danger would have threatened us if we had given the last blow to the Ottoman monarchy in Europe.'

Nicholas and Nesselrode may perhaps find to their cost this time that "pride cometh before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."—The crisis is eminent. The cause is eminently that of liberty and justice.

The question at stake will be no paltry one. It will be nothing short of this: "Whether that freedom at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a race of virtuous emulation in everything great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition and invited the nations to behold their God: whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence. The freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements till it became a theatre of wonders." The question will be nothing short of this: "Whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall and wrapt in eternal gloom." We need not fear the issue. God will defend the right. It will be found that there is a hand on high to shield the brave." The rod of the oppressor will be broken. The tears of the oppressed dried up. The Lord reigneth—let the earth be glad. The clouds may gather and the billows foam, but a Father's hand grasps the helm—and he will so regulate the movements of the great vessel of human affairs, as best to carry out the purposes of Calvary and to extend the influence of the Cross. And of this we may rest assured that however other nations may be affected by the tempest, our's (if she be only true) herself will remain the assertor of human rights and the asylum of human liberty. The shock may be severe, but

> "The meteor flag of England
> Shall yet terrific burn
> Till danger's troubled night depart,
> And the star of peace return."

He who would pass the latter part of his life with honour and decency must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old; and remember when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he must lay up knowledge for his support, when his powers of action shall forsake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience only can correct.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. XXIV.

WHEREIN THE SEDERUNT OF THE HAGIS CLUB, AND THE FIRST SERIES OF THESE VERACIOUS CHRONICLES, ARE BROUGHT TO A CLOSE.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the supper which caused the table of the Haggis Club to groan, was in keeping with the other characteristic features of that social brotherhood. Every dish exhibited some national feature, and was pregnant with old world associations.

(Want of space constrains us to withhold from the world, (at least *pro tempore*,) a mass of gustatorial information, which here ensues in the Dreepdaily manuscript. The eating million, however, may yet be put in possession of the substance of Mr. Powhead's collections in this department of fine arts. Mr. Maclear is meditating the publication of a treatise on cookery, the joint production of *Mrs. Grundy*, the *Major*, the *Doctor*, and the *Laird*, wherein the savoury experiences of the excellent barber-surgeon will, in all probability, be incorporated.)

When the cloth had been removed, and the board garnished with sugar, hot water, and other materials which are essential for the engenderation of toddy, the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul," proceeded with enhanced smeddum.

Referring to Laird Robertson, Mr. Keelevine recited the following additional anecdote of that worthy.

One day the Laird entered his favourite place of resort, the Parliament House, bearing a stick of peculiarly formidable dimensions. Before long he was surrounded by a plethoric shoal of lawyers, who eagerly interrogated him touching the device which he had provided for their amusement or instruction, as the case might be. Thus questioned, Robertson uplifted his staff, and struck it upon the floor with an emphasis which made the ancient Hall tremble. "That's *Truth* gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "It stands on ae leg! Can ony o' ye tell me how many legs it will take to make *a lie* stand?"

Cuthbert Keelevine, after the discussion of his second tumbler, or "cheerer," as he denominated it—became developed as a full

blown, uncompromising Jacobite; and many were the details which he gave relating to the chivalrous attempt of Charles Edward to regain the crown of his fathers. One or two of these I noted down.

Persons acquainted with the old town of Edinburgh, must remember a tinsmith's shop with a large window, containing many small squares of glass, situated on the right side of the Netherbow, when you pass up from the region of the Cannongate to the High Street. In that region in the forenoon of twenty-first September, 1745, there occurred an unwonted bustle, which had the effect of drawing from the recesses of the aforesaid shop, a portly and buxom dame, Mrs. Macqueen to wit, the wife of the occupant thereof. The bustle alluded to arose from a respectable middle aged man, riding along at full speed, and ever and anon waving his bonnet, and shouting out—"Ring the great bells, for his Royal Highness has won the day!"

Rushing forth to the equestrian, and seizing his hand, the worthy lady, who, like a majority of her country-women, was a devout adherent of the Stuarts, exclaimed, "Oh! my bonnie Tammy Grant, gie me a kiss! I kent ye wad bring good news!" Having gallantly complied with this request, the volunteer herald, whose mission was to proclaim the victory at Prestonpans, spurred up his steed, and resumed his triumphant slogan. Ere he had reached his own house, however, which was situated at the head of Blackfriars Wynd, he was pulled from his horse by a prudent friend, as the only process by which his *Io triumphe* could be silenced. This mentor warned him that if the city bells were rung, in obedience to his directions, General Guest would assuredly fire upon the town.

The above mentioned "Tammy" was Mr. Thomas Grant, a respectable and responsible citizen of Auld Reekie, and famed for his manufacture of fishing rods, and archer's bows. Mr. Grant was such an enthusiast in the cause of the young Chevalier, that he dispatched his only son Robert, a youth of some seventeen years, to join his ranks, whilst he himself paid daily visits to the insurgent army so long as it remained in the neighborhood of Edinburgh.

One forenoon as he was making his wonted pilgrimage to the camp, he met, near the *Frigate Whins*, (on which the watering place of Portobello now stands,) a Highlander in full costume, with a formidable fowling piece on his shoulder. This personage, who was evidently lacking in topographical knowledge, thus addressed the engenderer of angling wands: "Could she tell her whar 'ta army o' ta braw young Prince, is to be found?" "I am going in that direction," was the willing reply, "and I will conduct you to the spot with much pleasure." Donald, however, possessed a large amount of cautiousness, which is peculiar to the Celt, and was determined to insure the fidelity of his guide. Cocking his musket he exclaimed "You shoost walk your ways before her mainsel, and if a red coat is seen she'll ee'n be taking ta freedom o' blowing out your prains, oich, oich!"

In this perilous fashion Grant was constrained to progress, the cold perspiration bursting from every pore, when any object of a scarlet hue met his vision. After an interval, however, which seemed an age, they reached the out posts of the Prince's army, when the Highlander benignly clapped his pilot on the shoulder with the observation—"Ah! she be ta pretty man!" "That is all very well," responded Grant, "but in future I would rather have your absence than your company! If a red coat had accidently appeared I should have been a pretty corpse!"

Grant the younger followed faithfully the chequered fortunes of Charles Edward, and took part in all the engagements fought by the Prince, up to that climax of his misfortunes the battle of Culloden. There he combated by the side of the amiable and true hearted Earl of Kilmarnock, who was taken prisoner, and subsequently put to death in London. During the progress of the combat Robert Grant frequently counselled the unfortunate nobleman to fight on to the last, and never to surrender. "You are a marked man, my Lord" said he,—"and are sure to suffer if taken!" When Kilmarnock was ascending the scaffold on Tower-hill, he exclaimed with bitter emphasis—"Would that I had taken that boy Grant's advice!"

Robert escaped the horrors of Culloden and was long in hiding. His father, who had made himself conspicuous by his zeal in favour of legitimate monarchy, was apprehended on a charge of "treason," and for some time

ran a perilous risk of expiating his loyalty by his life.

Grant's business brought him much in contact with the noblemen of the day, by whom he was sincerely respected. Amongst other aristocratic patrons he had a zealous friend in the then Earl of Eglington, who possessed much of the warm and practical generosity of that noble house. This nobleman earnestly solicited Grant's pardon but without success. At length the Lord Advocate called one day upon Eglinton to invite him to dinner, "On one condition will I come" was the reply, "which is that you will give me an indemnity for Thomas Grant!" "If you had asked me for any other favour" returned the official "I would have gratified you, but there are twenty four charges against that man" "Very well" quoth the Peer, "my foot will never cross the threshold of your door, unless you give me that indemnity." As Eglington was a personage of too much importance to be thwarted, his importunity prevailed, and in a few days Grant was working at his fishing rods and bows as if the "rising" had been nothing more than a dream!

But what had become of Robert in the meanwhile?

Much was he lamented by his anxious and sorrowing parents, and an aunt who lived in the house with them, and whose especial "pet" the lost boy had been. At length after the lapse of long and weary months a gaunt and haggard figure clad in rags, came to the door, and wistfully inquired whether any of the family were at home. The servant thinking that he was a beggar told him to go about his business as he could get nothing, when the afore-mentioned aunt who chanced to get a glimpse of the supposed mendicant's face, recognized in him her long lost, and sorely longed for nephew. Exclaiming to the handmaiden—"get out of my road you born idiot"—she pushed her emphatically aside, and without adding another word drew the lad into the house. Nervously grasping his arm she led, or rather drew him in silence—for her heart was too full to allow prodigality of speech— to the closet where his mother was sitting absorbed in tearful thought. "Ye have often said" cried she—"that ye would give any thing to see Robin once mair, even though he should be covered wi' rags! Weel! here he is ragged enough in a' conscience!" The scene which ensued it is unnecessary to describe, at least to a parent. Robin was in eminent peril, but a mother's love contrived effectually to conceal him, until concealment was rendered unnecessary by the passing of the general indemnity act.

Grant senior lived for forty years after this period of turmoil and danger. He died in 1794, having attained the mature age of ninety-five years. Mr. Keelevine, who saw him shortly before his decease, described him as the beau ideal of a gentleman of the old school, exhibiting a profusion of ruffles at the breast and wrists, and having his shoes adorned with massive gold buckles.

Robert Grant died about 1812, much respected by a numerous circle of friends. To the last he had a hankering for what he called "the auld way." On one occasion a lady said to him during the currency of conversation—"Mr. Grant, did not that happen about the time of the *rebellion?*" This word grated harshly upon the ears of the fine old Jacobite, with an air of offended dignity he replied—"I presume, madam, you mean the *Forty-five!*"

There was another incident connected with the "forty-five," which was related by Laird McSkriech, the hero of the same being no less a personage than his own grandfather.

Ninian McSkriech had been brought up to the curative profession, and, as was habitual with medicos in those days, had passed several years in Germany for the purpose of obtaining a more thorough knowledge of his craft. Thus it chanced that he acquired several continental languages, and in particular could speak the German tongue with as much fluency as his own vernacular.

When Charles Edward invaded Scotland, Dr. McSkriech, who was enthusiastically devoted to the cause of legitimate though depressed royalty, joined his standard, and shared in his few triumphs and many reverses.

On the lost field of Culloden, Ninian fell into the hands of the victorious Hanoverians, (the only name by which he ever described the dominant party,) and being regarded as a delinquent of some consequence, it was resolved to send him to Edinburgh for trial.

He was entrusted to the custody of a west country Major, named Paul Proudfoot, not a

bad fellow in his way, and who extended to the captive every indulgence in his power. Being provided with an escort of dragoons, Major Proudfoot did not deem it necessary to manacle his prisoner, but permitted him to ride by his side as if he had been a free man.

The close of the first day brought the party to a country inn, where they had arranged to spend the night. Hardly had they disposed of supper when an express reached Proudfoot directing him to send back the dragoons with all possible dispatch, as their services were peremptorily required in their own regiment. It was added that before morning a troop of German cavalry, *en route* to the Scottish capital, would reach the hostel, and that the officer thereof had been instructed to put himself and his men under the orders of Proudfoot. These orders were attended to with military precision, and so soon as the dragoons and their horses had received the necessary refreshment they took their departure.

Major Proudfoot was determined to make a night of it, not merely for his own solacement, but in order that he might keep up the spirits of his prisoner. Accordingly, after supper he ordered in a liberal allowance of wine and brandy, and inviting the Doctor to follow his example, commenced the discussion of frequent and copious libations.

McSkriech was too much downhearted, by the misfortunes of his prince and himself to partake largely of the exhilirating fluids. He could not divest his mind of the idea of the fate which so speedily awaited him. Gloomy visions of hurdles, and halters, and dismembered limbs passed before his mental ken, and anxiously did he speculate upon the possibility of effecting his escape from the toils with which he was environed.

Whilst he was thus engaged chewing the cud of bitter fancy, his keeper drank for both of them, and as a natural sequence the malt (to use the old saying) began to rise above the meal. In plain English, if not positively drunk—which no man confessed being as long as he could lie upon the floor without holding on—the valorous and convivial Proudfoot was very far removed from the category of strict sobriety.

Shortly after midnight the promised band of foreign soldiers reached the inn, and their leader, a non-commissioned officer, sought out the chamber occupied by the Major, in order to receive his instructions. Proudfoot, who had sense enough remaining to be aware that he did not present a very parade like appearance, refused to grant the sergeant an audience, and accordingly the latter, after posting a sentinel at the door, proceeded to look after the ostentation of himself and his men.

In process of time Bacchus obtained a signal and complete victory over Mars, or, to drop the classic vein, Paul Proudfoot did homage to the table by prostrating himself at the feet thereof! No trumpeter was required to celebrate the triumph of the vinous God, seeing that the vanquished warrior proclaimed his own defeat by a stentorian fanfaronade of snoring.

Dr. McSkreech beholding how matters had eventuated, became inspired with a conception which he lost no time in realizing. As a preliminary step he rifled the pockets of the oblivious Major, taking therefrom not only the warrant for his own committal to the Castle of Edinburgh, but likewise a purse comfortably replenished with the metalic sinews of war. He then, from a portion of his handkerchief, fabricated a white cockade, and pinned the same upon the breast of the slumbering P[illegible]d.

These matters being accomplished in a business-like manner, the Doctor opened the door, and ordered the sentinel to summon his officer without delay. That personage having speedily appeared, Ninion interrogated him whether he and his men would soon be ready for the road, as it was desirable that no unnecessary delay should take place in their movements.

The party thus questioned, instead of responding, looked with an air of the most supreme helplessness upon the speaker, and shook his head as if lacking the faculty of speech. Indeed, for that matter, the poor fellow might as well have been dumb, seeing that he did not comprehend one word of the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Finding out how matters stood, Ninian lost no time in addressing the man in German, and soon acquired from him the information that not a single individual composing the troop could boast of more polyglot gifts than their commander.

Being thus certiorated Dr. McSkriech proceeded to arrange his plans. Inviting Sergeant

Schnapps—for so was the functionary named—to take a glass of "strong waters" he informed him that the supine toper was neither more nor less than the rebel prisoner who had been committed to their joint custodiership. "He is a regular sot, as you see," said the pretended Major Proudfoot, "and even when comparatively sober his brain is in such a muddled and cranky state that he can hardly tell his right hand from his left! Would you believe it that during the whole of our march to day he was laboring under the hallucination that our positions were reversed, and that he was conveying me to limbo!

The sergeant listened to this recital with the most implicit credence, sipping between hands his allowance of *aqua mirabilis*, and occasionally interjecting a "*Yah*," or a "*Donner and blitzen!*" as the various turns of the narrative required.

"Now, my good fellow," continued Ninian, "in the morning, after breakfast, we shall set out on our journey. At the next town I shall be obliged to leave you, my duty calling me to another quarter, and you must pay particular attention to the safe keeping of your charge. As a matter of course, when he beholds me taking my departure, he will begin to play his antics and pranks, but you will give no heed to the ravings of an addle-pated, half crazy creature. Should he refuse to keep his place in the ranks, you will of course clap a pair of bracelets on his wrists, though I would be sorry to see any unnecessary restraint put upon the poor fellow. The Provost-Marshal will soon take the measure of his neck, and it would be a pity to render the short remaining balance of his life bitter, without absolute necessity. He has fought on the wrong side, it is true, but he is still a soldier, and of course is entitled to receive from comrades every indulgence consistent with the demands of duty."

Having delivered himself of these injunctions McSkriech dismissed Sergeant Schnapps, and betaking himself to a couch slept more quietly than he had done for many a day.

Shortly after cock-crow, Proudfoot arose from the carpet which had served him for bed, sheets, and blanket, and gave directions for the instant up-bringing of the matin repast. This being disposed of, he prepared for the road, buttoning up his coat, as the morning was chill and raw. So misty were his faculties in consequence of the alcoholic shower of the preceding night, that he was altogether uncognizant of the disloyal favour which decked his vest, and which was so preposterously out of harmony with his principles and pretensions.

Sergeant Schnapps lost no time in getting his men in order, and the troops commenced their march to the sound of a brace of trumpets. In the centre of the band rode the Major and his medical captive, and a stranger beholding them would never predicate that they were anything but the stanchest and the most intimate of friends. Proudfoot, who, as before observed, was a good natured fellow at bottom, did all in his power to keep up the spirits of his prisoner; whilst the latter, now that the gallows occupied a more remote position in the landscape of his hopes, cracked joke for joke, and sung stave for stave with his keeper and comforter.

Amongst other ditties the Major chanted for the delectation of his charge the once popular song of the "Battle of Sheriff-Muir." He selected this ode because, hitting, as it did, equally at Whig and Jacobite, he deemed that it could be sung by him without impropriety, and listened to without offence being taken. A stanza or two of this racy old metrical satire, may not be deemed out of place, especially as of late years it has been permitted to fall into undeserved neglect.

There's some say that we wan,
And some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man.
But ae thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriff-muir
A battle there was that I saw, man!

And we ran and they ran: and they ran and we ran;
And we ran and they ran awa', man!

So there such a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chase was at a', man;
From other they run,
Without tuck o' drum,
They did not make use of a paw, man

Whether we ran, or they ran,
Or we wan, or they wan,
Or if there was winning at a', man,
There's no man can tell,
Save our brave general,
Wha first began running awa', man!

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,
And the Cock o' the North.

But Florence ran fastest ava, man,
Save the Laird o' Phineven,
Who swore to be even
Wi' ony general or peer o' them a', man.
And we ran and they ran; and they ran and we ran;
And we ran and they ran awa', man!

"Yes!" added the Major as he intermitted his intonation, "that same combat at Sheriffmuir was the most incomprehensible and bamboozling affair of the kind that ever took place. Neither side could tell which was beaten, and as for victory no one dreamed of claiming it."

By this time the troop had reached the outskirts of the town where they were to bait, and at which McSkriech purposed parting company with his company, as previously arranged. Making a signal to the phlegmatic Schnapps, who forthwith called a halt, he shook hands with Proudfoot, wishing him a safe and agreeable journey, and hoping to have the pleasure of once more cracking a magnum of claret in his worshipful society."

For a short season honest Paul opined that his captive's misfortunes had landed him in the quagmire of dementation. When, however, he beheld the escorting soldiers making way to allow him to ride from among them, his anger and astonishment knew no bounds. He raged, he swore, he foamed, and shouted, as if a legion of demons had made an onslaught upon him! Shaking his fist at the imperturbable and stoical sergeant, he vowed by beef and brandy—the most emphatic abjuration which he could command—that he would have the whole of them tried at the drumhead, and fusiladed like dogs, as soon as they reached a military station. Witnessing the futility of his menace, he snatched off hat and wig, dashing them in the face of Schnapps, and then tearing open his coat smote upon his breast in a paroxysm of fury and despair.

The Doctor calmly directed the sergeant to do his duty, at the same time pointing to the white cockade, which by this time was conspicuous to every one, as a proof that they had to deal with a hardened and inveterate traitor to their common king. It is hardly necessary to say that the party thus addressed took the hint, and in three minutes Major Paul Proudfoot was sitting strapped to a trooper, with the addition of a pair of truculent handcuffs to his travelling costume.

Little more remains to be told. The Major's durance lasted till his formal introduction to General Guest, the commandant of Edinburgh Castle, who being personally acquainted with him put an end to his serio-comic predicament. Sergeant Schnapps became the legatory of the manacles which he had used after such a perverse fashion;—and during a protracted occupancy of the "black hole," he had abundance of leisure to meditate upon the inconvenience of being acquainted with no tongue except the one which he had inherited from his maternal parent.

The astute and chuckling McSkriech experienced small difficulty in reaching a sea-port, and making his way to France. Being well known to the exiled adherents of the Stuart dynasty, and much respected by them, on account of his courage, and devotion to the good cause, he managed to creep into a lucrative practice, and ere long realized a handsome competence. When the coast was clear he returned to his native country, where he renewed his acquaintance with Major Proudfoot, and made a thousand apologies for the somewhat abrupt and unceremonious manner in which he had parted from him. This palinode Paul was the more disposed to receive, seeing that it was backed by the loan of a considerable sum of money, which his *res augusta domi* rendered peculiarly acceptable. The worthy Major had cherished, somewhat too devoutly, his attachment to brandy, and paid more attention to the mastication than the breeding of beef, and as a not unnatural sequence the malaria of law had commenced to blight his paternal acres.

When discussing a "cup of kindness" with his quondam prisoner, Proudfoot frequently took occasion to observe—"It is indeed an ill-wind which blows nobody good! If I had been a proficient in the German language, your neck, my friend, would long ago have been inconveniently lengthened, and there would have been a Dutch account of the bonnie banks and braes of Glen Proudfoot."

Here most gentle and debonair of readers, the first series, or instalment, of the CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY cometh to a termination. For two whole years have we been gossipping together, but, as the ancient adage hath it, "the longest lane must have a turning!" If the transcriber of Poter Powhead's memo-

randa can lay the flattering unction to his soul, that he hath added anything to the stock of thy harmless mirth, or beguiled the tedium of one of those "leaden hours" which chequer the lot of all Adam's children, his labors will be amply repaid.

THE LATE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEBEC.

Our May number contained an engraving of the Parliament Houses, which consisted of an elegant pile of cut- tone buildings, forming three sides of a square, and commanding one of the most magnificent prospects in the world, and justly deemed an ornament to the Province.

At about three o'clock in the morning, smoke was observed by the sentry on duty at Presscott gate, emerging from about the middle of the upper part of the new wing of the Parliament buildings. It crowded densely out of the gable windows fronting on Mountain street. The alarm was instantly given, but owing to the gathering of the fire inside the dry attic rooms and ceiling, the progress of the flames were so rapid as to baffle resistance. From the extension of the flames internally, and the fury with which they raged mostly upward from the place where the furnaces were situated, there is much reason to believe that they had their origin in the flues.

Through great exertions the library was partly cleared, and the rescued property deposited in the Bishop's palace. Many of the records kept in the old wing of the House, and the principal portraits in the body of the building were got out without much damage. The furniture was mostly destroyed. Valuable manuscripts, including the catalogue which was in course of preparation, an the journals and a great part of the sessional papers of the Imperial Parliament, and many of those valuable contributions obtained through the Speaker of the English House of Commons, are lost. Those books actually snatched from destruction have been seriously injured The instruments and the library of the Literary and Historical Society were also damaged to a great extent. The left wing was one blaze of flame by five in the morning, and the fire having broken out in the attics the flame seemed to have run along and taken possession of the interior of the cupola, the outside of which was as it were breathing smoke of various tints, the deep red indicating flames within. Every exertion was made to save the classified specimens of ornithology, mineralogy, and zoology in the newly arranged museum of the Literary and Historical Society, and to preserve the very valuable library and still more valuable manuscripts, the Society's museum and library being situated directly under the burning cupola. Many specimens and the great bulk of the books were possibly saved; but any who knows the difficulty of saving from fire mineralogical, zoological or ornithological specimens will have an idea of the great loss which the Society has sustained. About six in the morning, and while it was said some persons were endeavouring to clear the museum, the roof of the room fell in causing the people to retreat hastily. Fortunately no one was injured. The room, however, was speedily one sheet of flame, and the flames shortly after burst through the cupola.

For a moment the spectacle was grand, as the lurid flame twisted about and lapped the certainly, architecturally considered, most beautiful part of the immense building.

The centre part of the building was now everywhere in flame, and the attic of the old or right wing of the building on fire. A dense black smoke was issuing from the oval gable window next the Bishop's palace, and from every ventilator and window, fire showed itself occasionally, and by half-past seven the upper part of the old wing was in the grasp of the devouring element, the engines apparently not being of the slightest service in even checking the conflagration. The offices had been, however, previously gutted of their contents, and considerable quantities of furniture tossed out of windows and smashed on the ground below.

Scarcely had the Legislature found a resting place than, with a fatality, perhaps, unprecedented, Canada was again deprived of a Parliament House, by a recurrence of the same visitation.

Government had leased the church convent belonging to the Sisters of Charity, to serve as a temporary place of meeting, and their buildings have been reduced to ashes. Fortunately but few of the books and public documents had been removed, consequently Government has lost but little. The buildings, however, which were very beautiful, and adorned with a handsome cupola and spire, were totally destroyed.

When Valdesso retired from the service of Charles V., he gave as his reason, that there ought to be some time for sober reflection between the life of a soldier and his death.

Refrain from all that merits reprobation. *One* powerful motive, at least, there is to this —lest our children copy our crimes.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

CHAPTER VI.

We do not purpose to enter into the details of the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire; especially as they have been before the public for years, in every imaginable form. Our present business is to direct attention to that truth which our opponent clumsily endeavors to conceal, viz., that the pretended desire of the French people, to exchange the King Logs of the Directory for a King Stork in the person of Napoleon, owed its existence solely to the persevering intrigues of the Corsican clique, under the direction of the astute and unprincipled Napoleon himself. We venture to believe that there is not one of our readers who will be able to peruse the following passage from Abbott without a feeling of surprise. Evidently relying upon that anti-British and anti-monarchical feeling which he knows to be so extensively diffused among the least cultivated and least worthy of his compatriots, Mr. Abbott actually seems to take an especial delight in heaping, as commentator, the most fulsome praises upon his hero precisely on those very occasions when he has, from authentic sources, proved to us that that hero acted with a meanness beyond even the Napoleonic custom. Thus, speaking of the 18th Brumaire, Abbott coolly says:—"Napoleon was then but twenty-nine years of age, and yet, under circumstances of inconceivable difficulty and with unhesitating reliance upon his own mental resources, he assumed the enormous care of creating and administering a new government for thirty millions of men. Never did he achieve a victory which displayed more consummate genius. On no occasion of his life did his majestic intellectual power beam forth with more brilliance. It is not to be expected that, for ages to come, the world will be united in opinion respecting this transaction. Some represent it as an outrage against Law and Liberty. Others consider it a necessary act, which put an end to corruption and anarchy. That the course which Napoleon pursued was in accordance with the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the French people, no one can doubt. It is questionable whether even now, France is prepared for self-government. There can be no question that then the Republic had totally failed."

Here we have the bold assertion, that Napoleon's course had the approbation of "an overwhelming majority" of the French people, without an attempt at a proof of it. Besides Mr. Abbott is inconsistent, or why does he talk of the "*victory*" of Napoleon? If an overwhelming majority called him to the Consular power, with Siéyes and Ducos for his mere valets and train-bearers, what necessity for the paltry intrigues with both civilians and soldiers? What need of the armed force? Of the sabres and bayonets? Of the secret intrigues and open force to which alone he owed what even his fulsome admirer Abbott calls a "*victory*? How, or where, was the wish of this "overwhelming majority" declared?

What Mr. Abbott calls the "despised and disregarded government" was, in fact, a form of self-government, just as the President, and the Senate, and the Legislature of the United States are, and elected after pretty much the same gentle and pure fashion. We are quite ready to admit that the French Republic, when Napoleon deserted from the Egyptian army, was "at an end," but, how did that fact authorize Napoleon to usurp the government into his own hands? He was the paid hireling of the Directorial government, bad as that government was; and there was but one ground upon which he could be either legally or morally justifiable in overthrowing it. Besides it had, at least, the show of owing its power to the popular will, although that show was a deceptive one.

Had Napoleon really desired to restore peace to his distracted France, or had he been uninfluenced by that mad ambition which finally led to his fate, the legitimate manner of effecting that purpose would not have been by the *victory* of the 18th Brumaire, but by the restoration of the throne to Louis XVIII. and of peace and safety to that prince's long-suffering people. Had Napoleon, omitting some of his violence and still more of his unblushingly hypocritical intrigues, achieved what Mr. Abbott calls the "victory" of the 18th Brumaire in *that* view, Napoleon would have been justified before heaven and before man in that particular act; would have spared not only France but all Europe long years of desolating and murderous wars, and would have

deservedly been so favored, and honored, and entrusted by his restored sovereign, that he would have had the power to do infinite good to France by the exertion of his really great genius; while his memory would remain free from the now indelible stains of those crimes which, from the moment he became an Usurper, became in some sort inevitable.

All that Abbott has said about the "almost unanimous" wish of that mere menagerie of wild beasts, the French so-called Republic, is sheer nonsense; and he so well knows it to be such, that he does not even make an attempt at pointing to a single address given by the obscurest and least influential body, as a proof that any one but Napoleon's own clique ever dreamed of his usurping the power until the exertions of that clique caused this most fickle and easily misled people to applaud with their shouts the display of his selfish audacity. No one can read the details of that memorable first usurpation, without marvelling at the boldness with which Abbott endeavors to show that Napoleon was justified in his course of action. But, as usual, he gives us the antidote with one hand while giving us the bane with the other. For instance, desiring to elevate his hero in our eyes as, at the least, a man of honor, Abbott says:—

"Siéyes, perfectly acquainted with revolutionary movements, urged Napoleon to arrest some forty of the Jacobins most prominent in the Council. This would have secured an easy victory on the morrow. Napoleon, however, rejected the advice, saying: 'I pledged my word this morning to protect the national representation. I will not this evening violate my oath."

Having by his intrigues set certain thousands of various ranks into motion as his partizans, Napoleon could find but little difficulty in bringing such a population, as that of Paris then was, to the Revolutionary point. But the violent scenes of the 18th Brumaire, and the military preparations made under the direction of the chief conspirator, are of themselves sufficient to shew that, far from there being that "almost unanimous wish" in his favor, of which his eulogist so confidently speaks, Napoleon clearly saw that artifice could not alone be depended upon; and, Abbott himself clearly proves this, by saying:

"Had the assembly been convened at Paris, all the mob of the Faubourgs would have risen like an inundation in their (the Jacobins') behalf, and torrents of blood must have been shed. The sagacious transference of the meeting to St. Cloud, several miles from Paris, saved those lives. The powerful military display, checked any attempt at a march upon St. Cloud. What could the mob do, with Murat, Lannes, and Serrurier, guided by the energies of Napoleon, ready to hurl their solid columns upon them?"

We should like to know what Mr. Abbott means by that term, the *mob?* He well knows what the social and political state of France then was; will he tell us where he draws his line of distinction between the mob and the "disenthralled people?" Does he mean to tell us that Napoleon was opposed only by the dregs of the people? Does he count all the Royalists and all the Jacobins, as mere dust, in the balance of parties? He must be well aware, that though it is the fashion to speak of the Royalists as a mere handful, they, in truth, included among them, both in Paris and in the provinces, all that was best and wisest that the bloody days of the Revolution and of Terror had left. He must well know, too, that among the Jacobins there were many who, notwithstanding their erroneous political principles, could by no means be classed among "the mob." Instead, then, of heading an "almost unanimous" people against a mere rabble, we have, by Abbott's own showing, 1stly. The Royalists to a man, and 2ndly, the Jacobins to a man, who, *ex necessitate rei* were opposed to Napoleon. The former, as Royalists, could be satisfied with no government but that of the exiled Louis; and the latter could not possibly fail to feel the utmost indignation at the thought of a foreigner, so recently an absolute pauper, assuming, under whatsoever title, a sovereign authority over them. Mr. Abbott would do well to reflect, that, even in times of the fiercest political excitement, between two extremes of the mere mob and those active leading classes, who are both qualified and inclined to interfere in state affairs, there is a moderate body. Of that class of French, at the time of Napoleon, it is likely enough that some preferred a republic, and that some preferred their old monarchy; but it is tolerably certain, that *all* looked upon a new pretender

to absolute authority only as a new curse and calamity. Moreover, Mr. Abbott seems to forget that the Revolution had left no "MOB" in France. Mr. Abbott, who talks thus lightly of the "mob" of Paris, and triumphs so exultingly over their impotency to oppose the dense columns commanded by Murat, Lannes, and Serrurier, surely forgets the sort of nation of which he is a member. If some new Napoleon were to set up as President of the United States FOR LIFE, with an evident intention of making the farther change of that Presidency into an *hereditary monarchy*, does Mr. Abbott venture to say that all the American Republicans, who should venture to oppose that usurpation, would deserve to be butchered by the military. Will he maintain that they have no right to oppose the usurpation of any citizen who, first from butchering Indians or semi-savage Mexicans, may take a fancy, encouraged by his peculiar political ethics, to set up as President for life, Dictator, King, or Emperor, with remainder to his actual or putative offspring? Will he dare to proclaim that opinion to their worships the MOBS of old Tammany and the Park? And if not, how can he use the term "MOB" as applied to the corresponding classes in France; of whom, when not opposed to his idol, he speaks so respectfully, calling them not the mob, but the "disinthralled people?"

The truth is, that, when Mr. Abbott talked about his hero having in his favor the "almost unanimous" wish of the French people, he made an assertion utterly without foundation, because he felt the necessity of giving to the usurpation something like the appearance of obedience to that popular will, which the Corsican in fact *dictated to*—at the bayonet's point!

But we have not yet done with this especially bad portion of his performance. He has, as far as unwarrantable assumption, reckless assertion, and sophistical inference, can do it, justified Napoleon in subverting the directorial government, and he has positively affirmed that it was utterly impossible for Napoleon to bring about the Restoration of the Bourbons. We have clearly shown that, except for the purpose of effecting the restoration of the Bourbons, Napoleon could only *treasonably* subvert the Directory; and we require a great deal more than the mere assertions of Mr. Abbott to convince us that Napoleon would not have found it far less difficult loyally to restore the Bourbons than treasonably to usurp power for himself.

But waving, for the present at least, all dispute upon that point, does Mr. Abbott express disapprobation of Napoleon's misconduct in giving both sanction and adhesion to the new constitution which made him only an elective Consul, one of three, while fully intending at a future period to make his authority not merely life long but transmissible to his heirs?

"At four o'clock in the morning he alighted from his carriage at the door of his dwelling in the Rue Chauteraine. Josephine, in the greatest anxiety, was watching at the window for his approach. Napoleon had not been able to send her one single line during the turmoil and the perils of that eventful day. She sprang to meet him. Napoleon fondly encircled her in his arms, briefly recapitulated the scenes of the day, and assured her that since he had *taken the Oath of Office*, he had not allowed himself to speak to a single individual, for he wished that the beloved voice of his Josephine might be the first to congratulate him upon his virtual accession to the *Empire of France*."

What comment does Mr. Abbott make upon this atrocious *perjury by deliberate anticipation*.

Napoleon had just taken *the oath of office*. He had been sworn in as one of three chief officers of the Republic; how then had he virtually succeeded to the Empire of France? but by an anticipated perjury! Yet Abbott has not a word to say against that deliberately planned treachery.

"France," proceeds Mr. Abbott, "had tried Republicanism, and the experiment had failed. There was neither intelligence or virtue among the people sufficient to enable them to govern themselves."

Mr. Abbott should tell us *when* the experiment ceased to be an experiment, and proved a decided failure. Was it before or after that attempt of Britain and her allies to prevent France from continuing to be a curse to others and a disgrace to herself, in her futile attempts at self government, which Mr. Abbott, while it served his purpose to do so, represented as a wicked attack on a "disenthrall-

ed people," who had exercised their right of choosing their own government?

"Few," Abbott continues, "had any idea of the sacredness of a vote, or the duty of the of the minority, good naturedly to yield to the majority. It is this sentiment which is the political salvation of the United States. Not unfrequently, when hundreds of thousands of ballots have been cast, has a governor of the State been chosen by the majority of a single vote. And the minority in such cases have yielded just as cordially as they would have done to a majority of tens of thousands. After our most exciting presidential elections the announcement of the result is the harbinger of immediate peace and good natured acquiescence all over the land. *The defeated voter politely congratulates his opponent upon his success.*" Abbott has here unconsciously passed the most severe censure on the man whom he would represent as influenced with an earnest desire to serve and save his adopted country. Had Napoleon really desired this, his plan would have been to endeavour to form them into such a state of citizenship as, according to Abbott, the United States possess. Certainly the way to effect this object was not the usurpation of supreme power, and that this was Napoleon's object is clear from the fact of his having told Josephine, while the oath of fidelity was still wet on his lips, that he had taken the first step to actual power. Again: if the people were such a brainless and evil set as Abbott just here finds it convenient to represent them; why lay any stress upon the "almost unanimous" wish that Napoleon should rule them? Surely the wish of such a people should be a strong disqualification of the person or measure wished for! Turn in whichsoever direction he may, Abbott invariably provides one with an argument against him; excepting, indeed, when he, still more liberally, furnishes us with a dilemma upon one or other horn of which he must needs impale himself.

"We can hardly call that man an usurper," proceeds Abbott, "who does but assume the post which the nation with unanimity entreats him to take."

Mark the cautious and yet clumsy, the unprincipled, yet utterly impotent, attempt of Abbott to beg the question, and as it were, obtain by false pretences, a verdict from public opinion, in favour of his hero. At first Mr. Abbott talked only about "many voices here and there" calling upon Napoleon, then he changed the call "into an almost unanimous" acquiescence of the *not mol*, but people in the designs of Napoleon, though, according to Abbott, Napoleon "in solitary grandeur" kept those designs a profound secret! And now the "almost unanimous" acquiescence, has grown to "unanimity" of calling on Napoleon in "the loudest tones" that could be uttered! Certainly, it would not be easy to find a parallel for this unfairness.

The Consulship of Napoleon and his colleagues, was of no very long duration. That great constitution was speedily changed into a new one; the chief feature of which was that Napoleon was made First Consul for ten years. Another step towards that "Empire in the West," to which dame Destiny seemed to be conducting him, even when she, in the form of stout Sir Sydney and his hearts of oak, obdurately forbade Napoleon ever to hope for an empire in the east.

Page after page does Mr. Abbott now devote to endeavouring to show that Napoleon, being *elected by France*, was justly her ruler; and that, consequently, in refusing to recognize him as such, and to abandon the exiled Bourbons, Britain was the aggressor. All that he says upon the subject may be sufficiently answered by a simple reference to our comments on his *progressive* misstatements as to the French people having called upon Napoleon to seize the reins of power, and as to the mode and the degrees of intensity in which they did so. By force, and by fraud, Napoleon first procured the mere consulship, and by force and by fraud he progressed in his usurpation until he became first consul for life,—and at length emperor.

Having disposed of the first steps to power, we will enquire how Mr. Abbott pretends to justify the *next* usurpation of Napoleon, the change of the Consulate for Ten years to the Consulate for Life?

"Napoleon, finding his proffers of peace rejected by England with contumely and scorn, and declined by Austria, now prepared with his wonted energy, to repel the assaults of the allies. As he sat in his cabinet at the Tuileries, the thunders of their unrelenting onset came rolling in upon his ear from all

the frontiers of France. The hostile fleets of England swept the channel utterly annihilating the commerce of the Republic, landing regiments of armed emigrants upon her coasts, furnishing money and munitions of war to rouse the partizans of the Bourbons to civil conflict, and throwing balls and shells into every unprotected town."

Had Mr. Abbott not written another line, the unwarrantable language of the above extract would, abundantly prove his hatred of England as clearly as it proves his unscrupulous resolve to allow neither logic nor equity to stand in the way of an invariable vindication of Napoleon. That Usurper's proffers of peace were "*declined*," our dexterous author tells us by Austria, but they were "*rejected* by England with contumely and scorn." For this broad and bitterly unjust distinction between the conduct of England and that of Austria we boldly affirm that Mr. Abbott has not the slightest shadow of justification. What are the plain facts of the case? Having usurped the Consular power, Napoleon either in the insolence of the upstart, or in real ignorance, thought fit to address personally a letter to George the Third. To a letter of that kind George the Third, had no more power to reply by granting peace than the humblest of that King's subjects. A Nicholas or a Napoleon, a born despot or a successful usurper rules uninfluenced by fears, save of the silken sash which strangled Paul of Russia, or the poisoned draught which it is only too probable cut short the career of his son Alexander. But George the Third of England was neither a despot nor an upstart; he was a constitutional King, reigning in person, but governing by the advice and through the medium of his ministers, always responsible to the nation for those acts in which they advised him, and in certain extreme cases, liable to be punished, even with death, for mischievously dishonest, or unwise advice given to their royal master. Ignorant or regardless of these facts, Napoleon addressed to the monarch a communication which could only be regularly addressed to his minister, and, moreover, the communication itself was by no means of the character which Mr. Abbott evidently wishes us to suppose it to have been. It undoubtedly proposed, but it did so upon terms which Napoleon obviously must have known to be inadmissible; to speak plainly it was the proposal of the spoiler who is anxious to make matters up with the spoiled, but only on condition of being allowed to retain the spoil. To so very plain and obvious a mockery, the British Minister of that day would have been fully warranted in replying in terms of stern severity. But the minister in question, Lord Grenville, was capable of combining the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* and, far from rejecting Napoleon's proposals with "contumely and scorn," his Lordship pointed out that the sincerity of those proposals would be best evidenced by the restoration to France of her legitimate government, but added, that England laid claim to no right to dictate to France, and was ready to entertain specific proposals. Such proposals Napoleon was not prepared to make. Napoleon was well aware that pretences would not have the slightest influence on the minds of the able statesmen who were arrayed, not, as he so impudently affected to suppose them, against France, but against the usurping government of which he was the head. But though he knew that verbiage could not pass as a substitute for specific proposals of substantial justice, he also knew that it would serve his turn in France, by causing the deluded and ferocious factions to attribute all the evils of continued war to Britain and her allies, and thus would keep up at fever heat that insane enthusiasm indispensable to the prosecution of his vast and iniquitous designs. Where is there the faintest trace of that scorn and contumely which Mr. Abbott ventures to attribute to the "rejection," of Napoleon's "proffers of peace?" That his "proffer" in his informal letter to his Britannic Majesty, was a mere mockery, the British Ministers must of course have known, from the vague and declamatory generality of the terms employed. But, with a policy as prudent as it was humane, they treated that proffer, not as it deserved, but as one which, though not sufficiently specific, inclined them to further consideration and negociation. And further negociation actually took place, but was broken off, owing in part, to the insincerity of Napoleon, and, in part, probably, to the hopes which both England and Austria still entertained of obtaining such advantages over France as should enable them at

once to give her peace and to free her from the factions, fused into an iron despotism, to which she owed so much of disgrace and of suffering.

