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THE

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THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.—TORONTO: JANUARY, 1853.—No. 1.

A HISTORY OF THE WAR
BETWEEN
GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA,
DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, & 1814.

“*Ferrum quo graves Persæ melius perirent.*”

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTERS ON THE CAUSES OF THE
WAR.

CHAPTER I.

*From the Berlin Decree to the close of Mr.
Jefferson's Second Administration.*

21st Nov., 1806. 3rd March, 1809.

Preliminary remarks. AN historical narrative which wilfully offends against truth, or distorts it to serve party purposes, is an imposture; and one that is devoid of feeling is a skeleton: the one, unprincipled; the other, spiritless and forbidding. We, in the discharge of our humble office, will strive to eschew both; keeping clear, to the best of our ability, of the lively, but prejudiced and disingenuous political pamphlet, on the one hand; and of the dry and meagre outline of the mere analyst, on the other. We write, jealously observant of truth, so far as we can discern it; but, at the same time, we are not ashamed to confess that we write with emotion,—as from the heart,—and a heart too, which, to its last pulsation, will remain true, we hope, to the glorious British constitution. To tell of gradual estrangement and final collision, where nature herself, no less than interest, urged to close alliance; to recite the afflicting details of war,

where peace, to either side, was in an eminent degree prosperity, happiness, and wisdom;—this is our undertaking, and the occasion of it we well may, as we do, most conscientiously deplore. In such a strife of brothers, victory, even on our own side, is not recorded without pain,—the pain which a man feels when he discovers that the errors of human conduct have given him an enemy where, in the ties of common language and race, Divine Providence, he might argue, had designed that he should find a friend. The late war with the United States, is not the only contest in the world's history, which warns us that the permanent peace of nations, is not to be implicitly trusted to the mere physical circumstance of their being “*gentes unius labii*,” yet the consciousness that we have fought, even in self-defence, with those who speak the same tongue and claim the same lineage with ourselves, will be felt to damp the ardor of triumph in the moment of victory, and to cloud its remembrance afterwards. To this feeling we are not insensible; yet, at the same time, it would be affectation in us to disguise the satisfaction we derive from the conviction that the War of 1812 was attended with, at least, one good result. It shewed that Canada, as to her deliberate preference of British connection, and her devotion to the British throne, was sound to the heart's core. By declaimers in Congress—who refused to hear the voice of reason from the just and sensible minority in that Legislature—the loyalty of Canada was impeached,—spoken of as a thing of nought, to be corrupted

by the first offered bribe, detached from its hollow adherence to British rule by the first military proclamation, or daunted by the first gleam of the Republican bayonets. Transported with the genuine spirit of democratic inebriation, these Congress declaimers were never able, for a moment, to entertain the idea of loyalty, superior to all the arts and enchantments of democratic seduction, growing up to any extent under the mild and equitable and parental rule of Great Britain:—of filial love incorruptible, inseparably weaving itself round the time-honored institutions of a monarchy popular, free, and engrossing the hearts of its subjects. Disaffection, in their judgment, prevailed far and wide in Canada: disaffection, according to their confident but not very statesman-like vaticinations, was to afford them an easy conquest. The mass of our population were to rush into their arms: very different was the spirit which our invaders, when they crossed the line, found amongst us,—they found a spirit, not fondly anticipating their embrace, but sternly prepared to grapple with them in mortal conflict; not pliant for proselytism, but nerved for battle; and they found that spirit (we say it not in bitterness, but we say it with honest pride), they found that spirit too much for them. Their invasion was repelled; and with it were repelled likewise their groundless imputations against the fidelity and attachment of the Canadas to the parent state.

Thus had Canada the credit of contributing her quota to the brilliant evidence which history supplies—in patriotic struggles and sacrifices such as the peasant-warfare of the Tyrol, and the conflagration of Moscow—that monarchy may evoke in its behalf a spirit of chivalrous devotion, and implant a depth of religious faith, equal even in the strength and vigor and courage of the moment, to democratic fervor, and infinitely superior to it in sustained effort and patient endurance.

As to the gallant spirit and the bold deeds of our adversaries, sorry should we be—with our eyes open to their merit—to depreciate them as they, in their imperfect knowledge of us, depreciated our loyalty. Whilst we frankly bear testimony to their skill and their valor, on the lakes and sea more especially; whilst we confess that the energy and the success with which they worked their diminutive navy

commanded the respect, and even awakened the fears of Great Britain; we do not forget that their enterprise by land ended in discomfiture, and that Canada was greatly instrumental to that discomfiture. It was by the side of a mere handful of British troops that our Canadian militia achieved the expulsion of the invading foe; and, what is more, we do not regard it as an extravagant supposition that, had the Mother Country been unable to send them a single soldier, but regular officers only, to discipline and lead them, their own true hearts and strong arms—so thoroughly was their spirit roused—would, unaided, have won the day. Be this as it may; Canada did her part, and nobly too. Far be it from us to think of casting away or of unworthily hiding the laurels which she has gained; though most sincere is our desire to interweave with them for aye the olive branch of peace. Many of her native sons who took up arms in her defence, are still living amongst us, honored as they deserve to be; and so long as they shall be spared to us (and may Almighty God spare them long), we trust that political vicissitude will not bring them the mortification of seeing the great principle of British supremacy for which they bore the musket and drew the sword, falling into anything like general disrepute. And when, in obedience to the common destiny of men, they shall have been removed, may their spirit long survive them, animating the bosoms of an equally gallant and loyal race in generations yet unborn, and cherished as a pearl of great price by an affectionate mother country, in “the adoption and steady prosecution of a good system of colonial government.”

We proceed now to take up, in the order of time, the causes of the war.

The Berlin Decree, 21st November, 1806. Placed in a position of power, apparently impregnable, by his recent victory of Jena (14th Oct., 1806), which left the Prussian monarchy prostrate at his feet: but smarting still with the galling memory of Trafalgar, the French Emperor deemed the opportunity afforded by the complete humiliation of Prussia favorable for returning, as fiercely and as fully as he could, the terrible blow inflicted by Great Britain in the annihilation of his navy. Dis-

bled from attempting his revenge where the ruinous catastrophe had befallen him,—on the sea, from which his fleets had been swept by the skill and courage and maritime genius of his island-foe; he put forth the full strength of his passionate nature and his prodigious energies to accomplish on the land, where his arms had been hitherto irresistible, those plans for the destruction of British commerce, which—as Mr. Alison has described them—were owing to “no momentary burst of anger or sudden fit of exultation; but the result of much thought and anxious deliberation.” These plans were embodied in the famous manifesto which is known by the name of “the Berlin Decree,” having been issued on the 21st November, 1806, from the subjugated court of the unfortunate King of Prussia.

The Berlin Decree is an ordinance familiar to all, mainly through the medium of Mr. Alison's widely circulated history; but in order to make our present publication as complete in itself as we can, we will introduce the eleven articles of the Decree,* as they appear in that admirable work to which, no less than to its own extraordinary pretensions, the Berlin Decree is likely to be indebted for immortality.

Rigorous execution of the Decree. It is undoubtedly correct to consider Buonaparte's anathema against British commerce as being, in one sense, extravagant and frantic, for it introduced a system of warfare unparalleled in the annals of civilized nations, and the menaces it expressed very far exceeded the ability of its author to carry them out. It is, however, quite contrary to fact, to represent it as a mere ebullition of rage, and a proceeding utterly Quixotic and impracticable. It said, in effect, to Great Britain,—“The French Emperor declares that you shall have no trade;” and, although the extinction of British trade was greatly beyond his power, there is no question that he was able to inflict upon it, and did inflict upon it, serious damage. The Berlin Decree was far from being a vapoury threat. It did not, by any means, resolve itself into empty air, but was rigorously executed; and the losses known to have been suffered under its operation were in many instances extremely severe. In the Hans Towns, for example, the proprietors of English

merchandise were glad to be allowed to compound for their valuable goods with the large payment of £800,000. The Berlin Decree obviously, then, was not—as politicians in the United States would have it—a dead letter.

British Order in Council: 7th Jan. 1807. Pressed by this unusual and threatening emergency, the British Ministry were evidently forced to adopt defensive measures. Accordingly, on the 7th January, 1807, the Order in Council, which will be found in the note below,* was issued,—being the first of those

* BRITISH ORDER OF COUNCIL.

At the Court at the Queen's Palace, January 7, 1807.

PRESENT,

The King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

“Whereas the French Government has issued certain orders, which, in violation of the usages of war, purport to prohibit the commerce of all neutral nations with his majesty's dominions; and also to prevent such nations from trading with any other country in any articles the growth, produce, or manufacture of his majesty's dominions; and whereas the said Government has also taken upon itself to declare all his Majesty's dominions to be in a state of blockade, at a time when the fleets of France and her allies are themselves confined within their own ports, by the superior valour and discipline of the British navy; and whereas such attempts on the part of the enemy would give to his majesty an unquestionable right of retaliation, and would warrant his majesty in enforcing the same prohibition of all commerce with France, which that power vainly hopes to effect against the commerce of his majesty's subjects, a prohibition which the superiority of his majesty's naval forces might enable him to support, by actually investing the ports and coasts of the enemy with numerous squadrons and cruisers, so as to make the entrance or approach thereto manifestly dangerous; and whereas his majesty, though unwilling to follow the example of his enemies, by proceeding to an extremity so distressing to all nations not engaged in the war, and carrying on their accustomed trade, yet feels himself bound by a due regard to the just defence of the rights and interests of his people, not to suffer such measures to be taken by the enemy, without taking some steps on his part to restrain this violence, and to return upon them the evils of their own injustice; his majesty is thereupon pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order, and it is hereby ordered, that no vessel shall be permitted to trade from one port to another, both which ports shall belong to, or be in the possession of France or her allies, or shall be so far under their control as that British vessels may not freely trade thereat; and the commanders of his majesty's ships of war and privateers shall be, and are hereby instructed to warn every neutral vessel coming from any such port, and destined to another such port, to discontinue her voyage, and not to proceed to

* See Decree at end of chapter.

two memorable Orders which, unhappily, contributed to aggravate the prejudices previously entertained against Great Britain by a large majority of the inhabitants of the United States, and supplied the ostensible, but—as circumstances, to be hereafter noticed, entitle us to argue—not the real ground for the War of 1812. It is well to bear in mind that this Order was not the production of a Tory Ministry; but of a Whig Cabinet, headed by Mr. Fox,—a man who will hardly be charged, with any bias towards the arbitrary exercise of the influence and power of the British Crown. It is still more important to remark that, when Mr. Munroe, the United States Minister in London, communicated the Order to his government, he did so with comments expressive of concurrence and satisfaction. “The spirit of this Order,” observes Mr. Alison, “was to deprive the French, and all the nations subject to their control, which had embraced the Continental system, of the advantages of the coasting trade in neutral bottoms: and, considering the much more violent and extensive character of the Berlin Decree, there can be no doubt that it was a very mild and lenient measure of retaliation.”

The Order in Council though strictly just, not perhaps the best course open to the British Government.

The issuing of the Order in Council, though just and defensible, was, perhaps, an infelicitous proceeding. The British Government might have tried instead one or other of two expedients, either of which, as matters turned out, would probably have answered better than that which was adopted. If they would not have been justified in treating the Emperor's fulmination with contempt; they might—on the one hand—have paused, at least, to ascertain whether neutral powers would acquiesce in his furious enactment.

any such port; and any vessel, after being so warned, or any vessel coming from any such port, after a reasonable time shall have been afforded for receiving information of this his majesty's orders which shall be found proceeding to another such port, shall be captured and brought in, and, together with her cargo, shall be condemned as lawful prize. And his majesty's principal secretaries of state, the lords commissioners of the admiralty, and the judges of the high court of admiralty, and courts of vice admiralty, are to take the necessary measures herein as to them shall respectively appertain.

W. FAWKENER.

This would have put the United States to the test. Had they acquiesced, their French sympathies would have stood confessed, and the pretext of a grievance—not discovered until an interval of some months had elapsed*—in the Order in Council, would have been completely shut out; had they remonstrated; that would have been taking part with justice, and Buonaparte might have given way. Or—on the other hand—the boldest course of all might have been pursued, and the whole strength of our irresistible navy sent to lay waste the French coast from Ostend to Bayonne, which would soon have brought Buonaparte to reason, and made him consider deliverance from such a scourge—the severity of which he had good cause to know and dread—cheaply purchased by the abrogation of his Decree. The British Government, however, resolved on a middle course; and published the “Order in Council,” which, whilst it was insufficient to repel the violence of the enemy, assisted afterwards to bring on collision with a neutral power. Still—as we have said, and will repeat—the Order in Council, if it were comparatively feeble and inefficient, stands nevertheless, as to justice, on a position perfectly unassailable.

The United States raise no voice against Buonaparte's Decree.

The alternative of ob-servant inactivity might have been tried at the outset; but certainly could not have been long maintained; and must have given place soon to energetic resistance. Whilst the Berlin Decree was being unsparingly executed, the neutral nations of Denmark, Portugal, and the United States—by abstaining from remonstrance—received it, as we are warranted in considering, with at least silent acquiescence. The silence of the United States is the more to be deplored, because that country—remote from the theatre of war, and completely secure from any attempt of Buonaparte to shut up its ports—might have spoken out in frank and honest terms with safety. It is to be regretted, however, that the current of public feeling had already begun to set the other way. When tidings of the first aggression on the part of the French Emperor reached them, no voice

* The first notice of it is to be found in the President's angry message of October 27, 1807.

of public indignation was raised; no authoritative document emanated from the government indicating, even indirectly and in the mildest terms, their sense of the outrage which had been committed by the oppressor and trampler of Europe. Not a word even of expostulation was breathed by the great North American republic—independent as it was of Napoleon's iron-handed despotism, and deeply interested in British commerce; until the arm of French violence fell heavily on the ships of its own citizens; and, even then,—although confiscation followed on confiscation, and millions of francs accruing from the sequestration of American property enriched the French treasury,—the tone adopted by the President of the United States towards the French government, though petulant enough, was gentle and plaintive and supplicatory, compared with the strong and angry language frequently addressed from Washington to ministers and plenipotentiaries of Great Britain.

The affair of the Chesapeake, 22d June, 1807.

Whilst dissatisfaction was thus too evidently increasing on the part of the Government and inhabitants of the United States, an inauspicious enforcement of the right of search, by H. M. ship *Leopard*, against the American frigate, *Chesapeake*, contributed still further to agitate the public mind.

As it was known that several British seamen had deserted from different ships and vessels of H. M. navy, whilst lying at anchor in Hampton Roads, Va., and that, after the whole body of the deserters had openly paraded the streets of Norfolk, under the American flag, and protected by the Magistrates of the town, four of them, at least, had been received on board the U. S. frigate *Chesapeake*, Admiral Berkeley, then in command of the North American station, issued instructions for their requisition and removal,—the deserters having been previously demanded, but without effect, by the British Consul at Norfolk, as well as by the Captains of the ships from which they had deserted. About one month after the issuing of these instructions,—afterwards disavowed by the British Government, as an improper extension of the right of search to armed vessels,—Captain Humphries, of H. M. ship *Leopard*, 74 guns, on the 22nd June, followed the *Chesapeake*

to sea, off Cape Henry; and in a few hours came up with her. On being hailed by the *Leopard*, and receiving an intimation that the Captain of that ship desired to send a message on board the *Chesapeake*, the commander of the latter vessel, Commodore Barron, hove to; whereupon a letter was sent by Captain Humphries, covering an order from Admiral Berkeley, in which the men known to have been received into the American frigate, and alleged to be deserters from the *Melampus*, were designated by name and claimed. Compliance with the order was refused by Commodore Barron, who replied by letter to Captain Humphries, denying that he had the men, intimating his unwillingness to permit the search, and adding that his crew could not be mustered for examination by any other officers than his own. Captain Humphries, on receiving this reply, fired a broadside into the *Chesapeake*, to which the latter vessel returned a few shots, in a confused manner; the *Leopard* then repeating her fire, the American frigate struck her colors. A boat was then put off from the *Leopard*; and the men were discovered and removed. In this affair the *Chesapeake* had three men killed and eighteen wounded, amongst the latter of whom was Commodore Barron; besides which the damage done to her hull and masts was considerable. The captured deserters were taken to Halifax and tried; and one of them, being found guilty of piracy and mutiny, was hanged. It is a circumstance worthy of notice,—as evincing on the part of the U. S. navy at the time a spirit gallant and resolute enough, though too irascible,—that Commodore Barron was censured and suspended soon afterwards by a naval court, for not preparing his vessel more fully for action, when there was sufficient time to do so, and thus incapacitating himself from making more than the slight and very ineffective resistance which he offered.

This collision between the two vessels was specially unfortunate at such a juncture; but the hasty proceeding of the President of the United States served to make matters vastly worse. On the 2nd July following, he set forth precipitately an angry proclamation, in which, after reciting the transaction, in language calculated to inflame the public mind in a very high degree, he peremptorily "required all armed vessels bearing commissions under

the Government of Great Britain, then within the harbors or waters of the United States, immediately and without any delay to depart from the same, and interdicted the entrance of all the said harbors and waters to the said armed vessels, and to all others bearing commissions under the authority of the British Government.* This, in its bearing, was a hostile measure; for, at the same time that this interdiction of British vessels was proclaimed, the fleets of France had free access to the ports from which their enemies were thus imperiously excluded. And this step was taken, before the President knew in what light the British Government would view the act of its officer. The proclamation was, to a considerable extent, a retaliation of the violence complained of, for, by the sudden stoppage of supplies, it caused no small inconvenience and privation to many of H. M. vessels at that time in the harbours of the United States; whilst at the very moment when this method of self-redress was put in execution, a demand for satisfaction and reparation had been despatched to the British Government. That Government, before any suit for satisfaction had reached it, disavowed the act on the ground that "the right of search, when applied to vessels of war, extended only to a *requisition*, but could not be carried into effect by actual force." Captain Humphries was recalled and Admiral Berkeley suffered the severe disgrace of being superseded. In this frank and honorable spirit did the British Government,—before one word of complaint or expostulation had been borne across the Atlantic,—promptly and spontaneously testify their concern at the mistaken proceedings of their officer, and their cordial desire to make reparation. It will be apparent, we think, to every one that their treatment of the affair exhibits, in a very strong light, the President's proclamation as a measure premature and unjustifiable.

Right of Search,†

In the American mer-

* *American Weekly Register*, 28th Sept., 1811.

† Extract from Mr. Sheffey's speech in the House of Representatives, on the bill to raise an additional military force—January, 3, 1812:—"He protested against waging a war for the protection of any other than native born American seamen, or those who were citizens when the inde-

pendence of the country was achieved. It was enough to protect them while they remain within our territories. Within these we had a right to make regulations. But we had no right to make regulations on the ocean, which would conflict with the pretensions of all civilized nations, who claimed the allegiance of their native born subjects either by the divine right of the governments, or by implied compact. He should not inquire whether these claims were compatible with the rights of man. It was sufficient that they grew out of the established usages and principles of civilized kingdoms, which we had no right to controvert out of our own limits. He would therefore not protect any other than natural American citizens on the ocean. We did not deny the right of England to search for property; she went further, and claimed the privilege of searching for her seamen. The similarity of our manners and language occasioned her to abuse the privilege in some cases by the impressment of our seamen. This was not an abuse of principle but of honor. And before we go to war with her for impressment he would make her this offer: he would agree not to let any man enter our merchant vessels but a natural citizen of these United States."

chant service, about the time of the war, there were between *thirty* and *fifty* thousand of our seamen employed, many of them desc. ters, and liable to be reclaimed as such; and, as to the rest, their impressment was just as lawful from a merchant vessel of the United States as an English vessel; for surely their having sought the service of the United States,—probably for the very purpose of evading that of their own country in the hour of peril—did not absolve them from their allegiance, nor render nugatory the established law of nations, that "every State has a right to the services of its subjects, and especially in time of war." On the trial of the men taken from the Chesapeake, it was shown that three of them were unquestionably American citizens, but that they had entered the service of Great Britain voluntarily: the fourth, who was convicted of piracy and mutiny, and for these crimes hanged, was a native British subject.

We can readily understand that American seamen, whether native or naturalized—language, garb, appearance, and other characteristic peculiarities being the same in both cases,—may have been now and then mistaken for British seamen, and, as such, impressed into the service of Great Britain; but there is positively no proof, either that the impressment was made with wilful disregard of ascertained origin, or that the mistake

pendence of the country was achieved. It was enough to protect them while they remain within our territories. Within these we had a right to make regulations. But we had no right to make regulations on the ocean, which would conflict with the pretensions of all civilized nations, who claimed the allegiance of their native born subjects either by the divine right of the governments, or by implied compact. He should not inquire whether these claims were compatible with the rights of man. It was sufficient that they grew out of the established usages and principles of civilized kingdoms, which we had no right to controvert out of our own limits. He would therefore not protect any other than natural American citizens on the ocean. We did not deny the right of England to search for property; she went further, and claimed the privilege of searching for her seamen. The similarity of our manners and language occasioned her to abuse the privilege in some cases by the impressment of our seamen. This was not an abuse of principle but of honor. And before we go to war with her for impressment he would make her this offer: he would agree not to let any man enter our merchant vessels but a natural citizen of these United States."

occurred so frequently as to involve anything like the wrong and the suffering depicted in a proclamation of the President of the United States,—in which document it is stated, that “under pretext of searching for her seamen, thousands of American citizens under the safeguard of public laws, and of their national flag, have been torn from their country and from everything dear to them.” The question, as it happens, was discussed, soon after the declaration of war, by an “AMERICAN CITIZEN,” a member of the local legislature in one of the New England States, and evidently a man of talent and education. From a vigorous and lucid pamphlet, published by this writer, in opposition to the intemperate policy of his government, we borrow the following extract bearing on the “right of search :”—

“The whole number of sailors pretended to have been impressed from our ships, for fifteen years past, was 6258, out of 70,000, and of which, all but 1500 have been restored. Of this remainder, at least one half are probably British seamen, and of the residue it is probable that at least another moiety entered voluntarily. The whole number of British seamen in their marine, or public ships only, is 150,000, and in their merchant ships, over whom they have a perfect control, 240,000. Is it probable, we ask, that for the sake of gaining 1500 seamen, they would hazard the peace of their country.”*

What the United States should have done, is simply this:—they should have taken effectual steps to prevent the entrance into their service of British seamen, during the war with France. This would have put a stop at once to the grievance. Instead of doing this, the merchant service of the United States offered them double the pay given to a seaman in a British ship of war, besides not disdaining to use other more direct allurements; so that, whilst Great Britain was striving to rally round her standard all the stout hearts and stalwart arms she could bring together of her own sons in a struggle for existence, the States of Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were employing—for lucre’s sake—three foreign seamen to one native American.

Some merchant vessels of the U. S. under British convoy.

It is a curious and significant circumstance that,

* Mr. Madison’s War, by a New England Citizen.

whilst this exciting topic was in debate, instances were occurring of merchant vessels of the United States placing themselves under British convoy. Cases such as these, however, were no doubt rare; for, to say nothing of the hostile interpretation likely to be put upon them by France had they been numerous, there was, we fear, but little inclination on the part of citizens of the United States, to seek protection under the guns of a British ship of war. Still, few as they were, they may serve to suggest the reflection, how readily the national feeling on both sides might have been conciliated into firm and mutually profitable friendship, had the United States been able to perceive at once—as Washington had striven that they should perceive—that their interest, no less than their origin, bound them to Great Britain; and had they sincerely and strenuously labored, under that persuasion, to suppress their strangely misplaced and deeply prejudicial sympathy with France; a country, at that time the very antithesis of a popular State; ambitious, merciless, despotizing; seeking to enslave the rest of Europe, and herself virtually enslaved by as thoroughpaced a tyrant as the world has ever seen.

British Order in Council, 11th Nov., 1807, and Milan Decree.

The Treaty of Tilsit (7th July, 1807) having

secured the adhesion of Russia to the Continental league, and established Buonaparte in his coveted position of supreme arbiter of the destinies of the Continent, it became imperative on the British Government to enact a more effectual measure than the Order of the 7th January, which not only was, in its actual bearing, comparatively lenient and mild; but had been very generally evaded, and afforded to Great Britain little or no protection against the extreme and unscrupulous proceedings of her adversary. In this condition of affairs, on the 11th November, 1807, the Order which we give below was issued* To this Order

* The Government on this occasion were well supported by Parliament—in the Upper House by a majority of 127 to 61; in the Lower by 214 to 94.—Alison, vol. 3, p. 559.

ORDER IN COUNCIL.

At the Court at the Queen’s Palace, the 11th of November, 1807, present, the king’s most Excellent Majesty in Council.

“Whereas certain orders, establishing an un-

Buonaparte, on the 17th December of the same year, replied by his Milan Decree, which

precedented system of warfare against this kingdom, and aimed especially at the destruction of its commerce and resources, were sometime since issued by the government of France, by which "the British Islands were declared to be in a state of blockade," thereby subjecting to capture and condemnation all vessels, with their cargoes, which should continue to trade with his majesty's dominions:

And whereas by the same order, "all trading in English merchandise is prohibited, and every article of merchandize belonging to England, or coming from her colonies, or of her manufacture, is declared lawful prize:"

And whereas the nations in alliance with France and under her controul, were required to give, and have given, and do give, effect to such orders:

And whereas his majesty's order of the 7th of January last has not answered the desired purpose, either of compelling the enemy to recall those orders, or of inducing neutral nations to interpose, with effect, to obtain their revocation; but, on the contrary, the same have been recently enforced with increased rigour:

And, whereas his majesty, under these circumstances, finds himself compelled to take further measures for asserting and vindicating his just rights, and for supporting that maritime power which the exertions and valour of his people have, under the blessing of Providence, enabled him to establish and maintain; and the maintenance of which is not more essential to the safety and prosperity of his majesty's dominions, than it is to the protection of such states as still retain their independence, and to the general intercourse and happiness of mankind:

His majesty is therefore pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order, and it is hereby ordered, that all the ports and places of France and her allies, or of any other country at war with his majesty, and all other ports or places in Europe, from, which, although not at war with his majesty, the British flag is excluded, and all ports or places in the colonies belonging to his majesty's enemies, shall, from henceforth be subject to the same restrictions in point of trade and navigation, with the exceptions hereinafter-mentioned, as if the same were actually blockaded by his majesty's naval forces, in the most strict and rigorous manner:—And it is hereby further ordered and declared, that all trade in articles which are of the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies, shall be deemed and considered to be unlawful; and that every vessel trading from or to the said countries or colonies, together with all goods and merchandize on board, and all articles of the produce or manufacture of the said countries or colonies, shall be captured, and condemned as prize to the captors.

But although his majesty would be fully justified, by the circumstances and considerations above recited, in establishing such system of restrictions wish respect to all the countries and colonies of his enemies, without exception or qualification; yet his majesty, being nevertheless desirous not to subject neutrals to any greater in-

put the finishing stroke to his excommunication of Great Britain.*

convenience than is absolutely inseparable from the carrying into effect his majesty's just determination to counteract the designs of his enemies, and to retort upon his enemies themselves the consequences of their own violence and injustice; and being yet willing to hope that it may be possible (consistently with that object) still to allow to neutrals the opportunity of furnishing themselves with colonial produce for their own consumption and supply; and even to leave open, for the present, such trade with his majesty's enemies as shall be carried on directly with the ports of his majesty's dominions, or of his allies, in the manner hereinafter mentioned:

His majesty is therefore pleased further to order that nothing herein contained shall extend to subject to capture or condemnation any vessel, or the cargo of any vessel, belonging to any country not declared by this order to be subjected to the restrictions incident to a state of blockade, which shall have cleared out with such cargo from some port or place of the country to which she belongs, either in Europe or America, or from some free port in his majesty's colonies, under circumstances in which such trade from such free ports is permitted, direct to some port or place in the colonies of his majesty's enemies, or from those colonies direct to the country to which such vessel belongs, or to some free port in his majesty's colonies, in such cases, and with such articles, as it may be lawful to import into such free port;—nor to any vessel, or the cargo of any vessel, belonging to any country not at war with his majesty, which shall have cleared out under such regulations as his majesty may think fit to prescribe, and shall be proceeding direct from some port or place in this kingdom, or from Gibraltar or Malta, or from any port belonging to his majesty's allies, to the port specified in her clearance:—nor to any vessel or the cargo of any vessel, belonging to any country not at war with his majesty, which shall be coming from any port or place in Europe which is declared by this order to be subject to the restrictions incident to a state of blockade, destined to some port or place in Europe belonging to his majesty, and which shall be on her voyage direct thereto; but these exceptions are not to be understood as exempting from capture or confiscation any vessel or goods which shall be liable thereto in respect of having entered or departed from any port or place actually blockaded by his majesty's squadrons or ships of war, or for being enemies' property, or for any other cause than the contravention of this present order.

And the commanders of his majesty's ships of war and privateers, and other vessels acting under his majesty's commission, shall be, and are hereby instructed to warn every vessel which shall have

* IMPERIAL DECREE.

Rejoinder to his Britannic Majesty's Order, in Council, Nov. 11, 1807.—At our Royal Palace, at Milan. Dec. 17, 1807.

Napoleon, emperor of the French, king of Italy, and protector of the Rhenish Confederation:— Observing the measures adopted by the British

Distressing medi-
cament of the United
States.

We can sympathise in
the distress to which the
United States, the only neutral power, were

now exposed. The ocean, whose waves had
borne for years vast wealth to their shores,
whilst it was strewn with the wreck of Europ-

commenced her voyage prior to any notice of this order, and shall be destined to any port of France, or of her allies, or of any other country at war with his majesty, or to any port or place from which the British flag as aforesaid is excluded, or to any colony belonging to his majesty's enemies, and which shall not have cleared out as is here-before allowed, to discontinue her voyage, and to proceed to some port or place in this kingdom, or to Gibraltar or Malta; and any vessel, which after having been so warned, or after a reasonable time shall have been afforded for the arrival of information of this his majesty's order at any port or place from which she sailed, or which, after having notice of this order, shall be found in the prosecution of any voyage, contrary to the restrictions contained in this order, shall be captured, and together with her cargo, condemned as lawful prize to the captors.

And whereas countries, not engaged in the war, have acquiesced in these orders of France, prohibiting all trade in any articles the produce or manufacture of his majesty's dominions; and the merchants of those countries have given countenance and effect to those prohibitions, by accepting from persons styling themselves commercial agents of the enemy, resident at neutral ports, certain documents, termed, "certificates of origin," being certificates obtained at the ports of shipment, declaring that the articles of the cargo are not of the produce or manufacture of his majesty's dominions, or to that effect:

And whereas this expedient has been directed by France, and submitted to by such merchants, as part of the new system of warfare directed against the trade of this kingdom, and as the most effectual instrument of accomplishing the same, and it is therefore essentially necessary to resist it:

His majesty is therefore pleased, by and with the advice of his privy council, to order, and it is hereby ordered that if any vessel, after reasonable time shall have been afforded for receiving notice of this his majesty's order at the port or place from which such vessel cleared out, shall be found carrying any such certificate or document as aforesaid, or any document referring to, or authenticating the same, such vessel shall be adjudged lawful prize to the captor, together with the goods laden therein, belonging to the person or persons by whom, or on whose behalf, any such document was put on board.

And the right honorable the lords commissioners, &c. are to take the necessary measures herein as to them shall respectively appertain.

W. FAWKNER.

Government, on the 11th of November last, by which vessels belonging to neutral, friendly, or even powers the allies of England, are made liable not only to be searched by English cruisers, but to be compulsorily detained in England, and to have a tax laid on them of so much per cent. on the cargo, to be regulated by the British legisla-

Observing that by these acts the British government *denationalized* ships of every nation in Europe; that it is not competent for any government to detract from its own independence and rights, all the sovereigns of Europe having in trust the sovereignties and independence of their flag; that if, by an unpardonable weakness, and which, in the eyes of posterity, would be an indelible stain, such a tyranny was allowed to be established into principles, and consecrated by usage, the English would avail themselves of it to assert it as a right; as they have availed themselves of the intolerance of governments to establish the infamous principle, that the flag of a nation does not cover goods, and to give to their right of blockade an arbitrary extension, and which infringes on the sovereignty of every state; we have decreed, and do decree, as follows:

"ART. I. Every ship, to whatever nation it may belong, that shall have submitted to be searched by an English ship, or to a voyage to England, or shall have paid any tax whatsoever to the English government, is thereby, and for that alone, declared to be *denationalized*, to have forfeited the protection of its king, and to have become English property.

"II. Whether the ships thus *denationalized* by the arbitrary measures of the English government, enter into our ports, or those of our allies, or whether they fall into the hands of our ships of war, or of our privateers, they are declared to be good and lawful prizes.

"III. The British islands are declared to be in a state of blockade, both by land and sea. Every ship, of whatever nation, or whatsoever the nature of its cargo may be, that sails from the ports of England, of those of the English colonies, and of the countries occupied by English troops, is good and lawful prize, as contrary to the present decree; and may be captured by our ships of war or our privateers, and adjudged to the captor.

"IV. These measures, which are resorted to only in just retaliation of the barbarous system adopted by England, which assimilates its legislation to that of Algiers, shall cease to have any effect with respect to all nations who shall have the firmness to compel the English government to respect their flag. They shall continue to be rigorously in force as long as that government does not return to the principle of the law of nations, which regulates the relations of civilized states in a state of war. The provisions of the present decree shall be abrogated and null; in fact as soon as the English abide again by the principles of the law of nations, which are also the principles of justice and of honour.

"All our ministers are charged with the execution of the present decree, which shall be inserted in the bulletin of the laws.

(Signed)

"NAPOLEON.

"By order of the Emperor, the Secretary of State.

(Signed)

"H. B. MARET."

ean navies, had ceased to be to them a safe highway to commercial affluence. Their ships, liable to be captured by one or other of the belligerents, could only at great risk carry on their commercial intercourse with either. But it must be remembered that the United States, not having interfered when their interposition might possibly have checked Bonaparte, and perhaps recalled him within the limits of international law, made no effort to arrest and remove at once the original cause of their subsequent misfortunes; so that it is impossible to say how far they had themselves to blame for those misfortunes. That the attitude which they might have assumed, had they chosen, was likely to have some influence on Bonaparte, can hardly be doubted. He thought it worth his while to manœuvre in various ways—at one time pillaging, at another flattering them—in the hope of either driving or coaxing them into a war with Great Britain. Their policy, therefore, was not a matter of indifference to him; so that we may not venture to say with what effect remonstrance from that quarter might not have been attended. As to the eminently characteristic avowal of attachment,—“His Majesty loves the Americans,”—which, after a while, he thought might answer his purpose better than spoliation, the people of the United States have no doubt made up their minds by this time as to what interpretation they ought to put on that declaration—as to whether it be genuine regard or shameless effrontery. His protestation of love may be accepted for what it was worth; but the fear of compelling the United States to throw themselves eventually into the arms of Great Britain might have induced him to treat a remonstrance from that republic with at least some respect.

Plea advanced by France and repeated by the United States. It was pleaded by France, and the plea was echoed by the United States, that the British blockade of May, 1806, as constituting the first aggression, justified the Berlin decree; but the two cases were, in principle, widely different. The blockade declared by Great Britain embraced no greater extent of coast than the immense strength of the British Navy supplied the means of adequately watching; and special pains were taken beforehand, by communication with the Admiralty, to ascer-

tain whether the coast from the Elbe to Brest could be guarded, and the blockade effectually enforced. The French Emperor, on the other hand, proclaimed the blockade of the entire coast of the British Isles,—no half-dozen ports of which could he have actually invested with his navy, shattered and almost extinguished as that had been, by the gigantic victories of Great Britain at sea. Thus to attempt, by means of a wrathful manifesto what the law of nations recognizes as the function only of a sufficient naval force—which naval force he had not—was an outrage on international law, not surprising in the man to whom the rights of nations were a fiction, and treaties meditated treachery and violence in masquerade; but it is incongruous and startling that such an outbreak of lawless and anti-commercial rage—such a mercantile excommunication of England, as we may call it,—should have ever found apologists on this side of the Atlantic, amongst a people, like the inhabitants of the United States, animated by an ardent spirit of commercial enterprise, and claiming, even in advance of Great Britain herself, the possession of free institutions.*

Liberality of the British Government before the Berlin and Milan Decrees. The perfect honesty of the plea of absolute necessity, advanced by the British Government, agrees with their liberal and even munificent treatment of the United States, in regard to the commerce of that country, as a neutral State, prior to the Berlin Manifesto. In 1803, when hostilities with France were renewed, the commanders of His Britannic Majesty's ships of war and privateers, were instructed “not to seize any neutral vessels which should be found carrying on trade directly between the colonies of the enemy and the neutral country; provided

* Nine-tenths of the revenue of the United States was at this time derived from commerce; yet their bias lay with a man who was a downright hater of commerce; who evinced a sort of fanatical malice against commerce. His policy was to make France independent of commerce (a scheme wilder than the Crusades!); and in his efforts to realize this, he literally attempted to force nature herself into subservience to him:—“Enacting penal statutes to force the cultivator of the soil to employ his land in endeavouring to raise certain products in a climate ungenial to their growth: to plant beet instead of corn; and cotton and tobacco and indigo, where nature never intended them to grow.”

that such neutral vessel should not be supplying, nor should, on the outer voyage, have supplied the enemy with any articles contraband of war, and should not be trading with any blockaded, (that is, *actually* blockaded,) ports." The generosity, and the value of this indulgence,—for indulgence it literally was, are to be appreciated from the fact, that it had been a law generally understood and acted upon for a century, at least, that "a neutral has no right to carry on a trade with the colonies of one of two, or more, belligerent powers in time of war." Great Britain, however, during her contest with revolutionary France, relaxed this rule in 1794, and still further in 1798, when permission was granted to neutrals to carry the produce of the French West Indian colonies, either to a British port, or to any one of their own ports. This relaxation had the effect of throwing the French carrying trade almost wholly into the hands of the United States, and from it the commerce of that country prospered amazingly,—great wealth being realised by American merchants, who were able to make a lucrative profit out of British munificence, and, as it was shown, to the detriment of British commerce. Even so late as 1806, when, to arrest the farther introduction of supplies into France from the United States, the blockade from the Elbe to Brest was declared, the interests of the American Republic were specially consulted, in an explanation communicated by Mr. Fox to Mr. Monroe, that "such blockade should not extend to prevent neutral ships and vessels laden with goods, not being the property of His Majesty's enemies, and not being contraband of war, from approaching the said coasts, and entering into and sailing from the said rivers and ports." We dwell complacently upon these concessions; we regard them with national pride; for they shew conclusively that the disposition of our Government towards the American Union was the very reverse of arbitrary, selfish, or oppressive. Now, if subsequently to the publication of the French decrees, Great Britain was compelled to adopt a different course, who, with a knowledge of her previous liberality, will suspect that any desire to impair the trade of the United States, entered into her motives, or that the step was other than, as the British Ministry represented it to be, an equitable "retorting of his own vio-

lence on its author's head," and as such, a measure of just retaliation.

Embargo Act of U. S. Congress, 25th Dec. 1807. Despatches from the United States Minister at Paris—General Armstrong—were received at Washington on the 16th December, 1807, from which it appeared plainly that the confiscation of the American ship *Horizon** was merely the first enforcement of a rule which the French government intended to pursue; and that, consequently, it was no part of the Emperor's policy to exempt the United States from the operation of the Berlin Decree. Intelligence was brought at the same time, through London papers of the 12th November, to the effect "that orders in council were about to be issued, declaring France and the countries under her control in a state of blockade, a reference no doubt to the orders dated the day before, but which had not then been published, and were not until a week afterward."† At this period it was that the first step in the way of commercial restriction was taken by the United States. An embargo was laid on all the shipping in their ports, the measure being recommended to Congress, on the mere responsibility of the executive,‡ and passed with the utmost precipitation. "It prohibited the departure, unless by special direction of the President, of any vessel from any port of the United States bound to any foreign country, except foreign armed vessels possessing public commissions, and foreign merchant ships in ballast, or with such cargo as they might have on board when notified of the act. All registered or sea-letter vessels—the latter denomination including fo-

* This was the first confiscation of American property under the Berlin decree, and occurred on the 10th November, 1807. The *Horizon* had accidentally been stranded on the French coast; and the ground of confiscation was that the cargo consisted of merchandise of British origin.—*Hildreth*.

† *Hildreth*.

‡ On this occasion John Quincy Adams, who had recently abandoned the federal party and, unhappily, had lent the aid of his remarkable powers to the democrats, supported the government with vehement zeal. "The President, he urged, has recommended this measure on his high responsibility. I would not consider, I would not deliberate, I would act. Doubtless the President possesses such further information as will justify the measure."

reign-built vessels owned by Americans—which, during this restriction from foreign voyages, might engage in the coasting trade, were to give bonds, in double the value of the cargo, to re-land the same within the United States. "Thus"—Mr. Hildreth forcibly remarks in regard to the legislative proceedings of his own countrymen on this occasion—"on the mere recommendation of the executive, almost without debate, with closed doors, without any previous intimation to the public, or opportunity for advice from those most able to give it, was forced through, by night sessions, and the overbearing determination of a majority at once pliable and obstinate, an act striking a deadly blow at the national industry, and at the means of livelihood of great numbers; the real nature and inevitable operation of which seem to have been equally misapprehended by the cabinet which recommended, and by the supple majority which conceded it." The embargo thus imposed was afterwards made still more stringent by supplementary measures denouncing severe penalties, and excluding foreign vessels from the coasting trade altogether.

Mr. Rose's Mission. On the 25th December Mr. Rose, envoy extraordinary of Great Britain, arrived in the United States, with instructions from our government to offer repara-

* "In whatever spirit that instrument was issued, it is sufficiently obvious, that it has been productive of considerable prejudice to his majesty's interests, as considered to his military and other servants in the United States, to the honor of his flag, and to the privileges of his ministers accredited to the American government. From the operation of this proclamation have unavoidably resulted effects of retaliation, and self-assumed redress, which might be held to affect materially the question of the reparation due to the United States, especially inasmuch as its execution has been persevered in after the knowledge of his Majesty's early, unequivocal, and unsolicited disavowal of the unauthorized act of Admiral Berkeley—his disclaimer of the pretensions exhibited by that officer to search the national ships of a friendly power for deserters, and the assurances of prompt and effectual reparation, all communicated without loss of time, to the minister of the United States in London, so as not to leave a doubt as to his Majesty's just and amicable intentions. But his Majesty, making every allowance for the irritation which was excited, and the misapprehensions which existed, has authorized me to proceed in the negotiation upon the sole discontinuance of measures of so inimical a tendency."—*Mr. Rose to Mr. Madison.*

ration for the affair of the Chesapeake. There was an indispensable preliminary, however, that the President's proclamation* of the 2d July should be previously withdrawn. Before this should have been done, he stated that he had no authority to enter on any negotiation, and even declined to specify the reparation which he was empowered to offer. As the President declined recalling the proclamation Mr. Rose returned home, and the settlement of the difficulty was postponed.

Public feeling in the States unfriendly to Great Britain. Throughout the irritating discussion which ensued, the disposition of the American Republic is to be taken into account, as evidently operating to protract and embarrass negotiation.—That disposition was unquestionably the reverse of amicable towards Great Britain. Whilst the effort was made to remain strictly neutral, the heart of the nation was not in its profession of neutrality. Ever since the accession of the Democratic party to power under Mr. Jefferson—who was inaugurated into his first Presidency on the 4th March, 1801—the war spirit against Great Britain was steadily growing up, with some few exceptions, amongst the inhabitants of the United States. Under the administration of that rigid republican and philosopher of the Rousseau school, the idea of quarrelling with Great Britain seems to have become, by degrees, palatable rather than otherwise to the party who raised him to the chief Magistracy, and these formed a large majority. We do not forget, however, that in the very respectable minority, chiefly in the Eastern States, who participated not in the defiant spirit so widely cherished and exhibited towards Great Britain, were to be found that sterling part of the nation who, in point of fortune, talent, education, moral and religious principles, have always compared most favorably with the rest of their countrymen.

It is evident that the well known prevalence of a predilection for France and antipathy towards her adversary, must have materially influenced, in a manner injurious on either side to just and reasonable and advantageous policy, the controversy which preceded the declaration of war.

Whilst Great Britain had reason to be extremely cautious in negotiation, for, as we shall see hereafter, France had laid a deep plot

against her through the United States!—the latter country, on the other hand, would jealously, but most unworthily, guard against conceding, except for its own obvious benefit, and not always even then, anything likely to strengthen the hands of the British Government in the terrible contest it was waging with that colossal despotism which threatened to bear down and obliterate, beneath its withering tread, the last vestige of free institutions in Europe.*

Additions to the U. S. troops voted by Congress, with supplies.

On the application of the President at this time, an addition was

made to the army of 6,000 men, to be enlisted for five years unless sooner discharged. Authority was likewise given to him to raise 100,000 troops; whilst a subsidy of five millions of dollars was voted for the establishment of the arsenals, and for other military supplies.

Effect of the Embargo.

The effect of the embargo and its supple-

mentary exacerbations—as we may style the rigorous enforcement-acts which followed it—

* In his message to Congress of 5th November, 1811, Mr. Madison, at that time president, spoke thus with reference to what he termed "the hostile inflexibility" of Great Britain—"Congress will feel the duty of putting the United States into an armour and an attitude demanded by the crisis, and corresponding with the national spirit and expectations." But four years before, upon the passing of the embargo act, *The Intelligencer*, an official journal, did not hesitate to write in this inflammatory strain:—"The national spirit is up. That spirit is invaluable. In case of war it is to lead us to conquest. In such event, *there must cease to be an inch of British ground on this Continent.*" And this was when the second Order in Council had only been heard of, but not yet made public. With a government, so fiercely thirsting for strife with Britain, was friendly negotiation likely to be successful? Was an amicable adjustment of difficulties possible with the spirit which possessed them? Hildreth cites a remarkable incident which exhibits, in a strong light, the unhappy hostility to England at this period (1807-8). How strong and prevalent this antipathy to England was, fully appeared on the floor of Congress. A suggestion by Livermore, of Massachusetts, that, since the United States were driven by invincible necessity to choose between the belligerents, a regard as well for commercial interests as for the independence of nations, ought to induce them to side with Great Britain, was received with marked indignation, almost as if there had been something treasonable in it."

was highly prejudicial to the United States. Their commerce had received the severest blow it had yet suffered, from the hands of their own rulers. Despair settled on the minds of all who depended for their livelihood on the sea. Merchants gloomily anticipated the time when their ships should sink beneath their wharves, and grass grow in their streets. The British Order in Council—they said—had left them some traffic, but the acts of their own legislature had cut every thing off. By men who were never tired of asserting their free and inalienable right to the highways of the ocean, the ocean had been treacherously abandoned.

Non-intercourse Act, 1st March, 1809.

For the embargo was substituted, on the 1st March, 1808, a non-intercourse act, whereby all commercial transactions with either of the belligerent powers was absolutely prohibited, but the embargo was taken off as to the rest of the world. This act, however, contained a clause (§ 11.) authorizing the President, by proclamation, to renew the intercourse between America and either of the belligerent powers who should first repeal their obnoxious orders in council or decrees. "This non-intercourse act"—observes Mr. Alison—had the effect of totally suspending the trade between America and Great Britain, and inflicting upon both these countries a loss tenfold greater than that suffered by France, with which the commercial intercourse of the United States was altogether inconsiderable."

3d March, 1809.

Nothing of note occurred between the passing of the non-intercourse act and Mr. Jefferson's retirement from his second term of office on the 3d of March, 1809. He declined presenting himself for election a third time, both because—as he stated—he considered a third tenure of office would be alien from the spirit of the constitution, and because, as it seems, he was thoroughly weary of the cares and distractions of public life. On the eve of his retirement into private life his language was this—"never did prisoner released from his chains feel such relief as I shall on shaking off power." He was a man of great ability; but, unfortunately, both for Great Britain and his own country, his strong anti-British pre-

judices stood very much in his way in administering, with impartiality and wisdom, the government with which during eight years he was entrusted. We can make allowance for the perplexities and annoyances of the time during which he held the reins of power; but, had Washington been in his place, with his dignified and sagacious views of relations with Great Britain, we have little doubt that he would have brought his country through the dark and trying time, not by nourishing the war-spirit as Jefferson did, but by firmly facing and repressing it. It was an inauspicious circumstance that, just at that critical time, the chief magistracy of the United States should have been vested in a man whose heart was filled with hatred of Great Britain; and who had more than once patronized and placed in positions of authority disaffected subjects of the British Crown.* Liberally endowed, as he unquestionably was, with natural talent, this was greatly recommended and rendered in a very considerable degree practically influential, by agreeable manners and plausible address. As to his religious opinions, we believe that all that can be said in their favor is this—that he admired the morality of the Gospel. His belief in any of the articles of the Christian faith whatsoever would seem equivocal, if on no other account, from his letter to the notorious Thomas Paine, in which he invited that avowed and immoral enemy of divine revelation to the bosom of his country, with “prayers for the success of his *useful* labors.” A disciple—as he was—of that philosophy which overthrew the throne of the French monarch, and brought its unhappy occupant to the guillotine, his sympathies were thoroughly with France and against Great Britain. Nurtured under the congenial associations of French republicanism,† his sympathies—as with many others of his countrymen—were

not stifled when republicanism in France had been fairly shackled and put under-foot by military and imperial despotism; so that his heart, it seems, still went lovingly with the ruthless soldiers of France, even when the “sacred” flame of republicanism had long vanished from the points of their swords. But, if Mr. Jefferson’s administration, in point of French predilections, was bad, that of Mr. Madison, his successor, was vastly worse. Both were decided in their bias towards Napoleon Buonaparte; but whilst the former was too dextrous and wary to be made the tool of French intrigue, the latter—there is too much reason for believing—was completely entangled in its toils.

(To be continued.)

BERLIN DECREE.

“1. The British islands are placed in a state of blockade. 2. Every species of commerce and communication with them is prohibited; all letters or packets addressed in English, or in the English characters, shall be seized at the post-office, and interdicted all circulation. 3. Every British subject, of what rank or condition whatever, who shall be found in the countries occupied by our troops, or those of our allies, shall be made prisoners of war. 4. Every warehouse, merchandise, or property of any sort, belonging to a subject of Great Britain, or coming from its manufactories or colonies, is declared good prize. 5. Commerce of every kind in English goods is prohibited; and every species of merchandise belonging to England, or emanating from its workshops or colonies, is declared good prize. 6. The half of the confiscated value shall be devoted to indemnifying those merchants whose vessels have been seized by the English cruisers, for the losses which they have sustained. 7. No vessel coming directly from England, or any of its colonies, or having touched there since the publications of the present decree, shall be received into any harbour. 8. Every vessel which, by means of a false declaration, shall have effected such entry, shall be liable to seizure, and the ship and cargo shall be confiscated, as if they had also belonged to England. 9. The prize court of Paris is intrusted with the determination of all questions arising out of this decree in France, or the countries occupied by our armies; that of Milan, with the decision of all similar questions in the kingdom of Italy. 10. This decree shall be communicated to the kings of Spain, Naples, Holland, and Etruria, and to our other allies, whose subjects have been the victims, like our own, of the injustice and barbarity of English legislation. 11. The ministers of foreign affairs, of war, of marine, of finance, and of justice, of police, and all postmasters, are charged, each in his own department, with the execution of the present decree.”

* Duane, for example, to whom Mr. Jefferson gave a colonel’s commission in the U. S. militia, and the editorial charge of the *Aurora* newspaper, had been shipped off just before from Calcutta—having been detected in attempts to excite disturbance and insurrection in that city.

† We do not mean to say he approved of its bloody atrocities: perhaps the wildest democrat in the United States would have hesitated there.

CITIES AND TOWNS OF CANADA.

COBOURG.

In the township of Hamilton, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, and at the lower end of a fertile and extensive valley, sloping upwards gradually from the water's edge, stands Cobourg, the capital of the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham. Built on a gravelly soil, the town enjoys the advantage of dry, clean streets, which are judiciously laid out, broad, and well planked on either side. Few places present from the Lake a more pleasing ensemble than does Cobourg, and the tourist will be still further gratified at finding, on landing, that this really pretty town requires not distance "to lend enchantment to the view," but that it is clean and well-built, presenting to the most careless observer evidences of daily-increasing and well-deserved prosperity.

In the engraving which accompanies this description, but few of the public buildings are to be distinguished,—Victoria College—the Court-House—and a portion of the Anglican Church. Victoria College is built on rising ground, somewhat in the rear of the town, and commands a fine view of the town and lake. It was completed in the year 1836, at a cost of nearly £12,000, raised by the voluntary offerings of the Methodist body in England and Upper Canada. The land on which the building stands was the gift of Mr. Spencer, a resident of Cobourg, and in June 1836 the Institution was opened under the name of the "Upper Canada Academy," by the Rev. Matthew Ritchie, who for the period of three years occupied the position of Principal. For six years the Academy continued in operation, and in the year 1841 application was made to Parliament, and a University charter was obtained, by which the name was changed to "Victoria College," and in June 1842, operations in the collegiate department commenced. The preparatory school, however, has been continued in connection with the College, and students are prepared for entrance on the collegiate curriculum, or receive such sound practical education as is fitting for those not intended for the learned professions.

In order to provide more fully the pecuniary means necessary for the efficient operation of the Institution, scholarships have been estab-

lished designed to accomplish the two-fold object of securing a permanent endowment for the college, and affording to the holders of those scholarships the opportunity of obtaining an education for themselves or their friends, on the easiest and most advantageous terms.

We believe that we may state with correctness that the prospects of Victoria College were never more promising than at the present time—and that a larger number of students than at any previous period (115) are now enjoying the benefits of an education at this college. The winter session commences the last Thursday in October, and the summer session the third Wednesday in June.

In addition to Victoria College there are the following educational establishments:—The District Grammar School, Cobourg Church Grammar School, besides a great many other excellent private schools: the Diocesan Theological Institute was for many years in successful operation and produced several of the scholars who now adorn the pulpits of the Anglican Churches throughout the Province, it is, however, now merged into Trinity College, Toronto, where the same results, only on a more extended scale, are becoming visible.

The Court-House, which occupies a very conspicuous position in the place, is a large and commodious building. Cobourg contains places of worship for members of the English Church, the Church of Scotland, Free Church, Wesleyan Methodist, Episcopal Methodist, Congregational, Bible Christian, and Catholic persuasions. The Banks and Insurance Office Companies all have branches, thriving establishments, and the man of business will find every facility for the conducting of his business. The Jail and Court-House, a handsome stone building, has been built at a short distance from the town, and forms the nucleus of a small village which has sprung up round it since its erection. A dredging machine is in constant operation, cleaning out the basin and forming a safe harbour of refuge, which on a late occasion, during almost a hurricane, afforded perfect shelter to the steamer *Princess Royal*, on her passage from Kingston to the westward.

The extensive cloth factory of Messrs. MacKechnie and Winans is the largest establishment of the kind in the Province, and affords

employment to nearly two hundred hands. "The consumption of wool," says Smith's Canada, "amounts to about 225,000 lbs. per annum, 175,000 of which is Canadian, and the remainder imported; (we have reason to believe that we do not err in stating that the quantity manufactured has increased very considerably since Mr. Smith wrote,) every variety of cloth is manufactured in this establishment."* In addition to this important factory there are numerous grist mills, foundries, tanneries, gypsum mills, saw and planing mills, breweries, &c.

Steamers are daily callers on their passages up, down, and across the lake, while stages run in every direction.

In 1845 the population of Cobourg amounted to nearly 3400 souls; at the present time it is considerably over 4000 souls. "A short time since (*vide* Smith's Canada) a subscription was raised in Cobourg, for the purpose of constructing a bridge across the Otonabee river, a steam ferry-boat being at the same time intended to ply on Rice Lake, so as to give the inhabitants of Otonabee and the adjoining townships a passage to the lake." The undertaking, from some local causes, did not succeed at the time; but measures have since been taken to supply the wants of the trade of the back townships. The township of Hamilton is generally well settled and contains a large number of excellent well-cultivated farms, on which a large proportion of the fine cattle and sheep that annually carry off the prizes at our agricultural fairs are raised: to the improvement of the breed of sheep, in particular, have the farmers of these counties applied themselves, and the texture of the fabrics manufactured at the Ontario mills afford conclusive evidence of the complete success of their labors.

About two miles from shore, and nearly half-way between Port Hope and Cobourg, is a rock on which a light-house has been built by the government. Cobourg is distant from Toronto 70 miles, from Kingston 95, and from Montreal 293 miles.

* We applied to the head of this establishment for any information that might be interesting, but we regret to say that our application, as is almost invariably the case, has remained unanswered: we are consequently exonerated from any blame that might be otherwise imputed to us for passing over so curtly our notice of this, certainly the most extensive establishment in Upper Canada. We state this, that the public may judge how difficult a task it is to collect information, where we receive no assistance. Each one is quite ready to condemn on the score of incorrect or insufficient information; but, as is too often the case, is unwilling to contribute the information required, although, perhaps, the sole source from whence it can be obtained.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. VII.

CONCERNING THE DOMINIE AND THE DUCAT.

DOUBTLESS the whole civilized world has heard tell of the memorable and never-to-be-forgotten contested election case of the Royal Burgh of Dreepdaily. I would therefore be but retailing "piper's news" if I rehearsed how Mr. Treddles McShuttle, the great Glasgow powerloom weaver, had the assurance to oppose Sir John Sumph for the representation of the Burgh, and on being defeated, brought the matter by petition before the House of Commons. It is advisedly that I use the word "assurance," in speaking of McShuttle's conduct. For three hundred years, at the most moderate computation, had the Sumphs been returned for Dreepdaily. The seat, in fact, had become an heirloom, so to speak, to which the family had acquired a moral prescriptive right; and when the manufacturer made his appearance as a candidate, sober folk regarded him as but few degrees better than a common highway foot-pad.

Sir John, I need hardly observe, was returned with drums beating and colours flying, and his adversary being maddened at the defeat which he had so righteously sustained, and having, moreover, plenty of lucre to spare, (it was a perfect coming of sillar with the weavers during the war,) determined to bring the matter before Parliament.

For more than six months did the proceedings last, and I speak within bounds when I say, that two hundred witnesses, at least, on both sides of the blanket, were carried up to London, in order to answer such interrogatories as the lawyers might think fit to propound to them.

