Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☑ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☑ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☑ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☑ Continuous pagination/ Pagination continue
- ☐ Includes index(es)/ Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/ Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- ☐ Title page of issue/ Page de titre de la livraison
- ☐ Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison
- ☐ Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

| 10X | 12X | 14X | 16X | 18X | 20X | 22X | 24X | 26X | 28X | 30X | 32X |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | | ✓ | | | | |

THE

# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. III.—TORONTO: AUGUST, 1853.—No. 2.

## HISTORY OF THE WAR

### BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER VII.

THE two notices, we have already given, might almost be considered sufficient evidence of the eminence to which Gen. Brock had raised himself by his civil and military talents, and of the correspondently deep grief with which his untimely fate was deplored throughout, not only these Provinces, but the Mother Country also. Yet we feel tempted to add one or two more tributes to his memory. The first is from a Montreal paper of the day;* the second from Howison's "Sketches of Upper Canada."† The most conclusive proof, however, of the general estimation in which Sir Isaac Brock was held, is, perhaps, to be found in General Van Ranselaer's letter of condolence to Gen. Sheaffe, on the occasion of his funeral, in which Gen. Van Ranselaer expresses his desire to pay "a just tribute of respect to the gallant dead," and informs General Sheaffe, that "I shall order a salute for the funeral of General Brock to be fired here,‡ and at Fort Niagara this afternoon."

Opinions of the Press, respecting Gen. Brock's character and value, continued.

This generous conduct of General Van Ranselaer evinced feelings worthy of a soldier and a man.

The President, Mr. Madison, when alluding to the battle of Queenston in his message to Congress, observed, "Our loss has been considerable, and is deeply to be lamented. That of the enemy, less ascertained, will be the

* The private letters from Upper Canada, in giving the account of the late victory at Queenston, are partly taken up with encomiastic lamentations upon the never-to-be-forgotten General Brock, which do honor to the character and talents of the man they deplore. The enemy have nothing to hope from the loss they have inflicted; they have created a hatred which panteth for revenge. Although General Brock may be said to have fallen in the midst of his career, yet his previous services in Upper Canada will be lasting and highly beneficial. When he assumed the government of the province, he found a divided, disaffected, and, of course, a weak people. He has left them united and strong, and the universal sorrow of the province attends his fall. The father, to his children, will make known the mournful story. The veteran, who fought by his side in the heat and burthen of the day of our deliverance, will venerate his name.

† He was more popular, and more beloved by the inhabitants of Upper Canada, than any man they ever had among them, and with reason; for he possessed, in an eminent degree, those virtues which add lustre to bravery, and those talents that shine alike in the cabinet and in the field. His manners and dispositions were so conciliating as to gain the affection of all whom he commanded, while his innate nobleness and dignity of mind secured him a respect almost amounting to veneration. He is now styled the Hero of Upper Canada, and, had he lived, there is no doubt but the war would have terminated very differently from what it did. The Canadian farmers are not overburthened with sensibility, yet I have seen several of them shed tears when an eulogium was pronounced upon the immortal and generous-minded deliverer of their country.

General Brock was killed close to the road that

‡ Lewiston.

more felt, as it includes amongst the killed the commanding general, who was also the Governor of the Province."

General Brock was interred on the 16th October, with his A.D.C., Col. McDonnell, at Fort George. Major Glegg says on the subject,—"Conceiving that an interment, in every respect military, would be the most appropriate, I made choice of a cavalier bastion which he had lately suggested, and which had just been finished under his daily superintendence."

On the morning after the battle, an armistice† was concluded by Generals Van Ranselaer and Sheaffe. James, in reference to this proceeding, remarks,—"It is often said that we throw away with the pen, what we gain by the sword. Had General Brock survived the Queenston battle, he would have made the 18th October a still more memorable day by crossing the river and carrying Fort Niagara, which at that precise time was nearly stripped of its garrison. Instead of doing this, and of putting an end to the campaign upon the Niagara frontier, General Sheaffe allowed himself to be persuaded to sign an armistice, the very thing General Van Ranselaer wanted. The latter, of course, assured his panic struck militia, that the British General had sent to implore one of him; (rather a hasty conclusion this of James,) and that he, General Van Ranselaer, had consented, merely to gain time to make some necessary arrangements. Such of the militia as had not already scampered off, now agreed to suspend their journey homeward, and try another experiment at invasion."

Armistice concluded the day after the battle.

When James penned the above, he did not take into consideration, that the number of American prisoners, then in General Sheaffe's charge, far exceeded the united strength of his whole army, when the Indian force was withdrawn; and, besides, that with his very limited means of defence, he had a frontier of forty miles to protect. He seems also to have lost sight of the fact that General Van Ranselaer retired from the command on the 18th

leads through Queenston village; this spot may be called classic ground, for a view of it must awaken in the minds of all those who duly appreciate the greatness of his character, and are acquainted with the nature of his resources and exertions, feelings as warm and enthusiastic as the contemplation of monuments consecrated by antiquity can ever do.

Nature had been very bountiful to Sir Isaac Brock in those personal gifts which appear to such peculiar advantage in the army, and at the first glance the soldier and the gentleman were seen. In stature he was tall, his fine and benevolent countenance was a perfect index of his mind, and his manners were courteous, frank, and engaging. Brave, liberal, and humane; devoted to his sovereign, and loving his country with romantic fondness; in command so gentle and persuasive, yet so firm, that he possessed the rare faculty of acquiring both the respect and the attachment of all who served under him. When urged by some friends, shortly before his death, to be more careful of his person, he replied: "How can I expect my men to go where I am afraid to lead them;" and although, perhaps, his anxiety ever to shew a good example, by being foremost in danger, induced him to expose himself more than strict prudence or formality warranted, yet, if he erred on this point, his error was that of a soldier. Elevated to the government of Upper Canada, he reclaimed many of the disaffected by mildness, and fixed the wavering by the argument of success; and having no national partialities to gratify, that rock on which so many provincial governors have split, he meted equal favor and justice to all.

† The armistice was to be in force only on the frontier between Lakes Ontario and Erie.

British-born subjects soon felt convinced that with him their religion or their birth-place was no obstacle in their advancement. Even over the minds of the Indians Sir Isaac Brock gained, at and after the capture of Detroit, an ascendency altogether unexampled, and which he judiciously exercised for purposes conducive equally to the cause of humanity and to the interests of his country. He engaged them to throw aside the scalping knife, implanted in their breasts the virtues of clemency and forbearance, and taught them to feel pleasure and pride in the compassion extended to a vanquished enemy. In return they revered him as their common father, and while under his command were guilty of no excesses. It is well known that this untutored people, the children of the forests, value personal much more highly than mental qualities, but the union of both in their leader was happily calculated to impress their haughty and masculine minds with respect and admiration; and the speech delivered by Tecumseh, after the capture of Detroit, is illustrative of the sentiments with which he had inspired these warlike tribes. "I have heard," observed that chief to him, "much of your fame, and am happy again to shake by the hand a brave brother warrior. The Americans endeavour to give us a mean opinion of British Generals, but we have been the witnesses of your valour. In crossing the river to attack the enemy, we observed you from a distance standing the whole time in an erect posture, and, when the boats reached the shore, you were among the first who jumped on land. Your bold and sudden movements frightened the enemy, and you compelled them to surrender to half their own force."

October. He (Gen. Van Ranselaer) seems indeed to have resolved on this course even two days before, for in his letter of the 16th, to General Sheaffe, he writes,—"As this is probably the last communication I shall have the honour to make to you," &c. This does not look much like entertaining hopes of a third descent on Canada. Christie's remarks are more deserving of consideration. In speaking of the armistice he writes:—"This and the former armistice, without affording any present advantage, proved of material prejudice to the British on Lake Erie. The Americans availed themselves of so favorable an occasion to forward their naval stores, unmolested, from Black Rock to Presque Isle, by water, which they could not otherwise have effected, but with immense trouble and expense, by land, and equipped at leisure the fleet which afterwards wrested from us the command of that lake." There is much force in these remarks, yet with a body of prisoners equalling in number his whole force, and with an enemy in front of double his strength, it is not to be wondered at, that General Sheaffe should have adopted prudent measures, so as to dispose, at least, of his prisoners.

Treatment of the prisoners.

Although it has been very generally acknowledged that the prisoners were treated with great kindness and consideration, yet a few misrepresentations have crept abroad on the subject. One writer (Author of Sketches of the War) says—"For want of will or power they put no restraint upon their Indian allies who were stripping and scalping not only the slain but the dying that remained on the field of battle," and in proof of his assertion he adduces the facts, that a Capt. Ogilvie recognised the corpse of an Ensign Morris, which had been stripped of its shirt, and a dead soldier whose scull had been cloven by a tomahawk; he forgets, however, or seems to consider it unnecessary, to enquire whether the ensign's shirt had not been stolen by one of his own men, or whether the soldier might not have received the fatal blow during the contest. We only bring these trifles forward to show how anxious to misrepresent some American writers have been, and how desirous to palliate the monstrous cruelties perpetrated by them on the Indians during their long and numerous frontier wars.

Disposal of the prisoners.

Two days after the battle, the prisoners and wounded, both militia and regulars, were sent across the river, upon their parole, as were General Wadsworth, and (James says all, Christie some) the principal officers, the non-commissioned officers and privates of the regular army were sent to Montreal to await their exchange. Christie remarks on the subject,—"Among the American prisoners, twenty-three men were found, who, having declared themselves British-born subjects, were sent to England for trial as traitors."

This gave occasion to retaliate upon British prisoners in America, and a like number of the latter were put into close confinement as hostages for the safety of the traitors by order of the American government.

Attempts of the press to keep up the "war spirit" by misrepresentation.

The attempts of the press to prevent the supporters of the now unpopular war from becoming disgusted with the manifold reverses which had, so far, attended all the military operations undertaken, would be amusing, were not a feeling, akin to contempt, excited. The Official Organ, corresponding to our Annual Register, or the Military and Naval Chronicle, appears at this time to have been "Nile's Weekly Register," and a few short exracts will show not only how, with General Van Ranselaer's dispatch before them, they misrepresented every occurrence, but how ignorant they actually were of the true position of the affairs on the frontier.

In No. 9 of Vol. 3, we find the following particulars, page 140:

"The landing appears to have been effected under a dreadful fire from the enemy. An instant appeal was made to the bayonet, and the British were soon dispossessed of all the advantages they had in the ground;" no notice is taken of the manner in which Wool, "the hero of the day," as he is styled, ascended the heights without exposing himself or the troops under his command to a single shot. A little farther on, "three hundred and twenty men charged the famous 49th British Regiment, six hundred strong, and put them completely to flight," and as a crowning glory to the brilliant

achievements of the day, the afternoon occurrences are thus disposed of: "our men though outflanked and *almost surrounded*, fought for an hour and a half more; when, worn down with eleven hours exertion, they retreated without the loss of a man, to the margin of the river, but to their extreme mortification, not a boat was there to receive them." Such gallantry deserved a better fate, for after waiting in "this painful situation for over a quarter of an hour, this GALLANT little band surrendered to five times their number." On page 141 we find that "the position opposite Queenston *is Black Rock!*" Enough, however, on this subject, although it might have been expected that a paper, almost bearing an official character, would have scarcely dared to give publicity to such ridiculous statements: statements which only serve to show how strenuous were the efforts made to prevent the refusal of the Militia to cross at Lewiston, appearing in its true light, viz. as a proof that the war was an unpopular one.

Refusal of the Militia to cross the Niagara River, another proof that the war was not as popular as represented.

We contend that the conduct of the greater part of the American Militia on this occasion may be fairly adduced as an additional proof that the war was far from being as popular as one party in Congress would fain have represented it. It is notorious that many of the Pennsylvania Militia refused to cross into Canada, while others returned, after having crossed the line, on constitutional pretexts. An attempt has been made to excuse this, and the argument has been brought forward that the English Militia are not transported over sea to Hanover, and that the French National Guards and the German Landwehr are troops appropriated to service within the country; but on the other hand it should be borne in mind that there are standing armies in these countries, and that there is none, or next to none, in America, and that this doctrine is tantamount to a virtual renouncing of all offensive operations in war, by that country where there is but a regular standing force equal to garrison duties, and destroys at once all military operations.

The truth is, and American writers may blink it or explain it as they please, that the refusal to cross the border, on the plea of its being unconstitutional, was one of the factious dogmas of the war, preached by the disaffected of Massachusetts, who imagined, doubtless, that the doctrine might be very convenient in the event of war in that region.

The Kentuckians marched anywhere, they had no scruples; why? Because the war was popular with them, and they laughed at the idea that it was unconstitutional to cross a river or an ideal frontier, in the service of their country.

Resignation of General Van Ranselaer, and appointment of General Smyth.

Three or four days after the battle, General Van Ranselaer, disgusted with the conduct of the Militia, and, as he expressed it, with "being compelled to witness the sacrifice of victory, so gallantly won, on the shrine of doubt," received permission from General Dearborn to retire, and the command of the central or Niagara army devolved on Brigadier General Smyth, an officer from whose patriotic and professional pretensions, the multitude had drawn many favorable conclusions. "Nor was," says General Armstrong, "the estimate made of his military character by the Government, more correct, as it took for granted, a temperament, bold, ardent and enterprising, and requiring only restriction to render it useful." In the orders given for the regulation of his conduct, he was accordingly forbidden most emphatically by the minister at war, "to make any new attempt at invasion with a force less than three thousand combatants, or with means of transportation (across the Niagara) insufficient to carry over simultaneously the whole of that number."

Ingersol, in his notices of the war, observes, "General Smyth closed the campaign of 1812, in that quarter, by a failure much ridiculed, and yet vindicated, at all events a miserable abortion, which, in November, instead of atoning for, much increased, our discredit of October." Before, however, entering on the subject of the invasion of Canada by General Smyth, we must not omit two events which, though not of importance, yet should not be entirely lost sight of, as one especially was made the subject of much boasting on the part of the Americans.

The first of these events was the destruction of the east barracks at Black Rock, by the batteries at Fort Erie, under Lieut.-Col. Myers, and the burning of the furs which had formed part of the cargo of the Caledonia, the details of the capture of which we have already given. This was at least satisfactory, as the Americans had not failed in their accounts to give very magnificent estimates of the value of these same furs.

Destruction of part of the fortifications at Black Rock, and of the furs taken in the Caledonia.

The second event was the capture on the 21st October, of a body of forty-four Canadian voyageurs, who, under the command of Captain McDonnell, were surprised, and taken by the Americans under Major Young. Of this affair, James says, "The Major's force is not stated; but as the Americans proceeded to the attack in expectation of meeting from one to three hundred British, we may conjecture that their numbers fully equalled the latter amount. Forty prisoners, (one having escaped) along with their baggage and some immaterial despatches, fell into the hands of the Americans, who ingeniously enough converted a large pocket-handkerchief, which they found among the spoils, into a "stand of colours;" and Mr. O'Connor exultingly tells us, that "Major Young had the honor of taking the first standard from the enemy in the present war," following it up with, "the movements of the enemy, during these times, were not to them equally honorable or important."

Capture of Canadian voyageurs.

We are without the means of ascertaining what was actually captured on this occasion by the enemy; the probability is, however, that some colours, a Union Jack perhaps, were captured. The handkerchief story is rather improbable even for American fertility of invention when national glory was at stake. One point we have ascertained, that whatever might have been captured, it certainly was not what is commonly termed "a stand of colours." Christie, in his notice of this affair, writes, "On the 23rd October, a party of nearly four hundred Americans from Plattsburgh, surprised the picquet at the Indian village of St. Regis. Twenty-three men, a lieutenant, a serjeant and six men were killed. The picquet consisted of Canadian voyageurs." Christie's account bears out our statement respecting the colors. "In plundering the village they found a Union Jack or an Ensign, usually hoisted on Sundays or Holydays at the door of the Chief." "This occurrence," adds Christie, "was counterpoised by an attack upon a party of Americans near Salmon river, near St. Regis, on the 23rd November, by detachments of the Royal Artillery, 49th Regiment, and Glengarry Light Infantry, amounting to seventy men, with detachments from the Cornwall and Glengarry Militia, of near the same number, the whole under the command of Lieut.-Col. McMillan. In this affair the enemy took to a blockhouse, but finding themselves surrounded, surrendered prisoners of war. One captain, two subalterns, and forty-one men became prisoners on this occasion, and four batteaux, and fifty-seven stand of arms were taken." This was an affair so trifling that it would have been passed over did not the Americans make so much of the picquet affairs and the capture of the Detroit and Caledonia.

We find something quite Napoleonic in the following proclamations of General Smyth —something deserving of the pen of an Abbott as the chronicler. Even the "audacious quackery" which dared to issue rescripts at St. Petersbourg for the management of the Opera in Paris, pales before General Smith's eloquent and spirited addresses. Fortunate, indeed, for the Canadas, that the General confined his operations to paper. The first of these productions was addressed "To the Men of New York," and revives the oft-repeated cry of oppression, &c.

General Smyth's proclamations.

"*To the Men of New York:*"

"For many years have you seen your country oppressed with numerous wrongs. Your Government, although above all others, devoted to peace, have been forced to draw the sword, and rely for redress of injuries on the valor of the American people.

"That valor has been conspicuous, but the nation has been unfortunate in the selection of some of those who directed it. One army has been disgracefully surrendered and lost. Another has been sacrificed by a precipitate attempt to pass it over at the strongest point of the enemy's lines, with most incompetent means. The cause of these miscarriages is

apparent. The Commanders were popular men, "destitute alike of experience and theory," in the art of war.

"In a few days the troops under my command will plant the American standard in Canada. They are men accustomed to obedience,* steadiness and silence. They will conquer or die.

"Will you stand with your arms folded, and look on this interesting struggle? Are you not related to the men who fought at Bennington and Saratoga? Has the race degenerated? Or, have you, under the baneful influence of contending factions, forgotten your country? Must I turn from you, and ask the men of the Six Nations to support the Government of the United States? Shall I imitate the officers of the British King, and suffer our ungathered laurels to be tarnished with ruthless deeds? Shame, where is thy blush? No! Where I command, the vanquished and the peaceful man, the child, the maid, and the matron shall be secure from wrong. If we conquer, we conquer but to save."

"*Men of New York:*

"The present is the hour of renown. Have you not a wish for fame? Would you not choose to be named in future times, as one of those, who, imitating the heroes whom Montgomery led, have, in spite of the seasons, visited the tomb of the chief, and conquered the country where he lies? Yes! You desire your share of fame. Then seize the present moment: if you do not, you will regret it; and say 'the valiant have bled in vain; the friends of my country fell, and I was not there.'

"Advance, then, to our aid. I will wait for you a few days. I cannot give you the day of my departure. But come on. Come in companies, half companies, pairs or singly. I will organise you for a short tour. Ride to this place, if the distance is far, and send back your horses. But, remember, that every man who accompanies us, places himself under my command, and shall submit to the salutary restraints of discipline." This proclamation was issued on the 17th; a second, which will be found below,* and was even more energetic than its predecessor, appeared, addressed "TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE CENTRE."

* These very men accustomed to obedience, steadiness, and silence, formed a portion of the troops who had, that day four weeks, refused to cross, notwithstanding Judge Peck's and their general's intreaties, and this too, but a few days after using such threats against the general's life, if he refused to lead them over to Canada, and victory, as compelled him to adopt the measures which resulted in his defeat and their disgrace. ED.

*"*Companions in arms!*—The time is at hand when you will cross the streams of Niagara to conquer Canada, and to secure the peace of the American frontier.

"You will enter a country that is to be one of the United States. You will arrive among a people who are to become your fellow citizens. It is not against them that we come to make war. It is against that government which holds them as vassals.

"You will make this war as little as possible distressful to the Canadian people. It they are peaceable, they are to be secure in their persons: and in their property, as far as our imperious necessities will allow.

"Private plundering is absolutely forbidden. Any soldier who quits his ranks to plunder on the field of battle, will be punished in the most exemplary manner.

"But your just rights as soldiers will be maintained; whatever is *booty* by the usages of war, you shall have. All horses belonging to the artillery and cavalry, all waggons and teams in public service, will be sold for the benefit of the captors. Public stores will be secured for the service of the U. States. The government will, with justice, pay you the value.

"The horses drawing the light artillery of the enemy are wanted for the service of the United States. I will order TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS for each to be paid the party who may take them. I will also order FORTY DOLLARS to be paid for the arms and spoils of each savage warrior, who shall be killed.

"*Soldiers!*—You are amply provided for war. You are superior in number to the enemy. Your personal strength and activity are greater. Your weapons are longer. The regular soldiers of the enemy are generally old men, whose best years have been spent in the sickly climate of the West Indies. They will not be able to stand before you,—you, who charge with the bayonet. You have seen Indians, such as those hired by the British to murder women and children, and kill and scalp the wounded. You have seen their dances and grimaces, and heard their yells. Can you fear them? No! you hold them in the utmost contempt.

*Volunteers!*—Disloyal and traitorous men have endeavoured to dissuade you from your duty. Sometimes they say, if you enter Canada, you will be held to service for five years. At others, they say, you will not be furnished with supplies. At other times, they say, that if you are wounded, the government will not provide for you by pensions. The just and generous course pursued by government towards the volunteers who fought at Tippecanoe, furnishes an answer to the last objection; the others are too absurd to deserve any.

Invasion of Canada by General Smyth.

The very first step taken by General Smyth in this operation was marked by a trick. It was necessary to give a thirty hours' notice of an intention to break off the armistice which had been concluded with General Sheaffe. This was accordingly done, but instead of the notice being given, as it ought, at head-quarters at Fort George, it was sent to the commanding officer at Fort Erie, on the extreme right of the British line. This was doubtless with a view of making the attack before succours could arrive from Fort George, which was thirty-six miles distant from Fort Erie.

No efforts had been left untried, not only to collect a large force, but to provide also the means of transportation. Six weeks had been consumed in these preparations, in drilling, equipping and organising, and the conditions imposed by Government as to numbers before an invasion should be attempted, had been strictly complied with, as a force, by his own admission, of two thousand three hundred and sixty men, FIT FOR DUTY, (exclusive of General Tannehill's brigade from Pennsylvania, of sixteen hundred and fifty strong,) now awaited General Smyth's orders: an engine of destruction, to be discharged (as will be seen with what terrible effect) against the devoted Canadians. To guard against the effects of such a "tornado burstiag on Canadian shores, every provision had," according to Nile's Weekly Register, "been made by the British." These preparations, according to James, "consisted of a detachment of eighty men of the 49th, under Major Ormsby, and about fifty of the Newfoundland regiment, under Capt. Whelan. The ferry, opposite Black Rock, was occupied by two companies of Militia, under Captain Bostwick." At a house on the Chippewa Road, distant about two and-a-half miles from Fort Erie, Lieut. Lamont of the 49th, with five-and-thirty rank and file, and Lieut. King R. A., with a three and six-pounder, and a few Militia artillerymen were stationed. There were also near the same spot two one-gun batteries, eighteen and twenty-four pounders, also under the command of Lieut. Lamont. A mile farther down the river, Lieut. Bartley, with two non-commissioned officers and thirty-five rank and file, occupied a post, and on Frenchman's Creek, Lieut. McIntyre commanded a party about seventy strong: this post was about four and-a-half miles from Fort Erie. Lieut. Col. Bishopp was at Chippewa, and under his immediate command were a battalion company of the 41st, a company of militia, and a small detachment of militia artillery; Major Hate with a small detachment of militia, was stationed at no great distance. The whole force to guard a frontier of twenty miles, did not exceed, as will be seen from these figures, three hundred and sixty regulars, and two hundred and forty militia. This gives a force of but six hundred men, according to James, while Christie estimates the whole force as "nearly eleven hundred men." By what process Mr. Christie makes up his numbers we are rather at a loss to discover, as his account corresponds with James' in the enumeration of all the smaller detachments; and it is only by supposing that Col. Bishopp had a very large force at this time under his command, that his total can be arrived at, as certainly there was no time for the arrival of reinforcements from Fort George. Col. Kerby's and other veterans' statements, incline us to the belief that James' numbers are nearer the mark. This point is, however, unimportant, as not one half of even the troops mentioned by James were required on the occasion, or had any participation in the affair.

The demonstration was commenced by dispatching a marauding party on the night of the 27th, who succeeded in taking a few prisoners, destroying some public and private dwellings, and carrying and spiking four guns,

---

"*Volunteers!*—I esteem your generous and patriotic motives. You have made sacrifices on the altar of your country. You will not suffer the enemies of your fame to mislead you from the path of duty and honor, and deprive you of the esteem of a grateful country. You will shun the *eternal infamy* that awaits the man, who having come within sight of the enemy, *basely* shrinks in the moment of trial.

"*Soldiers of every corps!*—It is in your power to retrieve the honor of your country and to cover yourselves with glory. Every man who performs a gallant action shall have his name made known to the nation. Rewards and honours await the brave. Infamy and contempt are reserved for cowards. Companions in arms! You came to vanquish a valiant foe; I know the choice you will make. Come on, my heroes! And when you attack the enemy's batteries let your rallying word be, "*The Cannon lost at Detroit, or Death!*"

ALEXANDER SMYTH,
Brigadier-General Commanding.
Camp near Buffalo, 17th Nov., 1812.

viz., the two field-pieces, and two eighteen and twenty-four pounders.

The whole of this demonstration took place under cover of night, and the Americans had recrossed to the safe side of the river before daylight, and the arrival of Major Ormsby and Col. Bishopp with their several detachments, and the recrossing was effected so hastily that Captain King and some thirty-five men were left behind and became prisoners. Emboldened by this negative success, General Smyth sent over in the afternoon of the 29th, a flag of truce to Col. Bishopp, with a summons to "prevent the unnecessary effusion of human blood by a surrender of Fort Erie, to a force so superior as to render resistance hopeless." Col. Bishopp's answer to this was, "*Come, and take it!*" The answer was sent over by Capt. Fitzgerald on whom the American General is said to have wasted both rhetoric and time, proving, doubtless very much to his own satisfaction, how plainly it was the British officer's duty to command a bloodless surrender of the post. There is every probability that Hull's surrender of Detroit was quoted on this occasion, as a precedent, and a case strictly analogous.

The 28th closed with an order to the American troops to disembark, with an assurance that "the expedition was only postponed until the boats should be put in a better state of preparation." Much discussion now took place in the American camp, and on the 20th the troops were again ordered to hold themselves ready for crossing and conquest. This farce was repeated until the morning of the 1st, when it was decided by the American officers in council, that instead of conquering Canada, "an attempt which by precipitation might add to the list of defeats," it was advisable to disembark the troops and send them into winter quarters. Thus ended the third great invasion of Canada. The failure roused, as may be imagined, a perfect storm of indignation against the poor General, and this was the more violent as he had raised the nation's expectations to such a pitch by his manifestos, that failure was never contemplated. and the bitter pill was thus rendered still more unpalatable.

The official organ, already mentioned, of 19th December, thus notices the affair. "*Disaster upon disaster.* The old scenes of imbecility, treachery and cowardice, have been again displayed upon our frontier. With grief and shame do we record that Smyth, who promised so much, who centered in himself the generous confidence of strangers, of his friends, and government; who was to convince the American people that all their Generals were not base, cowardly and treacherous; even Smyth must be added to the catalogue of infamy which began with the name of Hull. Our minds are depressed with shame, and our hands tremble with indignation, at this final prostration of all our dearest and fondest hopes. But we will endeavour to assume some calmness, while we state to our readers the disgraceful events that have occurred on the Niagara river."

Before quoting further, it may be well to remark, that this very journal in discussing the Queenston expedition, mentions it as "an affair to be classed with Bunker Hill," and gives a glowing account of General Van Ranselaer's reception at Albany after his retirement from the command. In the No. for Nov. 28th, page 202, we find the following: "There is a disposition in many to attribute great blame to Major Gen. Van Ranselaer for the failure of his attack on Queenston on various grounds, but the General's official statement is before the public, and we shall not attempt to impeach it."

"*It is unpleasant to remark with what avidity some men, for mere party purposes, seize upon every little incident tending to throw discredit on the American army. Nay, not content with the naked facts as they are, they contrive to distort them into the most frightful shapes, and if the truth embellished will not make the story tell well, they curiously invent a few particulars to give it the needful graces.*"

It is not uninteresting to observe how entirely the writer of the above changed his opinion between Nov. 28th and Dec. 19th, and how an affair of which the General's account "was not to be impeached," at the former date, became by the latter an event to be "included in the catalogue of infamy which began with Hull."

It is ever thus, however, with distorted facts, and an indifference to truth, in preparing an historical narrative, is sure to end by the writer's contradicting some statement previously laid down as incontrovertible.

A curious picture is given of Smyth's treatment by his "outraged countrymen." He

was universally denounced as a coward and traitor; he was shot at several times, and was hooted through the streets of Buffalo. He was shifting his tent in every direction to avoid the indignation of the soldiers. Judge Grainger, MUCH TO HIS HONOR, refused to afford any shelter to Smyth, and every tavernkeeper declined the infamy of his company. Poor Smyth! —this treatment was experienced from the very men whom Judge Peck but six weeks before had upbraided for their cowardice. We suppose, however, that this behaviour of the populace is to be classed amongst the benefits resulting from a Democratical form of government. General Smyth's defence will be found below* with a few remarks on it by General Porter. These remarks led to a duel in which both parties behaved *most heroically*.

We suspect that the American people would have preferred a battle at Fort Erie to a private rencontre.

By an Act of Executive power, General Smyth was excluded from the regular army, and *deposed without a trial.* This proceeding was of course complained of, and a petition presented to the House of Representatives, who, however, referred it to the secretary at war, which was in fact delivering the lamb to the wolf, as the secretary was the arbitrary power complained of. This is a significant example of the mode in which justice is sometimes administered in free countries, and how the exe-

*GENTLEMEN,—Your letter of the 2d December is before me, and I answer it in the the following manner:

On the 26th October, I ordered that 20 scows should be prepared for the transportation of artillery and cavalry, and put the carpenters of the army upon that duty.

By the 26th of November 10 scows were completed, and by bringing some boats from Lake Ontario, above the Falls of Niagara, the number was increased to 70.

I had, on the 12th Nov., issued an address to the men of New York, and perhaps 300 had arrived at Buffalo. I presumed that the regular troops, and the volunteers under Colonels Swift and McClure, would furnish 2350 men for duty; and of General Tannehill's brigade from Pennsylvania, reporting a total of 1650, as many as 412 had volunteered to cross into Canada. My orders were to "cross with 3000 men at once." I deemed myself ready to fulfil them.

Preparatory thereto, on the night of the 27th of November, I sent other two parties, one under Lieutenant-Colonel Bœrstler, the other under Captain King, with whom Lieutenant Angus, of the navy, at the head of a body of seamen, united. The first was to capture a guard and destroy a bridge about five miles below Fort Erie; the second party were to take and render useless the cannon of the enemy's batteries, and some pieces of light artillery. The first party failed to destroy the bridge—the second, after rendering unserviceable the light artillery, separated by misapprehension. Lieutenant Angus, the seamen, and a part of the troops, returned, with all the boats, while Captain King, Captain Morgan, Captain Sproul, Lieutenant Houston, and about 60 men remained. The party thus reduced, attacked, took, and rendered unserviceable two of the enemy's batteries, captured 34 prisoners, found two boats, in which Captain King sent the prisoners, and about half his party with the other officers; he himself remaining with thirty men, whom he would not abandon.

Orders had been given, that all the troops in the neighborhood should march, at reveillee, to the place of embarkation. A part of the detachment sent in the night returned and excited apprehensions for the residue, about 250 men, under the command of Colonel Winder, suddenly put off in boats for the opposite shore; a part of this force had landed, when a force deemed superior, with one piece of artillery, was discovered; a retreat was ordered, and Colonel Winder's detachment suffered a loss of six killed and 18 wounded, besides some officers.

The general embarkation commenced as the troops arrived—but this being a first embarkation, the whole of the scows were occupied by about one third of the artillery, while about 800 regular infantry, about 200 twelve months' volunteers, under Colonel Swift, and about 200 of the militia who had volunteered for a few days, occupied all the boats that were ready. The troops then embarked, moved up the stream to Black Rock without loss, they were ordered to disembark and dine.

I had received from my commanding general an instruction in the following words—"In all important movements you will, I presume, consider it advisable to consult some of your principal officers." I deemed this equivalent to an order, and the movement important. I called for the field officers of the regulars, and twelve months' volunteers embarked. Colonel Porter was not found at the moment. These questions were put —Is it expedient now to cross? Is the force we have sufficient to conquer the opposite shore?

The first question was decided in the negative by Colonels Parker, Schuyler, Winder, Lieut.-Colonel Bœrstler, Coles, and Major Campbell; Colonel Swift alone gave an opinion for then crossing over.

The second question was not decided. Cols. Parker, Schuyler, Lieut.-Colonel Coles and Major Campbell were decidedly of opinion that the force was insufficient. Colonels Winder, Swift, Lieut.-Col. Bœrstler, and Captain Gilman deemed the force sufficient.

I determined to postpone crossing over until more complete preparation would enable me to embark the whole force at once, the counsel prescribed by my orders. The next day was spent in such preparation, and the troops were

cutive is often, that is, with popular opinion to back it, enabled to strike a blow and commit a wrong, which in a less free country would not be submitted to.

With respect to the behaviour of the British troops on this occasion, we would remark, that General Smyth's displays of force entirely failed to produce the effect he had desired, and that it was unanimously decided at a council, held on the night of the 30th, composed of regular and militia officers, that "They did not consider a retreat at all necessary, nor a measure to be looked forward to, and that but a small reinforcement would enable them to repel any force which General Smyth might have it in his power to bring against their country.

---

ordered to be again at the place of embarkation at eight o'clock on the morning of the 30th of November. On their arrival they were sent into the adjacent woods, there to build fires and remain until three o'oclock A.M., of the 1st of Dec., when it was intended to put off two hours before day-light, so as to avoid the enemy's cannon in passing the position which it was believed they occupied below, to land above Chippewa, assault that place, and, if successful, march through Queenston for Fort George. For this expedition the contractor was called on to furnish rations for 2500 men for four days, when it was found he could furnish the pork, but not the flour; the deputy quarter-master called for 60 brrrels, and got but 35.

The embarkation commenced, but was delayed by circumstances, so as not to be completed until after daylight, when it was found the regular infantry, 688 men, the artillery, 177 men. Swift's volunteers, estimated at 236, companies of federal volunteers, under Captains Collins, Phillips, Allison, Moore, Maher, and Marshall, amounting to 276 men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McClure, 100 men of Colonel Dobbin's militia, and a few men in a boat with General P. B. Porter, had embarked —the whole on board amounting, exclusive of officers, to 1465 men, or thereabouts; and it was two hours later than had been contemplated.

There were some groups of men not yet embarked; they were applied to, requested and ordered by the Brigade-Major to get into their boats —they did not. The number of these the Brigade Major estimated at about 150. It was probably greater.

It then became a question whether it was expedient to invade Canada in open daylight, with 1500 men, at a point where no reinforcement could be expected for some days. I saw that the number of the regular troops was declining rapidly—I knew that on them chiefly I was to depend.

I called together the officers commanding corps of the regular army, Colonel Parker being sick. Those present were Col. Porter of the artillery, Col. Schuyler, Col. Winder, and Lieut.-Col. Coles.

I put to them this question—Shall we proceed? They *unanimously* decided that we ought not.

I foresaw that the volunteers who had come out for a few days, would disperse—several of them on the evening of the 28th broke their muskets. I foresaw that the number of the regular troops would decrease; the measles and other diseases being amongst them; and they were now in tents in the month of December. I informed the officers that the attempt to invade Canada would not be made until the army was reinforced; directed them to withdraw their troops, and cover their huts immediately.

You say that on Saturday every obstruction was removed, and that a landing might have been effected "without the loss of a single man." This proves you unacquainted with the occurrences of the day. Colonel Winder, in returning from the enemy's shore in the morning, lost a tenth part of his force, in killed and wounded. The enemy showed no more than 500 or 600 men, as estimated by Colonel Parker, and one piece of artillery, supposed a nine-pounder. That force we no doubt might have overcome, but not without loss; and that, from the great advantage the enemy would have had, might have been considerable.

To recapitulate—My orders were to pass into Canada with 5000 men *at once*. On the first day of embarkation, not more than 1100 men were embarked, of whom 400, that is, half the regular infantry, were exhausted with fatigue, and want of rest. On the second embarkation, only 1500 men were embarked, and these were to have put off immediately, and to have descended the river to a point where reinforcements were not to be expected. On both days, many of the regular troops were men in bad health, who could not have stood one day's march; who, although they were on the sick report, were turned out by their ardent officers.

The affair at Queenston is a caution against relying on crowds who go to the bank of Niagara to look on a battle as on a theatrical exhibition; who, if they are disappointed of the sight, break their muskets; or, if they are without rations for a day, desert.

I have made you this frank disclosure without admitting your authority to require it, under the impression that you are patriotic and candid men; and that you will not censure me for following the cautious counsels of experience; nor join in the senseless clamor excited against me by an interested man.

I have some reason to believe that the cautious counsel given by the superior officers of my command was good. From deserters, we learn that 2344 rations are issued daily on the frontiers, on the British side. Captain King, prisoner at Fort George, writes to an officer thus—"Tell our friends to take better care of themselves than it appears I have done."

I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient ALEXANDER SMYTH,
Brigadie.-General.

P.S.—It will be observed that the force *ready* could be no otherwise ascertained than by an *actual* embarkation—it being uncertain what portion of the volunteer force would embark.

The result of the attempt on Canada may be stated to have been, 1st. Grief and perplexity to the Washington Patriots, who were, with the exception of General Porter,† safe at home. 2ndly. The acquirement of the nickname of General Van Bladder by General Smyth, a token of remembrance of his brave efforts on paper, from his admiring and grateful countrymen. 3rdly. A lesson to admonish the American Government that the fidelity of Canadians towards the British Government and constitution was too deeply seated, founded on too immovable a basis to be shaken by any efforts of a foreign power, however popular. 4thly. Additional proofs, if such were required, to the American nation, that the war-feeling was popular only with a small portion of the Union.

Effects of this failure at invasion.

The first demonstration of this feeling occurred in the resolutions passed in the Legislature of Maryland, a short time after General Smyth's defeat.

In the preamble to these resolutions it is most emphatically laid down that "War resorted to without just cause must inevitably provoke the Almighty Arbitor of the universe; produce a boundless waste of blood and treasure; demoralise the habits of the people; give birth to standing armies, and clothe a dominant faction with power, in addition to to the inclination, to infringe the dearest privileges of freemen, to violate the constitution by implications and by new definitions of treason under the mask of law, and to subject to persecution, perhaps to punishment, citizens whose only crime was an opposition fairly, honestly, and constitutionally based on the system of the national administration."

In reference to the operations which had actually taken place, the preamble thus continues,—"To obviate the immediate and oppressive difficulties of the crisis thus induced, militia and volunteers are subjected to field and garrison duty, and called upon to supply the deficiency of regulars,—enormous sums are to be raised by loans and taxes, and a neighbouring colony of the enemy is invaded by detachments of undisciplined troops imperfectly supplied with necessaries. Under such circumstances, folly can only expect success; and should further defeat, disgrace and dismay, accompany our military operations the gloomy anticipations of an unnatural alliance with the conqueror of Continental Europe will inevitably be indulged. Thus embarked in a disastrous contest, the nation, harassed and debilitated by its continuance will sigh for peace, and for its attainment the immediate and important object contended for must be abandoned." After this preamble, or rather this extract from it, for the original is too long for us to do more than give the sense of it. Several resolutions were passed, all reflecting strongly upon the injustice of the war, and the culpability of its supporters. It is unnecessary, however, for our purpose to do more than quote the following:—

"Influenced by these considerations, the constituents of Maryland, conceive it to be an imperious duty to express, through their representatives, their opinion relative to the present state of public affairs.

Resolution 2.—"That an offensive war is incompatible with the principles of republicanism, subversive to the ends of all just government, and repugnant to the best interests of the United States."

---

BUFFALO, Dec. 8.

A friend has just handed me the proof sheet of your paper of this morning, in which is contained what purports to be General Smyth's *official* account of the affairs of the 28th of November and 1st of December.

I beg you will suspend the publication so long as to assure the public that, in your next, I will give a *true* account of some of the most prominent transactions of those days.

When our lives, our property; when the precious and dear-bought gift of our ancestors—the sacred honour of our country; when everything that we prize as men, or ought to hold dear as patriots, are falling and fading before us, it is time to speak out, whatever be the hazard.

In ascribing, as I shall not hesitate to do, the late disgrace on this frontier, to the cowardice of General Smyth, I beg it to be understood as not intending to implicate the characters of the officers whose opinions he has brought forward to bolster up his conduct. *Several* of them I know to be as brave men as ever wielded a sword; and their advice, if indeed they gave the advice imputed to them, may be accounted for in the obvious consideration, with which every one who *saw* him must have been impressed, that any military attempt under such a commander, must, in all human probability, prove disgraceful.

PETER B. PORTER.

†No one would have imagined, after reading General Porter's war speech, that he intended really to expose himself to danger. Boasters rarely do.

Resolution 3.—"That the declaration of war against Great Britain by a small majority of the Congress of the United States, was unwise and impolitic, and if unsuccessful, the grand object contended for must be abandoned."

Resolution 5.—"That the conduct of the Governors of Massachussetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, respecting the quota of militia demanded from them, (*and refused*,) respectively, by the Secretary of War of the United States, was constitutional, and merits our decided approbation."

These resolutions passed on the 2nd January were strong, but are weak in comparison with Mr. Quincy's speech; in the House of Representatives, on the 15th. Mr. Quincy declares "that the invasion of Canada gave new strength to the British Ministers at the late elections," that "the British people were ready to meet Americans on principle, (here was an admission,) but when they saw that we grasped at the first opportunity to carry the war among their harmless colonists, sympathy enlisted them on the side of the latter, and produced an effect upon their temper, such as might readily be imagined."

That "even before war was declared, our armies were marching on Canada."

That "It was not owing to our Government, that the bones of the Canadians were not mixed with the ashes of their habitations," (another important admission,) that "since the invasion of the Buccaneers, there was nothing in history more disgraceful than this war."

After the assertion of these great facts which we have picked out from the speech, Mr. Quincy continues, "I have conversed on the subject with men of all ranks, conditions, and parties, men hanging from the plough and on the spade; the twenty, thirty, and fifty acre men, and their answers have uniformly been to the same effect. They have asked simply, what is the Invasion for? Is it for land? We have enough. Plunder? there is none there. New States? we have more than is good for us. Territory? if territory, there must be a standing army to keep it, and there must then be another standing army at home to watch that. These are judicious, honest, sober, patriotic men, who, if it were requisite, and their sense of moral duty went along with the war, would fly to the standard of their country at the winding of a horn, but who heard it now with the same indifference as they would a Jew's harp or a Banjoe, because they were disgusted with the war, and the mode of carrying it on. In conclusion, that the invasion of Canada was cruel, as it brought fire and sword amongst an innocent, unoffending people—wanton because it could produce no imaginable good—senseless, as to this country, because it commences a system, which once begun, can never be closed, and the army of invasion will be the conquerors of home—and wicked because it is perverting the blessings and beneficence of God to the ruin of his creatures."

These extracts sufficiently establish our position, to ascertain that the war of 1812 was considered by the majority of the citizens of the Union as unnecessary, impolitic, and, with reference to the interests of the country, almost suicidal. These and subsequent debates almost justify the opinions entertained by some writers of that day, who did not hesitate to declare that a continuance of the war must lead to a disruption of the Union.

Position of affairs on the Detroit and Lower Canadian frontiers.

Although success had as yet attended the British arms, the aspect of affairs was still very threatening, both on the western frontier and in Lower Canada. Generals Harrison and Winchester, with a large force, overawed Detroit and the lately acquired Michigan territory, and General Dearborn, with ten thousand men, hovered on the confines of Lower Canada. A temporary check was given in the west by the defeat and capture of General Winchester at the River Raisin, and General Harrison's vigorous and spirited arrangements for the re-occupancy of the Michigan territory were somewhat disconcerted in consequence, but still Col. Proctor's situation was very critical, and the force under his command was wholly inadequate to the arduous and important duties which he was required to perform in the presence of an adversary triple his strength.

A short account of the engagements at the River Raisin and other points along that line, will not, perhaps, be found unnecessary or uninteresting, and we will continue to observe

the plan laid down, that is, to give first a short British account, and then to append the American version. The first movement in this quarter seems to have been directed against the Indians, and Mr. Thompson's (American) history shows a sickening detail of numerous Indian villages destroyed, and atrocities committed against the "wretched people whose civilization the United States Government was so anxious to promote." James has here a remarkable passage which we give entire.

"The spirit of party is often a valuable friend to the cause of truth. While the Democrats laboured at glossing over, the Federalists employed equal industry in rummaging every dusty corner for materials that might expose the odious measures of the Government. That they sometimes succeeded, appears from the following extract taken from an old newspaper, published at Pittsburgh, in the United States:—

"We, the subscribers, encouraged by a large subscription, do propose to pay one hundred dollars for every hostile Indian scalp, with both ears, if it be taken between this date and the 15th day of June next, by an inhabitant of Alleghanny County.

Signed, G. WALLIS,
R. ELLIOTT,
W. AMBUSON,
A. TAUMHILL,
W. WILKINS. Junr.
J. IRVINE.

Mr. James continues, "A general officer of the United States, employed against the Indians, at the very outset of the war, inadvertently writes to a friend,—'The western militia always carry into battle a tomahawk and scalping knife, and are as dexterous in the use of them as any copper-colored warriors of the forest. Eight hundred tomahawks have been furnished by the war department to the north western army.'"

We know that these implements of civilised warfare were employed, for the American Government paper, the National Intelligencer, in reference to the Heroes of Brownstown states, "They bore triumphantly on the points of their bayonets, between thirty and forty fresch scalps, which they had taken on the field." We know farther that Logan and seven hundred warriors were in the pay of the United States, and we cannot help turning away with disgust and indignation at the cool impudence which characterizes nearly every American writer on this point. However, to return to our narrative. On the 17th Jan., General Winchester dispatched Col. Lewis with a considerable body against a party of British and Indians posted at Frenchtown. This party consisted of thirty of the Essex militia, and two hundred Pottawattamies. Major Reynolds, who commanded, after a sharp conflict, in which the Americans lost, by their own showing, twelve killed, and fifty-five wounded, retreated, and Col. Lewis, occupied the ground and maintained his position till he was joined on the 20th by General Winchester.

The United force now, according to Dr. Smith, another American writer, formed a division ONE THOUSAND STRONG, and consisted of the greater part of Col. Wells' regiment of United States Infantry—the 1st and 5th Kentucky regiments, and Col. Allen's rifle-regiment, forming the flower of the north-western army. We have here another proof of the advantage afforded to the British by the petty jealousy which exised between the American commanders, and which often compensated for inferiority of force. General Winchester piqued at General Harrison's promotion over him, and having ascertained the inferior number and motley character of Col. Proctor's force, was anxious to engage before Gen. Harrison's joining, in order to monopolise the glory and honor to be acquired. Col. Proctor advanced on the 21st, and on the 22nd attacked General Winchester in his encampment. The British force, according to Christie, consisted of five hundred regulars, seamen, and militia, with about six hundred Indians. A severe contest now ensued, which resulted in the complete defeat and unconditional surrender of the Americans. The British loss may be estimated at twenty-four killed, and one hundred and fifty-eight wounded—that of the enemy at nearly four hundred killed and wounded, and the capture of the remainder.

The despatches of the respective commanding officers will follow in order. A vote of thanks was passed by the Assembly of Lower Canada to Col. Proctor and the troops, both regulars and militia, who had so gallantly conducted themselves. Col. Proctor was also promoted to

the rank of Brigadier-General, by the commander of the forces, until the pleasure of the Prince Regent should be known, who approved and confirmed the appointment.

*From General Proctor to Major General Sheaffe.*

Sandwich, January, 26th. 1813.

Sir,—In my last despatch I acquainted you that the enemy was in the Michigan Territory, marching upon Detroit, and that I therefore deemed it necessary that he should be attacked without delay, with all and every description of force within my reach. Early in the morning, on the 19th, I was informed of his being in possession of Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, twenty-six miles from Detroit, after experiencing every resistance that Maj Reynolds, of the Essex militia, had it in his power to make, with a three-pounder, well served and directed by bombardier Kitson of the royal artillery, and the militia, three of whom he had well trained to the use of it. The retreat of the gun was covered by a brave band of Indians, who made the enemy pay dear for what he had obtained. This party, composed of militia and Indians, with the gun, fell back, sixteen miles to Brown's Town, the settlement of the brave Wyandots, where I directed my force to assemble. On the 21st instant, I advanced twelve miles to Swan Creek, from whence we marched to the enemy, and attacked him at break of day on the 22nd instant, and after suffering, for our numbers, a considerable loss, the enemy's force, posted in houses and enclosures, and which, from dread of falling into the hands of the Indians, they most obstinately defended, at length surrendered at discretion; the other part of their force in attempting to retreat by the way they came, were, I believe, all or with very few exceptions, killed by the Indians. Brigadier General Winchester was taken in the pursuit, by the Wyandot Chief Roundhead, who afterwards surrendered him to me.

You will perceive that I have lost no time; indeed, it was necessary to be prompt in my movements, as the enemy would have been joined by Major-General Harrison in a few days. The troops, the marine, and the militia, displayed great bravery, and behaved uncommonly well. Where so much zeal and spirit were manifested, it would be unjust to attempt to particularize any: I cannot however refrain from mentioning Lieut. Colonel St. George, who received four wounds in a gallant attempt to occupy a building which was favorably situated to annoy the enemy; together with Ensign Carr, of the Newfoundland regiment, who, I fear, is very dangerously wounded. The zeal and courage of the Indian Department were never more conspicuous than on this occasion, and the Indian warriors fought with their usual bravery. I am much indebted to the different departments, the troops having been well and timely supplied with every requisite the district could afford.

I have fortunately not been deprived of the services of Lieutenant Troughton, of the royal artillery, and acting in the Quarter-Master-Generals department although he was wounded, to whose zealous and unwearied exertions I am greatly indebted, as to the whole of the royal artillery for their conduct in this affair.

I enclose a list of the killed and wounded, and cannot but lament that there are so many of both; but of the latter, I am happy to say, a large proportion of them will return to their duty, and most of them in a short time: I also enclose a return of the arms and ammunition which have been taken, as well as of the prisoners, whom you will perceive to be equal to my utmost force, exclusive of the Indians.

It is reported that a party, consisting of one hundred men, bringing five hundred hogs to General Winchester's force, has been completely cut off by the Indians, and the convoy taken. Lieutenant McLean, my acting Brigade-Major, whose gallantry and exertions were conspicuous on the 22nd instant, is the bearer of this despatch, and will be able to afford you every information respecting our situation.

I have the honor to be,
Yours,
H. Proctor.

---

The list of killed and wounded given by Colonel Proctor, corresponds with that we have given, although obtained from a different source, Major Richardsons work.—We now give General Winchester's letter to the American Minister at war:—

Sir,—A detachment of the left wing of the North-Western army, under my command, at Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, was attacked on the 23rd instant, by a force greatly superior in numbers, aided by several pieces of artillery.

The action commenced at the dawn of day: the picquet guards were driven in, and a heavy fire opened upon the whole line, by which part thereof was thrown into disorder; and being ordered to form on more advantageous ground, I found the enemy doubling our left flank with force and rapidity.

A destructive fire was sustained for some time; at length borne down by numbers, the few of us that remained with the party retired from the lines, and submitted. The remainder of our force, in number about 400, continued to defend themselves with great gallantry, in an unequal contest against small arms and artillery, until I was brought in as a prisoner to that part of the field occupied by the enemy.

At this latter place, I understood that our troops were defending themselves in a state of desperation; and I was informed by the commanding officer of the enemy, that he would afford them an opportunity of surrendering themselves prisoners of war, to which I acceded. I was the more ready to make the surrender from being assured, that unless done quickly, the buildings adjacent would be immediately set on fire, and that no responsibility would be taken for the conduct of the savages, who were then assembled in great numbers.

In this critical situation, being desirous to preserve the lives of a number of our brave fellows who still held out, I sent a flag to them, and agreed with the commanding officer of the enemy, that they should be surrendered prisoners of war, on condition of their being protected from the savages, and being allowed to retain their private property, and having their side-arms returned to them. It is impossible for me to ascertain, with certainty, the loss we have sustained in this action, from the impracticability of knowing the number who have made their escape.

Thirty-five officers, and about four hundred and eighty-seven non-commissioned officers and privates, are prisoners of war. A list of the names of officers is herewith enclosed to you. Our loss in killed is considerable.

However unfortunate may seem the affair of yesterday, I am flattered by the belief that no material error is chargeable upon myself, and that still less censure is deserved by the troops I had the honor of commanding.

With the exception of that portion of our force which was thrown into disorder, no troops have ever behaved with more determined intrepidity.

I have the honor to be with high respect,

Your obedient Servant,

JAMES WINCHESTER,

Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army.

Hon. Secretary at War.

N. B. The Indians have still a few prisoners in their possession, who, I have reason to hope, will be given up to Colonel Proctor, at Sandwich.

James Winchester, Brig.-Gen.

---

*From Major-General Harrison, to Governor Shelby.*

Camp on Carrying Rock, 15 miles from the Rapids, January 24th, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send Colonel Wells to you, to communicate the particulars (as far as we are acquainted with them) of an event that will overwhelm your mind with grief, and fill your whole state with mourning.

The greater part of Colonel Wells's regiment, United States Infantry, and the 1st and 5th regiments Kentucky Infantry, and Allen's rifle regiment, under the immediate orders of General Winchester have been cut to pieces by the enemy, or taken prisoners. Great as the calamity is, I still hope that, as far as it relates to the objects of the campaign, it is not irreparable. As soon as I was informed of the attack upon General Winchester, about 12 o'clock on the 22nd instant, I set out to overtake the detachment of Kentucky troops, that I had sent that morning to reinforce him, and I directed the only regiment that I had with me to follow. I overtook Major Robb's detachment at the distance of six miles; but before the troops in the rear could get up, certain information was received of General Winchester's total defeat.

A council of war was called, and it was the unanimous opinion of the Generals Payne and Perkins, and all the field officers, that there was no motive that could authorize an advance but that of attacking the enemy, and that success was not to be expected after a forced march of forty miles against an enemy superior in number, and well provided with artillery. Strong detachments of the most active men

were, however, sent forward on all the roads, to assist and bring in such of our men as had escaped. The whole number that reached our camp does not exceed thirty, amongst whom were Major M'Clannahan and Captain Claves.

Having a large train of heavy artillery, and stores coming on this road from W. Sandusky, under an escort of four companies, it was thought advisable to fall back to this place, for the purpose of securing them. A part of it arrived last evening, and the rest is within thirty miles. As soon as it arrives, and a reinforcement of three regiments from the Virginia and Pennsylvania brigades, I shall again advance, and give the enemy an opportunity of measuring their strength with us once more.

Colonel Wells will communicate some circumstances, which, while they afflict and surprise, will convince you that Kentucky has lost none of her reputation for valor, for which she is famed. The detachment to the River Raisin was made without my knowledge or consent, and in direct opposition to my plans. Having been made, however, I did everything in my power to reinforce them, and a force exceeding by three hundred men that which General Winchester deemed necessary, was on its way to join him, and a fine battalion within fourteen miles of its destination.

After the success of Colonel Lewis, I was in great hopes that the post could be maintained. Colonel Wells will communicate my further views to you, much better than I can do in writing at this time.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

W. H. Harrison,

His Excellency Governor Shelby.

---

The rapidity of Col. Proctor's movements, after the affair at Frenchtown, assisted, even more than the victory, to embarass and puzzle Gen. Harrison, and breathing space, a most desirable object, was gained by Gen. Proctor and his gallant little band, while the intention of the Americans, to throw the onus of their support during the winter on the Canadians, was completely defeated. Except one or two trifling demonstrations, scarcely amounting to a movement, nothing of importance occurred in this quarter until April. We will return, therefore, to the Lower Province and General Dearborn, whom we left threatening, with an army, ten thousand strong, our frontier. We find, however, that, excepting two unimportant affairs, there is nothing to record. Early in February, Capt. Forsythe with two companies of riflemen crossed from Ogdensburg, and made a descent upon Gannanoque, and, according to the Americans, surprised the whole British force, killing a great many, capturing six officers, fifty-two men and immense* quantities of arms and ammunition, besides rescuing a good many prisoners. A few words will put the matter in its true light. The village consisted of one tavern and a saw-mill, with one small hut temporarily used by Col. Stone of the militia, on whom devolved the responsibility of guarding faithfully the immense military stores here deposited, which consisted of two kegs of powder and one chest containing thirty muskets. The killed amounted to one. The list of wounded to the same number. This unfortunate, according to James, was Mrs. Stone, who, while she lay in bed, was fired at, through a window, by some miscreant, and dangerously wounded.

Causes of General Dearborn's inaction.

It appears, doubtless, extraordinary, why General Dearborn, who had full authority from the war department to employ troops of any or every sort, and to do whatever he thought necessary for action, and whose orders to act offensively as soon as possible, were positive, should have remained so long inactive, exhibiting even a torpor in his movements. Ingersol, on this subject has—"It was General Dearborn's misfortune to have an army to form, an inexperienced, not over ardent Executive, a secretary at war constrained to resign, a Senate inclined to distrust the Executive, Congress withholding taxes and supplies for nearly twelve months after war was declared, a country destitute of military means, and men unaccustomed to restraint, anxious for display—" All these causes combined, form no excuse for General Dearborn. We have seen how Sir George Prevost, who laboured under all these disadvantages, besides the still greater one of being precluded, by the critical position in which Great Britain was then placed, from even a hope of being reinforced, has been condemned. We cannot afford, then, any sympathy to Gen. Dearborn.

*Sketches of the war.

## ST. CATHERINES

We this month present our subscribers with a sketch of the flourishing town of St. Catherines, in the Niagara District, taken upon the spot by a talented young Canadian Artist.

The point of view selected by him is upon the gravel road leading from this place to the Falls of Niagara, about half a mile on the Thorold side of the town; and, though from the distance at which it is taken, furnishing to a stranger no very adequate idea of its extent, will yet, when taken in connexion with the accompanying sketch, afford our readers some data whereby to form a correct judgment of its present position and future prospects, in a commercial point of view.

The town of St. Catherines, now numbering about 5000 inhabitants, may be said to date its origin from the first carrying out of the project of the Hon. W. H. Merritt in 1824, of uniting the two Lakes, Erie and Ontario, by a ship canal.

So extraordinary, however, of late years has been the rapidity of rise with which the towns and cities of Western Canada have as it were sprung into existence, that our minds, familiarized to the contemplation of the almost magical changes taking place about us upon every side, have been led to regard the more gradual development of St. Catherines as a comparatively slow and tedious operation; but few and short seem the intervening years to those who yet survive to look back upon the time, when the yet unbroken forests waved majestically over this fair portion of our land, or only bowed their lofty heads at the imperious breath of the hurricane;—when, saving the nomadic bands, who in their hunting expeditions occasionally traversed its lonely wilds, the wolf and bear were the undisputed masters of its solitudes, and the wind as it swept mournfully over the yet unfurrowed mountain's brow, fanned not in its course the face of any white man!

