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THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.—TORONTO, AUGUST, 1855.—NO. II.

UNION OF THE COLONIES OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

BY P. S. HAMILTON, ESQ.

The subject of a political union of the British North American Colonies has engrossed so large a share of attention, among the people of the Provinces themselves, that little could now be said upon the desirability of such a union, which would be new to them. A detailed scheme for a Union of the North American Colonies was drawn up by the late Hon. Richard John Uniacke, and submitted to the Imperial Cabinet, about the commencement of the present century. A similar scheme was proposed by the late Chief Justice Sewell of Quebec, in 1814; and was warmly advocated by His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent. Since then it has been strongly urged upon the Imperial Government by that distinguished statesman, the late Earl of Durham; it has been highly recommended by nearly every author of respectable reputation who has published his views upon British America; it has been extensively discussed by the provincial press, and by the people, at their own fire-sides; it has been spoken of, in the highest terms, on the floors of the Canadian Parliament; and, in the House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, a movement—in which the "leaders" of the Government, and the opposition, of the day, cordially joined—has been made to carry it into effect. This being the case, the writer, in advocating the necessity for such a union can do little more than repeat what has been already said, and give a brief summary of the reasons why this idea of *union* has taken so firm a hold upon the British American mind.

The principal of these reasons is to be found in *the relation which the North American Colonies bear to all the rest of the world.* Among the natives of those Provinces, there is that craving after nationality which is inseparable from the minds of a free people in whom the want is unsatisfied. The peculiar situation of the British Americans makes them feel this want in an unusual degree. Situated between Great Britain, on the one hand, and the United States of America, on the other, they are incessantly tantalized by the might and glory of these, the two greatest nations on earth. They know and they feel that British America too, is capable of taking and maintaining, in the estimation of the world, an honorable national rank, beside these elder powers; but is prevented from doing so by her anomalous position. All the institutions of both Great Britain and the United States, are on a grand and magnificent scale. None of those belonging to the Provinces are so; because, from their disconnected position, they cannot unitedly carry out any great work, and no one of them is capable of doing so alone. The dissatisfaction which this engenders, is heightened by the comparisons provoked by the vicinity of their insignificant institutions to those of their more distinguished neighbors.

The British American, on looking across the Southern frontier of his native land, sees a people, distinct but speaking the same

language and having many of their leading institutions founded upon the same model as those of his own country, who have a world-wide reputation, and to whom the field for individual exertion is unbounded, and for whom the rewards of success are of the very first class. He there sees men of the humblest grade rising to a position which places them on a political level with the greatest potentates on earth: others attaining a world-wide fame as statesmen, as jurists, as diplomatists, and as military and naval officers. He sees the republic of the United States assuming, to itself exclusively, the title of "American," whilst its territory is inferior in extent, in resources, and in advantageous geographical position, to that portion of the continent to which he himself belongs. He knows that the flag of the United States is known and honoured, in every corner of the earth, as that of a nation which is considered a wonderful phenomenon for its great achievements in wealth and commercial prosperity; whilst British America, which, under all disheartening circumstances, has worked up to a position which makes her, in reality, "the third commercial power on earth," has no distinguishing rank, place, or even name, beyond her own borders. He knows the American Republic to be a familiar idea—its history, institutions, wealth, power, and future prospects intimately known—among communities who have never heard of the American Provinces; or who, if they have, think of them but as some barbarous deserts "on the outskirts of creation." On looking farther away, to the other independent nations of America and to the inferior States of Europe, he sees them, although inferior to British America in every point of view except the mere accident of distinct nationality, seated in the common wealth of nations, and their alliance courted by the greatest empires.

Turning to his native country, the contrast which he sees it present to each of these, and particularly to its republican neighbor, is not at all calculated to gratify his ambitious feelings, whether they are of a national, or merely personal, character. British America cannot receive that degree of foreign consideration to which, taken as an aggregate, it is, in strictness, entitled; because it cannot, in fact, be considered as an aggregation, but as a number of disconnected and mutually independent individuals, each of which, regarded separately, loses immeasurably by that contrast already mentioned. To be a British American, means nothing in the world s estimation ; to be a Canadian, a New Brunswicker, or a Nova Scotian, is to be just the next thing to nothing.

On coming down to his own individual case, the British American finds the prospect not more cheering. The Provinces have but few prizes to offer, as rewards to honorable exertions in the higher walks of life. Those *honors* which, under established national organizations, furnish so powerful a stimulus to industry and talent, are here "few and far between;" and the few which are attainable, are so insignificant, as to be insufficient, in themselves, to satisfy the natural cravings of human nature for distinction. The very channels by which such *honors* are usually attained, are virtually closed against the American Colonist. True, he belongs to that great empire in which, as a general rule, talented exertion meets with more signal rewards than in any other; but he is far removed from the arenas on which those rewards are achieved; and practically, although not in theory, is excluded from the fountain head whence they proceed. Few feel the desire to enter any of those professions by which alone they can hope to attain a distinguished rank as *Britons*, in contradistinction to mere local rank; because, by doing so, they must necessarily turn their backs forever upon what they consider as more particularly their own country. Apart from this consideration, they know too well that they have the smallest chance of success. The British American Colonist believes—with how much reason, let others judge—that it would be next to madness for him to enter the British Army, or Navy, without that interest at head quarters—not possessed by one of his countrymen out of ten thousand—which is necessary to procure promotion even when it is honorably earned. A similar lack of patronage aids in deterring him from entering either of the English "learned profes-

sions." The *Corps Diplomatique*, it is sufficiently obvious to every one, is completely closed against him. The Imperial Parliament, the diplomatic body, the army, and the navy being virtually closed against him, the Colonial Bar and the Colonial Legislature, furnish the only narrow avenues by which he can attain what may be called professional distinction. Whether or not, he possesses the particular talents required for success in either of these, he knows that the distinction which that success will confer, is extremely insignificant. A seat in a Provincial Cabinet, or on the Bench of one of the many Courts which share the legal and equitable jurisdiction of the Provinces, affords, in itself, but a small temptation to the man of powerful intellect and lofty aspiration. The British American sees men, in the Mother Country, springing up to the rank of Field Marshals, Admirals, founders of noble houses, Viceroys presiding over countries which are themselves mighty empires—nay, to the position of virtual rulers of the great empire which comprises many of such Viceroyalties. He *may be* by nature qualified to enter the list in competition with these world-renowned fellow-subjects of his. He is precluded by his position from making the attempt. A few miles from his own home he may see one with whom probably he is personally acquainted, and has always considered as, in every respect, his inferior, raised to the high position of President of the United States. *He* may not aspire even to the position of Governor of his native Province.

It may be said that it is very unphilosophical in the British Americans to entertain these ambitious feelings. That may be so, but the feelings *are* entertained nevertheless. They are not a more philosophical people than any other enlightened class of the human family; and it is but natural to suppose that they must experience emotions which affect powerfully all such classes, but more particularly the Anglo-Saxon race. Whatever may be said in condemnation of personal ambition, it will scarcely be denied, that, where that feeling is systematically held in check, or confined within narrow limits, there can be no very long and peaceful continuance of what is called *national progress*. There will be either political convulsions, or general sluggishness. Personal ambition, as already shown, is now being thwarted in British America, after both these modes. Two results of this, already too clearly descernible, are, a strong feeling of discontent among the more intellectual and better educated classes, and the splitting up of the whole community into small but violent political factions.

A union of the North American Colonies would remove the cause of this discontent and smother this faction spirit among the colonists. Such a union would throw open an arena vast enough for the desires of the most ambitious—one in which *all* professions would soon find ample scope for action and rewards commensurate with their exertion. The old, narrow, partizan spirit would speedily die out in the new combinations thus formed; and politicians, of whatever name or party, would move with a higher and nobler aim. It would also satisfy the cravings of that feeling more widely extended, and perhaps deeper, than any which has self alone for its object. It would satisfy the cravings of *national* ambition. Men are not quite satisfied with their country, whatever it may be, unless it possesses, in their estimation, some considerable degree of grandeur, or glory, either past, present, *or future*. The accident of birth is rarely, if ever, sufficient in itself to attach a man to his native country—at least, it is insufficient to render him quite satisfied with it. He wants something more to cling to. In contemplating the existence of his country, as in contemplating that of himself individually, he is not satisfied to confine his desires to the isolated *present*, however favorably circumstanced that present may be. He would fain indulge in fond reminiscences of the *past*, or exult in glorious anticipations of the *future*. To the British American, as such, the past is a blank. A consummation of the Provincial Union, would be to him an assurance that the future would not present the same dreary void. It would give his country a name and a standing which would be known and recognised in every corner of the earth; and would make it such a country as he could cling to with affection and regard

with pride. Though its history and local associations would be for him unconnected with the traditions of a long line of ancestry, he could hope that they would be brightened by the deeds of a happy and glorious posterity. Few reflecting persons, in British America, of whatever rank, have not perceived, with painful feelings the insignificant position which, in a national point of view, their country has hitherto occupied. A compact political union would be, at once, the most effective and the most feasible means of removing this wide-spread discontent.

The argument for union comprised in the foregoing observations, is one which has been felt and appreciated only by the more intelligent classes of the Colonists. There is another argument, which, whether recognised or not, is certainly felt by all. This is the argument deducible from *the relation which the Provinces bear to each other*—from the effect which their isolated and mutually independent condition has upon their internal prosperity. From the time when the Provinces became separately organised as dependencies of the British Crown, until the present day, they have been as foreign countries to each other. They have, it is true, been, in many respects, alike, although separated. They have been subject to the same Crown, and have had all their principal institutions modelled upon the same originals; yet, from whatever cause it is useless now to enquire, they have, until within a few years past, kept entirely aloof from each other. Each, acting for itself, has quite ignored the existence of the others; and, by this means, needless differences have arisen between their various juridical codes, their public institutions, and their commercial regulations. Not only have such differences arisen, but they have led the Colonists to thwart and seriously injure each other, in their mutual intercourse. Increasing wealth and intelligence, with their consequent demand for a larger field of action, having necessarily brought them into closer contact, have led to the removal of some of the principal impediments in the way of that intercourse; yet those very increased facilities only make more vexatious the remaining obstacles to a perfect union. It is but a few years since the Colonies adopted the system of free commercial interchange of commodities with each other, instead of the system of protective duties which they had previously upheld to their great mutual injury. They are still separated commercially by the troublesome barriers which necessarily exist between independent countries, however amicably united by treaty alone. The needless existence of so many entirely separate and co-ordinate legal jurisdictions, in a single and compact section of the empire, as British America naturally is, tends, in a great degree, to impede commercial intercourse between its various parts. Moreover, the existence of several sets of commercial regulations, alike in all leading points but just sufficiently dissimilar to clash with each other and to perplex those interested under them, tends, in a still greater degree, to the same result.

Their political isolation hinders the Provinces from carrying out any great work in which they are interested in common, and which requires their joint efforts. A melancholy instance of this may be seen in their futile attempts, extending over a period of some twelve years, towards the construction of an inter-provincial railway. The Provinces were all very desirous of having that great work carried on; and, since it was proposed, have, each of them within its own boundries, undertaken and commenced similar works of vast magnitude, in proportion to their means. No one doubts that, if the Provinces had been united under a single Colonial Government at the time this great national work was first proposed, the road would now be nearly, if not quite, completed, from Halifax to the foot of Lake Huron.

There are numerous other public works, besides railroads, in which the Provinces are equally interested, requiring the co-operation of all, but which, under the present system, either cannot be carried on at all, or their progress must be attended with checks and delays which are extremely annoying and detrimental to the general interests of the country. So remote are these Provinces, socially and politically, from each other, that it is extremely difficult even for private capitalists, residing in two or more of them,

to unite in any undertaking requiring their joint efforts; and, if the operations of the undertaking are intended to extend into more than one Province, it seems to be practically next thing to impossible.

To say that their present state of disunion discourages the production of native literature and mechanical invention, in the Provinces, may seem at the present time, a small argument in favor of union. They being new countries, but few attempts have been made in either of these branches of intellectual development. Yet, however slight the results of this discouragement thus far, they must increase with the lapse of time; and, if suffered to continue, would, without doubt, soon become a very serious evil. Giving an individual the power of securing his patent, or his copyright, over the whole of the Provinces, by going through a troublesome and expensive ordeal in each one separately, can but slightly modify the general tendency of complete inter-colonial independence in this matter.

There are innumerable points of detail in which this want of union seriously retards the general prosperity of the Provinces. Few persons, residing in British America, have not, in their own persons, seriously felt its injurious results. The cure for all this is obvious. Let a legislative union of the Provinces take place, and all the evils alluded to, under this division of the subject, terminate immediately. This is too nearly self-evident to require anything in the shape of proof; and the mode by which that union would effect such a result, is too plain to require any demonstration.

There is yet a third point of view in which the Provinces must be regarded, furnishing an argument in favor of union; that is, *the relation which those Provinces, as component parts of the British Empire, bear to foreign countries, and particularly to the United States of America.* Regarded in this respect, their present aspect must suggest feelings of not the most pleasurable nature to a large majority of the British Americans, and certainly should give some concern to the Mother Country. The United States have, since attaining their independence, increased in area, wealth and physical strength to an extent which has aroused the wonder, and which, but for some attendant circumstances, might excite the admiration of the civilized world. That republic has not been at all particular as to the means by which her present *status* has been attained. She is the embodiment of ultra-Democracy, among the civilized states of the New World, as Russia is the embodiment of ultra-Monarchical Absolutism, among those of the Old: and the rapid progress of the two nations, from comparative insignificance to a prominent rank among the first class powers, has been not dissimilar, either in general nature, or in the means by which effected. That rapid rise to power has doubtless been caused, in a great measure, by activity in internal improvements; but it has been mainly owing to a system of aggression by which they have increased their own strength at the expense of neighbors who were too heedless to be disturbed by those aggressions, or too weak to oppose them. Great Britain, with the other nations of Western Europe, has awakened to a sense of the misdeeds of Russia—she still sleeps over those of the United States, although none the less menacing to her own security. The British American subjects of Her Majesty are too near the scene of action to be unconscious, or uninterested spectators of the aggressive policy of the United States.

In 1803, the Government of that country, by taking advantage of Napoleon's necessities, extorted from the French, under the name of a purchase, the Province of Louisiana, thereby more than doubling the extent of its territory. By driving another extremely clever bargain with Spain, in 1819, Florida was obtained. In 1842, the "Ashburton Treaty," which settled what was called the "North-Eastern boundary dispute," between Great Britain and the United States, gave to the latter, without their having any valid claim to it, a further acquisition of territory, inconsiderable indeed as to extent, but, from its position, of incalculable advantage to British America. This treaty, as has been since clearly proved, was effected by means of gross misrepresentation, on the part of the United States Government and its officials. By a somewhat similar course

of procedure, attended by what British Americans will ever consider an indefensible disregard of her own rights and interests, on the part of Great Britain, the grasping republic, in 1846, obtained a portion of Oregon, thereby reaching the Pacific Ocean and acquiring a further immense increase of valuable territory. On their Southern frontiers, the United States has pursued a system of *annexation*, somewhat different, but no less successful. For some years previous to 1836, a number of "American" citizens—cautious pioneers of a class of men who have since become more daring in their movements, and have acquired a wide notoriety, under the name of *filibustieros*—pushed their way Southwards into the sparsely populated Mexican territory of Texas. Upon finding themselves sufficiently strong to risk the attempt, they raised the standard of revolt against the Mexican Government. Assisted by large bodies of volunteers who flocked to the scene of action, from all parts of the United States, the rebels did not have to contend very long against Mexico, impoverished and demoralized as she was by a quarter of a century of civil war. Texas became an independent country, and, in 1845, that territory was *annexed* and formed another of the United States. By this series of adroit manœuvres, Mexico lost one-fifth of her territory; and the United States gained an addition nearly equal to one-fifth of what they previously held.

Throughout those regions of imperfectly explored wilderness, where national boundary lines are not so intimately known, or so accurately defined, as in Europe, there cannot be much difficulty, when the desire is not wanting, in raising a dispute relative to land marks. So it was soon discovered, both in the United States and in Mexico. A dispute. turning mainly upon the question of the South-Western boundary of Texas, brought the two countries into actual hostilities; and the year 1846 saw an American invading army cross the Rio Grande. If the Mexican contest with the Texian rebels was short and decisive, this one was still more so; for now Mexico, weaker and more distracted internally than ever, had the whole of the United States as her avowed enemy. Part of the price at which she purchased peace, was the disposal of a just one-third of her whole remaining territories which went to increase the wealth and power of her insatiable neighbor and enemy, and which forms rather more than one-sixth of the whole territory now possessed by the United States. By the peace of 1848, the latter country acquired the fertile, gold-bearing California, with a wider and more valuable *frontage* on the Pacific, and the large territory of New Mexico, opening into the heart of Mexico an unobstructed road for further and future conquests. Whoever has observed the course of events, in that quarter, since the peace of 1848, cannot suppose it will be very long before such further conquests will be attempted. We have but recently seen an attempt made to perpetrate upon Cuba, another revolution on the Texian principle.

This rapid growth of the great North American republic, is fraught with painful considerations, to the Brith American people—the more so from their observation of the means by which that growth has, in a great measure, been effected. But apart from all consideration of the means by which the United States have acquired the vast territories and consequent political strength they now possess, one would naturally suppose that the mere fact of such an acquisition would be sufficient to give serious concern to the *British nation*. In 1783, those States were contained within an area of less than 390,000 square miles—the whole States and "Territories" together occupying but 720,000 square miles—and contained a population of not more than 2½ millions. In 1854, they have a territory of 2,750,000 square miles, and a population of over 24 millions. The growth of the Russian Empire, in territory, population, wealth—in power generally, during a period of 150 years, has not equalled that of the "American" Republic, for a space of less than half of that time. Great Britain has begun to feel serious alarm lest the Russian Autocrat should, by crossing nearly 2,000 miles over the savage deserts of Central Asia, attempt a conquest of the Anglo-Indian Empire. It is somewhat singular that she should entertain no apprehensions lest the democratic power of the United

States should cross the St. Lawrence and the St. Croix, and attempt the conquest of her no less important North American Colonies. Russia has never yet attempted, or even made any decided demonstration in the way of attempting, the apprehended conquest of India. The forces of the United States have twice invaded the North American Provinces; and—let men say what they will about the ties of kindred, and "America's" affection for her Mother Country—the desire to do so again remains quite as strong as it ever was. There is only the most extreme possibility that the United States will ever bring British North America under their dominion; but it is quite within the bounds of probability that the attempt will be made—and that at no very remote period, unless means are taken to prevent it. The cheapest and most effective of those means would be to place the Provinces in a position to defend themselves—to give them that self-reliance, that compactness of physical strength, that unity of action, and increased dissemination and intensity of national feeling, which can be given by a Legislative Union of those Provinces, and by that only.

A few statistics will go far towards enabling us to judge of the capacity, present and future, of the Provinces, if so united, to form a bulwark against foreign encroachment. They will also enable us to form an idea of the real value and importance of those Provinces, and consequently of the results which would be likely to follow their violent separation from the Mother Country. The growth of British America will be better comprehended by comparing it with that of her more celebrated neighbor, the United States, whose rapid progress has so much astonished the world. An opinion has very generally prevailed on this continent, and also in Great Britain in as far as any opinion is there entertained on the subject, to the effect that, while the United States have advanced amazingly in population, wealth, commercial enterprise, and general prosperity, British America has remained almost stationary. This opinion has done serious injury both to the reputation of the latter country, as a field for emigration, and to that of its inhabitants as an active and intelligent people. Facts prove, that, of the two countries, the progress of British America has been the most rapid.

Let us begin with the comparative increase in the population of the two countries; and take, as a starting point, the year 1783, from which period dates the separate, national existence of the United States. In 1780, the population of those States amounted to 2,051,000. In 1790 it was 3,929,872.

In 1783, it may be fairly estimated at		2,500,000
In 1850, it amounted to 23,191,074; and, in 1851, say		24,000,000
Increase in 68 years, from 1783 to 1851		21,500,000
Equal to 860 per cent.		
The population of the whole of Canada, in 1784, and say in 1783, amounted to		113,000
That of the Lower Provinces, including the Loyalists who settled there at the close of the Revolutionary War, ...		32,000
In all........................		145,000
The population of Canada West, in 1850, was by census returns 781,000—in 1852, 952,004—and, in 1851, say	871,500	
Canada East, in 1848,—770,000; in 1852,—890,261; in 1851 say	840,500	
New Brunswick, by census of 1851, ...	194,000	
Nova Scotia do.	277,000	
Prince Edward Island, in 1848, 62,678: at same rate of increase as for three years previous to that time, in 1851, it would be........................	70,000	
		2,253,000
Increase in 68 years, from 1783 to 1851		2,108,000
Equal to 1450 per cent.		

At the same rate of increase, the population of the United States would have been 36¼ millions. In the ten years previous to 1850, during which time the tide of emigration set more strongly towards the United States than at any former period, the population of those States increased at the rate 36.36 per cent.: that of the Provinces, during the ten years previous to 1851, at the rate of 48.41 per cent. To rectify the erroneous supposition which, probably, will immediately impress itself upon many minds, that this rapid growth, on the part of British America, has taken place in the Upper Canada section alone, it may be observed, that, during those respective decades, the population of New Brunswick—the lowest, in this respect, on the Provincial list—increased at a more rapid rate than that of any of the Eastern States except Massachusetts and

Rhode Island; and that Nova Scotia nearly equalled the State of New York. In these computations, no allowance has been made for that addition to the population of the United States which has been caused by the acquisition of territory. The share which emigration has added to the population of British America, must be due, it is but natural to suppose, solely to the genuine merits of the country as a field for emigration. Its name has no such *prestige* as has attached to that of the United States, from the moment of their attaining their independence. Its great commercial, agricultural, and other advantages, have not been constantly trumpeted to the world like those of the adjoining Republic and some other Colonial sections of the British Empire.

It may be contended that a rapid increase in the population of a country is no *certain* indication of its prosperity; but certainly it forms a strong presumption of such prosperity. But further statistics may be shown, affording more conclusive proofs. Supposing the case of the United States to be made, we may continue the comparison.

The tonnage of vessels owned by the Provinces (Newfoundland included) in 1806, amounted to	71,943
In 1850	446.935
Increase,	374,992 tons*

Equal to 521 per cent.

The tonnage of the United States, in 1806, amounted to	1.208.735
In 1850,	3.535,454
Increase	2,326,719 tons

Equal to 191 per cent.

No one will pretend to doubt that the tonnage of the Provinces has continued to increase in the same—if not in a much greater—ratio, down to the present time, although statistics of its present amount are not easily procurable.

The value of *imports* into the United States, in 1851, reduced to sterling, amounts to £43,244,986†
Equal to £1.80 per head on the whole population.
The value of *exports* for the same year, amounted to £43,677,602*
Equal to £1.81 per head.

The *imports* of Canada, in 1851, amounted to	£4,650,088 stg	
Deduct value of imports from other B.N.A. Colonies,	99,480 "	
		4,550,608
New Brunswick	970,488 "	
Less imports from B.N.A. Colonies,	134,937 "	
		835,551
Nova Scotia	1,105,528 "	
Less imports from B. N. A. Colonies	204,483 "	
		901,045
Prince Edward Island,	107,751 "	
Less estimated imports from B.N.A. Colonies	74,822 "	
		32,929
Total, (in Sterling)		*£6,320,133

Equal to £2.80 per head on population.

In 1851, the value of *exports* from Canada amounted to	£2,652,475 stg	
Less exports to B.N.A. Colonies,	193,433 "	
		2,459,042
New Brunswick	756,021 "	
Less exports to B.N.A. Colonies	59,572 "	
		696,449
Nova Scotia	708,462 "	
Less exports to B.N.A. Colonies	269.319 "	
		439,143
Prince Edward Island	72,093 "	
Less exports to B.N.A. Colonies	31,461 "	
		37,632
Total (in Sterling)		*£3.632,266

Equal to £1.61 per head on population.

The value of ships built and sent out of the Provinces for sale, is not included in the above exports. If the value—which can be estimated only—of this important article of British America export, were added to the above sum, along with an allowance which should be made for under valuation of articles, there can be no doubt whatever that the sum of the value of exports would exceed—and very considerably exceed—that of the United States, in proportion to the population.

If we carry our researches down to a more recent period, the result appears still more favorable for the Provinces.

The *imports* of the United States, according to published returns, amounted, in 1853, to £53,595,735 stg., shewing an increase of 23 per cent. since 1851.

The *exports*, for the same year, amounted to £46,195,031 stg., making an increase of 5 per cent since 1851.

In 1853, the *imports* of Canada, less imports from other North American Colonies, were	£6,269,766 stg.
Of New Brunswick, less as above,	1,411,523

* Andrew's Report on Colonial and Lake Trade, 1852, p. 15.

† American Almanack. 1853.

* Andrew's Report.

* Andrew's Report.

" Nova Scotia "	1,106,925
" Prince Edward Island, "	113,544
	£8,901,758 stg.

Increase, since 1851, equal to 41 per cent.

In the same year, the *exports* of Canada, less as above, were	£4,120,353
Of New Brunswick, less as above, were	955,493
" Nova Scotia, " "	667,526
" Prince Edward Island, "	55,912
	£5,805,284 stg.

Increase, since 1851, 59 per cent.

Newfoundland, as will be observed, is not taken into any of the above calculations; although the imports and exports to and from that Colony, are included in the deductions made from those of the other Provinces. Neither is the trade of Rupert's Land, through Hudson's Bay, or that of the Pacific coast and the already populous Colony of Vanconver Island, taken into account. Although statistics from some of these cannot be easily procured, enough is, however, known concerning the extent of their trade, to lead to the belief, that, if accurate statements of the exports and imports of the *whole* of British America could be furnished, they would prove the trade of the country, in the aggregate, to be in a more prosperous condition even than is shown by the above figures, as to part.

To some persons, it may seem as absurd thus to connect the Atlantic Provinces with British Oregon, Vancouver or Queen Charlotte's Islands, as to connect them, in like manner, with New Zealand. But it must be borne in mind, that we are considering the question of a union of the British North American Colonies; and the great object of that union would not be attained, unless every part of the British North America—particularly of the continental portions—participated in it. The practicability of such a union, with reference to geographical difficulties, is fast ceasing to be considered a mere visionary idea. A petition signed by several of the leading men of Canada and the Northern States, has been laid before the Canadian Parliament, during its late session (December, 1854), with the object of obtaining the countenance of that body to a scheme for constructing a railroad from Canada, through British territory, to the shore of the Pacific Ocean. When this great work is once seriously commenced—and commenced it assuredly soon will be, and completed too; for the route proposed is declared to be the only practicable one, for the purpose across the continent—the only obstacle in the way of an immediate and complete political union of the whole of British North America will have been removed. The Empire for which the foundation is here furnished, would be inferior in extent only to the Russian, the Chinese, and the Brazilian empires; and in commanding position, its advantages would be equal to all the three combined. Any attempt to define the future capabilities of British America, if compactly united under a single local government, would require a lengthened investigation of the resources of the country, and would involve much speculation. Taking the least favorable accounts of the resources of the imperfectly explored territories which it contains, the country would be quite capable, at a moderate calculation, and without making any allowance for the constantly increasing facilities with which intellectual culture furnishes man to provide for his own sustenance, of supporting a population of 100 millions. Taking this in connection with the fact of its unrivalled geographical position, as a commercial and maritime power, we may form some idea of what British America *may* become.

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.)

STANZAS.

Ah! forsaken thus, for ever,
  Sadness on my soul must dwell;
Life from joy and hope to sever,
  Echoes faint that last farewell.

No kind word of parting sorrow,
  Not one sigh to lost love due,
Whence might drooping fancy borrow,
  Soothing spells for memory true.

Then, no more in vain repining,
  Rather teach me to forget,
How, 'neath skies serenely shining,
  Once in happy hours we met.

Henceforth let sweet roses wither,
  Unlamented in their bloom;
Wintry seasons, welcome hither!
  Flattery lives not in your gloom.

THE INDIAN CABIN:*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE,

FOR THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE,

BY EYRE MASSEY SHAW, A.M.,

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

"Of what avail to our happiness," said the Indian, "is the history of things past? The history of what is, is the history of what has been, and of what will be."

"Admirable," said the Englishman, "but you will agree with me, that moral truths are necessary to the happiness of the human race. But how shall we find them in nature? The animals fight, and slay, and devour each other; the elements even wage war against the elements, and shall men act the same toward each other?"

"Oh no!" replied the good Pariah, "every man will find his rule of conduct written in his own heart, if his heart be simple. Nature has placed this law there, do not to others what you would not wish that others should do to you."

"It is true," returned the doctor, "she has regulated the interests of the whole human race by our own; but religious truths, how can they be discovered in the midst of so many traditions and religions, which divide nations?"

"In nature also," replied the Pariah. "If we view it with a simple heart, we shall there see God in his power, intelligence, and goodness; and, as we are weak, ignorant, and miserable, that is enough to induce us to adore and love Him all our lives without disputing."

"Excellent," replied the Englishman, "but now tell me, when truth has been discovered, is it right to communicate it to other men? If you publish it, you are persecuted by an infinity of persons, who live by the opposite error, who will assure you, that that error even is the truth, and that all which tends to overturn it is error itself."

"It is right," returned the Pariah, "to speak the truth to men, who have a simple heart, that is to say, to well-disposed persons, who seek it, and not to the wicked, who reject it. Truth is a fine pearl, and the wicked man is a crocodile, who cannot put it in his ears, because he has none. If you cast a pearl before a crocodile, in place of adorning himself with it, he wishes to devour it; he breaks his teeth against it, and in his fury falls upon you."

"I have but one objection to make to you," said the Englishman; "it is, that it follows from what you have just said, that men are condemned to error, although the truth is necessary to them; for, inasmuch as they persecute those who impart it to them, who is the teacher, that will venture to instruct them?"

"The same," returned the Pariah, "who himself persecutes men, in order to teach them—misery!"

"Oh! this time, man of nature, I think," replied the Englishman, "you are mistaken. Misery drives men into superstition; it crushes down the heart and soul. The more men are miserable, the more they are vile, and credulous, and grovelling."

"It is because they are not sufficiently miserable," quickly answered the Pariah. "Misery is like the Black Mountain of Bember, at the extremity of the burning kingdom of Lahore; while you are ascending it, you see, on every side around you, only barren rocks; but, when you have reached the summit, you perceive the heaven above your head, and at your feet the kingdom of Cashmere."

"Beautiful and true comparison!" replied the Englishman; "every one, in fact, has during life, his mountain to climb. Yours, virtuous recluse, has doubtless been a rugged one, for you are exalted far above all other men I know. You must, then, have been very miserable. But tell me first, why your caste is so degraded in India, and that of the Brahmins so much honored. I have just come from the superior of the Pagoda of Juggernaut, who thinks no more than his idol, and causes himself to be worshipped, like a god."

"It is," answered the Pariah, "because the Brahmins say, that, in the beginning, they came forth from the head of the god Brahma, and that the Pariahs are descended from his feet. They add, moreover, that one day Brahma, in travelling asked to eat of a Pariah, who presented him with human flesh;

* Concluded.

since that tradition, their caste is honored, and ours is cursed throughout all India. We are not suffered to draw near the towns, and every nobleman and rajahpoute can slay us, if we only approach them within the distance of our breath."

"By St. George," cried out the Englishman, "this is something most outrageous and unjust. How have the Brahmins been able to make the Indians believe such nonsense?"

"By teaching it to them from childhood," said the Pariah, "and repeating it to them incessantly. Men are taught like parrots."

"Unhappy man!" replied the Englishman, "what have you done to draw yourself from the abyss of infamy, in which the Brahmins cast you at your birth. I know of nothing more desperate for a man, than to make him vile in his own eyes; it is to take away from him the first of consolations, for the most sure of all is that, which is found by retiring within oneself."

"I said to myself, first of all," replied the Pariah; "is the history of the god Brahma true? It is only the Brahmins, who are interested in giving him a heavenly origin, that relate it. They doubtless, imagined, that a Pariah wanted to make a Brahma a cannibal, in order to avenge themselves on the Pariahs, who refused to believe what they reported of their sanctity. Again, I said to myself, supposing this fact to be true, God is just, he would not make a whole caste guilty for the crime of one of its members, when the caste has had no share in it. But, supposing that the whole caste of Pariahs had taken part in their crime, their descendants are not accomplices in it. God no more punishes children for the faults of their ancestors, whom they have never seen, than he would punish the ancestors for the faults of their descendants, who are yet unborn. But, supposing again, that I am enduring at the present time, a part of the punishment of a Pariah who was perfidious to his God a million years ago. Without having taken any part in his crime, could anything exist, abhorred by God, without being very speedily destroyed? If I were cursed of God, nothing that I plant would succeed. Finally, I said to myself, I suppose I am abhorred of God, who does me good. I will try, then, to render myself pleasing in his sight by doing, after his example, good to those, whom I should hate."

"But," asked the Englishman, "how do you contrive to live, repulsed by all the world?"

"First of all, I said to myself," replied the Indian, "if all the world be thine enemy, be a friend to thyself. Thy misery is not beyond the endurance of a man. However great the rain may be, a little bird receives but one drop at a time. I went into the woods and along the rivers to seek food: but most frequently I gathered nothing there except some wild fruit, and was in continual terror of wild beasts. Thus I knew that nature had made scarcely anything for man alone, and that she had attached my existence to that same society which cast me from its bosom. Then I frequented the deserted plains, which are very numerous in India, and I always met in them some eatable plant, which had escaped being destroyed by its cultivators. I travelled thus from province to province, sure in every place to find subsistence in the wreck of agriculture. When I found the seeds of any useful vegetable, I sowed them again, saying: if they will be of no use to me, they will at least serve others. I found myself less miserable, when I found that I could do some good. There was one thing that I passionately desired, namely, to enter into some of the towns. I admired from afar their ramparts and their towers, the prodigious concourse of barques upon their rivers, and of caravans upon their roads, loaded with merchandize, which approached them from every point of the horizon. The troops of warlike men, who came to mount guard there from the distant provinces, the processions of ambassadors, with their numerous retinues, who arrived there from foreign kingdoms to communicate happy events or to make alliances. I approached their avenues as far as I was permitted, contemplating with astonishment the long columns of dust which so many travellers had raised; and I started with astonishment at that confused noise, which comes from great towns, and which, in the neighbouring country, resemble the murmuring of waves,

which break on the sea-shore. I said to myself: An assembly of men of so many different ranks, who put their industry, and wealth, and joy in common, ought to make a city the abode of all delights. But if I am not suffered to approach it during the day, what hinders me from entering there by night? A little mouse, which has so many enemies, comes and goes where it likes, when favored by the darkness; it passes from the cabin of the poor man to the palace of the king? To enjoy life the light of the stars is sufficient for it; why should I require that of the sun? It was in the environs of Delhi that I indulged in these reflections. And they emboldened me so far, that I entered the city with the night; I passed in by the gate of Lahore. First, I traversed a long, solitary street, formed, on the right and left, of houses lined with terraces, supported on the arcades, in which the merchants' shops are situated. Here and there I met great caravanseries, which were securely closed, and vast bazaars or markets, where the most profound silence reigned. As I approached the interior of the town, I traversed the superb quarter of the Ourahs, filled with palaces and gardens, situated along the banks of the Gemna. The whole place resounded with the sound of the instruments and the songs of the Bayaderes, who danced along the river banks to the light of torches. I presented myself at the gate of a garden, in order to enjoy so sweet a sight; but I was repulsed by the slaves, who were driving away the wretched with blows of sticks. In retiring from the quarter of the great, I passed near several pagodas, where a great number of unhappy wretches, prostrated on the ground, had abandoned themselves to tears. I hastened to fly from the sight of these monuments of superstition and terror. Further on, the piercing voices of the Molhas, who were announcing from on high the hours of night, apprised me that I was at the foot of the minarets of a mosque. Close by were the European factories, with their flags, and the wardens, who cried out incessantly, "Kabardar"—take care of yourselves. I quickly reached the side of a large building, which I recognized as a prison by the sound of chains, and the groans that issued forth from it. Soon after, I heard the cries of sorrow in a vast hospital, from which waggons full of dead bodies were issuing forth. Going on, I met robbers flying along the streets; patrols of guards running after them; groups of mendicants, who, notwithstanding the blows of the rattan, begged at the gates of the palaces for some of the fragments of their feasts, and on every side women, who led a public life of infamy, in order to obtain wherewith to live. Finally, after a long march in the same street, I arrived at an immense place which surrounds the fortress inhabited by the Grand Mogul. It was covered with the tents of the Rajahs, or Nabobs of his guard, and of their squadrons, distinguished from each other by their torches, and standards, and long canes terminated with tails of the cows of Thibet. A large foss, full of water, and bristling with artillery, went, like the place, completely round the fortress. By the light of the fires of the guard, I saw the towers of the chateau, which rose even to the clouds, and the long line of its ramparts, which were lost in the horizon. I was very desirous to enter in, but the large korahs, or whips, suspended on posts, took away from me even the desire to set foot within the place. I retired, then, to one of its extremities, near some negro slaves, who permitted me to rest by a fire, round which they were seated. Thence I observed with admiration the Imperial palace, and said to myself: Here, then, dwells the happiest of men! it is for his authority that so many religions preach; for his glory so many ambassadors arrive; for his wealth so many provinces exhaust themselves; for his luxury so many caravans travel; and for his security so many armed men keep watch in silence.