It would have been something extraordinary if I had been passed over in this general impressment. From time immemorial the barber's shop has been regarded as the fountain-head of news or intelligence of every description, and, accordingly, I received citations from each of the competitors. Little, if anything, could I say, either *pro* or *con*, on the matter at issue, but having an anxious craving to see the world, especially without cost to myself, I prudently held my tongue, touching the paucity of the information which I possessed.

Though my heart, as I have every reason to believe, is as courageous as any which doth not beat behind a red coat, yet truth constrains me to confess, that it gave many a flutter and throb, as I was packing my pock-mantle in the back shop, on the night preceding my exodus from Dreepdaily. Never before had I been farther from that beloved spot than Glasgow, and that only once in my existence, when, at the pressing request of my cousin, Peter Pirn, I had officiated as his best man, on his marriage with Miss Jenny Dang. Now, I was about to visit, what I might call a foreign country, for my ancestors being all staunch Jacobites, had ever held the union of the kingdoms in especial dislike, and taught me to look upon the English as greater aliens than the French, who, from the earliest ages, had been allies of the Scottish nation.

However, as the Powheads had always been a valorous race, I determined that their reputation should suffer no tarnishment from me, so, adding an additional codicil to my last will and testament, and bracing my nerves with an extra cheerer of toddy, I completed the preparations for the road. It is proper to mention, that I kept up the better from considering that Mr. Paumie was to be my fellow-pilgrim, his attendance, likewise, having been required by Parliament. I had the greatest confidence both in the wisdom and prudence of the Dominic, who, moreover, having travelled on the Continent with young Lord Clayslap, as tutor, was fully acquainted with the ways and wiles of what he termed "the great world." Under such guidance and protection, I felt assured that the perils of my journey would be mightily diminished, and so, to use the words of the inspired Tinker of Bradford, "I girded up my loins, and was of good cheer."

It would clean exhaust the patience of my readers if I detailed all the events which occurred from the moment when I ascended the roof of the Kilmarnock and Glasgow stage-coach, till, with Mr. Paumie, I embarked at Leith, in the good smack, Dainty Davie, Gibbie Howison, master. Imagination must picture the stoun which went through my heart as I lost sight of my beloved shop, with my faithful journeyman, Job Sheepshanks, standing at the portal thereof, and wiping his eyes with the alecve of his shirt.

As for the Dominic, he fairly fell a greeting when, on passing the schuil his disciples, who were congregated upon the 'roof, saluted him with three valedictory cheers. Barely could he muster words to falter forth a *benedictio* upon the striplings, conjoined with a hope that they would respect the birds' nests and apples of the Burgh till his return. It was, indeed, a touching scene; but the dolour thereof was somewhat mollified in my estimation, when, on looking back, I descried the youthful brigade eagerly commencing preparations for a game at shinty. This latter fact I did not deem it necessary to communicate to their preceptor, who, for half the journey, dwelt upon the grief which his flock experienced at his departure. As the poet says—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

As we were entering the Dainty Davie my attention was arrested by an elderly weather-beaten gentleman, minus an arm, the anchor stamped upon whose buttons demonstrated that he either was, or had been, in the Royal Navy. Such indeed turned out to be the fact, this personage afterwards becoming developed to us as Lieutenant Trunnion, a grand nephew of the celebrated Howser Taunnon whose achievements are set forth in the veritable history of Peregrine Pickle. The Lieutenant had lost his "fin," as he called it, at the battle of the Nile, and was now a gentleman at large, keeping Lent upon the frugal half-pay which his thrifty country had awarded him for services performed on her behalf.

"Gibby my hearty!" exclaimed the mutilated hero to our skipper—"do you think you will have a long passage this here bout?" Taking a survey of the horizon, the party thus interrogated replied "Indeed, I do, old mess-mate! the wind is chopping right a-head, and I should not wonder, from the season of the year, if it be three weeks before we behold the Tower?" "That is precisely my own opinion," rejoined the Lieutenant, "and so I will take a passage with you. My traps are in the Lord Nelson close at hand, all ready for sea, and I shall have them aboard before you can say Jack Robinson."

While this one armed navigator was absent in quest of his luggage, I could not keep expressing my surprise to the commander of the smack, at the singularity of his conduct. "If," said I, "the prospects of the weather.

had been diametrically the reverse of what they are, then indeed, I could fancy a man, who had not much to do, taking a trip to London, for the pleasure of the thing. That any one, however, should seek to expose himself, with open eyes, to all the discomforts of a long and tempestuous voyage, far passes my simple comprehension."

But the skipper speedily explained this seemingly contradictory state of things. "The truth is," quoth he, "our vessels are admirable sea craft, we keep tables not to be excelled by any crack frigate in the service, and the fare which we charge is exceedingly moderate. In these circumstances, there are many half-pay officers, having no employment ashore or afloat, who frequently, like my old friend Trunnion, take a passage with us whenever there is a prospect of the trip being a protracted one. They do so, not only that they may get a breath of the sea air once more, which is as enervating to them as a stiff glass of grog, but because they can actually live cheaper and better in our cabins than they could do in a lodging or inn."

In due time the Lieutenant made his appearance, and proved to be a most agreeable companion during the voyage, which, as anticipated, lasted more than twenty days. By good chance the wind though adverse was not overly high, and accordingly the Dominic and myself were spared much of the hideous torments of sea sickness. Only once was I constrained to "cast up my accounts" to use the language of navigators, and as for Mr. Paumie, on no single occasion did he play truant when summoned to the mess table by the steward's bell. Surely the owners could have made but scanty profit out of us during that cruise, for the viands which they provided for our sustentation might have won the affections of Heliogabulus himself, and our appetites, aggravated by the fresh breezes of the ocean, were sharp as the best razor in my possession.

Multiform and diverting were the stories which the worthy Lieutenant or "Ancient" as the Dominic used to call him, detailed to us over his grog. He had been in all quarters of the world, and met with as many adventures as the Seven Champions of Christendom. One of these which tickled us not a little, I may take the liberty of recounting, more to be taken

that it possesses brevity, that characteristic at once of wit and a roasted maggot.

"When we were stationed at Bombay," said Trunnion, "in the Fire-eater, Captain Blue-blazes, some of us made a party one day to visit the far famed caves of Elephanta. Never, before or since, have I beheld a scene which filled me with so much awe and admiration. Just conceive of an immense Temple cut into the face of a mountain, exhibiting rows of pillars formed of the native rock, and with gigantic figures of wierd and unearthly demons carved upon the walls, by a people of whom the most ancient traditions give us no certain account.

"When the first sensation of wonder had subsided, I was enabled to notice that the cave contained a visitor not belonging to our company. He was a little, snub-nosed, bandy-legged fellow, strongly indented with the small-pox, and with a keen, inquisitive-looking eye. No one, to all appearance could be more intensely wrapt up in contemplation than he was. Standing with arms folded at one of the extremities of the cathedral—if I may so term this triumph of heathenism—he seemed absolutely absorbed by the influence of the surrounding wonders. You could have sworn that he was just on the eve of falling down upon his knees and doing homage to the Deity of the locality. At length he broke silence, and exclaimed in an audible soliloquy, and with an accent which indubitably demonstrated that he was a son of the muslin-engendering town of Paisley—" *Guid guide us a' the day, but this is a deevilish place! It wud haud, seestu! mair than a thousand steam looms!*"

But if I go on gossiping at this rate we shall be at sea to the end of the chapter, so I shall make a long story short, by stating that the Dainty Davie arrived safe and sound, one fair evening at the Tower wharf.

Being a lover of truth and probity from my youth up, I cannot conscientiously say that the first sight of London inspired me with much admiration. Indubitably it is a perfect marvel for vastness, putting ye in mind o' a million Dleepdaily's, and the multitudes that throng its streets seem sufficient to populate a decently sized world. But when ye have said this, there is little else to add. Every thing has a sulky, smoked, clatty look; and as for the Thames about which poets have

made so many grand songs, it resembles nothing else than the gutter of our main street seen in a rainy day through the magnifying glass of a showman?

Following the directions which we had received, we put up at a decent house of call, named Furnival's Inn, situated in High Holborn—or Hob'n—as the ignorant Londoners pronounce the word. It stood at the upper end of a big court or square, inhabited for the most part by lawyers, who had their bedrooms off their offices and took their breakfasts, and bit chacks of dinners at the tavern where we pitched our tents. As our expenses were paid by Sir John Sumph's man of business, we lived at rack and manger, never fashing our thumbs about the score, which I will be bound to say did not amount to a trifle.

Long as we had been on our voyage, we learned on our arrival, that our examination would not come on for at least a week, and so being masters of our time, and having nothing better to do, we employed ourselves in seeing every thing that was to be seen. During the day we inspected the public buildings, such as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and at night birlled our bawbees at the pit doors of the play-houses. At first I was a trifle shy of visiting these domiciles of Mahoun, having the fear of the Kirk Session before my eyes, more by taken that, I had once to thole a rebuke for witnessing *Patie and Roger*, acted by some strollers in Bailie Bellyband's barn. The Dominic, however, laughed my scruples to scorn. Though an elder, he belonged to the *moderate* side of the establishment, and could see no harm in a play, especially as the tragedy of Douglas was written by a minister. "Mind you, Peter my man," he would say—"that we are not now in the parish of Dreepdaily, but in the diocese of London, and being at Rome, may safely do as the Pope does!" As it was not for me to contradict my spiritual superior, I abandoned my opposition; but often when looking at the painted Jezebels, ranting and raving about love and murder, and what not, I have looked round with a quietly sheepish glance, fearful that some of the Presbytery might be present and eye-witnesses of my sore backsliding! If I had had my senses about me, I would have remembered that had any Mess Johns been there to

see me, their guilt would have been equal, and a fraction more, but an evil-doer is seldom a calm reasoner? Truly singeth the bard that

"Conscience makes cowards of us all!"

It was at a Theatre called *Saddler's Wells*, (though neither saddle nor pump could I discover about it) that the adventure which I am now to chronicle happened. to Dominic Paumie.

On the night in question a great Professor of hocus pocus was to hold forth, in addition to the usual entertainments of such places, and as his fame was great Mr. Paumie elected that we should witness his cantrips. Remembering the unwholesome doings of Nong-tong-paw, I at first startled at the proposal, but the Dominic assuring me that the *enemy* had nothing to do with the matter, I consented to bear him company.

In order to avoid the crush, we determined to be gentlemen for once in our lives, and took our seats in the select quarter known by the name of boxes. It was St. Andrew's day, as I well remember, and my friend, though far from being *sleaved* (as skipper Howison expressed it) had taken an extra tumbler of something more potential than pure water in honour of the occasion. Fractious, indeed, would be the moralist who could visit this indulgence with the pains and penalties of unforgiving censure! The Scotsman's heart warms in a strange land at the recurrence of his national festiva! and he has so many old friends to toast, and so many loved scenes to commemorate that the malt naturally, runs a risk of getting above the meal.*

Just as we were entering the house, Mr. Paumie, who was behind me, cried out, "I say Peter, look out for pick-pockets! Some one, I fear, has been making free with my personal effects!" Nothing more passed till we had got out of the pressure, and seated ourselves in our places, when the Dominic anxious to discover the amount of his loss, began to make an overhawling of his pouches. To his great satisfaction he ascertained that he was quite as rich as when he left the inn—handkerchief, snuff-box, and *tales*, (which, from ancient habit, he always carried out with him to kirk or market,) being all in *statu quo*.

The investigation, however, was productive of astonishment as well as pleasure. Lurking

*Father Matthew did not flourish till long after the worthy barber's era.

in the corner of his pocket he discovered a silver coin, about the dimensions of a crown-piece, and evidently from a foreign mint. It bore all the marks of considerable antiquity, and indeed, when narrowly scrutinized, was found to bear the venerable date of 1505.

What could be the meaning of this unexpected windfall?

For a season Mr. Paumie sat in a brown study, gazing upon his newly-acquired treasure, when at length a bright thought seemed to light up his shrewd features, and he gave a dry, caustic chuckle, which he generally indulged in, when anything out of the usual track struck his fancy.

In the box, immediately opposite to the one which we occupied, was seated a stout, bluff-looking personage, evidently of the old school of gentlemen-farmers. He wore a capacious blue coat, garnished with huge gilt buttons, the pockets whereof were apparently of the dimensions of meal sacks. His hair was powdered and tied behind in a queue, and altogether he had a strong savour of an unsophisticated Yorkshire squire fresh from his hunter and fox-hounds.

Telling me to sit quiet and say nothing, Mr. Paumie arose, and went out, and presently I discovered him in the box of which I have been speaking. Pretending to be looking about for some one, he came behind the old gentleman, and dropped the newly-found piece of money into his pocket, which loomed conveniently open. So quietly and adroitly was the operation performed, that no suspicion was excited either in the recipient, or in any one else, and the Dominic having accomplished his seemingly incomprehensible mission, regained his former quarters, and seated himself at my side.

When I questioned him as to what his motives were for acting as he had done, the pedagogue nudged me with his elbow to hold my peace, whispering, at the same time, "Ask no questions, and you will be told no lies. When the pear is ripe, it will drop of itself." The Dominic, I may mention in passing, was as incorrigible a proverb-monger as Sancho Panza himself, and could enunciate them by the bushel, when the mood was upon him.

Presently the performances commenced and progressed much to the satisfaction of the audience. If I had time to spare, I could

make your very teeth water by a recapitulation of the wonders which were then and there exhibited, but I hasten to the point more immediately in question.

By and by the Professor made his appearance upon the stage, and went through his manoeuvres with a skill which fairly took away the breath of the beholders. He was a perfect master of his light-fingered trade, and more than once I had difficulty in keeping down the suspicion that he was in league with a certain individual who shall be nameless.

At last he reached what was evidently intended to be the climax and cope-stone of his operations. With much state and solemnity he drew forth from his purse a coin which he held up to the view of the beholders. "Ladies and gentlemen," quoth he, "you behold here one of the rarest pieces of money which is known to exist. It is a Venitian ducat, of a description never to be met with except in the cabinets of the most celebrated collectors." He then proceeded to detail the marks and features of the coin, which Mr. Paumie at once recognized as answering to those of the one which had been so unaccountably bestowed upon him. "Now," whispered he to me, with a knowing wink, "the goose is well nigh cooked!"

The conjurer continued:—"The trick which I am about to present for your approbation, has never been attempted by any human being save myself, and I bespeak for it your undivided attention. I take this coin,—blow upon it three times, thus!—touch it with my rod, and, presto! cause it to vanish from my hand, and fly into the coat-pocket of that gentleman in the boxes!" Here he pointed to Mr. Paumie, made him a bow, and begged that he would take the trouble to examine, and see whether the event which he had mentioned had not taken place.

Inspired, doubtless, by the potations he had drained in honour of the Land o' Cakes, the Dominic stood up with all the coolness of a cucumber, and pretending to draw forth the ducat, exclaimed, in tones of well-acted amazement—"Prodigious! Here is the very piece, sure enough! By the hook-nose of Julius Cæsar, but this is passing strange!"

Hereupon the assemblage broke forth into a salvo of cheering, much to the delectation and pride of Herr Herrman, who looked mag-

nificent as the groom of the wardrobe to the Empress of all the Peacocks!

When the applause had subsided, the Dominic stood forward, and waved his hand for silence. "Mr. Necromancer," said he, "it is now my turn to dispose of this famous, and remarkable ducat! You behold it in my hand? (here he held up a five shilling piece.) Very well—I order it to take wing, and find a nest in the pocket of that worthy gentleman with the blue coat and pig-tail on the opposite side of the house!" Herman heard this address with blank amazement, glaring alternately at the Dominic and the Squire. The latter, after the first feeling of confusion, at being thus publicly singled out, had passed away, commenced a deliberate overhauling of the contents of his capacious pouch. Dog-whistles, cork-screws, hunting-whistles, tobacco-boxes, and handkerchiefs beyond number were lugged forth, and deposited in front of the box, the appearance of every fresh article being hailed by the democracy of the galleries with yells of laughter.

At length, the visage of the self-examiner assumed an air of the most bewildering astonishment and perplexity. "Od's bobs!" he shouted forth, "may I never crack a magnum of claret again, if the bewitched luck-penny be not in my pocket, after all! This beats cock-fighting, dash my wig and buttons!"

If the spectators' applause was loud before, it was now like to split the roof of the house! For more than a month thereafter my ears were ringing with the preposterous din, which far surpassed any thing I had ever listened to, the roaring of the Burn of Ayr not excepted!

As for the conjurer he looked as if he had gotten a bloody nose from some invisible pugnacious ghost, and pleading a sudden fit of indisposition, craved that the residue of his performances might be dispensed with for that evening. Indeed, it was self-evident that there was no sham-work in this plea. His hand shook like an aspen, and his knees knocked against each other as if engaged in a duel!

Just as the curtain fell a message was brought to Mr. Paumie from Herr Herman, craving the honor of an interview behind the scenes. Determined to see the joke to an end, the Dominic complied, and presently was

ushered into the presence of the much wondering and sorely dumb-founded professor of legerdemain.

No sooner had he entered than the Herr, making him an obeisance down to the very ground, thus spoke in tones of almost whining humility. "Sir, in you I fully and freely own, that for the first time I behold my master in the mystic art! If it be not too presumptuous might I beg to be informed, how your most wonderful and magnificent trick was performed? Should money be an object to such an illustrious man I will not grudge five hundred pounds for the knowledge!"

Mr. Paumie looking cautiously around the apartment, as if fearful of being over heard, replied with a portentous shake of the head: "Money is not of the slightest avail in this case! The secret which you covet to learn can only be acquired by complying with conditions from which most mortals would shrink. In the first place you must burn the Bible, and renounce your hopes of salvation! Next * * * * *

The horrified Herman could listen no longer. Making the sign of the cross with one hand, and opening the door with the other, he explored the waggish Dominic to take his departure forthwith, and, if possible without carrying the end of the building along with him!

And so ended the never-to-be-forgotten adventure of Mahoun's ducat.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF PETOFI.

It rains,—how it rains!—
A pleasant rain this is,
For I'm with my love,
And fast shower the kisses.

With rain comes the lightning,
When storms break above:—
So blaze from thine eyes, dear,
The lightning of love!

But it thunders,—it thunders!—
My dove, I must fly,
For here comes your mother;—
Good-by, love,—good-by!

—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

A HOMILY BY COCKER.

The excesses of our youth (says a mercantile moralist) are draughts upon old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

OCCASIONAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS
OF THE BLINKS.

CHAPTER VII.

"I will tell you what a slave is. A slave is he who watches with abject spirit the eye of another. * * * No man can be thus unless he pleases. If he has fallen as to externals into another's power, still there is a point that at his own will he can reserve. * * * And if he that a misjudging world calls a slave may retain all that is most substantial in independence, is it possible that he whom circumstances have made free, should voluntarily put the fetters upon his own feet, the manacles upon his own hands?"

Godwin's Manderiville.

Our last chapter came to an untimely end, just as old Blinks surrounded by the members of his family, was about to recall the attention of Tom to the subject of his dog.

"Come and sit down here," said the old man drawing forward a chair with his right hand, and placing it in such a position beside him, that he could both see and hear to advantage the person who was to occupy it; "you promised to give me some account of that semi-wolf down stairs, and Frank is getting impatient to hear something more of his history since I have led her to believe there is a story connected with him."

"Oh, yes," said Fan, lifting her head quickly from its resting place, and shaking back her shining hair, as she arranged herself to listen, "it will be so delightful while we are all sitting round the fire; do tell us a story Tom, you used to be such a capital story-teller; and indeed you owe us something on his account, in consideration of the fright he gave us."

"Nay, if he frightened you he shall certainly make atonement," said the young man gallantly. "I hope my dear mother," (Tom was in the habit of so addressing Mrs. Blinks,) "you will allow me to call him up and introduce him; he has a rough exterior, but he improves vastly upon acquaintance, and I will make myself personally responsible for his good behaviour: his sagacity almost amounts to intellect, and he possesses in an exalted degree one or two old-fashioned qualifications, which, perhaps, on account of their rarity at the present day I value most highly; I mean, reverence for his master, and obedience." Here old Blinks put on his spectacles, and turned a curious glance towards the master alluded to, but said nothing; while Frank ventured to hint that such qualities, though highly creditable to his heart, said very little for his discrimination.

"I suppose," said John, "you have been teaching him a little of your sea discipline; knocking him over with a handspike occasionally when he was refractory, or some other gentle inducement equally persuasive."

"No!" said Tom, vehemently, "I never struck him myself, nor allowed others to do so; indeed, for the latter, Boreas looks out for himself; and though wanting in words to ex-

press himself clearly, he has a way of speaking with his eye when threatened, which is very rarely mistaken."

"I hate these sneaking, crouching animals," said John, trying to draw him out, "I noticed the way he cowered at your feet upstairs; but I suppose you sailors are accustomed to exert such despotic authority over your own little floating dominions, that you expect everywhere else to meet with the same cringing obedience and submission."

Tom read in an instant the spirit in which this was spoken, and saw before him the schoolfellow of former days. He well recollected the contradictory spirit of the boy, and his love of argument, but he could not allow Boreas to lie under such a foul impeachment, and though he hated the mental exertion it would require to explain himself, he returned to the charge.

This was what John intended and had foreseen. He knew the inherent indolence of his disposition, and took a malicious delight in what he called "stirring him up." Tom continued:—

"There is a great difference between obedience, and obsequious subservience. The first is quite compatible with, nay, a necessary consequence of reverence, and what it springs from, love; the latter is the child of far other parents, viz., fear, hatred, and not unfrequently contempt."

"I deny the latter assumption," said John jumping up from his chair (he was hardly ever at rest for five minutes together,) and turning with his back to the fire so as to face his opponent, "I deny that obsequiousness can ever spring from contempt; we look down, it is true, upon those whom we despise, but we do not stoop to them."

"Often perhaps than you are aware. The relative positions in which men are placed, occasionally produce the strangest results; passion and the ebullitions of our true feelings becoming subservient to interest. The slave who crouches beneath the lash of his master, no less hates him for the power he holds over him, than he despises him in his heart for the tyrannical and cowardly manner in which he uses it. None but a coward will strike a man whose hands are tied, and the slave, be he dog or man, knows and feels this keenly as you or I: he despises the coward as we despise him; but his free-will is bound by the chain of circumstances, and while hate rankles at his heart, he stoops from fear in slavish servility and degradation of soul beneath the hand that bows him, because he feels that for the present he is altogether in its power, but the slave who crouches submissively at his feet to day, may put a knife in his throat to-morrow."

"Right, old fellow!" said John, striding up to him and giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder, "you're a trump after all. Those are my own sentiments. But I trust and

believe that many a man now lives, who born to a life of bondage, is yet spiritually free. You may trample a man's body under your feet if you possess the power, but no act save his own can render him in the true sense of the word a slave. Does it not seem a mystery, that free men, who own no such fetters as those you have described, should yet, from choice and an inherent meanness of soul, for the sake of filthy lucre, stoop to the position of moral slaves? Do not misunderstand me, Tom; no one respects the honest laborer in any capacity more than I. The position of my boy, Mike, if he does his duty uprightly, is intrinsically as honorable as my own: But then, there are men well educated and of good standing! I could show you some in this city, who will flatter and fawn upon you, and be the most contemptible lickspittles for the sake of the paltry five shillings you may spend in their shops, that ever disgraced their species by going upon two legs. I never meet such men without a sensation of disgust, nor leave them without feeling that they have offered an insult to my understanding, by supposing that I am such an idiot as to take their gilded plausibility for sterling coin: but they are great favorites with the ladies, and it is not to be wondered at; for if there is any door leading to a woman's heart which always stands open, that door is flattery."

"You impertinent coxcomb," exclaimed Frank, "the idea of such a schoolboy talking about the road to ladies hearts! You are prejudiced against poor Mr. Slimyways, for I know who you mean, and are as rough and uncivil when you meet him as a bear, more shame for you; but it makes no difference with him, for he is as polite and friendly towards you as ever."

"Confound his politeness! Yes, he sees I know him, and loves me none the better for the discovery, though he is as full of "wreathed smiles" as ever; but if he saw instead that he could dupe me, he would despise me as much as he already does some people of my acquaintance, whose money he pockets with such *delicate consideration*, or rather "wriggling lubricity." I have seen that man play upon the vanity and credulity of lady customers in such an impudent, but I suppose *fascinating* manner, that I have been tempted to knock his spectacles over his villainous little eyes with the back of my hand, as if by so doing I could unmask him." John lisped out the words italicized with such an excess of sham servility and mock politeness, and suddenly straightening himself up, delivered the last sentence in such a savage and threatening manner, that it was impossible to help smiling at his violent impetuosity.

"I have seen such characters in my travels," said Tom, "everywhere, and in all situations of life we find them: and often filling higher positions than the one your friend appears to

occupy. This is only one of the many things in which man might with advantage take a lesson from his dog. Boreas will fawn upon no one but his master, and then only to show his attachment: he is civil and obliging to whoever treats him well, and is not afraid to show his dislike or his teeth to those who behave in what he considers an ungentlemanly manner. With shame to mankind be it spoken, he is with one exception, the truest, noblest, firmest friend I have ever made. Sunshine and storm, poverty, sickness and disgrace, make no change in him, save a more earnest solicitude to prove his devotion. His acts are the true index of his feelings. Fraud, duplicity and double dealing, are incompatible with his nature, which is clear and open as the day; and he does his duty without fear of punishment or hope of reward. He has been my pillow in places of danger, and has watched while I slept in safety. We have shared many a short allowance between us, and have mutually risked our lives to save that of the other. Orphan as I am, without father, mother or kin, he has filled in my breast the empty void, which, without some such kind and faithful inmate, would have been but a dismal vault, whose hollow echoes might only remind me of the dead."

Frank, young, warm-hearted and impulsive, felt that she could have thrown her arms round him as he concluded; but the feelings which do most honor to our hearts, are under existing rules of society, the very ones we are most desirous to conceal; and unless her eye told more than she intended, she was silent.

As Tom finished speaking he rose and left the room in search of his four-footed friend. "He's a strange composition that fellow," said John, as he closed the door; "Sometimes as light and trivial as the merest world-worshipper, whose highest ambition is to float like a bubble in its froth and foam, and yet evincing when you sound him, a depth of feeling and sensibility, of which many of our fine, fiddling ladies are altogether ignorant. There is something in his nature which seems to draw me to him, as to one whose worth I have long known and estimated; and yet, though in some respects the same, he is altogether most unlike what I remember of him as a boy. A unity of ideas, rather than of habits and pursuits seems to bind us. You had better take care, my fair Desdemona, (turning to Fan) or this fellow with his

"Moving accidents by flood and field," may prove another Othello."

"He is a striking instance" said old Blinks, unmindful of the latter part of his son's speech, and consequently of Frank's confusion, "of what I think Hazlitt has somewhere remarked; that peculiarities of mind, no less than of the features of men, are transmitted by descent, often at intervals of one or two generations. That boy can have no recollection of his father;

and yet their manner of thought and expression are exactly similar. I can almost fancy, if I close my eyes when he is speaking and look back thirty years, that I hear the voice of the dead. What is even more remarkable is, that their hand writings are the same; though I doubt if he ever saw more than a few stray scraps of his father's correspondence."

As Tom's footsteps were heard approaching, the subject under discussion was dropped, and the next moment he entered the room, gravely followed by his dog.

"What a noble looking animal he is," said Frank, as Boreas who had leisurely made the circuit of the room, walked up to her, and pushing his black muzzle under her hand, seemed to invite her caresses, "I never saw anything like him before."

"I dare say not: although a native of this continent, he is, comparatively speaking, very little known beyond the bounds of his own country. He is an Esquimaux, born amidst the icy deserts of the frozen zone. Few dogs of his breed have enjoyed his opportunities, and being naturally of a sagacious temperament, he has made a profitable use of them. He has several times crossed the "Line," and is no less familiar with the melting beams of a vertical sun, than with the six months night of frost and desolation peculiar to his native land."

"And how came you, an eastern navigator, to get possession of a native Esquimaux dog," inquired old Blinks.

"It is a melancholy story," replied the young sailor, "and recalls scenes such as I would fain hope I may never witness again; scenes however which have a close connexion with much of my past life—and as such may interest you. If Frank is really in earnest in the wish she expressed, I will relate it."

"Do so, by all means," replied Mrs. Blinks—"I am sure any part of your adventures will interest all present,"—and thus urged Tom began his tale.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The vessel now tossed through the low trailing rack of the tempest, is lost in the skirts of the thunder cloud."
Shelley.

"It is now nearly three years since, on a return voyage from Bombay, we encountered in the Bay of Biscay one of the most appalling storms it has ever been my lot to witness. I have seen, as you may imagine, a good deal of rough weather round the Cape, and have had a taste of a typhoon in the China seas, where we had to cut away our masts to right the ship, which was thrown upon her beam ends by the first fierce shock of the hurricane. All this you will admit was bad enough; but nothing I have ever been exposed to at sea, has left such a clear recollection of its horrors behind it, as one night during that fearful gale.

"I have since been told that ships at that time entering the channel, were driven by its irresistible fury, many hundred miles into the broad Atlantic, and I believe it; for though it raged with greater violence farther to the southward, it left many sad memorials of its devastating progress upon the shores of our own island. Had we been upon a lee shore, that night would have been our last.

"The wind in the morning had been westerly, and though blowing a good stiff breeze, was nothing more than common at that time of year: but the atmosphere was dull and heavy, and as the sun rose, its position in the heavens was marked by a murky, lurid redness, such as you may have seen at night upon the sky, indicating a distant conflagration. The wind, too, as the day advanced, backed round against the sun, freshening to a gale at noon, and blowing great guns from the south-east as night closed in; and such a night—it was as if no light had ever illumined it; a pitchy darkness, as if the spirit of night had descended with outspread wings upon the sea, and shrouded it in her murky embrace. Such, I thought as I vainly endeavoured to pierce the gloom, might have been its condition ere the morning of creation rose; when 'the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.'

"I cannot say that I felt afraid, for I did not; my spirit seemed to rise and expand in the awful majesty of that night; but that the very inmost depths of my soul were stirred I argue from the fact, that to this day, it often presents itself to me again in dreams. We were like a nutshell upon that raging sea: a mere bubble upon the mighty maëlstrom which roared and plunged around and beneath us. I never felt so deeply my own insignificance, and at the same time, the higher power which lived within me, and bore me up superior to its terrors. In that terrible night, I felt, if ever, the might of immortality,—felt, that though the next moment I might be engulfed beneath the waves; it was mine to live for ever, eternally, when time, and all that now floated upon its surface should be numbered amongst the things that were.

"It is impossible for me to express what I then felt; nor can I ever recall in their clear, unclouded strength, the sensations which then overwhelmed me. I have since thought, that excitement, and the scenes which were passing around me, had rendered me temporarily insane; but if so, it was a glorious insanity, and death itself with all its horrors had lost its power over me. The free, bounding motion of the sea in a storm, has always possessed an inexpressible charm for me. I have never from a child known what it was to "sicken o'er the heaving wave," but have in its fullest sense realized and appreciated that fine sentiment in the Corsair:

"Oh, who can tell save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide;
The exulting sense, the pulses maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way."

"It must have been an exaggerated feeling of this kind, which took possession of me in that night. It was my watch on deck, and with a turn of a rope round my body, I was holding on to the belaying pins at the foot of the main mast. We had not a rag of canvas set: the little atom we had attempted to show, had been blown from the bolt ropes like gossamer; but the speed of the ship must have been terrific, for we were almost dead before the wind; and the soaring surges as they rose beneath her stern, seemed to hurl her headlong through the sky, until, as if exhausted, she would sink backwards, while the torn and seething billows foamed madly out from under her bows, seeming to laugh scornfully as they passed her in the race. Any one of those surges had we overrun them, would have rolled over us and engulfed us for ever: and I knew it—knew it then as well as I feel it now, but it did not affect me: what were the parting cry of a single mortal amidst the howlings of that dread storm! I remember looking steadily, almost firmly, into the eye of the pursuing gale, which whistled wildly, fitfully over and around us; and while it almost wrenched me from my firm hold, my spirit seemed to defy its power. But if I thought little of my own fate, I thought less of others; tho' many a gallant bark and fearless mariner, saw the light of morn no more.

"At last the dawn broke upon us, and gleamed with a red and wrathful eye upon the drunken revel of the elements, and lighted up the dripping spars of our spectre looking ship: and the wind which had wantoned wildly, unrestrained, through the dark and dreary night, seemed to cover and shrink away before it; coming and going in fitful gusts, as if uncertain whether to dispute its power or way; until by slow degrees as the round and glittering orb of day rose upon the heavens, it died away in low wailings upon the vexed and troubled sea.

"We had murmured at the storm while it was upon us, but it had become necessary to us; and now as we watched with wistful eyes its rapid departure, our only salvation seemed to depend upon its presence. The night storm had been appalling—but the morning calm, accompanied as it was by the unsubsid sea, was even more to be dreaded. The lofty masts and spars, which had defied the rude embraces of the gale, creaked and tottered like falling trees, as our vessel rolled helplessly in the trough of the sea. There was no rest to be found upon her; everything that was not firmly lashed to its place, rolled and bounded in wild confusion from side to side. Our seams were beginning to open, and soon the quiet rest of the sleeping winds had accomplished what their wildest fury had been

unable to attain; but it was ordered otherwise, and a light westerly breeze springing up, we were enabled again to gather way, and lay our course with renewed hope to our yet distant island home.

"We had several passengers on board. What their feelings were during the period I have described it would be impossible to say. I saw little of them during the night; but the worn and haggard features I encountered upon entering the cabin next morning, told how fearful their mental sufferings had been. Amongst others were a newly married pair: the lady was young probably about eighteen, and more than beautiful. Her husband who was much older, was a captain in one of the Hon. E. I. C. native infantry regiments: he had seen some hard service under an eastern sky, and probably looked older than he really was; but he must have been at least fifteen years her senior; and, as report went on board, had amassed a considerable amount of money. Captain Paisley was a fine soldier-like fellow, and appeared doatingly fond of his wife.

"The cabin of an East Indiaman is a world in miniature. It is astonishing what free and social intercourse springs up during a four months voyage: a week at sea gives you a better insight into the character of a fellow-passenger, than a year in the ordinary way of associating on shore. You see him morning, noon and night; in sickness and in health, in good spirits and in bad spirits, and often without any spirits at all. One under such circumstances seems to cast away reserve, and to contribute to the best of his or her ability to the general amusement and interest of the whole. Personal narratives are in such circumstances common topics of discourse, and you thus necessarily become acquainted with much of the private history of your associates.

It was partly through these means, increased by the interest I felt in the youthful bride, and partly through what I gathered from occurrences which afterwards transpired, that I learnt such parts of her history as I am about to relate. She, like myself, had been born beneath a distant sky, and her native land was also my own. Like most other European children born in that climate, she had been early separated from her parents, and sent home to be educated and brought up under the care of a maternal aunt, then in England.

"Ah!" broke in old Blinks as if soliloquising aloud, "it is a terrible necessity and one of the many disadvantages under which a family-man labours, in the East. He must either see his children like hardy mountain-plants transferred to a hot-house, shoot up rapidly and luxuriantly around him, only to be prematurely blighted; or send away the closest ties of his nature, by consigning his loved-ones, almost ere they have well known their father's voice

to the nurture and care of strangers: sending the soft and plastic minds of his children, to be moulded by other and often unknown influences, and to twine themselves round other than a parent's heart."

"I have felt it," said Tom, sorrowfully, as the old man concluded. "I am one of many victims to the evils resulting from it."

"So you were, my dear boy," said old Blinks, kindly, laying a hand on his knee; "I had forgotten that circumstance; indeed both myself and Mrs. Blinks have been so long in the habit of regarding you as our own child, that I could not naturally have remembered it: but I am interrupting your story, pray proceed."

"She was an only daughter," continued Tom, "and her father, Colonel Winterly, also an officer in our Indian army, had risen to a position of high rank and distinction in that distant land. He had long wished to retire, and join his child, unseen for many long years, but still tenderly loved, in his native country; but duty he fancied required that he should keep his post, and feeling that he could no longer be without her, he had written about a year previous to the time of which I speak, for her to join him at Calcutta; but seeds of mischief had already been sown, and were one day to bear bitter fruit. It happened that the aunt with whom she had been brought up, had a son at Eton; who had been in the habit very frequently of bringing a young friend and schoolfellow to spend the holidays with him at home. Sidney Bennington was a fine open-hearted boy; at the period of his first visit about sixteen years of age, and between him and Emily Winterly there had arisen a mutual childish attachment."

"The rising generation," interrupted old Blinks, "dream of putting on matrimony, as their father's did their first tail-coat, and at about the same period."

"I suppose we come to maturity earlier now," said John.

"No doubt," continued his father, "and hence the haggard old men of thirty, with a load of cares upon their brow, whom you meet daily. A man before he builds a house should first calculate whether he can pay for it when done, but young men now-a-days marry and build up a family without reflecting that

Children must be paid for."

"Not at all," answered Tom, "though personally inexperienced in such matters, I have witnessed so much misery as the consequence of marriages entered into unadvisedly on the part of others, that I willingly subscribe to all you have said. The aunt of Emily, however, had accustomed herself so long to consider her as a child, that an idea of the kind never entered her head, and the feeling between them increased gradually from one vacation to another, until the father of Sidney, who had far other views for the

settlement of his son, became aware of the circumstance; and thinking that absence would soon eradicate any such transient feeling as had been aroused in the breast of his boy, determined on sending him a voyage in one of his own ships about to sail on a whaling expedition to the north-west. It waited only a few weeks of the day of her sailing; but his mind being fully made up on the course to be pursued, this mattered little; and immediate preparations were made for his departure, care being taken as much as possible to prevent the meeting of the young couple before the vessel sailed:

*"But he who stems the tide with sand,
Or fetters flame with flaxen sand;
Has yet a harder task to prove.
By firm resolve to conquer love,*

Even in boys and girls. Certain it is; that young Sidney, by some means or other, outwitted his father, and held a stolen interview with Emily. The result was not difficult to anticipate; compulsory separation has much the same effect upon young love, as wind upon a smouldering fire. There were abundance of tears, vows, kisses and protestations of eternal love; and at the last moment of parting, they mutually exchanged rings, as a pledge that their love for each other should be as pure and endless as the circling gold. It is needless to describe it farther. Such scenes are of daily, hourly occurrence, though we walk in their midst, unknowing and unknown. Each mossy bank and shady knove upon which we linger in our country walks, is, for all we know, wet with the tears and fragrant with the sighs of lovers, whose course the poet truly remarked:

"Never did run smooth."

The end, however, came at last, and they parted; and from that day to the period of her leaving England, no tidings had been received of the vessel or her crew. A return whaler had seen a ship, answering to the description of the one in which he sailed, moored under the lee of an iceberg in Baffin's Bay, about three months after her departure; and as the term usually required for making the voyage had long expired, the opinion was very generally entertained, even among seafaring men, that the vessel with all her crew had perished.

To this latter opinion she had herself become an unwilling convert, shortly before the arrival of her father's summons; and though to her young and simple heart, it seemed as if the star of hope had forever set; and that all places upon the desolate earth were henceforth alike to her, she heard his commands with sorrow and regret.

Her father was to her a stranger, no less in form and features, than in feelings and sensibilities. She recollected only a tall and handsome man, who in a transient visit, many long years before, had called her his Emily, dandled

her upon his knee and given her toys. Her mother, a delicate English flower, had long since withered in that sultry clime, and her aunt with a mother's kindness and fond attention, had supplied her place and claimed a mother's love. Her ties, her affections, were all in England, and her heart suffering keenly under its late afflictions, revolted at the thought of leaving, what to her had ever been home, and going forth among strangers; but the command had gone forth and must be obeyed; and under the care of some friends of her father's returning thither, she set sail with a heavy heart for Calcutta.

Here she was received with the greatest kindness by her father, and everything that luxury could give or art devise was placed at her disposal. For a while the novelty and excitement of the scenes in which she found herself, diverted her thoughts from sadder and sweeter recollections; flattered and caressed, she might have been eminently happy, but she had been brought up under other influences; her tastes had been formed under different circumstances, and moulded upon different models, her spirits which had been crushed by the silent and unknown suffering she had undergone at the fate of her childish love, could not yet recover their elasticity. The attentions which were lavished upon her, in time grew wearisome, and wealth and splendor but ill-supplied to her sensitive soul, the loss of her early attachments and the quiet and endearing comforts of her English home. The heath which grows and flourishes in the keen air and sterile earth of the rude mountain side, will lose all its freshness, strength and beauty, however carefully removed to what we in our short-sightedness might consider a warmer and more genial situation in the teeming vale below. She longed to return to those ever dear scenes of her childhood: she was like a bird taken from its dreary nest upon the barren and storm-beaten crag, and fed and fostered with all that nature could give or art invent, in a gilded cage. It loathes the dainties which an erring though kind intention places before it, and pines to soar again in freedom, half famished though it might be, amongst the wild and inhospitable regions which it yet looks back upon as its home.

"While in this unhappy state of mind, she received the attentions of Captain Paisley. He was, as I have said, a fine soldier-like fellow, with handsome features and good address; while she was even yet little more than a child, though a sensitive one. Her little heart was lonely in that distant land, and the loss she had so recently sustained had left a void in it which was doubly felt in a place where, with the exception of her father, in whom even yet she could not implicitly confide, she had no intimate friend. Captain Paisley was of all men the very one, from his kindness of heart and quick perception of the feelings of

others, to gain her confidence and respect. Her vanity and self-love were flattered by his preference, and she felt grateful towards him for the kindly interest he appeared to take in her welfare; but though in every respect well-worthy of her love, her true feelings, of which as yet she knew but little, were not engaged. He soon perceived, for he was a man of discrimination, that her present position, however enviable some might have deemed it, was altogether distasteful to her: he saw that she was better fitted to adorn some quiet English fireside, such as remembrance painted, than to blaze in jewelled splendor, the meteor of a fashionable route: the current of his thoughts and ambitions was changed, as a stream rushing madly eastward will suddenly turn at some new and unexpected feature in its path and flow as swiftly to the west. The future offered to him now a new and not less pleasing prospect; no more he dreamed of high military honors gained in

"The imminent deadly breach."

"The gay and noisy camp 'and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war' no longer lured him with their spirit-stirring voices: the silent tones of affection and home, like the noiseless beams of a summer sun upon an ice-bound sea, had melted his soul; and streams of pleasurable anticipation, the sweeter from their freshness, rolled in joyous currents through his breast.

"Hitherto she had paid but little attention to his suit, but now when he told her of his love for her, of the change which she had wrought in his tastes and inclinations, of his desire to return at once with her to their own happy England, to place her again amidst the scenes and friends of her childhood, and make her the chief ornament of his peaceful retirement; her heart heard him with such avidity, painted in such glowing colors the mere outline which his master-hand had traced, filling up all that was wanting to make a perfect picture of happiness and contentment; that in the flood of feelings which tumultuously gushed towards him, as the tides towards the moon, she, in the warm flush of her childish feelings, fancied that she loved him and gave him her hand.

"Woman is not meant to stand alone: if she does so, she unsexes herself and is no longer womanly. She is like the delicate creeper which springs up in the forest shade, amongst trees of all and various descriptions, clinging to the first which offers its rough and time-worn breast for her stay,—too often mistaking the bosom she leans upon. Carried aloft by some into places of honor and renown, and spreading over them even then a soft and delicious verdure. Falling with others who, while presenting a smooth and fair exterior, were hollow and rotten at heart, into the mire at their feet; but in all cases whether for good or evil, clinging affectionately still, whether

standing or falling, to the rugged stem round which it hath early entwined itself, and covering even its falling frailties with a kind and beautifying shroud."

"Why, Tom, my boy, you're growing poetical; I had no idea you had a taste that way, this is better and better," said John, involuntarily grasping his hand and shaking it, "we shall be sworn friends from this day."

"Poetry is the language of nature," replied his friend, "and consequently the natural voice by which man finds utterance. It is the voice with which God by the mouth of his prophets appeared to mankind, and he who is insensible to its silent but persuasive tones, has little to boast of beyond mere animal endowments. The words of truth are naturally words of poetry,* and so far as there is truth in my delineation, I am poetical, and no further."

During the occurrence of this little scene, old Blinks and his wife had mutually exchanged glances of pleasure and satisfaction, and it was easy to read in the eager countenance of Frank how much she felt interested in the tale and its narrator.

"Captain Paisley had now retired from the service and with his young and lovely bride was returning to put the bright visions of both to the trial of actual experiment.

"But though nothing could exceed his kindness and attention to her, she had even before this time discovered her mistake. However much she might respect his character and appreciate his devotion, she felt that the true love which ought to have united them, upon her part at least was wanting. She saw when too late, that youth, inexperience and the longing desire she had felt to return, had blinded her as to the true nature of her feelings, and the consequences of the step she was taking. True, she was returning to the scenes and companionships of her childhood, but no longer as the child she had left them; three months of wedded life had given her a deeper knowledge of herself than years before: she felt towards her husband as she might have done towards a kind and indulgent father; she could not help respecting and admiring his character; but when she thought of Sidney and his unknown fate, she felt that with him was buried all that in her breast could claim the name of love."

Just at this particular period of the narrative there was a knock at the hall door, a few moments after which the servant entered the room and announced a visitor, Mr. James Daly; and a tall athletic young man advanced into the apartment and saluted the host and hostess cordially, shaking hands with John, and bowing courteously to Frank who had

risen suddenly from her half recumbent position at the entrance of a stranger.

We must freely confess to those discriminating readers who have followed us thus far, that we perfectly agree with them, that the entrance of the stranger in the very middle of Tom's story is most inopportune and provoking. We feel, as our friends over the water would say, "riled" at it ourselves, and are inclined in one of their still more expressive phrases to "cut up dirt, and act kinder darned sary;" but what would it avail us? In this true and veritable history, he appeared as we have indicated at a moment when his room was more desired than his company, and having thus intruded himself and as it were incorporated himself with our occasional glimpses of the Blinks family, he must take the consequences, and whether of good or evil repute be exposed in all his beauty or deformity mental and physical, to that enlightened portion of the civilized world into whose hands these papers may pass.

It is needful however that we should know him again when we meet him, and for this purpose we will take a short run over him as he stands, and then let Tom conclude the history of his dog with as little delay as possible.

Tom rose as the new comer was introduced, and saw before him a tall well made young man, some 20 years of age; not so tall however as he might have been had he carried himself erect, for he stooped in his shoulders considerably. With his hat on he might have passed for a handsome man, for his features generally speaking were well formed; but as he now appeared with his hat off, the extreme lowness of his forehead with the hair encroaching upon either temple, gave him a most unintellectual look; and though he was evidently bent upon rendering himself as agreeable as possible, Tom felt a rising dislike towards him which he could in no way account for, almost before his introduction was completed.

"That's a formidable looking animal you have there," he remarked, as his eye encountered Boreas. "I suppose," turning to Tom, "he is yours?" Tom replied in the affirmative, and old Blinks took occasion to acquaint his guest, that at the time of his arrival they were listening to some incidents in his history.

Daly expressed a hope that his coming might not interrupt their amusements, and leaning forward in his chair was about to lay his hand upon the head of Boreas in a conciliating manner, which proffer of acquaintance Boreas repelled with a deep, smothered growl, of so threatening a nature that the young man hastily withdrew his chair to a safe distance upon the opposite side of the fire. Frank, too, at whose feet he was lying, had started involuntarily at his savage rejection of Daly's addresses, but Boreas rising to a sitting posture at the moment looked up in her face with

*The proverbial expression "there is more truth than poetry in it," is like many other things sanctioned by time and custom utterly false. Poetry is to truth what beauty and fragrance are to the flowers: impressing the outward senses—but leading through them to the heart.

such a kind and benignant expression of countenance that she became once reassured, and resumed her seat, and at the general request of all parties, Tom Ferrers went on with his tale.

(To be Continued.)

LINES,
ON SEEING SOME AGRICULTURAL
EMIGRANTS EMBARK.

God speed the keel of the trusty ship
That bears ye from our shore,
There is little chance that ye'll ever glance
On our chalky sea-beach more.
You are right to seek a far-off earth,—
You are right to boldly strive
Where Labor does not pine in dearth,
And the honest poor may thrive.
God speed ye all! ye hopeful band,
O'er yon boundless path of blue;
But you'll never forget your own old land,
Though wealth may gladden the new.

You'll often think of the blackthorn leaves,
And the dog-rose peeping through;
And you'll never forget the harvest sheaves,
Though the wheat was not for you.
You'll often think of the busy ploughs,
And the merry-beating flail;
You'll sometimes dream of the dappled cows,
And the clink of the milking-pail.
God speed ye all! ye hopeful band,
With hearts still high and true;
But you'll never forget your own old land,
Though wealth may gladden the new.

You'll call to mind good neighbour Head,
And the widow down the lane;
And you'll wonder if the old man's dead,
Or the widow wed again.
You'll often think of the village spire,
And the churchyard green and fair;
And perchance you'll sigh, with drooping eye,
If you've left a loved one there.
God speed ye all! ye hopeful band,
With hearts still high and true;
But you'll never forget your own old land,
Though wealth may gladden the new.

Perhaps ye leave a white-haired sire,
A sister, or a brother;
Perhaps your heart has dared to part
For ever from a mother;
If so, then many a time and oft
Your better thoughts will roam,
And Memory's pinions, strong and soft,
Will fly to your English home.
God speed ye all! ye hopeful band,
O'er yon boundless path of blue;
But you'll never forget your own old land,
Though wealth may gladden the new.

ELIZA COOK.

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

BY CULPEPPER CRABTREE.

No. I.

FUNERAL OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

Evelyn, in his diary, under date 22d October 1658, mentions that he witnessed the funeral of Oliver Cromwell. It was very gorgeous, "but," he remarks, "the joyfullest I ever saw. There were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went."

AN EDITORIAL PRESERVE.

The uninitiated can form but a very inadequate idea how precious, at times, an appetizing morsel of news is to the editorial brotherhood. When there happens to be a dearth of intelligence, a "cold-blooded murder," will make the eyes of the most philanthropical knight of the scissors and paste-pot to sparkle with heartfelt satisfaction. And though he may be a type and walking advertisement of all the domestic virtues, "an elopement" causeth his grinders to water consumedly.

There is a notable story of an English country editor, who, discovering that one of his neighbors had hanged himself in a sequestered out-house, would neither cut him down, nor mention the occurrence to any one, but kept the suspended body under lock and key for three entire days. He had an orthodox and a simple reason for this, apparently, unaccountable conduct. His paper appeared on Thursday, the broad sheet of a rival on Wednesday. "Do you think?"—he triumphantly asked—"do you think I was going to say any thing about the suicide of neighbor Blue, and let that scoundrel over the way have the paragraph?"

WOMAN.

Witlings who make a constant practice of jeering and flouting at the gentler sex, would do well to ponder the following observation of that distinguished lawyer, Sir Samuel Romilly: "There is nothing by which I have through life more profited, than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the sincere and

gentle encouragement of an amiable and sensible woman."

MODERN LONDON.

London at the present day, with its two millions and a half of souls within seven miles of St. Paul's, has a population equal to one-half of that possessed by the whole kingdom in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

PASSABLE PUN.

The following is one of the most tolerable of the pun family, which we have recently met with. Whenever a wish is *father* to the thought, it will be a(p)parent!

WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER?

In England this is a question more easily asked than answered. Baryn Parke, recently stated in the Court of Exchequer, that in the case of *Household Words*, the Bench were not agreed as to what constituted a newspaper, within the stamp act.

"Who shall decide when *Judges* disagree?"

HINT TO CONTROVERSIALISTS.

The learned and eccentric Bishop Wilkins gives the following sound advice to arguers. "It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments."

GENUINE POLITENESS.

Many definitions have been given of the word politeness. but, perchance, Col. David Crockett has furnished the most practical one. Crockett, speaking of the late Philip Hone, with whom he was in Congress, observed: "He was the *perlitest* man I ever knew, was Hone, cause why? He allers put his bottle of milk-punch on the sideboard before he asked you to drink, and then turned his back so as not to see how much you took."

FIGHTING BY MEASURE.

A locality, called *Fifteen Acres*, used to be a common place of resort for Dublin duellists. Sir Jonah Barrington tell us that a Hibernian attorney, in penning a challenge, called upon his antagonist to meet him "at the ground called Fifteen Acres, *be the same more or less*."

RICH WIDOWS.

Benjamin Franklin used to observe that wealthy widows were the only species of second-hand goods, that sold at prime cost!

WIT.

Wit is one of the few things which has been more frequently rewarded than defined.

A certain bishop said to his chaplain:—"What is wit?" "The rectory of Z—— is vacant," replied the chaplain—"give it to me, and that will be wit." "Prove it," said the prelate, "Why, my lord," rejoined the petitioner, "it would be a *good thing well applied!*" He gained his request.

The dinner daily prepared for the Royal Chaplains in St. James's, was deprived for a time from suspension, by an effort of wit. Charles II. had appointed a day to dine with his chaplains, and it was understood that this step was adopted as the least unpalatable mode of putting an end to the feed. Whenever the monarch honoured his chaplains with his presence, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God save the king and bless the dinner." On this occasion it was the turn of the famous Dr. South to invoke the benediction, and he took the liberty of transposing the wonted words, saying: "God *bless* the King, and *save* the dinner!" "And it shall be saved!" exclaimed *Old Rowley*, who, with all his faults, could keenly appreciate genuine wit.

CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS PLEASE COPY—CANADIAN HOTEL-KEEPERS PLEASE READ:

Mrs. Swisshelm, who edits the *Pittsburgh Advertiser*, narrates the following incident, which occurred on a tour which she recently made through a portion of the United States: "When we sent for our bill, the landlord sent his compliments, and said, 'he did not make out bills against editors, but hoped that Mrs. S. would make his house her home whenever she came to Akron.' This said Akron must be indubitably a literary *El Dorado*. Verily the Bonifaces of Canada might gracefully borrow a leaf from the book of their republican brother.

A DEFECTIVE TITLE.

It has been suggested by a wag sorely afflicted with *conundrumania* that Louis Napoleon, instead of being called *Bone-a-part*, should have conferred upon him the title of *Grab-the-whole*.

FOREST GLEANINGS.

BY MRS. TRAIL,

Authoress of the "Backwoods of Canada."

THE BLOCK-HOUSE.

CHAPTER III.

AN EVENING AT WOODLANDS—ALICE AND PHILIP.

(Continued.)

THE lightning flashes not more swiftly from the cloud than the vivid red blood rekindled the ashen cheek of Sarah, as she replied:—"I came on no unworthy errand, Philip Harding. I have a message for you, Philip,—*that* brought me hither. Your father," and she spoke slowly and distinctly, "lies at the point of death: return and receive his last words. It was to tell you this that I came through the dark woods," and she turned away; his unkind manner had wrung her heart.

Philip staggered backwards, as if struck by some heavy blow. With all his faults he was generous and affectionate. All cause for offence was forgotten at that moment; he thought only of a dying father. Something akin to remorse filled his heart: the yearnings of his better nature were strongly felt. He had been rash, too, in his judgment of Sarah. The hot flush of shame rose to his temples, as he thought to what unworthy motives he had attributed her appearance at the cottage. Had it not been to save him from the pangs of self-reproach that this devoted creature had hurried through the lone forest at dusk-fall, and overcome by emotion and over-fatigue had sunk at the door.

Philip was not indeed aware that the proof of his love for Alice had stricken a death-blow to the hopes of the unhappy Sarah, and had been too much for her sensitive nature to bear. Hopeless and heart-stricken she now slowly turned away, as Philip said in hurried tones "farewell, Alice, dear Alice," and wrung the young girl's hands, kissing them for a moment to his lips, and pressing them to his breast: then turning to Sarah, he said, "You are tired and weak; come lean upon my arm and I will support you," as if to make amends by the altered kindness of his manner for his former harshness; but she refused his proffered help coldly and briefly, and they proceeded to retrace the path to the block-house in silence.

It was some relief to Philip when the trampling of a horse's hoofs met his ear, and at a turn in the forest-road he beheld his friend, Mr. Sackville, who wrung his hand, as he leaned down from the saddle, and said,— "Hasten, my dear boy, or you will be too late. Your father desires to see you, but is failing fast. I have tried to bleed him without effect. This has been a sudden and I fear a fatal stroke of apoplexy." Then assuring him

that he would be over early in the morning, Mr. Sackville bade Philip good night.

From Sarah, Philip now gathered the particulars of the sudden attack which had taken place during a violent altercation between his father and mother, a matter of only too frequent occurrence,—she had been summoned by a strange cry. On entering the sitting-room, Sarah beheld Mr. Harding lying on the floor, black and convulsed, his eyes fixed and starting from their sockets apparently in the agonies of death.

"And my mother?" asked Philip.

"She stood with folded arms, silently regarding him as he lay at her feet."

Philip shuddered. "What apathy towards the husband of her bosom!"

"Fortunately, one of the sawyers chanced to come up to the house on an errand, and with his help, I got your father laid upon his bed. Mr. Sackville rode past a few minutes after this, and sent me off to summon you, Philip, for your father gasped out your name, and so I hurried away."

"Did my mother render any assistance in this extremity?"

"She paced to and fro the stoop, but would not look upon your father's face. Philip, I do not think she cared to look upon the dying man, in spite of her high spirit."

They now reached the dwelling-house, and Philip, springing up the steps, was hastening to his father's room, when his mother, laying her hand on his arm, detained him.

"Mother, let me see my father,—let me speak with him," said Philip stifling the agitation, and speaking slowly and distinctly.

"It is useless, Philip," she answered, sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her clasped hands, "he is dead!" There was a convulsive motion of the body, a movement of the tightly clasped hands, but no tear fell nor sob broke forth to tell the grief of the newly made widow.

Philip gazed upon her in mournful silence for a minute. He then rose, opened the door, and entered the silent chamber of the dead. With terror-blanching check, he gazed upon the dark and rigid face of his father. How changed within a few brief hours! It was the first time he had ever looked upon death. He knelt down beside the bed and wept and prayed: his heart was softened: forgotten at that moment was all his father's harshness, all his faults. He remembered only how often he had rebelled against his authority,—how often he had disputed his will and irritated him by contradiction. He thought of his love to him in his boyhood, and his tears flowed fast.

"Mother," he said, "let us pray. It is good for those who are in sorrow to pray. Did my poor father pray before he died?"

"He cursed me with his last breath."

A deadly shudder seized the young man, as he listened to this awful declaration.

"And me—me, mother,—his only son?" he gasped forth.