Not yet have the snows of the seventieth winter, enclosed in their spotless winding sheet the luxuriant foliage of the seventieth summer, since the land over which we cast our eyes, was first taken up by actual settlers at the almost nominal price of *seven-pence halfpenny* per acre! at which period, the whole Township of Grantham whereon we stand, containing about 23,500 acres, might have been purchased for the sum now readily given for an ordinary half-acre town lot! and during which short period, the still unbroken forest land, where such may yet be found, has increased in value no less than at the rate of *one hundred and forty per cent per annum.*

The site of St. Catherines, formerly known as the Twelve Mile Creek or Shipman's Corners, after the oldest inhabitant of the place, was first selected as a country residence by the Hon. Robert Hamilton, father of the Hamilton who gave his name to the flourishing and rising city which still bears it, so early as the year 1800, at which period he owned the mills afterwards known as the Thomas's Mills,* upon the Twelve Mile Creek, up to which point, boats at that time ascended; but it was not until after the war, viz. in 1816, that the Town-plot of St. Catherines was first purchased and laid out as a village, by the Hon. W. H. Merritt and Jonathan H. Clendennen, and received the name of St. Catherines in honor of Mrs. Robert Hamilton, whose name was Catherine.

At this time the supply of water from the Twelve Mile Creek was found so very limited for milling and manufacturing purposes, that, with a view of augmenting it, a few of the inhabitants conceived the idea of obtaining an increase from the River Welland, which empties itself into the Niagara River at the Village of Chippewa, a short distance above the Falls of Niagara. The surveys and examinations for which purpose to one of the sources of the Twelve Mile Creek, then known as the Holland Road, now Allanburgh, gave rise to the projection and ultimate construction of the Welland Canal.

The prices paid in 1816 for the land covering the present site of the town, varied from £2 10s. to £5 currency per acre; where, during the last few months, lots have sold by public auction at the wonderfully increased price of *eighteen pounds per foot* frontage; or upwards of four thousand pounds per acre!

Amongst the many elements of future greatness possessed in a striking degree by St. Catherines, we may mention as one of the first in importance, the unlimited amount of water power, with a fall of about 300 feet in a dis-

* Now owned by J. H. Ball.

tance of four miles, furnished by the completion of the Welland Canal.

This gigantic undertaking which now allows of the free transit of ships of 350 tons burthen, between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and whose vast importance as a national work second in its ultimate results to none upon the face of the globe, is only now beginning to be properly appreciated, was thus truly spoken of by a clear headed and far seeing man,* to whom the thanks of this Province will be for ever due, for his untiring zeal and energy with which he labored, to bring its capabilities prominently before the British public, in the year 1825.

"No work in Europe or America will bear a comparison with it in usefulness. In touching upon the mighty results which must soon follow its completion, the truth will assume the appearance of the most extravagant exaggeration, to those who do not make themselves acquainted with the singular geographical position of North America. The great inland seas *above* the Falls of Niagara, containing more than half the fresh water upon this planet—bounded by upwards of 400,000 square miles of as fertile land as can be found on the globe, and exceeding in length of coast, five thousand miles. These seas, affording the most beautiful and commodious means of internal communication ever beheld, on a scale which human science and human labor or the treasures of a world cannot rival—can be approached by ships, only through the Welland Canal, with which in point of usefulness, no other work of the kind in Europe or Asia, ancient or modern will bear any comparison."

In 1837 the amount of revenue derived in tolls and hydraulic rents from this work, amounted to £6,218 19s. 2d.. In 1847 they amounted to £30,549 17s. 8d. Last year, 1852, they had reached the sum of £59,000. And for the present current year, there can be no doubt from the active commerce which is now being carried on upon its waters, that the tolls and hydraulic rents will not fall short of £70,000.

Great, however, as is the amount of its present trade, it can be only justly regarded as an insignificant beginning, when compared with the glorious prospects held out by the promising future. Even now the vast extent of country lined by the navigable waters which communicate with its ports upon Lake Erie is in its infancy, scarcely occupied by an hundredth part of the enterprising population they are destined to support at no very distant day; and the completion of the short canal now in the course of construction round the Falls of St. Mary, will open up an extent of country as yet almost unexplored: unsurpassed in all the elements necessary to constitute a great and powerful nation, whose hidden riches, whether the spontaneous gifts of nature or the yet undeveloped wealth to be eliminated by the exercise of industry and art, can only find exit to the sea in ship navigation directly past our doors.

This small link in the chain about now to be completed, will open up to the adventurous mariner an extent of inland navigation, which when taken in connexion with Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, embraces no less than nine degrees of latitude and twenty-five degrees of longitude, and enables ships from the sea-board and from countries washed by the ocean, to penetrate upwards of one thousand six hundred miles into the very heart of the North American Continent.

St. Catherines and her inhabitants have good cause to be proud of their Canal, nor is their confidence in its amazing resources either exaggerated or misplaced. And their geographical position, which may be considered at the head of the ship navigation of Lake Ontario; the largest vessels navigating those waters being able to ascend to the Town; gives them the possession of all the facilities of trade and export, enjoyed by towns situated upon the sea-board: and with Lake Erie for a "mill-dam" and Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence for a "tail-race," they possess within themselves an amount of hydraulic power, applicable at a trifling outlay to every description of machinery, not exceeded if indeed equalled by any other locality in the known world.

Nor are these her only sources of gratification, planted as she is in the midst of a picturesque country, capable of the highest degree of cultivation, and possessed of a genial soil and salubrious climate, eminently adapted to agricultural and horticultural pur-

* Bishop Strachan.

poses. The future she may calmly and confidently contemplate, is one of steady but certain increase and advancement. Nor is the spirit of enterprize with which her inhabitants would seem to be endowed, altogether unworthy of the natural advantages they undoubtedly possess. A company has recently been formed for the purpose of lighting the Canal and the Town of St. Catherines with gas, which is now going into immediate operation. A branch railroad is also about to be constructed, for the purpose of uniting the Town and Port Dalhousie, the lower outlet of the canal, with the Great Western Railway, at a point a mile and a half above the town, intended to run in connexion with a line of first class steamboats to the ports upon the lower lake. A company is also forming to bring the Lake Erie water from the top of the mountain through large pipes, to every part of the town. And from the high level in which its scource is found, it will rise with facility through lead pipes to the top of every house in town, or be rendered easily available for fountains and other ornamental and useful purposes. An extraordinary degree of activity prevails in every branch of business—four vessels forming an aggregate of nearly 1200 tons, have already during the present summer been launched in the ship-yard; and another of a large class, is fast hastening to completion. Five large flouring mills, comprehending altogether thirty-one run of stones, make merry music as they go: the saw-mills, two in number, have to work night and day to supply a small portion of the demand; there are five machine shops, and one axe and edge-tool factory; two very large foundries busily employed in the most profitable application of alchemy, yet discovered, for transmuting iron into gold—and various smaller factories of different descriptions, planing-machines, &c., all in busy operation, combined with the activity prevailing in the erection of new buildings, altogether gives the town at the present period a look of prosperity and business capabilities, far in advance of its size and appearance.

One subject more, from amongst the many, which in a short article of the present description must necessarily be omitted, we have reserved unintentionally for the last—we allude to the St. Catherines Salt Springs.

These important and grateful additions to the wealth and comfort of the inhabitants, after having for some years been allowed to fall into a state of total neglect and disrepair, have at length attracted the notice they have long justly merited; and under the active superintendance of their spirited proprietor, promise to afford in a few months, all the comforts and benefits of saline baths, both hot and cold, to the inhabitants of Canada and the adjacent states, at a distance of upwards of 300 miles from the sea. Salt of the finest quality is here manufactured, though at present only in limited quantities. A large and commodious bath-house is now in the course of erection; and an engine is being constructed for the purpose of forcing the water from the Artesian well to the top of the high ground upon which the town stands. Two new, large and convenient hotels are also under consideration, not verily before they were required; the one to be erected by a Joint Stock Company, the other convenient to the baths for the accommodation of those visiting the Springs for bathing purposes. We confidently predict for these Springs, when their virtues shall have an opportunity of being generally known and appreciated, as great and deserved a reputation, when applied to their legitimate purposes, as any upon this continent.

A. J.

## DIRGE.

Weep not! weep not! for she is dead,
All whose young life was sorrow—
Lay down—lay down the weary head,
For her there is no morrow.
Never shall she wake again
To that long ceaseless pain;
Death has loosed its burning chain,
Why then should ye sorrow?

Fitting time for her to die,
Wild and waste December!—
Snow upon her heart shall lie,
Nor will it remember
Him who found her young and fair,
Wooed her, won her, left her there,
To contempt and cold despair,
Bitterer than December!

Now that agony is past,
Death alone could sever,
And her eyes have wept their last,
Close them soft for ever.
Beautiful and desolate!
For thee no longer angels wait,
Thou hast reached the golden gate,
Peace be thine for ever!

## THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY
### No. XIV.

WHEREIN THE READER IS MADE MORE INTIMATELY ACQUAINTED WITH BAILIE ANDREW BALLINGALL OF PETERHEAD.

It may be in the remembrance of the attentive peruser of these famous Chronicles, that I promised to indoctrinate the civilized world with certain notable personages in the life of my nephew-in-law Andrew Ballingall. This paction I now proceed to implement and perform, not merely that I may keep myself skaithless from the disgrace of being a covenant breaker, but because the narration is well worthy of being recorded in the pages of history.

And here I would observe in passing, that the word HISTORY has been most unjustifiably monopolized by the vast majority of the writers thereof. These gentry seem to consider that with the exception of the quirks and quibbles of politicians, and the wholesale threat-cuttings and assaults which go to make up war, there is comparatively little of the great stage play of life which is worth the trouble of registration. From this doctrine I deem it my duty most entirely to dissent! Mankind care very little about such high sounding qualities, and eagerly turn from them to contemplate some matter of detail. Let a lover of flowers step into a well-stocked garden—like that of your humble servant in Dreepdaily, for instance—and what is the upshot? You may discourse to him for hours, touching the toils and devices, and outlay of lucre which it had cost you in order to produce the fragrant result, but unless you are clean blinded by self-conceit, you will discover ere long that your hearer is a hearer only in appearance. Civility constrains him to play the part of a listener—and exclaim "dear me!" and "can it be possible?" at the end of your long-winded sentences, that his attention is engrossed by widely different things! His eye has singled out some graceful moss rose, or a tulip of peculiar richness of hues, and about your garden, as a whole, he cares or thinks as little, as he does touching the market price of pickled salmon in the Moon—or the lowest figure at which cracklings are vended in the Dog Star!

In like manner does it eventuate with the historian. Alison spends pages upon pages in telling all the outs and ins of that never-to-be-forgotten bickering which took place at Waterloo, but, let me ask, wha' cares one bawbee about the movement of this column, or the disposition of that brigade? Here and there you may meet wi' some timber-limbed Uncle Toby, who chanced to be in the scrape, to whom the details may be productive of interest,—and who will spend days and weeks in poring over the catalogue of manœuvres as if he were expiscating a complicated game of chess. Such cases, however, are the sparse exceptions to the general rule. Ninety-nine, out of every hundred readers, will skip over the wersh and flavourless narrations of marchings and counter-marchings, and concentrate their attention and sympathy upon some individual incidents of the combat, such as the magnificent pluck of Sergeant Shaw, or the indomitable bottom of the Highland Piper, who after his legs had been shot away continued to sound the pibroch, as the gallant Forty-second bore down upon the staggering foe!

But it is high time that I return to the subject more particularly in hand! If I continue to moralize and manœuvre at this rate the censorious will have cause to insinuate that the fumes of Saunders Skates usquebaugh are still haunting my noddle!

Anent the early history of my connection Mr. Ballingall, I was profoundly ignorant prior to my visit to Peterhead. All that I knew was that in early life he had not ranked amongst the Diveses of creation, and that he had attained a competence in riper years through some out-of-the-way turn of Dame Fortune's capricious wheel. In these circumstances it was but natural that I should experience a longing to have the thirst of my curiosity quenched at the fountain head of information. Accordingly I broke the matter to Andrew, the evening after my return from Boddam, and in the frankest manner he professed his willingness to grant the boon which I craved. When night set in, and the bairns had been deposited in bed, Barbara was instructed to provide a supply of pipes and boiling water, together with some other trifling items which it is not essential to specify, especially in this slanderous and backbiting epoch of the world's annals. Which requisitions having been dutifully complied with, the

Bailie proceeded to narrate the story of his fortunes, after the following fashion:

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE SALE BY AUCTION.

I speak within bounds when I assert [said my nephew-in-law] that since the building of the primary house of Peterhead, no one ever gave occasion to a greater amount of gossiping speculation amongst the quidnuncs of that ancient burgh, than my grand-uncle Mungo McMurrich. He was generally the leading topic of conversation to the lieges when nothing in the shape of a murder or meal mob was furnished by Providence to give a zest to the insipidity of every day life, and considered in this point of view he might be regarded as a most notable public benefactor. There was a delicious mystery about the honest man which was inexpressibly appetizing to that numerous class, who having no particular business of their own to attend to, charitably occupy themselves with the affairs of their neighbours. Whenever he walked abroad the garret windows of all the adjacent elderly maidens were thrown wide open, in order that his pilgrimages might be duly traced, and as he threaded his way along the streets, business became suspended by universal consent so long as he was in sight.

Mungo McMurrich had left Peterhead when but a stripling, in consequence of some dispute with his kinsfolk, and no one knew with any degree of certainty where his lot had been cast during the succeeding three quarters of a century. There was a report current, indeed, that having gone to London he had become a literature man,—but what that meant I never could precisely learn. So far as I could gather I came to the conclusion that it had something to do with the Calendar business, or perchance the manufacture of cheese, seeing that once he had been heard to say that he prepared articles for the press! Be this as it may he had returned when more than seventy winters had passed over his head, to let the remnant of his candle burn out in his native place, with the habit and repute of having a mint of wealth exceeding that of Lord Aberdeen himself, who previously had been reckoned the richest man in these parts.

Though I would fain speak with all befitting respect of my venerable ancestor, stern truth constrains me to say that his outward man was somewhat lacking in the attributes of dignity and grace. In fact the fastidious would probably have spoken of him as being positively ugly. He was a little smoke-dried body, with legs which when his heels kissed each other formed a complete circle. Vulgarly speaking they would have been characterised as bowly. Concerning his nose it belonged to the class called snub,—and his mouth exhibited a brace of gigantic buck teeth, which developed themselves to the public even when his lips were closed. The costume of my grand-uncle was religiously that of the older school. Regularly every morning was his white head dusted with white powder, a tie long as the tail of a monkey reached from his neck to the small of his back—his coat was cut away at the sides, and presented sleeves capacious enough to have held a peck of meal—velveteen knee breeches protected his limbs from the vicissitudes of the elements, and his shoes exhibited steel buckles, gigantic as oyster shells, or tea saucers. To complete the picture, I may mention that my relative was the greatest consumer of pulverized tobacco that the oldest inhabitant ever recollected to have met with, and that you know is a big word in Scotland. His upper lip was constantly garnished with an ounce or two of the stimulating dust, and I have heard Thomas Twist the tobacconist affirm, that though the United Secession minister, the savoury Walter Dunlop, liked a pinch as weel's his neighbours, yet that Maister Mungo would snuff more in a week than he would in a month.

Far be it from me to affirm that it was beyond the bounds of possibility that Romeo bore a marked resemblance to my esteemed predecessor. This, however, I will assert without fear of contradiction, that if such was the case, the circumstance of Juliet's dying for love of him, is wonderful beyond all created comprehension.

Having said so much concerning the person of my grand-uncle, I may add a few words relative to his dwelling. It was an ancient tenement which had seen better days, and bore a character far from orthodox. Many years before, a man had hanged himself in one of the rooms thereof, and as a matter of course his ghost continued to frequent a locality so pregnant with agreeable associations. Prejudiced people made this fact a ground of objection to the house, and for a long period its

only inmates were rats and mice, the aforesaid spirit always excepted. Mr. McMurrich, however, took a fancy to the messuage, and rather looked upon the visitations of its former possessor as an advantage than otherwise, seeing that in consequence the rent demanded was almost nominal. To speak the naked truth I very much incline to the opinion that he was strongly tinged with infidelity on the subject of apparitions. He used sometimes to observe that in the earlier part of his life he had watched with a great schoolmaster named Johnson, for a ghost in a house which was situated in a part of London called Cock Lane, and that the affair turned out to be an impudent imposition. I may here mention in passing, that my relative gained a very unhealthy reputation on account of his dogged refusal to be frightened by the disembodied self-murderer. The serious old women shook their heads solemnly when they alluded to the matter, and expressed their conviction that Mr. Mungo was a perfect Sadducee, who should be taken to task by the Kirk Session. As the suspected personage, however, was a member of the Episcopal communion he was not amenable to the suggested overhauling, and thus, in all probability, escaped the *éclat* of a stance on the stool of repentance.

Returning to the house, I may observe, that the windows thereof were so darkened with dust, and shrouded with spiders' webs, that it was next to an impossibility to see into them. Whether any one could see *out* of the same, was a problem which few could solve. My grand-uncle was a man who was of a costive and misanthropical turn of mind, and with the exception of the doctor, and Mr. Rubric the prelatic priest, and they only at an orra time, few, even of his own kith and kin, ever were permitted to darken his door.

From the above-mentioned particulars it will be clear that the denizens of Peterhead had full cause for the wonderment with which they regarded Mr. Mungo McMurrich. Most natural was it that he should have been the leading attraction of a community which had nothing in the shape of theatres, or horse races, or even executions to raise their minds from the stagnation of every day life.

I mentioned before that my great grand-uncle enjoyed the reputation of being the possessor of untold wealth. This rumour had the effect of procuring him the attentions of all who could count the most remote consanguinity with such a highly favoured personage. Every now and then, he was getting donations of sweet milk cheeses, rizzard haddies, and skeps of honey from his disinterested nephews and nieces, who evinced a degree of solicitude in his welfare which would have been absolutely sublime, had the object of it been a supplicant for the necessaries of life. By the way, it is rather a remarkable circumstance that when a man has more than he can eat, there are officious hands ever ready to burden his table with superfluous sustentation. The solution of this mystery I leave to a more philosophical head than I can boast of. As the Sheriff's officer said when he was remonstrated with by a bankrupt whose goods he was carrying off, "I know nothing of *causes*, and only trouble myself with *effects!*"

Once in every twelve months, viz. New-Year's Day, a legion of all who could claim the most distant connection with Mr. McMurrich, used to proceed to his dwelling house in a body, and fairly take it by storm, to demonstrate how profoundly they had, his health and comfort, at heart. These conventions were composed of individuals hailing from every quarter of bonnie Scotland. Glasgow sent its representative in the shape of a polemical weaver, who used to entertain his relative with dissertations on yarn and free will. There was a cattle dealer from Perthshire, a cousin only thirty-six times removed, whose visits were the more acceptable that they were generally accompanied with a peace-offering of cured tongues. An Edinburgh lawyer, a writer to the signet, likewise swelled these annual reunions, and used to discourse in a most religious and edifying strain, touching the duty of Christian mendi sposing of their substance, whilst in the full possession of their senses, and employing a member of the learned faculty to draw up the requisite instrument.

Mungo McMurrich did not appear to appreciate the attentions of his relatives to the extent which might reasonably have been expected. Though he did not precisely shut the door in their faces, he never permitted them to penetrate farther than the kitchen, and always looked impatient till the sederunt came to an end, seeming to think that the exhibition

of their backs was the best and most grateful cordial which they could offer him.

On occasions like the above, I was the only one of his tribe, upon whom Mr. Mungo used to look with any appearance of patience or complacency. I can only account for this preference by the fact that owing partly to a sort of stubborn independence; and partly to the regardlessness of youth, I did not make the solicitous allusions which the others did to his declining years. The old gentleman, I may notice in passing, had an unaccountable aversion to any reference being made to the fact that his account current with Time was soon to be balanced! He seemed to think that Death had forgotten to call for him in his regular course of business, and to be apprehensive that the grim reaper might be reminded of the overlook by such conversation, and return to glean him up without premonition or delay!

At more than one of the New Year's Day visitations my grand-uncle beckoned me to stay behind the rest of the clan, and interrogated me touching the progress of my growth, and how I got on with my education. The examination being concluded, he would fumble in his waistcoat pocket, which was as deep and roomy as the wallet of a Gaberlunzie, and make me a donation of two-pence sterling. Invariably was the benefaction clogged with a stipulation that no portion thereof should be invested in green goose-berries—a condition which, seeing that it was the dead of winter, many sensible people judged to be somewhat superfluous!

From these passages it came to be bruited abroad that I was destined and elected to inherit the untold treasures of Mr. Mungo McMurrich,—and as a necessary consequence it was my lot to be looked upon with an evil eye by the balance of his affectionate and single-hearted kindred.

And here it becomes proper that I should speak a little more regarding myself. From my earliest years I had been in a manner one of the step bairns of fortune. The youngest of my father's family, I had ever been regarded in the light of an intruder in the world which already possessed more than sufficient specimens of the Ballingall line. Barely sufficient was the paternal estate able to furnish nourishment to the owner thereof, and consequently when my advent into this planet increased the number of his olive branches to ten, it may easily be imagined that the rejoicings at the event were not of the most enthusiastic or overpowering nature!

As I grew up I was in everybody's way, so to speak, and was kicked and hustled about, from post to pillar with very little ceremony. I was the scape goat not only of the family but of the entire neighborhood, and my luckless shoulders paid the penalty of all those countless accidents and various escapades which are commonly charged to that mysterious offender Mr. Nobody! If a pitcher was found cracked Andrew's hand did the deed! It was Andrew who filled the butter with hairs, and caused the clucking hen to abandon her eggs! Who but the case-hardened Andrew placed in the broth pot the unctuous black snail, which at dinner blasted the sight, and destroyed the digestion of my sire? And incredulity itself could not question that but for Andrew everything would go on better than what everything did! So unremittingly were my delinquencies held up to reprobation, that in process of time I came to believe that to be true which everybody asserted, and looked upon myself as being booked for something far from enviable both here and hereafter!

No task was considered too irksome or degraded to be imposed upon me, as the following case will abundantly demonstrate. One day proclamation was made by the town drummer of Peterhead that the Bailies intended renewing the boundary stones of the Burgh, and that the sum of five pounds would be paid for the services of a healthy boy which the solemnity required. My father at once told me to wash my face, put on my bonnet, and follow him to the Council Chamber, as he intended that I should be a candidate for the office. Nothing loath, I did as I was directed, and ere long was standing in the august presence of the Bailies of Peterhead. After a short communing, in which my parent in answer to a question stated that he was perfectly aware of the peculiar duties which I had to sustain, I was committed into the guardianship of two town officers, and conducted to my place in a civic procession, which by this time was formed in marching order.

For once in my life I felt as if I had been a personage of importance. Before me walked

the magistrates in full dress, a drummer and fifer played "See the conquering hero comes!" and the officials who supported me on each side, payed me an amount of attention which was flattering in the highest degree. The only feature in the parade which I did not approve of, was a grim and cruel-looking personage who answered to the name of "Wuddy Jock," and was neither more nor less than the hangman of Aberdeen. This "ill favoured one" limped close in my rear, bearing on his shoulder a leather bag of the contents of which I was, at the time, profoundly ignorant.

On we moved amidst the shouts of the spectators, many of whom, especially the more juvenile portion, seemed to look upon me with feelings of envy, on account of the prominent part which I was playing in the proceedings. Once or twice, however, it struck me, that some of the seniors regarded me with a pitying expression, but this I attributed to spite and envy, because I had been selected in preference to their own children.

At length the procession halted at a place where a stone about three feet in height had been newly fixed in the ground. The Town Clerk proceeded to read a long winded document, which set forth that this was the western boundary of the Burgh, and then called upon His Majesty's executioner to do his duty. All of a sudden I found myself grasped by one of my conductors and placed upon the back of the other, and before I could scream out murder, the cold breeze blowing without hindrance upon my hastily denuded and shivering back, revealed the naked truth of the predicament in which I stood or rather hung! Without a minute's delay the abominable "Wuddy Jock" opened his pack, and drawing therefrom a murderous looking pair of taws, proceeded to rain a plump of stripes upon my exposed and defenceless person. In vain I shrieked, yelled, and I sorely fear blasphemed. In vain I appealed to the authorities, calling upon them to cast the mantle of their protection over one who had committed no offence against the laws, and had been convicted of none either by Judge or Jury, I might as well have made my complaint to the mad elements in a winter's hurricane, the senior Bailie called upon the hangman to lay on and spare not, and what aggravated the matter, my father stood quietly by, counting over his handful of bank-notes, as if everything had been correct, and as it should have been.

To make a long story short, the tragedy was repeated at each cardinal point of the compass, and the upshot was that for six full months thereafter I could not lean against the softest cushioned chair without sensations very far removed from comfort.

[Incredible as it may seem, the incident above narrated is a sober verity. The time has not long gone by since official flagellations analagous to the one inflicted upon our friend Mr. Ballingall, were dispersed in some of the less sophisticated quarters of Scotland. Old men are yet alive who have been eye-witnesses to such exhibitions. Their object and intent was to preserve oral testimony to the act sought to be commemorated. It was shrewdly judged that a person would preserve during life, the recollection of a boundary mark, at which, in his "green and salad days," he had received a sound and emphatic castigation!]

Being but a weakly and dwining lad, especially after the boundry adventure, my father determined to put me to some easy and genteel trade, and with that view entered into negociations with Cornelius Cabbage, the lamiter tailor. He agreed to pay to the aforesaid Cornelius the sum of two hundred pounds Scots money, in consideration of which that gentleman pledged himself to initiate me into the complex, and multitudinous mysteries of shaping, and sewing, and all the other departments of the tailoring craft. The grand preliminaries having been settled, Master Cabbage's crutches brought him one fine morning to our house, along with Mr. Quirk McQuibble the writer, whose part was to make a minute to keep parties from drawing back, or *resiling* as he expressed it in the barbarous jargon of law. The paper was accordingly written out, the tailor had put his sign manual in the shape of a cross to the same and I was about to barter my freedom and manhood by adhibiting my name, when lo and behold the door flew open with a bang, and in walked my grand-uncle Mungo McMurrich!

As this was the first epoch he had ever been seen under a roof but his own, we all started as if we had seen a bogle or apparition! My father sat gaping at him in an extacy of

bewilderment—Mr. McQuibble stammered out something about a *res noviter veniens*, and as for the man of needles he fairly sprang over the table (a miraculous undertaking for a creature boasting of but one leg and a half) and fortifying himself behind a two-armed-chair, flourished his shears in a sublime agony of terror and desperation! Mr. McMurrich stood looking at the convention with a smile of bitter derision, which gradually softened down to a laugh, at the sight of the breeches engenderer's panic,—and beckoning to my parent he expounded to him the object of his advent, which was neither more nor less than that I should come to dwell with, and take care of him in his declining years.

An offer like this, coming, as it did, from the richest man in Peterhead, was not to be sneezed at. My ancestor, when he had recovered breath enough, expressed his gratitude at the proposal, and signified that I should be at his devotion and command, so soon as my bits of duds could be packed up. As for me, I had no insuperable objection to the arrangement. My affection towards the shop-board was not overly strong, not only on account of the confinement, but because I had heard that all who adopted the sartorial profession lost. by some supernatural and inevitable process, eight parts and portions of their manhood! Besides, as it may readily be imagined, there were few attractions which bound me to my paternal abode. Any change, thought I, must be for the better—as the Irishman said when he traded away a forged note for a light guinea! Accordingly, I gave my trowsers a hitch—snapt my fingers at the agitated snip—and felt as if I were a gentleman at large, with the power and privilege of swinging on a gate, and drinking cream from cock-crow till sunset, which to my mind was the very alpha and omega of human bliss and delectation!

But if I was pleased, not so the man of law. He plainly saw that if my apprenticing was broken off, he would lose a nutritious job in the deed or indenture which was to bind me captive, in a manner, for five weary years. Giving, therefore, his passive client a wink and a jog with his elbow in order to secure his concurrence, he began to lecture and expatiate touching breach of contract, claim of damages, and sundry other bloodthirsty and heathenish things, enough to make a sober Christian's hair stand on end!

My father, who knew something of the law and the multiform terrors thereof—having once been in trouble for knocking down the Dean of Guild when under the influence of a stimulating beverage—began to show pregnant tokens of dismay at this marrow-chilling anathema! The magnanimous Mungo, on the contrary, looked on with his wonted sarcastic sneer, and when the jurisconsult had ceased for pure lack of breath, he went quietly up to him, and whispered something in his ear. The effect was like magic! Mr. McQuibble's visage became radiant as an unclouded Italian sun. He made the whisperer a smirking bow almost to the ground, and, turning sharply to Cornelius, told him in certain learned words that he must look out for another scrvitor. As the tailor did not comprehend the aforesaid words, he could not possibly gainsay them, and that afternoon I found myself established as an occupant of my grand-uncle's domicile.

Mr. McQuibble was closetted with his new client for the better part of the evening, and when he came forth with a bundle of papers beneath his elbow he inclined his head to me in a respectful manner, wishing me joy of my fortune, and health and long life to relish the same! I now had not the slightest dubitation as to how the land lay. A bow from the great Quirk McQuibble! I felt as if I could almost hang my cap upon one of the horns of the moon! Yes; the lawyer actually took off his hat to me, Andrew Ballingall! The day before, and a nod from the town drummer would have been esteemed an ultra stock of condescension!

I will not take up your time by narrating my new mode of life, which was dull and monotonous enough in all conscience. I saw but little of Mr. McMurrich, save at meal times, and even then his conversation seldom ranged beyond the laconic limits of "yes" and "no." From morning till night he sat in a small dark back room, which was more than half filled by a grim-looking ark or cabinet, adorned with puffy angels' heads carved in oak, and garnished with solid brass mouldings. His table was constantly in a perfect litter with wrinkled parchments and mouldy pamphlets; and his sole occupation seemed to be in making ex-

cerpts from these relics of the dark ages! I used sometimes to examine his productions, but as I could make neither head nor tail of the characters, I came to the natural and logical conclusion that they related to the black art.

One day, as I was sitting in meditative mood by the kitchen fire, superintending the progress of the kail-pot, I heard my grand-uncle calling upon me to come ben to him. To tell the truth, I was a fraction startled at the summons, seeing that never before had he invited me into his penetralia, as he was pleased to denominate his den. In I went, however, and found him sitting, as usual, at his ink-stained table, powtering and fyking with his antiquated gatherings, which looked ancient enough, in all conscience, to have been the title-deeds of Sodom!

"Andrew," said he, when I had entered, and taken a seat at his invitation, "Andrew, my man, I feel that I am getting feebler and frailer every day. It is high time, therefore, that I should certiorate you of some important matters, which it behoves you to understand, before I depart to join Anthony a-Wood, Thomas Hearne, and the other illustrious men in whose footsteps I have so unwortnily tried to tread."

Here the old gentleman was seized with an ultra severe kind of a cough, which had been hanging about him for some time, and it was the better part of ten minutes, before he could begin to unwind the thread of his discourse. At length he was enabled thus to continue:—

"You are doubtless expecting, Andrew, that I should leave you something after I have departed. Nay, you need not shake your head my boy; well do I know that youth does not link itself to crabbed age for nothing, it would be absurd and unreasonable to expect such a thing. Andrew Ballingall, you will not be disappointed. Here is a paper constituting you heir of all that I possess; and in that cabinet which contains the gatherings of a long protracted life, you will find treasures such as Dukes might tyne their coronets to compass;—treasures which that conceited, shallow-pated empiric Thomas Frognell Dibden, never so much as dreamt of. These you will find——"

The sentence was never destined to be finished. A fit of coughing more savage and outrageous than the first grappled with the ancient man, his face became black as the wing of a crow, his eyes stood in his head, and the sound of the cough echoed through the gousty and empty house, like the voice of a spectre in a vaulted tomb. All at once it ceased in the very heat and climax of the paroxysm. It did not die away by degrees, but deep silence instantaneously usurped the place of the din. I looked at my grand-uncle in surprise and terror. I spoke to him, but there was no response. Alone was I in that dark room—the old man was dead!

## THIS IS LIFE.

Across the mountain path, I saw a stately troop wend by;
The muffled drums rolled slowly forth a solemn symphony;
A soldier lay upon his bier with trophies o'er him spread;
I heard the distant booming gun when they interred the dead.

Across the mountain path, full soon the glittering band returned;
Whilst clashing music gaily rang with pennons all unfurled;
Free speech and roving eyes had they, and there seemed nought to tell
The mould had just been thrown on one they all had loved right well.

And this is glory! this is life! forgotten thus how soon!
I wept, and sought the new-made grave beneath night's silvery moon;
A dark plumed head beside it bowed in secret and alone—
A youthful warrior there gave vent to many a heart-wrung groan.

And this is glory? this is life? proud man will fight his way
With heavy heart, but dauntless mien, and outward brave display;—
The devastating storm may shake the sturdy forest tree,
But with rich summer foliage clad, no blighted boughs we see.

An old lady once said her idea of a great man was, "a man who is keerful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read without spelling the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on a wash-day, to save the wimmen folks the trouble of cooking."

## THE EASTERN BRITISH PROVINCES.

III.

I CONCLUDED my last letter with an allusion to the Acadian French, and with describing some of them as having settled on the upper St. John, where they established the Madawaska settlement, extending along both banks of that river, some distance above the Grand Falls, whose inhabitants were harshly and unjustly treated by the British minister, when forming the Ashburton treaty.

To understand the subject fully, it will be necessary to state, that the commissioners appointed under the treaty of 1794, to determine the true Ste. Croix, whence to run the boundary line, instead of adopting the Kennebec or Penobscot rivers, the first of which originally formed the boundary of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, (to the charter of which Mr. Adams, one of the American Commissioners, admitted on oath, those of both nations agreed to adhere,) selected the Scoodiac River, which had never been regarded as the Ste. Croix, by the English and French crowns. The head quarters of the governors of the respective nations, being alternately at the Penobscot; and when the French held possession of Acadia, those of the other were at Dartmouth on the Sheepscut River between Ste. Croix and Pomaquid; the Scoodiac having "never been of importance," says a well-informed writer on the subject, "until it was in 1755, imposed upon the Lords of the Plantations as the true Ste. Croix, on the map, called Mitchell's map." The object of this *ruse*, on the part of the people of Massachusetts Bay, who had been encroaching upon their neighbours, from the period of its settlement, being to obtain a large portion of the Province of Nova Scotia, then embracing New Brunswick; and which they ultimately succeeded in effecting, by the Ashburton treaty.

This Scoodiac River discharges itself into St. Andrew's Bay, near the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and is not navigable above Calais, at its entrance. Not only did the Commissioners select the wrong river for the Ste. Croix; but, instead of taking the most remote rill or stream, entering into it from *westward*, as directed in the grant of Nova Scotia to Sir William Alexander, they followed the Cheputneticook, or small river known only by that time to its source, and running in a *north-east* direction, and there placed the "monument" as a starting point, whence to run a line due north, until it should strike the range of mountains contemplated by the treaty; but which could by no possibility be intersected, when starting from a point so far to the eastward.

In attempting to run out this line, however, the Commissioners fortunately struck the eastern edge of "Mars' Hill," having previously improperly crossed a river which empties into the St. John at Woodstock, when the British Commissioners refused to proceed any further; leaving the difficulty in which they had become involved, to be settled by others; and which remained in abeyance till 1842, when Lord Ashburton concluded the treaty referred to, and it was prolonged from Mars' Mill, to where it should strike the St. John, near the Grand Falls.

It would require one or two papers, exclusively devoted to the investigation, to show the nature of the claim of the British Crown, to all the territory east of the Kennebec—or at all events to the Penobscot, both rivers heading in the vicinity of each other, and to expose the fraud by which what was at first a mere district, has become one of the largest States in the Union, by which Great Britain has lost a most valuable part of New Brunswick—formerly as I before remarked, included Nova Scotia. Nor should I have alluded to the transaction at present, were it not that the Americans still contend that they have been wronged; and in a speech recently delivered in Congress, by Mr. Washburn of Maine, it is gravely stated, that "the title of that state to the territory she claimed, was clear and unquestionable," and that in agreeing to the treaty of 1842, she gave up between two and three millions acres of land for £150,000, constituting a territory worth, in the produce of the forest alone, much more than that amount.

After the line from Mars' Hill, strikes the St. John, it proceeds through the middle of that river to the St. Francis, on the Canada side; thus separating the Madawaska settlement, whose inhabitants (the Acadian French) residing on the right bank of the former river, became American citizens without their consent, while their relatives and friends on the left bank, remained British subjects. And such was the attachment of these unfortunate people to the British Government and institutions, that subsequent to the cession, they would cross to the opposite side, to attend the annual militia musters and trainings.

These people, it will thus be seen, were sincerely attached to the government of a country, under which, since their return, they had lived happily and contented; and it was an unpardonable breach of faith, thus needlessly to turn them over to another nation. There was the less excuse for this act, as the line on reaching the River St. Francis

extends up that river to its scource in the heart of Lower Canada; and thence through Canadian territory, till it strikes the south-weastern branch of the St. John—a distacce by the map of fifty or sixty miles.

This deviation, it is alleged, was agreed to by Lord Ashburton, for the purpose of propitiating some lumbering interests in Maine; but the effect of it is, to cut off all communication between that part of the Canadian frontier in its rear, and the St. John for the distance alluded to, except through American territory. In agreeing that the boundary line should leave the river, no matter for what purpose, surely a similar course should have been pursued, with reference to British subjects on the Madawaska settlement; and the boundary line, after leaving the Grand Falls, to which it never should have extended, ought to have passed round that portion of it which lies on the right bank of the St. John.

Returning from this digression, into which I have been drawn by the Acadian French, but which I presume will be found sufficiently interesting to need no apology: I shall commence my account of Nova Scotia, by first describing Halifax the capital and portal of the Province, which is not to be exceeded in wealth, by any place of its size in America. The city—for it has of late been incorporated, is situated on a peninsula,—a branch of the sea, called the north-west arm, extending in its rear, till within about half a mile of Redford Basin, of which I shall speak presently. The town lies on the side of a hill, at the head of a secure and capacious harbour, and contains from sixteen to eighteen thousand inhabitants; with a garrison usually of three regiments, a detachment of royal artillery, and another of royal engineers; at the summit of the hill, there is a fortification called the citadel, which the British Government has been engaged in strengthening during the last twenty years—rendering it little inferior to that on Cape Diamond at Quebec; and a contract has just been entered into for erecting spacious stone barracks at Fort Needham, about a mile to the north of the citadel.

At the north end of the town, which is about a mile and a half in length, is the naval yard, said to be the best establishment of the kind out of England, where I once saw the St. George, a three decker of ninety-eight guns, (which ship was afterwards lost in the North Sea,) hove down, repaired and righted in one day, again hove down and the repairs on the other side completed the following day. She was at that time commanded by Capt. De Courcy, the head of a family, I believe, who is permitted to stand covered in the presence of his sovereign.

She was one of a fleet of four or five sail of the line, which put into Halifax during the last war to repair damages, sustained in a gale of wind. Among others was the Centaur, I think, commanded by Capt. Whitney,—the one a considerate and humane officer,—the other an unfeeling martinet. It happened while these ships lay in port, that some men belonging to the latter vessel were sentenced to be flogged round the fleet, This punishment, is inflicted, by the prisoner receiving a certain number of lashes, alongside each vessel of war in the harbour. When the boat came alongside the St. George, Captain De Courcy informed the officer in command, on his reporting himself, that the unfortunate men could not be flogged, as there was not a cat (the name given to a whip) on board his ship, as his crew were never flogged. The officer, in reply stated, that any deficiency of punishment would be inflicted on the return of the boat to the Centaur, and with undue severity; to prevent which, the Captain ordered the smallest boy in the ship, to go down and inflict the required number of lashes, with cats, with which the boat was provided, in anticipation of this difficulty.

I was at one time tolerably well acquainted with the naval service, and am no advocate for the abolition of the right to administer corporal punishment, which should remain *in terrorem*, as it were. Still, I am satisfied that discipline may be enforced without having recourse to it, except in extreme cases; as was evident in this instance, the St. George having a crew of upwards of eight hundred men, in a highly efficient state, and that of the Centaur being of a contrary character. The fact is, the bad state of a ship's company, may always, I conceive, be traced to the misconduct of the Commander. I once saw four men hung on board the Columbine, sloop of war, and two on board the Jason, frigate; and in both cases, the mutinous state of the crews of both these vessels, was entirely referable to the severity of their respective Captains.

The harbor terminates at a short distance beyond the naval yard, at what is called the "Narrows," which forms the entrance into a spacious sheet of water, called Bedford Basin, ten or twelve miles in circumference, of a great depth, and capable of containing the entire British navy. On the west side of the basin, the Duke of Kent, when he was in Halifax, had his country-seat, called "the Lodge," which has since gone to decay; around which, were tastefully laid-out grounds and gardens, and where subsequently to

the departure of His Royal Highness, the "Rockingham Club," of which Sir John Wentworth was president, used to hold their weekly meetings.

In addition to the citadel, which protects the town, and commands the harbor, there are four stone towers of great strength at different points, commanding the entrance of the harbor. The first of these, the fire of which an approaching enemy would encounter, is York Redoubt, formerly called Point Sandwich, where is also a strong fortification, both occupying a most elevated position, close to which vessels entering the harbour must pass, and almost directly under their guns. This fort is between four and five miles below the town. Between two and three miles nearer, are the tower and fort at Point Pleasant, within the reach of whose guns a vessel would find herself, as soon as she had passed York Redoubt, and by the time she arrived abreast of these, the tower and battery on George's Island, about a mile and a-half farther up the harbor, would open upon her. The proper ship channel is on the east side of the island, and on the opposite shore of the channel, is another stone tower with a strong battery commanding it.

In fact, owing to the cross-fire that would be kept up, a vessel attempting to run up the harbor, with a hostile intention, would be exposed to almost inevitable destruction; and no fleet, unless the nation to which it belonged had the command of the sea, would attempt it, as the carrying away a mast, or being otherwise disabled, would ensure their capture, should they even succeed in taking the place, by a British squadron, which most assuredly would be at their heels. It was this conviction that made the people of Halifax feel so secure, during the last French war, when the fleet of that nation was flying across the ocean, before the gallant Nelson; no one fancying for a moment, that they would call there, although it was at that time far less capable of being successfully defended than it is at present.

During the summer season, Halifax is the rendezvous of the admiral, and the naval force on the North American station, which spend the winter at Bermuda or in the West Indies. This, together with a large staff, and the officers of the different regiments, give a superior character to the society of the place, and render it quite a favorite with those high-spirited and well-bred men. Those of the 29th Regiment, which was quartered there for some time, had a silver tankard presented to them by the inhabitants, from which it was afterwards customary—and is probably at present, to drink to the health of the donors. It was the practice to present an address on the departure of a regiment; but Col. White, who commanded, had rendered himself so odious, by his severity, that the usual compliment was not paid through him to the officers and men. I do not know, but notwithstanding his bad character, this might, after all, have been done, had he not on the afternoon previous to the embarkation, confined his men to the barracks, who having been a long time, as I said, in Halifax, had friends and acquaintances—and perhaps sweethearts, to whom they wished to bid farewell. Driven to desperation by this unnecessary act of severity, they attempted to break out of barracks, and the next morning, some sixty of them were tried by a drum-head court-martial and flogged.

Several Nova Scotians have distinguished themselves in the military and naval service of their country; and the fair belles of Halifax have found hearts to subdue in both. I saw some time since, a notice of the marriage of the daughter of one of these to a young Scotch nobleman, who was serving with his regiment in Canada, whose father is a general officer there.

The first lieutenant of Lord Nelson's flag-ship who was killed at the battle of Trafalgar,—or rather after the action, by a block falling from the mast-head, was a native of the Province; and I notice in the Admiralty list, four Rear-Admirals, who were born and brought up in Halifax. Among these is Rear-Admiral Wallis, who was second lieutenant of the Shannon, when she captured the Chesapeake; and who brought the ship with her prize into Halifax, Captain Broke having been dangerously wounded, and the first lieutenant killed, after the boarding party had possession of the enemy's vessel, a marine mistaking him for an American officer, as while in the act of hoisting the flags, he had inadvertently made fast the American over the English.

And here, I cannot refrain from mentioning an act of benevolence, on the part of the late Duke of Kent, which enabled the son of a poor woman to enter the naval service, and appear on the quarter-deck. The duke, every morning, rode past the residence of his mother, who kept a school, and in that way supported herself and two children, after the death of her husband, who had been a serjeant in the army, and probably was known to His Royal Highness, who never failed to reward merit. On one of these occasions, this strippling handed a note to the duke through one of his aides, who after perusing the account he gave of himself, directed him to call upon him on the following morning.

He was of course true to his appointment, and was informed by His Royal Highness, that he had

dined on the preceding day with a captain of one of His Majesty's ships then in port, who would receive him on board as a midshipman. He was further told, to provide himself with the necessary outfit at the duke's expense, and that if he conducted himself with propriety, his promotion should follow. He did so conduct himself; the duke was as good as his word, and he is at the present moment, one of the Rear-Admirals to whom I have alluded. The other two officers, who have attained that elevated rank, one of whom has been knighted, were the sons of a quartermaster in one of the regiments in the garrison, who had attracted the duke's notice and approval; and whose advancement in life has doubtless been owing in some measure to that fortunate circumstance.

Among the lads at the grammar-school where I received my education, was one whose choice it was, at the annual examination, to repeat the description of the parting scene between Hector and Andromache, in which Pope has embodied the paternal feelings of a parent. Throwing himself into an attitude of devotion, he would utter with the deepest pathos, that heartful prayer:—

"Oh! thou, whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers protect my son," &c.

Young as I was at that time, and delighted as I may have been with what I heard and saw, my great pleasure was, to watch the countenance of his beautiful mother, who was always present on these occasions; and afterwards, when I accidentally heard of him during the Peninsular war, with his brave companions in arms, defending the flag of their country on many a hard-fought field, and passing unharmed through each successive fight, my mind would revert to his anxious mother, in the hope that she would be spared, to see him return in safety to his English home. He did return, but not unmaimed. He had been in almost every general engagement in the Peninsula, and fought his way to the field of Waterloo.

In that battle he was attached to the staff of Sir James Kempt, and was necessarily much exposed during that eventful day, when his good fortune continued to attend him, until just at the close of the action; but while carrying a message from his general, a cannon-ball shattered his foot, and the consequent amputation, being in the haste incident to the occasion, badly performed. He was compelled to retire upon half-pay, with the rank of a Lieutenant-Colonel, and is now a Major-General in the army.

AMICUS.

## DANCE OF DEATH.

Agua-ardiente and dulces were handed round; while all, men and women—the dancers excepted—smoked their cigarillos. But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of scaffold, which occupied the other corner opposite the bed, consisting of a light framework, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints, and a quantity of small lighted wax-candles. On the top of it, a most extraordinary well-made wax-figure of a little child was seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a snow-white little frock; the eyes were closed, the pale cheeks tinged by a soft rosy hue, and the whole figure perfectly strewn with flowers. It was so deceptive, that when I drew near at first, I thought it a real child, while a young woman below it, pale, and with tears in her eyes, might very well have been the mother. But that was most certainly a mistake; for at this moment one of the men stepped up to her, and invited her to the dance, and a few minutes afterwards, she was one of the merriest in the crowd. But it must really be a child—no sculptor could have formed that little face so exquisitely; and now one light went out, close to the little head, and the cheek lost its rosy hue. My neighbours at last remarked the attention with which I looked upon the figure or child, whichever it was; and the nearest one informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was really the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing just then so merrily; the whole festivity taking place, in fact, only on account of that little angel. I shook my head doubtfully; and my neighbour, to convince me, took my arm and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table, and touch the cheek and hand of the child. It was a corpse! And the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced came up to me, and smilingly told me it had been her child, and was now a little angel in heaven. The guitars and cacaes commenced, wildly again, and she had to return to the dance. I left the house as in a dream, but afterwards heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child—I believe up to four years of age—dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to heaven, and become a little angel; the mother being prouder of that—before the eyes of the world at least—than if she had reared her child to happy man or womanhood. The little corpse is exhibited then, as I had seen it: and they often continue dancing and singing around it till it displays signs of putrefaction. But the mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing, and dance; she dare not give way to any selfish wishes, for is not the happiness of her child secured? Poor mother!—*Gerstaecker.*

STEAMSHIP "NIAGARA," AT SEA,
21st April, 1853.

*To the Editor of the Canadian Journal.*

SIR,—Although an ardent admirer o', and, to some extent, a rather active promoter of the science of Natural History, the present inclement season of the year precludes the possibility of my contributing anything in the department. I would mention, however, one fact which came under my notice (on the 2nd instant) and much surprised me.

Being detained by an accident which happened to our carriage, at Schultz's Hotel, on the Grand Lake, I availed myself of the opportunity of looking into the neighbouring Forest, more particularly in quest of Ferns and Birds. The day was bright and the sun warm, and on a bank, in a sheltered dell, I surprised two beautiful Butterflies, sporting with all the life and activity of a Summer's day. I endeavoured, in vain, to catch them, their alertness baffling every attempt I made to do so.

Such an early appearance of this delicate insect, would occasion surprise in the southern parts of England; the greater, therefore, was it to myself in Nova Scotia, where Winter still existed, and the frost held entire dominion of the country.

I know not whether this occurrence is rare, or otherwise, in the locality in question; but I mention it with the idea that it may prove interesting to some of your readers, who may be pursuing the very delightful study of Entomology.

The occasion of my late visit to the Province being confined exclusively to the examination of certain of the Mineral Districts, a cursory glance at these, from the new and intense interest excited, both in England and here, on the subject, may prove acceptable to you at this moment; but, in doing so, I must speak generally, rather than in detail, of such Mineral Deposits as came under my observation.

My examinations have been confined to parts of the country lying North of the Basin of Mines, following the courses of several of the principal Rivers discharging themselves into its waters, and to the tributaries flowing into those Rivers.

From the vast extent of primitive Forest with which the whole district, forming the Mountain Range, is here covered, no other means are available for accurately examining the Mineral property it embraces. Nature, in most instances, having so arranged the courses of the Rivers as to operate as cross-cuts for the various deposits; which are thus exhibited on their banks or beds.

The existence of Coal and Iron in various parts of the Province, and in quantity and quality most beautiful and rare, is a fact patent in itself. Every day, however (from the recent explorations,) adds to, and strengthens these two great elements of Human Industry and Wealth; and no limit can possibly be assigned to their extent.

The presence also of the most valuable Metallic Minerals, such as Copper, Lead, Zinc, Manganese, Sulphate of Barytes, &c., are now proved to be co-existant with them. From the very limited operations, however, yet pursued, no data can, at present, be given to their respective extent. Metalliferous Rocks and Matrixes of the most kindly and suitable nature for their production, on a large scale, abound. *Marbles* of the purest and most compact nature, both of the White (Statuary) and Variegated, of the most beautiful and varied characters, appear to be beautifully supplied to this particular District; whilst Lime, Gypsum, Freestone, and other equally valuable products, appear scattered over various parts of it, in quantities inexhaustible, and qualities not to be surpassed.

The Barytes, Marble, Copper, Iron, and many other Mineral Deposits, I visited in the Five Islands District of the Province, far exceeded my most sanguine anticipations; and, notwithstanding the extreme difficulties I had to contend with, in consequence of the swollen state of the Rivers, the accumulation of Ice on their banks, and the quantity of Snow remaining in the Forest, I found abundant evidence that Nature had here scattered her Mineral bounties with a most prolific hand, and that Capital and Energy combined, were alone wanting to develope the resources, and add immensely to the wealth of this highly favoured, but long neglected country.

From the very numerous veins of Barytes already exposed to view in the banks, and their continuance through the beds of the Rivers and Tributaries, there is abundant proof that this valuable Mineral exists, in this locality, to a very considerable extent.

The greater portion of what I saw was of the purest nature, and might be rendered merchantable at a very moderate expense; whilst other portions were slightly stained with Red Oxyde of Iron, which may be easily and economically removed before disposed of in the market.

The various purposes for which it is applicable, in a commercial point of view, cannot fail to make it an article of considerable demand; and Markets for its disposal, when its purity and abundance of supply become generally known, will most readily be found.

The quantities hitherto exported from hence, have been so limited, and the supply so uncertain, that the article is comparatively unknown in the Market, and has been consequently confined to a few hands. But by an extension of the operations, from a proper employment of Capital, a very large and constant supply may be kept up with the mercantile community, and with the greatest facility.

Veins of Specular Iron Ore, and Copper Pyrites, occur in the same Strata as the Barytes; and the latter may be very properly looked on, if not as a Matrix, still as a very strong indication of the co-existence of other Metalliferous Deposits occupying the same channel of ground.

This is a feature of considerable importance in a mining point of view; as the operations to be directed, in the first instance, to the Barytes must necessarily tend to the development of the Iron and Copper, and may thus be extended, by the same staff of operatives, to the working of the latter Minerals upon the most cheap and effective scale.

Their quality is undeniably rich, but nothing whatever appears to be known at present, of their extent. From the regularity and size, of the Lodes however, already exhibited in the banks and beds of the River; added to the exceeding favourable nature of the accompanying strata, little doubt can exist (judging from parallel cases)

that they are to be found here in large and productive quantities.

Rich specimens of Zinc and Manganese, are to be found likewise in this immediate locality, evidencing their presence also. But none of these deposits came under my notice, from the natural impediments before mentioned. Such specimens, however, were handed me by the inhabitants who had picked them up in the bed of the river in the summer season.

Of the various Marble beds or deposits in the Five Islands District, the *white* most undoubtedly take the pre-eminence; although the variegated, from their variety, beauty, and compactness, must always stand very high in the scale.

The White Marble is of the finest quality for purity and grain; having been pronounced by a most eminent Sculptor, to combine all the requisite characteristics for the most delicate and enduring works of art. Judging from the appearance of the several beds partially opened on, and their length and breadth, traceable on the surface in the forest, and in the bed of the contiguous river, there can be no question that this most prized and valuable article, exists (in situ) here, to an extent little suspected by any one, and now, for the first time, to be developed to the world.

The Variegated Marbles present several very distinct varieties; amongst the most prominent are the most delicate Lilac (or Amethyst) ground, combined with a soft yellow, or gold colour. A pure Lilac, with a trifling admixture.

And a Lilac, blended with green, varying in deep and light shades. The former and latter of these represent a *Giallo Antico* and *Verd Antique*, of a true and unmistakeable character—involving (from their beauty) the utmost difficulty in deciding to which the palm for merit and value should be awarded.

Property, of such intrinsic value as these, can no longer be allowed to remain buried, and unknown in the bowels of the earth; and the surprise to myself is, how they can have so long escaped the prying eye of man, and wasted their hidden treasures in their primal tomb.

Nature has so arranged and placed these beds in the river bank, (here assuming a height of several hundred feet) as to render their being quarried with the utmost ease and cheapness. And the more so, from their immediate contiguity to each other. The Layers or beds of the material lie horizontally in the face of the bank; and, judging from their compactness and nature, blocks of very large size will no doubt easily be worked out.

Harbours embracing the most advantageous positions, are everywhere almost in contact with the Mineral Districts, to which access is easy, in most cases, by gentle inclinations; and shipping for the exportation of metals or minerals abundant; and freight moderate.

The Province, from the cursory view I was enables to take of it, appears to be beautifully supplied by Providence with wood and water, and to comprise, generally, an undulating country of upland and intervale; the latter, particularly in the Truro, Onslow, Economy, and Five Islands District, abounding in alluvial soils of the richest description.

From the ungenial season of the year, which nature had put on her most sombre mantle—the vegetable world appeared to the least advantage to the visitor. But enough was apparent to satisfy me, that, in a few months, a total change will have overspread the scene—and that few countries can boast of greater luxuriance or beauty.

The geographical position of the Province, placed as it is, between two immensely populous and consuming quarters of the globe (Europe and America) gives it an undeniable advantage over almost every other portion of the civilized world —and *unity of purpose amongst its inhabitants;* rapid internal communication by *Railroads* (one of which latter I am happy to find, is now in actual progress, and which will, in effect, be the *Lung* giving vitality to the whole—and a main artery through which the enterprise, spirit and commercial wealth of these two most important communities must directly circulate,) and *Capital* alone, are wanting to render it most wealthy and prosperous.

I cannot conclude these hasty notes without expressing my great obligations for the uniform kindness and attention, I received at the hands of all classes of the inhabitants, (from His Excellency the Governor of the Province, to the Native Indian in his primitive Wigwam,) during my very short sojourn amongst them,—bearing out, in the fullest sense, the high character for hospitality and kindly feeling, which I had been led to anticipate from them, previously to my quitting the British Shores.

I beg to apologize for the length of this communication, which I had intended to have made much more concise, but the very great interest and importance of the subject, have led me unwittingly on.

It will afford me much pleasure to transmit to you, the published transactions of the "Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society," and to receive from you a copy of your's in exchange.

I am, Sir,
Your most obt. Servant,
JNO. R. A. MILLETT.

### THE SILKWORM ITS OWN DYER.

M. Roulin was lately experimenting upon silkworms, by giving them coloured articles of food; and he found that, by mixing indigo in certain proportions with the mulberry-leaves eaten by the worms just as they were about to spin their cocoons, he was able to give a blue tinge to the silk. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red colouring matter capable of being eaten by the worms without injury. He had some difficulty in finding such a colouring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia Chica*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry-leaves, the silkworms consumed the mixture, and produced red-coloured silk. In this manner, the ingenious experimenter hopes, by prosecuting his researches, to obtain from the worm silk of many other colours.

## WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

BY A WOMAN.

"For his rule over his family, and his conduct to wife and children—subjects over whom his power is monarchical—any one who watches the world must think with trembling sometimes of the account which many a man will have to render; for in society there is no law to control the king of the fireside. He is master of property, happiness—life almost. He is free to punish, to make happy or unhappy, to ruin or to torture. He may kill a wife gradually, and be no more questioned than the grand seignior who drowns a slave at midnight. He may make slaves and hypocrites of his children, or friends and freemen, or drive them into revolt and enmity against the natural law of love. I have heard politicians and coffee-house wiseacres talk over the newspaper, and railing at the tyranny of the French king and the emperor, and wondered how these (who are monarchs, too, in their way) govern their own dominions at home, where each man rules absolute. When the annals of each little reign are shown to the Supreme Master, under whom we hold sovereignty, histories will be laid bare of household tyrants as cruel as Amurath, as savage as Nero, and as reckless and dissolute as Charles."

This is the admission of a male writer of our day, one who never speaks without reflection. I accept it as the admission of a possible case, to which the condition of the slave under a master is comparative happiness. Of the woman in such a case, what can we conclude, but that she must at the best sink into a mere toy or tool, a cypher, an appendage to her earthly lawgiver? He is her all-controlling planet, and she, the feebler satellite, grows dim beside his fiercer rays, which blind without warming; her purer light becoming merged in his, absorbed or annihilated by a power assumed not by Almighty warrant, but exercised without mercy, and destined to endure—unless love shall grow stronger than self—till the crush of worlds. Terrible are the issues to the weaker vessel. Self-respect is dead—supineness and piteous dependence of mind follow. As years sweep on, she may strive hard, strive with tears of blood, to be patient, and wise, and strong; but the crippled energies of a life can never be made whole again. The sovereign draught of a cordial love is at its lees; and little is the most which those can achieve, who, to use the words of Goethe, "are left to tread the wine-press alone."