"While I was making these reflections, loud cries of joy were heard in all the place, and I saw eight camels pass, decorated with flags. I learned that they were laden with the heads of rebels, which the Mogul's generals were sending him from the province of Deccan, where one of his sons, whom he had nominated governor, had made war against him during three years. A little after, there arrived, with slackened rein, a courier mounted on a dromedary; he came to announce the loss of a frontier town of India,

through the treachery of one of its commanders, who had surrendered it to the King of Persia. Hardly had this courier passed, when another, sent by the Governor of Bengal, reached with the intelligence, that the Europeans, to whom the Emperor, for the good of commerce, had granted a factory at the mouth of the Ganges, had built a fortress there, and taken possession of the navigation of the river. A few moments after the arrival of these two couriers, an officer was seen to issue forth from the chateau, at the head of a detachment of guards. The Mogul had ordered him to go to the quarter of the Omrahs, and to bring thence, three of the principal ones, loaded with chains, accused of being in connivance with the enemies of the state. The day before, he had caused a Mollah to be arrested, who, in his sermons, had passed an eulogium on the King of Persia, and had said boldly, that the Emperor of India was unfaithful, because that, contrary to the law of Mahommet, he drank wine. In short I was assured, that he had just caused one of his wives, and two captains of his guard, who were convicted of being engaged in his son's rebellion, to be strangled, and cast into the Gamna. While I was reflecting on these tragical events, a long column of fire suddenly arose from the kitchens of the seraglio, its whirlwinds of smoke were mingled with the clouds, and its bright blaze lighted up the towers of the fortress, the fosses, the palace, and the minarets of the Mosques, and extended even to the horizon. Soon the great kettle-drums of brass, and the karnas or great hautboys of the guard, sounded the alarm with tremendous noise; squadrons of cavalry spread themselves throughout the town, burst open the doors of the houses, which adjoined the chateau, and, with great blows of their korahs, forced the inhabitants to hasten to the fire. I proved, indeed, myself, how much the neighbourhood of the great is dangerous to the little. The great are like the fire, which burns even those, who cast incense into it, if they approach too near. I was desirous to escape, but all the avenues of the place were closed. It would have been impossible for me to have got out, had not the side, where I had placed myself, been, by the providence of God, that of the seraglio. While the eunuchs were carrying the women thence on elephants, they facilitated my escape; for, while with blows of the whip, the guards obliged the people on every side to come to the assistance of the chateau, the elephants with blows of their trunks were driving them away. Thus, now pursued by the one, and now pursued by the other, I got out of this frightful chaos, and, by the light of the fire, I gained the other extremity of the suburbs, where, under some huts, far from the great, the people were reposing in peace from their labors. It was there I first began to breathe again. I said to myself, 'Well! I have seen a town, I have seen the abode of the rulers of the nations! Oh! to how many masters are they not themselves in slavery! They are held in bondage, even in their hours of repose, by luxury, ambition, superstition, avarice; they have to fear, also, during sleep, a crowd of worthless and malicious beings, by whom they are surrounded, robbers, mendicants, courtezans, incendiaries, and even their soldiers, their nobles, and their priests. What can a town be by day, if it is so disturbed by night? A man's troubles increase with his enjoyments; how much is the Emperor to be pitied, who unites all these. He has to dread civil and foreign wars, and even those objects, which form his consolation and protection, his generals, his guards, his molhas, wives, and children. The fosses of his fortress cannot arrest the phantoms of superstition, nor can his elephants, so gaudily caparisoned, drive far away from him black care. For my part, I fear nothing of all this; no tyrant holds empire either over my body or my soul. I can serve God according to my conscience, and I have nought to fear from any man, provided I do not torment myself; verily a Pariah is less unhappy than an Emperor. As I said these words, my eyes were filled with tears, and, falling on my knees, I offered up my thanks to heaven, who, in order to teach me to support my woes, had shown me others more intolerable than mine."

"Since that time I have never entered Delhi further than the suburbs. Thence I saw the stars lighting the habitations of men, and mingling with their fires, as if the heavens and the city formed but one and the same domain. When the moon had lighted

up this landscape, I perceived there other colours than those of day. I admired the towers, the mansions, and the trees, at the same time frosted with silver and covered with crape, which were reflected far away in the waters of the Gemna. I travelled in freedom over large districts, which were solitary and silent, and I fancied then that all the town was mine. Meantime mankind would have refused me a handful of rice, so odious had religion made me. As I could not then find friends among the living, I sought for them among the dead. I went into the cemeteries to eat the meats offered by the piety of relations on the tombs. It was in these places that I loved to meditate. I said within myself: This is the city of peace; here power and pride have disappeared, and innocence and virtue are in safety; here all the fears of life are dead, even the fear of dying; this is the hostel where the charioteer has unyoked his team for ever—where the Pariah is at rest. With these reflections, I thought death desirable, and began to despise earth. I gazed on the east, whence every moment issued forth a multitude of stars. Although their destinies were unknown to me, I felt that they were bound to those of men, and that nature, who has made subservient to their needs so many objects, which they do not see, had at least attached thereunto those which she offered to their view. My soul then soared aloft into the firmament among the stars; and when Aurora came to join her rosy tints to their sweet everlasting lights, I fancied I was at the gates of heaven. But as soon as her fires had gilded the summit of the Pagodas, I disappeared like a shade. I went far away from men, and reposed in the fields at the foot of a tree, where I was lulled to sleep by the songs of birds."

"Sensitive and unhappy man!" replied the Englishman, "your story is very touching; believe me, the most part of cities deserve only to be viewed by night. After all, nature has nocturnal beauties which are not less affecting; a famous poet of my country has celebrated no others. But tell me what have you done at last to make you happy by the light of day?"

"It was already too much to be happy by night," returned the Indian. "Nature is like a beautiful woman, who, during the day, shows the world only the beauty of her face, but who by night unveils her hidden beauties to her lover. But if solitude has its enjoyments, it has also its privations. It seems to the unhappy like a tranquil port, whence he views the passions of other men flow on, without being shaken by them, but whilst he congratulates himself on his unchangeableness, time hurries him along, as it does others. None may cast anchor in the stream of life; it carries away alike the man who struggles against its course, and him who abandons himself to it—the wise man like the fool—and they both arrive at the end of their days—the one after having abused, and the other without having enjoyed them. I had no desire to be more wise than nature, nor to find my happiness apart from those laws which she has prescribed to man. I longed for, most of all, a friend to whom I could communicate my sorrows and my joys. For such a one I searched a long while among my equals; but I only met jealous, discontented persons. Meantime I found one, sensible, grateful, constant, and inaccessible to prejudice, not, however, in my own species, but in that of animals; it was this dog that you see. He had been cast out, when very young, at the corner of a street, here he had almost died of hunger. I was moved with compassion towards him; I reared him; he loved me, and became my inseparable companion. This was not enough. I wanted a friend more unhappy than a dog, who knew all the ills of human society, and could assist me to endure them, who desired only the blessings of nature, and with whom I could enjoy them. It is only by being intertwined that two weak shrubs have the power to resist the storm. Providence filled up the measure of my longings by giving me a good wife. It was at the source of my miseries that I found that of my happiness. One night, while I was at the cemetery of the Brahmins, I perceived by the light of the moon a young female Brahmin, half covered with a yellow veil. At the sight of a woman of the blood of my tyrants, I recoiled in horror; but I soon approached her with compassion when I saw the object in which she was engaged. She was placing food on a mound that covered the ashes of her mother

who was burned alive a short time previously, with the body of her father, according to the custom of their caste; and she was burning incense to invoke her shade. Tears came into my eyes at seeing a person more unhappy than myself. I said to myself, 'Alas, I am bound with bonds of infamy, but thou with those of glory. I, at least, can gaze in calmness on the bottom of my precipice, but thou art always trembling on the verge of thine. The same destiny which has carried off from thee thy mother, threatens one day to carry off thyself also. Thou hast received but one life, and thou must die two deaths. If thine own death do not cause thee to descend into the tomb, that of thy husband will drag thee into it alive.' I wept, and she wept. Our eyes bathed with tears, met, and told our tale of misery. She averted hers, enveloped herself in her veil, and retired. The following night I returned to the same place. This time she had placed on her mother's tomb a greater quantity of food, judging that I had need of it, and, as the Brahmins often poison their funeral meats, in order to hinder the Pariahs from eating them, she, in order to assure me of the harmlessness of hers, had only brought fruit. I was touched with this mark of humanity; and in order to testify to her the respect which I bore to her filial offering, in place of taking her fruits, I added flowers to them. They were poppies, which expressed my sympathy with her grief. The night following, I saw with joy that she approved my homage; the poppies were watered, and she had placed a new basket of fruit at some distance from the tomb. Piety and gratitude emboldened me. Not daring to speak to her, as a Pariah, lest I should compromise her, I undertook, as a man, to express to her all the affections which she had given birth to in my soul; following the custom of the Indians, in order to make myself understood, I borrowed the language of the flowers. I added to the poppies marigolds. The night after, I found my poppies and marigolds bathed in water. The night following I became bolder, and joined to the poppies and the marigolds a flower of foulsapatte, which is used by shoemakers to stain their leather black, as the expression of an humble and unhappy love. The next morning, at daylight, I ran to the tomb, and found the foulsapatte all withered here, because it had not been watered. The following night, trembling, I placed there a tulip, the red leaves and black heart of which expressed the fires with which I was consumed; but the next day I found my tulip in the same condition as the foulsapatte, and I was overwhelmed with grief. Meanwhile, on the day after the next I brought a rosebud with its thorns, as the symbol of my hopes, which were mingled with so many fears. But what was my despair when, by the first light of day, I saw my rosebud far away from the tomb! I thought that I should lose my reason. Happen what might, I was resolved to speak to her. The night following, as soon as she appeared, I cast myself at her feet, but became all disconcerted as I offered her a rose. She commenced the conversation by saying to me, 'Unhappy man! thou hast spoken to me of love, and soon I shall be no more. Following the example of my mother, I must follow to the funeral pile my husband, who is just about to die; he was an old man; I married him when quite a child; adieu; depart, and forget me; in three days I shall be nothing but a heap of ashes.'

"As she said these words, she sighed, and penetrated with grief I answered, 'Oh! unhappy Brahmin, nature has burst the bonds which society had woven around you; finish the work by bursting those of superstition; you can do so by taking me for your husband.'

"'What!' answered she, weeping, 'I should escape death to live with thee in disgrace. Ah! if thou lovest me, leave me here to die.'

"'God forbid,' I cried, 'that I should take you from your woes, only to plunge you into mine. Dear Brahmin, let us fly together to the depths of the forest; it is far better to trust to tigers than to men. But Heaven, in whom I trust, will not abandon us. Let us fly; love, night, thy misery, thy innocence, all favour us. Unhappy widow! let us hasten; already thy funeral pile is preparing, and thy dead husband calls thee. Poor fallen tendril, support thyself on me, and I will be thy palm-tree!'

"Then, with a groan, she cast one glance upon her mother's tomb, and then looked

upwards to the heavens, and, letting one of her hands fall into mine, she took my rose-bud with the other. Immediately I seized her by the arm, and we started on our journey. I cast her veil into the Ganges, in order to make her relations believe that she drowned herself. For many nights we marched along the river's banks, hiding ourselves in the rice-fields by day, until at length we arrived in this country, which war, in former times, had depopulated of its inhabitants. I penetrated the recesses of this wood, where I built this cabin, and planted a little garden. We live here very happy. I adore my wife as the sun, and I love her as the moon. In this solitude we are all in all to one another. We were despised of the world; but, as we mutually esteem each other, the praises which I give her, or those which I receive from her, seem to us sweeter than the applauses of a nation."

As he said these words, he gazed on his child in its cradle, and on his wife, who was shedding tears of joy.

The doctor, as he dried his, answered his host, "Verily, that which is in honor among men, is often worthy only of contempt, and that which is despised by them is worthy to be honored. But God is just; and you are a thousand times more happy here in your obscurity, than the Chief of the Brahmins of Juggernaut in all his glory. He is exposed, like his caste, to all the revolutions of fortune; for on the Brahmins fall the most part of the scourges of those civil and foreign wars which have desolated your lovely country for so many ages: it is to them that requests are made to obtain forced contributions, in consequence of the empire they hold over the opinion of the people; but what is more cruel for them, they are themselves the first victims of their inhuman religion. Forced to preach error, they become so deeply buried in it, that they lose all sentiments of truth, and justice, and humanity, and piety; they are bound with the chains of that superstition, by means of which they wish to hold their fellow-countrymen in bondage; they are compelled, every moment, to wash and purify themselves, and abstain from a multitude of innocent enjoyments; in short, what cannot be mentioned without horror, as one of the consequences of their barbarous dogmas, they see their relations, mothers, sisters, and even their own children burned alive; thus they are punished by nature, whose laws they have violated. As for you, it is permitted you to be sincere, good, just, hospitable, and pious; and you escape the strokes of fortune and the evils of opinion, even by your lowly condition."

After this conversation, the Pariah took leave of his guest, in order to allow him to repose, and retired, with his wife and the cradle of his child, into an adjoining nook.

The following day, at the first light of morning, the doctor was awakened by the songs of birds nestled in the branches of the Indian fig-tree, and by the voices of the Pariah and his wife, who were offering up their morning prayer together. He rose, and was much distressed, when the Pariah and his wife opened their door to wish him good morning, at discovering that except the marriage-bed, there was no other in the cabin, and that they had sat up all night, in order to resign it to him. After they had offered their salutations, they hastened to prepare his breakfast. During this time he took a walk in the garden, and found it, as well as the cabin, surrounded with arches of the Indian fig-tree, so interwoven, that they formed a hedge, impenetrable even to the sight. It was only above the foliage that he perceived the red sides of the rock, which flanked the valley all around him, whence issued a little spring, which watered this garden, planted without any regard to regularity or order, and containing, all in wild confusion, mangoustans, oranges, cocoa-nut trees, litchis, durions, mangoes, jacquiers, banamas, and other vegetables, all laden with flowers or fruit. Even their trunks were covered with them; the betel wound round the areca palm-tree, and the pepper-plant along the sugar-cane. The air was balmy with their perfumes. Although the greater part of these trees was still in the shade, the first rays of morning were already lighting up their tops; there might be seen humming-birds hovering about, and glittering like topazes and rubies, while the Bengal-birds, and sansa-soulies, and a thousand voices, hidden

in their nests beneath the dewy foliage, made their sweet harmony resound on every side. The doctor was wandering about amid these lovely shades, far from all learned and ambitious thoughts, when the Pariah came to invite him to breakfast.

"Your garden is delicious," said the Englishman; "I find but one fault in it, that it is too small; in your place I should cut into the forest, and add a grass-plot to it."

"My lord," returned the Pariah, "the less space a man occupies, the more he is in private; a leaf suffices for the nest of the humming-bird."

As they said these words, they entered the cabin, where they found the Pariah's wife, who had already prepared breakfast, suckling her child in the corner. After a silent repast, when the doctor was preparing to depart, the Indian said to him, "My guest, the country is still inundated with last night's rain, and the roads are impassable; spend this day with us."

"I cannot," answered the doctor, "I have too many persons with me."

"I see," replied the Pariah, "you hasten to quit the country of the Brahmins, and to return to that of the Christians, whose religion makes all men live as brothers." The doctor heaved a sigh, as he rose up.

Then the Pariah made a sign to his wife, who, with downcast eyes and in silence, presented the doctor with a basket of flowers and fruit. The Pariah, speaking for her, said to the Englishman, "My lord, excuse our poverty; we have neither ambergris nor wood of aloes to perfume our guests, according to the custom of India; we have only flowers and fruit; but I hope you will not despise this little basket, filled by the hands of my wife; there are neither poppies nor marigolds in it, but jessamines, mougris, and bergamottes, which, by the enduring nature of their perfumes, are a symbol of our affection, the remembrance of which will remain with us, even when we shall see you no more."

The doctor took the basket, and said to the Pariah, "I do not know how to be sufficiently grateful for your hospitality, or to testify all the esteem I bear you; accept this gold watch, made by Graham, the most celebrated watchmaker in London; it only requires to be wound up once a year."

"My lord," the Pariah replied, "we do not need a watch; we have one that always goes and never errs—the sun."

"My watch strikes the hours," added the doctor.

"Our birds sing them," rejoined the Pariah.

"At least," said the doctor, "receive these strings of coral, to make red necklaces for your wife and child."

"My wife and child," replied the Indian, "shall never want necklaces, while our garden produces angola peas."

"Accept, then," said the doctor, "these pistols, to defend you from the robbers in your solitude."

"Poverty," answered the Pariah, "is a barrier, which keeps robbers far away from us; the silver, with which your arms are adorned, would suffice to attract them. In the name of God, who protects us, and from whom we await our recompense, do not forestall the reward of our hospitality."

"I was only desirous," replied the Englishman, "that you should have something of mine to keep."

"Well, my guest," answered the Pariah, "since you desire it, I will venture to propose an exchange; give me your pipe, and take mine; whenever I smoke yours, I shall recall to mind, that a European doctor did not disdain to accept the hospitality of a poor Pariah."

Immediately the doctor presented him his pipe, made of English leather with a mouth piece of yellow amber, and received in return that of the Pariah, the stem of which was formed of bamboo, and the bowl of baked earth.

Then he called his attendants, who were all benumbed from the miserable night they had passed, and, after embracing the Pariah, he mounted on his palanquin. The Pariah's wife, who was weeping, remained at the door of the cabin, holding her child in her arms; but her husband accompanied the doctor as far as the end of the wood, loading him with blessings. "May God be your reward," he said, "for your kindness to the unhappy; may I be offered up in sacrifice to

him on your behalf; may he bring you back in happiness to England, the country of the wise and good, who seek truth through all the world for the happiness of men."

The doctor replied to him, "I have traversed half the globe, and I have seen everywhere only error and discord; I have never found truth and happiness, except in your cabin." As he said these words, they parted from each other, shedding tears.

The doctor was already far away in the open country, when he saw the good Pariah, still at the foot of a tree, and making signs to him with his hands to bid adieu.

After returning to Calcutta, the doctor embarked for Chandernagor, whence he sailed for England. As soon as he arrived in London, he forwarded his ninety bales of manuscripts to the President of the Royal Society, who deposited them in the British Museum, where the savants and journalists are occupied with them to the present day, in making translations, panegyries, dissertations, critiques, and pamphlets. As for the doctor, he reserved for himself the three answers of the Pariah concerning truth; he often smoked his pipe: and when he was questioned as to the most useful piece of knowledge he had gained in his travels, he replied, "Truth must be sought for with a simple heart; it can only be found in nature; and it should only be imparted to persons who are well disposed." To which he added, "No man can be happy without a good wife!"

THE WATCHER.

How softly holy sleep hath shed
  Soul-soothing balm on sorrow's brow,
How calmly rests that graceful head,
  Like folded lily, drooping now!
And see, a happy smile is beaming
On those lips, their sighs redeeming,
Sure, thus wrapt in golden dreaming,
  Dear mourner, blest art thou!

O, I could wish my gentle love,
  Those eyes might never more unclose,
The living fount of tears to prove,
  Of wasting tears for hopeless woes.
Or might long hours of silent weeping,
My lonely vigil o'er the keeping,
For both avail, while thou art sleeping,
  In passionless repose! H. L.

THE NEW GAUGER; OR, JACK TRAINER'S STORY.

BY JAMES McCARROLL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Miss Margrate enthered the room, she looked very sarious, and, afther shakin' hands with Mary—who was always a great favourite of hers—she sat down, and soon turned the conversation on the great virtue of the obedience of childher to parents. She dwelt so long upon the subject, and so earnestly, that poor Mary got quite alarmed, and, at last, came to the conclusion that every one had conspired against her, and that there was some deep plot laid to surprise her into a marriage with Doyle. "What, she thought to herself, could all the people be doin' outside—what was all the stir for; and what brought the priesht and his sister at that late hour, and what was the raison her father never spoke to her when he came home? All this burst upon her at once; and, with a heart ready to die within her, she came to the conclusion that her fate was to be decided that very night. She fairly sickened at the idea; and when the door was opened and Father Phelim, in his vestments, and Kelly, who was a perfect stranger to her, enthered the room, she fairly lost her eyesight. Harry and myself staid behind backs, and the rest of the boys were, by the priesht's ordhers to go over to the barn till they were called. Ould Corney was standin' outside the door, not wishin' to show himself until Mary's grief was over; for he well knew, that Father Phelim would carry out some startlin' schame that would surprise every one. Without waitin' for many succonds, his raverence commenced a little discoorse, while Mary never lifted her head, or raised her eyes from the flure. When he axed for the young couple to be brought forward, her whole bein' seemed to change in a moment. Her nostrils widened—her eye flashed, and she jumped to her feet, the image of unaltherable resolution:—

"Can I believe my eyes and my ears, Father Phelim Conlin," says she, "that the priesht that christened me, and gave the rights of the church to my dyin' mother, stands afore me, this night, to rob me of every hope this world affords, and tare me

from the man I love, to give me to a thraitor? Little did I think, that you, at laste, that has often laid your hand in a blessin' upon this achin' head, would now put your heel upon this heart. Oh! you must have been desaved, or you'd never put your hand to the work that you're now about; but, once for all, let me tell you, that I call the mother of God and all the saints in heaven to witness, that I'll never become the wife of any man but Harry Thracy."

When she got this far, she sank back into her sait, complately overpowered, and shadin' her eyes with her hand, for fear she might get a glimpse of Doyle, she remained in total silence, waitin' the result of what she said.

Harry, who was tuthered in the room, outside, by the priest, had to lane up agin the wall, when he harde the whole story of her love made bare in such a powerful manner. He turned pale again, when he got a peep of her over Kelly's shouldher, and saw the way her beautiful bussom sthruggled. I remember it, as well as I do yestherday. He was dhressed in a blue body coat with gilt buttons, a pair of corduroy breeches, lambs wool stockin's to shute, and a nate soople shoe. Besides this, he wore a dark cassimer waistcoat, and a hansum silk hankechief, over as snow white linen as ever went on a man's back. Mary, too, was dhressed both simple and nate; and I longed to see them both standin' up together; but it was no great matther what she wore—she was Mary Thrainer, and that was enough.

"What's all this about," says Father Phelim, as he made a sign to Harry to step forred, and where's Corney or what's the manin' of it; or, Harry Thracy, can you tell me what's the matther with your intinded?"

At the sound of Harry's voice, she slowly raised her head; and, like a flash of lightenin' was in his arms, in a faint, apparently as stone dead, as ever I witnessed in my life.

Joy seldom kills a body; so Mary was brought too in a very few moments; but fearin' that she would be separated from Harry, or that it might be all a drame, she clung to him with all her force, axin' him to save her.

"Mary Jewel! Mary darlin'! there's no danger;" Harry kept repatin', "your father has given you to me, at last; and, now dear, stand up beside me until you become my own for ever. Sure you might well know, Father Phelim never brought sorrow to any one's heart, or put out the fire on their hearthstone."

Upon this, Mary turned her eyes upon the prieslit, with a look of such unutherable joy and gratitude, that he purtinded he forgot somethin' in the next room, and rushed out into the passage as if ould Clooty was afther him. We all knew what he forgot, when we got a glimpse of eyes on his return, and could'nt help thinkin' what a heart must bate in that breast.

Things bein' restored a little, Mary and Harry were made acquainted with the Guager, who declared that he would be the groomsman, in spite of the world; while Miss Margaret, whose eyes were full, claimed to act as bridesmaid; so, in the course of a very few minutes, Mary Thrainer exchanged her name for that of Thracy. As smart as I was, Harry had the first kiss, but I got the next; while Mary deliberately walked over to Father Phelim and puttin' her arms around his neck, she kissed his fine glowin' face, over and over, and laid her head on his breast, and wept sweetly; while the good man himself, totally overcome with the happiness he experienced, bid her and her husband kneel down beside him; and, puttin' his hands on both their heads, he gave them such a blessin' as sticks to them to this very hour.

Ould Corney was bewildhered and almost smothered in the long embrace of the happy girl. "Ah! father," says she, "somethin' tould me that God would intherfare. You know that I have always endeavoured to obey you in all things, and if I clashed with you this time, sure it was'nt myself that did it, but my heart. His finger is in the whole of it, and He it was, that permited you to lade me to the edge of a dark gulf, so as that He would stretch out His hand and draw me back into this wondherful sunshine. I believe, from the bottom of my heart, that the childher that honour their father and mother, and that thry to pick up the thorns and brambles out of their path through life, and strew an odd flower in the way, instead, will always have a charm about them, that will

bring them, undher God, through every difficulty; and, no matther how dark things may look at first, place them, in the long run, beyant the rache of danger, and grant them all that they can hope to enjoy in this world."

"That's thrue," says Father Phelim, "for in my long experiance, I never knew a boy or girl that was noted for christian charity or obadience to their parents, but came to good. God is thrue to His word. Make the heart right with Him, and, when the sun goes down, you have the moon peepin' over your shouldher."

When it was known at the barn and all about, that the knot was tied; the boys riz a huzza, for Harry and Mary Thracy, that you might have harde a mile off, and all flocked in, to get a peep at the bride,—Father Phelim made no objection to the noise, on account of it's bein' Sunday night; for he knew it was a shout of pure joy, that came from the hearts of a happy gatherin'; and, when that raches heaven, I don't know but it's just as agreeable to the blessed angels, as a low moan from lough Dharig. They all came in the house, however, and Harry and Mary was obliged to shew themselves and resave as many blessin's and good wishes as ever were bestowed on a new married couple. Barney Higgins was a little backward, but when Harry—who harde how he sarved Doyle in the Meadow—saw him, he springs over to him and caught him by the fist.

"It's all over, Barney," says he "and here's my hand for you. I was in the wrong; and, notwithstandin' all that, you stood to me behind my back. A moment's considheration might have told us, that you would have been the last man on earth, to give a Gauger a hint, or put a line undher his doore; but, you see, we were all confused; and now, as I larn Mr. Kelly here is out of the business, what little I have said, won't I'm sure give him any offince; for I may say, that only for the circumstance of his comin' out with the party to look afther my intherests, I wouldn't be so happy a man to night as I am."

"As far as I am concarned, says Kelly "you may fire away. I'm now done with still huntin' as long as I live; and such a wind up of it, there was never a Gauger in Ireland had afore; although it's only occasionally, that I get a thrue glimpse at the whole affair, it's so confused; but, this much I know, that some of the voices I have harde here this evenin', seem to be familiar to my ear, and, that I never spent such a night as the last since ever I came into this world—and I have been here now for upwards of fifty six years, although people say I don't look it."

A laugh from the priest and the whole of us, followed his remark on the night afore; and, sure enough, it was as thrue as the gospel, so far as his spendin' a hansum evenin' went. Harry looked at me, and I looked at Jimmy and Terry, until they all roared again—Kelly himself joinin' with all his might.

"Ah!" says the Gauger, for afther all he was a cute boy," I see how it is, well; but Father Phelim here will go bail for me, that I'll keep my mouth shut, as sometime durin' the night he's to tell me the whole story; and well I know it will be worth the hearin'."

"Go bail for you, I will, ten times over," says the priest, "and you shall hear the story too; for every sowl consarned with it is now benathe this roof; so you see you are in a fair way to get all the information you require in this respect."

"I'm obliged to you," Father Phelim, says Kelly," and although I'll not promise to keep it to myself, notwithstandin' it may be at my own expense—yet, if it's the desire of the boys, that I should not mention names, I'll give you my honour on it, that I'll keep them all safe; although, if it was posted upon the crane, nothin' could come of it; as it was just simply, outwittin' a Gauger and ladin' a party into a spot, where if they couldn't keep their feet, it was nobody's fault but their own."

"But, what about the fire arms, sir," says I, spakin' up, "for I hear that they were taken from the party,"—altho' I never tould any man but Harry, what became of them, for fear it would lake out, and that they'd be found.

"I never harde a word about them," says he, "but if they were takin from the party, more shame to them," and I'll be bound to

to you, that they will be the last to acknowledge it, or make many inquiries regardin' them"

CHAPTER XIX.

Although the moon was half full, and the night was as different from the one afore, as chalk is from cheese, a broad blaze of light, now began to shoot up in the direction of the barn; and when one or two of us rushed outside to see what was the matther, we then found that a couple of the boys had built an immense turf fire on the flat forninst the big doore, and appeared as if they were preparin' to enjoy themselves to their hearts contint; for they were placin' a kind of a crane over it, made of forked sticks and a pole crassin' them, so as they could hang a vessel on, whenever they plazed. Harry, afore he came over took care to send a couple of kags a head of him, for fear Corney would run short; although there never was much danger of that; for he generally had a purty dacent supply hid away in one place or another. When the crane was fixed, and the health and happiness of the bride and groom dhrank within, the most of us, all bowled over to the barn, where we were just in time to see Terry emptyin' a five gallon kag into the bottom of an old still that used to be kept for bilin' wather for washin' or scalding' pigs. When he had the potticen in, he says over to me, "Jack, I'm goin' to make a dhrop of scalthiecn, and go in to Biddy, and tell her to send me about half a pound of fresh butther, a bowl of carraway seeds, and some sugar; for she tould me, a while ago, that she had all ready for me." Over I went, and returned, in a few succonds, with what he wanted; and, afther seein' him throw the whole into the still, I gave him a hand, along with the rest, in hoistin' it over the fire; which was aisily done, by runnin' the crass pole through the big pot hooks, and then liftin' all up together, and placin' the ends of the pole in the fork of the two stout sticks that were sunk in the ground at aich end of the blazin' turf. When this was accomplished, the candles, to the amount of a dozen or so, were all lit up in different sorts of candlesticks, from a nate spoddough one, to a hole scooped out of a large buck, and placed in convanient spots inside in the barn.

There were about a dozen girls, all together, not mentionin' Biddy or the bride, and now, as the things began to come in from the naibours, they commenced preparin' for dinner, or supper, as I may call it, as it was near nine o'clock. Large and all as the tables were when placed together, Biddy soon found linen enough, as white as snow, to cover them all complately; and, let me tell you, that the very table cloths that were used that night, would'nt find themselves out of place, if they were spread on the King's table. There was great hurry and bustle, to be sure, and clattherin' of plates, and knives and forks, that were got from the houses about, although Corney did'nt fall far short.

"Where do you expect to sait all these Jack?" says Father Phelim, walkin' over to the fire to see how things were gettin' on.

"Look here," your raverence, "says I, ladin' him into the barn where everythin' was beginnin' to look snug and dacent."

"That's capital," says he, "but what's that on the fire out there, or what are they bilin' in the bottom of the ould still?"

"Faith, it's scalthiecn that Terry's makin' your raverence," says I, "and, I believe, it's allowed there's not his aqual in Ireland at it; he knows so well, in regard to the butther, the sugar, and carraways."

"Is it done?" says he, "and if it is, just bring in the full of that little jug there, as I haven't dhrank Mary's health yet—nor Harry's naither; and besides, a little dhrop would naitner hurt Margrate nor herself the poor crayture, afther all she went through."

In a jiffy, I had the jug full of pipin' scalthiecn out of the still, and followed Father Phelim into the house; where I took a tumbler off the dhresser, and, about half fillin' it, handed it over to his raverence.

"Jack," says he, when he put it to his lips "it bates the world. Tell Kelly, who is in the room there with Corney and the bride, that I want him."

In a moment I was in the room, and whisperin' to the Gauger, that Father Phelim wanted him, I stepped out into the kitchen, again.

"Tom, put your nose over that," says the priesht, handin' the tumbler, to him, a little replinished, as he made his appearance.

"Who made that?" says my ould boy, as he smacked his lips afther emptyin' the vesshel, "for let me say," says he, "that I'll not lave the house without a resate. It's powerful, and, at the same time, as mild as milk."

"It's made by a boy outside," sir, says I, "and it's glad he'll be to give you any information you'd like to resave regarding it, for he's a proverb at it, Terry Fogarty—a relation of Mick's, where you got a glass last night."

"I'll lay a wager that it's the very same chap that was near dhriven me disthracted this mornin' with his capers; for it's just the sort of stuff I'd expect from such a janius," says he.

"Never mind that," says Father Phelim, "but what do you think of it?"

"Think of it," says he, "why, I think that the divil a witty thing was ever said in Ireland, or fine song composed in the same place, but owes its charaether to a dhrop of the same sort. Punch, of course, has conthributed to the fame and litherature of the counthry; but the startlin' points that make the Frinch and English stare, are all thraceable to this neether of neethers itself. Punch, I admit, at the ninth or tinth tumbler, is powerful in unlockin' the threasures of the sowl and mind, and givin' a middlin' dacent scope to the tongue; but look at scalthieen. What is it? Nothin' but the pure crayture, itself, and a thrifle of thrimmin's—an eggshell of carraways, a quarther of butther, and a half pound of sugar, to a half gallon was our way of it in Roscommon; but I give up to this.—A more direct appale to the head and heart I have never met with. Look at scalthieen, I say, when you pow'r it out of a saucepan, or skillet, into a mug, or a tay cup. Let your eye rest on it, and see how it glitthers like glosserlane in a bog hole. Put your nose over it, and tell me, if that heavenly scint did'nt prompt Tom Moore to say that you might smash a flower pot into smithereens, but that the pieces would smell afther all. Rely upon it, that that ellegant idea, is owin' to a whiff from an empty tumbler, hours afther the scalthieen was dhrained out of it; for, we all know that, not like punch it laves a nosegay behind it, that would set you to work, the next minute, as fresh as a daisy, and as dhry as if a dhrop hadn't crassed your lips for a month. Now, did you ever hear of a man sayin' a dacent thing on beer? It's this sedate sort of stuff that makes the English so cool and so calculatin—that makes them walk so slow, and look so fat and dhrowsy like; although if you were to believe books and writins' you'd think that they were all play acthers and tumblers, and almost aquel to the Frinch. A dhrop of it never enthered my mouth, but onst, and that same cost me as good as eight pounds, for docthers afore I got through with it; although I'm free to say, it was thought that I got a dose in it. Be this as it may, the dhrink of a nation is an index to the caracther of the people.—Light wines for France—frishky Beer for England—heavy—Potticen for Scotland and Ireland—Hurra! whack mavournieen, if they only stuck together."

Kelly was in great humour, and I didn't think there was so much Irish in him; but Father Phelim tould me, afthetwards, that he was not only one of the best Irish scholars in the kingdom, but a thrue son of the sod; who, when he took a dhrop, often let out more than was consistent with his office; but, now, that he was out, I suppose he didn't care so much, and was detarmined to have his fling; which seemed likely enough, as while he was spakin' he, held out the tumbler, again to me, and finished what I gave him in it, afore he was done—raisin' his sperrits to the very top all at onst.