"He asked for you, Philip,—he desired you to care for Sarah—for—your mother—that is all. Leave me: this is a sudden blow! I cannot think—I cannot talk. Leave me to myself;" and the young man, accustomed to obey her stern commands, left the room and continued to pace the verandah till the streaks of early dawn lightened the eastern horizon. He had listened all night to the never-ceasing foot-fall of his mother, as she paced through that lonely room. He had watched, with almost superstitious awe, the dark flitting shadow of her tall unbending figure, as it passed and repassed the window. There was something so unlovely, so unnatural, in that stern, pale, fearless countenance. Grief there was none—a restless moan—a stifled groan, was all she gave vent to. The workings of that iron heart what mortal could penetrate?

It was great relief to Philip when he heard the kind soothing voice of his friend, Mr. Sackville, who came to give directions in regard to the last rites to be performed for the dead, and to offer such consolations as his friendly heart suggested as most desirable to allay the grief that this melancholy event had called forth.

"Philip," he said, when the young man had become more composed, "has your father left no will, or private letters, or papers?"

"I do not know of any. I have made no search: I have not yet had time to think of these things."

"My young friend, it is necessary that this should be attended to. Much of your future welfare may depend upon it. I doubt, my young friend, that there was much want of harmony between your father and mother?"

"They lived in constant warfare, sir."

"I feared so; your mother seems a woman of violent temper. Yet, Philip, remember that she is your mother—your only surviving parent. She needs your care and support, in her now desolate widowhood. I trust you will do your duty by her."

"It has ever been my desire to do so. But, Mr. Sackville, must I confess my fault? I love her not. I have been accustomed to bow beneath her iron sway; to tremble at the glance of that cold, hard eye,—but love her I could not—and I cannot. In spite of my father's harshness, still there were times when he would relax, when his heart would overflow with tenderness and love; and then I loved him, yes, with all my heart—a heart that yearned for love, and found it not, till you, sir, became my friend."

The warm grasp that met Philip's outstretched hand, as he said this, brought tears into his eyes.

"Philip, I love and esteem you, and feel for

you scarcely less than a father's interest," said the good man, in a voice broken by emotion. "Never forfeit that respect. In all your trials look to me, and I promise to aid you to the best of my poor abilities."

"Mother," said Philip, some hours after this conversation had taken place, "did my father leave any papers, or letters, or any will?"

"Who directed you to ask?" was the evasive reply.

"It is necessary that I should make myself acquainted with them, if he have."

"There are none of any consequence. Of course everything remains as it was. I am mistress here," and she rose and left the room, leaving no opportunity for further discussion.

Philip bit his lip. "Mistress here," he repeated, and his thoughts flew towards some gentler mistress,—some more loveable ruler of the household.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FUNERAL—THE DISCLOSURE.

The funeral rites were ended; the few scattered inhabitants from the distant settlement that had been summoned, as was the custom, to assist in the interment of the dead, had gone away, after having been courteously treated at the Block-house. Mr. Sackville read the burial-service. In remote places (for it is now many years ago) the funeral rites were performed by the nearest or eldest friend of the deceased,—a simple head-stone or young sapling, or, if a catholic, a wooden cross, being the only memorials of the dead. The spot selected was at the foot of a silver birch, near the stream in the glen, but on the rising ground, to ensure the grave from inundations, which usually occur after the melting of the winter snow.

Full of mournful reflections, Philip turned his steps to a secluded spot, not far from the mill, but had not proceeded far when he beheld Sarah sitting on a block of stone, at the foot of a thorn-tree that grew on a little grassy mound in the glen.

He paused, struck by the girl's attitude. She was sitting with her head bent down upon her hands, her elbows resting on her knees; her long black hair, of which she was usually so proud, all unbound, fell like a veil over her arms, and hung down till it almost swept the ground. She did not notice his approach till he was close beside her, and laying his hand gently on her head, said, in a voice of much kindness:—"Sarah, why sit you here all alone? Come, come, bind up your hair, and dry your tears; we cannot recall the dead," for he thought she was fretting for his father's death.

She mechanically obeyed his injunction, and bound the masses of silken hair like a turban above her forehead, and then said in a low subdued voice,

"Philip, let us leave this place: it is dreadful to me. We will leave it and go together. I will work for you; I am young and strong; we cannot starve."

"What nonsense is this, Sarah?" angrily replied Philip, stamping his foot vehemently on the ground. "It cannot be. It is impossible. I will not leave this place."

"It is because you will not leave Alice Sackville," scornfully remarked Sarah, drawing herself up and fixing on Philip her wild flashing eyes; then as she marked the angry glance and reddening cheek of her companion, she lowered her voice and said—"Your life will not be safe within these walls. She hates you: her heart is hard as iron. What she dares that she will do,—I know her well. Even now, this very day, she tauntingly declared her intention of forcing you to quit that house. She says she holds some paper, signed by your father, which wills it all to her; and that you must quit her house ere long."

"O, monstrous! A mother drive her son from his father's roof, and that ere his body is cold in his grave! And can this be my mother—the mother that bore me?"

"That is she not, Philip! You are no child of her's."

"I thank my God if these words be true!" passionately exclaimed Philip. "But hark you girl! If you deceive me,—if this be false!" and he sternly grasped her arm, and looked into her face with a searching gaze; but Sarah shrunk not from his scrutiny.

"Philip, I repeat, that woman is not your mother; neither was she your father's lawful wedded wife. Your own mother, if she be still living, is in England. The time is come when you must know all, and I will tell you what, I would long since have told you, but for the love I bore your father; for he was kind to me in my childhood, when I was a poor orphan girl, with no one to care for me."

It were difficult to enter into the various feelings that agitated the heart of the young man, as he listened with breathless interest to the tale that his companion now imparted to him.

"And first, Philip, I must tell you somewhat of myself, though that is not much, for of my own parentage I know little. I know not who was my father. My first recollections were of a small mud-walled cabin on the borders of a green waste, skirted by a thick grove of copse-wood, full of primroses and violets and bluebells, where I used to play and pick the flowers, when I was a very, very small child. I have some faint recollections of my mother; she was dark, very dark-skinned; her hair was of jetty blackness, like mine, but it fell in thick twisted curls to her waist. I used to climb her knees to wind it about my fingers and tie it in all sorts of knots. I have some faint recollection that your father used to come occasionally to

the cottage and take me in his arms and kiss me, and call me his gipsy girl.*"

"Well, Sarah, what has all this to do with my mother?" interrupted Philip, with some impatience in his manner.

"Be quiet," she answered; "I must not be put out. Have patience, rash boy! and you shall hear in time, but I must tell my own story my own way."

"My mother died, Philip, when I was but a little child. I was ill of a scarlet fever, to which she fell a victim. When I recovered I was alone, only an old withered woman was with me, and soon after that I was taken away to the parish work-house, where I remained for several years. I was taught to read and sew and write a little, and then I was bound out, as they termed it, for seven years. I recollect the day; your father it was that came and chose me out from a number of other girls. He spoke kindly and lovingly to me, and I felt glad to leave that dull old place and go away with him. He bade me not to cry, but said I should be well dressed, and have a dear babe to nurse; and I dried my tears and laughed with joy. Well, Philip, he took me to his home, and there I saw his fair young wife, your own mother. She did not take as much notice of me as your father did. Not many weeks after I had been brought to your father's house, you, Philip, were born, and I loved you from the moment that I first held you in my arms: you seemed, as it were, a gift of God to me; something to love and cherish and care for. I loved you too well: my love for you caused me to commit a great crime.

"But now I will tell you something about your mother. She was the daughter of a clergyman: her name was Ellen Grantley. Her own mother died, and her father, your grand father, married a widow, with one daughter, a year or more older than his own motherless girl. Your mother was small and delicate, very fair, and, thought by many, pretty. Her eyes were blue and her hair golden; but she was not a woman of strong mind: like her frame, it was weak, and timid, and delicate.

"It was whispered among the servants in the house, that she loved your father better than he loved her; that he married her for money, and that his heart was with her step-sister, Margaret Wilson,—that Margaret Wilson who, for so many years, has usurped your mother's place,—your reputed mother.

"She it was, who coming into your father's house, as an invited guest, by every woman's wile that she so well knew how to practice, robbed your poor mother of your father's love, if, indeed, she ever possessed it.

* The reader may draw his or her conclusions from this circumstance, and it is a probable inference that Sarah was the daughter of a gipsy girl, by Philip Grantley's father. The girl herself seems to have been unconscious if it were so.

"Stung with jealousy, your mother openly charged her step-sister with the guilt, and that before strangers who were present—an offence that she never forgave. From that time, scenes of violence were of frequent occurrence, and at last an appeal was made to your grandfather to interfere,—not from your mother, but from his artful step-daughter, who had gained the upper-hand over him as well as every other person on whom she exercised her witch-like influence. Most people took your father's part, and despised your mother as a weak, jealous woman. Your grandfather also chid her, and talked much of the injury she was doing to her husband and to her innocent step-sister. Your mother, nearly broken-hearted, confined herself chiefly to her own chamber, or to the nursery. She loved you so passionately that she could scarcely bear you out of her sight, even while it was necessary to carry you out for health-sake. She would say, as she clasped you to her heart,— 'She has robbed me of my husband's love, but she cannot rob me of my child, my darling, my only earthly joy!' Alas! Philip, she little knew what that cold, bad heart was capable of in its depths of dark revenge. And now, Philip, I must confess my own errors, but remember that I was a child, Philip,—I was but a child, acting under an evil influence, which had already beguiled older and wiser heads than mine."

And here Sarah paused, tears fell fast from her eyes: they were the workings of a noble remorse. Philip was silent; he knew her vehement temper, and he feared to rouse it. After a few minutes she resumed, in a low and subdued voice:—

"Philip, I know now it was wrong, very wrong, but at that time I was jealous of your mother's love for you, my nurse-child. I envied every caress she won from you. I was a child—but a young child. I had no one but you to love,—none but you to love me; and it was my warm nature to love with all my heart, and mind, and strength, as they taught me God only should be loved. I often wished that I could take you away to some spot, where I could have you all to myself; where you could not see your mother, and love her better than you loved me. I loved your father, too, for he was kind to me, kinder than your mother was. He bought my secrecy to much that I would have revealed to your mother.

"I took a strange interest in the stolen meetings, that I only was privy to, between the guilty pair, and they rewarded me with gay ribbons and trinkets and sweetmeats, and praises of my beauty.

"Yes, Philip Harding, it was they who made me vain," and the poor girl sighed as she said it.

"Well, I must be brief. One day, your mother, roused to a state of madness, almost,

by her wrongs, taunted your father and Margaret Wilson, before some guests, at her own table. I was not present, but it was a sad scene of confusion, as I heard. That evening the lovers met in secret, and vowed vengeance upon your mother's head by eloping; I think they called it, and taking you away with them as a punishment, the most painful to her that they could devise. I was to bear them company, to be your nurse; and my heart fluttered with joy, because that you would then be all my own; there would be no one—no envious mother—to share your love with me. It was cruel,—was it not? Oh, yes! I feel and know that it was devilish to tear the babe from its poor desolate mother, and leave her to pine in loneliness of heart, uncertain of its fate; and yet I—yes I, Philip, (nay, do not look so reproachfully upon me, or you will break my heart,) stole to your sleeping mother's bed, and took you from her side. It was your birth-day: you were one year old that day. Can you wonder if the remembrance of that day is full of pain and anguish to me? It seems written with a pen of fire on my heart and brain! It was a day of woe and crime!

"We lived near the sea-side, within one short mile of the seaport town of ——. A short walk, and then an open boat took us to a vessel lying in the bay. It was a merchant ship, bound for the coast of America. It had doubtless been arranged beforehand, for I must tell you that they took away all the valuables that they could carry; among other things, they robbed your poor mother of her box of trinkets—things of some value in gold and jewels. I packed all your clothes, Philip, even to some toys that had been sent you by your god-father and aunts. I coveted them as treasures for you; and so we left England forever. At first all was so new to me that I felt strange and uneasy, but soon I grew reconciled to the change. Your father and Miss Wilson at first were all kindness to me, though even then I began to see traits of her haughty, imperious temper; and I early noticed how little love she bore to you, and how spiteful she looked if your own father did but bestow upon you one kind caress.

"We lived at Charleston, where your father got employed by a timber merchant, and obtained an excellent salary, and they lived in great comfort for many years, till the breaking out of the war with England; then your father was away for some time with the soldiers, first on one side, then on the other—so people said. But though there was much trouble and many families suffered, we did not, for your reputed mother was a good provider: she took care to live when others perished.

"When we had been about three years in this country, another son was born to your father, by her who passed as his wife; and

this child she loved with all her heart. There was a sort of fierceness in her love, like that which a lioness or tigress might feel for her young; and as her love for her own child increased, her hatred to you grew with it. At last, God, to punish her for her wickedness, sent a deadly sickness into our house. You fell sick and then little Gideon,—for so she called your brother. You recovered, and her child died. It was by no care of her's that you lived, Philip; but for me, you would have perished from neglect. And O! it was fearful to witness the wild despair of that mother when she looked upon the face of her dead son. But I will not dwell upon these things, or tell you all the miseries that followed, for she bore no more children to your father, and her heart seemed scorched and withered. You have seen and felt this from your youth upwards. She possessed the power over us all that a strong bad mind can exercise over the weak and helpless. Your father's spirit seemed to quail before her. I think she knew something that he desired not to be made public. She was his evil genius, his tempter, and would have been his betrayer, if he had ventured to rebel beyond mere words.

"But for your sake, Philip, I would have left them both, for I was now a young woman of sixteen, and there were some who sought my hand, but I cared not for them. All my affections were centered upon you, my child; and sometimes I thought, that but for the troubles that had broken out, I would have gone away with you, and restored you to your own poor mother; but, Phillip, I could not do it; and so I continued to share the fortunes of your father and Margaret Wilson, that I might be ever near you, to be your friend and guide, and to supply to you the place of the mother from whose care we had torn you. We moved from one place to another; at last we settled on this spot, but peace has never been within our walls, for it is said Philip,—so I have heard,—that there is no peace for the wicked.

"While we abide with that wicked woman, I feel as if the curse of God were on us. I think that she is glad that your poor father is dead, that she may grasp all he has left, for she is as covetous as a miser of gold. But, Phillip, remember, she is not your father's lawful wife, and has no legal claim to any of his property."

"Why did you not tell me of these strange things before, Sarah?"

"Because I dared not; for not my life only but your's, would have been endangered." Sarah paused, then added in hurried, hesitating tones—"And, O! Philip, must I tell you, that this bad woman bribed me to silence? She told me that when you were grown up that I should be your wife. And I—and I—fool that I was, cherished that thought in my

heart—till now—till with my own eyes I saw your love was with Alice Sackville," and Sarah bowed her blushing face upon her hands to hide it from the stern unloving gaze of him on whom she now feared to look.

"Sarah," said Philip, after a minute's painful silence on both sides." This was of a piece with the rest of this vile woman's fiendish conduct. Dismiss such unnatural thoughts from your mind: brought up in your arms, dandled on your knees, loving you as a nurse and mother, or at least eldest sister, how could it ever enter into my head to make you my wife? Forget that such an idea was ever given birth to, or I shall shun you and hate you, and abandon the spot where you are with horror."

A torrent of passionate, agonizing tears gushed forth at these words, but after a few minutes of violent agitation, the woman's pride came to her aid, and, wiping her tears, she said mournfully,—“Philip, I never thought to have heard words like these from your lips,—but you are right. It is unseemly in one of my age and low estate to have loved one of your's. If I had not been a vain, weak fool, I might have reasoned better. I should have known that it was but one of her wicked wiles to lead us both to ruin. Forgive me, Philip," she continued, raising herself, and holding out her hand to him, “forgive me, pity me, but do not hate—do not despise me, and I will never again shock you with my unhappy, misplaced affection,—even though my heart break, I will subdue it. Ah, Philip! pardon and forgive me for the wrong I did you, in aiding to rob your poor mother of you; but the sin has been deeply repented of, and sorely punished."

Philip was moved by the distress of his companion. Her self-devotion to him, her constancy, her disinterested affection, touched his heart. He wrung her hand with much emotion, and said—"Take comfort, Sarah. I forgive you, from my heart. Act as you have promised, and God will give you comfort and strength: for me, I shall ever regard you as a dear sister, and faithful generous friend." And so they parted.

That day, Mr. Sackville, aided by Philip, made a search for a will; and folded within the leaves of an old ledger, was found one, purporting to be the last will and testament of the deceased, in which all his landed and other property was left to his wife, Margaret. This will, of course, was valueless as a legal document, as soon as it could be proved that Margaret Wilson was not the lawful wife of the testator. While steps were being taken to invalidate the will, Philip gladly availed himself of Mr. Sackville's invitation to reside with him and his daughter.

CHAPTER V.

A MYSTERY—THE CONFLAGRATION.

SARAH, for some days after Philip's leaving the block-house, had remained as usual with her mistress, coming up, from time to time, to speak with Philip; but some days elapsed and she did not appear, and Philip became anxious and uneasy, lest mischief should have befallen her, and so, one morning early, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Sackville, he bent his steps towards the mill by the valley path. As they wound their circuitous way by the stream, they became sensible of a dense cloud of smoke hovering above it, and soon it seemed to fill the whole glen.

"There must be fences or the woods on fire," observed Mr. Sackville. "Let us ascend the hills again, Philip, for the wind is driving it down upon us."

"It is the mill!" exclaimed Philip, in great alarm, as a burst of flame surmounted the dense volume of smoke, and leaped upwards; and now the roaring, crackling of the fire was heard on all sides. Philip was right; the mill and all its timber were fast consuming beneath the power of the raging element. No earthly power could check its fury; and the next thought was the block-house and its helpless inmates. By quitting the valley, and gaining the road above, they were enabled to obtain a view of the scene of destruction. The blackened beams and smoking ruins alone marked the spot where the dwelling-house had once stood. How the fire had originated, and through whom, remained wrapped in mystery. No living creature was there to tell the tale; and whether the fire had broken out in the night, when the inhabitants were asleep, or whether they had fallen victims to its fatal effects, or had saved themselves by timely flight, was a matter of doubt.

All was horror and distraction on the part of Philip, who forgot his own losses in the terrible thought of the loss of life involved in the conflagration.

No light was ever thrown upon the burning of the mill and dwelling: all was a mere matter of vain conjecture. Whether it had been the result of accident, or the revengeful act of his reputed mother, who had left the place previous to having ignited the buildings,—was one of those vague guesses that people are apt to make, when the truth cannot be elicited. One thing was certain, that after the charred beams and brands were removed, human bones, black and calcined by the fire, were found on what had once been the hearthstone of the sitting-room. Possibly, the mistress of the house had fallen asleep in her wicker chair, and a spark catching her dress, had caused first her own destruction, and then that of the old log building: the destruction of the mill, with the dry piles of lumber below, was the natural consequence of the

burning premises above. That Sarah had also perished, there seemed to be no doubt; and Philip long lamented and mourned over the untimely death of this devoted friend.

In course of time, the block-house was rebuilt, the mill was again restored, and Philip, now a cheerful, happy man, brought to his home a smiling, lovely bride, to rule his house and bless his hearth, and all things went well with the young couple. A thriving village sprang up beyond the hills that bounded the valley. The mill was a source of honest wealth, and the voice of joy was in their happy dwelling when Alice became the delighted mother of a healthy babe—a little Philip, the living image of its father,—a great compliment to him, as the nurse and mother both assured him. And months passed on: the infant grew and thrived, and was the delight of the whole household,—for where was there its equal for infant beauty and intelligence, in the admiring eyes of father, mother, grandfather, and nurse?

* * * * *

The evening summer sun was pouring its flood of golden light upon the wood-crowned hills, glancing upon the foaming waters of the mill stream, and stealing through the quivering leaves of the hop-vines that shaded the stoop, casting their dancing shadows athwart the gay Indian matting that served to carpet the small parlor, and playing in fanciful lights and shades upon the netted coverlet that hung over the birch-bark cradle in which the little Philip slept. His young mother sits beside him, busied with her knitting-pins and balls of yarn: a dark shade intercepts the sun-light and she looks up with a bright smile, thinking to meet the admiring, loving glance of her husband's eyes, resting upon his slumbering treasure; but no—a stranger is there—a female, clad in the sombre garb of a widow; her hair, white as silver, is scarcely seen beneath the close lawn cap; her brow is furrowed, and her thin fragile figure is bent with weakness and age. Such was the appearance of the stranger that now, with hands clasped together, and eyes rivetted upon the face of the sleeping child, met the eyes of Alice.

With the natural vanity of the young mother, Alice supposed the charms of her little son had attracted the attention of the wayfarer, and laying aside her knitting, she hastened to the door and courteously invited the widow to come in and rest herself, and take some refreshment.

In tremulous accents, the stranger replied: "They told me that I should find my son here, madam—my babe. Ah! if you have him, restore him to me! Give me back my child, my dear, dear lost child;" and hurrying past the terrified and astonished Alice, she snatched the infant from the cradle, and clasped the struggling affrighted child pas

sionately to her breast, while tears, like rain-drops, fell upon its face.

Awakened by her faint caresses, the little Philip screamed and held out its arms to its mother, who implored to be allowed to quiet it, gently observing—"These little ones are so frightened: he is not used to strangers."

"He does not remember me!—he has forgotten me! Ah! I was afraid this would be so,—they go so soon forget!"

Alice, alarmed at the singular manner of her strange guest, hastened to the door at the sound of steps advancing. It was Philip, and by his side a female—that female she recognized as the long-lost Sarah.

"This, Philip, is your mother," she said, "but her mind is not quite right. You need not be alarmed; she is quite gentle, but you must humour her. See! she thinks your little son is the babe, even yourself, whom she lost more than twenty years ago. The grandson will be to her as the son. She knows not the time that has elapsed,—to her it seems but as yesterday."

And so it was; the bereaved mother had been attacked by brain fever, after the elopement of her husband and the abduction of her child. After a long and severe illness, reason partially returned, and she became as rational as formerly, except on this one subject, the loss of her babe. All other griefs seemed to have been swallowed up by this one engrossing thought—"My child lives; I shall see him again before I die." "Time," as the poet says, "gives such wondrous easing." She ceased to grieve, but she did not cease to hope; and, strange to say, as age deadened all other feelings, the maternal flame burned brighter and brighter. A sort of harmless monomania took possession of her mind, and she sewed and smiled, and smiled and sewed, and talked to her friends of the dear little head that was to be adorned with the fine point lace caps that she worked, and the fair neck and arms that were to be graced by the frocks and robes she embroidered: trunks and chests of fine needle-work were stored against his return. The idea that the lost babe had grown up to man's estate, never seemed to cross her mind. It was the babe, and only the babe, that lived in the mother's heart.

And Sarah that devoted creature, full of the noble determination of re-uniting the mother and son, regardless of all difficulties, had left the block-house some days previous to the fire; and taking advantage of the protection of some French lumberers and their wives, returning to the coast, accompanied them, and after many difficulties, found her way to Boston; here she engaged in service till she had earned money sufficient to pay her passage to England, and finally found herself in the seaport town of —, from whence she had sailed so many years previous. She learn-

ed that Mrs. Harding was still living in affluence, her father having long been dead.

It needed but little persuasion on the part of Sarah to induce the widow to accompany her to America, for the sake of once more beholding her lost child. The result has been told.

Philip looked with melancholy interest on his mother; she received his attentions with thankfulness, and seemed grateful and gratified by his kindness; but it was upon the infant Philip that all her love was lavished; she dressed him in the fine linen that her fingers had worked for his father, and absorbed in her newly-found treasure, she found a balm for her wounded heart.

And now my tale is nearly told. Not long after this, the block-house, the mill, and all the lands belonging to Philip Harding and his father-in-law were sold, and the families migrated once more to England.

Sarah accompanied them no farther than Boston; for she was wooed and wedded by the captain and owner of the ship which had brought her out to England, when she sailed on her mission of love; and though she had no living children, she saw her name-perpetuated in the fast clipper-built ship—"THE SARAH OF BOSTON."

The principal events of this story are founded on facts with which the authoress was acquainted some years ago.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THERE is more romance in every-day life than is dreamt of in the philosophy of every-day people, and more sympathy and sentiment than is outwardly shown; for fashion unites with this cold world to repress our best feelings, and conceal, under the specious appearance of indifference or unconcern, all that nature intended should form the gentle basis of the mind of woman.

These modern checks on our humanity soon render the heart more fitted for the stern realities and rude necessities of life, by frequently becoming cold, calculating, selfish, and disinterested.

It fortunately happens, that *music* is the master key to the sensibilities of most people, in kindly disclosing the stores of tenderness of those whom modern custom has failed to make completely apathetic.

In an excursion to the county of Wicklow, with a select few, well chosen from the *nonconformists* of the modern system, we stopped at the beautiful village of Enniskerry, on the domain of Lord Powerscourt, to visit a pretty Gothic cottage, kept as a sort of lodging-house for invalids who seek the salubrity and temperate of this almost tropical air.

After partaking of a late breakfast, or rather a second edition of the *first*, and preparing again to mount our cars, in coming down stairs, I heard a sweet and plaintive voice singing the beautiful air, "*Oh, leave me to my sorrow!*" accompanied by the piano-forte. I was chained to the

spot. I had heard that song, with repeated pleasure, by one now no more, in my country, and, now distant from the home of my childhood, it seemed to possess a double charm in reviving thoughts of home, hallowed by the memory of the dead. In approaching nearer, to hear the concluding lines,

"Time brings forth new flowers around us,
And the tide of our grief is gone,"

the door opened, and an elderly widow lady appeared. She bowed, while I apologized for my apparent rudeness; but what parent is there who will not forgive a delighted listener to the accomplishments of an only child? She had observed the very unfashionable fear which some local remembrances had called forth, and begged I would enter the room, saying, Jessy should repeat the song for me.

"Jessy, my love," said the mother, "oblige this lady, of the party just arrived, by repeating your last song." She gracefully consented, and sat down to the instrument, but soon after left the room.

"I am at a loss to conjecture," said the anxious mother, "the cause of my daughter's illness; she was once gay and cheerful." "Then is it left for me, a stranger to explain the cause?" I asked, overlooking her music book: "The selection alone of these songs convinces me, that she has had some blight in her affections—some tender string has been touched by sorrow." "Oh, no! cheerful society is all my child requires, with this fine air; and let me hope," continued she, "that I may have the pleasure of your company on your return." "If possible," I promised; "if not, some other day soon shall find me your guest." Jessy now entered the room, and strengthened her mother's invitation.

The route, on our return, lay in a different direction, so that the promised visit was deferred until some other opportunity. Near three weeks elapsed ere it suited my convenience to go to Enniskerry, and, on my entrance to the village, I anticipated how cheerfully I would rally the invalid out of her low spirits, by discouraging every thing sentimental or plaintive, either in conversation or music, and how gaily I would parody "*Love's young dream*" for her.

With a bounding step, and a heart as light as a May morning, I approached the cottage. Some of the household appeared in the act of removal, for there was a cart at the door, and some few trunks and a writing desk were placed in it. The door was soon open, but my entrance was stopped by two men bearing a piano-forte, packed in a case, followed by the owner, of the cottage, in tears. I felt my heart sink, and was unable to speak.

"Oh, procrastination! how didst thou accuse me at this moment!" She who had interested me was now beyond recall; and her widowed mother far from my consolation; and the very instrument which had imparted such momentary delight was going too. I could not look upon it without a pang; and in this last trace of the once lovely Jessy, I thought of the words I had first heard her sing, and again they seemed applicable—"Oh, leave me to my sorrow!"

Such is the power of music in reviving years, scenes, and days gone by—in sympathizing with

the sufferer in concealed sorrows, and in awakening our best feelings in the memory of those who have but gone before, to another and a better world!

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

BY WILLIAM SMITH.

There's music in the whispering wind,
That bears at eventide
The fragrance of the scattered flowers
That deck the mountain's side;
There's music in the gushing stream,
There's music in the sea—
There's not a spot but hears a tone
Of Nature's melody.

There's music in the distant roar
That trembles on the breeze,
There's music in the surging tide
Of ruffled angry seas;
In every pealing thunder's voice
That booms along the sky,
A tone is struck on Nature's harp—
And it is melody!

There's music in the wailing winds
That stir the slumbering night,
And shake the sea-foam from the locks
Of mermaids dancing light;
There's music in the early breeze
That bears on golden wing
A thousand touching minstrelties
From warblers of the spring.

The lark trills forth his strains above,
The sparrow on the ground;
On either side there's melody
And no place silent found.
The strings of Nature's harp are long
From pole to pole they spau;
Ten thousand minstrels touch the chords—
The listener is man.

A TALE OF THE OLD SPANISH WARS.

FOUNDED ON HISTORY,

By William Smith, "*Author of 'Alazon and other Poems.'*"

CHAPTER V.

IN coming from Ronda, the day being extremely hot, Kempthorne supposed he had exposed himself too much to the hot sun, and used too little caution in his draughts of the cold springs by the wayside; as he was taken with a sort of low fever which reduced his strength sadly without actually confining him to his couch. The physicians prescribed the waters of a mineral spring, at the foot of the mountains a few miles from Ronda. Thither he went by easy rides, taking with him his own servant, Acton; he found the place an old decayed place of note, with the ruins of baths and palaces of Moorish construction, beautiful in

their desolation—and a convent of busy monks there established, very officious, but withal very hospitable and ready to oblige. He was permitted to go in and out without serious annoyance; but his servant was taken in hand by some of the monks, who laboured most assiduously for his conversion; Acton, however, was a Puritan, and while he abhorred hierarchs and prelates, and much more, monks, was full of a zealous energy which could adapt itself to many emergencies, and on this occasion he in his turn had high hopes of inducing the brotherhood, from the prior downward, to renounce their profession and creed, and adopt his. Kempthorne was amused at this double attack; seeing, what his servant did not, that the deference with which the monks listened to Acton's harangues arose from their national politeness; while their attempts upon his faith were dictated by a real intention of good, according to their ideas of right.

He was soon able to take daily rides of considerable length with benefit and pleasure to himself. Being a short distance only from Ronda, he made many journeys thither; at first from politeness, and to learn Maria's condition, and afterwards for the sake of company and conversation. He found that Maria grew more lovely on acquaintance. Her mind was uncommonly acute in its perceptions, while her education had furnished her with stores of solid information seldom acquired in that day by females. Her disregard of the rigorous mandates of fashion in dress and deportment only showed her native appreciation of beauty and fitness both in manners and attire; furnishing a striking contrast to the affected ways of many of the ladies of rank whose company she kept.

The house had large grounds attached, with labyrinths, bowers, and fountains; and in this garden Kempthorne and Maria passed many a happy hour. The Spanish guitar, an instrument in Spain, of the softest and sweetest tone, was in her hands the very embodiment of musical plaintiveness. She was deeply versed in the old Moorish lore, and had many of their legends and their airs, still played in Spain, soft and wild as the wailing adieu of Moorish maiden to the vine-clad steeps of Granada. Led out of her usual reserve concerning her own history, by the narrative of the state of affairs between the monks of the healing spring and his servant Acton, she confessed one day that she was under an implied promise to enter a convent herself, "there are but few persons in the world," said she, "that a young girl would be willing to link her destinies with, and one of the most repulsive of all men in

my eyes was the Count Alfonso Marado. He was destitute of all gentleness, without a spark of native nobility of soul, and utterly incapable of affection. Yet he was courted and flattered, he was rich, was young, was called handsome, and did me the honor of treating me with more respect than he generally treated women. I was then a girl of sixteen, and rather than marry such a man, (and his suit was favored and pressed by Don Manuel,) I spoke of a wish to join a convent. The death of the Count prevented the completion of that sacrifice, (for so I considered it;) but I still lie under the half-promised penalty of a conventual life. A girlish promise, at sixteen made to escape an impending evil, is brought to bear upon my sense of honor now, when I see the subject in a clearer light, and totally differ (though in secret,) from many of the tenets there inculcated, and openly condemn many of the practices of these institutions. I had been taught to believe that convents were the bulwarks of truth and the depositories of religion for many ages, and it may be so still; but yet there are drawbacks enough in the system now to hinder me from immolating myself on the altar of perhaps a blind zeal, and shutting myself up from the world which needs so much the good offices of us all."

She paused, and rose hastily, as if convinced that she had said too much, and went to her own room. At dinner she was quite reserved and Kempthorne thought, sad.

Just before his departure, she had been playing on the guitar, some wild and mournful airs; and when he rose to go, she lingered at the window without noticing his preparations for departure, until he advanced to give her his parting compliments. Her guitar rested on the window, and one hand lay over it—he raised her fingers to his lips and murmured "adios! Maria." She turned her eyes upon him, and when her glance met his, his eyelids dropped. He could face death at the cannon's mouth unmoved, but he could not meet her glance without emotion, for her eyes were full of tears. "Maria," said he softly, "I am but rude in speech and may offend, but if there be aught beneath the sun that John Kempthorne can do, or say, or think, to tend to dry that tear of thine, even to death itself it shall be done!" "I am weak and foolish Señor," said she, "and sometimes betray feelings unworthy of me. You can give me naught but your kind wishes, your—" she hesitated for a word,—your—respect" she added suddenly.

Circumstances prevented Kempthorne from taking his lately daily ride to Ronda until the second day from the one we have spoken of. He

found the Senora Felipe in an evidently ungracious mood, and on enquiring for Maria was told that "Dona Maria could not be seen to-day." He went off in no good humour, and rode long and far to distract his thoughts. The consequence was that he was seized during the night with a fresh attack of fever, and did not leave his room for a week. Meanwhile he had sent Acton several times to enquire of Maria's welfare, who returned with the information that she was from home, but where, or on what account, he could not discover. He mentioned, in a passing manner, that the first time he went, he saw Father Avarando the Inquisitor, come out of the house. "Hark thee, Acton!" says Kempthorne, "I have cause to know that Dona Maria is fearful of being secluded in a convent; I also know that she is at heart as good a Protestant as thou; and my judgment is that Avarando is laying some plot to secure her for the monasteries. Now, bestir thee, for I am helpless at present, and discover something in this matter."

"Master Kempthorne," answered the sailor, "I will attend the Inquisitor as the pilot-fish does the shark, and stick to him faster than the barnacles did to Drake's keel on a three years' cruise." Kempthorne smiled at the whimsicalities of his servant; and confessed bitterly to himself that after all he could give him no specific instructions nor advice.

About ten days passed in this manner; little or nothing being discovered of what Kempthorne wished most to know, when one afternoon Don Manuel presented himself. He was kind and engaging as ever; showed unfeigned pleasure at the favorable state of his friend's health, Kempthorne being rapidly recovering; regretted exceedingly his inability to come sooner, having heard of his relapse; and urged his return to Malaga as soon as his convalescence would warrant. Kempthorne after promising this, spoke of Maria, and frankly stated that he had been greatly agitated by her sudden disappearance, and the unaccountable coldness of his reception from Senora Felipe; so much so as to affect his already precarious health. "Senor," said Don Manuel, "let there be nothing but frank dealing between us. Maria has been irrevocably and voluntarily devoted to a monastic life for some years. It was time that her vow were performed, and your presence, believe me," said he, extending his hand, "I speak to you as to a brother,—your presence, it was thought tended to indispose her to assume the initiatory step in this matter; and by the advice of her confessor and others interested in the welfare of her soul, I have sent her to the

Sisters of Mercy, in Seville, to perform her novitiate. Pardon the seeming mystery that prevented you from giving her an adieu; it was better for her peace. A few months hence, when she has been in some degree weaned from the world, she will visit us for a few days.

CHAPTER VI.

FIVE months had passed. Kempthorne had mingled in the gay company of Malaga, even to surfeit of pleasure. He had been a caressed and welcome visitor at the castle of the Marquis D'Anaral, who had urged him to enter the Spanish service, promising him the highest honors and emoluments, though without success; he had ridden for days among the lofty ridges of the Sierra Nevada, or on the beach that stretched away unbroken even to Carthage; he had pulled for hours and hours along the coast in a boat, caring not whither he went; he had sat on cottage steps or under trellised vines, and listened to endless tales and legends of the Moors; and he had shut himself up for days in Don Manuel's library, poring over illuminated chronicles, and strange and bewildering manuscripts, and rare tomes of the earliest imprint;—all this he did, yet could not beguile recollection. The image of Maria haunted him continually. He would often stand and ask himself "am I acting honorably to Guilmas, to harbor such dreams. When he knows in some manner her feelings, and yet sends her to a nunnery, do I act honorably to draw her, even in fancy, from her destiny?"—and yet as often would a beating at his side and a swelling at his throat give themselves tongues and answer "yes!"

Maria at length came: She was accompanied by a sister from the convent at Seville; a woman of almost passionless features, whose animation, if she ever possessed any, had been long parched up in the drought of ascetic observance. Maria wore a white veil the symbol of her novitiate; while her companion was enveloped in the black habit of the sisterhood. Maria looked pale and pensive, and seemed uneasy and constrained in the presence of her companion, whom she called Sister Ursula. She had partially acquired the low tone of voice in vogue among the monasteries, but not yet the placid and staid expression of countenance so often met with, and of which Sister Ursula furnished so admirable a model. Kempthorne found few opportunities of speaking to Maria at all, and never alone, till Acton came to his assistance. Of his own accord, he assumed such an anxious expression of countenance, and seemed in such perplexity about the soundness of

his creed, and so pointed were his appeals for instruction and guidance, that Sister Ursula, moved by that spirit of proselytizing so common amongst all creeds, devoted a great proportion of the attention to him she had intended for Maria. She would argue with him for hours at a time, and when he appeared to be thoroughly convinced, would give him what was really good advice at great length. Next day, however, another doubt would apparently present itself, and the whole ground was to go over again. During these conversations or arguments, Kempthorne had many interviews with Maria, and learned from her what he most feared, that her present situation was none of her seeking. She suspected Father Avarando of having something to do with her removal, as she had seen him at her grandmother's house; and the same night was informed by Don Manuel, who had that day come to Ronda, that she was to proceed with Fernando next day to Seville.

She looked forward with dread to the day, not now far distant, when the assumption of the black veil should shut her forever from the world. "I know," said she, "Don Manuel too well to hope anything from him. His sense of an obligation or vow is such, that he would spurn me from his presence if I would dare to speak of breaking my promised engagement; and I have too much consideration for his happiness to acquaint him with what would but torture his feelings, but would not change his determination.

"Would that I could save you, Maria!" exclaimed Kempthorne.

"What mean you, Senor?"

"Would that I had some cottage in England, as I see it now, with the green sod at our threshold, and the linnet 'neath our eaves, where the cuckoo sings and the daisy springs, and the sun goes dreaming through a fleecy sky; where true love nestles, flies, and sings, and comes for warmth into your bosom—there would I shelter thee from the sun, and guard thee from the cold; I would win thee from thy sadness, I would sing thee into smiles;—I would love thy country for thy sake, I would bless even poverty and want with thee."

"Senor, it cannot be, *but we shall meet in Heaven!*"

"Maria," said he with voice as rich and low as her own guitar, "if, before that hand of thine is laid upon the altar in an irrevocable renunciation of the world, I am free to return to England, would you think it desecration to lay it in mine, where my heart should be to meet it?"

"Senor, Don Manuel would never consent."

"Don Manuel is willing to sacrifice your

feelings and happiness to a promise made under fear and restraint, as he then was to sacrifice you to ambition and wealth; and the worse for you *and for me*, though none the more pardonable, that he considers it connected with his honor and your own—besides, Don Manuel may never know it; he goes to Malta in a few weeks to pay his term of service to the order, and may never return now that Spain will have fewer attractions; or if he does, will surely forgive one whom he loved so well, whose only crime was herself to love."

"Senor, God's will be done! We shall at least meet in Heaven, shall we not?"

"Yes Maria! no veils are taken there, nor hearts broken!"

Here Sister Ursula was heard approaching. A silent pressure of the hand, and a whispered word of hope and faith, and Kempthorne quitted the apartment.

Time sped on, and changes came. Maria had gone back to Seville attended by Fernando and Martin, Don Manuel himself setting her forward two days' journey. The knight was making preparations for joining his brethren of the White Cross at Malta, and was looking out for some opportunity of sending Kempthorne to England, having told him that he had no wish to keep him longer in captivity, much as he coveted his society. About this time Luis again made Kempthorne's acquaintance. Circumstances led to a certain degree of familiarity between them, sufficient for our captain to discover that the man's love of money held every other feeling in abeyance. He resolved accordingly; and Luis was soon bribed to go to Seville and open a communication with Maria. About three weeks afterward he again made his appearance, telling Kempthorne that there was no one in the world trusty enough for a messenger, and besides he could not afford to pay one, and so had come himself to tell him all he had learned.

Just at this time a French vessel was ready to sail for Brest, and the Knight had stipulated for a passage for Kempthorne, his mate Lincoln, and his servant Acton. Kempthorne had already an understanding with the French captain, and hastened the messenger to Seville, with a fresh supply of money and copious verbal instructions, and a small billet for Maria, ambiguously worded in English for better security.

The ship sailed. Don Manuel's adieu was warm and generous; the officers of the ship were pleasant and social; the weather was delightful, and all things wore a prosperous appearance. In due time they anchored in the harbor of Cadiz; a

voyage being seldom made in those days without calling at almost every friendly port on the way. Here Kempthorne was quite at home, having been there often before.

He soon made his arrangements for going to Seville in an assumed character. He accompanied a merchant, who was in his confidence, as a body servant; performing the meanest offices with all due alacrity. Lincoln and Acton were to come separately, a day or two apart, with other portions of the merchandise which was being transported to the interior.

They all rendezvoused without accident, and found Luis there before them. He affected to have been robbed on the way, and had to be comforted with an extra bonus. With the assistance of his friend the merchant, our captain procured a light and strong boat, and a moonless night was appointed to effect the liberation of Maria. The convent was situated on the Guadalquivir, the detached buildings of the establishment running quite to the water. A small chapel occupied an angle of the grounds, close to the brink of the stream, and was connected by a secret passage with the vaulted apartments of the main building. It was near this chapel that Luis had directed the boat to be lying about eleven o'clock on the night in question.

The night came; dark as could be desired—with thick black clouds sweeping across the sky, and scarcely a star in sight. A stout two-oared boat with Kempthorne in the bows; an agile Spaniard, Jorge Carvajal by name, a trusty servant of the friendly merchant Diaz at the helm, and Lincoln and Acton at the oars, was on its way to the place of rendezvous; creeping up the stream under shadow of the huge overhanging walls and buttresses of old Seville. Not a word was spoken; every man knew his duty, and all the probable contingencies had been so well discussed, that no orders were needed. The boat passed silently the steps leading down to the water, then suddenly stopped; when Carvajal, taking a short oar which he had, sculled the boat noiselessly into a sheltered covert, with the prow within a yard or two of the end of the steps, and there she was held by the oars of the English sailors. Not the slightest sound was heard from the boat—not a limb was moved, nor a head turned, but each man awaited in silence the slightest signal for action.

Soon a dark figure—so dark as only to be seen on the top of the steps in relief against the sky, and then lost, crawled down the steps and fet for the water. As soon as that was reached it raised its head and whispered hoarsely "Castile!"

"Arragon!" said Kempthorne, in the same cautious voice, heard only by the ear to which it was addressed, and by the crew in the boat.

The figure crawled up the steps again, and vanished over the little horizon that bounded the view of the adventurers.

A few seconds elapsed, and something again showed itself in relief against the sky, and again crawled down into the thick darkness.

"Arragon!" said a voice in a suppressed whisper; "Castile!" said Kempthorne, the signals being this time reversed; and the boat was pushed forward by a light stroke of the oars till the bows touched. Kempthorne stood with one foot in the boat and one on the lowest step, and stretched out his arms, for the darkness was total.

"Sir Thomas!" said he in a voice husky with emotion, giving the last signal.—"Rutledge!" whispered Maria, completing the name of her grandfather, as she came trembling within his grasp. He lifted her into the boat and got in himself, pushing it off with his foot as he entered; and the boat glided out into the middle of the stream, as the darkness was now impenetrable.

They rowed hard for about two hours, when by the advice of Carvajal, they slackened their efforts somewhat, while he steered the boat near the right bank of the stream. His object was to discover two great trees standing close by the water, and which formed his only landmark in this thick darkness. It was after half-an-hour's sailing that they were descried, and immediately after passing them the boat was run sharply into a creek, where the overhanging shrubs rendered the darkness such as might be felt.

Here the boat was grounded, and Jorge informed the company that this was their first destination, and that the first danger was passed. Kempthorne handed Maria out on the sand, and the men drew the boat up on the beach, and then Jorge led the way through the bushes. As it was impossible to see anything, and the ground was unknown to the rest of the party, Jorge pulled a short piece of rope from his pocket, and pressing it into each one's hand, started off without a word, pulling at the cord. Much amused at this original method of showing the way, the rest followed briskly; and after crossing a large meadow and two or three small enclosures, found themselves under the balcony of a large dark-house, inhabited by a priest, brother of the merchant Diaz, who was himself within.

The house, though dark without, was light enough within, and a sumptuous entertainment awaited the newly-arrived guests.

"Permit me, father," said Senor Diaz, ad-

dressing his brother "to present to you the friend of whom I have spoken, *Senor Kempthorne*; and his affianced bride, *Donna Maria Guilmás*; and to pray that you will join their hands in marriage, according to the rites of our holy church."

"Children," said the priest, standing before them in his robes, with the white hair falling over his temples, his dark eye speaking pleasantly, and a smile of satisfied benevolence on his lips.—"Children, where God gives love between his creatures, man should never thwart it; and where the vow is mutually desired, the church ought of right to sanctify and receive it; and I had rather that our convents and abbeys should be desolate, than tenanted with broken hearts." The priest then according to the rites of his church, and in the presence of the assembled witnesses, received from them the irrevocable vow, and joined their hands, with his blessing. *Maria* blushed as she looked at the nuptial ring on her left hand and the written attestation of marriage by the priest, and then looked up to smile; while *Kempthorne* stood with a glow upon his noble face, and the light of soft affection in his eye. He kissed her warmly, and then they arranged themselves at table.

Time passed merrily on; but after an hour the priest began to be anxious for their safety, and proposed that *Jorge* and *Acton* should bring the boat down to a point in the bend of the river below the village hard by as there was a ferry there and there might be danger of detection in passing with all aboard. This was agreed to, and they departed, *Diaz* and his servant were to return immediately to *Seville* to prevent suspicion, and so *Kempthorne* and the merchant parted at the house of the *Padre* with all the regrets of warm and generous friendship. The *Padre* gave them his hearty blessing, as *Jorge*, who had now arrived to say that the boat was ready, led them off; and they struck out once more into the piteous darkness of the night. They were soon all seated in the boat, *Kempthorne* this time at the helm, and *Maria* close beside him, and the faithful *Jorge Cavajal*, after warmly shaking hands with all the rest, and kissing the fair hand of *Maria*, amid showers of blessings and good wishes, pushed them off.

Once more upon the bosom of the "chainless *Guadalquiver*," with the dull sound of the steady oar, and the low hum of whispered love at the stern of the boat, broken by the motion of the helmsman, as he "guides her way,"—with the ripple of the inky waters under each the gunwale—and erewhile the breaking light and flushing glory of the morn—and then the bright and

sunny day, when autumn weds with winter, in that genial clime where green leaves laugh at Christmas—and then the night again; toiling now—for human arms are not of iron—first one at the helm and then another—and then the second day, when the great sand-bars and vast extended mouth of the river is past, and the blue Atlantic opens out before them, with a speck upon its bosom far to the left; and the speck grows bigger and assumes a shape, and soon is hailed the ship bound for *Brest*; and the wanderers are on board, wearied and watchworn, but safe from pursuit, with the world and its joys before them.

CHAPTER VII.

Cromwell had passed away. The old order of things was again established, and the nation opened its eyes too late to the consciousness of the splendid opportunity that was lost of establishing the liberties of England at the restoration of *Charles II.* The smothered embers of discontent blazed forth in 1688, but at the time of which we write all was calm on the surface of public events. The gay and dissipated court pursued its heartless pleasures, and the notorious *Cabal* perverted the public weal into the channels of private ambition and aggrandizement. Out of the reach of the court however, domestic felicity and rural peace sunned themselves in many a quiet valley, and plenty stood smiling o'er many a lovely landscape; and down in *Devonshire*, with antique gables, and tasteful shrubbery around it, with overhanging oaks—and the great chalk downs, with their velvet verdure stretching away like mighty waves to the horizon—was a house, like many another house in England, with peace without and love within, with childish voices ringing in and out its casements, the swallows twittering round its roof or perched upon its clustered chimneys, and great household shaking himself up to listen for coming footsteps, and then bounding off to meet the comer—the master of the house; who came with firm step, and open brow, and a ribbon at his breast: *Sir John Kempthorne*, commander of His Majesty's ship, the *Resolve*, now lying at *Plymouth*.

A few days after, *Sir John* was in London, with some reports on the works at *Plymouth*, for the *Lord High Admiral*; and quite unexpectedly met *Commodore Ven* in the street. The *Commodore* was in high good humour, very like a man flushed with victory; and shook *Sir John* warmly by the hand when they met, and turning took his arm and went on in company with him.

"*Commodore*," said *Sir John*, "I hear pleasing

accounts of your late success—captured a Spaniard and three of his convoy in the straits?—that was well done, two or three more such would make an Admiral!”

“Truly,” remarked the Commodore, “our men did nobly; and the Don would not strike till he was completely crippled. A noble fellow was the Don, and as well-bred a gentleman as ever trod a quarter-deck. A knight of Malta, by the way. Is it not strange, Sir John, that these knights will engage in the wars of Christian states, instead of spending their valour on the infidels, as bound by their laws?”

“I doubt if they are as strict as of old in that respect,” said our knight, “but I am afraid they would make England an exception even if they were; for indeed they have no reason to be grateful for the manner in which the order of Saint John was used in the time of King Henry. Their estates were confiscated, the order suppressed, and the knights themselves loaded with indignities, even to the peril of their lives. Whatever may be said of the institution, I can bear witness to the noble dealing of some of the knights belonging to it. I knew not that your prisoner was a Hospitaller when I passed the Tower this morning, or I should have been fain to enquire for a brother knight to whom I owe many obligations, and not the least, for my lady, who was his ward.” Here the conversation passed into other channels, and they soon afterwards parted.

The next morning Sir John waited on the Lord High Admiral, and having completed his business, obtained an order of admission to the Tower, and thitherward bent his steps. What was his surprise on finding that the prisoner he had come to see was none other than Don Manuel Guilmas. He was equally surprised to see Kempthorne, and many queries were mutually proposed and answered. At the very outset, Kempthorne confessed frankly the share he had taken in the abduction of Maria, and gave a rapid sketch of his subsequent successes in life. Guilmas, who had believed Maria dead, was greatly astonished at this recital.

“Just before I set sail for Malta,” said he, “I heard from Seville that Maria was drowned; whether accidentally, was not proved. A small silk scarf of hers was found on the steps leading down to the Guadalquivir; and as she had been remarkably cheerful and happy, her death was considered accidental—these were all the particulars I could learn. Well, I have mourned for her as dead, and now that she is alive and happy, I cannot reproach her.” Kempthorne cut short

the interview by saying that the Lord Admiral was just leaving London, and that he *must* see him before he went, but would be back in a couple of hours at farthest.

He hastened to whence he came, and soon agreed as to the ransom of Guilmas. He never told the sum it cost him, but it cannot be supposed to have been a trifle.

He was soon at the Tower with an order of release touching the prisoner, and two hours more saw them on their way for Devonshire. Sir Thomas Rutledge, the grandfather of Lady Kempthorne, who had forgotten all his ancient wrath, was there, and there was a merry meeting on the night of their arrival.

The old Knight staid with them for some time; but his joyousness gradually faded—he was like a bird in a strange clime. The White Cross which he had upheld in the face of the Turk in Candia, Rhodes, and Barbary, lived now only in his thoughts—there was no symbol of it in England; and he pined for the sunny South again.

“Rest with us!” Maria would plead, “there is none of your name or race in Spain, and why should we part?” It was all in vain—he still pined for home. “Oh,” said he, “for the sunny hills and the clear blue sky of Spain! Far away from this misty sea,—where the blue wave comes from a date-grown shore, and the orange fragrance and the notes of song come stealing through your windows!—where the glorious banner of St. John is free to float and gather heroes ’neath its folds; and I here, like a cast-away limb of a glorious tree—no! I must *home* again!”

And home he went. Maria in her tears went with him to Plymouth, and then they parted. Sir John had made every provision for his comfort, paying for everything generously. The grey-headed Knight of Malta left them a soldier’s benison, and went his way. We have little else to relate. It is merely stated in history that Sir John Kempthorne lived to be a Rear Admiral, deserved and received many honors, and died in 1679.

“Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.”

HORACE.

I.

Well the ancient poet knew,
 What my soul has long proved true;
 All in vain we mortals try
 From our inmost thoughts to fly.
 If at home we fail to find
 Satisfaction for the mind;
 Other lands in vain we choose,
 Disappointment still pursues.

2.

Oh, how restlessly we range
O'er this earth from change to change;
Ever toiling onward still,
Be the present what it will.
Happiness, like maiden shy,
While we follow, still will fly;
But when far our footsteps roam,
Weeps our harsh neglect at home.

3.

In this life whate'er we sow,
Will around our footsteps grow;
Joys, since Adam was beguiled,
Must be planted—cares grow wild.
Yet how many wander blind
Through this garden of the mind,
Or but cultivate the seeds
Of the vilest, foulest weeds.

4.

Idleness, where'er we go,
Is the root of every woe.
Action disciplines the will,
All our duties to fulfil.
From thyself disdain to fly;
Up, and labour manfully—
Then shall self thyself approve,
And all nature whisper love.

"Erro."

SKETCHES IN SCOTLAND IN "AULD LANGSYNE."

MARY O' PIRNLY-HILL.

CHAPTER I.

"O weel do I mind o' the folk at Lindores,
Though it's lang since I had ony trock at Lindores,
The lang winter night
Flew owre us fu' bright.
Wi' the sang, an' the dance, an' the joke, at Lindores."
James Stirling.

ABOUT the twenty-first year of our age, we spent a winter and part of the following summer in a retired village in Stirlingshire. At first we had few or no acquaintances in the place; but a letter of introduction, from a friend to a relation of his, was the means of procuring us excellent lodgings. Our landlady was all that we could wish—cheerful, cleanly, kind, and attentive; and our landlord, a worthy, honest, roystering, rollicking mortal, with a strong natural propensity to all kinds of fun and diversion, which even the cares of a family could hardly subdue; but still, he never permitted this tendency to interfere with the duties of his daily occupation—a master mason. Amid all his fun and frolic, he kept always a steady eye on the "main chance."

The inhabitants of the village and neighbourhood seemed generally to have arrived at that happy state so ardently desired by Agur; that is, they were "neither poor nor rich." But perhaps we err not when we say, that they thought otherwise themselves, for, to the majority of them,

wealth alone seemed to give superiority. Wherever this feeling exists in a community, it has a strong tendency to cut up society into classes; the wealthiest man being looked upon, as a matter of course, as the best; at least, it was so to a considerable extent in this place. In the neighbourhood there was one extensive landed proprietor, and he was looked up to with all the respect and reverence due to a king. At the head of the "aristocracy" stood the lairds, that is, the possessors of some fifty or sixty acres, less or more, of land, little better than the "howling wilderness," for the whole parish, as well as a good way beyond it, was of very inferior quality. These lairds looked upon themselves, and were looked upon by others, as persons of some consequence; and, as a mark of respect when spoken of, or spoken to, they were always named or addressed as the "laird," or, what was far more common, by the name of the place they possessed; such as, for instance, Whiterigg, Greenhill, Bogside, &c.—"Hoo's a, wi ye the day, Whitelees? an hoo's a' at hame?" "Thank ye, Birniehill, hoo are ye yoursel', an' hoo is the gude wife an' the bairns?" These may be taken as a sample of the way in which these really worthy people greeted each other. These, with the tenants that rented a hundred or sixscore acres of land, with the more opulent of the farmers in the village, formed the upper class, or, as they were called, "the better kind of folk." The "democracy" was formed, as is usual, of tradesmen and labourers. And it is but justice to state, that although these distinctions were quite observable on many occasions, yet they neither gave rise to overbearing or haughtiness on the one side, nor envy or insolence on the other.

It was customary then, and it may be so still, for anything we know, for the young people to have two balls in the village about the commencement of the year, the upper class holding their's first, and in two or three weeks their followers and imitators, the lower classes, their's. Dancing and merrymakings of all sorts were our besetting sins; so here was a temptation which was irresistible. Friendships are in general easily formed among young people; and accordingly, before we had been many weeks in the place, we had made the acquaintance of several young folks, both male and female, and had also made up our mind, although we had said nothing about it to any one, to attend the ball of the latter class, to which we had received two or three invitations. We certainly should, in one respect, have preferred attending the other one, for we were then ambitious to "go ahead," as Sam Slick more recently has said; but how were we to get admission? We had no claim to prefer, and to ask admission as a favour was what we could not bring ourselves to. It happened, however, that our landlord belonged to the patrician rank, as being the possessor of a "land" of houses, which brought him in some twelve or fifteen pounds yearly. His social qualities fitted him admirably for taking the lead in all kinds of merry-making, and he had been elected for that year, as he had been for several preceding ones, as a sort of master of the ceremonies, assisted, of course, by a committee. Several meetings took place preliminary to the "grand affair," all of which were held in his house, and

in our room too! We again and again offered to withdraw, but were not permitted, as they declared they had nothing private to discuss. Being deeply skilled, as we imagined ourselves, in all the mysteries of the ball-room, we were referred to as a "gude authority" in all disputed points; and our decision gave so much satisfaction generally, that we were unanimously chosen a member of the order of "respectables" at the last of these meetings. "There is glory and honor for us!" thought we; "up higher yet our bonnet. No pretensions! no solicitations on our part! none; merit, pure merit, is for once rewarded." Pretensions, forsooth! why, if an inventory had been at that moment taken of all our worldly goods and chattels, the sum total should scarcely have amounted to as much as that of the tailor's, who, in the words of the old song, had but

"Three needles—a' his stock—
The pence had the humble broke,
The sheers belang'd to ither folk,
The bowkin was his ain, O!"