These are strong truths, which ought to be spoken, even though there be some who cannot feel, and others who dare not confess them. Doubtless, their exist many wives who bless their chain; and to them this picture will appear overdrawn. But that such instances are frequent, and that such evils are endured and silently wept over, we know, though in each case a veil may be drawn over the wound, and the face of the sufferer may be hidden as the face of one who "covers up her head to die." The white Christian slave must walk quietly, and with pulses subdued to the tone of a meek endurance, from which there must be no appeal—not even to the Master, still less to the world. Her face must wear an outward calm, though the fires of Etna boil within her breast. She is expected to bear without a murmur every breach of that holy ordinance to which both are alike vowed, the very slightest divergence from which in herself she would shudder to contemplate. She must countenance no vice, save that alone which falls like an evil shadow upon her own hearth, darkening the firelight, which should show but looks of confidence and love on faces gathered round it in the sweet sanctity of home. Are a man's fortunes cast in lowly places?—blows dealt in drunken brawls may brutify the nature of her who, mindless of her own degradation in the effort to reclaim him, pursues his reeling steps to the tavern door. Does he wear a crown?—there is then no limits to the wrongs he may inflict on the innocent; witness the dealings of the monster-king with Catherine of Arragon, the precious "jewel" that

> Hung twenty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:

and later, poor Josephine—"unthroned, unwifed, at the pleasure of her imperial master."

Here we might close the chapter of woman's wrongs, did not the turning of one page more open up a history yet sadder and more startling. In recording it, the hand falters, and the eyes are dim withthe mist that is before them. If there be one species of love, whose instincts are accounted, by even the coarsest minds, divine as the attributes of angels, it is that of a mother for her child—the child between whom and herself an especially fine and inscrutable league of surpassing tenderness has been appointed for the best purposes, and in accordance with the surest and most unerring wisdom. How stands it, then, with the mother? Has she in marriage an unlimited power over the child for whom her love is limitless? We answer—no; she has none whatever. She has no more legal right to the "babe that milks her," than the American slave-mother has to her offspring; no more right to its possession, than he who subjects her to his corrupt will has to the possession of her accountable soul. He is at all times at liberty to rend it from her arms, as his passion or his caprice dictates. He may give it over to the arms of one whose embrace is pollution, and there is none to call him to account. In some isolated instances, indeed, where the case is more than commonly flagrant, the law—or rather, perhaps, a divergence from the strict letter of the law—would step in for the protection of the wronged; but *there*, in its very courts, the many-headed hydra of wealth stands sentinel, and guards the pass that might lead to hope and peace. The laws of property are against her. Her hands are tied; those hands, stretched out in vain and agonized longing after the babe dragged ruthlessly from her bosom, drop powerless before the advocate grasping for his fee!

The man who would use the terrible power he possesses against the mother of his child, cannot, we would willingly think, comprehend the full force of the maternal tie. If he does then is the guilt more signal that would tamper with that strength of love, that mightiest passion of the heart. There is no cry like the cry of Rachel weeping for her children. And she, over whose head hangs the threat of that bereavement, which many a mother has been called upon to bear—a bereavement, not by death, but by the cruel

wrenching away of that which is dearer than life —might almost be pardoned for offering up in her desolation a prayer to the more tender Father above, that rather than see her loved ones led away into peril, she might be permitted to watch over them like Rizpah, calmed and sustained by the one consolation, that they were "safe in the grave."

The tale of Chaucer's Griselda, in which we see a wife and mother submitting to every imaginable wrong from her husband, seems to be generally accepted as a model of female conduct. None but a man could have conceived the idea of so utter a negation of the sacred rights and solemn duties of motherhood, as is depicted in Griselda; no woman, moreover—could even her imagination have suggested the scenes in which the mother yields up her offspring to destruction—would have closed the tale with so monstrous a climax. Never, we believe, save once, has the conclusion of this harrowing story been dealt with in the right spirit. It was left for a German writer to evolve the true soul of the subject. The author of *Ingomar*, in his drama of *Griseldis*—with that fine and delicate appreciation of all that is purest and best in the feminine character, which is rare in any but a woman—shews us the true wife asserting at last the high nature with which she has been endowed; making her repudiate the husband whose selfish love—if love it can be called—could work out its ends through a tyranny so ruthless and unprovoked:

> O! Percival, thou'st gambled with my peace;
> This faithful heart was but a plaything to thee.
> • • • •
> I was not born
> To be caprice's sport—the toy of humour—
> And lost and won upon a single throw.
> Thou'st never loved me; and if now I could,
> Without thy love, consent to live with thee,
> I ne'er deserved the title of thy wife.
> • • • •
> Love, every struggle will for love endure,
> But is not called upon to yield obedience
> To the rough sole that treads it to the earth.

When we consider how many of the current prejudices of fifty years ago are being gradually weeded out, while a fair growth of enlightened views is springing up in their place, we do not despair of the advancement of the cause we are advocating—the cause of woman's freedom, not from such restraints as are wholesome, but from such chains as are a moral torture. There is now sounding in our ears the faintest echo of that sneer which, in days gone by, was directed against the most defenceless portion of the community—we allude to the jibe contained in the words, old maid. Still less do we hear of the blue-stockings of the past century. The fact has at length begun to dawn upon the minds of men, that the life of the solitary woman is worthy of respect, and entitled to a tender consideration and sympathy; and that, moreover, it is quite possible for a woman, whether wedded or single, to exercise the intellect God has given her, and to be at the same time a loving, tender, earnest being, a dutiful daughter, an obedient wife, a watchful and devoted mother. To this character, the women, not of England only, but of the world, have modestly, yet courageously, earned their title. Seeing that they have already done thus much, we are content to wait and watch, and hope for them still better things. No crown was ever yet worn that was not circled by thorns; and a time must and will arrive, when the voice of nature's holiest truth shall be heard above the turmoil of man's ignoble passions; when womanhood shall be honored, and motherhood held sacred. We look forward to no Utopia; our hope rests on the knowledge of what has already been gained, and on our belief, that the wiser and nobler of the existing generations of men are on our side. These better spirits need not be told that the Rachel Russells of the world are not moulded out of the wrecks of crushed or of shrinking hearts. A living female writer has said, that "wrongs, be they but deep enough, may temper a human spirit into something divine;" but in that case, the wrongs, while they sting, must not, at the same time, degrade. Possibly, love may survive even such for a brief summer; but once stricken at the root, light will be the touch that shall shake down its last leaves. The wrongs which revolt the sensitive and noble mind—the hard rule which sends the purest and best affections trembling back upon the heart, can know no reparation on this side the grave. There is a deep and beautiful meaning in the saying of the wife of Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania. Some peasants coming to her in tears, complained that the servants of the king her husband had carried off their cattle. She went to her husband, and obtained instant redress. "Their cattle have been restored to them," said the queen, "*but who shall give them back their tears?*"

[Our contributor, while perhaps more than sufficiently earnest in depicting what we must believe an exceptive case, is right in looking for a remedy chiefly to the progress of society. It is equally true and piteous, that where a female has united her fate with that of a tyrannical or unsympathising mate, there is for her hardly any available refuge; so great are the terrors of society regarding annulment of the marriage-bond; and, at any rate, it being obviously difficult for society, even if inclined, to interfere in the domestic affairs of the enchained individuals. Hence we occasionally become aware of miserable tragedies being enacted in homes that appear externally decent—tyrannies over gentle wives and tender children that make the blood boil to think of. Perhaps it may not be always so; it may in time appear that much less risk is incurred than is now generally supposed, by ruling that a wretched woman may go away with her children from an intolerable husband, without losing the respect of her circle. Still, we look mainly to the advancing humanity of society to soften away these and many other troubles.]—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

---

Dip (says an American writer) the Atlantic dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer; send up fishing hooks with balloons, and fish for stars; get astride of a gossamer, and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like a cataract of Niagara remember where you left your umbrella; choke a mosquito with a brickbat—in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will, when she has made up her mind to say she won't.

## A THOUGHT IN A WHEAT-FIELD.

"The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."—Mat. xiii. 39.

In his fields the Master walketh,
In his fair fields, ripe for harvest,
Where the golden sun smiles slantwise
On the rich ears, heavy bending;
Saith the Master:—"It is time."
Though no leaf wears brown decadence,
And September's nightly frost-blight
Only reddens the horizon,
"It is full time," saith the Master—
The good Master—"It is time."

Lo! he looks. His look compelling,
Brings the labourers to the harvest.
Quick they gather as in autumn
Wandering birds in silent eddies
Drop upon the pasture-fields:
White wings have they, and white raiment,
White feet, shod with swift obedience;
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,
And a shining sickle reareth—
"Speak, O Master! is it time?"

O'er the fields the servants hasten;
Where the full-stored ears droop downward,
Humble with their weight of harvest;
Where the empty ears wave upward,
And the gay trees flaunt in rows.
But the sickles, the bright sickles,
Flash new dawn at their appearing;
Songs are heard in earth and heaven;
For the reapers are the angels,
And it is the harvest-time.

O Great Master! are thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains?
Art Thou walking in Thy wheat-field?
Are the snowy-winged reapers
Gathering in the purple air?
Are thy signs abroad?—the glowing
Of the evening sky, blood-reddened—
And the full ears trodden earthward,
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant—
Surely 'tis near harvest-time!

Who shall know the Master's coming?
Whether 'tis at morn or sunset,
When night-dews weigh down the wheat-ears,
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow field?
Only, may thy voice, O Master!
Peal above the reapers' chorus
And dull sounds of sheaves slow falling:
"*Gather all into my garner,*
*For it is my harvest-time.*"

---

We were rusticating a few days since at a farm-house (says a United States editor), and invited a young lady to favour us with a tune on the piano. Her music-book being in the adjoining room, her brother, a young gent, of some fourteen summers, was requested to go for it. After the lapse of a few moments, he returned and placed an egg on the music-stand. On being asked what that was for, he replied that it was the "lay of the last minstrel." The next train brought us home intensely exhausted.

## THE BORROWED BOOK.

In that delightful breathing time between the school and the world, while yet the choice of a profession hangs trembling in the balance, I went down to spend a long holiday with an uncle who was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and the chief officer of a little coast guard station, at a spot called Borley Gap, on the coast of Suffolk. I was in no hurry to settle the question of a profession. Lord Eldon himself could not have been more inclined to "take time to consider" than I was.

Several months passed; and our people at home, who had been deliberating on this question ever since I was born, were still deliberating. I spent my time in horse-riding on the sands; in deep sea fishing with our chief boatman; in spearing for eels in salt ditches in the low parts; or in shooting plover, or "pluvver," as we pronounced it, on the heaths. Our station was a low range of wooden buildings, black with pitch and blistered by the sun, consisting of my uncle's house and garden, and accommodation for six men and their families. There were no other houses near; except a kind of general store, kept by a man named Bater, where the farmers and some fishermen came sometimes to buy whatever they might want. Round about us for some miles were little hills and dales of gorse and whin, in which adders were said to be plentiful; and just beneath us, stretched the bay where there was a great battle between the English and Dutch fleets in Charles the Second's time. The cliff, at this part, was a kind of sandstone, upon which you could cut letters with a penknife; and the sea was incessantly wearing away its base, bringing down sometimes great masses of the upper cliff, and threatening to bring us down too, at last, if we did not step back a little. The boatmen used to point out a mound in the water, at which they said our signal post had stood not many years before, and some old people could tell you of churches and monasteries, and even towns, that now lay under the sea. There were plenty of places in which smugglers might have a chance of a good run, if they were bold enough to try it. I had some hopes of an encounter; the men could tell traditions of desperate fights equal to anything ever seen in a play. But the age of bold smuggling, as well as the age of chivalry, is fled. Mr. M'Culloch reduces it to a science, and shows the laws that govern it to be the same as affect all other professions, in which risk and profit are nicely balanced. Old Martin, one of our men, who knew my anxiety to see a living specimen of a smuggler, did wake me up early one morning with the exciting intelligence that one had been caught and was actually in the kitchen. I dressed, like a cabin passengen who hears that the vessel has struck upon a rock, and rushed down the stairs. I found our servant Hester—who was a sickly girl, subject to fits—in the kitchen, and asked her breathlessly, where the smuggler was? "That's him, sir," said Hester, turning and pointing to a man sitting quietly on the edge of a chair, in the corner of the room. He was as thorough a country lout as you would meet in a show at a fair—a thin, stooping, knock-kneed, freckle-faced, grinning, squinting, red-haired young

fellow, in a smock frock, with a Napoleonian tuft of hair in the middle of his forehead, which he seemed very anxious to be pulling, but his hands were handcuffed. His legs were free, however, and he was quite able to run away; which he would have done, no doubt, but for the fear of our Hester, in whose charge the watchman had left him. I did not feel enough curiosity to follow him to the watch-house, and I do not remember now what daring act had brought him to that degrading position. I do remember, however, meeting old Martin again that day, and asking him, "How it was that all the smugglers in his stories were such murderous villains, while everywhere else they were as mild as lambs?"

Old Martin did not like any joking upon the subject of his smuggling stories.. He shook his head, and merely said, "wait till next time." Then, to put an end to the conversation, he drew out his spy-glass and began to observe what the men were doing in the Jenny;— a kind of barge, in which lived two look-out men, and which always stood, high and dry, on a part of the beach.

"But," said I (for I would not let him off so cheaply), "they tell me the last man was just such a bumpkin as that fellow you caught this morning."

"I didn't catch him," said the man evasively.

"But you caught the last," said I, "and they tell me more by running after him, than by fighting with him."

"Well;" said Martin, peevishly. "Smuggling ain't what it was."

"Ay! ay! Martin," said I, "it is the old story. The wonderful times are always past. To-day is never like yesterday."

The old man did not answer my remark; but merely took off his hat, and bending his head downwards, bade me "just look at that." I noticed, for the first time, a long line across the back of his head, where the hair was wanting, and the scalp looked quite white, as it will where a wound has healed. He put on his hat again, and said, "it ain't such fellows as that pitiful sneak this morning that'll mark a man like it."

"I never heard of this before," said I, "where, in the name of all that's fierce! did you get such a wound as that?"

"Never mind," he replied, with an affected obstinacy which I knew would melt away in a moment, "I suppose you'll say I fell asleep on my watch, and dreamed it."

"No," said I, "this is a certificate that you will not lose very easily; tell me something about it."

"It was a son of those Baters, who keep the huckster's," said Martin; "a nest of rascals they are. I have told our commander, many a time, that smuggling will always flourish till they are rooted out: and he says he knows it: which being the case, any sensible man would naturally ask, why they *don't* root them out?"

"You can't do anything till you catch them smuggling, Martin," I interrupted.

"Why, everybody knows they are continually smuggling. The whole family of them has got their living chiefly by it for I don't know how many generations. Ask that child there: ask anybody. But, never mind about that now. I was out on my watch one night—it is full seven years ago—a very dark night it was, and my beat lay along by old Borsted church that stands out, all in ruins, on a point half rubbed away by the sea. It is about the dreariest spot along the coast; but I did not care about that, as far as what harm men could do me; though I don't like the way of those old tumble-down churches at night."

"Pooh," said I, "you don't believe in ghosts."

"Mr. John," said the old man, solemnly, "I could tell you a story would make you think a little different about ghosts: but never mind now. My walk was on the cliff, at that part. I passed the church once; and when I had got to the end of my beat, and had met the next man, and bid him good night, I turned back to go over the ground again. I had left him about twenty minutes when I came to the church again. Dark night as it was, I could see the shape of its rent and ragged walls, and the sky through its windows. My way lay right under the old low wall, and I always walked pretty fast by there; but this time I thought I saw something moving, just this side of the wall. I stopped a moment, and watched it, and then I saw what seemed to me the shape of a man standing upright. I challenged him directly, and ran towards him. I thought I saw him leap over the wall; but when I came up there, and looked about, I could see no one. However, I drew out my pistols, and got over into the church-yard and walked about there for some time; but I could see nothing like a man there, and I began to think I had only fancied it, and was getting over the wall again, just where I got over before, when I stumbled over something on the ground. I stooped down and found it was a large parcel, strapped across and across, like a hawker's pack, and very heavy. I was curious to know what was in it. Luckily I carried a dark lantern in my pocket, besides some German tinder, and matches to light my port-fire, if I wanted. Well, I struck a light, and lighted my lantern, which I set beside me on the ground, while I began to undo the pack. It seemed to me all fine tobacco, pressed hard—I dare say some thirty pound of it. Perhaps there's something else under this, thought I; but just as I began to turn it over; I heard a footstep close to me, and before I could get off my knees I felt a blow on the back of the head, which staggered me for a moment. Another blow followed—on the shoulder this time; but my coat was thick just there, and my leather brace protected me, so that it didn't cut through. I got upon my feet, and closed with the fellow. I was hurt a good deal, and could feel the blood trickling down my neck, inside my cravat; but I never found the man that I was afraid to grapple, and I did not care for losing a little blood. I knew I should master him: but I took time in order to tire him out first. When I felt him getting weaker, I grasped both his wrists, and pressed my chin into his chest, till I brought him down upon his back. He swore at me awfully, like a great bully as he was: I knew him by his voice.

"'You don't escape me this time, Jem Bater,' said I.

"I kept my knees firm upon him, and when I felt him beginning to struggle, I pressed heavily, and grasped his throat, till he hallooed for mercy.

We had kicked over my lantern in the struggle, and it was hardly within reach; but I leaned forward, and snatched it up, before he could throw me. He strove hard to prevent my lighting my port-fire; but I managed it, at last; and up went its bright balls of fire into the air, making everything look blue around us, and as distinct as by day, for a moment. It was a full quarter-of-an-hour before the men who had seen my signal arrived there; and all that time I was kneeling still in the dark on that scoundrel, and struggling with him every now and then. I heard the men approaching, and I hallooed to them; and soon after another man came up, from the other side. Jem Bater never spoke a word after that. We handcuffed him, and took him to the nearest station. I felt very weak, and the next day I had a fever, and was laid up for six weeks."

"And the man?" said I.

"Oh, he was tried at Bury, and sent on a trip to Botany Bay for seven years. That's my story, as concerns this mark upon my head. Now, I hope you won't go to laugh at my smuggling stories again."

We had some bad weather soon after that, which put a stop to all open-air amusements. My uncle had no books that I cared to read; but there were a few at the watch-house for the use of the men, which were more to my liking. Old Martin began to pitch what he called his summer-house, which was the remains of an old boat, set upright, and half buried in the ground. Beside this, he always planted in the spring some scarlet beans, which run up and covered it, and gradually extending over two projecting poles in front, formed a kind of arbour to which the rotten old boat served for a back. Here he would sit, and smoke, and contemplate cabbages and onions, when he had time. I offered to put on a pair of tarpaulins overhauls and help him with his work, one day; but, although covering everything with pitch or tar was his mania, he did not care for any help. Nothing seemed to my landlubberly understanding more easy than to keep smearing and daubing a piece of wood; but the old man persisted that "there was a knack in it;" and that I "couldn't do it as it ought to be done." We had strong gales blowing on shore, about this time; and some vessels got aground. Our people saved the whole crew of a Dutch "billy-boy" one night, by means of Captain Hanby's line and rocket: and another time Martin and some others (I don't choose to mention names) went off in the life-boat, and rescued several of the crew of a coal-brig, that went to pieces in the bay; but several were drowned and their bodies washed ashore on various points of the beach.

One day I told old Martin that I had read through all the books at the watch-house; and desired him, after the fashion of my Lord Tom Noddy (who wasn't known then), to tell me true, what an indolent man could find to do. Martin, with the oracular brevity of an "answer to correspondents," replied immediately, "send and ask the Inspecting Commander to lend you a book." This was the very thing. Captain Bland had always been very friendly with me; and now I recollected his offering to lend me Gardner's History of Dunwich, which I did not send for at the time, being entirely devoted to out-door sports at that period; and so I had forgotten all about it.

"But how am I to get a book sent here from a place seven miles away?" said I.

"How? Easy enough. You send a letter to him by the first man whose beat lies that way. He'll meet the next man, and give it to him; and so on: and the book'll come back the same way."

"So I will, Martin," said I. "If ever I am in a dilemma, and don't come to ask your advice, may I never get out of it!"

"You do many a more foolish thing than that, Mister John," said the old man slyly.

Old Martin's plan was, as he said, "easy enough." Each boatman had a beat of about a mile-and-a-half (I think) along the shore—generally on the sands, but sometimes—where the beach was bad walking, or when the water was high—upon the cliff, just above. The men whose beats joined were bound by the regulations to meet each other at certain hours during the night—the first who arrived at the boundary mark having to wait for the other. By this means, therefore, it was possible to send a parcel round the whole kingdom, if necessary. I wrote a note to Captain Bland that night, reminding him of his promise, and begging him to forward the book by the means I have mentioned. Captain Bland complied at once with my request; offering me at the same time the loan of any books in his library; an offer of which I at once began to avail myself. Thus a regular book post was established between our house and the principal station for that part.

One wintry afternoon, meeting old Martin about an hour before dark going to his duty—which was, this time, at a spot about half way between us and the inspecting commander's house—I hailed him, and begged him to look out for a book which I expected that night. It was Smollett's Perigrine Pickle, of which I had once read a part, and was very anxious to read the rest.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the old man. "If the next man brings it the first time we meet, I'll send it on at once."

"Thank you, Martin," said I. "Your watch is Borsted way to-night, isn't it? I'll walk a little way with you."

"I can't lag, Mister John," said the old man: "but if you don't mind walking, I'll thank you for your company. It's nigh three miles from here to the beginning of my beat, and I must get there before dark."

"How many men are there between here and you, Martin?"

"Two, sir."

"And between you and the captain's?"

"One, sir."

"Have you got your port-fire all right?" He pulled it out of his coat pocket, showed it to me, and put it back again. "I shall look out for blue stars your way, to-night, Martin," said I, "now I know your walk lies along by the old church wall again."

"I saw something very curious there last night," said he, dropping his voice.

"Nothing that left another scar like that on your head, I hope?"

"No, sir. It was no man nor woman either this time. It was a strong light, moving among the old tombs; so bright, that I could see every blade of grass, and sprig of nettle where it rested a moment. I stood and looked over the wall, and watched it creeping about from mound to mound, and resting in corners, and running about the broken wall; till, all of a moment, I missed it, and it never came back again."

"But didn't you get over the wall to see what it was?"

"I should as soon think of raking in a pond after the moon."

"Why? What do you suppose it was?"

"I don't know: but I know what my poor old mother would have said, if she had been alive."

"What would she have said?"

"That no man that sees that ever lives long. She would have called it a corpse candle."

"Pooh! I'll tell you what it was. Some fellows who know there's no chance with you in a tussle, have heard of your weak side, and determined to try what a trick will do. Depend upon it, it was only the light from some dark lantern, with which they tried to mistify you, while they were getting clear off with some brandy keg near by. It's a common trick that."

"If I thought so," said the old man, waxing indignant at the bare supposition of his having been taken in, "they should pay for it next time."

"I dare say they won't try it again yet awhile," said I; "but when they do, just spring over the wall, and give 'em a shot where you think they're likely to be. I leave you here. Good night."

"Good night, sir," said the old man; and I shook hands with him.

I looked after him as he walked along the beach, till I could not see him any longer; for it was beginning to get dusk. I was alone that night, my uncle being gone to Framlingham to spend the evening with a friend there. I took tea by firelight in my uncle's room, and sat for some time afterwards musing and listening to the roar of the tide coming in on the beach, which I could smell in the room. There was hardly any wind abroad; but the night was dark, for there was no moon up, and the sky was rather cloudy. I began to get impatient for the book: and when I heard the house clock strike seven (which was about the time I expected it) I put on my hat, and walked down the beach, to meet the boatman coming in. I walked on for half a mile before I met him, when, to my disappointment, I found that he had not got the book. "His comrade had not spoken to him about it," he said; but he could not tell me whether he had seen old Martin or not. I did not care to go back then without the book. I resolved to go on until I met the next man, in the hope of hearing some tidings of it: and so I bade him "good night," and kept on along the beach. There is always some light near the water on the darkest night, and I could see very well to pick my way over the shingle till I came to a part where the walking became difficult, and I was glad to find a place to mount on to the sand cliff. As I ascended, the large full moon seemed to rise slowly out of the sea, just under the line of the clouds. I stood awhile, leaning on the wooden rail near the edge of the cliff and watching the broad, undulating line of yellow light upon the surface of the waters. I was near a little fishing village, and I was not surprised to hear the voices of some people who were walking on the road, not far behind me. I did not listen to what they said; but as they came nearer, I suddenly caught the words,

"Perigrine Pickle."

"What?" said a voice that sounded like a woman's.

"Perigrine Pickle," repeated her companion louder than before. "It's the name of some book, can't you understand?"

The woman laughed loudly, and I could not catch what followed, for they were too far now for me to hear their words distinctly. I looked back, and saw that the man was a tinker, for he carried a coal fire in an old saucepan, which was blazing and smoking out of holes in the side, as he swung it to and fro beside him. I stood looking after them, and wondering at the strangeness of the coincidence, till I lost their voices altogether, and they disappeared down a descent in the road. It struck me at first that one of the men might have dropped the book by the way, and that it was possible that the tinker had found it. I deliberated a moment whether to walk after him, and question him about it; but I could not expect him to tell me the truth if he had. Besides, what could I have said to the man? That I had overheard him mention the name of a book that I expected to be sent to me from a distance, and that I, therefore, suspected that he had that very book? A favorite novel of Smollett's was not so rare a book that a tinker might not have an old copy of it. The circumstance was extraordinary, and had startled me at first; but I became convinced as I walked on that this was one of those improbable coincidences, of which every man may perhaps remember one or two having happened to himself at some time.

I had now walked some distance upon the beat of the second look-out-man, and I began to be surprised at not meeting him; but I would not give it up now. I looked down over the sands at times, but I could see nothing of him there, and the tide was coming in fast. The path at this spot was along a raised causeway, flanked with heaps of shingle, and overgrown with bramble and sloe bushes, and rank sea reeds. There was scarcely any danger from the tide at any of those parts. I looked out for a stile which was the boundary between the beat of the second man and that of old Martin; and I began to be alarmed at not having met the man before. I hallooed once or twice and got no answer, but a little further on I mounted a hillock, and saw the stile at about a hundred yards distance. I thought I noticed a man beside it, and I shouted to him.

"All right, sir," replied the man; and it was a relief to me to recognise the boatman's voice.

"I have been looking for you all along the beach, Mr. Cole," said I. "I began to think you were lost."

"Martin was to meet me here at eight. I have been waiting for him."

"What's the time?"

"A quarter after the hour."

"Is he generally punctual?"

"I have known him as much behind. He's gone watching or wandering after some Jack o'Lantern, you may depend. You'll hear him in a minute or two."

We waited for some time and listened; but we could hear nothing but the noise of the water rushing in, and filling up the spaces between the crags as each wave came in. I pulled my watch out, and looking closely at it, saw that it was half-past eight. I began to get anxious.

"Have you seen Martin to-night?" said I.

"I parted with him here at five o'clock."

"Did he say anything about a book he was to bring me?"

"No, not a word."

"Cole," said I, "I hope to God nothing has happened to poor old Martin!" and told him the incident of the tinker. We decided to walk on for some distance, and looked about for him. The light was getting stronger as the moon rose. The boatman kept a look-out over the heath, while I walked along the crag path, shouting "Martin!" as I went, and hallooing now and then. There was a little cottage on the heath, where we hoped to get assistance; but we found no one at home there, except an old woman. She lent us a horn lantern which was of use for our search. We were now drawing near Borsted church, and I remembered, with a shudder, my conversation with the old man that very afternoon, and told the boatman of it. We looked all about the old wall, and among the gorse bushes, holding the lantern low; but we did not find anything there. The boatman would have gone on, but I called to him to stop. "We must look in the churchyard," said I. "I advised him to look about there, if he saw the light again."

We both climbed over the wall, and began to look about among the graves. A moment after, my companion called to me from a little distance, "This way, sir, quick. Look here!" I held down my lantern where he pointed. Poor old Martin! I had been unintentionally the cause of his death. He was laying side-ways on the ground, his head bleeding from a large wound, and looking as if he had been beaten with a stick or a stone—the moss beneath soaked with blood. His hands were quite cold: he must have been dead some time. Cole drew his cutlass and gave me one of his pistols, and we walked all about the ruins, but the murderers had left no trace behind. They had robbed him of everything—even to his arms. His pockets were turned inside out; his watch, and even an old Spanish gold coin with a hole in it, which I knew he always carried about him, were gone. The man lighted his port-fire, and in ten minutes another boatman arrived.

"It's some of that infernal gang's doings," said Cole. "I always knew they run goods at this point. "It was close here that that scoundrel Jem Baker set upon the old man before."

"When did you see Martin last?" I asked the new comer.

"At six o'clock. I gave him a book from Captain Bland. It was in a parcel and addressed to you, sir."

"Cole," said I, "we must not lose a moment, That tinker had some hand in it."

There was only one boat between this point and the captain's house; and several other men arrived shortly after. The body was removed to the chief station, and one of the new comers volunteered to watch on Cole's beat, while we went together in search of the supposed murderer. I quieted Cole's scruples by promising to explain all to my uncle, and we started, walking at a quick pace. We passed again the spot where I had heard the conversation, and followed the road, leaving my uncle's house some distance to the left, till we emerged on the high road to Saxmundham. We could hardly hope to overtake the man and women before they got into the town, but we kept on. A toll gate-keeper told us that a tinker had passed through there nearly an hour before; "he had not noticed any woman with him," he said. But we came to a public-house a little higher up the road; and there we found the tinker's portable fire-place, standing beside the door.

"We've got him now," said Cole. "Hush!" He crept into the passage, and looked through the crack of the door of the tap-room, where there was a noise of men's voices. "That's him sitting apart in the corner," said Cole. "I could have picked the villain out among a thousand. Follow me!"

"Do you belong to that fire outside, Mister?" said my companion.

"Ye-e-s," replied the tinker, yawning and stretching himself.

"That trick won't do," said Cole. "Men don't feel sleepy after such a day's work as you've being doing. Come, you've got a book somewhere about you."

"Me!" exclaimed the tinker. "What do you mean by commin' and bullyin' a man like that? I've got no book."

"What do you call that?" said my companion thrusting his hand into his side-pocket and drawing out a thick volume. "Isn't that a book?"

"And s'pose it is?" said the tinker, apparently quite unabashed at the exposure.

"You're a cool rascal," said Cole, as he opened it, and we both read the name of Captain Bland, on the title-page. "Where did you get this?"

"I found it," said the tinker.

"You'll come along with us, and tell that story to the police," said Cole.

"I won't though," replied the man. "Where's your authority? Shew me your staff. I'm sure these gen'l'men won't sit quiet, and see a poor man dealt with like that." But the gentlemen referred to did sit quiet; and seemed to be well acquainted with the proverb about interfering in strangers' quarrels.

"Come; it's no use," continued my companion. "Where's the woman that was with you?"

"With me!" exclaimed the man. "Nobody can say they saw any woman with me, to-day."

"But I can, though," said I, coming forward. "I heard what you were talking about too."

"Where might that have been, now?" asked the tinker, with the same coolness.

"On the road, along the cliff near Parley."

"I ain't been near Parley," said the tinker. "Say Blyborough or Yoxford, and I grant it you!"

"Come," said Cole, who had been over the house, and ascertained that the woman was not there. "You must go with us to Saxmandham;" upon which the tinker coolly knocked the ashes

out of his pipe, and went with us without speaking a word. At the watch-house, he persisted in saying that he had found the book that morning, and that I was mistaken in saying I had met him with a woman. Captain Bland, however, came the next day before the magistrate, and stated the book had only left his library the evening before; and I was able to swear to the tinker's voice being the same as that of the man who had passed me at Parley. Nothing more was found upon the man. The magistrate remarked that the woman might perhaps have been sent to dispose of the remainder of the property, and directed a search to be made for her: his hypothesis was rendered more probable when we learned that the woman had inquired for the man at the public house soon after we left, and had not been heard of since. A surgeon, who had examined the body, stated that the wound on the head might have been inflicted by some blunt instrument, similar to the soldering iron which the tinker carried with him. No spots of blood, however, or any marks of a struggle were found upon him. On the following day, the tinker begged to see the magistrate, to whom he confessed that the stories he had told were false: but he still persisted that he knew nothing of the murder. He accounted for the possession of the book, by saying that as he was walking along the road near Borsted, some time after dark on the night of the murder, he saw by the light of his fire a man standing at the the corner of a lane, with several packs and bundles on the ground beside him, as if he had been carrying them and was resting awhile; that the man begged him hurriedly to give him a lift with them, promising to pay him for his trouble; and that he then left the woman in charge of his fire and went up the lane with the stranger, carrying two of the packs; that the stranger told him he had expected a friend to come and help him on with his load, but that he was in a hurry and couldn't wait for him; and that in this way they carried the packs about two miles, the man urging him continually to hasten, to a spot where he put them in a chaise-cart, which was waiting there, paying the tinker two shillings for his trouble. He stated further that when he returned to the woman she showed him a book, which she admitted having taken out of one of the bundles while the stranger was talking to him, and that it was of this book that they were talking when they passed me at Parley: for the woman not being able to read was asking him about the nature of the book. The woman, he said, had been travelling with him; and being tired with walking and carrying the pack, he had sent her with one of the shillings to a village at some distance to buy some meat: bidding her join him at the little public-house. He could not say what had become of her; but he supposed she had heard of his being "in trouble," and absconded. This was his latest account of the matter; but no one believed it; although he brought a friend of his to swear "that he had known Jerry Cutts, the tinker, from a boy; and that he (Jerry Cutts) was always a great liar"—a fact which did not seem to have at all lessened his esteem for him.

Poor old Martin was buried in the parish church-yard, about a week after: we set up a stone there to his memory. No one grieved for his sad fate or missed him more than I did. The place seemed altogether changed without him, and I should have been glad to return home at once, but for the interest of seeking for evidence of the murderer. Public opinion was strong against the tinker; but the woman had never been found, though we had advertized her in the Hue and Cry. I had always some doubts of his guilt, notwithstanding his shuffling, and the suspicious circumstance of the woman absconding; and I mentioned them to my uncle. The tinker persisted in the truth of his last story. He said that his only reason for prevaricating, was his fear of getting into trouble by the woman's theft; but that if he had known that he should be charged with a murder, he would have told the whole truth at once. He declared that the woman could corroborate what he said if she were found: but that she was apparently determined to desert him in his trouble. He even gave us some clue to her probable hiding place; though the officers afterwards lost all trace of her. Enquiries were made into the tinker's history, and it was found that he, as well as the woman, had been long known about the country, and that both had been in jail for theft; a circumstance that told much against them in the minds of the public. Poor Jerry not being yet cured, in spite of his protestations, of his unfortunate propensity, declared that he had "never been inside a prison in his life;" but a jailor from Bury being brought forward, and addressing him with "How do you do, Mr. Cutts?" he was compelled to admit that he knew that gentleman slightly.

A circumstance soon afterwards occurred tending, more than anything before known to exculpate the tinker. The ground between Borsted church and the spot where he pretended to have met the man with the packs—and along which, if his story was true, the murderer must have passed just before—was thoroughly searched and the result was the discovery of a heavy "life-preserver" in a dry ditch. Some traces of blood were distinctly noticeable in the crevices of the plaited steel wire. The handle was worn bright, and had other distinguishing marks, by which a dealer in old iron identified it as being one that he had sold to a man, only a few days before the murder; and his description of the man exactly tallied with the account given by the tinker. The surgeon declared the wound to be more likely to have been made with this weapon than with the soldering iron.

The general conviction that the tinker was the murderer had somewhat relaxed the efforts of the officers in other quarters. But a reaction had now set in, and conferences were held at my uncle's on the probabilities of whatever suppositions might occur to us. The murder appeared not to have been committed for the mere sake of robbery: rifling the old man's pocket was probably an afterthought. This was shown by the facts of the scuffle having evidently taken place in the church-yard, whither he must have pursued the murderer; a fact that once set aside the hypothesis that the latter had planned and begun the attack. There could be little doubt that Martin had noticed again the light in the church-yard of which he had spoken to me, and that he had

sprung over the wall, and found himself at once engaged in a struggle with smugglers—whether one or more—who had concealed some goods there: and that either by force or cunning he had been overcome. This would entirely agree with the tinker's story; and the circumstance of the life-preserver finally convinced us that the man with the packs was the murderer.

It was immediately resolved to search the house of the Baters, who were generally suspected to have a hand in any smuggling done in those parts—a suspicion which old Martin himself, more than any others, had always encouraged. It will be remembered that it was a son of these people who had attacked the old man once before, and had been transported in consequence for seven years. This was nearly eight years before, and it was probable that he had returned to England; although he had not yet been seen in the neighbourhood. Suspicion had not rested upon him—the extraordinary facts of the tinker's capture having diverted people's attention; and the circumstances of the murder preventing the supposition that it had been instigated by feelings of revenge. The description of the man who bought the life-preserver was found to bear little resemblance, except in the matter of height, with my uncle's recollection of Jem Bater: no stranger had been seen lately in the neighbourhood, nor at the Baters' house: indeed, we learned from a man who had lately been there to buy some articles, that Mrs. Bater stated that she had just received a letter from her son, and that she expected him home shortly.

It was, however, determined that a party of us, including an officer, should make an entry there suddenly at night. A search-warrant was procured privately; and a little after dark one night we contrived, by means of a plank, to cross a ditch into a garden at the back of the house; but the doors and windows being bolted we could not obtain an entry that way without alarming the inmates. There were some salt water trenches in the garden, in which they kept live lobsters, and other fish for sale; and it was resolved that one of us who was least known should go round to the front, and feign a desire to purchase some of these. Meanwhile the remainder of our party drew aside. Soon afterwards we heard the bolts of the door withdrawn, and presently saw our companion come out, accompanied by old Bater holding a candle, which he was shading from the wind with his hand. They went down the long garden together, leaving the door open, and we immediately entered the house. Before the old man had perceived our trick, we had discovered a man in one of the upper rooms, whom my uncle at once recognised as Jem Bater. The officer bound him after some resistance, and proceeded to search the place. The room in which we found him had a bed, and had evidently been fitted up for him as a place of close concealment, in which it was probable that he intended to remain till the affair had blown over. The house was searched; and in a cellar were found the pistols and cutlass, with other things that were known to have belonged to the murdered man, besides several packs of smuggled goods.

Mr. Cutts was soon afterwards set at liberty: the woman had been found shortly before, working under an alias i some brick-fields in an adjoining county. Jem Bater was found guilty on the evidence, and sentenced to death. He subsequently confessed his guilt, and the truth of the tinker's last story. It appeared that he had only returned from transportation a few days before the murder, and that he had returned at once to his old occupation of smuggling, or rather of purchasing smuggled goods; which were deposited for him by the smugglers in the ruins of the old church. He denied that he had any thought of murdering Martin; but stated that, being attacked by him in the church-yard, and finding that he was his old enemy, he had used his utmost endeavours to overcome him: that he accordingly grappled with the old man, who stumbled in the struggle over one of the graves: and that as he was falling he had struck him on the head with the life-preserver. The murderer was hung soon afterwards at Bury. The circumstance afforded me great satisfaction, and appeared to my youthful and uninstructed mind to be a subject for congratulation to society generally.—*Household Words.*

## THE NEWSBOY'S DAY.

Charley Potter is Polly Potter's biggest boy; and Polly Potter is a hard-working woman, with another boy and a baby to provide for, whose father died in the hospital the same week the baby was born. Mrs. Potter lives in one of the courts running out of St. Martin's Lane, in a central nest of poverty and hardship, situated not very far from the National Gallery. Ever since Tom Potter's death, owing to a fall from a scaffolding, to say nothing of the weary weeks he lay ill, it has been work or starve—do or die—with the Potter family. The club-money luckily came in at the death and birth, and helped the widow over the double trouble; and as soon as she got upon her feet, she set about helping herself. She took Charley, who was going in thirteen, and as sharp a young fellow as need be, away from school, and told him he must now go to work instead of his father—a proposition which the boy accepted in the very spirit of a young middy unexpectedly promoted to a lieutenancy; and thus it was that the child became, in a manner, a man at once. By the recommendation of Polly's old master, a tradesman in the Strand, Charley was helped to employment from a newspaper-agent, whom he serves manfully. While Polly is at home washing or ironing, or abroad charin' or nussin', little Billy meantime taking care of the baby, we shall amuse ourselves by following Charley through the routine of one day's operations. It may not be altogether time thrown away; there is many an old boy as well as a host of young ones who may learn a lesson from it.

It is a dark, dreary, and foggy morning in January; the wind is driving from the south-east, bringing along with it a delicious mixture

of snow and rain; and it yet wants two hours of daylight, when Charley, slinking from the side of his sleeping brother, turns out of bed, and dons his clothes. He has no notion of washing his face just yet—that is a luxury which must be deferred till breakfast-time, which is a good way off at present. The pelting sleet, the driving wind, and the fog are such small trifles in his category of inconveniences, that he takes no more notice of them than just to button his jacket to the chin, and lug his cloth cap down over his eyes, as he gently shuts the door after him, and steps out into the darkness. Then he digs his hands into his pockets, and bending his head towards the storm in the attidude of a skater in a Dutch frost-piece steers round the steps of St. Martin's Church, and then straight on through the Strand and Temple-Bar, and along Fleet Street, near the end of which he disappears suddenly in the dark and narrow maw of Black-Horse Alley. This Black-Horse Alley is a place of no repute at all: among all the courts and closes which debouch into Fleet Street on either side of the way, it is almost the only one which is not celebrated for something or somebody or other in records either literary or dramatic, ghostly or convivial. By daylight it is particularly dirty, dark, and unsavoury, having no outlet but a narrow one at the centre, on the right, which lands the explorer in Farringdon Street, opposite to the ruined gateway of what a few years ago was the Fleet Prison. A black horse, or a horse of any other colour, once fairly in the alley, would find it a difficult matter to turn round, and would have to back out, or else, like an eel in a water-pipe, wait till destiny chose to release him. Wretched old tenements are the tall buildings on either side which shut out the daylight from the court, and one, the biggest of them all, belongs to an association of newsmen; being open all day, and very likely all night too, for we never saw it shut, it serves as a central depot whence whole tons of newspapers, received damp from the printing-machine, take their departure daily for all parts of the kingdom.

Here we must follow close upon the heels of Charley. Diving into the court, and proceeding a score of yards or so, we find the old house bathed in a flood of gaslight from top to bottom. Men and boys are rushing up and down the angular stairs, some with damp loads upon their backs, and others hastening off to procure them. The morning papers have all been "put to bed," as it is termed, and their respective machines are now rolling off copies, each at the rate of several thousands an hour. As fast as they come into being, they are counted off in quires, and borne away by the agents, who undertake to supply the country districts. An enormous number of them come on the shoulders of the newsboys to Black-Horse Alley. On the top-floor of the house—and we notice, as we ascend, that all the floors are furnished and occupied alike—we find Charley already at his work. He stands with a score of other lads and men, behind a continuous flat deal-board, which runs round the whole circuit of the floor, elevated on tressels, and standing about two feet from the wall. Those next him are folding, packing, and bundling up papers in time for the morning mail, which will carry them to Bristol and to Birmingham, more than a hundred miles distant, and to a hundred places besides, in time to lay them upon the breakfast-tables of the comfortable class. Charley, with paste-brush and printed addresses, is as busy as the best, *Post*, *Herald*, *Chronicle*, *Advertiser*, and *Daily News*, are flying about like so many mad flags amidst the clamour of voices, the stamping of feet, and the blows of hard palms upon wet paper. By and by the *Times*, which, on account of its omnivorous machine, can afford to sit up longer, and go to bed later, than its contemporaries, pours in a fresh flood of work. All hands go at it together; but as fast as one huge pile is cleared off, another comes, and neither the noise nor the activity relents until the moment for posting draws nigh, when the well-filled bags are hoisted on young shoulders, or piled on light traps waiting close by in the street—and off they roll or run to the post-office. Charley himself staggers out of Black-Horse Alley, looking, with a huge bag upon his shoulders, like a very great bird with a very small pair of legs, and in six and a half minutes—the exact time allowed—shoots his body into the aperture of St. Martin's le Grand, and, catching up the emptied bag, which flies out upon him the next moment, walks leisurely away.

Charley knows now that the immediate hurry is over, and, in spite of the rain which still continues to drizzle down, he has a game at bolstering a comrade with his empty bag, in which friendly interchange of civilities the two together make their way, not back to Black-Horse Alley, but to their master's shop, at which they arrive before it is open, and before the neighbours are up. Here they meet half-a-dozen more boys, distributers hired by the week to do a few hours' work in the morning, in the delivery of newspapers to subscribers. The post-office, which will carry a stamped newspaper 100 or 500 miles for nothing, will not carry it a short distance without payment of a penny, and therefore the newsman has to deliver by private hand all papers within the limits. For this responsible commission, there are always plenty of candidates among the London boys; and here are half a dozen of them this morning waiting the arrival of the master with his budget. Pending his advent, as the rain peppers down unceasingly, they wrap their bags round their shoulders, and, arranging themselves in a rank under the projecting eaves of the shop-window, commence the performance of an impromptu overture

with their heels against the wooden framework that supports the shutters which they are polishing with their backs. The neighbours know this sort of demonstration well enough; it is as good as Bow Bells to all within hearing, and has the effect of rousing many a sleeper from his bed. Day has dawned during the performance, and, soon after, the master's little ponycart is seen in the distance rattling over the stones. He jumps out of the trap almost before it is stopped, throwing Charley the key of the shop-door. The boy has the door open and the shutters down in an instant; the piles of newspapers are transferred from their swaddling blankets to the counter, and as rapidly as is consistent with the cautious accuracy, they are allotted among the different distributers, each of whom, as he receives his complement, starts off upon his mission. Charley has a round to go over, the course of which has been suited to his convenience, as its termination will bring him within a short distance of his own home, where he arrives by nine o'clock.

Before breakfast, he makes his toilet, and rubs off the residuum of London particular which has accumulated upon his skin within the last twenty-four hours. This necessary preliminary settled, he addresses himself to sundry logs of bread and butter, and a basin of scalding coffee, which has been kept simmering on the hob for him. Solid and fluid are despatched with a relish that is to be earned only by early rising and out-door work. He talks as he eats, and tells his mother the news which he has contrived to pick up in the course of the morning—particularly about that murder over the water, and the behaviour of "the cove what's took in custody about it." Perhaps he has an extra paper; and if so, he reads a list of the police-reports, especially if any body in the neighbourhood is implicated in one of the cases. Breakfast over, he gets back to his master's shop, where he finds a bundle of newspapers ready for him, which he is directed to get rid of at the railway station, if possible. For a certain reason, well known to master and servant, he has a decided fancy for this part of his business; and he loses no time in transporting himself to an arena always favourable to his branch of commerce. The bustle of trains arriving and departing excites his spirits and energies, and determined on doing business, he gives full scope to his lungs. "*Times. Times*—to-day's *Times! Morning Chronicle! Post! Advertiser! Illustrated News!* Who's for to-day's paper? Paper, gentlemen! News, news! paper, paper, paper! *Chronicle!*—Who's for *Punch*? In this way, he rings the changes backwarks and forwards, not even pausing while engaged with a customer, and only holding his peace while the station is vacant. Then he takes breath, and perhaps, too, takes a dose of theatrical criticism from the columns of the *Chronicle*, or of the last new jokes in *Punch*. The arrival of a new batch of passengers wakes him up again, and he is among them in a moment, with the same incessant song and the same activity. His eyes are everywhere, and he never loses a chance; he cherishes the first-class carriages especially, and a passenger cannot pop his head out of window for a moment, without being confronted with the damp sheet of the *Times*, and assailed with the ringing sound of his voice. Charley generally continues this traffic till dinner-time, which with him is at one o'clock. Whether he continues it after that time, is a matter frequently left to his own discretion; and as he has an interest in exercising that upon sound principles, we may be sure he does the best he can.

The newsboy's dinner might be described in mathematical terms as an "unknown quantity." It may consist of a warm and savoury mess, discussed at leisure beneath the eye of his mother, or it may be a crust of bread and cheese, eaten in the streets while hurrying shopwards from the station of a railway, or the deck of a steamboat. Sometimes he has to eat dinner and supper "all under one," cheating his appetite in the interim with a hunch of bread and a cup of coffee; at other times, he will patronise the pie-shops, and dine upon eel or mutton pies. But dinner or no dinner, he must be at the beck and bidding of his master early in the afternoon, to give in an account of his sales and stock, and to assist in the important proceedings which have to be gone through before the departure of the evening mails. Of course, it is the object of every newsman to get rid, if possible, of all the papers he buys; for if they are kept to the next day, they are worth only half price; and if a day beyond that, they are but waste-paper. The newsman, therefore, has in one sense to take stock every day—in fact, oftener; and the evening post-hour, which is six o'clock, is to be looked upon as the hour for striking a balance of profit, because whatever is left on hand after that hour has struck, is wholly or partially a loss. Newspapers which have been lent by the hour, have to be collected in time for the evening mail, or they may some of them be left for further hire, and go as half-pricers next morning. Charley is running about on this business for an hour or two in the afternoon; and it happens to-day that by five o'clock, or a little before, his master has discovered that he has more of one or two of the daily papers than he wants, and that he is short of others, which he must procure to supply his country customers. It would be very easy to purchase those he wants, but in that case it might be impossible to sell those he does not want, and the loss of the sum they cost would constitute an unwelcome drawback in the profits of the day's business. But it happens that there are a score of other newsmen in the same awkward predicament—a predicament which is sure to recur to most of

them every day in the week, and which has, therefore, begotten its own remedy, as all difficulties of the sort invariably do in London. The remedy is the Newspaper Exchange, which has its locality in no recognised or established spot, though it is oftener held in Catherine Street, Strand, or at St. Martin's le Grand, in front of the post-office, than elsewhere. This Exchange, it is said, originated with the newsboys; and though it has been in existence, to our knowledge, for a dozen years at least, boys are the only members to this hour. It consists of a meeting in the open street, very rapidly assembled—the parties appearing on the ground soon after four in the afternoon, continuing to increase in numbers until after five—and still more rapidly dispersed, under pressure of the post-office, when the business of the hour has been transacted.

On the present occasion, Charley is intrusted with a dozen newspapers which are of no use to his employer, and his mission is to replace them by as many others, which are wanted to go into the country by the six o'clock post. He tucks them under his arm, and, it being already upon the stroke of five, is off towards Change as fast as he can run. He can hear the sharp eager cries of the juvenile stock-brokers as he rounds the corner: "*Ad.* for *Chron.*" "*Post* for *Times*," "*Post* for *Ad.*," "*Herald* for *Ad.*," "*Ad.* for *News*," &c., including well nigh all the changes that can be rung upon all the London newspapers. He mingles with the throng, and listens a moment or two. At the sound of "*Ad.* for *Chron.*" he explodes suddenly with a "Here you are!" and the exchange is effected in that indefinable fraction of time known among newsboys as "two twos." *Times* for *Chron.* is an offer that suits him again, and again the momentary transfer is effected. Then he lifts up his own voice, "*Post* for *Times*, *Chron.* for *Times*," and bestirring himself effects half-a-dozen more exchanges in less time than we should care to mention—now and then referring to the list of his wants, and overhauling his stock, in order to be sure, amidst the excitement of the market, that he is doing a correct trade. He finds, after half-an-hour's bawling and bargaining, that he wants yet a *Times* and an *Advertiser*, and he knows there is a boy present who has them to dispose of, but Charley has not in his stock what the other wants in exchange. So he sets about "working the oracle," as he terms it: instead of bawling "*Chron.* for *Times*," which is the exchange he really desiderates, he bawls "*Chron.* for *Post*," because the boy with the *Times* wants a *Post* for it, which Charley hasn't got to give; but by dint of bawling he at length gets a *Post* for his *Chronicle*, and then he is in a condition to make the desired exchange. Sometimes, he will go so far as to "work the oracle" three or four deep—that is, he will effect three or four separate exchanges before he has transmuted the newspaper he wanted to get rid of into the one he desired to possess—or changed his stock into good: by such intricate exploits, he has obtained among his fellows the reputation of a "knowing young shaver;" and it is to be hoped that he gets, in reward of his ingenuity, something more substantial from his employer, for which the little family at home is none the worse.

Before the affairs of 'Change have come to their sudden conclusion, Charley is back to the shop; and now all hands are busy in making up the big bag, which must start on its passage to the post-office, at the very latest, by ten minutes before six, the distance being fully a nine minutes' walk. There is the same ceremony with the evening papers as there was with the morning ones, and there is the same limit as to time for its performance. But what must be done *must*, and of course is done; and in a well-ordered concern, like that of which young Potter is a member, it is done in good time too. Before the race against the clock commences, Charley has got the bag hoisted on his shoulders, and, with a fair couple of minutes to spare, is trudging steadily towards St. Martin's le Grand. We shall leave him to find his way there, which he can do well enough without us, and walk on before, to see what takes place at the post-office at this particular hour of the day.

On ascending the steps of the huge building, which, huge as it is, is found to be all too small for the rapidly-increasing correspondence of the country, we find that we are by no means singular in harbouring a curiosity to witness the phenomena which attend upon the last closing minutes of the hour whose expiry shuts up the post for the night. The broad area between the lofty pillars that support the roof, is peopled with some hundred or two of spectators, come, like ourselves, to observe the multitudinous rush of newspapers and letters which, up to the very last moment, are borne by the living tide into the many-mouthed machine, which distributes them through the length and breadth of the land—nay, of the entire globe. Policemen are in attendance to keep a clear passage, so that the very last comer shall meet no obstruction in his path. The spectators marshal themselves on the right of the entrance, leaving the left free to all who have letters or papers to deposit. These comprise every class of the community, commercial and non-commercial—clerks from counting-houses, lawyers from the Temple, messengers from warehouses, young men and maidens, old men and merchants, rich men and poor men, idlers and busybodies. As closing-time approaches, and the illuminated dial above points to five minutes to six, the crowd increases, and the patter of approaching footsteps in quick time thickens on the ear. Sticks, of all shapes and sizes, bulgy and slim, are seen walking up the stairs—some as long

as bags of hops, beneath which the bearers stagger unsteadily towards the breach; others, of more moderate capacity, containing but a couple of bushels or so of damp sheets; and others, again, of hardly peck measure. All discharge their contents into the trap nearest the entrance, in which operation they are assisted by a man in a red coat, who, from long practice, has acquired the knack of emptying a bag of any size and returning it to the owner with one movement of his arm. By and by, as the lapsing minutes glide away, he is besieged in his position by the rush of bags, and looks very likely to be buried alive, until somebody comes to his assistance. The bags, as fast as they arrive, disappear through the wide orifice, and anon come flying out again empty —you don't exactly see from whence. Here comes a monster-sack, borne by two men, which is with difficulty lugged into quarters, while others crowd after it, like a brood of chickens diving into the hole through a barn-floor after the mother hen.

Now is the critical moment—the clock strikes, clang!—in go a brace of bulky bags; clang! the second—in go three more, rolling one over another, and up rushes a lawyer's clerk, without his hat, which has flown off at the entrance, and darts forward to the letter-box at the further corner, fencing his way with a long packet of red-taped foolscap, with which he makes a successful lunge at the slit, and disappears; clang! the third—another brace of sacks have jumped down the throat of the post-office, and more yet are seen and heard scrambling and puffing up the steps; clang! the fourth—and in goes another bouncing bag, followed by a little one in its rear: clang! the fifth—nothing more, a breathless pause, and a general look of inquiry, as much as to say: "Is it all over?" No! here comes another big bag dashing head-foremost up the steps; in it rushes like mad, when, clang! the sixth —and down falls the trap-door, cutting it almost in two halves as it is shooting in, and there it lies, half in and half out, like an enormous Brogdignag rat caught in a murderous Brobdignag trap, only wanting a tail to complete the similitude. The bearer, who is in a bath of perspiration, wipes the dew from his face as he glances round with a look of triumph. He knows that if there be a doubt whether he was in legal time or not, he will, by established custom, be allowed the benefit of the doubt, and that because the post-office could not shut his bag out, they are bound to take it in. He is perfectly right: in less than a minute (minutes in this case are important,) the bag is drawn in, and returned to him empty, and he joins the crowd who, the exhibition being over, disperse about their business. It is a very rare occurrence for a bag of newspapers to arrive too late for the evening post. We have known it to take place occasionally; but when it does happen, we suspect that if the failure were traced to its source, it would be found to arise from the enterprising spirit of some defiant newsboy, who had resolved to win a race against time, and had failed in doing it. Boys have been known before now (we have seen it done) to carry their bags within very good time to what they consider a practicable distance, and then to halt, waiting for the first stroke of the bell, the signal for a headlong scamper over the remaining ground, which has to be traversed while the clock is striking. It may well happen occasionally that this daring experiment is not successful, in which case the overconfident urchin has to return with his bag unloaded, to the consternation of his employer and his own disgrace.

Charley knows better than that. We have seen him discharge his load among the first arrivals; and now, in consideration of the early hour at which his services were required in the morning, his work is done for the day, and he strolls leisurely homeward. He is rather tired, but not knocked up, nor anything like it. There is a substantial supper waiting him, which, having well earned, he has a right to enjoy, as he does enjoy it, without a single feeling of dissatisfaction. After his repast, if the weather is dry, he will have a chase with young Bill round the fountains in Trafalgar Square; or if it is wet and cold, there will be a game with the baby before the fire; or if the baby should be asleep, Bill will get a lesson in pot-hooks and hangers, with slate and pencil for materials, and Charley for writing-master; or he will have to spell out a column of last week's news, subject to the corrections of his teacher. These pleasures and pursuits, however, cannot be protracted to a very late hour. Early rising necessitates early rest: and the boys are, therefore, despatched to bed when the bell of the neighbouring church rings out nine, that the newsboy may recruit, with needful repose, the strength required for the exertions of the morrow.

Saturday night is the bright spot in Charley's week. Then he gets his wages, which go to his mother; and then he can sit up as late as he likes, because he can get up as late as he likes on the morrow; and because he can do both, he will go to the play if he can manage to raise the necessary sixpence. He looks upon the drama, which he calls the "drawmer," as the grandest of all our institutions, and he has very original ideas on the subject of plays and acting. He knows, as he says, lots of tragic speeches, and spouts them to Billy as they lie awake in bed, sometimes dropping off to sleep in the middle of a soliloquy. He has doubts whether the pantomime is quite legitimate, but wonders, with Billy, why it isn't played all the year round—is sure it would draw. He knows of course that *Hamlet* is "first-rate," and *Macbeth* the same; but his sympathies go with that little pig-tailed tar in the shiny hat at the Victoria, who,

hitching up his canvas trousers with one hand, and shaking a short dumpy cutlass in the other, hacks and hews his way through a whole regiment of red-coats, who surprise him in the smuggler's cave, and gets clear off, leaving half of his adversaries dead on the stage. The valiant smuggler is Charley's hero, and he admires him amazingly, never giving a thought to the why or wherefore, or suspecting for a moment that it is far more honourable to work hard, as he does, in helping to provide an honest crust for those who are dear to him, than to be the boldest smuggler that ever had a valid claim to the gallows.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

## ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Non Turba, non vetat Crucis,
Mortisque diræ scandalum
Inter furentes, quærere
Sicno peremptum, milites—
Tu prima Testis!

*Hymnus Ecclesiæ S. Mariæ Magdalenes.*

Poor penitent of Bethany!
The fame hath spread of thee
To the earth's utmost bound—where'er
To Jesu bends the knee;
Thy long repentance, quenchless love,
Thy sins by God forgiven,
Endear thee to each Saint on earth,
And angel bands in Heaven.

Mary! in that last darksome hour
Of agony and scorn,
When the stout-hearted and the bold
Denied the r God forlorn—
Strong in thy deep humility,
*Last* at the cross wast thou,
Gazing in adoration rapt
Upon the thorn-crowned brow!