The really Herculean task of conveying not only men but cavalry and heavy artillery across the Great St. Bernard, and the brilliant victories of Montebello and Marengo must ever extort the wonder of even those who are the least addicted to hero-worship. Mr. Abbott is however, determined to claim praise for his hero on other grounds. Accordingly, through the greater part of a closely printed column, he descants about the "humane sympathy" of Napoleon, and his great benevolence in giving his "sincere and virtuous" young guide over the mountains a few pencilled lines which made the "sincere and virtuous young peasant in question the proprietor of a field and a house which enabled the sincere and virtuous young peasant to marry "a fair maid among the mountains." Mr. Abbott opines that "generous impulses must have been instinctive in a heart which in an hour so fraught with mighty events, could turn from the toils of empire and of war, to find refreshment in sympathising with a peasant's love." If the three or four score pounds which would be the very outside price of the chalet and little plot of land which Abbott grandiloquently terms a house and field had been honorably earned and painfully and self-denyingly saved by the donor there would be some, though not such very conclusive, proof of the donors "instinctive impulses." But we can see no shadow of such proof in the mere scribbling of an order on a treasury from which every shilling that he ever drew, beyond the moderate pay of a French General, was just so much plunder.

The tremendous carnage at the battle of Marengo very *naturally* inspires Mr. Abbott with a feeling compounded pretty equally of horror and loathing, and some of his reflections on that awful carnage are not only impressively true but at once so eloquently and so chastely expressed, that, comparing them with the sad substance and slip-slop style of almost all the rest of his performances, we began to wonder where he could have borrowed them. But ere long we were released from all doubt as to the value of those few lines. True to himself, when he had given, with something of graphic power, a sketch of the horrors of the battle-field, and told us that "He who loves war for the sake of its excitements, its pageantry, and its fancied glory is the most eminent of all the dupes of folly and sin," he, with a really terrible coolness, adds, "For the carnage of the field of Marengo, Napoleon cannot be held responsible. Upon England and Austria must rest all the guilt of that awful tragedy. Napoleon had done everything that he could to stop the effusion of blood. He had sacrificed the instincts of pride in pleading with a haughty foe for peace. His plea was unavailing. Three hundred thousand men were marching upon France to force upon her a detested king. It was not the duty of France to submit to such dictation. Drawing the sword in self-defence, Napoleon fought and conquered. "*Te Deum Laudamus.*"

Never, we most firmly believe, never were those solemn words of praise and thanksgiving so terribly and blasphemously misapplied as they are by Mr. Abbott, where he thus uses them by way of peroration to his nauseous repetition of the foul charges against Austria and Great Britain as being the parties who were really guilty of the carnage of the field of Marengo. Should not Mr. Abbott have remembered that the writer making this deduction must wilfully ignore all the circumstances which preceded and led to the elevation of Napoleon; and, at the same time, repudiate the first principles of Christian ethics, and of policy, at once humane and self-preservative. We should miss a something in the narrative, if, to the most startling intrepidity of assumption and assertion, Mr. Abbott were not, on so prominent a subject as the carnage of Marengo to favor us with at least one touch of his laudatory power. We are not doomed to any such disappointment. He tells us that as Napoleon looked upon the mangled and the suffering victims, he stopped his horse and uncovered his head as the melancholy procession of misfortune and woe passed along. Turning to a companion he said, "We cannot but regret not being wounded like these unhappy men, that we might share their sufferings." A more touching expression of sympathy never has been recorded. He who says that this was hypocrisy is a stranger to the generous impulses of a noble heart. This instinct-

ive outburst of emotion never could have been instigated by policy.

As though such absurd inventions, to bolster up the tenderness of the heartless Napoleon, were not bad enough, Mr. Abbott tells us "it is not possible but that Napoleon must have been elated by so resplendent a victory. He knew that Marengo would be classed as the most brilliant of his achievements." With all due deference we venture to affirm that Napoleon knew nothing of the kind. Mr. Abbott's own pages inform us, what, indeed, half the world well knew before that, splendid as the victory of Marengo certainly was, it nevertheless, was fully as much the victory of Dessaix as of Napoleon. At a comparatively late hour of the day, the latter was, in fact, on the very edge of defeat, had Dessaix delayed but half an hour in bringing up the reserve, or if, on bringing it up, he had charged with less fiery energy than he did, the victory would inevitably have been with the Austrians.

But if Abbott, with a perfect knowledge of that fact, ungenerously and unjustly talks of the victory of Marengo as though it were exclusively due to the genius of Napoleon, he does his best to make amends to Dessaix by a touch of that sentimental invention which every now and then gives such an insufferable tone of cant to even his best passages. Dessaix not only saved Napoleon from defeat, but did so at the sacrifice of his own life. Let us see how Mr. Abbott deals with that fact. "The Austrians were checked, and staggered; a perfect tornado of bullets from Dessaix's division swept their ranks. They poured an answering volley into the bosoms of the French. A bullet pierced the breast of Dessaix, and he fell and almost immediately expired. His last words were "Tell the First Consul that my only regret in dying is, to have perished before having done enough to live in the recollection of posterity."

Now what is the truth as recorded by Napoleon himself, and by Scott and all other trustworthy historians of Marengo? Just simply this, that instead of having his *breast* pierced by a bullet, effectually enough to cause him to expire "almost immediately," and yet in so convenient a fashion as to allow him to send a bombastic message to Napoleon. Dessaix was knocked on the *head* by a cannon shot, expired on the very instant, and literally:

"Died and made no sign."

Mawkish as this attempt at sentimentalism is, it is nevertheless freer from objectionable matter than the following impudent as we, as inconsistent twaddle:—

"Napoleon now entered Milan in triumph He remained there ten days, busy apparently every hour by day and by night, in reorganizing the political condition of Italy. The serious and religious tendencies of his mind are developed by the following note which, four days after the battle of Marengo, he wrote to the Consuls in Paris:—

"To day, whatever our Atheists may say to it, I go in great state to the *Te Deum*, which is to be chanted in the cathedral of Milan."

Our Readers are well aware that again and again Abbott has positively and directly stated the notorious fact, that Napoleon was no Christian. And Mr. Abbott in his account of his hero's sayings and doings in Egypt, gave us the clearest possible proofs that Napoleon had no more "religious tendencies" than the horse that he rode or the coat that he wore. Yet he affects to take the few flippant words given above as "developing the serious and religious tendencies of his mind!" The impudence of such a pretence on the part of an author, who in a perfect host of previous passages has shown how well he knew that Napoleon was as destitute of religion as he was of truth and disinterestedness, would really excite our wonder, had not Mr. Abbott so abundantly taught us not to wonder at anything that he can possibly write. The few flippant words in question, if they indicate anything, indicated that Napoleon considered the going to the *Te Deum* as a mere splendid sham, a trifle less noisy than a review and mock fight, and very much more than a trifle less interesting. He well knew the Italians to be a religious people, and in his anxiety to reorganize the political condition of Italy, *i. e.* to prepare Italy to be as a mere dependency of France, as his own native isle of Corsica, he well knew the importance of leaving nothing undone to conciliate the good opinion of the Italian people; and so, in Italy he went to the cathedral, just as in Egypt he had gone to the Mosque to conciliate, *i. e.* to gull and hoodwink the Moslems; not caring in either

case two straws what might be said by "our Atheists," *i. e.* his brother infidels "in Paris."

In the whole of Abbott's performance we doubt if a more intrepid misrepresentation than this can be pointed out.

When, by the treaty of Luneville, Napoleon had diesmbarrassed himself of the hostility of Austria, he complained bitterly of the continued opposition which Britain still made to his insolent attempts at rendering Europe the mere satellite of France. He well knew that with Britain in arms against him, he could never for an instant be secure from some sudden and terrible reverse at sea, more than sufficient to counterbalance the sanguinary victory of a Marengo or Hohenlinden. He affected to believe that the object of Britain was to obtain and preserve her maritime supremacy, less even for the sake of extending her own commercial influence and prosperity, than for the sake of restricting and crippling the commerce of Europe in general and France in particular. We say that he affected this belief, because it is morally impossible that so acute an intellect as his could be so grossly deceived on a matter within the comprehension of an infinitely meaner capacity. Then, as now, Britain was personally and to an almost indefinite extent interested in the commercial prosperity of foreigners; she could not but be a gainer to a great extent directly, and to a still greater extent indirectly, by whatever tended to their commercial improvement. Napoleon well knew that Britain opposed him, simply because he was "the child and champion of the Revolution;" and because he had the genius and energy to render revolutionary France a calamity to the whole civilized world. It was not Britain but her allies to whom blame attached; not her hostility and perseverance, but their too facile consent to make peace with one of whom Britain and her able minister, Pitt, alone rightly comprehended the true character. Had the other powers been as bravely and conscientiously persistent as Britain, the treaty of Luneville need not have and would not have been signed, nor would the usurpation of the Empire have proved the successive usurpation of first the consulate for a term, and then the consulate for life.

If Britain erred at all she did so by ever treating with Napoleon in any other way than that of a general of rebels, not legitimately entitled to even that rank, but professing it as the results of such circumstances and supported in it by such military strength and personal ability, that it would have been the mere refining upon abstraction formally to deny it to him. With his consular power and dictatorial assumption the case was essentially and obviously different. The French revolutionists were rebels to their outlawed King, and tyrants to their loyalist fellow subjects; and were not even a political integer, but a chaos of political sects, a congeries of mutually and irreconcilably hostile factions with discordant interests and political and moral theories of every colour, and shade of atrocity, and absurdity. Such factions could have no right, excepting the right of the sabre, to give the reins of government into the hands of either Directors or Consuls; and it was both the right and the duty of the other powers of Europe to deprive them, if possible, of that power, whether wielded by an ex-medical poltroon or by an intrepid and highly gifted adventurer. These considerations alone should have been sufficient to induce all the great powers of Europe firmly and under any possible temperary defeat of their arms to aid Britain in her resistance to Napoleon, even *had* he been fairly elected to the Consulate; and the duty became doubly sacred from the well known fact that he was not elected even by the revolutionary factions, but owed his successive Consular positions to ruthless force and shameless fraud.

That Napoleon when the treaty of Luneville gave him sufficient breathing space for that purpose, made some very valuable arrangements with a view to the internal improvement of France, it would be unjust to deny. His conduct, in truth, as regards civil affairs both at that period and subsequently, renders us, heartily as we dislike the falsehood and selfishness of his general character, even more grieved than indignant that he, (who, as chief minister of his rightful sovereign might have won imperishable fame, and might have, not merely spared the blood and treasure of France from aggressive and eventually useless wars, but also have employed both in achieving for France such a pitch of internal splendor and prosperity as would have been unparalleled,) should prefer the splendid infamy of successive usurpations which were

alike achieved and supported by the most frightful sacrifices of life. But it is something more than mere sophistry to dwell, as Mr. Abbott so complacently does, upon the really useful changes and improvements which Napoleon, during his consulate, effected in the internal administration of France, yet slur over the despotism which still more strongly marked that portion of his career. In spite of all that Abbott, and some other writers have asserted, the fact is notorious in history, that while the Royalists necessarily disliked him as a wrongful intruder on the seat of their exiled monarch, the Republicans of all shades, from the fiercest Jacobins to the tamest Girondists, hated him as a king under another name, a king without hereditary right or other than merely fraudulent public suffrage, and a king, too, who, though called a Consul, was in reality as absolute as the Bey of Algiers or the Sultan of Turkey, and possessed of a power more substantially upheld than that of either of them. No mere declamation can avail against the obvious fact that to both those classes he was inevitably obnoxious; and more than one conspiracy against not merely his power but his life, also clearly showed the extreme and deadly hatred which was borne to him. True *it* is that dazzled by the brilliancy of his foreign achievements, overawed by his immense military power, and kept constantly in check by his vigilant and merciless police, under the direction of the wily and unscrupulous Fouché, many actually admired him, and still more, submitted silently to a power which they thought preferable to the actual anarchy under the effects of which they still writhed, or submitted sullenly and hopelessly to a power which they saw no prospect of overthrowing. But there were, also, many who hated and did *not* fear him; many who thought that the modern Cæsar ought to be cut short in his career by a modern Brutus. The old maxims of the Reign of Terror were not yet forgotten; men still loved to harp upon the deeds and to ape the habits of thought of the old days of Heathen Rome. It was still within the memory of the great majority of the adult population of France that, in the days of the Convention, assassination was so far from being considered cowardly, that if committed under the guise and name of Tyrannicide it was even worthy of legislative sanction! It was still remembered that a member of the Convention had been shameless enough to propose, and a considerable number of his fellow members shameless enough to accede to his proposal, that the revolutionary government should arm a body of assassins for the avowed purpose of Tyrannicide; *i. e.* for the assassination of such foreign princes and ministers as the wild beasts of the Convention should denounce as enemies to *La Belle France!* In a country whose government, such as it was, had so lately made open profession of adhesion to the horrible principle of the lawfulness of Tyrannicide, we need not marvel if some otherwise well principled Royalists thought it lawful to slay the usurper when no other possibility seemed to exist of getting fairly rid of him. Still less need we be astonished that ruthless Jacobins, old actors in the worst scenes of the worst days of the Reign of Terror, proposed to themselves to bring back those "good old days," as they doubtless deemed them, when dealing with a single human life bade so fair to do so. And, accordingly, several conspiracies really were formed against Napoleon, with this singular peculiarity, as it is shrewdly pointed out by Scott, that most of those who conspired against the life of Napoleon were Italians. Scott omits to remark, though such a remark seems to be obviously suggested by the fact, that patriotism, even in its most mistaken sense, seems to have had but little to do with the factious struggles in France. An Italian, a Corsican, who was born scarcely a subject of France even by conquest, assumed the right and, forsooth! the duty of usurping, under the title of Consul, an absolute power in France for the sake of delivering her from a "despised and incapable" government which at the least consisted of Frenchmen; and the principal part of the zealous assassins who proposed to deliver France from *his* tyranny were—aliens, Italians, whose mere abode in France might be considered mere matter of favor and tolerance, who had no more rightful concern with the affairs of France than with those of China.

One very formidable conspiracy was formed to assassinate Napoleon at the Opera House. Arena, who, like Napoleon himself, was a

Corsican, and several Italian desperadoes or enthusiasts went armed to the Opera House, with the full intent that Napoleon should not leave the house alive. But the Police were as well informed upon the subject, as the conspirators themselves, and two armed, with daggers, were actually arrested behind the scenes. This conspiracy undoubtedly existed but we think that it smacks somewhat of Police complicity that it went on so smoothly up to the very last moment, and was then so summarily and easily suppressed without even the shadow of risk to Napoleon. We know that he was by no means an enemy to that sort of trickery which is so well expressed by our more graphic than polished word *Humbug*. Was he likely to shrink from it should he deem that it might aid him in carrying out his cherished design to change the Consulate into the Empire? And then, too, his Minister of Police was Fouché, the old Terrorist, the astute plotter whose very coldness of temperament made him only the more terrible; who scrupled at the very worst act that his despotic master could suggest, *not* because it was a crime but because it might prove a great political blunder! With such men concerned, even the most plausible appearances cannot wholly disarm us of suspicion, even if there were nothing but the character of the movers in the affair, to excite that suspicion. But in the present case there were some peculiarities which strongly increase our suspicion that the Police were at the bottom of this conspiracy as they probably were of most of the many others that either actually were formed or were merely and falsely rumoured. On more than one occasion, Napoleon showed himself both prompt and pitiless in effectually putting his assassination out of the power of his foes. Does it not then look a little suspicious that on the present occasion, assailed by Italians, headed by a Corsican, he showed himself contemptuously placable? though addresses of congratulation were poured in upon him with all the servile profusion of sycophancy which at that time characterized the authorities. That suspicions of collusion existed, is clearly proved by a singular passage in the address of congratulation, on his escape from the Opera House conspiracy, read to Napoleon by the President of the Tribunate. He said—(we quote the passage from Sir Walter Scott), "There have been so many conspiracies, at so many different periods, and under so many different pretexts, which have never been followed up, either by inquiry or by punishment, that a great number of good citizens have become sceptical of their existence. This incredulity is dangerous, and it is time that it should be put an end to." But, notwithstanding this plain speaking of the President, who concluded by strongly urging the prosecution and punishment of the Opera House conspirators, Napoleon still treated the matter in a tone of bravado, and took no immediate measures to punish the conspirators. Were Napoleon and Fouché thus tardy in vengeance, only that they might include Royalists with Jacobins when they should at length see fit to strike a decisive blow?

While every step that was successively and successfully taken by Napoleon towards consolidating his own power and restoring order to the internal affairs of France carried increased dismay and despair into the hearts of the party to whom disturbance and the absence of regular and sternly enforced authority were vitally necessary, the authority that he had acquired and the internal improvement which he had wrought in France had won him a certain amount of consideration in the minds of the superior Royalists. In common with their less calculating but far more clear sighted followers, they looked upon his rule as usurped, and as one to which France ought no more to submit, as permanent, than to that of the butcher, Robespiere. But the leading Royalists, and especially the exiled King and the Princes of the blood had conceived the idea, (founded on what part of Napoleon's character, as indicated by his acts, it would be difficult to say,) that Napoleon all this time was labouring in pure though well disguised loyalty, and that he only awaited the proper moment to show himself another General Monk, and to protect his exiled sovereign back to the throne, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of a really "disenthralled people." We confess that there is no one passage in their strange and eventful history which gives us so poor an opinion of the sagacity of the exiled Bourbons as this does. Like our own Stuarts, they seem to have been really a doomed race; so

far as a race can be doomed by inattention to the signs of the times and characters of men. Napoleon's course as a whole, ought to have convinced them that Cromwell and not Monk was his psychological and political ancestor. But, so far was the exiled King from perceiving that truth, that he addressed a letter to Napoleon, of which the substance is so well and succinctly given by Sir Walter Scott, that we cannot refrain from extracting it.

"So general was the belief," says Scott, "among this class," the Royalists, "that Buonaparte meditated the restoration of the Bourbons that several agents of the family made their way so far as to sound his own mind upon the subject. Louis himself, afterwards XVIII, addressed to the first consul a letter of the following tenor:—'You cannot achieve the happiness of France without my restoration, any more than I can ascend the throne, which is my right, without your co-operation. Hasten, then, to complete the good work which none but you can accomplish, and name the rewards which you claim for your friends.'"

With his selfish and ambitious nature, Napoleon was a likely man to hasten, in a good work of that kind! with all France virtually his personal estate, and her whole population his serfs, to surrender both up to their rightful sovereign, on condition of naming the rewards he might claim for his "friends," as Louis, with that delicacy, which was one of his distinguishing traits of character, phrased it! We repeat that there is no other passage in the strange history of the exiled Bourbons which gives us so low an opinion of their sagacity as this does.

Scott says Napoleon coldly replied to this letter, that he was sorry for Louis and would gladly serve him: but that as it would be impossible to restore him without the sacrifice of a hundred thousand lives he could not think of acceding to his request. Scott ought to have remarked that in this portion of his reply Napoleon showed his usual spirit of falsehood. What cared he for a hundred thousand men? Witness the Russian campaign, alone! And, moreover, he well knew that, if at that particular crisis he had embraced the offer, he had the confidence of the army, to say nothing of an immense body of the people, to which he would add all the Royalists both at home and abroad, and that the mere intimation of his will would have restored Louis probably without the loss of a single life.

Scott perceived and well described the effect produced upon the Royalists by his cold reply to the exiled Louis. He argues correctly, that being thus completely assured by Napoleon himself, that nothing could be farther from his thoughts than the restoration of the Bourbons the more enthusiastic and reckless among the Royalists became convinced that, such a usurper could only be dealt with effectually by summary means. But Scott does not seem to give sufficient weight to the effect which this same incident had upon the mind of Napoleon. If the Royalists had laboured under the delusion that the unscrupulous and inflexible usurper waited only for a fitting opportunity to restore the rightful sovereign, Napoleon, on the other hand, hitherto indulging the hope that his dazzling military successes abroad, and the despotic authority which he had acquired at home, had fairly deprived the Bourbons of not only all hope but also all thought of regaining the throne, was now undeceived on that point, and must have had the feeling forced on him that there were Royalists whom even the conscientious discouragement of the exiled royal family could not dissuade from attempting to accomplish the restoration at any risk. Napoleon, consequently, became far more incensed against the Royalists than the Jacobins, and it is to this bitter though concentrated and well hidden rage that we are inclined to attribute his tardiness in bringing the Opera House conspirators to the punishment which such wretches most richly merited. He could punish the Jacobin conspirators at any time, but a double purpose was to be answered by delay. Royalist conspirators might thus be encouraged to weave some plot which the vigilant Fouché would not fail to unravel, and not only would the people be aroused to an increased hatred of the exiled family, but they properly prompted by the spies of Fouché, would then exclaim that the only way to put an end to such conspiracies would be to make Napoleon Emperor and the Empire hereditary.

Against the ordinary plots, the widely

spread system of espionage, orgainized and directed by Fouché, was a tolerably sufficient protection; but St. Regent and Carbou, two vulgar but resolute Chouans, contrived to elude the vigilance of even Fouché's spies, and constructed what was truly called an Infernal Machine. In the book which passes under the title of the "Memoirs of Fouché" it is stated that this invention was originally modelled and actually tried by two Jacobins. "It was a machine," says Scott, "consisting of a barrel of gunpowder placed on a cart, to which it was strongly secured, and charged with grape shot, so disposed around the barrel as to be dispersed in every direction by the explosion. The fire was to be communicated by a slow match."

This truly "infernal machine" was placed in St. Nicaise Street, a narrow street, or rather lane, through which the First Consul was in the habit of being driven in his carriage, on the way to the Opera house. The night set lected for the deadly and dastardly attempt was that appointed for the first performance of Haydn's magnificent Oratorio, "the Creation." Accident had nearly defeated all the hopes of the conspirators at the very outset; for Napoleon, busy, and having but little taste for music, was, but with great difficulty, persuaded to go to the Opera. He at length consented to do so, and again accident served him. His coachman, more than half intoxicated drove at an unusually rapid pace and had barely passed the cart bearing the infernal machine, when a tremendous explosion shook the atmosphere around. Twenty persons," says Scott, "were killed, and about fifty-three wounded." It is some consolation to know that among the latter was the chief of the conspirators, Saint Regent; for independent of the atrocity of such an attempt, upon the life even of Napoleon, there were additional circumstances of turpitude in this especial attempt at assassination; for the conspirators could not but know that, while they might or might not succeed in slaying the usurper, they could scarcely fail to kill and maim a great number of innocent persons. Napoleon, with characteristic good fortune escaped without even the slightest injury, and he now proceeded in right earnest to make some examples among both Jacobin and Royalist conspirators. This last attempt was too savagely earnest, and, the formidable police notwithstanding, had been too nearly successful to allow of his any longer simulating carelessness. Moreover, his chief end was fully compassed; he had caused a very general indignation against both Jacobins and Royalists, and especially against the latter; and he had created, too, a very general opinion that unless he had the power of naming his successor, attempts of this kind would be repeated. We accordingly find that the planners of this as well as of former plots were executed.

As Scott forcibly as well as shrewdly remarks, "A disappointed conspiracy always adds strength to the government against which it is directed." Scarcely were the actual conspirators disposed of ere a court was established whose powers were as arbitrary and unlimited as those of the Star Chamber of England; and so comprehensive were the functions of that new court that death or deportation inevitably awaited any one whom suspicion and the apprehensions of Napoleon might thenceforth chance to fear or dislike. The Press had now not even the shadow of freedom left; ruin and exile awaited the luckless writer who should chance to forget that he was a slave. Fouché was editor-in-chief of the entire French press; and it must be owned that he kept his sub-editors in excellent order.

Mr. Abbott reprehends those who attempted to assassinate Napoleon—so do we; yet Abbott had not a word of reprehension for the cold blooded chief who slew his two thousand *prisoners of war* in Egypt, and *personally gloated over the extensive butchery.* Now, we think that the usurper who had the bookseller Mack butchered for a libel, and the gallant young Duc d'Enghien shot for being a prince, was as culpable as any mad Jacobin or misguided Royalist that ever conspired against him; we do not at all blame him for executing these men for attempting murder, but we do very greatly blame the Allied Powers for not executing Napoleon for murder quite as atrocious. His usurped power so far from causing him to be kept in expensive luxury as a tameless and dangerous character, should have been considered an additional reason for consigning him to the fate he so well merited.

Mr. Abbott on this occasion is guilty of the *assertio falsi* as well as of the *suppressio veri.*

Probably nothing can be worse than the fulsome strain in which, after speaking of the effectual manner in which Napoleon put down the robbers who for some time had rendered the roads of France unsafe for travellers, he goes on to say: "The people thought not of the dangerous power that they were placing in the hands of the First Consul. They asked only for a commander who was able and willing to quell the tumult of the times. Such a commander they found in Napoleon. They were more than willing to confer upon him all the power that he could desire. 'You know what is best for us,' said the people to Napoleon, 'direct us what to do and we will do it.' It was thus that absolute power came voluntarily into his hands. He was called First Consul; but he already swayed a sceptre more mighty than that of the Cæsars."

This passage is a *resumé* of all the fulsome and false things that Mr. Abbott had previously said in defence of the usurpation, and again we are tempted to ask for a proof of these pathetic appeals of the people to Napoleon. Abbott quotes him as saying, while at Saint Helena, "Called to the throne by the voice of the people, I have always thought that sovereignty resides in the people." "The Empire, as I had organized it, was but a great Republic." "From being nothing I became, by my own exertions, the most powerful monarch of the Universe, without committing any crime," &c., &c. Mr. Abbott evidently thinks that these words will convince the world that his hero was a very real hero, and awfully ill-treated by that perfidious Albion that so cruelly condemned him to the rock of Saint Helena, and to the ever-gnawing vulture of remorse. He is mistaken; those words will only serve to convince the world that ambition blinds the understanding in the same ratio that it deadens the heart against the recognition of wrong committed. Let Abbott palliate as he may, enough has been written to disprove all his excuses, and to place Napoleon in a proper light before the world.

Our readers will remember that in speaking of Napoleon's base desertion of his army in Egypt, Abbott dwelt with peculiar emphasis on the argument that he could serve them better by going to France than by remaining with them. He now tells us that "Napoleon was extremely vigilant in sending succor to the army in Egypt. He deemed it very essential in order to promote the maritime greatness of France that Egypt should be retained as a colony. His pride was also enlisted in proving to the world that he had not transported forty-six thousand soldiers to Egypt in vain." Well! What was the result of the enterprise which he had commenced as a wolf and skulked from like a fox?—Kleber, upon whom he had so suddenly, and unfairly, thrown the burthen of holding possession of that country, with an inadequate and wretchedly provided force, was from the first indisposed to stay in a country which boasted indeed, a French chamber of commerce, but yet scarcely afforded himself and his troops common necessaries, and he at length, in spite of Napoleon's extreme vigilance in sending succor which the still more extreme and practical vigilance of British cruisers most amazingly prevented the "army in Egypt" from ever catching sight of, became so thoroughly wearied and disgusted that he signed a treaty with the Turkish plenipotentaries and Sir Sydney Smith, by virtue of which he and his half starved cut-throats were to be allowed to return to France, unmolested by the British war ships. But the British government wisely refused to ratify a treaty which would have given to Napoleon the services of Kleber and an army of seasoned soldiers just as Napoleon could make great use of them; and Kleber had nothing for it but to maintain himself against the Turks as he best might. He defeated the Vizier Joussef Pacha in a severe encounter at Heliopolis, and was strenuously endeavouring to render the condition of his army somewhat more tolerable when his career was cut short by an assassin. He was succeeded by Menou, who was signally defeated by our gallant Abercrombie, near Alexandria, and shortly afterwards was only too happy to be allowed to evacuate Egypt.—Such was the result. All owing to the perverse skill and courage of the perfidious Albion, under Sydney Smith, Nelson and Abercrombie!

Of Napoleon's restoration of religion and of his concordat with the Pope, we need only say that he restored religion without belief, and that his concordat with the Pope was as merely a matter of temporal and selfish policy as any other agreement that he ever made or

sanctioned. Mr. Abbott speaks of the Concordat, and of Napoleon in connection with it, in a style which is perfectly sickening. The cant of a street preacher is decorous and dignified compared to the rant in which Mr. Abbott indulges upon the subject of what he wishes us to accept as the proof of Napoleon's piety. "In the midst of all his cares," says the conscientious and veracious Abbott, "Napoleon was making strenuous efforts to restore religion to France. It required great moral courage to prosecute such a movement. Nearly all the Generals in his armies were rank infidels, regarding every form of religion with utter contempt." Our readers must have seen abundant proof given by us in Abbott's *own* words, as well as in the words which he so unceremoniously and thanklessly borrows from others, that Napoleon was as infidel as any of them, and fully equalled them in his utter contempt of every form of religion. Plunder, massacre and falsehood, were his practices, and of his religious theory we surely may form a tolerably accurate judgment from his Moslem sayings and doings in Egypt. How, then, shall we, consistently with self-respect, express our loathing when Abbott dares to proceed as follows: "The religious element, by *nature*, predominated in Napoleon." No one knows better than Mr. Abbott that the restoration of religion and the Concordat with Rome were with Napoleon measures of wordly policy without even the shadow of an admixture of religious belief or of hallowed and hallowing feeling. His own observation, as reported by the accurate Scott, sets all that perfectly at rest. "If there never had been a Pope," said this ultra pious Napoleon, in whom the "religious element predominated," "I would have created one." So little genuine belief had he in the religion he was about to "restore," so great importance did he attach to it as a means of governing the passions and regulating the lives of those, who, being neither usurpers nor the bloody tools of usurpers, would be credulous enough to accept it as a reality!

"As," adds Abbott, "Napoleon was making preparations to go to the Cathedral, Cambaceres entered his apartment."

"Well!" said the first Consul rubbing his hands in the glow of his gratification, 'we go to church this morning. What say they to that in Paris?'"

"'Many persons,' replied Cambaceres, 'propose to attend the first representation in order to hiss the piece, should they not find it amusing.'"

"'If any one,' replied Napoleon, firmly, 'takes into his head to hiss, I shall put him out of the doors by the Grenadiers of the Consular guard.'"

"'But what if the Grenadiers themselves,' rejoined Cambaceres, 'should take to hissing like the rest?'"

"'As to that, I have no fear,' said Napoleon, 'my old moustaches will go here to Notre Dame, just as at Cairo they would have gone to the Mosque. They will remark how I do, and, seeing their General grave and decent, they will be so too, passing the watchword to each other—Decency.'"

Exactly so; his soldiers would see that he was "grave and decent" in Notre Dame as he would be in a Mosque, that he valued Christianity about equally with Islamism; they would look as though they believed, yet laugh in their sleeve the while, as he did! And it is of this man, with brow of brass and heart of stone, that Abbott, with his maudlin sentimentalism and transparent cant says that "the religious element, by *nature*, predominated in the bosom of Napoleon.

Surely, oh! surely—

"The force of Humbug can no farther go!"

Mr. Abbott is ever delighted when he can by chance find an isolated passage in the work of an eminent British writer which he can quote in seeming support of his own vague and general charge against Britain that she was the really guilty party in those long and murderous wars which originated with the Convention, and were perpetuated by Napoleon. We have seen the alacrity with which he seized upon the unlucky and censurable slip of Scott; he no less eagerly avails himself of what we shall not merely call, but also prove, a very unwarrantable assumption of an able and industrious modern historian, Sir Archibald Alison. Speaking of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, that writer takes it upon himself to say: "Upon coolly reviewing the circumstances under which the war was renewed, it is impossible to

deny that the British Government manifested a feverish anxiety to come to a rupture, and that, so far as the transactions between the two countries are concerned, they were the aggressors." Mr. Abbott quotes this unpardonable assumption with an evident relish, and a keen sense of its value as an auxiliary to his own assertions. But we shall not allow him to make capital out of the error of an Alison after preventing him from sheltering himself behind the too fastidiously delicate forbearance of a Scott. Britain showed no "feverish anxiety" for a rupture; she simply and most righteously showed a stern determination not to allow an imperious character to hold her to the very letter of a treaty, while violating the whole spirit of that treaty to his own advantage and to her disgrace and prospective peril.

All the acts of Napoleon and all the reports, assiduously and approvingly made public, of his zealous servant, General Sebastiani showed that, while talking of his desire to be at peace with England, Napoleon was, in fact, haunted by his anti-British spirit, and busied in planning the means of making her, as he subsequently confessed at St. Helena, a mere isle, adjunct to France, as Corsica or Oleron. If under such circumstances the British ministry *had* given up Malta to him, and thus aided his plans, the British ministry would have merited impeachment. While the Moniteur, of which he, with his talented and ever ready tools, Talleyrand and Fouché were the virtual editors, was continually abusing Britain in the coarsest terms, he was outrageous that the unfettered English press spoke of him as he deserved. Forgetting that if he despotized in France, and could suppress the public opinion by a mere stroke of his pen, the constitutional King of Great Britain could do nothing of the kind, he imputed it as an offence on the part of England that Peltier, a Royalist Refugee spoke of him and of his family in the terms which best suited the case in hand; he applied for redress. Peltier was brought to trial; and Napoleon was more enraged than ever. *He* would have made as short work with Peltier as he made with the Duc d'Enghien and Mack the Bookseller; and why did not the British ministry do the like, instead of instituting a hum drum trial in broad day light, and with an able, eloquent and conscientious advocate at once to defend the accused and to throw abroad and terribly damaging light upon the real character of the accuser! He had possessed himself of Piedmont and Switzerland, but Britain had no right to mind such mere trifles, which she ought to have anticipated as mere matter of course. Again, to all his consuls whom he sent to various British ports, not for the purpose of facilitating commerce between the two countries but to act as spies, instructions were given which Scott thus succinctly describes. "Those official persons were not only directed to collect every possible information on commercial points, but also *furnish a plan of the ports of each district, with all the soundings, and to point out with what wind vessels could go out and enter with most ease, and at what draught of water the harbour might be entered by ships of burthen. To add to the alarming character of such a set of agents, it was found that* THOSE INVESTED WITH THE OFFICE WERE MILITARY MEN AND ENGINEERS."

With such facts before him, will any one venture to say that there is the slightest reason to impute "*feverish anxiety*" for a breach of the Treaty of Amiens to the British Government? Who can fail to see that on that occasion, as upon all others, Napoleon only talked of a desire for peace in order that he might lull the British into a fatal security while he made ample preparations for a destructive war whenever it should be his good pleasure to recommence hostilities?

Mr. Abbott speaks of Britain "commencing her assaults upon France," as though a sagacious and powerful people ought to sit down with closed eyes and folded hands upon the commencement of an outbreak which threatened not merely its character but its very existence! And how complacently too, he speaks of the gratuitous, the uselessly cruel and unmanly innovation made by him here upon the usage of war, as recognized by every civilized nation!

"Immediately," says Abbott, "upon the withdrawal of the British Ambassador from Paris, and even before the departure of the French Minister from London, England, without any public declaration of hostilities commenced her assaults upon France. The merchant ships of the Republic, unsuspicious

of danger, freighted with treasure, were seized, even in the harbours of England, and wherever they would be found, by the vigilent and almost omnipresent navy of the Queen of the Seas. Two French ships of war were attacked and captured. These disastrous tidings were the first intimation that Napoleon received that the war was renewed.

Such is Mr. Abbott's lachrymose lament. We are sure that our readers require but brief comment from us upon such mere assertion, but one or two remarks we may as well make, lest Abbott should hereafter point to his insinuation and affirm it to be unanswered. Mr. Abbott confesses that the English Ambassador *had* withdrawn from Paris; what plainer warning could the Despot of France require to expect the capture of his craft, whether war ships or merchantmen, whenever and wherever our gallant seamen should chance to fall in with them? If the French minister had not left London, that was his and his master's affair, not ours; the British Ambassador *had*, and *that* was all that the British had to do with. Our ships were justified in seizing every French ship they met with; and Mr. Abbott knows as well as we do that the French could no more have watched us at sea with the warning of twelve months than with the warning of only twelve hours. The Nile and Trafalgar is full proof of that! We should like Mr. Abbott to explain what Republic he alludes to in the passage which we have just quoted? or is it possible that even he can call France of that day a *Republic!*

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE ILLNESS OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

Bright from Heaven's golden portals,
Heralds to our world of wo,
Glide the rainbow-wing'd immortals,
To earth's weary ones below.

Blest inhabitants of Zion,
They who guard the hours of sleep.
Who beside the worn and dying,
Come to soothe, to watch, to weep.

Showing to our mental vision
Heaven's mercy, truth, and love;
And what happiness Elysian
Waiteth those who faithful prove!

Telling of the meek and lowly,
Life's who tests and trials bore;
And like pilgrim pure and holy,
Weeping trod its path before.

Thus, dear Father, o'er the sleeping
Of thy weary brain and brow,
Love's unwearied vigils keeping—
Holy ones are with thee now.

Of that glorious land of Zion,
Where the dear departed dwell;
Where death is not, nor pain, nor sighing,
Come those holy ones to tell.

Hymning through thy broken slumbers
Strains that once o'er Bethlehem roll'd,
Such as fill'd the golden numbers
Of the prophet bards of old.

Poet sire! blest was thy mission,
For its aim was peace and love,
Yearning for its bright fruition
In the world of peace above.

Painting from life's tempest hours,
Crime and terror's dark impress,
And finding in the meek-eyed flowers
Types of virtue's loveliness.

Showing from the past and present,
Sweeping tides of change and wo,
How all vain and evanescent
Is the hope that's based below.

Thy glowing theme and lonely story
Touched the bosom's purest chords:
Father, this is truer glory
Far than monumental words.

Every strain's deep moral proving
That thy mission was divine;
Sweet, and poor, and mercy-loving,
Was that gentle music of thine.

The hearts that once did beat around thee,
In thy mind's meridian day,
Now mourn the silence that hath bound thee,
And weep above its waning ray.

Yet its labours shall not perish;
Time shall prove their power and worth;
And many a breast thy mem'ry cherish,
When thou art far away from earth.

Perchance, while now thy children grieving
Watch thee on thy parting way,
Seraph hands for thee are wreathing
A garland that will ne'er decay.

And when thy soul from earth doth sever,
Among the ransom'd may'st thou be,
To raise thy proudest theme for ever
With joy to Him who died for thee.

MIRANDA: A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAN IN THE CLOAK.

WHEN the ladies had retired, and been shortly afterwards followed by the Duke and Charles Clement, Jean Torticolis and Duchesne, who had hitherto kept aloof, drew timidly nearer to the fire, the front of which was almost wholly occupied by the lacqueys and ladies' maids, who, having no sleeping chamber, had agreed to sit up and enjoy themselves until towards morning, when a few hours slumber could be sought on chairs and benches.

"Mam'selle," observed one of the domestics, addressing a lively brunette, who officiated as lady's maid to the Countess Miranda. "You have never been to Versailles, I think?"

"Never," said Mam'selle, as she was generally called; "but I suppose I soon shall."

"We are all bound to the Court," said the other, pompously.

"And a good many along with us," laughed the girl, thus displaying a row of perfectly white teeth, encased in a ruddy setting.

"*Ma foi!*" said the domestic, shaking his head. "It will be a grand sight this meeting of the *Etats-Generaux*. All the nobles in grand costumes—plumes, and gold, and white, and silver—messieurs the clergy in full costume—the *Tiers-Etats* in black cloth, *chapeaux clabauds*, and short cloaks. It will be worth the journey."

"That it will," exclaimed the other domestics, with profound and solemn looks.

"But what is this *Etats-Generaux?*" inquired the brunette. "I assure you, Maître Pierre, it puzzles me."

"Ah, there I am *flambé*, puzzled too," said Maître Pierre, looking thoroughly so; "but I rather think it is a mode of showing respect to his Majesty."

"Bah!" interrupted the *maître d'hotel*, who, mixing more with his masters, was, of course, better informed; "you are in the wrong, Pierre, but that's no wonder, since this is a most weighty subject;" and the *maître d'hotel* shook his head knowingly, pursed up his mouth, and looked as profound as was in his nature.

"But what is it then, Monsieur Germain?" persisted the brunette, somewhat maliciously.

"Oh, yes: what is it then?" said Maître Pierre, a little ruffled.

Torticolis and Duchesne nodded their heads, not venturing to put in a word.