Flattering as this trifling mark of respect was to our vanity, we were mortified to think that we could not accept of it, so far as the attending of the ball was concerned, and that for two reasons. First, and chiefly, the exchequer was rather at a low ebb with us at the time, owing to some previous irregular expenses or other, and we were not in the possession of ways and means to replenish it at so short a notice. As for borrowing, we "everly" abhorred it, and would have suffered any privation rather than have had recourse to it. Then, in the next place, where were we, a comparative stranger, to get a partner of besitting rank in so short a time? The first reason we kept to ourselves, but the second we pretended to put great stress upon; so, having duly thanked them all for the honor conferred, &c., we stated our objection, "sorry, very sorry (as we were) that we could not avail ourselves of their unprecedented kindness—hoped we should be better prepared by another time—wished them a merry meeting," and so forth. Several remedies were proposed for our accommodation, to all of which, for good and sufficient reasons, we were as adamant. At length we agreed to attend as a spectator; this we could safely do, as, nothing clogged (begging the ladies' pardon) with a partner, we should have the time at our own disposal; and as we knew that there were several "reckonings" in the course of the evening, we could easily withdraw before our last shilling came to be in request. This compromise satisfied all parties, and every one seemed happier than another in anticipation of the important event.

The appointed day came round in due course; and by six o'clock in the evening, four or five of us were busily employed in placing chairs, planks, and whatever we could lay our hands upon, for seats, in a large unfinished room, used for the most part as a sort of "granrie" (granary), but which had been cleared out and scrubbed up for the occasion. In one corner of the room was placed a kitchen table, and upon it a plentiful supply of materials for making whisky-toddy. In the opposite corner stood two barrels on end, three or four feet apart, upon which a scaffolding of deals was erected, and on this were placed two chairs for the fiddlers; Between the barrels and

about them sat two or three huckster wives, with baskets containing oranges, raisins, and several sorts of trash intended for confectionaries. Many a town-bred beau and belle would no doubt have turned up their noses at the sight of such a ball-room; but country folks are less fastidious; at any rate, we all thought the place "fu wael," seeing we had a loft floor to dance upon, a thing not to be had everywhere in a country place.

By the time that things were put in their proper places, the dancers came pouring in, to the number of three dozen or so, male and female. The night was clear, sharp, and frosty, so that, what from the pure air, a smart walk for a mile or two, and the excitement proper to the occasion, there was a fresh, vigorous, healthful flush on every cheek—a flush which all the appliances of art can never equal, and only poorly imitate. As the greater proportion, if not all, of the company were neighbours or acquaintances, there was little restraint or awkwardness, except, perhaps, on some "young things," such as her of whom so sweetly sings Macneil, "just new come frae her mammy," or some raw lad who had got a coat on his back and a hat on his head for the first time (an all-important event). The greetings might be a little noisy and boisterous, to be sure, but they had that honest, sincere, heartfelt kindness about them which cannot be conveyed ceremoniously, however much of "itchy-katie" (etiquette) there may be. There are many people still—many worthy people, too—who rail against (as they call it) "promiscuous dancing." They must rail on for us! We cannot agree with them, we never could. Dancing has its abuses—granted; and so has everything else; but are we to deny ourselves a little occasional innocent recreation, because it is possible to abuse it? Certainly not. For our part, we never yet saw a score or so "of young folks" met to amuse themselves in this way—their countenances beaming with joy, countenances on which care has not yet planted a wrinkle, their every wish, every endeavour, only to please and to be pleased—but we felt a gush of happiness which we have rarely experienced on any other occasion.

Having no partner of our own to attend to, we had leisure enough to notice and form an opinion of every young woman present. This to us was an agreeable occupation, for we have ever taken great delight in female society; and, like most young country lads, was willing to be thought "a sad rogue among the lasses." Our success in amusing some silly, raw, "young thing," and in tickling the fancies of some others of a certain age, had made us look upon ourselves, forsooth, as a sort of lady-killer in a small way, and, as we had no intention of allowing our gallant talents to go to rust, we missed no opportunity of exercising them.

Among the company present, there was one fair Eve, who, from the moment we set our eyes upon her, gave us a wound within; and yet she was not the most beautiful of them either, but there was a something in her air and manner that seemed to us to give her a superiority over every other. Her dress was plain, but neat. She was rather tall, well proportioned, and her outline was well filled up and rounded, approaching if anything to plumpness, and her every motion and

action free, easy, and unrestrained. Her countenance, though occasionally a little pensive—the effect, perhaps, of reflection—was sweetly agreeable and engaging, and strongly indicative of serenity of mind, keen perception, self-reliance, and firmness of purpose; nor was there wanting a trace of that kind of pride which gives dignity.

She danced well, and like almost every other good dancer, was fond of it; but she was badly matched with a "Johnny Raw" of a partner. He was a farmer—a sober, industrious, well-behaved young man, well-to-do in the world: but he was entirely out of his element in a ball-room. Dancing he knew as much about as one of his own bullocks. Even in a common "foursome," he was a downright "John Trott." His address was blunt, boorish, and awkward. Ignorant, moreover, of, as well as careless of practising, those little civilities and attentions which every woman thinks herself entitled to, but for his "weel-stocked mailin," he was no very great favourite among the lasses.

Country-dances and reels were the order of the night, for waltzes, gallopades, and polkas were not then heard of; so a country-dance he behoved to try, and it was really laughable to see his stupid, bewildered looks, as he was hauled and pushed about, three or four voices bawling out at the same time, "This way, Bauldy;" "Hlan's across;" "Cast aff, Bauldy;" "Hook your partner, Bauldy;" "There, set noo—that's it, lad."

By dint of hauling, bawling, pushing, jerking, and drawing about, Bauldy kept on his feet until the dance was concluded; and then, wiping the sweat from his brow with his coat-tail, he placed himself down beside us, asking us at the same time, if we would take his place when it was next his turn, adding, good-humouredly, "Before he wad gang through aye o' thae deevsesome, hook-your-partner, doon-the-middle, crinkum-crankum things again, he wad sooner plough twa o' the roughest rigs in a' the parish—by his feth wad he?"

We had foreseen all this in some measure, and our heart bounded with joy in the prospect, so that we were not slow in accepting his proposal. We asked him to introduce us to his partner, and explain the matter to her, which he did in his own awkward way; and we were vain enough to suppose that the lady was nowise displeased with the exchange; no great compliment, however, at the best. Now that we had a closer inspection of her, she seemed to be younger, and had more of raw simplicity about her, than we had at first imagined; so that we thought that we might safely practise a little flirtation with her.

It was not long until it came to our turn to take a part in the dance, and we availed ourselves of every opportunity that occurred to pour into her ears some flattering nonsense, which we thought quite irresistible, but every word of which, we very soon found, her good sense enabled her to set down at its proper value. Inly mortified as we were, that our very best and hand-picked "luve words" should make no impression on this, as we thought, raw muirland "Jenny," we could not at the same time but greatly respect her penetration, and resolved to make her acquaintance at least, if nothing more. When the dance was over, we placed ourselves beside Bauldy; took some refreshment with him, "to our better ac-

quaintance," asked permission to have another dance with his partner on our own account—a favor which was at once vouchsafed, and welcome.

The dancing had hitherto been carried on in that sort of dull, formal, dancing-school fashion, as if it had been a task, which we detested, and we could easily guess that our partner was of the same opinion. Therefore we were resolved to break up this dead, lifeless jog-trot, if no one else should. We hinted this to our partner; and, when it came to our turn to throw off, we admonished the fiddlers to apply a little more grease to their elbows, and away we went like lightning. The example was infectious, and couple after couple came rattling down after us, as if they had been dancing on a springboard. By the time we got through the dance, somehow or another our partner and self had got wonderfully pleased with each other, although we had scarcely spoken a word to her during the whole time. Chemists tell us, that certain atoms of matter have such an affinity to each other, that, when they are brought within a specific distance, they rush into contact. Whether this applies to human atoms, is more than we can tell; but this we know, that she exerted a powerful attraction over us, and so far as we could judge, there was, at least, nothing repulsive about us to her.

When we had done, we took our place again at the table; but this time Bauldy was moody, and rather sulky, and yet he was in good spirits, for he had made pretty free with the punch-bowl, and was, in sailor phrase, "nearly three sheets in the wind." Nothing would serve him but having a dance himself—ay, and taking the head of it, too; observing, that although he was "nae bred dancer, he wasnae a blockhead, but could dae what ither folk did." This was loudly cheered by some, as being productive of no little fun, so Bauldy started to his feet, firmly resolved to accomplish that, by strength and clumsy agility, which could only be accomplished by skill and practice. The music struck up, and to it he went, dashing through: and through, kicking, flinging, and stamping, regardless of the figure, regardless of time, and regardless of the safety of any one present; driving the men this way and that way, flinging about the women, and rumpling their dresses; and treading on the toes and feet of all and sundry; but all would not do: he was fairly brought up to a stand-still, amid roars of laughter.

Every one was highly amused with his conduct but his poor partner. She, half in pity, half in anger, took him by the hand, as he stood staring, with a bewildered, stupid, sheepish look, led him to his seat, and, thoughtlessly perhaps, asked us if we would finish the dance with her. This was a request with which we were but too proud to comply; so we flew to it with double spirit and animation, our friend Bauldy eyeing us with a scowl of mortification and jealousy on his brow, "gulping" down at short intervals glass after glass of punch. This, we thought, boded no good to us; yet we did not mind it much, for we had something more agreeable to think of at the time. To tell the truth, we fear we gave by our conduct but too much cause for the excitement of the "green-eyed monster" in the poor fellow's mind, for we doubt that our lips came near—accidentally; of course—if they did not actually come in

contact with, her burning cheek; but among "country folks" freedoms (so-called) of this kind are allowed.

When the dance was finished, we handed her to her seat, and turned round to go to our own; but, to our surprise, there was Bauldy confronting us, with his eyes flashing fury. He spoke not a word, but aimed a blow, which, if it had taken effect, would have brought us to the ground, although we had been an ox. We had barely time to ward it off, partly by springing back, and partly by throwing up our arms. If we had been allowed a moment for reflection, he was the last man in the room we should have chosen to try conclusions with in this way, for in weight and personal strength he was far our superior. We were not, however, altogether a novice in the use of our fists; besides, no man likes to show the "white-feather" in the presence of ladies, however weak may be his constitutional bravery. So, in the slang of the "ring," we were not slow in returning his compliment by "planting a right-hander," with hearty good-will, in his "bread-basket," which nearly doubled him up, and sent him staggering backwards. We saw our advantage, and were about to follow up our blow with another, intended to "broach his claret," and at the same time make him measure his length on the floor, but, before we could come on, our arm was arrested, and a hubbub ensued that baffles description. The men roared, the women screamed; some cried, "Put them out!" others, "Keep them in!" One party bawled out, "Let them try it!" another, "Keep them separate!" The latter prevailed, for we were pushed, or rather carried, to opposite ends of the room. For many reasons, we felt ourselves to be in no little peril, and believed that we had small chance of "fair play;" but our blood was up, and we were determined to defend ourselves to the very last. Our object was to lay hold of a bottle, a candlestick, anything, in short, and, standing in a corner, to hold out desperately: and to effect this purpose, we struggled, kicked, and strove, but only to the exhaustion of our own strength, for we were held as fast as if we had been a wedge driven into a growing tree.

Amid the turmoil, we caught a glimpse of the poor occasion of all this mischief. She was standing as if fixed to the spot, and deadly pale. The moment our eyes met, her animation seemed to us to be in some measure restored, for she threw her innermost thoughts into her countenance—a faculty which she possessed above any we have met with—and her look spoke as plain as a look could speak, "Oh, if you have any regard for me, let there be no more of this!"

We felt the appeal, and instantly became passive. "Well, well," thought we, "surely they will not be so savage as to murder us outright; and, if we must submit to a 'thrashing,' it will not be the first time, and with such odds there can be no disgrace." No, one, however, seemed inclined to do us the smallest injury, and every one stood staring at another, as if in doubt of what was next to be done. We saw their difficulty, and told the company, that if they would allow us a little liberty, we should soon end the matter. This, after some consultation, was agreed to; so, with a body-guard more numerous than ever we are likely to be honored with again, we stepped

up to our opponent, and told him, that it was a shame in both of us to break in on the harmony of the assembly with our squabbles—that it would be more manly to settle our misunderstandings elsewhere, when and where we found it convenient—that, for our part, we should prefer to shake hands at once, and let all the past be forgotten. The latter proposal met with a murmur of applause, and we were in no dread that Bauldy would accept the first, for the falter of his tongue and the blanch on his cheek convinced us that things of this kind were out of his way. He looked, however, as ferocious as he could, muttered something about taking his own time, and sullenly turned away. We also turned round, and made the best apology that we could for our part of the squabble, threw down half-a-crown as our share of the "reckoning," and, taking "good-night," walked towards the door. But our exit was opposed by all. Every one declared, that if we had done wrong at all, we had made ample amends; "an' ifither folk wad only dae half as muckle, there wad be nae mair about it." Our landlord—than whom no Irishman that ever flourished a shillelah at Donnybrook Fair ever gloried more in a "row"—got between us and the door, caught our hand, and squeezed it in his horny fist, until he made the very bones crack; whispered into our ear we had behaved nobly, and, leading us to a seat, told us to sit down unless we were desirous to have a "bout" with him next.

This turn of affairs greatly disconcerted poor Bauldy. He stared first one way, then another; then, going to where his partner sat, desired her abruptly to rise and go home. She told him to "sit doon, an' compose himself a wee," and she would do so; but to this he would not listen. Again he urged the same request, adding, that if she refused him, he would send for him she durst not refuse. This unmannerly, unmanly threat made the blood rush to her face. She looked at him for a moment with withering scorn and contempt, then told him that "he nicht dae as he thocht fit," but that she would not leave the room with him in the state in which he was. To this he made no reply, but sulkily walked off. "Never mind him," cried several voices at once. "He'll rue this nicht's wark," said another. "He's aff to Firly-hill though, in the meantime, Ise warrant him," said a third. "Weel, weel, let him gang," quoth a fourth; "but we shanna lose our New-Year's-day dance for him or his crabbit temper. Come, wha fits the floor wi' me?" A score, at least, started to their feet, and the dancing was resumed.

A consultation was held meanwhile by the committee, the upshot of which was, that three or four of them left the room, taking Mary—for that was her name—along with them. We were not allowed to sit idle, every one in turn offering us a dance of his partner. Things went on tolerably well for about an hour or so, when a sort of whisper ran round the room, and a number of the company left it; those who remained still keeping frisking away.

At length, a frank, rattling young fellow, with whom we had formed a little acquaintance, came in, and desired us (i. e., me) to follow him, telling us, that we should likely be wanted shortly,

adding, as we went along, "Pirly-hill has made an unco blaw-up about this silly affair. That born idiot—de'il nor ye had knockit baith the een out o' his head—has tellt' a thousan' lees about it; but never mind; he's weel paecefed noo. But, Aelic, man, speak him fair, an' never mind what he says, or he'll be at ye in a minute, for he's as quick as gunpouther, an' yet a kinder man or better neebor is na to be fand within the bounds o' the parish this day."

As we entered the room, which was nearly choke-full, we caught a glimpse of a rough, hard-featured, boorish-looking, middle-aged man, sitting at a table, on which his elbow rested, with his chin resting again on his hand; while he looked intently, to appearance, on the candle that was burning before him. Three or four parties were all speaking to him at the same time, exorting, "wheedling," coaxing, and explaining to him. If they had not carried conviction to his mind, they had at least tired him out, for he lifted his head from his hand, and said, peevishly, "Weel, weel, weel, say nae mair about it; it's a' by noo, an' canna be helpit. But whar's the lan'-loupin' fallow that's bred a' this mischief? I've ne'er set my een on him yet." At this, an opening was made, and we were led forward to the table. Up went his hand to shade the light of the candle from his eyes; then he set about examining our dimensions with a look of surprise and disappointment. We suppose he had expected to see a giant, for, after surveying us for some time, he exclaimed, as if to himself, "An' Bauldy maun be a muckle, saft, thowless haggis, after a', to let a smally chield like that ding him. I'm no sae yaud as I hae been, or anything like it, but I'm thinkin', if things cam' to the warst, I could warse a fa' wi' thee myself." Na, ye needna say a word—yer peace is made up for ance; but I'm jalousin', my lad, ye ha'e been in mair toons than our ain wee clachan, an' that yer han's are mair ready at breakin' anither man's head, as at workin' a turn o' hard wark. Come, noo, Mary, my woman, what says thoo (thou)? Are we gaun hame thegither, or is (are) thoo gaun back tae the ball room, tae mak' oot the nicht wi' this rin-the-kintra joe o' thine?"

Mary, who was sitting by his side, laid her hand on his arm, and, looking archly in his face, with great address, said, "Deed, na, faither, I'll do nae sic a thing. My fit shanna enter the ball-room this nicht unless ye gang wi' me yersel'; an' then if there's ony mair fechtin', ye'll see yersel' wha's to blame."

"Yes, ye'll gang," cried a lively, light-hearted "gilpy," with a pair of roguish, sparkling eyes, which had done no little execution, young as she was; "yes, ye'll gang, Pirly-hill, an' I'll ha'e a dance wi' ye myself—yes I will," fastening on his arm, like a briar, at the same time.

"An' I'll ha'e anither, an' a kiss into the bargain," shouted a bouncing, buxom quean, with cheeks as red as her top-knots, laying hold of his other arm.

"Hoot awa', ye daft tawpies," rejoined Pirly-hill, trying in vain to shake them off gently, "gie wa', gie wa' wi' ye; what wad I dae amang ye wi' my ilka-day claes on, an' tacketty shoon forbye."

"Say na' a word about it, na', Pirly-hill; ye're

unco weel. Sae jist come awa'; them that disna like ye can let ye alane," was the response. And away they went with him—one on each side, and three or four pushing behind.

Peace and order being now completely restored, the dancing commenced with life and spirit. What was wanting in grace was amply made up by vigour and agility, and in a short time "the mirth an' fun grew fast an' furious," the punch began to operate, and all ceremony and restraint were laid aside.

On this, as on all similar occasions, an excellent opportunity is presented of watching and noting the emotions of the human mind, as they exhibit themselves in various ways in different individuals. But, independent of this, it is not a little diverting to observe the clumsy agility, the rude imitation, the uncouth caperings and gambols, of many of the performers. Several couples, perhaps, go through the different figures neatly enough, and without any apparent effort; others stamp, kick, fling, and "wallop" about, reminding one strongly of the clumsy antics of as many draught horses turned out to grass. Others, again, of a more sober and sedate turn of mind, with eyes intently fixed on the floor, keep becking, bobbing, shuffling, and stumping away, as earnestly as if they were performing some laborious task.

At last comes the "cream" of the thing. When the dance is done, the fiddler draws out a few chirping, cheeping squeaks on the fiddle—the well-known signal for "kiss your partners"—then what a hurly-burly. Some wanton wag, like he who erst sung of Habbie's death, seems to have some kind of prescriptive right of "kissin' the lasses, hale scale a'," he glides through the crowd, bestowing "smack on smack," easily, neatly, on every young woman who comes in his way; while all the resistance made on the part of the "lasses" almost provokes a second infliction of the same kind. Others keep "rugging, and tugging, and worrying" away at each other for a long time—at length a hearty, slashing smack announces the accomplishment of the feat. Some young, raw, bashful, "laithfu" lad, partly "daized" with "love an' drink," for the first time in his life, stands gaping and "glowrin'" and looking wistfully on, "willin' to try, but afraid to venture." At last, fired by the example of others, he takes "heart o' grace," and, in a fit of desperation, flings his arms about the neck of some big, blowsy, broad-shouldered "Jenny;" but, for whose condescension, he might as well attempt to kiss the weathercock. For a little, she flings him about with great ease; and—with a laughing "skirl" of "e-e-eh, Jock, ye daft sorra—e-e-eh, Jock; oh! stop, Jock"—then turning round her head in a right direction, offers a "flying shot," at which "Jock lets fly;" but ignorant of the laws of motion, puts on the nose what was intended for the lips. A hearty, good-humoured "thwack" between the shoulders rewarded him for his awkward attempt; while the young, simple lad—proud; but half ashamed of his exploit—hangs his head, licks his lips, smirks and giggles; and actually conceives himself to be now a man.

Amid the turmoil of capering and kissing, we (i. e., I) had many reasons for keeping within the bounds of moderation. Every moment we could spare we were by the side of Pirly-hill, who, now

that he had been told what we were, and "wha I had come o'," and being now satisfied, moreover, that we were "nac blaikguard toum chap, or rin-the-kintra clamjamfry," to use his own words, "but belangin' tac kent folk, an' as it war ane o' oursels," was all attention; and he actually knew more of our pedigree, at least by the mother's side, than we did ourselves. We had tact enough not to let this opportunity slip of endeavouring to impress him with some favorable opinions of ourselves, so we talked with him about "horses, ploughs, and kye," and other country matters, until we daresay he thought we were the most learned young man in the room in matters of this kind. As for his daughter, although blithe and cheerful with others, with us she was somewhat reserved, which, all things considered, we liked her all the better for. Indeed, the more we saw of her, the better were we pleased with her. To us she seemed to be a character entirely new, or at least very different from that of any other young woman that we had ever met. Her seeming self-command, good sense, and discretion, would at any time have commanded our respect, and perhaps esteem; but having already (unconscious to herself, we firmly believe) evinced some little partiality in our favour, these feelings were, we will not deny, mixed up with others of a more tender quality, for, when we handed her to or from her seat, a strange confused nervousness came over us; and when we adjusted any portion of her dress, or replaced a stray ringlet—and her's was the loveliest auburn—we thought we felt the blood rush to our very finger ends. Then, again, when our eyes met—which was oftener than once—a blush was unconsciously called up, as if each of us had revealed something that we would rather have concealed. An unconcerned spectator would probably have seen more in this than either of us saw ourselves; but, as everybody had their own affairs to attend to, and our conduct towards her being nowise remarkable beyond that of respect, no other notice was taken of it.

CHAPTER II.

A LITTLE before midnight, Mary hinted that it was time to retire, a proposal we heard with pleasure, as all the money left in our pocket by this time would scarcely jingle; so we did not greatly oppose her wish. Her father, who was comfortably seated, and "getting fu' an' unco happy," thought it was "time enough," but nevertheless rose and left the room with us. During the ceremony of shawling and bonneting, we were almost tempted to steal a kiss, even in the presence of the father, for we thought we had never seen any one look so charmingly. On our way home, the old man politely stepped out a little in advance, so as to leave us by ourselves, which, however, seemed not to be altogether agreeable to Mary. By the way, how easily is a hint comprehended, and how readily we act on it, when it comes from the object of our affections? We are net quite sure that we did not imprint a—a—you know what, reader—on her rosy lips, in a quiet way. However, both of us, walking up briskly towards the father, and taking hold of his arm, we (i.e. I) requested him "to tak' time, an' tak' kent folk wi' bin." This little piece of self denial, if such it was, on her part—for we had no han' in it, al-

though we got all the credit—raised us higher than ever in the old man's estimation. Nothing would satisfy him, but that we should go into the house, to which we were fast approaching. This proposal we by no means approved of, for we well knew that it takes no little firmness of nerve to enter a farmer's house for the time, in the capacity of a wooer, and to stand the sidelong, searching glances of the old folks and the gaping stare of the younger members of the family. But in we behoved to go, and in we went. We soon made ourselves at home, took a "whang" of the cheese, a "wee drap" out of the bottle, and had a roystering crack into the bargain. We had entertained the hope that Mary would see us to the door, if but for a minute; but no, this duty the old man performed himself, and, taking us by the hand, told us "to be a gude lad, an' no to be a stranger, but to leuk in at anorra time;" and slipping a good ock sapling into our hand, told us to keep the middle of the road in going home, then bade us farewell. This last act of kindness gratified us exceedingly, for we saw by it, not only that we stood high in his favor, but it had crossed our mind several times that it was possible that our motions were watched, and that we might catch a sound "thrashing" before we got home, an expectation in which we were happily disappointed.

Every out-of-the-way occurrence makes a wonder among country folk. Our squabble with Bauldy brought us some notoriety, and the taking his sweetheart from him, too, was held to be a complete triumph, and, in strict accordance with poetical justice, for 'None but the *brave* deserve the fair.' But conscious of no great merit, either in the one case or the other, we quietly pocketed the compliments and congratulations that were offered us, and gave ourselves very little concern about the matter, having got something else to think of—so we tried to persuade ourselves. The truth is, that although we were certain that as yet we had not got our death "frac twa blue een," yet we strongly suspected that we had at least caught a wound from "twa lovely een o' bonnie blue." This we should willingly have concealed from even ourselves, for we pretended to look upon it as a weakness to allow any impression whatever to take such a firm hold of our mind, that an ordinary effort could not shake it off. But it would not do. The more we struggled, the more did this same tender feeling cling to us. We felt abstracted in company, fond of musing, of solitary wandering, and continual pondering on the same subject. In a word, any one with a particle of discernment might have seen that "the sweet youth was in love." We tried to reason, to ridicule ourselves out of this mumping, moping frame of mind, but all to no purpose. Then came the sage conclusion, "Well, if we have got a scratch, it is not the first time (we were wrong though, we only thought so). This bonny muirhen of ours has not escaped altogether skaithe free; shy as she is, she will yet give us another chance, and then, spite of her witching glance and winning smile, we'll find her neither better nor worse than an ordinary woman; so 'swith away' all this silly, whining feeling; we're too odd a 'sparrow to be caught with chaff.'" Bravo, Aelic!

Some two or three weeks passed away in this half-misty, half-sunshiny state of mind, during which we kept as much out of company as possible; not that we shut ourselves up—far from it; on the contrary, every hour we could spare was spent in taking "daunderings" into the country, especially—must we confess it?—in the direction of Pirly-hill, for somehow or other we thought a sight of the house did us good. Seeing that nine days—the allotted time for a wonder to last—were past, we thought we might safely venture to the kirk. During the time of the sermon, as we were taking a casual peep about us, who should we see but our Mary sitting at some distance from us. A look of kindly recognition was instantly exchanged; but, thinking the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon us, our faces were instantly buried in our hands. We cannot very well say how it was, but after this it so happened, that at certain times, such as the rising up or sitting down of the congregation, our eyes met exactly at the same moment, but in such a way that even a close observer would have pronounced it to have been by chance. But, chance or not, we felt every one of those speaking glances, in the words of the old song, "gae to our heart wi' a twang." Henceforward, so long as we remained in the place, the minister himself did not attend church more regularly than we did. Practice, it has been said, leads to perfection, and we firmly believe it does, for it was wonderful how soon we learned to convey a world of meaning in the silent language of a rapid, hurrying glance—silent did we say? no words are half so expressive, half so eloquent, in matters of love! Robert Burns, with more than even his usual felicity, admits the force, in many of his best lyrics, of this kind of language; and every one conversant with it knows well that words may deceive, but looks never; in short, that is the language of nature for expressing every tender and endearing emotion.

We have said that we made great progress in understanding each other in our own way. Then it came about that we met in the entry (porch) leading to the church-door at the dismissal of the congregation, and were half jostled and squeezed together—all by chance again, of course. Then, by and by, in those same very agreeable crushes, we found her hand locked in ours, by chance, too; and in this way, with faces averted, and seemingly unconcerned, looking at this or at the other thing, we were carried to the door with the crowd, a gentle squeeze of the fingers, and the slightest possible pressure in return, as much as to say, "all right, made us (i. e., me) the happiest being in existence for days afterwards.

However, pleasant and encouraging as all this was, still it was silent. Accordingly we resolved to speak, at all hazards; but how to do so was the question. We tried once or twice to make up to Mary as we left the church-door, but she guessed our intention, and went off like an arrow to join some member of her family, or some acquaintance. We tried to slip a few lines into her hand, requesting an interview, but this was rejected, and pressed back into our own, which almost drove us mad, and set us to ponder on what appeared so much inconsistency. After making due allowance for maidenly modesty and that natural reserve which is the greatest charm

a young woman possesses, at times we almost convinced ourselves that we had fallen in with a consummate flirt, who was practising her arts at the expense of our simplicity. "If this is her object," we thought, "she shall find herself sadly mistaken: neither she nor any woman born shall keep us dangling at her tail, to use us as she likes and when she likes. Affection we can requite with affection, be it ever so strong, but we have none to bestow where there is not something of the same kind in return. It becomes us to make the first advance, and to follow it up for a time; but if our addresses are met coldly, or if our object is to be gained by sheer importunity—kneeling, protesting, swearing, ranting about "flames," and "darts," "icy bosoms," and all that—no woman shall have to complain for any great length of time of our intrusion. No, no, the flame must be mutual, not all on one side, or it shall not burn—at all with us; ay, and if any woman attempts to impose upon us, she may perhaps, find that two can play at the same game.

The bare suspicion that we were made a dupe of would have gone far to cure us, if we could have staid away from church; but to the church we must go, to show (was this all, fair ladies?) that we were not afraid of being trifled with, forsooth. But a look put all suspicion out of sight; every little action on her part seemed so natural, so artless, so genuine, that our chains became more firmly rivetted than they were before. There was one way we knew well would have procured us a private interview, namely, by going directly to Pirly-hill any evening, and stopping an hour or two with the family; but this, for many reasons, we could not venture upon. In the first place, it would have been the whole talk of the parish for a month, a thing we abhorred, for in love—that is, where the affections are engaged—the secrecy of it is half its beauty, at least so it appeared to us. In the next place, we knew that we should be subjected to hints and questions from the old folks, which, in present circumstances, we should have been not altogether willing to answer. Then, again, we looked on love as a very commonplace affair, unless it was so contrived as in some way to throw a little romance into it. Then, to be be-praised, put forward, "wheedled," if we chanced to be a favourite with "faither an' mither, sisters an' brithers," and to be "glunched" at, "snashed" at, sneered at, if we were not. Oh, patience, patience! thou universal remedy for every ailment, fret and fume as we may, to thee we must have recourse at last. Our stock of this virtue was never very great at any time, and in this instance was exhausted to the very dregs; still we doated on, loved on, hoped on.

At length the mist began to clear away, and our prospects accordingly brightened up. It came about in this way. A sewing-school was kept within a few doors of our lodgings in the village, which was attended by several girls from the country. As they could not go home to their "meals," each of them brought a bit o' bread and cheese, or something of that sort, with her, and four or five of them left these with our landlady until the "interval." These "bread-and-butter-misses," as a late noble poet would have called them, and ourselves, very soon got on easy terms.

In good time for us, a younger member of the family at Piry-hill was sent to this sewing-school, a nice girl of twelve or thirteen. She was very shy and modest at first, but before she had been many days at school, she became as mad a romp as the best of them, and, of course, a favorite with us. We had a volume of songs, which she took a particular fancy for, and asked the loan of it. After some "haggling," we told her that we should make her a present of it, and take it to Piry-hill ourselves, provided she would promise to come out some night, and bring her sister along with her to receive it. She said little at the time, but the next day the sly thing took an opportunity of telling us in private that she would do as we had asked, naming an early evening, and hour and place of meeting. There is perseverance rewarded at last! we thought; but what a world of time will the intervening hours occupy. However, although they did not hurry themselves in the least for us, they did slip past, as they usually do, and long before the time appointed on the night in question we were at our post. At length two figures appeared, which made us feel put about, and yet, after all, it was only that agitation which makes the swelling heart play "pitie-patie." There was a good deal of embarrassment on both sides; but the presence of little Maggie kept all right so long as she stopped with us, which, however, was not long, for the little gipsy knew well enough what was what, and, pretending to see that all was quiet "about the house," left us. We could do no less than see what had become of her. In passing, we noticed the door of an out-house standing invitingly open, and proposed to step in for a "quiet crack;" but no! A little force is sometimes needful with refractory people, and a little force was used. In accordingly we both went, and sat down on a "bottle" of straw, also with a little persuasive force. Well, what next? "Never felt so embarrassed in our life—never. Should have given the world for the use of our tongue;" but it seemed to be tied up. We sat for a minute or two in silence, until the very awkwardness of our situation made us both burst into a fit of laughter. This broke the spell; and, long before morning, she would have passed her word for us that we were not "longue-tackit." We had much coyness and modesty to contend with, for, until then, we believe that she never had "kept company" with a "lad" (lad, lover) in such a place in her life before; but, in spite of these obstacles, we never passed a few hours so agreeably with any human being; and, long before we parted,

"I ken'd her heart was a' my ain,
I loved her maist sincerely,
An' kiss'd her owre an' owre again,
Among the rigs o' barley,"

or rather in a place fully as comfortable in a cold night as the "rigs o' barley." The parting hour came on a good deal faster than it was wished, and we separated with, "happy to meet, sorry to part, but happy, happy, to meet again."

(To be continued.)

Talent is the lion and the serpent; Genius is the eagle and the dove.

Prudence is rightly symbolized with three eyes, regarding the past, present, and future.

TELLE EST LA VIE.

A mimic world is found in me,
Of storm and sunshine, land and sea;
Come, let us read the mystery:
An ocean sleeps within my side,
Like to the sea's o'erwhelming tide;
The breast from which its muffled roar
Is echoed back, is as the shore
Which marks its barriers; each emotion,
The gentle winds that stir the ocean;
And pleasure, like a placid day,
Bids its vexed billows tranquil lay.

2.

But Passion comes:—Its surges rise
Like waves that bound to meet the skies,
When the rude tempest fitfully
Pours its wild fury on the sea.
The tide which lay so late at rest,
Roars like a torrent in my breast,
Whose headlong waters seem to roll
In wild career above my soul,
And reason, like a bark astray,
Founders upon the stormy way.

3.

And should the skies again grow fair,
Yet, what a scene of woe is there!
Love unrequited, feelings torn,
Like weeds upon the wild waves borne:
The thoughts of happiness o'erthrown,
Like clouds across the welkin blown,
While hopes that are to float no more,
Like wrecks are cast upon the shore.
Oh! tho' the tempests breath hath died,
'Tis long before the waves subside!

"ERRO."

THE VINEGAR PLANT.

A few years ago, the attention of domestic circles began to be aroused by the reported introduction "from India" of a wonderful plant, possessed of the property of converting treacle and other saccharine fluids into excellent table vinegar. This rumour created an inquiry after the plant by thrifty housewives; and the excitement subsequently produced by the frequent suggestion of the subject at dinner-parties, led to the speedy diffusion of the vinegar-plant as a useful, we might almost add, indispensable article in private families. Nor was this retarded by the reports promulgated by some mischievous botanists, that the use of vinegar so produced would insure the development of vinegar-plants in the stomach!

The vinegar-plant does not exhibit any of those peculiarities which our ordinary ideas associate with a *plant*. It may be described as a tough, gelatinous substance, of a pale-brownish colour; and to nothing can it be more appropriately com-

pared than to a piece of boiled tripe. It is usually placed in a small jar containing a solution of sugar, treacle (golden syrup), and water; and after being allowed to remain for six or eight weeks in a kitchen cupboard, or other warm situation, the solution is found to be converted into vinegar, this change being due to a kind of fermentation caused by the plant. While this change is going on, the further development of the plant proceeds; it divides into two distinct layers, which in course of time would again increase in size and divide, and so on, each layer being suitable for removing to a separate jar for the production of vinegar. The layers may also be cut into separate pieces for the purpose of propagating more freely. The solution necessarily causes the vinegar to be of a syrupy nature; but not to such an extent as to communicate a flavor to it; when evaporated to dryness, a large quantity of saccharine matter is left.

When this remarkable production was brought before the notice of scientific men, it was difficult to form an opinion respecting it. The microscope showed it to have an organized structure; but its peculiar character, and its remarkable *mode of life*, differed entirely from any other known production. It has been instrumental, however, in opening up a new field of inquiry, and recent investigations show that it is not a solitary form of organic life.

The vinegar-plant has been assigned a place in the large and obscure order of fungi. It is, in fact, a familiar species of mould, but in a peculiar stage of development. Dr. Lindley and most other botanists regard it as the *Penicillium glaucum* (Greville).

It must not be supposed that what is usually called the vinegar-plant is always the mycelium of *Penicillium glaucum*. There may be many distinct species which assume the form when placed under the required conditions, and all of them may have the power of producing vinegar.

Mould of various kinds, when placed in syrup, shows the same tendency as the vinegar-plant to form a flat, gelatinous, or leathery expansion. This is well shewn by Professor Balfour, in a paper recently laid before the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, "On the Growth of various kinds of Mould in Syrup." The results of his experiments are as follows:—

I. Some mould that had grown on an apple was put into syrup on 5th March 1851, and in the course of two months afterwards there was a cellular, flat, expanded mass formed, while the syrup was converted into vinegar. Some of the original mould was still seen on the surface, retaining its usual form.

II. Mould obtained from a pear was treated in a similar way at the same time; the results were similar. So also with various moulds obtained from bread, tea, and other vegetable substances, the effect being in most cases to cause fermentation, which resulted in the production of vinegar.

III. On 8th November 1850, a quantity of raw sugar, treacle, and water, was put into a jar, without any mould or other substance being introduced; it was left untouched till 5th March 1851, when, on being examined, it was found that a growth like that of the vinegar-plant had formed, and vinegar was produced, as in the other experi-

ments. The plant was removed into a jar of fresh syrup, and again the production of vinegar took place.

IV. Other experiments showed, that when the syrup is formed from purified white sugar alone, the vinegar is not produced so readily, the length of time required for the changes varying from four to six months. There may possibly be something in the raw sugar and treacle which tends to promote the acetous change.

The professor exhibited specimens of the different kinds of mould to the meeting, some in syrup of different kinds, and others in the vinegar which had been formed. Several members of the society expressed their opinions on the subject. Dr. Greville remarked that he had no doubt of the vinegar-plant being an abnormal state of some fungus. It was well known that some fungi, in peculiar circumstances, present most remarkable forms; and Dr. Greville instanced the so-called genus *Myconema* of Fries, as well as the genus *Ozonium*. Even some of the common toad-stools, or *Agarics*, present anomalous appearances, such as the absence of the pileus, &c., in certain instances. The remarkable appearances of dry-rot in different circumstances are well known. Although syrup, when left to itself, will assume the acetous form, still there can be no doubt but the presence of the plant promotes and expedites the change. Professor Simpson observed, that the changes in fungi may resemble the alternation of generations so evident in the animal kingdom, as noticed by Steenstrup and others. In the *Medusæ* there are remarkable changes of form, and there is also the separation of buds, resembling the splitting of the vinegar-plant. Mr. Embleton remarked, that in the neighbourhood of Embleton, in Northumberland, every cottager uses the plant for the purpose of making vinegar.

From the account we have given of the vinegar-plant, it will be seen that the numerous reports as to its introduction from India and other distant climes are probably without foundation. Whatever may be the history of individual specimens, certain it is that the plant in question is a native production. It will also be seen by those acquainted with botanical investigations, that the great difficulty in arriving at correct conclusions respecting the plant, was the absence of properly developed examples. We still want investigations as to the species which undergo this remarkable development. The recent researches of the Rev. Mr. Berkeley and others show that the fungi, above all other plants, are pre-eminent for abnormal variation.

We ought to observe, that the remarkable mode of propagation possessed by the vinegar-plant—in the absence of reproductive organs—by means of dividing into laminae, is quite in accordance with the merismatic division by which many of the lower *algæ* propagate.—*Chambers' Journal*.

THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS.

In reading of the recent excursions which our aspiring neighbour, the president of the French republic, has been making throughout France, our eye is caught by the word "Agen," the name of one of the towns at which he halted. In that

place, situated on the Garonne, about a day's voyage south of Bordeaux, there lives a man commonly called the Last of the Troubadours—a peasant-poet, writing for Languedoc and Provence—a man who sings and speaks and writes in the provincial language or *patois* of the surrounding district, but in such a way as has made him enthusiastically welcomed all over the south of France. The name of this man is Jacques Jasmin. He is a hairdresser, keeping a little shop in Agen. He is about fifty-one years of age, strong, vivacious, frank, full of passionate energy, entertaining the utmost confidence in his own powers, but using them with the greatest good sense relatively both to their management and to the objects and manner of their employment. While we know that he is really popular to an extent of which we in our staid England can hardly form a conception; that his songs and poems are in the mouths of the countrymen who labour in the fields or sit by the firesides; that when he recites before assemblies of perhaps 2000 people, the ladies tear the flowers and feathers out of their bonnets to weave them into garlands for him; we know, likewise—and this is the most remarkable thing of all—that he has a rule of diligent labour, of revision and correction, which he follows as conscientiously as if his taste and principle had been fashioned in a classical school. Two volumes of his poems have been translated into modern French, and are printed side by side with the originals; and to these a third has recently been added, which contains several things particularly worthy of note.

Through the kindness of a friend, some of his more recent pieces have reached us, and it is clear that he continues to improve. He is in every way, in so far as we can understand him, a very singular specimen of the poet of the people. An inability to enter into other nationalities than our own, may prevent our rating him quite so high as his countrymen say he deserves; but we certainly do see that his plan of operation is a rare, a striking, and a most effective one. He stands in the exceedingly odd position of a troubadour and a classic combined. Though professing to disdain extempore effusions, he is both quick and clever at them; but for nothing in the world will he forego the delight of doing all the justice to his favorite subjects that the most elaborate and careful treatment can enable him to render. His are no "touch-and-go" compositions. He tells the story of the people in fictions so exquisitely true, so replete with beauty, yet so familiar and peasant-like, that we can recall nothing similar to these compositions in the whole round of popular poetry. Crabbe may be as genuine and hearty—and there are among his poems some, of which Jasmin often reminds us—but Crabbe was the priest of the parish, and painted from an eminence; while Jasmin stands in the crowd below, and sketches the groups among which he mingles.

Jasmin knows nothing of ancient rules, yet he is as severe as any master of antiquity in self-judgment. Still more strange is it, that this Poet of the Peasants has never disdained his original profession, but continues as usual to lather and shave the chins of his countrymen, and to dress the ladies' hair. More strange yet, he refuses all pay for his recitations. The simple announcement of his name is enough to draw immense audiences,

and his appearance excites an enthusiasm, compared with which that of a London crowd for Jenny Lind, is described as cold and faint. When he is on one of his missions, undertaken for religious or charitable purposes, he does not refuse to scatter impromptus in return for hospitality and compliments; but not for the best of objects will he permanently degrade his art. He will give out to the public at large only what he has carefully designed and matured. A sketch of one of his poems, entitled *Crazy Martha*, may give some idea of the subjects in which he most delights, and his manner of treating them.

Martha was a poor girl, well known in the town of Agen as having thirty years on public charity: one whom, as Jasmin says, we little rogues teased whenever she went out to get her small empty basket filled. For thirty years, we saw that poor idiot woman holding out her hand for our alms. When she went by, we used to say: "Martha must be hungry, she is going out!" We knew nothing about her, yet everybody loved her. But the children, who have no mercy, and laugh at everything sad, used to call out: "Martha! a soldier!" and then Martha, who dreaded soldiers, used to run away. So much for fact; but now comes the question: "Why did she run away?" Jasmin, he says, sat himself down to answer this question, at some thoughtful moment when the image of the poor maiden, graceful even in rags, presented itself to him; and after having diligently sought out her previous history through a number of channels, the result was the following relation:

It was a beautiful day, and the clear pure waters of the river Lot were murmuring on their banks, when a young girl walked up by its side with a disturbed and anxious look. In the next town, the young men of the village were engaged in balloting for the conscription. The young girl had a lover there; her fate was entwined with his; and her whole aspect shewed how deep and heartfelt was her anxiety. In her heart she prayed, but she could not keep still. This maiden was Martha. Another girl, too, was there; she also had trouble in her eye, but not profound like Martha's. This was Annette, a neighbour's daughter. The two girls talked together of their doubts and fears, but each in her own way. At length, Annette took alarm at her friend's intensity of anxiety. She endeavoured to soothe her: "Take courage; it is noon, we shall soon know; but you are trembling like a reed. Your look frightens me. If James should be chosen, would it kill you?" "I don't know, indeed," replied Martha. Forthwith, Annette begins to remonstrate: "Surely you would not be so foolish as to die of love—*men* never do—why should women? If my young man, Joseph, were to be drawn, I should be very sorry; but I should never think of such a thing as dying for him."

So the loving and the light young maidens go on discoursing. The drum is heard at a distance; it draws nearer; it announces the return of those who have been fortunate enough to escape. Now, which of these two girls will have the happiness of beholding her beloved? Not Martha, alas! The thoughtless, gay, joyous Annette is to be the favored one, for Joseph is there among the youths who have drawn the fortunate number. As for James, he is drawn, and he must go. A

fortnight afterwards, Annette, who would have been so easily comforted, is married; and James takes his sorrowing farewell of poor Martha. If war spares him, he promises to return with a whole heart to her. So ends the first part or canto of the piece.

The second begins: the month of May returns again; and it is painted only as the southern poets can paint it—how often in the troubadour songs do such pictures as these return?—

May, sweet May, again is come,
May, that fills the land with bloom;
On the laughing hedgerows' side
She hath spread her treasures wide.
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody.

Sing ye, join the chorus gay,
Hail this merry, merry May!
Up, then, children! let us go
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see, &c.

But in the midst of all this happiness, poor Martha sings her sad song alone:—"The swallows are come back; my own two birds are come to their own old nest. No one has separated them as we have parted. How bright and pretty they are! and round their necks they wear the little bit of ribbon which James tied upon them when they pecked the golden grains out of our clasped hands."

Poor Martha! she sings and complains, sick at heart and ill in body; for a slow fever has come upon her, and she seems to be dying. Just at that juncture, a kind old friend, guessing the cause of her decline, does a beneficent act with a view to her restoration. He sells a vine, gives her the money, and with this commencement of a fund, Martha labours incessantly, hoping to get the means of buying her lover's freedom. Her kind friend dies: this is discouraging; but still she proceeds. She sells the dwelling he had bequeathed to her, and runs with the money to the priest of the village.

"Monsieur le Curé," she says, "I have brought you the whole sum. Now you can write: buy his liberty, I beseech you; only do not tell him who has obtained it. Oh, I know full well that he will guess who it is; but still do not name me, nor feel any fear about me, for I can work on till he comes. Quickly, good, dear sir—quickly bring him back." Thus the second part closes.

The third begins:—Now comes the difficulty of a search for the missing lover; for in the time of the Emperor's great wars, it was no easy matter to follow out the career of a conscript. The kind priest was skilful enough in his own field: he could hunt out a sinner in his sin, and bring him back to the fold, but to find a nameless soldier in the midst of an army—one who had not been heard of for three years—was another thing. However, no pains were spared. Time went on, and still Martha worked to replace part of what she had expended, and to have something more to bestow. The news of her persevering love was spread abroad, and everybody loved and sympathised with her. Garlands were hung on her door, and little presents against her bridal were prepared by the maidens. Above all, Annette was kind and eager. Thus every one considered her as be-

trothed, and the marriage only waiting for the bridegroom. At length, one Sunday morning after mass, the good priest produced a letter: it was from James. It told that he had received the gift of freedom; that he was coming the next Sunday. Not a word was said of his real deliverer. Having been left in the village a foundling, his notion was, that his mother had at length made herself known, and done this kind action. He exulted in the thought.

The week passes away, and after mass the whole population of the village awaits his coming, the good priest at their head, and Martha, poor Martha, by his side. The view which our poet gives of the scene—of the village road—of the expecting parties, is in the highest degree beautiful and artistic. All on a sudden, at the distant turn in the road two figures are seen approaching—two soldiers: the tall one, there can be no doubt about; it is James, and how well he looks! He is grown, he is more manly, more formed by far than when he went away; but the other, who can it be? It is more like a woman than a man, though in soldier's clothes; and a foreigner too—how beautiful and graceful she is; yes, it is a *cantinière*. A woman with James! Who can it be? Martha's eyes rest on her—sadly, and with a deathlike fixedness; and even the priest and the people are dumb. Just at that moment, James sees his old love. Trembling and confused, he stops. The priest can no longer be silent. "James, who is that woman?" and trembling like a culprit, he answers: "My wife, monsieur—I am married." A wild cry issues from the crowd—it is Martha's; but she neither weeps nor sighs: it is a burst of frantic laughter—thenceforth her reason is gone for ever.

This is the touching story which Jasnin has elaborated from the idea of poor crazy Martha. We have sketched it as a fair specimen of his manner of dealing with a suggestive fact; but in truth one grand charm can in no way be made known to the English reader. Reading his poems through the medium of a French translation, printed side by side with the original, we cannot but see how condensed and expressive is Provençal. It has been well defined as "an ancient language, which has met with ill-fortune." During the twelfth century—from 1150 to 1220—it had reached a high degree of perfection, having been the first of those to which the Latin gave birth after the inroads of barbarism. You find in it a mixture of Spanish, Italian, and Latin. This first-formed modern tongue was violently arrested in its progress at the commencement of the thirteenth century in the wars of the Albigenes. There was no political centre, however, in the land of its birth, and it fell into disuse, and became merely a patois. Jasnin has imposed on himself the singular task of using this language, not exactly as now spoken in any one place, but as it was written in its purer times; and wherever he goes, he is understood, even by the Catalonians. Sometimes he brings up an ancient word, and sometimes coins one of immediate affinity to the old, but always with discretion and good sense. An amusing anecdote of him has been recorded lately. During one of his poetical wanderings in the south, it seems he was challenged by an enthusiastic patois rhymist to a round of three

subjects in twenty-four hours; both poets to be under lock and key for that space. This is the answer of our troubadour:—

“Sir,—I received only yesterday, on the eve of my departure, your poetic challenge; but I must say, that had it come to me at ever so opportune a moment, I should not have accepted it. What, sir! you propose to my Muse, who delights in air and liberty, the confinement of a close room, guarded by sentinels, where she is to treat of three given subjects in twenty-four hours! Three subjects in the space of twenty-four hours! You terrify me! Allow me to inform you, in all humility, that the Muse you are for placing in so dangerous a predicament, is too old to yield more than two or three verses a day. My five principal poems [they are here named] cost me twelve years’ labor, and they do not amount in all to 2400 couplets. The chances, you see, are not equal. Your Muse will have performed her triple task before mine, poor thing, has found herself ready to begin.

“I dare not, then, enter the lists with you; the steed which drags my car painfully along, and yet comes at last to its journey’s end, is no match for a railway carriage. The art which produces verses, one by one, cannot enter into combination with mechanism. My Muse, therefore, declares herself conquered beforehand, and I fully authorise you to register the fact.

“I have the honor to be, sir, yours,
“JACQUES JASMIN.

“P.S.—Now that you know the *Muse*, please to know the *Man*. I love glory; but never did the success of others disturb my repose.”—*Chambers’ Journal*.

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THE LITTLE ANGELS.

Earth, thou art lovely, but brighter far
The land for which in our dreams we sigh,
Shining beyond the evening star
In light unlooked on by waking eye;
Where spirits shake from their wings sublime
The dripping spray of the tide of Time.

2.

O, blighted hearts in this world of care,
Pale outcasts trowden beneath our feet,
May beam in glorious radiance there,
Where the pure in heart find a welcome sweet:
And things which now wear a golden gleam,
Be dross in the land of which we dream.

3.

’Tis the land to which from the harbour, earth,
All life, like ships on the wide, wide sea,
A gallant fleet, loose their sails at birth,
And steer their course for eternity:
And many attain that smiling shore,
And many founder to rise no more.

4.

And some there are, little souls so light,
Earth’s cold attractions cannot them keep;
Who rise distilled to the starry height,
Like exhalations from that great deep:
Springing like pale Aurora’s fire
Straight to the zenith of their desire.

5.

Taken away like the morning snow,
Pure, undefiled by the storms of even;
Gathered like buds unburst, to blow
In light serene at the gate of heaven;
The little angels, whose tender feet
For time’s rude travel were all unmeet.

6.

O, father! gazing with fevered eye
Upwards towards those starry spheres;
O, mother! striving unseen to dry
That bitter fountain, a mother’s tears;
Was it not thus with the gentle one
Who left thee with the declining sun?

7.

Lifted gently from earth’s cold breast,
Ere fleshly longings had found a name;
Ere sound of knowledge the lip confessed,
Or aught save tears from the soft eye came;
Like Memnon’s statue voice to emit
First, when heaven’s glory lighteth it.

8.

These are they who have known no sin,
Save having sprung from a sinning tree;
And Christ’s atonement shall let them in
Through those bright gates with a welcome
free;
And joy celestial, unmixed with pain,
Shall hail the wanderers home again.

9.

Ye little cherubs! how oft beside
Thy couch of anguish, while here below,
Have we all tenderly, vainly tried
To keep thee when thou hast turned to go;
And deemed it almost a sin to stay
The spirit that fain would flee away.

10.

Thy silent sufferings we have seen,
And fain around thee an arm had thrown,
But felt that a greater stood between,
And claimed the seraph no more our own;
And veiled our eyes as the treasure lent,
Back to the God who gave it, went.

11.

I cannot weep when an infant dies :

Ah! mourner, turn from the little bier;
To the high heavens rear thine eyes,
Thy tender loved one is there—not here ;
It came and found thee too prone to stay,
And went before thee to show the way.

12.

O! weep not for it, lift up thy head,
Thy tears are wasted—thy grief mis-spent ;
Go—follow on where thy babe hath led,
As humble, childlike, and penitent ;
And study here to inherit well
The world where the little angels dwell.

“ERRA.”

A CORNISH CHURCH-YARD BY THE
SEVERN SEA.

PERHAPS there is no county in all Great Britain less known to the bulk even of the more intelligent portion of the community than Cornwall. Its geographical position has hitherto isolated it, and it will probably be very long ere railways introduce any material alteration either in the character of the people or in the aspect of the land. The knowledge of Cornwall popularly diffused in England, usually amounts to this—that it is a desolate peninsula, barren and treeless; that it contains inexhaustible mines, extending far under the sea; that its miners and peasantry speak a *patois*, quite unintelligible to the people of any other part of England; that it boasts a St. Michael's Mount and a Land's End; and that its natives have, from time immemorial, enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of being merciless *wreckers*, devoid of the milk of human kindness. How unmerited this last stigma is, as applied to modern Cornishmen, the anecdotes we have to relate will sufficiently indicate.

The church of the remote village of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, is close on the Severn Sea, and the vicar's glebe is bounded by stern rifted cliffs, 450 feet high. Orkney or Shetland itself, perhaps, does not contain a more wild and romantic place than Morwenstow. “Nothing here but doth suffer a sea-change.” Fragments of wreck everywhere attest the nature of the coast. If an unfortunate vessel is driven by a north-west or a south-west gale within the Horns of Hartland and Padstow Points, God help her hapless crew! for she is doomed to certain destruction. Along the whole coast there is no harbour of refuge—nothing but iron rocks. Here the roar of the ocean is incessant, and in stormy weather appalling. Mighty waves then fling themselves against the giant cliffs, and bursting with thundering crash, send their spray in salt-showers over the land. The life led by the dwellers near these solitary cliffs can be but dimly imagined by the inhabitants of inland cities. During the long dark nights of winter, they listen between the fierce bursts of the tempest, expecting every moment to hear the cry of human agony, from the crew of some foundering bark, rise above the wild laugh of the waves; and when morning breaks, they descend to the rugged beach, not knowing whether they may not find it strewn with wrecks and corpses. So tremendous is the power of the sea on this particular part of the coast, that insulated masses of rock, from ten to twenty tons in weight, are frequently uplifted and hurled about the beach. Whatever stigma once attached to the people of the coast as wreckers, who allured people to destruction, or plundered and murdered the helpless crews cast ashore, a character the very reverse may most justly be claimed by the existing generation. Their conduct in all cases of shipwreck is admirable, and nobly do they second the exertions of their amiable and gifted pastor, the Rev. R. S. Hawker, whose performance of his arduous duties is appreciated far beyond the boundaries of old Cornwall.

Many a startling legend of shipwreck can the worthy vicar tell you; and he will shew you at his vicarage, five figure-heads of ships, and numerous other melancholy relics of his “flotsam and jetsam” searches along the coast of his parish. In his *escritoire* are no less than fifty or sixty letters of thanks, addressed to him by the relatives of mariners whose mortal remains he has rescued from the sea, and laid side by side, to rest in the hallowed earth of his church-yard. Let us visit this church-yard with him, and we shall see objects not seen every day “among the tombs”; and hear stories which, melancholy as they are, give us reason proudly to own the men of Cornwall as our fellow-countrymen.

Not to speak of the numerous scattered single graves of drowned sailors, three entire crews of ships here rest together. Nearly all their corpses were found by the vicar in person, who, with his people, searched for them among the rocks and tangled sea-weed, when the storms had spent their fury; and here they received at his benevolent hands solem and befitting Christian sepulture. As a local paper well remarked at the time:—“Strangers as they were, receiving their last resting-place from the charity of the inhabitants upon whose coast they were thrown, they have not been piled one upon another, in a common pit, but are buried side by side, each in his own grave. This may seem a trifle; but reverence for the remains of the departed is a Christian virtue, and is associated with the most sublime and consolatory doctrines of our holy religion. They who thus honor the dead, will seldom fail in their duty to the living.” We cordially echo this sentiment.

At the foot of one group of graves stands the figure-head of the *Caledonia*, with dirk and shield. The gallant crew sleep well beneath its shade! The *Caledonia* was a Scotch brig, belonging to Arbroath, and was wrecked about ten years ago. Fast by, repose the entire crew of the *Alonzo*, and near the mounds which mark their resting-place is a boat, keel uppermost, and a pair of oars crosswise. Full of melancholy suggestiveness are these objects, and the history the vicar tells us fully realises what we should anticipate from seeing them in a church-yard. The *Alonzo* was a large schooner belonging to Stockton-on-Tees, and came down this coast on her voyage from Wales to Hamburg with a cargo of iron.

Off Morwenstow, she encountered a fearful storm, and despite every effort of seamanship, drove within the fatal "Points."

"Plot! they say when tempests rave,
Dark Cornwall's sons will haunt the main,
Watch the wild wreck, but not to save!"