Mary! first by the sepulchre
Thou wast at early dawn.
Faith's mighty jubilee to keep,
Hope's resurrection morn!
Laden with India's fragrant spice,
'Twas all thou had'st to bring,
An offering at the lowly shrine
Of thy mocked God and King!

Mary! the painters picture well
That wan sweet face of thine,
The scattered hair, the upraised eyes,
That softly tearful shine—
As though thine oft-repeated sins
Yet lived in memory's sight,
And cast a chastening shadow o'er
Thy faiths' triumphant light.

Mary! fair oft on history's page
A woman's name hath stood,
As victor, queen, or martyr-saint—
A glorious sisterhood!
And none more brightly shines than thine,
Am'd the loved of Heaven—
The landmark of the lost, that tells
Of hope, and sin forgiven.

## ADVENTURES WITH THE GIANTS.

A STORY of captivity among savages, full of hair-breadth escapes and strange adventures, is something unexpected at the present day; and when one finds that the narrator is a bold mariner, who affirms that he lived three months among giants, one naturally begins to think of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, and to be reasonably suspicious. There are really, however, no good grounds for supposing that Mr. Bourne's story, which comes to us in a book recently published in America, is unworthy of credit; and the information it affords concerning a country and a people very little known, is certainly curious, and may prove useful to future explorers.

Mr. Bourne was mate of the American schooner *John Alleyne*, which left the port of New Bedford on the 13th of February, 1849, with a number of passengers, bound for California. They had a prosperous voyage till they reached the Strait of Magellan. They were in want of fresh provisions; and at the Captain's desire, Mr. Bourne, with three men, went ashore in a small boat to see if he could procure some. He did not go very willingly, as he knew that the natives bore an extremely bad reputation among seamen for treachery and cruelty. When the boat drew near the shore, a crowd of huge, black-looking barbarians came down to the beach, and greeted them in broken Spanish. The natives pretended to be friendly, and urged them to land, promising them plenty of eggs, fowls, and beef in barter. But no sooner had the boat touched the shore, than the savages crowded into it; and Mr. Bourne found himself and his men prisoners. They were not at first ill-treated, however; and after a while the three sailors were allowed to return to the ship, to bring the ransom demanded for Mr. Bourne's release, consisting of tobacco, rum, bread, flour, brass, and beads, a rather odd assortment. The articles were brought immediately, and, at the request of the natives, placed on the beach; but when the faithless Patagonians had got possession of the ransom, they demanded more, and refused to let their prisoner go. The boats pulled back to the schooner, and were to return the next day; but a violent gale drove the vessel from her anchorage, and nothing more was seen of her from the shore. In this way, the unfortunate mate was left in the hands of the natives—a captive almost as helpless as Captain Gulliver among the giants of Brobdignag.

He fared, however, very differently from the hero of Swift's famous story. One of the most unaccountable facts in natural history, of mankind, is the circumstance, that the lugest race of men should be found in such a country as Patagonia, which is little better than a treeless desert, with few rivers or fountains, and hardly any plants fit for food. The advocates of a vegetable diet may be somewhat puzzled, when they learn that these colossal Patagonians subsist entirely on the flesh of wild animals, and of horses. On the other hand, it will be a satisfaction to the vegetarians to find that these overgrown flesh-eaters are among the most stupid, degraded, and repulsive of barbarians. Take, as an evidence of this, the description of them given by Mr. Bourne. 'In person,' he says, 'they are large:

at first sight, they appear absolutely gigantic. They are taller than any other race I have seen, though it is impossible to give any accurate description. The only standard of measurement I had was my own height, which is about five feet ten inches. I could stand very easily under the arms of many of them; and all the men were at least a head taller than myself. Their average height, I should think, is nearly six and a half feet; and there were specimens that could be little less than seven feet high. They have broad shoulders, full and well-developed chests, frames muscular and finely proportioned; the whole figure and air making an impression like that which the first view of the sons of Anak is said to have made on the children of Israel. They exhibit enormous strength whenever they are sufficiently aroused to shake off their constitutional laziness, and exert it. They have large heads, high cheek-bones like the North-American Indians, whom they also resemble in their complexion, though it is a shade or two darker. Their foreheads are broad, but low, the hair covering them nearly to the eyes. The eyes are full, generally black, or of a dark-brown, and brilliant, though expressive of but little intelligence.—Thick, coarse, and stiff hair, protects the head, its abundance making any artificial covering superfluous. Their teeth are really beautiful, sound and white—about the only attractive and enviable feature of the persons. They have deep heavy voices, and speak in guttural tones—the worst guttural I ever heard—with a muttering, indistinct articulation, much as if their mouths were filled with hot pudding. Their countenances are generally stupid; but on closer inspection, there is a gleam of low cunning that flashes through this dull mask, and is increasingly discernible on acquaintance with them. When excited, or engaged in any earnest business that calls their faculties into full exercise, their features light up with unexpected intelligence and animation. They are almost as imitative as monkeys, and are all great liars; falsehood is universal and inveterate with men, women, and children. To these traits should be added a thorough-paced treachery, and, what might seem rather inconsistent with their other qualities, a large share of vanity, and an immoderate love of praise. They are excessively filthy in their personal habits. They never wash themselves; hands and faces are usually covered with a thick deposit of dirt. The men sometimes paint or bedaub their faces with a kind of red earth. Charcoal is also used as a cosmetic. A broad line of red, alternating with a stripe of black, in various fantastic figures, is a favourite style of decoration. The women make themselves, if possible, still more hideous than the men, by the application of a pigment made of clay, blood, and grease. Some of them would be very comely, if only cleanly, and content to leave nature less strenuously adorned.' The moral character of the people corresponds with their appearance and habits, and is about as bad in every respect as it can possibly be. There are even strong grounds—including the confessions of some of them—for believing that they are addicted to cannibalism, and that they sometimes kill and devour, not only strangers, but members of their own tribe.

These savage giants live a roving, Arab-like life, wandering continually from the neighbourhood of one fountain or stream to that of another. They are good riders, and have many horses, most of which have been stolen from the Spanish settlements near the northern border of their territory. The highest accomplishment of a young Patagonian, is to be an expert horse-thief. Their habitations are small and moveable, consisting merely of a framework of stakes, covered with skins of the guanaco. This creature is a quadruped allied to the Peruvian llama. Its flesh is their chief article of food; and its skin is used for clothing, and various other purposes. The only weapons of the natives are their long knives, and the bolas, or balls. This is the name given to the curious implement with which they capture their game. It consists of two round stones, or leaden balls, when these can be procured, weighing each about a pound, and connected by a strap or thong of leather, ten or twelve feet long. When engaged in the chase, his horse at the highest speed, the rider holds one ball in his hand, and whirls the other rapidly above his head. When it has acquired a sufficient momentum, it is hurled with unerring aim at the object of pursuit, and either strikes the victim dead, or coils inextricably about him, and roots him to the spot—a helpless mark for the hunter's knife.

Such were the people among whom the unfortunate seaman was doomed to pass rather more than three months, in great discomfort and anxiety. On three or four occasions, his life was in serious danger from some of the more ferocious members of the tribe. He owed his escape mainly to their cupidity and their love of strong liquor, of which, as well as of rice, tobacco, flour, sugar, and other favourite articles of food, he promised them immense quantities, on condition that they would bring him to a settlement of white men. The old chief, by name Parosilver, with whom he lived, also stood his friend in some critical emergencies. Fortunately for Mr. Bourne, the chief was rather less blood-thirsty than most of his followers, though otherwise of a sufficiently ogreish disposition. The following account of a wooing and wedding, graphically narrated by Mr. Bourne, will give an idea of the domestic life of a Patagonian giant:—

"One evening the chief, his four wives, two daughters, an infant grand-daughter, and myself, were scattered about the lodge, enveloped in a smoke of unusual strength and density. While the others sat around as unconcerned as so many pieces of bacon, I lay flat, with my face close to the ground, and my head covered with a piece of guanaco-skin, the only position in which it was possible to gain any relief from the stifling fumigation. While in this attitude, I fancied I heard the tramp of many feet without, and a confused muttering, as if a multitude of Indians were talking together. Presently, a hoarse voice sounded in front, evidently aimed at the ears of some one within, to which the chief promptly replied. I caught a few words, enough to satisfy me that I was not the subject of their colloquy, but that there was a lady in the case. The conversation grew animated, and the equanimity of his high mightiness the chief was somewhat disturbed. I cast a penetrating glance into the smoke at the

female members of our household, to discern, if possible, whether any one of them was specially interested. One look was sufficient. The chief's daughter—who, by the way, was a widow, with one hopeful scion springing up by her side—sat listening to the conversation with anxiety and apprehension visible in every feature. Her mother sat near her, her chin resting upon her hand, with an anxious and thoughtful expression of countenance. The invisible speaker without, it soon appeared, was an unsuccessful suitor of the daughter, and had come with his friends to press his claim. He urged his suit, if not with classic, with earnest eloquence, but with success ill proportioned to his efforts. The chief told him he was a poor, good-for-nothing fellow, had no horses, and was unfit to be his son-in-law, or any one else's. The outsider was not to be so easily put off; he pressed his suit with fresh energy, affirming that his deficiency of horses was from want of opportunity, not from lack of will or ability to appropriate the first that came within his reach. On the contrary, he claimed to be as ingenious and accomplished a thief as ever swung a lasso or ran off with a horse; and a mighty hunter besides, whose wife would never suffer for want of grease. The inexorable chief hereat got considerably excited, and told him he was a poor creature, and might be off with himself: he wouldn't talk any more about it. The suppliant, as a last resource, appealed to the fair one herself, begging her to smile on his suit, and assuring her with marked emphasis, that if successful in his aspirations, he would give her *plenty of grease*.

"At this last argument, she was unable to resist any longer, and entreated her father to sanction their union. But the hard-hearted parent not at all mollified by this appeal from his decision to an inferior tribunal, broke out into a towering passion, and poured forth a torrent of abuse. The mother here interposed and besought him not to be angry with the young folks, but to deal gently and considerately with them. She even hinted that he might have done injustice to the young man. He might—who knew?—make a fine thief yet, possess plenty of horses, and prove a highly eligible match for their daughter. The old fellow had been (for him) quite moderate; but this was too much. His rage completely mastered him. He rose up, seized the child's cradle, and hurled it violently out of doors; and the other chattels appertaining to his daughter went after it in rapid succession. He then ordered her to follow her goods *instanter*, with which benediction she departed, responding with a smile of satisfaction. Leaving the lodge, she gathered up her scattered effects, and accompanied by her mother, the bridal-party disappeared. The chief sat on his horse-skin couch, his legs crossed partly under him looking sour enough. Presently the bride and her mother returned, and now began the second scene. The chief no sooner recognised them than a sound—something between a grunt and a growl, but much nearer the latter than the former—gave warning of a fresh eruption. The rumbling grew more emphatic; and suddenly his fury burst on the head of his wife. Seizing her by the hair, he hurled her violently to the ground, and beat her with his clenched fists till I thought he would break every bone in her body, and reduce her substance to jelly. The drubbing ended, she rose and muttered something he did not like. He replied by a violent blow which sent her staggering to the further end of the hut. This last argument was decisive; and she kept her huge mouth closed for the night. There was a silent pause for some minutes; and without another word, we ranged ourselves for repose. I thought the old heathen's conscience troubled him through the night; his sleep was broken. Early the next morning he went to the lodge of the newly-married pair, and had a long chat with them. They thought him rather hard on them at first; but after a good deal of diplomacy, a better understanding was brought about. The young people could hardly get over a sense of the indignities they had received; but in the course of the day they returned bag and baggage to the old chief's tent, and made it their permanent abode."

These strange people did not appear to have any form of worship, or even any idea of a Supreme Being. Possibly, however, a better acquaintance with their language would shew that they were not so entirely destitute of religious feeling as they seemed to the captive stranger. The only ceremony which appeared to have any thing of a religious aspect, was a singular one sometimes practised in smoking. A group of a dozen or more assemble, sometimes in a wigwam, sometimes in the open air. A vessel made of a piece of hardened hide, or sometimes of an ox-horn, filled with water, is set on the ground. A stone pipe is filled with the scrapings of a wood resembling yellow ebony, mixed with finely-cut tobacco. The company then lay themselves in a circle flat on their faces, their mantles drawn up to the tops of their heads. The pipe is lighted. One takes it into his mouth, and inhales as much smoke as he can swallow; the others take it in succession, till all have become satisfied. By the time the second smoker is fully charged, the first begins a series of groanings and gruntings, with a slight trembling of the head, the smoke slowly oozing out at the nostrils; the groaning soon becomes general, and waxes louder, till it swells into a hideous howling, enough to frighten man or beast. The noise gradually dies away. They remain a short time in profound silence, and each imbibes a draught of water. Then succeeds another interval of silence, observed with the most profound and devotional gravity. All at length rise, and slowly disperse. This may or may not have been a form of worship; but the circumstances attending it, the numbers uniformly engaged in it, the formality with which it was invariably conducted, the solemnity of visage, the silence, the trembling, these, and traits of expression which were more easily discerned and remembered than described, gave the wondering seaman a decided impression that the whole had a superstitious meaning.

The Patagonions, like other American Indians, have their "medicine-men," who are supposed to possess a mysterious power of expelling diseases by the practice of certain necromantic arts. The faith which natives place in these doctors is so great, as sometimes to lead to results disastrous to the medicine-men themselves; for if they are not successful in relieving the patient, the failure is

ascribed, not to want of power, but to want of will, and the relatives sometimes wreak summary vengeance upon the physicion, who, in their opinion has maliciously forborne to effect a cure. Mr. Bourne knowing this, was naturally much alarmed when, on one occasion, the chief took it into his head that his captive must be an able doctor, and required him to undertake the cure of a sick woman. The patient was a widow, and a person of some consequence, being the owner of several horses, and, in virtue of that wealth, holding a distinguished position in Patagonian society. Finding it of no use to disclaim the medical ability which was ascribed to him, Mr. Bourne took care, at all events, to make his prescription as harmless as possible, merely directing, with much solemnity, that the very untidy patient should be thoroughly washed from head to foot with warm water. This treatment, he thought, would at least meet the most obvious indications of her case. Luckily for him, the prescription worked to good effect, and the widow recovered. But, strange to say, notwithstanding the public interest then evinced in her behalf, she was shortly afterwards deliberately put to death in cold blood by some men of the tribe, with the chief's consent, and without the slightest provocation; their only motive being a desire to get possession of her horses.

Mr. Bourne, in his anxiety to escape from his painful captivity, continued, by promises and persuasions, to urge the savages to convey him to some settlement of white men. At first, he proposed that they should proceed with him to the Chilian penal settlement, in the Strait of Magellan; but to this request they gave a prompt and decided refusal; and he afterwards learned, that they had lately returned from a horse-stealing expedition in that quarter, and naturally did not feel inclined to repeat their visit. They assured him, however, that they would take him to a much better place, which they called "Holland," and where there were "twenty or thirty white men, and plenty of rum and tobacco." Mr. Bourne had never before heard of this South American Holland, and was much inclined to doubt its existence. However, after wandering about for three months, in various directions, they at length reached the river Santa Cruz, which flows into the Arctic Ocean, about 150 miles north of the Strait of Magellan. Sure enough, on an island opposite the mouth of the river, were visible several small buildings, which he was told were occupied by white men. A signal was made, which had the effect of attracting a boat from the island. As it came near, the Indians ordered their captive to keep back, and he saw reason to fear that they meant to practise the same deception and bad faith with regard to his ransom as he had experienced when he first fell into their hands. Determined to make a desperate effort for freedom, he suddenly broke away from them, and rushed down to the beach, hotly pursued by the savages.—After a hurried parley with the boatmen in English, he threw himself into the water, and swam out through the surf to the boat, which he reached in a nearly exhausted state. He was immediately drawn into it by the boatmen, and conveyed to the island, where he was received with the greatest kindness by the person in charge of the establishment. The name of the place, he learned, was Sea-lion Island; the last word being that which the Patagonians, in their general pronunciation, had transformed into Holland. The party then occupying it consisted of only ten men, who had been placed on the island by an English commercial company, for the purpose of collecting guano, which was from time to time taken away by the vessels of the company. The agent in charge of the party, Mr. Hall, whom the grateful seaman praises as "a noble specimen of a true-hearted Englishman," behaved in the most generous manner to the unfortunate American, furnished him with clothing, and took him into his own habitation. After residing for a considerable time on the island, Mr. Bourne was at length taken off by an American whale-ship which chanced to pass that way.

It deserves notice, that it was in the Strait of Magellan, at no great distance from the place where Mr. Bourne was taken prisoner, that Capt. Gardiner and his companions met with their deplorable fate in the year 1851—encountering death from starvation while engaged in the attempt to commence a mission among these very Patagonians. Had the information which this narrative affords been possessed by the unfortunate missionaries or their friends in England, different arrangements would doubtless have been made, and that calamitous result would probably have been avoided.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

### WHAT ARDENT SPIRIT HAS DONE IN TEN YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. It has cost the nation a direct expense of 600,000,000 dollars. 2. It has cost the nation an indirect expense of 600,000,000 dollars. 3. It has destroyed 300,000 lives. 4 It has sent 100,000 children to the poor-house. 5. It has consigned at least 150,000 persons to the jails and penitentiaries. 6. It has made at least 1000 maniacs. 7. It has instigated to the commission of 1500 murders. 8. It has caused 2000 persons to commit suicide. 9. It has burned, or otherwise destroyed property to the amount of 10,000,000 dollars. 10. It has made 200,000 widows, and 1,000,000 of orphan children.

### LIGHTING GAS WITH THE TIP OF THE FINGER.

This is a feat anybody may perform. Let a person in his shoes or slippers walk briskly over a woollen-carpet, *scuffing* his feet thereon, or stand upon a chair with its legs in four tumblers, to insulate it, and be there rubbed up and down on the body a few times with a muff, by another person, and he will light his gas by simply touching his finger to the tube. It is only necessary to take the precaution not to touch anything, or to be touched by anybody during the trial of the experiment. The stock of electricity acquired by the process we have described, is discharged by contact with another object. The writer has lighted it in this way, and seen it done by children not half a-dozen years old. We are all peripatetic lucifer-matches, if we did but know it.

## THE MAHOMMEDAN MOTHER.

Mussoorie and Landour, situated in the lower range of the Himalaya mountains, form the favorite sanitarium of the upper part of India. The scenery is more beautiful than that of Simla; for Mussoorie and Landour command a view of Dehra Dhoon, which resembles (except that the Dhoon is grander and more extensive) the plains of Italy as seen from the ascent of the Simplon. The Mall of Mussoorie is crowded every evening with visitors; some on horseback, some on hill ponies, some on foot, and some in the *jampan* (something like a sedan-chair carried by four hill men). A gayer scene it would be impossible to conceive. Every one knows his neighbor; and, in passing along the narrow road stoppages are frequent. Compliments must be exchanged, and the news or scandal of the day gossipped about. Every now and then you hear a cry of "What a shame!" from a terrified lady in a janpan, while a couple of lovers gallop past on spirited Arabs, at full speed: sometimes a shriek from a nervous mamma reverberates through the valleys, when she beholds her children in the way of the heedless pair.

Accidents sometimes occur. A few years ago, a lady and a gentleman were riding round a place called the Camel's Back; the road gave way and they fell down a precipice several hundred feet. The horses were killed, but the riders miraculously escaped with only a few severe bruises. On another occasion, a gentleman of the civil service was taking his evening walk, when one of his dogs ran between his legs, and precipitated him. He was killed on the spot.

On the Mall, every evening, was to be seen a native woman standing by the side of the road, near a large rock, watching those who passed by. She was well dressed, and her face was concealed according to the custom of persons of her apparent station in life. There she stood, attracting general attention. She was a woman of slight, but graceful figure, and rather tall. Many persons were curious to know *who she was, and to see her face*; but she took care that in this respect none should be gratified. Sometimes she would go away early; at other times she would remain until it was quite dark. Some suspected—and I was amongst the number—that she was the native wife of some European officer who had divorced himself, and visited the "Hills," whither the woman, to annoy, had followed him; and there was no small amount of speculation—as to *whose* wife she could be. Some of the guesses, if they were seriously made, were extremely ungenerous, for they included several elderly officials who could not by any possibility have been married to this mysterious lady. I was determined to know who she was; and one night; when most people were thronged around the band, I approached her, and inquired if I could be of any service to her. She replied, (her face closely covered) "Yes; by going away." She had a very sweet voice; and its sorrowful tones inspired me with pity, when she added, "I am a poor woman; my heart is crushed; do not add to my misery by remaining near me." I obeyed her, after apologising for having intruded. Several other persons had attempted to extract some particulars from the lady, and had received the same sort of reply as that she had given to me.

The rains were about to commence, and storms were not unfrequent. The Mall was less frequented; only a few—those who cared little about hearing "heaven's artillery thunder in the skies," or being pelted by hailstones as large as marbles—ventured out; but amongst that few was the native lady; who, punctual as the light of day, visited that huge dismal-looking rock, and gazed upon the road.

I have seen a storm on the heights of Jura—such a storm as Lord Byron describes. I have seen lightning, and heard thunder in Australia; I have, off Terra del Fuego, the Cape of Good Hope, and the coast of Java, kept watch in thunder storms which have drowned in their roaring the human voice, and made every one deaf and stupified; but these storms are not to be compared with a thunder-storm at Mussoorie or Landour.

In one of these storms of thunder, lightning, wind, and hail—at about five o'clock in the afternoon—I laid a wager with a friend that the native lady would be found as usual standing near the rock. Something secretly assured me that she was there at that moment, looking on unmoved, except by the passions which had prompted her pilgrimage. How were we to decide it? "By going to the spot," I suggested. My friend declined, but declared that as far as the bet was concerned, he would be perfectly satisfied with my word, either one way or the other—namely, whether I had won or lost.

I set off upon my journey. The rock was, at least, three quarters of a mile distant from my abode. My curiosity was so much aroused—albeit I felt certain the woman was there—that I walked through the storm without heeding it. Every now and then I saw the electric fluid descend into a valley, then heard that strange noise which huge pieces of rock make when they bound from one precipice to another, tearing up trees, and carrying large stones and the earth along with them in their headlong career—but still my mind was intent on the woman, and nothing else.

Was she there?

Yes; there she sat, drenched to the skin; but I could not pity her wet and cold condition, for I could see that she cared no more about it than I cared about my own. She drew her garment so closely over her face that the outline of her features was plainly

discernible. It was decidedly handsome, but still I longed to see her eyes to confirm my impression. I sat beside her. The storm still raged, and presently the lady said, "The heaven is speaking, Sahib." I answered, "Truly: but the lightning, the parent of that sound which I now hear, I cannot see." She understood me, and gave me a glimpse of her eyes. They were not like the eyes of a native; they were of a blueish hue, almost grey. I said to her, in Hindoostanee, "You are not a native; what do you do here in a native dress?"

"I would I were an European," she answered me. "My feelings, perhaps, would be less acute, and I should be sitting over a bright fire. Oh! how loudly the heaven is speaking! Go home, Sahib, you will catch cold!"

"Why do *you* not go home?" I asked. "You will see no one to-day. No—not even your beloved. I am the only being who will venture out in a storm like this: and I do so only for your sake."

"My heart is as hard as this rock," she said, flipping her finger against the granite, "to all except one being—a child. Oh, how the heaven is speaking, Sahib!"

"Do you not fear the lightning and the hail?" I asked her.

"I did once," she replied. "I trembled whenever it came near; but now, what does it signify? *Bidglee* (lightning), come to me," she cried, beckoning to a streak of fluid which entered the ground within a hundred yards of us. "*Bidglee*, come here, and make a turquoise of my heart."

What pretty feet! She had kicked off her shoes, which were saturated and spoiled.

"Go home, Sahib" (such was the refrain of her conversation). "You will catch cold!"

By degrees I had an opportunity of seeing all her features. She was most beautiful, but had evidently passed the meridian of her charms. She could not have been less than twenty-four years of age. On the forefinger of her left hand she wore a ring of English manufacture, in which was set a red cornelian, whereon was engraved a crest—a stag's head.

I took her hand in mine, and said, "Where did you get this?" pointing to the ring.

She smiled and sighed, and then answered, "Jee, (sir) it belonged to an Ameer (a great man)."

"Where is he?"

"Never mind."

"Do you expect to see him soon?"

"No—never."

"Is he old?"

"No. Not older than yourself. How the heaven is speaking!"

"Let me see you to your home."

"No. I will go alone."

"When do you intend to go?"

"When you have left me."

"You are very unkind thus to repulse my civility."

"It may be so. But my heart's blood is curdled."

I bade her farewell; and through the storm, which still raged, I went home and won my wager.

I could not rest that night. The beautiful face of the native woman haunted me. In vain I tried to sleep, and at last I arose from my bed, and joined a card-party, in the hope that the excitement of gambling would banish her from my brain. But to no purpose. I knew not what I was playing, and ere long I left off in disgust.

Almost every one who visits the Hills keeps a servant called a *tindal*. His duty is to look after the men who carry your jampan, to go errands, to keep up the fire, and to accompany you with a lantern when you go out after dark. These tindals, like the couriers on the Continent, are a peculiar race; and, generally speaking are a very sharp, active, and courageous people. I summoned my tindal, and interrogated him about the native lady who had caused so much sensation in Mussoorie. The only information he could afford me was *that she had come from a village near Hurdwar*; that she was rich, possessed of the most costly jewels, kept a number of servants, moved about in great state on the plains, and for all he knew, she might be the wife or slave of some Rajah.

*Could she*, I *wondered*, *be the famous* Ranee Chunda, the mother of Dulleep Singh, and the wife of Runjeet? The woman who, disguised as a soldier, had escaped from the fort of Chunar, where she had been imprisoned for disturbing, by her plots, the imagination of Sir Frederick Currie, when he was Resident at Lahore? The woman I had seen and spoken to, "answered to the description" of the Ranee, in every respect, excepting the eyes. Dulleep Singh was living at Mussoorie, and he not unfrequently rode upon the Mall. Ranee Chunda had a satirical tongue, and a peculiarly sweet-toned, but shrill voice; and she had remarkably beautiful feet: and so had this woman. Ranee Chunda had courage which was superhuman: so had this woman. Ranee Chunda had a child—an only child: so had this woman.

I asked the tindal where the lady lived. He replied that she occupied a small house near the bazaar, not very far from my own abode. "She is in great grief," the tindal yawned, "about something or other."

"Endeavor to find out the cause of her misfortunes," said I, "and you shall be rewarded according to your success."

Next day the tindal reported to me that I was not the only sahib who was deeply interested in the native lady's affairs; that many wished to make her acquaintance, and

had sent their tindals to talk to her; but that she had firmly and laconically dismissed them all, just as she had dismissed him. "Tell your master that the sufferings of an object of pity, such as I am, ought not to be aggravated by the insulting persecution of gay and light-hearted men."

The day after the storm brought forth the loveliest afternoon that can be imagined. The sun shone out brightly, the clouds were lifted from the Dhoon, and the vast panorama resembled what we read of in some fairy tale. All Mussoorie and Landour turned out. The Mall was so crowded, that it was difficult to thread one's way through the throng.

Was the lady at the rock?— Yes; there she stood as usual, watching those who passed. The Maharajah with his suite appeared. I was convinced that the woman was the Maharajah's mother; but I did not breathe my suspicions, lest I might cause her to be arrested. When it became dusk, and the visitors were taking their departure, I again approached the lady, and made my "salaam," in that respectful phrase which is always adopted when addressing a native woman of rank. She at once recognised me as the person who had spoken to her during the storm on the previous afternoon, for she alluded to its fury, and said she had taken a wrong road, had lost her way, after I had left her, and did not reach home till nearly midnight. She concluded her little speech with a hope that I had been more fortunate.

"You should have allowed me to escort you," said I. "I would have helped to carry your load of sorrow."

She looked at me, and suddenly and abruptly said: "Your name is Longford."

"You are right," said I.

"About three or four years ago, you stayed for several days with a friend in a tent near Deobund? You were on your way to these mountains?"

"I did."

"You had a little dog with you, and you lost it at Deobund?"

"I did lose my dog, and made a great noise about it. But how do you know all this?"

She smiled and sighed.

I was bewildered. My belief that she was the Ranee Chunda was almost confirmed. It was close to the encampment of the Ranee, when she was on her way to Chunar, that my dog was lost, and my servants and the officers of the police, declared that it must have been some of the Ranee's people who had stolen the favorite.

"The dog is still alive," said the lady; and if you will come to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, to my house, you shall see him; but you will promise not to take him from me."

"Of course, I will not take him from you. But let me see him to-night, and tell me how he came into your possession. I will see you to your home."

"No, Sahib; be patient. I will tell you all to-morrow; and when you have heard my story you will perhaps do me a kindness. It is in your power to assist me. Tell me where you live, and I will send my brother to you at eleven o'clock. He will conduct you to my house. Salaam, Sahib."

I returned her salaam, and left her.

I did not go to bed till two o'clock the next morning; and, when my tindal aroused me at eleven, and informed me that a young man wished to see me, I was disposed to believe that my engagement at twelve had been made in my dreams.

I ordered the young man to be admitted. He came to my bed-side, and said in a confidential tone of voice: "The lady has sent me to wait your commands." I got up, made a hasty toilet, drank a cup of very hot tea, and followed the young man, who led me to the little house near the theatre, at the top of the Bazaar. I entered the abode, and found the lady sitting, native fashion, on a carpet on which was strewed marigold and rose leaves. Her silver *kuleean* (small hookah) was beside her; and, sure enough, there was my long lost terrier, Duke, looking as sleek, fat, lazy, and useless as a native lady's dog could be. After expressing my thanks to the lady for her condescension in granting me the interview, I spoke to my former favorite, Duke, but he only stretched himself, and yawned in reply.

"And you have still that ring with the blue stone in it," said the lady, taking my hand and smiling while she looked at the ring. "I remember observing this when I saw you asleep, one morning, on a couch in the tent at Deobund. Had I noticed it when you addressed me during the storm, I would not have spoken so rudely to you."

"I do not remember having seen you previous to the other evening," said I, "and if I had, I should never have forgotten it."

"Where have we met?" I repeated.

"Where I had opportunities of seeing you, but where you could not see me."

There was an old serving woman, whom she called mother, attending upon her, and the young man whom she called brother, a soldier-like looking youth, was still standing in the room to which he had conducted me. The lady desired them both to withdraw, and then begged me to bring the *mora* (or stool), upon which I was sitting, close to her side. I obeyed her. She placed her finely-formed head in the palms of her hands, and gave vent to a violent flood of tears. I suffered her to weep without interruption. Grief appeared to relieve her, rather than to increase her pain. At length she dried her eyes, and said:—

"My father was a *Moolvee* (Mahommedan

law officer), attached to the Sudder Court, in Agra. I am his only daughter. He was absent from home all day. Why should he not be? He was paid for it; he ate the company's salt. Well, when I was about fifteen years of age I was enticed away from my home by the *Kotwall* (native police officer) He sent an old woman, who had silver on her tongue, and gold in her hand. She told me long stories about love: and promised me, that if I left my home I should marry the *Kotwall's* son, who was young and handsome. I was but a child and very foolish. The servants who had charge of me were all bribed heavily. One received three hundred rupees, another two hundred, a third one hundred. These people encouraged me in the idea that to marry the *Kotwall's* son would be the most prudent thing in the world; and, one day when my father had gone to the Court, at about ten o'clock, I eloped with the old woman whom the *Kotwall* had sent to talk me over.

"We travelled all day, in a *bylee* (native carriage), guarded by two sowars. I asked the old woman several times where she was taking me, but her only reply was, 'Set your heart at rest, child, and eat some sweetmeats.' The *paun* which she gave me must have been drugged, for shortly after eating it I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot say, but when I awoke I found myself in the house of a Sahib. The old woman was there also. I became alarmed, but my fears were quieted by the old woman's tongue. She told me I was close to Agra; but the truth was, I was one hundred kôss (two hundred miles) distant. Nautch girls were sent for, and they danced before me. I had this hookah given to me, and these bangles. A boy, very handsomely dressed, waited upon me, and brought my food Parrots, minahs, and doves were purchased for me to play with. Whatever my childish fancy dictated the old woman instantly procured.

"I was so constantly amused I had no time or inclination to think of my home. My father was a bad tempered man, and I was only too glad to be out of hearing of the quarrels in which he constantly engaged with his servants and dependants. One evening the old woman said to me, '*Baba* (child order a Nautch this evening, and let me, in your name, invite the Sahib to witness it.' I had never seen an Englishman—an European—except at a distance. The idea of being in a room with one inspired me with terror. I had been taught to despise the Kafir, whom my father said he was compelled to serve. I objected; but the old woman's eloquence again prevailed.

The night came; I was seated on my *furreash* (carpet) just as I am now, and dressed in clothes of the gayest description. I was like a little queen, and felt as proud as was Noor Jehan. I was then very handsome. If I had not been, much trouble would have been spared: and my flesh was firm—not as it is now. At about ten o'clock the Sahib made his appearance. When he came into the room I was ready to faint with alarm, and, turning my head away, I clung to the old woman and trembled from head to foot. "*Dhuro mut*, (do not fear)," said the Sahib; and then he reproved, but in a gentle voice, the Nautch girls who were laughing loudly at me. The old woman, too, bade me banish my fears. After a while, I ventured to steal a look at the Sahib; and again averted my face, and clung to the old woman. The Sahib, after remaining a brief while, during which he praised my beauty, retired, and I was once more happy. "There," said the old woman, when he was gone; "you see the Sahib is not a wild beast out of the jungles, but as gentle as one of your own doves."

"On the following day I heard the Sahib talking in the next room; I peeped through the key-hole of the door, and saw him seated at a table. The *nazir* (head clerk) was standing beside him, reading. There was a man in chains surrounded by *burkandazes* (guards) at the other end of the room, and a woman was there giving her evidence. The court-house was undergoing some repairs, and the Sahib was carrying on his magisterial duties in his dining-room. The man in chains began to speak, and deny his guilt. The Sahib called out "*Choop!* (silence!)" in a voice so loud that I involuntarily started back and shuddered. The prisoner again addressed the Sahib, and one of the *burkandazes* dealt him a severe blow on the head, accompanied by the words, "*Sour! Chor!* (Pig! Thief!)" The case was deferred until the following day, and the court closed at about four o'clock, in the afternoon, when the Sahib again paid me a visit.

"I was now afraid to show my fears, lest the Sahib should order me to be killed; and I therefore put on a cheerful countenance, while my heart was quivering in my breast. The Sahib spoke to me very kindly, and I began to dread him less.

"In this way I spent a fortnight; and, at the end of that time, I ventured to talk to the Sahib as though I were his equal. It afforded me great amusement to watch the administration of justice through the key-hole; and, young as I was, I imbibed a desire to have a share of the arbitrary power which was daily exercised.

"One day, when the Sahib came into my room, I began to talk to him about a case of which he had just disposed. He laughed, and listened to my views with great patience. I told him that the evidence upon which the prisoner had been convicted was false from beginning to end. He promised me that he would reverse the sentence of imprisonment;

and, in the ecstacy of my joy at finding that I really had some power, I was intoxicated and unconscious of what I was doing. I suffered the Sahib's lips to touch mine. No sooner had I done so than I felt a degraded outcast, and I cried more bitterly than I have words to describe. The Sahib consoled me and said that his God and his Prophet should be mine; and that in this world and the next our destinies should be the same.

"From that day I was a wife unto him. I ruled his household, and I shared his pleasures and his sorrows. He was in debt; but, by reducing his expenses, I soon freed him; for his pay was fifteen hundred rupees a month. I suffered no one to rob him, and caused the old woman, who was a great thief and cheat, to be turned away. I loved him with all my soul. I would rather have begged with him than have shared the throne of Akbar Shah. When he was tired, I lulled him to sleep: when he was ill, I nursed him: when he was angry, I soon restored him to good-humour: and, when I saw him about to be deceived by his subordinates, I put him on his guard. That he loved me I never had any reason to doubt. He gave me his confidence, and I never abused his trust.

"Who was the man?" I inquired; for I was in doubt, although I suspected.

"Be patient, Sahib," she replied, and then resumed. "At the end of two years I became a mother."

Here she gave vent to another flood of tears.

"The Sahib was pleased. The child seemed to bind us more closely together. I loved the child; I believe it was because it bore such a strong likeness to its father. When the Sahib was away from me, on duty in the district, he seemed still by my side, when I looked at the boy; who was as white as you are."

"Is the child dead?" I asked.

"Be patient, Sahib. When you passed through Deobund, and stayed in the tent with your friend, my child was two years old. I was the mistress of that encampment at Deobund, and the wine you drank was given out with this hand."

"How little do men know of each other?" I exclaimed, "even those who are the most intimate! I had not the least idea there was a lady in the camp, I assure you."

"How angry with you was I," said she, "for keeping the Sahib up so late. You talked together the whole night long. Therefore I had no remorse when I took your dog. Well, as you are aware, soon after that, the Sahib was seized with fever, from which he recovered; but he was so shattered by the attack that he was compelled to visit Europe, where you know"—she paused.

A native woman will never, if she can avoid it, speak of the death of a person whom she has loved. I was aware of this, and bowed my head, touching my forehead with both hands. The father of her child had died on his passage to England.

"Before he left me," she continued, "he gave me all that he possessed—his house and furniture, his horses, carriage, plate; his shares in the bank, his watch, his dressing case, his rings—everything was given to me, and I own all to this hour. When I heard the sad news I was heartbroken. Had it not been for the child I would have starved myself to death; as it was I took to opium, and smoking *bhung* (hemp). While I was in this state, my sahib's brother—the Captain Sahib—came, and took away the boy; not by violence. I gave it to him. What was the child to me, then? I did not care. But the old woman whom you heard me call my mother, who now attends me, gradually weaned me from the desperation in which I was indulging; and, by degrees, my senses returned to me. I then began to ask about my child, and a longing to see him came over me. At first they told me he was dead; but, when they found I was resolved to detroy myself by intemperance, they told me the truth—that the child was living, and at school in these hills. I have come hither to be near my child. I see him almost every day, but it is at a distance. Sometimes he passes close to where I stand, and I long to spring upon him and to hug him to my breast whereon, in infancy, his head reposed. I pray that I could speak to him, give him a kiss, and bless him; but he is never alone. He is always playing with, or talking to, the other little boys at the same school. It seems hard that he should be so joyous, while his own mother is so wretched. Of what use to me is the property I have, when I cannot touch or be recognised by my own flesh and blood? You know the master of the school?"

"Yes."

"Could you not ask him to allow my child to visit you? And then I could see him once more and speak to him. You were a friend of his father, and the request would not seem strange."

I felt myself placed in a very awkward position, and would make no promise; but I told the woman I would consider the matter, and let her know on the following day, provided she would stay at home, and not visit the rock upon the road any more. She strove hard to extract a pledge that I would yield to her request; but, difficult as it was to deny her anything—she was still so beautiful and so interesting—I would not commit myself, and held to what I had in the first instance stated.

I paid a visit to the school at which my friend's child had been placed, by his uncle, a captain in the East India Company's service. I saw some thirty scholars, of all colors, on the play-ground; but I soon recognized the

boy whom I was so curious to see. He was indeed very like his father, not only in the face and figure, but in manner, gait, and bearing. I called to the little fellow, and he came and took my hand with a frankness which charmed me. The Schoolmaster told me that the boy was very clever, and that although only six years old, there were but few of his playmates whom he did not excel. "His father was an old friend of mine," I said. "Indeed our acquaintance began when we were not older than this child. Would you have any objection to allow the boy to spend a day with me?"

"I promised his uncle," was the schoolmaster's reply, "that he should not go out, and that I would watch him closely; but, of course, he will be quite safe with you. Any day that you please to send for him, he shall be ready."

"Does he know anything of his mother?" I inquired.

"Nothing," said the schoolmaster. "He was very young when he came to me. I have no idea, who, or what, or where the mother is, for his uncle did not enter into the particulars of his parentage. The mother must have been very fair, if she were a native; the boy is so very slightly touched with the tar-brush."

I went home, and sent for the mother. She came; and I entreated her to forego her request, for the child's sake. I represented to her that it might unsettle him and cause him to be discontented. I assured her that he was now as happy and as well taken care of as any mother could desire her offspring to be. On hearing this, the poor woman became frantic. She knelt at my feet, and supplicated me to listen to her entreaty—a sight of her child, a few words with him, and a kiss from his lips. She said she did not wish him to know that she was his mother; that if I would have him brought into my house, she would dress in the garb of a servant woman, or *ayce's* (groom's) wife, and talk to the boy without his being aware that she was the person who had brought him into the world.

"And you will not play me false?" said I, moved by her tears. "You will not, when you have once got hold of the boy, decline to relinquish that hold, and defy his friends—as mothers *have* done—to take him from you, except by an order of Court? Remember, Dooneea," (that was her name) "that I am running a great risk; and am, moreover, deceiving the schoolmaster, and behaving badly to the boy's uncle, by allowing myself to be swayed by your tears and my own feelings. Consider what disgrace you will bring upon me, if you fail to keep your word in this matter." She bound herself by an oath that she would do all I required, if I would only give her the longed for interview.

"To-morrow, at twelve," said I, "you may come here. At that hour, in this room, the child shall be with me. Come in the dress of a poor woman, and bring an infant with you. Let your excuse be that you have come to complain of the ill-treatment you have received from your husband, who is in my service. *This will give me an opportunity of bidding* you remain until justice be done, and meanwhile you will see the boy; and when I go out of the room, which will be only for a short time, you can talk with him. Do you know your part, Dooneea?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"To-morrow at twelve .Salaam, Dooneea!"

"Salaam, Sahib." She went away with a cheerful countenance.

There are no such actors in the world as the people of *Hindostan*. The boy came to me a little before twelve, and was reading to me, when Dooneea, with a child in her arms, and dressed in the shabbiest apparel, rushed into the room, and commenced an harangue. She said she had been beaten unmercifully by her husband, for no cause whatever; that he had broken one of her fingers, and had attempted to stab her; but she had saved her life by flight. All this she accompanied with gesticulations and tears, according to the custom of complainants in the East. I feigned to be very angry with her husband, and hastily left the room, as if to make inquiry and to send for him.

I ran round to an outer door, and peeped in upon Dooneea and her boy. She was repeating the same tale to the child, and the child was imploring her not to cry. It was a strange scene. The tears she was now shedding were not mock tears. The boy asked her how her husband came to beat her? She began thus: "I was sitting near the fire talking to my eldest boy, and had my arm round his waist—there, just as I put my arm round your waist—and I said to the boy, "It is getting very late and you must go to sleep," and *I pulled him to my breast—like this—and gave* him a kiss on his forehead, then on his eyes—there—just as gently as that, yes, just like that. Well, the boy began to cry—"

"Why did he cry? Because you told him to go bed?"

"Yes," said Dooneea; but his father came in, and thought I was teazing the child. He abused me, and then he beat me."

The woman gazed at her child; and, having a good excuse for weeping in her alleged wrongs, she did not scruple to avail herself of it. From behind the screen which concealed me from her sight, and that of the boy, I, too, shed tears of pity.

I returned to the room, and said, "Dooneea, since you are afraid of your life, do not leave this house until I tell you to do so; but give your infant to the sweeper's wife to take care of. I do not like young children in my house."

How thankful she was! She placed her

head upon my feet, and cracked her knuckles over my knees.

Charles Lamb says that the children of the poor are adults from infancy. The same may be said of the children of the rich in India. Dooneea's little boy discussed the conduct of the cruel husband, and sympathised with the ill-used wife, as though he had been called upon to adjudicate the affair in a Court of Justice. He even went so far as to say, "What a wicked man to beat such a dear-looking woman!" and he gave Dooneea the rupee which I had given to him on the day previous when I saw him at the school. With what delight did Dooneea tie up that piece of coin, from the child's hand, in the corner of her garment! It seemed far more precious to her than all the jewels which his dead father had presented to her in days gone by. It was a gift from her own child, who was living but, to her, dead. Dooneea spoke Persian—a language the boy did not understand. His father had taught Dooneea that language in order that their servant might not know the tenor of their discourse. In that language Dooneea now spoke to me, in the boy's presence.

"Is he not very like his father?" she said.

"Very," I replied.

"Will he be as clever?"

"He is too young for any one to judge of that."

"But he will be as generous," (she pointed to the coin) "and he will be as tall, as good-looking, as passionate, as gentle, and as kind."

The boy's boots were muddy. Dooneea observed this, and with her own little hands cleaned them; and smiling, she asked him for a present, in that tone and manner which the poorest menial in Hindostan adopts when addressing the most haughty superior.

The boy blushed, and looked at me.

"Have you nothing to give her?" said I.

"Nothing," said he; "I gave her my rupee."

"Give her that pretty blue ribbon which is round your neck and I will give you one like it," said I.

He took the ribbon from his neck and gave it to Dooneea.

Dooneea twisted the ribbon in her hair, and began to weep afresh.

"Do not cry, you silly woman," said I; "I will see that your husband does not beat you again."

She understood me, and dried her tears.

Dooneea again spoke to me in Persian. "Sahib," said she, "they do not wash the children properly at that school. Order me to do this."

"Charley, why did you come to me in this state, with your neck unwashed?" I asked the boy.

"We only wash in warm water once a week; on Saturdays," he replied. "This is Thursday."

"But I cannot allow you to dine with me in this state," said I, in Hindoostanee. "You must be well washed, my boy. Dooneea, give the child a bath."

With reluctant steps, the child followed his mother to my bathing-room. I peeped through the purdah; for I began to fear that I should have some trouble in parting the mother from her child, and half repented that I had ever brought them together. While Dooneea was brushing the child's hair, she said, "*Toomara mama kahanhai?*—Where is your mother?"

The boy answered, "I do not know."

I began to cough, to inform Dooneea that I was within hearing, and that I objected to that strain of examination. She ceased immediately.

I had an engagement to ride with a lady on the Mall. My horse was brought to the door; but I was afraid to leave Dooneea alone with the boy, notwithstanding her solemn promise that she should not run off with him. Yet I did not like to hurry that eternal separation on earth which, for the boy's sake, I was determined their separation should be.

I walked up and down my verandah for some time, meditating how I could part them. At last it occurred to me that I would send the boy away to his school by stratagem, and trust to chance how I might best explain to Dooneea that he would not return. I ordered a *syce* (groom) to saddle a little pony that I possessed, and told Dooneea that I wished the boy to take a ride with me, and that while we were absent, she ought to take some food. It stung me to the soul to witness how innocent she was of my intentions; for she seemed pleased that I should show her child so much attention as to be seen in public with him.

As soon as we were out of sight of my house, I took the road for Landour, delivered the boy over to his schoolmaster, told my groom to keep the pony out till after dark, cantered to the Mall, kept my engagement, and returned to my home at about half-past seven o'clock. There was Dooneea waiting for us in the verandah.

"Where is the boy?" she inquired, on finding me return alone.

I gave her no reply; but dismounted and approached her. Taking hold of her wrists, I said, in the gentlest voice, "Dooneea, I have fulfilled my promise. You have seen your child, you have spoken to him, you have kissed him. Enough. He has now gone back to school. You must not see him again, if you really love him."

She trembled in my grasp, looked piteously in my face, gasped several times for breath, as though she longed to speak, and swooned at my feet. I lifted her, carried her into the house, and laid her upon my bed; then sent for her servants, and for a doctor, who lived near my bungalow. The doctor came. While he felt her pulse, and placed his hand over

her heart, I briefly explained to him what had taken place. He still kept his finger on the vein, and gazed on Dooneea's beautiful face. Blood began to trickle from her nostrils, and from her ears, staining the bed linen and the squalid garments in which she had attired herself. In a few minutes the doctor released his hold of her wrist. "Poor thing!" he ejaculated. "Her troubles are over! She is at rest!

"———— Never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame!"

She was dead.

* * * * *

The old woman whom Dooneea called "mother," and the soldier-like looking youth whom she called "brother," decamped with her jewels and movables, including my dog, Duke; but the house near Hurdwar, and the bank shares—property to the value of about four thousand pounds—remain invested in the names of trustees for the benefit of the boy; who will, I trust, make good use of his little fortune, when he becomes of age.

## THE CHARCOAL AND THE DIAMOND.

Charcoal and diamond are precisely the same in chemical atoms; some secret process of crystallization alone constitutes the difference between them and when subjected to a powerful and concentrated heat, the gem is reduced to mere carbon.—*Philosophical Notes.*

THE greenwood paths were thick and long,
The sunny noontide shed its glow;
The lark was lazy in its song,
The brook was languid in its flow.

And so I sat me down to rest,
Where grass and trees were densely green,
And found dear Nature's honest breast
The same that it had ever been.

It nurtured, as it did of old,
*With Love* and *Hope* and *Faith* and *Prayer*;
And if the truth must needs be told,
I've had my best of nursing there.

I sat me down—I pulled a flower,—
I caught a moth—then let it fly;
And thus a very happy hour,
Perchance it might be two, went by.

A fragment from a fuel stack,
Brushed by a hasty Zephyr's wing,
Fell, in its rayless garb of black,
Beside my one dear jewelled ring.

I snatched no more the censor bell;
I held no dappled moth again;
I felt the dreamer's dreamy spell,
And thus it bound my busy brain.

* * * * * *

There lies the charcoal, dull and dark,
With noxious breath and staining touch;
Here shines the gem whose flashing spark
The world can never praise too much.

How worthless that—how precious this,
How meanly poor—how nobly rich;
Dust that a peasant could not miss,
Crystal that claims a golden niche.

There lies the charcoal, dim and low—
Here gleams the diamond, high in fame;
While well the sons of Science know
Their atom grains are both the same.

Strange Alchemy of secret skill!
What varied workings from one cause!
How great the Power and the Will
That prompts such ends and guides such laws.

Do we not trace in human form
The same eccentric, wondrous mould?
The lustre-spirit purely warm,
The beamless being, darkly co'd?

Do we not find the heart that keeps
A true immortal fire within?
Do we not see the mind that leaps
O'er all the pitfalls dug by Sin?

Do we not meet the wise, the kind,
The good, the excellent of earth,
The rare ones that appear designed
To warrant Man's first Eden birth?

Oh! many a fair and priceless gem
Is fashioned by the hidden hand,
To stud Creation's diadem,
And fling God's light upon the land.

And do we not look round and see
The sordid, soulless things of clay,
Sterile and stark as heart can be,
Without one scintillating ray?

Bosoms that never yield a sigh,
Save when some anguish falls on self—
Hands that but seek to sell and buy,
Grown thin and hard in counting pelf?

Brains, pent in such a narrow space
That Spirit has no room to stir;
Wills, that where'er may be their place,
Seem only fit to act and err?

We boast the demi-god sublime,
We spurn the wretch of baneful mood—
One linked divinely with "all time,"
The other stamped with "reign of blood."

Strange Alchemy of secret skill!
That thus sends forth in mortal frame,
The gem of Good—the dross of Ill—
Yet both in elements the same.

An angel's glory lights this eye,
A demon's poison fills that breath;
Yet, undistinguished they shall lie,
Passed through the crucible of Death.

What is the inspiration held?
Where is the essence that refines?
How is the carbon gloom dispelled?
Whence is the jewel light that shines?

* * * * * *

The dream was o'er—I started up,
I saw a spreading oak above;
I tried to snatch an acorn cup—
I strove to mock a cooing dove.

I had been weaving idle thought
In cobwebs, o'er my foolish brain,
And so I snapped the warp, and sought
The common thread of life again.

But still methinks this wonder theme
Of Mind debased and Soul divine—
This Diamond and Charcoal dream,
Might haunt a wiser head than mine.

## CELESTIAL LOVE.

In the Celestial Empire, love-matters are managed by a confidant, or go-between, and the billets-doux written to one another by the papas. At Amoy, a marriage was recently concluded between the respectable houses of Tan and O; on which occasion the following epistles, copied from the *Panama Herald*, passed between the two old gentlemen:—

From Papa Tan:—"The ashamed younger brother, surnamed Tan, named Su, with washed head makes obeisance, and writes this letter to the greatly virtuous and honourable gentleman whose surname is O, old teacher, great man, and presents it at the foot of the gallery. At this season of the year the satin curtains are enveloped in mist, reflecting the beauty of the river and hills, in the fields of the blue gem are planted rows of willows close together, arranging and diffusing the commencement of genial influences, and consequently adding to the good of the old year.

"I duly reverence your lofty door. The guest of the Sae country descends from a good stock, the origin of the female of the Hui country likewise (is so too.) You have received their transforming influences, resembling the great effects produced by rain, much more you, my honourable nearly-related uncle, your good qualities are of a very rare order. I, the mean one, am ashamed of myself, just as rotten wood is in the presence of aromatic herbs. I now receive your indulgence inasmuch as you have listened to the words of the match-maker, and given Miss S. in marriage to the mean one's eldest son, named Kang: your assenting to it is worth more to me than a thousand pieces of gold. The marriage business will be conducted according to the six rules of propriety, and I will reverently announce the business to my ancestors with presents of gems and silks. I will arrange the things received in your basket, so that all who tread the threshold of my door may enjoy them. From this time forward two surnames will be united, and I trust the union will be a felicitous one, and last for a hundred years, and realise the delight experienced by the union of the two countries Chin and Chin. I hope that your honorable benevolence and consideration will defend me unceasingly. At present the dragon flies in Sin Hai term, the first month, lucky day. I, Mr. Su, bow respectfully. Light before."

From Papa O:—"The younger brother surnamed O, named Tus, of the family to be related by marriage, washes his head clean, knocks his head and bows, and writes this marriage-letter in reply to the far famed and virtuous gentleman surnamed Tan, the venerable teacher and great man who manages this business. At this season the heart of the plum-blossom is increasingly white; at the beginning of the first month it opens its petals. The eyebrows of the willow shoot out their green, when shaken by the wind it displays its glory, and grows luxuriantly into five generations. 'Tis matter for congratulation the union of 100 years. I reverence your lofty gate. The prognostic is good, also the divination of the lucky bird. The stars are bright, and the dragons meet together. In every succeeding dynasty office will be held, and for many a generation official vestments will be worn, not only those of your family surname will enjoy all the aforementioned felicity—more especially will your honourable gentlemen who possess abilities great and deep, whose manners are dignified and pure. I, the foolish one, am ashamed of my diminutiveness. I for a long time have desired your dragon powers, now you have not looked down upon me with contempt, but have entertained the statements of the match-maker, and agree to give Mr. Kang to be united to my despicable daughter. We all wish the girl to have her hair dressed, and the young man to put on his cap of manhood. The peach-flowers just now look beautiful, the red plum also looks gay. I praise your son, who is like a fairy horse who can cross over through water, and is able to ride upon the wind and waves; but my tiny daughter is like a green window and a feeble plant, and is not worthy of becoming the subject of verse.

"Now I reverently bow to your good words, and make use of them to display your good-breeding. Now I hope your honourable benevolence will always remember me without end. Now the dragon flies in the Sin Hai term, first month, lucky day. Mr. Tu makes obeisance. May the future be prosperous!"

In external appearance, these letters, as we learn from the Panama paper, are equally curious:—"Each of them is about the size of one of the *Citizen's* pages, and consists of a rich frame composed of something like our papier maché, inside of which is artistically folded a scroll of richly-tinted crimson paper, studded with the golden letters that convey the words of love and modesty. The outer surface is likewise emblazoned with a quantity of raised work, representing robes of honour, tails of distinction, the smallest of all small shoes, peacock's feathers, and a variety of other equally tasteful designs, which are supposed to be emblematic of the vast accession to the wealth and honor of both contracting houses, that may be expected to flow from the union of the gallant Su Tan, junior, and the accomplished Miss Tu O."

"Did your fall hurt you?" said one Patlander to another who had fallen from the top of a two-storey-house. "Not in the least, honey: 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

# THE COUNSELLOR'S FAMILY.

## A TALE ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF GERMAN SWITZERLAND.

BY MADAME WOLFENSBERGER.

It was the last day in June, when, with many tears, and an infinite deal of pleasure, I bade adieu to my schoolfellows at a German boarding-school, where I had passed two years in learning, under a sort of military discipline, every variety of accomplishment, from the making of artificial flowers and paste-board boxes, to philosophy, ballet-dancing, and metaphysics, with good German and tolerable French. In the two last I had alone made any considerable progress, when I was recalled to my home at Z——, one of the principal towns of German Switzerland: for my father thought he had already spent too much money on my education, and my mother was impatient to clasp me again in her arms. For my part I soon forgot my schoolfellows in the joyful hope of meeting her, and my favorite brother Albert, and my little sister Cleopha on the morrow.

Of my father I had no very distinct idea, for, according to the usual habits of most of his fellow citizens, he was all day, except at dinner, in his office, and all the evening in a coffee-house or a club. I knew that he did not belong to one of the five or six rich families who consider themselves the chiefs of our little world, and, priding themselves on a certain indefinable kind of nobility, devote their principal energies to maintain their money undiminished, which they have mostly gained by trade, and their blood, without the contamination of inferior alliances. But still he was a town-counsellor, and one of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of Z——. His father had been burgomaster, or chief magistrate, and he had inherited a property of not less than five thousand pounds, with a handsome old house in a principal street, near the outskirts of the town, with a pretty garden, court-yard, and running fountain. It contained two flats, or apartments, besides that occupied by his family, which were together let for sixty pounds a year, so that, with the profits of his business as a silk-merchant (a trade in which even the five or six noble families are engaged), and his place of town-counsellor, which brought him somewhat less than twenty pounds a year, my father was a rich man. Yet, excepting the extraordinary effort he had made in sending me, to please my mother, to a German academy, he rigidly maintained the customs of his ancestors, like the rest of his fellow-citizens; which, I had learned enough from my schoolfellows to know, were very different from the habits of great towns in other countries.

My brother Albert, a handsome youth of seventeen, came to meet me as far as Strasbourg; and I shall never forget my joy, when, at the end of my journey, I sprang from the diligence, and was clasped in my mother's arms. My father had left his office an hour sooner than usual, to accompany her and my little sister Cleopha to receive me in the great yard of the post-house, and his broad happy face was bright with smiles as he kissed me in his turn; and even our maid Rosa, who was there to carry my baggage, shook me like an old friend by the hand.

I thought our white-washed house had never looked so bright and gay, as when, surrounded by my family, all laughing and talking together, we approached it, and entered its old-paved passage. The walls of the staircase were only white-washed, but though it was common to three families, the walnut tree steps and huge linen closets on the landing-places were all bright with hard rubbing. Nor did the extraordinary cleanliness of our dwelling-house on the third story strike me less forcibly. My German school had been clean and orderly, but my father's house was the perfection of neatness, and tears filled my mother's eyes when I admired it—for all the niceties of the household resulted from the labor of her own hands. She, and a charwoman, and her servant, had all been busily employed for more than a week in putting things in order for my reception.

"Now I have got you to help me in my household affairs, dearest," she said; "I need no longer get up at five o'clock in the morning."

I looked at my mother anxiously. Pale, delicate, and prematurely old, she seemed little equal to labor of any kind, and yet her small hand was spoilt by toil. Her sweet, unpretending manner, though it could not be called graceful, was as decidedly that of a gentlewoman as any one I had seen since my absence. I remembered she was gifted with an extraordinary talent for music, which, as no singing societies existed in her time, had never been cultivated; and, even as a child, I had *venerated her for the calm good nature* with which she had ruled our rebellious humors. I kissed her, and told her "it was pleasant to me to think the time was at last come when I could be useful to her, I hoped, in many ways."