"Why, the fact is—" said the *maître d'hotel;* "but you know, Mam'selle, our first duty in this world is to our king."

"Exactly!" put in Pierre, quite triumphantly; "that's what I said."

"But I don't see it," said Germain, angrily, glad of the opportunity of being so, as he was somewhat non-plussed at his task.

"Never mind," muttered the valet; "we are waiting for your explanation."

"Well, then, that's settled," repeated the *maître d'hotel.* "Now, our best way of showing respect to his Majesty is by paying what money is necessary for his Majesty to support his army, his navy, his palaces, his household."

"Certainly," repeated the domestics, affirmatively.

"Then, why do not the *noblesse* pay their share?" said Mam'selle Rosa, carelessly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the horror-stricken domestics.

"Recollect their outlays," said the *maître d'hotel.*

"Their horses," put in the negro coachman.

"Their mansions, their hotels," interposed another.

"Their dreadfully expensive habiliments," said Adela's maid; "their prodigious charges at court; their household."

"Ah!" responded Rosa, as if convinced.

"Well, it seems," continued the *maître d'hotel,* "that, in the course of time, people, perverted by a set of men my master calls philosophers, have got into the bad habit of not paying regularly, and there is what is called a *de—de—ficit.*"

"A *disette,*" exclaimed the domestics, in chorus.

"No!" responded M. Germain, contemptuously, "a *deficit.*"

"And what is a *deficit?*" asked one; "something worse than a famine?"

"Much. I believe, since I heard Count Leopold say, a *deficit* is another word for ruin. It means a want of money."

"Oh!" again chorussed the domestics, visibly touched.

"So you see his Majesty cannot, for want of money, carry on the affairs of the state. His navy is without pay."

"Terrible," said the chorus.

"And his army," continued Germain.

"Shocking."

"And his servants!" exclaimed Germain, with oratoric emphasis.

"Dreadful!" cried the domestics, with heartfelt energy.

"And the people who are starving, what of them?" said an exasperated voice, in a loud and shrill tone. It was the voice of the poor man, of what modern cant calls in France, the *proletaire,* making itself heard in an assembly of the untaxed.

Scarcely had Torticolis—for it was him—given vent to his exclamation than he shrunk terrified in his chair, awaiting the result.

"Insolence! unworthy of notice! better not be repeated!" exclaimed the servants, with the true *insouciance* of power, holding the speaker too contemptible for serious attention.

"And the *Etats-Generaux* will bring his Majesty money for all these purposes," said Mam'selle, in affected admiration.

"Why," replied Germain, "that's a question I don't exactly understand; but I think it's to settle about regular payments in future."

"And will the *Etats-Generaux* ask nothing in return?" said the favorite attendant of the Countess Miranda.

"*Corbleu,*" laughed Germain; "but Monsieur le Duc says they will ask for a great deal; from what Monsieur Clement says, I believe they will want some laws."

"Ah!" said Pierre, emphatically, "I know a good many which are much wanted."

"You do!" exclaimed Rosa, merrily; "and what laws are they?"

"Why, laws against Savoyards, Swiss, Italians, exercising the *etat* of domestic, and thus throwing Frenchmen born, out of work," said the kitchen Solon.

"Most necessary," continued Germain, approvingly.

The discussion, however, was here prematurely closed, to the great loss, we doubt not, of society in general.

"Hola, there! *milles boulets rouges!*" thundered a voice from without; "open!"

The tone was so imperious that Madame Martin hurried across the apartment to open the door with even more energy than she had shown on the arrival of the Duke. The servants rose, startled at the intrusion, while Jean Torticolis and Duchesne consulted in a low tone their probable chances of sleep.

"*Sapristie!*" said the stranger, entering; "this is a night! Rain enough to melt a cannon ball. Oh! oh! a fire and company. Dame, a kettle of good wine! By your leave."

With these words the man seized a stool which had previously been occupied by one of the domestics, and seating himself on it, proceeded to dry his clothes by the fire.

"A pleasant night for the rats," laughed the soldier, drawing his wet cloak round him, so as to bring it in front of the blaze; "better cozy by one's fireside than abroad; eh, pretty ones? And the stranger chucked the pouting Rosa under the chin.

"Hands off!" cried the *soubrette*, with a laugh; "faugh! thy cloak sends forth no pleasant odor. Why not hang it up to dry?"

"Ay, I will hang it up for thee," said Fournier, the black coachman, who had been curiously examining the stranger's countenance.

"Thanks, but 'twill stiffen off me," exclaimed the soldier, carelessly; "and I have come to rest, not to stay; I am bound on the king's service, and when my horse has eaten, and I have warmed my jacket, I shall ride again."

"Thou hast ridden far?" inquired Rosa.

"Far or near, it matters not," said the soldier, quaffing a huge draught.

"What ails you?" whispered Duchesne to his companion Torticolis, who was pale as death, and sat trembling like a leaf.

"Nothing—but that voice," replied the crick-neck, with a shudder. "Come away; let us go to sleep."

Duchesne, much puzzled, rose in company with his friend, and, after a few words with Dame Martin, they retired to a loft, overlooking the stable and the *remise* which contained the Duke's carriage.

"Plenty of clean straw," said Torticolis; "too good for us; as Foulon says, we shall live to eat hay."

"Plenty," repeated Duchesne, abstractedly; "but what ails thee? has the soldier given you a fright?"

"Oh no!" replied Torticolis, "only he reminded me of the past, when such gallants guarded me to the Grève."

"Not an over-pleasant recollection, truly," said Duchesne, with a grin.

"Are you sleepy?" inquired Torticolis, dryly.

"Very," replied the *Bourreau*, with a yawn, and falling lazily on a heap of fresh straw.

"So am I," said Torticolis; "wilt thou drink a *goûte* ere you snore?" And the crick-neck produced his case bottle of brandy.

"Readily," replied the *Bourreau*, taking the flask; "that's the stuff, it's devilish strong. Eh? good night, Tory; don't mind that *gen*—of a soldier—ah!"

"And, after a few more growling words, the *Bourreau*, who had almost emptied the flask, was fast asleep.

"Good," muttered Jean, putting the brandy away without tasting it.

With this one word he darkened the lanthorn which had been given them, and having lit his pipe, put his head out of the window, with the air of a man who is about to watch.

The window at which Torticolis sat overlooked the yard. Facing him was a small door, which led into the principal room of the auberge, and through the cracks of which came occasionally the smothered sound of mirth and jollity. The servants, excited by the trooper, were evidently enjoying themselves, and giving way to as much merriment as was consistent with a due regard to the slumbers of their master. Beneath was the stable. A trap-door, half over that and half over the coach-house, was close to Jean's feet, and he once moved towards this aperture, and made sure that there was a ladder to descend by.

In the corner of the yard was a snug shed, with a room over it occupied by the ostler, and beneath this was the trooper's charger, as well as three horses belonging to the servants, the stable itself being quite full.

The night, which was far advanced—it was past one—was dark and lowering, though the rain had ceased a while. The clouds, in ragged and black masses, hurried headlong by, charged with the storm and the blast. There were strange sounds at that hour in the house-tops, which came with saddening influence to the heart of the watcher. The low wind moaned, rather than shrieked, in its damp journey through the loaded air, save when a fitful gust came howling along, awakening the sleeping echoes, and searching out every hole and corner whence to draw a sigh or a groan. Save the speaking of the breeze, Nature was silent; the low whisper of a summer's night was replaced by the blustering fury of the tempest.

Torticolis, however, paid no attention to the warfare of heaven. A tempest of hate, revenge, and mingled hope, was raging in his bosom, which blinded him to all else. This man, poor, unknown, humble, had endured unheard of sufferings. Once happy, with a young and cherished wife, who loved him as he loved her, his happiness had been destroyed by the illicit passion of a noble. Persecuted and followed unceasingly, the young wife had complained to her husband, then a tradesman, well to do in the world; and he, forgetting all prudence, had personally chastised the insolent aristocrat, who sought to rob him of his greatest treasure. But the law was strict. A noble was inviolate, and Paul Ledru was condemned to death. What became of the refractory wife was

not known; the husband's fate has already been explained.

Inconceivable as it was, Jean Torticolis—thus, in cynical remembrance of his escape, had he christened himself—had fancied that, in the ragamuffin of a soldier, he had recognised the voice, the tone, the face of him whom he hated with a hate which is impossible to be characterised, but which may be in part conceived in one who had, by an act of foul injustice, been robbed of life, of fortune, of her he loved, of legal existence, and even a name. But Jean hated not only the man, but his class, the system, the thing called aristocracy, which gave such monstrous rights to men over their fellow-men, to creatures of God over creatures of God.*

Modified as aristocracy has been by the progress of civilization, it still enjoys privileges enough to excite the wonder of all reasonable men. Were any one to propose, at this time of day, that a certain number of persons should be chosen, whose sons and son's sons should be born legislators, who should hold land without having it answerable for their debts, who should have a monopoly of all the high offices of the state, and be in fact a privileged class, we should receive the proposition with shouts of derisive laughter, and vote its advocates a safe box in Bedlam, just as, under existing circumstances, men do the unhappy wight who talks of the aristocracy of merit and talent, and of equal rights and equal duties for all men, irrespective of birth. We are aware we give occasion for the accusation of madness, but then we do so in goodly company.

Torticolis scarcely knew what was about to happen, save that the thirst for revenge was hot within him, and that the words of Charles Clement had filled his mind with hope. The soldier was armed, while he had nothing but an old knife; but in the hands of the man dead before the law, whose wife had vanished from the earth, this weapon was mighty.

And the night went on apace. It wanted but an hour of morning; and, had the weather been less tempestuous, he would have discovered the first grey streak of dawn. Jean listened attentively—the tumult within had some time ceased—and yet the soldier had not appeared to pursue his journey on the king's service. It was time to act—all in the public-room probably slept. His first desire was to make sure of his man. Taking his knife between his teeth, Torticolis, without the aid of his lantern, descended the ladder into the coach-house, groped about with both his hands, and found the door. It was on the latch. He opened it and stood in the yard. Before him was the side door of the bar, to his left a high wall covered with grape vines, and leaning against there a number of poles and a small ladder.

Jean listened, scarcely drawing breath.

A slight noise fell upon his ear. It was the unbarring, in the most stealthy manner, of the small door already referred to.

"He is going," muttered Jean, falling at the same time behind the shadow of the poles, between which and the wall his small and frail body was easily concealed.

At the same moment the door opened, and two men came out, who noiselessly reclosed the issue behind them.

Jean Torticolis allowed a heavy sigh of rage to escape his bosom, for the soldier was not alone. To kill was not his only object. He had a secret to wring from his heart, for which purpose it was necessary to take his enemy at a disadvantage.

To be quite sure, the crick-neck peered forth into the air, and looked carefully towards the pair.

It was the trooper and Fournier, the American coachman.

There are moments in a man's existence when, enlightened by love, or hate, or both, his intelligence usually slugged and lazy—and it is oftener so than naturally dull—acts with a degree of rapidity that seems to him at the moment almost prophetic. The mind, sharpened by the passions, dives deep and brings up truth—not always, but often. It was so with Torticolis. The association of these two men was a shaft of light which pierced the dull husk and went to his very soul, infusing a terrible and savage joy. He saw crime in their union, and for crime there was punishment.

Might not he live to see him receive that ignominous death which had so nearly been his lot? Such was the thought of this man, ignorant, debased, degraded; but ignorant not from his fault—debased, degraded from the crime of others.

He clutched his knife, and, more happy than he had felt for years, listened.

"Who was this man who joined the duke here?" inquired the soldier.

"How do I know?" replied Fournier; "I didn't listen. It's not my business to wait at table. Germain could tell you."

"*Nigaud!*" said the other, fiercely, "but you say he retired with the Duke?"

"He did," continued the negro, without paying attention to the other's tone.

"*Manant, coupe-jarret,*" * muttered the other, "you might be a little more respectful."

"And call you by your name?" said the other, with low cunning.

"No. But no more words," continued the soldier, apparently recollecting his part; "who mixes in dirty work, can scarce come out clean."

"It was your own choice, Monsieur," sneered the other; "I should never have thought of it."

There was a moment of fierce passion on the part of the trooper, during which he drew forth one of his pistols, but it was soon lowered, though he still kept it in his hand.

"You are a rough customer," he laughed; "show the way."

The negro, or rather the half-cast, was one of these hideous creatures who appear purposely chosen to give crime a repulsive aspect. His forehead was so low as to seem scarcely to exist;

*Came not the revolution in time when the following could be truly quoted with regard to the system of French feudalism?—"He (Lapoule) spoke of the mort-main, as well as personal of the forced obligation to nourish the dogs of the nobles, and of that horrible right, confined, doubtless, for ages to the dusty monuments of barbarism, but which existed, by which the *seigneur* was authorised, in certain cantons, to disembowel two of his vassals on his return from the chase, to refresh himself, by putting his feet within the warm bodies of these unhappy wretches."

* Clown, brigand.

his hair, half woolly and half silky, was thinly scattered over his dark brown pate; his nose was flat, his lips thick, with an expression of disgusting appetite about them; while his heavy chin and goggle eyes, all surmounting a short thick body, made him the very incarnation of ugliness. To this, on ordinary occasions, he added a look of inconceivable stupidity, which deceived the most adroit. Save, however, to serve his various passions, on no occasion was his intelligence active.

This man, whose presence with the soldier, under such suspicious circumstances, had served to illumine the senses of Jean, led the way towards the coach-house. In his hand was a lanthorn which was very nearly betraying the presence of Torticolis, and would have done so to any less abstracted in their designs. The crick-neck trembled like a leaf, for he knew his man, and he, discovered there, would have served he knew too well, to screen the true author of the crime, whatever it was, which was about to be perpetrated. He held his very breath, and by a superhuman effort repressed the shaking of his limbs. He had once already, innocent, stood upon man's scaffold.

"Is there as much as we expected," said the trooper, as they entered.

"More than we shall be able to carry," replied the American, with a grin.

Torticolis' heart beat for joy. These men were in his power. For the negro he cared not, except as a means of denouncing the other, and having him condemned.

"Not a *livre* shall be spared if our horses die," growled the other, who all along, from the habit of the evening, studied to disguise his voice.

"As you please," said Fournier, "but here it is."

Torticolis leaned forward, and saw the negro in the act of forcing, with a picklock, the padlock which secured the seat of the carriage, in the inside of which, it appeared the Duke had placed his valuables. The black, however, did not appear very ready at his trade of thief, and the fastening remained good.

"Give me the *crochet*," muttered the other, impatiently, "you are but a bungler."

The negro yielded his instrument readily, which the other seized, by laying his pistol on the step of the carriage, to have his hand free. In another minute the top of the seat was open.

"*Peste!*" cried the trooper joyously, "but here is a heavy load. You were right Fournier, we shall scarcely be able to carry it. *Diantre* there must be two hundred thousand livres in silver, and jewel box too. It is fastened but no matter we shall have time enough, anon."

"We must lose no time then now," said the negro, his eyes glistening.

"Right," replied the soldier, whose back was half turned to the black, "go, draw out the horses, they are ready saddled."

The negro paused. The lanthorn was full upon his face, and Jean Torticolis made ready to spring upon him, for he saw a horrid grin pass over the American's face, as he calculated how well the whole would suit him. Jean feared his prey might perish too easily. He did not wish him now to die so soon. But the thought of the black was but momentary, and he moved away to the shed which covered the horses.

"These are the jewels of the Countess Miranda," laughed the trooper; "well she must go to court without, unless we sell them to her again, which is to be thought of."

"The horses are ready," muttered the black from the yard.

"I come," and taking up several canvass bags of silver, the trooper passed within a foot of his mortal enemy.

"Here are the valises," said the negro.

"Bring them inside," replied the soldier; "the horses are trained and will not move."

The black did as he was directed.

"This is mine," said the man in the cloak, pointing to the large portmanteau; "you recollect our agreement—one third for your part, which, with the passport I give you for England, will secure your fortune."

"I recollect our agreement," answered the black, with a slight tone of savage irony.

"Ruffian!" exclaimed the other fiercely, "you risk your carcass for what will make you for life; I risk life, rank, position, a brilliant fortune, for what will scarce carry me over my wedding."

"With La Greve," muttered Torticolis within himself."

"I quarrel not with my part," said the negro.

The next of their task was performed in silence. The valises were crammed full. The jewel case of the Countess Miranda the soldier placed in his pocket, along with a small and well-secured box, the contents of which he was ignorant of. This done, they left the stable to put on the horses' backs their heavy load. This was rapidly accomplished, and then, having well secured them, they mounted.

On the step of the carriage lay the soldier's pistol, which, in the hurry of his crime he had forgotten.

It was now dawn. The criminals, shunning the light, hastened to unbar the door which opened into the road. Profiting by this moment of inattention on their part, Jean Torticolis glided into the coach-house, seized the neglected pistol, pressed it convulsively to his breast, where he concealed it, and then with noiseless footsteps mounted the ladder. Gaining the loft, the crick-neck rushed to the window, and leaning out, saw them about to depart.

"*Bon voyage!*" he laughed, hideously. "I hope your load is light?"

"Malediction!" cried the soldier, seizing his remaining pistol, and discharging it furiously at the crick-neck; "away Fournier."

And giving spur to their horses, the robbers dashed away in the direction of Paris.

"Thieves! murder!" roared Jean Torticolis, whom the ball had touched on the left shoulder. "Quick! thieves! murder."

"Hang them!" said the *Bourreau*, sitting bolt upright.

"*Au feu!*" shrieked Dame Martin, who had been awoke by the pistol shot.

Jean, quick as thought, glided the pistol into his bundle, and then, without taking note of his wound, continued to bawl, "*au voleur! au meurtre!*"

In an instant the yard was filled with servants, while the ostler and Dame Martin hurried to examine the shed.

"Where?" cried Germain.

"Gone," bawled Dame Martin, "without paying his score."

"The carriage burst open!" exclaimed the head valet, horror-struck.

"The soldier gone!" continued Dame Martin.

"And Fournier!" thundered Germain.

"Which way?" asked one of the servants of Jean, he having, his clothes all covered with blood, descended to join the domestics.

"What is the matter?" said the voice of the Duke, who, a sword in his hand, and followed by Charles Clement, now entered the yard.

The worthy old nobleman, in a dressing gown and night-cap, having taken not even time to don his velvet *culotte*, would, under any other circumstances, and in the presence of any but his household, have excited much merriment; but, as it was, a dead silence followed, all the domestics making way for Jean.

"But you are bleeding," said Charles anxiously.

"It is nothing, *monsieur*," replied Jean Torticolis, thankfully.

"But what is the matter?" inquired the Duke, petulantly.

Jean, who, for his own private reasons, chose to conceal that he knew all, quietly replied, that, awoke by a noise in the yard, he saw two men, the *ritter* and the coachman, on horseback, about to leave the inn. Judging from the hour, their suspicious manner, and the heavy portmanteau they carried, that all was not right, he challenged them, when the soldier fired his pistol and rode off.

"Examine the carriage," said the Duke, who was pale, and whose face was rigid.

"The carriage seat is burst open," replied Germain, in a trembling voice.

"Have they then taken everything?" inquired the nobleman, in a faltering tone.

"Everything, Monsieur le Duc," said Germain, desperately.

Charles Clement, meanwhile, was obtaining from Torticolis some account of the appearance of the thieves. As for Duchesne, he had no idea upon the point save that they should be hanged.

"What *is* the matter?" suddenly exclaimed the musical voice of the Countess Miranda, who, followed by Adela, now appeared on the threshold of the public room.

"That my negligence, in not taking our valuables into my room, has dishonoured me," replied the Duke, in a tone of deep grief. "I had charge of your jewels, and the deeds of your Italian estates, and they have all been stolen."

"You must buy me others, jewels are not rare in Paris, nor am I penniless; as for my papers, you must win them back through Ducrosne," said the Countess, laughing merrily. She was young, and could not grieve the old man by showing the slightest regret. "Come, come, no shake of the head, my lord; but have you lost nothing yourself?"

"A trifle," answered the Duke, without flinching, "a month's revenue. Fasten up the doors, and prepare breakfast, it is useless retiring to rest again."

"But I will mount and chase them," exclaimed Charles Clement, who stood resolutely out of sight, his costume being far from complete, "give me two of your servants."

"It is useless, nephew," said the Duke; "the rogues have a fair start. That scamp of a Fournier, he looked like a cut-throat. By-the-way, dress that man's wound, Pierre, and give him a couple of ecus, if, indeed, the vagabonds have left us any."

"But who knows they are not accomplices," muttered Pierre, the barber-valet, pointing to Jean and Duchesne.

"Search us," replied Torticolis, coldly, while his whole frame quivered.

"Do nothing of the kind," exclaimed Charles Clement, indignantly; "I answer for these men."

Jean gave him a look of humble gratitude. He still alone possessed the secret of the pistol. The servant drew back with an ill-surprised growl.

"Go finish dressing, ladies," cried the Duke to his daughter and the Countess; more, however, to get clear passage for himself and Charles Clement, than because the young beauties required their maids.

"We go; come Rosa," said the Countess, smothering a laugh.

"Hush, Miranda," whispered the blushing Adela, "my father will be offended."

"But they did look so richly comic," replied the merry Countess, "especially your cousin of the long robe."

"Miranda," said Adela, respectfully, for this was reminding her of his inferiority.

"Tush! girl, I meant no harm," answered the other, faintly blushing; "I think better of him than you perhaps imagine."

"So much the better," exclaimed Adela, still pouting, for she had not disguised her affection for him from her friend. They had no mutual secrets—none. But we have all secret thoughts, which the breath of life has never fanned, and could they be exceptions?

"What manner of man was this!" inquired the Duke of Germain, who assisted him to dress, while Pierre bound up the wound of Torticolis.

The domestic described him minutely.

"Humph! a cut-throat thief enough. As soon as breakfast is over, put in the horses; then ride ahead without waiting for us. When you reach Paris, give information to the lieutenant of the police. Tell M. Ducrosne that I will give fifty thousand livres for the Countess' jewels, and as many for her papers."

It was the best plan. In those days the police served as go-betweens for thieves and their victims. The change has not been for the better.

In a few hours after, the whole party were on their road to Paris.

Charles Clement accompanied the Duke, his daughter and Miranda.

Jean Torticolis followed on foot. After a brief colloquy, in which, without mentioning names, he told his history, Charles Clement had engaged him as a servant. With the young republican, his chief recommendation was his having been oppressed.

The hangman accompanied his friend not at all displeased to return to Paris, that centre of civi-

lization—that soul of the world, as it is called over the water, where lived, and had their being, more knaves, rogues, and ———; but plain-spoken English has gone out with Smollet and Fielding. We do not speak now, we insinuate.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST SCENE.

Paris was seething, hissing, but not yet boiling. The elections were over, and everywhere men of liberal tendencies had been returned by the Tiers-Etats. The world was now anxiously inquiring what it would do—this assembly of the nation's representatives. There was want, there was misery, there was oppression, there were grinding and opprobious laws—if legality can thus be insulted. There was incredulity on the one hand, bigotry on the other; there was hope in the people's heart, selfishness in the middle classes, hate in the upper ranks. Already the rotten fabric of aristocracy trembled, for the light of truth was breaking in upon it. Too long had one favoured portion of the nation been masters—the turn of others had come now and they knew it. But they met not the revolution boldly, and seizing the helm guided it—they ran away, or conspired in holes or corners. The emigration of the great, of the rich, such is the secret of subsequent anarchy. The chivalrous French nobility struck their colours and fled.

At no great distance from the Palais-Royal, and leading from the Rue St. Honoré to the Fromagerie, is a street known by the name of the Tonnelerie, which belongs to it ever since the year 1300, when Guillot in his "Dits des Rues de Paris" says—

"Droit et avant sui ma trace
Jusques en la Tonnelerie."

To this locality, where, at No. 3, in 1640, was born Molière, we must now transport ourselves. Antiquated, dirty, with windows mended by paper, and tenanted by old-clothes-men, the houses project into the middle of the street on one side, being supported by huge square wooden pillars, black, begrimmed, and soiled by the air of ages. Their duration had not added to their respectability; like the *noblesse*, they were rotten at the core. The pavement, at the time of which we speak, was broken and disjointed; while the front of the shops, where piles of old rags were displayed under the specious name of second-hand clothes, exhibited all the hideous features which appertained to one of the old quarters of Paris, in those days of utter disregard in relation to the comforts of the poor, the indigent, the humble. Death, which in other places is conquered by the power of life, stalked in Paris by the side of the new-born child, and for every babe that came into the world, there perished one to make him place. Not a soul was added to the population, though twenty thousand annually drew their first breath in the pestilent and crowded atmosphere of a metropolis which boasted so many splendid monuments of its ancient race of kings, and not one to the benefactors of the people.* Horrible prisons, dark and gloomy quarters, narrow lanes, like slits in a wall, where no sun or light ever penetrated; high-priced provisions, and high duties for all that entered the city walls; uncleansed gutters, unlightened streets; everything which could brutalise both mind and body. Such was the state of things in Paris when the storm began to blow; all hurrying on the catastrophe, and furnishing, ready, reckless, and blind tools for the selfish, unprincipled, and bad men, who degraded and stained a revolution in its outbursts—natural, hearty, wholesome and just.

In this street, and in a house which lay midway between the great and little *Friperie*, in a large room, almost bare of furniture, save a truckle-bed, a table, and a few chairs, sat a man, deeply engaged in the luxurious employment of drinking a *carafe* of brandy, and of smoking as black and ill-looking a pipe as could be found, even in that unwholesome establishment. If the walls of the room were dingy and repellent, with their plaster falling inwards—if the ceiling was clouded, the floor absolutely filthy—the whole was in excellent keeping with the occupant of the chamber. Not more than forty, there was yet in his puffed red cheeks, carroty hair, bald crown, and unwashed visage—in his keen grey eyes, thin hands, and punchy shape—in his shabby black hat, and coarse shoes—in his unshaven chin—a sublime whole, which spoke an age of crime or misfortune, or both. Those compressed lips and dilated nostrils, with eye fixed hardly or fiercely on the ceiling, showed that he was contemplating some object of deep interest. Whatever it was, however, it did not abate the perseverance with which he sent forth clouds of tobacco smoke, in the examination of which, as they rose upwards to the sky, he might, by a casual spectator, have been supposed engaged.

Suddenly a faint tinkle of a bell was heard, once, and then a heavy tread was distinguished on the stairs.

The man continued to smoke as impassively as if he had not heard anything.

'M. Brown,' said a voice through a small loop-hole in the door.

'Come in,' still without moving.

The man entered, and stood almost meekly before the dirty personage, whom he addressed by the name of Brown. In a plain suit of grey, with clean hands, clean face, clean shoes, he looked a marked contrast to the smoker, but not less with himself a few days previously, for under the garb of a sober domestic were the little piercing eyes and the crick-neck of Torticolis.

'Take a pipe and a seat,' said the other without moving.

Torticolis looked irresolute and half indignant.

'Paul,' exclaimed M. Brown, quietly, 'you did not hear me. Take a pipe and a seat.'

The crick-neck started as if he had seen the gallows of the Grève before him, but he did as ordered.

'You have been warmly recommended to me,' said the man taking up a paper from the table before him, but still continuing to smoke.

'Hum,' half growled the other.

* For several years before the revolution there were 20,000 annual births and deaths, 7,300 of the births illegitimate. In 1791, the deaths had decreased to 17,000, while marriage had increased, and the number of illegitimate children had diminished to 3,000.

'By my worthy, by our mutual friend, Duchesne,' continued Brown, eyeing the other with a horrid leer, which made him shudder.

'For what purpose?' said Torticolis, almost impatiently.

'Your name is now?' added his questioner, preparing to write his reply.

'Jean Torticolis is my name,' he answered briefly.

'You are in the service of—'

'Monsieur Charles Clement. But why those questions?'

'Monsieur Torticolis,' replied the other, 'I am the secret agent of his majesty's police.'

'Oh!' said the domestic curiously, and with another faint shudder.

'And your friend,' continued the other.

'Ah.'

'You wish to recover your wife?' threw out the other (M. Brown) carelessly.

'Man or devil!' cried Torticolis, with an indescribable look, 'how know you all this?'

'And to be revenged on a certain aristocrat,' said M. Brown, rubbing his hands.

'You are right,' replied Torti, sombrely; 'show me him, and I am your slave.'

'Ah! I thought we should understand one another, and I am quite willing to assist you, if you satisfy me.'

'I will do my best,' said Torticolis, whose face was radiant with hope, for he hated, and revenge was at hand.

'Your master has inherited a portion hitherto unjustly withheld from him by his mother's relations.'

'I believe so.'

'His uncle, the Duke, fascinated by his talents and manner, aims even at giving him, through the king's letters patent, the right to inherit his title.'

'I have heard it whispered.'

'It remains to be seen,' said Brown, peering at the ceiling, 'if the king can do this.'

'The king can do anything,' replied Jean Torticolis, who recollected that the monarch was called La France by his courtiers.

'Can he?' continued Brown, who was French born, though of English parents, and who spoke both languages equally well; 'then, why does he not without the States-General?' But that is not the question. Your master loves Adela de Ravilliere?'

'I believe so.'

'And she loves him,' added Brown.

'I believe so,' again dryly observed Jean.

'To complete the romance, there is an impediment,' chuckled the spy.

'An impediment?' cried Jean, anxiously—he already loved his master.

'A serious impediment, one which cannot be got over,' added Brown.

The bell tinkled again; this time sharply.

'Ah!' exclaimed the spy, jumping to his feet, and laying down his pipe.

'Shall I go?' inquired Torticolis, rising.

'By no means,' cried M. Brown, 'but enter here, and remain still until I call you. You will find a bottle of brandy, drink it.'

With these words Torticolis was pushed through what seemed a cupboard, but which was in reality a door into another apartment.

For an instant the crick-neck remained perfectly lost in astonishment. He was in a chamber, half boudoir, half bed-room, that appeared to belong rather to some Madame Dubarry than to the dirty police spy. In an alcove was a bed elegantly and tastefully laid out, while mirrors, sofas, velvet chairs, the unheard-of luxury of a carpet, little knick-knackeries more suited to a woman than a man, a magnificent clock of Sevrès China, with curtains to deaden the light, all added to the puzzled senses of Jean. On a chair was a complete suit of clothes, of the most irreproachable character, which appeared to be those of M. Brown. On pegs hung a number of suits of all kinds, suited to peer or peasant, but all of one size—that of M. Brown.

On a table in the middle of the room were the remains of a supper, at which two persons had been present, but not a sign was there of the second personage. Numerous untouched bottles were on the sideboard, and to these Jean was advancing, when he suddenly paused as if a serpent had stung him.

'Monsieur Brown! Monsieur Brown!' said a voice which made the crick-neck's heart leap.

It was that of the trooper of the *Dernier Sou*.

'Your servant, Count,' replied the spy.

'It is he; but Count, that is surely a mistake,' muttered Jean, who, the wine now forgotten, was listening with all his ears through the door.

'Well,' continued the new arrival, throwing himself on a chair, 'any news?'

'Plenty,' replied the other, 'the Court is allowing the people to get a-head.'

'I know it, and this must be stopped.'

'There is only one means,' said the spy, coldly, 'and I doubt you using it.'

'What is it?' inquired the other.

'Win over the middle classes,' replied Brown.

'Willingly, but how?' asked the soldier.

'Concede some of your privileges, join with them heartily on the meeting of the States, divide the taxes fairly, let the nobles bear their part, the clergy theirs.'

'I grant you the church,' said the other, 'having no interest in that venerable establishment, but for the rest, impossible.'

'I know it; you have held too long your place to give up willingly,' said the spy, with an expression of face impossible to be rendered or understood; 'you have held it too long.'

'But what then?' inquired the soldier.

'You must frighten the middle classes, you must separate them from the people.'

'Whom call you the people?' said the puzzled trooper.

'The labouring classes, the porters, the hawkers, the little tradespeople, the beggars, the unemployed, all who work without employing others.'

'And you think this *canaille* worth troubling our heads about.'

'This *canaille*,' said the spy, with lowering eye 'is hungry.'

'Let them eat,' sneered the soldier.

'To eat they must have wages—to have wage they must have work—to have work, there must

be trade, commerce, credit—to have trade, commerce, credit there must be a steady government; now we have none of all this.'

'You are a politician?' said the soldier.

'I am a police spy, and know everything,' replied the other, with perfect self-confidence. 'Now these people have their writers, their talkers, their plotters; and if the *Etats-Generaux* don't please them, and give them work and food, they will act.'

'We must fill Paris with troops.'

'You must have the consent and good-will of the middle classes.'

'And how pestiferous talker, can this be gained.'

'Frighten them, and they will consent to anything.'

'Well,' said the trooper. 'of all this anon. The Abbé Roy and the Prince de Lambese will be here presently, incognito, to confer with us. The Court is alarmed.'

'The king?' inquired Brown, raising his head.

'Bah! his majesty sticks to his blacksmith's shop, and comes out upon state occasions.'

'You mean the Austrian, then, Monsieur, and the Count D'Artois?'

'They are the rulers.'

'They are,' replied the spy, dryly; 'the more is the pity.'

'As for that, it is none of my business; and now that I have sounded you, let us talk on my affairs, ere they come.'

'I am ready, Count,' said Brown.

'Torticolis listened, his ear against the door; what would he not have given to have seen.

'Well, and what says Ducrosne?' inquired the soldier.

'That you can have thirty thousand livres for the diamonds, and the same sum for the papers.'

'*Sapristie!* the lieutenant is generous.—Nothing less than a hundred thousand for the two will satisfy me.'

'That is exactly what he gets,' replied the spy dryly.

'And he thinks to pocket forty thousand. I will treat with them myself.'

'There is a slight objection to it,' quietly answered Brown.

'What?' inquired the Count, haughtily.

'The Chatelet,' said the spy, looking at his empty fire-place.

'You would betray me?'

'You would be no longer useful,' continued the impassible policeman.

'Then my utility alone saves me!' said the Count, furiously.

'And your generosity,' smiled the spy.

'Well, never mind, I will wait; a greater reward will be offered, perhaps.'

'Perhaps,' said Brown.

'Torticolis breathed more freely—the proofs of guilt were still in his enemy's hands.

'The Abbé Roy, I think you said,' observed the spy, consulting a register.

'I observed so,' replied the soldier, who was devouring his rage at not being able to chastise the insolence of the policeman.

'A notorious intriguer and rogue,' continued Brown, with perfect *sang-froid*.

Again the bell twinkled, this time with greater violence even than before.

'Our company, said the trooper, carelessly, and seating himself, for hitherto he had been standing.

'I am your most humble servant,' exclaimed M. Brown, as two men entered, the one in the rich costume of the Colonel of the Royal-Allemands, the other in the garb of a priest.

'Well met Count,' said the Prince; 'have you come to an understanding.

'Not at all, replied the soldier, 'I leave that for you."

De Lambese bit his lip, and took a chair, in which he was imitated by the Abbé.

'But what progress have you made?' inquired the Colonel.

The soldier explained what had passed upon the point.

'But what does this *canaille* want?' said the poor Prince, really puzzled; for what could such people possibly desire?

'They want equality of rights,' replied the spy.

'*Peste!* nothing more?' laughed the Colonel; and if we don't agree to so reasonable a wish?'

'There is talk—not loudly, but in corners as yet—of a republic.'

'And what is that?' inquired the dragoon, elevating his eyebrows, and using his tooth-pick—he had just dined in the Palais-Royal.

'I refer you to the Abbé, Monsieur le Prince,' said the spy, with a reverence.

'An atrocious system, which Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and that gang have devised,' replied the priest, with an expression of horror, 'in which there is a government without king or aristocracy.

'The devil!' cried De Lambese; but in France this is absurd; a monarchy of fifteen centuries, a powerful nobility, a—a——'

'Nothing else, Monsieur le Prince,' said the spy, smiling; 'the tradespeople, the merchants, the middle classes, all save the *petite noblesse* of the robe, are against you.'

'So it is said at court,' exclaimed the prince, haughtily; 'but we have the army, and this herd of the middle classes must see that they, too, would suffer from the reign of the mob.'

'More than they do now?' ventured the spy.

'And what do they want?' said the dragoon, impatiently.

'That, paying the taxes, they may have the voting of them; for this purpose they desire an assurance of regular States-General.'

'*Peste* take that word! but supposing this wish consented to, and they were to take it into their wooden heads not to vote supplies?'

"When their will was baulked, they would, do so," replied the spy.

"Then this shop-keeping *canaille* would rule——'

'As they do in England.'

'Cursed example!'

'Unless middle classes and people united to rule, as in America.'

'This comes of Lafayette playing the Quixote,' sneered the prince. 'But will the Paris *bourgeois* unite with the mob?'

'To gain their objects, as in the time of the *fronde* of Mazarin; the *canaille* will do the work.'

'And the fat citizens reap the benefit.'

'Exactly; your highness is a philosopher.'

'*Ventre biche!*' cried the prince; 'not at all, I hate the race. But the middle classes must be separated.'

'There is but one means, Monsieur le Prince,' said the spy.

'And that?'

'As I observed to Monsieur, just now, they must be frightened; the two classes must be placed in antagonism.'

'How?'

'The mob must be roused to some violent act—they must commit some depredations, some burnings; they must pillage some shops?'

'But how is this to be managed?'

'Nothing easier,' said the spy, with a scarcely repressed sneer; 'the people are ignorant, and easily deceived. They are hungry—persuade them that the grocers charge too high for sugar, the bakers for bread, that certain masters keep down wages, that there are forestallers, monopolists; in a word, set labour against capital, its right hand.'

'Can this be done?'

'As long, Monsieur le Prince, as there is ignorance and hunger.'

'But certain parties must be chosen; we must not go to work blindly.'

'Certainly not,' said the Abbé Roy, with the look of a cat about to jump upon its prey.

'Have you any one to recommend as a victim?' inquired the prince.

'Your highness, I have heard of a certain elector, a friend of the pamphleteers, a man who wanted to have Mirabeau deputy for Paris, a certain Reveillon.'

'The best master in the Faubourg St. Antoine,' said the spy, dryly.

'That will never do, then,' observed the prince.

'Nothing more easy,' said the priest, warmly, his eye kindling as he spake. 'He is an atheist, a liberal, a friend to the working classes; their ruining such a man would rouse the whole *bourgeoisie* against the mob.'

'But you propose a difficult task,' exclaimed the prince.

'I propose nothing which I am not ready to execute,' answered Roy with a savage leer. 'I will myself go among the people, persuade them he is conspiring a general lowering of wages, and spread the feeling that the Tiers-Etats, which represents the masters, is all for themselves.'

'Abbé, you are invaluable,' said the Royal-Allemand, with a smile; 'your devotion shall be known at Versailles. For my part, anything to keep down all this *canaille*. But the police is sharp—Ducrosne will know all this in half an hour.'

'He must have high orders to let things take their course,' replied the Abbé; 'but the soldiers must come in at the end—it will make them popular.'

'This is settled then,' said De Lambese, rising.

'But I must have some dozen or two aids, to assist me in rousing the mob—the Faubourg St. Antoine is large.'

'And peopled like a bee-hive,' said the spy; once set moving, 'twill be hard to stop.'

'I leave the details to you and M. Brown,' continued the Royal-Allemand, 'here are twenty thousand livres in an order on the treasury. Come, Count, will you to the opera? I have promised to meet La Volage.'

'Willingly Prince;' and the two soldiers went out, after plotting one of those infernal schemes which set the mob going, and taught them their power for evil.

'Monsieur the Abbé,' said the spy, as soon as the other conspirators had left them, 'you have a personal spite against this Reveillon. He lent you money when you were in distress.'

'M. Brown,' replied the priest, with lowering eye, 'sufficient he is my enemy. More, he is a Rousseauite, talks *Contrat Social* by the yard, receives the enemies of the holy Catholic church at his table——'

'That is to say, like so many others in the Faubourg, who are industrious and prosperous, he is a Protestant.'

'A heretic——'

'Bah!' said the spy, laughing; no bigotry from you to me.'

'You are strangely familiar even with the princes,' answered the Abbé with a growl, 'and I must not complain.'

'It would be little use,' said the spy, relighting his pipe.

'But my co-operators?' inquired the other rising.

'At five to-morrow be at the cabaret, Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine, known as the Tour du Bastille—at five—I will join you.'

'Agreed, and now may——' began the priest.

'Bah! no *orémus* for me,' laughed M. Brown; 'I'm half a heretic myself.'

'Ah!' muttered the priest, retreating, 'but duty before everything.'

Then meekly folding his hands across his breast, this mild son of the church went out. Scarcely had he closed the door behind him, than the spy rose. His step was stealthy and light: he was advancing towards the partition which led towards his inner apartment.

Suddenly throwing it open, he looked in. At a distance, which rendered listening impossible, sat Torticolis, with two empty bottles before him, and a third just commenced, evidently in that happy condition when man, with justice, is doubtful whether he is an animal about to be led to the block, or a rational being in the state of temporary hallucination.

'Torti,' said the spy, paternally, 'you've made pretty free.'

'Glad to see you, *preux chc—che*—eh, what wants this dirty fellow in my—my *boudoir?*' replied the crick-neck, acting his part admirably. The two bottles had been emptied out of the window.