Her race is run—deep in the sand
She yields her to the conquering wave;
And Cornwall's sons—they fire the strand—
Rush they to plunder?—No, to save!¹

But, alas! no effort of "dark Cornwall's sons" could now avail. The captain of the *Alonzo*, a stern, powerful man, is supposed to have been overmastered by his crew in the awful excitement when impending destruction became a dread certainty. At any rate, he and they took to their boat, and forsook the wreck. What a moment was this for the spectators! For a few fleeting minutes, all was breathless suspense—the boat now riding on the crests of the mad billows, now sinking far down in their mountainous hollows. One moment, it is seen bravely bearing its living freight—the next, drifting shoreward, swamped! Hark! a terrible cry of despair echoes over the raging billows: it is the blended death-cry of the perishing mariners. Captain and crew, nine in number, all were lost, and all are now sleeping side by side in their last long home, with their boat rotting over their heads. One of the owners of the vessel posted to Morwenstow to identify the bodies of the crew. This was done chiefly by comparing the initials on their clothes and on their skins with the ship's articles which were cast ashore. One of the crew was a young Dane, a remarkably noble-looking fellow, six feet two in height. On his broad chest was tattooed the Holy Rood—a cross with our Saviour on it, and his mother and St. John standing by. On his stalwart arm was an anchor and the initials of his name, "P. B."—which on the ship's list was entered Peter Benson. Three years after his burial the vicar received, through a Danish consul, a letter of inquiry from the parents of this ill-fated mariner in Denmark. They had traced him to the *Alonzo*, had heard of her wreck, and were anxious to know what had become of his remains. His name was Bengstein, and he was engaged to be married to his Danish *Pige*, or sweetheart, on his return home. Poor *Pige of Denmark!* Never more will thy lover return to claim thee as his bride. Thy gallant sailor rests from all his wanderings in a solitary church-yard in a foreign land. In heaven thou mayest meet him again—on earth, never!

Another anecdote related by the vicar deeply affected us. The brig *Hero*, from Liverpool to London, drove in sight of Morwenstow Cliffs in a terrible storm, and drifted towards Bude, a small dry haven to the southward. Her crew unhappily took to their boat, were immediately capsized, of course, and every soul perished. The ship itself drove ashore at Bude, with the fire still burning in her cabin. They found in one of her berths a Bible—a Sunday-school reward. A leaf was folded down, and a passage marked with ink *not long dry*. It was the 33d chapter of Isaiah, and the 21st, 22d,

and 23d verses. There was a piece of writing-paper between the leaves, whereon the owner of the Bible had begun to copy the passage!

And who was he who possessed sufficient nerve and presence of mind to quote this striking passage of Holy Writ when on the very brink of eternity—conscious, as he must have been, that there was hardly a shadow of hope that he would escape the fate which actually befell him almost immediately afterwards? He was a poor sailor-lad of seventeen, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. A letter from her was also found in his berth. His body was cast ashore near Morwenstow.

The wreck of the *Hero* occurred about a year prior to that of the *Caledonia* of Arbroath before mentioned. One man was saved from the latter vessel, and was the only mourner who attended the funeral-sermon preached by the vicar of Morwenstow after the interment of his messmates. On this occasion, the vicar took for his text the verses quoted by the sailor-boy, and every hearer wept.

We might go on with the reminiscences suggested by many a sailor's grave, but we have said enough to indicate what romantic and pathetic histories of real life are interwoven with this wild and solitary Cornish church-yard. Many a gallant mariner who has battled with the breeze of every clime, here calmly sleeps his last long watch; and with him are buried who shall say what hopes and loves of mourning friends and kindred?—*Chambers' Journal*.

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

CHAPTER I.

MELCHISEDEC! What a host of associations, guesses, dim, half-formed inquiries, start up to every biblical scholar, at the mention of his name! Around him hangs a veiling of mystery. One solitary and sublime appearance is all that is recorded of him. He steps in before Abraham in his return from the slaughter of the kings, presents him with bread and wine, and retires into a profound and mystic obscurity. Can we wonder that certain writers have ventured to conjecture that he was an avatar of some one person of the Godhead, for mysterious reasons, tabernacling in flesh? Reader, we are about to introduce you to the dwelling-place of this Melchisedec, king of Salem, "made like unto the Son of God." But tremble not; the man is mortal like thyself—like thyself a being of real flesh and blood.

It is the hour of noon in an Oriental clime. The sun is riding high in his watch tower, a burning plain around him in heaven, and the earth below shrinking from his glare, as a child does from a maniac's eye. The scene presented to the view is one of a singular and somewhat savage character. You are to suppose yourself in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, some of them clothed with patches of intense and exuberant vegetation but the majority standing bare in the sublimity of utter desolation. In the undulating and uneven valley lying within the circle of the mountains, you notice an eminence, studded with dwellings, and washed by a feeble brook, the murmur of which is just audible in the deep noontide still-

¹ "Belongs from Old Cornwall"; a beautiful little work by the Vicar of Morwenstow.

ness. Living creatures in the landscape there are few. Amid the sedge and brushwood which border the brook, you observe some sheep reposing rather than grazing, while their shepherd, overcome by the heat, is slumbering under the shade of a large willow, such as grow by the water-courses of the East. At the door of the largest house, on the summit of that gentle eminence, there stands an old man, who is looking southward, with earnest eyes, along the plain. A few blanched hairs stream around, a bold expanse of forehead. But it is not these alone which tell you that centuries or cycles of centuries, have passed over that head since it lay on a mother's breast. Look at that eye, dim with unutterable age, yet bright with a lustre such as it seems no age can darken—that eye which rolls as if impatient of an earthly socket, which is not the rapt eye of prophet, nor the eager gaze of angel, nor the deep and quiet eye of patriarch or sage, but which looks a chronicle of bygone time—a mirror of perished ages and worlds, and which seems to see the past and the future booming through the present. One long and waving garment covers his loins. A staff, cut, perhaps, from the antediluvian forests, is in his hands, and, leaning on it, he mutters, as he looks towards the south, lazy with sunshine, "Why carries Irad, the child of my adoption, whose motherless and fatherless childhood I watched and wept over—whose first and feeble steps I guided by the green pastures and the still waters—whose soul I led into the Temple of Truth—to whom I explained the mystery of the stars—who watched with me when I could not slumber, and whose golden hair lay on my lonely bosom; why carries Irad, beloved of Melchisedec's soul? Seven sun-risings have shone upon the Mount of Olives, and kissed Kedron's streams, since he, my beautiful, my erring son, turned his steps towards the cities of the plain. Surely I told him that, though Gomorrah's grapes were sweet, and Sodom's daughters comely, the Lord, the Jehovah of the flood, had a controversy with those cities of Belial. But he would not hearken to my voice, and he did not fear the rebuke of my countenance, at which Satan has trembled, and lo! he went out from the dwellings of Salem, and yet cometh not! Surely I have heard in the visions of the night a voice, forewarning me of this, and saying, 'Melchisedec, beware of him that eateth of thy bread and drinketh of thy cup, and is to thee even as a son. Is he not of Ham, and of Canaan the accursed? Is he not of the seed of the serpent? Verily, an enemy cast him at thy door.'" And the old man trembled as he spake; but, as he spake, a speck amid the blazing south becomes visible, and first assumes the figure of a man, shaped out amid the bright glimmer, and then the form, the face, the features of Irad, and, springing from the door, the fond father, by right of adoption, forgets his anger, while kissing the cheek, the brow, and eyes of him whom his soul loved—the young, the fair, the noble Irad, the staff of Melchisedec's age, the heir-apparent of his kingly throne, the inheritor of his unearthly lore and tremendous secrets.

"I have wandered, O, my father," said Irad, with a choked voice.

"But thou hast returned, my son. Jehovah hath brought thee to thy right mind; truly, I

feared that, once sucked, feeble straw, that thou art, into the gulf of Sodom's abominations, thy soul had become the prey of the destroyer. I feared for thee, my child, and I prayed for thee with unutterable groanings; but God heard my cry, and thou art again beside me." And the old man laid his hand on the head of the youth, and the youth wept much, and then there was silence in the dwelling.

"What hast thou seen, my son? Is it not even as I told you?"

And the young man answered, "Yea, father, thou art as though one did consult with the oracle of God: have patience with me, and I will tell you all. Thou knowest, my father, how often and how long I said unto thee, 'Let me go, I pray thee, and see the goodly land, whereof the herdsmen from the Jordan have told me, which is as the garden of God, well watered everywhere, and whereon stand the stately cities, the smoke of which thou showedst me from the top of Olivet. I am weary of seeing the sun rise and set on the same hills continually.' And thou saidst, 'Nay, my son, be such a thought far from thee: didst thou not hear me say that, yet a little while, and those cities, the cry of which had gone up to heaven, would be destroyed? Wouldst thou perish in the destruction of the cities? Go not, my son, I adjure thee by the Jehovah of the flood.' But I heard thee, O, my father, as one that heard thee not. I issued from thy dwelling as one who, in a dream, throws himself over a precipice. South-eastward, following the current of Kedron's waters, I went on, startling the snake amid the thick bushes, which stung me not, and rousing the lion from his secret lair, which looked sternly, but, without touching me, sprang farther into his thicket. At times I looked backward to the mountains which overhang Salem, and sighed, and wished to return. But meanwhile my feet, as if possessed by the demons, bare me onwards; and, after a little season, upon climbing a bold hill which overhung the Kedron, I saw Jordan rolling its waves through a waste of brushwood and sand, on its southward journey. I clapped my hands for joy, when I saw the stream, which is to this weary land as the rivers that run by Eden, and bore on them the shadows of angels, and were rippled by the voice of God speaking to Adam. And I stooped down, and I drank of the waters, and I cooled in them my burning brow, and, springing up again, like a lion from the swellings of Jordan, sped onwards still towards the city. Night came down upon me as I went, and I stumbled in that valley which is full of slime pits, but fell not. And as I came near the city, behold! it shone with lamps and torches, like the night when all the stars are travelling through the black heavens. And I wondered, O my father, for it was midnight, and thy lamp alone in Salem was wont to see that dark and silent hour. The gates of the city were open, and I went in with fear and trembling. For, as I passed through the streets, I saw men and women staggering in drunkenness, and I heard shoutings and singings, and surely there were some that cursed Jehovah by name, and others that cursed themselves, and others that cursed Abraham and thee, O father. And a band of the sons of Belial, mad with wine, met me, and lo! uplifted in their hands

a naked skeleton, and on its brow a scroll of red letters, 'Death,' and they sang and they shouted, 'This is our enemy, we have caught him, and we shall do to him what he hath done to many,' and they threw the skeleton, who had been one of themselves, into a mighty fire in the middle of the street, and they danced around it, and one stripped off his garments, and crying with a loud voice, 'He must not burn alone,' sprang into the fire, and the others laughed, and methought that the skeleton, from the midst of the flame, smiled horribly; but I saw no more, for fear gave me wings, and I fled very swiftly. And as I fled, I heard a high female voice shrieking out, '*Father, force me not!*' and other voices said, 'Let us to *hoar, this is hell,*' and one seemed to reply, 'The time is not come.' And one met me, and crying, 'Whither fleest thou?' grasped me by the hair and said, 'Thou must with me to the square of the city,' and I struggled, but he prevailed, and dragged me along, and I thought his hand was hot, as if it had passed across the red bars of a furnace. And lo! in the centre of the square, a great multitude of people, and in the midst of them a pit of boiling pitch, and many torches were around it, and by its brink stood three, one a fair female, and another, her brother, with locks yellow as gold, and a third, their father, with his thin grey hairs, flickering in the breath of the torches. And I heard a hoarse voice saying, 'Will you curse the Jehovah of the flood?' And they all said 'No;' and I saw them no more, for the ring closed nearer around them, and I heard them plunged into the pitch, and a shout, fierce and loud, arose up in the night, and I heard voices cry, 'Bring hither Lot, his wife, and daughters, that we do unto them likewise;' but others said, 'Not so, for he dwelleth quietly in the midst of us.' And now I found myself alone, for he that had brought me hither had left me, I knew not how nor where. And as I went along, I heard some saying to their neighbours, that a purpose was determined against the city, but they laughed and said, 'There shall be no more floods.' And I wandered here and there, till at the western gate of the city I met a very aged man. And he first stared curiously at me, by the glimmering light of the moon, just setting in the west, and then said, 'Whither goest thou, my son? Thou art surely a stranger in the city;' and I answered, 'Yea, father, I am, and weary with long wandering, would fain repose, though it were on a couch of straw.' And he said, 'Follow me;' and I followed the aged man. And after a certain time, he stopped at the door of a large and princely dwelling, and knocking thereat, it was opened by a young and lovely maiden."

CHAPTER II.

"Thou hast told a fearful tale, my Irad, and I thank God, who hath saved thee with a great deliverance from the mouth of destruction. But tell me more, I pray thee, for my heart panteth and trembleth for thy sake, as the wearied deer for the brooks of water."

"Father," said Irad, "the maiden who met me at the door was beautiful as the first star which came forth from the clouds of the flood upon the eye of Noah; like that star as it shone through

the scattering darkness, did her mild blue eye gleam through her raven locks. Her form was erect, yet bending, as that of a cedar bowing before the wind. Her brow was smooth, and high and white. She blushed as she saw me, a stranger, and I saw her small white hand tremble as it held the silver lamp, which showed me her beauty. And I, father, felt my cheek, too, burn as I gazed on her, for such loveliness had I never seen before, no, not in the visions of the night, when angels, as thou sayest, come to our beds, to look at us, the ruins of the fall, and to sow sweet thoughts, like flowers, upon them. She led our way into a chamber, large, and lighted with seven lamps, and then escaped from my sight. The old man next followed, but, after an hour's absence, returned to the chamber, and while he set bread and wine before me, I wondered as I gazed at him, with a great admiration. He seemed like to one whom I knew, but whose name I could not for a moment remember, till at last I found it was to thee, O, father. Yet, oh, his face was far otherwise than thine to behold, for below his bald forehead there shone eyes bright and fearful as those of the serpent, which looked at me as if they would devour me, body and soul. His teeth were all uprooted, save one, which seemed like the tusk of the wild boar. His face was darker far than thine, as if two suns had long shone on it. His beard hung down to his girdle, and was white as snow. His size was that of a son of Anak. And on his lips, which seemed larger than man's, there was a smile which made my blood cold, and which ran to and fro upon his face, like blue lightning upon a midnight sky. He seemed as old as Satan, and I thought, 'Is this the enemy of God, whose laughter, as the last man was drowned in the flood, shook the ark, and was heard by thee above the roar of the fountains of the great deep?' But I ate my bread and drank my wine in silence. The old man, too, spoke not till my meal was ended, when he lifted up a club from the floor, glared on me, and said, 'I know thee who thou art, and whence thou art, and what thou seekest in this city. Thy name is Irad; thy father (as it is supposed) is Melchisedec, whom I hate as I hate the gates of death. Thou hast come to see the daughters of the land, but thou shalt never return again. As sure as my name is Caphtorim, shall I destroy thee. Hast thou not leaped into the jaws which have long panted to devour thee?' And as he spoke, he rose and approached, when I fell at his feet and cried out, 'Old man, for the sake of Jehovah, spare my life, for verily I am a peaceful stranger.' And the old man said, with a shriek which made the lamps tremble, 'Jehovah! him I hate, for he cursed me, and drave me from my people, and heated his sun seven times hotter over my head, and made my children curse me, and cursed them for my sake, and—but I have stirred up Sodom and Gomorrah against him, and made them a stench in his nostrils, a fire that burneth all the day. And for thee—' 'Beware, O Caphtorim!' I exclaimed, 'of the purpose of the Lord against the city, lest he take thee also away by a stroke.' And the old man drew back, and leant himself upon his club, and laughed a wild and hollow laughter, as he said, 'Salem hall see hell as soon as Sodom, and Melchisedec perish as soon as Caphtorim—but thou

at least must cumber my ground no more.' So saying, he struck his club upon the floor, and there entered, alas! my father, not the beauteous maiden, but three sons of Belial, whose faces were black as a coal, and they were all in stature like the seed of the giants; and he cried, 'Sons of the curse, bind this perverse boy, and carry him to my dungeon till he die, for I have given him his last bread and wine. Yea, and he has seen Tizrah the beautiful, and will madden with hopeless love, as well as perish in hunger, for I hated him, and his father, and his God.' And the men of Belial seized upon me, resisting in vain, and lifted me in their arms, and carried me out of the chamber which was lighted up, into one of outer darkness. And there they wretched around me a cord, and I felt myself descending between the sides of a deep pit; and lo! when I touched the ground, the cord was cut from above, and I was alone. I heard them laugh as they left me, and loud above all was the laughter of the old man. I heard, too, a door crashing as it was shut, and then all was silent. Father, I trembled very exceedingly, and the more when I stretched my hands in the darkness, and ah! there were dead men's bones on every side, and I knew that I was not the first who had gone down into that prison-house. But I remembered thee and thy God, and I prayed and I wept, and my soul came unto me again; and, to raise me above the mire, I made me a pile of the dead men's bones, and I sat upon it, and I slept, and my sleep was sweet unto me; yea, even there, with the side of the pit for my pillow. Two days passed away, and I found hunger gnawing my bowels like a worm, when I hearkened and heard, and first a door was slowly opened, and then there were steps like the steps of men, and then for a season there was silence. And then a torch flashed on the top of the pit, and I saw a vessel descending toward me, and there came a voice saying, 'Arise and eat.' I arose at the voice. I opened the vessel, and behold it was a dish of salt and savoury meat; and I ate it gladly. But I began to thirst and cried out, 'Give me also to drink.' And lo! the vessel was taken up, and after a season was returned to me; but, when I opened the lid, there was not in it a drop of wine or of water to cool my tongue. And the cords were drawn up again speedily, and I heard another hoarse laugh, and, looking up, I saw the face of the old man grinning down upon me, and he cried, 'Thirst on till we meet again;' and the torches were then withdrawn, and the bolts of the door were shut; and I was left alone and burning with thirst in the dungeon of dead men's bones. Father, it would grieve thy spirit to tell thee how I ran about the pit in misery, how I shouted in agony, and was fain to eat of the wet living creatures that I found in the bottom of the dungeon, amidst the mire. Another day passed, and I lived still, but was desirous now to die, and thought, indeed, that my end was near, when suddenly I heard a great sound, as if many thunders were under my feet, and the sides of the pit were moved, and the dead men's bones shook around me. I raised myself straightway from the sleep of death that was passing over me, and stood up. I heard dreadful sounds, as of fear, from the chambers of the house, and then there was deep silence. But surely now the hour of

my deliverance was fully come. For the bolts of the chamber were drawn aside, and a step, light as the dance of rain-drops, was heard, and a torch flashed again down the sides of the pit; but there appeared beside it, not now the face of the old man, but, blessed be the God of Melchizedec! that of the fair maiden whom I had seen at the beginning. She let down to me a light ladder, and I rose on it in haste to the mouth of the dungeon. And she said, for she bore with her a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, 'Eat and drink and then flee for thy life.' And while I ate and drank, and my strength came to me, she told me that there had been a great earthquake, which had shaken all the dwellings in Sodom, and driven all the people in terror into the streets; that Caphtorim and his servants were there, but would peradventure speedily return; that she had purposed to save me, or to perish with me, and had tarried in the dwelling, but that I must now depart. Father, I besought her to flee with me, but she said 'Nay,' and while I waited, and implored her to escape from the accursed city, I heard the voice of the old man crying to his companions without the gate, 'Surely the bitterness of death is past,' and then I knew that I must escape and flee. The maiden brought me to a door leading out secretly to the street, and, as she bade me haste, she lifted up her voice and wept. I kissed her, and plunged into the night; and lo! I have now returned into thy beloved dwelling, and trust that I have received grace in thy sight.

CHAPTER III.

ALL that night was peaceful under the roof-tree of Melchizedec. The youth slept as if he had never slept before, so profound was his draught of the waters of forgetfulness. The old man dreamed long before he slept, as he gazed on the youthful form of the slumbering Irad, and after he slept, continued long to dream of his darling child. But, when at last the morning came, behold Irad was not in the dwelling! Melchizedec's heart sunk within him, and he said, "Surely I am bereaved of my only son. Whether can he have again strayed? Is it, alas! after the eyes of her whom he saw in the house of him whom I know but too well, and who hates me with a perfect hatred?" And as he spoke, he arose and looked southward over the plain. But all was empty and solitary. And as the hour for his daily worship of God had come, he betook himself to the roof of his house, and looking to the east, threw himself on his face, worshipped Jehovah, and mingled with it a prayer for Irad, his lost child, and came down, and, after partaking of his morning meal of pulse and milk, went forth to judge his people, as aforetime, in the midst of the little town of Salem.

But where was Irad? He had risen, and had gone forth to look abroad at sunrise, when he is aware of three men passing south-westward along the ridgy rise of the hills. As they pass, they fix their eyes upon Melchizedec's dwelling, and these eyes to Irad seem, although turned away from the sun, to be of burning fire. But, as he looks, they revert southward their gaze, and turn southward their eager and quickening steps, till in the distance they seem as one man crossing the outline

of the mountain, and disappearing from view. "I must follow," said the youth, and after returning and kissing softly the lips of Melchisedec, he bursts away in pursuit of the three. On surmounting the hill, and looking below, there spreads out before his eye a large and fertile plain, hemmed in on all sides by mountains, which become more precipitous and towering where on the south-east they divide the plain from the valley of the Jordan and the devoted cities. Flocks and herds are grazing on it, and in the centre there stands a tent, with many smaller dwellings scattered behind it, and a venerable man seated under a sycamore, which casts its cool shadow over the door. As the mysterious three draw near, the old man arises, runs forward to meet them, and bows himself down on his face to the ground, then rushes back towards the tent; and after brief stay, re-appears, hastening toward the herd, and takes thence a calf, gives it to a young man to dress it, takes butter and milk, and sets it before the strangers, and they eat, or seem to eat. While all this is being done, Irad with fear and haste creeps forward from one bush to another, till he has reached a covert whence he can both see and hear clearly.

The appearance of Abraham, whom Irad had seen before when Melchisedec gave him bread and wine after the battle of the plain, was that of one younger far than Melchisedec or Caphtorim, and seemed as if it were never to be older than it was. Long and bushy, although grey, were his locks, and descended to his girdle. A mountain of snow, rising amid forests, was his forehead. His eye was dark as death, yet mild as spring. His stature was lofty, and, unlike that of the two now spoken of, was not bent at all by time: it was erect as a pillar of palm. And while might and majesty moved in every step, a smile of ineffable repose, as if born from some glorious vision for ever before his view, lay on his lips, nay, seemed to circulate over him all. His eye, his head, his lips, his stature, seemed to look upward and forward; even when he bowed in reverence before the messengers of Heaven, it was as if the faith and fatherhood of a million of saints were gathered into his face and his bearing.

Seated under the same sycamore were the strange three; and Irad wondered, as he turned from Abraham to gaze at their faces and forms, which were not like those of the sons of men. Clear and distinct above were their three faces, radiant, mild, piercing, softer than woman, stronger than a man, subtler than a shade, and yet more firm and fervid than a sun shining in his strength with perfect purity, blended with grace, and with aspects which would have been terrific to repulsion and dismay to a dweller in Sodom, but were to Irad and Abraham as attractive as awful. As to age, they seemed to "wear with difference the co-equal brightness of fadeless youth." One face had more of leonine grandeur in its lines; a second more of infantine loveliness, and the third more of the piercing visage of an eagle. But when they looked, their three faces rayed out one meaning, and when they spoke, their voices, which were musically sweet, yet strong as a lion's voice, seemed one harmony woven from three consenting chords, like the voices of three streams meeting at eventide.

Irad with eager ear listened to the conversation

between them and Abraham, heard them predict that Sarah, his wife, was to have a son; heard Sarah laughing in scorn within the tent; saw a majestic shade of anger passing over the faces of the three once and again as she denies that she had laughed, and heard them renew the promise. But now the meal is over, the sun is sinking toward the west; the guests arise, and Abraham departs a little way with them. And as Sarah again retires into the tent, Irad glides past the door, and, moved by an irresistible impulse, follows their southward steps. At length they reach the summit of a hill, commanding the course of the Jordan, the plain, and the smoke of the cities, rising up in the still evening air like a blood-red canopy. Here they pause, as if to part, and Irad, throwing himself down below a tree half-way up the ascent, witnesses a scene which thrilled his being to its foundation.

More than mortal, as they stand on the hill, and in the light of the dying day, seem the statures of the men. But suddenly, as they talk to Abraham, a bright mist hides them from Irad's view, then rises up towards heaven, dilating and deepening as it ascends—forms next into the likeness of mighty wheels, flashing with all the colours of the rainbow, which change, and interchange, and mingle—and the three faces re-appear from the midst of a confusion of glory half-way up toward the zenith, looking down with solemn and steadfast aspect upon Abraham, who has fallen upon his face in wonder and in worship, Irad, whispering to himself, "It is the glory of the great Jehovah," faints in terror away.

When restored to himself, the sun has set, the large stars of the oriental night are out, but seem dim in that blaze of glory which is still shining, and in those faces which, like three mighty planets touching each other, form the centre of its brightness. Between Irad and this unspeakable glory, and immediately beneath the wheels and the faces, kneels, with reverent looks and hands clasped in supplication, a man. It is Abraham; and as Irad listens, he hears him, with strong crying and sobs, pleading for Sodom and Gomorrah, and it seems to be the thunder which is answering at intervals his words. Irad can only gather that Sodom is to be destroyed on the morrow, unless ten righteous persons be found therein. And then there is a stir amid the still glory, and a noise as the noise of a host is heard, and the vast wheels lift up themselves and become wings, stretching out to the ends of heaven, and with eyes on each wing, and the pomp moves slowly upward, and the faces fade as they ascend, and the stars are again clear, and the glory of the Lord hath passed utterly away. Abraham, with dejected look, returns toward his place, and the youth could have touched the hem of his mantle, as he came down the hill with lingering step. But when he has passed, Irad leaps up and says alone to himself, "O! ye ten persons. I shall yet save the city, or perish with it and with her." And, thus crying, he leaps like a desperate man into the southern darkness, and hies towards Zoar.

(To be continued.)

The man who anticipates too much in the future, loses the present; he looks before him, and has his pocket picked.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A TALE OF NEW YORK STATE.

BY "ERRO."

It is Christmas Eve; and mankind from the castle to the cottage have turned care out of doors. The "Yule Log" burns brightly upon many a hearth—and its red beams flash joyfully upon many a young and rosy cheek. Families long sundered, are again for the happy moment united. The gray-haired sire, no less than his light-hearted grandchild, feels the genial influence of the hour, the gladdening light of that brave old yule log has struck twenty years from the ages of the oldest. Not young men and maidens only, but old men and matrons, fathers and husbands, mothers and wives, all seem to have gone mad together, and are children again. Many a merry joke and gay laugh goes round, the scenes of their childhood are recalled; old, half-forgotten tales are told; a thousand griefs are forgotten; poverty, that dread phantom which pursueth many, feels for the time that his power is gone. The old year is on his last legs, with all his sorrows, and all his joys; let him go! We bear him no ill-will! We will light him out with a rousing fire; breathe one sigh over the hopes he has withered, and light up a thousand new ones to hail the coming of the dawning year.

Such is the scene within; but without, the night is dark, dreary and dismal. The rain patters heavily upon the fallen leaves, and murmurs hoarsely like the rushing of a distant torrent, through the desolate branches of the leafless trees. There is but little wind, and that little seems unhappy, and wanders moaning almost inaudibly, like a homeless outcast, from hill to hill, without rest or peace. Few would be out willingly in such a night; but on Christmas Eve, none; and yet there is an old man muffled to the eyes, sitting bolt upright upon his ambling nag, the muddy road splashing and glancing beneath his horse's feet, and the drenching rain dripping in tiny rivulets from his slouched hat as he jogs along. Who may this be; who on such a night of festivity, and at an age when he ought to know better, is toiling on through the thick darkness? Is it not a holiday to the rich and the poor, the master and the labourer? And can there be any work which might not have been put off—any journey which might not have been delayed until the morrow? Or is this some wretched slave of gold, who, unblest by the soothing tenderness of a partner, or the gentle endearments of a family as he sinks into the vale of years, knows no difference between his weary

days, save by the amount of paltry gain which each succeeding one adds to his mouldering hoard? O judge not too harshly, too hastily!—he is a husband and a father, nor these only in name; but one of the tenderest sensibilities. This night alone of all the year, in accordance with a family custom, ever religiously observed, have all his children gathered around him again. There is but one man in the community, who at such a time and on such a night, would relinquish his cosy easy-chair amidst the bosom of his family, to prosecute a lonely and toilsome journey through the dreary and broken roads, "the doctor." One only inducement which could prevail upon him to do so—a conviction that it was a duty imposed upon him.*

Not, let it be understood, a duty to his family or to himself; like the majority of his profession, who have nothing else to depend upon, he is poor, but by no means destitute; and the wants of his family or himself, no longer require as they have too often done, that he should expose his now aged head upon such a night, to the inclement weather, or leave his social and happy hearth to obtain for those who are dependant upon him, necessary food. No!—it is his duty to his neighbor, the exercise of charity, which alone could turn him out upon the present occasion. No fee, however tempting, would for its own sake have proved a sufficient consideration. His heart is richer than his hand; and notwithstanding all he has suffered from the ingratitude of his species, and few have had a better insight into the human heart, his own has ever overflowed with kindness and charity towards them, and is still, as ever, ready to attend to the meanest call of the wretched and destitute.

He is thinking,—that old man, jogging along in the dreary solitude; thinking of the time, when with high hopes and higher honors, a light heart and a lighter purse, he embarked upon the tide of life. He had high and noble aspirations then: what would he not accomplish upon earth? he has higher, nobler aspirations now—but his hopes point not to earth, but to Heaven. He is thinking of all that he has suffered and undergone in the arduous prosecution of the profession, to which he has devoted himself since then. Of the mental solitude in which for many years he dwelt, an alien amongst an ignorant and prejudiced people, who, unable to appreciate his talents and abilities, jealous of the race from whence he sprung,

* "Erro" must pardon us for reminding him that the Clergy of every Christian communion have always been, and ever will be, found as ready and willing to brave the storm, at the call of duty, as the Doctor—all honor to both for so doing.—Ed.

and incompetent to form suitable associates for one of a highly cultivated mind, were yet in their narrow-mindedness ready enough to impute to him the meanest and most despicable motives, and to take advantage of every quibble to rob him of the hard earned fruits of his labor.

He is thinking of the weary days and nights of toil, which have prematurely blanched his hair and sapped his constitution; of his wrestlings with poverty, and all the evils that flesh is heir to. He is thinking of the many around him, who, with half the education, ability and perseverance with which he feels himself endowed, have long since outstripped him in the race—and while he is yet in his old age, reaping a scanty competence by the labor of his own hands, are revelling in wealth which they have attained by a far shorter and easier road; but he envies them not—he would go through it all again for the love which he bears to his own glorious profession. No one knows better than himself, that death is not the end of life, but only a short and necessary change through which a higher, loftier life must be attained. He has educated his children as he himself was educated, and, each following the bent of his own particular genius is fighting his own way upwards through the labyrinthine mazes of this sublunary world: and what cares he now for wealth? The few and simple wants which a life of toil and privation has allowed to become necessaries are easily supplied; and in the benevolent exercise of knowledge, and the quiet retirement of his study, he can pass almost unnoticed and unknown, as he has lived and labored, through the few short and tranquil days which yet lie between him and the grave.

What then should cast a gloom upon his brow,—what, for the moment, cause that shadow of discontent and annoyance to flit across his usually placid face? Bitter reflections leave their impress there—and this is the cause of them.

It is the fashion in this degenerate age and country, and one of the most pregnant signs of its ignorance and imbecility, to slight and throw reproach upon his office. Men, contemptible from their ignorance; formidable from their political influence; the most worthless, unprincipled and designing of mankind, have taken upon themselves to assume his hard earned title and honors. And the State Legislature, blindly believing that the popular principles, can be as readily and appropriately applied to intellectual and scientific pursuits, of which they know nothing, as to the sale of butter and bacon, of which they know much, have endeavoured to sink him below his level, by placing these upon the same apparent

footing as himself, in the social scale. He knows, for he is not a fool, that to do this in reality, is impossible;—the story of the daw in borrowed plumes is familiar to him, and he knows that no amount of eagle's feathers will enable a corbie to soar upwards to the sun. He feels that the education and intelligence of the country are with him—that no legislative enactment can taint his fair fame. But he feels justly, that the noble and useful profession to which he belongs, and himself as an individual, though humble member thereof, has been grossly injured. With high minded and intelligent statesmen, he might hope to be heard; but he cannot, in his old age, stoop to the low trickery and underhanded means, which it would be necessary for him to adopt, in order to meet his opponents upon their own ground. He cannot hope to convert the senate-house into a platform of common-sense and intelligence, upon which alone he can make a stand—he feels that he has no redress; that the circumstances of the time in which he lives, have placed humbug and quackery at a premium, and plain, straightforward honesty and sterling integrity at a discount; he is disgusted at the indignity which has been offered to him—and the insult rankles in his bosom.

But he has been trained in the school of adversity; he is no stranger to neglect and disappointment; he has learnt to look to a higher tribunal than that of his fellow men, for a just appreciation of his labors; and as he plods wearily on, a brighter and happier expression chases the shadows from his thoughtful brow, and he enjoys in the performance of his duty, that true and genuine satisfaction, which in the present instance, as in too many others, is likely to be the only reward or remuneration of his toil.

He has some distance yet to travel, nearly nine miles altogether from his home; and the night is so dark, and the roads so nearly impassable, that he is obliged to go on horse-back, as the only probable way of ultimately reaching his destination. A few paces behind him, upon a bare-backed poney, his ragged clothes scarcely sheltering his shivering limbs from the pelting shower, and his red, unclothed feet, kicking vigorously at the spare sides of his shaggy poney, as he urges him to keep up with his better mounted companion, is the urchin who has threaded those dreary paths, before, that night, in search of the Doctor.

We will pass over the intervening miles quicker than they were accomplished by our venerable friend, and conduct our readers at once to the door of the small and rude log hut, upon whose latch his hand is now laid in the act of entering.

It is a drunkard's home: in which short, simple

and expressive sentence, we have presented a vivid picture of the nearest approach to a hell upon earth. Christmas eve, the most joyous evening of the year, casts no gleam of happiness within that wretched and dismal abode. Heaven hath abandoned it and its wretched owner; and virtuous Earth, and all who dwell upon her, following as they usually do in the footsteps of the crowd, have long since with a sigh of very equivocal charity given them over to perdition. The door opens, and we enter with him.

The hut contains but one room, enclosed by four outside rough, unhewn log walls, imperfectly chinked with clay and moss. There is no ceiling, save what is formed by the slabs which compose the gabled roof, now black, grimy and smoke-stained. There is a large uncouth stone fireplace and chimney, with a few decaying brands smoking upon the broken hearth, all that is left of a fire apparently made up many hours ago. Nothing can be more desolate and cheerless than the whole aspect of the apartment, if such it can be called,—and it is silent as the grave—the only sound that is heard as we enter, being the solitary, dismal drip, drip, dripping of the rain drops which have found easy entrance through the insufficient roof; and yet even here may be traced by the flickering and uncertain light of the dying fire, some attempt at tidiness and order. A rough pine stand of the rudest and most unfinished workmanship, bearing evident traces of its having been manufactured by a novice in the joiner's art, occupies one corner; and here, with an effort to make the best of circumstances, the dilapidated china and crockery of the household has been carefully, even tastefully arranged; the least shattered pieces filling the most prominent places; and all, from the broken plates and cups, here and there introduced to fill up some hiatus in the arrangement, to the rough pine table in the middle of the floor, are scrupulously neat and clean. But every little attempt which has been made towards a look of comfort, serves only by its lamentable insufficiency to give the whole interior a more dreary and forlorn appearance. Within a little crib upon the floor, made by nailing four rough boards together at the corners, and evidently constructed by the architect of the cupboard, whoever that might be, are sleeping two children, somewhere about the ages of two and three respectively, upon a straw bed; they are tumbled together as if they had climbed in of their own accord, and had fallen asleep in the first position they fell into; their ragged dresses which they still wear, showing however, many unequivocal marks of having been stitched and mended to the utmost bounds of

possibility. The doctor's eye, accustomed to such scenes, glanced rapidly over the room as he entered. There was a bed in one corner of it, and towards it his eye, after a momentary survey of the objects we have described, turned inquiringly as he closed the door. A female form was lying upon it, but no voice greeted him as he entered. He closed the door silently; he had a heart even for her affliction, and thinking that worn out nature might at last have yielded to sleep, he stole noiselessly to the bed side. One single glance served to remove all doubt—Death had been there before him, and his practiced eye too surely recognised at the first hasty glance, the ineffaceable footmarks he had left upon that pale and sorrowful countenance. Yes, alone in the dreary solitude of that lonely hut, the young and tender being before him, had met the grim tyrant face to face, and yielded up her soul to God! Scenes of suffering, sorrow and distress were familiar as household words; but there was something so terrible, so oppressive, in the silent loneliness of that desolate abode, tenanted only by unconscious infants and the sleeping dead; something which so cried aloud for sympathy to his heart, in that cold, fixed, appealing eye, turned in its upward, stony, dying gaze towards Heaven, that involuntarily as the sad picture of forsaken misery met his gaze, he covered his eyes with his hand and wept.

Alas! poor Mary! The kindly sympathy and assistance of one generous heart might a few short hours ago have saved thee. Thine was not an inevitable death—but the wailings of thy untold sufferings fell only upon the insensible ears of solitude and night. And on the eve of that blessed day when the Son of God came down upon earth to save sinners, no hand save that of a feeble old man was put forth to help thee—and time, the irredeemable time, had been wasted in delays, ere he could bring thee succour.

As such harrowing reflections forced themselves upon him, the door again opened; and the ragged, barefooted boy, drenched and dripping, from the wintry storm, whom we have already mentioned, entered the room, and walked towards the hearth, where, after shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog fresh from a river, he stooped down, and gathering together the decaying brands, scattered about, began making up the fire. His mission had been accomplished, the doctor brought; and he felt easy in his mind, though his bodily circumstances were anything but comfortable. A good fire, however, would soon impart new warmth to his chilled limbs, and reanimate his dripping body, and he rose from his knees

with the apparent intention of bringing more wood from without to kindle up the fire. Just then, the deathly silence of the place seemed to rouse him, and he cast a hasty glance towards the motionless bed, where the woman lay.

She was his sister; and they were orphans and strangers in a foreign land, whose language and manners mocked them with a semblance of their own. Poor child! instead of being the mother of a family, she ought even yet to have been a light-hearted, joyous maiden. She was scarcely twenty, and had married as too many young girls marry, knowing little of the character of him to whom she gave herself. The passion he once felt or professed towards her, had long since yielded to one of a baser, fiercer and more degrading nature, the passion for drink. Poverty had, as it ever does, followed closely upon the footsteps of vice, as ravens in the wake of slaughter. The moral man had fallen, and was destroyed utterly; and a hellish, sensual, devilish incarnation of all the worst passions of man's evil nature, was all upon which the delicate, broken-hearted wife and mother had now to rest.

And yet, she had struggled onward, hopefully, cheerfully, lovingly; for her's was the age of hope; and love, once an inmate of that fair and gentle bosom became its inhabitant for ever. Once she had been mistress of a more suitable abode;—but it had flitted with their falling fortunes, as her besotted husband sank daily deeper and deeper in the unfathomable slough, whose ways go down to hell, and its paths unto the dead; until scorned and forsaken by all her acquaintances, for the very love she still bore to him, pure, bright and hopeful as the love of an angel, she had at last been reduced to take refuge in this wretched, deserted hovel, for shelter for herself and her babes.

Winter, delayed longer than usual, was now rapidly approaching, and yet another life than her own beat within her bosom. Ruin and beggary were upon her. She dared not look upon the future. Like *Marjanna*:

"Her tears fell with the dews of even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet Heaven,
Eiher at morn or eventide."

But she strove not to despair. With her own frail and delicate hands had she, she herself, made that little cupboard and crib, with no other aid than that of her little brother, and given to the wretched habitation what little semblance of comfort it possessed; and arraying her neat little person in the well-saved clothes of a better time. She had that day, happy Christmas day, hallowed to her gentle heart by happy memories of old, awaited patiently the coming of her husband,

hoping and intending to make one more effort to recall him to a sense of the misery to which his evil ways were leading them.

The sun had settled gloomily amidst dark and threatening clouds upon the westward verge of heaven; darkness was winging its way towards the earth, and a few heavy pattering rain drops were beginning to fall with a hollow sound upon the roof, when stumbling heavily towards the door of his abode, the drunkard raised the latch and entered his home.

Poor, wretched, debauched victim of intemperance, of moral insanity; already hath the idiocy of inebriety laid its mark upon thy brow: thy heavy lack-lustre eyes have not even the intelligence of thy dog—thy fetid breath stinks of the rottenness within—thy bloated cheeks and drooping jaw no longer retain the saliva which dribbles from them idiotically, helplessly. What attribute of thy manhood hast thou yet left to love? Honor! it is far from thee. Honesty! thou art a knave, paltry and cruel. Pity! Love! thou knowest not their name. Courage! thou art afraid of thine own hideous shadow. Truth! thou art a very liar; a perjured, false-hearted traitorous liar, and thou knowest it with what little dull intelligence or instinct yet cleaves to thee. Who can look upon thee but with scorn—who regard thee but with loathing and abhorrence? Oh! ask it not—there is one, the tenderest and the best, she who of all others thou hast most immediately injured who loveth thee, aye, loveth thee still!

She had a welcome for thee even then, and no word of repining wherewith to upbraid thee—she would make thy home thy happiest resort, however ill thou mightest deserve it; and even now when care gnaweth within, and hope hath well nigh vanished from without, she bids thee welcome. She takes her seat beside thee, and thy filthy, worthless hand in her own. She gently removes thy battered and clay-soiled hat—she parts with her smooth, cool fingers, the matted locks from off thy fevered brow—she looks upon thee with those large, soft, gentle eyes, in which such fathomless depths of pity and love are dwelling. She strives to arouse thy latent tenderness with the kindest endearments—she kisses thee, unmindful, or willingly forgetful of thy loathsomeness—she places her pure lips to thine. Wretch! Fiend! worthy only of the bottomless depths of that hell where the sun of resurrection never shineth or shall shine, he strikes her! He, the demon of uncleanness and pollution has dared to lift his murderous hand against his ministering angel. O, had the arm of manhood then

been there to dash thy worthless carrion into dust! O, had the eye of Him who regarded thee from above withered thee upon the moment everlastingly! But no. The sun now shineth upon the just and the unjust, and the day of retribution hath not yet come. He rises with an oath and reefs to the door, leaving her where she fell. Night hath fallen, and into the outer darkness he plunges headforemost; who knoweth but it may be for ever!

And she, the wife, the patient, loving, trusting, ill-requited angel—what of her? Her last hope, like the only remaining strand of the stout hempen cable which held the stately vessel to her moorings, hath parted; and heart-broken and utterly overwhelmed by the floods of anguish rolling over her, she is cast a hopeless, helpless wreck upon time's inhospitable shore!

But we have made a long digression, and our feelings have run riot with our pen. We spoke of the boy, she was his sister, aye, and had been his mother, father, and all beside: he was too weak yet to be her champion and avenger, but he was ever her consolation and friend. He moved towards the bed and looked upon her face, so calm, so still, so sorrowful: he placed his cold, damp hand upon her brow; alas! that brow was even yet more cold, and no answering smile of joyful recognition returned his own intense gaze of anguish and despair. With a deep sigh he fell forward upon the body of his dead sister, and the worthy doctor, taking his chill, insensible body in his arms, bore him towards the fire, and there by assiduous attentions which none knew better how to afford, at length recalled him to a sense of his lonely and wretched condition. Oh, melancholy Christmas Eve—such are the festivals, the holidays of a physician!

And was there no help nearer at hand?—could no assistance be obtained for that poor, friendless girl, whose travail-anguish was thus brutally and prematurely brought on? There was; there might have been. At the short distance of a mile from the hovel, resided one of those self-styled "doctors" whom a Legislature deserving well of the state, delight to honor. Practice, in this branch of the profession at least, had given him a tolerable knowledge of its mysteries; and now he occupied the post to the exclusion of others more competent for the duties, and more willing, because better instructed, to undertake their responsibilities. The people of the neighborhood were prejudiced and ignorant. A cry of "exclusive-ness," of "innovation," of "persecution," had been got up by the designing, and had succeeded in driving from among them a young, but well-

qualified and educated practitioner, who had expected, and with reason, to have been received in that wilderness with open arms. The irregular practitioner who had effected his expulsion, and now reigned triumphant, was a man of a coarse, brutal, and mercenary nature, garmented, however, and masked by a smooth and oily covering of deceit. He had been a ruined swindler many years ago, and had attempted at that time to retrieve his fallen fortunes by turning preacher, and conducting an extensive camp meeting in the western part of Ohio, of which he was one of the "shining lights." Since then he had wandered and been lost to society for the space of four years, and whether during that time he resided in the penitentiary or California, has little to do with our Christmas tale. He then appeared at the bar of public justice under a charge of forgery, of which he was ultimately acquitted, and took up his quarters in the Township of T—, where he still resides, having risen to the rank of mill-owner squire, and justice of the peace.

To this man, as the nearest bearer of the title "doctor," the ragged boy hastened, after assisting his unfortunate sister to her bed; but how should gentle pity or the love of a profession, of whose simplest attainments he was grossly ignorant, operate as a sufficient inducement with one whose only object in assuming the title he disgraced, was to prey upon the pockets of his deluded victims? The tattered garments of the dripping and breathless messenger were coolly scrutinized by the pseudo-physician as he told his tale; the examination had proved unsatisfactory; and in the cold, pitiless eye of the empiric he read refusal, ere the voice which bid him seek such aid elsewhere had fallen upon his indignant ear. There was but one other within many miles—the gray-haired sire whom we have already introduced; his urbanity and humanity, no less than his skill, were widely known, especially amongst the poor; and to him, like a bird on the wings of the storm, flew the shivering messenger on his bare-backed steed. The result of his journey has been detailed.

Morning, dull, dark, and gloomy, at length broke. The doctor is again in the bosom of his family, and two strange and ragged children are undergoing, under his wife's superintendence, the process of being reclothed. An early traveller is upon the road—what arrests his onward way? Why does his mettlesome horse snort and refuse to advance? He alights from his conveyance, and, in the middle of the road beholds the body of a man lying face downwards in a puddle of water, which the heavy rain of Christmas eve had collected upon the spot; he rolls him over; life is

extinct! It is the body of the miserable drunkard of the log shanty; and this is a fitting end for him! He hath gone to confront, in another world, her, who, a ministering angel of mercy here, shall be an accusing, though silent, spirit there.

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WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour who? son of the wild?
 "All who, with me, the desert roam;
 The freemen sprung from Abram's child,
 Whose sword's his life, a tent his home—
 Whose steeds, with mine, have drunk the well,
 Of Hagar and of Ishmael?"

Who is our neighbour? Ask at Rome
 The marble bust—the mould'ring heaps;
 At Ctesiphon, the Parthian's home—
 His bow's now broke, his charger sleeps—
 At every mound that awes or shocks,
 From Indus to the Grampian rocks.

A voice comes o'er the northern wave—
 A voice from many a palmy shore—
 Our neighbour who? "The free—the brave—
 Our brother clansmen, red with gore,
 Who battled on our left or right,
 With fierce goodwill and giant might.

Who, then, 's our neighbour? Son of God,
 In meekness and in mildness come!—
 Oh! shed the light of life abroad,
 And burst the cements of the tomb!
 Then bid earth's rising myriads move
 From land to land on wings of love.

Our neighbour's home's in every clime
 Of sun-bright tint, or darker hue,—
 The home of man since ancient time,
 The bright green isles, 'mid oceans blue;
 Or rocks, where clouds and tempests roll
 In awful grandeur near the pole.

My neighbours, they who groan and toil,
 The serf and slave, on hill and plain
 Of Europe, or of India's soil,—
 On Asia, or on Afric's main,—
 Or in Columbia's marshes deep,
 Where Afric's daughters bleed and weep.

Poor, sobbing thing, dark as thy sire,
 Or mother sad, heartbroken, lorn—
 And will they quench a sacred fire?
 And shall that child from her be torn?
 'Tis done—poor wrecks, your cup is gall;
 Yet ye're my neighbours, each and all.

My neighbours all—each needs a sigh,
 Each in due form a friendly prayer:—
 "Oh! raise the low, bring down the high
 To wisdom's point and fix them there:
 Where men are men, and pomp and pride
 Are mark'd, and dound'd, and crucified."

Thou art my neighbour, child of pain;
 And thou, lone pilgrim, steep'd in woe;
 Our neighbour she, with frenzied brain,
 Whose pangs we little reck or know;
 Who loved while hope and reason shone,
 Nor ceased to love when both were gone.

And if on this green earth there be
 One heart by baleful malice stung,
 A breast that harbours ill to me,
 A sland'rous, false, reviling tongue,—
 My neighbour he—and I forgive;
 Oh! may he turn, repent, and live.

AMICUS.

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THE LATE MR. PUGIN AND THE REVIVAL OF CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

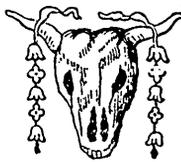
BY WILLIAM HAY, ARCHITECT, TORONTO.

CHRISTIAN Architecture is the name given to that peculiar style of building, commonly called the Gothic, which predominated in western Europe in the middle ages. It derived its origin from the efforts of Christians of preceding ages to embody the principles and characteristics of their faith in the structures which they reared for the services of their religion. The name is used to distinguish it from the different denominations of Pagan Architecture introduced into England about the middle of the sixteenth century. This continued the favorite style for civil and monumental Architecture, and, until the late revival of Christian Art, most of our ecclesiastical edifices came under this category.

The Pagan Architecture of Greece and Rome, embodying, as it did, in every form of construction and variety of ornamental detail, the symbols of an idolatrous worship, could be but ill-adapted (one would suppose) to the forms and usages of the Christian religion. Yet, this was the style of art that superseded ancient Christian Architecture. The genius of Sir Christopher Wren that could deform the towers of Westminster Abbey with Italian details and put a Tuscan entrance and Venetian windows to Ely Cathedral, was not likely to cull gems from the ancient repositories of Christian art to shed a new lustre on the murky dens and alleys of London. We have accordingly St. Paul's Cathedral, together with his fifty and one churches in the revived Pagan style as much unkempt from the symbols of ancient idolatry as was Glasgow Cathedral from Popish saints before it was subjected to the pitiless harrow of Andrew Melville and his associates.

For more than two hundred years had English Christianity been made to assume the architectural garb of every known system of Pagan mythology—the heathen temple, the Moorish mosque, the Chinese pagoda, or an ollapodrida of all, which—

ever happened to strike the fancy of the architect. The sacred edifice was no longer adorned with the time-honored symbols of the Christian faith, which pointed to the Lamb slain for the sins



Metope of the Doric Order.

of the world, but with scores of bulls' heads decorated for Pagan sacrifice, and drinking horns and coronals borrowed from representations of the feasts of Bacchus. The body of the pious Christian "rested in hope" under the "inverted torch of Pagan despair" and the flaming urn, emblematical of the



Inverted Torch.



Flaming Urn.

Pagan practise of burning the dead, instead of the cross, which was wont to inspire sacred hopes of the glorious resurrection.

Hundreds of Christian churches, religious houses, and monuments still bear the outward marks of heathenism, which, although fast disappearing from ecclesiastical design, seem difficult to eradicate from our monumental architecture. We hear of cenotaphs erected to the great, as if we still believed them essential to the admission of the departed spirits to the regions of bliss, and we find our fashionable cemeteries teeming with sarcophagi, urns, and inverted torches, which would have been full of significance to the heathen, but to the Christian can convey no meaning.

It is true that feeble attempts were occasionally made to reproduce Christian art in some ecclesiastical edifices by way of variety, but the stereotyped forms and proportions of the Grecian and Italian schools were usually retained, and merely garnished with a grotesque assemblage of the more prominent features of Gothic detail. At first these were confined to little more than a lean tower or steeple rising out of a very low pitched roof, a few doors and windows of ghastly width staring through a bleak wall and the usual allow-

ance of pinnacles (some of them chimnies in disguise), mounting guard on the angles. Later, however, in this era of debased taste, viz, the beginning of the present century, a more extravagant and incongruous piece of mechanism than what was popularly termed a fine Gothic edifice, could scarce be conceived. Gothic, Moorish, Egyptian, and Chinese found their meet representations in this confused collection of pinnacle and minaret, pier and canopy—suggestive of an assemblage of foreign delegates at a peace convention.

The absurd but highly poetic notion that Gothic architecture had its origin in a bower of trees, as if our finest cathedrals, with their arched ribs like "leafless underboughs," had sprung into existence at once from the chisel of some ingenious Goth or Druid, fresh from recollections of the groves, found high favor with many writers on architecture. To them the true historical derivation of Gothic or Pointed Architecture, by gradual transition from the classic styles of Greece and Rome, was quite unknown. Indeed, the fantastic specimens of Battye Langley and his followers were more likely, from their rude approximation to arborial petrifications, to have been studied from the living forest than from the still life of ancient models.

The first great movement towards the present revival of Christian architecture, received a remarkable impulse from the publication of an essay by Rickman, a distinguished architect, who, disgusted, no doubt, with the extravagances of Battye Langley, and others, whose writings had greatly corrupted the taste of the time, set about exploring for himself the remains of the ecclesiastical antiquities of England. This he did with a zeal and earnestness which, but that he was a sober Quaker, might not inaptly have been termed enthusiasm. Rickman was the first to discriminate correctly the various phases of Gothic architecture, which he classed into three distinct styles, to which he gave the names Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular—names still very generally retained. Little was known, however, beyond the mere nomenclature of the various styles, until Pugin promulgated his *True Principles of Christian Architecture*, and placed the study of the art upon a solid basis.

Welby Pugin was the son of an Architectural draughtsman, of considerable talent and celebrity, the author of several valuable works illustrative of Christian Architecture. The young artist was early trained in the study of Ecclesiastical antiquities. At an early age he accompanied his father in his sketching tours among the fine old churches

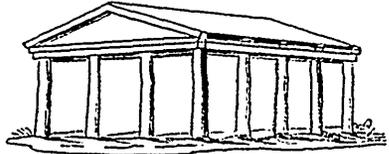
and religious houses of England and Normandy, when collecting materials for his publications. The impressions thus early received, no doubt, originated that predilection for Mediæval Art, which was the distinguishing feature of his professional career. He was the author of several works on Ecclesiastical Architecture, but a treatise he published in 1836, called "*Contrasts; or a parallel between the noble edifices of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and similar buildings of the present day, showing the present decay of taste,*" first brought him prominently before the public as an Architectural reformer. This production was reviewed at great length by the "British Critic" and other leading periodicals of the day, advocating a revival of pure taste in Ecclesiastical design. The justness of Pugin's strictures was fully admitted, and the wonder was, that the anomalies so common in the Architecture of the time, which are now so apparent, had so long escaped general detection. His "*Contrasts*" were followed a few years afterwards, by two lectures on "*The true principles of pointed or Christian Architecture,*" in which he set forth the consistent canons of ancient design, and furnished the means of testing architectural excellence apart from mere fancy. He demonstrated that "the laws of Architectural composition are based on equally sound principles as those of Harmony or Grammar, and, that they can be violated with greater impunity, is simply owing to their being less understood." His principles were:—

1. That all the ornaments of pure pointed edifices, were merely introduced as decorations to the essential construction of those buildings.
2. That the construction of pointed Architecture was varied to accord with the *properties of the various materials employed.*
3. That no features were introduced in the ancient pointed edifices which were not *essential either to convenience or propriety.*
4. That pointed Architecture is most consistent, as it decorates the useful portions of buildings, instead of concealing or disguising them.
5. That true principles of Architectural proportion are only found in pointed edifices.
6. That the defects of modern Architecture are principally owing to the *departure from ancient consistent principles.*

The ancient builders never constructed ornament for the sake of meretricious effect. Every part of their structures had a legitimate use and meaning. Hence all the ornamental details of pure pointed edifices derive their chief beauty in being *really useful portions of the building.* By

attention to this rule the spurious ornaments of modern Architecture may be easily detected.

On the 2nd principle above referred to, Pugin not only condemns the adaptation of the Grecian style to modern edifices, but forcibly illustrates the *radical inconsistency* of that species of Architecture. When the Greeks built in wood, the construction of their buildings was in *strict accordance with the nature of the material employed.*



Primitive Greek Temple.

They set up rows of posts supporting longitudinal and transverse beams, upon which rested the low-pitched roof;—low pitched because they had not to guard against a lodgement of snow, as in our climate. When, however, they began to work in stone, they had not the ingenuity to devise a style to suit the different nature of the material, but set up stone posts, and laid stone beams across (as they had formerly done with wood) just so far apart that they would not break with their own weight. They made their buildings still more unreal by carving imitations of the ends of the wooden rafters on the stone friezes; so that in fact *the finest temples of the Greeks are built on the same principles as a large wooden shed.*

The Christian Architects, on the other hand, with stones scarcely larger than common bricks, by the use of the arch overcame great space and erected temples at once the glory and wonder of the age.

The absurdity of following a style of Architecture whose fundamental principles and inflexible rules are at variance with every circumstance of material, climate and popular habits, is exposed by Pugin with considerable force and ingenuity. He illustrates this by several examples, in which he brings out the plasticity of Christian Art in strong contrast with the rigid and inflexible character of Pagan Architecture. The consistency of pointed Architecture, for instance, in *decorating the useful portions of buildings, instead of concealing or disguising them* is beautifully demonstrated by the example of an ancient English Church, with vaulted roof and flying buttresses,—those light arched ribs which span the space over the external roofs of the aisles. These transfer the outward pressure of the main roof to the walls and buttresses of the aisles below, carved and ornamented as they are, in that graceful and airy

manner peculiar to the ancient Christian Architects. Contrasted with this, he gives a section of St. Paul's Cathedral, where flying buttresses were found indispensable for the same purpose for which they are required in the Gothic building; but as the style of St. Paul's would not admit of their being ornamented, a *lofty screen wall is erected on the top of the aisles all round for the purpose of concealing them.* He shows, too, that the dome which we see is not the actual covering of the church, but a thing erected for the sake of effect, and to conceal the actual roof; so that in fact one half of the building is made for the purpose of concealing the other.

To the various and learned writings of Pugin we are chiefly indebted for the late revival of pure taste, and the getting rid of much spurious architecture of the Brummagem Gothic school, worse in many respects than pure Pagan. His architectural structures, however, have been considered by some inferior to what might have been perhaps, expected from one who so thoroughly understood and ably promulgated the principles of his art. Many of his churches have noble exteriors and gorgeous interior effects, but there is in some a strange un-English aspect; the result, probably, of his early associations with the pointed architecture of Normandy. Some of his later works, moreover, shew occasional dashes of eccentricity in various details. Still as a whole or in detail, the great principle of *truth*, the foundation of all good architecture, is never violated.