"Be my word, Tom," says the priesht, who had to sit down with the laughin', "you're takin' off your shoes to night; but I think you might lave me a small dhrop of that, and take a taste in, yourself, to them poor craytures in the room there, afore they go over to the barn; for, notwithstandin', that Corney wants you and me and Margrate, as well as the bride and bridegroom, to sit down in here, and enjoy ourselves, I am detarmined that we'll all be togethet outside there, where I'll be able to keep my eye about me; for you know well enough, that there are some quare lads among them."

Afther Father Phelim took a slight taste,

Kelly marched off, with the jug and tumbler into the room, where he made Mary and the priesht's sister wet their lips, and gave ould Corney, who never was very slow at it, enough to bring the colour to his cheeks and lossen his tongue a little; for everythin' took such a sudden turn, that he was a little bewildhered up to that time, and far from at himself. The priesht soon followed afther him; and, by the time the scalthieen was finished, Biddy came in, and tould them that everythin' was on the table, and to make haste, as it would be gettin' cowld, and that that would never do, for, "Jack," says she, to me, "there never was such a table lain in Connaught, I'll give you my conscience for it, this night."

When Father Phelim got the word, he took a hoult of Mary by the hand, although Harry, —who was over for a few minutes with the boys—was at the doore waitin' for her. The Gauger gave his arm to Miss Margrate, and Corney, myself and Harry, brought up the rare guard. We all stepped out into the clear moonlight, and crassed the yard towards the fire, when the bride was resaved with a shout that made the air ring again; and entherin' the barn, we found everythin' pipin' hot; although some of the joints were carried acrass a whole field. Here we discovered a kag at one end of the open space for Paddy and another at the opposite one for Larry—They held five gallons aich; and and on top of them both, were placed two green bags, one containin' Larry's bagpipes, and the other Paddy's fiddle; for the priesht said that he'd make no objection to dance as the weddin' happened to fall on Sunday night, and as there never was such a thing harde of, as a weddin' without one—in Connaught, or any other civilised portion of the globe.

CHAPTER XX.

The tables that could have saited near a hundhred, looked fairly inchantin' as we stood admirin' them a little before we sat down. All the way along the cinther of aich, there were turned out, in nate little futtin's, three or four stone of as good lofted cups as ever laughed on a basket, while at the head and foot of both, there smoked a dish of bacon and cabbage—the one, a year ould, with fat that you could read the news through, and the other as white as snow, glistenin' and glittherin' as if it was sprinkled with dew. The geese, and an odd leg of mutton, found a place along the sides; but what crowned the whole affair, was two fat turkeys flankin' the bacon at the ends, and a few wild duck placed within rache of the priesht, and what might be called his party, at the head of the biggest table. Besides this, there was plenty of barm bread as white as a hound's tooth and a couple of pike that weighed eighteen pounds aich, if they weighed an ounce. The vessels were of all kinds, from a tay cup to a noggin,—barrin' up about Father Phelim and the Guager, where they were mugs and tumblers, as bein' more respectful and the like.

When we were, as we thought, all fairly saited, we discovered that Father Phelim was standin', and in the middle of a grace, which, although not over lingthy, did'nt go off very well, for afore he got to the end of it, he had to shout, "Terry! Terry!" and point attords the doore; in consequence of the scalthieen bilin' over, and takin' fire in such a manner, that you'd think the whole country was in a blaze. Without giving him time to finish, half a dozen of us rushed out, and soon had the ould still off the pole, and everythin' put to rights again; afther which, we stepped back again, carryin the scalthieen betune us, and took our saits once more, detarmined, in right airnest, to lay in a good foundation for the night's amusement.

Through the intherfarence and good management of Terry and Jimmy, there was no jostlin' or crowdin' whatever. Father Phelim sat at the head of one table, and Corney at the other. On the priesht's right, sat Mary and Harry; on his left, Miss Margrate and the Guager. I sat on one side of my uncle, while Paddy and Larry sat close by, and Mick oppossit me out. Afther that, all the boys and girls were mixed up, helther skelther, lavin' the inds of the tables to Phil, and one of the Finnegans, who always purtinded to be a grate carver intirely. Jimmy and Terry were walkin' about us, with a medther of pottieen in one hand, and a jug of scalthieen in the other, replenishin' our mugs and noggins when they were out; and I'll say this

much for Kelly, that the divil a often he let them pass by, without dhrawin' their attintion his way.

The priest was the first to brake ground; so seein' that no one about him cared for fish, and passin' an encomium upon the bacon and cabbage, he dhraws the turkey attords him, and wheels a joint off it, afore you could bless yourself. I saw that Nat Finnegan had his eye on his raverence, by way of takin' a lesson from him, afore he commenced at his own end; but so quick did Father Phelim take the fowl to pieces, that poor Nat, with all his braggin' was as much in the dark as ever. Howsomever, he was determined to make an attimpt any way, and bein' a powerful boy, he never stopped—barrin' to wipe his face with his grindher, and mutther a curse or so—until he had the bird in four halves, splittin' the breast bone clane down the middle, and then takin' it crassways. He then managed, by some manes or other, to get it into smaller bits—although you'd hear the bones crackin', outside the door; and it was no wondher, for the last touch he gave, he left the dish in two, on the table. Upon this, the rest took courage; and attackin' the geese, mutton, and fish, the whole of us were in motion in a few succonds, and everythin' purceedin in a most splendid manner. It was delightful to see the way Father Phelim cut the bacon, and laid a slice, as thin as a wafer, beside a piece of the turkey, when he was handin' it to those beside him; but Phil took quite another mode of doin' business down at his end; and thought a bit of fish looked nater beside the fowl, it was so white. Corney was up to thrap; for many's the joint he carved at his own table; but Nat destroyed himself intirely, as he did'nt lay room for a grain of salt on the plates that he was hardin' round; they were so full of cabbage and fish and mutton and everythin'.

Afther we were all fairly started, and had a couple of rounds in, Father Phelim lays down his knife and fork, takes out his silk pocket-handkerchief, lanes back in his chair, and, lookin' over at Harry and Mary, gives a roar of a laugh out of him, that made every sowl at the table, look up attords him, with astonishment. Such a laugh I have seldom harde; and he kept it up until he was'nt able to stir aither hand or foot.

"Ha! ha! ha!" says he, when he was able to recover himself, "but its I that had the nice joke out of you both to day, or rather out of you, mavoriecn," says he, layin' his hand on Mary's head, "and its joy that fills my heart, at seein' you both as you are here to-night, instead of having you sent in different directions along a cowld and dhreary road, through the manes of an unfortunate man, that God may pardon, I pray, for his deep transgressions; for they are about as heavy a load as any poor mortial could carry on this side of the grave.

I knew by the prieslit's eyes, that he felt deeper than the laugh went; and was delighted to see him enjoy himself over his own work, as I might call it, and takin' an odd taste which was elevatin' him a little, and makin' him stir in his sait every now and then and say a merry word to every one about him. I well knew, also, that we should soon have a taste of his larnin'; for he was a great scholar intierely; bein' edicated in France at the Sorra bun, and we always had a word together whenever he was a thrifle touched, as he knew that I spoke latin like a Kerry boy.—I wasn't far out, for the thought scarcely got possession of me, when lookin' over the tumbler of scalthieen that he had up to his nose, he closes one of his eyes and says over to me:

"Quid multis verbis opu'st, Jack, but, post quam natus sum. I never met the like of this."

"Verum, sure enough your raverence," says I, "but, in scripo nodum quaeris, if you expect much from me, for I'm gettin' rusty."—although he might have left out the "sum."

"Don't forget Jack," says he, for you know, "quantum memoriæ tantum ingenii," and I believe that no person can dispute it.

"Scio," your raverence, says I, "mihi quidivis sat est, but then you know that you have got the advantage of me"—not manin' it at the same time, but merely out of politeness and dacency.

"That's but little matther Jack," says he, nigrae succus loliginis, has nothin' to do with aither of our hearts, I hope; but look

afther Larry who has left you and gone down there beside that animal propter convivia natum, Terry, and is gettin' on, pedetentim et gradatim."

"Per saltum," your raverence," says I, "for he's at his sixth, and appears to have taken for his motto "vestigia nulla retrorsum."

"Facilis descensus, et cethera," Jack says he, "but nequid nimis, or else Paddy will have to do all himself when they come to the flure."

"I tould Terry to deal lightly with him your raverence" says I, "but instead of that I see him at work himself, quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"

"Ah! your a boy, Jack," says he, "and be the mass, I'm nearly bate out; but go down and take that out of Larry's hand, for you see that it's so full he's spillin' it; and you know," says he over to me in an undher tone, "that Paddy and himself never agree well in regard to music."

Down I went to where the piper was sittin,' not knowin' a word of what was said about him—for barrin' that you spoke above your voice you could'nt hear a person acrass the barn, with the clatther of tongues and knives, and forks, and laughin'—and touchin' him on the shouldher, when he was about to raise the vesshel to his lips, "Larry" says I, "I hope your not goin' to disgrace us tonight, as you did at the last pattern at Thubbereendhownee, with your dhrinkin' and your goin's on and your divilment.

"Throth, and Jack dear, I'm far from that," says he, "but you know that there's such a melancholy sthrain pervades the music of poor ould Ireland, it bein' naither more nor less than her vocal histhory, that I thought I'd cheer up a bit to-night, and thry and get out of that sad minor kay, that's always creepin' in upon me, and tellin' of long ago like ivy. I'll not touch the Humours of Glin, nor Colliccn dhas crutha na mo, nor Dhrimmin dhu dheelish, but will thry and show myself in the Foxhunther's, Ryan's rant, or Paddy O'Rafferty, as bein' best shuted to the occasion; and, let me tell you, that if it was only out of respect to that holy man and the young couple that are all up there, I'll give you my conscience on it, that I won't take a taste more than I'm dacently able to carry, this night; and that you'll see, afore mornin'."

Upon this, he finished every sup that he held in his hand, which was as good half pint as ever was measured, and enough to lay him over complately; but knowin' what sort of a lad he was, I thought it best to be aisy with him; and tould him that I knew well he would behave himself in a becomin' manner; especially afore the priesht and a sthranger. "But Jack" says he to me, as he saw I was about to return to my place, "what's the bride's favourite? for I think that the pipes are more befittin' to inthroduce her in the first place, than that ill-tuned apparatus of Paddy's there; for you see, I can keep up a sthrame of music as soft as her cheek, and as long and as smooth as the Shannon."

This was the very thing that Father Phelim was afraid of, do you see; so says I over to him, "for God sake, Larry, don't let Paddy hear such a thing out of your lips, or there will be wigs on the green, and the whole of the fat will be in the fire."

"Be my sowl," says he, "wigs on the green or not, you may take your davy on it, that I'm not goin' to give way to a man that dose'nt play by note, and never resaved a lesson from ould Jack Carroll in his life. Would you like to see Father Phelim there, rethratin' afore a swaddler that never had the hands of a bishop on his head? Larry McGinnis would look well, indeed, to have it said of him, that he took the kay note from Paddy Muckmanus at Harry Thracy's weddin'. Cock him up."

"Oh, then, for God sake Larry," says I, "don't be gettin' in this way, but put your shouldher to the wheel, and throw a note in wherever its wantin', when the time comes, and lave your edication out of the question; for you know that Paddy has a wake head and a bad timper, and sure I am, that you have more sinse than to disturb aither, this blessed Sunday night."

"You have a bad ear, Jack," says he, "and that's the raisin you can't enther into my feelin's; but I think it would answer about as well, if you agra, had kept your sait, instead of comin' down here and enther-

farin' in things you know nothin' about, and dictatin' to your shupariors."

"I saw that the last dhrop he took, began to tell on him; so, detarmined to coax him all I could, and thry and keep him down, I says to him, as I snatched a hoult of his hand, with mine, "well, don't be angry with me, allanah, for I know you are one of the the greatest, if not the greatest piper in Connaught; and I didn't mane to offind you, nor wouldn't do so for the world."

"Give me your other hand, Jack Thrainer," says he, "and it's you that's the clever boy; and now that Harry's out of the way, the divil of the likes of you stands in the townland, this day, in the way of edication and good manners."

"Thank you Larry," says I, leavin' him a good deal pacified, and havin' great hopes that I'd be able to get him through the night, without anythin' sarious occurrin'.

Just as I turned away from him, long Jimmy, who took Nat's place at the end of the table, shouted out to me to come over for a minute. When I did so, I found him sawin' away at a wing of the turkey, that was still stiken to a large piece of the lep jack and the neck.

"Come here Jack," says he, "and lay hoult of this, for God sake, as the divil a corner I turn that I'm not met and baffled by a bone as hard as a ramrod; and Judy here, is waitin' on me this half hour; notwithstandin' that I tould Nat to make way, and let a person thry their hand that knew somethin' of it."

"Never mind cuttin' through the bone," says I, "but take what you can of the breast; for there's not much on that part anyway."

"No sooner said then done," says he, takin' a nice skelp of the part I mentioned, and layin' it on her plate, with a wink and a hint that it was as fair and as fine flavoured as her own."

Judy was raley a beautiful girl then; and if you saw the sunset that spread all over her face and neck, at what Jimmy said, you would say, yourself, that a purer or redder flood never coursed through the veins of mortial—You may talk as you plase about your Italian and Frinch and Jarmin women, but I hould it to be a axom as immovable as Chops, the great pyeramid, that an Irish girl of twinty—purvidin' she's well removed from Saxon blood—can bate the world all over for rale beauty, and what's betther still, for a warm heart, garrisoned by a virtue as impregnable as the rock of Gibberalther. That's the chat, your sowl you; and show me the nation from Bottomy bay to Greenland, can hould up it's head and say the same thing. It's thruth I'm tellin'; for well I know, that in this ould ancient sate of larnin', and in this very day besides, you may meet with beauty, poverty, and virtue in every cabin that skirts the highways and byways; for these appear to be the graces that have sat on our harthstones, in sad and unbroken sisterhood, from time immorial, when all other friendly angels took their flight from us.

When I got back to the head of the table, and was fairly saited once more, up jumps Mick Fogarty, who was a gettin' a thrifle the worse of the wear, and shouts out, to Father Phelim, for lave to dhrink the bride and the bridegroom's health.

"Well, Mick," says the priesht, "altho' it's not the exact time for doin' such things, yet I'm willin' to admit that a good thing can never be done too soon or too often."

"If there's anythin' of a set kind to go on, then," says Terry, gettin' up too, "let it be done in scalthieen; as the contints of the still are in shuparior ordher at this very moment."

"Just as you like," says Father Phelim, who had no objection to another taste, of the same stuff, "but be modherate with it, for I'm beginnin' to feel, myself, that it's rather desavin'."

In the turnin' of a heel, there were a couple more vesshels filled with amazin' stuff; and, afther it was disthributed all round, Mick raises the porringer, that was half full afore him, and, houldin' it out at arm's length, shouts at the top of his voice, so as that he could be hardo by every sowl present, "here's to the health of Harry Thracy and Mary Thrainer that was; not forgettin' your raverence, ould Corney, Miss Margrate and the noble gentlemen beside her; and, now," says he, as he put the vesshel to his lips, "a dhrop I'll never ax

a man to take in my house, that dosen't see the bottom of it, suppesin' it was as deep as Lough Allen."

With that, my dear, up went mugs, noggins, and tumblers; and, barrin' the prieslıt and the faymales I believe, this blessed night, that every sowl took Mick at his word, and made a clane job of it.

"Now is the time for cheerin' I believe," says he, givin' a yell out of him, that made the walls shake, and in which he was soon joined by Harry and the rest of them, until I thought the head would be fairly blown off me, and that the girls would loose their sinses, with the fearful noise that was riz.

"Harry," says Father Phelim, when they all sat down again, "you'll have to get up on your legs, and say a word or two, by way of returnin' thanks to Mick and the whole of them; for the manner in which they dhrank your health, and the health of your wife, there; for you know that its usual to do so; although they're keeping up such a clatther down there, that I don't think they expect it much; howsomever, I'd get up, anyway, and show them that I knew what was what, when there was a compliment paid me."

"What, in the name of God will I say, your raverence," says Harry, "for divil a three sintinces can I put together, if I was to get half the world for it, beggin' your pardon."

"Oh! say anythin' at all," says the prieslıt, "just thank Mick for proposin' both your healths, and the rest of them for dhrinkin' the toast so cordially."

"That I'll do, of course," says he, "and with pleasure, but I'd as lieve do it sittin' down as standin' and a good dale rather, I'm thinkin' as its not so exposin'."

"That will never do," says his raverence," up you must get, and no doubt of it; for no person ever harde of the like of sittin' down upon such occasions."

"Well, well," says Harry, if I must, I must, "and, with that, he was on his feet like shot, lookin' as red as a turkey cock, and waitin' till Father Phelim called them all to ordher; for they comminced huzzain' when they saw the groom on his legs—although, barrin' myself, and one or two others, they had no very clear idea of what brought him there.

When ordher was restored a little, and the knives and forks laid crassways on the plates and threnchers, Harry says, afther stuttherin' a minute—"boys, Mick, girls and ginteels, I'm thankful to you for dhrinkin' Father Phelim's health, and Mary's and my own, not forgettin' Miss Margrate and the dacent gintleman beside her, and Corney there, but besides, thankin' you for this, I have to thank you for a good dale more. I have to thank you for the way in which you have stuck to my back, for many a year, at fair and patthern, through evil and good report, up to the present moment. I'm but a very poor speech man, but you'll undherstand me when I tell you, that there's not a boy of yees but I like—no, nor a girl naither. I'm now no longer a single man; and it's for you, who know me well, to say if I ever brought disgrace upon one of you, or a blush into my own cheek, by doin's unworthy a boy of the Thracys."

Here, he was intherupted by one of the Doolins, who jumped up on his feet, and shouted, "niver! Harry, niver! and more than that, when you bate me as you did, at Thrainmore cockfights, and left me almost for dead, in consequince of my givin' you a foot and a slap in presence of Tom Redfaren, you were the first to bring your hat full of wather and bathe my timples, and take me to Mick's and make it all right again—and that, too, without ever braggin of what you did."

"That's thrue," says Terry, standin' up and backin' Murty, "and more than that, when Tim Gallagher died, he gave two pounds out of his own pocket to ould Nancy, and sent her tin gallons, to dale out and and make an honest pinny by; so that she's snug and comfortable through him at this very moment"—although he keeps it to himself."

"Ah! hould your tongue boys, I didn't mane you to be gettin' on in that way," says Harry, stoppin' them till they had to sit down again—"all I have to say now, is, that I'm glad to see you here this night; and, that, although, like myself, you may have done many a foolish thing, yet, I'll say

this much for you, that notwithstandin' I know you for years, I never found a man of you do a low or a footy turn. I have a barn of my own thank God, although not as big as this, where for the sake of ould times, we will, I hope, have many a night together; and although I only rint it, yet, I think the time's not far off, when I'll get you a faster hoult on it. I have no more to say, barrin' one or two words, and that is, to Father Phelim Conlin.—Father Phelim," says he turnin' round to the priesht, "the night you were born there was rejoicin' far away from this world. Wherever you move, you lave a thrack behind as bright as a boat on the lough down there in moonlight. See, look at your work to night. See her there, that you have christened as well as myself, and what do you read in her face? You read a part of your own histhry; and that's the book that'll stand the test, when God calls for you—although, I pray that he may spare you yet for many a day. Your mission on earth, was like that of your masther, one of love,—you believed that there was a bright side to everythin', and taught your flock to look for it. Your sad reprovin' smile often put me through more pinnance, and made me resolve to mend, more effectually, then if you sintinced me to a day's rounds on my bare knees. Sickness smiles, grief grows calm, and poverty cheers up when ever they touch the him of your garment. Ah! Father Phelim, I can't talk to you; but well I know, that joy is a betther steppin' stone to heaven than sorra, and that the son of God sees more rale worship in a cheerful face, then in a sad and melancholy one. I know, too, that you believe all this, yourself; for you always seem at rest when you see others happy, and never lave a brow dark where you can help it—Afther wishin' long life and happiness to Miss Margrate and the gentleman beside her, I'm done, now, boys," says he, turnin' round to the rest—once again, "and all I have to say, is, that much good may do you with what you have ate: and here's, once for all, slawintha and a caed millia falthiagh, to every sowl of you."

Poor Father Phelim was greatly affected by Harry's remarks; and couldnt't thrust himself to say a word his heart was so full. He thried all he could, to keep the tears from coursin' down his cheeks; but it was all useless, and he shook like a lafe.

"O! Harry, don't avourniccn, don't avourniccn," was all the kind hearted man could say, "for you know," he went on, "that I am nothin' but a poor wake sinner, fallin' into threspasses and temptations, and as much in need of God's forgiveness, as any sowl benathe this roof."

Kelly must have been a hardened chap: for he made a sign, to Terry, while the priesht was spakin'; and gettin' his tumbler replenished, for Terry undherstood his manuvers, he rose cautiously on his legs, to say a few words, as he was purty well I thank you."

"It does my heart good to hear you talk, Father Phelim," says he, "for, although the divil a much religion was among us over there in Roscommon, yet, I always had a great respect for it, myself, and the ancient Church of which you are so bright an ornament. I'm gettin' purty well up in years, of course, and I'm thinkin' that I'll shortly turn to and pull up for lost time; although I have nothin' of a very sarious nature to accuse myself, barrin' the killen of Billy Lowdher, of Bonnybeg—but that, as you must all have harde, was in fair dhrinkin'. Howsomever that's naither here nor there; but what I want to come at is, the health of the bride and bridegroom. I may well say, that I would give a thrifle to have met such a face as her's, in the party that did me the favour to enthertain me last night, at the ould castle; for, although many a year a rivenue officer, I give them the bush, and their lader, whoever he is—not but I was well thrated, afther all; for takin' everythin' into considheration—afther what Father Phelim tould me a while ago,—for he related the whole story—I think I got off well, and made a dacent finish of my government affairs to boot. I know Father Phelim here, by my side, those twenty years on and off—although he never staid with me as often as I'd like,—and I'll back every word that the groom has said, for gospel. I know it to be thrue. The bride and bridegroom I only have the pleasure of knowin' for a few hours; they, like the rest of you, are the

friends of my friend, and that's enough for me. I hope this meetin' on our part, is only the beginnin' of rale times. The right sort of a vein appears to be runnin' through the whole of you; and ould Tom Kelly is the boy that undherstands a thing of the sort. I'd ax nothin' but a whiff of that stuff behind the doore over there to tell what you were made of. No, dhroundin' the miller—no dhrawin' upon the lough—a bottle of which, well corked would do me for seven years—no dhrawin' upon it, I say, to make things *go* far. Quite the revarse, I can say; for, if you only let a thimble full of wather near a gallon of it, I'd know it as well as if you sthruck me acrass the mouth. Long life and happiness then I say to Mrs. and Mr. Thracy, and may th.y live and die, with as much joy about them as there is at this very moment."

Father Phelim, Barney Higgins and one or two others, now made a few remarks, the priesht given a good advice to all present, and offerin' up a fervent prayer for the welfare of the young couple. At the close of this, as it was now little past twelve the merriment began to re-double, and Terry was called on for a song, by half a dozen voices at onst—my own and Kelly's into the bargain.

"Now, Terry your sowl you afore we go to the flure, give it to us in style," says long Jimmy, "Tie the ribbans *on* it ma bouchal, and let them see that you are the boy that can do it."

"Just as you plaze, my darlin's," says Terry, "and to show you that I'm in what you may call heart, to-night, here *goes* to give you one of my own composure :—

SONG.

(Air,—"The Sprig of Shilleleah.")

Och! then, land of pittaties, of pottieen and fun,
And of girls that bate everythin', undher the sun,
At a coortship, a christenin', a wake or a jig,
Here's success to your valleys, your mountains, and lakes,
Undefiled by those toads and those sarpents and *snakes*;
Where Paddy in one of his sthrange little fits,
For friendship would welt a boy out of his wits,
With his nate lookin' bottieen—the blackthorn twig.

Though the Frinch guttle soup, and the English ate beef,
They'd be tougher, by far—it's *my* sartin belief—
On a basket of cups and a noggin' of crame.
For the beef makes the one fat and dhrowsy all day;
And the broth washes th' other *poor* divils away;
While Paddy that follows out nature's own plan,
Thrive's the rale thing itself, and steps out like a man,
That is willin' to prove he's not *short* of that same.

With such boys and such girls as *those are*, I'll go bail
That we'll keep up the cinsus without any fail,
And still give to the world half it's *larnin'* and law.
For with scholars and sogers and statesmen galore,
We still stand on a height that none o'er rached afore,
And we'll keep it, begorra, through thick and through thin;
Then here's to the sod that can turn out the min.—
Oh! then, slaunthia mavourmieen sweet Erin go bra.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Hurra! hurroo! hurrush!" says Larry, lookin' round at Terry when he was finished, "well done me Throjan." there's only one note asthray in the whole of it, "and that's not much considherin'."

"What note is that, Larry McGinnis?" says Paddy, who thought he was called on to stand to Terry, "for I haven't detected it"—Name it if you plaze."

"What would be the use of my namin' it to you," says Larry, "for I might go through the whole of them down to S, if not as far as et frand, itself, without your knowin' what I was sayin'; for it's my opinion that you don't know one out of the whole twinty-six."

"Oh! but it's you that's the blessed musician, with your twinty six notes," says Paddy, "when they are only sixteen, eight above and eight below; although I see you believe there's one for every letther in the alphabet."

I'm talkin' of a kay above that again, of which you're as ignorant as a sod of turf," says Larry, "but I'll give you a taste of it when I slip the bellows undher my oxther, and satisfy you that your not fit to spake to me, with your ould dale apparatus that hasn't a sthring on it fit to make a golliough of."

"That comes well from you," says Paddy "with your ould boorthney chanther, and your hape of pewther tayspoons."

"Give over that work, Larry and Paddy," says Father Phelim who caught a glimpse of *my* jokers, as they were nearin' aich other, "and put the tables along the wall out of the way and make room for the girls to take a step," says he.

In the coarse of a few minutes, the coast was clear, and Paddy and Larry, saitin' themselves on their respective kags—the one lookin' daggers at the other, and given us no great prospect of much comfort out of aither of them.

"What's the bride's favourite, Jack?" says Larry, slipin' the bellows undher his arm, and givin' a long howlin' note, so as that Paddy shouldn't hear whether he was tunin' his fiddle right or not.

"The 'Rakes of Malla,' I believe says I, "but. for the Lord sake, don't be gettin' on with your capers."

"Take partners," says Larry, beginin' to lade at once, and fillin' the bag up, that I thought it would burst, and the next instant, off he went, with a tare that I was sure would blow the roof off the place. Sooner than yield an inch, Paddy sthruck in with his fiddle just as it was; although there wasn't a sthring of it but was miles out; and, as the time was good and as he was complately dhrowned by the piper, who kept the dhrone goin' and never onst touched the sheepskin bollikiccn, that was tied on his knee, with his insthrament, Kelly takes a hoult of Mary's hand, Harry sides up to Miss Margrate, and myself and Terry purvided ourselves with partners; as did Jimmy and Barny Higgins. Terry bein' a little throubled with a loose sole on his brogue, took them off, and gave a slight fluther in his stockin' feet, and findin' that it would do, off we set in rale style I can tell you; and the divil a bit, but Kelly was as much at home on the flure as any of us—notwitstandin' his bowin' and scrapin' in the ould castle, which was done, as I now saw, to show his respectability to the people, in what he fully expected was his everlastin' quarthers.

When the reel was over, Paddy had time to tune his fiddle, and put the bridge to rights; so as that things were about to go off betther; and more particularly so, as the allusion the piper made to music seemed to him to possess so much mirit, when he came to think over it, that Larry stood higher in his eyes than ever he did afore, and he was detarmined not to be so stuck up, himself, in futher; so, afther the next reel, and the Foxhunther's that Terry and Mick danced alone, Paddy says over with a smile on him:—

"Larry McGinnis, the divil a betther played jig did I ever hear in Ireland, and that's sayin' somethin'. You are, I see now, a rale musician, and, in throth, I had to stop a couple of times to admire the tune of that fine insthrument of yours, and the beautiful manner that you made those soople fingers fly on it.—Your health I wish," says he, dhrawin' a peg out of the kag he was sittin' on, and half fillin' a porringer of pure potticen, which he raised to his lips.

"Slaunthia sale a ghudh, ma vournieen," says Larry, attackin' his own vesshel, "and it's I that often said there wasn't a betther fiddler in Connaught than your own four bones. Have you the kay?—for I know that betune us, we can give them what they have seldom harde in this part of the counthry, at any rate."

"No, but I'll "take it from you," says Paddy, lookin' about him at the compliment that was paid him, "and well I know that I'll have the thrue kay—for when I harde just now, that you were lately a scholar of ould Jack Carroll's, I hadn't another word to say."

"There's a man, that undherstands music for you" says Larry over to me, forgettin' complately, what he said not an hour afore: but then the dhrop was beginnin' to tell on both of them.

The potticen now went round purty freely: and all began to feel a little stothered. when the Gauger, the Prieslit, Harry, Corney, Mary and Miss Margrate left us to ourselves, and went over to the house—Biddy promisin' to come for us when the stockin' was goin' to be thrown.

The throwin' of the stockin' you know is an ancient custom in Ireland. It's the doin's of the bride when all the candles are put out, and when she lays her head on the pillow. The stockin' is made up in a rowl and the proper time comes for her to throw it, she sends it full fling at the crowd, that are waitin' a little distance from her in the dark. Whoever she sthrikes, is the happy one who'll be married afore the year's out—and seldom, I believe, has that same failed. Well I was detarmined that only half a dozen or so should be let into the sayeret as to when the time arrived; for they were all gettin' moggaliore, and might be jostlin' with each other; and we all know what that ginerally lades to.

Afther dhrinkin' and dancin' till we were tired, I left long jimmy and half a dozen of them singin', and Larry and Paddy in a deep musical confab, which I was afraid would not turn out well, and out I stepped to see how they were enjoyin' themselves beyant. When I got half acrass the yard, I met, Biddy, sayin' that the Prieslit, the Gauger, and Corney were all enjoyin' themselves in a great way, and that Corney was singin' the dhrinaun dhun, but that the bride was waitin' to throw the stockin'. I went back again, and gave Terry, and all I wanted with me, the wink; so off we stole, lavin' just one candle burnin' on the table, and the boys shoutin' and roarin' aquel to a fair.

When we got in, Biddy went and prepared the bride for our comin', and the door bein' opened into the passage I spoke of afore, we all crept softly in and closin' it behind us as it led from the kitchen where the prieslit and his little party were still sittin', we stepped into the bed room anxiously waitin' the movement of the bride. In the course of a minute or so, we harde her stir very slightly, and the next moment, Barny Higgins got the stockin' fair betune the eyes.

We now had a great laugh, and rushed out in the kitchen Miss Margrate followin' us, and congratulin' Barny on his good luck. Harry dhrank all our healths afore he left the barn; and, then disappeared from amongst us all, for the night. Kelly was complately done for, and barely able to hould up his head; and Father Phelim, himself, whose eyes were fairly dancin' with joy, had just about as much as he could carry dacently.

"Sit down Jack, and the rest of you here, and let us have a bit of your company; and glad I am that everythin' has gone off so peaceable and that Mary Thrainer is the wife of the boy she loves. "But what's that?" says he "look about you! there's somethin' wrong beyant!"—such a dhreadful screech rached us.

We were all on our feet, in an instant, except Kelly and the prieslit, and rushin' attords the barn, where there was most unearthly shoutin' and yellin' we dashed into the doore to see what was the matther.

I had scarcely got my foot inside on the flure, when I was sthretched on the broad of my back by a sthroke in the mouth of a substance that appeared to be the weight of a cannon ball, and fired out of somethin'. The candle was out, and the place in total darkness; for the moon was long set. It appeared to me, for the moment, that some one was murthered, by the moans, and others murtherin', by the whacks, and thumps and screeches that made the place worse than hell itself. Terry, seein' that nothin' could be done, ran off back for the prieslit and a candle and in a twinklin', Father Phelim—who didn't like to thrust his feet at first—was in among them, with a light. Just as he arrived, I was on my legs, and spittin' somethin' harde out of my mouth, I soon tould by my tongue, what it was. My two front teeth were gone, and there lay Terry's brogue with the blood on the bangups in the heel. The whole flure was strewed with delf; and, worse than that, Larry lay sinseless in one corner, and Paddy was houldin' his handkerchief to a cut an inch deep over his timple, in another, I never saw such destruction for the time. There was scarcely a sowl of the whole of them that hadn't their eyes as black as your shoe, and the blood sthramin' from their mouth. Doolan had his hands on his stomach, bein' sthruck with a jug in it, that lay in bruiticen at his feet. Nat Finnegan had his lip split in two places, and his ear as thick as your wrist on his head. Afther all, I thought, considherin' I was as well off as any of them; altho' whoever threw the brogue, I knew well didn't mane it for me, and didn't know what he was doin'. It must have been some of them that was knocked down, and happened to light on the unfortunate bullet when he was risin.

"What's all this about, what's all this?" says Father Phelim, rushin' up among them, and sendin' them all in different directions by his voice; for they did not sthrike a sthroke afther the light came, and they saw him."

"It's all Larry's doin's, your raverence," says Doolan," Paddy and himself got arguin' about whether the pipes or the fiddle was the ouldest insthramint, and on Larry tellin' him, that he'd rather play in company with

a corn crake, than with the likes of such a disgraceful thing made out of puddin's and a couple of threnchers, he sthruck him acrass the teeth with his fiddle, and ran a knife into the bellows there.—Besides all this, nothin' should do Nat Finnegan here, but he should take Paddy's part; and that, you know, led the whole of us into it, of course."

We looked down on the flure and there sure enough, lay the pipes and the fiddle in smitthereens, and nothin' less. Afther washin' my mouth, we got Larry brought to, and dhressed Paddy's wounds, as well as we could. The prieslit saw it was no use to say anythin' then; and ordhered them all to disparse to their different places. Most of them, howsomever, got in among the hay on the loft, and there I, myself, saw the piper and fiddler lying side by side. Those who lived handy, made the best of their way home, but the rest remained till mornin'. Corney and Kelly were so far gone, that nothin' was known, in the house, of the question, till next day, when, barrin' a thriflin' cut or the like, it was found that there was little harm done. Kelly, Father Phelim and Miss Margate didn't lave till the evenin'; when, on their way, they met Paddy and Larry, nothin' less than staggerin' arm and arm to town.

So now, Jimmy McHugh, you all know how I came to lose both my front teeth, and the particulars of the whole affair. I may as well close the story, howsomever, by tellin' you, that Doyle and his man were never seen in Toomen afther that same business. They got a couple of carmen, that knew nothin' of their doins' to take what things they had off to Boyle—where, as I afthcrwards larned, they were both taken up, as desarthers from a regiment that was goin' abroad, and in which they were the confidential servants of two officers that were robbed by them in England. The vagabones made their escape to Ireland, just afore the regiment sailed, where, undher false names, they took up their abode among us, in the hope, no doubt, that they would never be found out. Their fate I have never been able to larn, though I have no doubt that they were both shot, as the army was middlin' sthrict in those days.

CONCLUSION.

Here ended Mr. Trainer's interesting story; and if the Runner did not laud it to to the skies, it is surprising indeed. It must not be presumed, however, that the narrator did not apply several times to the little pannikin during the progress of the tale, or that there were not occasional interruptions by the movements of the parties on the lock out. The whole affair went off, nevertheless, in superb style, and the hours slipped away unconsciously during its continuance.

"What do you think of that, sir?" says Jimmy, turning round to me, and emphasising the *that* with startling effect.