'Jean,' exclaimed the spy, laughing, and pushing him out at the same time, 'go home, go to bed, and return to-morrow at four.'

'Agreed,' replied Torticolis, who floundered down stairs like a whale, nor walked uprightly until at some considerable distance from the house.

The man who has many friends is either a great fool, or a great knave.

THE SONG OF THE FURNACES.

The sun is down; soon on the sky,
We will flash with crimson glare:
And sing our song as the flame leaps high,
And the west wind makes it flare.

From our toil we ne'er one moment turn;
Daylight does no rest bring:
For we are the lights that ever burn
In the halls of the Iron King.

The sage philosophers of old
Searched for a talisman,
That should change whate'er it touched to gold,
But they ne'er found out the plan.

But now our massive forms do bear
On them the conscious stamp,
That each one tow'ring in the air,
Is an Alladdin's lamp.

So bring more ore and coal and lime
And ply the bellows strong;
We'll coin a million by the time
We finish out our song.

Surrounded by the dusky haze,
Our lay again we'll sing,
For we are the lights that ever blaze
In the halls of the Iron King.

H. C. H.

THE QUIET POOR.

I do not mean the workhouse poor—I have seen plenty of workhouses and tasted many gruels. I do not mean the criminal poor, nor the poor who beg in the streets, but the Quiet Poor; the people who work in their own homes, and are never to be seen in workhouses and prisons, who keep their sorrows, if they have any, quite sacred from the world, and do not exhibit them for pence. Though, to be sure, their shades may "glance and pass before us night and day," to such sorrows, if there be any, "we are blind as they are dumb." I thought, therefore, that I should like to know something about them. the last winter has been commonly said to be a very hard one, and I have heard many an old lady cry over the price of bread, "God help the poor!" What does a mere penny a loaf matter? I have thought. A slice of bread less in the day, perhaps; a little hunger, and a little falling-in of cheek. Things not entirely unendurable.

Resolved to see about this for myself, and to find out perhaps what war prices will signify to loyal Britons, I obtained leave to visit the inhabitants of a parochial district in Bethnal Green, remarkable for its poverty, for the struggles made by its inhabitants to keep out of the workhouse, and for the small number of the offences brought home to their doors.

The little district of which I speak, small as it is, contains the population of a country town. To judge by the eye I should imagine that it covers ground about a quarter of a mile wide, and a quarter of a mile long. It is composed wholly of narrow courts and lanes, with a central High Street or Church Street of shops—itself a miserable lane. Although the houses are for the most part but cottages, with two floors and a cellar, there are crammed together in them fourteen thousand people. In the whole quarter there is not one resident whom the world would call respectable; there are not more than about half-a-dozen families able to keep a servant; and there is not one man I believe able to tenant a whole house. The shopkeepers who make a little outside show, fare indoors little better than their neighbors. As a general rule, each room in each house is occupied by a distinct family; they are comparatively wealthy who afford to rent two rooms; but, generally, as the families enlarge, the more they require space, the less they can afford that costly luxury. The natives of this parish chiefly subsist upon potatoes and cheap fish, buying sprats when they are to be had, and in default of them sitting down to dine on potatoes and a herring. They earn money as they can, and all are glad to work hard when there is work for them to do. The majority of the men are either weavers, or they are costermongers and hawkers. These two classes occupy, speaking generally, different portions of the neighborhood; the weavers earn a trifle more, and hold their heads up better than their neighbors: they are the west end people of the district. The whole place is completely destitute of sewerage; one sewer has been made in a street which forms part of its boundary; it has its share in that, but nothing more. The houses all stand over cess-pools; and, before the windows, filth-dead cats, and putrid matter of all sorts run down or stagnate in the open gutters. How do people, who are quiet people, live in such a place?

From a wretched lane, an Egypt watered by a muddy Nile, I turned into a dark house like a catacomb, and after some hazardous climbing reached a chamber in which there were more people than things. Two women sat at work with painful earnestness before the latticed window, three children shivered round an empty grate. Except the broken chairs on which the women sat, there was no seat in the room but an old stool. There was no table, no bed. The larder was the windowsill, its store a couple of potatoes. In one corner was a confused heap of many-colored rags, in another corner were a few

battered and broken jugs and pans; there was a little earthen teapot on the cold bars of the grate, and in the middle of the room there was a handsome toy. I saw a household and its home. The father had been some months dead, the mother expected in two or three days to receive from God another child. She had four, and "Have you lost any?" I asked, looking down into the Egypt out of doors. "I have lost nine!"

This woman and her sister were at work together on cloth-tops for boots; each woman could make one in about four hours, and would receive for it threepence, out of which sum she would have expended three farthings on trimming or binding, and a fraction of a farthing upon thread. She had parted with her furniture piece by piece during the last illness of her husband. I talked to the children, and began to pull the great toy by the string: a monkey riding on a cock. As the wheels rolled, it made music, and up scrambled the fourth child, a great baby boy. "His grandmother gave him that," the mother said. They had sold their bed, their clothes, but they had kept the plaything!

We traced the current of another Nile into another Egypt. These Niles have their inundations, but to their unhappy Egypts such floods only add another plague. In summer time the courts and lanes are rich with exhalation, and in autumn their atmosphere is deadly. When May comes round the poor creatures of this district, pent up as they are, feel the spring blood leaping faintly within them, are not to be restrained from pressing out in crowds towards the green fields and the hawthorn blossoms. They may be found dancing in the tea-gardens of suburban public-houses, rambling together in suburban meadows, or crawling out to the Essex marshes. That is the stir made by the first warm sunshine of the year, and after that the work goes on; the warm weather is the harvest time of the hawkers and costermongers, who at the best suffer severely during winter.

The summer heat lift out of the filthy courts a heavy vapour of death, the overcrowded rooms are scarcely tenantable, and the inhabitants, as much as time and weather will permit, turn out into the road before their doors. The air everywhere indeed is stifling, but within doors many of the cottages must be intolerable. I went into one containing four rooms and a cellar, and asked, "How many people live here?" They were counted up for me, and the number came to six and twenty! The present clergyman of this district—whose toil is unremitting in the midst of the vast mass of sorrow to which he is called to minister—dwells upon wholesome ground outside the district. Within it, there is not a parsonage or any house that could be used as one, and if there were—what man would carry wife or children to a home in which they would drink poison daily? The pastor is very faithful in the performance of his duty; liberal of mind, unsparing of toil; and, although the reward of his office is as little as its toil is great, and he is forced to take new duties on himself to earn a living, yet I know that he pours out his energies, his health, and all the money he can earn beyond what suffices for a frugal maintenance, upon his miserable people. We have need to be thankful that the Church has such sons. The Reverend Theophilus Fitzmumble may be a canon here, an archdeacon there, a rector elsewhere, and a vicar of Little Pogis, with a thousand a year for the care of a few hundred farmers and farm laborers, who rarely see his face. Fitzmumble may be a drone, the thousand a year paid for his ministration at Little Pogis might be better paid to a man who has daily to battle with, and to help such misery as that of which I speak in Bethnal Green. But let us, I repeat, be thankful that Fitzmumble is not the whole Church. It has sons content to labor as poor men among the poor, whose hearts ache daily at the sight of wretchedness they cannot help; whose wives fall sick of fevers caught at the sick beds of their unhappy sisters. Of such ministers the tables are luxurious, for they who sit at meat know that their fare is less by the portion that has been sent out to the hungry; such men go richly clad in threadbare cloth, of which the nap is perhaps represented by small shoes upon the feet of little children who trot to and fro in them to school.

But, though the incumbent of this parochial district about which I speak, is truly a Christian gentleman, he has his body to maintain alive, and dares not remain too long in the poison bath of his unsewered district during the hot summer days. He visits then only the dying, and they are not few. "I have seen," he said, "a dead child in a cellar, and its father dying by its side, a living daughter covered with a sack to hide her nakedness when I went in, the rest all hungry and wretched, furniture gone, and an open sewer streaming down into a pool upon the floor." Again he said, "I have seen in the sickly autumn months a ruined household opposite the back premises of a tripe and leather factory, which is a dreadful nuisance to its neighbors; it emits a frightful stench, and lays men, women, and children down upon sick beds right and left. In this room opposite the place, I have seen the father of the family and three children hopelessly ill with typhus fever, and the eldest daughter with malignant small pox, while the mother, the one person able to stir about, sat on a chair in the midst of them all deadened with misery. The place by which this household was being murdered has been several times indicted and fined as a nuisance. Every time this has occurred, the

proprietors have paid the fine and gone on as before; they regard such fine-paying as only a small item in their trade expenses."

The people in this black spot of London all strive to the last to keep out of the workhouse. The union workhouse planted in a region that is crammed with poor, must be managed strictly, or there will be fearful outcry about keeping down the rates. Are the poor people in the wrong for keeping their arms wound about each other? There is not a house, a room,—of all I visited the other day, I did not see one room,—in which there was not sickness. Talk of the workhouse, and the mother says, in effect, "who would nurse Johnny like me? Oh, I could not bear to think that he might die, and strangers cover up his face!" Johnny again cries for his mother, or if he be a man, he says that he would die naked and in the streets, rather than not give his last words to his wife.

But, somebody may say, This is sentimentality. The poor have not such fine feelings. They get to be brutalised. Often it is so; but, quite as often certainly, they are refined by suffering, and have depths of feeling stirred up within them which the more fortunate are only now and then made conscious of in themselves. I went into one room in this unhappy place—this core of all the misery in Bethnal Green—and saw a woman in bed with a three weeks infant on her arm. She was still too weak to rise, and her husband had died when the baby was three days old. She had four other children, and she panted to get up and earn. It eased her heart to tell of her lost love, and the portion of her story that I here repeat was told by her, in the close narrow room, with a more touching emphasis than I can give it here; with tremblings of the voice and quiverings of the lip that went warm to the hearts of all who listened:—

"The morning before my husband died," she said, "he said to me, 'O Mary, I have had such a beautiful dream!'—'Have you, dear?' says I; 'do you think you feel strong enough to tell it me?'—'Yes,' says he, 'I dreamt that I was in a large place where there was a microscopic clock,' (he meant a microscope,) 'and I looked through it and saw the seven heavens all full of light and happiness, and straight before me, Mary, I saw a face that was like a face I knew.'—'And whose face was it, love?' says I.—'I do not know,' says he; 'but it was more beautiful than anything I ever saw, and bright and glorious, and I said to it, Shall I be glorified with the same glory that you are glorified with? And the head bowed towards me. And I said, Am I to die soon? And the head bowed towards me. And I said, Shall I die to-morrow? And the face fixed its eyes on me and went away. And now what do you think that means?'—'I do not know,' says I, 'but I think it must mean that God is going to call you away from this world where you have had so much trouble, and your suffering is going to be at an end, but you must wait His time, and that is why the head went away when you said, shall I die to-morrow?'—'I suppose you are right,' says he, 'and I don't mind dying, but O Mary, it goes to my heart to leave you and the young ones,' (here the tears spread over the poor woman's eyes, and her voice began to tremble). 'I am afraid to part with you, I am afraid for you after I am gone.'—'You must not think of that,' says I, 'you've been a good husband, and it's God's will you should go.'—'I won't go Mary, without saying good bye to you,' says he. 'If I can't speak, I'll wave my hand to you, says he, 'and you'll know when I'm going.' And so it was, for in his last hours he could not speak a word, and he went off so gently that I never should have known in what minute he died if I had not seen his hands moving and waving to me Good-bye before he went."

Such dreams and thoughts belong to quiet poverty. I have told this incident just as I heard it; and if I were a daily visitant in Bethnal Green, I should have many tales of the same kind to tell.

The people of this district are not criminal. A lady might walk unharmed at midnight through their wretched lanes. Crime demands a certain degree of energy; but if there were ever any harm in these well-disposed people, that has been tamed out of them by sheer want. They have been sinking for years. Ten years ago, or less, the men were politicians; now, they have sunk below that stage of discontent. They are generally very still and hopeless; cherishing each other; tender not only towards their own kin, but towards their neighbors; and they are subdued by sorrow to a manner strangely resembling the quiet and refined tone of the most polished circles.

By very different roads, Bethnal Green and St. James' have arrived at this result. But there are other elements than poverty that have in some degree assisted to produce it. Many of the weavers have French names and are descended from French emigrants, who settled hereabouts, as many of their countrymen settled in other places up and down the world after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and at that time there were fields and market gardens near the green of Bethnal. There are here some runlets of the best French blood, and great names may be sometimes met with. The parish clerk, who seems to have in him a touch of Spanish courtesy, claims to be a descendant of Cervantes. The literary spirit still works in him; for I found his table covered with papers and tickets relating to a penny lecture—twopence to the front seats—that he had been delivering on Nineveh, Palmyra, Babylon, and other ancient cities, illustrated with a little panorama that he had. His lecture had drawn crowds; seventy had

been turned from the doors, and he was preparing to repeat it. Then there is a poor fellow in the parish named Racine, who declares that he can prove his descent from Racine the dramatist. There is a Le Sage, too, to be met with, and many other men whose names are connected with ideas of noble race or noble intellect. The daughters of these handloom weavers dress their hair with care, and will not let themselves be seen in rags. The mothers of the last generation were often to be seen in the old French costumes, and to this day hundreds work in such glazed attics as were used by their forefathers across the sea. Little as they earn, the weaver-households struggle to preserve a decent poverty and hide their cares. They must have some pleasures too. In two or three parts of the parish, there are penny balls; there is a room also for penny concerts, and there is a penny circus, "with a complete change of riders." These places are all quietly and well conducted; but are chiefly supported by the surrounding localities.

The fathers of these families lived when their parents could afford to them the benefit of dame schools. How courteously and sensibly they often talk, and with what well chosen words, I was amazed to hear. A doll-maker, dying of consumption, who certainly believed in long words too devoutly, but who never misapplied them, talked in periods well weighed and rounded, that were in admirable contrast to the slip-slop gossip of my dear friend Sir John Proser. "One of the weavers," said the clergyman of the district, (the Reverend Mr. Trivett,) "asked me to lend him Calvin's Institutes, and when I told him that mine was a black letter copy, he said that he should not mind that in the least. Another asked once for the Colloquies of Erasmus, and one who was unmarried and working with his brother, so that he had some shillings to spare, wanted to know what it would cost to get a copy of Smith's Wealth of Nations."

I mentioned just now a doll-maker—him I found roasting himself by a large fire—a man wasted and powerless—discussing on what day he should go into Guy's Hospital. There was a heap of bran in a corner, used for doll stuffing and for a children's bed also, no doubt. Here, as elsewhere, however large the family collected in one room, I never saw more than a single bed. Sleeping places were made usually on the floor. One woman, rich in half-a-dozen chairs, showed me with triumph how she made a first-rate bedstead by putting them artfully together. Before the doll-maker's bran sat a boy at a stool, with a pile of broken tobacco-pipe at his side, and some paste and strips of paper. Each bit of paper as he pasted it he screwed round a fragment of tobacco-pipe. These were perhaps, to be doll's bones, the basis of their arms and legs. At a deal table near the window a mother, who tottered with ill-health, and a daughter about seventeen years old, were measuring some lengths of calico. The calico was to be cut up for doll's bodies or skins. The cutting out of bodies requires art and skill. The girl many days before had pricked her thumb, the result was that it had gathered, and was in a poultice. "She is the only one of us, except me, able to make the bodies," said the poor father, "and you see—" He pointed to the crippled thumb, and the mother looked down at it in a maze of sorrow. They looked to its recovery for bread.

In another house I saw a room swept of all furniture, through the distress that such a pricked thumb had occasioned, and two other homes I saw made wretched by the accidental wounding of the husband's hand.

In one of them, an empty room rented at half a-crown a-week, there stood a woman all by herself. She stood because she did not possess a chair, and told us that they—she and her husband—had that morning got some work. They had been living on their furniture for twelve weeks, because her husband, who was a carpenter, had hurt his hand. She had failed to get work until the day before, when she obtained a pair of stays to make, a chance job, for which she would receive fourpence. She was a young woman who would have been pretty if she had been better fed. Alas, for the two young hearts failing there together, for the kisses of the thin and wasted lips that should be full with youth and pleasure! "You earn so little here, and could have a beautiful cottage in the country for the price of this room in Bethnal Green;—you scarcely could be worse off if you went into the country." They had done that, but the law of settlement had forced them back again on Bethnal Green.

Why should I make the readers' hearts as heavy as my own was made by the accumulation of these evidences of woe heaped up over woe? I saw families in cellars with walls absolutely wet; in dismantled rooms covered with dust and cobwebs, and containing nothing but a loom almost in ruins; or striving to be clean. One I found papering and whitewashing his home, having obtained means to do so from his landlord after seven years of neglect In another house a neighbour had dropped in to tea in a company dress of old black satin with plenty of cherry-coloured ribbons. The daughter of that house made elaborate and very pretty fringe-tassels at fourteen pence for one hundred and forty-four of them. The father of that house had been two weeks dead. Everywhere I found present sickness, and in many places recent death. Only in one place I found sullen despair, and there the room was full of people—there was no fire in the hearth, and there was no furniture, except a bed from which a woman was roused who spoke hoarsely and looked stupidly wild, with

ragged dress and hair disordered. She may have been drunk, but she could have sat as she was to Lebrun for a picture of despair. "Why," she was asked, "do none of your children come to school!"—"No money."—"But you need pay nothing,—only wash and send them."—"I can't wash them;—no fire."

We went into a cellar shared by two families—the rent of a room or cellar in this district is commonly two shillings a-week. One half of this room was occupied by a woman and four children, who had also a husband somewhere working for her; her division contained many bits of furniture and quite a fairy-land of ornaments upon the mantelpiece. The other woman was a widow, with a son nineteen years old. They had nothing but a little deal table and two broken chairs; but there were hung up against the wall two coloured pictures in guilt frames, which her son, she said, had lately given her. Perhaps they were a birthday gift; certainly, cheap as they may have been, they were the fruit of a long course of saving; for the poor woman, trembling with ill-health, and supporting her body with both hands upon the little table, said, that her son was then out hawking, and that she expected him in every minute in hope that he might bring home three-halfpence to get their tea.

Account was made of the earnings of a whole lane, and they were found to average threepence farthing a day for the maintenance of each inhabitant, both great and small. There was, I think, one in about six positively disabled by sickness. The dearness of everything during the last winter had been preventing hawkers and others from making their small purchases and sales; the consequence was to be seen too plainly in many a dismantled room. The spring and summer are for all the harvest time, but some were already beginning to suspect that "the spring must have gone by," for their better times used to begin early in March, and there is still no sign of them. All were, however, trusting more or less that, in the summer, they would be able to recover some of the ground lost during a winter more severe than usual. None seemed to have a suspicion of the fate in store, of the war prices and causes of privation that probably will make for them this whole year one long winter of distress. It is not only in the dead upon the battle-field, or among the widows and orphans of the fallen, that you may see the miseries of war. Let any one go, five months hence, among these poor people of St. Philip's Shcreditch, (that is the right name of this region of Bethnal Green,) when they find that they have lost not their spring only, but their summer,—let them be seen fasting under an autumn sun in their close courts and empty rooms, starved by hundreds out of life as well as hope, and he will understand, with a new force, what is the meaning of a war to the poor man.

Something I have neglected to say concerning the dismantled rooms. The absent furniture and clothing has not been pawned, it has gone to a receiving-house. The district is full of miserable people preying upon misery who lend money on goods under the guise of taking care of them, and give no ticket or other surety. It is all made a matter of faith, and an enormous interest is charged for such accommodation in defiance of the law.

And another miserable truth has to be told. The one vice with which misery is too familiar is well-known also here; for on the borders of this wretched land, which they must give up hope who enter, there is a palace hung round outside with eight or ten huge gas lights—inside brilliantly illuminated. That is the house of the dragon at the gate—there lives the gin devil.

What is to be done? Private charity must look on hopelessly when set before an evil so gigantic. Here is but a little bit of London, scarcely a quarter of a mile square, we look at it aghast, but there is other misery around it and beyond it. What is to be done? So much drainage and sewerage is to be done, is very certain. All that can be done, is to be done, to change the character of a Bethnal Green home. The Society for Improving the Dwellings of the Poor makes nearly five per cent. on its rooms for families, though it fails commercially when taking thought for single men. The Society professes pure benevolence, and no care about dividends. Let it abandon that profession, abide by it certainly as a guiding idea, but let it take purely commercial ground before the public, and let its arm be strengthened. They who are now paying from five to seven pounds a-year for a filthy room or cellar, will be eager enough to pay the same price for a clean and healthy lodging. Let model lodging-houses for such families be multiplied, let them return a percentage to their shareholders; and since the society is properly protected by a charter, let all who would invest a little money wisely look into its plans. I see the need of this so strongly that I shall begin to enquire now very seriously into its affairs, and I exhort others to do the same, with a view to taking shares, if they be found a safe and fit investment.

Private and direct charity may relieve individuals, and console many a private sorrow in this part of London, but it cannot touch—such charity to the extent of thousands of pounds cannot remove—the public evil. Associations for providing any measure of relief are checked by the necessity for charters to protect themselves against the present unjust laws of partnership.

And, after all, the truth remains, that the people are crowded together in a stagnant corner of the world. They are all poor

together; no tradesman or employer living among them finds them occupation; they ramble about and toil their lives away painfully to earn threepence farthing a-day; while the same people shifted to other quarters in the country, would find men contending for the possession of their labor, glad to give two or three shillings daily for a pair of hands. The people of the parish hang together like a congealed lump in a solution that needs to be broken up and stirred in with the rest.

Half the men here would be hailed with chants of joy by the manufacturers were they to turn their backs upon their hand ooms and march to the aid of steam in Preston. I do not say, Send them to Preston, for in that town one misery can only be relieved because another has been made, but there are very many parts of England in which labour is wanted sorely, and would earn fair pay. Employers in those parts of England should be made fully aware of the existence of such parishes as this, in which hardworking, earnest, quiet people struggle in the dark. Such parishes are banks on which cheques may be drawn to any amount for the capital that can be made of honest labour.

There is room for many of these people in large provincial towns, and in small towns and rural districts. The abolition of the Law of Settlement—a horrible evil and an absolutely frightful cruelty, will remove the chief obstacle to such an attempt to break up little lumps of social misery. The abolition of that law is promised to the country, and whoever strives to make the promise null or to postpone its fulfilment, strives practically—whatever his intent may be—to perpetuate or to prolong some of the worst pains that vex both flesh and spirit of our labourers. When the migrations of the poor cease to be watched with narrow jealousy, as will be the case when this bad law is dead, no corner of our social life in London, or in England, need stagnate or putrify. There need be no longer six-and-twenty people in a cottage, upon ground that does not find fit work for six. Change will be then possible for Bethnal Green. It may remain the home of poverty and toil, but it may cease to be the home of want.

FREE QUARTERS.

The religious establishments of foreign countries have one excellence in which they stand in honorable contrast to our own. It is, that important institutions of great public utility are often founded and supplied by their revenues. Many of the high dignitaries of the church abroad have incomes beside which even that of the Bishop of London would appear to a disadvantage; but nearly all have far other claims on them than our prelates; claims to which they are also compelled by law or usage to satisfy very strictly. I could give a dozen instances in point, easily; but, one will serve my purpose just now, and we will therefore confine ourselves to it; premising merely that it is one of many.

Let us not be too proud to learn. We have so often stood in the honorable relation of teachers to other nations that we can afford now and then to turn pupils with a better grace. If, in the present instance, the lesson comes from a long way off, and from a place whence we are not in the habit of receiving lessons of practical benefit, this is no reason why we should receive it less kindly or be especially surprised. Minerva's self might, I daresay, have learned something new in the poorest Spartan village.

Having now introduced my subject respectfully, I proceed to say that there is in the town of Castro, at the distant island of Mitylene in the Ægean Sea, a small establishment which I am sure no one would be sorry to see imitated in London upon a larger scale. It is a Travellers' Home, built and supported solely by the revenues of the Greek Archbishopric. I very much doubt if any part of them be better employed.

It is a very plain house, and is divided into a vast number of small rooms without furniture of any kind. Each room has a fire-place, several commodious cupboards, and a strong door with a strong padlock to fasten it: there is a common fire for all the inmates of these rooms, presided over by the solitary single gentleman who has charge of the building.

The object for which this place was first erected, was a temporary resting place for the more humble travellers who flock to the capital of the island, to take part in the solemn festivals of the Greek Church; but its advantages have since been extended to all travellers who have no home elsewhere. The only title to admission is decent apparel. The right to remain any reasonable time is acquired by quiet, orderly conduct, and an understanding strictly enforced, that each traveller shall keep, and leave, the room allotted to him perfectly clean.

There is no charge for this entertainment. The traveller may give if he pleases, but nothing is required of him. The numerous respectable people who avail themselves of the establishments generally pay something towards a fund which is understood to go in part to the keeping of the building in good repair; but the contributions are very small, and by far the greater part of the visitors pay nothing.

It is impossible to think, without satisfaction, of the many people whose necessities while travelling are thus provided for; whether they bring an air mattrass and comfortable coverings with them, or whether they sleep on the hard floor; whether they purchase a comfortable dinner of the snug elderly gentleman, or whether they bring a crust of dry bread in their pocket. Nobody knows how this may be, neither is it evident to any man whether his neighbor pays or does not pay. There is no apparent difference between the moneyed guest and the poor one; each has his own room and his own lock and key. It is the only place of public entertainment, I think, I ever saw where poverty is allowed to be quiet and decent in its own way.

It was on the serene afternoon of a grey day, late in the autumn, when I first visited this place.

I had sent away my horses, for the wind blew chilly, and, lighting a cigar, had walked musingly among the mysterious streets of the little town of Castro, until chance led my steps to the traveller's home Finding myself before a house of such size, I inquired what it was, and, having received an answer, I passed unquestioned through the open gate. The wind sighed heavily along the narrow street, and I remember that an involuntary awe came over me as I seemed to be led by some other power than curiosity up the spotless stairs of freshly planed wood, and along the silent corridor, until I stopped before a door, where there sat a woman wailing. There is something so august in sorrow that I should have passed on respectfully; but that her outstretched hand detained me.

"Oh, Frankish Lord!" cried the woman, in accents of despair, "save him, for he is dying!" She pressed my hand to her quivering lips as she spoke, after the fashion of the East, and I knew that her simple heart was full of the popular belief that the Franks or Europeans all have a knowledge of the healing art.

"Alas! Mother," I answered in the simple idiom of the country, "I have no power to save him."

But she detained me in the strong spasm of her grasp, and the next minute I stood within the chamber of death, and was abashed before the nameless majesty of death.

I knelt beside the bed very gently and humbly, and took the hand of the sick lad. I dared not meet the mother's imploring look, for there was no mistaking the prophecy of the languid fluttering pulse, or the foam gathering on the lips, and the glassy eyes. But even as I knelt, a strange light seemed to pass over the boy's face changing its expression wholly. When it was gone, his head gently fell back, and I knew that all was over; for that light was the ray which comes through the gates of heaven when they open to receive a soul. A low continued moan only broke the stillness as I rose. Oh deal with her gently, this bereaved mother! for her last child is lying cold beside her; and though her darling is gone to the fields where the night comes not, neither is there shadow of darkness, yet she cannot follow him! Oh deal with her gently, for the hand of the Chastener is heavy upon her! As I turned to go from the last home of the boy-traveller, a something which had before lain heavy on my heart was rebuked, and I felt how the little ills of life sink into nothing beside such a grief as this!

A SAINT'S BROTHER.

He was the brother of a saint, and his friends were rich; so they dressed him in his best, and they put a turban on his head, (for he was of the old school,) and they bore him to the tomb on a bier, and coffinless, after the custom of the East. I joined the procession as it swept chanting along the narrow street; and we all entered the illuminated church together.

The Archbishop strode solemnly up the aisle, with the priests swinging censors before him; and with the odour of sanctity exhaling from his splendid robes. On went the procession, making its way through a stand-up fight, which was taking place in the church, on through weeping relatives, and sobered friends, till at last the Archbishop was seated on his throne, and the dead man lay before him stiff and stark. Then the same unctuous individual whom I fancy I have observed taking part in religious ceremonies all over the world, being yet neither priest nor deacon, bustles up, and he places some savoury herbs on the breast of the corpse, chanting lustily as he does so to save time.

Then the Archbishop takes two waxen tapers in each hand; they are crossed and set in a splendid hand-candlestick. He extends it towards the crowd, and seems to bless it mutely, for he does not speak. There is silence, only disturbed by a short sob which has broken from the over-burthened heart of the dead man's son. Hush! it is the Archbishop giving out a psalm, and now it begins lowly, solemnly, mournfully: at first, the lusty lungs of the burly priests seem to be chanting a dirge: all at once they are joined by the glad voices of children—oh! so clear and so pure, sounding sweet and far-off, rejoicing for the bliss of the departed soul.

They cease, and there comes a priest dressed in black robes; he prostrates himself before the throne of the Archbishop, and carries the dust of the prelate's feet to his forehead. Then he kisses the Archbishop's hand, and mounts the pulpit to deliver a funeral oration. I am sorry for this; he is evidently a beginner, and twice he breaks down, and gasps hopelessly at the congregation; but the Archbishop prompts him and gets him out of this difficulty, A rascally young Greek at my elbow nudges me to laugh, but I pay no attention to him.

Then the priests begin to swing their censers again, and their deep voices mingle chanting with the fresh song of the children, and again the Archbishop blesses the crowd. So now the relatives of the dead man approach him one by one, crossing themselves devoutly. They take the nosegay of savoury herbs from his breast, and they press it to their lips. Then they kiss the dead man's forehead. When the son approaches he sobs convulsively, and has afterwards to be removed by gentle force from the body.

So the relatives continue kissing the body, fearless of contagion, and the chant of the priests and choristers swells through the church, and there lies the dead man, with the sickly glare of the lamps struggling with the daylight, and falling with a ghastly gleam upon his upturned face. Twice I thought he moved but it was only fancy.

The Archbishop has left the church and the relatives of the dead man are bearing him to his last home without further ceremony. It is a narrow vault just outside the church, and the Greeks courteously make way for me—a stranger. A man jumps briskly into the grave; it is scarcely three feet deep; he arranges a pillow for the head of the corpse, then he springs out again, laughing at his own agility. The crowd laugh too. Joy and Grief elbow each other everywhere in life: why not also at the gates of the tomb?

Then two stout men seize the corpse in their stalwart arms, and they lift it from the bier. They are lowering it now, quite dressed, but coffinless, into the vault. They brush me as they do so, and the daylight falls full on the face of the dead.

It is very peaceful and composed, but looking tired, weary of the world; relieved that the journey is over!

Stay! for here comes a priest walking slowly from the church with his mass-book and censer. He says a few more prayers over the body, and one of the deceased's kindred drops a stone into the grave. While the priest prays, he pours some consecrated oil upon the body, and some more upon a spadeful of earth which is brought to him. This is also thrown into the grave. It is not filled up; a stone is merely fastened with clay roughly over the aperture, and at night there will be a lamp placed there, which will be replenished every night for a year. At the end of that time the body will be disinterred; if the bones have not been thoroughly rotted away from the flesh and separated, the Archbishop will be called again to pray over the body; for there is a superstition among Greeks, that a man whose body does not decay within a year, is accursed. When the bones have divided, they will be collected and tied up in a linen bag, which will hang on a nail against the church wall. By and by, this will decay, and the bones which have swung about in the wind and rain will be shaken out one by one to make daylight ghastly where they lay. Years hence they may be swept into the charnel-house, or they may not, as chance directs.

I have said that he was the brother of a saint. It is well, therefore, that I should also say something of the saint himself. The saint was St. Theodore, one of the most recent martyrs of the Greek Church. St. Theodore was born about fifty years ago, of very humble parents, who lived at the village of Neo Chori, near Constantinople. He was brought up to the trade of a house-painter, an art of some pretension in Turkey, where it is often carried to very great perfection. The lad was clever, and soon attained such excellence in his craft that he was employed at the Palace of the Sultan. The spendour of the palace, and the gorgeous dresses of some of the Sultan's servants, fired his imagination. He desired to remain among them; so he changed his faith for that of Islam, and was immediately appointed to a petty post about the palace.

Three years after his apostacy and circumcision a great plague broke out at Constantinople, sweeping away the Sultan's subjects by hundreds, with short warning. The future saint grew alarmed, a species of religious mania seized upon him. He tried to escape from the palace, but was brought back. At last he got away in the disguise of a water-carrier, and fled to the island of Scio.

Here he made the acquaintance of a priest, to whom he confided his intention of becoming a martyr. The priest is said warmly to have commended this view of the case; for martyrs had been lately growing scarce. Instead of conveying the young man, therefore, to a lunatic asylum, he took him to the neighboring island of Mytylene; seeing doubtless, sufficient reasons why the martyrdom should not take place at Scio; where he might have been exposed to awkward remonstrances from his friends, for countenancing such a horror.

So the priest accompanied him to Mytylene, where the first act of the tragedy commenced by the martyr presenting himself before the Cadi or Turkish Judge. Before the Cadi he began to curse the Musselman faith, and threw his turban at that magistrate's head. Taking from his bosom a green handkerchief, with which he had been provided, he trampled it under foot; and green is a sacred colour with the Turks. The Cadi was desirous of getting rid of him quietly, considering him as mad, as doubtless he was. But he continued cursing the Turks so bitterly that at last an angry mob of fanatics bore him away to the Pasha. This functionary, a quiet, amiable man, tried also to get out of the disagreeable affair; but the young man raved so violently that the Turks around began to beat him; and he was put into a sort of stocks till he should be quiet. At last the Turks lost patience with him, and his martyrdom began in earnest. He was subjected (say the Greek chronicles from which this history is taken) to the cruel torture of having hot earthen plates bound to his temples, and his neck was then twisted by fanatic men till his eyes started from their sockets; they also drew several of his teeth. He now said that he had returned to the Greek faith in consequence of the advice of an Englishman; which so appeased the Turks, that they offered him a pipe, and wanted to dismiss him. But he soon broke out again, and asked for the sacrament. He also asked for some soup. Both were given to him, the Turks offering no opposition to the administering of the former. When, however, he once more began to curse and revile the prophet, some fanatic proposed that he should be shortened by having an inch cut from his body every time he blasphemed, beginning at his feet. The Cadi shuddered, and interposed, saying that such a proceeding would be contrary to the law; which provided that a renegade should be at once put to death, that the faith of Islam might not be insulted. Then the mob got a cord to hang him. Like many other things in Turkey, this cord does not seem to have been fit for the purpose to which it was applied; and the struggles of the maniac were so violent that it broke. But they *did* hang him at last; thus completing the title to martyrdom with which he has come down to us. For three days his hanging body offended the daylight, and the simple country folk cut off bits of his clothes for relics. After a while he was carried away, and buried with a great fuss; the Turks having too profound a contempt for the Greeks to interfere with their doings in any way. Then, after a while, application was made to the Patriarch of Constantinople to canonize the mad house-painter; and canonized he was. His body was disinterred and mummified with great care. It is wrapped up in cotton, and the head is inclosed in a silver case. Both are shown to the devout on the anniversary of his martyrdom. The cotton sells well, for it is said to have worked many miracles, and to be especially beneficial in cases of epilepsy.

The anniversary of the Martyrdom of St. Theodore occurred on the same day as his brother's funeral. I asked if the reputation of the saint had anything to do with the honours paid to his brother? "Yes," was the answer, "the relatives of the saint are naturally anxious to keep up his reputation; which is like a patent of nobility to them. None dare to offer them injury or wrong, for fear of the martyr's anger.

For the rest, the festival of St. Theodore was as pretty a sight as I would wish to see.

His body was enshrined in a neat temple of green leaves, and was placed in the centre of the church. The pilgrims arrived at dead of night to pray there. They were mostly women, and seemed earnest enough in what they were about. I did not like to see them, however, buying those little bits of cotton which lay moulderiag round the mummy, and putting them into their bosoms.

The church was well lighted; for Mitylene is an oil country. Innumerable lamps hung suspended from the roof everywhere, and some were decorated with very pretty transparencies. If you shut your eye for a minute, they seemed to open on fairy land rather than reality. The hushed scene, the stillness of which was only broken by the pattering feet of some religious maiden approaching the shrine, shawled and mysterious, even here, had something very quaint and fanciful in it. I could have stopped there all night watching them as they passed, dropping buttons (substitutes for small coin given in churches) into the salver of a dingy priest, who sat in the aisle, tablet in hand, to receive orders for masses to be said for the sick or the dead. I liked to watch the business manner in which he raised his reverend hand to get the light well upon his tablet, and adjusted his spectacles as he inscribed each new order from the pilgrims. At last, however, he gathered up his buttons and money, tying them in a bag; and glancing round once more in vain for customers, he went his way into the sacristy. I followed his waddling figure with my eyes till the last lock of his long hair, which caught in the brocaded curtain, had been disentangled, and he disappeared. Then, as the active individual in rusty black, whom I have mentioned as so busy in the ceremony of the morning, seemed desirous of having a few minutes' conversation with me, I indulged him. It was not difficult to perceive, from the tenor of his discourse, that he was desirous of receiving some token of my esteem in small change. It cost little to gratify him; and then, as the church was quite deserted, we marched off together.

Unpleasant.—Being acquainted in your babyhood with one of those impulsive young ladies, who have an ogreish propensity for waylaying little children and devouring them with kisses. or:—

Forming the acquaintance of an amateur violinist, who unhappily discovers you've a taste for music, and assumes the *sequitur* that you've a taste for his, or:—

Being accosted on a Rhine boat by your City greengrocer, while you are comparing notes of fashionable acquaintanceship with your tremendously "exclusive" friends the Swellingtons.

Cards either make the fortune of a man, or ruin him. It all depends upon whether he has money or no money.

Knowing a young man who fancies he's a poet, and spouts his latest nonsense every time he meets you.

Knowing an ex-military man who never misses a chance of explaining, technically, the position of the Russians.

THE THIRTEENTH CHIME.

A LEGEND OF OLD LONDON.

It was in one of the earliest years of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and on a glorious summer's day, that two men sat in earnest conversation together in the oak pannelled parlor of a small house abutting upon St. Paul's Churchyard. The one was a soldier, the other a priest. The former was habited as an officer of the yeomen of the guard—his morion surmounted by a plume of feathers lay before him on the table, and his rich scarlet and gold uniform shone gay and glistening in the sunshine. He was a young man, but vice and unbridled passion were stamped, like Cain's mark, upon his face. His eyes were bloodshot; his mouth coarse and sensual, and his bearing fierce and swaggering. His priestly companion had thrown back his cowl, probably for coolness, and disclosed features, the expression of which, like that of the captain of the guards, was evil, but which, unlike his, was partly redeemed by an appearance of lofty intellectuality. The priest's forehead was high and massive, and his eye deep-set and bright. As he glanced at his companion, his thin, pale lip curled involuntarily, and the scorn of his smile was withering. But the soldier perceived it not, as he carelessly set aside the silver stoup from which he had been imbibing plentiful draughts of sack, and remarked:—

'And so, Bully Friar! thou hast absolved all my sins—truly their name was legion—but that boots not now; they are rubbed away like rust from a sword blade.'

'Doubtless thou art pardoned. Have I not said it?' returned the priest. And as he spoke his lip curled more palpably than ever.

'That swagger, pinned by the cross-bow bolt at Thame?' said he of the yeomen of the guard, beginning anew the muster-roll of his transgressions.

'Think not of it,' replied the priest.

'And the murther done at the Bankside?'

'Forgiven.'

'And the despoiling of the Abingdon mercer?'

'I have absolved.'

'And the vow broken to Sir Hildebrand Grey?'

'It will not count against thee.'

'And the carrying off the pretty Mistress Marjory?'

'Hath been atoned for.'

'And oaths, lies, imprecations innumerable?' rejoined the captain. 'Not so much that I care about such petty matters; but when one is at confession, one may as well make a clean breast of it.'

"In the name of the church, I absolve thee. And now, Captain Wyckhamme, thou must perform a service for me.'

'It is but reasonable. Thou art my helper in matters spiritual—I am thine in matters earthly! We serve each other, Father Francis.'

The worthy Father Francis smiled. It is possible that he deemed the arrangement a better one for himself than for his military friend.

'Therefore say the word,' continued Wyckhamme; 'and, lo! my bountiful forgiver of transgressions, I am thine, for good or evil.

Father Francis bent his keen, black eye steadily upon his companion—gazing as if he would peer into his soul. At length he spoke slowly and calmly—

'Thou hast a yeoman in thy company of guards—one Mark Huntley.'

'Marry, yes. A fine, stalwart fellow; he draws a bow like Robin Hood; and I would ill like to abide the brunt of his partisan. What of him?'

The priest started up—his eyes flashed—his nostrils dilated. Catching Wyckhamme's arm with his brown, sinewy hand, and clutching it convulsively, he said, hoarsely—'Ruin him!'

'Ruin him!' repeated the officer of the guards, somewhat surprised at this unexpected outburst. 'Ruin him! Marry, man, bethink ye; he is the flower of my company.'

'I say, ruin him,' cried the priest. 'Thou art his officer, and there are a thousand ways. Plot—plot—so that he may rot in a dungeon, or swing from a gallows. He is a canker in my heart.'