Pugin's skill as a decorative artist was remarkable, particularly in polychromic art. A few simple timbers gracefully disposed in an open roof, as stability might demand, but nothing more, with a few touches of color from Pugin's hand assumed an ecclesiastical character, which the overloaded material and all the laboured carving and gilding of less skilful artists would have failed to produce at ten times the cost. The numerous works which he accomplished during the forty years of his brilliant career, show that he was possessed of a surprising amount of activity. Most of his architectural drawings and working plans of detail were by his own hand. The numerous etchings, that he published, he executed himself, and he produced a large collection of paintings, water-color drawings and sketches of favorite spots in nature, done with masterly skill and rapidity. His working drawings were frequently dashed off without rule or square. These merely represented detached portions of the design, correctly enough, but generally so obscure and ill-defined, that none, perhaps, save his favorite builder, Myers, or those fully conversant with the entire design, could form any just conception of their constructive application.

A peculiar feature in Pugin's character was a passionate love of the sea. He took up his abode at Ramsgate, where he lived as much in the style of the middle ages as the habits of the nineteenth century would allow. It is said he at one time owned and commanded a merchant smack, trading with Holland. He kept a large cutter at Ramsgate, with which he was always ready to put off to the relief of shipwrecked mariners on the Goodwins, and has been heard to say "there is nothing worth living for but Christian architecture and a boat." He was originally a Protestant, but joined the Romish communion at a time when that body evinced considerable energy in church building. To this pursuit he almost exclusively devoted his talents and wealth.

To enumerate Pugin's works would fill a volume, but among his finest churches are St. Chad's, Birmingham, the church at Derby, St. George's, Lambeth, St. Giles, Cheadle, by far the richest in point of decoration and polychromic art. Among his other works may be specified the colleges at Radcliffe, Rugby, Nottingham and Leicester. One of his latest employments was collecting architectural specimens, and arranging his *Mediæval Court*, in the Crystal Palace, which will be remembered as one of the most attractive objects in that famous exhibition. His last work was a church for Mr. Scott Murray, at Danesfield, Bucks, a structure which was still unfinished when he was seized with that severe affliction, the entire prostration of the intellect, from which he only recovered to be released from all his troubles.

He died at his residence at Ramsgate, on the 14th September last.

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IANTHE.

How wonderful is Death—
 Death and his brother Sleep!
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue;
 The other, rosy as the morn
 When throned on ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world:
 Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchre
 Seized on her sinless soul?
 Must then that peerless form
 Which love and admiration can not view
 Without a beating heart, those azure veins
 Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
 That lovely outline, which is fair
 As breathing marble, perish?
 Must putrefaction's breath
 Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
 But loathsomeness and ruin?
 Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,
 On which the lightest heart might moralize?
 Is it only a sweet slumber
 Stealing o'er sensation,
 Which the breath of roseate morning
 Chaseth into darkness?
 Will Ianthe wake again,
 And give that faithful bosom joy
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
 Light, life and rapture from her smile?

Yes! she will wake again,
 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,
 And silent those sweet lips.
 Once breathing eloquence
 That might have soothed a tiger's rage,
 Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.
 Her dewy eyes are closed,
 Ard on their lids, whose texture fine
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
 The baby Sleep is pillowed:
 Her golden tresses shade
 The bosom's stainless pride,
 Curling like tendrils of the parasite
 Around a marble column.
 —Shelley.

TALES OF THE SLAVE SQUADRON.

THE COUNTERMINE.

THE proceedings before the mixed Commission Court of Sierra Leone, relative to the dashing exploit of the *Curler's* boats, narrated in the last paper, were more than usually protracted and vexatious. The chief difficulty raised was the capture of the negroes on shore in the territory, it was pretended, of an independent African sovereign, far as to the brig the *Felipe Segunda*, there could be little doubt that she with her dusky cargo would be pronounced a lawful capture. It was well understood that Pasco, the real assassin of Capt. Horton, who, though severely wounded, had contrived to escape in the hurry and confusion of the fight, was the party in whose behalf the resident Portuguese Consul so strenuously exerted himself, although ostensibly that zealous functionary was solely actuated by a patriotic desire of vindicating the commercial rights of the subjects of Portugal, and the independence of its flag, trampled upon and outraged, according to him, by the vigor beyond the law, as settled by international treaty, displayed by the British officers. The death, sudden and unexpected, of the lieutenant governor, added greatly to Lieutenant—now Commander—King's difficulties, by enfeebling the action of the English authorities till his successor should arrive—an interregnum, by the by, of frequent occurrence in days when Theodore Hook's sarcastic jest, published in the weekly organ of the British proslavery party, that "Sierra Leone had always two governors, one coming home dead and another going out alive," was almost literally true. From the earliest stage of this tedious and harassing affair, a person of the name of Quintana, recently arrived from Cuba, of which he was said to be a native, interested himself actively in the matter on behalf of one Senor Cadalso, his uncle, who, it was alleged, had advanced a large sum, secured by a bottomry bond on the *Felipe Segunda*; and without any knowledge or suspicion that she was to be employed in the illegal slave traffic. This pretended guilelessness was, no one doubted, all a sham; and if otherwise, could have no effect on the legal bearings of the case, and would have excited little notice but for the persevering efforts of the smooth-spoken Creole to cultivate the acquaintance of the officers of the *Curler*, the chief claimants in the suit to which he was an adverse and interested party! He succeeded in his purpose partially only as regard-

ed Commander King; but with Lieut. Burbage, a frank, warm-hearted young man, his success was complete—a result however wholly due to the attraction of Quintana's sister, a young and charming Creole, the languishing light of whose dark eyes soon kindled a flame in the susceptible sailor's heart, which I feared all the waters of the ocean would fail to extinguish. That a sinister design of some sort lurked beneath the honied courtesies of both brother and sister, was, for several reasons, clear to me; and very glad I was when the requirements of the service removed the enamoured lieutenant, for a time at least, from such dangerous philandering with a Syren whose smiles and graces were, in my view, but sun-surfaced quicksands in which his professional prospects might, I feared, suffer wreck.

We sailed out of the estuary of the Sierra Leone river on a splendid morning in summer; The varied picturesque scenery of the British settlement on one hand, the low, dull line of land still dominated by the savage on the other; the glittering sea around, in which thousands of the brightly-tinted nautilus and flying-fish were sailing and sporting themselves, all waving, sparkling, exhaling in the warm, odorous embrace of a cloudless tropical dawn—a gorgeous, exhilarating spectacle, to the beauty of which the dullest, most preoccupied brain could hardly remain insensible; and I was glad to see that even the pale, wo-begone pliz of Lt. Burbage, which had been fixed with melancholy gaze upon the palmy foliage which screened the English quarter of Freetown, where the charming Isabella still doubtless slumbered, till an envious jut of land hid it from view, lightened up after a while beneath its magic influence. I had hopes of him, and should have had more, but that our cruise for this spell was to be a brief one, Commander King having determined on returning to Sierra Leone in time to hear the decision of the Court of Mixed Commission—adjourned by mutual consent for one month—pronounced.

We ran northward nearly as far as Cape Blanco, peeped into the Rio Grande and the Gambia and Senegal rivers, without success, and doubling our course, had just reached the mouth of the most southerly of those rivers the Rio Grande, when we sighted a stout schooner, whose vocation was sufficiently indicated by practised eyes, by her long, low, sharply-moulded hull, and the excessive rake of her tapering masts. She was far aw, to windward, and merely noticing the cannon-challenge of the *Curler* by displaying the French ensign, or "table-cloth," as English sailors were in the irreverent habit of styling the spotted banner of Bourbon France, and shaking out a reef or two—it was blowing freshly—she very speedily dropped us, and we had not the pleasure of seeing her again till we made Freetown, before which we found her snugly anchored, with the gaudy colors of Spain trailing at her taffrail—a flag, that on boarding her, which Commander King did unhesitatingly, she was found to be more entitled to hoist, if her papers were believable, than the "table-cloth" of France. Capt. Valdez, as he called himself, a sly, hang-dog looking rascal, was glib enough with his tongue, which if you could trust *Don Enrique*, (the schooner

hailed it seemed from Cuba) was engaged in purely legitimate traffic, and the fifty or sixty bearded fellows composing her crew, innocent lamb-like creatures, to whom violence and cruelty were as abhorrent as cow beef to a pious Hindoo. All this was "very like a whale," but as there was no legal pretence for seizing her, the commander of the *Curlew* affected to be quite satisfied with Capt. Valdez' story, and took civil leave of the worthy man.

An incident, trifling in itself, which occurred a day or two afterwards, confirmed and pointed the suspicions which it was evident Commander King entertained of Cap. Valdez and his handsome craft. Renewed intercourse with Isabella Quintana, had kindled the love frenzy of Lieut. Burbage to a flame again; and he, of course, eagerly availed himself of every opportunity of visiting his chamber. He was thus engaged when Commander King despatched me with a message requiring his immediate presence. The outer door of Quintana's dwelling was ajar, and hastening through the passage to a back garden, where I thought I heard Burbage's voice, I ran slap aboard of Capt. Valdez and M. Quintana, who were, I saw, in earnest, low-toned conference. They were a good deal startled, and a swarthy flush passed over both their scowling faces. I apologized for the intrusion, and asked for Lieutenant Burbage. "He is in the front apartment with my sister," sourly rejoined Quintana. I sought him there at once, and we left the house together. "I am glad," said the commander of the *Curlew*, after I had privately informed him of the foregoing circumstance; "I am glad that you said nothing about it to Burbage: there is reason to suspect that—but I shall probably have occasion to speak with you further in the matter in a few days. In the mean time you will keep a still tongue, and both eyes wide open."

On the following morning the Court of Mixed Commission pronounced judgment, by which not only the *Felipe Segunda*, but the negroes taken on shore were decided to have been lawfully captured, or more properly speaking, rescued. Commander King immediately afterwards sent Lieutenant Burbage with a crew of twenty men, on board the condemned brig, to get her ready to sail for Dublin, the principal village of the largest of the Banana Islands, whither it had been determined that seventy of the liberated slaves should be conveyed. The Banana Islands—only one of which was at the time I write of inhabited, and that but very thinly—run out a considerable distance seaward, from Cape Sierra Leone, and form part of the settlement of that name. They are frequented by the European settlers at Sierra Leone at a certain period of the year, for their more temperate atmosphere, as well as for the sport which their hunting grounds afford; but their chief governmental use is as a depot for invalid Africans. I was also drafted on board the *Felipe Segunda*, whose destination and by whom to be commanded was no sooner bruited about, than M. Quintana solicited a passage in her for himself and sister; they being desirous, I partly understood, to visit a relative, temporarily located for health's sake somewhere in one of the Islands. Lieutenant Burbage eagerly acceded,

as far as he was concerned, to this very agreeable request: and Commander King; subsequently consented with equal promptness to the arrangement. It was soon known, too, that we should have other company. The *Marys*, of Hull, a small English brig, James Hodgson, master, which had still a number of oddments in the shape of Birmingham hardware and Manchester soft goods undisposed of, cleared out for Dublin; and the *Don Enrique* made preparations for sailing with the first favorable breeze, but for a different destination—Ascension, it was reported, if I remember rightly.

The wished-for breeze was not long waited for, and directly it was felt the Blue Peter flew at the mast heads of all three vessels. M. Quintana and his sister came on board; and the Africans had been previously embarked, and the *Felipe Segunda* got smartly under weigh, quickly followed by the *Don Enrique*. The *Marys*, which had the reputation of being a very fast sailer, did not lift her anchor for some hours afterwards: the reason of this delay I have now to state.

"Mr. Sutcliffe," said Commander King, when we were alone together, two or three hours previous to the departure of the *Felipe Segunda*; "I am about to intrust you with an important and rather difficult mission. I have reason to believe that Pasco, the brutal Portuguese assassin of Captain Horton is concealed somewhere in the Banana Islands; that he is in the fact the uncle, the Senór Cadalso, of whom M. Quintana and his precious sister speak so affectionately."

"You astonish me, sir!"

"No wonder that I should. I have further reason to believe that Captain Valdez is in league with M. Quintana, and that one of their latest contrived schemes is to get repossession of the *Felipe Segunda*, not perhaps by absolute force, that would require a certain degree of pluck, and the attempt, if successful, would involve a sacrifice of life, which such gentry are not fond of incurring, but by some artful dodge in which the Senóra's influence over Burbage will play a prominent part. If we can only catch the master and crew of the *Don Enrique* at such a pretty piece of piracy, the schooner will, of course, be ours; and better than that, Captain Valdez once in my power, I will so manage that he shall be glad to save his own neck, by guiding us to the hiding-hole of that ruffian Pasco. I have only to add, that I and fifty men shall embark in the *Marys*, and keep strictly out of sight till we may be wanted. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, partially, but how—"

"This paper," interrupted Lieutenant King, "which you will, of course, keep carefully concealed, will explain all that I have left in doubt. You will communicate with me through Hodgson, of the *Marys*, who is entirely in my confidence. Also understand," he added gravely, "that Lieut. Burbage is not kept in the dark in the matter, from any doubt of his honor or zeal in the King's service, but simply because he will better aid our success by playing unconsciously, therefore naturally, the part of love-blinded dupe, destined for him."

I briefly expressed the gratitude I felt for the confidence reposed in me, and my determination to carry his instructions resolutely into effect, and

was turning to leave the cabin, when he added with a kind of grave humour—"And bear in mind, Sutcliffe, the counsel of the Duke of Wellington to an officer intrusted with a confidential mission, 'that he should not only carefully guard his secret, but so act, speak, and look, that no one should suspect he had one.'"

The trip was a swift and pleasant one to every body, to Lieutenant Burbage a panoramic paradise of which each object—sun-light, star-fire, the varied shore, the silver sea, viewed in the lustre of his lady's eyes, assumed a beauty not their own. In fact, the poor fellow's wild talk as he paced the deck at night suggested serious doubts of his perfect sanity; and probably, if I go on transcribing his rhapsodies, the reader may come to a similar conclusion with regard to myself, I shall only therefore add, on this part of the subject, that I indistinctly understood the divine Isabella was to become Mrs. Burbage on our return to Sierra Leone, some necessary preliminaries having been first adjusted with the uncle Senor Cadalso.

A few hours after we had brought up in Dublin Bay—I believe this name was suggested by its resemblance to the magnificent expanse of water which graces the Irish Metropolis—the *Marys* was signalled, and before nightfall had anchored at no great distance from us. Her merchantly, peaceable aspect was not in the slightest manner changed, and it required the positive assurance of Skipper Hodgson, with whom I had a quiet conference the next morning, to convince me that more than 50 valiant men of war were stowed away, ready as gunpowder, and considerably drier I could have sworn, in her hot, confined hold. The *Don Enrique*, he further informed me, had gone to the westward of the Island, and would be found lying off and on about Ricketts, a collection of Negro huts of that name, not far from which it was conjectured Senor Cadalso might be found.

M. Quintana and his sister left the brig the instant the anchor was dropped, and never had the lady worn a sunnier smile than when she softly reminded the enraptured lieutenant that her uncle would expect to see him the earliest moment his professional duties permitted him to do so. Those duties, as far as landing and locating the Negroes went, were concluded by noon on the morrow, and Lieutenant Burbage did not return till midnight. He appeared much and pleasantly excited; and after giving one or two routine orders, withdrew to his cabin, desiring me to follow.

"I shall be obliged," he half-blushingly began, "if you will pay a visit to Senor Cadalso tomorrow afternoon. The marriage contract is to be signed then, and I wish you to be a witness. Besides there is to be some slight festivity—a dance and so on; and Isabella, with whom you are a prime favorite, by the way, quite insists upon your presence."

I answered that the lady's politeness was extremely gratifying, and that I should very readily accept of his and her invitation.

"Thank you," rejoined Burbage; "we have arrived here but just in time, for Cadalso, who has quite recovered his health, intends leaving

the island tomorrow for Cuba, in the *Don Enrique*."

"In the *Don Enrique*!" I hastily blurted out; "isn't that odd?"

"Nonsense," he quickly replied: "Cadalso, though a rough-grained fellow as far as looks go, is, I have no doubt, a person of perfect respectability. It will be better," he added, finding I remained silent, "that you should take the brig round to the westward till you are abreast of Ricketts, where you can be easily rowed ashore, and the boat can remain on the beach to re-embark us all, as both Quintana and his sister intend sleeping on board. I shall have to be on shore early, and must therefore leave these little arrangements to you." I bowed acquiescence, and a few minutes afterwards we separated.

Lieutenant Burbage left the vessel immediately after breakfast, taking with him six men on leave for the day, at, I understood, the request of our late passengers, and to dispose of their share of a gratuity which the Quintanas had sent the brig's company. This draft, with the six men I was directed to take on shore with me, and who were to remain with the boat till we were ready to re-embark, would reduce the hands on board to eight. Truly a very pleasant game our sweet-spoken friends were playing, and but that others could plot and countermine as well as they, quite a safe one too.

I communicated as quickly as possible with Skipper Hodgson, and it was not long before the *Marys* was slipping away under easy sail to the westward. We came up with and ran her alongside in the shadow of a concealing headland, and received on board to the infinite amazement of the *Felipe Segunda's* scanty crew, some fifty odd of their old messmates, with Commander King at their head. Sail was again made, and before long we opened up the straggling village of Ricketts, and the *Don Enrique* lying snugly at anchor, about half a league from the shore. We brought up at no great distance from the audacious schooner, but the glasses which instantly swept the deck of the brig, could discern nothing alarming or suspicious there. The barge was manned at once, and after about a quarter of an hour's lusty pull, I leaped on shore, where a black fellow was in waiting to convey me to Senor Cadalso's residence, situate somewhere amongst the hills, at the base of which Ricketts is sparsely scattered. We soon reached it, and a miserable tumble-down place it was, though somewhat more pretentious than the mud huts of the liberated Africans. Quintana received me with much simulated cordiality, but the fellow was too shaky and ill at ease to play the part of hospitable host with even tolerable success. Burbage and his fiancée were out walking; and Senor Cadalso was not for the present visible. Neither did I observe any festive preparation in progress. I, however, abstained from remark, accepted the refreshment proffered me, drank a few glasses of wine, gossipped a little upon indifferent matters, and feeling at length exceedingly drowsy, apologized for my rudeness, and to Quintana's great relief, threw myself upon a bamboo apology for a couch, and soon dropped fast asleep. I slumbered much longer than I had intended, for when I again opened my peepers the moon and stars were out and shining brilliantly.

I was just in the act of springing up when the sound of approaching voices, one that of Quintana's the other, a rasping one, I guessed Cadalso, *alias* Pasco's struck my ear, and induced me to resume my recumbent posture.

"Hush! hush!" I presently heard Quintana hurriedly whisper; "speak lower for heaven's sake!" They talked in Spanish, by-the-by, which I comprehended well enough, though I could not speak it with remarkable elegance or precision.

"Not I, indeed," was the surly rejoinder; "the mask may slip off how and as soon as it likes. Besides, the young cockerel yonder is fast asleep."

"Are you quite sure it's all right with Captain Valdez?" asked Quintana, an arrant coward if there was ever one.

"Quite sure! why yes; as sure as death! We have got our own again, there's no doubt about that. It's pretty nearly half an hour since the *Felipe Segunda* was boarded and carried by the *Don Enrique's* boats, though as the pistol shots told us not without a stoutish resistance. However, the signal rockets agreed upon between me and Valdez, soon showed that all was right."

"Where is Burbage?" said Quintana after a few moments' silence.

"With Isabella, to be sure!—with his friend Pasco's charming niece—where else? Ha! ha! burst out the truculent brute, with such a reckless ferocity, that I doubted if it could be at all worth while to feign sleep any longer; "the girl has managed the business rarely, and yet now, at the last moment, the pretty, perverse fool is whimpering and lamenting about it, and insisting, forsooth, that the thick-skulled Englishman she has so deliciously bamboozled shall be permitted to depart in a whole skin: yes, he shall!"

"You swore that the lieutenant should suffer no personal harm," said Quintana, "besides——"

"Swore," echoed the excited savage, "swore! But you too are a fool! Go and seek them. Valdez and his men cannot now be far off, and it is quite time the farce was over."

Quintana left the room; and Pasco throwing himself carelessly upon a seat began gulping down the liquor on the table. He was quite aware, I felt convinced, that I was not asleep, but still I judged it best not to change my position, the more especially as my right hand, thrust carelessly as it were under my coat breast, securely gripped the stock of a double-barrelled pistol.

A few anxious minutes slowly passed, and then a confused tumult of voices—Burbage's the loudest and fiercest—burst upon us. I jumped to my feet, and at the same moment the lieutenant swept into the room in a frenzy of rage and indignation. Isabella, preceding her brother and five or six grim-visaged ruffians following. Her face, a glance showed me, was pale as marble, and her fine eyes wet with tears.

"Betrayed,—dishonored,—lost,—ruined!"—shrieked Burbage as he caught sight of me; "and by this accursed murderer too!"

It was well for Pasco that a table was between him and his furious assailant, or the lieutenant's sudden and deadly thrust would have required no second stroke. As it was, he received a slight wound only, and Burbage, pinioned in the grasp of three or four rascals, could only madly curse

the taunting villain, in whose power he believed himself to be, and upbraid the beguiling serpent that had lured him to his ruin; and whose too late repentance had but revealed the utter blackness of the gulf in which he was plunged. "Uncle, uncle!" supplicated the weeping, terrified woman, as she threw herself between Burbage and Pasco's menacing pistol; "for the love of God harm him not! You have an oath in heaven to respect his life—his safety!"

It would have been easy enough for me amid the furious din and scuffle to have sent a bullet through the heads of a couple of the scoundrels, but as I fully believed ample help was not far off, it would have been madness to precipitate matters till that help arrived. This much to the reader in excuse of my apparent quiescence, but really calculated inactivity. I chose rather, as soon as I could make myself heard, to implore Burbage to have patience,—to calm himself.

"Patience! Calm myself!" he shouted, as he fixed his bloodshot glance on mine, as if doubtful that he heard aright; "Patience! Calm myself!"

"The young man counsels wisely," said Pasco with a malignant sneer, but at the same time lowering his pistol; "patience is excellent when nothing else may be had. You are in my power, accursed fool, and so is the *Felipe Segunda*, and as many of her crew as have not already been thrown to the fishes. Ha! there is Captain Valdez' whistle. But a few minutes and all scores will be cleared. Off wench!—Is this a time for snivelling?"

The hurried tramp of men swiftly approaching was heard without. Pasco sprang up with ferocious glee to the door, flung it open,—"Here Valdez, he cried with ferocious exultation; "here!—Hell and Thunder! who are these?"

"The messengers of justice, scoundrel!" shouted Commander King, bursting in and seizing the terror-stricken miscreant. His eager crew followed and amidst a fierce uproar of shrieks and curses, grappled and secured the whole knot of conspirators. The success of the counterplot was complete!

A few words will close this story. Isabella and her brother embarked unmolested for Cuba, chiefly, I believe, through the intercession of Lieutenant Burbage. Pasco was indicted for murder, and aiding and abetting piracy (the attack on the brig by the boats of the *Don Enrique*), but escaped the penalty to which he would certainly have been adjudged, by dying of brain fever in the hospital at Sierra Leone. Lieutenant Burbage, though for a time a sadder, became as certainly a wiser man than when he permitted himself to be hoodwinked by an artful Syren; who, however, we must not for the honor of womankind forget, was herself the dupe of a relative, upon whose bounty she had depended from earliest infancy. The *Don Enrique* was condemned and purchased into the service, and under another name became, with perhaps the exception of the celebrated *Black Joke*, the most efficient and successful cruiser on the African coast, till the apparition of armed steamers proclaimed to the dismayed slave-mongers that, whether a little sooner or a little later, the end of their atrocious traffic was marked indelibly upon the dial of the future.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

WINE.

Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Shakespeare.

SOME eighteen months or two years ago, I was doing my duty to my country and myself on board Her Majesty's frigate the *Astræa*, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem with our first lieutenant, an I filling up every pause with murmurs at the continuance of 'these piping times of peace.' We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honourable captain, whom we picked up at Malta, basking like two yellow, over-ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where cyprus may be had for paying for, and where *faldettas* are held by hands as fair as their coquettish folds are black and lustrous.

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilights of chrysolite and gold, such as poets dream of, and the Levant alone can realize (having been for three preceding days, not "spell-bound," but "calm-bound among the clustering Cyclades") it was the pleasure of our honourable captain and his cousins to drop anchor in the Bay of — (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit, where after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders, who make it a part of their religion to give offence to the blue-jackets where offence can be given, with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven o'clock p. m., seated at the mess of Her Majesty's gallant —, doing as much justice to the roast beef of Old England as if we had not been within a day's sail of the Island of the Minotaur.

"Are you a punch drinker?" inquired my neighbour, Captain Wargrave, with whom as a school-fellow of my elder brother's, I had quickly made acquaintance.

"If I may venture to own it, no!" said I; I have swallowed too much punch on compulsion in the course of my life."

"I judged as much from your looks," replied Wargrave, who had promised to see me on board the frigate. "If you want to get away from these noisy fellows, we can easily slip off while Lord Thomas and his operations engage their attention."

And, in compliance with the hint, I soon found myself sauntering with him, arm in arm, on the bastions of —. We had an hour before us; for the captain's gig was not ordered till eleven; and in order to keep an eye at once on the frigate and the shore, we sat down on an abutment of the parapet to gossip away the time.

"There seem to be hard-going fellows in your mess," said I to Wargrave, as he sat beside me, with his arms folded over his breast. "Thornton, I understand, carries off his two bottles a day, like a Trojan; and the fat major, who sat opposite to me, made such play with the champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part, I should be well content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and des-

pairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's."

"You are fortunate," said Wargrave drily.

"Fortunate?" cried I. "I wish I could appreciate my own luck!—I am voted the sulkiest dog unchanged, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over-night, am ready to shoot myself with the headache and blue devils next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton, who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the thirty-sixth stanza of "Nancy Dawson" between his two last bottles, and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost their's under the table. There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of 'the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!' It always appears to me that Bacchus is the universal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship."

Wargrave replied by a vague, unmeaning laugh, which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost on him. Yet I continued:—

"Do you know that, in spite of the prevalence of the Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honour due to the influence of wine. It has ever been the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow-creatures to all motives but the true; but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes have been made by the bottle than the sword."

"Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?" suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

"Personal meaning?" I reiterated. "Of what nature?" And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margoux of the fat major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.

"I can scarcely imagine, sir," he continued, in a voice, however, that savoured of anything rather than imbricety, "that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address me on such a subject!"

"Be satisfied then that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable," said I, still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanour; "for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day I, never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected reunion with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanour; but, in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent."

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands nay almost his arms, towards me. "It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends."

While I frankly accepted his apologies and of-

ferred my hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection on the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a *haggardness*—that involuntarily I re-seated myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but, after a few minutes' silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

"My dear fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word," said I, trying to reconcile him to himself. "Dismiss it from your thoughts."

"Do not fancy," replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, "that these humiliating tears originate in anything that has passed between us this night. No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humour you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient date, and far more ineffaceable in their nature. I owe you something in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore," he continued, looking at his watch. "Devote those minutes to me, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience; a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero."

There was no disputing with him,—no begging him to be calm. I had only to listen, and impart, in the patience of my attention, such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

"You were right," said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, "in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to 'make glad the heart of man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief, the dew of beauty, the philtre of love. What that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwine the brow of its divinity, and wine is said to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their tears and blood like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation! Do not fancy that I allude to *Drunkenness*; do not class me, in your imagination, with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow! the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin! The voice can neither modulate its tone to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot; a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal. Do not suppose me the apostle of a temperance society, when I assert, on my honor, that after three glasses, I am no longer master of my actions; without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are

forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Three more, and I become a madman."

"But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity," said I. "You must of course regard yourself an exception."

"No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine nor indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burden to themselves."

"I really believe you are right."

"I know that I am right; listen. When I became your brother's friend, at Westminster, I was on the foundation,—an only son; intended for the church; and the importance which my father and mother attached to my election for college, added such a stimulus to my exertions, that, at the early age of fourteen, their wish was accomplished. I was the first boy of my years. A studentship at Christ Church crowned my highest ambition; and all that remained for me at Westminster was to preside over the farewell supper, indispensable on occasions of these triumphs. I was unaccustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature; and a very small proportion of the fiery tavern port, which forms the nectar of similar festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to madness. Heated by noise and intemperance, we all sallied forth together, prepared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued; a life was lost. Expulsion suspended my election. I never reached Oxford; my professional prospects were blighted; and, within a few months, my father died of the disappointment! And now, what was to be done with me? My guardians decided that in the army the influence of my past faults would prove least injurious; and, eager to escape the tacit reproach of my poor mother's pale face and gloomy weeds, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fifteen, I was gazetted in the —th regiment of Light Dragoons. At Westminster they used to call me 'Wargrave the peacemaker.' I never had a quarrel; I never had an enemy. Yet, twelve months after joining the —th, I had the reputation of being a quarrelsome fellow; I had fought one of my brother officers, and was on the most uncomfortable terms with four others."

"And this sudden change —"

"Was then attributed to the sourness arising from my disappointments in life. I have since ascribed it to a truer origin—the irritation of the doses of brandy, tinged with sloe juice, which formed the luxury of a mess cellar. Smarting under the consciousness of unpopularity, I fancied I hated my profession, when in fact I only hated myself. I managed to get on half-pay, and returned to my mother's tranquil roof; where, instead of regretting the brilliant life I had forsaken, my peace of mind and early contentment came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle; I was my mother's constant companion; I seldom tasted wine; I became healthy, happy, beloved as a neighbor and fellow-citizen. But higher distinctions of affection followed. A young and very beautiful girl, of rank and fortune superior to my own, deigned

to encourage the humble veneration with which I regarded her. I became emboldened to solicit her heart and hand. My mother assured her I was the best of sons. I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed us both; accepted me, married me; and on welcoming home my lovely, gentle Mary, all remembrance of past sorrow seemed to be obliterated. Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was honorable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father had loved to preside. Mary's three brothers were our constant guests; and Wargrave—the calm, sober, indolent Wargrave—once more became fractious and ill at ease. My poor mother, who could conceive no fault in my disposition,—concluding that, as in other instances, the husband had discovered in the daily companionship of married life, faults which had been invisible to the lover,—ascribed to poor Mary all the discredit of the change. She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaintances. She saw that after they had been dining with me, I grew morose and irritable; and attributed the fault to my guests, instead of to the cursed wine their company compelled me to swallow. Fortunately, poor Mary's time was engrossed by preparations for the arrival of her first child, a pledge of domestic happiness calculated to reconcile a woman even to greater vexations than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all my bursts of temper, by declaring her opinion that 'any man might possess the insipid quality of good humour; but that Wargrave, if somewhat hasty, had the best heart and principles in the world.' As soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of all her female acquaintances, by trusting 'that Harry would, in all respects, resemble his father.' Heaven bless her for her blindness!"

Wargrave paused for a moment; during which I took care to direct my eyes towards the frigate.

"Among those female friends, was a certain Sophy Cavendish, a cousin of Mary's; young, handsome, rich; but gifted with that intemperate vivacity which health and prosperity inspire. Sophy was a fearless creature; the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill-temper. When I scolded, she bantered; and when I appeared sullen, she piqued me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to take her railleries in good part. To this playful girl it unluckily occurred to suggest to her cousin, 'Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? Why don't you laugh him out of his perversity?' And Mary, to whose disposition and manners all these *agaceries* were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes; would seize me by the hair, the sleeve, point her finger at me when I was sullen, and laugh heartily whenever I indulged in a reproof. I vow to Heaven there were moments when this innocent fool, made me hate her! 'It does not become you to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin,' cried I, one night when she had amused herself by filling water at me, across the dessert-table, while I was engaged in an intemperate professional dispute with an old brother officer, 'in trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!' 'Don't

be intimidated by a few big words,' cried Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported to her. 'Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness; they have a sting only for those who are afraid of them. Persevere!' She *did* persevere; and, on an occasion equally ill-timed, again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved. 'You must not banter him *in company*,' said Sophia. 'He is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge.'

"It was on my return from a club dinner that Mary attempted to put these mischievous precepts into practice. I was late—too late; for, against my will I had been detained by the jovial party. Mary, who had been beguiling the time of my absence in her dressing-room with an entertaining book, by which her spirits were exhilarated, began to laugh at my excuses; to banter, to mock me. I begged her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry. I bade her to be silent. She only laughed more loudly. I stamped, swore, raved. She approached me in mimicry of my violence. *I struck her!*

"I know not what followed this act of brutality," cried Wargrave, rousing himself. "I have a faint remembrance of kneeling and imploring, and offering the sacrifice of my life in atonement for such ingratitude. But I have a very strong one of the patient immobility which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed in my presence. She jested no more, she never laughed again. What worlds would I have given had she remonstrated—defended herself—resented the injury! But no! from that fatal night, like the enchanted princess in the story, she became converted into marble whenever her husband approached her. I fancied—so conscious are the guilty—that she sometimes betrayed an apprehension of leaving our child in the room alone with me. Perhaps she thought me mad! She was right. The brief insanity inspired by wine had alone caused me to raise my hand against her.

"I knew the secret had been kept from her brothers; for, if not,—fine manly fellows as they were,—nothing would have induced them again to sit at my board. But there was a person whose interference between me and my wife I dreaded more than theirs—a brother of Sophy Cavendish, who had loved Mary from her childhood, and wooed her, and been dismissed shortly after her acquaintance with myself. That fellow I never could endure! Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sister—grave, even to dejection; cold and dignified in his demeanor; sententious, taciturn, repulsive. Mary had a great opinion of him, although she had preferred the vivacity of my manner, and the impetuosity of my character. But now that these qualities had been turned against herself, might not a revulsion of feeling cause her to regret her cousin? She must have felt that Horace Cavendish would have invited an executioner to hack his arm off, rather than raise it against a woman! No provocation would have caused *him* to address her in those terms of insult in which, on more than one occasion, I had indulged. I began to hate him, for I felt *little* in his presence. I saw that he was my superior in temper and breeding; that he would have made a happier woman of my wife. Yet I had no pro-

text for dismissing him my house. He could not but have seen that he was odious to me; yet he had not the delicacy to withdraw from our society. Perhaps he thought his presence necessary to protect his cousin? Perhaps he thought I was not to be trusted with the deposit of her happiness?"

"But surely," said I, "after what had already occurred, you were careful to refrain from the stimulants which had betrayed you into an unworthy action."

"Right. I was careful. My temperance was that of an anchorite. On the pretext of health, I refrained for many months from tasting wine. I became myself again. My brothers-in-law called me milkop! I cared not what they called me. The current of my blood ran cool and free. I wanted to conquer back the confidence of my wife!"

"But perhaps this total abstinence rendered the ordeal still more critical, when you were compelled occasionally to resume your former habits?"

"Right again. I was storing a magazine against myself! There occurred a family festival from which I could not absent myself—the wedding of Sophy Cavendish. Even my wife relaxed in her habitual coldness towards me, and requested me to join the party. We met; a party of some thirty,—giggling, noisy, brainless,—to jest and be merry. It was settled that I must 'drink the bride's health,' and Mrs. Wargrave extended her glass towards mine, as if to make it a pledge of reconciliation. How eagerly I quaffed it! The champagne warmed my heart. Of my free will I took a second glass. The bridegroom was then toasted; then the family into which Sophy was marrying; then the family she was quitting. At length the health of Mrs. Wargrave was proposed. Could I do otherwise than honor it in a bumper? I looked towards her for further encouragement—further kindness; but, instead of the expected smile, I saw her pale, trembling, anxious. My kindling glances and heated countenance perhaps reminded her of the fatal night which had been the origin of our misunderstanding. Yes, she trembled; and in the midst of her agitation I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of sympathy and good understanding pass between her and Horace Cavendish. I turned fiercely towards him. He regarded me with contempt; that look, at least, I did not misinterpret; *but I revenged it!*"

Involuntarily I walked from the parapet, and walked a few paces towards the frigate, in order that Wargrave might recover breath and composure. He followed me; he clung to my arm: the rest of his narrative was spoken almost in a whisper.

"In the mood which had now taken possession of me, it was easy to give offence; and Cavendish appeared no less ready than myself. We quarrelled. Mary's brother attempted to pacify us; but the purpose of both was settled. I saw that he looked upon me as a venomous reptile to be crushed; and I looked upon him as the lover of Mary. One of us must die to extinguish such hatred. We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I shot him through the heart! I surrendered myself to justice; took no heed of my defence. Yet surely many must have loved me; for, on the day of trial, hundreds of witnesses came

forward to attest my humanity, my generosity, my mildness of nature. Many of our mutual friends attested upon oath that the deceased had been observed to seek occasions of giving me offence. That he had often spoken of me disparagingly, threateningly; that he had been heard to say, I *deserved* to die! I was now sure that Mary had taken him into her confidence; and yet it was by my wife's unceasing exertions that this mass of evidence had been collected in my favor. I was acquitted. The court rang with acclamations; for I was 'the only son of my mother, and she was a widow;' and the name of Wargrave commanded love and respect from many, both in her person and that of my wife. The Cavendish family had not availed itself mercilessly against my life. I left the court 'without a blemish upon my character,' and with gratitude for the good offices of hundreds. I was not yet quite a wretch.

"But I had not yet seen Mary! On the plea of severe indisposition, she had refrained from visiting me in prison; and now that all danger was over, I rejoiced she had been spared the humiliation of such an interview. I trembled when I found myself once more on the threshold of home. To meet her again—to fall once more upon the neck of my poor mother, whose blindness and infirmities had forbidden her to visit me in durance! What a trial! The shouts of the multitude were dying away in the distance; my sole companion was a venerable servant of my father's, who sat sobbing by my side.

"The windows are closed," said I, looking anxiously upwards, as the carriage stopped. "Has Mrs. Wargrave—has my mother quitted town?"

"There was no use distressing you, Master William, so long as you was in trouble," said the old man, grasping my arm. "My poor old mistress has been buried these six weeks; she died of a stroke of apoplexy the day after you surrendered yourself. We buried her, sir, by your father."

"And my wife?" said I, as soon as I could recover my utterance.

"I don't rightly understand,—I can't quite make out,—I believe, sir, you will find a letter," said my grey-headed companion, following me closely into the house.

"From Mary?"

"Here it is," he replied, opening a shutter of the cold, grim, cheerless room, and pointing to the table.

"From Mary?" I again reiterated, as I snatched it up. No! *not* from Mary; not even from any member of her family; not even from any friend, from any acquaintance. *It was a lawyer's letter*; informing me, with technical precision, that 'his client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, conceiving she had just cause and provocation to withdraw herself from my roof, had already taken up her abode with her family; that she was prepared to defend herself, by the strong aid of the law, against any opposition I might offer to her design; but trusted the affair might be amicably adjusted. His client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, moreover, demanded no other maintenance than the trifle allowed by her marriage settlement for her separate use. Instead of accompanying me to the continent, she proposed to reside with her brothers.'

"And it was by the hand of a lawyer's clerk I was to learn all this! The woman—the wife—

whom I had struck!—was prepared to plead ‘cruelty’ against me in a court of justice.

“Drink this, Master William,” said the poor old man, returning to my side with a salver and a bottle of the Madeira which had been forty years in his keeping. “You want support, my dear boy; drink this.”

“Give it me,” cried I, snatching the glass from his hands. “Another—another!—I do want support; for I have still a task to perform. Stop the carriage; I am going out. Another glass! I must see Mrs. Wargrave! Where is she?”

“Three miles off, sir, at Sir William’s. My mistress is with her elder brother, sir. You can’t see her to-night. Wait till morning; wait till you are more composed. You will loose your senses with all these cruel shocks!”

“I have lost my senses!” I exclaimed, throwing myself again into the carriage.—“And therefore I must see her,—must see her before I die.”

“And these frantic words were constantly on my lips till the carriage stopped at the gate of Sir William Brabazon. I would not suffer it to enter; I traversed the courtyard on foot; I wished to give no announcement of my arrival. It was dusk: the servant did not recognize me; when, having entered the offices by a side-door, I demanded of a strange servant admittance to Mrs. Wargrave. The answer was such as I anticipated. ‘Mrs. Wargrave could see no one. She was ill; had only just risen from her bed.’ Nevertheless, I urged the necessity of an immediate interview. ‘I must see her on business.’ Still less. ‘It was impossible for Mrs. Wargrave to see any person on business, as Sir William and Mr. Brabazon had just gone into town; and she was quite alone, and much indisposed.’ ‘Take in this note,’ said I, tearing a blank leaf from my pocket-book, and folding it to represent a letter. And following with caution the servant I despatched on my errand, I found my way to the door of Mary’s apartment. It was the beginning of spring. The invalid was sitting in a large arm-chair before the fire, with her little boy asleep in her arms. I had preceded the servant into the room, and, by the imperfect firelight, she mistook me for the medical attendant she was expecting.

“Good evening, Doctor,” said she, in a voice so faint and tremulous, that I could scarcely recognise it for her’s. “You will find me better to-night; but why are you so late?”

“You will, perhaps, find me too early,” said I, placing myself resolutely beside her chair, “unless you are disposed to annul the instrument with which you have been pleased to complete the measure of your husband’s miseries. Do not tremble, Madam. You have no injury to apprehend. I come here, a broken-hearted man, to learn my award of life and death.” And, in spite of my false courage, I staggered to the wall, and leaned against it for support.

“My brothers are absent,” faltered Mary. “I have no counsellor at hand, to act as mediator between us.”

“For which reason I hazard this appeal. I am here to speak with my own lips to your own ears, to your own heart. Do not decide upon the suggestions of others.”

“I have decided,” murmured Mrs. Wargrave, ‘irrevocably.’

“No, you have not!” said I, again approaching her. “for you have decided without listening to the defence of your husband, to the appeal of nature. Mary, Mary! have you so soon forgotten the vows of eternal union breathed in the presence of God? Are you not still my wife?—my wife whom I adore,—my wife whom I have injured,—my wife, whose patience I would requite by a whole life of homage and adoration. Mary, you have no right to cast from you the father of your child.”

“It is for my child’s sake that I seek to withdraw from his authority,” said Mrs. Wargrave, with more firmness than might have been expected.

“No! I cannot live with you again; my confidence is gone, my respect diminished. This boy, as his faculties become developed, would see no tremble in your presence; would learn that I fear you; that—”

“That you despise me! Speak out, Madam; speak out!”

“That I pity you,” continued Mary, resolutely; “that I pity you as one who has the reproach of blood upon his hands, and the accusation of ruffianly injury against a woman on his conscience.”

“And such are the lessons you will teach him.”

“It is a lesson I would scrupulously withhold from him, and, to secure his ignorance, it is needful that he should live an alien from his father’s roof. Wargrave, our child must not grow up in observation of our estrangement.”

“Then, by Heaven, my resolution is taken! You have appealed to the laws: by the laws let us abide. The child is mine, by right, by enforcement. Live where you will; defy me from what shelter you please; but this little creature, whom you have constituted my enemy, remains with me! Surrender him to me, or dread the consequences!”

“You did not!” I incoherently gasped, seizing Wargrave by the arm, and dreading, I knew not what.

“Have I not told you,” he replied, in a voice which froze the blood in my veins, “that before quitting home, I had swallowed half a bottle of Madeira? My frame was heated, my brain maddened! I saw in the woman before me only the minion, the mourner of Horace Cavendish. I had no longer a wife.”

“Mary prepared herself for violence at my hands,” continued Wargrave, “for instinctively she attempted to rise and approach the bell; but, encumbered by the child, or by her own weakness, she fell back in her chair. ‘Don’t wake him!’ said she, in a faint, piteous voice, as if, after all, his helplessness constituted her best defence.”

“Give him up, then, at once. Do you think I do not love him! Give him up to his father.”

“For a moment, as if overcome, she seemed attempting to unclasp the little hand which, even in sleep, clung tenderly to her night-dress. For a moment she seemed to recognise the irresistibility of my claim.”

“The carriage waits,” said I sternly. “Where is his nurse?”

“I am his nurse,” cried Mary, bursting into an agony of tears. “I will go with him. To retain my child, I will consent to live with you again.”

"With me? Live with me, whom you have dishonored with your pity, your contempt, your preference of another? Rather again stand arraigned before a criminal tribunal, than accept such a woman as my wife!"

"As a *servant*, then; let me attend as a servant on this little creature, so dear to me, so precious to me, so feeble, so——"

"Is it Cavendish's brat, that you plead for him so warmly?" cried I, infuriated that even my child should be preferred to me. And I now attempted to remove him by force from her arms.

"Help! help! help!" faltered the feeble, half-fainting mother. But no one came, and I persisted. Did you ever attempt to hold a struggling child—a child that others were struggling to retain—a young child—a soft, frail, feeble child? And why did she resist? Should not she, woman as she was, have known that mischief would arise from such contact? She who had tended those delicate limbs, that fragile frame? The boy awakened from his sleep—was screaming violently. He struggled, and struggled, and moaned, and gasped. But, on a sudden, his shrieks ceased. He was still, silent, breathless."

"Dead!" cried I.

"So she imagined at the moment, when, at the summons of her fearful shrieks, the servants rushed into the room. But no, I had not again become a murderer; a new curse was in store for me. When medical aid was procured, it was found that a limb was dislocated; the spine injured; the boy a cripple for life!"

"What must have been his father's remorse!"

"His father was spared the intelligence. It was not for fourteen months that I was removed from the private madhouse, to which, that fatal night, I was conveyed, a raving maniac. The influence of wine, passion, horror, had induced epilepsy; from which I was only roused to a state of frenzy. Careful treatment and solitude gradually restored me. Legal steps had been taken by the Brabazon family during my confinement; and my mutilated boy is placed, by the Court of Chancery, under the guardianship of his mother.

For some time after my recovery, I became a wanderer on the continent, with the intention of wasting the remnant of my blighted existence in restless obscurity. But I soon felt that the best propitiation, the best sacrifice to offer my injured wife and child, was the attempt to conquer, for their sakes, an honorable position in society. I got placed on full pay in a regiment appointed to a foreign station. I made over to my boy the whole of my property. I pique myself upon living on my pay,—on drinking no wine,—on absenting myself from all the seductions of society. I lead a life of penance, of penitence, of pain. But, some day or other, my little victim will learn the death of his father, and feel that he devoted his wretched days to the duties of an honorable profession, in order to spare him further dishonor as *the son of a suicide.*"

"Thank God!" was my murmured ejaculation, when at this moment I perceived the boat of the *Astrea*, whose approach enabled me to cover my emotion with the bustle of parting. There was not a word of consolation—of palliation, to be offered to such a man. He had indeed afforded me a fearful commentary on my text. Never

before had I duly appreciated the perils and dangers of WINE!

"And is it to such a stimulus," murmured I, as I slowly joined my companions, "that judge and juror recur for strength to inspire their decrees; to such an influence, that captain and helmsman turn for courage in the storm; to such a counsellor, the warrior refers his manœuvres on the day of battle; nay, that the minister, the chancellor, the sovereign himself, dedicate the frailty of their nature! That human life, that human happiness, should be subjected to so devilish an instrument! Against all other enemies, we fortify ourselves with defence; to this masterfiend we open the doors of the citadel."

My meditations were soon cut short by the joyous chorus of a drinking-song, with which Lord Thomas's decoctions inspired the shattered reason of the commandants, superior and inferior, of His Majesty's ship the *Astrea*.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

FRAGMENT.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon
vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur
rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled
steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the timeworn tower
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace: all form a scene
Where moving solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day,

In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field
Sinks sweetly smiling; not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
And Vesper's image on the western main
Is beautiful still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deep'ning mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.—*Shelley.*

GIVING THE BASKET.

A HOLSTEINER'S STORY.

My grandmother was a wonderful woman. She lived from her first birthday seventy-five years in the same old street of Hamburg—changed her name three times, with the help of as many weddings—had seven sons and five daughters, all prosperously settled along the Lower Elbe; and one proverb, which was at once her creed and consolation: "What is to be, will be."

A quiet life had my grandmother passed in the faith of that maxim, notwithstanding her numerous family and successive spouses. She was reckoned rich, too, each of the three dear departed having in turn endowed her with a comfortable jointure. There was, consequently, an earnest strife among her kindred as to who should be her heir; but my grandmother almost settled the question, by taking me home in my seventh year, to keep her in occupation in the old house. What moved her to that step, nobody ever knew; unless that I was the youngest of nine boys belonging to her eldest daughter—extremely unwelcome, because I was not a little girl—and said to resemble her first husband, my grandfather, who had died at twenty-nine, and then rested some forty years in St. Michael's Cemetery. I was born within the liberties of Altona, and therefore counted as a Holsteiner. Readers, most of you know that there are not two miles between the two good cities; but the rest of our relations in the Hamburg territory, besides uniting their voices to warn the old lady that I would have a will of my own, were liberal in the suggestion of difficulties which might arise in case of future war in my drawing for the burgh militia. My grandmother replied to all their warnings with her wonted proverb, and nothing daunted, took me home to Alsterstrass. It was the oldest street of the new town, curving down from the ancient rampart to the river. Its houses had been built before the Thirty Years' War, when straight lines were yet unthought of, and had all projecting storeys in front, and gardens, with right ancient summer-houses in them, behind. Nothing had ever gone out of repair in that street; trade, with all its dust and wear, had passed it by; low poverty had never found an entrance; and nobody inhabited its peaceful precincts but well-to-do, old-fashioned burghers, whose business-days were over; discreet spinsters, who managed their own portions; and prudent, comfortably-jointured widows like my grandmother.

Peaceful years leave little to relate; and of mine, under her administration, I can only say that there were boys in the neighbourhood with whom I played—that they grew to be young men with whom I had frolics, controversies, and friendships—that my grandmother sent me from her house to school, from school to college, and from college to a notary, because my grandfather had been such, and it was a genteel profession—that I was neither overworked nor very idle; and at twenty-three, all the judicious in Alsterstrass, and they were many, gave me the character of a handsome steady young man, in much request for dances, and doubtless a great comfort to my grandmother, to which I once overheard a spiteful old maid add, that I was growing more conceited

every day, and thought myself quite a beau among the girls.

My father and mother had grown old, my brothers had grown up, and some of them were married, but I was never reckoned among them. Indeed, it was in my recollection, that the honest man whose name I bore, when his memory grew short with settling the senior eight, occasionally called me "nephew." It was allowed on all hands, however, that I was to be my grandmother's heir. Quietly kind had the old lady been to me from childhood upwards; and her house, with its corner rooms and carved-wood ceilings, was no cheerless abode. It had descended to her through a line of Hanseatic merchants. She was an only daughter, and having dwelt there all her maiden and married life—I had almost said lives—my grandmother held that it should be the high place of festivity to her remote descendants, and kept all the holidays that were ever known in Hamburg. Company was never wanting on such occasions; but there was one household whose members came particularly often, and were always welcome. They were Holsteiners, and lived far away in the little old town of Meldorf, from which my grandfather had come. How they came together, I never found out, but their home was a house of representatives for all civilised society, containing two bachelor brothers, and a maiden sister, a widowed aunt, a cousin whose husband had deserted, a sober married pair far on the shady side of life, and their girl, my grandmother's god-daughter, Ethelind. I early perceived that they were old-fashioned people, with ways and notions long out of date in our rich and thriving city. Down to Ethelind, they had each and all a strong inclination to stout home-made stuffs, thick-soled shoes, and nothing at all that could be called finery. They were, moreover, wonderful workers, and every one notable for some branch of domestic industry, concerning which they talked, questioned, and, I am sure, dreamed. Play and idleness were a reproach to my boyhood in their presence; and my youth discovered still further cause of dissatisfaction. There were none of them at all astonishing by either grandeur, or accomplishment—a fine air was lost on them, waltzing had no power, and tailors of the first fashion cut in vain for that household. In short, my dear readers, I did not like the Simberts, though, to do them justice, they were always friendly to me, and great favorites with my grandmother, especially Ethelind. It may seem less gallant than candid, but I did not like Ethelind either: why, most men would have found it hard to guess, for besides having a substantial portion, she was fair and rosy, neither large nor small, but of good solid figure, as became a Holstein girl, with a stock of good sense, good temper, and homely wit—a first-rate housewife, and a worthy daughter. Nevertheless, Ethelind had paid so little attention to my gifts and graces, appeared so unimpressible with my glory as a young man of fashion, and my grandmother's heir, and was so perseveringly set before me by all her relations as a fit and proper partner, that I was at length conscious of positively disliking the girl. She had laughed at me twice in the course of our acquaintance, and once told me that driving the plough was much more creditable

work than waltzing; but a mode of retaliation ye' remained in store. She was two years older than I; and I exerted myself to believe that Ethelind must be growing an old maid. My grandmother saw how things were going. Worthy old woman! she had set her heart on the match: I know not for what reason, but doubtless it was something about my grandfather. However, she found consolation in her unfulfilling proverb, as in all household games and lotteries at Christmas-time, Shrove-tide and Easter, I was sure to draw Ethelind for a partner, to my ill-concealed chagrin and her undisguised amusement.

It must have been to baffle the Fates in this design that I took with great ardour to the gay Widow Wessing and her daughter Louisa. Madame Wessing's husband had been an officer. She was in Paris with the allied army, and understood *ton* ever after; her income being small, however, obliged the lady to live in our street, though deeply impressed with its old-fashionedness. Most people liked the widow and her daughter: they were always so gay, and had such stores of gossip, besides being up to the *mode*; but some said the ladies were cunningly selfish in a small way, and would do anything for their own petty interests or amusement. Each was the pattern of the other, and they were both pretty little girls. It was true, the mother was thirty-seven, and the daughter seventeen; but both sang, danced, and coquetted, no mortal man being able to espy any difference in dress or manners, except that at times the widow was rather the more childish of the two. Upon my sincerity, I cannot tell which it was that brought me under bondage; but the probabilities of the case are rather in favor of Louisa. Certain I am, that we danced a great many evenings, and sang a number of duetts together, while her mamma sent me captivating notes of invitation to her little quadrille-parties and friendly teas; and assured everybody in my hearing, that I was the exact resemblance of Alexander, emperor of all the Russias, when she saw him enter the Tuileries ball-room with the Duchesse de Berri on his arm.

My grandmother and I sat at our coffee in the second parlor: a low wainscotted room, with four of Solomon's Proverbs carved in different compartments of its ceiling, a cupboard in every corner, and a narrow glass-door opening into the garden. It was April-time: the violets were blooming on the sunny bank by the old house-gable, and the buds bursting on the great walnut-tree. My grandmother sat in her nut-brown gown and snow-white kerchief—the dress she always wore on common days—listening to me, good woman! giving a full and particular account of one of the said quadrille-parties which I had attended on the previous night. She heard all, from the wreath in Louisa's hair to the last ice, and then laying down her empty cup, said quietly as usual: "Fritz, I think it is time you were married."

The news surprised me, and I stared my grandmother in the face; but she went on in the same calm tone: "There's Ethelind Simbert would make you a good wife; she is my own god-daughter, and I think we would all agree."

"Grandmother," said I, plucking up resolution, "I will do anything else to please you; but I

don't like Ethelind Simbert, and I won't marry her."

"Well, Fritz," said my grandmother, neither angry nor astonished, "Ethelind Simbert is a good girl, though you don't like her; but whom you don't like, you can't be expected to marry—so we will think no more of the matter; and I'll tell the Simberts. I'm going there at Easter; it falls on the fourteenth, you know. That will be fifty years complete since your grandfather and I spent our last Easter at Meldorf, and you—oh, I mean your mother!—a prattling child with us. Fritz, you and I will go and see the old place together, and never mind this matter. If Ethelind don't suit you, she will somebody else; and what is to be, will be."

That proverb was like cheese—for nothing ever came after it; and it was settled that my grandmother and I should spend our Easter with the industrious Simberts at Meldorf. The excursion was neither grand nor fashionable, yet I felt called upon to mention it at Madame Wessing's.

"Oh, how charming!" exclaimed the fair widow, in her most enthusiastic manner. "To retire, as one may say, among simple shepherds. Do you know, I hear that those people make their own cheese and linen?"

"How delightful!" chimed in Louisa. "Mamma, don't you remember that darling rustic of a schoolmaster who came to inquire after papa's papers?"

"Ah, yes!" said the widow, flourishing her cambric; "he was an early friend of my adored Auguste. Charming man! He and his wife—a most unworldly, amiable soul—have often invited us to Meldorf; but after my irreparable loss, I never had spirits for the journey."

"Indeed, mamma, we will visit them this very Easter," said Louisa. "It will be such a surprise to the darling old couple; and we both require country air."

"Ha! yes; the winter has been too much for us," said the widow, with a languishing look at me.

I of course sympathized; and a visit to the charming schoolmaster was determined on. The following day brought further intelligence: Madame Wessing called to say, how delightful it would be for us to travel in company—one carriage could be hired for us all, the widow remarked, besides, she and Louisa had no gentleman to take care of them; and both ladies looked confidence in my powerful protection. It is needless to say, that the project was received with acclamations on this side of the house, and my grandmother hoped that Providence would take care of us all. We went accordingly; but, readers, of the travelling time I beg leave to say as little as possible. It was more tedious in those days than at present; and doubtless my grandmother was justified in averring that we were well over it, when, on a sunny April afternoon, we saw the gray church-spire and clustering roofs of Meldorf, rising in the midst of a great plain, which looked like one well-cultivated farm.

Meldorf was as old as the Teutonic conquest. It had been fortified against the Slavonic pagans, and dismantled by a prince of the Hohenstaufen line. War had not come near it for centuries; commerce had forgotten it; and a more rural, country-like spot, to be called a town I never saw.

There were lanes of old cottages, with woodbine-covered porches, and swallows by hundreds building in their eaves. There were snug farmhouses, with all their appendages, standing in the shadow of the Gothic church, and a great old hostel, or inn, clothed with ivy from foundation to chimney-top. In the very centre there was a green, with a huge oak, under which they said St. Olaf sat, and a deep draw-well in it. The Simberts' house looked out on that green. It had been fortified and inhabited by a bishop in its day, but was now a substantial farmhouse, with an arched doorway, very small windows, and a yard enclosed by high walls, from which a ponderous timber-gate, with Episcopal arms upon it, opened into a green lane, leading through a spacious orchard to a mill among the meadows. Hard by lived the "delightful schoolmaster," Herr Rusburg, in what had been a chapter-house before the Reformation, and had still a Latin inscription over the entrance. Its great garden was separated only by a shallow stream from the Simberts' orchard. I know not if the good man had any warning of the invasion; but as our carriage stopped—by the way, every inhabitant had come out to gaze and wonder, as it passed—forth came widowed aunt, maiden sister, deserted cousin, and all, with Ethelind's father and mother, looking soberly glad to see us; and Ethelind herself up from the spinning-wheel, in her russet petticoat, crimson jacket, and smooth chestnut hair. Forth also, in high glee at the unwonted sight, poured a crowd of boys and girls from the school, under the parting surveillance of Herr Rusburg and his helpmate, a lean, gray-haired, but patient and good-natured-looking pair, on whom Madame Wesing and her daughter laid hold immediately; and the last words I heard, as the respective doors closed, were something concerning the adored Auguste, and the want of health and spirits.