"I think it a capital story, Jimmy," says I, "and feel myself deeply indebted to Mr. Trainer for his goodness and condescension; and would encounter another such storm at any period to enjoy a similar treat."

"Oh, not at all, sir, not at all, sir," said Jack, "but it's I that ought to be indebted to you for the attention you paid to my long rigmarowl of nonsense. But," he continued, "it is now long passed midnight, and perhaps you'd like to stretch yourself beside the fire here, and take a nap afore mornin', as you won't be refreshed without somethin' of the sort."

To this proposition I acceded cheerfully; and on Jack's shaking out some fresh heather that was piled up in a corner, I paid my respects, once more, to the little pannikin, and was soon inhaling the delicious balm of the heath, while sinking gently into the arms of Morpheus.

Daylight was streaming down through the old ruin before I awoke. The morning was beautiful, and the lake was as calm as a mirror. After breakfast, the Runner, Jack, and one or two more of the party, accompanied me down to the boat, which had been pulled up on the shore, and my guide and myself prepared to push off from the little island, with the help of a temporary oar furnished by Jimmy. Before we got fairly under weigh, and while I was thanking all present for their attention and hospitality, Jimmy stepped up to me, and whispered into my ear, "I'm your surety, Mr. M——, that a word of what you have seen here will not

escape your lips until Christmas is over, and we have everythin' right or sowld. As for Brienicen there," he continued, pointing to the lad by my side, who had slept during the whole story, "there is no fear of him, for he was born on the other side of the lough."

"Rely upon it, Jimmy," I replied, "that I shall not betray the confidence placed in me; and will keep my counsel, until long after the time you mention. Good bye."

"God speed you, then," came from the lip of one and all of the kind-hearted fellows, as we shot by them, and made the best of our way down to the other end of the lake.

When we arrived at town, I found that my friends were greatly alarmed for my safety, having just heard that a boat was seen, on the previous evening, struggling with the tempest, far off shore. My re-appearance, however, soon set everything to right, and, in due time, as you may readily suppose, I related not only my own romantic adventure, but in connection with it, the whole of the story narrated by Jack Trainer.

A "THOUSAND ISLAND" LYRIC.

Here the Spirit of Beauty keepeth
  Jubilee for evermore;
Here the Voice of Gladness leapeth,
  Echoing from shore to shore.
O'er the hidden watery valley,
  O'er each buried wood and glade,
Dances our delighted galley
  Through the sunlight and the shade—
  Dances o'er the coral cells,
  Where the Soul of Beauty dwells.

Here the flowers are ever springing,
  While the summer breezes blow;
Here the Hours are ever clinging,
  Loitering before they go;
Playing round each beauteous islet,
  Loath to leave the sunny shore,
Where, upon her couch of violet,
  Beauty sits for evermore—
  Sits and smiles by day and night,
  Hand in hand with pure Delight.

Here the Spirit of Beauty dwelleth
  In each palpitating tree,
In each amber wave that welleth
  From its home, beneath the sea;
In the moss upon the granite,
  In each calm, secluded bay,
With the zephyr trains that fan it
  With their sweet breaths all the day—
  On the waters, on the shore,
  Beauty dwelleth evermore!

CHARLES SANGSTER.

Kingston, C.W.

COLLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MAJOR CULLPEPPER CRABTREE.

BATCH THE FIRST.

I.

In the seventeenth century there still lingered in England and Wales a most extraordinary usage, the idea of which was palpably derived from the Jewish "scape-goat."

When a person of substance deceased, his representatives, if they had any anxiety touching the repose of his soul, hired a functionary, called a "sin-eater," to take upon his own shoulders the delicts of the departed.

The *modus operandi* of those vicarious mercenaries is thus described by that genial old gossip, Aubrey, who witnessed one of the peccatorial refections:—

"When the corpse was brought out of the house, and laid on the bier, a loaf of bread delivered to the sin-eater over the corpse, as also a mazar-bowl (a gossip's bowl of maple) full of beer, which he was to drink up, and sixpence in money; in consequence whereof he took upon him, *ipso facto*, all the sins of the defunct, and freed him or her from walking after they were dead."

Aubrey adds that "this custom was by some people observed even in the strictest time of the Presbyterian government. At Dyndar, *volens nolens* the parson of the parish, the relations of a woman deceased there had this ceremony punctually performed, according to her will. The like was done in the city of Hereford in those times, where a woman kept, many years before her death, a mazar-bowl for the sin-eater; as also at Brecon, at Llangore, where Mr. Gwin, the minister, about 1640, could not hinder this superstition."

Would it not be a sustentating speculation for some sharp-set loafer, to set up as a "sin-eater," in this our day and generation? His success, at least in the model republic, would be almost a matter of certainty, particularly if the pine table of Judge Edmonds declared the dodge to be orthodox, and according to Cocker!

II.

One of the most original methods of getting rid of an importunate and undesired suitor, is narrated by a French Pepys, who has

chronicled the fashionable sayings and doings of the era of Louis XV.

Madame Baillet, famed more for wit and beauty than the austerity of her virtue, had long been wooed by a certain M. D'Herbigny, whose addresses, however, found no favour in her eyes. In vain he plied her with madrigals and bonbons. Like Duncan Gray's fossil-hearted Meg, she was

"Deaf as Ailsa Craig,"

to all his pleadings and protestations.

At length, after this state of things had continued more than a twelve-month, the obduracy of the dame appeared to have undergone a thaw. One morning, as the swain was kneeling at her feet, and "sighing like a furnace," she said to him, "By the way, D'Herbigny, I have taken a particular longing for your picture." In one moment, the hopes of the lover became bright as an "unclouded mid-day summer's sun," and losing not a second he retained the services of the most fashionable facial limner which Paris, at that time, could boast of.

By dint of "metallic" arguments, he secured the undivided attention of the artist, and, ere three days had elapsed, his "counterfeit presentment," as Hamlet hath it, was in a condition to be paraded.

"It is perfection itself!" exclaimed the fair Baillet, after contemplating the performance. "No one could for one instant fail to discover the likeness!"

Having thus delivered herself she rung the bell, and presently the porter of the establishment became developed.

"Peter," said his mistress, "come hither. This is the picture about which I was speaking to you. Do you think that from it you could recognize the original?"

"Oh, yes, madam," responded the Cerberus. "If anything, it is the best likeness of the two!" [*Query*—Was Master Peter an Irishman?"]

"Very well," rejoined the double-faced dame, "hang it up in your lodge, and whenever the original calls, be sure to tell him that I am not at home!"

III.

Making a pedestrian excursion in Ayrshire, some years ago, we had as our companion, for a brief season, a tide-waiter of the port of Greenock, who, like us, was enjoying a few days' furlough.

He was one of the most perfect gems of his class, that ever had come under our ken. Like the shell of a misanthropic oyster, his mind was hermetically closed against everything which had not a bearing upon his own peculiar "sphere of usefulness." Like George, the second of that name, he looked with the most withering contempt upon *boetry and bainting* as being of no practical utility: and we verily believe that if he had witnessed the advent of the Spanish Armada, he would have busied himself exclusively in calculating the amount of the tonnage of the hostile fleet! Intellect, beyond all dubitation, had given a wide berth to Mr. Thomas Sellar—for so was my *pro tempore* associate named—in her vagabondizing march!

As we neared an unpretending wayside cottage, Mr. Sellar, who had volunteered to act as my *cicerone*, remarked, "That's where Burns was born!"

"And who was Burns?" we responded, being desirous to draw out the characteristic peculiarities of Master Thomas.

"Burns," replied our Mentor, "surely you must have *heerd* of him. He was an officer in his Majesty's Excise in Dumfries-shire. I never could make out why people made such a work about him. There was hardly a less efficient man in his department."

"But," we ventured to interject, "did he not write some rather clever verses?"

"I believe he *did* compose some songs," quoth Thomas, "but, bless you, what had that to do with his *dooty?* If I was to spend my time in making words rhyme, I would be promptly paid off; and sarve me right! I looks upon the *moniments* that have been erected to that there fellow, as so many temptations for Excisemen to play the fool!"

Thomas Sellar, may your shadow never grow less!

IV.

From an early period, bowls have been an engrossing amusement of "true born Englishmen." Garrard, who lived in the reign of Charles I., thus writes in reference to a season of severe affliction: "I never had so long a time of sorrow. For seven weeks I

did nothing heartily but pray, nor sleep nor eat. In all that time *I never bowled!*"

This reminds us of the honest sailor, who, in describing a fit of sickness with which he was visited, observed by way of climax, "You may guess how ill I was, when I tell you that I could not take my grog!"

V.

We hear a great deal said, now-a-days, anent the "liberty of the subject," but if we may credit Lodowick Rowsee, a pamphlet writer who handled his quill between the Restoration and the Revolution of 1688, the *hoi polloi* must have enjoyed a license, which would hardly be conceded to them even in these "progressive times."

The Grand Duke Cosmo, who had visited England, invited Charles II. to supper on the evening preceding his departure. Rowsee thus describes the upshot of the vesper banquet:

"To the service of fruit succeeded a most excellent course of confectionery, both those of Portugal and other countries famous for the choiceness of their confections. But scarcely was it set upon the table when the the whole was carried off and plundered by the people who came to see the spectacle of the entertainment; nor was the presence of the King sufficient to restrain them from the pillage of those very delicate viands; much less his Majesty's soldiers, armed with carabines, who guarded the entrance of the saloon to prevent all ingress into the inside, lest the confinement and too great heat should prove annoying, so that his Majesty, to avoid the crowd, was obliged to rise from table and retire to his Highness's apartment."

Small wonder that "Old Rowley" was popular with the great unwashed, when he permitted them to indulge in such "high jinks!" What would eventuate if a "Ministerial dinner" of little John Russell should be invaded after a cognate fashion? Verily there would be an intonation of the Riot Act, followed by pabulum for the Coroner!

VI.

The above-cited pamphleteer makes mention of a somewhat *outre* tipple, which was popular with the Cockneys during the latter instalment of the seventeenth century. It consisted of a species of beer, "made with the body of a capon, which is left to grow putrid along with the malt."

Peter Pindar telleth a quaint story of a London brewer, into one of whose boiling vats a negro servitor had the misfortune to fall, to the instant extinction, of course, of his vitality. The engenderer of brown stout kept the secret of the catastrophe to himself, and vended the beverage, as if it had never been contaminated by the corpus of the hapless Ethiopian, which could not be reclaimed till the vat was denuded of its contents.

As it so turned out, that particular brewing found peculiar acceptation with the convivial million, and when it was exhausted various customers inquired whether they could not be supplied with porter of corresponding excellence. To one of these interrogators, the man of malt and hops replied, "It is all very fine to talk; but where am I to find a nigger to boil down to suit your taste?"

Putting the two stories together, it would appear that the standard of excellence, so far as "heavy wet" is concerned, has not essentially varied in the capital of the United Kingdom during the last two centuries! The gustatorial difference between a "putrid capon," and an African in the like predicament cannot be very great!

VII.

Though to most of our readers the name of Robert Heron may be unfamiliar, he was one of the most popular and prolific general writers of the last century. There were few branches of literature to which he did not make contributions, and seldom did he handle a topic without adding some adornment thereto.

After a life of unceasing toil, Heron found himself an inmate of the prison of Newgate, his crime being debt, "that constitutional transgression (as Hazlitt hath it) of the brotherhood of authors."

From this living tomb our author addressed an appeal to the Literary Fund, which we subjoin as being a sad curiosity in its way. It is well calculated to act as a warning beacon to those ardent young dreamers, who opine that the Republic of Letters is carpeted with roses, and flows with milk and honey.

"Ever since I was eleven yerrs of age, I have mingled with my studies the labour of teaching or writing to support and educate myself. During about twenty years, while I was in constant and occasional attendauce at the University of Edinburgh, I taught and assisted young persons at all periods in the course of education, from the alphabet to the highest branches of science and literature. I read lectures on the law o. nature, the law of nations, the Jewish, the Grecian, the Roman, and the canon la v, and then on the feudal law, and on the several forms of municipal jurisprudence established in modern Europe. I printed a syllabus of these lectures, which was approved; they were as introductory to the professional study of law, and to assist gentlemen who did not study it professionally, in the understanding of history. I translated Fourcroy's Chemistry twice, Savary's Travels in Greece, Dumourier's Letters, Gesner's Idyls in part, an abstract of Zimmerman on Solitude, and a great diversity of smaller pieces. I wrote a Journey through the western parts of Scotland, which has passed through two editions; a History of Scotland, in six volumes, 8vo; a typographical account of Scotland, which has been several times reprinted; a number of communications in the Edinburgh Magazine; many prefaces and critiques. A Memoir of the Life of Burns, which suggested and promoted the subscription for his family, has been reprinted, and formed the basis of Dr. Currie's life of him, as I learned by a letter from the Doctor to one of his friends: a variety of *jeux d'esprit*, in verse and prose, and many abridgements of large works. In the beginning of 1799, I was encouraged to come to London. Here I have written a great multiplicity of articles in almost every branch of literature, my education in Edinburgh having comprehended them all. The London Review, the Agricultural Magazine, the Universal Magazine, the Anti-Jacobin Review, the Public Characters, the Annual Necrology, with several other periodical works, contain many of my communications. In such of these publications as have been received, I can show that my anonymous pieces have been distinguished with very high praise. I have written, also, a short system of Chemistry, and I published a few weeks since a small work called the *Comforts of* ' . of which the first edition was sold in one week, and the second edition is now in rapid sale. In the newspapers—the Oracle, the Porcupine (when it existed), the General Evening Post, the Morning Post, the British Press, the Courier, &c.—I have published my reports of the debates in Parliament, and I believe a greater variety of fugitive pieces than I know to have been written by any one person. I have written also a great variety of compositions in Latin and French, in favour of which I have been honoured with the testimonials of liberal approbation.

"I have invariably written to serve the cause of religion and morality, pious Christian education and good order in the most direct manner. I have considered what I have written as mere trifles, and I have incessantly studied to qualify myself for something better. I can prove that I have for many years read and written one day with another from twelve to sixteen hours a day. As a human being, I have not been free from follies and errors; but the tenor of my life has been temperate, laborious, humble, quiet, and, to the utmost of my power, beneficent. I can prove the general tenor of my writings to be candid, and ever adapted to exhibit the most favourable views of the abilities, dispositions, and exertions of others."

Now listen to the ghastly postscript of this detail of an honourable and most toilsome career. Mark well, fond moth, fluttering and toying about the fair but cruel candle of literature, the epilogue of poor Heron's life-drama—

"For the last ten months I have been brought to the very extremity of bodily and pecuniary distress. I shudder at the thought of perishing in a jail."

We know not what success the above memorial, which bears date February, 1807, met with. All that we can tell more of the brain-weary man is, that on the 13th of April of the aforesaid year, he breathed his last in a public hospital, without a friend to wipe the death foam from his mouth, or lovingly whisper of sweet rest beyond the grave!

VIII.

An amusing caricature from the pencil of George Cruickshank, bears for title, *Misled by a Name*, and represents a fox running off at full speed with the abducted goose of a tailor!

Suggestive of this pictorial pun, was an incident which occurred to our gifted friend Daniel McNee, who now stands at the head of the portrait painters of Scotland.

On one occasion Daniel—or Dan, as he was usually styled by his intimates—being about to rusticate in the fastnesses of Arran for a week, requested from us the loan of a book, in order to make time glide away more appetizingly. "I don't much care," quoth the honest limner, "what the work is, provided that it be light and amusing."

Being hurried at the moment, we desired our friend to help himself from our library, and having done so, he set off hot foot, in order to be in time for the steamer.

Some ten days thereafter, Dan beat up our quarters, and throwing upon our table the octavo which he had borrowed, declared, with an exclamation sounding unwholesomely like a profane oath, that he never had been so barbarously sold in all his life. "For half a week," said he, "I was confined to a little, smoking Highland inn, or rather change house, by unintermitting rain, and when I applied for consolation to my book, lo and behold, I found myself up to the throat in nouns, interjections, conjunctions, and adverbs!"

"But why, in the name of common sense," interjected we, "did you make choice of a grammar?"

"Grammar be hanged!" cried Daniel, "who would ever have dreamed that such a snake lurked under such a title?"

Poor McNee in his hurry had selected John Horne Tooke's "Diversions of Purley!"

IX.

"Common sense," observed Will Spears, the "town fool" of Kilmarnock, "is not such a common thing as common folk suppose."

The truth of Mr. Spears' remark was strikingly illustrated in the case of a speculative genius, named Andrew Bankier, who flourished during the infancy of the current century.

Bankier was a pedagogue of some mark, and might have earned a nourishing competence by the exercise of the birch, if he could have let well alone. Unfortunately, however, he fancied that he possessed an especial genius for agriculture, and could realize a "plum" more certainly by teaching to shoot, matters more tangible than "the young idea."

Accordingly, Mr. Bankier disposed of his academy, and invested all his lucre in the purchase of eight acres of land "convenient" to Edinburgh, from which he confidently calculated upon deriving an income of £1600 per annum.

His "wrinkle" was to plant 5000 gooseberry bushes in each acre, making in all 40,000. In the interstices between the bushes, cabbages and other vegetables were to be raised, by the sale of which he expected to be enabled to defray both the expenses of the cultivation and the interest of the money he had paid for the ground. No profit, Andrew admitted, could be made till the fifth year, when he calculated that the bushes, though reduced from 5000 to about 4000 plants per acre, would each produce on an average three Scottish pints, which he would be able to vend at fourpence per pint, or one shilling per bushel.

Well; the world advanced in senectitude, the bushes reached maturity, and produced a crop which, both for quantity and quality, more than realized the ex-schoolmaster's expectations.

But (alas, that *buts* should be perpetually moiling the fairest prospects of humanity!) the cup was dashed from poor Andrew's lips just as he was anticipating a refreshing draught.

The occasional inclemencies of the season, the amount of berries destroyed by the parties stipended to pull them, the circumstance that a large per centage became ripe contemporaneously, and the fruit being of so very perishable a nature that it could not be preserved without flaw for above a day or two—all these circumstances combined to render Bankier's scheme a total and complete failure. With a sigh he abandoned

the gooseberry bushes to their fate, and sought a new iron to place in the fire.

Having heard "golden legends" of the great value of a crop of carrots, when engendered in ground artistically manured and cultivated, our *ingenio* determined to sow his eight acres with that amiable root.

The fates at length appeared to be propitious. Bravely did the carrots thrive, and to all appearance were an excellent and remunerative crop. But (that pestilent word again!) when resurrectioned to be sent to market, the "pesky" esculents were discovered to be affected with the disorder vulgarly denominated *Fingers and Toes*, and not a soul could be found to ask their price.

Andrew had still another shot lurking in the locker of his hopes.

Carrots, he knew, contained a large modicum of sugar, and consequently affording a generous amount of sustenation. Acting upon this hint, he purchased an immense quantity of barn-door fowls, invented cunning machines for scraping, boiling, and mashing the despised roots, and fed his poultry with these till they had attained a state of obesity which aldermen might have envied.

At first the hens and cocks (perhaps we should have written *roosters*, for the benefit of our Yankee clients!) sold like lubricated electricity; but (once more!) nobody who once bought the feathered "notions" would purchase again. The flesh in whatever shape or manner dressed, appeared to be quite raw, in consequence of having been fed on so red a substance as carrots!

And so the ill-starred Andrew Bankier landed in the bankrupt's corner of the *Gazette*. He became usher in the seminary over which he had once presided as an absolute Czar, and never could look at gooseberry, carrot, or capon till the termination of the lease of his mundane existence!

X.

Robert Clay, Vicar of Halifax, in England, who died in 1628, becoming unpopular amongst his parishioners, had various "articles exhibited" against him, to his diocesan. One of these set forth that "when he had divers presents sent him, as by some flesh, by others fish, and by others ale, he did not spend it in the invitation of his friends or neighbours, or give it to the poor, but sold the flesh to butchers, and the ale to alewives!"

In those days the Anglican clergy must have been noted for the exercise of the virtue of hospitality, when an exception to the rule, as in the case of the churlish Vicar of Halifax, was made the subject of a judicial complaint.

The Rev. Philip Henry (father of the commentator) always kept open house, even when his worldly circumstances were in a reduced condition. His children were enjoined to watch at the door when dinner was on the eve of being served, and their commission was to invite all passing pilgrims to turn aside and partake of the meal. Matthew records that his sire always pressed these *ex tempore* guests to make themselves at home, and "never did think that the poor souls did eat enough!"

XI.

For the benefit of our gouty clients, we extract the following passage from a letter by Archbishop Laud to the unfortunate Strafford:

"I have heard of them that have gone up and down in the dew in thin shoes, to cure themselves of the gout. Methinks you should try this experiment, rather than lie bedridden as you do."

XII.

If we may credit Taylor, surnamed the "Water Poet," wheelwrights and coachmakers occupied widely different positions during the reign of Charles I.

"A wheelwright [says our author], or a maker of carts, is an ancient, a profitable, and a trade which by no means can be wanted; yet so poor it is, that scarce the best amongst them can hardly ever attain to better than a calve's-skin suit, or a piece of neck beef and carrot roots to dinner on a Sunday; nor scarcely any of them is mounted to any office above the degree of a scavenger, or a tything man at the most.

"On the contrary, your coachmaker's trade is the most gainfullest about town. They are apparelled in satins and velvets, are masters of their parish, vestrymen, who fare like the Emperors Heliogabalus or Sardanapalus. Seldom are they without their

mackroones, parmisants, jellies, and kick-shaws, with baked swans, pasties hot, or cold red deer pies, which they have from their debtors' worships in the country."

Taylor cherished a perfect hatred against the coach-making tribe. In his quaint and misanthropic treatise, entitled, *The World runs on Wheels*, he says, *inter alia*, "Within our memories, our nobility and gentry would ride, well mounted, gallantly attended with three or more brave fellows in blue coats, which was a glory to our nation, and gave more content to the beholders than forty of your leather tumbrels. Then saddlers were a good trade, and the name of a coach was heathen Greek!" The indignant *fossil* adds that the fabricators of "your leather tumbrels have almost thrown the whole [saddle] trade, to the undoing of many honest families."

Had the worthy "water poet" been permitted to witness our go-a-head era, he would have beheld the wrongs of the saddlers avenged, to a certain extent at least, by steam carriages, or *cars*, as Jonathan denominates vapour locomotives!

XIII.

Some years ago a stiff, starched, "stuck-up" personage, who prided himself greatly upon his aristocratic pretensions, chanced to be travelling in a democratic stage coach. His destination was the seat of an English nobleman distinguished for his enlightened appreciation of the arts and sciences, and who at that time was to have a gathering of *savans* from various parts of the kingdom.

Our viator, whose name for the nonce shall be Snob, condescended to enter into conversation with a fellow-inmate of the "convenience," who appeared to be a decent kind of man, and tinctured, to some extent, with a knowledge of the leading topics of the day.

During the course of the journey, one of the wheels of the vehicle sustained some injury, which threatened to delay its progress indefinitely, particularly as the catastrophe had occurred far from the ken of any mechanic.

The companion of Squire Snob proceeded to examine the nature and extent of the damage, and having procured some materials and implements from the guard, he contrived to adjust matters so as to enable the peripatetic ark to go on its way rejoicing.

Instead of thanking his associate for rescuing him from a fix, the magnificent Snob became fevered and flushed with indignation, that he had been unwittingly seduced to hold converse with a common fellow—a "rude mechanical," as Shakspeare hath it—who was palpably familiar with hammer and nail. During the remainder of the journey he kept himself to himself, responding by a contemptuous toss of the head to every attempt made by the stranger at a renewal of colloquialism.

Who can paint the confusion of Snob when, on the next day, he found the aforesaid "mechanical" the most honored guest of the noble lord he had gone to visit?

The splicer of the fractured wheel was Rennie, the illustrious engineer!

"HE WILL COME TO-MORROW." *

Chapter I.

"The common of Carricksawthy, which form a portion of that district known by the name of the Vale of Towy, is one of the most picteresque spots in South Wales. The clear, gurling stream of the Sawthy, spanned by a wooden bridge of the simplest construction, flows through its centre; cottages of a comely and cheerful aspect, with their small strips of garden-ground full of flowers, are scattered about its borders; flocks of sheep are constantly pasturing on its thick, elastic carpet of green sward; and a ridge of breezy downs, redolent thyme and other wild shrubs,—and beyond which rise the frowning peaks of the Black Mountains, imparting spirit and dignity to a landscape that otherwise might seem too tame—enclose it on all sides but one, where runs the high-road past Llangadock, a homely village, consisting of one straggling street, which stands at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the common. On a serene spring or summer day, nothing can be more enlivening than this scene. The sun brings vividly out the emerald green of the turf, always so refreshing an object to the eye; imparts added

* The groundwork of this tale is founded on an incident that took place nearly half a century ago. It is alluded to by Dr. Uwins, in his treatise on Disorders of the Brain.—*Ed. A. A. M.*

neatness and beauty to the cottages; and lightens up with smiles the stern, rugged features of Llynn-y-van and his giant neighbours. Life, too, seems every where in briskest activity about you. You hear the Sawthy chattering and laughing along its pebbly channel; the trout or the sewen leaping up from its deep, quiet pools, between the gravelly shallows; the bee booming heavily past you, as it starts from the bosom of the wild flowers that enflame the common: and the trush, the chaffinch, and the linnet chriping merrily among the shady copses that creep half-way up the downs.

It was on the noon of a day like that I have just alluded to, that two young people, a male and a female, walked slowly across this delightful common towards the high-road, which the Carmarthen stage-coach passed on its way to Gloucester, and thence to the metropolis. They were engaged in earnest conversation, and a serious—not to say, a sad—expression was visible on the countenance of the lady, who, when she reached that part of Carricksawthy which leads direct into the road, paused an instant, and pressing her companion's arm, addressed him as follows:—"And will you then promise to be back in a fortnight, Charles?"

"Can you doubt it, Fanny?"

"No no, I do not doubt it; but I know not how it is—a gloom comes over me when I think of the time that must elapse before we shall meet again. You, in the midst of the bustle and gaiety of London will not feel the hours pass so wearily, as we shall here in this quiet neighborhood."

"The gaieties of London? say rather the solitudes, Fanny. What friends have I there? At whose house shall I be made welcome? Where is the society that shall recompense me for that which I leave behind me? Believe me, dear girl, a great city, however full of bustle and animation it may be, holds out few attractions to one who like me must pace its streets alone, sit in his inn alone, and from morning till night hold communion only with his own thoughts."

"Are those thoughts of so *very* gloomy a character, then?" inquired the lady, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Not so, Fanny; you mistake me altogether. How can I be otherwise than cheerful when thinking of you? I merely meant to say, that to one who has not a single friend there, nor even so much as an acquaintance with whom he can converse, London is not the place you conceive it to be; so cheer up, it is but a short time I shall be absent; and then we shall be united, no more to part. What, I have won a smile from you at last! Ah, love, if you did but know how much a smile becomes you, you would never"——

"You will write to us the instant you reach town, Charles?"

"Of course; it will be my chief—indeed my only—pleasure."

"Pray Heaven this business may not detain you longer than the time you mention."

"Never fear it, dearest. Twelve or fourteen days hence, we will be again strolling together over Carricksawthy," said the young man, glancing back at the common which they had just left behind them; "you know the hour the coach passes the turnpike; well, meet me there this day fortnight, as you used to do when I came home from school at Bristol, and trust me I will not disappoint you. See, Fanny," continued the speaker, drawing a little locket from his breast, "Here is a lock of your hair, which for the last year I have constantly worn next my heart. This is the attraction which will hurry me back to the cottage. Were even its proudest mansions thrown open to me, and all its gaieties within my reach, London would never be able to divert or diminish the influence of this precious talisman. I have but to cast my eyes on it, and fancy will instantly bear me back to the home where we have passed so many happy hours together."

The earnestness and cordiality with which her companion spoke, greatly comforted Fanny, and they moved on towards the turnpike, where the old gate-keeper was standing, looking anxiously along the road, with his hand held up before his eyes to shade them from the glare of the sun.

The instant they came up, he said, "you are only just in time, master Charles; the coach will be here in a minute or so; indeed it should have been here before now," he added, glancing at the turnpike clock, "but

I suppose it stopped to take up a passenger at Llangadock."

"No doubt—no doubt," observed Charles; "Fanny, love, what ails you? Why, your arm trembles within mine like an aspen leaf!"

"I cannot help it—indeed I cannot—I know it is weak and childish to give way to such thoughts, but I have a presentiment that this parting"——

"Will be for just two weeks, and not an hour longer," interrupted Charles, with a gay air; "perhaps for even a less time; for the instant I have disposed of the houses, I shall return; so take care, Fanny, that I do not surprise you one day when you are reading a chapter of her favorite, old-fashioned, Sir Charles Grandison to your aunt, or singing that ballad which you know my father is so fond of."

"Oh, Charles, how can you talk in this light way at such a moment? I could not.

"No, because you are a foolish little girl, who—as my grave father is constantly telling you—allow your imagination to run riot. Fanny, dearest, dismiss, I intreat you, for both our sakes those gloomy forbodings, and instead of anticipating sorrow, look forward with hope. Do not sit in the shade, but come abroad into the sunshine. As you love me, and would have me be happy during my absence, let me know and feel that I leave a light heart behind me."

Just as the young man finished speaking, his servant appeared, bending beneath the weight of a portmanteau, which he deposited outside the gate, at the same time bringing intelligence that the coach had cleared the village, and would be up immediately. No sooner had he announced these tidings, than the vehicle came in sight, and a few minutes after drew up at the gate.

"Now, sir," said the driver, jumping down from his box, "quick's the word if you please; I'm behind time already. Here, David," addressing the gate-keeper, "bear a hand with the gentleman's portmanteau."

While the luggage was being stowed away on the roof of the coach, Charles stood aloof with Fanny, who making an effort to conceal her emotion, observed, in a subdued tone of voice, "by this time to-morrow, Charles, you will be far away from us."

"Yes, love, but my thoughts will be with you still. In the morning I shall say to myself—now she is going out with my father for a ramble across the common, or through the village; at noon—she has just seated herself at the window with a volume of our favourite Thomson in her hands; in the evening—she is now at tea with her aunt, listening with a sweet smile of resignation—Fanny, dear, you know how often you have made me laugh with that arch smile of yours!—to some portentous anecdote about the fashions of the last"——

Their conversation was here broken in upon by the coachman's pithy request that the gentleman would "look sharp;" whereupon Charles, tearing himself from Fanny's side, said, "good bye, God bless you, love; be sure you meet me here this day fortnight, and depend on hearing from me the instant I reach London;" and with these words he sprung into the coach, which in an instant bore him from her sight.

Fanny Davis, at this period, had just completed her eighteenth year. She was the only child of an English officer of dragoons, who, after a long term of military service had retired on half-pay into the cheap seclusion of South Wales, accompanied by his newly wedded wife, who died while Fanny was an infant—a loss which her husband took grievously to heart, and which, preying on a constitution already enfeebled by severe wounds, brought him to the grave within two years from the time when he had become a widower. Fortunately however, for the poor orphan thus doubly bereaved she found an affectionate and exemplary guardian in her father's maiden sister who, on hearing of her brother's loss and consequent melancholy, came to take her abode permanently with him. With this lady, who was every way qualified to superintend the education of her niece, Fanny's days glided away peacefully and happily in the retirement of a neat but humble cottage which her father had purchased shortly before his death, in the immediate neighbourhood of Carricksawthy common.

At no great distance from them dwelt the

clergyman of the parish, a simple kindly-natured man of recluse and studious habits. In this gentleman's society, the Davises spent a great portion of their time. His son in particular, a fine spirited youth, about three years older than Fanny, was her constant companion. Together they might be seen racing like wild colts about the common, laughing and shouting in all the irrepressible glee of childhood; or climbing with fearless foot the steep acclivities of the Black Mountains; or gathering the harebells, and wild strawberry plants that grew thickly among the hedges of Leven-gornuth; and in the evening, Mr. Griffiths, who usually finished his day at the cottage, would play the part of a schoolmaster, and seating the young couple, one on each side of him, give them lessons suited to their age; read them passages from works calculated to excite their delight and wonder; and instil into them those great principles of religion and morality, without which there can be no sure guarantee for success or happiness in life.

So passed the time until Charles Griffiths had attained his thirteenth, and Fanny her tenth year, when an uncle of the former, who was a merchant in Bristol, and had neither wife nor children of his own, wrote to his brother to request that his son might be sent to him, when he would place him at school, and probably provide for his future fortunes. At first the simple-minded clergyman decided on refusing this liberal offer, not liking the idea of separation from a child who formed his chief source of happiness; but when he came to weigh the matter carefully in his mind, he resolved to sacrifice his own personal feelings to his boy's interests and consented to his departure.

It was a melancholy day for the Davises, when Charles called at the cottage to bid adieu to his playmate Fanny. She hung round his neck, and intreated him with tears that he would take her with him; and even her aunt shared some portion of her distress, so completely had the youth's frank, cheerful, and intelligent nature won upon her feelings. He himself was not less affected than his "little sister," as he was in the habit of calling her; but when. on reaching Bristol, he was received with a hearty welcome by his relations, who took a liking to him at once, he soon forgot his grief, and became reconciled to his change of life. As it was arranged that he should spend his school vacations alternately with his uncle and his father, he saw Fanny once a-year, and during his absence, kept up a regular monthly correspondence with her. Thus four years rolled away, when it became expedient to consider what should be done for him. His uncle, struck with the lad's quickness and sagacity, so unusual with those whose boyhood has been passed in comparative solitude, thought of commerce! but before he could come to any decisive arrangements, the increasing infirmities of his father, to whom he was devotedly attached, induced Charles to return home, where he finally took up his residence, paying, however, occasional visits to Bristol, till the death of his uncle, who died when the young man had just entered on his twenty-first year, leaving him a small amount of funded property, together with one or two cottages which he possessed in the neighborhood of London.

From this period the union of Charles and Fanny was the talk of all the gossips in the parish, who agreed in declaring that they were formed for each other, and that a handsomer, kinder, or better behaved young couple never graced the vale of Towy. Mrs. Davis—for the good lady had years since dropped the comfortless "Miss"—was precisely of the same way of thinking. She was anxious to see her darling niece comfortably settled before she herself quitted life; and as Fanny would inherit what little property she had to leave, and dreams of worldly aggrandisement never troubled the minds of that contented family circle, she felt persuaded that the prospects of the young folk were quite as sunny as they ought to be. Accordingly, after many long and solemn consultations with Mrs. Griffyths, the marriage was resolved on; but previous to its taking place, Charles, who had hitherto received the rents of his cottages very irregularly, and for the last two years, none at all—his tenants being of a sad, migratory disposition, and much addicted to moonlight flittings, as his London agent took care to inform him punctually twice a-year—Charles resolved to look into

matters himself, and to come to some final settlement, so that he might enter upon his new state of life without any pecuniary annoyances to molest him. Besides, he had projected with Fanny a variety of pleasant schemes. For instance, the cottage garden was to be enlarged; additions were to be made to their little library; then they were to make a trip to Clifton, and possibly even to visit Snowdon and its romantic neighborhood; and these agreeable projects could only be carried into execution by the sale of the cottages, from which Charles expected to derive a sum sufficient for all his purposes. He accordingly decided on a visit to the metropolis, and it was arranged that the marriage should be solemnized immediately after his return, which he determined should be in a fortnight.

CHAPTER II.