'But wherefore art thou set against the yeoman, Father?' asked Capt. Wyckhamme.

'He hath crossed my path,' said the priest, moodily.

'Crossed thy path—how?' demanded the soldier.

Father Francis looked wistfully at his questioner, and muttered, "In love."

Captain Wyckhamme struck the table with his fist, until the wine flasks danced again, and then starting to his feet, with a coarse roar of laughter, exclaimed—'Ho, ho! hath it come to this? And so a neat ancle, and buxom cheek, and a gimp waist, were more than a match for thy sanctity! And thy cell was solitary and cold—was it not, Priest? And a man, even though a monk, cannot be always praying, and so thou wouldst take to wooing for an interlude. Brave Sir Priest! Credit me, thou art a man of mettle—a bold friar—an honour to thine order. Nay, thou shalt be the founder of an order—of a family, I mean; and by my halidome, there will be a rare spice of the devil in the breed. But I say, Father, who is she?—what is she?—Do her eyes sparkle? her cheeks glow—her—'

'Silence, babbler,' said the priest, 'her name is too pure a thing for thee to take within thy lips; for thee to speak of her—were mere blasphemy.'

'Ha!' exclaimed Wyckhamme, 'Priest, I say unto thee, beware.'

'Hush! I love her, love her with a depth of passion which things like thee cannot feel or comprehend. I have wrestled—fought with—striven in the darkness and silence of my cell to crush it; but I cannot: she is my light—my air—my life—my God! I have said it—I have sworn it—she shall be mine, although I give body and soul to purchase the treasure.'

The captain looked surprised at this outbreak. "Wilt thou remove this man?' continued the priest after a pause, and speaking in a voice of frightful calmness.

'Hum—why—marry I would do much to oblige thee,' began the soldier—when his companion interrupted him.

'We are in each other's secrets,' he said.

The officer of the guard shrugged his shoulders.

'And with men like us to be in each other's secrets is to be in each other's power.'

The officer of the guard shrugged his shoulders still higher.

'Art thou resolved?' inquired Father Francis quietly.

'I am,' was the reply; 'Mark Huntley will not long live to thwart thee.'

''Tis well,' muttered the priest—'but the blow must be immediate."

'It shall fall to-morrow,' said Wyckhamme; leave the means to me. But I say, Father, how dost thou propose to get possession of the maiden, and when?'

'To-night,' replied the monk, and his eye glistened, 'I am her father confessor.'

Captain Wyckhamme smacked his lips. 'A sweet duty, by my faith, to listen to the fluttering thoughts of youthful female hearts; I almost would I were a monk.'

'Curses on thy licentious tongue,' exclaimed the churchman in a voice of suppressed passion. 'Listen—I have imposed on her a midnight solitary penance. At the dead hour of the night she is to kneel before the shrine of the Virgin in the cathedral. I shall be there.'

'And attempt to carry her off?—she will scream.'

'There are gags.'

'She will fly.'

'There are bonds, and secret keeping-places the world wots not of, at my disposal—while Mark Huntley———'

'Is my part of the job, Priest, it is a well-laid scheme—I think it may prosper.'

'It must,' answered the priest; 'but the sun hath passed the meridian, is it not time thou wert on thy way homeward?

'Marry you say true,' exclaimed the other, 'and I will plot my share in the matter as I ride.'

'Do so,' said the priest, 'and farewell.'

In five minutes Captain Wyckhamme, at-

tended by two yeomen of his troop, was spurring down Ludgate Hill on his way westward —while Father Francis, enveloped in his cowl, paced slowly and thoughtfully back to the cathedral. The people made way for him reverently and bowed low; the father had the reputation of being rich in the odour of sanctity, and many counted themselves happy in his 'Benedicite.'

The hours passed away and it became night—a fair, calm, summer's night in which the moon and stars seemed striving to outshine each other. A deep hush was upon London. The last of the crew of 'prentices, who had been whiling away the lengthened twilight by a noisy game of football in Cheape, had been summoned within doors by his vigilant master, and the streets were left to the occasional home returning reveller, who either paced along with tipsy gravity, or made the old houses ring with snatches of the drinking songs which still buzzed in his ears. The stately mass of old Paul's rose majestically above all humbler tenements, steeped in a flood of moonshine—its quaint carvings and sculptured pinnacles here standing out clear and palpable in the starry air, and there broken by broad masses of deep black shadow.

It was near the hour of midnight when the light figure of a woman closely muffled in its draperies, glided cautiously and timidly along the quiet pavement, and tripped up the steps towards one of the side entrances of the cathedral. The door of a chapelry, from which admittance might be had into the main portion of the building, was open. As she crossed the threshold the damp chill of the air, so different from the genial atmosphere without, made her pause. It was but for a moment, and then she entered the cathedral. It was an awfully solemn place. No work of man's hands could be more grand; its shadowy vastness seemed not of the earth. The eye could only dimly trace its proportions by the gorgeously coloured light admitted by the painted glass, and imagination supplied the rest. Here were the vast clustered pillars, the echoing aisles, the groined and arched magnificence of the roof, and over all a silence like the silence of the dead; the intruder crossed her arms upon her bosom for the place was chill,—and the next moment Mabel Lorne knelt before the shrine of the Virgin. She had hardly passed a minute in devotion when a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder; with a fluttering heart she started to her feet, and beheld the face of Father Francis dimly seen close to hers.

'Father!' she exclaimed.

'Daughter!' returned the priest, in a voice trembling with passionate eagerness, for he thought he had his victim in his clutch, 'Thou must go with me;' and at the same instant, before she could make a motion to prevent him, he slipped a kerchief prepared for the purpose over the lower part of her face and she was unable to utter a sound.

'Come, sweet one, come!' said Father Francis, in a low tremulous voice, as he attempted to seize her arm and waist. Surprise and despair, however, gave Mabel strength,—making a frantic effort, she freed herself from the rude grasp and fled. Uttering a muttered imprecation, the priest pursued, but his flowing robes hindered his progress. With a reeling head, and almost insensible of what she did, Mabel flew over the pavement; she tried to make for the door, but her confusion was too great to enable her to discover it,—she heard the footsteps of the priest close to her, and fled unwitting whither she went.

'Ha! now I have thee,' panted the monk, as the fugitive appeared driven into a corner of the building, and he made a plunge forward to grasp her. He was disappointed. A low-browed door stood open in the wall leading to a spiral stone staircase, and up it she flew like the wind. As Mabel put her foot upon the first step—a loud clang ran through the cathedral—it was the first chime of twelve struck by the great clock. Up—up—up—went pursuer and pursued. Fear gave unnatural swiftness to Mabel, and she rushed upwards—round and round the spiral staircase—as though her feet felt not the stone steps. The priest was close behind—with clenched teeth and glaring eyes; maddened by passion and disappointment, he made desperate efforts to overtake his victim, and sometimes Mabel heard his loud pantings close behind her. Up they went, higher and higher; the gyrations of the stairs seemed endless, and all the while the clock rang slowly out the iron chimes of midnight. The place was dark, but there was nothing to impede one's progress; and here and there bars of white moonlight, shining through loopholes, chequered the gloom. Up! up! higher and faster—but Mabel felt that her limbs were failing her—she made one more effort—one frantic bound, and lo! she saw above her, in a space on which the moonbeams fell, the complicated works of the great clock. She had no breath to raise an alarm which could be heard by those below. She listened to the rapidly mounting footsteps of the priest, and her heart sank within her. Just then the great iron hammer which struck the hours, rang the last stroke of twelve upon the bell. A thought darted like lightning through Mabel's brain,—she might make that iron tongue speak for her. Gliding through the machinery, she mounted among its framework, and grasping the hammer with both hands, she strained every nerve and muscle of her white arm, and slowly raising the ponderous weight let it fall upon the bell, and lo! with a clang which rung through her very brain—THE THIRTEENTH CHIME fell upon the sleeping city.

Breathless was the priest preparing to seize her, when the iron peal for a moment arrested his hand. He looked up—there stood the gentle creature amid the throbbing mechanism—her white hands convulsively clasping the iron, and her face distorted with terror and fatigue. The moonlight showed him all this, and showed him, moreover, the hammer again moving under the maiden's grasp. The danger of his position immediately flashed across him,—he knew that there were many within the chapels and cells attached to the cathedral, sleepless watchers of the hours—and he feared that the unusual number of chimes would attract immediate attention. Muttering a deep curse, he turned, and Mabel heard him hurrying down the staircase. Cautiously she followed, and on reaching the bottom, heard his voice communing with a brother monk.

'I am certain,' said the latter, 'that the clock struck thirteen.'

'So I deemed, Brother Peter,' replied the low tones of the monk; 'and I have come forth to inquire how it could be so.'

Cautiously keeping in the shadow, Mabel glided past the speakers; she saw the door opposite her, and flew towards it. As she ran, Father Francis caught a glimpse of her retreating form, and made a wild gesture of rage and disappointment. The next moment Mabel was in the open air, and was soon locked and bolted in her own little room. Sinking on the floor, she cried bitterly, and then rising, she said, 'I have no friends here—with the first blush of the morning I will procure a good palfrey, and fare forth to Windsor. Mark must know all.'

A bright breezy morning had succeeded the fair calm night, and the sun was yet low in the horizon, when Mabel Lorne, mounted upon a spirited palfrey, left behind her the western outskirts of London, and pushed merrily on through green fields and hedges in the direction of Windsor. Sorely disquieted as she had been by the events of the past night, the jocund influence of the fresh breath of morning, and the merry sunshine, the rapid motion through a fair country, and, above all, the thought of meeting her lover, made Mabel's cheeks bloom, and her eyes sparkle. She caressed the glancing neck of the bounding animal which carried her, and the palfrey answered the touch of its mistress by a loud and joyful neigh, and pressed merrily and speedily onward; and away they went amid leafy hedgerows sparkling with dewdrops and fields of rich rustling corn; and by clumps of gnarled old trees, and jungles of sprouting saplings; and antique, red brick-built old farm houses; and manorial halls embosomed in ancestral trees; and the peaceful walls of distant monasteries. And the smoke was beginning to rise from men's dwellings, in long spiral columns into the clear morning air; and laboring people were already afield, and now and then the fair traveller caught a glimpse of the broad river, with green trees bending over its waters, and sedges upon its banks, and swans floating upon its bosom. Every thing looked calm, and bright, and happy. Mabel's eye wandered over the grand panorama of hill, and dale, and brake, and coppice, stretching out in all their green loveliness before her: and as the massive towers of Windsor Castle rose over the rich expanse, her heart was so full, and yet so light, that she felt as if she could raise her voice and sing as merrily as the birds among the branches.

She would not, however, have so much enjoyed her ride, if she had known who was pressing in hot haste after her. Father Francis, very much discomfited by the bad success of his attempt, and not being altogether easy about the consequences, had watched the maiden more closely than she was aware of, and on her setting out for Windsor,—he had ascertained her destination through a groom,—determined, although he hardly knew for what purpose, to follow the fugitive. Suddenly recollecting, therefore, some ecclesiastical business to be settled with the prior of a monastery near Datchet, the priest provided himself with a pacing mule,—an animal generally used by the churchmen of the period, and the better breeds of which were little inferior in powers of speed and endurance to the horse—and was speedily ambling briskly along the great western road. He saw the fair country around as though he saw it not, and only looked eagerly ahead at every turn of the road, expecting momently to behold the fair fugitive. But he was disappointed—Mabel's palfrey carried her well, and when she drew reign at one of the postern gates of the Castle, the priest was still a good mile behind.

A yeoman of the guard was standing sentinel at the little nail-studded wicket, leaning upon his partisan, and whistling melodiously. To him she addressed herself:—

'You have a comrade named Mark Huntley,' she said; 'fair sir I would speak with him.'

The soldier looked at her with some interest, stopped his whistling, and said hastily, 'Are you Mabel Lorne, fair mistress?'

'That is my name,' said Mabel blushingly.

'Then, by St. George, I am sorry for thee,' returned he of the partisan. 'Mark Huntley was a good fellow and a true—and—'

'*Was!*' shrieked Mabel—'was! He is not dead?'

'Almost as good,' replied the sentinel; 'his captain has accused him of sleeping on his watch, and that thou knowest is death—death without redemption.'

Mabel sank upon the ground. The burly yeoman cursed his own bluntness in blurting

out at once the bad news. 'But she'll soon have another mate,' he muttered, as he stooped over and endeavoured to revive her; 'by my sword hilt she is fair enough for the bride of a belted earl, let alone a poor yeoman.'

'Bring me to him—bring me to him for pity's sake,' faltered Mabel.

'Nay, that may hardly be, pretty one,' said the soldier. 'He is under watch and ward; and by St. George, I think it be near the time when he will be brought before the king.'

'Let me at least see him,' exclaimed Mabel; 'perchance soldier, there is some maiden who loves thee as I do him, and who will one day plead on her bended knees for one last look at the man for whom her heart is breaking!'

'I will see what can be done,' said the honest yeoman.

He was as good as his word — for summoning some of his comrades, with whom Mark Huntley had been a general favorite, he spoke apart to them; a few minutes Mabel found herself smuggled into a lofty arched hall, with deep gothic moulded windows, and furnished with ponderous oaken settles. Her friends the yeomen kept her in the midst of their group, enjoining upon her the necessity of preserving a perfect silence. Hardly had she looked around her, and noted a large unoccupied chair covered with crimson cloth, upon the dais at the upper end of the hall, when a priest, closely cowled, glided in, and took his station in a corner of the place. She saw not his face, but she *felt* that the priest was Father Francis. All at once the groups of officers and knights, who were sauntering, gossiping, and laughing through the hall, became silent, and placed themselves round the unoccupied chair—there was a moment's pause, and a portly man with broad, stern face, decorated with a peaked beard walked into the hall. His doublet was richly adorned, and at his belt he carried a short poniard.

This was King Henry VIII.

Throwing himself carelessly into the chair prepared for him, he said in a deep stern voice, "Bring forth the prisoner, and let his accuser likewise appear.

There was a short bustle—a heavy door creaked upon its hinges, and Mabel's heart swelled within her, and her limbs trembled, as she saw Mark Huntley, bound, led before the king. But a second look partly reassured her. His cheek was pale; but there was in the firmness of his step, and the proud glance of his eye, the mighty strength of conscious innocence. Opposite to him stood Captain Wyckhamme—his eye bloodshot, and his hand trembling; and many who carefully scanned the countance of the two, turned to each other, and whispered that the accuser looked more guilty than the accused.

'Captain Wyckhamme,' said Henry, 'this man was found asleep upon his post?'

'I deeply grieve to say it, my liege', answered Captain Wyckhamme, bowing low, 'but such is the fact. On going my rounds last night, shortly after midnight, I surprised him in a most sound sleep, and for this I vouch, so help me God!'

"Prisoner, what sayest thou to the charge?' demanded Henry.

'That it is a foul lie, and that he who makes it knows it is a lie!' exclaimed Mark Huntley with firmness.

'How, varlet! ejaculated the king, ; wouldst thou put thy word against the oath of a gentleman, and thine officer?'

"Yes, said the prisoner, 'marry that would I—I say he speaks falsely, and I have proof.'

'Proof!' replied the king; God's my life—we will hear proof, but it must be strong to bear down the word of an approved loyal gentleman like Captain Wyckhamme. What is this proof of thine, sirrah?'

'"This, so please your majesty,' said Mark Huntley. 'Last night I kept the middle watch on the Eastern tower. The air was still and calm, except that now and then a gentle breath came from the direction of London. As I mused I thought I heard a low, faint, very faint, clang as of a bell. I listened, and heard it again and again—the light breeze bore it still fresher upon mine ear—it was the great bell of St. Paul's striking midnight—and as I am a true man, *the clock rung thirteen chimes.*'

A woman's scream, loud and thrilling, rung through the hall, and Mabel bursting from the yeomen by whom she was surrounded sprung forward, and throwing herself at Henry's feet, shrieked rather than spoke.'

'It is true—it is true—these hands did it—these hands rung the thirteenth chime. He is innocent—justice, my liege, I demand justice.'

'God's life, sweetheart, this is a strange matter,' replied Henry; 'but rise, thou shalt have justice—thy king promises it.'

'It was a plot—a base plot for his death and my dishonour,' exclaimed Mabel; 'but God hath overthrown it. Look at his accuser, sire—look, he changes colour, he trembles—*he* is the guilty one, not Mark.'

Henry arose and bent his keen eye upon Captain Wyckhamme. 'But how camest thou to ring this thirteenth chime, woman? he asked.

'I will tell thee,' said Mabel eagerly. 'I was lured at midnight into the cathedral; violence was offered to me even at the shrine of the Virgin; I fled into the belfry, and there caused the thirteenth chime to sound for the purpose of raising an alarm. I did it to save myself—lo! it hath saved my lover.'

'Who pursued thee thither?' asked the king.

'A priest,' replied Mabel, 'and he is here.'

Henry looked quickly around; his eye fell upon the sombre figure of the monk, and he exclaimed, let the priest stand forward.'

The robed figure advanced, and then remained motionless.

'Throw back thy cowl,' said the king.

The priest moved not, but an officious yeoman twitched it aside, and discovered the features of Father Francis.

'It is he!' exclaimed Mabel.

Henry looked from the churchman to his captain of the guards. The face of the former was of a deadly pallid hue, and his lips convulsively compressed, but he manifested no further emotion. It was different with Wyckhamme. Physical courage he had plenty of, but of moral bravery he had none. The king looked fixedly at him—his limbs trembled—he caught hold of the oaken table for support, and gasped as if for breath. There was an awful pause.

'Mercy! mercy!' faultered Wyckhamme. 'I will confess.'

'Traitor and coward!' shouted Father Francis, 'we are lost.'

'Seize that priest,' said the king, with a voice like a trumpet.

Father Francis made a quick motion of one of his hands towards his face, and then dashing aside with a convulsive effort the brawny arms laid upon him, he exclaimed—

'Away! I am beyond your reach.'

His pale lip curled into a smile of triumph—then his face became livid and changed its expression—the eye glazed—foam appeared at the mouth, and the monk, still wearing that grim smile of defiance and contempt, fell heavily forward on the floor.

When they raised Father Francis he was dead. The monk knew the secret of many strong poisons.

'Then thy accusation was false,' said the king.

'Pardon, sire, it was; but the priest—the priest set me on—pardon—,' faltered the wretched Wyckchamme, who had sunk in a quivering heap upon the ground.

'Take him away,' said Henry,—'to death! Huntley shall assume his rank; and now,' he took Mabel's hand and placed it in that of her lover, 'my faithful sentinel, receive thy bride.'

The worst extravagance is drinking. The man who drinks is sure to lose his head. Never put wine on the table, unless it is the card-table, and then it isn't for you to partake of it.

Becoming acquainted with a man in difficulties, who can always see a way to retrieve his fortune, if he had but a paltry fi' pun' note to start him.

Knowing a young lady who (not otherwise insane), keeps an album, and asks you every time she sees you, to contribute.

ASLEEP WITH THE FLOWERS.

Fictis jocari nos meminerit fabulis.—Phoedr. Prol.

"METHINKS, if flowers had voices, they would sing a wonderous sweet music!" thought I to myself one summer's evening, as I carelessly wandered by a brook that meandered through a sweet variety of setting sun-light and shade, trees and lovely blossoms, rocky margins and interruptions, that made the little petulant water murmur its disquiet; and then, again, green velvet banks, under whose sleepy influence it seemed to sink into a motionless tranquility—like an infant tired into slumber by its waywardness and passion!

On one of those damask cushions, as I laid me down, Thompson's beautiful lines, from his "Castle of Indolence," occurred to me, and I whispered to myself,

"A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was;
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flashing round a summer sky!"

I think it is fortune that says, "J'ai toujours cru, et le crois encore que le sommeil est une chose invincible. Il n'y a procès, ni affliction, ni amour qui tienne;"and I found it so on this occasion; for though I frequently endeavoured to dismiss my somnolency, that I might enjoy the sweet scene around me, it proved to be "une chose invincible," and accordingly I was fast asleep in a few moments.

But if my eyes closed upon a sweet scene of this world, they opened to one of more delicate beauty and delight in the land of vision. I thought, or dreamed, I was in a place where the flowers were the only animated beings. At first melody seemed to me to be a respirable quality of its atmosphere; for I heard soft melancholy cadences murmuring sweet echoes to my own breathings, low and gentle as they were; but which afterwards I found were,the flowers' voices; and, if ever harmony "rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes, and stole upon the air," 'twas in that dream, where "the painted populace that dwell the fields" were the minstrels!

The novelty of my situation presented such a mixture of diffidence and delight, fear of intrusion yet wish to stay, that I should have sunk quite confused, had not a most gentle strain of indescribable sweetness stolen upon my senses, and completely absorbing my attention, left me quite indifferent to every other consideration.

Unused as my mortal ears were to such delicate harmonies, I listened with a rapture bordering upon insanity to a whispered *Pastorale*, that required my most breathless attention to follow up; but what was my ecstasy when, at its almost noiseless conclusion, I heard breathing distinctly, but still faintly, on every side around me, the following

CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

Hear our tiny voices, hear!
Lower than the night-wind's sighs;
'Tis we that to the sleeper's ear
Sing dreams of Heaven's melodies!
Listen to the songs of flow'rs—
What music is there like to ours?

Look on our beauty—we were born
On a rainbow's dewy breast,*
The cradled by the noon or morn,
Or that sweet light that loves the west!
Look upon the face of flow'rs—
What beauty is there like to ours?

You think us happy while we bloom
So lovely to your mortal eyes;—
But we have hearts, and there's a tomb
Where ev'n a flow'ret's peace may lie.
Listen to the songs of flow'rs—
What melody is like to ours?

Hear our tiny voices, hear!
Lower than the night-wind's sighs—
'Tis we that to the sleeper's ear
Sing dreams of heaven's melodies!
Listen to the songs of flow'rs—
What melody is like to ours?

A little emboldened, for I now began to think I was not an unwelcome intruder, I straightway commenced examining the fairy scene that everywhere saluted my enraptured sense. There seemed to be no particular climate influencing it. Nature had congregated her wildest varieties into one harmonious link; the seasons forgetting their animosities, joined hand in hand, and by their united friendliness made all seem tempered down into such gentle peace that acacias and fir-trees, snow-drops and roses, myrtles and mistletoes, were all seen embracing each other in happy oblivion of their respective times and localities.

I took a pathway that led me gently down a sloping lawn, determined to search every cranny of this wilderness of sweets. I had not wandered far before I was riveted with new delight by a low melancholy breathing that issued from a thicket of sweet-smelling shrubs whose perfume seemed to be the only difficulty that its music had to struggle through. Here, laying myself down upon a moss bank, I listened with astonishment and delight to the

SONG OF THE MAY-ROSE.

Moonlight! moonlight! walking above me,
This is the hour,
This is the hour,
That a sweet one † comes to whisper, "I love thee."
Here in my bow'r—
Here in my bow'r!

Moonlight! moonlight! bid him haste to me,
Or the rude breeze,
Or the rude breeze
In his airy flights may venture to woo me
'Mid the dark trees—
'Mid the dark trees!

Moonlight! moonlight! one of Earth's daughters,
With a wild lute,
With a wild lute,
Last ev'ning so sweet o'er the waters
My bird was mute,
My bird was mute!

Moonlight! moonlight! think'st thou he'd leave me
For one so pale,
For one so pale!
Yet, dear moonlight? if he deceive me,
Tell not the tale—
Tell not the tale!

The jealous minstrel had scarcely ended her sweet complaining, when another gentle voice, but "less steeped in melancholy," arose from a dark stream, that silently flowed at the foot of my resting-place, and filled the listening air around us with melody and joy.

SONG OF THE WATER-LILY.

The Rose has her nightingale—I have my swan,
Tho' our loves are but known to a few:
When the rose is decay'd and the nightingale gone,
My bloom and my lover are true!
Oh! 'tis sweet, ere the ev'ning is low in the west,
To see him spread out his fair wings,
And float down the stream on his loved lily's breast
To slumber while fondly she sings.

In the fables of old there's a story that Jove
Strew'd my leaves o'er the couch of his rest,
But 'twas only once plumed in the form of my love,
To my bosom he ever was prest!
Oh! ne'er for a moment, with ev'n the first
Of immortals, could I be untrue
To the dear one that here from my infancy nursed
Both my love and my loveliness too!

Then haste, dearest, haste to your lily that lies
On the waves of our shadowy stream:—
Tune the lyre of your wing* to her fond whisper'd sighs,
And more than of Heaven she'll dream!
Though they say that the souls of the flowers again †
May win back their paradise pride,
Here on these slow waters I'd ever remain
While you call me your loved lily-bride!

The lily ceased, and, startled by the applauded echoes, hid her warm rising blushes in the cold deep water, and was heard no more. In vain I pursued the path of the streamlet, in the hope of seeing her emerge to let me look upon her beauty; but she came not, and I wandered on in quest of other enjoyments, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies!"

* "It hath been observed by the ancients, that where a rainbow seemeth to touch or hang over, there breatheth forth a sweet smell."—BACON.

† The nightingale, celebrated in many a poem as the OSE'S CHERE AMIE.

* The snowy swan, that like a fleecy cloud
Sails o'er the crystal of reflected heaven
(Some waveless stream,) while through his reedy wings
The zephyr makes such distant melody,
That up we gaze upon the twilight stars.
And think it is the spheral music.—ANON.

† It is either Marmontel or Dr. Hay on Miracles, or somebody else, who is of opinion that those angels who stood neuter in the heavenly rebellion have been banished from paradise to take upon them the grosser existence of materiality in various shapes, as a punishment for their indifference,—(hence our fairies, sylphs, elves' &c., dwelling in fountains, flowers, caves, and echoes.)—and that after a certain period passed in such lenient exile, the gates of felicity will be again open to them.

As I passed by a green lane, there came forth a gentle rush of soft night-wings, that seemed to have been chased by some flowers—"too rudely questioned by their breath," if I might be allowed to infer so from the sweets that followed them. They soon passed on, and once more I was stopped to listen to

THE SONG OF THE ANEMONE.

Oh! why my frail love,
Why dost thou rove,
Zephyr, why faithless and free?
You may woo in her bower
A lovelier flower,
But will she adore you like me?
No—no———
She will not adore you like me!

Remember the day,
When fainting away,
Zephyr, you whisper'd to me:
There was not a flower,
In lawn or in bower,
Would open her bosom to thee—
No—no—
Would open her bosom to thee?

Oh! then this fond breast
That loves you the best.
Zephyr, gave welcome to thee;*
Ah! rover, fly on—
When I'm dead and gone
You'll ne'er find a flower like me—
No—no—
You'll ne'er find a flower like me!

At the conclusion of this reproachful ditty, I fell into a reverie about devoted affections, and the almost invariable ingratitude that awaits them. I could not but fancy the anemone a beautiful girl that had cast away the jewel of her heart upon a worthless one, and who found even in the language of reproach a new vent for the protestation of her love and fidelity. I made several attempts to throw off my growing and constantly-attendant feeling of morbid disquiet and melancholy, till suddenly my ears were merrily assailed by a song of so totally a different character from the last, that I hailed it as a timely relief from the gloom and misanthropy I was, half-pleased, allowing to steal over me; and accordingly, though with somewhat of a struggle against "Il Penseroso," I duly attended to "L'Allegro" of the

SONG OF THE BEE-FLOWER.†

I'm the Cupid of flowers.
A merry light thing;
I'm the lord of these bowers,
And rule like a king!
There is not a leaf
Ever thrill'd with the smart
Of Love's pleasant grief,
But was shot through the heart
By me—by me—little mischievous sprite!
Kindling a love-match is all my delight!

I'm the Cupid of flowers,
And would not forego
My reign in these bowers
For more than I know:
It's so pleasant to make
A tall blossom bow,
And humbly forsake
Her rash maiden-vow,
To me—to me—little mischievous sprite!
Kindling a love-match is all my delight!

I'm the cupid of flowers;
And Venus' his son
Ne'er had in his bowers
More frolick or fun;
Like him, too, I'm arm'd
With my honey and sting;
The *first* till I've charm'd,
Then the *last*, and take wing.
Away—away—little mischievous sprite!
Kindling a love-match is all my delight!

In truth, light-hearted minstrel," said I, at the close of his tuneful merriment, "Kindling a love-match," at one time, has been a "delight" even unto me: but *tempora mutantur*, and I am now as blank a page as ever was opened in the chronicles of the heart!" So saying, I looked around me for a bed of lettuce to lie down upon, and forget my grief; thinking that if it once served as an opiate to Venus herself after the death of Adonis, it might, on the present occasion, help me to forget the painful memories that were crowding "thick and fast" upon my feverish brain. A cluster of green leaves closely entwined in each other, for a moment made me think I had found the resting-place I sought for; but on stooping down to examine them more minutely, I discovered they were "Lilies of the Valley," those nuns of the *green* veil, that they were preparing their evening hymn; and as I always respect the devotional exercises of every creed and clime, I stood apart in reverential silence to hear the

VESPER SONG OF THE CONVALL LILIES.

Listen! how the breezes swell,
Like fairy music wreathing
Through the windings of a shell,
(Now near, now distant breathing,)
Murmurs sweet the choral hymn
Our green convent duly sends
To that hour divinely dim,
Ere night begins or daylight ends;—
When the mix'd beauty of the skies
Has that soft character of mien,
Which plays upon a girl's blue eyes
When suddenly their joy has been
Shadow'd by thinking of a stranger,
From whom, though vain and hopeless tie,
The world or friends could never change her!
The dream round which her memory
Clings close and fond, like ivy on
The ruin of some holy shrine,
Whose real life is dead and gone,
Though life seems wrapping its decline!
Listen to the breeze's swell,
Like fairy music wreathing
Through the windings of a shell,
Now near, now distant breathing!

*The flowers of the anemone expand when the wind blows upon them.

†A species of the Orchis.

Hark! deep down the silent dell,
The daughters* of the Night-Wind bear
The stream of tuneful Hydromel,
That music poured upon the air!
Faintly how it falls away,
A cascade of sweet sighs to rest,
Almost as noiseless as the day
Dies in the valleys of the west!

As they finished their hymn, the flowers closed themselves up in their "green convent," and left me once more alone with my reflections. A twilight vista through an aperture in a "bosky dell," gave me a faint view of a distant sea-shore, which seemed so lonely, grey, and desolate, that it instantly accorded with my soul's sadness. So, heedless of other temptations that saluted me by the way, I rudely trode on, trampling many a fair blossom in my eagerness to arrive at what to me is the ecstasy, both in situation and time, of all melancholy pleasure,—a lonely walk along an unfrequented shore on a windy evening, in the close of the autumn, when the deciduous trees make their shrill whistlings and complaints against the relentless blast, and the beach-wave of the "desert sea" (as Homer beautifully calls it) keeps up a constant diapason of restlessness and sighs.

The sun was fast sinking behind the glorious architecture that he had been for some time constructing with the western clouds; evening—grey evening—was coming slowly on, and I fancied I should have a delirium of enjoyment in this my most favorable solitude. But, alas! I was soon deprived of this anticipation, for a melancholy whisper soon convinced me that I was not alone in my grief; and as it breathed its sorrows in such gentle words, I stood still and heard—

THE SONG OF THE EVENING PRIMROSE.†

Hour beloved, e'en by the cold moon,
Is thy calm beauty coming soon?
Why does the sunbeam's noisy light
Linger so long o'er the mountain's height?
Hither! come hither, my vesper grey!
I've many a sweet, sad thing to say,
Evening! Evening! hasten to me;
'Tis thy own Flower that's singing to thee!
Hither! come hither!
Hither! hither!

Leave me not here to be the scorn
Of happier blossoms, and forlorn
On my lone bank—fond, foolish Flower,
To weep for the absent, unkind hour,
That told me to meet him at this cold time.‡
Thus killing me with my own sweet prime!
Evening! Evening! hasten to me;
'Tis thy own Flower that's singing to thee!
Hither! come hither!
Hither! hither!

"Pshaw!" said I, with an inward feeling of disappointment and vexation, "even a flower of the humblest class can rival me in my most sacred, and, as I thought, exclusive feelings; so turning away, I had retraced my steps to the deepest recesses of the wood. Here, again, I imagined I should be free to ruminate; but a series of small sounds, resembling the jangling of sweet bells, awoke the moment I sat down; and though in despair of being ever again left to my own disturbed communion, I listened with a forced patience to

THE SONG OF THE HAREBELL.

List! list! my blue bells are ringing,
Ye day-flowers round me that lie;
List! list! their low sweet singing
Now tells you the evening is nigh!
Droop your fair heads, close your bright eyes,
Every young blossom that loves sunny skies;
Did not your Queen tell you last night,
Flowers of the day should not see the moonlight?
Lullaby! lullaby!

List! list! my blue bells are ringing,
Ye day-flowers, sleep o'er the plain;
At morn with low sweet singing
I'll call you from slumber again:
Have you not heard that beauty's fair sleep
Is ere the dews of the midnight can weep?
Rest then! when flowers that love the night
Look pale and wan, you'll be blooming and bright!
Lullaby! lullaby!

The singer had scarcely ceased, when a confused and hurried rustling noise of closing leaves convinced me that he had sufficient dominion over the vassals under his jurisdiction or bailiwick. His bells continued to ring on with an impertinent impatience; and I was just on the point of remonstrating with him for his tyranny and oppression, when my indignation was soothed into perfect tranquillity and attention by

THE CURFEW SONG OF THE DAY-FLOWERS.

Hark! 'tis our curfew bell;—
Dew-dropping hour,
Stilly and calm,
O'er leaf and flower
Breathing balm,—
Last blush of day, farewell!
Sisters! good night!
Sweet be your dreams,
While the moonlight
Over you beams!
Good night! good night!

A haunch of venison upon credit is cheaper than a mutton-chop that you have to pay ready money for.

Borrow much, and lend little. This maxim may be called the Height of Economy. Practise it largely, and you are sure to grow rich.

Being expected at a pic-nic to do all the work, because everybody knows you're "such a good-natured fellow."

One should lead an upright life for very many reasons; but especially for this—that you may be able to despise your servants' tongues.

Poverty, bitter though it be, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous.

We are too apt to rate ourselves by our fortunes, rather than our virtues.

* the Greeks and Latins call an echo the IMAGE, and the Hebrews DAUGHTER of the voice.

† The Oenothera biennis of botanists.

‡ "The rathe primrose that forsaken dies," says Milton, alluding to the common Primula veris.

A POLITICAL ALLEGORY.

"At the base of an extensive chain of mountains, whose summits touched the skies, once dwelt a people celebrated for wisdom, piety and valor. Time, which destroys all things, has obliterated their original name. Divided from the rest of mankind, on the one side by inaccessible mountains, and on all other sides by the ocean, it was upon that element only that they held any commerce with other nations. Their geographical position, fortified by naval defences, secured them from foreign invasion. Whilst other countries were ravaged by hostile armies, and famine and pestilence, which follow in their track, this happy people read of the calamities of war only in their gazettes. The song of triumph was often sung at their festivals, but the shout of victory was never heard in their fields. In these were seen only the traces of agriculture and abundance, whilst their cities resounded with the busy hum of industry, or the cheerful tones of amusement. Their institutions, founded in great antiquity, had been prudently accommodated to the change of circumstances, and improved gradually by time, and a constant attention to preserve their true spirit and practical advantages. They were always mending, but never reforming. In the true spirit of patriotism, they loved their laws and institutions not only for their intrinsic value, but because they had inherited them from their fathers, had been imbued with them from their infancy, and found them moulded up with, and grafted into, their language, their manners, and their habits. Ideal forms of government they treated as the amusement of conversation, not as the practical business of life. They considered them as the statesmen of Rome considered the various systems of philosophy taught by the Greeks, worthy of being studies '*disputandi causa, non ita vivendi.*' They acknowledged nothing abstract, either in virtue, or liberty, or law. Habit, practice, and experience, they looked upon as the true sources of attachment, and the surest foundations of knowledge. They were not less remarkable for devotion to their religion. Before revelation had shed its light amongst men, the constellations of the heavens were the most natural objects of wonder and veneration. This people worshipped the sun and the moon. To the first they ascribed the powers of life and fertility. To his influence they acknowledged their obligations for the blessings of corn, and wine, and oil, and all the fruits of the earth by which man is nourished, and all the flowers of the field by which his senses are delighted. Their hearts swelled with gratitude, and their lips sounded with praise, when they bent towards his rising orb as the author of these inestimable gifts. But when ascended above the horizon, he darted his beams through the misty clouds of morning and melted them from before him, they found his face too bright to be looked at; they averted their eyes from a radiance they could no longer endure and sought refuge in the temple dedicated to his worship, where they adored, in silent awe, the surpassing splendor of his meridian glory. A sense of unbounded power was mingled with their devotion; they felt conscious of an influence that could destroy as well as preserve; and they were filled with reverence and fear when they sought to propitiate a god at once incomprehensible and unapproachable. Not with less reverence; but with less fear, they worshipped the moon. In her they contemplated chiefly the attribute of benevolence, which spread a mild lustre over her countenance, and adorned it with ineffable grace. As she rose from behind their lofty mountains, she became a signal for the cessation of labor, and the approach of pleasure. Those nights of the month, when she shone in her fullest beauty, were dedicated to social amusement, mixed with religious rites. Songs of praise and the harmony of musical instruments expressed and elevated their gratitude. The wide expanse of heavens formed the temple of the goddess, illuminated only by the chaste and silvery flood of light which she poured upon her votaries. These nights were passed in processions, in festivity, in dancing. Devotion was mingled with their amusement, and piety was a portion of their joy. They had a religious establishment which enjoined these rites, and cultivated these feelings. The rules of morality were inculcated by their preachers, and corroborated by the sanction of religion; and the habits of the youth were formed to a love of peace, order, and virtue. But neither the power nor the happiness of a nation can endure for ever. After many ages of unexampled prosperity—the admiration and envy of the world—the harmony of this people began to be disturbed by a sect of dissenters from the worship of the sun. At the first, these were but few in number, and had only declared a preference for the moon as the purest object of adoration. The unmixed delight which she gave, the habitual pleasure and gaiety that accompanied her periodical splendour, were the first allurements of these her votaries towards their new heresy. At length, by the incessant practice of extolling her superior claims, and directing their devotions to her, the religious admiration and fervour which she excited began to be extravagant and exclusive. Her beauty, her charms, her power, her virtues, were their constant themes of celebration and praise, till she began to rob the true deity of worship, and her partisans ventured openly to deny the divinity of the sun. Whilst their numbers were inconsiderable, they gave no alarm to the government or the church, and were allowed to preach their new doctrine without molestation or controversy. But as this doctrine was founded on the mixture of pleasure with devotion, and appealed for its truth to the senses, it possessed a charm for the multitude which engrossed their passions and inflamed their zeal. The proselites increased, and their numbers encouraged the boldness of the preachers. It was in vain that the regular clergy endeavoured to call the people back from their frenzy by appealing to the past, by reminding them of all the blessings they had enjoyed for so many years under the united worship of the sun and the moon; by admonishing them that the theories of their new instructors, however specious, were not founded on experience nor capable of proof. The arguments of the church served but to kindle new zeal in her opponents. They treated her defenders as actuated by a sense of personal interest, or as governed by antiquated prejudices; they ridiculed experience as the test

of reasoning; and treated the wisdom of past ages as a mere topic to delude the present, to throw a mist of prejudice over the eye of reason, and to fetter the freedom of inquiry. They resented the aid which the government afforded to the national worship as an unjust interference with the rights of man; and they denounced as intolerance the support of one form of worship and the encouragement of one system of religious opinions. They published pamphlets, without number, to prove that all mildness, charity, and benevolence, flowed from the moon; that the sun was rather an object of terror; that his influence was malignant; that his burning rays would dry up and consume the earth, but for the kindly rain and refreshing dews, which they ascribed to the labours of the moon. They taught that between these two luminaries there was a constant struggle, in which the moon prevailed; that she was engaged, during her recess, in throwing darkness over the night, to counteract the effect of the excessive light with which he dazzled the eyes of men in the day; that when she appeared in the firmament with him, it was to mitigate the fervour of his rays; and when she beamed in her soft glories—the sovereign of the night—it was to give to the world a foretaste of the undying rapture which would attend her sole dominion. From these premises they deduced, by plain reasoning, that the safety, as well as the happiness of man, depended on the moon; and a corresponding duty on their part to worship her alone, and by sacrifice and prayer to propitiate her and encourage her to shine the brighter and the longer for their benefit. They gained many proselytes by their reasoning, but more by their eloquence in preaching. This, they practised chiefly during the full of the moon, to vast congregations assembled under the canopy of the heavens, made resplendent by the orb which the preachers invoked, to which the eyes of all the audience were turned, and from which they imbibed at once an impression of the truth and of the delight of their religion. Then the preachers triumphantly declaimed against the bigotry of the Sunnites, who persevered in their infatuated worship even at the very moment when they were driven by the fury of their god to hide their faces from his view in temples and in caverns, where his scorching beams could not penetrate. Lastly, they denounced the government, in unmeasured language, for giving countenance to the established worship, and for allowing any worship, whatever to be established. So great was the enthusiasm excited by these means, and so vast the multitude which shared it, that, for three or four nights in every month, the authorities of the state were in danger: and it became a question whether a sudden and immense revolution would not be effected by the popular fury. When the leaders of the new sect had advanced thus far, they thought it better to aim at the power they sought by more constitutional means. They gradually established their influence in the primary assemblies of the people; and finally obtained a majority in the grand council of the nation. When they had accomplished this, they no longer disguised their intention of destroying all religions and all literature but their own. They prohibited, by law, any worship but that of the moon; they destroyed the temples erected to the sun, and made it penal to offer any homage to him, or to profess any respect for him. Those who still adhered to the ancient religion, could no longer testify their creed by their conduct: the greater part were obliged to conform to the established discipline; some were banished by public authority; and others sought freedom in voluntary exile, and became the founders of religion in other countries, where they taught the worship of the sun. No sooner had the followers of the moon thus gained the power of the state, than they in their turn were disturbed by a new sect, which improved upon their doctrines. This new sect was founded upon the admitted basis of the first,—that all true felicity was derived from the moon. But they deduced from this, as a necessary consequence, that it was the duty and the interest of all true believers to come as near to the moon as possible, and to dwell in her perpetual light. They pointed out that notwithstanding the happy change which had recently taken place in the banishment of a false worship, and the establishment of exclusive power in the true believers, yet the moon hath neither shone more brightly, nor increased the number of nights in the month when she blazed in the fulness of her majesty; that the nation was in no respect happier, nor wiser, nor richer, than before; on the contrary, they had lost certain temporal advantages in the absence of many wealthy citizens who, preferring exile to the abandonment of the worship of their ancestors, had transferred themselves and their substance to foreign countries. It was manifest, therefore, that something yet remained to be done for the attainment of true happiness, and to carry out the principles of the late revolution. They shewed to the people that, when the moon rose from behind the mountain, she always touched it; that, when she was at the full, she rested for several moments upon the summit before she ascended into the heavens; and that, during such time, her orb was dilated with apparent satisfaction, if not with reluctance to quit the mountain. From these signs, and from the principles already established they deduced, as a natural consequence, the duty of the people to sacrifice every other pursuit in life to the grand object of approaching and touching the moon. It was true that the mountain, beyond a certain height, had been deemed inaccessible, but nothing could resist enthusiasm aided by the divine influence; that when the whole nation should arrive at the summit of the mountain, the moon might very possibly resolve to remain there, and dwell with them forever: but, at all events, those who desired it would enjoy the inestimable privilege of touching her and be gainers of immortal life and felicity, whether they became absorbed in her substance, or were allowed, retaining their present forms, to accompany her eternal course in the paradise of her beams. It is incredible with what rapidity this new sect gained credit with the people. Their old attachments once broken, they yielded the more readily to the last novelty. The acknowledged disappointment of their late hope combined, with the desire of consistency, to make them adopt the new theory. The leaders of the late revolution, in order to retain their power,

were compelled to place themselves at the head of the new movement, and to increase the impetuosity with which the popular tide overwhelmed all judgment and prudence. The resolution, suggested by the new preachers, was at length adopted, after much debate and various expedients of delay. By a solemn convention and decree, the whole nation was bound to desert their dwellings and their occupations, and to assemble at the foot of the mountain at a period appointed for the purpose, being the night before the full of the moon: thence they were to proceed, in a mass, to ascend by all practicable means. An inconceivable multitude—some furnished with musical instruments, some with scaling-ladders, some with sacks and baskets of provisions—assembled accordingly, and began their march. Many, worn out and exhausted by the labour, died in their progress; many perished by falling between the clefts of the mountain: many, disappointed and disgusted, would have turned back, but were pushed forward by the multitude moving from below. Repentance came too late to save them. Their footsteps could not be retraced: they were borne upwards, till in their turn they ceased to exist. Thus this great and famous nation perished by its own frenzy. The small number, which, by incredible exertion and fanaticism, reached the summit of the mountain, were mortified and disgusted beyond expression, to find that they were no nearer to the moon than before. They cast themselves down, and wept in despair. Those who recovered wandered away from each other, and became dispersed amongst the nations of the earth, without the name which distinguished them as a people. They appeared to have lost their powers of reason, and of just perception; and gave birth to a tradition which long prevailed—that the wits of man, when lost, were to be found in the moon. The remnant of this people, scattered over the face of the earth, is still known by an appellation connected with their fate. Their number is inconsiderable, in comparison with the mass of any nation amongst whom they dwell. But it has, of late, been much on the increase; and there is reason to fear that, if they should become the majority, they would exercise the power and the right, which a majority is admitted to have, of locking up the minority in bedlams and lunatic asylums: for it is one of their most inveterate maxims—that reason resides with the multitude, and that the majority can never do wrong."