If there was work, there was also abundant comfort in the Simbert's house. Their great kitchen—it had been the bishop's banquet-hall, wherein he once feasted Christian I. of Denmark—was rich in the odor of hot cakes, and radiant with scoured flagons. The oak parlor, which opened from it, shone, walls, floor, and furniture with perfect polishing: green boughs, full of the first leaves, filled up its ample fire-place; and its low windows, wreathed with the climbing rose, looked out on the orchard, now in a wealth of blossoms. Moreover, the Simberts were, to my amazement, great people in Meldorf: and, according to the etiquette established in that primitive town, their neighbours, as soon as the day's work was fairly over, came to greet us as the newly-arrived, and congratulate them on our advent. By that sensible regulation, I got at once introduced to a number of blithe and handsome girls, not to speak of their fathers, mothers, brothers, uncles, and aunts, of whom my recollections are now somewhat less interesting; but I remember that the women, young and old, were knitting as if for dear life; that the men came in their everyday trim, fresh from field and workshop; and one honest blacksmith, who was also the burgomaster, paid his compliments in a leather-apron.

The rank and fashion of Meldorf having visited our neighbour and his guests with similar solemnities—for the schoolmaster was esteemed next

in dignity to the Simberts—a series of entertainments, in honor of us and the festive season, commenced at the old bishop's mansion, and circled round the little town, with no lack of savoury cakes, cream-cheese, and all manner of country good things; besides Pace-eggs, Easter-games, and dances for the young people. At these merry-maki gs, Madame Wesing and Louisa were in high request. They took such an interest in country affairs, were so delighted with everything, and dispensed so much intelligence of the great world, always so dazzling to rustic minds, that almost from their first appearance, the widow and her daughter's popularity was immense with even the Simberts. I, indeed, perceived that though always civil to them, Ethelind loved not the ladies; and I cherished the conviction that she was envious and spiteful, which, kind reader, was a species of consolation; for, since my arrival, the busy girl paid me, if possible, less attention than ever.

What did a young man of my figure and accomplishments care for that? Ethelind had no sensibility, but was not I astonishing the sons of Meldorf, and making deep impressions on the hearts of its fair daughters? Scotch to say, that country visit was too much for my faith and constancy to either Louisa or the widow. To the eternal prettinesses of those ladies, the frank, merry girls, rustic, robust, and rosy as they were, presented a most agreeable contrast. Of course, they admired me vastly. No wonder, poor things, after seeing nothing in their whole lives but men who ploughed and sowed, hewed and hammered! What conquests I made among them, and how many fine things I said and did! At times, my conscience told me it was not right. Might not Katharine's, Gretchen's, or Cristine's affections be hopelessly and for ever engaged? Nay, might not a similar misfortune happen to some half-dozen of the simple souls? and then, in the utmost extent of my Christian charity, I couldn't marry them all! As for Louisa, I had an inward persuasion she would not break her heart, and the widow looked on with amazing complacency. Often in what they called our "charming strolls" through green meadows, and by blossomed orchards, did both ladies rally me on my brilliant successes; and the kind widow invariably wound up with warnings against rustic rivals, and the envy of those country boors, which she assured me was cruel as the grave, and rapidly rising against myself. After those revealings, I naturally felt inclined to hurl defiance at the foe by still more determined flirtations, though, in all sincerity, I cannot recollect that ever one of the honest, good-natured, laborious men of Meldorf noticed my triumphs with the smallest displeasure. The Easter festivities had been over for some time, but my grandmother still lingered, having taken mightily to the Simberts' dairy; while Madame Wesing declared that the country air was doing her and Louisa good, and they could not think of leaving their delightful old friends.

The widow must have meant her young friends also, for she was growing positively confidential with the girls of Meldorf, occasionally giving me to understand, in her most playful manner, that their familiar communications somehow concerned myself. There was evidently a general interest

in my proceedings, and I felt particularly impressed with that fact when the 1st of May arrived. Like most old German towns, the day was held in festive reverence at Meldorf, and celebrated in the fashion of primitive times. Its forenoon was given to work, as usual, but the children gathered wild-flowers and green branches, with which they decorated every door, receiving a donation of cakes for their pains. In the afternoon, a temporary pavilion was erected, by help of all the young men, under St. Olaf's Oak, to which supplies were sent according to the wealth or liberality of each householder; and within, there was made a general distribution of all known delicacies, from hot coffee to curls and cream, while May-games, and all sorts of dancing went forward on the green. Ethelind was unanimously elected mistress of the bower, a dignity which, in hard-working Holstein, is equivalent to the May-queen of other lands, and bestowed only on the most esteemed girl in the parish, who, in right of her office, presides over the said distribution. The election was regarded as no small honour, and certainly Ethelind had no sinecure; besides, it was my opinion that I rather astonished her that evening in my embroidered vest and cornelian buttons. I danced with every girl on the green, paid particular attentions to three rustic belles in turn, made an extraordinary number of jokes at the expense of some of the chief magistrates—for even Meldorf had such—and returned home with all our company, tired, but in a most satisfactory humour, two hours after sunset.

I was almost too late for the Simberts' first breakfast next morning. Some of the cider had been strong, and there were queer sounds of steps and tittering in the night under my window. It was low, and looked out on the path skirting the green by which Herr Rusburg's many scholars passed. I thought there was unusual noise among the gathering juveniles; and scarcely had I reached the breakfast-table, when it rose to a perfect clamour of shouts, laughter, and calls for somebody to come out and take in his present.

"What can be the matter with those boys?" said my grandmother; and "What can be the matter?" said all the Simberts. Good people! they seldom looked out; but as another burst came, Ethelind rose, and so did I. It was my own name they were shouting; and all unwise and unwarned, I was at the street-door in an instant. The entire contents of Herr Rusburg's school were assembled under my bedroom window; numbers of young men were looking on from a distance; and fair faces, convulsed with laughter, looked out of neighbouring houses; the cause of all being an enormous basket, or rather panier, hastily made up of green osiers, crammed full of nettles, thistles, and every description of weed popularly connected with contempt or worthlessness, with a huge card fastened on the top, on which some ingenious pen had written in large and legible characters: "The girls of Meldorf give this basket to Herr Fritz Colmert, with a unanimous No." The last word was in still larger letters; and what Holsteiner does not know, that giving a man the basket signifies refusal in its most emphatic form? The affront was terrible, as it had been unexpected. At first, I was about to rush on both boys and basket, and demolish them,

if possible, for every little wretch, there had up his finger and his tongue out; but catching sight of Herr Rusburg, who came out, staff in hand, followed by his kindly helpmate, doubtless to prevent mischief, my courage and sense both forsook me; I slammed to the door, and fled through the house, out of the yard, down the green lane, and far into the meadows.

How far, readers, it is not exactly in my power to say. The walk, or rather run, was a long one, and the path must have been circuitous. I remembered jumping over ditches, scrambling through hedges, wondering at my own stupidity for ever coming to such a place, or condescending to associate with its boorish inhabitants; and at length having formed desperate but vague resolutions of being revenged on all Meldorf, and fighting everybody who heard or spoke of the transaction, I found myself at a bank of young willows, which grew so tall and thick that the sun could scarcely pierce the shadow.

I heard voices beyond, and my own name mentioned. Under the circumstances, who wouldn't have played the caves-dropper? I crept among the willows, and cautiously peeped in. It was a sort of common bleach-green, lying at the foot of the Simberts' orchard and Rusburg's garden. There were Gretchen, Katharine, and Cristine, the trio for whose peace of mind I had trembled, spreading out linen, and laughing as if their sides would crack; while Louisa and the widow, with looks of high and spiteful glee, leaned over the schoolmaster's fence; and Ethelind, looking by no means pleased, heaped her washing in a tub.

"I'll never be able to see him without laughing," said Katharine. I had all but assured her my heart was gone for ever the evening before.

"We never would have known his tricks if you hadn't told us," said Cristine, addressing the widow.

"Ah! you would have soon found them out," replied that amiable lady. "I hope this will teach him not to have quite so high an opinion of himself!"

"Mamma," interrupted Louisa, "Ethelind does not seem at all amused."

"Not a bit. I can see no fun in affronting a young man in a strange town, though he might be a little vain. City folks have ways of their own," said Ethelind, with a meaning look at Madame Wessing and her daughter. "Besides, Fritz Colmert is our guest, and it is not civil of our neighbours to insult him," added the girl, as, taking up her tub, she walked away.

I did not stay to hear what was said on her departure; a sudden resolve took possession of me. It was a good one, but some feeling of vengeance on the whole female community of Meldorf mingled with it, and in another minute I stood beside Ethelind, tub and all, in the orchard lane. "Ethelind," said I, looking extremely foolish I am certain, "will you forgive me?"

"You never did any harm to me, Fritz," said Ethelind, resting her tub on the fence.

"But, Ethelind, will you have—that is, will you marry me?" muttered I.

"I'll think of it," said Ethelind; "if you don't change your mind till next Christmas. Will you help me home with this tub of sheets?"

I helped Ethelind home with the tub, and

learned long afterwards that she had brought in the basket of scorn with her own trusty hands, and made away with it quietly in the yard; while Herr Rusburg, with the help of his wife and stick, gathered in his flock to the fold of knowledge. All the Simberts appeared, moreover, to have lost their memories as regarded that morning; none of them ever after mentioned it to me. My grandmother and I went home next day, but not in company with the Wesings, whose acquaintance we henceforth dropped, in spite of great efforts at condolence and compliment.

Ethelind, and every Simbert in Meldorf, were fervently invited to Alsterstrass, at my particular request. Readers, it is long ago. My grandmother said: "What is to be, will be," for the last time, seven years after our wedding, and my story is an old one now. The embroidered vest and the cornelian buttons have lain for many a winter at the bottom of Ethelind's lumber-drawer. I must soon begin to think of marrying my daughters, and settling my sons in business, but even yet I never care to hear people talk much of baskets.

HUMAN PRIDE.

How strange is human pride!
I tell thee that those living things
To whom the fragile blade of grass
That springeth in the morn
And perisheth ere noon,
Is an unbounded world;
I tell thee that those viewless beings
Whose mansion is the smallest particle
Of the impassive atmosphere,
Think, feel and live like man;
That their affections and antipathies,
Like his, produce the laws
Ruling their immortal state;
And the minutest thro'

That through their frame diffuses
The slightest, faintest motion,
Is fixed and indispensable
As the majestic laws
That rule yon rolling orbs.—*Shelley.*

MDLLE. EMELIE VANDERMEEBSCH.

THIS "Enchantress," as she has frequently been termed, and whose great personal beauty must confirm this impression, was born at Toulouse, of most respectable parents. From a very tender age she exhibited a great love for the feathered bipeds. At the age of seven she passed entire hours sitting on the same spot, and observing very attentively the swallows building their nests and searching for their little ones. She always expressed to her parents the desire she had to train a little bird, as she was certain that birds were endowed with great intelligence and would learn anything. Having, at last, obtained the permission of her parents, she set about training one of those little creatures, and succeeded, after great trouble and patience, in teaching a little verdier (a greenfinch) to distinguish a red from a black bit of ribbon. Her parents seeing the great love and patience she showed in tutoring the little creature, opposed her no longer, and allowed her not only to spend many of her hours of recreation

in the society of these innocent creatures, but encouraged and surrounded her with a whole tribe. From that time she devoted the whole of her time to teaching her feathered family the letters of the alphabet; and after seven years of the most trying patience, perseverance, and—we must add—love for her birds, she succeeded, at last, in making them distinguish letters and colours—as well as subtractions, additions, and other most astonishing feats, which must be seen to be believed, and are a puzzle for the naturalist—nay, such must confess himself beaten. Mind and matter are shown divisible, divided; but suffice it to say that affection, not cruelty, is here the mainspring of action. In Paris, where, for the first time she exhibited her birds in public, she created an immense sensation. The whole of the Parisian Press resounded in praise of the fair Enchantress and her wonderful birds. The most aristocratic saloons were thrown open to them. The President of the French Republic, and also several crowned heads of the Continent, had given her testimonials of their satisfaction. In our own country, Mdlle. Vandermeesch has had the honour of exhibiting her birds before her Most Gracious Majesty, Prince Albert and the Royal Family, and in the saloons of the aristocracy. Her Majesty was pleased to express her pleasure in very flattering terms to Mdlle. Vandermeesch. Reverse of fortune alone caused this young lady to exhibit in public what she intended to be her penchant and her private recreation. Mdlle. Vandermeesch is the only support of her parents and family—once very affluent.—*Lady's Newspaper.*

VEGETABLE SOAP.—The vegetable soap, a new plant, was introduced by Mr. Shelton, of California. It is called the *Anole*, or soap-plant, and is indigenous to California and other places. The gentleman stated that the plants also grew in Mexico and Texas, in the neighborhood of hot springs and streams. It will also grow in cold climates and in dry soil, but the bulb attains a larger and better growth in ground a little moist. In Mexico and California the natives repair to the spring and gather the bulb, using it as a soap to wash their clothes with. Several specimens were exhibited; they were dry and of a dark yellow. When just pulled or dug up they are very green, and give off a larger amount of mucilage. It is not cultivated but grows wild in sufficient quantities for use. It produces a lilaceous flower, giving a black seed like an onion. The seed stalks are not like those of the onion, but rather resemble those of the asparagus, being bunchy. The bulb is divisible like garlic into cloves, and will reproduce from offsets. Mr. Shelton stated that he had used it with beneficial effects upon sorcs.

The greater the sorrow you hide, the greater yourself.

All affection is the attempt of poverty to appear rich.

GAIN.—Losing life to win money.

PHYSIOGNOMY.—The character written upon the face by the hand of God or of the Devil.

OLD MAN.—One of the favored subjects for exercising the courage of the coward and the wit of the witless.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT VII.

The Major, Doctor, and Laird.

THE MAJOR.—Have you the manuscript, O! Son of Esculapius?

THE DOCTOR.—I have! Is it your gracious pleasure that I produce it?

THE MAJOR.—It is.

THE LAIRD.—And whatna' like is this said speerit story that ye hae been yammering about for the past aught days?

THE DOCTOR.—A very pleasing sketch, parts of which I am to submit to-night to the consideration of our revered master.

THE MAJOR.—Silence! Read!—

“Tis near midnight; a few moments more and another year is gone. The year now grown old must soon expire, and at its dying moment give birth to another. Pause yet awhile—one second more. Hark! the clock in yonder distant turret knells forth the hour! That sound conveys to the listener at once the mournful dirge of a departed year and intimates the presence of the old one's youthful son. Even now, as the hour is being made known to man, the recording angels are hurrying to the throne of their Lord and Master, bearing to his presence the thoughts, the words, and deeds of mortals. The records of the past year are finished, and their work accomplished. But again they must go forth; and again sum up the coming year. Among the numerous host is one fair spirit who feels reluctant to yield up her account of man.

“And wherefore is it, Aristindeen, that you thus stand back?”

“O, merciful Lord,” cried Aristindeen, falling on her knee before the throne, her hands clasped beseechingly, “I pray you change my lot; my record is blotted with my tears, I cannot write the sins of man.”

THE MAJOR.—Hold! That will never do. Such familiar colloquialities can not be permitted. What Byron attempted in his *Cain* and failed in, and what even Milton but partially succeeded in doing, it is not for us, poor pigmies, to essay.

THE LAIRD.—Ye're just richt, auld chap, sic like familiarities are a thocht irreverent.

THE DOCTOR.—But how can you possibly understand the story?

THE MAJOR.—Give us the substance in your own words.

THE DOCTOR.—Aristindeen, then, laments her lot, and prays to have one spirit committed to her special care; the boon is granted, and she wings her way to our world to commence her new course of duty. I think, however, the objectionable passages, so far, are ended, and I will again resume the manuscript:—

“The recording angels, with fresh, unsullied tablets, wing their way to earth again to renew their melancholy tasks; but Aristindeen joyfully descends.

“The old church clock is now on the last stroke of twelve; now chime forth the merry bells, a joyous peal; below, the church is filled with many people, and now the choristers chant a hymn in welcome to the new born year: this too, is finished; but entering the church comes forward a strange group. Behold a man bearing in his arms a child, beside him walks the mother, they are followed by their friends. They approach the altar, requesting that their child may be baptized; the good clergyman accedes to their request, the ceremony is performed, the child is taken in his arms, he, crossing it, calls it by the name of Mary. The child suddenly starts, then claps her hands and laughs, then holds forth her arms as if to be embraced by one of them unseen.”

THE LARD.—Eh, man! but you is a grand idea—the angels watching over us.

THE DOCTOR.—It is, but nevertheless one, that, although quite orthodox, is very much cavilled at.

THE MAJOR.—Yet, from the pulpit, the most eminent divines, both Anglican and Presbyterian, have enunciated their belief in its reality. I think it is Finlayson who has a passage somewhat to this effect: From what happened on the mount of transfiguration we may infer, not only that the separated spirits of good men live and act, and enjoy happiness, but that they take some interest in the business of this world, and even that their interest in it has a connection with the pursuits and habits of their former life. The virtuous cares which occupied them on earth, follow them into their new abode. Moses and Elias had spent the days of their temporal pilgrimage in promoting among their brethren the knowledge and the worship of the true God. They are still attentive to the same great object; and, enraptured at the prospect of its advancement, they descend on this occasion to animate the labors of Jesus, and to prepare him for his victory over the powers of hell.

What a delightful subject of contemplation does this reflection open to the pious and benevolent mind! What a spring does it give to all the better energies of the heart!—Your labors of love, your plans of beneficence, your swellings of satisfaction in the rising reputation of those whose virtues you have cherished, will not, we have reason to hope, be terminated by the stroke of death. No! your spirits will still linger around the objects of their former attachment; they will behold with rapture, even the distant effects of those beneficent institutions which they once delighted to rear: they will watch with a pious satisfaction over the growing prosperity of the country which they loved; with a parent's fondness, and a parent's exultation, they will share in the fame of their virtuous posterity; and—by the permission of God—they may descend, at times, as guardian angels, to shield them from danger, and to conduct them to glory!

Of all the thoughts that can enter the human mind, this is one of the most animating and consolatory. It scatters flowers around the bed of death. It enables us who are left behind, to support with firmness, the departure of our best beloved friends, because it teaches us that they are not lost to us forever. They are still our friends. Though they be now gone to another apartment in our Father's house, they have carried with them the remembrance and the feeling of their former attachments. Though invisible to us—they bend from their dwelling on high to cheer us in our pilgrimage of duty, to rejoice with us in our prosperity, and, in the

hour of virtuous exertion, to shed through our souls, the blessedness of heaven. I think, too, that in Bishop Horne, aye, and in the writings of many pious and orthodox writers, you will find the same belief of "guardian angels" expressed. However, go on.

THE DOCTOR proceeds:

"It was late in the autumn, now many years ago, that I was requested by my lawyer, who resided in London, to meet him at the 'Harrow,' a country inn in Kent, unknown to most travellers in that county, for it was situated in an out-of-the-way place, far from the public road, and only approached by lanes and bye-ways. I often wondered what could have induced any one to open a public where there was so little chance of it ever becoming remunerative. It appears that mine host inherited it from his father, and that he distinctly remembers his grandfather in the self-same character he now sustains. 'And, indeed,' he used to say, 'I know not but my great grandfather may have kept this house too.' The building certainly bore marks of great antiquity.

"As I rode along, seeking a reason for Mr. Writ's appointment, I caught a glimpse of the house through the lofty elms with which it was surrounded. Urging my horse to a gallop I was soon at the door; night had already set in, yet through the gloom I recognized the portly form of Peter Tindal, the landlord, who, seated near the doorway, was smoking his pipe, 'Ah,' said he, 'you have come to see Mr. Writ, but he left two hours ago for London, and requests that you will immediately follow him.'

"Indeed I'll do no such thing, here I stay to-night. If Mr. Writ expects me to follow him all over England he is much mistaken,' and I got off my horse in rather an angry mood.

"Well, well, sir, we'll make you comfortable here, and give you a glorious supper.'

"Aye, that's right, a steak, a chop, a jug of ale, and fresh bread, will make me rather rejoice in the trick my lawyer has played me.'

"You will have that, and more, for expecting you, I made preparation," and away he went, first sending his daughter, who had come to the door during our conversation, with my horse to the stable.

Mine host was as good as his word, I enjoyed an excellent supper, and now felt in high good humor; indeed I debated with myself the propriety of immediately setting out for London, but *self* had its own way, deciding that did I now start it would be past midnight ere I reached Mr. Writ's chambers, and that, all things considered, I had better secure a good night's rest. Besides why not leave early in the morning? Yes,' said I, 'I shall breakfast with Writ, tomorrow.'

"As soon as I had formed this resolution, I called to Peter Tindal for another glass of toddy and a pipe, 'and bring with thee, Peter, a second glass, for I'm lonely, and would chat a while.'

"That I will, sir, readily," said he, disappearing, and ere five minutes had elapsed I was smoking a pipe with honest Peter, having already drank his health and that of his blooming daughter, Rose, an only child.

"God grant her health," said Peter, in reply

to my toast, in an earnest and what appeared to me an agitated manner.

"Hoot man, I drank to her health out of compliment, her good health can't be bettered, she looks as fresh and as flourishing as life itself, death would fear to present him-self to her."

"Peter shook his head, 'It is not her death I dread, but oh! that which is much worse—her bodily health is good, but her mind'—and he touched his forehead.

"My goodness," said I, in alarm, 'is it possible that there can be any grounds for such fears?'

"Hush! speak not so loud, I'll tell you," and drawing near his chair, whispered 'she had a sister.'

"A sister! I exclaimed in astonishment, for I had known Peter during the last three or four years, and had often visited his house, yet had never heard that he had any other child than Rose, who, I must say, had never, in my presence, exhibited any symptoms to warrant the slightest suspicion of her sanity.

"Yes, a sister, and a fairer or a greater beauty I never saw, from the first I dreaded that we should lose her early, for she appeared too good and beautiful to live."

"And she died a child?"

"She is still living, living—Oh, God have mercy on her!"

"Why, my friend, you never told me of this, pray let me hear, I may offer you some consolation."

"She was born about this season of the year, yes, it was this night now twenty years ago that she was born; she was our first, and my wife would not allow her from her sight, 'It seemed so strange,' she said, 'to be a mother,' and then she pressed the child still closer to her breast, then holding her up for me to look at, would say 'Peter, I can scarce believe it to be our child,' Poor-wife, we have shed many bitter tears for Mary."

"You called her Mary?"

"Yes, and I know not why, none of our friends or relations were so called, but my wife fancied it; women have often strange fancies, she insisted that she should be christened as soon as the new year began, and I, to please her, requested our clergyman to do so, as 'twas said the church was to be open that night for saying a few prayers and singing a hymn to the new year. He consented, though he thought the request a strange one. We went, our child was called Mary.' He paused, as if recalling the scene to his mind, which certainly must have been a strange one—a midnight christening—I had heard of burial by torch-light, but a christening—never.

"Our child thrived well, and, if anything, became more beautiful as she grew older; she appeared always happy and contented, seldom crying, never causing her mother trouble. Sometimes so quiet would she lie in her little cot, that her mother, fearful lest any accident should have happened to her, would creep noiselessly forward to her couch, and peeping in, would find her large blue eyes gazing stedfastly upward, her lips always smiling or moving as if speaking, though no sound was uttered."

"Thus passed a year, and Rose was born, but

Rose never was the handsome, happy girl that Mary was. It was not till Mary was five or six years old, that we noticed a strangeness in her manner; a better disposed girl there was not, but she talked queerly, and of things she said she saw in her mind which she affirmed really existed. Her mother once punished her for this, and told her, that God would not love her, if she continued to talk of such things, for it was wicked. 'Mother,' she replied, bursting into tears, 'Will God be angry if I speak the truth?' 'But it is not true my dear child, no one else sees what you see!' 'Mother, I see and feel what I say is true, and I dream, oh! such happy dreams, and hear angels singing round my bed, they teach me songs, and there is one I always see, so bright and lovely, even now, mother, I feel her presence!' Her mother turned aside to weep, and pray God to spare her darling's mind.

"Time flew on, she grew apace and grew in loveliness, but her strange ways continued; she cared not for play as other children, and although she appeared to love Rose and her mother dearly, yet would she steal away, strolling through the fields, wearing garlands of wild flowers, singing the while with her beautiful voice, melodies of the most wild, aye, most unearthly character. Our neighbors feared her, though God knows she was harmless and innocent, nor would they allow their children near her. Except ourselves she was shunned by all."

"At last, she was now sixteen. I took her to London to consult with some physician regarding her, he told me plainly she was mad, but thought if placed in an Asylum, care and attention might restore her to us. Her mother would not hear of it, she said the child was very well with us, and that we would only render her miserable by placing her among strangers. To please my wife, I brought poor Mary home. That winter my wife died. Mary never shed a tear, for a day or two she was silent, she seemed stunned; but on her mother being placed in the grave, she burst into such a strange, wild chaunt, that the clergyman who was reading the burial service paused. She praised God for his kindness in releasing her mother from this sinful world, and thanked her "fairly angel" for comforts she had bestowed on her. Our hearts were full before, but now we were moved to tears. On finishing, she strayed away from the grave and appeared to be gathering flowers at a distance, none sought to follow her. The service ended, all left the yard save I, who remained to watch my child; she perceiving me came to me, and throwing her arms about my neck, kissed me. 'Father, here are flowers for mother.' 'Come, my child, come home with me!' 'Yes, father, but you forget the flowers,' and tripping forwards she scattered them over the new-filled grave.

"That night I determined to place her in some asylum, for I hoped that she might be benefitted by proper medical treatment. The next morning I told her that I would take her to see new friends who would make her happy; she said that she was happy with me, but if I wished it she'd go."

THE MAJOR.—Time wears on, and we have yet much work before us. I think, Doctor, that

instead of finishing the reading of the tale, you had better give us the mere outline.

THE DOCTOR.—The tale concludes by showing how certainly any departure from the wise plan marked out for man's happiness by an omniscient Creator, must tend to his ultimate unhappiness. Mary, on being taken to London, and exposed to the materialities of every day life, whilst her guardian angel is ever in close communion with her; although pure as the spirit that watches over her, yet by a harsh-judging world is pronounced to be the reverse; her very guilelessness is used against her, and her wrapt communings are considered by most to be but a part she is playing, such as Joanna Southcote figured in. After several very interesting passages she is, however, represented as ending her days in a private asylum for the insane. There are several touching passages, and some well-conceived episodes in the tale, but I think it a pity, as I would like to have it given to our readers at length, to say more about it, lest it should lose its interest.

THE LAIRD.—And wha may the author be?

THE DOCTOR.—I am not at liberty to divulge the name, even to you, Laird, until I have conferred farther, but I expect either to see or hear again very shortly from Mr. T., with reference to one or two suggestions that I have to make about the conclusion of the tale.

THE MAJOR.—You have our permission to invite the author to the shanty.

THE DOCTOR.—Many thanks both for myself and Mr. T., but I believe a quiet evening tête-à-tête will be preferred in the first instance, I expect, however, that in due time another Shantyite will take a seat at our board.

THE MAJOR.—Have you seen the proposal to tunnel the Niagara yet? The scheme has been propounded, Laird, by one of your countrymen.

THE LAIRD.—I saw something about it in the papers, but canna just call to mind a' the ins and outs o' the matter.

THE MAJOR.—Mr. Hay proposes to tunnel the river, at a point nearly opposite Buffalo. The bed of the tunnel would be the segment of a circle, the dip commencing some distance from the margin of the river on either side.

THE DOCTOR.—Would not the rise, or gradient as, I believe, engineers term it, at either end, be difficult to overcome with a heavy train?

THE MAJOR.—The mere momentum a train would acquire from the declivity at one end would send it up a considerable distance on the incline of the other, where it would hook on to a wire rope, by means of which and a stationary engine it would be drawn up to the level, as is done in the tunnel under the city of Edinburgh, on the Granton and Edin-

burgh railway, or it might be drawn up by means of the atmospheric tube, a plan adopted with success on some European works of a similar nature.

THE DOCTOR.—Would not the cutting through an entire body of solid rock be a very tedious and expensive operation?

THE MAJOR.—Mr. Hay is of opinion, from close calculation, that it would not be more expensive than ordinary tunnelling in England—he contends that in soft ground tunnelling requires expensive arching, whereas in solid rock none is necessary; and besides, the stone, which would be procured from the excavation, might be available as building material or converted into lime.

THE DOCTOR.—Would not a suspension bridge answer the purpose equally well, and be much cheaper than a tunnel?

THE MAJOR.—I scarcely think that a bridge, of any description that could be applied in this case, would be so safe as a tunnel.

THE DOCTOR.—Yet there was the Menai bridge which answered perfectly well.

THE MAJOR.—True—as safe perhaps, but not so durable; besides, the principle of suspension as applicable to railway bridges was rejected, as objectionable in many respects, by Stephenson, the great English engineer, who, you may remember, formed and carried out the magnificent plan of the Britannia tubular bridge. And although a bridge might be cheaper at the outset, there can be little, if any, question but that a tunnel would be cheaper in the end, as it would not be likely to require so much repair. But more experienced heads than ours, Doctor, have to settle the question, so I think that we had better begin our review department: by the way, have you seen the Maple Leaf?

THE DOCTOR.—I have but glanced over some of the numbers. I find that Mrs. Traill is to be a contributor to its pages, which speaks well for it, as no woman of talent would waste her time in writing for an indifferent or second rate periodical.

THE LAIRD.—It is a very bonnie and weel got up little wark, and ane I wad recommend as a very judicious Christmas present from ae friend to anither, wha may be blessed wi' bairns; but rax me that douce looking volume, Major, that you are leaning your elbow upon. I hae been trying to read the title on the back o't for the last ten minutes.

THE MAJOR.—It is an exceedingly well put-together production, I can assure you: "*Outlines of English Literature, by Thomas B. Shaw.*" Messrs. Blanchard & Lea, of Philadelphia, are the re-publishers thereof, and Henry T. Tuckerman has added a sketch of American literature, which contains more sound sense, and less clap-trap, than we generally meet with in Yankee writers.

THE LAIRD.—I see that Maister Shaw is an English professor in that cauld corner o' the

globe, St. Petersburg. Is it not strange that the Anglo-Saxon literature should find sic favour wi' outlandish caterans like the Russians, wha knout their women, and lunch upon black bread and train oil?

THE MAJOR.—Such is the case, however. In the dominions of the northern autocrat there is no foreign tongue so universally popular amongst the better classes as that of Old England. Few families of any mark are devoid of a British governess to indoctrinate their olive branches with a knowledge of the language in which Shakspeare sung and Chatham declaimed.

THE LAIRD.—I think ye said that the St. Petersburg professor had turned out a tradesmanlike piece o' goods in the buik before us?

THE MAJOR.—Emphatically so! If you wish to found a chair of English literature in the *Streetville University*, you could not find a better class-book than this same goodly octavo. Mr. Shaw is a perfect master of his subject: his criticisms, in general, are sound and discriminating; and the extracts which he cites are appropriate and characteristic.

THE DOCTOR.—Do you know, Crabtree, that the rising generation runs a perilous risk of becoming *profoundly superficial*? With the aid of a compilation, like the one under notice, every whipper-snapper gets, what he conceives to be a competent knowledge of the literature of his country, and on the strength of such slim nutriment sets up in trade for himself as a man of letters.

THE MAJOR.—There is some cause for your growl. Works like that of Professor Shaw, which as text books are deserving of commendation, become positive pests and evils when used as exclusive sources of information.

THE LAIRD.—It minds me o' setting a hungry man to feed upon puff paste whigmaleeries, shaped after the similitudes o' legs o' mutton and sirloins o' beef.

THE MAJOR.—Or rather, of mocking a ploughman who has been "between the stils" for hours, with the delusion of a Vauxhall slice of ham. Hodge may boast of having discussed a meat dinner, but, except for the name of the thing, he might as well have banqueted upon shavings and sawdust.

THE LAIRD.—I have just finished the last published tale o' G. P. R. James, and can honestly recommend it to your notice.

THE DOCTOR.—You mean, I presume, "*A Life of Vicissitudes, a tale of Revolutionary Times*." I have not had time so much as to cut up the copy which our friend Maclear transmitted to me with his *devoirs*.

THE LAIRD.—Read it at your first odd moment o' leisure. Ye'll no repent it.

THE DOCTOR.—I suppose it is the old song over again. The book opens, I could lay a wager, with two horsemen wending their way

through a forest, or over a heath' at sunset, and ends with an innocent and somewhat spoony man escaping the gallows, just as Jack Ketch is about to draw the fatal bolt.

THE LAIRD.—You're clean aff your eggs, Sangrado, for ance in your life: there is very little mannerism in the *Vicissitudes*. It is worthy of the best and freshest days o' the maist prolific, and what is better, the maist moral *fictionist* o' the day. Beg your pardon, Major, for borrowing ane o' your new coined words! The scene is laid partly in France, at the outbreak o' the first revolution, and the story concludes happily, (as a' decent stories should do) in merry England.

THE DOCTOR.—What is the plot?

THE LAIRD.—Read and ye'll find oot! I mortally abominate spoiling the appetite by letting a body ken beforehand whether Jock was married to Jenny, and how justice overtook the auld sneekdrawer that would hae parted them.

THE DOCTOR.—Perhaps you are right. Never did I suffer so much annoyance, as on the evening when I first witnessed the representation of my old friend Sheridan Knowles' sterling play, *The Wife of Mantua*. For my sins I was seated beside a prosing, prating fellow, who had seen the drama, and insisted at the close of every scene, upon telling me what was to be enacted in the next. I could have twisted the vagabond's neck and tossed him into the pit.

THE LAIRD.—And why did ye no execute such an act o' righteous poetical justice?

THE DOCTOR.—Alas! my poverty and not my will moved me to spare him. I owed him certain unpaid "*monies*," as the fat knight hath it, and was meditating the borrowation of more.

THE LAIRD.—Puir man! puir man! Ye were muckle to be pitied. But, I say, Major, what kind o' a thing is this flaming-looking volume, published by Garrett and Co. o' New York, and answering to the title o' "*Rochester, or the Merry Days of England*?"

THE MAJOR.—A very so-so production. If Mr. Babbage could construct a *writing* as well as a *calculating* machine, this is precisely the species of stuff which we might expect it to produce. We have the old story of hypocritical roundheads and licentious cavaliers—a second edition of Alice Bridgenorth—and a Jesuit "whose neb is never out of some mischief." The style is tolerable, and there is evidenced a fair acquaintance with the outlines of history, but in vain will you look for delineation of character, or any thing in the shape of wit, fancy, or invention.

THE LAIRD.—Awa wi' the trash! Here is *Whitehall, or the Times of Cromwell*, is it a pear frae the same tree?

THE MAJOR.—Far from it. *Whitehall* is a sound, healthy, vigorous fiction, evidently from the pen of one who has read up to his subject.

The dialogue possesses that appetizing quality which dramatists term "touch and go."—and all the prominent actors of the period, such as the pragmatic Hugh Peters, and that wholesale murderer, Hopkins the witch-finder, are introduced upon the stage, and play their parts in a life-like manner.

THE DOCTOR.—What are the politics of the writer?

THE MAJOR.—Oh, shut up, will you! We live in too free an age to discuss politics with impunity! Our generation boasts of superlatively thin skins!

THE LARD.—And thick heads to match!

THE MAJOR.—Permit me to make you acquainted with decidedly the greatest *hit* in the walk of fiction, which has been made since the commencement of the current year. I allude to *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., Colonel in the service of Her Majesty Queen Anne.*

THE DOCTOR.—Oh, that is Thackeray's latest born bantling! Is it indeed so very fine?

THE MAJOR.—In my humble notion, it will take rank as one of the prose classics of Old England; the accomplished author has succeeded in producing a picture of society as existing during the first twenty years of the last century, which has all the minute characteristics of reality. The reader drinks with Sir Richard Steele, smokes with gentle Addison, conspires with Atterbury, and bullies with Dean Swift, as with familiar acquaintances. With a skill which could only have been acquired by the most patient and discriminating study, Thackeray presents us with, what we may term a *fac simile* of the colloquial style of Queen Anne's era; indeed the reader is more than half seduced with the belief that he is perusing a hitherto unpublished paper of the *Tattler* or *Spectator*.

THE DOCTOR.—Some critics have complained that the story lacks plot, and consequently interest.

THE MAJOR.—I am of a different opinion. The narrative, it is true, does not contain many abrupt transitions, or startling situations, but never for one instant does it interest flag, or get crippled. Old Philip Massinger would have cottoned to the man who drew the character of the fair but wayward Beatrix! The bold lights and shades in that most artistic sketch, would have won the heart of the creator of Sir Giles Overreach!

THE LARD.—Though nane o' us are cannibals, we would like to hae a *preening* o' this same Colonel Esmond! Gie us a sample o' the gear ye praise sae highly?

THE MAJOR.—With much please! The main difficulty lies in selecting from such a wealth of excellence! Here is a severe, but truthful estimate of that "inspired brute" the Dean of St. Patricks:

"As for the famous Dr. Swift, I can say of him, *vidi tantum*. He was in London all these years

up to the death of the Queen; and in a hundred public places, where I saw him, but no more; he never missed Court of a Sunday, where once or twice he was pointed out to your grandfather. He would have sought me out eagerly enough, had I been a great man with a title to my name, or a star on my coat. At Court the Doctor had no eyes but for the very greatest. Lord Treasurer and St. John used to call him Jonathan, and they paid him in this cheap coin for the service they took of him. He writ their lampoons, fought their enemies, flogged and bullied in their service, and it must be owned, with a consummate skill and fierceness. 'Tis said he hath lost his intellect now, and forgotten his wrongs and his rage against mankind. I have always thought of him and of Marlborough as the two greatest men of that age. I have read his books (who doth not know them?) here in our calm woods, and imagined a giant to myself as I think of him, a lonely fallen Prometheus, groaning as the vulture tears him. Prometheus I saw, but when first I ever had any words with him, the giant stepped out of a sedan-chair in the Poultry, whether he had come with a tipsy Irish servant parading before him, who announced him, bawling out his Reverence's name, while his master below was as yet haggling with the chairman."

THE DOCTOR.—An it so please you, let us have a sample of the *dialogue* which has so much taken your fancy.

THE MAJOR.—Permit me to introduce you to a fashionable dinner party *circa* 1712. The *Mrs. Steele* is the pretty, but vulgar helpmate of the immortal Sir Richard:

"Mr. St. John made his special compliments to Mrs. Steele, and so charmed her, that she declared she would have Steele a Tory too.

"Or will you have me a Whig?" says Mr. St. John. "I think, madam, you could convert a man to anything."

"If Mr. St. John ever comes to Bloomsbury Square, I will teach him what I know," says Mrs. Steele, dropping her handsome eyes. "Do you know Bloomsbury Square?"

"Do I know the Mall? Do I know the Opera? Do I know the reigning toast? Why, Bloomsbury is the very height of the mode," says Mr. St. John. "'Tis *rus in urbe*. You have gardens all the way to Hampstead, and palaces round about you—Southampton House and Montague House."

"Where you wretches go and fight duels," cries Mrs. Steele.

"Of which the ladies are the cause" says her entertainer. "Madam, is Dick a good swordsman? How charming the Tattler is! We all recognised your portrait in the 49th number, and I have been dying to know you ever since I read it. Aspasia must be allowed to be the first of the beauteous order of love." Doth not the passage run so? "In this accomplished lady love is the constant effect, though it is never the design; yet though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour, and to love her is a liberal education."

"O, indeed!" says Mrs. Steele, who did not

seem to understand a word of what the gentleman was saying.

"Who could fail to be accomplished under such a mistress?" says Mr. St. John, still gallant and bowing.

"Mistress! upon my word, sir!" cries the lady. "If you mean me, sir, I would have you know that I am the Captain's wife."

"Sure we all know it," answers Mr. St. John, keeping his countenance very gravely; and Steele broke in, saying, "'Twas not about Mrs. Steele I writ that paper—though I am sure she is worthy of any compliment I can pay her—but of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings."

"I always thought that paper was Mr. Congreve's," cries Mr. St. John, showing that he knew more about the subject than he pretended to Mr. Steele, and who was the original Mr. Bickerstaffe drew.

"Tom Boxer said so in his *Observer*. But Tom's oracle is often making blunders," cries Steele.

"Mr. Boxer and my husband were friends once, and when the Captain was ill with the fever, no man could be kinder than Mr. Boxer, who used to come to his bed-side every day, and actually brought Dr. Arbuthnot who cured him," whispers Mrs. Steele.

"Indeed, Madam! How very interesting," says Mr. St. John.

"But when the Captain's last comedy came out, Mr. Boxer took no notice of it—you know he is Mr. Congreve's man, and won't ever give a word to the other house—and this made my husband angry."

"O! Mr. Boxer is Mr. Congreve's man!" says Mr. St. John.

"Mr. Congreve has wit enough of his own," cries out Mr. Steele. "No one ever heard me grudge him or any other man his share."

"I hear Mr. Addison is equally famous as a wit and poet," says Mr. St. John. "Is it true that his hand is to be found in your Tatler, Mr. Steele?"

"Whether 'tis the sublime or the humorous, no man can come near him," cries Steele.

"A fig, Dick, for your Mr. Addison!" cries out his lady; "a gentleman who gives himself such airs and holds his head so high now. I hope your ladyship thinks as I do: I can't bear those very fair men with white eyelashes—a black man for me. (All the black men at table applauded, and made Mrs. Steele a bow for this compliment. As for this Mr. Addison," she went on, "he comes to dine with the Captain sometimes, never says a word to me, and then they walk up-stairs, both tipsy, to a dish of tea. I remember your Mr. Addison when he had but one coat to his back, and that with a patch at the elbow."

"Indeed—a patch at the elbow! You interest me," says Mr. St. John. "'Tis charming to hear of one man of letters from the charming wife of another."

"Law! I could tell you ever so much about 'em," continues the voluble lady. "What do you think the Captain has got now?—a little hunchback fellow—a little hop-o'-my-thumb-creature that he calls a poet—a little popish brat!"

"Hush, there are two in the room," whispers her companion.

"Well, I call him popish because his name is Pope," says the lady. "'Tis only my joking way. And this little dwarf of a fellow has wrote a pastoral poem—all about shepherds and shepherdesses, you know."

"A shepherd should have a little crook," says my mistress, laughing from her end of the table: on which Mrs. Steele said, "she did not know, but the Captain brought home this queer little creature when she was in bed with her first boy, and it was a merey he had come no sooner; and Dick raved about his *genus*, and was always raving about some nonsense or other."

"Which of the Tatlers do you prefer, Mrs. Steele?" asked Mr. St. John.

"I never read but one, and think it all a pack of rubbish, sir," says the lady. "Such stuff about Bickerstaffe, and Distaff, and Quarterstaff, as it all is. There's the Captain going on still with the Burgundy—I know he'll be tipsy before he stops—Captain Steele!"

"I drink to your eyes, my dear," says the Captain, who seemed to think his wife charming, and to receive as genuine all the satiric compliments which Mr. St. John paid her."

THE DOCTOR.—I am sorry to break up this sederunt, Major, but I must leave, as I have an appointment to night to visit the Lyceum to see "Macbeth travesti."

THE LAIRD.—Eh! man, you're no surely haveril enuch to spend time in seeing a wheen gowks murder Shakspeare, its just a sin and naething else.

THE DOCTOR.—You are quite mistaken, LAIRD, in this instance; the young men who form the present amateur troupe are very unlike the generality of idlers who usually compose an amateur corps dramatique. They are respectable, hard-working men, who after doing their duty, in their respective vocations, during the day, amuse themselves by getting up, once a week, such pieces as the one we are speaking of, or some amusing afterpiece; however, time presses and I am already late, so good evening.

THE LAIRD.—Weel then, go your ways and I'll just toddle hame, too. Gude night, Major.

[*Exeunt.*]

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

YESTERDAY, the mortal remains of Arthur Duke of Wellington were conveyed from the Horse Guards to the Cathedral of St. Paul's, and there buried by the side of Nelson. A million and a half of people beheld and participated in the ceremonial, which was national in the truest and largest sense of the word. Before daybreak, yesterday, the troops appointed to take part in the funeral, began to muster in St. James' Park, in the Mall, and on the Parade Ground behind the Horse Guards. The coaches, also, which were to join the procession, were assembled there. Day broke heavily, the wind being loaded with moisture, the sky threatening-looking, and the streets

giving the most unequivocal tokens of a night of heavy rain. As daylight came, a dusky mass of armed men, seen on the left side of the parade, facing towards the Horse Guards, became distinguishable as the Rifles, their sombre uniforms harmonizing with the occasion. Looking to the right, the eye rested next, through the grey morning, on the 1st battalion of Royal Marines and the 33rd Regiment, drawn up in column, directly opposite the Horse Guards. To the right of these were the Fusilier, Coldstream, and Grenadier Guards, the whole force forming an imposing array to British eyes, though small in comparison with continental musters. At the east end of the Mall might be observed the head of the cavalry force, comprising eight squadrons from the most distinguished regiments in the service. There were the 17th Lancers, the 12th Light Dragoons, the 8th Hussars, the Scots Greys, the 6th Dragoon Guards, the Blues, and the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and gallant and splendid they looked on a closer survey, as, drawn up in military precision, they awaited the signal to start. The infantry formed the most striking feature of the spectacle—their standards covered with erape drooping heavily, and swayed about occasionally by the bearers, while the morning light glimmered faintly upon the serried rows of bayonets. Lord Huntinge appeared at half past seven o'clock, and his presence greatly accelerated the preparations. The coffin was removed from the chamber in which it had rested during the night, and by the aid of machinery was raised to its position on the lofty summit of the car. At eight o'clock the hangings of the tent which concealed it from the view, were suddenly furled up. The first minute gun was fired, the troops presented arms and saluted the body, upon which the roll of muffled drums followed by the music of the "Dead March" in Saul, announced that the procession had commenced. This was one of the most impressive and striking features in the ceremonial, and the effect of it will long be remembered by the multitudes who, from every window, platform, balcony, and housetop overlooking the park, had a view of the spectacle.

To stamp the funeral with a military character, the Duke was colonel having precedence. All branches of the service—infantry, cavalry and artillery—were represented, to show the full scope of the Commander-in-Chief's and of a Field-Marshal's dignity. The veteran character of the deceased—his experience in war, and the length of days with which he had been blessed, notwithstanding its risks, are the next points illustrated; and, to realize these to the mind, the Chelsea pensioners, the enrolled pensioners, and the corps made up of single soldiers from every regiment in the service, took part in the procession. The East India Company's army was also represented, to show the wideness of the sphere to which the Duke's services had extended, and to recall the memory of those famous eastern fields on which he won his earliest laurels.

As each regiment or body of troops filed off in the appointed order, its band led the way playing the "Dead March" or other appropriate pieces, accompanied at intervals by the roll of the muffled drums. The men, of course, carried their arms

reversed, which, combined with the mournful music and the slow funeral pace at which they marched, had a singularly imposing effect. To the troops the mourning coaches and carriages, properly marshalled, succeeded; and the length of the procession may be imagined when we state that though the Rifles led the way, at 8 o'clock, it was 25 minutes past 9 before the car started, and half an hour later before the extreme rear was in motion. The strains of music, marshal yet solemn in its character, rise, die away, and are taken up again at intervals, and at length the moment has arrived for the funeral car to move forward. As it formed by far the most magnificent and interesting feature of the procession, some account of its design and most prominent details will not be out of place. The whole lower part is of bronze, supported on six wheels, and elaborated with an amount of skill and artistic feeling which deserves unqualified praise. Above this metallic framework rises a rich pediment of gilding, in the panels of which the list of victories is inscribed. On the sides of this pediment were ranged lofty trophies of arms, including spears, muskets, bayonets, swords and flags, and surmounted by his heraldic badges and honors, including the tabard magnificently wrought and embroidered. Over the bier and its bearers, the gilded handles of which protruded from beneath, was arranged the sumptuous velvet pall, powdered with silver, and showing the legend round it, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and terminated by a magnificent fringe of silver two feet deep. The coffin, with the Duke's hat and sword resting on it, surmounted the bier, and from four great halberts rising at each corner was suspended a magnificent canopy, with pendent cords and tassels of the richest and most costly description. To this gigantic vehicle, 27 feet long, 10 feet broad, 17 feet high, and weighing from 10 to 11 tons, 12 of the largest and finest black horses that could be procured were harnessed three abreast.—They were completely covered with velvet housings, having the arms of the deceased splendidly embroidered on them, and with heads surmounted by nodding plumes they looked quite elephantine. Such was the funeral car as it fell into the line of procession surrounded by a swarm of undertakers' men, and having on each side five colonels on horseback, bearing the bannerols of the Wellesley family. On its way towards the east end of the Mall many members of Parliament and peers who had assembled at this point uncovered as it passed.

We now proceed to give some idea, not of the pageant itself, for its length precluded the possibility of seeing more than detached portions of it at a time, but rather of the public reception which it experienced on its way, and of the unexampled spectacle which the streets of this metropolis exhibited throughout the day. Words are, we feel, completely powerless to convey any thing like a just idea of a demonstration so marvellous. On no occasion in modern times has such a concourse of people been gathered together, and never probably has the sublimity which is expressed by the presence of the masses been so transcendently displayed. The progress, too, of the procession imparted to it in this respect an almost dramatic unity and completeness, far, from the regions of palaces and great mansions,

and from the assemblages of the wealthy, the titled, and the great, it passed, first, among great gatherings of the middle classes, then through thoroughfares swarming with myriads of the people, and finally closed its course at the lofty threshold of the metropolitan cathedral, the centre of London, now engaged by a new tie to the affections of the country, by having deposited under its dome the ashes of England's greatest son. The first remarkable assemblage of spectators that received the procession on its course, after leaving the area of the parade, was collected on the long-terraced balconies of Carlton gardens, and on the wide steps ascending to the Duke of York's column. At the latter point an immense concourse had gathered, amounting to many thousands. Few had availed themselves of the space within the railings of the park on either side of the Mall; but in the grounds behind Marlborough-house many spectators had taken up their position, and a gallery had been erected in the gardens of Stafford-house, which was occupied by the Sutherland family and a large circle of friends. When the car arrived in front of Buckingham Palace, it halted for a short time, giving Her Majesty and the Royal Family, who were in the balcony, above the main entrance, a good opportunity of seeing it. The windows and parapets of the grand facade were all occupied, but the view into the court-yard was left open, and this perspective of the Royal edifice, rendered it one of the most picturesque and effective *coups d'œil* in the progress of the procession. Passing up Constitution Hill, as the car approached Grosvenor Gate, the numbers assembled within the Park greatly increased, and nearly all the trees were filled with spectators. At the gate itself a halt was made, and the eye naturally turned, in the first place to Apsley House which was completely closed, and had a strange, tenantless, deserted look, in the midst of the vast multitudes assembled all around it. The top of Grosvenor Place was filled, as far as a sight of the procession could be obtained, with a vast sea of human faces, upturned and anxiously gazing at the pageant which swept along. Every window was filled, the housetops also swarmed with people, and the portico and roof of St. George's Hospital especially were crowned with human beings. Another striking point of view was formed by the arches leading into Hyde Park, the architecture of which acquired a new expression from the manner in which the people had grouped themselves within, above, and around it. Like Apsley House, Baron Rothschild's mansion and that of Miss Burdett Coutts were kept strictly closed, but at all the other great houses along the west end of Piccadilly the windows and balconies were completely occupied by the families who inhabit them, or their friends, while the pavement on either side of the way was filled to the kerb-stone with people. The long screen in front of Devonshire House was fitted up with spacious galleries, which were all crowded. The Coventry Club appeared to be for the day in the possession of the ladies, who occupied its handsomely draped balconies. And now, as the procession approached the head of St. James Street, and passed across the en-

trances of the streets diverging on both hands from the route which it was taking, a new feature of the most remarkable kind began to develop itself. The entrances of those side streets were completely built up with living masses of men and women, forming, to all appearances, a mound or rampart of heads, which were all duly and respectfully uncovered as the stately funeral car swept by. The windows too as far as the eye could reach, had people thrust from them eagerly gazing, and the house tops, of course, had their adventurous crowds of occupants. It almost seemed that the whole world had assembled to witness the ceremonial, for the people were every where—built into the walls, swarming in the streets, and clustered like bees on every projection and parapet. When St. James Street was reached, the double view, first eastward along Piccadilly, and then down towards the Palace, was singularly impressive. There must have been 30,000 people within range of sight at this point, and the orderly and respectful behaviour of even the humblest among them, crowded and hemmed in as they were, cannot be too highly praised. The entire breadth of Piccadilly was closed in with an embankment of men and women, numbers of waggons, carts, coaches and omnibusses, having been placed in the roadway to give their occupants a more commanding view. The line of procession now led along the region of clubs, the fronts of which were for the most part fitted with balconies draped in black, and there, or within the shelter of wide plate glass windows, sat immense numbers of ladies, provided with places by the courtesy and gallantry of the members. Crockfords and the Conservative Club were the two buildings which seemed to hold the greatest number of people, and which made the greatest show in this portion of the line of procession. The car had reached the foot of St. James' Street about half past ten, having occupied an hour on its way there from the Horse Guards. It, therefore, became evident that it would arrive at the cathedral in excellent time.

At the St. James' Palace Her Majesty and the Royal family had a second view of the procession, occupying for that purpose apartments close to the main entrance. The great clubs along Pall-Mall overflowed with visitors, and their handsome architectural proportions never looked more striking or beautiful than when thus animated and relieved by such vast assemblages of well-dressed people.—The Oxford and Cambridge Club, the Army and Navy, the Carlton, the Reform, the Traveller's, and the Athenæum, all swarmed with occupants, their balconies being hung with black, and hosts of ladies appearing in the best seats. Perhaps along the whole route there was no single street which presented more objects of attraction and greater facilities for observation to foot passengers than Pall-Mall, and, yet oddly enough, its pavements were less encumbered than anywhere else, and the people who were on them moved along without interruption.—At Waterloo-place, however, a very different aspect in this respect was presented, and the view up Regent-street, along towards Cockspur-street, and on the right-hand side in the direction of the Duke of York's column, was really astounding. In addition, however, to the number of people within one's glance at this point, there was something particularly touching

in the muster of old officers at the Senior United, many of whom looked with unusual earnestness at the great car, as with its illustrious burden, to the roll of drums and the fitful strains of marshal music, it rolled upon its way. The Haymarket and Trafalgar-square were, like Waterloo-place, great centres of attraction. At the latter point there could not have been much less than 40,000 people assembled; and the National Gallery, the roof of which was covered with spectators, borrowed from the scene a grace and animation which it never knew before. At Charing-cross, as along the entire route, nothing could be more remarkable than the decorum and orderly conduct of the multitude, who preserved an imposing and expressive silence as the car went by. The humblest man bared his head in the same reverential manner as to his betters, and the only cry that was heard was, now and then, "Off hats!" Along the Strand and the streets adjoining it the multitude thickened, both on pavement and in houses, and appeared if possible to grow denser. The first part of the procession was remarkable from the well filled balconies of private mansions and assemblages of a well dressed commonality.—To that succeeded the display of the clubs. From Charing-cross a new phase in the character of the funeral pageant and its reception became apparent.—The demonstration of respect became parochial and the churches formed the great centres for spectators. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. Mary's-in-the-Strand, St. Clements-le-Danes, and St. Dunstan's were yesterday honored with larger congregations, than probably ever visited them before. Thousands of people filled the spacious balconies that surrounded them, and we trust that the funds which the parish authorities have been enabled to realize may be large enough to be substantially useful to the charities to which they are applied. All the cross streets leading out of the Strand presented in a still more striking manner, the appearances which we have described at earlier points in the route. The shop windows had been turned to account in a most marvellous way, and inclosed numbers of full-grown people, compressing themselves for the occasion into the dimensions of the charity-school children, and looking perfectly placid and resigned under circumstances that would be ordinarily regarded as amounting to the *prime forte et dure*. The men kept the line of procession clear throughout without any inconvenience; and it is due to the public to say that they never were better behaved or less disposed to be troublesome. The car arrived at the entrance to the cathedral about ten minutes after twelve, and preparations for the removal of the coffin were immediately made, but something was wrong, or went wrong, and the consequence was a delay of nearly an hour and a half before the funeral procession down the nave could be formed. In the interval, and while the undertaker's men used every exertion to facilitate the unloading of the car, the entrance of the cathedral presented a singular and not uninteresting appearance.

There were old generals and field officers, the illustrious companions in arms of the Duke, enduring as best they could the force of the searching November wind which blew keenly through the open doorway of the sacred edifice. The distinguished foreigners withdrew before it several times,

and the clergy, who, in double line extending along the nave, waited for service to begin, vainly sheltering their faces in their robes. Garter and his colleagues stood it out bravely, and, after many efforts, at length succeeded in marshalling the procession. It was a fine and an imposing sight to see the muster of old veterans at the entrance during this detention—Sir William Napier sitting on a kettle-drum—Sir Charles moving about with the activity of a much younger man—Lord Hardinge also vigorous, and full of life; but most wonderful of all, the Marquis of Anglesey, with bald, uncovered head, apparently unconscious of the fact that age stands exposure to cold less successfully than youth.