As Fanny returned home, it was with the slow step of one whose mind is oppressed by doubts and fears. A presentiment of she knew not what hung like a heavy weight upon her heart. In vain she tried to persuade herself to the folly of her apprehensions, and cheer her spirits by the reflection that Charles would be back in a few days. There are times, as all must have felt, when vague presentiments of impending ill fall like a blight upon the mind, and despite the efforts of reason, deprive it for the season of all energy. So much had he been with her of late, so congenial were their tastes and pursuits, and so absolute was her dependence on him, that when on reaching the cottage she found Charles no longer there, a light seemed vanished from her path, and her once happy home, forlorn and darkened, to wear the aspect of a house of mourning. Hers was in fact just the sort of nature to entertain a pure, fervent, and engrossing passion like this. She was a creature of quick and ardent impulses; simple and affectionate; of a high-toned order of imagination—too often, alas! humanity's worst foe; with all the freshness of youth in her heart, as its bloom was on her cheek; and with a certain innate refinement of look and manner which far more than compensated for the absence of that artificial polish induced by an acquaintance with what is called 'good society.' Though uneducated in the fashionable sense of the term, yet she had read and thought much—had a poet's eye for the ever-varying aspects of nature—the stern, emphatic frown of winter, the sunny smile of spring, the grave, serene majesty of autumn—and was familiar with the works of many of our best writers; for Mr. Griffyths, to whom she was as dear as if she were his own child, had been assiduous in his efforts, to draw forth all the powers of her mind. For such a being to love—and love with her whole soul as though it were the element from which her life derived its verdure, and without which the green stalk of her youth must decay—was as natural as for the birds to sing, and flowers to "fill the lap of May." The casket that enshrined this fair treasure was every way worthy of it. Her figure was buoyant, sylph-like, and graceful in every movement; her countenance, with the soft blue eye and exquisitely formed mouth, full of expression; and she had that sweet, low voice, "an excellent thing in woman," which wins its way to the heart, like the music of one's native home heard in a far-off land. Such was the innocent, trusting, and lovely creature who now, for the first time in her life, felt thought press like a burben on her imagination, which she would fain but could not shake off.

The night after Charles' departure her pillow was prest by an aching head; but the morning soon dawned, and with it came a re-assured spirit. In a day or two at farthest she should have a letter from the young traveller, and this would go far to fill up the void occasioned by his absence. Three days thus passed; and early on the fourth, the Llangadock postman brought up the expected epistle to the cottage. Oh, how Fanny devoured its contents! It was written in the most cheerful spirits. Charles had nearly accomplished the business which took him to town, and would to a certainty be back that day week, when she was to meet him, as agreed upon, at the turnpike gate. Holding the present document in her hand, Fanny flew first to her aunt, and then to Mr. Griffyths, to communicate the welcome intelligence, and in the evening sat down and penned an answer, which she took herself to the post-office.

As the happy creature's mind had now recovered its usual elasticity, the hours flew rapidly by, the week approached its termination, and now it wanted only one day to the period which Charles had fixed on for his arrival. On the evening of that day Fanny took a stroll with her aunt through the village, who could not refrain from a smile when she saw the joyous and excited state of her mind. "By this time to-morrow, aunt," she said, "Charles will have returned to us. I have been to the gate, and they tell me the coach passes it at noon. Oh, how happy it will make us all to see him again! And we shall have so much to talk about, you know! We shall hear of all his adventures—where he lived—how he employed his time—and what he thought of those fine new streets and buildings that we read so much about. And then we have so many plans to arrange for the next month. We are to spend a few days at C ifton, which Charles tells me is one of the loveliest spots in England; to visit Bath where he went to school; and Tintern Abby on our way back; and if the weather continues favourable, to take a trip to North Wales, which I have so long wished to see. Oh, how happy we shall be, shall we not, aunt?" and thus the lively girl ran on; while all who passed her, young and old, blessed the radiant countenance which beamed with such ineffable sweetness and good-humour.

The next day Fanny was astir with the lark; and long ere the sun had dispelled the vapours which cling round the forehead of Llynn-y-van, she had gathered a basket full of the choicest fruits in the garden, and disposed her flower-pots on the lawn in front of the cottage, in the order that she knew Charles most liked. Mr. Griffyths came up to breakfast with them—an unusual thing with him, for he was a late riser—and when the meal was over, Fanny quitted the room to complete her preparations for the traveller's arrival. The wonted dinner hour at three o'clock was put off till four; the servant was sent into the village to purchase the tenderest poultry that could be procured; the fruit, trimly garnished with leaves and flowers, was set out on the sideboard; and a bottle of unimpeachable wine, which had remained in the cellar since Captain Davis's death, was hunted up and broached for the occasion.

When all these little household preparations were finished, Fanny, simply and gracefully attired in white, Charles's favourite dress, with a single rose in her hair, and a light straw bonnet, whose shape set off her beautiful face to the greatest advantage, took her way alone, for she would not even accept of her aunt as a companion, to the place of meeting. As she tripped across the common she could not help contrasting the present state of her feelings with what they were on the day when she parted from Charles. Then she was a prey to blank dejection. Now she was all hope and cheerfulness. Every well-known object on which her eye now rested seemed arrayed in more than usual beauty—every sound that came to her ear seemed informed with a blither spirit. A brighter—fresher green adorned the elastic carpet on which she trode; the precipitous heights of the Black Mountains, furrowed with the storms of ages, wore a sunnier aspect; the thrush from the depths of the neighboring copses sang sweeter in her ear; and a more invigorating influence breathed in the wind that came wooingly toward her. The church clock from Llangadock struck two as she crossed the little wooden bridge that spans the brawling Sawthy. In half-an-hour hence, she said to herself, I shall be passing this very spot with Charles; and the reflection lending additional impetus to her movements, in a few minutes she reached the turnpike, where sat the gatekeeper on a bench outside his door, with a tankard of cwrw beside him.

"A fine afternoon, Miss Fanny."

"Yes, indeed, David—what time do you expect the coach by?"

"It will be here in a few seconds, miss," replied the old man. "I suppose you are expecting Master Charles," and the speaker looked archly at her, for their betrothment was no secret to the neighborhood.

"Yes," said Fanny, with a brightening glow on her cheek; "we rather think he will be here to-day, as Mr. Griffyths has received no intimation from him to the contrary;" and then, anxious to drop the subject, though it engrossed all her thoughts, she entered the house, and began caressing the

gatekeeper's grandchild—a fine curly headed boy, some five or six years old.

She was thus engaged, infinitely to the delight of the child, who made her assist him in hunting a kitten under a chest of drawers, when suddenly her quick ear caught the roll of wheels, and bounding to the door, she exclaimed, clapping her hands with joy, "Here it is—I am sure this is it!"

At about two hundred yards' distance from the gate, the road made a sudden bend, forming an acute angle, so that no vehicle could be seen till it was close to the turnpike, though the tramp of the horses' feet might be heard long before. For some minutes, therefore, Fanny, was in a state of the most exciting suspense; but the moment the supposed stage turned the corner of the road, she found, to her disappointment, that it was merely a private carriage.

"Never fear, young lady," said the gatekeeper, "it will be here immediately; Joe's always remarkably punctual; I never knew him ten minutes behind in my life, and I've kept this turnpike ever since your father—ah, here it comes, you can tell it by the cloud of dust it raises; now then, Miss, now for Master Charles; I'll warrant me he's on the look-out;" then, in an under tone to himself "Well, well, it's quite natural at their age, poor things; I remember at their time of life I was just as fond of courting as they are, though it seems strange enough to me now;" and so saying, the honest fellow finished his tankard, as if to make himself amends for his departed sensibilities.

How the young girl's heart beat as the sound of wheels drew near! Precious load that vehicle bore, for all she most cherished on earth was there. And now it turns the corner—an instant, and it is halting at the turnpike gate! But no kind voice greeted Fanny's anxious ears—no familiar face was lit up with smiles at her presence. The passengers were all strangers to her. One brief, searching glance sufficed to tell her this; and before she could summon up courage enough to make inquiries, the coach was again on the move, leaving the wretched girl standing on the foot-path a prey to the bitterest disappointment.

Pitying her distress, the old gatekeeper approached her. "Come, come, Miss Fanny," he said, "don't take matters so to heart; depend on it the young gentleman will be here within the next four-and-twenty hours. Most likely all the places were engaged when he applied at the booking-office, for as you must have seen yourself, the coach was full inside as well as out; my life on it, he will come to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, David, you are right, he will come to-morrow; but it will be a great disappointment to his father, for we all fully expected him to-day. Is there any other coach that will pass this road in the course of the evening?"

"No, Miss; this is the only one."

"Well, then, I must have patience till to-morrow, when I will call here again. Good afternoon, David," and with a heavy sigh Fanny turned away from the turnpike, and pursued her solitary road home.

On reaching the garden gate, her aunt, who caught sight of her from the window, surprised to see her return alone, hastened down the lawn to meet her.

"Why, how is this Fanny?" exclaimed Mrs. Davis, "where is Charles?

"Oh, aunt, aunt," replied Fanny, bursting into tears, "he is not come—he never will come—I have seen him for the last time."

"Nonsense, child; but come in, Mr. Griffyth is waiting to hear the news."

They entered the parlour, where the clergyman was sitting with spectacles on nose, conning over his next Sunday's sermon: and greatly was Fanny comforted, when her first acute burst of anguish was over, by perceiving how soon the old folks were reconciled to Charles's non-appearance. They took for granted that his affairs had detained him longer than he had calculated on, and felt assured that he would arrive on the morrow, or the day after at farthest. They even rallied Fanny on what she called her "presentiment;" but finding that this light tone pained her, Mr. Griffyths, who was well aware how vivid her imagination was, and how apt she was at times to be carried away by its impulses, whether sad or cheerful, assumed a more earnest manner, and after

pointing out to her how completely the letter from Charles had proved the fallacy of these vague fears which had beset her on the evening of his departure, at length succeeded in persuading her that her apprehensions on the present occasion would turn out to be equally groundless. "He will be here to-morrow, or the day after," added the clergyman; "but if not, depend on it you will have a letter from him, explaining the cause of his prolonged absence,"—an opinion in which Mrs. Davis coincided.

On the following day, immediately after breakfast, the anxious girl set off for Langadock, concluding, as Mr. Griffyths had suggested, that there would be a letter for her, if Charles meditated a longer stay. She met the postman on her road, and ascertaining from him that there was no communications either for the clergyman, her aunt, or herself, she turned back to the cottage, not disappointed, but fully convinced that Charles would be with her that day. Again therefore were the domestic arrangements of the preceding day repeated; and at the appointed hour, Fanny bent her steps to the turnpike, accompanied by Mr. Griffyths, whom she kept at his utmost speed, at the same time expressing her surprise that he walked so "very—very slow!"

They had not reached the gate many minutes before the coach again drew up. Fanny looked anxiously into the passengers' faces, but as before they were all strange to her. "Unkind?" she murmured as she turned away with a sickness of heart that passes description, "unkind, when he knows what agony his suspense occasions me!" Mr. Griffyths himself now began to feel some uneasiness respecting his son, but observing his companions profound dejection, he strove to keep up a cheerful spirit, and repeated, as they returned home, his conviction that Charles would be with them in a day or two. Mrs. Davis reasoned in the same manner, but not once throughout the remainder of that long, gloomy evening were they able, with all their endeavours, to rouse Fanny's spirits. A thousand conflicting emotions beset her, as she sat silently by the window, looking out on Carricksawthy. She recalled the many proofs of devoted affection that Charles had shown her—his frank and generous nature—his anxiety to anticipate even her slightest wishes—and above all, his utter indifference to the tastes and pursuits of the gay world—and at once dismissed the idea that he had forgotten or forsaken her. But there arose another dreadful apprehension in her mind. He might be ill—stretched on the bed of sickness in some lone, comfortless inn, with none but strangers to minister to his wants; or—God of Heaven!—he might be dead! and giving way to this last impression, the sensitive girl covered her face with her hands, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. At night when she returned to her chamber, she knelt down and strove to compose her mind by prayer. Long and fervently she supplicated that the bitter cup might pass away; and when the next day came, and brought with it some languid revival of hope, she set off again to the post-office, and thence to the turnpike, but at both places she was doomed to meet with the same disappointment.

Chapter III.

Adieu from thenceforth to all hope in Fanny's mind. That blessed balm has lost its power to act. The kind remonstances of the now really alarmed old folks take not the slightest hold on her attention. Silent, but uncomplaining, and without the power even to shed a tear, she sat for hours together with her eyes scarcely ever lifted from the ground; nor did she ever express satisfaction when Mr. Griffyths informed her that he had written to the landlord of the inn where his son had given his address, and was in daily expectation of a reply. One sole thought haunted her imagination. Charles was dead! The companion of her childhood, the friend and adviser of her youth, the chosen of her heart, who should have walked hand and hand with her through life—him she should meet no more on this side the grave? Yet strange to say, though entertaining this conviction, she still persisted in paying a daily visit to the turnpike, notwithstanding all her aunt's intreaties, who began to dread the effect of such repeated shocks on her reason. The state of seclusion in which she lived—the very ob-

jects which surrounded her—tended still farther to increase Fanny's sense of utter desolation. She could not cast her eyes in any one direction but some thing reminded her of the departed. From the window she beheld the bridge where he used so often to stand watching the sun drop behind Llynn-y-van; his flute lay between book-shelves; his landscape-sketches adorned the wall; and the very volume which he had been reading the evening before he left, remained just where he had placed it, on his writing-desk.

Four days had now elapsed since Charles had been expected home, and the fifth was drawing to a close. On the night of that day Mrs. Davis, who had not long retired to rest, was suddenly roused from sleep by a piercing shriek from her niece's chamber. She rushed into the room, accompanied by her servant, who had been Fanny's nurse in childhood, and by the dim rush-light which was burning on the table, beheld her sitting up in bed, in a state little short of distraction.

"Oh God!" she cried, wringing her hands in agony, "he is dead, aunt—he is dead—dead—his spirit stood beside me just now, and in a hollow voice—oh, so altered from what it used to be!—he bade me a long farewell."

"My dear love, be composed, I intreat you," said Mrs. Davis, seating herself on the bed beside her niece, and wiping the damps from her forehead, "do not give way to these dismal fancies. It was a mere dream; nothing more."

"Not so, aunt; it is a solemn revelation from another world. I prayed to be permitted to see him but once more, even though he were no longer on earth; and my prayer has been answered! It was his form I saw—his voice I heard—do you think I could fail to know him again? He is dead, I tell you, dead! and I was not by to soothe his last moments! Charles—dearest Charles—why did you ever leave us? Hark!" she continued, turning abruptly to her aunt with a look of strange meaning, "do you not hear a distant bell? They are tolling for a funeral are they not?"

Her servant here whispered something in Mrs. Davis's ear, which, attracting her niece's notice, she said with a bitter smile, "You think I am ill, aunt—mad perhaps; but no, no, I am well—quite well—would to God that I were—hark, there is that dreadful bell again!" and with a sudden impetuous movement she raised her hands to her head, as if to shut out the sound. In this bewildered state she continued for upwards of an hour, when she sank exhausted into a heavy but unrefreshing sleep, while her aunt kept watch beside her till daybreak.

When she appeared at breakfast next morning, her look—her voice—her manner—impressed Mr. Griffyths, who now spent almost all his days at the cottage, with the saddest forebodings. She scarcely answered any question that was put to her; but when she did, it was with an abruptness and irritability that showed how much the effort cost her. A settled, icy despair, seemed to have frozen up all her faculties. Even her manner to her aunt was altered. She appeared suspicious of every look and movement; and when she happened to overhear her consulting in an undertone with the clergyman about the propriety of calling in medical aid from Llandovey, she turned on her a glance that made her shudder. Suddenly however her whole demeanour changed. She started up from the chair where she had been sitting, near the window, and before her aunt could recover from her astonishment, she was half-way across the lawn on her return, with a letter addressed to Mr. Griffyths. How dreadful was the expression of her countenance when she re-entered the parlour! She had snatched the letter from the postman; the writing was unknown to her; but she saw that the seal was black!

Giving the communication into the clergyman's hands, she exclaimed, with a ghastly smile, "Well, aunt, I am right; it was no dream; Charles, once my Charles, is dead!"

It was even so. The letter was from the house-agent whom the young man had employed to arrange the sale of his cottages, and stated in dry, formal, business-like terms, that shortly after his arrival in London, he had caught a violent cold; that he made light of the matter, neglecting even the most ordinary precautions; the consequence of which was that a fever of the worst kind had supervened, and affecting the brain, had

carried him off in a few days; and that the writer had only been made acquainted with the melancholy circumstances, by accidently calling at the inn where the young gentleman lodged, when the landlord requested him to lose not a moment in communicating with the deceased's relatives.

On the receipt of this intelligence Mr. Griffyths, on whom it fell with quite a stunning effect, started off for the Metropolis by the same coach, and from the same place, as his ill-fated son; who was buried in one of the gloomiest of the city churchyards, far from his native home, and far from her whose heart was hourly breaking for his loss.

CHAPTER IV.

When the clergyman returned home from his mournful journey to London, another dreadful shock awaited him. The child of his affections—the pride of his age—lay in a state of utter delirium. Her quick and ardent feelings alternately acting, and reacted on, by an imagination equally fervid, had wholly overpowered her reason—made her, in short, a raging maniac. Could she have endured to share her griefs with another, she would doubtless have escaped this last numbing blow; but with that moody waywardness, which is by no means uncommon with people of imaginative temperament, she shrunk from sympathy, even when offered by those most dear to her; and kept the thoughts and feelings that were wearing her away, fast locked within the sanctuary of her own bosom. For six days, during which her disorder raged with uncommon violence, she rarely slept, took little or no sustenance, and was incessantly starting up from her pillow, raving in the most impassioned terms about Charles. Sometimes she would imagine herself walking home with him from the turnpike, and put question after question to him about the way in which he spent his time in London; then bursting into a wild shriek, bid them close all the doors and windows, for a strange bell was tolling in her ear. Anon, she would cry out that the phantom was standing by her side; that it fixed its dead, stony eyes continually upon her; breathed a fire into her brain, and shrivelled up her skin by its touch. At other times fierce-suspicions would beset her. She was deceived—basely and treacherously deceived. Charles had arrived; she knew he had; but they purposely kept him from her sight; and whenever this idea crossed her fancy, her red, dilated eye would glow like hot steel; her whole frame quiver with passion; and it was with the greatest difficulty that those in attendance upon her could prevent her leaping from the bed, and forcing her way out of the house.

On the seventh day of her malady, as her aunt and Mr. Griffyths were reading the prayers for the sick in her chamber, the physician came in to pay his usual visit, and having examined his patient, who lay perfectly motionless, with her eyes half-closed, and one hand pressed upon her heart, said. "The disorder is approaching a crisis, and four-and-twenty hours from this time will decide for life or death.

"Surely she will recover!" exclaimed Mrs. Davis, while the tears streaming down her wan cheeks showed that she was prepared for the worst.

The physician shook his head at length, after a pause, "I will not deceive you," he observed; "it is far from unlikely that your niece, considering that youth and a good constitution are in her favour, will recover from this attack; but the shock she has received has struck so home to her imagination, that though the body may rally, I have little hope of the mind."

"God's will be done," faltered Mr. Griffyths: "but it is a hard trial, to see those go before me who should have followed the old man to his grave—and so young, so happy, so affectionate as they were!—it seems but yesterday that they were both children together; and now one is dead, and the other must know me no more—indeed, indeed, it is a sore trial, and more almost than I can bear;" and so saying, the poor childless father, unable to wrestle with his grief, rose hastily, and quitted the room.

Just as the physician had predicted, the more violent symptoms of Fanny's disorder gradually abated, and towards night she sank into a long, quiet, and to all appearance, a refreshing slumber. Her aunt, who who kept a constant vigil by her side, en-

tertained a confident hope that when she woke it would be to consciousness; but it was not so; she woke indeed, and no longer a raging maniac, but what perhaps was still worse, as being more hopeless, a silent sullen imbecile! There was one singularity attending this new phase of her malady, which showed how deeply her love for Charles was ingrained, as it were, into her very nature. Every day at noon, though previously to that hour she remained in a state of perfect apathy, not seeming to recognise any one by look, speech, or gesture, she would start into something like activity; a dim, transient twilight gleam of recollection would come over her; and she would hasten up stairs to her chamber; dress herself with marked care in white comely attire; make the best of her way to the turnpike accompanied by her nurse, who followed unobserved at a distance; wait at the gate till the coach came up; and inquire if Charles was among the number of the passengers; and then depart with vacant smile on her countenance, muttering as she turned away, "he will come to-morrow!" On her return, she would relapse into her usual state of lethargy, moving mechanically about the lawn, with leaden pace, bowed head, and arms hanging idly by her side, or standing at the door, and indulging in a low feeble laugh whenever she saw Mr. Griffyths approach the cottage. The physician urged the expediency of her removal to a private asylum at Carmarthen, where he said she would receive every attention that her case demanded; but Mrs. Davis shrunk from the idea of consigning her to the mercy of strangers, especially when she was informed that recovery was by no means probable.

So passed a year, at the end of which Charles's father, weighed down by griefs and infirmities, followed his son to the grave. No one was now left but Mrs. Davis, whose whole time was devoted, with unrelaxing attention, to her niece. It was a melancholy haunt that cottage now, where all had once been so cheerful—still more melancholy the spectacle of the vacant countenance once so expressive—once so radiant with youth, and health, and beauty. But comfort yet remained for the old lady; she felt that she was fulfilling a sacred duty; and this enabled her to struggle with her lot, and even to bear it with resignation. In pursuance of the physician's advice, she made repeated efforts to recall Fanny to reason, by appealing to her old tastes and feelings; the songs that Charles most loved to hear were played to her, in the hope that they might bring back some fragment, however imperfect, of recollection; his favourite books were thrown in her way; his name continually repeated in her hearing; but all was unavailing; the dark fixed cloud still brooded over her mind.

Four long, monotonous years had now rolled away, and daily during this period, whether the seas n was cold or sultry, wet or dry, the poor girl was seen at the wonted hour to repeat her visit to the turnpike gate; make the same enquiry, receive the same reply; and then return home, exclaiming, "He will come to morrow!" No one thought of interrupting her; she was regarded by all with the tenderest and most respectful feelings of sympathy; and many a sigh was heaved, and many a bright eye grew dim, as the White Lady—such was the name by which she was known to every traveller on the road—was seen hastening across Carricksawthy. At the commencement of the fifth year her last remaining relative died; and now there remained only her old nurse, to whose care her aunt had, in her last moments, consigned her. Yet Fanny appeared wholly unconscious of Mrs. Davis's death; made no inquiries after her; and even watched the funeral procession move away from the cottage without testifying the slightest emotion.

But this state of mind was at length to ' ave an end. It is a still autumn evening, so still that the dry yellow leaf hangs unstirred upon the ash; the Sawthy lapses with gentlest murmur over its shrunken bed; the quiet sheep are pasturing on the common; and there, upon that little grassy mound which fronts the bridge and draws warmth and cheerfulness from the golden sunlight, sit two female figures, the younger of whom, apparently from sheer exhaustion, is reclining her head on her companion's shoulder. Can that wasted, spectral form,

whose dim eye and sunken countenance speak of fast approaching mortality, be Fanny? Yes, it was indeed that once lovely girl who had crawled forth for her usual walk; but not as in earlier and happier days to feed imagination on the imposing pageantry of this, nature's choicest season, for alas the chambers of her mind still continue darkened! Yet more than once during the last week, a feeble ray of intelligence had glimmered in upon her brain; something like consciousness had revived: and on this day in particular, the symptoms had assumed so cheering an aspect, that her nurse had purposely prolonged their walk, in the hope that the balmy, healthful evening air might tend to aid the languid efforts of nature. As they sat together on the sunny hillock, suddenly the bells of Llangadock struck up a loud and merry peal, for there had been a wedding in the morning, and this in a secluded Welsh village is always an affair of infinite rejoicing. Fanny started at the sound; raised her head gently; and said, while a faint smile stole over her countenance, "Nurse what are those bells ringing for?"

"Fanny, dearest Fanny," exclaimed her astonished and delighted attendant, her eyes filling with tears, "thank Heaven, you know me again!"

"How distinctly we hear the music, nurse! I thought at first they were tolling for—— but no, no; these are not the sounds I have heard so often of late in dreams. I suppose it is the evening chimes they are ringing."

"No; it is a wedding peal, Fanny."

"A wedding? Oh God!—Let us return home, nurse; it is cold, very cold; getting late too; my aunt will say we have been out too long."

"My child—my dearest child—what shall I say? Can you bear to hear the truth? Yes, it must be told—I can conceal it no longer."

"Nurse," replied Fanny, with solemn earnestness, "I can bear to hear anything—nothing can touch me now. My aunt is dead? Is it not so?

"It is too true."

"And Mr. Griffyths, my more than father—*his* father?"

"He too is dead."

"Dead—all dead—and I am left alone! Well, it will not be for long—let us come home, nurse; I feel exhausted—my strength is not what it used to be."

They walked slowly on to the cottage, and when they reached it, Fanny instantly sought that bed from which she was doomed never again to rise. During the few days that remained to her of existence, nothing could exceed the sweet and patient gentleness of her nature. There was no more sullenness—no more irritability—she knew that she was dying; one by one she felt life's finest ligaments giving way; and seemed anxious only to fit her soul for the great and solemn change that awaited it. Seldom she spoke, or made allusions to those who had gone before her; and never, even when fevered with pain, suffered a complaint to escape her lips; for a light from heaven had shone in upon her spirit, strengthening and purifying, and exalting it, while the material frame was hourly verging to decay. But was the past forgotten? Not so. The low, faint sigh; the tear stealing its way down the wasted cheek; the touching scriptural passage, "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me," whispered in the intervals of suffering, and in the long silent watches of the night: all this told that thoughts of earth still mingled with those of heaven in Fanny's mind. On the evening of her death, feeling herself a little stronger than usual, she had requested to be raised up in bed; and sat, propped with pillows, near the open window, looking out upon the landscape beneath her. She saw the common—the bridge—the distant road—scenes how dear to memory!—and gazed on them with all the yearning fondness of one who feels that they are beheld for the last time. While thus she sat, with her hands folded on her breast, and her lips feebly moving in prayer, a sharp sudden spasm struck to her heart, and a film came across her sight. "Nurse," she said, "where are you?—It is getting dark—the sun has long set—dearest Charles!" and uttering that loved name, she died.—The child of many sorrows was at rest.

THE MISER'S SECRET.

CHAPTER I.

Like all the other streets of Versailles, that of the Rue des Reservoirs is deserted and silent at a very early hour. So soon as the shades of evening begin to descend, every door is shut, every window closed, every curtain drawn, and nothing is to be seen in the wide road once destined to display the trains of carriages, or hunting parties attending on the sumptuous Louis XIV., except some straggling and belated passengers striving, with rapid step, to regain their respective homes.

One of these latter had just reached a small pavilion of one story high, situated at the extreme end of the street. He entered by means of a small key; and shortly after, a feeble light began to glimmer on the ground-floor, and then to be moved about, as if used for the last inspection, before retiring for the night.

Had it been possible to follow that candle, it would have revealed to view a sitting-room furnished in the false, luxurious style indicating that to do so, sacrifices had been made to keep up appearances for the sake of position; there were also a little study, in which the bureau, resplendent with new brilliant leather, and unmarked portfolios, proclaimed their habitual inutility: and lastly, a small staircase, leading to a sleeping apartment, but not extending beyond. Here the attempted elegance of the ground-floor made made way for evident indigence. The low bed, without curtains, was covered by a faded and worn out cotton quilt, a few straw bottomed chairs, a table, and an old-fasioned rickety secrétaire, made up the furniture, and proved how hard the necessity must be that could thus drive the occupant of this wretched retreat to retrench on what was absolutely necessary to comfort, to deck that which was exposed to public view with what is superfluous.

Such was the unenviable position of Mr. Augustus Fournier, tenant of the little cottage we have just described. Having gained his diploma after a course of arduous study, during which the little money he had inherited from his father was nearly exhausted, he found himself obliged to expend the remainder in such a manner, that outward appearance might not drive away confidence and custom from his door. Condemned to a semblance of affluence that only served as a mask to cruel privations, he waited for success under the disguise of prosperity.

He had nearly a year inhabited Versailles, his eyes patiently fixed on the horizon, but seeing nothing but dust in the present, and green hopes dimly gleaming in the future. His resources were nearly exhausted, without bringing the desired end, patronage and patients—things always the subjects of his waking dreams, but, like them, as intangible and unattainable; and yet the necessity of employment and success became each day more pressing.

The young doctor, a prey to anxiety, had sought around him the support of influential personal friends. All praised his talents, his zeal, his scrupulous delicacy; but there they remained; in rendering him justice, they felt themselves exempt from doing him a service. As a last resource, he made a strong effort to combat any feeling of shyness he might still retain, and solicited, with much perseverance and pertinacity, the appointment of doctor to an hospital that had recently been erected in the neighbourhood, by the benevolent bequest of a philanthropist. Unfortunately, however, those who could most efficiently second his claims, did not seem to possess more interest than they required for themselves. Some promises were made to him, a few hopes were given, and each one returned to his own affairs; till at length the young doctor heard that a rival more efficiently supported than himself had gained the place.

This last piece of information redoubled the sadness that had of late been gathering around him. After casting a glance of encouragement on the naked appearance of his sleeping-room, and occupying himself with all the domestic arrangements from which a professional man is usually exempt, he drew near the window, and rested his forehead against one of the damp panes of glass, absorbed in gloomy thought.

On one side of the building extended a common court, to which the windows of the

young doctor opened, as well as that of a dilapidated house, inhabited by an old auctioneer of the name of Duret. The latter, notorious in the neighbourhood for his avarice, was the proprietor of both the houses, as well as a neglected and deserted garden, which was only divided from the court by a railing of worm-eaten wood. A poor young girl to whom he had stood god-father, and had taken to his home when quite a child, kept house for him. He had thus secured to himself, under the semblance of a benevolent action, a kind of servant or dependent to whom he paid no wages; but who, on the contrary, voluntarily partook of his poverty.

Rose, in spite of all this, had grown up neither stupid, dull, nor hardened from constant association with one so rigid and calculating; on the contrary, her mind, naturally revolted by the painful realities that surrounded her, sought refuge in the highest regions of the ideal. Always alone, she had nevertheless peopled that solitude, as it were, with her own reflections. Ignorant, and without means of instruction, she resigned herself to reading whatever books chance might throw in her way; and she had succeeded in extracting whatever essence of beauty or honey they might contain.

Since the arrival of Mr. Augustus Fournier, however, the circle of her studies had become gradually extended. The young man lent her whatever works had found their way into his library; and the exchange of this trifling act of neighbourly kindness had caused them to meet occasionally, although their interviews had always been brief and somewhat restrained.

For some days the personal anxieties of the young doctor had caused him to forget Rose entirely, when she was suddenly recalled to his mind by seeing her hurriedly cross the court in the direction of the pavilion. As she approached the small back door, she raised her eyes, and perceiving Mr. Fournier at his window, she made him a sign, and spoke some words which he could not hear.

The young doctor ran down at once to open the door.

Rose, whose pale cheeks seemed to belie her very name, never possessing much colour, were now evidently blanched by fatigue and watching; while the poverty of of her garments became more than ever evident by the want of the usual care bestowed upon them, a fact that was instantly remarked by the young doctor.

"What is it you require? What is the matter?" he inquired.

She seemed somewhat embarrassed, but replied hesitatingly—

"Excuse me, I beg. I should have wished—— I came to ask a favour of you—a great favour."

"Tell me in what way I can be useful to you."

"It is not to myself, but to my god-father, For the last week he has suffered much, and seems to lose his strength daily. This morning, however, he was able to get up; but just now on lying down to rest, he fainted away!"

"I will go and see him at once," interrupted the doctor, walking a step forward as he spoke.

Rose detained him by a movement.

"What shall I do?" she said, still hesitating, and in evident doubt and distrust; "my godfather has always forbidden a doctor to be called in."

"But I will present myself as a neighbour."

"Oh, do, pray do; and under some pretext, perhaps, you could ask the price of the stable and the little coach-house; both will be necessary to you when you keep a carriage."

A bitter pang shot through the heart of the young man. Formerly, certainly, in the first bright sunny days of illusion, such a hope had not seemed far distant.

"Be it so," he replied, in a brief dry tone. And, shutting the door after him, he followed the young girl into the neglected building inhabited by old father Duret.

Rose begged him to remain at the door for a few minutes, that by not entering in company with herself the miser's suspicions might not be excited.

Obedient to her request, and resting on the threshold, he overheard the sick man inquire of the maiden whether the garden was well shut, and if she had put out the

fire; whether the bucket had been left in the well—anxious questions, dictated by avarice, to all of which Rose replied in a way to quiet his fears as much as possible.

The husky, hollow tone of the old man's voice, at once broke upon the ear of the doctor. He decided to cross the two stone steps at the entrance, and enter with some degree of noise, like a visitor wishing to announce himself; but he was stopped in his progress by the obscurity around.

The solitary apartment which formed the lodging of the old auctioneer, and in which he was then in bed, had no other light than that proceeding from the lamp suspended in the street; the reflection of which transformed the profound shadows of the room into flickering gleams, to which the eye required to become accustomed. The old usurer at once recognised his young tenant; and raised himself on his elbow.

"The doctor!" he exclaimed, with an effort: "I hope he is not coming here for me! I did not send for him; I am quite well."

"It is not a professional visit, but one from your tenant," replied Mr. Fournier, as he approached, or rather groped his way towards the bed.

"Is it term day, then?" observed the old man. "I did n t know the time was near. You are bringing me money, then? Light a candle, Rose—light one quickly!"

"You are mistaken," said the young doctor, who had at length reached the bed of father Duret; "my quarter has but just begun, and I am merely come over to inquire if, in case of need, you would have room for a carriage and horse on the place."

"Oh, you wish to inquire about the stable and coach-house? Good, very good. Please to be seated, neighbour. We do not need a candle, Rose, the lantern is enough; one can talk better in the dark. Give me my herb tea, that is all."

The young girl brought him a cup, of the coarsest description of pottery, which he eagerly seized and emptied the contents with an avidity peculiar to cases of fever.

The doctor inquired what he might be drinking thus.

"My usual remedy, doctor," replied the sick man; "tea made from wild plants. It is more healthy than all your drugs, and it only costs the trouble of gathering the plants."

"And you are drinking it cold?"

"Yes; not to keep a fire; fire annoys me; the wood is at a heavy price now. Those who wish to make both ends meet must be economical. I do not wish to act like that abominable Martois, through whom I lost an enormous sum of money."

Martois owed money at one time to the auctioneer, and failed. Some time afterwards old father Duret had duly received the money due to him in full, but in spite of this, since the failure, the old man persisted in asserting that Martois had completely ruined him. This was to him as inexhaustible a theme as that of the ravages of the smallpox to ugly old women, or a period of revolution to nobles with empty pockets.

Mr. Fournier appeared to pay great attention to the lamentations of the invalid, and in doing so gradually approached the bed. Becoming accustomed to the obscurity, he began to distinguish that the face of the old man was mottled over with red spots, that bore evidence of his being already in a high state of fever. Still continuing the conversation, he felt one of the burning hands, listened to his laboured respiration, and became at once convinced that the case before him was of a much more serious description than he had at first imagined. He wished to awaken the attention of the old man so far to this subject, as to induce him to take the necessary remedies: but the latter seemed so entirely to disregard his hints, and solely bent in detailing to his visitor all the advantages that might accrue to him where he to decide on taking the coach-house, that it was quite useless striving to divert his thoughts into any other channel.

Notwithstanding this, the old man's voice became every moment more husky, and at length it suddenly stopped altogether. The doctor bent over him with much anxiety, calling to the young girl to bring a light immediately. While she hastened to seek it, he raised the head of the old man, who

had nearly fainted away, making him smell some salts he always carried about with him, and he succeeded in shortly bringing him back to consciousness.

At this moment Rose had just reached the bedside in haste and alarm, while the old man, opening his eyes, held out his hand, seemingly anxious to speak; all he could do, however, was to murmur some inarticulate sounds; but as the young girl drew nearer, trying to understand what he said, he made a desperate effort, raised his head slightly, and blew out the candle.

The doctor had, however, seen quite enough to convince him that prompt measures had become indispensable, as the only chance of saving the patient's life. He briefly took his leave, recommending perfect quiet, and promising to call again soon, to renew the subject of their conference. Rose followed him to the door.