As I looked around me, it seemed not a day had passed since my departure. All things remained the same. Our household consisted only of one maid, and a lad, who, when not employed in the office, kept the garden in order. Rosa was a native of Aargau, and wore the white linen sleeves, black boddice, and two long tresses of plaited hair down her back, which are the costume of her canton. Whilst I was a child, neither my brother nor I had ever known the imprisonment *of a nursery, nor the tyranny of a nursery-maid*; and I found my little sister was allowed to run alone to and fro to the town day-school, and to play on the street during holidays with her companions, and to do little errands for her mother, just as I and all my playfellows had done half a dozen years before. Her hands and arms had lost their beauty for want of gloves, but nobody cared for that, for she was the best knitter and reader of her class, and the merriest little creature living.

The walnut tree chairs and tables wore as bright a polish as formerly—the stuff-covered sofa, and the small square carpet, spread under the table before it, were still as good as new—the geraniums and cactus were in blow, as in former years, in the window—my father's spitting-box stood in its accustomed corner—and the huge old blue and white stove, which had warmed our forefathers, still occupied nearly a quarter of the

room. My father's mother an old lady in a clean lace cap, cotton gown, and silk apron, who arose to welcome me, held the same eternal stocking in her hand which she had been knitting ever since I remembered her. It was her custom to sit all day in a little projecting window, commanding a view up and down the street—nor did she leave it till my mother told us that supper was ready in the dining-room. She then led the way through the adjoining bed-rooms, which were those of the family; though the curtainless beds, covered down flat with white coverlids, trimmed with lace and embroidery, had no appearance of ever being occupied, and no other evidence appeared of the chambers being used as dormitories. In fact, I well knew that in my mother's establishment the affairs of the toilet were conducted with the utmost simplicity, and that all the bed-rooms were open as passage rooms to all the family from an early hour of the day.

We spent a merry evening, though our supper only consisted of soup and a fried omelette—and we were all in bed and asleep before half-past ten o'clock.

The following day was my father's name-day, which it was the custom to celebrate as a fête, by giving what is called a family party, to which none but relations are invited. As eating and drinking are the principal amusements on such occasions, we were all very busy during the day in making the necessary culinary arrangements. My little sister was sent into the town on different commissions, which greatly delighted her, because the pastry-cook gave her a tart, and the grocer a handful of raisins. It was my task to go in search of the most important articles, and especially of certain little cakes resembling wafers, called huppli, which are an indispensable part of a desert. They are sold for ten a half-penny; and a good woman who made them was in the habit of coming once a fortnight to fill the little tin box in which my mother kept them on her stove to preserve their crispness; but for some reason she had delayed her visit, and at the last moment I was sent in quest of her. The great difficulty in Swiss housekeeping is to know where things can be purchased. If you want a piece of roast pig, you must clamber up a dozen flights of dark stairs, where your nose is regaled by a combination of refreshing odors, till, after knocking at half a dozen wrong doors, you arrive at a bed-room, heated to suffocation by an enormous stove, where an old woman in a night-cap will undertake to furnish you not only with the pig in question, but with every variety of wild swine, and tame swine, of venison, game, and poultry, hot and cold, with sauces, or without; and in spite of the stairs, and the smells, and the stove, and the night-cap, when the old woman's productions arrive on your table they would tempt the appetite of the most fastidious epicure. Though I saw shoals of fish in our lake basking happily in the sunshine, I began to imagine that not a single fish out of water was to be found throughout the whole town, when I discovered by accident that an ample supply was to be procured, not at a fishmonger's, for that with us is an unknown trade, but in a shipmaster's cellar. Mushrooms I purchased at a milliner's; whilst, in another shop I found pens and candles, oil colors, and Parmesan cheese on the same shelves; and though the grocer would have supplied me to my heart's content with tea and Bologna sausages, he could not furnish me with an ounce either of barley or rice. Almonds and raisins he condescends to sell, but dates and figs he leaves to the apothecary, who likewise keeps a plentiful supply of pot-herbs, which are not to be discovered in any other corner of the town. The varieties of bread are without end, and every individual baker excels in some particular kind. One has a reputation for short bread, another for long; one makes tea cakes, another twist; the conductor of a diligence sells the best white bread in the town, and the depôt for country brown loaves is in a tailor's front parlor. My last task was to purchase the huppli. I naturally concluded they were to be found in a shop. But in vain I walked up and down the steep old narrow street to which I had been directed—no visible traces either of the old woman or her huppli were to be found. In despair I applied to a man sawing firewood before an open door—and my hopes revived when, though I did not know her name, I found she had a town reputation, and the woodcutter laid down his saw to point out her dwelling. Great was my astonishment when, instead of a pastry-cook's, I was directed to a barber's shop in quest of the favorite cakes. Undismayed, however, by the image of the bewigged and mustachioed gentleman in the window, I ventured to put my head in at the door, and pronounce the magic word huppli, which had so far proved my passport on this voyage of discovery. In answer to my inquiry, a pretty Bernese maid, with two long tails like a Chinese, directed me to the third story of the mansion. I was forthwith forwarded into a dark passage, from whence led a yet darker staircase. At the summit of this almost perpendicular ascent, after knocking at a door and repeating my password, a little girl ushered me into a very gloomy, but remarkably clean kitchen; a wood fire was blazing on the hearth—a most unusual sight in this land of stoves—before which stood paste of various descriptions. In an inner room I found my worthy cake merchant, not behind a counter, but seated at a round table with her sister and her servant, with great cups of coffee before them, and a huge dish of fried potatoes in the middle of the uncovered table, from which they were very amicably eating in concert with their respective iron spoons, which conveyed the vegetable to their mouth without the intervention of a plate.

I was most joyfully received. A great tin box full of huppli was quickly produced, and the portion I desired enveloped, with many pins and much difficulty, in two odd bits of paper. I then took my departure with my own parcel down the mysterious labyrinth by which I had ascended, no longer astonished at the cheapness of my cakes, when I found no money was to be added to their intrinsic value either for shop rent, or errand boy, or paper, or twine—and thus, though there is no want of elegant shops in Z——, hundreds of honest people gain a livelihood by their industry, without the risk of capital, or the necessity of making an appearance.

I found everything in order for our party when I reached home. The drawing-room was opened

on this extraordinary occasion. It was the largest chamber in our suite of apartments. Its doors were of solid walnut tree; its stuccoed ceiling, and the crimson satin damask on its walls, to match the stiff-backed sofa and chairs, were all in the old French taste. Its boarded floor had no carpet, except a square piece under the table before the sofa; but its white muslin curtains, a handsome mirror, with a time-piece beneath it, and a few pictures by the Swiss landscape painters, Gessner, Wust, and Heiss, now all dead, gave it an air of gaiety and comfort. The tea things were placed ready on the table, and a dumb waiter near was well furnished with China plates and little dishes of sweetmeats. Several pretty presents, worked for my father on his name-day, by his female relatives, lay on a little table; and, whilst we were examining these, the company invited for the evening arrived.

Everybody entered unannounced; for our maid Rosa knew nothing about such ceremonies. The company consisted of my father's sister and her husband, Mr. Staatsrath Schindler, a worthy man, and a state counsellor, with a salary of a hundred a year. The lady was a little, thin, peevish woman, without a tooth in her head. My mother's brother, a president of some council or another, with his wife, Mrs. President Grossman, came next; and then a retired director of something and his lady, a first cousin of my grandmother's whom we all called Frau Base, and everybody else honored with the title of Fra Alt Director. All the gentlemen wore their surtouts, except my father, who appeared in his dressing-gown without any apology. The ladies had brought the stockings they were knitting, which, after carefully depositing their gloves in their pockets, they had just produced, when Rosa made her appearance with a tea kettle and a burning lamp under it. We displayed the luxury of a silver teapot and sugar-basin on this occasion, but sugar tongs there were none. My mother made the tea. It was very weak and all green. None of the gentlemen drank it; and after a little laughing about "October tea," my mother gave me a sign to follow her, and we both left the room. To my surprise, I found we were to go down to the cellar, in search of wine, which, as my father liked it cool, he insisted should never be brought up till the last moment. This done, we re-entered the drawing-room in state with our bottles; the maid following with a basket of bread, a dish of sliced Bologna sausage, and a tray of large glasses, which my mother went round and filled for each gentleman, not only at first, but every time they were empty.

Whilst my father and his friends were drinking wine, and talking over the politics of the Canton, at one side of the room, the ladies, when their tea was finished, sat, every one with a little plate of sweetmeats before her, discussing the private affairs of the same community. To have judged by their comments, the morals of their neighbors were in a very lax condition.

"Have you heard this terrible business of Mrs. Oberrichter Hotz? Everybody declares there must be a divorce," said Mrs. President Grossman."

"I always knew how it would be," returned Mrs. Staatsrath Schindler, with a malicious smile.

"She is an intimate friend of Mrs. Mang's, is she not?" inquired my mother.

"Oh yes," returned Mrs. Staatstrath; "they suit each other perfectly. They are both learned ladies—both so clever—they do nothing but spend their husbands' money for dress, and sit on a sofa, and read all day long."

"Frau Mang wrote me some verses on my little dog that died, and they were very pretty indeed," said the good-natured Frau Base; "they were all about moonshine and dew, and something about angels and roses at the end, I could not quite understand."

"Indeed!" rejoined my mother; "she is a charming woman; and if she is cleverer than other people, she has no pretension."

"I beg your pardon, Frau Meyer," said the sour Mrs. Staatstrath; "I quite forgot you were an advocate for all the modern improvements in female education, and schools where German professors give lectures on history, and young ladies learn gymnastics, and everything but what our mothers thought useful. For my part, I am sorry I cannot be of your opinion; for I am sure the men don't like it. My husband would never have married a woman that was not a good cook for all the gold in the Canton."

"And I never see much good in wasting money for music masters," said Mrs. Grossman, who could not distinguish a waltz from a dead march; "when the girls have nobody to play to but one another. It is different in Paris and London, where they say men and women meet in large parties; but with us, I am sure such accomplishments are all lost time, except a young woman means to give lessons at sevenpence an hour to buy her own clothes."

My mother made no reply, but took the first opportunity of leaving the room, when I had to support a thorough cross-questioning from all the ladies present, as to all I had seen, done, and heard, during my absence. I was at first somewhat disconcerted; but I soon learnt that it is the universal practice to fill up all pauses in conversation by asking questions. In about ten minutes, this was put a stop to by my mother's returning, and announcing supper.

My father immediately gave his arm to Mrs. Staatstrath, and the rest of the company followed in due order. A prettily arranged glass basket of fruit and flowers in the middle of the table, with plenty of silver spoons and forks, made all look gay, though everything was served on common white ware. A light soup was first served round, and then a deep dish of stew, called Spanish soup—composed of beef and cabbage, and sausages and ham—was presented to everybody by the maid. It was the business of my little sister and myself to change the plates—it is not the custom in our town to change the knives and forks. Everybody wipes them on their bread. My mother several times disappeared into the kitchen, which nobody remarked, and when she had resumed her place, a large flat cold patty, of somewhat solid paste, filled with a cold savoury jelly, made its appearance on one dish, and four roast ducks, stuffed with potatoes, on another.

My father cut up the birds on a pewter dish beside him, and they were then handed round. Everybody ate as if it was the first meal in the

day, and drank in proportion. Each gentleman had a bottle of common wine beside him, but after the roast, it was my father's duty to draw the corks of various superior sorts, such as fine Winterthur wine of 1834, wine from the Lake of Geneva, and, lastly, champagne, and then to go round and fill the glasses of all the company as fast as they were emptied. A great dish of whipped cream, fashioned into the form of a hen upon its nest, then made its appearance, flanked by two dishes of sweet cakes and pastry, which excited loud exclamations of delight from my little sister, without our parents thinking it at all necessary to check her mirth; and finally, when all other eatables were removed, two plates of the huppli, it had cost so much trouble to find, and two plates of segars, were placed on the table.

The Staatsrath said something about hoping smoking was not disagreeable to my mother, at which my father and all the ladies laughed, and then every gentleman lighted a segar, and commenced puffing away in good earnest, till it was soon scarcely possible to see across the room. The company was then very merry, and began to drink toasts, the first of which was my father's health. At this everybody arose, and everybody knocked their glass against everybody else's glass; and as the tables were very long, there was a considerable crowding, and stretching, and confusion, before it was perfectly accomplished. This, however, was scarcely done, when the President thought it necessary to propose my mother's health, in consequence of which my father had again to proceed to the drawing of corks, and the same knocking of glasses ensued, only with more noise and confusion than before. A good many bottles of wine were drank, and a considerable number of segars disappeared in smoke, but I do not remember that anything particularly *witty or amusing was said by anybody during the* whole evening. At eleven o'clock, the company arose to depart. The ladies being then duly enveloped in bonnets and shawls each gentleman slipped a shilling for himself and his wife into our maid Rosa's hand. If he had been a bachelor, he would only have been expected to give sixpence. After which they all trotted off home—a maid and a lantern leading the way before each couple.

After my residence in Germany, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary during the whole evening, as the coarse old German dialect in which the conversation was carried on. I understood it, because it was the language of my childhood; yet it grated with unpleasant harshness on my ears. But of this I dared not say a syllable, for I well knew everybody was proud of it, and that the ladies would rather have spoken French than good German.

The ground floor of my father's house was occupied by a certain Dr. Keller, a druggist. Though a druggist cannot enter the first society in our town, and holds a very inferior place in the scale of gentility compared with my father, still, if he has good connections and is rich, he is considered in some measure as a gentleman. But Dr. Keller did not strive to make the most of his position. His wife only associated with a few old women of no particular class, and he kept no society at all, except in a beer-house, or a café. We saluted them when we met, and that was all; but my brother had formed an intimacy with a young student from the country, who boarded in the family.

One lovely summer evening, I walked with my mother to a rustic tea garden, kept by a pleasant innkeeper, on a beautiful point of the mountain above the town, to drink our coffee, and eat a certain kind of cake made of fried butter. By accident, we found my brother there already with his friend, Ulmer, sitting under the trellised vines, where there were more than fifty other people assembled, enjoying the prospect, with each a segar in his mouth, and a large bottle of beer between them. They could not avoid making room for us at their table, as all the others were full. Ulmer was then about seventeen, and one of the handsomest, noblest looking youths I had ever beheld. He entered at once, without awkward diffidence, into an agreeable conversation with my mother. I said little; but I listened attentively, and I soon discovered with delight that his mind was amply stored with the knowledge of which I had only caught glimpses during the last two years of my life.

He walked home with us by the clear light of the moon that summer evening, and my mother was so pleased with the young man's company, that she invited him to visit us sometimes with her son. Two days afterwards, Albert brought him to breakfast. The meal with us was very simple, consisting of nothing but good hot coffee and boiling milk, with a loaf of bread, from which every one could cut at pleasure, all served in the commonest utensils, without a table cloth; but Ulmer declared it was quite a feast.

"I was always used to coffee at home," he said, laughing, "but Dr. Keller is not so extravagant."

"What does he give you, then?" was my mother's simple question.

"*Oh, you know he has a country house*," returned the young man, "and he grows wild endive enough there, to make what he calls coffee enough for a whole regiment; but we have that only as a treat in the afternoon. In the morning we have a soup of water thickened with flour burnt brown, with fat bacon, or onions fried with grease, to give a relish to bread and hot water."

"I would protest against such treatment," said my brother impetuously.

"It is no use; it is the custom of the house," was Ulmer's reply.

"I hope your dinner is better than your breakfast," demanded my mother.

"Every day, since I have been there, we have regularly had two pounds of beef, cooked three hours in two gallons of water, which, when colored with bread crusts, is called soup; and as the two servant maids and the farming lad dine at the same table with us, in the old Swiss style, you may suppose the portion of meat that falls to my share is not very large. Luckily, we have a great dish of potatoes and fried onions, and another of chopped spinach, swimming in black looking grease, to make up for deficiencies."

"But, of course, on a Sunday," said my mother, "you have better fare?"

"Oh, the Doctor then regales us with a piece of his country-fed pork, dried in the wood smoke of the kitchen chimney, till it is as black as a coal, with the addition of sour kraut, made from his

own cabbages, and half decayed, or a dish of last year's French beans dried in the oven for winter's consumption, and which, when stewed in grease, have all the appearance of half-tanned leather."

We all laughed heartily at this description, and my mother declared she was astonished to hear that the Doctor, with his fortune, kept such a bad table, as many of our little shopkeepers lived much better. Out of compassion for Ulmer, my brother frequently invited him for the future; for, though we lived simply, our boiled beef, and bacon, and sour kraut, were all good of their kind, and such fare was frequently varied by roast meat, or delicate fried sausages. During many of his visits he found me alone, for my mother had her society or kind of club, which met once a-week, and the members of which had been selected by her parents in her childhood. My grandmother had also her society, on another day, and not only were strangers excluded from both assemblies, but no other member of the family was permitted to appear in them. So far is this division of society carried, that two sisters have never the same acquaintances. If a morning visitor came to me, or my grandmother, my mother left the room; and we, in our turn, did the same. My father had his society, or Gesellschaft, also, which met at a coffee-house, and though he sometimes invited one or two gentlemen to dinner, they never called afterwards. My mother's Gesellschaft was what is called a mixed Gesellschaft—that is, the husbands of the ladies formed a part of it; but I invariably remarked, these gentlemen never made their appearance in the weekly assemblies, except on the occasion of some fête, when they were sure of getting a good solid supper, as they probably preferred their segar and their wine, in a coffee-room, to the tea and sweetmeats with which their ladies refreshed themselves. In fact, I heard every one, young or old, who belonged to these societies, complain of their stupidity. Those who are intimate cannot talk familiarly in the presence of others, and the conversation is commonly confined to dress or scandal. As such a system extends from the highest to the lowest classes, and most of our ladies have an absolute horor of female strangers, it cannot be expected that society should make any progress. As I had full liberty to dispose of myself as I pleased, several evenings in the week, I saw a great deal of Ulmer, and our acquaintance gradually ripened into love. One of my old schoolfellows, who lived opposite to us, was always ready to join me in a walk, and either she or my brother easily contrived to let Ulmer know where he was to meet us.

Our next step was to organise a Gesellschaft for ourselves. My mother made not the slightest objection to this, though it was composed of five young gentlemen and five young ladies, all under eighteen, and some of the former were known to be the most dissipated in the town. But their families were of the same standing, or rather superior to my own; and we had all been at the same town day-school, and had been partners at our juvenile balls. I was not yet fifteen; but, if my parents considered me still a child, they were very much mistaken! Oh, those were happy days, when, without fathers or mothers to restrain our mirth, we made an excursion to dine, or pass the evening, at one of those inns which, in every part of Switzerland, have public and private apartments ever ready for such parties. A betrothal, a wedding, or any family anniversary, is generally celebrated by a dinner at a country inn; and to us such a festival was the summit of felicity. I shall never forget one party which was given by myself and my companions in honor of a member of our society, who was about to leave us to join a Swiss mercantile house in Milan. The expenses were equally divided amongst our parents. The two open carriages that were to convey us stood ready before our doors at six o'clock on a brilliant sunny morning in August. Our mothers were up to give us our coffee before our departure, and to be sure that we were nicely dressed; and that was all the care they took about us. I had been up at dawn, to arrange my hair in the nicest order, and thought I was as elegant as a Parisian belle, in a new white muslin dress, black silk scarf, and transparent straw bonnet. Moreover, Ulmer sat opposite to me in the carriage; and though he never told me I was very pretty, he looked as if he thought so.

We arrived at our place of destination about nine o'clock. It was a large, old, gable-ended house, which, in the last century, had been the country residence of a burgomaster; but, at this time, it belonged to a peasant, who used it as an inn. It stood on the banks of the Lake of Zurich, in the midst of the most highly cultivated scenery, yet surrounded by old forests, that reached to the edge of its orchards, laden with fruit, and from whence there was a superb view of the upper lake, and a long range of Alps eternally covered with snow. We found an excellent breakfast of coffee, rich new milk, delicious butter, bee and pear honey, and several varieties of bread, awaiting us on a long table in the garden, to which we did honor, with much mirth and admirable appetites. The sun was very hot; and when our repast was finished, we all agreed to wander in the neighboring forest till dinner was ready at one o'clock. Sometimes we beguiled the time by singing in chorus, sometimes by different games, and, at last, we happily discovered a large bed of huckle berries, and found ample occupation in gathering the fruit for one another. Yet this did not spoil our appetites for dinner, which we ate in what had been the old burgomaster's best parlor. The young men drank, at least, a bottle of wine and a bottle of beer each; yet, as both were very weak, their spirits were only agreeably elevated. We then had coffee, and the gentlemen smoked and played at bowls without their coats, whilst the young ladies admired their skill.

It was near sunset when we re-entered the carriages to return home, and a merry drive we had, for our esquires sang in chorus the whole way. But I believe none had been so truly, so entirely happy, as Ulmer and myself. He had found an opportunity of openly declaring his attachment, and I, for my part, first knew what it was to be thoroughly in love.

My mother never sought my confidence: her mind was fully occupied by her household concerns. She never seemed to remember that a young daughter might have need of her guidance and her counsel. In fact, I was left entirely to follow my own pleasure, when I had fulfilled certain duties that were expected of me. One of

these was the boiling down about two hundred pounds of fine fresh butter, for winter consumption in the cooking of vegetables, and the frying all kinds of cakes, meat, and omelettes.

It is a dangerous operation, even above our close kitchen fireplaces, and is usually performed in enormous kettles over a fire in the open air, when it is necessary to ladle the liquid butter perpetually up and down, to prevent its boiling over. My grandmother and I were busily employed in this occupation, with each a great pan before us, at separate fires in the court-yard, on the morning after Ulmer had confessed his love, when I was suddenly startled by his approaching us. My grandmother coldly returned his salutation; and, though I blushed redder than the fire had already made me, I could scarcely answer his inquiries concerning my health after the fatigues of the previous day.

"I am going to the theatre this evening," he whispered at length; "do contrive to come."

I looked at my grandmother, to ascertain if she had heard his proposal; I looked at Ulmer, whilst he pressed me to comply with his wishes. It certainly was a most unlucky moment to choose for making love. I forgot my cauldron, the butter boiled over; in one moment the flames sprang up like a burning mountain, and with a scream I called to my grandmother to escape. But she had the presence of mind to prevent further mischief, by ladling away at her own kettle as indefatigably as ever. Ulmer dragged me back from the flames, which in another moment would have caught my dress; and, seizing a bucket of water that stood near, he was about to empty it on the blazing butter, when my grandmother screamed out, "No water, no water, or it will fly out on all sides! Take your coat, or anything else to smother the flames."

Ulmer probably did not admire this alternative, but, tearing down from a neighboring line an armful of my grandmother's winter quilted petticoats, which, with fifty pairs of knit worsted stockings, were hung out to take the air, he threw the whole into the middle of the flames. The fire was extinguished; but the screams of the old lady were more violent than ever. Poor Ulmer offered many apologies, till, perceiving they only made matters worse, he left me, with a malicious smile, to get out of my difficulties as well as I could. All idea of escaping to the theatre for that night was at an end.

I observed that, whenever Ulmer afterwards made his appearance in the house, my grandmother regarded him with a very unfriendly eye. She frequently, likewise, gave my mother hints about the precocity of girls brought up in foreign boarding schools. "It was different in her days," she said, "when girls staid at home, and learnt their duty, and nothing but their duty."

"Ah," answered my sweet mother, with a sigh, "it would have made me truly happy had I been taught music at least."

"And what good would it have done you?" inquired the old lady peevishly. "I am sure your husband wanted nothing but a pretty, obedient housekeeper, and an honorable, well-born mother for his children, when he married; so music would have been quite thrown away."

"It would have been a comfort to myself in many sad and solitary hours," she returned gently.

"And would have taken up time you might have employed much better," said my grandmother, sharply, "I am sure a good mistress of a family has enough to do, to wash and dress her children, and look after her maid, and keep her silver and all her glass and china in order, and attend to the cellar, and receive the interest from the peasants who have borrowed her husband's money, and keep the accounts, and see to the cooking, and the linen, and the beds, to say nothing of darning and knitting stockings, or of the great wash, which is a serious affair."

I soon learnt that, as my grandmother said, the great wash was indeed a very serious affair. Luckily, it happened only twice a year, for it occupied at least a fortnight, and threw the whole household into confusion. My father was the only one in the establishment who escaped without some share in the labor, but even he was not allowed to receive a visitor during the period it lasted. As there were often more than *two thousand* articles in the wash, three washerwomen and three ironing women were kept constantly busy. My grandmother, my mother, and myself labored as if our bread depended upon our getting up fine linen, whilst my little sister, to her great delight, staid at home from school, to hang up small articles to dry in the garret, which, in every Swiss house, is appropriated to this purpose.

Yet there can be no economy in such a practice; for, to say nothing of the large provision of clothes and linen necessary for six months' use, the vast consumption of the helpers on these occasions must likewise be taken into account. Every woman brings a huge bundle of her own clothes to wash at her employer's expense; they have spirits and bread during the night, as much as they please, and each woman has six meals and three bottles of wine a day. In addition to all this, they steal without mercy; and one old woman, in passing my father on the door step, happening to slip her foot, the basket hidden under her shawl came to the ground, and sundry bottles of wine, and soap, and candles, &c., rolled far and wide.

My father, who had long vowed vengeance against the great wash, was in a terrible rage; and, had it not been for my grandmother, would at once have put an end to the nuisance, as he always called it. But he had not courage to inflict such a stroke upon her in her old age, and he left matters to take their course, only keeping more than ever from home, and going more than usual to the wine houses. Young as I was, I could not help remarking that such is an inevitable consequence of a man's not finding his home agreeable or amusing. My mother, who had never been out of her native town, in spite of her gentle character and natural talents, was incapable of rendering it so. She did not know how to set about it, and could have found no assistance from her neighbors. In fact, the men find it irksome, when not seeking to make love, to be obliged to make themselves agreeable in female society, and the women consider the presence of men a disagreeable restraint.

At first, after my return home, I tried to amuse my brother by music and singing, so as to keep him at home in an evening; and Ulmer came to

practise trios; and I taught my little sister to waltz with them; and even my poor mother, who was a delighted spectator, sometimes joined in a chorus or dance with her son. But though all seemed delighted, it did not last long. Albert's comrades laughed at him, when they heard he spent his evenings with his mother and sister, and dragged him off, night after night, to some coffee or beer house, till he gradually lost the habit of returning at all to his house, in his leisure hours, and his manners acquired a negligent rudeness, the consciousness of which made him shrink from entering all polished society. His absence likewise kept Ulmer much away; and as winter approached, I rarely saw him, except on Sunday evenings, in our Gesellschaft, or when by accident he joined me in my box when I went to the theatre with my friend Meena, whose company was thought sufficient protection. He never failed on these occasions to walk home with me, when his attendance was sanctioned by the presence of our maid Rosa and her luminous lantern.

But maids will make their observations; and, moreover, in our town, they are famous for announcing such observations as soon as possible to their acquaintance in general. Many a reputation depends on their good word. In fact, a solitary servant, who with us is commonly on very familiar terms with her mistress, and is too old to hope to marry, has little to amuse her but the affairs of the family where she serves, which it is her chief relaxation to recount to all the maids of the neighborhood, whom she meets when she goes to wash her salad or her linen, at the public fountain. The fountain, without exaggeration, may be called the maids' coffee-house, for there the affairs of the whole town are discussed without respect to persons, the most petty scandal is eagerly recounted and greedily devoured, the characters of all the masters and mistresses in the town decided, and their private weaknesses and real qualities better understood than by their most intimate friends of their own class. And poor Rosa, without thinking she was doing any harm, felt particularly proud in announcing to her most intimate friend that her young mistress had got a lover; her intimate friend announced it to the whole town; and the whole town, anxious to ascertain the truth of the report, offered their congratulations to my father and mother wherever they went. They both positively denied it, but nobody believed them; and my mother began to have serious suspicions of the state of the case, when the same story was repeated to her by my grandmother, who had heard it from Rosa, whilst they were knitting and chatting together during my mother's absence in her Gesellschaft.

She was very thoughtful for several days, but I only imagined she shared in my anxiety as to my appearance at our first winter ball. I had more than a dozen times admired my clear, white muslin dress, and the roses for my hair, and thought the time would never arrive for Ulmer to tell me how well I looked in them; when, the evening before this important assembly, as I sat working a pair of slippers as a new year's gift for my brother, my mother suddenly broke silence by asking me if any young man had yet offered to escort me to the ball?

"Yes, mother," I replied; "Ulmer is coming to fetch me."

I knew there was nothing wrong in this, for it was only in accordance with a universal custom, and yet I blushed deeply. "I feared so," was her soft reply, and then she again continued her knitting in silence.

"Mother," I ventured to say at length, "you don't seem to like Ulmer so well as formerly; yet no one speaks ill of him."

"I know nothing against him, dearest Lisa," she replied; "but your father does not like him for his daughter's husband, and he is very angry that all the town speaks of him as your lover; yet you have never told me a word of this!"

"My dear, dear mother, you never asked me anything till now," I returned, "and Ulmer thought, as we are so young, we had better let our attachment remain a secret till his studies and examinations are over."

"Yet everybody knows it except your parents," was the reply. "But, indeed, my child, I was wrong never to think of such a thing, when I *knew you were so much together; for your father* will never consent to your marrying a young man of a country family, and whose parents have nine other sons and daughters to divide their inheritance with him."

"But Ulmer is very clever, and will make a fortune," I ventured to observe.

"Perhaps so, when you are an old woman," she said; "but a physician without an inheritance must be a clever man indeed, to keep a wife and children as you have been brought up, not to speak of making a fortune, when only paid thirteen pence, or, at most, two shillings a visit."

"But Dr. Snell keeps his carriage, and has built a fine house," I timidly rejoined.

"Yes, my dear, because he is the first operator in the country, has married a rich wife, and is old enough to be Ulmer's father. But a young student is another affair, and the sooner you forget him the better."

"My dear kind mother, do not say so," I replied, bursting into tears; "we are both very young, let us at least hope."

"No, Lisa," she said, taking my hand tenderly in hers, "I would comfort you if I could, but there is no hope. Your father has a rich friend to whom he has long promised you, and he will never hear of any one else for your husband. But do not cry, dearest Lisa. I too had a first love, to whom I was obliged by family reasons to give up—and yet—you see—I have been very happy with your father."

I looked at my poor mother, and in spite of her *faded cheek and lustreless eye, I felt*, for the first time, that she had once had young feelings like my own. But they had been crushed; and the broken heart, which had been capable of the tenderest sympathies and the most devoted attachment, had been left to learn, by habit, to support with meekness a conventional marriage, unhallowed by a unity of sentiment or one of tastes.

Her eyes were full of tears. Though her long attention to the petty cares of her household, without even the occasional refreshment of any nobler pursuit, had deadened both her thoughts and her feelings, she could not assist to sacrifice

her daughter as she had been sacrificed without self-reproach. Yet she knew it must be done, and she succeeded at length in persuading me of the folly of attempting to resist my father's will. I sent my brother to Ulmer, to tell him what had passed; to forbid his coming to escort me to the ball, or dancing with me on the following evening. Few women who have ceased to dance think of going to a ball in my native town, and mothers rarely accompany their daughters to such assemblies, to which a partner's escort, or that of a male relative, is sufficient. My father went with me that night; but still Ulmer found means once unobserved to approach me, and to exchange a few hurried words. It was for the last time.

I learnt, a month afterwards, that instead of pursuing the medical profession, he had been suddenly invited to join a relative, who had a large cotton manufactory in the neighborhood of Naples. I have heard once since, that he has grown suddenly rich; but it was only when it was too late for any change of his fortunes to influence mine.

Such was the termination of my first love!

### AN ARAB FEAST.

The couscouss is a corn cake, the flour of which is rolled on a bolterlike powder. This cake, cooked by the vapours of meat, is basted the moment before it is served up, either with milk or with the bouillon of the mutton, for the Arabs never eat beef, unless forced by hunger to do so. Enormous dishes, hollowed out of a single block of the walnut tree, receive the cake and the pyramid of boiled meat and vegetables that surmount it. Little wooden spoons are then distributed to the guests, and all plunge at once into the smoking mountain down to its centre, where the pasty is warmest and most saturated with the bouillon..... Meantime, other servants brought in porringers without number, filled with ragouts of a thousand sorts: eggs prepared with red pepper, fowls in onion sauce, pimentos powdered over with saffron, and so many other good things, that the French palate must have become somewhat Arabised to relish them.....A dozen Arabs soon came forward, carrying on long poles a sheep roasted entire. Pulled on one side and pushed on the other, the sheep slipped from the poles, and fell, so being dished up, on a large cloth of blue cotton. An Arab, skilled in carving, then made large cuts in the animal with his knife, to facilitate the entrance of our hands into the interior; when every one tore out such bits as struck his fancy. To these roasts, worthy of the heroes of Homer, succeeded dishes of milk, sugar, and raisins, &c., pasties by thousands; and when these, which closed the feast, were removed, large ewers were brought to every guest, who, having washed his hands in these silver basins, smoked his pipe or his cigar, sipping the while *boiled* coffee, handed to him in little cups without handles, in silver stands, to protect his fingers from the heat.

### MUSIC MEASURE.

TWENTY-SIX gallons of wine, or thirty-four gallons of ale, or forty-two gallons of salmon, or two hundred and fifty-six pounds of soap: make one barrel. So we learn from the table of weights and measures in the very respectable old Tutor's Assistant. But it does not divulge how much music makes one barrel. Dry Measure, Corn Measure, Long Measure, and other measures, are duly tabulated. But there is not a single numeral indicative of Music Measure; yet Bellini, the original "Bones," the Polka-makers, Will you, or May you, or can you love me now as then—all are witnesses to the union of music measure and barrels. A thousand black-eyed Italians impress the fact on our unwilling ears every day. In fact music is the only beverage which we can quaff by the barrel without paying for it, or without feeling the worse for the draught.

One does not generally give a penny to Giacomo Alessandro for permission to analyse his grinding-organ or his organ-piano; yet there may be a penny worse laid out. Unless one be too unmusical to know *Una Voce* from Pop goes the Weasel, there is something attractive in all that concerns the production of musical sounds; and although there may possibly be no music in the soul of the man or boy, who grinds music out of a box by turning a handle, there must be much musical knowledge in him who conceived and put into shape the mechanism itself.

A musical-snuff-box, possessing a transparent cover, is a good subject on which to commence an examination. Musical box, let us rather call it; for he deserves to sneeze until further notice, who would choke music with snuff. Each of these tiny boxes, contains a horizontal brass barrel; and, into the surface of this barrel are stuck some hundreds of small pins. Within reach of these pins are numerous delicate little springs, all ranged side by side in one plane, and all susceptible of slight vibration or oscillation when touched. In this arrangement, the springs set the music going, the pins set the springs going, the barrel sets the pins going, the watch-spring sets the barrel going, and the key sets the watch-spring going for our purpose. As "the end justifies the means," we must begin at the end, and describe the music springs first. Any little slip of metal if firmly fixed at one end and left free everywhere else, will emit a musical sound if struck or bent and then suddenly relaxed. The more rapidly it vibrates, the higher is the pitch of the note which it yields; and, as a thick slip or a short slip vibrates more rapidly than one which is thinner or longer, the springs to produce the upper notes of the musical scale must be either thicker or shorter (or both) than those for the lower notes. Let no one attempt to count the number of these vibrations by the aid of his sharp eyes: he will be baffled; for that medium note which musicians call middle C or tenor C, is the result of two-hundred and fifty-six double vibrations in a second, and the highest musical notes is due to some thousands of these vibrations in a second. The springs in a musical box are numerous enough to give all the notes and half notes for several octaves; and by judicious filing in one

spot and loading in another, they are attuned to great nicety.

To make these springs discourse sweet music, they must be touched in the proper order and after proper intervals; and to do this, is the work of the pins stuck in the barrel. If they are arranged in a ring, directly round the barrel at one particular part of its length, they will strike the same spring repeatedly during the rotation of the barrels; but if arranged in a row from end to end of the barrel, parallel to the axis, they will strike many or all of the springs at one time. In the first we have the simplest element of melody, one note often repeated; in the other we have the simplest element of harmony, two or more notes sounded together; and it is for the artist to work up these two elements so as to produce a rich piece of music. The pins appear to be strewed over the surface of the barrel in utter confusion; but it is not so; according as few or many notes are sounded at once, according as the tune has many crotchets or many semiquavers, so are the pins sparsely or closely congregated. Every touch of every pin causes some one of the springs to vibrate, and in vibrating to emit its sound. Lucy Neil being a more sober personage than Jack Robinson, and telling her story more slowly, requires fewer pins, placed more widely apart, to work out her music.

There is a great deal of philosophy in the turning or revolving of the barrel; much ingenuity, much care, and a most potent influence on the harmonic effect thence resulting. We insert a tiny key into a tiny key-hole, wind up our musical box, and thereby coil up a spring. The spring in its impatient eagerness to unwind itself again, drags round a little ratchet-wheel, and this ratchet-wheel drags round another little wheel affixed to the end of the barrel, and this second little wheel drags round the barrel itself. Until the spring has fully recovered its former position of independence, it continues to pull away heartily; and as long as it pulls, so long will the barrel turn round, and so long will the pins on the barrel draw forth sweet music. Generally speaking matters are so arranged that a tune is played once through during one revolution of the barrel; insomuch that a continuance of the revolution produces a repetition of the tune. Were it not so, the pins for the end of the tune would be mingled up with those for the beginning, and all would be confusion. But most musical boxes play two tunes—some more; and yet they have but one barrel each. This result is brought about in an exceedingly ingenious way; and we pray that the goddess of Lucidity (whoever she may be) will assist us making clear that which is somewhat difficult to describe. If the box played but one tune, the pins would be arranged in equidistant rings round the barrel, all the pins in any one ring acting upon one particular spring; and there would be as many rings of pins as there are springs, each opposite to each. But when the box plays two tunes, there are intermediate rings of pins, forming another series alternating with the former. One set belong to one tune, and one to the other; one set act upon the springs, and at the same moment the other set, being opposite to the vacancies or spaces between the springs, do not touch them, and therefore elicit no sound. After having played (let us suppose) "Where the bee sucks," and being desirous then of a visit from Judy Callaghan, we must somehow or other put the one series out of gear, and bring the other series of pegs into action. This is effected by shifting the barrel a very minute distance longitudinally, so as to bring the hitherto idle rings of pins exactly opposite the springs; there is a small stud or button on the outside of the box, by means of which this shifting of the barrel is effected. Some musical boxes rise to the dignity of three, four, five, or even six tunes, by a much more complex arrangement of pins.

We are not in a position to understand Giacomo's smart little French polished crimson-silked organ piano, which he rests upon a stick, and out of which he grinds his bread and butter. Why the musical box grinds its own music, and leaves the organ-piano to be ground by another, is simply because the former has a coiled spring, and the latter has none. The handle or winch which Giacomo turns so many hundred times in a day, is connected by cog-wheels to the barrel; and the barrel is thus made to revolve by manual power instead of by the tension of a watch-spring. The barrel of the organ-piano, like that of the musical box, is studded with pins all over the surface; these pins acting mediately or immediately, on a series of strings, to bring out their twanging music.

But the legitimate old-fashioned barrel-organ, of greater weight, bulk, and solidity of sound, is better worth a little analysis than the organ-piano. It has a large and interesting family of pipes; and every pipe pipes to its own tune. When the leader of the orchestra belonging to the Fantoccini, or the Acrobatic Brothers, plays his mouth-organ, he simply blows air into a number of little tubes, each of which yields a particular musical note, more or less acute in pitch as the tube is shorter or longer. So with the barrel-organ: the tubes want to be blown upon or into, and they are so blown accordingly. But who is the blower? Our black-eyed, swarthy-faced friend is a grinder, and a blower; for he carries a pair of bellows cunningly boxed up in his organ, and the same grinding which sets the barrel to work, works the bellows also. The manufacturer, bearing in mind that a church-organ has reed-pipes as well as open pipes, to give difference in *timbre* or quality of tone, has both kinds also in his grinding organ. It may not be that both kinds are in the same organ; but the flute-like tones of some, and the clarionet-like tones of others, will illustrate the fact. The barrel is studded, not merely with brass pins, but with brass staples: these, as the barrel rotates, act upon levers which open the pipes, and enable them to speak. If a mere pin act upon a lever, the pipe is open only for an instant, and we have a short staccato note: but if the longer staple act upon a lever, the pipe is kept open until the staple has wholly passed, and a continuous note is produced. All this mechanism—the pipes, the reeds, the barrel, the pins, the staples, the bellows, the cog-wheels, are packed together very snugly, each doing its own work at the proper time without interfering with its neighbors.

At our elbow, at this present moment, is an olive-colored acquaintance, with a hat of indes-

cribable color and impossible shape; he comes at a particular hour, on a particular day of every week, and plays the same tunes in the same order; he alternates from the Hundredth Psalm to Gettin' up Stairs; and then goes to one of Balfe's Ballads, followed by a Waltz of Kœnig's, the Marseillaise Hymn, a Polka, and so back to the Hundredth Psalm. We know another organ, in which the Swiss Boy plays at bo-peep with the Lass o' Gowrie, a number of other companions. In all such cases we shall see the grinding organist, at the termination of each tune, busy himself with a little bit of mechanism at the side or end of the instrument; he is touching a stud or lever, which brings about a slight movement of the barrel, shifting it to such a distance that a different set of pins and staples may act upon the pipes.

Make room here for a cavalcade! Onward comes a little horse; behind the horse is a little carriage; upon the carriage is a big organ; and in immediate command over these are three Italians. The horse stops; a man mounts upon a stage, and turns a winch, not much smaller than that of a mangle; and there comes forth a volume of sound that can be heard half-a-mile off. Another man holds out a little saucer for a little money; and the third man looks about with his hands in his pockets. How they all live—the three men and the horse—out of the pence which they pick up, is a perfect marvel. The instrument has been brought from Pavia or Milan or Mantua, and has cost fully a hundred guineas. It is quite orchestral in its effects, imitating with tolerable success the tones of many musical instruments. The truth is, there are pipes of many different shapes, analogous to the various stops of a church organ: each shape (independent of size) giving the tones peculiar to some particular instrument. The barrel arrangements, for bringing into action so many pipes, are very intricate, and require careful workmanship to guark against frequent mishaps. These are the instruments which an honorable member of a certain august body has visited with crushing severity. Yet we cannot conceal a kindness for them. We have pleasant reminiscences of Nume Benefico, La Mia Delizia, the last movement in the Overture to William (we beg pardon—Guillaume) Tell, and the March in Le Prophète—as played in some of these ponderous organs. The harmonies are bold and rich; although in mere mechanical music there is, of course, no scope for feeling or passion.

If ever music by the barrel were really graced, it was in the days when the Apollonicon rolled forth its vast body of sound. This enormous instrument employed Messrs. Flight and Robson five years in its construction; and cost ten thousand pounds. It was an organ with a whole orchestra in its inside; played either by keys or by a revolving barrel. But there was provision for a grander display than this; there were five distinct key-boards, at which five performers could be seated, each having command over certain particular stops or powers in the instrument. It is, however, on the ground of its automatic or self-acting power, that the Apollonicon takes up a position as the big brother of the street organ. So vast was the number of pipes, that one barrel could not contain all the pins necessary for working them; there were three, somewhat under a yard in length each, studded in a very complex manner. Mechanism worked the bellows and rotated the barrels, and the barrels drew out the stops and opened the pipes. There were forty-five stops and nineteen hundred pipes; one pipe was twenty-four feet in length by two feet in diameter. So long and elaborate were the pieces of music which this instrument played automatically, that the barrels could only accommodate (so to speak) two at one time; but at intervals of a few years new barrels with new tunes were introduced until the collection comprised Mozart's overtures to Figaro, to the Zauberflaute, and to La Clemenza di Tito. Cherubini's overture to Anacreon, Weber's overture to Der Freischutz, Handel's introduction to the Dettingen Te Deum, and Haydn's military movements from his Twelfth Symphony. Not a note of the scores was omitted; and all the fortes and pianos, the crescendos and diminuendos, were given with precision and delicacy.

The Apollonicon is still in existence; but has arrived at the position of a superannuated veteran, no longer fitted for the deeds which won for it its former glory. The maladies of age have come upon it. It suffers from rheumatism in its keys and levers, and from asthma in its pipes and bellows; it is shaky and nervous; it is not its former self; and its guardians wisely deem it better that its voice shall not be heard at all, than that its decadence from former splendor should be made manifest. *Requiescat in pace!*

Music by the barrel, then, has been sold or given in many different forms, by many different persons, in many different places, and under many different circumstances. But who sells music by the yard?

In the Great Exhibition the reader may perchance remember a dusky-looking instrument, something in shape between a cabinet-pianoforte and a small church-organ. The exhibitor was wont to take a sheet of perforated card-board, insert one end of it between two rollers, and then turn a handle; a tune resulted, somewhat lugubrious, it is true, but still a tune, and evidently produced with the aid of this perforated card-board. The instrument is called the Autophon—not yet, that we are aware of, brought much into use, but certainly displaying considerable ingenuity, and founded on a principle which admits of very extensive application. The card-board is perforated by some kind of punch or punching machine: the holes (a quarter of an inch or so in diameter) appear irregular, but they are systematic in respect to the purpose for which they are intended. Each sheet is the symbolic representative of one tune, usually a psalm tune; and all the holes are cut with especial reference to that tune; they are in rank and file—ranks for the notes heard together in harmony, and files for the notes heard consecutively in the progress of the tune. When one end of such a sheet of card-board is placed between two rollers, and a handle turned, the card-board is drawn into the instrument; the perforations, as they arrive at particular spots, allow wind to pass into pipes in the instrument; whereas the unperforated part acts as a barrier across which the wind cannot penetrate—or at least the intermediate mechanism

is such, that this difference results from the manner in which the perforations are arranged.

This is a principle entirely different from that of the barrel-organ. In the latter, you can only play such tunes as are set or pinned upon the barrel; and either to substitute a new barrel, or to re-arrange the pins upon the old one, is a costly affair. But in the Autophon the power of change is illimitable. A few pence will pay for a sheet of the perforated cardboard; and indifferent good music is to be got at sixpence or eightpence a yard. We do not say that if you were to apply for a couple of feet of Adeste Fidèles, or a yard and a quarter of the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn, that they would be sold to you precisely in those lengths; but it is quite true that an oblong strip of card-board, say about a yard in length, contains the perforations necessary for one tune; and there is not the slightest reason, mechanically, why ten thousand tunes should not be played on this identical grinding-organ; the only question being, whether the demand would be sufficient to pay the manufacturer for setting up the type, as it were, for each tune: this being once done, the charge for each single copy need not exceed a few pence. The musician will of course regard this as a very poor affair, and so it is when tested by the standard which he could employ; but it enables many to enjoy a humble kind of music at times and under circumstances when the services of a skilful player are unattainable. No skill is here required. The player has only to place the right sheet of card-board in its right place, and then grind away. In small chapels, a constant supply of tunes might be thus obtained, without necessitating the employment of a skilled organist. We are offering no opinion on the quality of the tones thus produced; we only speak of the mechanism which does really seem to be capable of supplying unlimited music at a very low figure. It bears some such relation to real music that photography bears to portrait-painting: not high art, but a cheap and convenient substitute.

The pianoforte can also produce music by the yard. The *piano-mécanique* by M. Debain of Paris, is a sort of cottage-piano, richly toned. It can be played on with keys, and no one need know that there is any peculiar *mécanique* about it at all. But the player may bring forward certain odd-looking yards of music, and transform himself at once from an intellectual player to a mere music-grinder. These yards of music are—not pieces of card-board, as in the case of the Autophon—but thin planks or boards, studded on the under surface with pins. Such board may be as little as six inches or as much as two feet long, according to the length of the piece of music to be played; or there must be several of them, if the music be an overture or any other elaborate composition. The player (we trust he will not deem us disrespectful if we designate him the grinder) places one of the studded boards on the *top of the instrument, and proceeds to turn a* handle. The board is drawn slowly onward; and the pins, projecting downwards from its under surface, press, as they pass, upon the tops of certain metallic points; these points are the extremities of small levers, and these levers act upon hammers which strike the strings. The pins in the studded board are arranged in definite order according to the tune to be played, pressing one, two, or more of the metallic points at once, and eliciting an equal number of tones at once. The player becomes a commander of Rossini or any other musical luminary at once. He puts *Una voce poco fa* into a box, and grinds it out again, bran new and uncurtailed. So nearly does this approach to our designation of music by the yard, that we find eight inches of the studded board is about equal to the contents of one ordinary page of music. Where the piece of music is of very great length, the grinder puts one board after another on the top of the instrument, and pieces them together as girls and boys do the slivers of wool in a worsted mill. If he do not place them exactly end to end there will be a hole in the ballad.

The inventor of this ingenious mechanism, reminds us, in his advertisement, that "Although music at the present day forms a portion of regular education, it is certain that the absorption of time in more serious pursuits, and the want of disposition for study is such, that in a hundred families we can scarcely find ten individuals who can play music. Among this number, some play only the pianoforte or the organ, but without being able to master the finer compositions." For such families, then, M. Debain tells us his *piano-mécanique* is intended; and he tells us also how much per yard, he will supply us with music when we have been supplied with the instrument itself. Thus, a plank of polka costs about four shillings; consequently, the overture to Semiramide or to La Gazza Ladra would cost very much more; but the grand overture would be just as easy for the grinder to play as the simple polka. There have not been many of these instruments brought to England; but one of them has gratified many thousand hearers. It has plenty of "power;" a pianoforte player can not increase his fingers and thumbs beyond the recognised number of ten; but this mechanism could play many more than ten notes at a time, and so far beats Thalberg or Moscheles.

We must observe, also, that it is not merely the pianoforte which is thus treated. The apparatus itself is called the *Autiphonel*, or at least one variety of it, so designated, is capable of being attached to organs, and thus becomes available for sacred music. And we must not forget that the mechanism may be so attached that, by a slight adjustment, it can be freed altogether from the pianoforte strings, and allow the instrument to be played by means of finger-keys in the ordinary way. The mechanism is sold alone; it is sold with the pianoforte which is to be played only by its means; it is sold with a pianoforte which has the double or alternative action; it is sold, in the autiphonel form, for attachment to organs; and lastly, the music boards alone are sold at nine shillings a yard.

When, therefore, the next compiler of a table *of weights and measures sets about his labors*, let him remember that among the commodities which are sold by the barrel or by the yard, he must include music.—*Household Words.*

---

A man who has no bills against him belongs to the order of no-bil-i-ty in more than one sense.

## LAMENT OF THE IRISH MOTHER.

BY TINY.

Oh! why did you go when the flowers were springing,
And winter's wild tempests had vanished away,
When the swallow was come, and the sweet lark was singing,
From the morn to the eve of that beautiful day?
Oh! why did you go when the summer was coming,
And the heaven was blue as your own sunny eye;
When the bee on the blossom was drowsily humming—
Mavourneen! mavourneen! oh, why did you die?

My hot tears are falling in agony o'er you,
My heart was bound up in the life that is gone;
Oh! why did you go from the mother that bore you,
Achora, macushla! why leave me alone?
The primrose each hedgerow and dingle is studding;
The violet's breath is on each breeze's sigh,
And the woodbine you loved round your window is budding—
Oh! Maura, mavourneen! why, why did you die?

The harebell is missing your step on the mountain,
The sweetbrier droops for the hand that it loved,
And the hazel's pale tassels hang over the fountain
That springs in the copse where so often you roved.
The hawthorn's pearls fall as though they were weeping
Upon the low grave where your cold form doth lie,
And the soft dews of evening there longest lie sleeping—
Mavourneen! mavourneen! oh, why did you die?

The meadows are white with the low daisy's flower
And the long grass bends glistening like waves in the sun;
And from his green nest, in the ivy-grown tower,
The sweet robin sings till the long day is done.
On, on to the sea, the bright river is flowing,
There is not a stain on the vault of the sky;
But the flow'rs on your grave in the radiance are glowing—
*Your* eyes cannot see them. Oh! why did you die?

Mavourneen, I was not alone in my sorrow,
But he whom you loved has soon followed his bride;
His young heart *could* break with its grief, and to-morrow
They'll lay him to rest in the grave by your side.

My darling, my darling, the judgment alighted
Upon the young branches, the blooming and fair;
But the dry leafless stem which the lightning hath blighted
Stands lonely and dark in the sweet summer air.

When the bright silent stars through my window are beaming
I dream in my madness that you're at my side,
With your long golden curls on your white shoulders streaming,
And the smile that came warm from your loving heart's tide;
I hear your sweet voice fitful melodies singing;
I wake but to hear the low wind's whispered sigh,
And your vanishing tones through my silent home ringing,
As I cry in my anguish—oh! why did you die?

Achora, machree, you are ever before me—
I scarce see the heaven to which you are gone,
So dark are the clouds of despair which lie o'er me.
Oh, pray for me! pray at the mighty One's Throne!
Oh, plead that the chain of my bondage may sever,
That to thee and our Father my freed soul may fly,
Or the cry of my spirit for ever
Shall be—"Oh, mavourneen! why, why did you die?"

## THE HONEYCOMB & BITTER GOURD.

In one of our border vales stood a little old tower, which peace had reduced from the war to the agricultural establishment, at the expense of its external looks, and to the increase of its internal comfort. There was a garden before, a wild heath behind; a wood grew on the left hand, on the right rose three hills, white over with sheep; and in the tower itself lived a pleasant old man, who enjoyed the world after his own fashion, and never murmured, except at snows, frosts, rains, storms, sore droughts, the fall in the price of lambs, and the decrease in the value of wool. Now, he was a poor man, and he was a rich man: poor, if wealth consists in hoards of gold and in bonds and bags, for of these he seemed to have little; and rich, if by a more natural interpretation, wealth may also consist in a well replenished house, corn in the stackyard, meal at the mill, flocks on the mountains, and hares in the vales. I shall call him, therefore, a rich man; but I have not yet described all his wealth.

He lost his wife when he was young, and her looks were preserved in his heart and in the faces of two fair daughters, who were arrived at womanhood, and had become the

subject of admiration to the young men, and the object of some little envy to the young women, whenever they went abroad. Now, they went abroad seldom; once a week to the parish church, once a month to some merry-making among their neighbors, and once a quarter to the hiring, and other fairs of the county town. They were very mild, and gentle, and thrifty. They could sing ballads without end, and songs without number; spin fine wool, churn rich butter, make sweet-milk cheese, bleach linen as white as the daisies on which it was watered, and make linsey-woolsey rivalling silk in its lustre and beauty. They had, besides, learned manners at a town boarding-school, and had polished their natural good sense as much as natural good sense needs to be polished. Thus they grew up together like twin cherries on a stalk, and had the same feelings, the same pursuits—I had nearly said the same loves. They were as like as two larks, externally; yet, in the nobler parts of human nature, in all that elevates the heart and soul, they were as different as the raven and the blackbird.

The younger, whose name was Ellen, was all condescension and respect to her father; she anticipated his wants, fondled him, sang to him, exercised her skill in making him pleasant dinners, and, under pretence of cordials, agreeable drinks. Wherever he went she was with him; listened to all he said, laughed when he laughed, quoted his remarks (and he made many shrewd ones), and wrought herself around him like the honeysuckle round the withering tree. The old man was charmed with her kindness, her prudent approbation, and her skilful flattery; and called her, in the affectionate language of a pastoral land, The Honeycomb.

Her sister, Ann, had a better heart, and less skill, or rather, she had no skill whatever, but did her duty to her father and her God, daily and duly; she put no restraint on her affections, and allowed nature to follow its own free will. She was remarkable for her plain sound sense, for the little quarter which she gave to levity, and for the sarcastic tact with which she dissected characters, and weighed motives. She was, indeed, no flatterer; perhaps too little so; and though beautiful, and conscious of her beauty, scarcely dressed up to her good looks, but gave nature a chance there too; and nature did its duty. When difficulties pressed and wisdom was wanted, her father sought refuge in her knowledge; but she scorned to soothe his vanity, or court, by petty stratagems, his good opinion. She had no wish but for his happiness; and no views on his pocket or his estate. It is no credit to man's nature, that it is gratified and captivated more by little attentions and flatteries than by acts of rational love and kindness. The old man loved his daughters; but the quiet serene affection of Ann was considered coldness, her sound advice was called forwardness, her absence from her father's side, even when busied for his interest, was imputed to carelessness; and when fits of perversity and impatience came on him, he called her the Bitter Gourd.

It soon became manifest to all, that old Hugh of the Tower, as he was called, had not bestowed these epithets lightly. Ellen became the favorite of her father; on her he lavished all his affection, and some of his wealth. She added a fine hat and feather to the exuberance of her hair, laid aside her wool hose and replaced them with silk, her gown of linsey-woolsey was exchanged for one of satin; over the whole she threw a lace veil, as white as snow; and many said she looked fair and lady-like, as she rode to kirk and market on her fine pony with a silver-mounted saddle. Her sister made no change in her dress; but her face was so beautiful, and her look was so modest, that all she wore became her, and went to increase her good looks. She seemed to take no notice of the splendid dresses of her sister; her father's partiality had no influence on her conduct; she was ever the same; always neat, attentive, and kind. The flighty and mercurial youth of the parish admired Ellen most; but far more loved Ann, and thought her more beautiful, in her plain dress, with her kind word and affectionate look to all, than her sister in her silks and feathers, tossing her head, and looking with her scornful eyes over the whole population.

Now, it happened that the charms of the two sisters inspired two suitors with affection which reached as far as wedlock, and that about the same time. It really looked like a preconcerted plan of hostility against the spinster state; for, on the same morn, and at the same hour, two young men came and separately requested an interview with old Hugh of the Tower. Now the old man had no small idea of his own importance; he seated himself firmly in his oaken chair; looked superbly knowing and shrewd, thinking the strangers were travellers employed in the purchase of wool; but their holiday dresses, close shaven chins, and well gartered legs, soon showed them to be wooers, rather than wool buyers.

"And which of the maidens come ye for, friend?" said the father to the foremost lover—a spruce, well put on, knowing sort of youth, something between the fop and the farmer, with a silver-headed whip in his hand, and top boots, splashed with hard riding. "Which of them?" said the wooer; "why, the Honeycomb, to be sure; my friend behind here seems to have a hankering for the Bitter Gourd." "Frankly and freely spoken, lad," said the father; "I like ye nothing the worse for that, however; and who may ye be, and what's your name, and what kind of downsitting have ye for the Honeycomb, as ye call her?" "Why, I am a man that's my own

man," was the answer; "and I care not a pin for any man. I have flocks and herds, much money at interest, and a large floating capital; and am proprietor, beside, of Birkbog, a fair inheritance." "I know the place well," cried old Hugh, rubbing his hands; "a fair inheritance, truly! I knew your father before you; a close handed carle, with a soul as sharp as a scythe-stone, and a grip like a blacksmith's vice; you have some small matter of money, friend?" "A trifle, a trifle," said the lover, carelessly; "the gold the old one left me was of five kings' reigns, and puzzling to count, so I took the quart stoup to it, and measured it —only a trifle. So ye knew my father? Ah! poor old man, he had some small skill in holding the gear together; but he had no enlarged views—would have thought of a flying cow as soon as a floating capital. The old school! the old school!"