Money lost is deplored with genuine tears.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness.

Nothing is more irksome than the forced airiness and jocularity of a man bred to severe science and solitary meditation.

"Let not sleep," says Pythagoras, "fall upon thine eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone that I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done be troubled, and rejoice for the good."

THE STUDENT'S BRIDE.

'A Year ago—a year ago—now will I make you confess,' said Blanche; 'can you remember a year ago?'

'Perfectly,' replied the Student.

'This very night?'

'This very night. I remember it more perfectly because it was my birthday.'

'What were you doing? What were you saying? What were you thinking?'

'Doing nothing. Saying nothing.'

'Thinking?'

'Yes, I was thinking. Nothing, dear Blanche could be more unlike my last birthday than the present. For a moment I had gone back to that joyless existence when your voice recalled me to my present happiness. I was alone in my solitary dwelling—alone in my quiet chamber. You do not know what it is to have a home which you enter without welcome, and leave without regret. The charities of life warmed not for me. My chamber looked into a burial ground. The very grass feeds on the mortal part of the immortal. Nay, do not shudder.'

'I have never seen death,' said Blanche.

'And to me the dying and the dead are as familiar and daily things,' said the Student. 'Yet since I have known you, I confess that I cannot approach them with the same calm and undisturbed spirit that I was wont to carry.'

'Do not mention them,' exclaimed she; 'they are but shadows over our happiness.'

'Picture me there in my dismal chamber. My lamp burning—my books around me. Dust accumulating over my manuscripts, and my manuscripts accumulating too, for he who does not speak his thoughts must write them. I was always more lonely in the summer than the winter, because my fire is in some sense a companion, not for its comfort, but for its inscrutable origin, its mysterious existence, and its mighty power.—Well, dearest, there sat I until well nigh overcome by a sense of oppression, of suffocation, by the torment of a parched tongue, and heated brain. Oh, Blanche! believe me that I rejoice to see that smooth brow unruffled and unwrinkled by the toil of thought.'

'Nay,' said Blanche, 'is not that so doubtful a compliment that I am almost bounden to let you see it ruffled by a frown.'

'Indeed no. Men arrive at right conclusions through a long train of wearying argument—women, by an instantaneous and just conviction.—And indeed, dear Blanche, the toil of the slave beneath the torrid zone, with the lash at his back, is as nothing to the stretch of mental labour.—Through the whole of that last birthday had I been taxing this poor intellect to the uttermost. I had scarcely tasted food, nor exchanged word with any human being, when the clock of the cathedral warned me of the solemn and witching hour of night.'

'And then you went to your pillow to dream?'

'I did not,'

'Then whither?'

'Do not ask me.'

'I must know,' she answered with pretty waywardness.

'Ask me some other question.'

'Yes, but first answer me this. On your allegiance.

'I went into my dissecting room,' he said, gravely and sadly.

Blanche hastily snatched away the hand that he was holding, and with an exclamation of horror turned away.

'I knew,' he said, 'that I should shock and offend you; but now, dear Blanche, exercise your reason. Throughout that day I had been pursuing a laborious investigation, and I went to illustrate and prove the truth of its results. Believe me, that I could not lightly invade the sanctity of the dead, or approach it with an irreverent hand. It was because I felt the inveteracy of death, that I strove to grapple with it in its strong holds—because I had seen the tears of the orphan and the wife that I had laboured through many days, and had made it my companion through many nights—for so I hoped to repel it in one of its boldest forms of approach. And now will you think that my touch will pollute your hand?'

Seemingly Blanche did not think so, for she suffered him to retain it.

'And the result?' asked she.

'The result,' answered he. 'Oh! the result was, that I became acquainted with you, and all other results were swallowed up in that.'

'Shall I thank you or chide you for that compliment.

'Do not ask me. To a certain extent I ceased to *think* when I began to *feel*. The intellects and the passions can never rule conjointly. The one must triumph at the expense of the other. Man might be wholly intellectual were it not for woman, but she makes chains of our passions to bind us down to earth.'

'Another doubtful compliment.'

It wanted but a week of the Student's next birthday—that next birthday was to be his wedding day. Blanche had deferred it until then.—Women have a better tact at compliment than men after all.

They were standing at an open window, a little withdrawn from the festive group which were assembled, taking no share in the pastime of the hour, and occasionally silent even to each other. There is a deep quietness in happiness which belongs not to joy.

'You are silent?' said Blanche.

'Only because I feel the utter emptiness of words.'

'Fill them with your thoughts.'

'They may convey thoughts, but not feelings.'

'They have done for Eve and all her descendants,' said Blanche, with a smile.

'Shall I infer,' said he, 'that women feel less than men—that your feelings are less intense than mine?'

'Because I am too happy both in the present and in the future to be sad, and you are not so.'

'Sad, dear Blanche?'

'Ay, you cannot deny it. And indeed when you are in these silent moods, and I look on you, and your eyes see me not, and I watch the gatherings of thought upon your brow, and the gradual gloom that overshadows your countenance, I say to myself that you were never made for the happiness of this fair world.'

'You make me sad now in reality, because I have the fullest trust that your happiness is implicated in mine.'

'Indeed I was not selfish enough to remember that.'

'And I was selfish to have forgot it even for this little snatch of time. Perhaps it may be my own individual fault; and yet it is not a law of our common nature always to be anticipating the future rather than enjoying the present? Come, dear Blanche, we will forget the future (is it not curious to *forget* what has never been?) and be happy in the present.'

'I will not be happy now,' said Blanche, with a smile.

'And why not?'

'Because you are leaving me for a week.'

'To return for ever.'

The Student had returned—all things had gone prosperously with him. He had made the final arrangements for his expected bride—his relations had concurred in his views—everything was hopeful and happy.

Never to the Student's eye had the sun shone so brightly, nor the earth looked so gaily, nor the world appeared to be arrayed so invitingly, as on that last day of his return. Never had he felt such a buoyancy of spirit as when he entered the house where Blanche resided.

But suddenly a chill came over him—What and why was all this? The house was darkened, the domestics moved stealthily and spoke not above their breaths, a dreary stillness, a mysterious awe hung heavily over all. The Student staggered, gasped for breath, asked why these things were so, and was told—*Blanche was dead!*

They led him to her chamber, and he saw her again—saw her wan, white, motionless, wrapped in the cerements of the grave—he saw the coffin and the shroud—he was among the company of mourners, and heard that most awful of earthly sounds the rattling of the little handful of mean earth on the last tenement of the earthly frame!

It was night when the Student entered his lonely chamber. The soil of dust was over his mourning garments, but the quiet, self-collected mien betrayed neither haste nor agitation; yet, notwithstanding this external placidness, there was an expression in the depths of his eye and the compression of his lip that chilled the heart of his solitary domestic, who, after long watching and enforced silence, would gladly have heard the sound of any human voice. But words of comfort and offers of services seemed alike intrusions on the Student. 'My lamp, and leave me,' in the deep sepulchral tones of the master's voice, sent the man in sadness to his bed.

The Student was alone—*alone* in the true meaning of the word—and that is not when we are solitary in our dwellings, but when the world holds not an object of whom our thoughts can make a companion. It was the saddest and the deepest hour of night, yet that hour so mournful and solitary to him, elsewhere rang with the carousals of protracted revelry. His mind glanced for a moment over the mirthful meeting—the board crowned with plenty—the wine flowing—the charm of cheerful voices—and the ringing

of merry laughter;—but what were these to him, except to force on him the contrast between the festal apartment and his own dark chamber—between the hearts overflowing with gladness in all its varied channels of jest and joy, and the deep despairing hopelessness of his own soul.

'It is over!' said the Student, 'this dream of earthly happiness, this delusion of human passions and it is well that it should be so, for is not happiness another name for selfishness? Witness myself—have I not been loving, doting?—and gradually has all creation narrowed around me, until the great purposes of existence were lost or nearly so—until the world, to my blind perception, held but my treasure and myself! Ay, this is the happiness of the world—the pleasure of the passions—given to all men—the crowd, the herd—they love and are loved. It is the happiness of the earth, earthy. The passions chain us down to this lower world, but, as the links loosen, the intellect connects us with loftier spheres.

'And yet I loved her! loved her as a miser does his gold, as a spendthrift his pleasure—ay, even as the pious love their God! Science seemed a soulless drudgery while I listened to her voice; its gravest speculations, its noblest discoveries, were dull and stale to one cheerful word, to one glance of her laughing eye. One snatch of wild melody from her lip, one echo of her light footstep, was enough to win me from that noble philosophy which mounts the skies and marks the broad line of demarcation between the sensual and the sage.

'I will be calm however;—are not the faculties of the mind of higher lineage than the passions of the heart, and shall they be slaves to its wild throbbings?'

The Student laid his watch before him—melancholy thing whereby we measure life?—he laid it before him in the dim light of the lamp, his eye fixed upon its movements, and his hand pressed upon his own heart.

If the ravings of despair are sublime, surely fortitude is true nobleness. There stood the Student, calm to his utter hopelessness, the dim light reflected on his features, with his eye fixed on the silent memento of time, the noble outline of his figure and the intellectual cast of his head partially revealed. Who can tell, in the five minutes that ensued, what thoughts passed through the chambers of his mind—by what discipline the body was brought into subjection to the mental monarchy.

'I *am* calm,' said the student, 'calm enough to count the pulse of dying infancy. I am not yet beyond the pale of my own subjection. The tumults of the body belong solely to the tyranny of the passions, and I, who have now nothing to hope, can have little to fear.

'And now to my task.'

The Student took the dim lamp, and passed from the dark and gloomy chamber into one still more dark and gloomy. Reader, follow not if death affright thee, for it was the chamber of death.

The student had surrendered all human passions, had immolated all human feelings—a stern pleasure took their place—he was diving into the deepest mysteries of God's creations—the mysteries of the human frame—that frame so 'fearfully and wonderfully made.'

'Ay, thou my body, part and parcel of myself, poor, and weak, and vain, and impotent, I am dizzy when I think of what thou art; and those powers of thought which are inhabiting within thee wonder at the strange partnership! 'When shall I know even as I am known!'

Beautifully does light approximate with joy and happiness, and truly is darkness the sign and symbol of woe. How undeceiving is the instinct of the child, who trembles to be alone in the glooom of the night,—night, the season for evil spirits, for sadness, for sighing, and sorrow! The Student entered the deep melancholy gloom of that lowly chamber with a noiseless step; the presence of death has a greater majesty than that of living kings, though it be but a peasant's dust, for the impress of the Maker's image lies legibly engraven there. The Student entered calm, composed, subdued, with the most perfect and the clearest possession of all his faculties—but we—oh! we shudder to think that there lay a fair young girl, in the cerements of the grave, and that the Student stood with the long, sharp-pointed instrument of glittering steel, exempt from all human sympathies, all human passions, and aspiring to explore those mysteries which occupied the mind of Deity in the creation, with a lofty pleasure that seemed superior to all the happiness of this world's gladness.

But stay;—what means this emotion of the human sympathies, this softening of the heart, which passes over the features of the stern anatomist, as he stands with the glittering steel suspended over the form of that young girl? Does he think of the violated sanctity of death? does he think of the sacrilegious touch of the despoiler of the grave on the sister, the mother, the wife? does compunction and the touch of human sympathies press round his heart? No. He thinks of the dear one he had just consigned to the grave—just such a fair hand had Blanche placed within his own when last they parted; the vigour of his mind was gone, the shining blade fell from his hand and shivered into fragments, a mist gathered before his eyes—the strong man shook like the veriest infant.

But now—is it the weakness of his vision, or is it the fiction of his distempered brain?—did the white hand move?—did the faintest echo of a sigh strike upon his ear?—did some low breeze undulate those vestments of the grave?—or was it—could it be the veriest, faintest breath of mortal life?

A moment and all the noble energies of the Student's mind returned. He lifted the covering from the face, raised the drooping form, drew round her his own dark mantle to hide the dismal cere-cloths, and then, with long and patient care, and with more than the mother's trembling tenderness over the couch of her dying infant, sought to win back the trembling, the fluttering, the uncertain pulses of life. Who can tell the anguish of that hour, when, but for the brief breathing-times of hope, despair must have paralyzed his exertions. But at length—oh joy!—the blue eyes slowly opened, and, as they rested on him, the pale lips relaxed into a faint smile, and Blanche lived.

THE POLISHED SHOVEL.

"Don't use that!" exclaimed my maiden aunt, as I attempted to take the shovel to throw on a fallen coal or two. "You must be a Goth to think of using a polished shovel. It is only for *ornament;* and there is more time and trouble spent in keeping it so than you imagine."

I owned my *gaucherie*, and stood corrected.

Of course all our readers must have seen or heard of a polished shovel,—as ordinary an appendage of the *grate* as a six-foot showfootman,—a sort of case-hardened sinecurist, who does nothing from one year's end to the other but loll listlessly upon its supporters,—and, although neither wanting in *brightness* nor *reflection*, does *nothing*, and says *less*, as an Irishman would phrase it!

Alas? and alack a day! (or, according to the ambitious aspiration of an East Indian cadet, "a *lass* and a *lac* a-day!) there are many, very many polished shovels in society, in human form, who, albeit as ornamental, are as perfectly useless as our acquaintances of the drawing-room stove. They have many of them, probably, been bred to the *bar;* but contemptuously spurning *Coke*, and never having "taken up" a *Little-ton* in the whole course of their lives, they have no other idea of "conveyancing" than that entertained by the swell mob!

The exquisite-dandy-men of *ton*,—the "honourables," who have Chesterfield and the Book of Etiquette at their fingers' ends—who lounge in the Park, dance at Almack's, or bet at Tattersalls', are all "polished shovels" in a greater or less degree, and certainly more ornamental than useful members of the community at large, albeit many of the aforesaid are not of the community "at large," being periodically found within the unscalable walls of the Queen's Bench, the Marshal-sea, or

"All in the *Downs*—the *Fleet!*"

Among these same "polished shovels," ornithologically classed, may be discovered both "rooks" and "pigeons;" for, having literally nothing to do, they "do" one another, or—are "done." And again, ichthiologically classed, some of these stupid and utterly worthless *souls* may be termed "flats" and "gudgeons," and the more knowing ones "*shaaks.*"

The polished shovels of the feminine gender are principally those young damsels who are "brought out," after having received the finished polish from some of the "refiners" of Kensington, or elsewhere, who do Berlin worsted work, touch the piano, murder the Italian, and burke the French, and whose "capers" are bare-faced imitations of the real original French, and an imposition on the British public—whose drawings are like the checques of men without funds at their banker's and are generally marked by no *effects*, or of no *account*,—and assuredly are never *honoured*,—according to the mercantile phrase being more fitted for a drawing room than a drawing academy.

In the army there are many "polished shovels" forced into a red coat and regimentals by ambitious parents, or

"Because they've nothing else to do."

and who are "martinetts" to the men in the parks and parades, and the admiration of giggling nursery maids; but who generally prefer "home, sweet home" to travel, and always "exchange" when their regiment is ordered abroad, to the great delight of whole ranks and old "files," who are vulgar enough to think that the smell of gun is superior to violet-powder!

In all government offices the "polished shovels" are very numerous; they are generally branches of the aristocracy, or appointed by ministerial interest; their thirty-third cousin will be found, upon investigation, to be able to command a certain number of votes for a certain borough, and his peculiar interest transforms his relative into the "principal" of some office, who punctually attends from eleven till two, reads the newspaper, yawns, fatigues himself by signing his name to some important documents, and rushes away precisely as the clock strikes, like a newly-emancipated slave. Four times a year, however, he is really moved,—that is, when he receives the quarterly payment of his "hard-earned" salary. Unfortunately, with all his "polish," he is not frequently very civil to the "public." Of course there are exceptions; but they are "gentlemen born," and cannot "help it," so we must not praise them for exercising that urbanity which is so natural to that very limited class, that to be "uncivil" would be contrary to their nature and education. We have the pleasure of knowing many such.

At court, which is all *great*, the "polished shovels" are innumerable; but, alas! for pride and poor humanity, Mors, that great dust-contractor, and contractor of men's views, will, sooner or later, inevitably call upon the "polished shovels," and with his enormous dust-shovel, unfeeling cast them all in one common heap!

Such is the condition of human life, that something is always wanting to happiness.

Every great house is proportionably full of saucy menials.

There are very many things which men with coats worn thread-bare dare not say.

It was the wisdom of ancient times, to consider what was most useful as most illustrious.

Revenge is ever the pleasure of a paltry spirit, a weak and abject mind.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXIV.

(*Major and Doctor.*)

MAJOR.—I say Sangrado, when did you most recently lay eyes upon our socius the Laird?

DOCTOR—Not since our last sederunt. The exigencies of seeding, I presume, have prevented him from illuminating Toronto with his presence.

MAJOR.—Hush! I hear coming footsteps!

"Open locks,
Whoever knocks!"

[*Enter a personage exhibiting a frontispiece profusely embellished with grizzly hair.*]

DOCTOR.—"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Who in the name of the peripatetic Hebrew have we got here?

MAJOR.—My good friend, the sooner that you make yourself scarce the better! We lack neither quills nor sealing wax:—and as for old clothes we always make donations of such commodities to the House of Refuge?

HAIRY GENT.—May the muckle horned Deil flee awa wi' the reprobate, for setting me doon as belanging to ane o' the lost tribes!

DOCTOR.—Can it be possible that I behold that *doucest* of ruling elders,—the unsophisticated Thane of Bonnie Braes.

MAJOR.—The tongue is the tongue of the Laird but the face is the face of Lublin!

LAIRD.—Hech sirs, what a debasing thing, after a', is envy! Because neither o' ye can manage to raise a crap o' bristles aboot your muzzles, ye mauna show your puir spite against me, who chance to be blessed wi' a mair fertile soil o' flesh!

DOCTOR.—Never were you more off your eggs, in all your life, thou most touchy of husbandmen, at least so far as your humble servant is concerned. If I chose to translate myself into a Guy, I could, during the lapsation of three weeks, exhibit a facial hirsute forest, which would shame you back into shaving!

LAIRD.—Weel! weel!—after that ony thing! Mony a blessed time hae I heard Crabtree there, sing forth the praises o' the "beard movement," at this identical table;—and when I fa' in wi' the fashion, lo and behold, ye baith open cry against me, as if I was a skunk or a foumart! I am no' apt to tak' the pet, but I canna' conscie ciously say that I relish sic treatment!

MAJOR.—Why Bonnie Braes your skin must be thinner by many degrees than I imagined! Here man, imbibe from this poculum, and be your honest, hearty self once more!

DOCTOR.—Amen say I!—always presuming that the fluid can find its way through the brushwood which encircles your mouth!

LAIRD.—(*throwing down the goblet*) Confound me if I wet my whistle in the company o' sic railing reprobates!

MAJOR.—For shame, oh most aggravating of medicos! Never heed him Laird, but discuss "the good the gods provide thee!"

LAIRD.—The treatment which I have received this night, is enough to mak' a saunt swear!

MAJOR.—But Laird—

LAIRD.—Just let me speak, if ye please! Hoo does the case stand? For months hae ye been singing forth the praises o' beards! According

to your tale the use o' a razor was a direct interference wi' the designs o' Providence! Ye hae been dinging in my lugs, that the mair hair a man cherished aboot his mou' the less risk did he run o' catching a sair craig, or becoming consumptive! Is na' this the truth?

MAJOR.—The naked truth—but—

LAIRD.—Permit me to continue! In addition to what I have just recited, did na' ye dwell upon the manly and artistic effect o' a beard and a *mouse touch?* Can ye deny that ye cited the example o' the auld patriarchs, and the worthies o' Greece and Rome, and the middle ages, in support o' your text?

MAJOR.—I frankly concede all this!

LAIRD.—Weel, taking what you said for Gospel, I resolved to regulate mysel' accordingly! For a month, neither soap nor steel has come in contact wi' my face. Nae body can conceive the trials I hae endured in acting up to my resolution. Girzy has na' bestowed upon me a sisterly look *since* I left aff shaving! Often hae I heard my ploughman Bauldie Stott, nichering ahint my back at the appearance I cut, when he thocht I was na' hearing him!

MAJOR.—But Laird—

LAIRD.—I'm no' done yet! When at gloamin I ventured doon to the Post Office, the laddies wha' congregate in front o' the same, to play cricket, drapped their diversion the moment I appeared and ran after me as if I had been a bedlamite, skirling like Deils' buckies, as they are—

> "Hurrah for the Laird,
> And his muckle grey beard!"

DOCTOR.—Somewhat teazing, I grant!

LAIRD.—Teazing quo' he! it was enough to drive a man demented!

MAJOR.—Are you done yet?

LAIRD.—Na! the warst is yet to come? On Sunday last it was my turn to herd the money plate at the Kirk door. What strange looks the auld folk bestowed upon me, when casting their bawbees into the treasury! By the way in which they touched their foreheads, they evidently opined that there was something wrang in my upper story! As for the younger portion o' the congregation, the bulk o' them guffaw'd right oot in my face, and continued to keckle even when they had entered the sanctuary!

MAJOR.—Poor Laird!

LAIRD.—Weel may ye say puir Laird! When I took my place in my pew, I could na' help being cognizant o' the fact, that for ane ee that was fixed on the Minister, a dizen were concentrated upon me—or rather I should say my face—fur! The precentor glowered at me without intermission, for the better o' twenty minutes, and at length was constrained to hide his visage behind the desk. Brawly did I ken by the twitching o' his shouthers, and the way in which he kept his napkin stapped into his mouth, that he was wrestling sair wi' laughter! When obligated to stand up at the closing prayer, his cheeks were as red as the shell o' a boiled labster! As for the Minister, honest man, he managed to keep his countenance, but he never ventured to look at the side o' the Kirk whaur I sat!

DOCTOR.—I wonder that you persevered in your resolution, under such circumstances!

LAIRD.—Naething but a strong sense o' duty enabled me so to do! And yet after a' this misery and martyrdom, in what I was led to believe was a righteous cause, nae sooner do I mak' my appearance in the shanty, than lo and behold the yell o' derision is uplifted against me! Uplifted by the very men that seduced me to convert my razor into a pruning knife! Hoo ye can answer for sic heathenish conduct is mair, far mair than I can tell!

DOCTOR.—I am out of the scrape for one! From first to last I have set my face against beards. Crabtrée, what have you to say to the indictment preferred against you?

MAJOR.—Lend me your ears, for a brief season, Bonnie Braes!

LAIRD.—Rather would I lend you my beard—or rather mak' you a present o' the same! I am clean skunnered at the very idea o' it!

MAJOR.—Credit me that up to this very evening I was as honest and enthusiastic an advocate of facial hirsutism, as Canada contained!

LAIRD.—And what made you change your opinion, I should like to ken?

MAJOR.—You were the cause of my *barefaced* backsliding!

LAIRD.—What does the man mean?

MAJOR.—Forgive me when I say that the most incongruous appearance which you cut, when you entered this chamber to night, completely upset all my *theoretical* predilections in favour of the beard movement. In sober seriousness I mistook you for a dealer in cast off wearing apparel!

LAIRD.—I suppose it is a duty incumbent upon me *to* mak' you a boo, for the left-handed compliment!

MAJOR.—Let me not be misunderstood, however! As much as ever am I convinced that it is an outrage against nature, to denude our visages of the coverings which she has provided for them. As strongly as ever do I hold that the

use of the razor paves the way for many ills and evils.

LAIRD.—Hoo then can ye say that your beard predilections hae been upset?

MAJOR.—I have long had a latent feeling that there is an insurmountable incompatibility between our pinched and unpoetical costume, and the crops which barbers reap! The figure which you present, at this moment, ripens that latent feeling into settled conviction!

DOCTOR.—Hear! hear! hear!

LAIRD.—Wha can hear, if you keep routing and roaring in that idiotical like way! Gang on Culpepper!

MAJOR.—Habit is second nature. For a period sufficiently long to establish a solid and abiding prescription, have we been accustomed to associate the beard with a style of dress altogether antipodal to that which now universally prevails among us. This association is deepened and perpetuated by the statuary, the painter, and the poet. It has obtained a footing too firm to be abrogated or shaken. We could as easily return to the usages of savage life, as accomplish such an undertaking!

LAIRD.—Div ye then gie up the beard, as a hopeless speculation?

MAJOR.—Very far from it! All that I contend for is, that co-existently with our abandonment of the razor, we must resume a more flowing and picturesque habit of dress! Instead of that abomination the round black hat, which conveys no more heroic idea than that of a superannuated chimney pot, let us have something approximating to the turban of the Turk, or the conical cap of the Armenian. Let the coat give place to a garment of the *toga* tribe, and our stiff breeches, be superseded by a habiliment of less formal character. Carry these views into effect, and I will support the beard movement heart and soul!

DOCTOR.—Most emphatically do I say *ditto*, to all that you have advanced.

LAIRD.—I'll no threep but what you are richt, Crabtree. Sae in the meantime, till the change o' dress which ye spoke o' comes round, I'll e'en re-commence the crapping o' my chin and upper lip. I hae nae ambition to be mistaken, as I was this evening, for a Hebrew huxter. By your leave, Major, I'll just step into your bed-room, and make my face smooth before Mrs. Grundy, honest woman, comes ben. [*Exit Laird.*]

MAJOR.—What have you been reading lately, Doctor?

MAJOR.—Several odds and ends, the most interesting being this prettily got-up duodecimo, entitled, "*Autobiography of an Actress; or eight years on the Stage.*" *By Anna Cora Mowatt.*

MAJOR.—If Anna writes as well as she acts, the book must be worth reading. I saw her in London a few years ago, in the character of "Julia," and was much pleased with her rendering of the part. She was refreshingly devoid of the rant and nasal intonation, which too frequently characterise the female Thespians of Dollardom.

DOCTOR.—The perusal of these memoirs will not lessen your favourable estimate of the lady. They are written with much simplicity, and give a truthful and striking picture of life behind the scenes.

MAJOR.—Was Mrs. Mowatt bred to the stage?

DOCTOR.—No! Pecuniary embarassments into which her husband fell, made her adoption of the theatrical profession almost a matter of necessity.

MAJOR.—Where did she make her first appearance?

DOCTOR.—At the Park Theatre, New York. And speaking of that, the description which she gives of her *debut* is so very graphic that I shall read it for you, if you please.

MAJOR.—I am all attention.

DOCTOR.—At the first rehearsal, Mr. Skerrett (our old Toronto acquaintance) warned the debutante of the attack of "stage fright," which she was almost certain to undergo. Mrs. Mowatt laughed the prediction to scorn, and proceeded to the Theatre at night with a bold and trustful heart. She then goes on to say:

I was just dressed when there came a slight tap upon the door, accompanied by the words, "Pauline, you are called."

I opened the door. The call boy stood without—the inseparable long strip of paper between his fingers. I inquired whom he wanted.

"You, ma'am; you are called."

"What a singular piece of familiarity!" I thought to myself. "It is I whom he is addressing as 'Pauline.'" I did not suspect that it was customary to call the performers by the names of the characters assumed.

"Called for what?" I enquired, in a manner that was intended to impress the daring offender with a sense of the respect due to me.

"For *what?*" he retorted, prolonging the *what* with an indescribably humorous emphasis, and thrusting his tongue against his cheek, "why, for the stage, to be sure! That's the *what!*"

"Oh!" was all I could say; and the little urchin ran down stairs smothering his laughter. Its echo, however, reached me from the green-room, where, after making his "call," he had probably related my unsophisticated inquiry.

At that moment Mr. Mowatt came to conduct me to the stage. Mrs. Vernon, who played my mother, was already seated at a small table in Madame Deschapelles' drawing room. I took my place on a sofa opposite to her, holding in

my hand a magnificent bouquet, Claude's supposed offering to Pauline.

After a few whispered words of encouragment. Mr. Mowatt left me, to witness the performance from the front of the house. Somebody spread my Pauline scarf on the chair beside me. Somebody else arranged the folds of my train symmetrically. Somebody's fingers gathered into their place a few stray curls. The stage manager gave the order of "Clear the stage, ladies and gentlemen," and I heard sound the little bell for the raising of the curtain.

Until that moment I do not think a pulse in my frame had quickened its beating. But then I was seized with a stifling sensation, as though I were choking. I could only gasp out, "Not yet I cannot!"

Of course there was general confusion. Managers, actors, prompter, all rushed on the stage; some offered water, some scent bottles, some fanned me. Every body seemed prepared to witness a fainting fit, or an attack of hysterics, or something equally ridiculous. I was arguing with myself against the absurdity of this ungovernable emotion—this humiliating exhibition—and making a desperate endeavor to regain my self-possession, when Mr. Skerrett thrust his comic face over somebody's shoulder. He looked at me with an expression of quizzical exultation, and exclaimed.—

"Didn't I tell you so? Where's all the courage, eh?"

The words recalled my boast of the *morning*; or rather, they recalled the recollections upon which that boast was founded. My composure returned as rapidly as it had departed. I laughed at my own weakness.

"Are you getting better?" kindly inquired the stage manager.

"Let the curtain rise!" was the satisfactory answer.

Mr. Barry clapped his hands,—a signal for the stage to be vacated,—the crowd at once disappeared. Madame Deschapelles and Pauline sat alone, as before. The tinkling bell of warning rang, and the curtain slowly ascended, disclosing first the footlights, then the ocean of heads beyond them in the pit, then the brilliant array of ladies in the boxes, tier after tier, and finally the thronged galleries. I found those footlights an invaluable aid to the necessary illusion. They formed a dazzling barrier, that separated the spectator from the ideal world in which the actor dwelt.—Their glare prevented the eye from being distracted by objects without the precincts of that luminous semicircle. They were a friendly protection, a warm comfort, an idealizing auxiliary.

The *débutante* was greeted warmly. This was but a matter of-course compliment paid by a New York audience to the daughter of a well-known citizen.

"Bow! bow!" whispered a voice from behind the screens. And I obediently bent my head.

"Bow to your right!" said the voice, between the intervals of applause. I bowed to the right.

"Bow to the left!" I bowed to the left.

"Bow again!" I bowed again and again while the noisy welcome lasted.

The play commenced, and with the first words I uttered, I concentrated my thoughts, and tried to forget that I had any existence save that of the scornful Lady of Lyons. When we rose from our seats and approached the footlights, Mrs. Vernon gave my hand a reassuring pressure. It was a kindness scarcely needed. I had lost all sensation of alarm. The play progressed as smoothly as it commenced. In the third act, where Pauline first discovers the treachery of Claude, the powers of the actress begin to be tested. Every point told, and was rewarded with an inspiring burst of applause. The audience had determined to blow into a flame the faintest spark of merit.

In the fourth act, I became greatly exhausted with the unusual excitement and exertion. There seemed a probability that I would not have physical strength to enable me to finish the performance. Mrs. Vernon has often laughingly reminded me how she shook and pinched me when I was lying, to all appearance, tenderly clasped in her arms. She maintains that, by these means, she constantly roused me to consciousness. I am her debtor for the friendly pinches and opportune shakes.

In the fifth act, Pauline's emotions are all of calm and abject grief—the faint, hopeless strugglings of a broken heart. My very weariness aided the personation. The pallor of excessive fatigue, the worn-out look, tottering walk, and feeble voice, suited Pauline's deep despair. The audience attributed to an actor's consummate skill that which was merely a painful and accidental reality.

The play ended, the curtain fell. It would be impossible to describe my sensations of relief as I watched that welcome screen of coarse, green baize slowly unrolling itself and dropping between the audience and the stage. Then came the call before the curtain—the crossing the stage in front of the footlights. Mr. C—— led me out. The whole house rose, even the ladies—a compliment seldom paid. I think it *rained* flowers; for bouquets, wreaths of silver, and wreaths of laurel fell in showers around us. Cheer followed cheer as they were gathered up and laid in my arms. The hats of gentlemen and handkerchiefs of ladies waved on every side. I courtesied my thanks, and the welcome green curtain once more shut out the brilliant assemblage. Then came the deeper, truer sense of thankfulness. The trial was over; the *débutante* had stood the test; she had not mistaken the career which had been clearly pointed out as the one for which she was destined.

MAJOR.—Pray lend me Mrs. Mowatt's work. The sample which you have given me has whetted my appetite to peruse the whole thereof.

DOCTOR.—Credit me that a substantial treat is before you. Have you any *quid* to give me for my *quo?*

MAJOR.—Yes! Here is an exceedingly appetizing tale, by Alexander Dumas, answering to the name of "*The Foresters.*"

DOCTOR.—It was my impression that Alexander had written himself out.

MAJOR.—I know that you expressed such an

opinion at our last sederunt, but if you read this story, I think you will see cause to reconsider your verdict.

DOCTOR.—What is the nature of the affair? Anything in the *Three Guardsmen* line?

MAJOR.—Not at all. It is a portraiture of rural life in modern France, replete with clever delineations of character and scenery, and possessing no small degree of interest so far as the working out of the plot is concerned. If Dumas had devoted his attention to the bar, he would have made a first chop criminal lawyer, judging from the ingenuity which he displays in handling a somewhat complicated case of circumstantial evidence.

DOCTOR.—I am glad to hear that the author of *Monte Christo* has still some shots in his intellectual locker. He is one of the most agreeable, one of the most unexceptionable fictionists which France can boast of. But here comes our bucolic friend.

[*Enter Laird.*]

MAJOR.—Well, ancient rooster, how wags the world with you now, after scraping acquaintance with my razor?

LAIRD.—Oo, man, I am just like a new body. Noo that I hae got rid o' that wearyfu' bundle o' hair, I feel as if I could flee oot o' the window wi' even doon lightness! Only that I dinna' mind the words, I wud sing

"I'd be a butterfly!"

DOCTOR.—(*Aside.*) If you said a fly laden with butter, it would be nearer the mark!

LAIRD.—Rax me the jug o' yill I can drink your healths noo, without leaving a circle of tell-tale foam aboot my visage. During the last three weeks it was a perfect day's wark for me to swallow a bowlfu' o' kirn milk. As muckle o' the beverage clung to my beard as what found its way doon my thrapple.

MAJOR.—If it be not an impertinent question, what paper is that which so obtrusively protrudeth from your vest pocket?

LAIRD.—I am glad ye put me in mind o't. It is a copy o' a queer handbill which has just been issued by my worthy neighbours, the Barbers.

DOCTOR.—And pray who may they be?

LAIRD.—You a Canadian and no ken the brithers Barber? They are second to nane in the Province as manufacturers o' woollen claith. Ye must come oot some Saturday, noo that the weathers fine, and see their mills. A finer establishment o' the sort is no' to be met wi' in British North America.

DOCTOR.—That is a big word, Laird.

LAIRD.—Yes, but it's a true word.

MAJOR.—We are wandering, however, from the hand-bill. Is there anything particular or out of the way about it?

LAIRD.—There it is, ye can judge for yoursel'.

MAJOR.—Why it is in blank verse, and in dramatic form. Verily "this Canada" is going a-head, when her rural sons advertise after such a classic fashion.

DOCTOR.—Be so good as to read aloud the document which has so pestilently tickled your fancy.

MAJOR.—By all means. Thus it runneth:—

HAMLET ON BARBERS' WOOLLEN FACTORY.

SCENE—*Front of Barbers' Mills, Streetsville.*

HAMLET.—Pray thee, Horatio, where didst thou acquire
The cloth from which thy doublet is engendered?
HORATIO.—Crying your pardon, who on earth could weave
Such peerless stuff except the brothers Barber!
HAMLET.—What a thrice sodden ass was I to put
So very needless an interrogation!
Had I but used mine eyes, I must have seen
How the case stood.
HORATIO.—Know you the Barbers, Prince?
HAMLET.—I know them well, Horatio! Many an hour
Have I disbursed within their factory,
Viewing the treasures which from wool they coin'd.
HORATIO.—Good, my sweet Lord, rehearse, an' so it pleases you
The names of their creations,
HAMLET.—Willingly!
Take out your tablets, and as I recite
Mark down each item.
HORATIO.—Go ahead, my Lord!
HAMLET.—Cloths of all kinds these brothers fabricate,
Including TWEEDS, and glossy SATTINETS.
If rheumatism doth thy joints invade
Lo, they are ready with the healing FLANNEL!
And should the chill night wind thy couch assail,
Causing thy teeth to chatter, ague fashion
Haste thee, Horatio, to the brothers Barber,
And they will vend thee for a trifling sum
A pair of goodly BLANKETS, wrapped in which
Thou mayest snap thy fingers at John Frost himself!
HORATIO.—Blankets I lack, but ducats lack also!
HAMLET.—Hast thou no sheep?
HORATIO.—I have a score of them!
HAMLET.—Then wherefore mourn thy want of sordid ducats?
Shear off their WOOL, and take it to the Barbers.
And in exchange they'll fill thy purse with gold,
Or, should you choose it, smother you with blankets!
HORATIO.—A foolish fancy I have got, my Lord,
Raiment to wear made from my own sheep's fleece.
HAMLET.—Still say I, Barbers Brothers are your men!
Machines they've fitted up for CUSTOM CARDING,
Performing work which cannot be surpassed
On earth, or for, that matter, in the moon!