"Well, sir?" she inquired with anxiety.

"The disorder is developing itself with most alarming symptoms," replied Fournier; "and I am going to write a prescription, which you must have rigorously observed."

"But medicines will be necessary!" remarked the young girl, with evident anxiety.

"Some will be wanted certainly; but all that is requisite is to present my note to the apothecary, who will give them to you forthwith."

Rose seemed still labouring under embarrassment. The young man guessed the cause.

"Do not be anxious about the cost," he said: "whatever is required will be placed to my account, and later, father Duret and I can settle this little matter together."

"Oh! thank you, sir," exclaimed the young girl, her face beaming with thankfulness; "but my godfather will then know that these remedies must be paid for some day or other; and I fear he will refuse to do so. If you, dear sir, would allow me to say that they have be n provided by you, gratuitously, I should find the means later of discharging the debt by my own work!"

"Good!" replied Fournier, who felt much for the unpleasant situation of the poor girl: "do whatever you think is best; I shall be most happy to help you in this or any way." He moreover stated, that to render this account of the matter still more probable in the eyes of father Duret, it would be better for her to return to his bedside at once, while he went himself to seek the necessary medicine.

Before the old man could be persuaded to touch any of the remedies prescribed, they had to assure him repeatedly that they were the gift of a neighbour. Convinced at last that he might thus be cured for nothing, he yielded to their wishes, and took whatever they gave him with perfect docility.

But the disorder had already gained so much ground that all the efforts of science were rendered unavailing. Alternately a prey to fever and weakness, the old man became more feeble each day, until Fournier saw that he must abandon all hope. He no longer had recourse to remedies, since they had become useless; and he yielded to whatever fancies might take possession of Duret for the moment. The latter availed himself of this liberty to form a thousand plans; but on the eve of execution, avarice always stepped in to stop the project, and extinguish that which he at first so ardently desired. Feeling, also, in a vague degree, that the sources of life were ebbing away, he exaggerated the necessity of careful foresight, so as to cheat himself into the belief that a long span of life awaited him!

A fortnight insensibly passed away in this manner. Rose continued to manifest as much patience and abnegation as ever. Weighed down as she had been for ten years under the burden of voluntary poverty, she accepted her lot without repugnance; instead of blaming her godfather, she on the contrary pitied him, and only wished to possess riches to be enabled to share them with him. With each returning visit the young doctor discovered some new and admirable trait of her good heart and intelligent mind; and the increasing interest he felt in all that concerned her, prompted him to do what he could for the old auctioneer, the only friend whom she appeared to possess in the world. Although this protection had not been of the gentlest kind, Rose could not help feeling that he had saved her from poverty. In only seeking to become her master, father

Duret had become to her a stay. What, then, was to become to her after his death? She had nothing to expect in regard to his fortune, for the latter had a cousin, Stephen Tricot, a rich farmer, residing in the neighbourhood, with whom the former had always been on good terms. Tricot, who came in every now and then to pay a visit to father Duret, so as to measure the length of time that might still intervene between himself and his inheritance, arrived just at the moment when the disorder was at its greatest height. He was one of those cunning, low farmers, who put on an air of gross coarseness, so as to appear frank, and who, by dint of speaking loudly, trust to make others believe what they assert boldly.

No sooner had he seen his dying cousin, than he gave himself up to loud and piteous lamentations, which, however, were soon cut short by the declaration on the part of the invalid, that his illness was nothing at all; and that in a few days not a single trace would be left of it. Tricot looked at him askance with uncertainty and alarm.

"Is it true? Very well, by my honour as a man, I am delighted to hear it. By this you must feel yourself partly restored."

"Yes, yes," stammered Duret.

"So much the better," replied the countryman, still regarding the sick man with a scrutinizing look. "It will not do for honest people to get ill. You have had a doctor to visit you, perhaps?"

"He comes every day."

"And what does he say?"

"That there is nothing further to be done—that all will go well."

"Ah, indeed, only think of that," replied Tricot, quite disconcerted; "it seems as if you get alternately weak, then strong; but weakness is not so bad, after all."

"Certainly, certainly," observed Duret, anxious to convince others of the trifling nature of his malady, in order to persuade himself of the same; "it is only strength, you see, that I lack, and that will soon return."

"And I have brought you something that will help you on to that," interrupted Tricot, taking out of his basket a goose already plucked, and three full bottles. "Here's an animal we fattened purposely for you, cousin, with a sample of our vintage of this year—you must taste of both, they will soon strengthen you."

Duret cast a glance at the wine, and then at the goose. Seduced by the prospect of a feast that would cost him nothing, he called Rose, pointed towards the provisions, and declared that he would sup with the former and Perrine. The young girl, long accustomed to passive submission, and satisfied with the liberty granted by Mr. Fournier, to allow him whatever he might wish for, obeyed her godfather at once, without raising any demur.

Soon the perfume of the roasted goose filled the chamber of the sick man, whose stomach, through long fasting and privations, became excited by these succulent odours. He revived under the prospect of this feast without expense; had the table laid, and placed near to his bed. He found in the revival of an appetite so long a time unappeased, a craving both of hunger and thirst for this unexpected good cheer. Tricot filled his glass, which he emptied with a trembling hand, so as to have it replenished afresh. The food and wine, far from increasing the complaint at first, seemed only to recal some of the strength he had lost. He raised himself more easily, a semi-state of drunkenness caused his eyes to sparkle brightly; he began to speak loudly of his projects, grasping the hands of both his cousins; repeating that they were real relations, and giving them advice as to how they had better manage their *poor* inheritance. Tricot and his wife gave way to weeping, perfectly overcome; and at last, when they absented themselves on a plea of making some necessary purchases in the town, it was with the promise of returning, so as to take leave of him before going home.

Fournier reached the house as they quitted it. He saw the sick man follow them with a look of derision, drink off another glass, and smack his lips together with a mocking smile.

"Well, neighbour, it seems that you are better," said the astonished doctor.

"Better!" stammered out Duret, half intoxicated. "Yes, yes! much better—

thanks to their dinner. Ha! ha! they are paying court to the inheritance by means of fat geese and new wine. I accept of everything. One ought always to take, of course—besides, it is only polite to do so."

"Then you believe their generosity springs merely from interested motives?" inquired Fournier, with a smile.

"Only an investment, neighbour—an investment of a thousand to one. They believe me to be their dupe, because I drink their wine and partake of their goose, fattened purposely for me, as that woman said. Ha! ha! ha! we shall see who will laugh the last."

"Do you then intend to disappoint their hopes?"

"Why not? The little that I possess belongs to me, I suppose! I can dispose of it as I like; and in that case, if I wish to benefit a poor girl——"

"Mademoiselle Rose?" hastily exclaimed the young man. "If you decide to do this, father Duret, every honest person will be on your side."

"Bah! *honest* people," stuttered out the miser; "what does that signify to me? What amuses me is the thought of overreaching that cunning fox Tricot, and his wife into the bargain."

This idea caused Duret to laugh immoderately; but a sort of suffocating spasm quickly ensued, that caused him to fall back on his pillow. Fournier hastened to render him assistance. The old man revived, recommenced speaking, but was again cut short in the midst of what he wished to say by an attack more violent than the first. The extraordinary excitement to which he had been exposed while in so weakened a state shortened the duration of an existence already so near its close, and hastened the final crisis. The young doctor saw with dismay that these stifling spasms were recurring with violence and rapidity. Duret, freed from the intoxicating effects of the liquor by the mysterious presentiment of approaching death, began to be alarmed.

"Ah! Mr. Fournier, I am ill—very ill," he exclaimed, in a broken voice. "Am I in danger? Let me know in time if I am in danger. Before I die, I have a secret to tell."

"Say it, then, at once," replied the young man.

"It is true then?" continued Duret, wild with alarm. "There is no longer any hope? Must I renounce all that I possess, all that I have amassed together with so much trouble? Must I leave it all to others?—all—all!"

The miser wrung his hands, a prey to despair, almost amounting to frenzy.

Fournier used every effort to calm him, by speaking to him of Rose, who had gone out, but who, he felt assured, would soon return.

"Yes, I must see her," murmured Duret, grasping, like all who approach their end, to those who survive them, as though through their means they could retain a longer hold on life. "Poor girl! they would strip her of all; but I have taken good care of her. She has only to look——"

He stopped.

"Where?" demanded Fournier, anxiously bending over the bed.

"Ah! there is—there is still—some hope?" sighed Duret. "Speak—it is only—only weakness!"

"Where is your god-daughter to look?" repeated the young man, perceiving that the eyes of the dying man were becoming dim and glazed.

"Open—open wide the window," faltered the auctioneer. "I wish to see the light. Go to the garden. Down there—behind the well—the top of the pillar!"

The voice ceased. The young doctor saw the lips move a little longer, as if endeavoring to utter words which could not be heard; a convulsive movement agitated the face: then all became immoveable. The miser had breathed his last sigh.

Rose returned shortly after. Her grief on hearing the death of her godfather was silent, but deep and sincere. He was the only person who had taken any care of her; and knowing nothing of human kindness beyond that bestowed on her by her hard benefactor, her affectionate nature was naturally driven back to cling to him, in fault of some one more worthy on whom to bestow her love.

The farmer, Tricot, and his wife, found her kneeling beside the dead, with her face resting on one of the hands which she had bathed with tears. They had heard that

Duret was no more, and hastened back, less to pay a tribute of respect to the deceased than to secure their right over whatever he might have left behind. Both began taking possession of the house by securing to themselves the keys hidden under the bolster of the dead man. Tricot then left his wife as a guard over the house, and hastened to perform whatever formalities might be necessary prior to the funeral. Rose waited in vain for a kindly word of sympathy and encouragement from this woman: she was left to her grief beside the dead until they carried away the bier.

The young girl had the courage to follow it to the cemetery; but when she returned, her strength was exhausted, and her spirits were crushed. As she regained the threshold she hesitated to pass beyond it. Tricot and his wife already within, had commenced making an inventory of what was to belong to them. The cupboards were standing open, the furniture in disorder. Rose felt a sensation of pain, and sat down on the stone bench outside the door.

Her hands clasped together on her knees, and her head bent low, tears silently chased each other down her cheeks. A voice pronouncing her name caused her to look up, and she recognised Mr. Fournier.

He had remarked her as she returned, and, touched with her look of hopeless sadness, he came over to offer what consolation he could.

Rose was unable to reply otherwise than by her tears. The young man inquired kindly why she remained outside, and advised her to dissipate the sorrowful impression she must feel on re-entering home.

"Affliction is like a bitter draught," he said. "The best plan is to drink it at once; delays only increase the pain by subdividing it."

"You mistake the cause, sir," replied Rose, in a suppressed voice. "It is not to spare myself of sorrow that I remain here; it is because were I to enter within, I might occasion inconvenience to the relations."

"They are come then?" asked the young man.

"Yes, with Mr. Leblanc."

"What! the old notary, who was once condemned as a sharper?"

"Take care, they may hear you."

The doctor glanced at the interior of the house, and saw Tricot and his wife busily occupied in emptying the presses.

"Why," he exclaimed, "they are taking everything."

"They have the right to do so," replied Rose, softly.

"That is to be seen," said Mr. Fournier, passing within.

The lawyer, who was taking out some papers from a ponderous portfolio found in the cabinet of the deceased, turned round.

"Stop, sir," exclaimed the young man, you are not the proper person to examine those papers."

"Why so?" demanded Mr. Leblanc.

"Because they concern the successors of the departed."

"And who are his heirs, if we are not?" exclaimed Tricot, insolently.

"That remains to be discovered," replied Fournier. "Father Duret may have left a will."

"A will!" repeated the peasant and his wife, looking at each other with dismay.

"Perhaps this gentleman may be the trustee?" demanded Leblanc, in a soft, oily tone.

"I did not say so," replied the doctor; "but the deceased positively declared to me what his intentions were."

"And doubtless you, sir, were to be the legatee?" inquired Leblanc, with the same ironical politeness.

The doctor coloured.

"There is no question of myself," he replied with impatience; "but it concerns the godchild of father Duret."

"Ah, it is for Rose," exclaimed Perrine Tricot, in a cracked voice. "I suppose this good gentleman must be some relation of the girl—at least, to take so much interest in her welfare?"

"I am her friend, madam."

Here he was interupted by a burst of coarse laughter from both the Tricots.

"Then doubtless you are possessed of a power of attorney?" observed the lawyer.

"I have come to the resolution to try, by every means in my power, that her rights should be respected," replied Fournier, avoiding a direct answer. "Although unacquainted with the minutiæ of law, I know, sir, that they command to those in your present position certain restricting, protecting formalities, that none are at liberty to set aside. Before entering into possession of the property of the deceased, it must first be shown to whom it belongs."

"And if we take it provisionally?" observed Mr. Leblanc, continuing his occupation of looking over the papers in the portfolio.

"Then you may be demanded to give an account of such violation of the law."

"By means of a lawsuit, eh? But this is a costly proceeding, doctor; and your *protégé* would have some trouble, I think to pay the expenses of stamps, legal proceedings, and registration."

"Then I am to gather from this that you take advantage of her poverty to attack her rights?" exclaimed Fournier, highly indignant.

"We are only using the means of guarding our own," quietly responded Mr. Leblanc.

"Be it so, then; but it is I who now demand the right administration of our laws," replied the young man with energy. "The deceased received from me medical care, medicines, aid of every kind. As a creditor to his heirs, I demand that the payment of this debt be secured to me. I protest against the violation of those seals,"

Tricot and his wife, who had long been endeavouring to interfere, now commenced a great outcry, which Mr. Leblanc stopped by a significant gesture.

"Well," he said, turning with a smile towards the young man. "The doctor is, of course, able to prove the correctness of his claim? He can give us receipts and written proofs for whatever medicines may have been given?"

"Sir," replied Fournier, in some perplexity, "a doctor does not take such precautions with his patients; but you may question Mademoislle Rose."

"Your are right," continued Leblanc, with a smile. "You will depose for her, she will depose for you; it is only a mutual and just exchange of good offices. Unfortunately, however, our tribunals do not allow themselves to be guided by sudden ebullitions of sympathy or gratitude; and until you have regularly established and proved your rights, perhaps you will kindly allow us to exercise those privileges which we hold by right of parentage."

CHAPTER II.

A pause ensued in the discussion between the contesting parties. This cessation of hostilities, however, merely seemed for the purpose of renewing strength for the encounter. The silence was interrupted by Tricot, whose passion, repressed until now, had acquired fresh intensity.

"Since," he exclaimed, vehemently addressing the doctor, who stood near, "you are fond of law-suits, we will furnish you with materials enough for a few."

"Both for him and his *protege!*" added Perrine maliciously. "We shall also have to inquire of them where our cousin Duret has placed the fruits of his savings."

"And what has he done with his plate; for he had some: I have seen it," said Tricot.

"And since they were alone in the house when our cousin closed his eyes——"

"They must give up that which is missing."

"Wretches!" exclaimed Fournier, almost beside himself at this infamous suspicion, and ready to rush upon Tricot with uplifted hand.

Rose, who entered at that moment, ran towards the exasperated doctor, and placed herself between him and his worthless opponent.

"Let him alone—let him alone!" cried Tricot, who had armed himself with a shovel that chanced to be at hand; there is some pleasure in dyeing the skin of a citizen blue, and in dusting a lining of fine cloth. Why should he be disappointed?"

"And take heed for yourself, ungrateful girl!" added Perrine, menacing the young girl with her fist. "If you fall under my hand, I will see that you retain the marks for some time to come!"

"Come away, for pity's sake!" murmured Rose, who, still clinging to the doctor, tried to draw him towards the door.

The young man hesitated an instant; but gaining mastery over himself, he cast a look of supreme disdain at their vulgar insulters, and followed the girl out of the ruin.

It was only when they had reached the door of the pavilion that they both stopped. Rose clasped her hands together, and lifting them (as if in supplication) towards Fournier, her eyes red with weeping, she with difficulty sobbed forth.

"Dear sir, pray forgive all that you have endured for my sake. Pardon me, and let me thank you for your great kindness. A poor girl like myself never has it in her power to recompense another for services received; but at least be assured that I will remember you as long as I live."

"And what is to become of you now, Rose?" inquired the young man.

"Indeed, sir, I do not yet know," she replied. "To-day I feel so saddened that I cannot fix my thoughts upon the present or the future. I wish to allow myself until to-morrow, when I may regain strength, and be able to adopt some plan. The haberdasher's wife will let me rest with her to-night; and I ought not to despair afterwards, for God will be still left to me!"

Fournier took her hand within his own in silence; she feebly returned its pressure, bade him adieu in a low, sad voice, and quitted the courtyard.

The young man instantly sought his own room with a heart nearly bursting with indignation. He paced up and down with agitated and rapid strides, asking himself repeatedly by what means he could contrive to aid one so unfortunate (and abandoned by all) as the young girl who had just quitted him. If father Duret really had left a will behind him, without doubt Mr. Leblanc and the Tricots must have kept it back; but how could this be proved? On the other hand the will might, until now, have escaped the researches of these wicked persons, for the words of the dying man led to the belief that he had hidden it. He had exulted in the thought of *having taken the part of, and provided for Rose*; he had desired search to be made—but there had ended his revelations; death had cut short the words he had endeavoured to utter.

The young man a prey to sadness and anxiety, lost himself in a labyrinth of conjectures. Evening had come on: and, his head resting thoughtfully against the window-pane, he had seen the two cousins of the deceased, and their lawyer, leaving the premises, carrying with them papers and whatever objects of value they had found. He then chanced to turn his eyes towards the abandoned ruin, the deserted court, and neglected garden, overrun by brambles and weeds, when they suddenly rested on a well at the very extremity of the garden, built in advance of a wall still ornamented by the remains of a mutiliated cornice. This sight at once recalled to mind the last words uttered by father Duret: "*In the garden—behind the well—the cornice.*" This was to him like a sudden gleam of light! *There* must be hidden the secret of the dead!

Animated by a sudden feeling of confidence, which seemed nearly allied to inspiration, the young man rapidly descended the staircase of his little dwelling, crossed the yard, opened with some trouble, the garden door, and at length reached the well.

The curbstone had crumbled away, exposing to view, here, and there, large crevices filled up with broken plaster, which he examined minutely; but he could discover nothing. The back of the well, under the fragment of the pillar which had formerly sustained the cornice, was the only spot that showed no hollow. After having gone several times round the orifice, and bent down repeatedly to examine both the interior and the exterior, Fournier began to feel somewhat ashamed of his credulity. How could he possibly have been possessed of so romantic an idea that a precious deposit could be secreted in an old well, and be silly enough to believe the last, scarcely audible, words stammered out by a foolish old man? He shrugged his shoulders, cast a look of disappointment towards the well, and retraced his way to the pavilion.

Still, however, in spite of all this doubt and perplexity, his mind retained some hopes that the dying declaration might be

true; and, on approaching the garden gate, he retraced his steps. The well, the wall, and the pillar, again attracted his earnest attention.

It was indeed the very spot described by father Duret, he thought to himself; but near the wall there was nothing; the curbstone was in its place.

Here he suddenly stopped.

"After all," he continued, revolving in his mind all the circumstances of the case, "it does seem strange that this should be the only portion of the masonry remaining in perfect preservation, and apparently solidly fixed in its place."

This natural reflection caused him to pause on his way, and examine the stone with greater care than he had bestowed upon it in the first instance. He could perceive that the interstices had only very recently been closed up by the means of small pebbles with clay. By drawing out the smaller stones on which the pillar rested for support, he contrived to make it lose its balance and at length to remove it entirely. A large cavity in the thickest part of the wall was thus exposed to view, from which the astonished doctor drew forth, with very considerable difficulty, a strong box, bound round, and secured with massive clasps of iron. While dragging it towards himself, it slid to the ground with a heavy, tinkling noise, which sufficiently revealed its contents. Fournier, who could scarcely credit his senses at the success of his enterprise, filled up the opening from whence he had taken the box with earth and stones. He also replaced, as well as he could, the curbstone, and then collecting all his strength, he succeeded in getting the precious casket within his own house.

Once in his own room, the young man placed the chest on the ground, and endeavoured to open it; but he found it was fastened by a strong and massive lock, of which he did not posess the key. After several ineffectual efforts, he sat down, gazing earnestly upon the casket, and began to reflect.

What ought he to do with the treasure which had thus fallen within his hands by this unexpected chain of events? We will do him the justice to remark that the idea of appropriating it to himself never crossed his mind; but to whom ought he to consign it? The laws seemed to point out the Tricots; natural justice and his own inclinations indicated Rose as the proper person. Evidently this was the provision made for her by her god-father, as he himself had declared when on the point of death. His last desire, clearly expressed, was that he might guard her inheritance from the avidity of his cousins, so as to portion off one who had been to him as a daughter. Time alone had been wanting to allow of his making all this legal; perhaps even he had attended to all the necessary forms, for who could tell what might have taken place since the premature taking possession of the premises by the designing cousins? The will of father Duret might not only have been found, but destroyed by Mr. Leblanc. Such a violation of the laws, which their recent conduct rendered very probable, although there might be no proof of it, fully justified any reprisals. Since they had begun by breaking the laws, in order to strip Rose of whatever ought to have belonged to her, might not the girl retaliate by using the same arms in self-defence? If they, as successors to the deceased, had decided to substitute, in the place of a legal partition, a sort of general pillage, where each was to grasp in a clandestine manner all that he could lay his hands upon, ought not the example they themselves had given to be followed?

However convincing these arguments might seem at first sight to the young doctor, he determined upon waiting until the next day before deciding on any plan. He felt a dim sort of consciousness that he was substituting a code of laws of his own in place of those framed for the benefit of society at large, and that he was going beyond the pale of them, led on by a feeling of preference in favour of a destitute woman. In spite of this bias, his own natural good sense whispered that no man could arrogate to himself, for the sake of convenience, the right of punishing the faults of others, by acting illegally himself, and to set aside the fundamental rules laid down for all as useless, or to be modified and changed, so as to suit particular circumstances and cases.

Thus the night passed away in alternate moments of decision and scruples, which prevented any attempt at sleep.

The day dawned; and Fournier, still deliberating within himself as to what he should do, heard some one knocking gently at the door. He opened it, and found himself face to face with the young girl.

Trembling, and with her eyes cast down, Rose apologised for disturbing him at so early an hour. Fournier begged her to walk in, inviting her to be seated.

"Excuse me, sir," she replied, still standing beside the door; "I merely came to wish you good-bye."

"You are going?" interrupted Fournier.

"Yes; to Paris, where I have agreed to take a situation as servant."

"Going to service! What, you?" exclaimed the doctor.

"It must be so. And there at least I shall not be a burden to any one; and, perhaps, by industry and zeal, I may be able to give satisfaction to my master. I could not make up my mind to go without thanking you again, sir;—and then, too, I have to ask of you one more favour."

"And what may that be?"

"The heirs to my poor godfather's property have basely refused to give you even what was obviously your due. Of course the knowledge of this is a great grief to me, as it was I who asked you to administer all the relief you afforded to the invalid; and if I can never acquit myself of all this as I ought——"

"Ah! do not speak of that, I entreat," interrupted Fournier, warmly.

"No," replied Rose, sadly, "I must not; for the wish I have to do this is of no avail—I am without means; but before I go, I wish—I hope—that you, sir, will not refuse the only *souvenir* I have it in my power to leave you."

The poor young girl, a prey to bashfulness and emotion, with much difficulty managed to stammer out her request, and at the same time drew from her pocket a parcel carefully wrapped up in paper. She unpacked it with a trembling hand, and presented a case to the doctor containing one of those little services of plate (knife, fork, and spoon) usually presented to new-born children on the day of their baptism.

"It was given to me by my godmother," said Rose, softly, "and I beg of you, dear sir, small as the value of it is, not to refuse me. It is all that I ever had belonging to me."

There was in her voice, her gesture, in the present itself, so much of frank, child like simplicity, that the young man felt the tears start to his eyes, as he seized both the hands of Rose, and held them within his own.

"And what would you say," he exclaimed "if I could make you richer than you could dream of?"

"How?" inquired the young girl, looking up at him thoroughly bewildered.

"What if I had even here a treasure for you."

"A treasure?"

"Look!"

He hurried her into his room, showed her the coffer still resting on the ground, and related all that had happened.

Rose, who at first had some difficulty in comprehending it all, was unequal to support such an access of joy. She fell on her knees, in a sudden impulse of grateful thankfulness to that heavenly Father who had thus provided for the helpless orphan, hiding her face between her hands, through which tears, but happy tears, rapidly found their way.

Fournier strove in vain to calm her; the transition had been too sudden—the young girl was almost in a state of delirium, crying and laughing by turns. Then a thought seemed to strike her. Looking up towards her companion, she again clasped her hands together, exclaiming with a burst of delight that seemed to come from her very heart—

"Ah! now you will be as happy as you deserve to be!"

"Me?" replied Fournier, stepping back.

"Yes, you," the young girl repeated in an enthusiastic tone; "do you suppose that I did not remark all that you have been deprived of while here? that I did not guess at, and feel for the anxiety to which you have been a prey! My own poverty weighed me down much less than the thought of yours, because I was resigned to it—it was my lot; but you ought to have been in your

proper place. Take it all, sir, it is yours—all yours!"

The poor young girl, her eyes still swimming with tears of love and emotion tried to lift the chest in order to place it in the doctor's hands.

Astonished and overcome himself, the doctor, however, endeavoured to stop her.

"You could not refuse me, surely," she continued, still more vehemently. "Is it not to you alone that I owe this fortune? I wish everybody to know it, and especially those who have refused to do you common justice."

Fournier exclaimed that this was unnecessary; but she did not listen to him. She had seen the heirs arrive and cross the court, and ran forward to call them.

The doctor, terrified at her precipitation, held her back by the arm.

"Do you then wish to lose that which a most singular piece of good fortune has given up to you?" he cried.

"Lose!" repeated the young girl, without understanding what he meant.

"Have you not already guessed that those people might demand the casket should be given up to them?"

"How?"

"You have no positive right to its possession."

Rose shuddered, and looked up into Fournier's face.

"Then it does not belong to me?" she said, adruptly.

"All seems to prove that your god father intended it should be yours; only the law requires other proofs than we can give."

"The law!" exclaimed the young girl; "but all the world ought surely to obey that."

"Unless one can uphold against observing it to the letter, the knowledge that our actions are true and right according to the decision of our own conscience——"

"No, no," continued Rose, with renewed energy, "conscience may prevent us from profiting of all our rights, but can never take away from our duties; it ought to add to our scruples, and not help to cast them aside. Ah! I did not understand rightly—that wealth is not my own. And all this happiness is then but a dream!"

While thus speaking, the young girl became extremely pale; but neither in voice nor look did she betray any hesitation. Her upright heart had never wavered a moment; even the grief caused by the loss of such bright hopes, reduced to ruins, had not caused her to swerve from the strait path of rectitude; only the shock was too violent after such varied emotions. Rose, after trying with difficulty to sustain herself, sank into a seat, overwhelmed with her emotions.

As to Fournier, a kind of re-action had begun to take place in him; admiration had succeeded to the first burst of emotion. All the strange arguments suggested to his mind, since the night, fell prostrate before the artless appreciation of what was true and right. And his spirit, regained, as it were, by the contagion of truth, suddenly returned to its better instincts.

Without one word of reply, he went over to summon the heirs. A notary was sent for, and the doctor placed in his hands the rich casket.

A little key that had been found, by the Tricots, fastened round the dead man's neck, opened the box directly, and exposed to view some old plate, and several thousand pieces of gold.

The farmer and his wife wept with joy. Rose and Fournier continued perfectly calm.

The notary began by counting the money, under which he found a roll of bank bills. When he had made an inventory of all, the sum was found to amount to nearly three hundred thousand francs!

Tricot, half beside himself drew near to the table with an unsteady step, took hold of the coffer, and shook it; one more paper fell out—it had been hidden between the wood and the lining of the box, and fell, to the ground.

"Something more to add to the hoard of hidden treasure," observed the countryman gaily, as he arrested the paper in its flight, and presented it to the notary. The latter opened it, cast an attentive look upon the contents, and made a movement of surprise.

"It is a will!" he said.

"A will?" exclaimed every voice.

"By which Mr. Duret chooses for his sole legatee his god-child, Mademoiselle Rose Fleuriste."

Violent exclamations, proceeding from widely different causes, broke from all present. Tricot wished to re-possess himself of the paper; but the notary, perceiving his intent, instantly drew back. It was necessary to resort to force to get rid of the frustrated couple, who retired overwhelming all present with menaces and curses.

Mr. Leblanc, whom the disappointed cousins ran to consult, had much trouble in making them understand that their misfortune was without a remedy, and that all the law-suits in the world could not put them in possession of the inheritance of Father Duret.

As to Fournier, our readers will readily forsee he was not long in becoming the happy husband of Rose, who was not only to him a companion in happiness, but a counsellor and support. It was always, to them, a source of pleasing satisfaction to know that they had resisted the voice of the tempter, and by following the dictates of honesty and virtue, they had won from every person who knew their history, admiration and esteem.

To M——A R——Y.

Don't mistake me; for I cannot flatter
Nor call thee angel; but something better,
And just what thou art, on earth a woman,
Not quite all divine, but somewhat human.

We paint our angels in fair woman's form,
We give to them the grace, their beauty, charm;
And then by us the wings are straightway given,
Because we think they should dwell in Heaven.

But had the painter seen thy thoughtful face,
He surely had forgot the wings to trace;
For where'er thou art, there Heaven would be,
Grace, beauty, love, and immortality!

CHARADES.

My beauteous *first*, from ocean sprung,
My next, is used by old and young,
My *toute*, a garden flower declares.
Now, prithee, tell what name it bears?

My *first's* an avowal of still doing wrong,
My *next*, the coquette consults often, and long,
My *toute*, if you think worth your while but to mind it,
Search the housekeeper's room, then, perchance you will find it.

THE WATCHER OF THE DEAD.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

CHAPTER I.

The events which we are about to relate occurred in a small and obscure German town, which, for our own convenience, we will designate Nienberg. Who, in the present day, is unacquainted with the general outline of the petty towns of the "Fatherland?" Suffice it that Nienberg formed no exception to the rule, but showed its narrow streets of tall, many-gabled, and picturesque-looking houses, its dark, mysterious churches, its long lines of convent-walls, its closed and irregular-shaped *places*, and its motley population of peasants, monks, soldiers, *béguines*, and beggars. As regarded its geography, it was seated at the base of one of two conical hills; that immediately in its rear being cultivated to nearly two-thirds of its height, and planted on the southern side with vines, while the more lofty and more distant eminence was crowned by the mouldering remains of what had evidently once been a formidable stronghold. Upon this rock no trace of vegetation could be detected; all was arid, bleak, and desolate; the crude and abrupt outline of the height being broken in many places by the remains of cyclopean masonry, indicating the extent and direction of the outworks, which, on the more accessible sides of the acclivity, descended almost to the valley. Portions of now mouldering towers, blending their hoary tints with that of the stones on which they had been seated for centuries, afforded shelter to the foul birds of carnage and darkness, whose shrill screams and hoarse hootings swelled and quivered upon the night-wind, like the wailings of the dead over the ruins of their former pride. The valley or gorge between the two hills was scarcely more cheerful than the castled height which frowned above it, for it was occupied throughout its whole extent with graves; save that, immediately under the shadow of the eminence last described, stood a low and small erection of stone, parted by this city of the dead from the living town of Nienberg; which, cut off by an angle of its own vine-clad eminence from all view of this dreary necropolis, was

further enlivened by a cheerful stream, which swept swiftly and smilingly at its foot, hurrying to cast its pure and sparkling waters into the bosom of the Rhine. A few light craft moored along the shore, heaved lazily upon the current, and the nets of the fishers spread upon the bank sufficiently denoted the uses of the little fleet.

Beyond the town, in the opposite direction to the ruins, spread one of those fine old forests to which Germany is indebted for so much of her prosperity and so many of her superstitions; and where the warm sun and the flying clouds produced the most fantastic effects, as they grappled for power above the stern old trees, spread over the rarely-occurring glades, or succeeded each other upon the dancing leaves. None ventured there at nightfall; the goat-herd drove home his flock the woodsman laid by his axe, and the benighted fowler hastened to escape into the open country, without venturing to cast one glance behind upon the scenes of his day's sport.

Such was the position of the little town, to some of whose inhabitants we are about to introduce our readers. It was evening, and a bright moon was paving the river with flakes of silver, which looked like the armour of some water-giant, beneath which his huge frame was quivering with desire to visit the tranquil earth that slept so peacefully beside him. The breeze was sighing through the vines, and heaving aside their large glossy leaves and delicate tendrils; the laughter of children and the voices of women might be heard at intervals; and here and there, upon the bosom of the stream, rested a bright red glare which was reflected upon the trembling current. The fishermen were busy, plying their trade by torch-light.

Upon the very verge of the town stood a house, separated from the street by a high wall inclosing a spacious garden, laid out with scrupulous care and almost painful formality. Flowers of every scent, and of every colour, blossomed in minute patches of the most grotesque and varied shapes; trim-cut hedges of yew, with their outline broken at intervals by strange uncouth figures, clipped into deformity from the same material; monstrous statues of discoloured stone, and of proportions which defied criticism, mounted upon square pedestals; basins fringed with water-plants and peopled with gold-fish; and paths, smoothly and brightly gravelled, formed the *matériel* of this pleasance; in the midst of which stood the house, with its tall gable turned towards the street, the heavy beams of its roof carved at the extremities into whimsical finials, and its leading gyrgoyles grinning like an assemblage of demon heads, beneath the shadow of the slender cupola which supported the vane.

Nor did the appearance of the mansion within belie its outward promise. It was spacious and cleanly. No accessory to comfort was wanting. The high-backed chairs, whose carving was terminated by a rude representation of the family crest, were well cushioned. There was a soft carpet on the centre of the floor; family portraits were panelled into the walls; and the doors and windows were screened by heavy draperies of fringed damask. Everything bore the stamp of extreme care and scrupulous management. There were birds and flowers upon a table, which stood within the deep bay of an immense window looking upon the garden from the apartment where our story is to begin; and upon a second, drawn near to the porcelain stove, which occupied an angle of the room, were placed a lamp, some female working materials, such as Berlin wool, coloured silks, and a half-knitted stocking; a few books, and some fishing apparatus.

On one side of the stove sat a female, of about five-and-thirty years old. She was comely, but not handsome; her eyes were fine and clear, but the dark brows by which they were overhung a most met in the centre, forming that waving line beneath the forehead so prized by the modern Greeks, but which give such a harshness to the countenance. There was, moreover, a terseness and decision about the lines of her mouth which accorded well with the dark brows; and her head was seated upon her shoulders with a majesty which would have become an empress. Her complexion was perfectly fair, but its freshness was gone; her teeth

were beautiful, and her hands and arms faultless. Her face wore a pained expression, as though the sorrows which had passed over her had never been forgotten, and as though she did not yet believe them to be over. At the moment in which we are describing her, she was buried in deep and evidently painful thought; even her knitting, that everlasting resource of a German woman, was thrown aside, and she sat with her arms crossed upon her bosom, and her head bowed down, as though her reflections were too heavy a burden to support upright. Her brows were knit together, and her thin lips compressed, while she beat upon the floor with her foot rapidly and feverishly, as if in this monotonous movement she found vent for the feeling by which she was oppressed.

She was still in this attitude when the door was suddenly opened, and she hastily roused herself, and resumed the abandoned knitting.

The intruder was a fine strongly-built man, some five years her junior, and it was easy to decide at a glance that they were nearly related: there were the same thick continuous brows, the same stern expression about the mouth, the same high forehead surmounted by masses of rich brown hair, the same majestic carriage of the head; but all the features which, in the case of the female, produced an effect almost repelling, made of the man a noble specimen of masculine beauty. Nevertheless, it was a fearful beauty, and wore the brightness of the lurid vapour which veils the summer thunder. There was a light in his large brown eyes which, even in his calmest moments, betrayed the fiery spirit which slept within, and a scorn in the curve of his thin lips which gave a bitterness to their harshness.