Satisfied with the opulence and parentage of one wooer, and charmed with the talismanic words, floating capital, old Hugh now turned to the other, a mild and modest looking young man, plainly and neatly dressed, who stood quiet and unembarrassed, with something like a smile now and then dawning on his lip as he listened to the conversation I have described. "And who may ye be," inquire the old man; "and what want ye with me? Ye have a tongue, I'll warrant, and a tongue's for speaking with—so make use on't." This was said in a tone hovering between jest and earnest; the lover answered mildly, "My friend here, with the floating capital, who measures his gold with a quart stoup, has told you that I am come for the Bitter Gourd." "Take her, man, take her," exclaimed her father, "take her, and sorrow go with her. She's no the lass I long took her for, but a slut with an advice giving face, a head that knows everything, and a tongue that never says pleasant things to her old father. But have ye a floating or a flying capital, and what do you measure your gold with, and where lies your land? I cannot give away my daughter Ann, bitter gourd though she be, to a landless loon—answer that, answer that." "I have neither floating nor flying capital," said the candidate for the Bitter Gourd, "nor have I gold to measure, nor land to describe; but I have a firm and a true heart, and two stout and skilful hands, and with God's blessing and the love of Ann, I cannot be beat." "But ye can be beat, man," exclaimed her father, "and shall be beat, man; and I could beat ye myself, man, for presuming to speak of my daughter, even the Bitter Gourd, and you, without foot or furrow of ground, or a pound in your pocket. Was ever the like heard tell of? What's your name?—a queer one, I'll warrant, if it be like the wearer." "It's a name little heard of," said the young man, looking down, "it is Lawson." "Lawson!" exclaimed the farmer, "what, aught to the pennyless Lawsons of Cuddierigg?" "And what an it be so?" replied the youth, coloring. "Never mind me, man; never mind me," said he of the Tower. "I shall call the lasses in, and hear what they say. Ellen! come hither. Ann! Bitter Gouard! what do they call thee? Here are lads for ye both—Honeycomb! Ellen!" They entered accordingly, Ellen tossing her head, and assuming a look of peculiar loftiness; and Ann, with ease, modesty and frankness. The appearance of the lovers seemed not to surprise them.

"I see how it is, I see how it is," exclaimed the old worthy; "it's a made up plot, a planned contrivance, the whole is settled: oh! that I had ever lived to witness this! I am old, and my head is gray. I have two daughters, fair and beautiful to behold. Fit marrows for lords and princes. Might be queens in a scarcity. Yet the one will wed the son and heir of old Haud-the-grip, of Birkbog, a sworn miser, and a thought dishonest, whose narrow won gold will get a wide spending, there's a proverb for that; and the other will marry a Lawson, one of the Lawsons, of Cuddierigg, a pennyless race, a pennyless race. O my two sweet fair daughters, beautiful daughters, beautiful to behold, and matches for dukes and princes, was ever the like heard of!"

Ellen threw her arms about her father's neck, knelt before him, bowed her head till her long tresses touched the floor, and with a voice as sweet as music, said, "O father, think better of me, and better of this young gentleman. He is rich, for I have seen his gold; he has fine flocks of sheep, I have seen them also; a fair estate, I have walked over it, foot and furrow; a well furnished house; I have examined it well, and seen how I looked in it; he has floating capital, too, thousand thousands; and is well-made, well-looked, well connected, and well respected, and what more could woman have to be happy? Come forward, Birkbog, and let us receive our father's blessing."—Blessing!" said the old man, "and are ye married? O, my child, my fair haired Ellen!"—"Indeed, my dear papa," said Ellen, in her sweetest tones, "I knew you would like my choice, and so I even resolved to surprise ye with a new pleasure. We have brought a bridal present, too,—a horse saddled and bridled, for you to ride to kirk and market, and round about your daughter's lairdship." And she clasped him close and kissed him, and the old man's wrath melted into loving kindness. So he blessed them both, seated them beside him, and looked very happy.

Ann now knelt in her turn, and said, "Father, I have known this young man some years; he is a dutiful son, skilful in husbandry, wise in the care of sheep, sober and sedate, He has of money what will plenish a house and stock a piece of ground; I have saved as much out of your gifts as will help us; and

what with that, and your good will, and God's aid, we will take our trial, for we love one another dearly." All this was said in a quiet, even, low tone of voice, and with a look of submission.—"Hout! tout! hussey," exclaimed her father, "let folly fall and cut the connexion. Think no more on't, think no more on't. Go, busk ye and trim ye, and put something handsome upon ye, to grace your sister and her husband. To marry a penniless knave like that, was ever the like heard tell of! And you so wise and so advice-giving too! whom all men but me called Miss Prudence Oh! Ann, Ann, well art thou called the Bitter Gourd, for bitter art thou to me."

Her lover now took speech in hand, and he spoke modestly and plainly. "I love your daughter, your daughter loves me; I love her for her good sense, her good feeling, her good conduct, and her good looks; and for these qualities I am willing to make her my wife. If she has flocks, if she has money, they depend upon her father alone: if they come, they are welcome; if they remain, they are also welcome. I can work for wealth as others have done before me." "I shall make all this nice and short, lad," said old Hugh; "ye wish to marry my daughter, ye are resolved on that?"—"I am," said the lover." "And ye wish to marry him, Ann! Bitter Gourd, what call they ye, that ye are fixed upon too?"—"I love him dearly," she said, with a calm and sorrowful look; "and loving him, I wish to wed him. I am sure my father will like him, when he knows him as well as I do."—"Then it is settled, said the old man, "and all I have to do is to bless ye and divide the gear."—"I want no gear" said Ann, composedly; what is my father's, is my father's, sister, will you never have done thwarting us and long may he live to enjoy his own."—"O, father!" said Honeycomb; "ye'll break his heart with your contradictions; he is wiser than all the children he has, and well may he have his own way, for he has been a kind father to us both."—Bless ye for that, Ellen, my love," said the old man, "ye were ay dutiful."

He went out for a little while, and returned with a small packet in each hand. "Ellen, my love, my dutiful child," he said, "I bless thee and thine. The old gray man has little gold; yet thou art no poor man's daughter. I have divided my gear according as love has been given to me. I give to thee and thine six thousand sheep, every one has a lamb by its side, and most have two; and I give to thee, besides, two hundred pieces of gold—go and be happy. As for thee, Ann, my daughter, whom men call the Bitter Gourd, as thou hast been to thy father, so wilt thou succeed in life; for God above sees our hearts and weighs our actions, and is wroth with children who are undutiful; there's a scripture for it, Ann—read the scripture. But touching this proposed buckling of thine, I shall soon settle that. To thee I give, as thy share of my gear, six score sheep, and six pieces of silver. There man, take her, take her; will ye have her now, man! I think my words have sobered ye; wherefore will ye no speak?"

The young man went kindly up, took Ann by the hand, and said, while true round bright tears in dozens were rolling down her cheeks, "Be calm, Ann; be calm; what signifies world's gear to affection such as ours; we will work for gold, and enjoy it the more the harder that we toil. I love you all the better for this. Come home with me to my mother. We shall be wedded to-morrow, and my feet will be all the lighter at our bridal, that ye are as poor as myself."—"Aye! away with him. Ann; away with him; I wish ye luck of your tocher and your disobedience. I have got one kind and affectionate child, and with her shall I spend my days." As old men are wilful, Hugh of the Tower experienced no visible relentings, but disposed of his gear, as has been described, between his two daughters.

"Man proposes and God disposes," said the preacher; and he spoke wisely, for events occur which confound the wisdom of man, and scatter to the winds of heaven his proudest speculations. The husband of Ann took the sheep and the silver, and uttered not one word of complaint. He was prudent and laborious; used his young strength wisely, made his bargains discreetly, and grew gradually rich, and increased in consequence. He loved his wife, and his wife loved him; they consulted each other's tempers and feelings; and without any of those stormy and feverish fits of love, of which we read so much and see so little, continued to live very happily. Men began to quote his sayings, and request his aid in valuations; the clergyman of the parish called in his knowledge to guide the temporal affairs of the church, yet the man was not puffed up, but bore himself meekly, and seemed insensible of his growing importance.

The young portioner of Birkbog, with the well tochered wife and the floating capital, carried himself less mildly in the sight of men than his brother-in-law, whom he despised as much as a man with six thousand sheep despises one with six score. He bought a blood horse for himself, gayer dresses for his wife, furnished his house expensively, filled it with servants, had a richer supper and a softer bed, a fatter roast at the fire, and stronger drink in the bottle; and thinking Fortune had set her banner up for once and aye in his house, he grew rash in his speculations, and hazarded without fear the wealth of which he was master. He grew more boisterous, too, in his cups; more overbearing in his conduct; whilst his wife carried her head above her state, dressed beyond her condition, and, with her long silk dresses and waving feathers, seemed to say to her old companions of the

cottage, "Stand about and give my gown room!" All these appearances escaped not the inquisitive eyes of the good people of the district; and they whispered, as the dame of Birkbog swept by, "Pride will have a downfall." "Those who ride fast never ride long," and many other old saws and remnants of prudental wit, filled with meaning and the spirit of prophecy.

Our old worthy having, in the fulness of his joy, left his gray tower to the occupation of the owl and the bat, lived with his daughter Ellen. For a time his bed was soft, his meal was ample, his dress becoming, and his treatment kind. "Use lessens marvel," says our wise poet; and so it happened here. Young Birkbog was by nature selfish and imperious; he had seen, he imagined, in the payment of his wife's portion, the end of her father's wealth, and the bottom of his money-bags. There was nothing more to be hoped for, except that death, who sometimes penetrated into those pastoral recesses, when he had surfeited in large towns, should come and carry him away from the abated affection of his daughter, and the diminishing regard of his son. But death forgot him, and his son began to give more way to the natural insolence of his heart, and to take his temper out of all restraint. He assumed a stronger tone of command amongst his servants, laid down rules which disputed the wisdom of his father-in-law's long train of maxims, and plainly intimated his contempt for those oral rules of economy which old Hugh of the Tower considered as forming the keystone in the arch of domestic prosperity. "My son," thus remonstrated the old man, "be not too much elated; you have grown suddenly rich by fortunate speculation, and by a lucky use of your floating capital. You are of weight in the market; your words are considered wise, for wisdom grows as riches increase; and you are pointed out by sensible men to their sons as an example of what talents, well applied, will do. Be not puffed up, I say; nor speak loudly to old men, nor insolently to the young. Your prosperity will then be looked on without envy; and misfortunes, should they come, will be regarded with sorrow."

"All which is to say," said the son-in-law, "that I am a fool and a swaggerer. I'll tell ye what, old one, the wisdom of the year of grace, 1760, and the wisdom of the year of knowledge, 1800, are different things. The former knew nothing of the new vigour which chemical discoveries have imparted to the ground, nor of the miraculous influence which floating capital has upon the fortune of man. Go to—I can win more gold by the wind of my mouth, in a single hour, than one of the old school could gather together in a century. There is a new order of things. Floating capital is the ark which saves the world from sinking; so mind your prayers and be quiet."

Matters were predestined to come soon to a violent crisis. A neighbor came in, one of the wise youths of the year of knowledge 1800, with a turn for speculation and a veneration for floating capital. To this worthy the laird of Birkbog talked of old Hugh of the Tower, as if his senses were defunct, or rather as a person fit only to be treated as an unsightly piece of old furniture—one with whom it was unnecessary to be delicate or ceremonious. He spoke of the old man—Hugh did not like to be called old; he talked of the poor man—Hugh did not like to be called poor; he spoke of the wise old has been—Hugh thought himself wise still; and, to crown all his delinquencies, he kicked his favorite dog—a feeble cur and snappish, but loved for courage of old and faithfulness yet. The old man endured all this; but he endured it with a fixed determination of look. The Honeycomb came up and whispered, "What's the matter with my father? He has on the very look with which he gave Ann her six score sheep, and her six pieces of silver."—"I care little for his looks, my love," said the husband. "He *will* be wise, and he *will* be clever, and he *will* be master and more. When a cur loses its teeth, it is not worth keeping; and when an old man loses his gold, he is not worth caressing; and that's so like a proverb, that it may serve the purpose of one." Our old worthy rose soon after this, and went out, nobody knew whither; and it really looked as if nobody cared.

On the day after the old man's departure, one of the servants came breathless in, and cried, "Preserve us! the Tower will be burnt to the ground; there's a smoke o'er its summit as thick as a blanket;" and close at the servant's heels, came a messenger, who summoned the Honeycomb and her husband to the presence of old Hugh of the Tower. "Come fast," he added, "for something awful is about to happen."

Birkbog and his wife went and found the old man seated in his Tower, as pale as death, as motionless as a statue, and a bewildered light glimmering in his eye. His daughter Ann was kneeling beside him, his left arm was lying about her neck, and its trembling fingers were pressing her bosom. He signed all to come around; daughters, sons, domestics, and neighbors thronged in; and one woman held up her grandson, and said, "Look at him! that is the unwise old man, who gave all to one child, and left nothing to himself." A person stood beside him with paper, pen, and ink, and to this purpose the old man spoke:—"Write down what I say. I, Hugh Edomson, called Hugh of the Tower, with a spirit crushed by the cruelty of my youngest, and a heart almost burst with the kindness of my eldest daughter, yet sound in mind, make this my Will, to which all present are witnesses. To my faithful child Ann, whom I called a Bitter Gourd, but who has proved a Honey-

comb, I bequeath the Mains of Mossop, with ten thousand sheep, and this box with five hundred pieces of gold. I was thought poor, but behold I am rich; I was thought weak in mind, I shall be found strong in spirit. To my daughter Ellen, who was as the apple of mine eye, and who wound herself like a serpent round my heart to sting me and rob me—she whom I thought a Honeycomb, but who has proved a Bitter Gourd, I leave six silver coins and a father's———." He sank down. The half formed word, which should have concluded the sentence, was lost in his expiring groan. No one's heart throbbed so sorely as that of Ann, and no one wept so loudly as Ellen. But whether the latter mourned for the death of her father, or the loss of the Mains of Mossop, was not distinctly known.

## POOH-POOH.

Pooh-pooh is a surly old gentleman, not without his virtues. It is his delight to throw cold water on ardent projectors, and save people from deluding themselves with extravagant views of human improvement. There is the same kind of respectability about Pooh-pooh which makes Liberals glad when they can get a Conservative to head a requisition, or take the chair at a meeting. But Pooh-pooh is more remarkable for his bad side than his good one. Without hopes or faith in anything himself, he tends to discourage all hopeful effort in others. Had he his way, there would never be any brilliant or highly useful thing done. He would keep all down to a fixed level of routine, passable, but only just enough to escape censure. He wishes to make the course he takes appear as springing from a hatred of the extravagant; but it often comes mainly from a desire to avoid being troubled, or worse still, from a jealousy of the people who strive to be extra-good or great. He certainly is not quite the infallible sage he wishes to pass for.

The fact is there is not one of the important inventions and extensions of power of the last wonderful age, which has not had to struggle against the chilling philosophy of Mister Pooh-pooh. History is full of the instances in which he has condemned, as impracticable and absurd, proposals which have ultimately, in spite of him, borne the fairest fruit. Gas-lighting was referred to Sir Humphry Davy and Wollaston, as the two best men qualified to judge of its feasibility; but Mister Pooh-pooh was at their elbow, to insinuate all sorts of objections and difficulties, and they pronounced against an article of domestic utility which is now used, more or less, in nearly every house in every town and village in the kingdom. It was all that steam-navigation could do to get over Pooh-pooh's opposition. Even James Watt, who had in a manner made the steam-engine, gave way to the whispers of Pooh-pooh regarding its use in vessels. Sir Joseph Bankes was applied to by some enthusiastic advocate of this application; when, under the inspiration of Pooh-pooh, who stood beside him, he said: "It is a pretty plan, sir; but there is just one little point overlooked—that the steam-engine requires a firm basis on which to work." He sent away the man, under the disgrace of his pity, and, we suppose, thought no more of the matter till he heard of steamers plying regularly on the Hudson and the Clyde, with or without the firm basis to work upon.

When Pooh-pooh first heard that some persons were so mad as to think of carriages being drawn by steam at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, he was indignant, and set himself to prove, which he did entirely to his own satisfaction, that the carriges would not go at anything like that speed—if driven to it, the wheels would merely spin on their axles, and the carriages would stand stock-still. He was sincerely anxious that this should prove to be the case, and we may imagine his feelings when the plan was realised with the effect contemplated by its projectors. The same unsanguine gentleman gave a lecture at Newcastle in 1838, to prove, to the British Association that steamers could never cross the Atlantic. Some people wished, hoped, prayed that they might cross the Atlantic; he indulged in a calm but happy belief that they never would. Here, too, he underwent the mortification of defeat. Not long after that time, Mr. Rowland Hill started the idea of a universal Penny Postage. He showed many facts in favour of the feasibility of the scheme; and the public entered warmly into his views. But Pooh-pooh had long been on intimate terms with the post-office officials, and under his advice these gentlemen did all they could to prevent the public from being gratified. When the new plan was carried in spite of all opposition, Mister Pooh-Pooh felt of course that a very foolish thing had been done, and foretold its entire failure. It must have been with a sore heart that he has seen the number of letters multiplied sevenfold in ten or twelve years, the revenue not much diminished, and everybody besides himself pleased.

He is apt to be rather shabby afterwards about his false premises and prophecies. When the Crystal Palace was projected, and Pooh-pooh was consulted, he said it would never stand the winds, but quickly tumble down like a castle of cards. Afterwards, when this hope of his—for his inauspicious views are always founded upon hopes—was proved by the event to be fallacious, he explained the matter away: he had only said that, unless made of the requisite strength, it would fall! He does not like to be reminded of his false predictions, but it is seldom he has to suffer in that way, for, when a great and useful novelty has been successfully acomplished, the public generally

confines its thoughts to the honoured author, taking but little heed of Mister Pooh-pooh and his now vain prognostications—who, on his part, seldom then goes beyond a few quiet nibbles at the grandeur of the achievement.

Pooh-pooh has his favorite positions in this world. He likes above all things, to be in office. His defensive negative policy is seen there in its greatest force. Indeed, it scarcely has an existence elsewhere than in places of dignity and trust. From his being practically connected with things, he knows their difficulties, which dreamers out of office have no idea of; and thus it is that he feels himself entitled to speak so confidently against everything new that is proposed. Already burdened with a duty which perhaps occupies no less than four hours out of every twenty-four, he feels, with good reason, a horror of everything that proposes to bring new trouble into his department. Even a proposal to simplify his work he shrinks from, grudging the trouble of considering or discussing that from which he expects no success. Pooh-pooh, too, has generally some tolerable degree of scientific reputation; it is hard to say how acquired—sometimes, it is to be feared, only by looking wise and holding his tongue. There he is, however a kind of authority in such matters. Wo it is for any new project in mechanics, or any new idea in science, to be referred to him, and all the more so if it be a thing "in his line," for no mercy will it meet! In the literary world, the analogous situation for Pooh-pooh is that of the old-established critic. He sits in the editorial chair, apparently for the sole purpose of keeping down all the rising geniuses. Every new birth of poetic energy, every fresh upturn of philosophic thought, is visited with his determined hostility. He relishes most that which keeps nearest to his own temperate and unoffending mediocrity.

Pooh-pooh is less strong in a new country than an old. He hardly has a hold at all among the fearless bounding spirits of Australia. The go-ahead Yankees despise him. In England, he has least strength in large cities amongst the active mercantile classes. He is strongest in official circles, old-fashioned genteel towns, and torpid villages. But he has a certain strength everywhere, for he is a bit of human nature. We have no doubt that, even amongst the gold-diggers, he might occasionally be found shaking his head, and turning away with his characteristic contemptuous air from proposals of new "prospectings."

The external aspect of Mister Pooh pooh is hard and repelling. He has a firm, well-set self-satisfied air, as much as to say: "Don't speak to me about that, sir." He has a number of phrases, which he uses so often, that they come to his tongue without any effort of his will; such as, "It will never do,"—"All that has been thought of before, but we know there is nothing in it,"—People are always meddling with things they know nothing about;" and so forth. We might call them pet phrases, if it could be imagined that Mister Pooh-pooh had a favour for anything; but this we well know he has not. There is great reason to suspect that, from the readiness of these phrases to come to his tongue, he has on several occasions committed himself to opposition where a few moments' thought would have sufficed to shew him that that course was dangerous to his reputation. It must be owned that, once he is committed, nothing can exceed the heroism with which he maintains his consistency throughout all the stages of the refutation which events administer to him.

We are afraid that it is beginning to be rather an unpleasant world for Mister Pooh-pooh. It goes too fast for him. So many of his hopelessnesses have been falsified by events that he must feel himself a little out of credit. Then his own constant sense of disappointment! To find novelty after novelty "getting on," as it were, in spite of his ominous head-shakings, must be a sad pain to his spirit, cool and congealed as it is. One day it is iron steamers—another day, rise of wages under free-trade. Great reliefs are given to misery, great positive additions made to national happiness, where he long ago assured the world no such things could be. It is too bad. I begin to feel almost sorry for poor Mister Pooh-pooh under these circumstances. It sets me upon recalling his virtues, which in his present unfortunate position, we are too apt to overlook—namely, his usefulness in saving us from rushing into all kinds of hasty ill-concocted plans, and patronising all kinds of plausible superficial pretenders. Depend upon it, Mister Pooh pooh has his appointed place in the economy of a wise Providence; and, therefore, pestilent as he is sometimes with his leaden mind, I think we are called upon to administer only a qualified condemnation. The drag is but a clumsy part of the mechanism of a carriage, but it has sometimes the honour of being indispensable to the saving of all the rest from destruction.

### FIRST USE OF GAS AS ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

In the year 1792, Mr. Murdoch made use of gas in lighting his house and office at Redruth, in Cornwall, where he then resided. The mines at which he worked being distant some miles from his house, he was in the constant practice of filling a bladder with coal-gas, in the neck of which he fixed a metallic tube, with a small orifice, through which the gas issued; this being ignited served as a lantern to light his way for the considerable distance he had nightly to traverse. This mode of illumination being then generally unknown, it was thought by the common people that magical art alone could produce such an effect.—*Clegg's Treatise on Coal-gas.*

## MISERRIMUS.

I wandered through the cloisters old,
And saw the great cathedral tower
Stand like a spectre grey and cold
Up in the frosty moonlight's power;

And the broad clock, whose wind-worn face,
Deep from the clustering ivy shone,
Struck slowly with its mighty mace,
Clear in the solemn starlight, "One."

Beneath the shadow of the pile
A solitary stone was sleeping;
No light from heaven came there to smile
Where damps and dews were coldly weeping.

Till as I looked, a moonbeam came
And stole around a buttress grey,
And with a finger steeped in flame
Traced out the letters as they lay.

The moss that had the tomb o'ergrown
A lo k of sorrow round them shed,
I stooped, and peered into the stone—
"Miserrimus" was all it said.

Ah, touching record of a life!
What uncompanionable woe!
What silent hours, what lonely strife
Seem shadowing where those letters glow.

"Miserrimus,"—I thought once more,
And with the thought the word grew bright,
Can he have touched the gleaming shore,
Where tears are changed to pearls of light.

And from the far triumphal sky,
A sound seemed sent upon the breeze,
Like ocean whisperings that die
At even, over scented seas.

A clash of lyres, and words of song,
Down sweeping through the starry spheres—
"His tribulation, and his wrong;
His heart's deep yearning, woes and fears.

"At death were merged in faith, and here
He drinks of love, and fills his soul."
The voice had ceased, a single tear
Down on the ancient tombstone stole.

"Short word, how much thy silence speaks,"
I said, and homeward went in thought;
While all the range of eastern peaks
The flushings of the morning caught.

## THE BALLET-DANCER.

THE last scene was played out, and the grim curtain of death fell for ever over the tragedy of Neil Preston's life. A bitter tragedy, indeed! Wife, fortune, health—all had gone by turns, until, of his former large possessions of happiness, only two fair girls were left, as the last frail argosies on his sea of fate; left him were they for to-day, to be themselves wrecked on the morrow, when death should have carried his soul out into infinity, and trampled his body beneath the church-yard sod. And so, with choking sobs and grieving prayers, Neil Preston commended them to the care of the universal Father, and died as a good man should—one loosening hand still clasped in the affections of earth, and one outstretched to the glories of the coming heaven.

The girls were both young; but Nelly was a mere child—a pretty romping little maid, some three years before her teens; while Mabel was already almost a woman at seventeen. The little one's tears were fastest, and her sobs the loudest at the loss of the kind playmate who had been always so glad to see her when she came back from her day-school; who used to call her his evening-star, and never met her without a smile and a kiss, however grave and silent he might be to others. But the tears soon dried on her rosy face, and her sobs soon changed to the light quick laughter of childhood: and the little heart which had swelled so large for its first great grief, soon danced blithely in her breast again, understanding nothing of the bitterness of orphanage. But Mabel, though she did not weep nor sob—at least not when others were by—sorrowed as few sorrow even by a father's grave, knowing that she had lost her only earthly friend and protector, and that her way of life must now open upon a dark and thorny path of solitude and distress. Painfully she shrank from the heavy responsibility of her condition, and keenly she felt how frail a barrier she was between her pretty Nell and misery. Her father had told her, and told her with the solemnity of a dying man, that in leaving the little one to her care, he knew he left her to one that would never fail her; and that, whether for shelter from the storms of winter or from the burning sun of summer, for support in times of misery or for protection in times of temptation, his beloved Mabel would be all that he himself could have been to their darling, their star, their idol child. And Mabel, understanding full well the extent of the confidence reposed in her, was the more careful to perform her appointed task faithfully, and therefore the more anxious as to the means of its right fulfilment.

Long hours did Mabel sit by that clay-cold figure, planning various schemes of work, from all of which, considerations of youth or incompetency turned her aside. Whatever she did, she must gain sufficient for Nelly's fit maintenance and education; and she could think of nothing that would give her enough whereby to live herself, and tenderly to foster her precious charge. She could not be a governess; her own education had been far too meagre and desultory, interrupted too, so early on account of her mother's long illness; the thing was therefore impossible—she must turn to something else. But to what else? Ah, that blank question rose up like a dim ghost before her, and by its very presence seemed to paralyse her energies. A young girl who cannot be a governess has few other professions left her. Governess, work-woman, shop-woman—these are nearly all the careers open to the middle class, until we come to the stage and its various branches. And from this small supply, Mabel must make her choice. Governess she could not be; shop-woman she would not be. Before she had done, this little

harmless pride was burned out of her. She used to look back on this aristocratic impulse as on a child's feeble fancy, and wonder how she could have been so weak, so wanting to her nobler self, to have cherished it for a moment. Needle-worker, then, must be her profession: a badly-paid one enough, but independent, and consequently more endurable—private, and consequently more respectable than many others. For Mabel set great store by the strictest forms of respectability, holding herself and her character in trust for her little one, undertaking bravely and following cordially any profession that would support her own life—which was Nelly's capital—under the condition of perfect blamelessness, according to the world's code.

"Really very well done," said Miss Priscilla Wentworth.

"A trifle puckered in the gusset," said Miss Silias Wentworth.

"Humph! pretty fair for a girl of the present day," said old Miss Wentworth gruffly; "but half of it is cats' eyes, too! Ah, girls! in my time young ladies *could* sew; they would not have dared to call such cobling as this fine work."

Now, the three Miss Wentworth's were three kind-hearted, precise, testy old maids; horribly conventional, but really benevolent when you got through the upper crust; ever at war with themselves, between educational principles and instinctive impulses; and therefore uncertain in their actions, and capricious in their dealings. They never passed a beggar without giving him something; but they never gave him a half-penny without taking it out in a lecture on political economy. They used to tell him of his sin in begging, and not going to the nice comfortable Union provided by the Queen, and all this in the harshest language and the shrillest voices imaginable; they threatened him with the police, and hinted big terrors of the lock-up; they told him that he ought to be put in the stocks—a wretch, to leave his wife and children, or an unfeeling monster, to drag about his poor wife and children, as the case might be; and then they pointed out their little villa, and told him he would find a dinner there. And all the while they had been anathematising him and his ways so bitterly, their eyes had been taking cognizance of the holes in his jacket, or the wounds of his shoeless feet, and they grumbled among themselves as to what old clothes they were possessed of and could spare for the poor fellow; and then they would walk away, growling pleasantly, satisfied with the duty they had rendered to the stern requirements of political economy, and vowing the man had had such a lecture he would never beg again.

They had known a little of Neil Preston in his better days, when he had burned a great blue and red lamp before his door, and had "Surgeon," &c., blazoned in great gold letters thereon; and they were glad to be kind, in their way, to his daughter. They were wise enough to know, that money earned is better than alms received; so they gave Mabel work and high wages, as intrinsically a more benevolent thing to do than making her presents: not that they were behind-hand in that either, for many a pretty frock and bonnet the Miss Wentworth's gave the orphans, though unfortunately they always forgot their deep mourning, and gave them pink and blue instead of black. Still, the meaning was all the same; and Mabel was just as grateful as if she could have worn and looked smart in their ribbons and flounces, instead of being obliged to sell them all, at very small prices, for one black frock for pretty Nelly's dancing-lesson days.

But the Miss Wentworths, though kind, could not entirely support the sisters. They had a great deal of plain needle-work to give away among them certainly; but even the plain needle-work of three precise old maids must come to an end some time; at last, their new sets of collars and cuffs—and those more complicated matters still, which every one wears and no one names—were made, washed, ironed, and put away; and Mabel's occupation was gone—gone with the last half-dozen long jean pockets—the old-fashioned pockets—made for Miss Wentworth, who, as became a partisan of the good old times, disdained all modern inventions, from politics to millinery. Mabel must, then, look out for employment elsewhere; and after many disappointments, and no small trials both to her dignity and her resolution, she found a slop-selling shop that gave her shirts at three-halfpence, and other articles in proportion, as much. Compelled by poverty, Mabel entered herself on their list, trying to make the best of her condition, and to bear her evils hopefully, but failing sadly in her attempts at self-deception. She soon found that as much as the most diligent industry and unwearied self-sacrifice could do, was not enough to supply them both with daily bread; not to speak of the more expensive requirements of Nelly's schooling. Her failing health and wasting strength were not sufficient offerings before this great Juggernaut car of toil, to gain her the scanty goods for which they were so cheerfully offered up. Still, hitherto she had struggled on. Old savings now came in as grand helps; and being conscientious and diligent, she had not yet been fined for bad work or unpunctuality. She had secured all her earnings at anyrate, so far as she had gone, though she knew, by what she saw about her, that her turn would come soon, and that, by some device, she should find herself in the power of the overseer, and on the wrong side of the books. She had seen others mulcted of their wages unjustly—how could she then escape?

"Your work is spoiled," said the overseer at last, tossing her packet on the floor. "I can't receive it. You must take it back."

"It was a white flowered waistcoat he threw down on the dirty floor: an expensive thing to buy, and a cheap thing to sell—as Mabel would be obliged to sell it—to the Jews. "I am very sorry," stammered she, the blood rushing to her face, for she remembered now that the candle had "guttered" last night when she took it up stairs to hear Nelly say her prayers, and the waistcoat had been lying on the table—"I am very sorry: where is it spoiled?"

The man sprawled a grimy thumb on a minute spot of grease by the armhole—a very small spot, undiscoverable by ordinary eyes, and which would have been hidden in the wearing. His unwashed hands left a broad dark mark, made purposely, as Mabel saw too well.

She gave a little indignant cry, and snatched the waistcoat from him.

"It was not so bad before! You have ruined it on purpose!" she said, looking him straight in the face, and speaking passionately.

He raised his hand to strike her, but a general murmur among the bystanders stopped him. Like all bullies, he was an arrant coward, and the meanest of popularity-hunters as well.

"You impudent wench!" he said; "if you give me another word of your sauce, I will turn you off altogether! Coming here with your impertinence and fine-lady airs, indeed, as if the earth was not good enough for you, because you were an apothecary's daughter! I have as great a mind as I ever had in my life to turn you out of the place, and never let you set foot in it again. Here, madam, take this waistcoat back, and bring no more of your airs and graces here. A pale-faced chit like you, sticking out against laws and masters! What next, indeed! You owe the house fifteen shillings, and that's letting you off easy, after your impudence, too. Take care how you pay it, for, by George, you shall smart for it, if you shirk. Will you take the waistcoat, I say? He seized her by the shoulder roughly, leaving the mark of his strong clench on her flesh. The girl winced, and a faint moan escaped her. There was a general cry, and a hurried movement among the women; but he turned round with an oath, and silenced them. No one knew whose turn would come next; and women, however true in heart, are too weak, in both purpose and strength, to stand by each other, long against a superior force. So Mabel had to bear her wrongs undefended.

She received no wages that day, but a large packet of work, with more yet to come, for which not one farthing would be paid until her terrible debt of fifteen shillings was wiped off. And she was threatened brutally, because she exclaimed against the injustice of this man's authority.

For the first time since her father's death, Mabel's courage sank. She sat down on a door-step in a by-street, and burst into as bitter a flood of tears as ever scalded the eyes of grieving womanhood. In all her trials, she had been preserved from personal insult until now. She had been poor, and therefore she had known moments of anguish; she had been rejected in her search after employment, and therefore she had felt the bitterest pangs of disappointment, dread, and uncertainty; but she had ever been respected as a woman. No rude word or familiar look had wounded her proud modesty; in all that regarded her condition, she had been treated with no less respect than when in her father's house. But now this last sweet secret boast was gone from her. She had been outraged and insulted, and there was no one to avenge, as there had been no one to defend her.

While she sat there, weeping passionately, and for once in her life forgetting duty in feeling, some one spoke to her. Something in the sound of the voice—the tender manly voice that it was—made her look up. A man of middle age, with hair turning slightly gray about his square broad forehead, with a fine cheery look in his deep-blue eyes, and a pleasant smile about his handsome mouth—a man of strength and nerve on the one hand, and of courteous breeding on the other—stood before her, something in the military attitude, and with much of a paternal expression. "Why, how now, my child, what has happened?" he said kindly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" cried Mabel, hurriedly drying her eyes, and gathering up her work.

"Don't be frightened, my poor child, and don't run away from me yet; I may be able to be of use to you. Tell me who you are, or at least what has happened to you." He laid his hand on her arm, not with any familiarity, as such, but with an indescribable something in his eyes and his touch that Mabel felt she must per force confide in. She felt that distrust would have been affectation; the false modesty of the prude, which creates the evil it disclaims.

She told her story, then, simply, and without any expression of sorrow or regret. She merely related the facts, and left them to be translated according to her hearer's fancy. The stranger's face showed how that translation went. The flush of indignation, the tender smile of pity, the manly impulse of protection, all spoke by turns on his forehead and round his lips; and when Mabel ended, he drew out his purse, and placed in her hand two sovereigns, asking, at the same time, the address of the slop-shop where she had been so ill-treated. She shrank back.

"No, no!" she cried; "I cannot receive alms!" She let her hand drop, and the gold fell on the pavement. Hastily stooping to pick it up, the man stooping at the same moment, their hands met. He took hers in his, in both of his, and pressed it gently.

"You are right, my child," he said; "though to accept a gift from me would not be to receive alms. Still, as you do not know me, you cannot tell wherein I differ from other men; and you are therefore wise to treat me as you would treat other men—as I would ever advise you to treat them. I will not distress you by offering you unearned money again; but at least let me buy at my own price this unlucky waistcoat, which has brought you into so much trouble."

Mabel smiled and blushed. She saw through the delicacy of this feint; and oh, how did her poor heart, bruised as it was by the roughness of the late insult, seemed to expand like a flower in the sun beneath the gentleness, and tenderness, and delicacy of these few words! She unfolded her bundle, and produced the white-flowered waistcoat; tears in her eyes, smiles on her lips, and the burning blood flushing in her cheeks. The stranger made a pretence of looking at it critically; then forcing on her the two rejected sovereigns, he declared that it was worth much more, and that he would "keep it for his best."

"Will you tell me where you live?" he then asked.

Mabel hesitated; she looked troubled.

"You are right," he said kindly: "and I was wrong to ask the question. Still, I should have liked to have seen you again; but you are right, quite right, to refuse it. I don't wish to know where you live; it is better not. God bless you. Be a good girl, and all will come right."

"Good-by, sir," said Mabel simply, looking up into his face.

"How great and handsome he is!" she thought.

"What a lovely little face!" said he, half aloud, "and what a good expression! Ah, she is an honest girl, I am sure!" He shook hands with her, and walked slowly down the street. Mabel watched his manly figure striding in the sunshine, and a sharp swift pang came over her, to think that she had seen him for the last time perhaps!

"And yet I did right," she said, turning away. "What would my poor father have said, if I had made friends with a strange man in the streets, and brought him home to Nelly?"

But she remembered her adventure a long, long time, till the form and features of her unknown hero became idealised and glorified, and he gradually took the stature and divinity of a heroic myth in her life. She used to pray for him morning and evening, but at last it was rather as if she prayed *to* him; for by constantly thinking of him, he had become, to the dreams of her brooding fancy, like her guardian angel, ever present, great, and helpful.

When her savings and the two pounds from her unknown friend had gone, Mabel was completely at a loss. Slop-working at the prices paid to her was a mere waste of time; yet how to employ this time more profitably? What to do, so that Nell might remain at the school, where she was already one of the most promising scholars, and hold up her head with the best of them? Little did Nell think of the bitter toil and patient motherly care it took to keep her at school, and clothe her so prettily; little did she know now dearly she bought those approving smiles, when she brought home a favorable report; nor what deep trials were turned to blessings when, with all her heart full of love, and her lips red with kisses, she would sit by the side of her "darling Mabel," and tell her how far she had got in Fénélon and Cramer. It was better that she knew nothing. Mabel could work so much the more cheerily while her favourite was in the sunshine. Had Nelly sorrowed—Mabel would have drooped.

"What to do?" This was her question one day when her last shilling had disappeared in Nelly's quarter's school-bill. Tears were raining down her cheeks, as the thought of her desolate condition, and her inability to support the weight of responsibility laid on her, when some one knocked at the door, opening it without waiting for her answer. A woman, living in the same house, entered, "to borrow some coals." She saw that Mabel was crying; and seating herself by her, she asked: "What was the matter, and how she could comfort her?"

Mabel, after a few more questions put in that straightforward voice which goes direct to the heart, told her little history; in which there was nothing to tell but the old sad burden of poverty and helplessness. The woman listened to all with a careful contemplative air.

"You can do better than this," she said, after a pause. "Can you dance?"

"Yes," said Mabel; for, indeed, this was one of the few things she had brought away from school, where her lightness and activity had made her a great favourite with the old French dancing-master.

"Then come with me," said the woman.

"Where?—what to do?"

"To the——Theatre,"—Mabel started.—"Does this frighten you?"

"Yes; a great deal," She laughed—not scornfully, but as one who saw beyond and all around a subject, of which a fraction had disturbed the weak sight of another.

"Oh, never mind the name of a place, Mabel Preston. If you knew the world as well as I do, you would know that neither places nor professions were much. To a woman who respects herself, a theatre will be as safe as a throne. It is the heart carried into a thing, not the thing itself that degrades." Mabel was much struck with the remark. The woman seemed so strong and true, that somehow she felt weak and childish beside her. She looked into her resolute honest face. Plain as it was in feature, its expressions seemed quite beautiful to Mabel.

"You will be subject to impertinence and tyranny," added the woman; "but that all subordinates must bear. When you carry home your work, I daresay you hear many an oath from the overseer; and when you go on in the ballet, you will find many a hard word said to you by the ballet-master. If your petticoats are too short or too long, your stockings too pink or too white, if you are paler than usual or redder; anything, in short, will be made a matter of fault-finding when the ballet-master is in a bad humor. But show me the inferior position where you will not be subject to the same thing? Only don't fancy that because you are a ballet-dancer, you must necessarily be corrupt; for I tell you again, Mabel, the heart is a woman's safeguard of virtue, not her position. Good morning. Think of what I have said, and if I can be of use to you, tell me. You shall come with me, and I will take care of you. I am thirty-one, that is a respectable age enough!"

And so she left, smiling half sadly, and forgetting to take her coals. When she remembered them, it was rehearsal time.

Days passed, and Mabel still dwelt with pain and dread on the prospect of being a ballet-dancer. If her kind unknown, or if the Miss Wentworths knew of it, what would they say? She fought it off for a long time; until at last driven into a corner by increasing poverty, she went down to Jane Thornton's room, and saying "Yes, I will be a ballet-dancer!" sealed in her own mind her happiness and respectability for ever, but secured her sister's. Then Jane kissed her, and said "She was a wise girl, and would be glad of having made up her mind to it some day."

It did not take much teaching to bring Mabel to the level of the orhinary ballet-dancer; she was almost equal to her work at the outset. The manager was pleased with her beauty and sweet manners, the ballet-master with her diligence and conscientiousness; and the girls could not find fault with her, seeing that she left their admirers alone, and did not wish to attract even the humblest. She obtained a liberal salary, and things went on very well. She made arrangements for Nelly to be a weekly boarder at her school, so that she might not be left alone at night when she herself was at the theatre, and also to keep this new profession concealed from her; for she

could not get rid of the feeling of disgrace connected with it, though she had as yet found none of the disagreeables usual to young and pretty women behind the scenes. But Mabel was essentially a modest and pure-minded girl, and virtue has a divinity which even the worst men respect.

She was sent for to the Miss Wentworths. Their nephew, Capt. John Wentworth, lately home from the Indies, wanted a new set of shirts. Mabel Preston was to make them, and to be very handsomely paid.

"Well, Mabel, and how have you been getting on since we saw you?" asked old Miss Wentworth sharply. She was spreading a large slice of bread and butter with jam for her.

"Very well lately, ma'am," answered Mabel, turning rather red.

"What have you been doing, child?"

"Working, ma'am."

"What at, Mabel?" asked Miss Silias.

"Needle-work, ma'am."

"Who for, Mabel?" asked Miss Priscilla.

"A ready-made linen-warehouse, ma'am."

"Did they give you good wages, child?"

"Not very," said Mabel, beginning to quake as the catechism proceeded.

"Ugh! so I've heard," growled the old lady from behind her jam-pot. "Wretches!"

"What did they pay you, Mabel?" Miss Priscilla inquired. She was the inquiring mind of the family.

"Three-halfpence a shirt, fourpence for a dozen collars; and so on," answered Mabel.

There was a general burst of indignation.

"Why, how have you lived?" they all cried at once.

Mabel coloured deeper: she was silent. The three old ladies looked at one another. Horrible thoughts, misty and undefined, but terrible in their forebodings, crowded into those three maiden heads! "Mabel! Mabel! what have you been about?—why do you blush so?—where did you get your money?" they cried altogether.

Mabel saw they were rapidly condemning her. Miss Wentworth had left off spreading the jam, and Miss Silias had gone to the other side of the room. She looked up plaintively: "I am a ballet-dancer," she said modestly, and courtesied.

The three old ladies gave each a little scream.

"A ballet-dancer!" cried the eldest.

"With such short petticoats, Mabel?" said Miss Silias reproachfully.

"Dancing in public on one toe!" exclaimed Miss Priscilla, holding up her hands. And then there was a dead silence, as if a thunderbolt had fallen. After a time they all left the room, and consulted among themselves secretly in a dark closet by the stairs; with much unfeigned sorrow, and many pathetic expressions, coming to the conclusion that it would be wrong to encourage such immorality, and that Mabel must be forbidden the house under all the penalties of the law. They were very sorry; but it must be so. It was a duty owing to society, and must be performed at all sacrifices of personal liking and natural inclination.

They went back to the parlour in procession.

"We are very sorry, Mabel Preston," began Miss Wentworth, speaking far less gruffly than she would have done if she had been praising her, for the poor old lady was really touched—"we are very sorry that you have so disgraced yourself as you have done. No modest woman could go on the stage. We thought better of you. We have done as much for you as we could; and I think if you had consulted our feelings"——

"Yes, consulted our feelings," interrupted Miss Silias.

"And asked our advice," said Miss Priscilla, sharply.

"You would not have done such a wicked thing," continued old Miss Wentworth, considerably strengthened by these demonstrations. "However, it is too late to say anything about it. The thing is over and done. But you cannot expect *us* to countenance such proceedings. We are very sorry for you, but you must get work elsewhere. We cannot have our nephew, Captain John Wentworth's shirts, made by a ballet-dancer. It would be setting a young man far too bad an example." (Captain John was past forty, but still "our boy" in his old aunts' parlance.)

Mabel courtesied, and said nothing. Her modest face and humble manner touched the ladies.

"Here," said Miss Wentworth, thrusting into her hand the bread and butter, "take this: we won't part in unkindness, at anyrate."

Mabel kissed the shrivelled hand of the good old soul, and then in all haste withdrew. She felt the choking tears swelling in her throat, and she did not wish them to be seen. "She did not want her reinstatement because she was weak and whining," she said to herself; while the maiden aunts spoke sorrowfully of her fall, and said among themselves, that if it had not been for their boy, they would not have dismissed her—but a young officer, and a ballet-dancer!

Mabel, shutting the little green gate of the pretty villa, met a hand on the latch at the same moment with her own. She started, and there, smiling into her eyes, was the brave, manly, noble face of her unknown friend.

"I am glad to see you again, sir," said Mabel hurriedly, before she had given herself time to think or to recollect herself.

"Thank you. Then you have not forgotten me?" he answered, with a gentle look and a pleasant smile.

"The poor never forget their benefactors," said Mabel.

"Pshaw! what a foolish expression!"

"It is a true one, sir."

"Well, well, don't call me a benefactor, if you please. I hate the word. And how has the world been using you these three months? It is just three months since I saw you last—did you know that?"

"Yes," said Mabel—this time rather below her breath.

"Well, how have you been getting on?"

"Badly at first, sir—better now."

"Better? Come, that's well! What are you doing?"

"Dancing at the ——— Theatre," said Mabel with a sudden flush; and she looked up full into his face, as if determined to be indifferent and unconscious. The look was caught and understood.

"A hazardous profession," he said gravely, but very kindly.

"A disgraceful one. I know it," she answered, a cloud of bitterness hurrying over her eyes.

"Disgraceful? No, no!"

"It is thought so."

"That depends on the individual. I for one don't think it disgraceful. Men of the world—I mean men who understand human nature—know that no profession of itself degrades any one. If you are an honest-hearted woman, ballet-dancing will not make you anything else."

"Women don't look at in this light," said Mabel.

"Well, what then? The whole world is not made up of women. There is something far higher than regard for prejudices, however respectable, or for ignorance, however innocent."

"Yet we live by the opinion of women," returned Mabel.

"Tell me what you are alluding to. You are not talking abstract philosophy, that is plain. What has happened to you?"

"My new profession," undertaken for my sister's sake, and entered into solely as a means of subsistence—as my only means of subsistence—has so damaged me in the eyes of the world, that I have lost my best friends by it."

"Tell me the particulars."

"The three old ladies at the villa"——

"Ha, ah!" said the stranger.

"They have been long kind to me. They were to give me some work to-day, for their nephew, a captain from India; and when they knew that I was on the stage—for they asked me what I was doing, and I could not tell a story—they forbade me the house, and took away the work. I cannot blame them. They are particular innocent old women, and of course it seemed very dreadful to them."

"And their nephew?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about him. I never saw him," she answered carelessly.

"Indeed!" muttered the stranger.

"He has had nothing to do with it."

"That I can swear to!" he said below his breath.

"But they seemed to think worse of it, because I was to have worked for him. They said it would set him such a bad example, if a ballet-dancer was allowed to do his work."

The stranger burst into a large manly laugh; then suddenly changing to the most gentle tenderness of manner, he began a long lecture on her sensitiveness, and the necessity there was, in her circumstances, of doing what she thought good, and being what she thought right, independent of every person in the world. And speaking thus, they arrived at the door of her lodgings: he had not finished his lecture, so he went in. Mabel felt as if she knew him so well now, that she did not oppose his entering. He was like her father, or an old friend.

The cleanliness, modesty, and propriety of that little room pleased him very much—it was all such an index of a pure heart untouched by a most dangerous calling; and as she sat in the full light, just opposite to him, and he could see her fresh fair face in every line, he thought he had never seen a more beautiful Madonna head than hers, and never met more sweet, pure, and innocent eyes. He was grieved at her position—not but that she would weather all its shoals and rocks bravely; still men do not like young girls to be even tried. There is something in the very fact of trial which wounds the manly nature, whose instinct is to protect. He was much interested in Mabel—he was sorry to leave her: she was something like a young sister to him—she was not nineteen, and he was forty-four—so he might well feel paternally towards her! He should like to take her under his care, and shelter her from all the ills of life. He was so pained for her, and interested in her, that he would come again soon to see her: his counsel might be of use to her, and his friendship might comfort her, and make her feel less lonely. He was quite old enough to come and see her with perfect propriety—he was old enough to be her father. And so, with all the gentleness of a brave man, he left her, after a very long visit, bearing with him her grateful thanks for his kindness, and modest hope to see him "when it should suit his convenience to call again; but he was not to give himself any trouble about it."

Again and again he came, sometimes staying hours on hours, sometimes tearing himself forcibly away after he had been there a few minutes. His manner took an undefinable tone of tenderness and respect; he ceased to treat her as a child, and paid her the subtle homage of an inferior. He left off calling her "Mabel," "my child," "poor girl," &c., and forbade her, almost angrily, to call him "sir;" but he did not tell her his name; that seemed to be a weighty secret, religiously guarded, to which not the smallest clue was given her. And she never sought, or wished to discover it. Her whole soul was wrapped up in her enthusiastic reverence and devotion for him; and whatever had been his will, she would have respected and fulfilled it.

This went on for months. He probed her character to its inmost depths; he taught her mind, and strengthened it in every way. By turns her teacher and her servant, their intimacy had a peculiar character of romance, to which his concealed name gave additional coloring. She did not know if he loved her, or if, in marrying her, he would, "as the world calls it," honor her; she did not know their mutual positions, nor had he ever given her a hint as to his "intentions." Many things seemed to tell her that he loved her; then, again, his cold, calm, fatherly words—his quiet descriptions of her future prospects—his matrimonial possibilities for her—all in the calmest tone of voice, made her blush at her own vanity, and say to herself: "He cannot love me!" Time went on, dragging Mabel's heart deeper into the torture into which this uncertainty had cast it, till at last her health and spirits both began to suffer; and one day when, sick and weary, she turned sadly from her life, and only longed to die, she shrank from her lover's presence, and, wholly overpowered, besought him passionately to leave her, and never see her more.

Then the barrier of silence was cast down; the rein of months was broken; and the love hitherto held in such strict check of speech and feeling, flung aside its former rules, and plunged headlong into the heart of its new life. Then Mabel knew who was her friend, and what had kept him silent—how his grave years seemed so ill to

accord with her fresh youth as to make her life a sacrifice if given up to him—and how he feared to ask her for that sacrifice, until thoroughly convinced that she loved him as he found she did—then, he who knelt at her feet, or pressed her to his heart alternately, who claimed to be her future husband, laying fortune and untarnished name in her lap, and only asking to share them with her, whispered the name she was to bear. Then Mabel, all her former troubles ended, found a new source of disquiet opened, as, hiding her face all trembling on his shoulder, she said: "But the Miss Wentworths, beloved, how will they receive me?"

"As my wife, Mabel, and as their niece!" And then he pressed his first kiss on her blushing brow, and silently asked of God to bless her.

He was so positive that his aunts would do all that was pleasing to him, and so hopeful of their love for her, that at last Mabel's forebodings were conquered, and she believed in the future with him. But they were wrong, for the old ladies would neither receive nor recognise her. It was years before they forgave her; not until poor little Nelly died, just as she was entering womanhood, and Mabel had a severe illness in consequence; their woman's hearts were touched then, and they wrote to her, and forgave her, though "she had been so ungrateful to them as to take in their nephew, Captain John, when he came from the Indies." But Mabel did not quarrel with the form; she was too happy to see the peace of the family restored, to care for the tenacious pride of the old ladies. She revenged herself by making them all love her like their own child, so that even Miss Priscilla thought her quite correct enough; and Miss Wentworth, on her death-bed, told Captain John, that he had been a very fortunate man in his wife, and that she hoped God would bless him only in proportion as he was a good husband to his dear Mabel.

And Mabel found that what Jane Thornton had said to her, when she came to borrow coals from her slop-working sister, was true. It is not the profession that degrades, but the heart. The most despised calling may be made honorable by the honor of its professors; nor will any manner of work whatsoever corrupt the nature which is intrinsically pure. The ballet-dancer may be as high-minded as the governess; the slop-worker as noble as the artist. It is the heart, the mind, the intention, carried into work which degrades or ennobles the character; for to the "pure all things are pure," and to the impure, all things are occasions of still further evil.

A BILLION.—What a very great sum is a billion It is a million of milions. A million seems large enough—but a million of millions! how long do you suppose it would take you to count it? A mill which makes one hundred pins a minute, if kept to work night and day, would only make fifty-two millions five hundred and ninety-six pins a year, at that rate the mill must work twenty thousand years without stopping a single moment, in order to turn out a billion of pins. It is beyond our reach to conceive it—and yet when a billion of years shall have gone, eternity will seem to have just begun. How important, then, is the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?"

## THE ADVENTURES OF THE LAST ABENCERRAGE.*

AN involuntary cry escaped the lips of Bianca on perceiving Aben Hamet. "Cavaliers," cried she instantly, "behold the infidel of whom I have spoken to you so much. Tremble lest he carry off the victory: the Abencerrages were men like him, and nothing surpassed them in loyalty, courage and gallantry."

Don Carlos advanced towards Aben Hamet, "Senor Moor," said he, "my father and sister have taught me your name; your mien is distinguished for its courtesy. Charles V., my master, intends carrying a war into Tunis, and we shall meet, I trust, on the field of honour."

Aben Hamet placed his hand on his breast, sat down on the earth without answering a word, but remained with his eyes fixedly gazing on Bianca and Lautric. The latter admired with the curiosity of his country the superb robes, the brilliant arms and the haughty beauty of the Moor. Bianca alone appeared unembarrassed. Her soul was in her eyes; sincerity itself, she did not endeavour to conceal the secret of her heart. After some moments of silence, Aben Hamet arose, bowed to the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé, and retired. Astounded by the demeanour of the Moor and the looks of Bianca, Lautric now saluted her, and departed with a suspicion which shortly changed itself into certainty. Don Carlos remained alone with his sister. "Bianca," said he, "explain yourself. Whence arises the trouble which the sight of yon infidel stranger caused you?"

"My brother," answered Bianca, "I love Aben Hamet, and would he but become a Christian, my hand should be his."

"What!" cried Don Carlos, "you love Aben Hamet. The daughter of the Bivars loves an infidel, a Moor, an enemy whose forefathers were hunted from these palaces?"

"Don Carlos," replied Bianca, "I love Aben Hamet, Aben Hamet loves me. For three long years he has renounced me, sooner than the religion of his fathers—nobility, honour and chivalry are in him. I will adore him to my last sigh."

Don Carlos was capable of appreciating the generous resolution of Aben Hamet, although he deplored the blindness of the infidel. "Unhappy Bianca," said he, "whither will this love lead thee? I had hoped that Lautric, my friend, would have become my brother?"

"Thou wert deceived, O my brother," answered Bianca, "I can never love your friend. As to

* Continued from page 30, vol. 2.—Concluded.

my sentiments for Aben Hamet, I have not breathed them to mortal ears. Keep thine oaths of chivalry as I shall keep mine of love. Know only, for thy consolation, that Bianca will never be the bride of an infidel."

"Our family will disappear from the earth for ever," said Don Carlos, sadly.

"'Tis for thee to revive it," said Bianca. "What skills it to have sons whose manhood you will not see, and who may degenerate from thy virtue, Don Carlos, I feel that we are the last of our race. We differ too much from the common herd to leave a progeny behind us. The Cid was our ancestor, he will be our posterity," and Bianca departed.

Don Carlos fled to the Abencerrage. "Moor!" cried he, "renounce all hopes of my sister or accept my challenge?"

"Art thou charged by thy sister to redemand the oaths she has sworn?"

"No," replied Don Carlos, "she loves you more than ever."

"O wondrous generosity, O brother worthy of such a sister," interrupted Aben Hamet. "The happiness of my life must I owe to thy race. O fortunate Aben Hamet! O happy day! I believed thy sister unfaithful for that French Cavalier."

"And was that thy misfortune, cursed infidel?" cried Don Carlos, forgetting himself with rage. "Lautric is my friend, but for thee he would have been my brother. Thou must answer to me straightway for the trouble thou hast caused in my family."

"Would that it might be so," answered Aben Hamet," with spirit, "but though born of a race which perhaps has combatted thine, I have never been dubbed Cavalier. Nor is there any one here present, who can confer on me the order which will permit thee to measure swords with me, without detriment to thy rank."

Don Carlos, struck by the reflection of the Moor, regarded him with a mixture of admiration and fury. All at once he cried, "I will dub thee Knight! Thou art worthy."

"Aben Hamet bent the knee before Don Carlos, who administered the accolade by striking him three times on the shoulder with the flat of his sword. Afterwards he girt round him the sword which the Abencerrage was perhaps about to plunge into his breast. Such was the ancient chivalry.

Both now mounted their steeds and rode out of Grenada to the fountain of the Pine, a spring long celebrated for duels between Moors and Christians. T'was here that Malik Alabes had fought with Ponce de Leon, and here the grand-master of Calatrava had slain the valiant Abayador. There still hung to the branches of the pine the remains of the arms of the Moorish Cavalier, and on the rugged bark might yet be traced the few remaining letters of a funereal inscription Don Carlos indicated with his hand the tomb of Abayador to the Abencerrage, "Imitate," cried he, "that glorious infidel and receive both baptism and death from my hand?"

"Death, perchance," answered Aben Hamet, "but baptism never. There is but one God and Allah is his prophet."

They soon took the field and dashed at one another with fury. Swords were their only weapons. Aben Hamet was less skilled in duelling than his antagonist, but the goodness of his weapon, tempered at Damascus, and the lightness of his Arab steed still gave him the advantage over his enemy, Dashing his courser at full speed after the Moorish fashion, with his large sharp stirrup, he gashed the right leg of Don Carlos' horse; above the knee. The wounded animal fell, and Don Carlos dismounted by this fell stroke, advanced on Aben Hamet at sword-point. The latter leaped to the earth and received the Spaniard's attack with intrepidity. Twice he parried the Spaniard's blows who at last shivered his weapon on the Damascus steel. Twice overcome by misfortune, Don Carlos shed tears of rage, and cried to his enemy. "Strike, Moor, strike! Don Carlos unarmed defies thee, and all thine unbelieving race."

"Thou mightest have killed me," answered the Abencerrage, "but I never dreamed of doing thee the slightest injury. I fought but to prove myself worthy of being thy brother and to prevent thy scorn."

At this instant a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, and Bianca and Lautric galloped speedily to the Fountain of the Pine, and found the combat suspended.

"I am conquered," said Don Carlos. "This cavalier has granted me my life. Lautric, perhaps thou mightest be more fortunate."

"My wounds," answered Lautric, in a noble and generous voice, "permit me to refuse the combat with this noble and courteous cavalier. I do not wish," added he, reddening, "to know the object of your quarrel, or to penetrate a secret which would perchance carry death to my heart. My absence will soon renew peace between you, unless Bianca command me to rest at her feet."

"Chevalier," said Bianca, "you will live near my brother and will regard me as your sister.

Every heart here has tasted misery; from us you will learn how to support the evils of life."

Bianca wished to compel the three cavaliers to embrace, but all three refused. "I hate Aben Hamet," cried Don Carlos, "I envy him," said Lautric, "And I," said the Abencerrage, "I esteem Don Carlos, and mourn for Lautric; but I cannot like them."

"Let us meet often," said Bianca, "and sooner or later, friendship will follow esteem. Let the fatal event which has assembled us here remain for ever unknown to Grenada."