DOCTOR.—Bravo! bravissimo! Canada is, in truth becoming "some pumpkins"—as Jonathan hath it—when the poetaster of Warren, the blacking manufacturer, officiates as laureate to the Barber adelphi of Streetsville!

LAIRD.—As I cam oot o' the Hamilton steamboat this morning I bought a book for Girzy frae a flying stationer, wha carried his wares in a basket. I wonder whether its worth the twa and saxpence I disbursed for the same!

MAJOR.—What is it called?

LAIRD.—"*The Royal Favorite; or the Mysteries of the Court of Charles II.*"

MAJOR.—I have glanced over the affair, and think it will stand one reading. The writer is evidently a man of some ability, but possessed of small imagination, and less taste. To his credit, be it said, he treats a peculiarly indelicate subject with a modesty by no means characteristic of the Reynolds school, to which he evidently belongs.

LAIRD.—It was the word "*Mysteries*" that caught my attention. My sister, like the lave o' her sex, is greedy as a gled after secrets!

MAJOR.—If Grizelda of Bonnie Braes has perused the autobiography of John Lilly, the memoirs of that clever gossip De Grammont, or the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, she will find but few mysteries in the "Royal Favorite." Indeed the work is little more than a re-hash from the writers I have enumerated.

LAIRD.—I think I may safely gang bail that the honest woman is innocent o' ony sic reading as you indicate, and consequently a' will be corn that comes to her crap.

DOCTOR.—Though I cannot exactly say with Sancho Panza that "I mightily delight in hearing love stories," there is one entitled "*Marie Louise; or the Opposite Neighbors,*" which I have just been perusing with especial appetite.

LAIRD.—Nane o' your love stories for me! Wha cares a prin head for the mewings and caterwaulings o' a pair o' cream-faced Jockies and Jennies! I dinna believe in sic havers as broken hearts and blighted affections! If Romeo had been set to planting tatties, and Juliet to spinning thread for the fabrication o' her ain cutty sark, they might hae been to the fore this blessed day. Idleness is the cause o' a' the mischief that is laid to the door o' Dan Cupid!

MAJOR.—Why Laird you are getting to be quite as notorious a matter-of-fact anti-idealist, as old Joe Hume himself! I must really prescribe for you a course of Ovid and Boccaccio! The *Decamerone* of the latter, may, possibly, give you more orthodox notions of the tender passions!

LAIRD.—D. Cameron! Is he a brither o' Malcolm's, thinks ony body?

MAJOR.—Not exactly! But Doctor, touching *Opposite Neighbours*, who is it written by?

DOCTOR.—Emilio Carlen, the agreeable authoress of "John," which we considered at a recent sederunt.

MAJOR.—There was much clever writing in "John." Does Miss Carlen's present production come up to the mark thereof?

DOCTOR.—It exceeds it, in my opinion. An interest is thrown around the ordinary details of a courtship which would surprise you.

MAJOR.—The lady must be a true artist then. So frequently has that dish been cooked, that unless seasoned with peculiarly piquant condiments, it is hugely apt to scunner a literary epicure! Halloo Laird! what in the name of wonder are you about?

LAIRD.—Busking some troot hooks wi' my beard! I never like to see ony thing wasted!

MAJOR.—Alas poor beard! To what base uses we may come Horatio!

MAJOR.—So Christopher North, the glorious Kit of Ebony, has been gathered to the tomb of his fathers!

DOCTOR.—Yes! Full of honours he has passed away from the mountains, and tarns, and burns, and moors he loved so well, and sung with such impassioned eloquence!

LAIRD.—John Wilson is gone, sae far as the body is concerned, but in Scotland, or cannie Cumberland, he will never be dead! Whenever the trout fisher sees a thunder shower sailing doon the glen—or notices an eagle soaring up into the blue lift, wi aiblins a lamb in its talons,—or lays aside his rod, and doffs his bannet as a shepherd's funeral passes slowly by him,—or comes suddenly upon a curly-headed herd laddie, laired ahint a cairn, and reading wi flushing cheek and flashing ee, the history o' Scotland's eternally beloved hero, Sir William Wallace; on a' sic occasions the spirit o' Christopher will be present to that angler's intellectual ken, provided always, that he possesses the sma'est portion o' heart and imagination!

MAJOR.—Heaven bless you Laird! *your* heart, at least, is in its right place!

DOCTOR.—There is something very touching in Lord Cockburn following so soon to the grave his old friend Wilson—for friends the pair were, though politically disunited.

LAIRD.—Lord Cockburn!—dive you mean to tell me that Harry Cockburn is dead?

DOCTOR.—It is but too true! He died at his residence, Bonally, near Edinburgh, on Wednesday 26th April.

LAIRD.—Cranstoun's awa, Jeffrey's awa, and Moncrieff's awa, and noo Cockburn has followed them to the bar o' the Eternal! Waesock! wae-

sock! puir Scotland has hardly a great lawyer left!

MAJOR.—Did you ever see Lord Cockburn, Bonnie Braes?

LAIRD.—Mony a time, but he wasna' a Lord then, or likely to be. The last time that I beheld him, he was playing a game o' bools wi' some youngsters in a retired street o' Edinburgh, and enjoying the sport as keenly as ony o' them! He was then in the climax o' his reputation as an advocate, and it made my heart loup to witness him retaining sae strongly the freshness and simplicity of youth!

MAJOR.—You have heard him speak, I presume?

LAIRD.—Aften. I mind once being present in the General Assembly when he was contending for the necessity o' repairing the Maxwelltown Kirk. "*Mr. Moderator*," quo' Harry, "*the floor is rotten, and the sleepers are in a bad state;—I do not mean the people, sir!*" Ye never heard sic a guffaw as got up, at that saying, mair particularly as the minister, honest man, was something like a saut herring without yill, unco dry!

MAJOR.—Has his mantle fallen on his children?

DOCTOR.—I was at school with them, and I fear that, from what I remember of them, there is but faint hopes of it. Lord Moncrieff's sons were of a different stamp, and will, I think, yet be heard of.

LAIRD.—I say, Doctor, you was a graun mistake ye made aboot Professor Hincks and the broach. Noo it is raal queer that nane o' us thocht o' the improbability that an Irish Professor, hooever gifted, should be hauding forth anent a Scottish relic.

DOCTOR.—Very true, Laird, it does seem rather absurd, especially as we had the real Simon Pure, in the shape of Professor Wilson, of Toronto University, amongst us. I have since seen in the learned gentleman's work on the "Annals of Scotland," a full account of the relic in question, and indeed, there is an engraving of the clasp that H. C. H. spoke about. The truth is, Mr. Hincks, the antiquarian, and decypherer of the Babylonish arrowhead inscriptions, was running in my head at the time, hence the mistake.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, as you confess your faut, I'll forgie it this time. Major, hae ye read the buik o' which I see ye hae twa illustrations in this number.

MAJOR.—I have, and propose to read you several extracts from it, which, I think, are highly entertaining. The first is on page 19.—(*Major reads:*)

"We had already overtaken and passed several large wagon and cattle trains from Texas and Arkansas, mostly bound to California. With them were many women and children; and it was pleasant to stroll into their camps in the evening and witness the perfect air of comfort and being-at-home that they presented. Their waggons drawn up in a circle, gave them at least an appearance of security; and within the enclosure the men either reclined around the camp-fires, or were busy in repairing their harness or cleaning their arms. The females milked the cows and prepared the supper; and we often enjoyed the hot cakes and fresh milk which they invited us to partake of. Tender infants in their cradles were seen under the shelter of the waggons, thus early inured to hard travel. Carpets and rocking-chairs were drawn out, and, what would perhaps shock some of our fine ladies, fresh-looking girls, whose rosy lips were certainly never intended to be defiled by the vile weed, sat around the fire, smoking the old-fashioned corn-cob pipe."

A little further on our explorer says:—

"Raised camp at 4.45 A. M. and travelled five miles west by south, crossing a steep and rocky hill covered with pines, and in five miles entered a small valley watered by the Rio de la Laguna (Dake Creek). This creek issues from a lake near the summit of the Sierra de la Plata (Silver Range), about twelve acres in area; we found it unfordable on account of its swollen condition from melting snows. Its current was swift and waters turbid, rolling with a loud roar over a rocky bed. It both enters and leaves this valley through narrow and rocky canons; above the upper one it flows through another valley of larger extent and of great beauty.

It became a question with us, how our packs were to be transported over the laguna without getting them wet or lost, and we at first attempted to make a bridge by felling a tall pine across the stream, but it fell partly into the water, and the current carried it away, tearing it into pieces. This plan having failed, another was adopted, suggested by what Mr. Beale had seen in his travels in Peru, and the mode of crossing the plunging torrents of the Andes, which was entirely successful.

Mr. Rogers selected a point where the stream was for some distance free from rocks, and succeeded, after a severe struggle, in swimming across; and one of the men mounting a stray Indian pony, which we found quietly grazing in the valley, dashed in after him, and also effected a landing on the opposite side. To them a light line was thrown, and having thus established a communication with the other side, a larger rope was drawn over by them, and tied firmly to a rock near the water's edge. The end of the rope on our side was made fast to the top of a pine tree; a backstay preventing it from bending to the weight of the loads sent over. An iron hook was now passed over the rope, and by means of a sling our packs were suspended to it. The hook slided freely from the top of the tree down to the rock; and when the load was taken off, we drew the hook and sling back to our side by a string made fast to it. The last load sent over was our wearing apparel, and just after parting

with it, a violent hailstorm broke over us, making us glad to seek shelter from its fury under rocks and trees. Most of the day was thus consumed, and it was not until 5 P. M. that we mounted our mules and swam them across. The water was icy cold, and some of the animals had a narrow escape from drowning. We, however, saddled up immediately, and proceeding four miles from the creek, encamped for the night in a small hollow. On leaving the Rio de la Laguna, the road ascended a high and steep hill. The country travelled over this day was abundantly grassed, the hills timbered with firs, pines, and aspens, and the streams shaded with willows. Day's travel 9 miles; total, 885 miles."

What do you think of that contrivance, Dr.?

Doctor.—Clever enough, but go on.

"This morning our anxieties from Indians have commenced. At ten o'clock three of them rode into camp, and shortly afterwards some dozen more.

Yesterday, after the Indians arrived, I gave them what little tobacco we could spare and some of our small stock of dried elk meat. After eating and smoking for awhile they insisted on my accompanying them to their camp, which was some ten miles off. I explained to them as well as I could who I was.

Knowing that it is best always to act boldly with Indians, as if you felt no fear whatever, I armed myself and started with them. Our road for a mile or two led over a barren plain, thickly covered with grease wood, but we soon struck the base of the mountain, where the firm rich mountain grass swept our saddle-girths as we cantered over it. We crossed a considerable mountain covered with timber and grass, and near the summit of which was quite a cluster of small, but very clear and apparently deep lakes. They were not more than an acre or two in size, and some not even that, but surrounded by luxuriant grass, and perched away up on the mountain, with fine timber quite near them. It was the most beautiful scenery in the world; it formed quite a hunter's paradise, for deer and elk bounded off from us as we approached, and then stood within rifle-shot, looking back in astonishment. A few hours' ride brought us to the Indian camp; and I wish here I could describe the beauty of the charming valley in which they lived. It was small, probably not more than five miles wide by fifteen long, but surrounded on all sides by the boldest mountains, covered to their summits with alternate patches of timber and grass, giving it the appearance of having been regularly laid off in small farms. Through the centre a fine bold stream, probably three feet deep by forty wide, watered the meadow land, and gave the last touch which the valley required to make it the most beautiful I had ever seen. Hundreds of horses and goats were feeding on the meadows and hill-sides, and the Indian lodges, with the women and children standing in front of them to look at the approaching stranger, strongly reminded me of the old patriarchal times, when flocks and herds made the wealth and happiness of the people, and a tent was as good as a palace. I was conducted to the lodge of the chief, an old and infirm man who welcomed me kindly, and told me his young men had told him I had given of my small store to them, and to "sit in peace."

I brought out my pipe, filled it, and we smoked together. In about fifteen minutes a squaw brought in two large wooden platters, containing some very fat deer meat and some boiled corn, to which I did ample justice. After this followed a dish which one must have been two weeks without bread to have appreciated as I did. Never at the tables of the wealthiest in Washington did I find a dish which appeared to me so perfectly without a parallel. It was some cornmeal boiled in goats' milk, with a little elk fat. I think I certainly ate near half a peck of this delicious, atole, and then stopped, not because I had enough, but because I had scraped the dish dry with my fingers, and licked them as long as the smallest particle remained, which is "manners" among Indians, and also among Arabs. Eat all they give you or get somebody to do it for you, is to honor the hospitality you receive. To leave any is a slight. I needed not the rule to make me eat all.

After this we smoked again, and when about to start I found a large bag of dried meat and a peck of corn put up for me to take to my people.

Bidding a friendly good-by to my hosts and dividing among them about a pound of tobacco and two handkerchiefs, and giving the old chief the battered remains of a small leaden picayune looking-glass, I mounted my mule to return.—The sun was just setting when I started, and before reaching the summit of the mountain it was quite dark. As there was no road, and the creeks very dark in the bottoms, I had a most toilsome time of it. At one creek, which I reached after very great difficulty in getting through the thick and almost impenetrable undergrowth, it was so dark that I could see nothing; but, trusting to luck, I jumped my mule off the bank and brought up in water nearly covering my saddle. Getting in was bad enough, but coming out was worse; for, finding the banks high on the other side, I was obliged to follow down the stream for half a mile or more, not knowing when I should be swimming, until I succeeded with great difficulty in getting out through the tangled brushwood on the opposite side. I arrived at camp late at night, and found my men very anxiously awaiting my return, having almost concluded to give me up, and to think I had lost my "hair." A little rain."

I've only two more extracts.

Started at 5 A. M., and, travelling thirty-five miles, encamped on Green River Fork of the Great Colorado at 1 P. M.

The country we traversed was stony and broken by dry watercourses. On every side, and principally to the north and northeast, extended ranges of rugged hills, bare of vegetation, and seamed with ravines. On their summits were rocks of fantastic shapes, resembling pyramids, obelisks, churches, and towers, and having all the appearances of a vast city in the distance. The only vegetation was a scanty growth of stunted wild sage and cacti, except at a point known as the Hole in the Rock, where there were willows and other plants denoting the vicin-

ity of water, but we found none on our route. The sun was exceedingly hot, and we, as well as our mules, were glad to reach the river, where we could relieve our thirst. Saw four antelopes near Green River, to which the Delaware immediately gave chase, but was unable to get within gunshot.

Green River was broader and deeper than either Grand River or the Avonkarea, but its current was neither so rapid nor so turbulent.—The scenery on its banks was grand and solemn, and we had an excellent view of it from our camping place on a high bluff."

And now for the last,—

"We procured at Parawan a settlement of the Mormons, a small supply of flour and some beef, which we *buccaneé'd.*

The kind reception that we received from the inhabitants of these settlements, during our short sojourn among them, strongly contrasted with what we had been led to anticipate from the reports of the Mexicans and Indians whom we had met on the road. On our arrival, Colonel G. A. Smith sent an officer to inquire who we were, our business, destination, &c., at the same time apologizing for the inquiries, by stating that the disturbed condition of the country rendered it necessary to exercise a strict vigilance over all strangers, particularly over those who came from the direction of their enemy's territory. Mr. Beale's replies being, of course, satisfactory, we were treated as friends, and received every mark of cordiality. We spent the evening of our arrival in Parawan at the house of Col. Smith, who was in command of this portion of the territory, and was organizing a military force for its protection. He related to us the origin of these southern settlements, the many difficulties and hardships that they had to contend with, and gave us much interesting information of the geography of the surrounding country. He also stated that furnaces for smelting iron ore were already in operation in the vicinity of Paragoona and Parawan, and that the metal, which was obtained in sufficient quantity to supply any demand, was also of an excellent quality; and that veins of coal had been found near Cedar City, on Coal Creek, eighteen miles south of Parawan, one of which was fifteen feet in thickness, and apparently inexhaustible. A large force of English miners was employed in working these mines, and pronounced the coal to be equal to the best English coal. I saw it used in the forges; it is bituminous, and burns with a bright flame.

As regards the odious practice of polygamy which these people have engrafted on their religion, it is not to be supposed that we could learn much about it during our short stay, and its existence would even have been unobserved by us, had not a "Saint" voluntarily informed us that he was "one of those Mormons who believed in a plurality of wives," and added, "for my part I have six, and this is one of them," pointing to a female who was present. Taking this subject for his text, he delivered a discourse highly eulogistic of the institution of marriage, as seen in a Mormon point of view; of the antiquity of polygamy, its advantages, the evils it prevents, quoting the example of the patriarchs, and of eastern nations, and backing his argument with statistics of the relative number of males and females born, obtained no boubt from the same source as the Book of Mormon. This discourse did not increase our respect for the tenets he advocated, but we deemed it useless to engage in a controversy with one who made use of such sophistry. From what he said, I inferred that a large number of Mormons do not entirely approve of the "spiritual wife" system, and, judging from some of the households, it was evident that the weaker vessel has in many instances here, as elsewhere, the control of the *mènage.*

This subject, "the Central Route to the Pacific," will always be of importance, even although the line of railroads farther north should in time connect with an iron-clasp the two oceans. Mr. Gwynn H. Heap's book is very readable. Doctor, have you seen a paper on "Indian Fibres fit for Textile Fabrics, or for Rope and Paper making?"

DOCTOR.—I have, and think it of great importance at a time when our differences with Russia have, in a great measure, forced us to seek our supply of hemp from other sources. Here is the paper.

INDIAN SUBSTITUTES FOR RUSSIAN HEMP.—At the last meeting of the Society of Arts Dr. Forbes Royle read a paper on "Indian Fibres fit for Textile Fabrics, or for Rope and Paper making." He stated that in the white-fibred plants, such as the bowstring hemp, the aloe, the pita-fibre, the pine-apple, and, above all, the plantain, we had boundless resources of material not only for paper making, but for cordage, which would rival Manilla hemp, or the American aloe which bridged over broad rivers. The oakum of these plants might be converted into paper, and the fibres into fabrics of different qualities; and, though they might not be fitted for making knots, they would yet make ropes which were capable of bearing considerable strain. Among the malvaceous and leguminous plants, or those among which the brown hemp and "sunn" of India were found, with the jute among the linden tribe, we had a variety of cheap products, because the plants could be grown with ease and their fibres separated with facility. If we required fibres possessed of all the strength of Russian or of Polish hemp, we should find this property not only in the hemp of the Himalaya, but in the various nettles which clothe the foot of these mountains from Assam to to the Sutlej. One of the latter—the rheea fibre—he felt assured would not only undersell every other fibre, but, in point of strength, would take a position second to none of all the fibres at present imported. Some of this fibre had been made into a 5-inch rope, and had been tried at Messrs. Huddart's rope manufactory, where it was found that each square inch made from the wild rheea, bore in the first experiment 844 lbs.; in the second experiment 894 lbs., and that from rheea fibre 910 lbs.; while the average strength of rope made with the best hemp, and after numerous experiments, from the year 1803 to 1808, was 805 lbs. per square inch. In December last some

experiments were made at the East India Company's military stores with fibres in equal weights and of equal lengths. The weight that each fibre broke with was ascertained to be as follows:—St. Petersburgh hemp, 160lbs.: Jubbulpore hemp, 190lbs.; Wuckoonar fibre, 175lbs.; mudar, or yercum fibre (common all over India), 190lbs.; China grass, 250lbs.; rheea fibre, 320lbs.; wild rheea, from Assam, 343lbs.; and Kote Kangra hemp, no breakage at 400lbs. This hemp was the *cannabis satira* of botanists, and was cultivated in every part of India on account of the intoxicating property of its leaves. Dr. Royle stated, in conclusion, that the Court of Directors had ordered 20 tons of the rheea fibres, as well as of the Himalayan hemps, to be sent here yearly for the purpose of having them tried. A vast number of specimens of the different fibres, and of the articles manufactured from them, have been left at the Society of Arts for a few days for inspection.

Major.—It is a fortunate circumstance that we shall be able to supply the want created by the war with Russia. The price of the article has already reached a very high figure, and few can predict when the war will end. I will now read you my Colonial News. (*Major reads:*)

COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The "table turnings" and "spiritual rappings" have reached such a head in Lower Canada, that the Bishop of Montreal has thought it necessary to denounce them in a pastoral letter.

Nearly all the Canadian Banks have given notice that they will apply to Parliament at its next session for an increase of their capital stock.

Disasters on the Lakes for the Year 1853.—We find in the *Buffalo Express* a statement by G. W. Rounds, Agent for the North Western Insurance Company, in relation to the lake disasters for the last year amounting to two hundred and sixty-six. Loss of property, $874, 143. Lives lost, 81. The following is a recapitulation:—

Amount of loss by American vessels			...	$635,525
"	"	British	" ...	238,929
"	"	Steam	" ...	461,800
"	"	Sail	" ...	412,343
"	"	Collision	" ...	55,828
"	"	Explosion	" ...	77,394
"	"	Fire	" ...	131,055
"	"	Other causes	" ...	608,371
Amount of loss on Lake Ontario:—				
"	"	" Steam	... 188,400	
"	"	" Sail	94,677	282,477
"	"	" Erie Steam	... 128,606	
"	"	" sail	... 121,906	205,512
"	"	" Huron steam	... 88,594	
"	"	" sail	... 62,744	151,331
"	"	" Michigan st'	... 23,700	
"	"	" sail	... 123,616	157,310
"	"	" Sup'r. steam	.....	32,500

Of the two hundred and sixty-six disasters here detailed, nineteen occurred in April, thirty in May, seventeen in June, eleven in July, twenty-eight in August, thirty in September, thirty-nine in October, eighty in November, and twelve in December. Six steamers, two propellers, and thirty sail vessels have gone out of existence entirely. The number of vessels lost during the present year exceeds those of last year by thirty-seven, while the loss of property is less by $118,516.

Statistical Tables, compiled from the Criminal Registrar of the Gaol of the United Counties of York, Ontario and Peel, for the year 1853, for the information of the Grand Jury, showing the number of prisoners committed, whether male or female, their offences, countries of their birth, their ages, their education, and also the number who use ardent spirits to excess:—

For manslaughter, 2 males. Murder—males, 13, females 3. Rape—3. Drunk and disorderly—males, 132, females 110, boys, 2. Drunk in the streets—males 104, females 19. Disorderly characters—males 14, females 37. Vagrancy—males 52, females 110, boys 15. Larceny—males 73, females 27, boys 18. Assaults—males 22, females 7, boys 2. Trespass—males 7, females 4, lunatics 2. Assaulting constables in discharge of duty—9. Arson—males 4, females 1, boys 3. Leaving employment—males 3. Drunk and fighting—males 3, females 3. Robbery—males 4. Receiving stolen goods—males 3. Passing bad money—2. Escape from prison—1. Highway robbery—1. Keeping disorderly houses—males 3, females 8. Selling spirituous liquors without license—1. Deserting seamen—4. Contempt of Court—3. Non-performance of statute labor—1. Embezzlement—1. Aggravated assault—1. Aiding soldiers to desert—1. Sheep stealing—1. Detained as witnesses—7. Threatening—males 52, females 26. Larceny and trespass—males 2. Horse stealing—10. Furious driving—1.

Total males	577
Total Females	362

Of those committed that could barely read, 8 read and write imperfectly, 49—read and write well, 19—superior education, 2. And of those who could neither read nor write, there were, males 195, females 213.

Countries to which they belonged:—

England—Males	67...	Females	37	
Ireland	" 354....	"	255	
Scotland	" 58....	"	25	
Canada W.	" 43....	"	2	
Canada E.	" 2....	"	2	
U. States	" 4....	"	19	
Germany	" 3....	"	3	
France—4.	Wales—2.			

G. L. ALLEN, Jailor.

Living in Quebec.—We are informed that the four pound loaf has risen to fifteen pence, or a quarter of a dollar in Quebec; and that their cord of wood, which, according to their measurement, is but two feet and a half long, is at five dollars.

TORONTO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

This Society has now been completely reorganized; and consists of two branches, the Vocal and Instrumental. The following is a complete list of the Officers:—

President—The Rev. J. McCaul, L. L. D.
Secretary—W. Armstrong.
Treasurer—G. B. Wyllie.

Officers appointed by the Vocal branch:—

Vice-President—Hon. Mr. Justice Draper.
Managers—Thomas Bilton and Dr. Simpson.

Curator—James B. Davis.
Secretary and Treasurer—H. Mason.

Officers appointed by the Instrumental branch:
Vice-President—Professor Cherriman.
Managers—Professor Irving and Mr. Eccles.
Curator—J. Ellis.
Secretary and Treasurer—A. Nordheimer.

The Hamilton *Spectator* states that the Committee appointed by the English Shareholders of the Great Western Railway Company have unanimously reported against the purchase of the Erie and Ontario Railway and the Niagara Harbor and Docks. Mr. Langsdon has been appointed as agent to proceed to this country and represent the English shareholders at the next election for Directors.

RAILWAYS IN CANADA.—We are often asked how many miles of railway *are completed*, single track in Canada. The following is near the mark: Great Western, 229 miles.—Grand Trunk, Montreal to Island Pond, 143.—Toronto to Barrie, 64.—Montreal to Lachine, 8.—Chippewa to Queenston, &c., about 9.—Rouse's Point to Montreal, 47.—Montreal to Hemmingford, 36.—Bytown to Prescott, 40.—Fort Erie to Paris, 80.—Richmond, or Melbourne to Quebec, 97. Total over 650, of which eighteen years since not any was begun.—*Transcript.*

The following list of insurances is pretty accurate:

Building—London and Liverpool	£3,000	
Globe	5,000	
		£8,000
Library—Royal	£3,400	
London and Liverpool	3,300	
Quebec	3,300	
		10,000
Furniture—Royal	2,700	
London and Liverpool	2,650	
Quebec	2,650	
		8,000
		£26,000

The Quebec papers state that on the Heights of Abraham, where the decisive battle between the English and French was fought in 1760, which decided the future nationality of Canada, the remains of several men who fell in the conflict have been lately found. The Quebec *Canadien*, a French paper, suggests that in order to mark the unanimity that now prevails between the two races in Canada, the remains should be solemnly removed under the directions of the National Societies, to some more appropriate resting place.

UNION OF THE PROVINCES.—A correspondent of the *New Brunswicker* advocates an union of the Lower Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island, under their ancient name, the "Province of Acadia."

The extent and population of the three Colonies which it is thus proposed to unite under one Government, are as follows:—

	Acres.	Souls.
New Brunswick,	20,000,000	193,800
Nova Scotia & Cape Breton,	11,534,196	277,005
Prince Edward Island,	1,360,000	62,678
Total,	32,894,196	533,483

The editor of the *Daily Colonist*, suggests *that pigs should be cherished as pets, instead of* dogs! He thinks that they are quite as ornamental, and more useful!

The *New Brunswicker* is opposed to the suggested Federal Union of the British North American Colonies, as embracing under one government too wide a range of territory, but maintains that the three lower provinces above named would, if united, soon be in a position to take rank with Canada, and would by their combined exertions, under one system of laws and fiscal *regulations, advance with far greater strides* than they can possibly do, while frittering away their legislation and their labours, each by itself and often in an antagonistic manner.

A striking instance of noble disregard to self-interest in promoting the 'beard movement,' may be seen any day about the market of Toronto, in the person of an itinerant razor grinder, who is cultivating a beard to the evident danger of the craft by which he makes his living.

Capt. C. O. Ermatinger, Chief of Police of Montreal, has issued his annual report of the statistics of crime during the year 1853, in Montreal. The number of parties arrested, and for what offences is given in the report as follows:—For murder, 1; horse-stealing 1; passing counterfeit money, 5; obtaining goods under false pretences, 7; receiving stolen goods, 1; larceny 17; drunk in the streets, 2083; drunk and disorderly conduct, 125; breach of the peace, 144; vagrants, 315; protection, 645; indecent exposure, 19; impeding and incommoding, 91. Total offences, 3601. Tried and fined summarily, 35; committed to the house of correction as vagrants, for fifteen days and under, 1404; for one month and under, 168; committed for trial, 89; committed for examination, 3; discharged, 1669.

A Commission with visitorial powers has been appointed to inquire into the state of discipline of Upper Canada College, the system of teaching adopted therein, and the general management thereof. The Hon. Chancellor Blake, the Hon. Judge Harrison and the Rev. Dr. Ryerson are the Commissioners.

The Owen Sound *Lever* states, that there is a company of Land Sharks, whose head-quarters are at Barrie, banded together for the purpose of robbing the honest, industrious, hard-working, toil-worn pioneers of the County of Simcoe; their mode of procedure is to enquire into their titles: if a flaw is found they buy the land from under them, and dispossess them. This is a description of business which amounts to downright roguery. It is a pity that Courts of Justice should be made to accomplish the ends of such knaves. When a man becomes honestly possessed of land, no court of law or equity should deprive him of it, on account of a mere quibble of the law.

The Legislature of Prince Edward's Island met on the 9th February, when the Hon. Mr. Jardine was chosen Speaker. His Excellency's opening speech gave an encouraging account of the progress of the colony. The revenue of the Island is stated at £35,000. On the the 11th ult., in consequence of the Government's having been in a minority, on the Address, the preceding eve-

ning, they tendered their resignations, which were forthwith accecpted by Sir Alexander Bannerman.

The Legislature of Nova Scotia have passed resolutions, empowering the Government of that Province to expend £200,000 a year in the construction of railroads—the money to be raised by loans, the issue of notes from the Treasury &c.—At this rate Nova Scotia will soon be pretty well supplied with railroads.

The Quebec papers of the 11th March, state that the following Officers serving in Canada have been ordered forthwith to proceed to England to embark with the army for Constantinople:—Asst. Com. Gen. Routh, Dep. Asst. Coms. Genl. Hawkins, Webb and Downes. D. A. C. Genl. Webb has been stationed at Quebec, for the last three years, during which time he was frequently the Senior Officer of the Department.

Deer are remarkably numerous in the Township of Wallace this year. A short time ago eleven of them were seen drinking together at a spring in that township.

Four Quebeckers have just returned from Australia. They report hard times, hard luck, and hard usage; but amazingly little hard money.

An independent militia Rifle Company is about being formed at St. Catharines. The *Constitutional* understands, that the company will be furnished with arms in a short time, and believes it will be the means of supplying the town with an efficient police force in case of need.

The *Voice of the Fugitive* states, that numbers of fugitives from slavery continue to arrive in Canada from the boasted land of freedom. If they had not Canada to fly to, their fate would be sad indeed. But once here, where true freedom exists, they need have no further fear of the lash; unless, indeed, our "vi tril" friend, Mitchell's ideas of liberty should prevail among us—which heaven forefend!

The Barber Brothers, so well known for their manufacturing enterprise, are putting up a new and extensive Paper Mill on the Credit, near Georgetown. It is a stone building, 100 feet long and four stories high. They will doubtless supply a good article.

It is proposed to establish in the City of Hamilton, a company for the manufacture of knitted fabrics and hosiery.

The Trustees of the Quebec Provident and Saving's Bank made their annual report on the 28th March, in which the affairs of the Bank are favorably spoken of. The number of the new accounts opened during the past year is 634, making the total number of accounts now open 2246. The deposits have increased during the same period from £112,538. 12. 7, to £148,338. 5. 1, and the surplus fund to £9,274. 12. 9.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

The position of affairs in the East has been so distinctly defined in the two articles in the April and May numbers, and the causes of the war so clearly explained, that it is needless to return to the subject, and in our resumé we will at once proceed to the events of the last six months.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The principal topic after the 1st of January which engrossed public attention was the unfounded rumour, (raised as stated by some journals, by Lord Palmerston's party) respecting Prince Albert's treasonable conduct in betraying the confidence reposed in him as a Privy Counsellor, *ex-officio*. This rumour resulted in the most triumphant refutation of all the charges brought against his Royal Highness, and in establishing the fact that the Prince was deservedly the most popular personage in Her Majesty's dominions. A second point of interest has been the offensive and defensive alliance entered into between France and England and Turkey.

"Their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French resolved to lend their assistance to His Majesty the Sultan Abdul Medjid, Emperor of the Ottomans, in the war which he is carrying on against the aggressions of Russia, and obliged, moreover, notwithstanding their sincere and persevering efforts to maintain peace, to become themselves belligerent parties in a war which, without their active interference, would have threatened to overthrow the balance of power in Europe, and the interests of their own Kingdoms, have, in consequence, resolved to conclude convention for the purpose of designating the object of their alliance, as well as the means to be employed in concert to carry it out, and have for this purpose named as their Plenipotentiaries:

"Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Right Honourable George William Frederic, Earl of Clarendon, &c., and Principal Secretary of State of Her Britannic Majesty for Foreign Affairs;

And His Majesty the Emperor of the French, Sieur Alexander Colonna, Count Walewski, &c., his ambassador to the court of Her Britannic Majesty;

Who, having mutually communicated their credentials in due form, have determined and signed the following articles:—

"ARTICLE I.

"The High Contracting Parties engage, as far as in their power, to bring about the re-establishment of peace between Russia and the Sublime Port on solid and lasting bases, and to guarantee Europe against a return of the lamentable complications which have just so unhappily disturbed the general peace.

"ARTICLE II.

"The integrity of the Ottoman Empire having been violated by the occupation of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, and by other movements of Russian troops, their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French have concerted and will concert the most advisable means to free the territories of the Sultan from

foreign invasion, and to attain the end specified in Article No. 1. They engage for this purpose to maintain, according to the necessities of the war, as judged by mutual agreement, a sufficient land and sea force, and whose description, numbers, and destination subsequent arrangements shall determine as occasion arises.

"ARTICLE III.

"Whatever event may happen in consequence of the execution of the present Convention, the High Contracting Parties bind themselves not to receive any overture nor any proposition tending to the cessation of hostilities, and not to enter into any arrangement with the Imperial Court of Russia without having previously deliberated together.

"ARTICLE IV.

"Animated by the desire of maintaining the balance of power in Europe, and not pursuing any interested end, they refuse beforehand to derive any individual advantage from the events which may happen.

"ARTICLE V.

"Their Majesties the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Emperor of the French will receive with pleasure into their alliance, to co-operate to the proposed end, those of the other powers of Europe who may wish to enter it.

"ARTICLE VII.

The present convention will be ratified, and the ratifications will be exchanged at London in the space of eight days.

"In pledge of which the respective Plenipotentiaries have signed and sealed it.

"Given at London the 10th April, 1854.

"CLARENDON,
"A. WALEWSKI."

About the middle of March the first detachment of the British fleet sailed for the Baltic, their first place of destination being Wengold Sound, and on the 27th war was formally declared by the Lord Chancellor's reading her Majesty's declaration.

DECLARATION.

It is with deep regret that her Majesty announces the failure of her anxious and protracted endeavours to preserve for her people and for Europe the blessings of peace.

The unprovoked aggression of the Emperor of Russia against the Sublime Porte has been persisted in with such disregard of consequences, that after the rejection by the Emperor of Russia of terms which the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French, and the King of Prussia, as well as her Majesty, considered just and equitable, her Majesty is compelled by a sense of what is due to the honour of her crown, to the interests of her people, and to the independence of the States of Europe, to come forward in defence of an ally whose territory is invaded, and whose dignity and independence are assailed.

Her Majesty, in justification of the course she is about to pursue, refers to the transactions in which her Majesty has been engaged.

The Emperor of Russia had some cause of complaint against the Sultan with reference to the settlement, which his Highness had sanctioned, of the conflicting claims of the Greek and Latin Churches to a portion of the Holy Places of Jerusalem and its neighborhood. To the complaint of the Emperor of Russia on this head justice was done; and her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople had the satisfaction of promoting an arrangement to which no exception was taken by the Russian government.

But while the Russian government repeatedly assured the government of her Majesty that the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople was exclusively directed to the settlement of the question of the Holy Places at Jerusalem, Prince Menschikoff himself pressed upon the Porte other demands of a far more serious and important character, the nature of which he, in the first instance endeavoured, as far as possible, to conceal from her Majesty's Ambassador. And these demands, thus studiously concealed, affected not the privileges of the Greek Church at Jerusalem, but the privileges of the millions of Turkish subjects in their relation to their sovereign the Sultan.

These demands were rejected by the spontaneous decision of the Sublime Porte.

Two assurances have been given to her Majesty —one, that the mission of Prince Menschikoff only regarded the Holy Places; the other, that his mission would be of a conciliatory character.

In both respects her Majesty's just expectations were disappointed.

Demands were made which, in the opinion of his majesty the Sultan, extended to the substitution of the Emperor of Russia's authority for his own over a large portion of his subjects: and those demands were enforced by a threat; and when her Majesty learned that, on announcing the termination of his mission, Prince Menschikoff declared that the refusal of his demands would impose upon the Imperial government the necessity of seeking a gurantee by its own power, her Majesty thought proper that her fleet should leave Malta, and, in co-operation with that of his majesty the Emperor of the French, take up its station in the neighborhood of the Dardanelles.

So long as the negotiation bore an amicable character her Majesty refrained from any demonstration of force. But when, in addition to the assemblage of large military forces on the frontier of Turkey, the Ambassador of Russia intimated that serious consequences would ensue from the refusal of the Sultan to comply with unwarrantable demands, her Majesty deemed it right, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French, to give an unquestionable proof of her determination to support the sovereign rights of the Sultan.

The Russian government has maintained that the determination of the Emperor to occupy the Principalities was taken in consequence of the advance of the fleets of England and France. But the menace of the invasion of the Turkish territory was conveyed in Count Nesselrode's note to Reschid Pacha, of the 19th (31st) May, and restated in his despatch to Baron Brunow, of the 20th May (1st June), which announced the determination of the Emperor of Russia to order his troops to occupy the Principalities, if the Porte did not within a week comply with the demands of Russia.

The despatch to her Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople authorizing him, in certain specified contingencies, to send for the British fleet, was dated the 31st May, and the order sent direct from England to her Majesty's admiral to proceed to the neighborhood of the Dardanelles was dated the 2nd of June.

The determination to occupy the Principalities was, therefore, taken before the orders for the advance of the combined squadrons were given.

The Sultan's Minister was informed that unless he signed within a week, and without the change of a word, the note proposed to the Porte by Prince Menchikoff, on the eve of his departure from Constantinople, the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia would be occupied by Russian troops. The Sultan could not accede to so insulting a demand; but when the actual occupation of the Principalities took place, the Sultan did not, as he might have done in the exercise of his undoubted right, declare war, but addressed a protest to his allies.

Her Majesty, in conjunction with the sovereigns of Austria, France, and Prussia, has made various attempts to meet any just demands of the Emperor of Russia without affecting the dignity and independence of the Sultan; and had it been the sole object of Russia to obtain security for the enjoyment by the Christian subjects of the Porte of their privileges and immunities, she would have found it in the offers that have been made by the Sultan. But as that security was not offered in the shape of a special and separate stipulation with Russia it was rejected. Twice has this offer been made by the Sultan, and recommended by the four Powers, once by a note originally prepared at Vienna, and subsequently modified by the Porte, once by the proposal of bases of negotiation agreed upon at Constantinople, on the 31st December, and approved at Vienna, on the 13th of January, as offering to the two parties the means of arriving at an understanding in a becoming and honorable manner.

It is thus manifest that a right for Russia to interfere in the ordinary relations of Turkish subjects to their sovereign, and not the happiness of Christian communities in Turkey, was the object sought for by the Russian government; to such a demand the Sultan would not submit, and his Highness, in self-defence, declared war upon Russia; but her Majesty, nevertheless, in conjunction with her allies, has not ceased her endeavors to restore peace between the contending parties.

The time has, however, now arrived when the advice and remonstrances of the four Powers having proved wholly ineffectual, and the military preparations of Russia becoming daily more extended, it is but too obvious that the Emperor of Russia has entered upon a course of policy which, if unchecked, must lead to the destruction of the Ottoman empire.

In this conjuncture her Majesty feels called upon by regard for an ally, the integrity and independence of whose empire have been recognised as essential to the peace of Europe, by the sympathies of her people with right against wrong, by a desire to avert from her dominions most injurious consequences, and to save Europe from the preponderance of a Power which has violated the faith of treaties, and defies the opinion of the civilized world, to take up arms, in conjunction with the Emperor of the French, for the defence of the Sultan.

Her Majesty is persuaded that in so acting she will have the cordial support of her people; and that pretext of zeal for the Christian religion will be used in vain to cover an aggression undertaken in disregard of its holy precepts, and of its pure and beneficent spirit.

Her Majesty humbly trusts that her efforts may be successful, and that, by the blessing of Providence, peace may be re-established on a safe and solid foundation.