"You are late, Elric," said the lady; "the supper has been served for the last hour."

"I have been in the forest," was the reply, "and took no heed of time."

"During our mother's life ——," commenced the watcher.

"I know what you are about to say, Stephanie," interposed the young man, impatiently. "During our mother's life I was compelled to a rigid punctuality; now I am my own master, and have to answer to no one for an hour's delay."

"Could I only be assured that you were wandering there alone——" murmured the lady.

"Hark you gräfine," said Erlin, turning his flashing eyes full upon her, as he twisted tightly about his fingers a trout-line which he had caught up from the table; "I have already warned you that I will hear no more upon the subject. Do I ever thwart your wishes? Do I ever control your amusements? Do I ever dictate to your affections? You may marry, if you will, the veriest boor in Nienberg; your destiny will be of your own seeking, and you are old enough to exert your free-will; but I will be equally unfettered. I respected the prejudices of my mother, because she *was* my mother; but I will brook no more womanly dictation. Be warned in time."

"The daughter of a fisherman!" exclaimed the lady, scornfully, as she raised her eyes to his.

The young count sprang a pace towards her, with a red spot, burning upon either cheek; but he instantly checked himself, and said, with a laugh of bitter scorn, "Even so, my lady countess, the daughter of a fisherman; and you have yet to learn that the subtle essence which men call mind can be diffused through the being of a fisher's daughter as freely and fully as through that of a landgrave's heiress: that the sublime——"

"Supper waits, Herr Graf," said his sister, rising haughtily from her seat, and leading the way to an inner apartment.

The meal passed in silence. The presence of the servants prevented any allusion to the subject which occupied the minds of both, and neither was willing to make an effort to banish it. Under such circumstances, it is, therefore, scarcely surprising that on their return to the drawing-room the brother and sister at once recurred to the obnoxious theme.

It is, however, time that we should explain to the reader the position of the noble orphans. Count Elric Königstein was the last representative of a proud and ancient family which, originally both powerful and

wealthy, had become impoverished by the loyalty and improvidence of its chiefs, and, as a natural consequence, had lost its influence with its riches. *Geschenke halten die Freundschaft warm* had for generations been the motto of their race; and they had so long been distinguished for an open hand and an ungrudging generosity, that at length they found themselves with nothing more to give.

The Thirty Years' War had cost Count Elric the small remains of the family treasure and the life of his father; and he found himself, at the age of sixteen, under the tutelage of his mother, with for all patrimony, the house of Nienberg, a small estate in the neighbourhood, and the moiety of her jointure, scrupulously divided between himself and his sister at the death of their last parent. The young man, like all the other males of his race, panted for a military life; but the old Countess von Königstein positively negatived his inclination. He was the last hope of the family; and as she looked upon the noble promise of his magnificent person, she had proud dreams of the total restoration of their house by his alliance with some high-born and wealthy heiress.

Meanwhile the high-spirited Elric led what was, for him, a life of slow torture. Denied the education suited to his rank by the utter inability of the countess to meet the expense of one of the universities, he was placed under the care and tuition of a priest attached to the principal church of Nienberg, and soon mastered the very limited stock of erudition which was boasted by the good father, while his hours at home were even more heavy and unprofitable. Disappointed in her ambition, crippled in her means, and soured by her trials, the widowed countess, weak in mind and tyrannical by nature, expended upon trifles the energy and order which were better suited to matters of importance. Her pleasure-ground was typical of her whole life. She had not one enlarged idea; not one great perception; but pressed her iron rod upon rushes and weeds. All was monotony and submissiveness in the old mansion; and it will be understood that an under-current of lassitude and disgust soon destroyed the beautiful unity of nature which is so blessed an attribute of the young. Father Eberhard preached obedience to the revolting spirit of the youth, and he obeyed in so far as by word and action he could follow the counsel he received; but in the depths of his spirit he rebelled. No word of encouragement, no sentence of endearment, ever escaped the pinched lips of the countess. Like many other weak persons, she believed that dignity consisted in an absence of all concession, and gratified her vanity by adopting as her creed that an absence of rebuke should satisfy all around her, but that none should venture to presume upon her indulgence.

In this dreary way did she fritter away her age; but the evil did not end there, for she wasted along with it the fresh youth and pure spirit of her children, already sufficiently unfortunate from their exceptionable position. In her daughter she found a docile pupil; nor did Stephanie resist, even when her mother dashed the cup of happiness from her lips by refusing her consent to a marriage which would have crowned her dearest hopes. The suitor, unexceptionable as he was in point of character, income, and disposition, failed in exhibiting, like the Königsteins, his nine quarterings, and was rejected accordingly. Stephanie, as we have said, submitted; but she was blighted in heart from that day forth; and—last and worst misery for the young—she ceased to hope in the future. What could it offer to her which would remedy the past? And with her occasional bursts of cheerfulness fled the sole charm of home to her boy-brother. Yet still he controlled himself, for his was not a nature to waste its strength on trifles which he felt to be unworthy of the strife. There was a fire within, but it was buried deep beneath the surface, like that of a volcano, which, suffering even for years, the vicinity of man and of man's works, slowly collects its deadly power, and then in one dread effort spreads ruin and desolation on all within its influence.

At length the countess died, and her children mourned for her as we all mourn over accustomed objects of which we are suddenly deprived. They missed her every day and every hour; they missed her harsh and

cold accents; they missed her imperious orders; her minute reproaches; her restless movements. They felt themselves alone; abandoned to self-government after years of unquestioning subjection; the world of their own home appeared too vast for them when they were called upon to inhabit it without the presence of the ruling spirit which had hitherto suffered to fill its void. Nor did the orphans draw more closely together as they walked away, hand in hand, from beside the grave of their last parent. They had no longer a feeling in common. Stephanie was like the tree prostrated by the lightning, and crushed into the earth by the weight of its own fall: Elric was like the sturdy sapling braving the tempest, and almost wooing it to burst, that he might feel its wild breath rioting among the leaves which now lay hushed and motionless upon their boughs. Moreover, debarred the healthful and exciting exercise of her brother, the young countess had never passed a day, and scarce an hour, beyond her mother's presence; and careless of herself, she had necessarily followed the monotonous routine of her home duties, until she had ceased to see how poor and pitiful a result the majority of them led. The spring of her life—if such a life can be said ever to have had a spring—was over; the little vanities of her sex had ceased to occupy her; and she pursued the same dreary round of occupations and anxieties, eventually as much from choice as custom.

If Elric, as he turned away from his mother's grave, hoped for a brighter home or a more congenial companionship, it was not long ere he was fully undeceived. Nothing could arouse Stephanie from the moral torpor into which she had fallen; and, never doubting that her privilege of eldership would leave her right of control unquestioned, she endeavoured to compel her young and fiery brother to the same wearisome, heart-sickening monotony of which she had herself long ceased to feel the bitterness. In this attempt she was destined, however, signally to fail. Crippled as he was in his worldly career by the comparative poverty in which he found himself, Elric was, nevertheless, like the wounded eagle, which, although it cannot soar against the sun, may still make its aërie in the free air and upon the mountain-heights. His strength was crushed, but not subdued. It is impossible to say what he might have been had his impetuous passions been diffused and rightly directed. The leaping torrent may be diverted into a channel, and turned to purposes of usefulness, in which its headlong fury, exhausting itself by degrees, may leave it to flow on ultimately in a clear and placid stream; while, unheeded and unguided, it must prove only a source of ruin and destruction. And such was the moral condition of Count Elric. He felt his strength, but he was yet ignorant of its power, and utterly unskilled in its control.

Many years, however, had passed over the orphans in dreamy listlessness. Once the young man had endeavoured to condole with his sister upon the heart-stroke inflicted by the prejudice of their mother; but his sympathy awakened no response in her cicatrized heart. She even applauded the rigour which had saved her from the remorse of disgracing her family, and urged upon him the necessity of being careful that her sacrifice should not be made in vain.

This was the last attempt of Elric to open up the springs of family affection; and he felt his failure the more bitterly, that he yearned for a companionship of spirit. Even the worthy Father Eberhard was lost to him: for he had been called to a distant mission and had quitted Nienberg, in all probability for ever. He looked around him, and envied the busy inhabitants of the little town, who pursued alike their avocations and their amusements in common; while he sighed as he remembered that from these he was alike shut out. He could not, now that he had attained the age of manhood, volunteer a partnership in the social occupation of the plebian citizens with whom he had been forbidden all association during his youth, and with whom he could now never hope to meet upon equal terms.

The solitary young man turned, in his isolation, to Nature; and Nature is a marvellous comforter to those who can appreciate her consolations and her endearments. He threw aside his books; they had long ceased to afford him either amusement or in-

struction; he abandoned his sister to her solitary home. She scarcely seemed to remark his absence, save when it interfered with the clock-work regularity of the little household; and he rushed away to the forest-depths, and flung himself down beneath the shadows of the tall trees, and thought until thought became madness; and then he seized his gun, and pursued his game through the tangled underwood, until, in fatigue of body, he forgot his bitterness of soul, or plunged once more into the sunshine, and paddling his boat into the centre of the stream, waged war upon the finny tribes that peopled it. His return, when laden with these spoils, was always welcome to the countess, for she was too good a housewife not to appreciate such an assistance to their slender means; but suddenly this resource, upon which she had begun to calculate in their daily arrangements, failed her all at once; nor could Elric, when questioned upon the subject, offer such reason for his defection as tended to satisfy her mind. With the true perception of a woman, she felt that there was a mystery. Where could Elric spend the long hours in which he was daily absent from home? and with whom? Suddenly a suspicion grew upon her, and a deep crimson flush overspread her usually pale cheek as she began, with a beating heart, to take a mental survey of her distant neighbourhood.

"It cannot be the gräfine Rosa," she murmured to herself: for although Elric could row to the schloss in three hours, he could not return in the same time against the current: nor would the proud countess encourage him: he is too poor. No, no—it cannot be the gräfine Rosa. Baron Kadschan's daughter?—Equally impossible. Elric has no horses, and there are five long leagues between us. Constance von Hartheim?—Still more improbable. She is to take the vows next year in Our Lady of Mercy. Poor, too, as himself, and as noble. No, no—her family would not permit it. And we know none other! Unless, indeed, the dark-eyed daughter of the burgomeister of Nienberg. *But I am mad—he* DARE *not!* —I would rather see him stetched out yonder in the death-valley."

The eye of the proud countess flamed, and the deep red glow burned on her cheek and brow; she clenched her slender hands tightly together, and her breath came thick and fast; but she soon controlled her emotion, and whispered to herself with a bitter laugh, which sounded strangely in the silent room, "No, no—he DARE not!"

CHAPTER II.

"Whisht, whisht, Mina; here is the Herr Graf!"

A joyous and graceful peal of laughter was the sole and evidently incredulous reply to this warning. There was no mistaking the origin of the melodious mirth: you felt at once that the lips from which it had gushed were fresh, and rich, and youthful; and the eyes which danced in their own light as it rang out were eyes such as poets dream of when they have visions of a world unknown of sin.

"Once more, Mina, dear Mina, I vow by my patron-saint! here is the Herr Graf."

These words were uttered by a young girl in the costume of a peasant, with a round, good-humoured sun-burnt face, bare arms bronzed by exposure to the weather, and one of those stunted and muscular figures which seem to herald an existence of toil and hardship. She was standing near a cluster of marsh-willows which overshadowed a little runlet, that, descending from the height above the town, swept onward to the river. As Elric, for it was of him that she spoke, reached the spot, a second figure sprang from a sitting position, and stood before him. The young count started, and forgetting that he was in the presence of two mere peasant girls, with intuitive courtesy withdrew his cap. Well might he start; for such a vision as that upon which he looked had never before met his eyes.

It was that of a young girl in the first dawn of her beauty. The glow of seventeen summers was on her cheek, the light of heaven dwelt in the depths of her dark blue eyes, whose lashes, long and lustrous, tempered without concealing their brightness. A flood of hair of that precious shade *of auburn which seems to catch the sun*beams, and to imprison them in its glowing meshes, fell upon her finely-developed shoul

ders, which were partially bare. Her figure was perfect, and bending slightly forward, half in fear and half in shame, looked as though a sound would startle and impel it into flight. The lips, parted by the same impulse, revealed teeth like ivory; and the whole aspect and attitude of the girl was so lovely that Canova might have created his masterpiece after such a model.

For an instant there was silence, but only for an instant: for, his first surprise over, the young count sprang forward and offered his hand to the fair maid to lead her to the bank. She obeyed without remonstrance, for so great an honour had rendered her powerless to resist; and in the next moment she stood beside him, with her small white feet half-buried among the yielding grass.

Who cannot guess the sequel of such a meeting? Intoxicated by her beauty, thralled by her graceful simplicity, an hour had not passed ere Elric had forgotten the nine quarterings of the Königsteins and the real position of the fisherman's daughter. A new world had developed itself in the fascinated recluse. Hitherto he had dwelt only amid coldness and restraint; no kindred spirit had awakened at his touch; no heart had throbbed beneath his gaze. Now, he saw a fair cheek glow and a bright eye sink under his praise: he felt the trembling of the little hand which he grasped within his own; and he began to understand that he was not alone on earth.

The father of Mina was poor, very poor. Her mother was dead. She was the one pet lamb which to the fisher was dearer than the flock of the rich man: she was the child of his age and of his prayers; the light of his narrow dwelling; the sunbeam of his home. He was not long ere he heard of the meeting under the alder trees: and poor and powerless as he was, he resolved, as he kissed the pure brow of his daughter when she lay down to rest, to remonstrate with the Herr Graf, that his pure one might be left unto him pure. He did so on the morrow, when once more, Mina and Elric had had met beside the mountain-stream. The girl was there because the count had made her promise to meet him; and he, because his whole soul was already wrapped up in the peasant-maiden. They were sitting side by side, and hand in hand, when the old fisher came upon them; and they both looked up, Mina with a blush, and Elric with a smile, but neither shrank beneath the stern and anxious eye of the old man.

"Is this well, Herr Graf?" asked the father, in a voice which was full of tears; "the strong against the weak, the rich against the poor, the proud against the humble? Have pity upon me, I have but her."

"And she is worth all the world, old man," replied Elric, calmly; "possessed of her, *you* are the rich, the strong, and the proud. I was alone until I found her."

"And now, my lord count?"

"Now she must be mine."

The sturdy fisher clenched his hand, and moved a pace nearer to the young noble.

Elric sprang to his feet, and grasped the convulsed hand.

"She has promised, and she will perform; will *you* condemn me again to solitude and despair?"

"My lord count," gasped the grey-haird man; "Heaven knows how I have toiled to keep a roof above her head, and comfort at her hearth; and my labor has been light, for her evening welcome has more than paid me for the struggle of the day. Leave us then in peace. Do not make me weep over the shame I may not have the power to avert."

"You are her father," murmured Elric passionately, as his large eyes flashed, and his lips quivered; "or you should not live again to couple her name with the idea of shame. Mina shall be my wife!"

The astonished fisherman staggered as though he had been struck by a heavy hand.

"Your wife, Herr Graf! You dream! Mina can never be your wife. Your name is the noblest that has ever met her ear. You dwell in a palace, and may stand before the emperor. And what is she!"

"My affianced bride!" said the young count, proudly; "my life had become a bitter burden, and she has turned it to one long dream of delight; the future was a vision of which I feared to dwell upon the darkness; she is the sunbeam which has brought day into the gloom, and spread before

me a long perspective of happiness. Talk not to me of my proud name ; I would I had been born a cotter's son, that so I might have had fellowship with my kind."

Mina only wept.

"Surely I dream!" murmured the old man, passing his hard hand across his brow. "My child is so young—so ignorant:"

"I will be her tutor."

"So unfitted to be the wife of a noble."

"I am poor enough to be a peasant."

"I shall die if I am left desolate."

"You shall be her father and my father; her friend and my friend." While he spoke Elric bent his knee, and drew Mina to his bosom ; and as the beams of the declining sun fell upon the group, the long shadow of the old man rested upon the kneeling pair. The aged fisher bent his grey head and wept.

No vows were plighted: none were needed; and henceforth the whole soul of Elric was wrapped up in his peasant-love. One only weight pressed upon his spirit. He remembered the prejudices of his sister, and shrank before the bitter scorn with which he well knew that she would visit the timid and unoffending Mina. This was the only evil from which he felt powerless to screen her. That the cold and proud Countess Stephanie and the fisher's daughter could share one common home, he did not dare to hope; yet his roof must be the shelter of his young bride; nor could he contemplate the departure of his sister from the dwelling of her ancesters without a pang of anguish ; he felt that she would go forth only to die. This conviction made a coward of him ; and he left her knowledge of his defalcation to chance.

It was not long ere rumour reached her of the truth, but she spurned it in haughty disbelief. It could not be—day and night might change their course, and the stars of heaven sprung to earthly life amid the green sward of the swelling hills—but a Königstein to wed with a peasant! No—no—the young countess remembered her own youth, and laughed the tale to scorn. Still she watched, and pondered over the long and profitless absence of Elric; and still her midnight dreams were full of vague and terrible visions; when at length she was compelled to admit the frightful truth.

Had the gräfine been a woman of energy and impetuous passions, she would have become insane under the blow; but she had passed a life of self-centred submissiveness; and if the thunder was indeed awakened, it reverberated only in the depths of her spirit, and carried no desolation upon its breath. Cold, uncompromising, and resolute, she had gradually become under the example of her mother and the force of circumstances. The one great end of her existence was now to the honour of her race, of which she was only the more jealous as their poverty rendered it the more difficult to uphold. All else had been denied to her: a home of loving affection, the charm of social intercourse, the pleasure of her sex and of her rank—she had grasped nothing but the overweening pride of ancestry, and a deep scorn for all who were less nobly born.

The last bolt had now fallen! Months passed on ; months of dissension, reproach, and bitterness. For awhile she hoped that what she deemed the wild and unworthy fancy of her brother would not stand the test of time: nay, in her cold-hearted pride, she perhaps had other and more guilty hopes, but they were equally in vain. Mina was daily more dear to the young count, for she had opened up to him an existence of affection and of trust to which he had been hitherto a stranger: his time was no longer a burden upon his strength. The days were too short for the bright thoughts which crowded upon him,—the nights for his dreams of happiness. Mina had already become his pupil, and they studied beside the running streams and under the leafy boughs; and when the page was too difficult to read, the young girl lifted her sun-bright eyes to those of her tutor, and found its solution there.

The lovers cared not for time, for they were happy ; and the seasons had once revolved, and when the winter snows had forbidden them to pursue their daily task in the valley or upon the hill-side, the last descendant of the count of Königstein had taken his place besides the fisher's hearth, without bestowing one thought upon its poverty.

But the father's heart was full of care. Already had idle tongues breathed foul suspicions of his pure and innocent child. She was becoming the subject of a new legend for the gossips of the neighborhood; and he was powerless to avenge her. Humble himself as he might to their level, the fisherman could not forget that it was the young Graf von Königstein who was thus domesticated beneath his roof; and as time wore on he trembled to think how all this might end. Should he even preserve the honour of his beloved Mina, her peace of mind would be gone for ever, and she would be totally unfitted for the existence of toil and poverty which was her birthright. He could not endure this cruel thought for ever in silence, and on the evening in which we have introduced the orphans to our readers, he had profited by the temporary absence of Mina to pour out before the young count all the treasures of wretchedness which he had so long concealed. Elric started as the frightful fact burst upon him. He had already spurned the world's sneer, but he could not brook that its scorn should rest upon his innocent young bride.

"Enough, old man!" he said, hoarsely: "enough. These busy tongues shall be stayed. These wonder-mongers shall be silenced. And when once Mina has become my wife, woe be to him who shall dare to couple her pure image with suspicion!"

He left the hut with a hasty step, and was soon lost among the dense shadows of the neighboring forest. A bitter task was before him, but it was too late to shrink from its completion; yet still he lingered, for he dared not picture to himself what might be the result of his explanation with his sister

We have already described their meeting; and now having acquainted the reader with the excited state of mind and feeling in which the young count entered his dreary home, we will rejoin the noble orphans in the apartment to which they had returned from the supper-room. The countess at once resumed her seat beside the stove, and drawing her frame towards her, affected to be intently occupied on the elaborate piece of embroidery which it contained; but Elric had less self-government. He paced the floor with hurried and unequal steps: and the moisture started from his brow as he strove to control the emotion which shook his frame. At length he spoke, and his voice was so hoarse, so deep, and so unnatural, that the young gräfine involuntarily started.

"Stephanie!" he said; "the moment is at last come in which we must understand each other without disguise. We are alone in the world—we are strangers in heart—as utterly strangers as on the day when we buried our last parent. I sought in vain, long years ago, to draw the bond of relationship closer, but such was not your will. You had decided that my youth and my manhood alike should be one long season of weariness and isolation. I utter no reproach; it was idle in me to believe that without feeling for yourself you could feel for me. You knew that I had no escape; that I had no resource; but you cared not for this, and you have lived on among the puerilities of which you have made duties, and the prejudices of which you have made chains of iron, without remembering their effect on me. I have endured this long, too long; I have endured it uncomplainingly, but the limits of that endurance are now overpast. Henceforth we must be more, far more, or nothing, to each other."

"I understand your meaning, Gräf von Königstein," said the lady, rising coldly and haughtily from her seat; "there is to be a bridal beneath the roof of your noble ancestors; the daughter of a serf is to take our mother's place, and to sit in our mother's chair. Is it not so? Then hear me in my turn; and I am calm, you see, for this is an hour for which I have been long prepared. Hear me swear that, while I have life, this shall never be!"

There was a rage as well as scorn in the laughter by which the count replied.

"Beneath the roof of my father was I born," pursued the countess; and beneath this roof will I die. I, at least, have never sullied it by one thought of dishonour. I can look around me boldly, upon these portraits of our honoured race, for the spirits of the dead will not blush over my degeneracy. Mistake me not. My days shall end

here where they began; and no churl's daughter shall sit with me at my ancestral hearth."

"Stephanie, Stephanie, forbear!" exclaimed the count, writhing like one in physical agony. "You know not the spirit that you brave. Hitherto I have been supine, for hitherto my existence has not been worth a struggle; to-day it is otherwise; I will submit no longer to a code of narrow-hearted bigotry. You say truly. There will ere long be a bridal in my father's house, and purer or fairer bride never pledged her faith to one of his ancient race."

"None fairer, perchance," said the lady, with a withering gesture of contempt; "but profane not the glorious blood that fills your veins, and that ought now to leap in hot reproach to your false heart by slandering the blameless dead! Purer, said you? The breath of slander has already fastened upon the purity you seek to vaunt. Your miracle of virtue has long been the proverb of the chaste."

The young man struck his brow heavily with his clenched hand, and sank into a chair.

"Once more," he gasped out, "I warn you to beware. You are awakening a demon within me! Do you not see, weak woman, that you are yourself arming me with weapons against your pride? If slander has indeed rested upon the young and innocent head of her whom you affect to despise, by whom did that slander come?"

"Herein we are at least agreed," answered the countess, in the same cold unimpassioned tone in which she had all along spoken; "had you, Herr Graf, never forgotten what was due to yourself and to your race, the fisher's daughter might have mated with one of her own class, and so have escaped; but you saw fit to drag her forth from the slough which was her natural patrimony into the light, that scorn might point its finger at her and blight her as it passed her by."

"Could I but learn whose was that devilish finger—could I but know who first dared to breathe a whisper against her fair fame—"

"What vengeance would you wreak upon the culprit, Count von Königstein? Suppose I were to tell you it was I, who to screen the honour of our house, to screen your own, rebutted the rumour which was brought to me of your mad folly, and bade the gossips look closer ere they dared to couple your name with that of a beggar's child? Suppose that others spoke upon that hint, do you deem that I am likely to tremble beneath your frown?"

"Devil!" muttered the young man from between his clenched teeth; "you may have cause! Thus, then, Grafine, you have dishonoured your sister," he said, after a pause.

The lady threw back her head scornfully.

"Do you still persist?" she asked, as her heavy brow gathered into a storm.

"Now more than ever. Those who have done the wrong shall repair it, and that speedily. You have declared that you will die beneath the roof of your ancestors; be it so: but that roof shall be shared by your brother's wife; and woe be to them who cause the first tear that she shall shed here!"

"Madman and fool!" exclaimed the exasperated countess, whose long-pent-up passions at length burst their bounds, and swept down all before them. "Complete this disgraceful compact if you dare! Remember, that although your solitary life might have enabled you to marry without the interference of the emperor, had you chosen a wife suited to your birth and rank, one word from me will end your disgraceful dream; or should you still persist, you will exchange your birthplace for a prison. This word should have been said ere now, but that I shrank from exposing your degeneracy. Trust no longer, however, to my forbearance; the honour of our race is in my hands, and I will save it at whatever cost. Either pledge yourself upon the spot to forego this degrading fancy, or the sun of to-morrow shall not set before I depart for Vienna."

Elric gasped for breath. He well knew the stern and unflinching nature of his sister; he felt that he was indeed in her power. The whole happiness of his future life hung upon that hour, but he scorned to give a pledge which he had not the strength, nay

more, which he had no longer even the [illegible]t, to keep.

"Beware, Stephanie, beware!" he exclaimed in a tone of menace; "beware alike of what you say and of what you do; for you are rapidly bursting the bonds by which we are united."

"You have yourself already done so," was the bitter retort, "when you sought to make me share your affection with a base-born hind's daughter, you released me from those ties, which I no longer recognise."

"Are you seeking to drive me to extremity?"

"I am endeavouring to awaken you to a sense of duty and of honour."

"Stephanie, we must part! The same roof can no longer cover us. You have aroused an evil spirit within my breast which I never abided there. Take your inheritance and depart."

"Never! I have already told you that I have sworn to live and die under this roof, and that while I have life you shall be saved from dishonour. You dare not put me forth, and I will perform my vow."

"Grafine, I am the master here!"

"It may be so, and yet I despise your menace. We will talk no more on this hateful subject."

"On this or none. If you remain here, you remain as the associate of my wife."

"Never! And were my eyes once profaned by her presence within these sacred walls, she would have cause to curse the hour in which she entered them."

"Ha!"

"Nature, the laws of your class, and the custom of your rank, oppose so glaring a degradation; nor am I more forbearing than nature, custom, and the law. My determination is irrevocable."

"It may be, that it is of slight importance," said the young noble, as he turned upon her eyes whose pupils were dilated, and seemed slightly tinged with blood, "I cannot condescend to further entreaty or expostulation. We now understand each other."

As he ceased speaking, the countess re-seated herself, with a sarcastic smile playing about her lip, but the tempest which was raging in the breast of Elric was frightful. His hands were so tightly clenched that the blood had started beneath the nails. The veins of his throat and forehead were swollen like cords, and his thin lips were livid and trembling. As he passed athwart the apartment he suddenly paused; a deadly paleness overspread his countenance, and he gasped for breath, and clung to the chair like one suddenly smitten with paralysis. Then came a rush of crimson over his features, as though his heart had rejected the coward blood which had just fled to it, and flung it back as a damning witness to his burning brow. And still the lady wrought upon tapestry with a steady hand beneath the broad light of the lamp; nor could a line of passion be traced upon her calm, pale face.

Before the count retired to rest that night he heard the voice of his sister desiring that a seat might be secured for her in the post-carriage which passed through Nienberg during the following day, on its way to Vienna. She uttered no idle threat, and Elric was not ignorant of the stringency of that authority which she was about to evoke. Should his intended marriage once reach the ears of the emperor, Mina was lost forever. Driven almost to frenzy, the young man raised in his powerful hand the heavy lamp which still burnt upon the table, and eagerly made the circuit of the room, pausing before each picture, as though he still hoped to find among those of his female ancestors a precedent for his own wild passion; but he looked in vain. Upon all he traced the elaborately emblazoned shield and the pompous title. He had long known that it was so; but at that moment he scrutinized them closely, as though he anticipated that a miracle would be wrought in his behalf. This done, he once more replaced the lamp on its accustomed stand; and after glaring for awhile into the flame, as if to brave the fire that burnt pale beside that which flashed from beneath his own dark brows, he walked slowly to a cabinet which occupied an angle of the apartment.

It contained a slender collection of shells and minerals, the bequest of Father Eberhard to his pupil on his departure from Nienberg; a few stuffed birds, shot and

preserved by the count himself; and, finally, a few chemical preparations with which the good priest had tried sundry simple experiments as a practical illustration of his lessons. It was to this latter division of the cabinet that the young man directed his attention. He deliberately lighted a small taper at the lamp, and then drew from their concealment sundry phials, containing various coloured liquids. Of these he selected one two-thirds full of a white and limpid fluid, which he placed in his breast; and this done, he extinguished his taper, returned it to its niche, and closing the cabinet, threw himself into a chair, pale, haggard, and panting.

He had not been seated many seconds when at the sound of an approaching step, he lifted his aching head from his arm, and endeavoured to assume an appearance of composure. It was that of the venerable woman who had been the favourite attendant of his mother, and who had upon her marriage, followed her from her home, and ultimately become his nurse. A shuddering thrill passed through his viens, for he was awaiting her. She was accustomed each night, after his sister had retired, to prepare for both a draught of lemonade as their night beverage, and first leaving one with her young master, to carry the other to the chamber of the countess. Her appearance was therefore anticipated; and she remained for an instant, in order to receive the praise which her beloved nurseling never failed to lavish upon her skill; but for the first time, Elric objected to the flavour of the draught, and requested her to bring him a lemon that he might augment its acidity. The discomfitted old woman obeyed, and having deposited her salver upon the table, left the room. Elric started up, grasped a mass of his dishevelled hair in his hand with a violence which threatened to rend it from the roots, uttered one groan which seemed to tear asunder all the fibres of his heart, and then glared about him, rapidly but searchingly, ere he drew the fatal phial from his breast, and slowly, gloatingly poured out the whole of the liquid into the porcelain cup which had been prepared for his sister. As he did so, a slight acrid scent diffused itself over the apartment, but almost instantly evaporated, and the death-draught remained as clear and limpid as before.

"To-morrow!" murmured the wretched young man, as he watched the retiring form of the gracy-haired attendant when she finally left the room; and then he once more buried his face in his hands, and fell into a state of torpor.

"To-morrow!" he repeated, as he at length rose, staggeringly, to seek his chamber. "Mina, beloved Mina, I have bought you at a fearful price!"

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

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SEDERUNT XXXVIII.

[*Major, Purser, Laird, Doctor.*]

LAIRD.—What a graceless set o' paction-breakers ye are, to be sure! Sorrow a drap o' rain fell on St. Swithen's day, and yet the threatened visitation to Bonnie Braes never eventuated!

MAJOR.—But, Laird—

LAIRD.—I'll listen to nane o' you buts, sir! A saunt couldna' thole sic treatment, without showing his teeth! Just think o' the cost and trouble I was at, to prepare for your coming. In the first place—

DOCTOR.—By Jove! we are in for it!

LAIRD.—In the first place, I was ganging to observe, when that cheat-the-wuddy interrupted me (the neb o' him is never oot o' some mischief), I put to death a four-year-auld sheep' wi' a face as black as Frederick Douglas. Secondly, Girzy put forth a' her energies in the creation o' a haggis, and the result crowned her wi' immortal fame. It was an even-down gem, complete and faultless in a' its parts, pendicles, and pertinents. Raffle never pented sic a peerless beauty!

DOCTOR.—And who the mischief might your friend Raffle be?

LAIRD.—Oh the deplorable ignorance o'

some folk! Even the laddie that grinds Paul Kane's colours, could tell ye that Raffle was a great Dutch artist that flourished in the golden age o' the Emperor Augustus! May be ye would like to ken wha Augustus was?

DOCTOR.—Many thanks; but I have received a sufficient modicum of historic lore for one bout. Weak heads like mine are apt to get muddled by a plethora of knowledge!

PURSER.—Reverting, however, to the haggis.

LAIRD.—The very thought o' it maks my mouth overflow wi' water! When it was boiled, and enthroned on an ashet, it exhibited a gastronomical majesty closely bordering upon the supernatural! If I had been a heathen, instead o' a ruling elder, little would hae tempted me to hae fallen down and worshipped that culinary master-piece! I trow it was mair deserving o' homage than the bugs and beetles that were adored in Nineveh, lang syne, as Layard indoctrinates us.

MAJOR.—Verily, it would have been a sight for sore eyes to have beheld you intoning a hymn in honor of the unctious idol, Bauldie Stott meanwhile accompanying his Czar on the bagpipes!

LAIRD.—If I didna' sing, I receeted. In the words o' Robin Burns, wha had a fine perception o' the shooblime and beautiful, I thus addressed the savoury engenderation:

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin would help to mend a mill
In time o' need;
While through your pores the dews distil,
Like amber bead.

Is there that o'er his French ragout,
Or olio, that wad staw a sow,
Or fricasse, wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect scunner,
Looks down, wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner!

DOCTOR.—Hear, hear, hear!

LAIRD.—Here or there, the haggis was wickedly and feloniously neglected amang ye a'.

MAJOR.—Did you eat yourself?

LAIRD.—Is the man demented? Eat it mysel', quo he! Why, you might as weel speer if I had eaten an acre o' potatoes! Me, and Girzy, and the household dined upon the mercy for three days, without making ony considerable diminution o' its bulk. Next it officiated as the leading feature at a bit chack o' a supper I gied to the Kirk Session, in honour o' a new cutty-stool which worthy Duncan Dingwall complimented us wi'. Next—

DOCTOR.—By your leave, Mr. Chairman, I shall go and take a stroll, for half an hour or so, by which time, it is devoutly to be trusted, the biography of the Chief of Clan Pudding will be brought to a termination!

[*Exit Doctor.*]

LAIRD.—The back view o' some folk furnishes a heartsome prospect! Sangrado is getting mair and mair intolerable every month! He thinks that he has given me a red face—clatty loon that he is—but see if I dinna sit on his skirts before the night is muckle aulder!

PURSER.—May I ask, Major, if you have read *Moredun?*

MAJOR.—I have not; and strongly do I question whether any man, possessing the most microscopic endowment of literary taste or common sense, has done so.

PURSER.—How can you condemn, and that so sweepingly, a production into which you have not looked?

LAIRD.—Like the Jedburgh administrators o' justice, wha were in the habit o' hanging a suspicious customer, and then trying him, when they had plenty o' spare time!

MAJOR.—You mistake me, my friends. I have looked into *Moredun*, though I have not read it, and a very slight inspection was sufficient to convince me that it was a mere bag of wind. It is not necessary, I presume, to eat an egg, in order to make up your mind, that it is unorthodox?

LAIRD.—I really wish, Crabtree, that you would employ mair savoury similitudes. The bare idea o' sic a mouthfu' is enough to mak a body bock!

MAJOR.—*Moredun* is palpably a revival of the "Minerva Press" school of romance, and I should say, at hap hazard, was from the

manufactory of some melo-dramatic play-wright. In every chapter you meet with a prodigal allowance of "terrific combats" or "startling effects," all calculated for the meridian of Astley's shilling gallery. You are deafened with fustian, and bleared with red fire, *sans* intermission or mercy; and the amount of murders which I expiscated, even at a cursory glance, would fill a fat supplemental volume of the Newgate Calendar!

PURSER.—And such filth is foisted upon the public, as emanating, forsooth, from the "author of Waverly!"

LAIRD.—Naebody can lay at my door the sin o' cruelty. I never could thole to see a pig's throat cut, or to thraw the neck o' a barn-door chuckie. Still, wi' a' the pleasure in the world, I could witness the vagabond that forged the revered name o' Walter Scott to sic a mess o' rubbish, lashed to within an inch o' his reprobate life, and then set in the pillory, wi' his back as raw as an uncooked beefsteak, there to be pelted wi' dead cats, and sic like commodities, frae cock craw till the tolling o' the curfew!

PURSER.—How came the stuff to excite the slightest attention, even in this credulous, *quid-nunc* age?