From that time forth Aben Hamet became a thousand times dearer to the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé. Love adores valour. The Abencerrage lacked in nothing in her eyes since he was brave, and Don Carlos owed him his life. By the advice of Bianca, Aben Hamet abstained for several days from presenting himself at the palace, so as to allow the anger of Don Carlos to cool. A mixture of sweet and bitter feelings filled the soul of the Abencerrage. On the one hand the assurance of being loved with so much fidelity and ardour, was for him an immeasurable source of delight: on the other the certainty of never being happy in love without renouncing the religion of his fathers, overwhelmed his courage with dismay. Already long years had passed away without bringing any remedy for his malady. Was the rest of his life to pass thus?

One evening as he was plunged in the midst of the most serious yet tender reflections, he heard the bell sound for that Christian prayer which announces the close of day. It smote on his ear with a melancholy sound, and he bethought him to enter the temple of Bianca's God, and ask counsel from the master of nature.

He went out and soon arrived at the door of an ancient mosque, converted into a chapel by the faithful. With a heart steeped in sorrow, and awed by religion, he penetrated into the temple formerly dedicated to his God and country. The prayer was ended and there was no one in the church. A holy obscurity reigned across a multitude of columns resembling the trunks of forest trees planted in rows. The light architecture of the Arab was united here with the sombre gothic, and without losing anything of its elegance, had assumed a gravity more suitable to meditation. A few oil lamps barely lighted the high roof, whilst the altar of the sanctuary glittered in the light of many waxen candles, and sparkled with gold and precious stones.

The Spaniards make it their glory to despoil themselves of their riches to adorn the objects of their worship. And the altar of the living God, adorned with veils of lace, crowns of pearls and heaps of rubies, is adored by a half-naked people.

No sittings are seen amidst the vast enclosure. A pavement of marble which covers the dead, serves for great as well as small to prostrate themselves before the Lord. Aben Hamet advanced slowly and with awe up the deserted aisles which resounded only to the sound of his footsteps. His thoughts were divided between the recollections of the religion of his fathers which that ancient edifice brought back to his memory, and the sentiments which the religion of the Christians inspired in his heart. All at once he perceived at the foot of a column, a motionless figure, which he at first mistook for a statue or a tomb. On approaching nearer, he discovered a young cavalier on his knees, his head reverentially bent, and his two arms crossed on his breast. The cavalier made no movement at the sound of Aben Hamet's footsteps. No distraction, no sign of exterior life troubled his profound prayer. He appeared to be fixed in that attitude by enchantment. It was Lautric, "Ah," said the Abencerrage to himself, "this young and handsome Frenchman asks some signal favour of heaven. This warrior already celebrated for his courage, here lays bare his heart before the Sovereign of Heaven, like the most humble and obscure of men. Let me also invoke the God of Cavaliers and glory."

Aben Hamet was about to precipitate himself upon the marble when he perceived by the dim light of a lamp, some Arabic characters and a verse from the Koran which appeared upon a half fallen plaster tablet. Remorse entered his heart, and he hastened to quit an edifice where the thought of becoming a renegade to his religion and his country had first entered his heart.

The cemetery which surrounded this ancient mosque, was planted after the Moorish fashion with orange trees, cypresses and palms, and was watered by two clear fountains and surrounded by cloisters. Whilst passing under one of its porticoes, Aben Hamet perceived a woman about to enter the church. Although envelopped in a veil, the quick eye of the Abencerrage recognised the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé. He stopped her and asked "Are you come to seek Lautric in this temple?"

"Out on these vulgar jealousies," said Bianca. "If I loved thee no longer, I would tell thee so. I should disdain to deceive you. I came here to pray for you, for you alone are now the object of my prayers. I forget the safety of my own soul for sake of thine. It was not necessary to intoxicate one with the poison of your

love, or it is necessary to serve the God whom I serve. You trouble my family. My brother hates you, and my father is overcome with chagrin because I refuse to choose a husband. Dost thou not see how my health is altered? Dost see that asylum of death? It is enchanting, and I shall sleep there soon if you hasten not to receive my faith at the foot of the Christian's altar. The struggles which I daily undergo are slowly undermining my life. The passion with which you have inspired me will not always sustain my frail existence. Remember, O Moor, that the flame which lights the torch is also that which consumes it."

Bianca entered the church leaving Aben Hamet overwhelmed at her last words.

It was finished. The proud Abencerrage was conquered and had determined to renounce the errors of his faith. Long time had he struggled but the fear of seeing Bianca die, weighed against every other sentiment in his heart. "After all," said he, "the God of the Christian is perhaps the true God, and he is God of noble souls since he is the God of Bianca, Carlos, and Lautric." With this determination, Aben Hamet waited impatiently for the morrow to make known his resolution to Bianca and to change a life of sorrow and tears for one of happiness and joy. He was unable to visit the palace of the Duke de Santa Fé until evening, when he learnt that Bianca had gone with her brother to the Generalife where Lautric intended giving a fête. Agitated by new suspicions, Aben Hamet flew on the traces of Bianca. Lautric, reddened on seeing the Abencerrage arrive. As to Don Carlos he received the Moor with a frigid politeness through which his esteem nevertheless appeared.

Lautric had caused the finest fruits of Spain and Africa to be served in one of the saloons of the Generalife. Around this saloon were hung portraits of princes, nobles and cavaliers, conquerors of the Moors. Pelasgo, the Cid, Gonzalvo de Cordova, and Ponce de Leon. The sword of the unhappy Boabdil el Chico, was suspended beneath these portraits. Aben Hamet concealed the grief which gnawed his heart, and only said, like the lion while looking at the pictures, we do not know how to paint.

The generous Lautric who saw the eyes of the Abencerrage turn in spite of himself towards the sword of Boabdil, said to him, "Cavalier Moro, had I foreseen that you would have done me the honour to have joined this fête, I would not have received you here. Swords are lost continually. I myself have seen the most valiant of Kings deliver his to his happy enemy."

"Ah," cried the Abencerrage, covering his face with a portion of his robe, "one might part with a sword like Francis the First, but like Boabdil, * * * * *"

Night came. Torches were brought. The conversation changed its course. They begged of Don Carlos to relate the discovery of Mexico. He told of this unknown world with the pompous eloquence of a Spaniard, of the misfortunes of Montezuma, the manners of the Americans, the prodigies of Castilian valour, and even the cruelties of his compatriots, which to him appeared to merit rather praise than blame. These recitals enchanted Aben Hamet, whose passion for the marvellous betrayed his Arab blood. In his turn he painted the glories of the Ottoman Empire, then newly raised on the ruins of Constantinople, though not without regretting the first empire of Mahomet, the happy time when the leader of the Crescent saw glitter around him Zobeide, the flower of beauty and strength of heart, Tourmente, and that generous Ganem, a slave for love. As to Lautric, he painted the gallant court of Francis the First, the arts springing from the breast of barbarism, the honour, loyalty, and chivalry, of ancient days united to the politeness of civilized ages, Gothic turrets adorned with Grecian architecture, and the French dames setting off their rich apparel by Athenian elegance.

After this conversation, Lautric, who wished to amuse the divinity of this fête, took a guitar, and sang the following romance, which he had composed to a mountain air of his native land:

SONG OF LAUTRIC.

Oh native land! to mem'ry dear,
Friends home and country, sunny sky,
For thee my heart, once light, now drear,
Beats with a love can never die.

Oh, sister! do'st remember yet
The happy days we spent of yore?
Our mother dear! O, vain regret!
Her snow-white locks we'll kiss no more!

Our pleasant home, beside the stream,
Which flowed with waves of silver light;
By sloping banks of verdure green,
Where oft we played, from morn till night.

Rememberest thou the tranquil lake,
O'er which the swallow fluttered gay;
Whilst zephyrs shook the tangled brake,
Red in the sunlight's dying ray?

Oh, home! shall I e'er see again
My hills, thy vales, thy fields, thy sky?
For thee my heart, though full of pain,
Beats with a love can never die.

Lautric in finishing the last couplet, dried with his glove a tear which the memory of the lovely land of France forced from him. The regrets of

the handsome prisoner were keenly felt by Aben Hamet, who deplored equally with him the loss of his country. Solicited i . his turn to take the guitar, he excused himself, saying that he only knew one romance, and that one not over palatable to Christians.

"If it be the gr ans of the Infidels over our victory," sneered Don Carlos contemptuously, "you may sing. Tears are permitted to the vanquished."

"Yes," said Bianca, "and 'tis for that our fathers, formerly under the Moorish yoke, have left us so many plaintive ballads"—

Aben Hamet then sung this romance, which he had learned from a poet of the Abencerrage tribe:

THE SONG OF ABEN HAMET.

Don Juan of Castile with a prancing cavalcade,
Once saw o'er distant hills the towers of bright Grenade
Then sudden crossed he him, and by the rood he swore
That, in th' Alhambra halls, the Moor should reign no more.

Thou fairest town, he cried, thou art my joy and pride,
My heart is thine for aye, and thou shalt be my bride,
With priceless jewels I'll adorn thy halls, until
Thou shadow e'en the far-famed glories of Seville.

Thus wooed the King but the city scorned
By a Christian base to be so adorned;
The city scorned—but, O treachery vile!
Now Grenada basks in the Spaniard's smile!

Sons of the desert! gone is thy heritage;
The Spaniard sits now in the halls of Abencerrage;
Our daughters shall weep, and our sons shall hate;
Allah il Allah! 'twas thus written in fate!

Oh, home of my fathers! lovely Alhambra,
City of fountains bright, palace of Allah!
The base Christian reigns in the halls of the great;
Allah il Allah! 'twas written in fate!

The simplicity of these strains had touched even the heart of Don Carlos, despite the imprecations pronounced against the Christians. He wished to have declined singing, but, through courtesy to Lautric, he yielded to their entreaties. Aben Hamet handed the guitar to the brother of Bianca, who sang of the exploits of the Cid, his ancestor—

THE SONG OF DON CARLOS.

In his armour bright, the warrior dight
His sword girt on his thigh;
His proud steeds wait at the castle gate;
His parting now is nigh.

His heart beats high at his fair bride's sigh,
He takes his light guitar,
And to Ximene, his weeping dame,
Thus sung the bold Bivar.

In the first array of the battle fray,
Shall Rodrigo ever be!
And his war cry proud shall echo loud
For honor, love, and thee!

The turban'd Moor shall bend before
My falchion's flashing might:
And many a foe shall lay full low,
Crushed, quenched in endless night.

In after days, when the bard shall raise
The song in strains of war,
And the tale is told to young and old,
Of Rodrigo of Bivar.

By cottage small, in bower and hall,
Shall the minstrel sing again
How my battle cry rang loud and high,
For honor, love, and Spain!

Don Carlos had looked so proud whilst singing these verses, with his manly and sonorous voice, that he might well have been taken for the Cid himself. Lautric partook the warlike enthusiasm of his friend, but the Abencerrage turned pale at the name of Bivar.

"That Cavalier," said he, "whom the Christians termed 'The Flower of Chivalry' amongst us is called *cruel*. Had his generosity equalled his courage——"

"His generosity," interrupted Don Carlos with vivacity, "surpassed even his valor, and 'tis a Moor alone who could calumniate the hero to whom my family owes its origin."

"How say you?" said Aben Hamet springing from the seat on which he was half reclining. "Do you count the Cid amongst your ancestors?"

"His blood flows in my veins," answered Don Carlos, "and I recognize myself of that noble race by the hatred which burns in my heart against the enemies of my God."

"So then," said Aben Hamet regarding Bianca, "You are of the house of those Bivars who after the conquest of Grenada, invaded the hearths of the unhappy Abencerrages, and slew an old cavalier of that name who wished to defend the tombs of his ancestors from desecration."

"Moor," shouted Don Carlos inflamed with rage, "know that I permit no one to interrogate me. If I possess to-day the spoil of the Abencerrages, my ancestors acquired it at the price of their blood, and owe it only to their sword."

"Yet a word," said Aben Hamet, still more moved, "we were ignorant in our exile that the Bivars carried the title of Santa Fé, hence my error."

"It was on that Bivar the conqueror of the Abencerrages," answered Don Carlos, "that this title was conferred by Ferdinand the Catholic."

Aben Hamet hung his head on his breast. He stood up in the midst of the three, Bianca, Lautric and Don Carlos, who were astonished to see two torrents of tears flowing down either cheek to his girdle.

"Pardon," said he, "men I know ought not to

shed tears—moreover, mine will never again flow outwardly, although there remains enough to weep at. Listen to me?

"Bianca, my love for thee equals the force of the burning winds of Araby. Thou conquerest me. I could not live without thee. Yesterday, the sight of this French cavalier at prayer, and thy words in the cemetery of the temple, resolved me to know thy God and to offer thee my faith."

A movement of joy on the part of Bianca, and of surprise on Don Carlos, interrupted Aben Hamet, Lautric concealed his visage between his hands.

The Moor divined his thoughts, and shaking his head with a bitter smile, said, "Cavalier, hope still remains for thee—and thou, O! Bianca, weep for ever over the last Abencerrage."

Bianca, Lautric, Carlos, all three raised their hands to heaven in astonishment, and cried, "The Last Abencerrage!"

Silence reigned around; fear, hope, hatred, love, astonishment, jealousy, agitated all hearts. Bianca soon fell on her knees—"God of goodness," cried she, "thou justifiest my choice. I could not love other than the descendant of heroes."

"Sister," cried Carlos, irritated, "remember you are here before Lautric."

"Don Carlos," said Aben Hamet, "suspend your rage, it remains for me to render you tranquillity." Then addressing himself to Bianca who had reseated herself:

"Houri of Heaven, Genie of love and beauty, Aben Hamet will be thy slave to his last sigh. Yet know the whole extent of my misfortunes. The old man immolated by thine ancestor in defending his home was my grandfather. Learn now a secret which I have hitherto hidden from thee, or rather which thou hast caused me to forget:—When I came first to visit this mournful land, my design above all was to seek out some descendant of the Bivars who should render me an account of the blood which his father had spilt."

"Well then," said Bianca in a desponding voice, yet sustained by the pride of a great soul, "what is thy resolution?"

"The only one worthy of thee," answered Aben Hamet, "to restore thee thine oaths, and to satisfy by my eternal absence and death, the enmity of our Gods, our countries and our families. If ever my image be effaced from thy heart, if time which destroys all things sweeps from thy memory the recollection of the Abencerrage—this French Knight—you owe this sacrifice to your brother."

Lautric rose with impetuosity, and cast himself into the arms of the Moor. "Aben Hamet," cried he, "think not to surpass me in generosity. I am a Frenchman. Bayard dubbed me knight. I have shed my blood for my King, and I will live as my godfather and king, without fear and without reproach. Remain among us and I supplicate to Don Carlos to bestow on thee the hand of his sister. Depart from Grenada, and never shall a word of my love trouble the mistress of thy heart. You shall not carry into your exile the mournful idea, that Lautric, insensible to thy virtue, sought to profit by thy misfortune," and the young Cavalier pressed the Moor to his breast with the warmth and vivacity of a Frenchman.

"Cavaliers," said Don Carlos, in his turn, "I did not expect less from your illustrious races. Aben Hamet, by what sign can I recognize thee for the last Abencerrage?"

"By my conduct," answered Aben Hamet. "I admire it," said Don Carlos, "but before explaining myself, shew me some sign of thy birth."

Aben Hamet drew from his breast the hereditary ring of the Abencerrages, which he carried suspended round his neck by a chain of gold.

At this sign Don Carlos tendered his hand to the unhappy Aben Hamet. "Senor Cavalier," said he, "I hold thee for a true son of Kings. Thou honorest me by thy intentions towards my family. I accept the combat which you came secretly to seek for. If I am vanquished, all my wealth formerly thine shall be faithfully remitted thee. If you renounce your intentions of combat, accept in your turn that which I offer thee. Become a Christian, and receive the hand of my sister, which Lautric has demanded for thee.

The trial was great, but not above the forces of Aben Hamet. If love in all its power spoke to the heart of the Abencerrage on the other hand, he thought only with horror of the idea of uniting the blood of the persecutors to the blood of the persecuted. He fancied he saw the shade of his murdered ancestor rising from the tomb and, reproaching him with this sacriligious alliance. Pierced to the heart, Aben Hamet cried, "was it necessary for me to meet here so many noble hearts, so many generous souls! better to appreciate my loss. Let Bianca speak, let her decide what I must do to be more worthy of her love."

"Return to the desert," cried Bianca, and fainted.

Aben Hamet postrated himself at the feet of the unconscious Bianca, imprinted one fervent kiss on her hand, and then went out without uttering a word. On the same night he left for Malaga, and then embarked in a vessel bound for

Oran. Near that town was camped the caravan which every three years leaves Morocco, crosses Africa, arrives in Egypt, and joins in Yemen the caravan of Mecca. Aben Hamet joined himself to the number of the pilgrims.

Bianca whose life was at first menaced, recovered slowly; Lautric, faithful to the promise which he had given to the Abencerrage, departed, and never did a word of his love or grief trouble the melancholy of the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fé. Each year Bianca went to wander o'er the mountains of Malaga at the period at which her lover had been accustomed to return from Africa. Seated on the rocks she watched the sea and the distant vessels, and then returned to Grenada, where she passed the remainder of her days in the Alhambra.

She neither complained nor wept, neither did she ever speak of Aben Hamet, and a stranger might have fancied her happy. She remained the only one of her family. Her father died of chagrin, and Don Carlos was killed in a duel in which Lautric served him as second. None ever knew the fate of Aben Hamet.

* * * * * *

On going out of the gates of Tunis by the road which leads to the ruins of Carthage there is a cemetery. Under a palm tree in a corner of that cemetery I was shown a tomb which is called "The Grave of the Last Abencerrage." There is nothing remarkable about it. The sepulchral slab is solid, only according to a custom of the Moors a slight hollow has been scooped out of the middle of this stone with a chisel. The rain water drains into the bottom of this funeral cup, and serves in a burning clime to quench the thirst of the birds of heaven.

---

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—The foregoing beautiful tale of Chateaubriand has been rendered in English expressly for the Anglo-American Magazine

M. E. R.

Toronto, July 1st, 1853.

## FORGIVENESS.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So turning gloomily from my fellow men,
One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial place;
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level—and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face
And cold hands folded over a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps end, whence none depart,
Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
Swept all my pride away, and, trembling, I forgave.

## TOM MOOREIANA.

### No. II.

#### HOW TO PAY A COACH HIRE.

Lord John told us a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him; and at last, affecting to be mortified at R.'s arguments, said, "You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat;" nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

#### NON SEQUITURS.

In talking of people who had a sort of *non sequitur* head, there were two or three ridiculous instances mentioned. A man, who being asked did he understand German, answered, "No, but I have a cousin who plays the German flute." Another, going into a book-shop to ask if they had the "Whole Duty of Man," and receiving for answer, "No, sir, but we have Mrs. Glasse's Cookery," &c.

#### BYRON'S ESTIMATE OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

A letter from Lord Byron to day, in which there is the following epigram upon the braziers going up "in armour" with an address to the Queen:—

"The braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass:
A superfluous pageant, for, by the Lord Harry,
They'll find where they're going much more than they carry."

#### QUIZZING A BORE.

Sir A. C—— once telling long rhodomontade stories about America at Lord Barrymore's table, B. (winking at the rest of the company) asked him, "Did you ever meet any of the Chick-Chows, Sir Arthur?" "Oh, several; a very cruel race." "The Cherry-Chows?" "Oh, very much among them: they were particularly kind to our men." "And pray, did you know anything of the Totteroddy bow-wows?" This was too much for poor Sir A., who then, for the first time, perceived that Barrymore had been quizzing him.

#### THE CRESCENT IN ROME.

Delessert mentioned rather a comical trick of some English, who took an Ottoman flag with them to the ball of St. Peter's, and planted it over the Angel. The astonishment of the cardinals next morning at seeing the crescent floating over St. Peter's!

A GUESSER.

Lattin very amusing. Mentioned some Frenchman who said he had not read the "History of France," but had *guessed* it.

FIRE TREES.

It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire.

A COOL LANDLORD.

Dawson told a good story about the Irish landlord counting out the change of a guinea. "Twelve, 13, 14 (a shot heard); 'Bob, go and see who's that that's killed;' 15, 16, 17 (enter Bob), 'It's Kelly, sir.'—Poor Captain Kelly, a very good customer of mine; 18, 19, 20, there's your change, sir."

GEORGE IV. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

Martial's well-known epigram, I am not surprised to find, has been applied to the quarrel between their majesties. I remember translating it thus, when I was a boy,

"So like in their manners, so like in their life,
An infamous husband and infamous wife;
It is something most strange and surprising to me,
That a couple so *like* should never *agree!*"

WORDSWORTH ON SCOTT.

Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them; common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his "Sir Charles Grandison" was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c. &c. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty, sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen.

CANNING ON GRATTAN.

Talking of Grattan, he said that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ, and seeing the wheels. That this was unlucky, as it proved what an artificial style he had used. You saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings, kept ready for the occasion.

MOORE ON WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to *hold forth;* one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation.

AN ERUDITE CURE.

Mr. Rich said at dinner that a curé (I forget in what part of France) asked him once whether it was true that the English women wore rings in their noses? to which Mr. R. answered, that, "in the north of England, near China, it was possible they might, but certainly not about London."

AN AWKWARD BUSINESS.

It was mentioned that Luttrell said lately, with respect to the disaffection imputed to the army in England, "Gad, sir, when the extinguisher takes fire, it's an awkward business."

POPULARITY AND PILLS.

Saw this morning at the bottom of a pill-box, sent me from the apothecary's, these words, "May Hebe's choicest gift be thy lot, thou pride of Erin's Isle!" Glory on a pill-box!

WHY THE FRENCH PUN WELL.

The quickness of the French at punning arises, I think, very much from their being such bad spellers. Not having the fear of orthography before their eyes, they have at least one restraint less upon their fancy in this sort of excercise.

A CAUTIOUS MEDICO.

Lord John mentioned an old physician (I believe) of the old Marquis of Lansdowne, called Ingerhouz, who, when he was told that that old Frederic of Prussia was dead, asked anxiously, "Are you very sure dat he is dead?" "Quite sure." "On vhat authority?" "Saw it in the papers." "You are very, very sure?" "Perfectly so." "Vell, now he is really dead, I *vill* say he vas de greatest tyrant dat ever existed."

FRESH WIT.

I dined at Lord Blessington's. Lord B. mentioned a good story of an Irishman he knew, saying to a dandy who took up his glass to spy a shoulder of mutton, and declared he had never seen such a thing before, "Then, I suppose, sir, you have been chiefly in the *chop line.*"

ANXIETY OF A COMPOSER.

He mentioned a good story to prove how a musician's ear requires the extreme seventh to be resolved. Sebastian Bach, one morning getting out of bed for some purpose, ran his fingers over the keys of the pianoforte as he passed, but when he returned to bed found he could not sleep. It was in vain he tossed and turned about. At length he recollected that the last chord he struck was that of the seventh; he got up again, resolved it, and then went to bed and slept as comfortably as he could desire.

A CONSCIENCE-SMITTEN BARBER

Told a story of a young fellow at a Chelsea ball, who, upon the steward's asking him,

"What are you?" (meaning what o'clock it was by him), was so consciously alive to the intrusion which he had been guilty of, that he stammered out, "Why, sir, I confess I am a barber; but if you will have the goodness to say no more about it, I will instantly leave the room."

THIN LIPS.

Lawrence's idea that murderers have thin lips; has always found it so.

RANDOLPH.

Sat next Lord Limerick and Randolph, the famous American orator, a singular looking man, with a young-old face, and a short small body, mounted upon a pair of high crane legs and thighs, so that when he stood up, you did not know when he was to end, and a squeaking voice like a boy's just before breaking into manhood. His manner, too, strange and pedantic, but his powers of eloquence (Irving tells me) wonderful.

"ROMANTIC."

A troublesome gentleman, who has called several times, insisted upon seeing me; said his business was of a *romantic* nature, and the romance was his asking me to lend him money enough to keep him for a month; told me he was the author of the "Hermit in London," but begged me to keep his secret. Told him I had no money myself, but would try what a friend I was going to dine with would do for him; this merely to get rid of "the Hermit."

A JUDICIAL SARCASM.

Judge Fletcher once interrupted Tom Gold in an argument he was entering into about the jury's deciding on the fact, &c., when Gold, vexed at being stopped in his career, said, "My Lord, Lord Mansfield was remarkable for the patience with which he heard the Counsel that addressed him." "He never heard you, Mr. Gold," was Fletcher's reply, given with a weight of brogue, which added to the effect of the sarcasm.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

Talking of jokes, there is a good story of Lattin's, which I doubt if I have recorded. During the time of the emigrants in England, an old French lady came to him in some country town, begging for God's sake, he would interfere, as the mob was about to tar and feather a French nobleman. On Lattin's proceeding with much surprise to inquire into the matter, he found they were only going to *pitch a marquée.*

A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER.

Byron's story of the priest, saying to a fellow who always shirked his dues at Easter and Christmas, and who gave as an excuse for his last failure, that he had been very ill, and so near dying that Father Brennan had annointed him: "Annointed you, did he? faith, it showed he did not know you as well as I do, or he would have known you were slippery enough without it."

WANT OF PRACTICE.

By the bye, Shee told me a *bon-mot* of Rogers the other day. On somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, "'Tis from want of practice," says R.; Knight being a very bad listener.

FRENCH BLUNDERS.

Told some good anecdotes about French translations from the English. In some work where it was said "the air was so clear, that we could distinctly see a *bell-wether* on the opposite hill, the translator made bell-weather, *le beau temps.* Price, on the Picturesque, says that a bald head is the only smooth thing possessing that quality, but that if we were to cover it over with flour, it would lose its picturesqueness immediately; in translating which, some Frenchman makes it, *une belle tête chauve couronnée de fleurs.*

CHEAP LIVING.

Jekyll more silent than he used to be, but very agreeable. In talking of cheap living, he mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, for on "Sunday," said he, "I always dine with my old friend ——, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more till Sunday again."

A LUCKY SCOTSMAN.

After breakfast had a good deal of conversation with Jekyll. Quoted those lines written upon John Allen Parke, by a man who never wrote any verses before or since:

"John Allen Parke
Came naked stark
From Scotland;
But now has clothes,
And lives with beaux
In England."

HISTRIONIC MISTAKES

Told of the actor saying by mistake,—

"How sharper than a serpent's *thanks* it is.
To have a *toothless* child:"

and old Parker who used always to say the "coisoned pup" instead of "poisoned cup;" and one night, when he spoke it right, the audience said, "No, no!" and called for the other reading.

A BATCH OF JOKES.

At breakfast Jekyll told of some one remarking on the inaccuracy of the inscription on Lord Kenyon's tomb, *Mors janua vita;* upon which Lord Ellenborough said, "Don't you know that *that* was by Kenyon's express desire, as he left it in his will, that they should not go to the expense of a dipthong?" He

mentioned Roger's story of an old gentleman when sleeping at the fire, being awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons all tumbling down; and saying, "What! going to bed without our kiss," taking it for the children. Talked of Gen. Smith a celebrated Nabob, who said, as an excuse for his bad shooting, that he had "spoilt his hand by shooting peacocks with the Great Mogul." Lord L. told of the same having written to put off some friends whom he had invited to his country seat, saying, "I find my damned fellow of a steward has in the meantime sold the estate."

CAUSTIC "IDEA."

Dr. Currie once, upon being bored by a foolish Blue, to tell her the precise meaning of the word idea (which she said she had been reading about in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it,) answered, at last, angrily, "Idea, Madam, is the feminine of Idiot, and means a female fool."

A COSTLY SUNBEAM.

Called upon Lord Lansdowne; admired a pretty picture of a child by Sir J. Reynolds, of which he told me that, at the sale where he bought it, the day had been so dark and misty that people could hardly see the pictures, till just at one moment a sunbeam burst suddenly in and fell upon this, lighting it up so beautifully that the whole company broke, by one common consent, into a loud peal of clapping. This sunbeam, he added, cost him at least fifty pounds in the purchase of the picture.

HUDIBRES.

Lamb quoted an epitaph by Clio Rickman, in which, after several lines, in the usual jog-trot style of epitaph, he continued thus:

"He well performed the husband's, father's part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart."

FREE TRANSLATION.

Lord Bexley's motto, *Grata quies*, is by Canning translated, Great Quiz.

NO CEREMONY REQUIRED.

Quoted from "Tristram Shandy" an amusing passage; "'Brother, will you go with me to see some dead bodies?' 'I am ready, brother, to go see any body?' 'But these bodies have been dead three thousand years.' 'Then, I suppose, brother, we need not *shave*.'"

A UNIVERSAL PASSION.

Quoted this odd passage from an article of Sidney Smith's in the "Edinburgh Review:" "The same passion which peoples the parsonage with chubby children animates the Arminian, and burns in the breast of the Baptist."

A PATRIOTIC PAT

Story of an Irish fellow refusing to prosecute a man who had beaten him almost to death on St Patrick's night, and saying that he let him off, "in honour of the night."

CLEVER PARODY.

Forgot to mention that Casey, during my journey, mentioned to me a parody of his on those two lines in the "Veiled Prophet"—

"He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
Beneath the tropics, knows of icicles."

The following is his parody, which I bless my stars that none of my critics were lively enough to hit upon, for it would have stuck by me:

"He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
On Scotia's mountains, knows of knee-buckles."

GALLANTRY IN THE RING.

Mrs. S. told some Irish stories. One, of a conversation she overheard between two fellows about Donnelly, the Irish champion: how a Miss Kelly, a young lady of fine behaviour, had followed him to the Curragh, to his great battle, and laid her gold watch and her coach and six that he would win; and that when Donnelly, at one time, was getting the worst of it, she exclaimed. "Oh, Donnelly, would you leave me to go back on foot, and not know the hour?" on which he rallied, and won.

A DUTCH COMPLIMENT.

Lord J. mentioned the conclusion of a letter from a Dutch commercial house, as follows:—"Sugars are falling more and more every day; not so the respect and esteem with which we are, &c. &c."

LAUREL AND BAY.

Lord L. mentioned an epigram, comparing some woman, who was in the habit of stealing plants, with Darwin; the two last were—

"Decide the case, Judge Botany I pray;
And his the laurel be, and hers the *Bay*.'

IRISH "GENTLEMEN TENANTS."

The *gentlemen* are the most troublesome tenants, and the worst pay. —— The swaggering patriot, who holds considerable property from Lord K., cannot be made pay by love or law. Says it is most ungentlemanlike of Lord Kenmare to expect it. This reminds me of an epigram I heard the other day made upon him and O'Connell, when the one hesitated about fighting Sir C. Saxton on account of his sick daughter, and the other boggled at the same operation through the interference of his wife.

"These heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improve on the Jewish command;
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days may be long in the land."

A MODEST MILESIAN.

An Irishman, who called upon me some days ago to beg I would get some "ginteel situation!" for him, has just written to me from Bristol to say that he came from Ireland expressly with the sole hope of my assisting him, and that he now has not money enough to pay his passage back again. Begged of Hughes to let his agent at Bristol pay the man's passage, and see him on board.

GHOST STORY.

In talking of ghost stories, Lord L. told of a party who were occupied in the same sort of conversation; that there was one tall pale-looking woman of the party, who listened and said nothing; but upon one of the company turning to her and asking whether *she* did not believe there was such a thing as a ghost, she answered, *Si j'y crois? oui, et même je l'ouis;* and instantly vanished.

A DEMON IN ORDERS.

Bowles told the ghost story from Giraldus Cambrensis. An archdeacon of extraordinary learning and talents, and who was a neighbour of Giraldus, and with whom he lived a good deal, when they were one day talking about the disappearance of the demons on the birth of Christ, said, "It is very true, and I remember on that occasion I *hid myself* in a well."

AN IRISH FRANK.

Story of the elector asking S. for a frank, and another doing the same immediately, saying, "I don't see why I'm not to have a frank as well as John Thompson." "What direction shall I put upon it?" said Sheridan. "The same as John Thompson's, to be sure."

A TRIFLE TOO MUCH.

Lord John mentioned that, when in Spain, an ecclesiastic he met told him of a poor Irishman who had lately been travelling there, to whom he had an opportunity of showing some kindness; but from the Irishman not knowing Spanish they were obliged to converse in Latin. On taking his leave, the grateful Hibernian knelt down and said to the Churchman, *Da mihi* beneficum *tuum*. "No, no," replied the other, "I have done as much as I could for you, but *that* is rather too much."

ABSURD CRITICISM.

In talking of the way in which any criticism or ridicule spoils one's enjoyment ever after of even one's most favourite passages, I mentioned a ludicrous association suggested to me about a passage in Haydn's "Creation," which always returns to me to disturb my delight at it. In that fine *morceau*, "God said Let there be light," there is between these words and the full major swell, into which the modulation bursts upon "and there was light," a single note of the violin, which somebody said was to express the "striking of the flint."

EDWARD IRVING.

Looked over J. Taylor's "Living and Dying" for a fine passage about the setting sun, which Mrs. Bowles says Irving has borrowed in one of his sermons. Could not find it; but discovered in Irving the extraordinary description of Paradise, in which he introduces an allusion to me; "Angels, not like those Three, sung by no holy mouth." His own Paradise, however, almost as naughty a one as either I or Mahomet could invent.

UP TO TRAP.

A pun of Lord H.'s upon some one who praised "Trapp's Virgil," "though he knows nothing of Virgil, yet he *understands Trap*."

A MISANTHROPECAL MAXIM.

Lord John to-day mentioned that Sidney Smith told him he had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following: "that generally towards the age of forty, women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest."

MONT BLANC.

On our return saw Mont Blanc, with its attendant mountains in the fullest glory, the rosy light shed on them by the setting sun, and their peaks rising so brightly behind the dark rocks in front, as if they belonged to some better world, or as if Astræa was just then leaving the glory of her last footsteps on their summits; nothing was ever so grand and beautiful.

A HATER OF "DESPOTISM."

In Paris a wise Englishman said to me; "If you knock a man down here you would be imprisoned for three days!" He seemed to think it a very hard case!

BYRON ON SHAKSPEARE.

This puts me in mind of Lord Byron saying to me the other day, "What do you think of Shakspeare, Moore? I think him a damned humbug." Not the first time I have heard him speak slightingly of Shakspeare.

MOORE'S SINGING.

Dined with the Fieldings: sung in the evening to him, her, Montgomery, and the governess,—all four weeping. This is the true tribute to my singing.

EPIGRAM BY THEODORE HOOK.

Next comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes;
And the people all give him whatever he *axes;*
In enforcing his dues he uses no flummery.
And though *Winter's* his name, his proceedings are *summary.*

---

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not," was the cool reply. "Does it resemble your writing?" Yes, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?" "I do!" "You take your oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Y-e-a-s, Sir!" "Now, how do you know?" "'Cause I can't write!"

Mrs. Partington wants to know what sort of drums conundrums are. She thinks some are hard to beat.

The *New York Star* emits the following beam:—A correspondent entered an office and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his communication, when the typo earnestly replied—"I'm not a pointer—I'm a setter!"

# THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XIV.

[*Major, Doctor and Laird.*]

Major.—Well, doctor, have you thought over our experiments in table moving? Have you discovered any reasonable explanation for the phenomenon?

Doctor.—I have thought seriously over the matter, and cannot assign any cause that will bear criticism. It appears absurd that an inanimate body having no vital communication with the experimenter, should be influenced by immaterial will; indeed, I look upon the whole affair as a gigantic humbug.

Laird.—Humbug now? After your sitting hours wi' the Major an' me watching the revolutions of yon round table man! Did ye na' see it turn this way, and twist that, an' move about the room wherever ye wished it? Humbug! Nae humbug, unless ye were pushing it about yoursel'.

Doctor.—I give you my honor I rested my hands but lightly on the table, and exercised only my will; the muscles of my arms and hands were at rest, at least, I believe so; yet it is possible that an involuntary muscular power may have been exerted unconciously.

Major.—Is it really possible, that we could so far deceive ourselves, as to use the muscles unknowingly, and so communicate a motion that has excited wonder in all experimenters?

Doctor.—I believe it possible, and if it is once proven that such may be the case, the table moving mania falls to the ground.

Major.—But the involuntary muscular action of the hands on the table as a cause of motion, has, I think, been satisfactorily disproved. Take a case related in the Times: tissue paper was placed upon the table, the hands resting on the paper; notwithstanding, that the paper was moistened with the perspiration from the hands, it was not torn as it would have been had the slightest muscular effort been made. Again, at a "Table-moving" Conversazione held in the Athenæum, the following experiment was tried, at the instance of the chairman, the Rev. H. H. Jones, F. R. S. A. A table was ordered to be smeared with olive oil, upon which the experimenters were to rest their fingers. Six gentlemen occupied the seats around this table, and in twenty minutes it moved. The same experiment was tried upon a larger and heavier table, eight gentlemen operating, in forty-four minutes the table moved. I will mention another case given by the Paris Correspondent of the *London Globe*. "A hat was then placed on the table, and three experimentalists—one a gentleman of sixty, another a female of fifty-four, and the third a young man of thirty-four—formed the chain, placing their fingers very lightly indeed on the brim of the hat. In one minute the hat moved round, and the persons who had their hands on it were compelled to rise and follow the movement. The hat then moved towards the edge of the table, and was falling off, when the hands were taken off, and it was replaced on the table. The chain was formed again by the same persons, and their hands were again placed very lightly in the same position as before, but to their surprise, the hat did not move. Four minutes passed, during which the hat gave no sign of motion. At the end of that time one of the observers said, "The table is rising." This was the fact. The table rose again—the hat remaining quite motionless—on two legs, and in about two minutes the third leg was about eight inches from the floor, when the table with the hat upon it, lost its balance and tipped over. This ex-

periment was conclusive; but why had the hat remained motionless? The hat was of felt not silk, like most of the hats in use here. When it was first saturated it moved rapidly; but when the the fluid had become excessive, the felt acted as a conductor of the fluid to the table, and the table and hat became one body." These experiments, Doctor, I think, upset your theory about muscular action, which you have cribbed from M. Arago.

Doctor.—I am quite as well aware of Mr Arago's opinion of this science (*) as you are, Major, and do not assert that his idea is the correct one, for one reason, it is not yet proven. But, again, I do not think your cases conclusive, as we have not tried the oil and fat trick ourselves yet; besides, should the cases related by you, be true, confirmative experiments will soon settle the muscular action question. We must then look for some other cause.

Laird.—Ye need na' look far. I solemnly believe the motion to be spiritual, an' if ye wad only use your reason anent the matter, Doctor, ye wad see it was the speerits o' the departed obeying the will o' the present.

Doctor.—Ha, ha, ha, Laird. How in the mischief can you form any connecti in between the mind of living men and the souls of the departed, *requiescant in pace*. You will have great difficulty in convincing me that there is anything spiritual or supernatural in the affair. No, no, if it is to be explained at all, it is only on natural grounds.

Major.—I agree with you there, Doctor; and the only natural explanation that you can have, is that of animal magnetism.

Laird.—Animal feeddlesticks. It is speeritual I tell ye.

Doctor.—Well, Laird, explain your views, and, after you, we will let the Major have his turn.

Laird.—That table-moving is a speeritual phenomenon, there canna' be the smallest doubt, an' the way I have arrived at my conclusion is simple in the extreme. We are all sprung, as ye must allow, fra' ane great faither, Adam, who was endowed by his Creator, when perfected, wi' a soul. Eve, as we are told, was created out o' Adam, bone o' his bone, an' flesh o' his flesh, an' consequently received fra' Adam a portion o' his soul, for they twain were one. Now on the birth o' their weans, Cain and Abel, an' many eithers, we have na' heard tell of, a portion o' their soul was imparted to their offspring. The offspring o' Adam an' Eve, again in their turn gave up a fraction o' their portion to their children, an' so on to the present generation.

Major.—So then, Laird, you think that we have only an infinitesimal dose of soul in our composition?

Laird,—I think, Major Crabtree, an' it is noble thocht, a sublime idea, absolutely a wonderfu' fact, that a portion o' that soul, that made the heart o' our forefather Adam glad, an' caused him to bless his Creator and thank him for his mercies, at present animates my frame, an' occasions me to relate this great truth.

Doctor.—Go on Laird. Major, we must have no more interruptions.

Laird.—Well, if it is ane soul that has been distributed to the whole human species ye will naturally ask what has become o' the fractions that once animated the bodies o' the dead? These fractions, I believe, to have gane to the place o' departed speerits, but where that is we canna' tell; but it may be that they are hovering o'er this earth, having an interest in that portion, which, still unreleased, inhabits our bodies on this globe. Now, when all men are dead, this great soul returns entire to his Lord our master, having performed the appointed mission. Now what is mair likely than that the portion released, we will suppose it to be now the greater half, should seek to converse with that lesser half we yet possess, and to teach it a method of communication either by rappings or table-moving. As a proof o' what I say I will just read you an extract or twa fra' the first numder of *Putnam's Monthly*.—It is a letter fra' Mrs. Whitman, Providence, an' the Mr. Simmons mentioned of was once a United States Senator frae Rhode Island.

"Dear Sir,—I have had no conversation with Mr. Simmons on the subject of your note, until to day. I took an early opportunity of acquainting him with its contents, and this morning he called on me to say that he was perfectly willing to impart to you the particulars of his experience in relation to the mysterious writing *performed under his very eyes in broad daylight, by an invisible agent*. In the fall of 1850, several messages were telegraphed to Mrs. Simmons through the electric sounds, purporting to come from her stepson, James D. Simmons, who died some weeks before in California!

"The messages were calculated to stimulate curiosity and lead to an attentive observation of the phenomena. Mrs. S., having heard that messages in the hand-writing of deceased persons were sometimes written through the same medium, asked if her son would give her this evidence. She was informed (through the sounds), that the attempt should be made, and was directed to place a slip of paper in a certain drawer at the house of the medium, and to lay beside it her own pencil, which had been given her by the deceased. Weeks passed on, and, although frequent inquiries were made, no writing was found on the paper.

"Mrs. Simmons, happening to call at the house one day, accompanied by her husband, made the usual inquiry, and received the usual answer. The drawer had been opened not two hours before, and nothing was seen in it but the pencil lying on the blank paper. At the suggestion of Mrs. S., however, another investigation was made, and on the paper was now found a few penciled lines, resembling the hand-writing of the deceased, but

*Query? Can table-moving be called a science? P. D., senior.

not so closely as to satisfy the mother's doubts. Mrs. Simmons handed the paper to her husband. He thought there was a slight resemblance, but should probably not have remarked it, had the writing been casually presented to him. Had the *signature* been given him he should at once have decided on the resemblance. He proposed, if the spirit of his son were indeed present, as alphabetical communications, received through the sounds, affirmed him to be, that he should, *then* and *there*, affix his signature to the suspicious document.

"In order to facilitate the operation, Mrs S. placed the closed points of a pair of scissors in the hands of the medium, and dropped her pencil through one of the rings or bows, the paper being placed beneath. Her hand presently began to tremble, and it was with difficulty she could retain her hold of the scissors. Mr. Simmons then took them into his own hand, and again dropped his pencil through the ring. It could not readily be sustained in this position. After a few moments, however, it stood as if firmly poised and perfectly still. *It then began slowly to move. Mr. S. saw the letters traced beneath his eyes, the words James D. Simmons were distinctly and deliberately written, and the hand-writing was a fac-simile of his son's signature.* But what Mr. S. regards as the most astonishing part of this seeming miracle, is yet to be told.

"Bending down to scrutinize the writing more closely, he observed, just as the last word was finished, that the top of the pencil leaned to the right; he thought it was about to slip through the ring, but to his infinite astonishment, *he saw the point slide slowly back along the word 'Simmons,' till it rested over the letter i, where it deliberately imprinted a dot.* This was a punctilio utterly unthought of by him; he had not noticed the omission, and was therefore entirely unprepared for the amendment. He suggested the experiment, and hitherto it had kept pace only with his will or desire; but how will those who deny the agency of disembodied spirits in these marvels, ascribing all to the unassisted powers of the human will or to the blind action of electricity,—how will they dispose of this last significant and curious fact? The only peculiarity observeable in the writing, was, that the lines seemed sometimes slightly broken, as if the pencil had been lifted and then set down again.

"Another circumstance I am permitted to relate, which is not readily to be accounted for on any other theory than that of Spiritual agency. Mr. S., who had received no particulars of his son's death until several months after his decease, purporting to send for his remains, questioned the spirit as to the manner in which the body had been disposed of, and received a very minute and circumstantial account of the means which had been resorted to for its preservation, it being at the time unburied.

"Improbable as some of these statements seemed, they were, after an interval of four months, confirmed as literally true by a gentleman, then recently returned from California, who was with young Simmons at the period of his death. Intending soon to return to San Francisco, he called on Mr. Simmons to learn his wishes in relation to the final disposition of his son's remains.

"I took down the particulars in writing, by the permission of Mr. S., during his relation of the facts. I have many other narratives of a like character from persons of intelligence and veracity, but they could add nothing to the weight of that which I have just reported to you."

This letter, ye see, has vera little to do with table moving. The following frae *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* is mair to the point—

"Led by the style of conversation which prevailed in the company, I afterwards asked "If the views and feelings which I entertained regarding God were such as the spirits could approve?" to which an affirmative answer was given. I further enquired "If any spirits attended me in my ordinary course of life?"—Yes. The doctor explaining that everybody was attended by two, a good and a bad, and acted well or ill as the good or bad spirit was allowed to gain the ascendancy. To my inquiry "If my good spirit had in general the greatest influence over me?" an affirmative answer was returned by three loud thumps of the table on the floor. I inquired if the evil spirit had also some influence; when three gentler thumps were given. I then expressed a wish to see the table moved along the room, in the manner in which a lady of my acquaintance had lately seen it moved in America. The doctor having put the request, the table presently moved along in the direction of Julius, who had to rise in order to allow it way. As he moved back, with only the tips of his fingers laid upon it, it followed till it had gone about four feet from its former position, and of course was completely clear of the rest of the company. All this was well calculated to surprise for the moment; but although the dynamics of the case were at first a mystery to me, I became convinced afterwards, that, whether drawn along by the youth's fingers or not, it was possible to cause such a table to move under a very much slighter contact of the fingers than any one could have been prepared for; wherefore, I came to attach no consequence to this section of the alleged phenomena. Most undoubtedly I saw the table sliding along, clear of every contact but that of the young man's finger-ends. He then came round to the other side, and, merely touching it, caused it to follow him back to its original place. Finally, the doctor requested us all to resume our seats, and place our hands upon the table; after which, in a formal and reverential tone, he returned his thanks to the spirits for the communications they had vouchsafed to the company that evening."

Ye here see that the writer doesna' place much confidence in the table-moving phenomena; but listen to what he says a fortnight after—

"Since writing my article on this subject (Table-moving and spirit manifestations), an unexpected circumstance has taken place, which calls for a considerable modification of the views expressed in that paper. Greatly to my surprise, the alleged phenomena have, within the last few days, been exemplified in my own house, under my own care, without the presence of any professed medium. In concession to the generally

felt improbability of spiritual communications, and my own feelings of scepticism on that point, I will not say that spirits have been concerned in the case; but whatever be the agency, I am clear as to the *acta*, or things done. Under a light application of the hands of a few of my family and myself, a round table has moved both linearly and round—in the latter manner so rapidly at some moments, that I counted six revolutions in half a minute. With hands disposed in the same manner, we have received signals of various kinds in answers to questions, sometimes by tappings, but more frequently by lateral movements of the table on its feet, or by its tilting in a particular direction as requested. I can fully depend on the probity of the three or four members of the family circle who were associated with me in the experiments; but what places the matter beyond doubt is, that some of the responses involve matters known only to myself. I may add, that the same phenomena have been elicited, under my care, in another family, composed of persons to whom they were entirely a novelty. I am therefore left in no doubt as to the verity of the alleged facts, and, in justice to the professed Mediums, must withdraw my hypothesis, that they are first deceived by themselves, and then unintentionally deceive others."

Thus ye see that the mystery of table-moving is identified with spiritual manifestations, an', consequently, Doctor, if ye are at a loss for the motive power o' the tables, ye have only to gang to the speerits!

Doctor.—But, Laird, all that you have told us I do not admit as evidence. On the contrary, hear the following sensible remarks of the *Illustrated London News* on the "Mystery of the tables"—

"The matter-of-fact people of the nineteenth century have plunged all at once into the bottomless depths of spiritualism. The love of the marvellous is not to be eradicated by the schoolmaster. There are multitudes of hard-headed, business-like people, safely to be trusted in any matter of commerce or of money—people who can reason, and argue, and detect the flaws and the contradictions in statements and theories which they do not approve—who continually wear some pet absurdity of their own. They hug it like a garment, and refuse to shuffle it off till they can robe themselves in another absurdity not a whit better than the old one, except in the gloss of its novelty, and in the fashion of its cut. Something of the kind is always occurring to excite the laughter of those who smile, and the tears of those who weep, at the follies of humanity. Neither Democritus nor Heraclitus need lack disciples in our day. It is not only the ignorant and the vulgar, but the educated and refined who yield themselves up, the unsuspecting, if not the eager, victims of self-deception. In fact, it may be asserted that the lower classes—men and women who battle with the sternest realities of life—are less apt than the wealthier and more luxurious to seek excitement in the wonderful, and to feed their credulity with the incomprehensible. It has been so in all ages. The days of witchcraft had scarcely passed away when the idle and the fashionable listened with keen curiosity to the wonderful stories related in the "Sadducismus Triumphatus," and swallowed with open mouths the reports of the spirit-rappings at the house of M. Mompesson. About the same time (two hundred years ago) appeared Valentine Greatraks, with his sympathetic salve, which cured the most desperate hurts—not by application to the wound, but to the sword or pistol which caused it. Valentine Greatraks had thousands of believers; and to have doubted of the marvellous cures which he effected would have been to run the risk of being scouted from good society. The famous metallic tractors of Dr. Haygarth, introduced sixty or seventy years ago, were a nine days' wonder, and were thought to have revolutionized the science of medicine, until it was found that wooden tractors, painted to imitate metallic ones, were as good as the genuine articles, and that neither had any effect, except upon the hypochondriacal and the weak-minded. Mr. St. John Long, at a comparatively recent period, rubbed the backs of the wealthy, and was growing rich by the process, until an unforeseen, and, to him, unwelcome casualty brought him within the grasp of the law, and caused his fashionable theory and his extensive practice to explode amid popular disgust. The Cocklane Ghost, the spirit-rappings of Stockwell, and the dancing porridge-pots of Baldarroch, all had their day and their believers. We cite these cases at random, and might select hundreds of others that are familiar to those who have made the credulity of the multitude their study. There is nothing too absurd for the belief both of the ignorant and the educated. There is no system of miscalled philosophy, especially if it meddle with the business of the physician, that is too outrageous for encouragement, or too ridiculous for admiration.

"In an age which has been pre-eminently practical and material, dead superstitions start out of their graves, and squeak and jabber in our streets. The haunted house rears its head next door to the Mechanics' Institute; and in the same town in which a Faraday is lecturing upon the newly-discovered truths of science, a clever adventuress calls up ghosts for a fee, and pretends to reveal the ineffable secrets of another life. The old fables of witchcraft and demoniacal possession are surpassed by the modern marvels, which we are called upon to believe, under the penalty of being denounced as materialists and atheists. The extraordinary results obtained by science in our day have ceased to excite the same lively interest as of yore. Those who feed upon the highly-seasoned fare of the preternatural, are like the daughters of the horse-leech, and their cry is 'Give, give!' Even clairvoyance, opening, as it does, so vast a field of inquiry to those who consider how fearfully and wonderfully man is made, fails to unfold mysteries enough to satisfy the daring neophytes of the nineteenth century. Magnetism and electricity are great, they admit; but the human will, they assert, is greater. Electricity in Dover can rend the rocks at Calais; but the all potent will of man—either travelling upon electricity or using it as a weapon—can leave this paltry world behind, and soar amid the planets and fixed stars, or, if it choose to stay upon the earth, can become as veritable a power as

any mechanical or physical force that was ever stirred into activity by the ingenuity of an Archimedes or a Watt. Not only can it accomplish such small facts as turning tables and hats, and making crockery dance upon shelves; but it can communicate with departed spirits, and call them from the inter-lunar spheres (which are no longer vacant in modern philosophy), to answer the most impertinent questions. Where shall we find any one so deaf to reason, so blind against proof, so callous to argument, so independent of demonstration, so utterly careless of evidence, as the marvel-monger? And the marvel-mongers are a numerous tribe. It does not astonish them to hear that the spirits of the mighty dead are at the beck and call of any of the gentler sex who chooses to establish herself as a "medium." It pleases them to think that Adam himself, the venerable father of the human race, will respond to a duly qualified practitioner in petticoats, and make his presence known by rapping upon a table. Although the spirits summoned by different 'media' contradict themselves; although one class of spirits anathematizes the Protestants, and another hurls the Roman Catholics to damnation; although one 'medium' called up Lemuel Gulliver as a veritable spirit, and another allowed her mahogany to be rapped by a spirit calling itself the Baron Manchausen; although the spirits that rap for Mrs. A. stigmatize as impostors the spirits that rap for Mrs. B.; although the spirits spell their responses, and sometimes make woful blunders in their orthography; and although the sum total of the spirit revelations as yet recorded amount to nonsense, or to nothing,—the spirit-rappings of our day have crowds of enthusiastic believers. Contradictions, meannesses, blasphemies, impossibilities—all are believed, all are gulped by a voracious credulity, that may sometimes be fatigued, but that never can be satisfied."

I will only add that these very sensible remarks I endorse with pleasure.

MAJOR.—You appear to forget, Doctor, as well as the writer of the article you have just now read us, that although there may have been many delusions imposed on a credulous people in olden times; that also, there have been many examples of great truths rejected, and their expounders imprisoned, scorned, hooted, and reviled. I for my part, must assert, that I believe in table-moving; as for spiritual manifestations, I say nothing.

LAIRD.—Weel, then, gie us your ideas thereon.

MAJOR.—I am hardly capable of forming a theory, but from all the experiments I have seen performed and taken part in, I have concluded that animal magnetism is the agent. I believe that all men as well as animals are endowed with a certain magnetic power which, under certain circumstances they are enabled to disengage so as to charge or electrify a foreign body. Certain reptiles, the *Raia Torpedo*, for instance, have the power of communicating a very sensible shock to the hand that touches it. This shock is given by the animal,—I will not say voluntarily, but by a species of instinct, or perhaps you would term it *reflex action*, Doctor, to warn off the foreign body in connection with it. Now, man I can easily conceive to be supplied with a quantity, less appreciable, of this same electricity or magnetism which is in him, under the control of his will. We will assume that such is the case. When we performed our experiment on this table we were all seated around it, our hands applied to its surface, and in contact with each other, so that a chain of communication was formed, between each of ourselves and the table. While so seated by an effort of our will, we each disengaged a portion of our animal magnetism which the table received, at the same time we were all willing the table to move in a particular direction. When the magnetism disengaged was sufficient to move the table, the table was moved by the magnetism, acted on, by our wills. In fact the magnetism discharged by us was still under our control, through the medium of our hands which formed the connecting rod or conductor. You saw that the table moved or rotated in any way or direction, that any one of us wished, and even tilted from the ground, resting only *on one leg*. That you, Doctor, should be sceptical after our experiments, I greatly wonder at; and that you, Laird, should talk such trash about the soul and spirits, is sufficient to render you ridiculous for ever in the eyes of the world. I will, in conclusion, read you a couple of experiments, tending, I think, to prove my theory. The following is from a French Journal:

"Yesterday afternoon our friend, M. Edward Boyer, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, came to our office to satisfy our curiosity respecting the reported phenomena of the motion of a table under the influence of *electricity*. A round walnut-tree table served for the experiment. Six gentlemen placed themselves round the table, and formed the *electrical chain*, with their hands placed flat on the edge, and each person in contact with the small finger of the right hand laid on the small finger of the left hand of his neighbor. A few minutes only elapsed, when a slight movement of the table revealed the commencement of the phenomenon. Two or three oscillations succeeded at short intervals. Shortly after the persons placed in contact felt tinglings in the fingers, and slight nervous contractions, and precipitate pulsations in the arterial veins. In about seven minutes the table was in movement. The rotation, at first slow, became so rapid as to occasion giddiness to some of the persons who formed the chain, and they were obliged to remove their hands. The table then stopped. The chain having again been formed, the circular movement became renewed in less than two minutes. The *magnetic fluid*, disengaged in abundance, manifested a series of extraordinary phenomena. Thus it was enough for M. Boyer to place his hands on the table in order to give it the most energetic impulsion. A young man of twenty years of age, of very great corpulence,

seated himself on the table without arresting the movement. It has been said, in other accounts, that the current is invariably established from the south to the north pole. This is an error. When once the chain is broken, it follows opposite directions: it goes from the left to the right, and from the right to the left alternately. The experiment made on a hat was also perfectly conclusive. In less than three minutes it began turning round very rapidly. The same was the case with a wicker basket."

The next extract is as follows:—

"The *Elsinore Airs* informs us that a lady in that town, who had taken part in a 'table-moving' sitting, was suddenly seized with a violent headache. Two other ladies, who had also assisted at the table, put their hands to her head, when she immediately fell into a *deep magnetic sleep*, from which no one could wake her. While in this state she answered all questions put to her, even as to absent persons and their employments."

I must add that these cases, if true, are most conclusive, and confirm my theory. I omitted also to mention that I have somewhere read that the magnet has been deflected by a strong effort of the will, and that the gold leaves of an electrometer have diverged on rapid passes of the hand made over that instrument.

DOCTOR.—You must not, my dear Major, believe everything you read; what you have just now stated I have never even heard of, so am unable to give you any positive answer; I must confess that I do not believe in either of the experiments. As for the cases you have read us, they, like all others, want confirmation. The authorities, you have quoted from, are apparently good, and it is hard to deny them; yet, is a man excusable, if he do not too quickly jump at conclusions? A physician, in particular, ought to be extremely cautious in receiving any new and strange doctrine, he ought to be the calm investigator, pursuing his enquiries in the same manner as a mathematician would work out a problem. No matter what results we may obtain from an experiment, we are not to receive those results as a necessary consequence, unless we can step by step prove them to be so. Now, the fact of laying our hands on a table and seeing that table move, does not prove that the motion is the result of either muscular action, animal magnetism, or spiritual agency. We must believe that the table is moved, for we have seen it, but we may reasonably doubt the cause until as clearly and satisfactorily explained to us, as the first problem in Euclid; and I, for one, will never receive any wild theory, the only support of which is, the idle fancies of some mad enthusiast.* I will read you an extract from a letter received by a medical friend on the subject:—

"The age in which we live is a very remarkable one, and well worthy of attentive study. Some would call it the age of *credulity*, the world readily grasping and running wild upon what appear to be the most extravagant absurdities—and yet more than any other this is the age of doubt. And for this simple reason, that those who begin by believing too much, end by believing nothing. Men are no longer content to take old established truths, as true. The most sacred mysteries, hitherto with faith received, though incomprehensible, because proceeding from a higher intelligence, are now examined, tried and rejected, because they are not found amenable to human understanding. Belief, faith, have well nigh vanished from the world. The 'Old' is dead, and an ignorant, self-sufficient world have dissected it, and finding not the subtle essence of life, which happily has escaped their rude anatomizing, they believe that it never lived. Men have no longer any steadfast unshaken belief, any bulwark unassailed by doubt to cling to in unhesitating confidence. The fortresses hitherto considered impregnable have been shaken to their foundations, generally through the cowardice, or imbecility of

*The Doctor evidently had not read Prof. Faraday's letter addressed to the Editor of the London *Times*, June 23, or he would have had no doubt as to the *motor* power in table-moving. We insert a few extracts for his edification. P.D.