WESTMINSTER, March 28, 1854.

DECLARATION.

Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, having been compelled to take up arms in support of an ally, is desirous of rendering the war as little onerous as possible to the Powers with whom she remains at peace.

To preserve the commerce of neutrals from all unnecessary obstruction, her Majesty is willing, for the present, to waive a part of the belligerent rights appertaining to her by the law of nations.

It is impossible for her Majesty to forego the exercise of her right of seizing articles contraband of war, and of preventing neutrals from bearing the enemy's despatches; and she must maintain the right of a belligerent to prevent neutrals from breaking any effective blockade which may be established with an adequate force against the enemy's forts, harbours, or coasts.

But her Majesty will waive the right of seizing enemy's property laden on board a neutral vessel, unless it be contraband of war.

It is not her Majesty's intention to claim the confiscation of neutrals property not being contraband of war found on board enemy's ships: and her Majesty further declares, that being anxious to lessen as much as possible the evils of war, and to restrict its operations to the regularly organized forces of the country, it is not her present intention to issue letters of marque for the commissioning of privateers.

WESTMINSTER, March 28, 1854.

Independently of the former good feeling existing on the part of Great Britain towards Turkey, the annexed document roused the utmost indignation against the Emperor Nicholas. The proverb, "*Quem Deus vult perdére, prius dementat*," is fully referable to the species of insanity which could have tempted the Russian Emperor had to hazard to the mocking public so signal an instance of his duplicity:—

The "secret and confidential" correspondence on the Eastern question excluded from the Blue-books, has been laid before Parliament, and completes, we imagine, the history of the negotiations that have taken place. The documents in question are chiefly a relation by Sir Hamilton Seymour of various conversations with the Emperor, running over the first four months of the past year, viz., from Jan. 11 to April 23, with the memorandum drawn up by Count Nesselrode in June, 1844. The first conversation commenced

with the congratulations of the Emperor on the accession of the present Ministry: particularly of Lord Aberdeen, "with whom he had been acquainted for nearly forty years, and for whom he entertained equal regard and esteem." The Emperor wished that a good understanding should exist between England and Russia. "When we are agreed, I am quite without anxiety as to the West of Europe; it is immaterial what the others may think or do. As to Turkey, that is another question; that country is in a critical state, and may give us all a great deal of trouble." Sir H. Seymour pressed for some additional assurances on this point:—

"The Emperor's words and manner, although still very kind, showed that his Majesty had no intention of speaking to me of the demonstration which he is about to make in the South. He said, however, at first with a little hesitation, but, as he proceeded, in an open and unhesitating manner—'The affairs of Turkey are in a very disorganized condition; the country itself seems to be falling to pieces (*menace ruine*); the fall will be a great misfortune, and it is very important that England & Russia should come to a perfectly good understanding upon these affairs, and that neither should take any decisive step of which the other is not apprised."

"I observed in a few words, that I rejoiced to hear that his Imperial Majesty held this language; that this was certainly the view I took of the manner in which the Turkish question was to be treated.

"'Tenez,' the Emperor said, as if proceeding with his remark, 'tenez; nous avons sur les bras un homme malade—un homme gravement malade; ce sera, je vous le dis franchement, un grand malheur si, un de ces jours, il devait nous echapper, surtout avant que toutes les dispositions necesaires fussent ne prises. Mais enfin ce n'est point le moment de vous parler de cela.'

"It was clear that the Emperor did not intend to prolong the conversation. I therefore said, 'Votre Majesté est si gracieuse qu'elle me permettra de lui faire encore une observation. Votre Majesté dit que l'homme est malade; c'est bien vrai, mais votre Majesté daignera m'excuser si je lui fais observer, que c'est a l'homme genereux et fort de menager l'homme malade et foible.'

"The Emperor then took leave of me in a manner which conveyed the impression of my having, at least, not given offence, and again expressed his intention of sending for me on some future day."

On the 23rd of January the Emperor was more explicit.

"I found his Majesty alone; he received me with great kindness saying, that I had appeared desirous to speak to him upon Eastern affairs; that, on his side, there was no indispositon to do so, but that he must begin at a remote period.

"'You know,' his Majesty said, 'the dreams and plans in which the Empress Catharine was in the habit of indulging; these were handed down to our time; but while I inherited immense territorial possessions, I did not inherit those visions, those intentions, if you like to call them so. On the contrary, my country is so vast, so happily circumstanced in every way, that it would be unreasonable in me to desire more territory or more power than I possess; on the coutrary, I am the first to tell you that our great, perhaps our only danger, is that which would arise from an extension given to an empire already too large.

"'Close to us lies Turkey, and, in our present condition, nothing better can be desired for our interests; the times have gone by when we had anything to fear from the fanatical spirit or the military enterprise of the Turks, and yet the country is strong enough, or has hitherto been strong enough to preserve its independence, and to ensure respectful treatment from other countries.

"'Well, in that empire there are several millions of Christians whose interests I am called upon to watch over (*surveiller*), while the right of doing so is secured to me by treaty. I may truly say that I make a moderate and sparing use of my right, and I will freely confess that it is one which is attended with obligations occasionally very inconvenient; but I cannot recede from the discharge of a distinct duty. Our religion, as established in this country, came to us from the East, and there are feelings, as well as obligations, which never must be lost sight of.

"'Now, Turkey, in the condition which I have described, has by degrees fallen into such a state of decrepitude, that as I told you the other night eager as we all are for the prolonged existence of the man (and that I am as desirous as you can be for the continuance of his life, I beg you to believe), he may suddenly die upon our hands (*nous rester sur le bras*); we cannot resuscitate what is dead; if the Turkish empire falls, it falls to rise no more; and I put it to you, therefore, whether it is not better to be provided before, hand for a contingency, than to incur the chaos, confusion, and the certainty of a European war, all of which must attend the catastrophe if it should occur unexpectedly, and before some ulterior system has been sketched? This is the point to which I am desirous that you should call the attention of your Government.'

"'Sir,' I replied, 'your Majesty is so frank with me that I am sure you will have the goodness to permit me to speak with the same openness. I would then observe that, deplorable as is the condition of Turkey, it is a country which has been plunged in difficulties supposed by many to be insurmountable. With regard to contingent arrangements, Her Majesty's Government, as your Majesty is well aware, objects, as a general rule, to taking engagements upon possible eventualities, and would, perhaps, be particularly disinclined to doing so in this instance. If I may be allowed to say so, a great disinclination might be expected in England to disposing by anticipation of the succession of an old friend and ally.'

"'The rule is a good one,' the Emperor replied, 'good at all times, especially in times of uncertainty and change, like the present; still it is of the greatest importance that we should understand one another, and not allow events to take us by surprise:

"The conversation passed to the events of the day, when the Emperor briefly recapitulated his claims upon the Holy Places—claims recognised by the firman of last February, and confirmed by a sanction to which His Majesty said he at-

tached much more importance—the word of a Sovereign.

"The execution of promises so made and so ratified the Emperor said he must insist upon, but attained by negociation, the last advices from Constantinople being rather more satisfactory.

"I expressed my belief that negociation, followed, as I thought it had been, by the threats of military measures, would be found sufficient to secure a compliance with the just demands of Russia. I added that I desired to state to His Majesty what I had previously read from a written paper to his Minister, viz., that what I feared for Turkey were not the intentions of His Majesty but the actual result of the measures which appeared to be in contemplation. That I would repeat, that two consequences might be anticipated from the appearance of an Imperial army on the frontiers of Turkey—the one the counter-demonstration which might be provoked on the part of France; the other, and the more serious the rising, on the part of the Christian population, against the Sultan's authority, already so much weakened by revolts and by a severe financial crisis.

"The Emperor assured me that no movement of his forces had yet taken place, and expressed his hope that no advantage would be required.

"With regard to a French expedition to the Sultan's dominions, His Majesty intimated that such a step would bring affairs to an immediate crisis; that a sense of honor would compel him to send his forces into Turkey without delay or hesitation; that if the result of such an advance should prove to be the overthrow of the Great Turk, he should regret the event, but should feel that he had acted as he was compelled to do.

"With regard to the extremely important overture to which this report relates, I will only observe that, as it is my duty to record impressions, as well as facts and statements, I am bound to say that if words, tone and manner offer any criterion by which the intentions are to be judged, the Emperor is prepared to act with perfect fairness and openness towards Her Majesty's Government. His Majesty has, no doubt, his own objects in view; and he is in my opinion, too strong a believer in the imminence of dangers in Turkey. I am, however, impressed with the belief that, in carrying out these objects, as in guarding against those dangers, His Majesty is sincerely desirous of acting in harmony with her Majesty's Government.

Lord John Russell, in a despatch dated Feb. 9, replies that it is impossible to negociate respecting the dissolution of a power that may not take place, for 20, 50, or 150 years to come.

"In these circumstances it would hardly be consistent with the friendly feelings towards the Sultan which animate the Emperor of Russia, no less than the Queen of Great Britain, to dispose beforehand of the provinces under his dominions. Besides this consideration, however, it must be observed, that an agreement made in such a case tends very surely to hasten the contingency for which it is intended to provide. Austria and France could not, in fairness, be kept in ignorance of the transaction, nor would such concealment be consistent with the end of preventing an European war. Indeed, such concealment cannot be intended by His Imperial Majesty. It is to be inferred that, as soon as Great Britain and Russia should have agreed on the course to be pursued, and have determined to enforce it, they should communicate their intentions to the great Powers of Europe; an agreement thus made, and thus communicated, would not be very long a secret; and while it would alarm and alienate the Sultan, the knowledge of its existence would stimulate all his enemies to increased violence and more obstinate conflict. They would fight with the conviction that they must ultimately triumph, while the Sultan's generals and troops would feel that no immediate success could save their cause from final overthrow. Thus would be produced and strengthened that very anarchy which is now feared, and the foresight of the friends of the patient would prove the cause of his death.

"Her Majesty's Government need scarcely enlarge on the dangers attendant on the execution of any similar Convention. The example of the Succession War is enough to show how little such agreements are respected when a pressing temptation urges their violation. The position of the Emperor of Russia as depositary, but not proprietor of Constantinople, would be exposed to numberless hazards, both from the long-cherished ambition of his own nation, and the jealousies of Europe. The ultimate proprietor, whoever he might be, would hardly be satisfied with the inert, supine attitude of the heirs of Mahomet II. A great influence on the affairs of Europe seems naturally to belong to the Sovereign of Constantinople, holding the gates of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea.

"That influence might be used in favor of Russia; it might be used to control and curb her power.

"His Imperial Majesty has justly and wisely said—'My country is so vast, so happily circumstanced in every way, that it would be unreasonable in me to desire more territory or more power than I possess. On the contrary,' he observed, our great, perhaps our only danger, is that which would arise from an extension given to an empire already too large.' A vigorous and ambitious state, replacing the Sublime Porte, might, however, render war on the part of Russia a necessity for the Emperor or his successors.

"Thus European conflict would arise from the very means taken to prevent it; for neither England nor France, nor probably Austria, would be content to see Constantinople permanently in the hands of Russia.

"On the part of Great Britain, her Majesty's Government at once declare that they renounce all intention or wish to hold Constantinople. His Imperial Majesty may be quite secure upon this head. They are likewise ready to give an assurance that they will enter into no agreement to provide for the contingency of the fall of Turkey without previous communication with the Emperor of Russia.

"Upon the whole, then, Her Majesty's Government are persuaded that no course of policy can be adopted more wise, more disinterested, more beneficial to Europe, than that which His Imperial Majesty has long followed, and which will render his name more illustrious than that of the

most famous Sovereigns who have sought immortality by unprovoked conquest and ephemeral glory.

"With a view to the success of this policy, it is desirable that the utmost forbearance should be manifested towards Turkey; that any demands which the great Powers of Europe may have to make, should be made matter of friendly negotiation rather than of peremptory demand; that military and naval demonstrations to coerce the Sultan should, as much as possible, be avoided; that differences with respect to matters affecting Turkey, within the competence of the Sublime Porte, should be decided after mutual concert between the great Powers, and not be forced upon the weakness of the Turkish Government.

"To these cautions her Majesty's Government wish to add, that in their view it is essential that the Sultan should be advised to treat his Christian subjects in conformity with the principles of equity and religious freedom which prevail generally among the enlightened nations of Europe. The more the Turkish Government adopts the rules of impartial law and equal administration, the less will the Emperor of Russia find it necessary to apply that exceptional protection which his Imperial Majesty has found so burdensome and inconvenient, though no doubt prescribed by duty and sanctioned by treaty.

In a conversation at a party previous to the formal presentation of the note, the Emperor told Sir H. Seymour that the English Government did not understand him. All he wanted was an understanding as to what should *not* be done when the sick man dies. The ambassador replied that countries do not die in such a hurry.

"Then," rejoined the Emperor, "I will tell you that, if your Government has been led to believe that Turkey retains any elements of existence, your Government must have received incorrect information. I repeat to you that the sick man is dying; and we can never allow such an event to take us by surprise. We must come to some understanding; and this we would do, I am convinced, if I could hold but ten minutes conversation with your ministers—with Lord Aberdeen, for instance, who knows me so well, who has full confidence in me, as I have in him. And, remember, I do not ask for a treaty or a protocol; a general understanding is all I require—that between gentlemen is sufficient; and in this case I am certain that the confidence would be as great on the side of the Queen's Ministers as on mine. So no more for the present; you will come to me to-morrow, and you may remember that as often as you think your conversing with me will promote a good understanding upon any point, you will send word that you want to see me."

Sir H. Seymour adds his suspicion "the Emperor's object is to engage her Majesty's Government, in conjunction with his own Cabinet and that of Vienna, in some scheme for the ultimate partition of Turkey, and for the exclusion of France from the arrangement."

Upon the formal reading of Lord John Russell's despatch, the ambassador asked the Emperor to explain his negative policy.

This his Majesty for some time declined doing; he ended, however, by saying, "Well, there are several things which I will not tolerate; I will begin by ourselves. I will not tolerate the permanent occupation of Constantinople by the Russians: having said this, I will say that it never shall be held by the English, or French, or any other great nation. Again, I never will permit an attempt at the reconstruction of a Byzantine empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful State; still less will I permit the breaking-up of Turkey into little republics, asylums for the Kossuths and Mazzinis, and other revolutionists of Europe; rather than submit to any of these arrangements I would go to war, and as long as I had a man or a musket left would carry it on."

The Emperor argued at some length that the dissolution of Turkey was at hand, and would some day take them unawares.

"His Imperial Majesty spoke of France. 'God forbid,' he said, 'that I should accuse any one wrongfully, but there are circumstances both at Constantinople and Montenegro which are extremely suspicious; but it looks very much as if the French Government were endeavoring to embroil us all in the East, hoping in this way the better to arrive at their own objects, one of which, no doubt, is the possession of Tunis.'

Sir H. Seymour suggested that Austria would desire to be consulted.

"'Oh!' replied the Emperor, greatly to my surprise, 'but you must understand that when I speak of Russia I speak of Austria as well; what suits the one suits the other; our interests as regards Turkey are perfectly identical.'

Referring to the rising in Montenegro His Majesty said—

"'It is impossible not to feel great interest in a population warmly attached to their religion, who have so long kept their ground against the Turks;' and the Emperor continued—'It may be fair to tell you that if any attempts at exterminating those people shall be made by Omer Pacha, and should a general rising of the Christians take place in consequence, the Sultan will, in all probability, lose his throne; but in this case he falls to rise no more. I wish to support his authority, but, if he loses it, it is gone for ever. The Turkish empire is a thing to be tolerated not to be reconstructed. In such a case, I protest to you I will not allow a pistol to be fired.'

"'The Emperor went on to say that, in the event of the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, he thought it might be less difficult to arrive at a satisfactory territorial arrangement than was commonly believed. 'The Principalities are,' he said, 'in fact, an independent State under my protection; this might so continue. Servia might receive the same form of government. So again with Bulgaria. There seems to be no reason why this province should not form an independent state. As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that territory. I can then only say, that if, in the event of a distribution of the Ottoman succession upon the fall of the empire, you should take possession of Egypt, I shall have no objections to offer. I would say the same thing of Candia: that island might suit you, and I do not know why it should not become an English possession.'

"As I did not wish that the Emperor should imagine than an English public servant was

caught by this sort of overture, I simply answered that I had always understood that the English views upon Egypt did not go beyond the point of securing a safe and ready communication between British India and the mother country."

In dismissing Sir H. Seymour the Emperor said, "I have confidence in the English Government. Ce n'est point un engagement, une convention que je leur demande; c'est un libre echange d'idees, et au besoin, une parole de gentilhomme; entre nous cela suffit."

These conversations were embodied in a Russian memorandum, dated Feb. 21, which stipulated that "the result of this discussion should remain what it ought to be, *a secret between the two sovereigns.*"

To these disclosures of the views of Russia, which reached the Foreign-office on the 6th of March, Lord Clarendon replied that, concurring as he did in the negative propositions of the Emperor Nicholas, the British Government perseveres in the belief that Turkey still possesses the elements of existence, and that the hastening or indefinite postponement of an event which every Power in Europe is concerned in averting will mainly depend on the policy of Russia herself towards the Porte: but that in any case England desires no territorial aggrandisement, and could be no party to a previous arrangement from which she was to derive any such benefit, or to any undfrstanding, however general, which was to be kept secret from the other Powers. Seeing that no good could arise out of a further correspondence, the Foreign Secretary desires that it should cease. He previously, however, makes the following observations in respect to the instructions given to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in regard to the Holy Places. He was told to bear in mind that Her Majesty's Government, without professing to give an opinion on the subject, were not insensible to the superior claims of Russia, both as respected the treaty obligations of Turkey, and the loss of the moral influence that the Emperor would sustain throughout his dominions, if, in the position occupied by his Imperial Majesty with reference to the Greek church, he was to yield any privileges it had hitherto enjoyed to the Latin church, of which the Emperor of the French claimed to be the protector.

The following Russian memorandum closes the correspondence:

"The Emperor has, with lively satisfaction, made himself acquainted with Lord Clarendon's despatch of the 23d of March. His Majesty congratulates himself on perceiving that his views and those of the English Cabinet entirely coincide on the subject of the political combinations which it would be chiefly necessary to avoid, in the extreme case of the contingency occurring in the East, which Russia and England have equally at heart to prevent, or, at all events, to delay as long as possible. Sharing, generally, the opinions expressed by Lord Clarendon, on the necessity of the prolonged maintenance of the existing state of things in Turkey, the Emperor, nevertheless, cannot abstain from adverting to a special point, which leads him to suppose that the information received by the British Government is not altogether in accordance with ours. It refers to the humanity and the toleration to be shewn by Turkey in her manner of treating her Christian subjects.

"Putting aside many other examples to the contrary of an old date, it is, for all that, notorious *that recently the cruelties committed by the Turks* in Bosnia forced hundreds of Christian families to seek refuge in Austria. In other respects, without wishing on this occasion to enter upon a discussion as to the symptoms of decay, more or less evident, presented by the Ottoman Power, or the greater or less degree of vitality which its internal constitution may retain, the Emperor will readily agree that the best means of upholding the duration of the Turkish Government, is not to harass it by overbearing demands, supported in a manner humiliating to its independence and its dignity. His Majesty is disposed, as he has ever been, to act upon this system, with the clear understanding, however, that the same rule of conduct shall be observed, without distinction, and unanimously, by each of the great Powers, and that none of them shall take advantage of the weakness of the Porte, to obtain from it concessions which might turn to the prejudice of the others. This principle being laid down, the Emperor declares that he is ready to labour, in concert with England, at the common work of prolonging the existence of the Turkish Empire, setting aside all causes of alarm on the subject of its dissolution. He readily accepts the evidence offered by the British Cabinet, of entire confidence *in the uprightness of his sentiments, and* the hope that, on this basis, his alliance with England cannot fail to become stronger.

"St. Petersburgh, April 3 (15), 1853."

The *Times* fairly describes Count Nesselrode's "memorandum" founded on communications received from the Emperor when in England in 1844, as a declaration on the part of the two Cabinets that they were mutually convinced that it is their common interest that Turkey should retain her independence and her existing territorial possessions; that they would unite their efforts to consolidate her existence, and to avert dangers threatening to her safety; and that for this purpose it was essential to leave the Porte alone, without uselessly harassing it by diplomatic embarrassments, and without interfering, except in cases of absolute necessity, in its internal affairs.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

During the last week of October and the month of November, military operations were commenced along the Danube, and several partial engagements took place, generally resulting in the success of the Turks. The principal of them was *the movement at Oltenitza, where the Russians* suffered severely. An event of much greater importance occurred, however, on the last day of November at Sinope, where the Russian fleet, in force, attacked a Turkish Squadron:—

All accounts agree in stating that the Turks suffered terribly at Sinope. The town was set on fire and destroyed, and upwards of 4000 Turks perished; and 400 guns were lost to the Turkish fleet. The Turkish squadron under Osman Bey consisted of six frigates, four corvettes, and two

steamers, and not of mere transports. The Russians attacked this flotilla as it lay at anchor in the roadstead of Sinope with an enormous disproportion of force, inasmuch as the division of the Russian fleet under the command of Nachimoff, at Sinope, consisted of four ships of the line, 120 guns each—*Tri Swiatitela*, *Grossfurst Constantin* (Admiral's ship), *Paris*, and *Zwei Apostel*; two ships of 84 guns—*Rostislav* and *Swiatoslin*; and the two steamers, *Wladimir* and *Odessa*.—Admiral Kornileff arrived in another steamer just after the close of the engagement. This Russian squadron was bound on a cruise, and had already, as far back as the middle of November, been on the chase after these Turkish vessels, and had hoped to come up with them in either Sinope, Varna, or Baltschik.

One of those fogs which are so prevalent in the Black Sea at this time of year, and which render the navigation of it so difficult, concealed the approach of the enemy, who had been blockading the port, and the land batteries appear to have been unprepared for his approach. The first object seen in the mist was the Russian fleet in overwhelming force, at a short distance, bearing down. The Turkish vessels were quietly at anchor. A Russian three-decker placed itself between a Turkish frigate, the *Misania*, and the Egyptian frigate, the *Damietta*. These two ships before the enemy could open his fire, threw in their broadsides so close, that the Russian three-decker was severely injured. In the meantime, another Russian ship of the line attacked two corvettes between which it succeeded in placing itself. The rest of the Russian fleet quickly came up, threw in their fire together on the helpless Turkish vessels; and the combat became general. The Turkish steamer, *Taif*, foreseeing the disaster that was sure to happen, got its steam up, and, not without great difficulty and much danger, succeeded in gliding between the Russian ships, hotly pursued by two corvettes and a steamer. When it had got out of the reach of fire, it was found that she had not less than seventeen cannon balls in her, and had two men killed, and four wounded. According to some accounts, the Russian fleet was composed of 18 ships—three-deckers, two-deckers, frigates, corvettes, and steamers, and that the Turkish flotilla lying at anchor consisted only of six frigates, three corvettes, and two steamers. No one denies that a complete victory was gained by the Russians. The Turkish frigates, however, received their gigantic assailants with the greatest courage and spirit. They only succumbed to the immense superiority of force, and that not without inflicting severe injury on the Russians; and they fought to the last with a degree of courage which has never been exceeded in naval warfare.

So completely were the Turks taken by surprise that, although two Russian steamers had reconnoitred the roads—which are renowned for their security even in winter—on the day preceding the attack, the boilers of the Turkish steamers were not heated when the battle began; and when the Russian vessels were pouring in their broadsides, it was found that they received the fire of their own batteries.

Before the squadron was destroyed, it had conveyed arms and ammunition to the coast between Gelendshik and Souchumkaleh.

The intelligence of the affair at Sinope caused the greatest excitement both in England and France, and instructions were promptly and definitively despatched to the commanders of the allied fleets to guard against the repetition of such a disaster. The allied squadron also entered the Black Sea, and apprised the Governor of Sebastopol of their intention not to permit farther aggression. Early, too, in January, the Turks attacked the Russians at Citale and defeated them, driving them back on Krajova, with a loss of three or four thousand men.

Early in April a British vessel, carrying a flag of truce, was fired into, and it was decided by Admirals Dundas and Hamelin to punish it in the most summary manner. To have attacked Sebastopol, unless aided by a military movement in the rear, would have been premature, and perhaps unavailing. Odessa, the chief commercial city of the Russian Empire, and the emporium whence the Czar draws a large portion of the supplies necessary for the subsistence of his army in the Danubian provinces, was therefore chosen as the point of attack. Accordingly, on the 24th April, the combined fleets appeared before that city, and bombarded it for several hours, inflicting immense damage. Bussia has thus felt, for the first time since it was a nation, the weight of the arm of England—and should the war entail no greater calamity, the Czar would not remain unpunished for his unprovoked aggression, the bombardment of Odessa will, however, only be the first of a series of attacks, as the combined fleet had sailed for Sebastopol, to attack, as supposed, that post. French and British troops are rapidly being landed, and accounts may be daily expected of operations undertaken on the sea coast of the Dobradja, in the Danube itself, and on the Crimea.

The greatest exertions are being made, in the meantime, by the Czar to prepare for the conflict, and he has announced his resolution to continue the contest while he has a man or a gun left. In a proclamation, dated the 23rd of April, he has declared that Russia is contending for the Christian faith of her co-religionists, oppressed by their merciless enemies, and that the real object of England and France, is not only to fight against orthodox Chris-

tianity, but to deprive Russia of her powerful position in Europe. Besides warlike preparations, which are made on the vastest scale that Russian finances will admit of, the arts of negotiation are not wanting, and Austria, Prussia, Denmark and Sweden have been in turns assailed, at one time by promises, at the next by threats. So far it is difficult to determine what the ultimate decision of these powers may be. Greece has not been lost sight of by the crafty Nicholas, and there is but too much reason to fear that the weak Otho, instigated by his wife, has become a tool in the hands of the Czar.

In the Baltic the Russians have lost a great many of their merchantmen, and the latest accounts represent the Russian fleet as having left Helsingfors, and the allied as in pursuit of them.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

We may almost augur from the action taken by the King of Sweden, that he is personally inclined to make common cause with Russia; this line of conduct, however, in the present excited state of feeling which pervades the Swedes, he will find it difficult to pursue. The old act which forbids more than four vessels of war to enter, at one time, his harbours, has been revived. Seven line of battle ships have been fitted out, and two camps have been formed, one at Carlscrona and the other at Stockholm.

DENMARK.

Placed between two fires, it is difficult to define the course which will be adopted by this nation. To preserve a neutrality will be difficult, and a junction with either will be almost equally fatal. There is, however, little doubt but that an adhesion to the western powers will be adopted, meanwhile great preparations for defence are being made at Copenhagen, Keningsberg, and elsewhere. A fleet which will mount upwards of three hundred guns will also be shortly ready, either for home defences, or for sea.

AUSTRIA.

With her Italian provinces ripe for revolt—with Hungary in the same state of fierment, and with Poland still cherishing the hope of independence, this unfortunate Emperor is in a most pitiable situation. As we have shewn in the secret correspondence, Nicholas in speaking for himself, considered that he also spoke for Austria, fettered then in this way, whatever course adopted would almost appear to be suicidal. The latest accounts, however, announce that proposals have been made to Russia, and that the rejection of them will determine their neutrality. In the mean time the troops in Italy, are being gradually drawn to the North and concentrated.

PRUSSIA.

Prussia in the contest has comparatively little interest. Russia is no favorite of the King's, and the old grudge against France will prevent a hearty co operation with the western powers. Meantime by neutrality the country has every thing to gain. There is then very little doubt but that this line of action will be strictly followed.

PORTUGAL.

In consequence of the Queen of Portugal's death, in child bed, and of her son Don Pedro (only 16 years old) not being capable until 18 years of age of assuming the reins of government, his father Ferdinand was declared Regent. The deceased Queen was 24 years of age.

Space forbids our commenting on the position of other European powers, or of entering into the differences that have arisen between Spain and the United States. Suffice it to observe that the most hearty understanding exists between France and England, with respect to these differences, and that the former country is in a high state of prosperity, contented with the new order of things. It is a striking proof of the enthusiasm which animates France in the present conflict, and may be mentioned the fact that the loan necessary for carrying on the war has been raised in a great measure from small sums of from one to ten pounds. A gigantic National saving bank has thus been formed, and the war popularised.

The differences between Spain and America are likely to lead to serious results, as the Americans seem desirous to avail themselves of France and England being engaged in the Eastern war, to press their designs on Cuba. The annexation of Cuba, however, as a slave State, is not likely to be permitted by either country. Its annexation as a free state, Great Britain, considering her present relations with the Court of Spain, would most probably agree to.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

BETTY MARTIN.—You have again come *dreadfully* near the solution of our Problem.

CLOVERFIELD.—Strangely enough, Enigma 25 can be solved in the stipulated number of moves, although by error White's R occupies Q Kt 6th, instead of K Kt 6th. We recommend you to try this enigma as amended.

M. T. H.—Totally incorrect.

CAROLUS.—Your adversary was perfectly justified in enforcing the rule "touch and move." The law regarding this question stands as follows: "A piece or pawn *touched* must be played, unless, at the moment of touching it, the player say "*J'adoube*," or words to that effect; *but if a piece or pawn be displaced or overturned by accident, it may be restored to its place.*"

Solutions to Problem 6, by J. B.,G. P., J.H.R., and Pawn are correct; all others are wrong.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last by Cloverfield, Amy, and Pawn are correct.

ERRATA.—Enigma 25. For "R at Q Kt 6th" read "R at *K* Kt 6th."

On page 543, col. 1. Blacks 26th move, for "K to his 2nd" read "K to his B 2nd";—Col. 2. Blacks 16th move, for "K to Q R sq. read "K to Q *B* sq."

On page 544, in not (k) to Game IV., for "Not Kt, takes Kt on account of 33, Q to K. R 8th (ch) followed by Q R to K 2nd (ch)" read "Not Kt takes Kt on account of 33, Q to K R 8th (ch) followed by *K* R to K *sq.* (ch,) &c."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. VI.

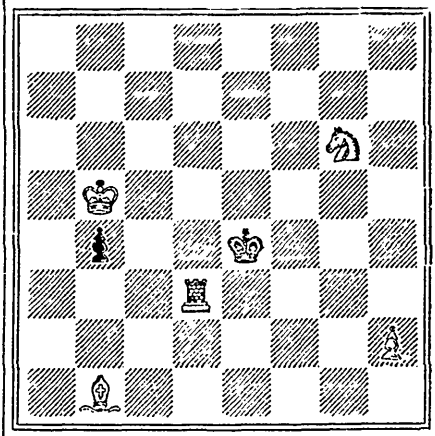
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K 8th (ch)	Kt takes R or (A)
2. Q to K B 8th (ch)	Q interposes
3. B to Q 4th (ch)	Kt interposes
4. B mates.	
	(A)
	K to Kt 2nd
2. B takes P (ch)	K to B 2nd or (B)
3. Q to K R 5th (ch)	K to B 3rd
4. Q mates.	
	(B)
	K to Kt 3rd (*a*)
3. Q to K B 5th (ch)	K takes B
4. Q mates.	

(*a*) Should K take B, or move on K B 3rd, mate would ensue next move.

PROBLEM NO. VII.

By Mr. George Palmer.

BLACK.



WHITE.

While to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 26. By Rev. H. Bolton.

WHITE.—K at Q B 3rd; R at Q Kt 7th; Ps at Q B 7th and Q Kt 5th.

BLACK.—K at Q B 4th.

While to play and mate in three moves.

No. 27. From the Schachzeitung.

WHITE.—K at K B sq; Q at K R 7; Rs at K B 4th and K 5th; Bs at K Kt 5th and Q Kt 5th; Kts at Q 2nd and Q R 4th; P at K Kt 2nd.

BLACK.—K at Q B sq; Q at Q B 7th; R at Q 2nd; B at K 3rd; Kts at Q 5th and Q Kt 3rd; P at Q Kt 2nd.

While to play and mate in three moves.

TORONTO CHESS CLUB.

The first annual meeting of this society was held at the rooms of the club on the evening of the 3rd ultimo, the President (Professor Cherriman) in the chair. The Secretary read the report for the year just ended, from which it appeared that upwards of thirty gentlemen had been enrolled as members during the year, of whom twenty-two still remained on the books, the remainder having left Toronto to reside elsewhere. A balance appeared at the credit of the club, which, for the first year of its existence, was deemed most satisfactory, and the second year commenced with the admission of several new members, so we have every reason to expect that this society will finally succeed.

We make room for the latter part of the report, complaining of the very scant attendance of mem-

bers at the weekly meetings of the club.—"This apathy on the part of the members of the club is much to be regretted, as it must inevitably lead to the break up of the society; much disappointment has been felt at the very rare attendance in the club rooms, some few of the regular visitors of the club being among those who live at the greatest distance from it: and your committee wish some means could be devised to induce the friends of chess to attend more regularly. With this view they have turned their attention towards procuring more comfortable rooms, but hitherto unsuccessfully; however, they are now in hopes of being able shortly to announce that they have secured rooms which the subscribers of the club may, perhaps, be persuaded to visit oftener than at present.

"Your committee take this opportunity of observing that much might be done for the benefit of the Club were the members individually to exert themselves to get further accessions to their number; and in conclusion would strongly urge upon those who feel any desire for the continuance of the Club the *necessity* of their making *some little exertion* to attend the weekly meetings with regularity: for it must be borne in mind that it is not to be expected that Chess Clubs are to be strongly maintained, and the spirit of chess play kept up, without some SELF-SACRIFICE on the part of those who advocate the progress of Chess Science."

We have since learned that the Committee have succeeded in procuring rooms over Mr. Griffith's saddlery store, 64 King Street West, and that the Club now meets there every Thursday evening at 7 P M.

The following officers were elected for the ensueing year at the last annual meeting:—Prof. Cherriman, President; Dr. O'Brien, Mr. Robertson and Mr. Palmer, the Committee; and Mr. Chewett, Secretary and Treasurer.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

[The following game, with notes, is from the April number of the *Chess Player's Chronicle.*]

A Brilliant little Game lately played between Messrs. Drew and Harris, of the Richmond Chess Club.

(*Evan's Gambit.*)

Black (Mr. D.)	White (Mr. H.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2 K Kt to B 3rd.	Q Kt to B 3rd.
3 K B to Q B 4th.	K B to Q B 4th.
4 P to Q Kt 4th.	B takes Kt P.
5 P to Q B 3rd.	B to Q B 4th.
6 P to Q 4th.	P takes P.
7 P takes P.	B to Q Kt 3rd.
8 P to Q R 4th.	P to Q R 4th.
9 Castles.	P to Q 3rd.
10 B to Q Kt 5th.	B to Q 2nd.
11 B to Q Kt 2nd.	K Kt to B 3rd.
12 P to K 5th.	K Kt to Q 4th.
13 R to K sq.	Castles.
14 Q Kt to Q 2nd.	B to K Kt 5th.
15 Q to Q Kt 3rd.	B takes Kt.
16 B takes Q Kt.	P takes B.
17 Q takes Q B.	P takes P.
18 P takes P.	Kt to Q Kt 5th.
19 Q R to Q sq.	Q to K Kt 4th (*a*).
20 Kt to K 4th.	Q to K Kt 3rd.
21 P to K R 4th.	Q R to Q sq.
22 P to K R 5th.	Q to K 3rd (*b*).
23 Kt to K Kt 5th.	Q to Q R 7th.
24 R takes R.	R takes R.
25 P to K 6th (*c*).	P to K B 3rd (*d*).
26 Q to K B 5th.	B takes K B P (ch) (*e*).
27 Q takes B.	Q to her 4th.
28 Kt to B 7th.	R to K sq.
29 Kt to R 6th (ch).	K to R sq.
30 Q takes K B P.	

And White resigns (*f*).

Notes.

(*a*) The Q will find her new quarters uncomfortable

(*b*) If R took R at this point, Black contemplated the following variation:—

22	R takes R.
23 R takes R.	Q to K 3rd.
24 Kt to B 6th (ch).	P takes Kt, or (A).
25 P takes P.	K to R sq (best).
26 Q to K Kt 3rd.	R to K Kt sq
27 Q takes R (ch).	K takes Q.

28 R to Q 8th (ch) winning.

VARIATION (A).

24	K to R sq
25 P to R 6th.	P takes Kt.

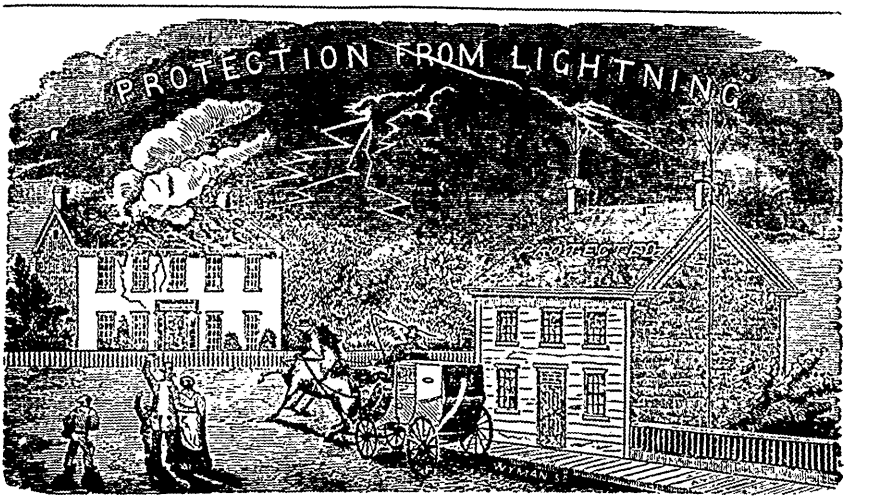
26 Q to K Kt 3rd, &c.

(*c*) Shutting out the Queen completely.

(*d*) White was mated by force in the event of his taking either Bishop or Pawn.

(*e*) The only move to get the Queen into play.

(*f*) If P takes Q it is evident that the B mates.



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THE Undersigned having made arrangements for the manufacture of these celebrated Lightning Conductors, are prepared to furnish the Cheapest and Safest Protection from Lightning ever offered to the Public.

Their diameter is sufficient to conduct even a thunderbolt without fusion; no instance having occurred of an iron bar, of rather more than three-eighths of an inch square, or a cylinder of the same diameter, having been fused or even heated red-hot by lightning. On the principle that Electricity always chooses the best conductors within its reach, Franklin constructed his Thunder Rod for protecting buildings.

The Rod ought not to terminate in a dry conducting body, but be conveyed, if possible, to moist earth, so that the electricity may be at once discharged into a good conducting medium.

The greatest risk is incurred when a conductor is afforded so far and then cut short, and an insulating substance succeeds, the lightning is thus attracted and conveyed a certain way with ease; but how then is it to force its passage by violence, or by going out of its course to meet in with some tolerable conductor? This insulation takes place in every rod that is fastened together by means of hooks; consequently those rods put up with hooks are dangerous to the building or buildings on which they may be placed. The supports of Spratt's Rod, attaching it to the building, being furnished with glass insulators, all discharges of the electric fluid laterally into the house, or anywhere, except into the earth, is prevented. The many accidents that occur annually, and almost daily, are sufficient reasons why persons should have their dwellings safely and securely protected from its power. As it regards the quality of these Rods, we would respectfully refer to the opinions of scientific men in this city; and would add, that we have never found a man that was acquainted with the laws of electricity that did not give Spratt's Rod his approbation.

CERTIFICATES

OBSERVATORY, TORONTO, Sept. 9, 1851.

At the request of Mr. Wilson, I have examined his Lightning Conductor, and heard his explanation respecting it. His views appear to me to be reasonable and correct, and the metallic point a good form of the Instrument. The platinum point is an essential part of it, but I do not consider the magnets to be so, or that they can have any possible effect, good or bad, as such; as additional points, the opinion of the best authorities is that such are of no use, one good point being all that is necessary, but they can do no harm.

I further state, at Mr. Wilson's request, that in my opinion any building so elevated as the St Lawrence Hall, or the Lunatic Asylum, ought to be provided with several points and several conductors which latter should be placed in good metallic communication with the tin covering of the roof and any other considerable masses of metal about the building. The conductors should be led off to the iron water-pipes underground.

J. H. LEFROY, *Capt. R. A. &c.*

Having examined Mr WILSON'S Lightning Conductors, and having given considerable attention to the subject, I entirely concur with Captain Lefroy's observations.

HENRY CROFT,
Prof. of Chemistry, &c.

Toronto, April 5, 1853.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 27, 1853.

The Lightning Conductors put up in this city on the plan of Mr. Spratt, of Cincinnati, appear to be very well devised; and in point of mechanical construction are the very best I have ever seen. It is to be hoped that the use of these Rods may become general, as an important auxiliary defence against a danger which must be regarded as of no ordinary magnitude, to which all buildings are liable.

B. SILLIMAN, JR.,
Prof. of Chem. in Univ. Louisville, Ky.

The Subscribers may be found at No 50, Yonge Street, where they would be happy to give any information required, or to receive orders to protect private dwellings or public buildings. Orders left at H. PIPER & BROTHER, Tinsmiths 50 Yonge Street, will meet with prompt attention.

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50, Yonge Street.

March, 1854

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