It is now 11 o'clock. These files of infantry have ended, and after an interval the procession comes.—It is still military. Sometimes there is a succession of guns, sometimes dark masses of Guards. At intervals there are the bands of various regiments. It is very striking these successive bands; as one passes by the church, and the music dies upon the ear, the notes of the next band begin to be heard, making up the wail. Major-General, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who commands the troops employed, is riding about, and giving the requisite directions. Now comes the 83 Chelsea pensioners, wearing their medals; it is a company which seem to excite general interest; the soldiers went past the church,—the pensioners go in. Next, the "one soldier from every regiment"—an interesting group.—The procession now begins to be one of carriages and mourning coaches; and the time consumed in setting down their occupants at the door, made this part of the procession rather tedious. The Sheriffs approach, but they are hardly in keeping with a funeral procession; their gay decorations require some signs of mourning about them on such an occasion. The Speaker is there in his quaint State Carriage; and the Lord Mayor in that capacious vehicle of his, which, after all, the citizens have seen in procession in November before. Now come three Royal carriages, with those noble horses which it is a treat to see: the third carriage brings Prince Albert. We cannot see him, but the salute as he passes the troops proclaims his presence. We miss the foreign batons, but it is because they are carried in close mourning coaches. All eyes watch for the funeral car. It is drawn by 12 black horses, three abreast, and covered with velvet, presented such a dark foreground that we can hardly see whether the car is drawn by horses or not. The car is driven in at the churchyard gates, and drawn up in front of the great western door; the relations of the Duke are set down at the side entrance. After them follows that touching sight—the horse led after the bier of its master. There still remains a very interesting passage. Officers and men from every regiment in the service march past. The churchyard from the entrance up to the car is cleared; the coffin is there before all eyes; the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander, stands at the gate, with his sword drawn in his hands, and the men who represent the whole army of England march slowly and sadly by. There has not been a more striking or effective circumstance in the proceedings of the day. The soldiers seemed to be impressed with the situation. It is the final

token of reverence for the departed chief. It is rendered in solemn silence. It closes the procession, with the exception only that the carriages of the Sovereign here most appropriately follow.

Arrived in the Cathedral, the *Times* says, it is impossible to give an idea of the simple and magnificently bold proportions of this great Christian temple. The decorations are befitting the occasion, and in that temple is congregated the genius, nobility, and statesmanship of England, besides the representatives of foreign nations. At length there was a universal hush, and, as if moved by one mind, the whole of the vast assemblage stood up in respectful grief as the coffin which contained the remains of the great Duke appeared in sight, preceded by the choir with measured tread as they chanted the beginning of the burial service by Dr. Croft. When the coffin was borne in, the wind stirred the feathers of the Marshal's hat placed upon the lid, and produced an indescribably sorrowful effect, in giving an air of light and playful life to that where all was dead. And thus, with the hoarse roar of the multitude without as they saw their last of Arthur Duke of Wellington, with the grand and touching services of our church sounding solemnly through the arched domes and aisles of the noble church, with the glistening eye and hushed breath of many a gallant as well as of many a gentle soul in that vast multitude—with the bell tolling solemnly the knell of the departed, taken up by the voice of the distant cannon, amid the quiet waving of bannerol and flag, surrounded by all the greatness of the land—with all the pomp and glories of heraldic achievement, escutcheon, and device—his body was borne up St. Paul's. At 1.40 the coffin was slid off the moveable carriage in which it had been conveyed up the nave to the frame in the centre of the area under the dome, which, as our readers have been informed, was placed almost directly over the tomb of Nelson, which lies in the crypt below. The marshal's hat and sword of the deceased were removed from the coffin, and in their place a ducal coronet on a velvet cushion was substituted.

The foreign marshals and generals stood at the head of the coffin; at the south side of it stood His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with his baton of field marshal in his hand, and attired in full uniform, standing a little in advance of a numerous staff of officers. At each side of the coffin were British generals who had acted as pall bearers. After the psalm and anthem, the Dean read with great solemnity and expressiveness the lesson, 1 Cor. xv. 29, which was followed by the *Nunc Dimittis*, and a dirge with the following words set to music by Mr. Gross:

"And the King said to all the people that were with him, 'Rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn.' And the King himself followed the bier. And they buried him—And the King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave, and all the people wept.

"And the King said unto his servants, 'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel?'"

And now the roll of muffled drums, and the walking notes of horn and cornet, and the coffin slowly sank into the crypt amid the awful strains of Handel's "Dead March." The ducal

crown disappeared with its gorgeous support, and in the centre of the generals and nobles was left a dark chasm, into which every eye glanced sadly down, and all knew indeed that a prince and a great man had that day gone from Israel. The remaining portions of the funeral service were then performed. The congregation was requested to join in the responses to the Lord's prayer, and the effect of many thousand voices in deep emotion repeating the words after the full enunciation of the Dean, was intensely affecting.

"His body is buried in peace.
"But his name liveth evermore,"

from Handel's Funeral Anthem, was then most effectively performed by the choir. And then Garter King at Arms standing over the vault proclaimed the titles and orders of the deceased.

Then the late Duke's controller having broken in pieces his staff of office in the household, handed it to the Garter King at Arms, who cast the pieces into the vault. The choir and chorus sang the hymn, "Sleepers Awake!" and the Bishop of London standing by the side of the Lord Chancellor, pronounced the blessing, which concluded the ceremony.

And thus was buried with all state and honor the great Duke of Wellington.

FRANCE.—The formal proclamation of the Empire was made at the Hotel De Ville, at 10 A.M., and after the votes were counted and the result was announced, the Emperor addressed the Chambers as follows:—

MESSEURS—The new reign which you this day inaugurate, derives not its origin, as so many others recorded in history have done, in violence, from conquest, or fraud. It is what you have just declared it, the legal result of the will of the whole people who consolidate in common that which they had founded in the midst of agitation. I am penetrated with gratitude towards the nation, which three times in four years sustained me by its suffrages, and each time has only augmented its majority to increase my power, but the more that power increases in extent and vital power, the more does it need enlightened men, such as those who every day surround me: independent men, such as those whom I address, to guide me by their council, and to bring back my authority within proper limits, should it be necessary. I take from this day, with the Crown, the name of Napoleon the III., because the will of the people has bestowed it on me; because the whole nation has ratified it. Is it then to be inferred that in accepting the title, I fall into the error, imputed to the Prince, who, returning from exile, declares null and void all that had been done in his absence;—far from me be such a wild mistake. Not only do I recognize the governments which have preceded me, but I inherit in some measure all that they have accomplished of good and evil, for governments which succeed one to another are, notwithstanding different origin, liable for their predecessors, but the more completely, that I accept all that for 50 years have been transmitted to us, with inflexible authority, the less it has permitted me to pass in silence over the glorious reign of the head of my family, in the regular though ephemeral title of his son, whom the two Cham-

bers proclaimed in the last burst of vanquished patriotism.

Thus the title of Napoleon III is not one of the dynastic superannuated pretensions, but seems to be the result of good sense and truth. It is the homage rendered to a Government which was legitimate, and to which we owe the brightest page of our history. My reign does not date from 1815, it is dated from this very moment, when you announced the satisfaction of the nation.

Receive, then, my thanks, gentlemen of the Chamber of deputations for the *clat* you have given to the manifestation of the general will, by rendering it more evident by your supervision, and imposing by your declaration. I thank you, also, gentlemen of the Senate, for having been the first to address congratulations to me, as you were the first to give expression to the popular wish. Aid me, all of you, to settle firmly, in the land upset by too many revolutions, a stable government, which shall have for its basis, religion, protection and love, for the suffrage classes. Receive here my oath that no sacrifice shall be wanting on my part, to elevate the prosperity of my country, and whilst I maintain peace, I will yield in nothing, which may touch the honor or the dignity of France. The Empire will be proclaimed in all the departments on Saturday, the 25th.

By a decree recently issued by Baz, President of the Republic of St. Domingo, it seems that Sante Domingo, Puerto, Plato, and Azua, are the only ports now open in that country to a foreign vessel.

The National *Intelligencer* of Washington, the official organ of the American Government, now publishes, for the first time, certain correspondence which took place between the American and Spanish Governments, relative to the purchase of the Island of Cuba, by the former, from the latter power. The correspondence occurred when Mr. Buchanan was American Secretary of State, and during the time that Mr. Saunders was American Minister in Spain. It seems that Mr. Saunders stated to the Spanish Government, that the Government of the United States, was determined to enforce the Monroe doctrine, and not allow any European interference on American soil, and that the possession of Cuba, by any European Power, especially by England, would not be tolerated. In reply, Mr. Saunders was informed by the Spanish Government, that Spain would prefer to see the island sunk in the ocean, rather than part with it to any other country.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE'S MESSAGE.

We give such extracts from the President's message as are likely more particularly to interest our readers:—

"CUBA.—Early in the present year official notes were received from the Ministers of France and England, inviting the Government of the United States to become a party with Great Britain and France, to a tripartite Convention, in virtue of

which the three powers should severally and collectively disclaim, now and for the future, all intention to obtain possession of the island of Cuba, and should bind themselves to discountenance all attempts to that effect, on the part of any power or individual whatever. This invitation has been respectfully declined, for reasons which it would occupy too much space in this communication to state in detail, but which led me to think that the proposed measure would be of no doubtful constitutionality, impolitic and unavailing. I have, however, in common with several of my predecessors, directed the Ministers of France and England to be assured that the United States entertain no designs against Cuba; but that, on the contrary, I should regard its incorporation into the Union at the present time as fraught with serious peril. Were this island comparatively destitute of inhabitants, or occupied by a kindred race, I should regard it, if voluntarily ceded by Spain, as a most desirable acquisition. But, under existing circumstances, I should look upon its incorporation into our Union as a very hazardous measure. It would bring into the Confederacy a population of a different national stock, speaking a different language, and not likely to harmonize with the other members."

Coming to the question of the Nicaragua Canal he states nothing new, and hopes that future negotiations will lead to more satisfactory results respecting the port of San Juan de Nicaragua and the controversy between the republics of Costa Rica and Nicaragua in regard to their boundaries.

"Our settlements on the shores of the Pacific have already given a great extension, and in some respects a new direction, to our commerce in that ocean. A direct and rapidly increasing intercourse has sprung up with Eastern Asia. The general prosperity of our estates on the Pacific requires that an attempt should be made to open the opposite regions of Asia to mutually beneficial intercourse. It is obvious that this attempt could be made by no power to so great an advantage as by the United States, whose constitutional system excludes every idea of distant colonial dependencies. I have accordingly been led to order an appropriate naval force to Japan, under the command of a discreet and intelligent naval officer of the highest rank known to our service."

"JAPAN.—He has been directed particularly to remonstrate in the strongest language against the cruel treatment to which our shipwrecked mariners have often been subjected, and to insist that they shall be treated with humanity. He is instructed, however, at the same time, to give that Government the amplest assurances that the objects of the United States are such and such only as I have indicated, and that the expedition is friendly and peaceful."

"DISCRIMINATING PROTECTIVE DUTIES.—Without repeating the arguments contained in my former message, in favor of discriminating protective duties, I deem it my duty to call your attention to one or two other considerations affecting this subject. The first is, the effect of large importations of foreign goods upon our currency. Most of the gold of California, as fast as it is coined, finds its way directly to Europe in payment

for goods purchased. In the second place, as our manufacturing establishments are broken down by competition with foreigners, the capital invested in them is lost, thousands of honest and industrious citizens are thrown out of employment, and the farmer to that extent is deprived of a home market, for the sale of his surplus produce. In the third place, the destruction of our manufactures leaves the foreigner without competition in our market, and he consequently raises the price of the article sent here for sale, as is now seen in the increased cost of iron imported from England. The prosperity and wealth of every nation depend upon its productive industry. The farmer is stimulated to exertion by finding a ready market for his surplus products, and benefited by being able to exchange them, without loss of time or expense of transportation, for the manufactures which his comfort and convenience require. This is always done to the best advantage where a portion of the community in which he lives is engaged in other pursuits. But most manufactures require an amount of capital and a practical skill which cannot be commanded, *unless they be protected for a time from ruinous competition from abroad.** Hence the necessity of laying those duties upon imported goods which the Constitution authorizes for revenue, in such a manner as to protect and encourage the labor of our citizens. Duties, however, should not be fixed at a rate so high as to exclude the foreign article, but should be so graduated as to enable the domestic manufacturer fairly to compete with the foreigner in our markets, and by this competition to reduce the price of the manufactured article to the consumer to the lowest rate at which it can be produced. This policy would place the mechanic by the side of the farmer, create a mutual interchange of their respective commodities, and thus stimulate the industry of the whole country, and so render us independent of foreign nations for the supplies required by the habits or necessities of the people.

I would also again call your attention to the fact that the present tariff in some cases imposes higher duty upon the raw material imported than upon the article imported from it, the consequence of which is, that the duty operates to the encouragement of the foreigner and the discouragement of our own citizens.

He strongly deprecates any departure from those doctrines of strict neutrality taught by Washington, and he sees great evils in the event of their not being adhered to. He points out some of the terrible evils which resulted from the declaration of the French National Convention, that France would fraternize with the people of all nations who desired to establish republics, and send her armies to help them; and doubts, if even the United States could preserve their republic, if they were to proclaim such doctrines.

The American constitution, he further adds, "though not perfect, is doubtless the best that ever was formed." This is a modest declaration, to say the least.

Very questionable.—P. D.

COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

At the Convocation of the Toronto University, held on Saturday, in the Parliamentary Buildings, the Hon. Robert Baldwin was unanimously elected Chancellor, the Hon. Peter B. De Blaquière having tendered his resignation at the last meeting of the Convocation. The attendance, considering the importance of the occasion, was very small, being composed of Dr. McCaul, the Professors of the Medical Faculty, the Graduates in Law, and the students of the Literary and Medical departments. After the election the only matter of any consequence, was a discussion on a Memorial addressed to the Governor in Council and both Houses of the Legislature, based upon certain resolutions passed at a previous meeting, when the protest of the Convocation was very freely expressed against particular clauses of the University Bill. The memorial embraced two points, the saving of the convocation as a body from the annihilation threatened by the Bill, and the privilege of having the University represented in Parliament by one member, elected by the Graduates. The former was a suggestion of the Graduates, who would then have the conferring of Degrees—a principle altogether contrary to the spirit of the new Bill, and inconsistent with its object and provisions; the latter is supposed to have been recommended by an interested party, who would then aspire to the suffrages of the University. Several of the Professors of Medicine, who were to be the chief sufferers by the Bill, contended that the memorial, by passing without notice the clause of the proposed Bill so fatal to their faculty, might be construed by their enemies as a tacit consent to its total abolition as a part of the University. After a long debate, in which was much warmth to atone for the absence of caloric in the hall, the learned doctors were outvoted and compelled to submit to their fate, by a majority composed chiefly of graduates who were determined to sustain their own dignity as a Convocation. One of the spectators was interrupted with rapturous applause upon communicating the gratifying intelligence that the Inspector-General had since his arrival in Toronto, announced that the privileges solicited in the memorial should receive the most cordial support of himself and friends. Mr. Baldwin has expressed his sense of the honor done him by the appointment, but has declined the proffered ferula of office.—*Toronto Paper.*

CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

The annual meeting of this Literary and Scientific Body was held at the rooms of the Institute, in the old Government House, on Saturday last, Geo. Duggan, Jr., Esq., in the chair. The attendance was not so large as we expected; but, if we may judge from the admirable report which was read,

by the Secretary, not only the financial affairs, but also the popularity of the Institute, are in a very favorable and progressive condition, the balance-sheet showing an amount of £171 11s. 9d. in favor of the Institute, and the list of members exceeding 190. The following gentlemen were elected Officers of the Institute for the ensuing year:—

President, Captain Lefroy, R.A., F.R.S.; 1st Vice-President, Professor Cherriman; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Cumberland; Treasurer, Mr. Crawford; Cor. Secretary, Professor Croft; Secretary, Mr. Brunell; Curator and Librarian, Mr. E. Cull.

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL.—Prof. Hind, Walter Shanley, Esq., Sandford Fleming, Esq., Professor Buckland, Rev. Prof. Irving, Dr. Bovell.

An eminent geologist asserts, in a communication to the *Lake Superior Journal*, that from the geological formation of the rocks, there is not and there cannot be coal found on Lake Superior.

The friends of the proposed London, Liverpool and North American Screw Steamship Company, have appealed to the Government in its favor, by a deputation as strong as that which had protested against it. The deputation in favor consisted of twenty-four Members of Parliament, with ten or twelve other gentlemen, their object being to secure a charter of incorporation for the company, with limited liability to the shareholders.

The *St. John's, N. B., Courier*, of November 27, gives the annexed analysis of the trade between that port and the United States, during the quarter ending October 10, 1852. It will be seen that the trade is important, and there can be little doubt that the greater part of the imports mentioned, will be from Canada, when the intercolonial railroads are completed:

Principal items of import—Value in sterling pence:—Apothecaries wares, £1,250; apples and pears, 1,335 barrels; ashes and saleratus, £368; beef and pork, 1,338 barrels; barilla, 25 tons; bread, £71; butter, cheese, and lard, 33 cwt.; beans and peas, 157 bushels; buffalo robes, £108; brandy and gin, 2,543 gallons; strong rum and alcohol, 30,058 gallons; wine, 6,223 gallons; corn, 10,798 bushels; candles, £108; carriages and waggons, 9; coffee, 26,077 lbs.; coal, 1,462 tons; corn meal, 261 barrels; segars, £84; feathers, £161; fresh fruit, £410; dried fruit, £297; flour, (mostly Canadian) 26,050 barrels; oysters, 62 bbls; groceries, £530; glassware, £756; hardware, £5,035; dry goods, £13,668; horses, 4; hides, £529; India rubber goods, £253; jewelry and plate, £107; iron, wrought and cast, 779 cwt.; leather manufactures, £3,788; yellow metal, 37 cwt.; molasses, 6,635 gallons; malt, 1,022 bushels; naval stores, 591 barrels; nuts and almonds, £229; olive and palm oil, £313; paint, oil, and varnish, £309; lard oil, £137; fish oil, £162; paper manufactures, including books, £2,468; rice, £222; sugar, 3,126 cwt.; mill stones, £87; oak and pitch pine timber, 2,826 tons; tallow and grease, 175,673 lbs.; treenails, 31,000; tobacco, 120,646 lbs.; tea, 81,661 lbs.; vegetables, £353; wooden-

ware, £3,337; wheat, 49,156 bushels; zinc, £816. The total value of all the imports into this port from the United States, during the last quarter, amounted to £102,421 sterling; for the quarter ending 5th July last, £98,087 sterling; and for the quarter ending 5th April last, £29,573 sterling; making altogether, for the three quarters of the current year, £230,981 sterling from the United States alone.

ST. VINCENT.—Papers from this island state that gold has been discovered there—a sample “quite pure and unmixed” having been found at the head of the Buccament River and exhibited in town. The *St. Vincent Advertiser* is of opinion that the precious metals are to be found in abundance in the mountains.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

POVERTY AND PROCRASTINATION.

Cold weather is coming in good earnest. Sheep huddle together in some corner; cattle seek protection from the wind by standing close to the side of the barn; poultry are standing on one leg under the shelter of some equally defenceless cart; pigs gather about the door in sullen silence. I am too poor to provide conveniences for my stock, exclaims the sluggish farmer, they must wait another year.

It is a chilling autumn night. The hollow wind sighs mournfully as it sweeps the bare branches of the trees, and pierces with a shrill whistle the crevices of the sluggard's house, making him draw nearer to the half-smothered fire, which flickers on the hearth. I am too poor to repair my house and prepare drywood, sighs the shivering man; I will try to do it another year.

The wood-shed has yielded up its last stick of decayed fuel, and the yard has been gleaned of its last basket of chips, belonging properly to the manure heap. The farmer has yoked his unwilling cattle, and is about to repair to his wood-lot for a load of dry limbs and fallen trees, but meets with an unexpected hindrance to his benevolent intentions. The sled which experienced much hard usage the preceding season, and has been watered by all the summer's rain and chilled by the autumn frosts, snaps its tongue with the first pull of the cattle. “Hang my luck,” ejaculates the ill-starred man. “Was ever one so unfortunate,” echoes the wife, as she thinks of the smouldering fire and half-cooked dinner that is to be. The vexed sufferer solaces himself, however, with the idea that poverty is the basis of his misfortunes, and that when he shall have grown rich in spite of such ruinous losses, he shall put everything to rights.

Christmas time, with its good cheer, has passed, and the district school is to commence on Monday. The children have been living in the prospective for some days, and not a few plans for fun, or perhaps improvement, have been matured. The farmer's son, a thoughtful, bright-eyed boy, who has driven the cows to pasture the long-live summer, presided over the luncheon and jug of drink, picked up the potatoes, and been the man of all work, asks of his father a favor, which he thinks

is richly deserved—two new books for the winter's school. He tells his father how the other boys of his class are to have them, how he shall fall behind them without this assistance—how he will study, and work harder next summer if he can have them, and that they will only cost one dollar. But his imploring looks and earnest language avail nothing with the father. He says not an encouraging word, but simply mutters—"I didn't have books—I am too poor to buy them; you must wait another year."

An agent for the *Anglo-American*, seeing the forlorn appearance of the premises, and thinking ignorance must have caused such bad management, presents the work, asking for his name and fifteen shillings. "O, it's no use," exclaims the farmer, "I don't believe in books; I am too poor; you must wait another year."

So year after year the poverty-stricken and procrastinating farmer drags on, lamenting the fortune which his own negligence renders inevitable, making his family equally miserable with himself, by denying them the means of improvement—too ignorant and too poor to grow wiser and richer. Almost as easily may the leopard change its spots or the Ethiopian his skin, as a man be induced to change his course of life, and we have reason to believe that this unfortunate man will, to his dying day, consider himself the victim of untoward circumstances, the son of misfortune, and the sport of destiny, instead of seeking in his own improvidence the cause of his bad luck.

SCIENCE AND EXPERIMENTS.

We are glad to observe a determination with some farmers to settle disputed points by a resort to actual experiments, in connection with the suggestions of science. Performing experiments without the guiding light of science, is like trying to make money without keeping any accounts—the man may sometimes get considerable sums, but he cannot for the life of him tell by what operation he has made it, nor how he is likely to be successful again. So, in a random experiment, the farmer may succeed finely, but he cannot guess which of the dozen operating causes has had the most influence; which is essential, and which useless, nor *why* he has succeeded. It is true, he may find out after repeated trials, like the blind man who goes over a piece of ground, till he becomes familiar with all its parts, which the light of vision would have revealed to him at a glance. On the other hand, science not corroborated by experiment, is but little better, being not unlike that of the ancient philosophers, who preferred to shut themselves up in the closet, and by profound abstract reasoning for a life time, found out what they could at once ascertain by a few minutes of manipulation. Both are as needful and as useful as the two rails of a railroad—we should make rather sorry work in trying to run the train upon one alone. It is true, we know more at present through the teachings of experiment than of science; but this is because we have the practice of many thousand people through many centuries, which quite overbalances the scientific investigations of the few who have labored in the present day. Wait till we have as

much labor expended under the light of science, as has been done in the dark, and the balance may fall on the other side of the account.

BONE MANURE.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

We, the undersigned, learn with much pleasure that Mr. Peter R. Lamb, of this city has been the first that has had sufficient enterprize to erect the necessary machinery for grinding bones for manure, at an expense of about £250.

It has been known for a number of years, by experienced agriculturists, as well as by chemists, that bones contain several fertilizing substances, more or less required by all cultivated crops, and that by the mere mechanical operation of crushing or grinding, they can readily be made available to the wants of vegetation, and thus constitute one of the richest and most permanent kinds of manure.

The rapid strides made in British Agriculture during the last quarter of a century, have been materially assisted by the application of bones as a fertilizer; and it is not too much to say that without the ready and effectual means which they supply of preparing poor, light, and elevated lands, for a course of alternate cropping, turnip husbandry could not have been carried to anything like its present extent, and consequently those distinguished improvements which have of late years been effected both in the breeding and fattening of stock, and the cultivation of root and grain crops, must have been greatly impeded. In England, so high is the repute of this manure, that bones are carefully collected, not only in the larger towns, but also in villages and farm houses, and such is the present demand for them, notwithstanding the heavy importations of guano, and the large manufacture of different kinds of artificial manures, that some thirty or forty thousand tons, amounting in value to upwards of £200,000 sterling, are annually imported, chiefly from the countries of northern Europe.

Although bones vary considerable in their composition, according to the age and character of the animal, they may all, however, be considered as consisting of two essentially distinct parts; the mineral or earthy and the organic. The former, amounting to about 60 per cent, consists chiefly of the phosphate of lime, together with small quantities of the phosphate of magnesia, fluoride of calcium, carbonate of lime, and common salt. The organic portion amounting to about 40 per cent, is made up of cartilage and fatty matters. Cartilage by being boiled in water is converted into glue or jelly, and is a substance rich in nitrogen, forming by decomposition much ammonia, together with carbonic acid and a small quantity of sulphur compound. Hence it is obvious that bones contain the most important materials for producing the living structure of plants.

As bones in their natural state are very slow in decomposing, it becomes necessary to break them up in minute fragments, or what is better, when immediate effect on vegetation is desired, to grind them into powder. In this state they can be most effectually applied to the soil, where by the action of rain water, which always contains

more or less of carbonic acids, their phosphates are readily dissolved, and are thus brought into a fit state for assimilation by the plant. Whilst these changes are proceeding, the organic portion of bones are being acted on by the air, and its decay accelerated, carbonic acid and ammonia are the results, which, with the phosphates, now reduced to a fluid state, become available as food to the growing crop.

The action of bones as manure greatly depends on the state of fineness to which they are reduced. What are usually called "half-inch bones" consist of a number of smaller fragments with a considerable amount in a state of mere powder; and in this condition they are best adapted to agricultural purposes; readily yielding a portion of their organic and mineral constituents to the wants of the first crop, provided the soil be sufficiently moist and porous. Coarse bones being extremely slow in decomposing, their use is not economical, and whenever any decided effect is desired to be produced on the first crop, they should be reduced to as minute a state of division as possible. In turnip culture this is absolutely essential, as the very existence of the crop will frequently depend on the immediate action of the manure pushing forward the growth of the plant during its early stages, beyond the reach and destructive ravages of the fly.

Several methods of accelerating the decomposition of bones, with a view to insure their full and immediate action, have been, within these few years, proposed and tried. Steaming them, has in some instances been found advantageous; but the surest and by far the most economical mode is that of dissolving them by the application of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), a practice which has now become general in the United Kingdom. Several methods have been practised, but the simplest at present known, and therefore the best adapted to this country, may be briefly stated as follows:

Form a circular wall of ashes about two feet high, of sufficient diameter to contain the bones to be dissolved, which should be crushed as small as practicable, and the finer portions, obtained by passing the whole through a sieve, should then be placed around the inside of the wall; forming a thick lining to the barrier of ashes. The coarser bones are placed in the centre, and the surface may be left slightly convex. Pour evenly over the lump sufficient water to originate decomposition, and turn the whole over thoroughly several times during the day, and when the bones are sufficiently and evenly saturated, apply the necessary quantity of sulphuric acid, taking care to continue the stirring of the mass till all the materials are thoroughly incorporated. In a day or two the ashes of the wall should be mixed with the bones, and the whole thrown into a heap for a week or ten days, when the mass should again be thoroughly stirred, and, if necessary, more ashes added, and the mixture in a few days will be sufficiently dry for use. It may be applied either broadcast or by the drill. The amount of sulphuric acid, at the strength at which it is ordinarily obtained in commerce, required for this operation, is from one-fourth to one-sixth of the weight of bones. It has been proved by most satisfactory trials, that eight or ten bushels of bones per acre,

treated in this way, produce as much, if not greater effect, than twice that amount applied in a dry state.

Bone manure is peculiarly adapted to exhausted arable land, and upon poor unproductive pastures, its application has been attended with the most striking results. The soil in such cases having been exhausted of its phosphates by repeated cropping, or, as in the case of pasture, by the gradual deprivation of these materials by the milk, cheese, and bones of animals, that have been sold off through a long series of years without any adequate return in the form of manure; a liberal dressing of bone-dust speedily restores the equilibrium, by returning to the weakened soil, the very ingredients of which it had been deprived.

Bones have been used with great economy and success in connection with farm-yard manure, rape cake, guano, &c.; and mixtures of such kinds, when judiciously combined, have generally, advantages over single fertilizers. Bones have been applied with marked success to sickly or decayed fruit and forest trees; in such cases it is not necessary to reduce them to powder, as in a coarser state they continue to act for a greater number of years. For root crops, especially turnips, this manure is of all others the best adapted; and turnips dressed with bones, have uniformly a greater specific gravity than when manured with other substances, and consequently contain a larger amount of nutritive matter, and keep longer in sound condition. In England 15 to 20 bushels of bones per acre, are considered a liberal dressing for turnips, and when they are dissolved in acid, half the quantity will suffice. The seed and manure are deposited in rows by a single operation of the drill, an implement which has lately been so far improved, as to prevent the seed from coming into immediate contact with the manure, by causing the intervention of a little soil, thereby preventing guano, and such like substances, from endangering the germination of the seed. Large quantities of bones in the cotton districts of England, are boiled for making size, a glue substance, which is extensively employed in calico-printing. Such bones, however, being deprived of a portion of their organic substance only, the phosphates remaining undisturbed, are found to produce the most marked improvements on the deteriorating pastures of Cheshire; they operate more quickly even than bones unboiled, their duration must be brief, and consequently their value diminished, when a series of years or an entire rotation is taken into calculation.

As the highly fertilizing properties of bones have now been fully tested, both by scientific research and practical demonstration, every effort to collect and reduce them to a proper state for the purposes of manure is deserving of encouragement; and in a country like Canada, where thousands of acres formerly highly productive, have become almost sterile by the practice of repeated cropping and non-manuring, bones unquestionably rank among the most powerful and economical means of a restoration.

HENRY CROFT, *Professor of Chemistry.*
GEO. BUCKLAND, *Prof; of Agriculture.*

Toronto, Nov. 1, 1852.

Milch cows, in winter, should be kept in dry, moderately warm, but well ventilated quarters; be regularly fed and watered three times a day, salted twice or thrice a week, have clean beds, be curried daily, and in addition to their long provender, they should receive succulent food morning and evening.

THE ROSE AND ITS CULTURE.

The rose is "everybody's" flower. The ease with which it is grown makes it so; for it *will* live, as thousands of starved, deformed, sickly plants, put in the out-of-the-way room around the old farm-houses—choked by grass and overrun by weeds, and cropped off by cattle, fully testify. Its beauty makes it a favorite. Eyes whose perceptions are dull in discovering the tasty proportions of form and likeness of color in other flowers, sparkle forth its praises, even when its most perfect developments are seen in the miserable specimens whose parent branches have drawn their sustenance from the same exhausted soil for half a century—dwarfed down to comparative insignificance, and starved into disease. "As beautiful as a rose," has been a commonplace expression from the time to which our memory runneth not back, and it has been uttered with a dignity of expression which fully indicates the force of the comparison it is meant to establish.

Its fragrance justly entitles it to commendation. When the gentle dews of evening drop their richness on its opening petals, it gives back to the stifled air odors rich in luxury and health. And the gentle breezes of morning waft its perfume to gladden and refresh all who inhale its pure and delicious sweets.

It has always been a wonder to us, as much as this plant is professedly admired, as numerous as its claims are, and as easy of cultivation as it is, that it has, by the mass of mankind, received no more attention. True, almost every country door-yard has a bush or two of some humble, unpretending variety, introduced, perhaps, by a female member of the family, who, on advice of "the lord of creation," a class far too apt to suppose that any embellishment to the homestead, beyond a plot of beans or a hill of potatoes, as frustrating the designs of Providence, or as coming directly in opposition to his own utilitarian views of things, has given it a location in a sterile and unfrequented corner, where, struggling with quack grass and pruned by ruminating animals, it struggles on in gloomy uncertainty betwixt life and death—doubting in spring whether its feeble energies can produce a bud or unfold it to a blossom. If it does give a stunted bloom, it is such a sad abortion, compared with what it would produce under favorable circumstances, that it is no wonder that the parent shrub, if it lives at all, lives on unambitious or future beauties and future sweets. Yet every one is loud in their praises of the rose—hailing its beauties with rapture from the first rich tints its opening bud discloses, inhaling its sweets with expanded lungs amid loud panegyrics to its worth, until the beautiful and perfect flower falls into decay.

A beautiful and perfect rose! Will it be charitable to suppose that three-fourths of the population of our country have never seen so rare and fascinating a flower? If they have, it must have

been at some floral exhibition, where they were too much occupied with the beautiful and wonderful exciting things around them, where they gazed in extatic astonishment on things in general, without going into detail of rare and beautiful objects in particular. It is certain the ill-formed, half-starved objects we have alluded to, cannot belong to this class, and it cannot be supposed that more than one in ten of the landholders of this country are in possession of any other.

Now, although there are a large number of varieties of the rose, and many of them approach some other variety of the species so closely that it requires the eye of a connoisseur to trace the difference; and although all may be so cultivated as to become perfect in their variety, yet there are varieties which, constitutionally, will admit of greater perfections than the rest, under similar circumstances. These it should be the object of the cultivator to obtain. Although the first cost may be a trifle greater, they require no more ground and no more labor in cultivation than ordinary and inferior kinds, while one bush of the best will yield more satisfaction than half a dozen sickly, mean, almost good-for-nothing plants.

In its demands on cultivation, the rose is modest in proportion to the remunerative satisfaction it affords. It loves a deep loam; so if the soil is shallow, it should by all means be trenched. If straw or coarse manure is laid in the bottom of the trench, a benefit will be found from the continued lightness of soil it will afford, and by its drainage in taking off superfluous water in heavy storms. The soil round the roots should be kept light and free from weeds. Like all plants and animals, it should have a sufficient territory to occupy, and healthy aliment. To afford a desirable supply of food, rotten manure should be forked into the soil around the roots to give an abundant and healthful wood for next year's bloom. Mulching with leaves or coarse manure, after the ground is put in order for the season, is highly beneficial, as it preserves an equilibrium of cold and heat, dryness and moisture, essential to the health of the plant.

Its greatest enemy of the insect tribe that we know of, is the slug, which fastens on the under side of the leaf, and feasts upon its juices, until it is reduced to a skeleton, disfiguring the plant. The best remedy we know of for its ravages, is found in keeping the plant in good health, so as to insure a vigorous flow of nutritive sap and a firm growth of leaves and wood. With us it has succeeded admirably, and we commend it to all whose bushes are affected with a troublesome and wasting insect.

WHICH IS THE BEST GRASS FOR MEADOWS?

Mr. Editor.—Which, of all the grasses, is best for meadows? Is a mixture better than one kind? The custom here is to seed down with a mixture of clover, herdsgrass or timothy, and red-top.

The first season, the clover predominates; the second, the herdsgrass; but afterwards the red-top.

As the former dies out, the ground is left partially seeded. It is a well-settled opinion, that red-top is more valuable for hay than herdsgrass; and herdsgrass more valuable than clover.

It is my experience, that herdsgrass and red-top will produce more hay, even the first season, than if mixed with clover, and that red top is preferable to either. That red-top will produce more feed after mowing, and is far preferable for pastures. A horse of ordinary size has been known to eat about six tons of herdsgrass (without grain) in a year; though performing very little labor. Orchard grass deserves notice.

FRENCH MERINO SHEEP.

General R. Harmon, of Wheatland, Monroe county, recently returned from Vermont, with about thirty choice French Merino sheep, procured from S. W. Jewett, Esq. of Middlebury. They are all young and splendid animals, and were, with one or two exceptions, all selected from Mr. Jewett's importations from France, during the past season. One ram, ten and a half months old, with a very fine fleece on his back, weighs 166 lbs.

SCIENCE AND ART.

NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The *Lockport Journal* says that laborers are busily employed in pushing the Niagara Suspension Bridge to completion. In remarking on the structure, that paper says:—

“Imagine a span 800 feet in length forming a straight hollow beam 20 feet wide and about 18 feet deep, with top, bottom, and sides. There will be an upper floor to support the railroad and cars 58 feet wide between the railings, and suspended by two wire-cables, assisted by stays. The lower floor 19 feet wide and 15 feet high in the clear, is connected to the upper floor by vertical trusses. The cohesion of good iron wire, when properly united into cables or ropes, is found to be from 90,000 to 130,000 lbs per square inch, according to quality. The limestone used in constructing the towers will bear a pressure of 500 tons upon every square foot. The towers are 60 feet high, 15 feet square at the base, and 8 at the top. When this bridge is covered with a train of cars the whole length, it will sustain a pressure of not less than 405 tons. The speed is supposed to add 15 per cent to the pressure, equal to 61 tons. The weight of superstructure added, estimated at 782 tons, makes the total aggregate weight sustained 1,273 tons. Assuming 2,000 tons as the greatest tension to which the cables can be subjected, it is considered safe to allow five times the regular strength, and providing for a weight of 10,000 tons. For this 15,000 miles of wire are required. The number of wires in one cable is 8,000. The diameter of cable about 9½ inches. The bridge, we believe, is the longest between the points of support of any in the world.”

THE TREASURES OF OUR FORESTS.

The products of the forests embrace the most important items of Canadian exports, and from their bulky nature secure to us a greater amount of intercourse with Great Britain than all other articles of export or import collectively.

The relation which the products of the forest bear to other productions, in a commercial point

of view, is represented below for the years 1849, 1850, and 1851:—

	1849.
Value of the products of the forest exported.....	£1,327,537
Value of all other productions.....	1,000,027
Balance in favor of the products of the forest.....	£327,510
Value of the products of the forest exported to Great Britain, not including ships built at Quebec.....	£1,009,669
Value of all other productions exported to Great Britain.....	338,755
Balance in favor of productions of the forest exported to Great Britain... 1850.	£670,914
Value of the products of the forest exported.....	£1,360,734
Value of all other productions.....	1,309,264
Balance in favor of products of the forest.....	£51,470
Value of the products of the forest exported to Great Britain, not including ships built at Quebec.....	£971,375
Value of all other productions exported.....	229,474
Balance in favor of products of the forest exported to Great Britain... 1851.	£741,901
Value of the products of the forest exported.....	£1,509,545
Value of all other productions.....	1,315,085
Balance in favor of the products of the forest.....	£184,460
Value of the products of the forest exported to Great Britain, not including ships built at Quebec.....	£1,180,000
Value of all other productions exported.....	325,350
Balance in favor of products of the forest exported to Great Britain... 1854,658	

Hence it appears that the value of the products of the forest exported to Great Britain, has steadily increased during the last three years; the numbers indicating those values being in 1849, £670,914; in 1850, £741,901; in 1851, £854,658.

It is thus seen at a glance that forest productions, exclusive of pot and pearl ashes, and the furs and skins of animals, are of the highest economic importance to us, and yet who, that is acquainted with the diversified trees of our forests, can fail to perceive that very extensive sources of revenue are neglected from ignorance of the value of many species of wood, which are especially adapted to the peculiar purposes of artificers in Great Britain.

We are led to these remarks in consequence of the information respecting forest productions which the recent Exhibition of All Nations in London has brought to light.

Not less than one hundred and thirty varieties of British wood were exhibited at that magnificent exposition of industry. Among them, it may be well to mention, specimens of apple, pear, plum, and apricot trees were introduced, in consequence

of those woods being much sought after by toy manufacturers, turners, &c. For obvious reasons, such woods would possess little value in this country, either as an article of export or for the purposes of domestic manufacture.

Europe contributed forty-nine varieties of wood, most of them used in shipbuilding, carpentry, furniture, and dyeing.

Asia contributed about two hundred specimens. The United States forty-two. Canada thirty-one.—*Canadian Journal*.

A meteor of a very large size, was seen to fall at Rome, N. Y., on the night of the 20th November. The phenomenon was accompanied by a slight shock of an earthquake, which agitated the river for a few moments, and shook the windows in frame houses. The meteor appeared about the size of a thirty-two pound cannon ball, and caused an illumination as brilliant as a noon-day sun would.

AN EXTRAORDINARY LAMP.—Among the list of patents, is one taken out by Mr. E. Whele, for a candle-lamp of a very novel character. The lamp has a dial or clock face, and as the candle burns, the hands mark the hours and minutes correctly, and a hammer strikes the time. As a chamber-light for a sick room, it marks the time, and can be set to strike at any given periods, when the patient requires attention. As a night light, it marks the time on a transparent dial, and rings an alarm at any stated period, and in ten minutes afterwards, extinguishes the candle, or will continue to strike every second until the party gets out of bed and stops it; and, if a very heavy sleeper requires to be roused, it will fire off a percussion cap. As a table lamp, it marks the time and strikes the hours, and has a regulator and index, by which may be ascertained the amount of light and economy of consumption of the various candles of different makers. And all this is effected with very little machinery, which is of the most simple kind.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

OBSERVATIONS ON PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR
JANUARY, 1852.

AUTUMN is now giving place to winter, and our *artistes des modes* have been busily engaged in inventing and producing suitable novelties for the season. We observe that the season has produced a variety of mantles, which are all truly elegant, and of the style that will be the most prevailing during the ensuing winter. Dark rich velvets, lined with white satin, will be much worn amongst the aristocracy, as will also rich satins lined and quilted: embroideries and gimps of novel designs will be used to ornament velvets; and embossed velvet galloons will be employed for satins. There is a new material brought out by the house of Delisle, in Paris, called *Ouatine*, which will be in great favour for morning cloaks.

Bonnets are not worn quite so far back on the head; the brims are round and open; the edges are generally trimmed, which gives them the appearance of being larger; the *fanchon* is still a fa-

vorite trimming for the crown: drawn bonnets, both of velvet and satin, of rich dark colors, will be much in favor, some having short full feathers low at the ear, others *naude* and ends of black velvet: for the interior, wreaths of flowers, groups of china asters or dark roses, with loops of black velvet intermixed, blond, and mixed flowers are all employed: the ribbons for strings are very broad.

Dresses for the promenade will be of dark rich brocade, the bodies high and plain; the skirts of these are without trimming. Plain silks have flounces *à disposition*, or are edged, with narrow fringe of two colors, say black and green, or blue, about an inch and a half of each colour placed alternately. This style of fringe is used for cloaks with capes.

We are indebted for our dresses to that distinguished *artiste des modes*, Madame Lafont, Rue Lafitte.

DINNER AND EVENING COSTUME.

Robe of *glacé* silk, shaded yellow and white; the *corsage* is low, opening in front to the waist, which is round: it has capes with deep vandyked edges, trimmed with a narrow plaited ribbon, *coulour de rose*: the sleeves are extremely short and trimmed to correspond: bows with long floating ends are placed on the top of the sleeves. The skirt *à la robe* is short, reaching to the heading of the first flounce of the *jupe*; the appearance of being looped back is given by the trimming: it consists of a *biais* piece of silk, about half a yard wide; of course the ends will be on the straight way: this piece must be folded before it is put on the dress; first fold over one end for the top point which appears turned back; the silk must then be folded the reverse way for the next point, and then under again for the other point turned back; the next fold brings the silk to a point for the bottom of the dress: when finished, the trimming is about a quarter of a yard in width; to render what we have said easier to understand, the top point, which appears folded back, we will call the right side of the silk, the next, the wrong side; the second point folded back is again the right side, and so on: after it is put on the dress, the edge is finished by a plaiting of ribbon, which is continued round the bottom of the skirt. *Ceinture* and bows of black satin ribbon. *Jupe* of white *taffetas*, with four flounces stamped at the edges, and each headed by a narrow *rûche*.

OBSERVATIONS ON LONDON FASHIONS AND DRESS.

DURING the present season flowers will be as much in favor as ever. Hand bouquets of enormously large size have been almost universally adopted by the leading ladies at the recent representations of the opera. In artificial flowers a variety of novelties has been introduced. Many of those intended for the hair are made of colored velvet, crane, and gauze, intermingled with gold and silver. Constantin, the celebrated French *fleuriste*, has at present under his charge a variety of diamond pins, aigrettes, and other ornaments of jewellery, which are to be mounted in this new style with flowers and foliage. One of the commissions he has lately executed for an English lady of rank consists of a coronet formed

by a combination of flowers and precious stones.

The style of dressing the hair is much the same as it has been for some time past. The full bandeaux are still very general, and we observe that many ladies are wearing the hair at the back of the head lower than ever, so that the flowers or other ornaments employed in the head-dress, droop so low as to conceal part of the neck. A very pretty style of coiffure was worn by a young lady a few evenings ago. The front hair was arranged in full bandeaux, and across the upper part of her forehead there passed a torsade composed of hair and coral intermixed. The back hair was arranged in twists, also intermingled with coral, and fixed very low at the back of the head. This style is peculiarly well suited to dark hair.

The old fashion of wearing combs at the back of the head, which has been partially revived within the last two years, seems likely to meet with general favor this winter.

The attempts made by some of the Parisian *couturières* to revive the bygone mode of short waists has not been successful. The only novelty we have yet noticed in corsages, consists in the waists being straight instead of pointed. But even when the corsage is so made, the waist is of the usual length, and the difference in the form has probably been suggested only by the dress being composed of some transparent material, as gauze or tulle. With this style of corsage a waist-band, fastened in front, is indispensable.

The burnous is the style which predominates among the new opera cloaks. The small cloaks of colored cashmere, lined and trimmed with a different color are, however, likely to continue in favor as wraps at evening parties and places of amusement.

During the present winter cloaks have almost entirely superseded shawls for out-wraps. In the form of cloaks there are manifest indications of a desire for change. The Talma cloak, which was introduced last season, and adopted with favor at the commencement of the present, is now decidedly acknowledged to have become too common. Several new shapes have appeared, and of these several of them approximate very closely to the paletot form, so much in vogue two or three years ago. These cloaks have sleeves, and are exceedingly wide round the lower part, so as to afford ample space for the free flow of the folds of the dress. The trimmings, whether consisting of fringe, lace, or any other material, is usually limited to the collar and sleeves only, the bottom being left quite plain. These cloaks are not made very long; even when trimmed at the bottom, they should not descend below the knee. This style of cloak has a very pretty effect when made in velvet, and, this season, black has been preferred to colors.

Shawl mantelets of black velvet are trimmed with very broad and rich black lace, and sometimes with fringe and lace combined. Frequently a broad guipure is edged with a fringe made expressly for this style of trimming. Silk embroidery or narrow braid stitched on in a flowered design, or straight rows of braid made either of silk or velvet or both combined, are favorite trimmings for cloaks. The new braids present sufficient variety of design to satisfy every taste.

Within doors, at the present chilly season,

many ladies wear elegant little jackets, very much of the same form as the pelisses worn by the Turkish ladies. They are loose, that is to say not shaped to the figure, but cut straight at the back; the sleeves are slit open at the bend of the arm. These little jackets are thrown over a visiting dress, whether for dinner or evening, and they are worn until the room is rendered warm by the number of visitors. These jackets are made of white cashmere and are trimmed with ribbon woven in gold and silver, interwoven with Algerian colors. The ribbon is edged with a narrow fringe the same as the ribbon in materials and colors. Some of these jackets, of a less showy kind, are made of black cashmere and trimmed with gold embroidery, or a black ribbon figured with gold. This little garment is a charming *fantasie*, and it admits of as much elegance as may be desired. Its wide and easy form enables it to be worn over any dress however light or delicate. It will be found extremely convenient at the opera, when the cold renders it unsafe to sit with a low dress during a whole evening.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COOKERY.*

To preserve, in dressing, the full nourishment of meats; and their properties of digestiveness, forms a most important part of the art of cooking; for these ends the object to be kept in mind is to retain as much as possible the juices of the meat, whether roast or boiled. This, in the case of boiling meat, is best done by placing it at once in briskly boiling water; the albumen on the surface and to some depth, is immediately coagulated, and thus forms a kind of covering which neither allows the water to get into the meat, nor the meat juice into the water. The water should then be kept just under boiling until the meat be thoroughly done, which it will be when every part has been heated to about 165 degrees, the temperature at which the coloring matter of the blood coagulates or fixes; at 133 degrees the albumen sets, but the blood does not, and therefore the meat is red and raw.

The same rules apply to roasting; the meat should first be brought near enough to a bright fire to brown the outside, and then should be allowed to roast slowly.

Belonging to this question of waste and nourishment, it is to be noted, that the almost everywhere-agreed-upon notion that soup, which sets into strong jelly, must be the most nutritious, is altogether a mistake. The soup sets because it contains the gelatine or glue of the sinews, flesh, and bones; but on this imagined richness alone it has, by recent experiments, been proved that no animal can live. The jelly of bones boiled into soup, can furnish only jelly for our bones; the jelly of sinew or calf's feet can form only sinew; neither flesh nor its juices set into a jelly. It is only by long boiling we obtain a soup that sets, but in a much less time we get all the nourishing properties that meat yields in soups which are no doubt useful in cases of recovery from illness when the portions of the system in which it occurs have been wasted, but in other cases, though easily enough digested; jelly is unwholesome, for it loads the blood with not only

* Continued from page 676, vol. 1.

useless but disturbing products. Nor does jelly stand alone. Neither can we live on meat which has been cleared of fat, long boiled, and has had all the juice pressed out of it; a dog so fed, lost in forty-three days a fourth of his weight; in fifty-five days he bore all the appearance of starvation, and yet such meat has all the muscular fibre in it. In the same way, animals fed on pure casein, albumen, fibrin of vegetables, starch, sugar, or fat, died, with every appearance of death by hunger.

Further experiment showed that these worse than useless foods were entirely without certain matters which are always to be found in the blood, namely, phosphoric acid, potash, soda, lime, magnesia, oxide of iron,* and common salt, (in certain of these we may mention, by way of parenthesis, that veal is especially deficient, and hence its difficulty of digestion and poor nutrient properties.) These salts of the blood, as they are termed in chemistry, are to be found in the several wheys and juices of meat, milk, pulse, and grain. Here then was the proof complete, that such food, to support life, must contain the several ingredients of the blood, and that the stomach cannot make, nor the body do without the least of them.

It is an established truth in physiology, that man is omnivorous—that is, constituted to eat almost every kind of food which, separately, nourishes other animals. His teeth are formed to masticate, and his stomach to digest flesh, fish, and all farinaceous and vegetable substances—he can eat and digest these even in a raw state; but it is necessary to perfect them for his nourishment in the most healthy manner, that they be prepared by cooking—that is, softened by the action of fire and water.

In strict accordance with this philosophy, which makes a portion of animal food necessary to develop and sustain the human constitution, in its most perfect state of physical, intellectual, and moral strength and beauty, we know that now in every country, where a mixed diet is habitually used, as in the temperate climates, there the greatest improvement of the race is to be found, and the greatest energy of character. It is that portion of the human family, who have the means of obtaining this food at least once a day, who now hold dominion over the earth. Forty thousand of the beef-fed British, govern and control ninety millions of the rice-eating natives of India.

In every nation on earth, the *rulers*, the men of power, whether princes or priests, almost invariably use a portion of animal food. The people are often compelled, either from poverty or policy, to abstain. Whenever the time shall arrive that every *peasant* in Europe is able to "put his pullet in the pot, of a Sunday," a great improvement will have taken place in his charac-

*Some determined advocates of the vegetable system maintain, that the teeth and stomach of the monkey correspond, in structure, very closely with that of man, yet it lives on fruits—therefore, if man followed nature, he would live on fruits and vegetables. But though the anatomical likeness between man and monkeys is striking, yet it is not complete; the difference may be and doubtless is precisely that which makes a difference of diet necessary to nourish and develop their dissimilar natures. Those who should live as the monkeys do, would most closely resemble them.

ter and condition; when he can have a portion of animal food, properly cooked, once each day, he will soon become a man.

In our own country, the beneficial effects of a generous diet, in developing and sustaining the energies of a whole nation, are clearly evident. The severe and unremitting labors of every kind, which were requisite to subdue and obtain dominion of a wilderness world, could not have been done by a half-starved, suffering people. A larger quantity and better quality of food are necessary here than would have supplied men in the old countries, where less action of body and mind are permitted.

Still, there is great danger of excess in all indulgences of the appetite; even when a present benefit may be obtained, this danger should never be forgotten. The tendency in our country has been to excess in animal food. The advocates of the vegetable diet system have good cause for denouncing this excess, and the indiscriminate use of flesh. It was, and now is, frequently given to young children—infants before they have teeth,—a sin against nature, which often costs the life of the poor little sufferer; it is eaten too freely by the sedentary and delicate; and to make it worse still, it is eaten, often in a half-cooked state, and swallowed without sufficient chewing. All these things are wrong, and ought to be reformed.

It is generally admitted that the French excel in the economy of their cooking. By studying the appropriate flavors for every dish, they contrive to dress all the broken pieces of meats, and make a variety of dishes from vegetables at a small expense.

Next to the knowledge of the differences in the human constitution, and the nature of the food proper for man, this study of flavors and art of re-cooking to advantage is to be prized by the good housekeeper. Every family who has a garden spot should cultivate those vegetables and herbs which are requisite for seasoning—horseradish, onions, celery, mustard, capsicum, (red-pepper,) sage, summer savory, mint, &c., &c., are easily raised. These, if rightly prepared, will be sufficient for all common culinary purposes, and a little care and study will enable the housekeeper to flavor her meats, gravies, and vegetables in the best manner.

Bear in mind, that in preparing food, three things are to be united, the promotion of health, the study of economy, and the gratification of taste.

Miss Pennell, niece of the Hon. Horace Mann, has been appointed Professor of the Latin Language, and Literature, in Antioch College, Ohio, of which Mr. Mann was chosen President.*

When work season comes, work in earnest; and when the play time comes, enjoy it. Have a time for everything, and everything in its time.

* This little paragraph contains some crumbs of comfort for the Society to "Give Women whatever they want."

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE POETRY FROM THE "MAPLE LEAF;" THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO MISS M. JANE DAVIS,
BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

MODERATO.

Voice.-----

Piano Forte.

Sym.

No shepherds in the field to-night, no flock up-on the

wold,—Thro' the shivering for-est branches moans the north blast fierce and

cold; But glorious-ly the white stars gleam as on that ho-ly

even, When the her - ald An - gels' chorus swell'd thro' the bright Ju - dean

heav'n.

Oh, Earth! the white shroud wraps thee now, in Death's cold grasp thou art,
Thy tears, thy music, bound alike in the ice-chain on thine heart;
So lay the darken'd world of sin when the Angels spread abroad
The glorious tale of the Virgin-born—the birth of Incarnate God!

Melt, melt, oh, cold and stony heart! ev'n as the ice-bonds shiver,
When Spring breathes soft on the frozen wood, when warm winds loose the river;
The Angel-vision sheds on thee its glorious, softening ray—
The Angel-song is for thine ear: "A Saviour's born to-day!"

Morn, on the sparkling wilds of snow—morn, on the frozen west!
The holy chimes float musical o'er the deep wood's solemn breast;
And the winter sun plays cheerily on the wealth of bright green wreaths
Which through the lowly forest-shrine a spring-like freshness breathes.

Frail monitors! your verdure speaks, all eloquently bright,
Of a lustrous summer morn to break on Life's long, wintry night—
Of the waving palms—the crystal streams—the everlasting flowers
Beyond the jasper battlement, by the Golden City's towers.

Let the wild wind sweep the snows without—within be joy and mirth—
Let happy households cheerly meet around the Christmas hearth:
One welcome pledge must circle round—"Be happy hearts and smiles
To all we love in the Forest Land: to all in the Parent Isles!"

The Christmas hearth! ah! pleasant spot, where joyful kindred meet—
Kind eyes, with love and gladness lit, scarce mark the vacant seat;
And if too-faithful Memory turn, to mourn the loved, the fair—
Look up—the Shepherds' star's in Heaven—the lost one-waits thee there.

Wake thy ten thousand voices, Earth! outpour thy floods of praise—
Up to the crystal gates of Morn the deep hosannas raise;
Till heavenward-wafted, seraph-wing'd, they pierce the illum'd zone,
Where the Church-triumphant's anthem floats round the Everlasting Throne.



THE annual concert of the Vocal Music Society will take place on the 11th January.—Among the treats prepared for the Torontonians are—

- “Lo! He cometh!”—Oratorio of David.
 “And the glory of the Lord.”
 The celebrated trio and chorus from “The Creation—“The Lord is great.”
 “Full fathom five”—from “The Tempest.”
 “The Three Huntsmen.”—Kreutzer.
 “Galatea, dry thy tears”—Aeis and Galatea.
 “The Miller and his Men.”

We recommend every one, who can, not to lose this concert. A presentation will take place between the parts.

We are happy to perceive that the subscription list for Mr. Paige's concerts present such a numerous array of fashionable and music-loving names. This tells well for Toronto, and would lead us to hope that a taste for correct music is awakened. We are requested to say that Mr. Paige, being desirous that all should have the advantage of procuring tickets at subscription prices, will leave the list open a short time longer.

The first concert of the series will probably take place towards the end of January.

TORONTO DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, ROYAL LYCEUM.

We seldom notice theatrical performances of any kind, whether professional or amateur, but the above Society, which has been giving a series of entertainments during the past month, has been established on a footing that calls for more than a passing notice.

In the first place, the Society is composed of a most respectable set of young men, who, with the Manager and Director, are, irrespective of their Thespian claims, well and favorably known to the great mass of our citizens. Their selection of pieces has been judicious, more than could be well accomplished has not been attempted, and we have noticed, with great pleasure, in all pieces produced, a care-

ful and proper pruning of such passages as could offend the most refined or fastidious taste. The result has been that, from the quality of the pieces, and the really good style of acting, the Lyceum has been patronised this season to a greater extent than heretofore.

The entertainments have been well got up, the characters generally well dressed, and, on the whole, the Society deserves great credit for their attempts to awaken a healthy tone amongst the play-going portion of the community.

On the 22nd ult., that amusing little piece of *Box and Cox*, was produced, and from the spirited style of acting, drew down thunders of applause from a very crowded house. This piece will bear repetition, and the same actors would do well to attempt *Paul Pry*, *Pong-Wong*, the *Village Lawyer*, the *Illustrious stranger*, or some other after pieces of like character.

The following Musical Publications are recommended for purchase:—

Glover, C. W. “The lady's letter.” 25cts. Oliver Ditson, Boston. Words *piquant* and music pretty.

Maeder, J. G. Harmonized songs. No. 5. “Thou art gone from my gaze.” 39cts. No. 7. “My dreams are now no more of thee.” 38cts. Hall & Son, New York. Two good songs, tastefully and pleasingly arranged in four parts by Mr. Maeder. We commend this series, generally, to all who are fond of good quartette singing.—We observe that six pieces of the series are already published.

Grobe, Charles. “Buds and blossoms,” six sacred melodies varied for piano. No. 4. “Come ye disconsolate.” 38cts. Lee & Walker, Philadelphia. Variations upon sacred airs are rather a novelty; the present number is simple, and well enough in its way.

Crosby, L. V. H. “The poor Irish boy.” Song. 25cts. G. W. Brainard & Co., Louisville. A very fine song. Words and music equally good.

Rice, Henry. “The blue-bell quickstep.” 25cts. Gould & Berry, New York. “Blue-bell” is a favorite air of ours, and in a quickstep it does not sound badly.