"SIR.—I have recently been engaged in the investigation of table-turning. * * * Believing that the first cause assigned—namely a *quasi* involuntary muscular action for (the effect is with many subject to the wish or will)—was the true cause, the first point was to prevent the mind of the turner having an undue influence over the effects produced in relation to the nature of the substance employed. A bundle of plates, consisting of sand paper, millboard, glue, glass, plastic clay, tin-foil, card-board, gutta percha, vulcanized caoutchouc, wood and resinous cement, was therefore made up and tied together, and being placed on a table, under the hand of a turner did not prevent the transmission of the power; the table turned or moved exactly as if the bundle had been away, to the full satisfaction of all present. The experiment was repeated, with various substances and persons, and at various times, with constant success; and henceforth no objection could be taken to the use of these substances in the construction of apparatus. The next point was to determine the place and the source of motion—*i. e.*, whether the table moved the hand, or the hand moved the table; and, for this purpose indicators were constructed. One of these consisted of a light lever, having its fulcrum on the table, its short arm attached to a pin fixed on a cardboard, which could slip on the surface of the table, and its long arm projecting as an index of motion. It is evident that if the experimenter willed the table to move towards the left, and it did so move *before* the hands, placed at the time on the cardboard, then the index would move to the left also, the fulcrum going with the table. If the hands involuntarily moved towards the left *without* the table, the index would go towards the right; and, if neither table or hands moved, the index would itself remain immoveable. The result was, that when the parties saw the index, it remained very steady; when it was hidden from them, or they looked away from it, it wavered about, though they believed that they always pressed directly downwards; and, when the table did not move, there was still a resultant of hand-force in the direction in which it was wished the table should move, which, however, was exercised quite unwittingly by the party operating. This resultant it is which, in the course of the waiting time, while the fingers and hands become stiff numb, and insensible by continued pressure, grows up to an amount sufficient to move the table or the substances pressed upon.

"Permit me to say, before concluding, that I have been greatly startled by the revelation which this purely physical subject has made of the condition of the public mind. * * * I think the system of education that could leave the mental condition of the public body in the state in which this subject has found it, must have been greatly deficient in some very important principle.

I am, Sir
Your very obdt. servant.
M. FARADAY."

their defenders; and now they 'waver like a wave of the sea, tost to and fro.' The true and the false are mingled inextricably. Old things have passed away, and the world is yet in pangs of travail with the new; and we who are born in this age with thinking minds, are looking on amazed: with hands able, and hearts longing to engage, we must rot in inactivity; for we find no longer anything sacred, under whose banner we can act. The old is annihilated, and the new is yet unborn; and we verily grope as it were in darkness, 'one clutching this phantom, another that.'"

I think that we may now suspend our discussion——,

LAIRD.—Na' sa fast, good Doctor; before ye suspend, just gie us your own theory. Ye hae na' yet committed yersel'; while the Major and I ha'e baith advanced our opinions, or perhaps ye agree wi' ane o' us.

DOCTOR.—I agree with either of you. Nonsence, Laird, far from it. I can not myself advance any decided opinion on the data already in my possession; indeed, I could not conscientiously do so, but I have no objection to adopt the words of a "Report on Table-moving," published in a late number of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, as my own.

The latter part of the experiment, namely, the rotation of the table—involves a fallacy, for the rapidity of its movement is in no degree owing to any inherent power of motion in itself, but is solely due to the force unconsciously exerted on it by the experimenters, and the velocity of the motion is entirely and directly proportionate to the amount of force expended upon it, in addition to the momentum it has already acquired in passing from a state of rest to one of motion. * * * * It must, however, be admitted, that the *first* movement of the table is not so easily explained, for the results of our own experiments and those of others fully deserving of confidence, have placed the fact beyond a doubt, that this movement of the table is performed without any *conscious* effort on the part of the experimenters. It remains, therefore, to be shown by what mechanism this effect is produced, and we shall have no difficulty in solving the problem by reference to physiological principles which are well known to the profession. The fact is, that the movement in question is due to the *involuntary* muscular action at the ends of the fingers, exerted upon the table. The *direction* of the movement is regulated, not by the *will*, but by the dominant *idea* in the mind, and the term *idea-motor* may very properly express the action in question. It is necessary, however, to explain more fully the class of effects to which the term *idea-motor* may be applied.

It is well known that the movements of the human body may be divided into *voluntary* and *involuntary*. The actions of walking, of playing musical instruments, &c., are instances of the first; those of circulation and digestion are examples of the second. But there is also a class of actions comprising the ordinary phenomena of motion, which are not certainly under the control of the *will*, but which, nevertheless, are directed by the emotions in the *ideas*. Thus, the somnambulist walks in obedience to some mental impulse, the will is dormant; and the person who dreams, often executes movements in which the will has no part, but which are excited by *ideas*, or emotions. Again, although the will has no control over the action of the heart and arteries, yet the *ideas* and *emotions* exercise a distinct influence upon these organs; and when attention is directed to their pulsations in nervous persons, the movements have been accelerated, or retarded, or have become intermittent. Now, in all these cases, the ideas or the emotions act upon and direct the movements without the intervention of the will. In the case of table-turning, the ideas are concentrated upon the expected movement, and the muscular apparatus of the fingers obeys, unconsciously to the experimenter, the dominant impression in the mind. It is found that a small table is moved more readily than a large one, and it is moved more easily upon an oil-cloth than upon a carpet; it is moved more easily by females than by males, because, in the former, the muscles are more mobile, *the will less strong*, the motions more acute, the ideas more vivid. It is said, that young persons succeed better than persons advanced in years,—a fact which may be readily explained on the same principles. * * * It is very certain, that each trial renders the 'table-mover' more ready at exhibiting the required phenomena, more under the dominion of ideas, and less under the dominion of rational will. Each trial, then, must weaken the intellectual powers, must make the experimenter less a man, and more an instinct-governed animal. The peculiar state of mind induced, is not, perhaps, either hysteria or insanity; but it is akin to both. And now, gentlemen, again I beg you to suspend further discussion on this subject; and, until either of you can advance some more sensible theory, than that you have already put forth, I think the matter had much better be dropped.

LAIRD.—Ye canna' get a better theory.

DOCTOR.—A truce, Laird, I would read you some extracts from Mrs. Stowe's "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and my notes thereon; I know that neither you or the Major would ever take the trouble to wade through that voluminous work, consisting as it does of a mass of documents, which, no matter however well they may serve to illustrate the original and immortal "Uncle Tom," yet would fail to interest the most enthusiastic admirer of its celebrated authoress. I therefore propose to give you the cream, without the trou-

ble of separating it from the milk; and will, in addition, quote largely from other works, so that Mrs. Stowe's statements will not be given to you altogether unsupported.

LAIRD.—A varra guid move, Doctor; I thoct muckle o' *Uncle Tom*, but couldna read the *Key*, tho' I tried mony a time. Besides, as you read an' comment, we'll, in duty bound, be obleeged to listen to ye, which will save us a muckle deal o' trouble.

MAJOR.—I agree with the Laird, and whenever you get "ower" tiresome, we will just take a sleep till you conclude.

DOCTOR.—Well, then, I'll begin, but I warn you that it will take several *sederunts* before my task will be drawn to a conclusion, for I intend to enter into my subject fully.

LAIRD AND MAJOR.—Go on, Doctor, go on.

DOCTOR.—The first part of the *Key* is devoted to the characters that animated the novel, and these she proves to be fictitious, only as regards their names. For instance, in the first chapter of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, we encounted Haley, the negro trader, who, we are told by Mrs. Stowe, is the type of his class, which includes the kidnapper, negro-catcher, and whipper, &c.

Mrs. Stowe relates as follows, her first personal observation of this species of the human race:—

"Several years ago, while one morning employed in the duties of the nursery, a colored woman was announced. She was ushered into the nursery, and the author thought, on first survey, that a more surly, unpromising face she had never seen. The woman was thoroughly black, thick set, firmly built, and with strongly-marked African features. Those who have been accustomed to read the expressions of the African face know what a peculiar effect is produced by a lowering, desponding expression upon its dark features. It is like the shadow of a thunder cloud. Unlike her race generally, the woman did not smile when smiled upon, nor utter any pleasant remark in reply to such as were addressed to her. The youngest pet of the nursery, a boy about three years old, walked up, and laid his little hand on her knee, and seemed astonished not to meet the quick smile which the negro almost always has in reserve for the little child. The writer thought her very cross and disagreeable, and, after a few moments silence, asked, with perhaps a little impatience, "Do you want anything of me to-day?'

"Here are some papers," said the woman, pushing them towards her, "perhaps you would read them."

The first paper opened was a letter from a negro-trader in Kentucky, stating concisely that he had waited about as long as he could for her child; that he wanted to start for the South, and must get it off his hands; that, if she would send him two hundred dollars before the end of the week, she should have it; if not, that he would set it up at auction, at the court-house door, on Saturday. He added, also, that he might have got more than that for the child, but that he was willing to let her have it cheap.

"What sort of a man is this?" said the author to the woman, when she had done reading the letter.

"Dunno, ma'am: great Christian, I know,—member of the Methodist church, anyhow."

The expression of sullen irony with which this was said was a thing to be remembered.

"And how old is this child?" said the author to her.

The woman looked at the little boy who had been standing at her knee, with an expressive glance, and said, "She will be three years old this summer."

"On further enquiry into the history of the woman, it appeared that she had been set free by the will of her owner; that the child was legally entitled to freedom, but had been seized on by the heirs of the estate. She was poor and friendless, without money to maintain a suit, and the heirs, of course, threw the child into the hands of the trader. The necessary sum, it may be added, was all raised in the small neighborhood which then surrounded the Lane Theological Seminary, and the child was redeemed."

The following letter is given as a specimen of the correspondence which occasionally passes between these gentlemen, whose vocation so admirably promotes and extends the institution of slavery. Mrs. Stowe has extracted it from the *National Era*, a Philadelphia newspaper, it is stated to be "a copy taken verbatim from the original, found among the papers of the person to whom it was addressed, at the time of his arrest and conviction, for passing a variety of counterfeit bank-notes."

*Poolsville, Montgomery Co., Md.,*
*March* 24, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I arrived home in safety with Louisa, John having been rescued from me, out of a two-story window, at twelve o'clock at night. I offered a reward of fifty dollars, and have him here safe in jail. The persons who took him brought him to Fredericktown jail. I wish you to write to no person in this state but myself. Kephart and myself are determined to go the whole hog for any negro you can find, and you must give me the earliest information, as soon as you do find any. Enclosed you will receive a handbill, and I can make a good bargain, if you can find them. I will in all cases, as soon as a negro runs off, send you a handbill immediately, so that you may be on the look-out. Please tell the constable to go on with the sale of John's property; and, when the money is made, I will send on an order to you for it. Please attend to this for me; likewise write to me, and inform me of any negro you think has run away,—no matter where you think he has come from, nor how far,—and I will try and find out his master. Let me know where you think he is from, with all particular marks, and if I don't find his master, *Joe's dead!*

Write to me about the crooked-fingered negro, and let me know which hand and which finger, color, &c.; likewise any mark the fellow has who says he got away from the negro-buyer, with his

height and color, or any other you think has run off.

Give my respects to your partner, and be sure you write to no person but myself. If any person writes to you, you can inform me of it, and I will try to *buy* from them. I think you can make money, if we do business together; for I have plenty of money, if you can find plenty of negroes. Let me know if Daniel is still where he was, and if you have heard anything of Francis since I left you. Accept for yourself my regard and esteem.

REUBEN B. CARLEY.

JOHN C. SAUNDERS.

The fellow named Kephart in the foregoing letter, is described as a "tall, sallow man, of about fifty," with a "cruel look, a power of will, and a quickness of muscular action, which render him a terror in his vocation," viz., a policeman, whose duty is to take up negroes who are out after hours in the streets. For this offence the unfortunate wretches are subject to a punishment not exceeding thirty nine lashes! Men, women, and children, all the same. Kephart stated in the "Rescue Trials," held in Boston during the years '51 and '52, that he was paid fifty cents a head for taking them up, and fifty *extra* when he was employed to whip them This worthy does not confine his flogging to these cases, but will do a similar job for hire. This is called "private flogging," and men and women, and even children, as the case may be, come under his lash. In fact, he says that "he never refuses a good job in that line." However, the Mr. Haley of "Uncle Tom" was a trader, not a policeman; as a sample of *commercial* correspondence, witness the following:

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 16, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—I have shipped in the brig Addison—prices are below:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. 1. | Caroline Ennis, . | $650,00 |
| " 2. | Silvy Holland, . | 625,00 |
| " 3. | Silvy Booth, . . | 487,50 |
| " 4. | Maria Bullock, . . | 475,00 |
| " 5. | Emmeline Pollock, . | 475.00 |
| " 6. | Delia Averit, . . | 475,00 |

The two girls that cost $650 and $625 were bought before I shipped my first. I have a great many negroes offered to me, but I will not pay the prices they ask, for I know they will come down. I have no opposition in market. I will wait until I hear from you before I buy, and then I can judge what I must buy. Goodwin will send you the bill of lading for my negroes, as he shipped them with his own. Write often, as the times are critical, and it depends on the prices you get, to govern me in buying. Yours, &c,

G. W. BARNES.

Mr. Theophilus Freeman, New Orleans.

In "Chambers' Miscellany," Tract 27, we find the following account of the "Transfer of Negroes to the Planting States," a transaction strictly mercantile, and one which is often of great moment to those engaged therein. A market has to be made, the prices canvassed and the supply entered into as keenly as if flour was the commodity, not blood.

"The transfer of negroes from the places where they are reared, is usually effected by a class of dealers, who receive and execute commissions, or purchase negroes on speculation, and keep them in premises for exhibition and sale. Washington, in Columbia, which is the seat, and under the special sway of the general government of the United States, forms a convenient entrepôt for this kind of commerce. In this city there are numerous warehouses for the reception of slaves; and hither resort all the slave-owners in the neighborhood who have stock to dispose of, attracted by such advertisements as the following:

CASH FOR NEGROES.—We will, at all times, give the highest prices, in cash, for likely young negroes of both sexes, from ten to thirty years of age. J. W. NEAL & Co., Washington.

CASH FOR FIVE HUNDRED NEGROES, including both sexes, from ten to twenty-five years of age. Persons having likely servants to dispose of will find it their interest to give us a call, as we will give higher prices in cash than any other purchaser who is now or may hereafter come into the market. FRANKLIN & AMFIELD, Alexandria.

"There are three modes of conveying gangs of negroes to the place of their final destination—by sea, by a river passage down the Ohio and Mississippi, and by a march overland. The first of these has been very generally adopted as being the least expensive; vessels being freighted at Richmond, Norfolk, and Baltimore, for the purpose of taking the cargoes of negroes coastwise to New Orleans or to intermediate ports. This species of conveyance, however, is not without danger. On a late occasion the negroes on board one of these coasting slavers broke into rebellion, vanquished the officers, and carried the vessel into an English port, where they were immediately free. The passage down the great central rivers of North America is generally adopted by slave-traders along their banks; that is, in Kentucky, Tennessee, and the north-west of Virginia. Till lately, the negroes used to be carried down the Ohio and Mississippi in large clumsy floats, or boats made to stand a single trip. Now, however, the steamers, which are constantly plying up and down the river, are used for the purpose of conveying negroes from the interior to New Orleans; and at certain seasons of the year the traveller on a pleasure trip down the Mississippi is sure to have the company of a large number of negroes from Kentucky, who lie stretched along the deck, inhaling the steam from the engine, and affording abundant amusement to the tobacco chewing portion of the passengers, who will make a negro's woolly head, or his eye, or his half-open mouth a mark at which to squirt their abominable saliva. Sometimes, in these passages down the river, the poor negroes plunge overboard and drown themselves. The overland land journey is the mode of conveying slaves adopted by traders at a distance both from the sea and the river. The journey is always performed on foot by the negroes; the chained gangs which they form, when three or four hundred of them are marched along together, are called *coffles;* and the white commandant gets the expressive name of *soul-driver.*"

From "Travels in the Slave States of North America," made by G. W. Featherstonhaugh, F.R.S., in 1834-35, and published in New York in 1844, we find the following account of passing a coffle over New River:—

"In the early gray of the morning, we came up with a singular spectacle, the most striking one of the kind I have ever witnessed. It was a camp of negro slave-drivers, just packing up to start, they had about three hundred slaves with them, who had bivouaced the preceding night *in chains* in the woods, these, they were conducting to Natchez upon the Mississippi River, to work upon the sugar plantations in Louisiana. * * * * The female slaves were, some of them, sitting on logs of wood, whilst others were standing, and a great many little black children were warming themselves at the fires of the bivouac. In front of them all, and prepared for the march, stood, in double files, about two hundred male slaves, *manacled and chained to each other.* I had never seen so revolting a sight before! Black men in fetters, torn from the lands where they were born, from the ties they had formed, and from the comparatively easy condition which agricultural labour affords, and driven by white men, with liberty and equality in their mouths, to a distant and unhealthy country, to perish in the sugar-mills of Louisiana, where the duration of life for a sugar-mill slave does not exceed seven years! To make this spectacle still more disgusting and hideous, some of the principal white slave-drivers, who were tolerably well dressed, and had broad-trimmed white hats on, *with black crape round them*, were standing near, laughing and smoking cigars.

"Whether these sentimental speculators were, or were not—in accordance with the language of the American Declaration of Independence—in mourning "from a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," or for their own callous inhuman lives, I could not but be struck with the monstrous absurdity of such fellows putting on any symbol of sorrow whilst engaged in the exercise of such a horrid trade; so wishing them in my heart all manner of evil to endure, as long as there was a bit of crape to be obtained, we drove on, and having forded the river in a flat-bottomed boat, drew up on the road, where I persuaded the driver to wait until we had witnessed the crossing of the river by the "gang," as it was called.

"It was an interesting, but a melancholy spectacle, to see them effect the passage of the river; first, a man on horseback selected a shallow place in the ford for the male slaves; then followed a waggon and four horses, attended by another man on horseback. The other waggons contained the children and some that were lame, whilst the scows, or flat-boats, crossed the women and some of the people belonging to the caravan. There was much method and vigilance observed, for this was one of the situations where the gangs, always watchful to obtain their liberty—often show a disposition to mutiny, knowing if one or two of them could wrench their manacles off, they could soon free the rest, and either disperse themselves or overpower and slay their sordid keepers, and fly to the Free States.* The slave-drivers aware of this disposition in the unfortunate negroes, endeavour to mitigate their discontent by feeding them well on the march, and by encouraging them to sing 'Old Virginia neber tire,' to the banjo."

* Free States! Alas, this refuge is now denied the oppressed black. Canada alone affords them an asylum. —*P. D.*

Mr. Paulding in his "Letters from the South" gives a somewhat similar account of a slave-gang on march, from which we make the following extract:—

"First, a little cart drawn by one horse, in which five or six half-naked black children were tumbled like pigs together. The cart had no covering, and they seemed to have been actually broiled to sleep. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck, and breasts uncovered, and without shoes or stockings; next came three men, bare-headed, half-naked, and chained together with an ox-chain. Last of all came a white man on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as we passed him, had the impudence to look us in the face without blushing."

Negro-traders are of every variety from the rich, gentlemanly, even *educated* wholesale purchaser to the low, brutal trapper who is as devoid of decency as he is of humanity. These men, Mrs. Stowe remarks, are "exceedingly sensitive with regard to what they consider the injustice of the world in excluding them from good society, simply because they undertake to supply a demand in the community which the bar, the press and the pulpit, all pronounce to be a proper one. * * * If there is an ill-used class of men in the world, it is certainly the slave-traders; for, if there is no harm in the institution of slavery,—if it is a divinely-appointed and honourable one, like civil government and the family state, and like other species of property relation,—then there is no earthly reason why a man may not as innocently be a slave-trader as any other kind of trader."

Now, I think I have dwelt long enough on the negroe-traders, of which Mr. Haley is Mrs. Stowe's example; and, I fear me much, but I have made my lecture longer than Mrs. Stowe's chapter, however, in future I will be more concise, that is, if you will allow me to continue, at our next meeting this *key*, which is intended to unlock the *Key of Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

[*Enter Mrs. Grundy.*]

Mrs. Grundy.—Gentlemen, gentlemen!—Supper is ready. Did you not hear me call you at least half an hour ago?

Major.—(*Looking at his watch.*) Why it is later than I had any idea. I had intended to have introduced the proposed esplanade and the necessity of setting aside some place where the youths of the city might bathe, or the establishment of public baths; however, I hope we may be able to take up this subject at our next meeting. I intended also to have introduced the clock-maker. Have you seen his last?

Doctor.—You mean, I presume, Sam Slick's Wise Saws? I discussed it last night by way

of zest to a lobster salad, and I can assure you that it is quite equal to the former essays of the most genuine humourist which British North America can boast of. The volume abounds with quiet wit, and the fun, if not quite so broad as what we meet with in the preceding efforts of the ermined son of Momus, is not a whit less sterling. No one can say with truth, of the venerable Judge, that:—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage!"

LAIRD.—Sam was aye a choice pet o' mine, and I am blythe that he has na' fallen into the bog o' dotage! Can you conveniently gie us a flower frae the posie?

DOCTOR.—The following sketch of before and after marriage, is in the clock-maker's happiest vein:—

"Boys and galls fall in love. The boy is all attention and devotion, and the gall is all smiles, and airs, and graces, and pretty little winnin' ways, and they bill and coo, and get married because they hope! Well, what do they hope? Oh, they hope they will love all the days of their lives, and they hope their lives will be ever so long just to love each other; it's such a sweet thing to love. Well, they hope a great deal more, I guess. The boy hopes arter he's married, his wife will smile as sweet as ever and twice as often, and be just as neat and twice as neater, her hair lookin' like part of the head, so tight, and bright, and glossy, and parted on the top like a little path in the forest. Poor fellow, he aint spoony at all. Is he? And he hopes that her temper will be as gentle and as meek and as mild as ever; in fact, no temper at all—all amiability—an angel in petticoats. Well, she hopes every minute he has to spare, he will fly to her on the wings of love—legs aint fast enough, and runnin' might hurt his lungs, but fly to her—and never leave her, but bill and coo forever, and will let her will be his law; sartainly wont want her to wait on him, but for him to tend on her, the devoted criter, like a heavenly ministering white he-nigger. Well, don't they hope they may get all this? And do they? Jist go into any house you like, and the last two shall be these has-been lovers. His dress is untidy and he smokes a short black pipe (he didn't even smoke a cigar before he was married), and the ashes gets on his waistcoat; but who cares? it's only his wife to see it—and he kinder guesses, he sees wrinkles, where he never saw 'em afore, on her stocking ancles; and her shoes are a little, just a little down in the heel; and she comes down to breakfast with her hair and dress lookin' as if it was a little neater, it would be a little more better. He sits up late with old friends, and lets her go to bed alone; and she cries! the little angel! but it's only because she has a headache. The dashing young gentleman has got awful stingy too, lately. He sais house-keepin' costs too much, raps out an ugly word now and then, she never heerd afore; but she hopes—what does the poor dupe hope? Why, she hopes he aint swearin'; but it sounds amazin' like it—that's a fact!"

But really we must now to supper. [*Exeunt.*

AFTER-SUPPER SEDERUNT.

DOCTOR.—As we have not succeeded in procuring type, I can give you no diagram this month, but I have prepared a few remarks, with three enigmas for the amusement of our readers. I intend to follow the plan adopted by English journals, and give no solution to these enigmas, unless particularly requested to do so. I have also prepared my musical chit chat, and you will find a rather grave song—words and music by ——. [*Doctor reads.*]

## CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

### CHESS SOCIETY IN ST. PETERSBURG.

It was only within the last few months that a Chess Society or Club was formed in the capital of the Russian Empire. In Russia, no societies or institutions, no matter for what object, can be formed without the special permission from the Government, and this permission has hitherto been rigorously withheld in almost every case where application has been made. It is gratifying, however, to find that at last the Emperor has been pleased to permit the organization of a chess club entitled "Societé des Amateurs d'Echecs de St. Petersbourg." This club numbers in its ranks some of the first nobility of the empire, and is governed by three directors, the Baron de Meyendorff, Lieutenant-General de Kluepfell, le Comte General Korecheloff Besborodko, and a perpetual secretary, viz., M. C. F. de Jaenisch (Conseillor de la Cour Imperiale, &c.).

One of the first and most important measures taken into the consideration of this society is the anomalies and absurdities which at present disfigure and render ridiculous the laws of chess. At a meeting of the members, it was resolved that their secretary (M. C. F. de Jaenisch) be requested to draw up a new code of laws for their society. "Profoundly versed in all that relates to the practice and theory of chess, and conversant—almost above all other men—with its history and literature, Mr. Jaenisch, there can be little doubt, will produce a digest of the chess laws calculated to win the sanction, and become the guide, not only of his own countrymen but of chess-players throughout the world.

### CHESS AT SEA.

A game of chess was played by signals between the ships *Barham* and *Wellesley*, on their last homeward voyage from Calcutta to London. This is interesting, as being probably the first game ever conducted under similar circumstances.

### CHESS AT PRESENT.

It has been remarked, that, although chess-players and clubs have abundantly increased throughout the world during the last quarter of a century, yet we see nothing at all approaching the excellence of play of former years.

### DEATH OF M. KIESERITZKY.

We regret to announce the death of M. Kieseritzky, a gentleman long holding a distinguished position in the chess world.

### CHESS ENIGMAS.

*No.* 1. *By N. M. T.*

WHITE.—K at Q B 4th; R at Q Kt sq.; Kt at K R 5th; P's at Q 2nd, and Q B 5th.

BLACK.—K at K 5th; P at Q Kt 5th.

*White to play and mate in five moves.*

*No. 2. By W. H. C.*

WHITE.—K at Q R 7th; Q at Q B 7th; R at K sq.; Kt at K B 3d; P at K Kt 2nd.

BLACK.—K at K Kt 5th; Q at Q 6th; B at Q Kt 7th; Kt's at K sq. and Q B 7th; Ps at K R 4th; K Kt 6th; K. B 5th and Q 5th.

*White to play and mate in four moves.*

*No. 3. By ——, Esq.*

WHITE.—K at Q B 2nd; Q at Q R 5th; Kt at K 7th; Ps at K 4th and Q B 6th.

BLACK.—K at Q B 5th.

*White to play and mate in three moves.*

Now, Mrs. Grundy, your gatherings; and, O Laird, your facts.

LAIRD.—Here they are, and scrimp indeed I maun mak them, for, as usual, you've left me nae room. However, here goes (*reads:*)

### MULCHING.

This process, although known and practised for many years by a few cultivators, has become extensively adopted only at a very late period. It seems peculiarly adapted to our hot and dry summers, and operates chiefly in preserving the moisture of the surface, and in preventing the growth of weeds. The moisture at the surface of the earth from rains and dews is quickly dissipated under a hot sun; and if this surface is allowed to become covered with a dense growth of living grass and weeds, these pump out of the soil and throw off into the air a much larger quantity of moisture than is evaporated by a bare surface of earth only. But if this surface is covered with a few inches of old straw, hay or leaves, the moisture is retained in the soil, and the growth of weeds prevented. As a general rule, we have found it most advantageous to leave the surface bare and keep the soil well mellowed till near midsummer, and then to apply the mulching. For a covering of litter, while it promotes the humidity, also prevents the heating of the soil, and in this way may retard early growth if applied too soon. There are exceptions, however; one in the case of large, deeply-rooted trees not affected by nor needing mulching, and the other where small plants, which are removed in summer, need the careful and constant retention of the moisture of the earth. We have succeeded, with scarcely one failure in fifty, in transplanting the strawberry in the drouth and heat of summer, by simply giving the surface a mulching of two inches of barn manure, and on which the watering was poured when necessary. Indeed, there is nothing that better prevents the ill-effects of baking by surface watering, than a covering of this sort of a moderate depth. Mulching will, however, promote moisture in the soil, even when neither artificial nor natural watering is given, simply by arresting such as rises upwards through the earth. In one instance a striking illustration of this effect was furnished during a very long season of drouth, which injured and threatened to destroy a row of newly transplanted apple trees. Their leaves had already begun to turn yellow, and growth had ceased, but on coating the ground about them with a crop of mown weeds, a change was soon effected, and in three weeks the leaves had returned to their deep green hue, and in some instances growth had recommenced. But on no kind of tree is mulching more necessary than on newly transplanted cherry trees. Thousands of these are lost every season, after they have commenced growing, by the drying heat of midsummer, and the evil is sometimes increased by superficial watering. A deep mulching will generally prove a complete remedy if seasonably applied.

Some interesting facts on this subject were stated, and valuable suggestions made at one of the conversational meetings of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. S. WALKER remarked that he had used tan, sawdust, litter, leaves, &c., but he believed short, newly mown grass one of the best things,—he had mulched a great deal with it, and found it laid close to the soil. He also recommended the succulent weeds of the garden or roadside. He found tan and sawdust to be useful merely by retaining the moisture. D. HAGGERSTON had found sedge from salt marshes best, particularly if cut short; a good watering upon it made it lay close to the ground. He found it excellent for strawberries. He had also found tree leaves excellent, if they had partly decayed, so as not likely to be blown away. Old hot-bed materials made of leaves and manure had proved particularly fine. Several spoke of the ill effects of too deep a mulching, but we think the more common error is in spreading the covering of the soil too thinly.

Mulching is a very easy and cheap practice, and the season is now at hand when our readers may prove by varying experiments the best mode of performance.

### TO CLEAN CHESS OUT OF SEED WHEAT.

We announce the following to every wheat-grower who believes that wheat will turn to chess. The simple fact that the writer (and many others have done the same thing,) has eradicated chess from his farm, is sufficient to show the fallacy of the popular belief that "chess is only degenerated wheat." We have given great attention to this matter for more than twenty years, and we have never been able to find an instance of the conversion of wheat to chess; and the result of these investigations has convinced us that no such instance of transmutation did ever occur. We have often alluded to it, because we believe the point one of *great practical importance;* for so long as a man believes in the doctrine of transmutation, he will not take the pains necessary to extirpate chess from his grounds.

MESSRS EDITORS,—I have thought of sending you something like the following, for the last twenty years and over, but always put it off. To clean all the chess out, take the riddles out of the fanning mill, leaving the screen in—take off the rod that shakes the riddles and screen; pour the wheat slowly into the hopper with a basket or a half-bushel; turn the mill a little quicker than for ordinary cleaning, and every grain of chess will be blown out, unless when three chess seeds stick together, which is sometimes the case with the top seeds.

If every farmer will clean his seed wheat in this way, I will warrant that wheat will never turn to

chess after the land is once clear of it; but the difficulty will be to get the farmer to try it. It is too simple to be believed. I have seen some men who stand high as agriculturists, whom I could not make believe it, until I went to their barns and showed them that it could be done, and that effectually. This fact itself is worth much to wheat farmers, if they will only try it. Two men will clean from 10 to 15 bushels per hour. If the wheat is light, say weighing from 50 to 55 lbs. per bushel, considerable wheat will blow away with the chess; but with such wheat as we raise here, weighing from 60 to 64 lbs. per bushel, little if any of the wheat will be blown out. In some cases it is better to raise the hind end of the fanning mill about two inches from the floor; more wind can be given, and not blow away the wheat. Every man that tries this will find it answer, and every reader of your paper should tell his neighbor that don't read.

I have not raised a wine-glassful of chess in more than twenty years; Before that I had lots of it, and was sure wheat turned to chess.

A very extensive wheat raiser has agreed to come this fall, and make a part of one of my fields grow chess without sowing it, for which I have agreed to give him the remainder of my crop. He may destroy the wheat, but chess he cannot make it.

### OUR COUNTRY CHURCHES.

In a village the first object that attracts attention is the church, and from it the general impression of the place is formed. There is, to a great degree, a just pride felt in the village church. It is, by common consent, allowed to be the expression of ideas of taste, and the type of an affection which should be the deepest and holiest in our natures. It is a public recognition of the great truth, "there is a God," a public promise to worship Him and keep his commandments, a public testimonial for the Great Supreme and a public invitation to the world to unite in worship and praise. The law of taste requires that the outward form of the church should, so far as practicable, embody these ideas. That there is a language in the contour of a building, is as true as that there is expression in the form and features of the human face; and an artist's power can speak his meaning in blocks of stone, and make them convey the thoughts of the reverential mind, and the feelings of the devotional heart. The pleasant countenance of one person assures the stranger of a kind heart and a sympathetic nature; while the cold and forbidding look of another, sends a chill through the veins. We often see that virtue and benevolence are written in the features of one man, and that vice and avarice lurk in the wrinkles of another's face. The same habit of observation directed to the expression of buildings, would enable one to distinguish at once their characteristics, and to judge correctly of their appropriateness.

But no very great practice is necessary to perceive that the churches in the country do not impress the mind with the ideas we have mentioned. There is too frequently no element of beauty in them. Hastily constructed in no style of architecture, as cheaply finished as conscience would allow, with no tasteful surroundings, they stand in open spaces, seemingly deserted, while their frail, tottering spires point mournfully to the sky. We are persuaded that ignorance of any better mode of building, rather than intentional neglect, lies at the bottom of this deplorable condition of our country churches. They have been imitated to a great extent from the rude models which our early church edifices furnished, and rural taste has never come in to suggest her always beautiful decorations nor has American architecture supplied us with designs true to the idea of a House of Worship. We ask for nothing classic, nothing elaborate, nothing lavishly expensive, but we wish to see edifices appropriate, simple and beautiful. Some deviation from right lines and clumsy steeples, some adaptation to the location, and above all, some trees and shrubbery to give a rural effect are particularly desirable. Why not have a lawn, well kept, surround the church, the shade of our forest trees overhang it, and vines and ivy embower it? Every hour spent in decorating the grounds about the church will deepen the affection for it, while if its forbidding appearance be once changed into one winning and pleasant, the lessons which fall from its pulpit would touch many hearts now insensible to the beauties and truths of goodness and piety.

LAIRD.—Noo Mrs. Grundy, (*Mrs. Grundy reads*:—)

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.—Dress of buff *taffetas:* this dress has a double skirt woven *à dispostion:* the body, three-quarters high, opens in front to the waist; the piece forming the *revers* is woven to correspond with the skirts: sleeves of pagoda form. *Mantelette* of embroidered muslin, with deep frill of the same. *Capôte* of white silk; the *fanchon* of blond: low at each side above the curtain are bunches of small roses, and the trimming of the interior is roses and blond.

### PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Scarfs and *mantelettes* in satin, *taffetas*, &c. are now much worn: the styles are various. The *scarf mantille*, will be in great favour. The favourite trimming is broad black lace.

In dresses for morning and the *promenade*, the *caraco* and *basquine* bodies, opening in front to the waist, are still in favour; many are worn with small capes *à revers*. Sleeves opening in the front of the arm, and either slashed or shewing the under sleeve, are very stylish, and becoming great favourites. Muslin bodies will be worn, with silk and poplin skirts, by young ladies, for home costume. Flounces will be in favour for all light materials, as well as the thinner kind of silks, such as *taffetas*, &c.

Bonnets are worn open, and very much trimmed in the interior.

### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

At an evening *fête* given in honor of a recent marriage in high life, several ladies wore dresses of white organdy muslin. Nearly all were made with three jupes looped up with bouquets of wild flowers, sprays of white lilac, or small bunches of green or unripe wheat-ears, attached to the dress by bows of gauze ribbon with long flowing ends. Bouquets or small wreaths of the same flowers as those employed in trimming the dress, were worn in the hair. One of the prettiest dresses worn on

the occasion was composed of plain white tulle; the skirt trimmed with twelve scalloped flounces, finished at the edge by a narrow row of straw guipure, of an open work pattern, and as light and pliant as lace. Three bouquets ornamented the skirt, one on one side and two on the other. These bouquets all consisted of lilies of the valley with foliage, the whole formed of straw. In the hair a wreath of the same flowers was worn just above the neck at the back of the head. The wreath was terminated on each side by sprays of straw, lillies of the valley drooping over the neck and shoulders. These flowers, by candle-light, glitter like gold beads.

We may mention a new style of bridal wreath which has met with many admirers. A few buds of orange blossom placed in the centre of small pendent bouquets of white rose-buds, form the only link of resemblance between this and bridal wreaths formerly worn. The remainder of the wreath is made up of small flowers composed of feather, and light foliage of all tints formed of crape.

One of the new bonnets most remarkable for variety and elegance is composed of bouillonnés of white tarletane, lilac ribbon being passed under each bouillonné. The trimming consisted of a bouquet placed on one side of the bonnet. The bouquet is composed of drooping sprays of the small blue flowers called the Periwinkle, and the foliage is formed of crape. A Leghorn bonnet, we have seen, is very prettily trimmed with a small wreath of the hazel with its clusters of white flowers, nuts, and foliage, correctly imitated from nature. On one side the wreath is terminated by a tuft or bouquet, and on the other by a flexible, drooping spray.

Among the articles just imported from Paris may be named a scarf of black tulle, ornamented with a series of large spots or circles of black velvet, alternating with ruches of violet color gauze. The scarf is edged with two deep frills or flounces of rich Chantilly lace.

## CANADIAN FLOWER GATHERER.

BY MRS. TRAILL, AUTHORESS OF "FOREST GLEANINGS," OAKLAND, RICE LAKE, C. W.

ADANTIUM CAPILLAIRE.—*Maiden Hair Fern.*—Early in the month of May, may be observed by those who suffer their eyes to be occupied by what is going on among the lowly plants and herbs that spring up in their path, a most charming fern, known by the familiar names of Maiden's hair and Fairy fern, from its elegant lightness. It is one of the most graceful of all that graceful tribe of plants; its botanical name is *Adantium* or Maiden's Hair; it grows in wild swampy and tangled thickets; it may be seen by the roadside, but mostly does it love the rich, black, spongy mould on the banks of creeks, and there you must often have noticed it. At first the leaf comes up curiously curled, having the appearance of a brown hairy caterpillar. A few warm hours of sunshine or soft rain makes the leaf unroll, and the tender leaflets expand. In three or four days what a change has been effected? The thick covering of brown hair has disappeared—no trace of its infant dress remaining visible on the whole plant. The stem becomes smooth, and black, and elastic, like fine whalebone, supporting its exquisite foliage on foot-stalks of hair-like lightness, diverging in a semicircular form, and displaying fronds of the tenderest, most vivid green. Many other ferns retain the hairy covering, which forms a fringe of russet brown along the foot-stalks; and one in particular, that may often be seen in green-houses, is so clothed at its roots with this hair as to obtain from it the name of hare foot fern.

This elegant species, the *capillaire*, preserves its color well in drying, and will bear the pressure of a moderately heated iron, if laid between many folds of soft paper. It may be then pasted down on a sheet of thick white paper by the application of a camel's hair brush dipped in common flour paste. Great care and neatness is required in this work, not to apply *too much* moisture, and with a bit of fine rag to press down the leaf or leaves in the natural form of the plant; it must not be twisted or distorted into any stiff figure, as much of the merit of the work depends on preserving the exact appearance of the plant. Many kinds of flowers can also be preserved in the same way by carefully disposing the petals and leaflets between sheets of blotting paper, and submitting them to considerable pressure. A box filled with stones is a good press, but a screw linen press is best if it can be had. Specimens thus preserved, when dry enough, should be pasted down and the stalks secured by a slip of common adhesive plaster placed across in one or two places very neatly. The botanical and common name may be written in one corner, or a list with figures appended as reference kept with the specimens. The ferns are easier to preserve than flowers; therefore I would recommend them to young beginners.

PODOPHYLLUM PELTATUM.—*Mandrake or May Apple.*—This was the first indigenous fruit that I saw in Canada; it attracted my attention on my first journey through the woods. I noticed, growing by the side of the road at the edge of the forest, a plant with two large palmate leaves, between the axils of which hung a yellow oblong fruit, about the size of a *Magnum Bonum* plum. The man who drove the horses told me it was good to eat, and alighted and plucked it for me, advising me to throw away the thick outer skin. The fruit was over ripe, and there was a rank flavor that I didn't quite relish. I have since become better acquainted with the plant, and as there are many things about it deserving of notice, I will give a description of it for the information of those persons who have had less time to study it.

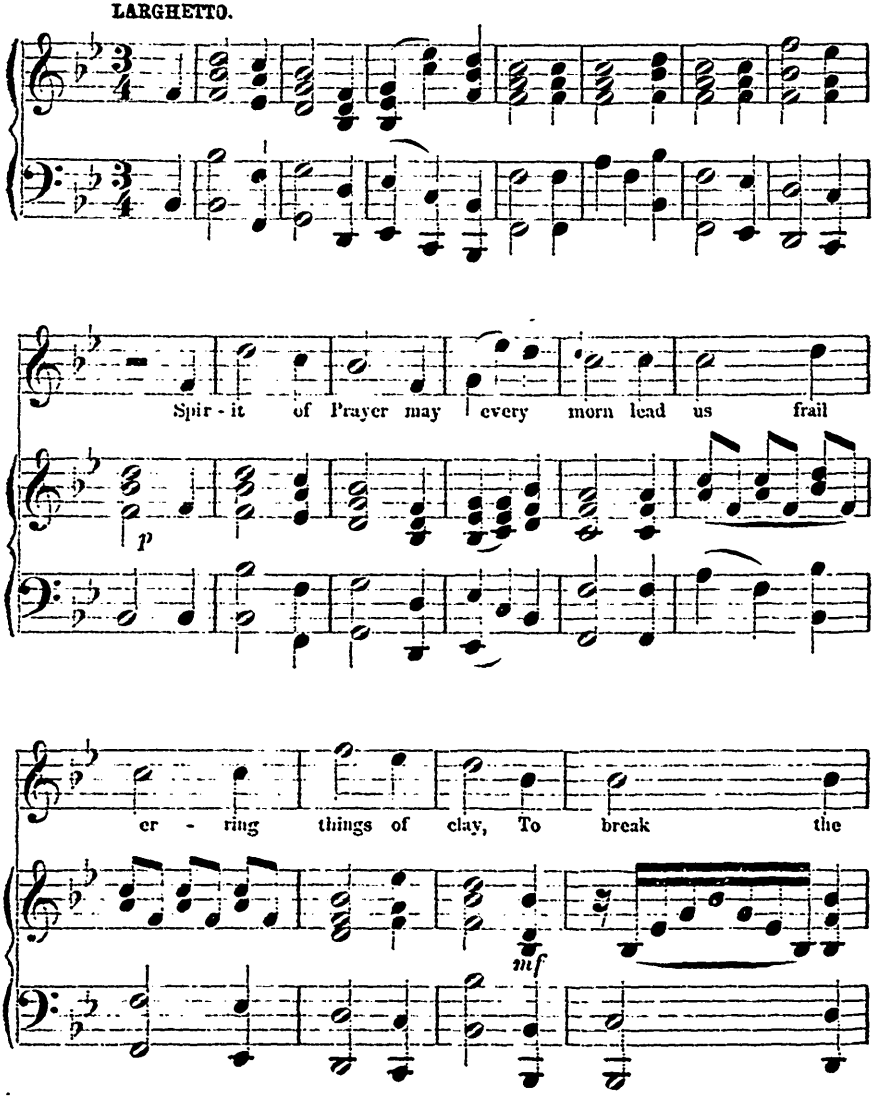
The roots of the May Apple are used by the Indians as a cathartic; they are reticulated. It is curious to see a bed of them laid open, and to observe the way in which they interlace each other like an extensive net-work. They are white, about the thickness of a finger, spreading horizontally beneath the surface of the soil. From every articulation a bud sprouts up, forming the leaf stem. The single leaves produce no fruit,—most probably they are the first year's growth; possibly it is from the second year's shoot that the fruit-bearing stem rises. I have often wondered if the May Apple has attracted the attention of the horticulturists. Could the fruit be improved by artificial culture?

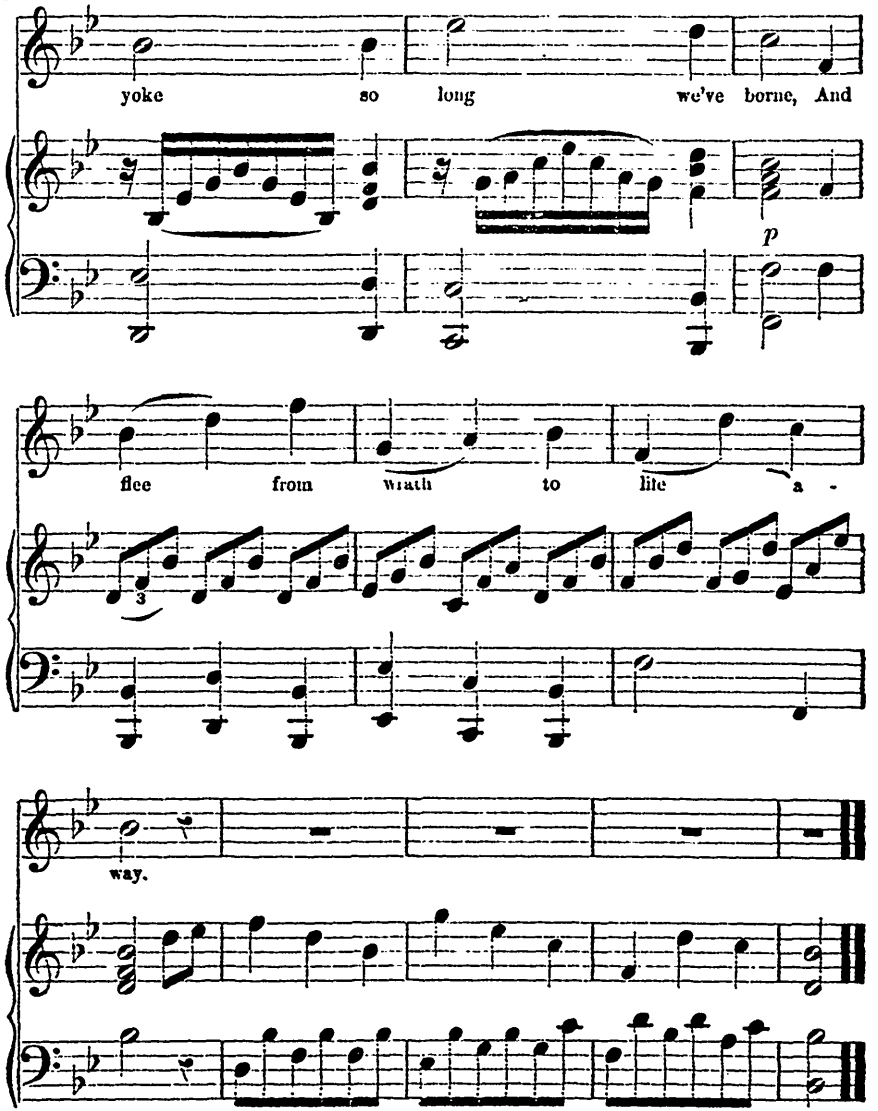
# INVOCATION TO PRAYER!

WRITTEN FOR THE "ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE,"

BY * * *

LARGHETTO.






And ever, as that hour draws nigh,
When dust to dust returns again,
Lead us to seek beyond the sky,
The joys unmarked by earthly stain.

Oh come! and dwell within this heart,
And on it let thy spirit shine,
Teaching "to know that better part"
Prepared for us by love divine.

Renew our strength, our sins blot out,
Of earthly thoughts expunge each trace,
From us remove each lingering doubt,
And lead us to celestial grace.

# MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

During the past month, Alfred Jaell, assisted by Camilla Urso, has given two concerts. Jaell's mastery over his instrument is so well known throughout the country, that we should have thought that the announcement of a concert by him, would have filled the St. Lawrence Hall, and we were sorry to observe that, whether from the hot weather, or the season, the room was not more than three parts full.

Of Camilla Urso, we are at a loss to speak, words fail to describe the attractions of this interesting child, she must be heard and seen to be understood. Her performance we can designate by no other epithet than wonderful. Her execution, precision and delicacy, evince a master mind, and elicited as much applause as has ever been awarded to a violinist of maturer age in this country.

The pleasure derived from her playing was heightened by a modest bearing, tempered with self-possession, far beyond her years. Those who did not hear and see her, have lost a treat which the chances of musical life may never again afford them.

### ROYAL LYCEUM; NORMA.

Thanks to Mr. Nickinson, Torontonians have been gratified with a sketch of an Italian Opera. A very good sketch it was, and one from which they could realise all the beauties of the composer.

The Theatre is so small that Devries voice was a little too loud, and the prompter was perhaps too audible, but these are minor imperfections. Coletti as Oroveso, both sang and acted remarkably well, and the chorusses were much better than those six years ago at the Astor Place Opera House. The Ochestra was very fair, but rather too loud, and it would be as well for them, if they return, to keep in mind the size of the house. We shall not attempt to criticise, that an Entire Opera has been performed in Toronto is a great fact, and one worthy of a corner in a note-book. We saw it mentioned a short time ago in a daily journal that twenty years since, the opera was for the first time introduced into Scotland. We remember the circumstance well, and we remember that the company was not as good as that which has just visited Toronto. Donzelli was a better tenor than Forté, but De Merie the prima donna, was not as finished a singer as Devries, and the Orchestra and Chorusses were certainly inferior.

The Italian Opera but a few years since, was unknown in New York. We again assert, then, that a prodigious stride has been made, and we would earnestly advise the Torontonians to fill up the subscription lists as speedily as possible, so as to induce the company to return. There are eighteen Operas on their list, which will afford a rich treat. A word now to the audience: Frequent applauding may evince much good nature, but at the same time it has the sure effect of making artists careless, as it must convince them that the applauders do not really know what or why they are applauding. Frequent interruptions are particularly inadmissible in an Opera, and we were as much amused at the first chorus girl being applauded, instead of Norma, as we were disgusted with the interruption in the midst of the "*Deh! con te.*" Nothing is admissable in Opera either as applause or encore except, at rare intervals, when some celebrated covatina or duet has been really well given, and when it will be a gratification to both artist and audience, to have an enthusiastic encore.

### EXETER HALL.

Miss Greenfield (the Black Swan) gave a concert in the large room of the Hall on Wednesday evening, aided by several eminent *artistes*. From the great reputation heralded before her, much might have been anticipated; but after hearing the lady, all preconceived charm must have been wofully broken. Her first attempt, *The Cradle Song*, by Wallace, was marked throughout by an utter want of intonation, partly arising probably from nervousness; but the impression left on the audience was that her singing flat was for the most part a natural failure. In all her songs Miss Greenfield was equally unsuccessful, and *Home, Sweet Home* (which was not marked down in the programme) was never to our knowledge worse vocalized.

## BOOKS FOR THE MONTH.

T. MACLEAR.

*A Second Book in Latin, containing Syntax and Reading Lessons in Prose, forming a sufficient Latin Reader, with Initiative Exercises and a Vocabulary.* By John McLintock, D.D. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1853.

Some time ago we noticed Dr. McLintock's first books in Latin and Greek. The volume before us is designed to form a sequel to the former, and so far as syntax and reading exercises are concerned, this book is admirably suited to the purpose for which it is designed. The reading embodies extensive and well selected extracts from Cæsar and Cicero. The learned author and compiler has made free use in his selections of "Klaiber's Lateinische Christomathie," of "Kroft's Christomathia Ciceroniona," of "Meiring's Memorirbuch," a new Latin book published by Taylor and Wolton, London, and Dr. Allen's Eclogæ Ciceronionæ.

This school book has already been very extensively used in the American academies and colleges, and from Dr. McLintock's reputation as a compiler of School-books, we have no doubt the publication will become more and more popular. In the present age of literary progress, we believe such books are admirably fitted to facilitate and foster the growing taste for philological studies on this continent; and we have much pleasure in recommending the adoption of the learned Dr. McLintock's school-books in our Canadian schools and academies.

*The Boyhood of Great Men, intended as an Example for Youth.* Harper & Brothers, 1853.

This little volume of 385 pages has just made its appearance, and its intention is appropriately defined in its little pages. Our youth require some incentive to awaken and foster their literary ambition. This is the book, of all others, which will accomplish the object.

Embodied in these pages we have a sample of the boyhood of men who have shone in every department of science and literature. Here we have poets, novelists, historians, critics, statesmen, lawyers, astronomers, mathematicians, naturalists, chemists, sailors, soldiers, painters, sculptors, and divines—the whole arranged in nineteen chapters, with a brief sketch of the early biography of each.

*Home Pictures.* By Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1852.

In this neat little volume, dedicated to the husband of the authoress—who is a clergyman—we have many beautiful and apt descriptions of the scenes of domestic bliss. The contents of this engaging volume appeared some time ago in the pages of a literary paper, while the authoress was the assistant editor of "The Olive Branch," of Boston, Massachusetts. They are now collected under the writer's own revision, and placed before the world in the present, a more permanent form; and from the glowing, descriptive style of the authoress, we are inclined to think they will furnish a source of most profitable and innterestig family reading.

HARPER & BROTHER, NEW YORK.

Among the most recent issues by the Harpers, we have *Discoveries among the Ruins of Nineveh* by Austin H. Layard, M.P., one large octavo of nearly 600 pages, with magnificently executed engravings and charts.

The managers of the British Museum, as our readers are aware, recently sent this distinguished explorator and scholar out to prosecute his researches in Assyria—his former volume having been so popular, and its results having contributed in such an eminent degree to enrich the literature of our day, by the reviving and deciphering of many of the hieroglyphics of ancient times and eastern countries.

Major Robinson and Rev. Dr. Hincks, rector of Killaleagh, have aided the learned and adventurous explorator in deciphering many of the most obscurre and hitherto unintelligible symbols which have been discovered in these researches. The book just issued has made no ordinary noise in the mother country. Being at once an epitomized journal of his travels, and a grand repertory of ancient learning, the work will be read with a great degree of interest by every one who has the least inclination to acquaint himself with the ancient literature, manners, and customs of the East.

But there is yet a higher purpose which Mr. Layard's work will serve. It throws an immense amount o light on the ancient Jewish Scriptures—in so far as it exhibits that many of the manners and customs, which obtained among the eastern nations, were adopted by the Jewish people—worked into their domestic and social polity, and are alluded to in the sacred volume of Inspired Writ.

*Civil Wars in France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries: a History of France principally during that period.* By Leopold Rankè, author of the History of the Popes of Rome during the above period. Harper and Brothers. Translated by M. A. Gorvey.

The learned author of the "History of the Popes of Rome," no doubt in collecting and compiling the material out of which he elaborated that great work, had a good deal of refuse, and out of it he has given us a most interesting and truly valuable History of France during the same period. Whilst Rankè has written the book, no doubt with a view in some degree of economizing his material, he has done an essential service to the literature of France.

The great advantage of this work is simply this—The author is a German, aud he looks at France during the period of which he writes, not from any narrow national point, but he looks at this country in her relations to and dependence on, other countries—indebted to England for her monarchy, to Germany for her attempts at reformation, to Italy for her arts, and to the whole world for the elements of strife and discontent which have so long rent her asunder. But again—The period of which Rankè writes embraces distinguished persons, who do not belong to France only but to the whole world—e.g., Francis I., Catherine de Medicis, the two Guises, the great Bourbon Henry IV., Mary de Medicis, Mazarin, and Louis XIV.; so that any foreigner,

whether German, Italian, or British might with all becoming propriety undertake the writing of a history of the period to which Ranke has bent the energies of his mind. The book is well written, somewhat heavy at times, but much more free from those obscure and clumsy characteristics which have been justly complained of in his History of the Popes of Rome.

*Lamartine's Restoration of Monarchy in France.* Volume IV.

Harper and Brothers have completed their edition of Lamartine's great work on the Restoration of Monarchy. This book is one of Lamartine's very best. No man in France was so capable of furnishing the world with a book on this subject as Lamartine. Having lived to see no less than some ten revolutions in that tumultuous and unsettled country, and having been engaged for nearly half a century either in the capacity of a journalist or a politician, or both, he has possessed himself of all the material required for such a work. Many of the principles which, as a politician, he propounds, he has been advocating for years in his place in the senate-house, and many of the facts he has been recording as a journalist; so that he writes, not as a man who is subject to the toil of plodding through authorities and ransacking journals and Parliamentary documents, but of the immense laboratory of his own memory and experience, he pens the ample material which, arranged in a most orderly and logical manner, and written in a most racy and fascinating manner, affords the reader one of the finest specimens of historical literature on record. The stirring events of his own time, of which he can truly say "*Magna pars fui*," have thrown an enthusiasm and a charm about this work, which renders it as attractive to the reader of taste as the most thrilling tale of ancient or modern romance.

*Complete Works of S. T. Coleridge*, Vol. VI.

Harper and Brothers have issued the sixth volume of their new and magnificent edition of Coleridge. This volume embraces his views of Church and State, in two parts, and his Table-talk. Both topics are of profound interest. The former is important, because it embraces a subject against which, on this side of the Atlantic, there is a strong prejudice. The latter is equally so, because it teaches the valuable lesson, that our chit-chat and gossip in this country is often a ruin of time and a prostitution of intellect. What a privilege to the mind given to reflection, to be thrown into contact with men and minds, that muse and converse on themes higher than the low grovelling gossip of the ale-house, or the gabble and slander of addle-headed *elderly young ladies*, who cannot speak or think well of anybody! The evil is tolerable in this class of our gossipping community, but when it is found among our sage and hoary-headed *men of mind*, it becomes the most intolerable and despicable thing imaginable! Let any one read Coleridge's and Johnson's Table-talk, and learn from the domestic conversation of such men that, irrespective of the moral view of the subject, men's minds were made for higher purposes than to be eternally thinking evil of one another, and their mouths for better ends than to be incessantly speaking evil of each other.

We must own it, right or wrong, whether from weakness or from a strong tendency to hero-worship, we do admire S. T. Coleridge; and we have no sympathy with the malignant detractors who denounce the man, the author, the Christian, who from conscientious and clear conviction exchanged his Socinian views for the orthodoxy of English Episcopacy.

W. D. Dodd.—"*The Friend of Moses*," by W. F. Hamilton, D.D. Mobile, Ala.

This volume embracing twelve lectures by one of our ablest American Divines, has recently been republished in Great Britain, under the patronage of some of the leading Theologians of the empire. The learned author has laid the Christian world under a debt of gratitude to him by the undertaking. The talent and learning which he has brought to bear on some of the leading and popular objections to the Pentateuch—do honor alike to his head and heart.

In the 12th lecture, which treats of the "Unity of the races of men." He has not only given a triumphant refutation to some of the apologists for modern slavery, but he has taken a most *impregnable position in favor of the liberty* of the coloured man. In this he has set our Southern Theologions an example worthy of universal imitation. Dr. Hamilton has spent the past year in travelling in the East, and prosecuting researches of a most important nature in Syria, Palestine and Germany. We sincerely wish his life may be spared to enrich still further our Theological Literature by his efficient and masterly labours.

During the year. Dodd has issued among others, the following volumes to which we shall call attention more at large in forthcoming numbers: "The Society of Friends," by Mrs. Greer. "Love affairs in our village twenty years ago," by Mrs. Caustic. "The Foulard Family." by Mrs. Cornside. "The World's Laconics," by Wm. Sprague, D.D. "The Path of Life," by Henry A. Rowland. "The Old and the New," by Wm. Goodell, "Open Communion," by S. W. Whitney, A.M. "Justification by Faith," by Rev. Jonathan F. Stearns, D.D. "Light in a Dark Alley," by Henry A. Rowland. "The Young Ladies Guide," by Harvey Newcombe. "*The Gospel Harmony*," by Walter King, A.M.

The above catalogue embodies some most valuable works, which shall have our attention in our next issue, as they arrived late.