MAJOR.—Solely, I opine, on account of the dexterity with which the unveracious scoundrel simulated the hand-writing of the great magician!

PURSER.—Is the imitation so very perfect?

MAJOR.—Judging by the fac-simile which is prefixed to the book, it is nearly perfect. I am pretty familiar with the manuscript of the immortal "Master of Abbotsford," and fairly do I confess that it completely took me in.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel! our lot is cast in a wicked and leazing world! Honest folk, like huz, had need to walk wi' a' our ees open! See if there's ony thing in that bottle at your elbow! Virtuous indignation has made me as drouthy as a blacksmith that has breakfasted, and dined, and supped on saut herrings!

PURSER.—How amusing it is to listen to the patronizing manner in which foplings from the old country speak of our colony. Yesterday a young spark, fresh from the British capital, was good enough to concede to me, that Toronto was not quite such a savage place as he had anticipated, and that bating the number of timber dwellings which it exhibited, did vast credit to our resources and perseverance!

LAIRD.—It's my opinion that folk in England think that we are dressed in bearskin breeks, and that we canna' stir out o' doors without running a perilous risk o' being denuded o' our scalps!

MAJOR.—The remark about timber domiciles came with rather a ludicrous grace from a Cockney. Sir Edward Walker informs us in his "*Political Discourses*," a rare and curious work, that in the reign of James I. London was almost entirely built of wood, and was in every respect "a very ugly city." The Earl of Arundel, he farther informs us, first introduced the general practice of brick buildings.

PURSER.—Long on the present side of half a century, Toronto had no denizens except certain right worshipful wolves and beavers. I marvel what appearance London presented when its senectitude was not greater?

[*Enter the Doctor.*]

LAIRD.—(*with a wink*) Lastly the fragments o' the haggis furnished a hearty lunch for the Adjutant, wha had come up to consult me anent the expediency o' trying Sergeant Bell by a Court Martial, for asserting that a single company o' regulars could thrash a' the militia of Upper Canada, and think nae-thing about the job! And that, ye see, was the last o' the haggis!

DOCTOR.—By the poker of St. Patrick, have you been bored with that atrocious compound of minced meat, onions, and oatenmeal, up to this blessed moment of time? The mosquitos out of doors have almost transformed my face into one huge blister, but the infliction is light compared with the one which I have escaped!

MAJOR.—Ha, ha, ha! Sold, Sangrado, for once in your existence!

LAIRD.—And at an "alarming sacrifice," as the puffing huxters o' dry goods express it! Why man, the haggis was removed at your departure, and since then we have been laying our lugs in a variety o' fresh and appeteezen' dishes!

DOCTOR.—'Tis mighty well, Bonnie Braes!

I owe you one for this, and the worst enemy I had, never accused me of a lack of punctuality in paying my debts!

LAIRD.—Is that meant as a threat, Cullpepper? I call upon you as a bither magistrate, to bind that blood-thirsty Philistine over to keep the peace towards me and a' Her Sacred Majesty's subjects! Od, the creature looks as if he could eat me without mustard!

DOCTOR.—Confound you! If the bag of the execrable hash were sticking in your throat, twenty pounds, at least, would be saved to this young and not overly rich country!

LAIRD.—What does the thrawn object mean?

DOCTOR.—Simply this, that every execution costs the Province the sum which I indicated above!

LAIRD.—Hech, sirs, but the mooskatties must hae stung him terribly!

MAJOR.—Come, come, shipmates, it will never do for the amenity of the Shanty to be continually broken in upon, by bickerings of this description. If you must be at dagger-drawing, better fight it out at once, and be done with it.

DOCTOR.—On the strength of his commissions, military and civil, I am willing to concede to this presumptuous rustic the privileges of a gentleman. Major, you have got pistols, I believe; and as for the time, why, there is none like the present!

LAIRD.—Pistols! Na, na! Catch a ruling elder intromitting wi' ony sic Satanic playocks! My great-grandsire fought wi' cauld iron at the glorious and immortal battle o' Drumclog (on which side, I needna' specify), and his descendant is determined to be guided by that sound and savoury example!

DOCTOR.—Be it as you please! Crabtree, I presume I may calculate upon the loan of your broadsword?

LAIRD.—Never fash your thoomb about Bonnie Braes. He can attend, brawly, to his ain interests! Let Sangrado get his weapon, and I'll no' be lang in finding mine!

MAJOR.—Before you retire, supposing you to be in earnest—

DOCTOR.—I am in no jesting mood, I can assure you!

LAIRD.—Never was I more serious in a' my born days!

MAJOR.—Such being the case, permit me to say, ere you "slope," that you must combat without seconds. The gout chains me to this sofa, and as a matter of course, the Purser, not being able to act for both parties, can officiate for neither.

DOCTOR.—I am content.

LAIRD.—Sae be it.

MAJOR.—And hark you! One word more. The field of battle shall be the lawn in front of the Shanty, and the party who is forced first to give in must own himself vanquished, and confess that he was in the wrong. These preliminaries being adjusted, take yourselves off, and may fortune favour the right!

[*Exeunt Laird and Doctor.*]

PURSER.—Who says that the days of chivalry are gone?

MAJOR.—Now, Sir Purser, we must borrow a wrinkle from *Ivanhoe.* I shall represent the bedridden Wilfred, whilst, for the nonce, you shall enact the part of the fair Hebrew, Rebecca, and report to me the progress of this unique duel.

PURSER.—With all my heart.

MAJOR.—Has Sangrado — Sanguino, he should now be called—made his appearance?

PURSER.—As you are speaking, lo, he loometh in sight. His doublet and vest hath he doffed; and denuded of shirt sleeves are his brawny and muscular arms.

MAJOR.—Hath he my Andrew Ferrara?

PURSER.—Yea, verily, and doth brandish the same after a truculent and most homicidal fashion! He calleth upon the producer of breadstuffs to become developed, and sweareth by Dagon and Baalzebub that he will give his flesh to the foxes and carrion crows!

MAJOR.—And Bonnie Braes?

PURSER.—Not as yet hath he manifested himself to my carnal vision. But hush, I hear his coming footsteps, and the sound of his voice. Like the red man, he entereth upon the strife intoning a canticle of war. Of a surety there is no craven wavering in those notes.

LAIRD (*without*)—

Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Wha daur meddle wi' me?
Up spoke wee Jock Elliot,
Wha daur meddle wi' me?

MAJOR.—He changeth to another tune.

LAIRD.—

Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush,
I'll over the border
And gie him a brush;

There's somebody there
I'll teach better behavior;
Hey, brave Bonnie Braes,
Cock up your beaver!

PURSER.—Jupiter and Jenny Nettles! what is this I behold! Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! Hee, hee, hee, hee! Oh! I shall never get over that sight! Hoch, hoch, hoch, ho!

MAJOR.—Pray expound?

PURSER.—My poor unfortunate sides! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

MAJOR.—You will force me to quit my couch of unrest, if you do not enlighten me as to what is going on!

PURSER.—Oh Major, would that you were able to banquit upon the delicious spectacle! Hee, hee, hoch, ha, hee! As I live the indomitable agriculturist hath armed himself —with what can you guess? Why with a monstrous cradle scythe!

MAJOR.—Glorious! Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

PURSER.—At what a thundering pace the North British Scythian comes on! With every bound he clears at least six feet, and without stay or intermission he causeth his instrument of destruction to sweep from one side to the other! I shall burst a blood vessel, beyond the shadow of a doubt! Ha, ha, ha!

MAJOR.—And how fareth it with the son of Galenus?

PURSER.—Bravely he standeth his ground, though palpably taken aback at this unsophisticated fashion of single combat. By Mars, however, the joke is waxing serious! The broadsword is no match for the scythe, and the doctor runneth a perilous risk of parting company with his locomotive members! Bonnie Braes! Bonnie Braes! take care man, what you are about! You will be scragged for murder, as sure as you live!

MAJOR.—Run out, like a good fellow, and cast this blanket over the demented pair!

PURSER.—There is now no necessity, for such a course of procedure! Sangrado is acting upon the maxim of Hudibras—

He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day!

Down the bank he pelts as if all Tam o' Shanter's witches were at his tail!

MAJOR.—Doth the bucolic conqueror, pursue?

PURSER.—He doth, and uplifteth an IO TRIUMPHE of victory!

LAIRD.—(*In the distance.*)

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enraged when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering [strokes!

MAJOR.—How now standeth the game?

PURSER.—The man of cathartics is at this moment fetching a leap over a pine stump four feet in altitude. There! fairly is the coon tree'd at last!

MAJOR.—As how?

PURSER.—Why he hath lighted up to the neck in a bit of swamp! Bonnie Braes, be merciful as you are strong!

MAJOR.—Goddess of Peace! (I forget your name in my agitation!) grant that the Laird's belligerent vim may evaporate!

PURSER.—Your prayer is granted! with the scythe—cruel no longer—the husbandman is extricating Sangrado from the miremush which holdeth him captive! Vigorously he taggeth at the forlorn one, as if he was manipulating upon an ox. The feat is accomplished! Rescued from the "Slough of despond," the medico is embracing his vanquisher and deliverer; and hand in hand the twain retrace their steps to the shanty

MAJOR.—All's well, that ends well!

[*Enter Laird and Doctor.*]

LAIRD.—Noo Crabtree, on our road up the brae, me and my guid auld frien', the Leech, here, has made a solem league and covenant. For this night, at least, nae allusion to be made by either o' us to the bit bickering that has just taken place between us.

DOCTOR.—And we will not take it overly civil, should the matter be touched upon by any one, during the current sederunt.

MAJOR.—A wise resolve, and one which neither the Purser nor myself will have any

inclination to disturb. Help yourself, Laird to a caulker, and Doctor, after you have drained this modicum of Martel, emigrate to my wardrobe, and change your garmenture.

[*Exit Doctor.*[

LAIRD.—Seeing that Sangrado's awa', I may remark that controversies among neighbours are often based upon very slender foundations. As illustration o' my position (to use the Minister's phrase,) I shall read ye some verses, written by an auld acquaintance o' mine, and taken frae a volume o' poems just published by him in Glasgow:

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

John Davidson and Tib his wife
  Sat toasting their taes ae nicht,
When something startit in the fluir,
  And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife," quoth John, "did you see that moose?
  Whar sorra was the cat?"
"A moose?"—"Ay, a moose?"—"Na, na, Guidman,
  It wasna a moose, 'twas a rat."

"Ow, ow, Guidwife, to think ye've been
  Sae lang aboot the hoose,
An' no' to ken a moose frae a rat!
  You wasna' a rat; 'twas a moose!"

"I've seen mair mice than you, Guidman—
  An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue, an' say nae mair—
  I tell ye it was a rat!"

"Me haud my tongue for *you*, Guidwife!
  I'll be mester o' this hoose—
I saw't as plain as een could see,
  An' I tell ye it was a mouse."

"If you're the mester o' the hoose,
  It's I'm the mistress o't;
An' I ken best what's in the hoose—
  Sae I tell ye it was a rat."

"Weel, weel, Guidwife, gae mak the brose,
  An' ca' it what you please."
So up she rose and made the brose,
  While John sat toasting his taes.

They supit and supit and supit the brose,
  And aye their lips played smack;
They supit and supit and supit the brose,
  Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' out, Guidwife,
  Aboot a moose."—"A what!"
It's a lee ye tell, an' I say again
  It wasna' a moose, 'twas a rat."

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
  My faith but ye craw croose!
I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear't—
  'Twas a moose."—"'Twas a rat."—"'Twas a moose."

Wi' that she strack him over the pow—
  "Ye dour auld doit, tak' that—
Gae to your bed, ye cankered sumph—
  'Twas a rat."—"'Twas a moose."—"'Twas a rat."

She sent the brose caup at his heels
  As he hirpled ben the hoose;
Yet he shoved out his head as he steekit the door,
  And cried, "'Twas a moose, 'twas a moose."

But when the carle fell asleep,
  She pa'd him back for that,
And roared into his sleeping lug,
  "'Twas a rat, 'twas a rat, 'twas a rat!"

The deil be wi' me if I think
  It was a beast ava—
Neist morning when she sweepit the fluir
  She found wee Johnnie's ba'!

[*Re-enter Doctor, beautified.*]

MAJOR.—You have been reading, I believe Doctor, the "*Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith, by his daughter, Lady Holland.*"

DOCTOR.—I have, and with considerable gusto.

MAJOR.—Does the witty sacerdos speak much for himself?

DOCTOR.—He does, and in that fact consists the main charm of the work.

PURSER.—Could you favour us with a few extracts?

DOCTOR.—Willingly. Here are portraits of a brace of whig historians:

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

His chief foible was indiscriminate praising. "I amused myself the other day," said he, laughing, "in writing a termination of a speech for him; would you like to hear it? I will read it to you:"—

"It is impossible to conclude these observations without expressing the obligations I am under to a person in a much more humble scene of life—I mean, Sir, the hackney-coachman by whom I have been driven to this meeting. To pass safely through the streets of a crowded metropolis must require, on the part of the driver, no common assemblage of qualities. He must have caution without timidity, activity without precipitation, and courage without rashness; he must have a clear perception of his object, and a dexterous use of his means. I can safely say of the individual in question, that, for a moderate reward, he has displayed unwearied skill; and to him I shall never forget that I owe unfractured integrity of limb, exemption from pain, and perhaps prolongation of existence.

"Nor can I pass over the encouraging cheerfulness with which I was received by the waiter, nor the useful blaze of light communicated by the link-boys, as I descended from the carriage. It was with no common pleasure that I marked in these men not the mercenary bustle of venal service, but the genuine effusions of untutored benevolence; not the rapacity of subordinate agency, but the alacrity of humble friendship. What may not be said of a country where all the little accidents of life bring forth the hidden qualities of the heart—where her vehicles are driven, her streets illumined, and her bells answered, by men teeming with all the refinements of civilized life?

"I cannot conclude, sir, without thanking you for the very clear and distinct manner in which you have announced the proposition on which we are to vote. It is but common justice to add, that public assemblies rarely witness articulation so perfect, language so select, and a manner so eminently remarkable for everything that is kind, impartial, and just."

He is a very great, and a very delightful man, and with a few bad qualities added to his character, would have acted a most conspicuous part in life.

I shall like him less than I did when I thought *Philowsophee* to be of much greater consequence than I do now; but I shall still like him very much.

It struck me last night, as I was lying in bed, that Mackintosh, if he were to write on pepper, would thus describe it:—

"Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly-pulverized seed of an Oriental fruit; an article rather of condiment than diet, which, dispersed lightly over the surface of food with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure, rather than affords nutrition; and, by adding a tropical flavour to the gross and succulent viands of the north, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man."

MACAULAY.

I always prophesied his greatness from the first moment I saw him, then a very young and unknown man, on the Northern Circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; he is like a book in breeches. Yes, I agree, he is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might perhaps have said before (though I never did so) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence, that makes his conversation perfectly delightful. But what is far better and more important than all this is, that I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, titles, before him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests.

"Oh, yes! we both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice," he exclaimed, laughing. "Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself—Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that."

To take Macaulay out of literature and society and put him in the house of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence.

You must study Macaulay when you come to town. He is incomparably the first lion in the metropolis—that is, he writes, talks, and speaks better than any man in England.

MAJOR.—I frankly concede that Macaulay is a clever *romancer*, but the less that is said about him as a *historian*, the better!

LAIRD.—That's because he disna crack up the Pooseyites, you auld, incorreegible fossil that you are!

DOCTOR.—I have called out a few odds and ends, characteristic of Smith's conversational and epistolary style.

MRS. SIDDONS.

I knew her very well, and she had the good taste to laugh heartily at my jokes; she was an excellent person, but she was not remarkable out of her profession, and never got out of tragedy even in common life. She used to *stab* the potatoes.

LITTLE JOHN RUSSELL.

Writing to Lady Holland at the time of the Reform Bill in 1831, he says:—"I met John Russell at Exeter. The people along the road were very much disappointed at his smallness. I told them he was much larger before the bill was thrown out, but was reduced by excessive anxiety about the people. This brought tears into their eyes."

LORD JEFFREY.

I cannot say the pleasure it gives me that my old and dear friend, Jeffrey, is in the road to preferment. I shall not be easy till he is fairly on the Bench. His robes, Tom knows, will cost him little; one buck-rabbit will clothe him to the heels.

VINDICTIVE TENACITY OF LIFE.

I think Lord Grey will give me some preferment if he stays in long enough; but the upper parsons live vindictively, and evince their aversion to a Whig Ministry by an improved health. The Bishop of —— has the rancour to recover after three paralytic strokes, and the Dean of —— to be vigorous at eighty-two. And yet these are men who are called Christians!

MALTHUS.

Philosopher Malthus came here last week. I got an agreeable party for him of unmarried people. There was only one lady who had had a child; but he is a good-natured man, and if there are no appearances of approaching fertility, is civil to every lady. Malthus is a real moral philosopher, and I would almost consent to speak as inarticulately, if I could think and act as wisely.

The ——s are with us. Mrs. —— confined to her sofa a close prisoner. I was forced to decline seeing Malthus, who came this way. I am convinced her last accident was entirely owing to his visit.

SMITH IN HIS SENECTITUDE.

I am seventy-four years of age; and being Canon of St. Paul's in London, and a rector of a parish in the country, my time is equally divided between town and country. I am living amongst the best society in the metropolis; and at ease in my circumstances; in tolerable health, a mild Whig, a tolerating Churchman, and much given to talking, laughing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country; passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man; have found the world an entertaining world, and am thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it.

MAJOR.—With all his whiggism, Sydney has ever been one of my especial favourites. There was no malice in his fun. "You have been laughing at me for fifteen years, Smith," —said one of his butts,—"but this I will

own, that you never said a word that I wish had never been spoken!"

PURSER.—A Toronto print describing the "walk" of the 12th of July, indulges in the following consumedly *fine* language:

"Up the College Avenue to the Caer Howel grounds; thence by the Bowling Green to the beauteous grove that separates the Green from the Cricket ground. Here, under the shade of the lovely beech, maple, and chesnut trees, for which this spot is so distinguished, the whole party bivouacked—here each Lodge in a separate group, had its refreshments served out to its members—here thousands stretched their limbs upon the lovely carpet, which nature's green sward spread before them — here the buoyant spirits and the smiling countenances enjoyed their hour's elysium, in this bower of beauty, loveliness and health—and here—"

DOCTOR.—Cock-a-doodle-doo! Why, old Giovanni Boccaccio could not have made more of the theme! If the eructator of the above rabid rant had been dragged from his "bower," been "horsed" in due and orthodox fashion, and received a "round dozen," conscientiously laid on, he would have been hugely improved by the transaction! It would have been a *stern* caveat against the bathos!

MAJOR.—Speaking of newspapers reminds me of a clever sketch which I last week received from one of our stated contributors. He assures me that it is taken directly from nature, and contains a very slight admixture of fancy colouring. I suspect that editors, of the stamp and calibre described by my correspondent referred to, are far from being uncommon in this Canada.

LAIRD.—Let us hear the production.

MAJOR.—Thus it runneth:

AN HOUR ON THE WELLAND.

"All aboard! Haul in that gangway!" shouted the mate, from the upper deck, and the next moment we were dashing away, at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, for the city.

"A great invention—a great invention, Sir, is steam, and very powerful and useful when confined within certain limits," observed a low thick set man at my elbow, with a look of ineffable wisdom, and a proud consciousness of having delivered himself of an idea worthy of a philosopher.

"Travelling"—he continued—"was not half so speedy when locomotion was in its infancy. I always hated them Durham boats; but according as the varied resources of mankind become developed, things are generally brought to light and so it doubtless will be for many centuries to come, yet."

Being satisfied that I had an original beside me, and for the purpose of making the best of my time, I allured him to a vacant seat near the ladies cabin, and observed as we both brought ourselves to an anchor:—"You are, indeed correct, Sir, in your conclusions regarding travelling and the resources of mankind and seldom, on any subject has a position more incontrovertable been taken by the most subtle minds, whether ancient or modern."

"I see that you are a man of genius, Sir,—a man of talent. Two words, Sir, which mean a great deal, as the absence of both those heaven born gifts is, in nine cases out of ten, indicative of a want of cleverness" ejaculated my companion,—his round face struggling through its native mist like a moon through a November fog. "But," he continued, "I cannot be mistaken, that eye of yours, and that pencil and book in your hand speak volumes. Depend your life, Sir, on the man who always keeps his eye fixed on the earth. Depth of thought. There is something grand sir, in raising it slowly, when addressed, without lifting your head. It is imposing, and has the expression of the eye of Samuel, Sir, in the splendid picture of Landscape, where he throws away the knife on finding the ram entangled in the burning bush. Landscape, Sir, was a great animal painter, and only to be equalled by that glorious old fellow in oils—Chantry. But, Sir, as I was observing, penetration is what I am at home in. That pencil and that book. Sketches of character Sir. Daily correspondence. In short, Sir, the Press! An awful word, Sir. The Press! What an organ for good or evil according to the circulation of a journal and the character of those connected with it. Ah! Sir, you cannot imagine how many sleepless nights the same subject has caused me. I feel my responsibility. Do you take, Sir? I feel my responsibility. But, I anticipate you, I know what you would observe. I know what you would ask. You would enquire if I was, like yourself, a member of the Fourth Estates. Give me your hand, Sir. You have hit it. Not a mere contributer though, or a correspondent, or an assistant, but the leading article itself."

I, of course, expressed my great delight, at meeting a brother chip of such an original turn; and was about to take some slight share in the conversation when I was suddenly cut short.

"Ah! Sir," he proceeded, "you are blest—you have fair play in the city. You abuse each other like gentlemen and may be looked upon as a society of literary lawyers who do not carry the austerities of the profession into private life, as a gentleman observed to me, word for word, yesterday. I have been always under the impression that the best way of getting peaceably through life was to go along quietly; but you cannot believe what difficulty I have in this, as the *Times* go. Every week I am attacked by a man who does not seem to be aware that politeness is a great accomplishment and as necessary as courtesy to the

well being of society. In fact I have often wished that my feelings were less refined and sensative, so as that I might use the *argument and barculum* as Horse says in his Juggernaut War. Although the fellow still persists in not stopping, I know that I am his bane. I am careful in not committing myself, however, for the sake of the rising generation, and use the choicest language towards him, I, knowing him to be one of the most uncorrigible bull-headed blackguards that ever lay in the gutter. Still I keep all this to myself, and am determined to show the skulking scoundral that I know better than to evince any degree of coarseness or want of courtesy towards him! That's where I pique myself in showing what I am; and how I have been cared for by educated and religious parents in my youth, when the scruff of the earth had not a friendly or intellectual creature to point out the alphabet to him—a knowledge of which I hold to be indispensable to a thorough acquaintance with English literature at least."

"You certainly evince great discretion and self-denial, Sir," I observed, "in the course which you adopt towards this member of our profession, whoever he may be; and I am confident that such a calm and lofty bearing on your part, must have the desired effect with the public, in placing him in the position which you believe him to merit so justly."

"Ah! there you are wrong Sir," he continued, "the public do not mind either of us. Their neglect of him might be accounted for on perfectly satisfactory principles, but their apathy in my case is quite another affair, as I fancy that I am not, like him, solely dependent upon Murray, Walker, and a pair of scissors for my weekly contributions to the politics or literature of the Province. No, Sir; the public are dull, within the range of my labours at least: and although my tone is generally *ex-cathedral*, yet from their incorrigible stupidity, our subscription list is not what the character and ability of our issue might be supposed to warrant. But, Sir, active genius can never lie dormant in the bosom of any man who possesses it in a marked degree. The effective labours of the industrious and talented are sure to produce fruit; and it is upon this, that I am now determined to rest my own individual success. Fifty-two columns a year must tell in some way or other either upon the public or the printer; and when the subject matter of those columns undergo a thorough and general analysis by the Province at large, they may be said to command some attention and to lead to certain results."

"I agree with you" said I on finding him pause, "that the public are a very bad judge of the true value of neglected genius; and that the pecuniary interests of the newspaper press often suffers through carelessness on their part, from the very fact, that the blessings of type have become so cheap and so common, that they are scarcely considered worth paying for; and, although as essential to the well-being of society as the very air we breathe is to that of our animal existence, seldom enter into the generous calculations of those who benefit most by them."

"All very well said, sir, only for that one word *animal*," returned my companion. "I object to animal. I called him an animal last week, and would not have the term applied generally, or, in fact, to any other person in existence. Animal!—I don't like it. It sounds like a quadruple. It involves too many legs for me. I would prefer not being embraced in the allusion you have just made. 'Animal existence,' is, in my opinion, rather offensive when used in relation to that god-like race whose master spirits invariably keep their eyes on the ground. Excuse me, but I would be wanting in the discharge of the debt which I owe society if I were to omit these observations. He is an animal, I admit; however he came to be set up on his hind legs, but then we I presume, belong to another specie. Oh! no!—I cannot stand, anima'; for now that I come to remember it, I believe that he called me one, not very long ago, in his dirty, filthy rag of a dishcloth. Excuse me; I cannot stand animal."

"Oh!" I replied, "if the term is in any degree offensive to you, I cannot of course so far forget the courtesy you admire so ardently, as to press it further in this connexion."

"It's always the way with men of talent and genius," he returned. "They never press things. They never persist. Not like *him*. He persists, and keeps at it too. In fact, he's always persisting. Educated people don't need to persist, they have so many things to turn off upon. I never persist. My *forth* is general toe picks: and a *apropos* of this, I hear that general Can Robert has resigned upon perfumery. I hate vulgarity, and can't bear to mention the name of the offensive weapon which induced him to give up his command. As an Englishman he could have done nothing else, however, and I think I have said so in the *Gammonton Ensign*. You have, of course, seen that weekly, sir, or heard of it at least; and I think I may observe without flattery, that a leader from it would open your eyes. I am about to give it a more literary character, however, with the hope of civilizing a portion of its subscribers. Those persons don't read sir; but I am fully determined to take up the poets and give them a taste for it. That's where I fancy myself at home. Oh! how often do I lament that the late Sir John Smyth went down to the grave, without my having had an opportunity of cultivating his acquaintance. That was an original sir—a man after my own heart. Only hear him on the subject of the cruelty of parents towards their children, regarding matrimony:

> "How great the crime and magnitude of the offence,
> In preventing connexions from having their choice
> Of consort, for sorrow will now soon commence,
> And the public against you will soon lift their voice.
>
> "If parents succeed and force their children to marry
> One whom they despise contrary to their free will,
> For this great sin and crime they will ever be sorry,
> For their affections will be for another still."

"There, sir—there's something for you that

has never been surpassed; not even by Scott or his child, Harold that's still living I believe. From the lines I have quoted, you can gather sufficient to form an opinion of this great man. You need ask no more, and if you would enquire further I may observe with an ancient Latin author, *ax Paddy Herculem*—although to me the language appears to be Irish. But, speaking of Scott, I don't mean to say that he was not a clever man, or, in fact, a man of genius, if not talent. The Waverly novels are sufficient to satisfy any person of taste on this head. What a delightful little compliment it was to the industry of Paisley to call them the *Waverly* novels. I have of often thought it was so happy—so much like the author. Rely upon it, sir, he was one of those who keep their eye fixed on the earth—a man that wouldn't wipe his shoes with such rubbish as he of the *Times* is."

Getting in a word edgeways I remarked, that from his great familiarity with the poets, it might be expected, that he was, himself, no stranger to the muses, and had doubtless left somethings on record which would secure him a niche in the temple of fame.

"Did you say no stranger to the muses?"—he continued, raising his eyes slowly from the mat upon which they were constantly fixed as a matter of principle—"If you have said so, you are correct. I am no stranger to the muses; although he affects a laugh at me. Have you not seen my lines on the Czar, Nicholas the haughty Crat of all the Russias? If you have not, listen and judge for yourself. I was only three weeks at them; but then you know that the finest poems in the language, have been touched and retouched before they were permitted to appear in public. No man—author I mean—ought to trifle with his frame. This is where I have, I fancy, discovered some little caution. Getting things even is something. However, listen as I have just said, and judge for yourself:—

We are surrounded by the breath of war at length,
Because the Russian Bear's not to be bore;
But we will try this northern bruin's strength,
Who'll find that we are not behind him as before.

And victory shall sit upon the allied arms,
Whenever success attends these brave and noble men;
And when, at last, we are free from wars alarms,
We'll fight our way to times of peace again.

Then let us let the haughty, imperial Crat know,
That Britons never, never, never, never shall be slaves;
And try and end the war when some decisive blow,
Makes him knock under forever to our flag that waves!

"Is that poetry, or is it not?"-he exclaimed, with a triumphant air, when he had finished the last line, and before I could open my lips—"You can, now, perceive whether I am a stranger to the muses or not. *He* talks, in his rag of a paper, about my not having the any muss of a poet as if true poetry required any muss whatever. That shows his ignorance, and keeps me from referring to the likes of him. Yet, all I have done, for so far, is completely lost on Gammonton and the surrounding country. People don't understand Sir, but, as I have now revealed myself to you, and spoken unreservedly to you on the subject of the press and of poetry. You will, I am sure, favour me with a specimen of your own composition, as I cannot be mistaken in that eye. I fathom you at a glance, you perceive. That's my *forth*."

On assuring him that I was not a favourite of the nine, and could not gratify him on this occasion, however willing to do so, he continued with renewed vigour:—"I am not surprised at that Sir. Very few are favourites of the nine, I don't pretend to more than eight myself. We all can't be Shakespeare's or Smyth's; but we can listen and learn. I have tried to make *him* listen, but he wouldn't. Not for a single moment. How different he is from you, who are a man of genius if not of talent I may say. You are not above listening when you know your man. You treasure up things to be brought forth in due time. Why do you use that book and pencil? You understand me. You see I have you at a glance."

"But," he observed, "here's the Purser coming to collect the fare. Let me but catch his eye, and he will not think of approaching us. I have always conveyed, with a single look, my standing and position. You are free of course, sir. The Press, you know; the Press. So am I, it is to be presumed, although I have never before travelled on this boat. Excuse me, however; perhaps he may so far forget himself as to ask me for a quarter. I must go and extract one from my carpet bag. We shall meet again, as acquaintance makes people know each other better."

Here, he darted away in the direction of his luggage, with a haste not at all in keeping with the dignity he assumed during the conversation. While, almost suffocated with suppressed laughter, I turned down into the gentlemen's cabin, to indulge in such a roar as I had not enjoyed for many a day!

Purser.—So much for the astute editor of the Gammonton *Ensign!* I will not swear that I ever met with the gent, but right certain am I that many of his confreres, as closely resembling him, as a pettifogging lawyer does Mahoun, have come under my ken!

Laird.—And sae Jeemes Silk Buckingham is dead and gone!

Doctor.—Yes. He was a clever man, but a most intolerable egotist. The two volumes of his autobiography, which appeared the other month, are literally crammed with capital I's.

Major.—Have you dipped into the aforesaid volumes?

Doctor.—I have, but with pestilently little refreshment. In the title-page the reader is promised "characteristic sketches of public men," which turn out to be very *wersh* and

prosy affairs. They are totally devoid of "character," and consist, for the most part, of a detail of transactions which took place between the parties paraded and the author.

MAJOR.—As I shall not attempt to wade through the production, after the verdict you have just passed upon it, perhaps you will be so charitable as to give me a snatch of its contents.

DOCTOR.—The following is rather an amusing account of Arab sagacity. I may premise that large flocks of pigeons and other birds hover about the banks of the Nile, ready to take advantage of any grain or other provision which the natives convey to the markets at Alexandria:—

"On the present occasion, as the jerm (a large undecked boat) was slowly descending the Nile by the force of the current only, there came off from every village that we passed a large flock of pigeons, and alighted on the grain, as it was heaped up open in the centre of the boat. Successive groups of these at last so *entirely covered the whole surface of the wheat*, that not a grain could be seen; and the first layer was soon succeeded by a second, and then by a third. It was amusing to see the struggles made by each of these in turn; the under layer, having eaten their fill, were anxious to escape, and take their flight; the upper layer being voraciously hungry, were as eager to get at the grain below, and stretched their necks out, and dived their bills downward for this purpose; while the centre layer seemed likely to be crushed between the two. All this while the reis, or captain of the boat, sat near the helm, smoking his pipe with the utmost composure, and looking complacently on the scene. At length I could not forbear asking him to whom all this grain belonged, conceiving it to be a cargo on freight for some corn merchants, and thinking the captain a very indifferent guardian of their interests. To this question he replied, 'Belongs? It all belongs to me.' I asked him whether he did not view with some regret the *immense consumption of it going on before* his eyes; as, if it proceeded at this rate, full half of it would be consumed by the pigeons before he reached Alexandria, and his loss would be very considerable. He then began to question me in his turn, and asked me first, 'Do you not think that God, who made the pigeons as well as man, intended them also to be fed?' I could not but say, 'Certainly.' 'Is not,' he continued, 'grain their natural food?' I confessed it was. 'Can they,' said he, '*plough, and reap, as we can, to obtain it?*' I was compelled to answer 'No.' 'Then was it not clearly the intention of the Creator that they should take it wherever they could find it?' To this even I could offer no dissent. 'Why then,' said he, 'let them eat their full and be satisfied. The earth is the Lord's, and the abundance thereof, and he meant that all his creatures should be partakers of his bounty.' I said that I could not but admire his belief and his practice: but I thought no Christian corn-merchants would act upon his Mohammedan view of the case, but would protect, as they would call it, their property from loss. 'Then,' said he, 'they would act unwisely, for God never suffers man to lose by discharging his duty to any of his creatures. He administers the affairs of the world with more wisdom and justice than this.' I asked whether such a diminution in the store of grain before me would not inevitably involve loss? 'In quantity,' he replied, 'undoubtedly, for the half can never be equal to the whole; but not in value, for this is the course of commerce. If all the boats laden with grain arrive at Alexandria without any diminution of their cargoes, there will be a glut in the market, and the price will fall. If on the contrary, nearly half of each cargo should be consumed before it reaches the port, there will be a short supply, and prices will rise; so that in all probability I shall get just as much money at high prices for my half cargo as I should have done at low prices for the whole; and thus you perceive, God does not permit me to be a loser by my kindness to his creatures, for I shall be fully remunerated, and the pigeons will have had their crops full into the bargain.'"

PURSER.—I notice on the table a brace of Routledge's *Original Novels*. Are they good for anything?

MAJOR.—Though published at the preposterously low price of two shillings or thereby, each, they are quite equal to the majority of the fictions for which the public have hitherto been taxed to the tune of three half guineas. If Routledge succeeds in his speculation, he will bring about an organic revolution in the fictional market.

LAIRD.—What may be the names of the twa stories referred to?

MAJOR.—The *Pride of the Mess*, a Naval Novel of the Crimean War: by W. Johnstoun Neale, the author of *Cavendish;* and the *Family Feud*, from the pen of a writer who shelters himself under the anonymous designation of Adam Hornbook. Full of incident and fun is the former composure, reminding us frequently of poor Marryatt's lively touch-and-go style. Anent the other work, it exhibits a fair amount of ability, though Master Hornbook is somewhat given to prosing, and has drawn largely for ideas upon *My Novel*.

DOCTOR.—Devoutly is it to be desired that Routledge will be able to carry out his plan,

and that other publishers may be induced to follow his example. There would then be pregnant ground for hope that the importation of pirated editions of British copyright works from Dollardom to these Provinces would be knocked on the sconce.

LAIRD.—Man, I would be unco glad to see that blessed day. It maks me savage as a bear wi' the gout, to behold the manner in which a pack o' hungry Yankee loons, lick the butter aff the bread o' our ain folks! If we had an Executive worth hanging, an end would hae been put to the enormity lang ere noo.

DOCTOR.—Come, come, old Jacobite, no snarling against the responsible powers that be!

LAIRD.—Wha can help snarling wi' sic an intolerable load o' provocation? Look, for instance, at *Harper's Magazine*. Every mouth it contains lang screeds frae sic writers as Dickens, or Lever, or Thackeray, printed, of course, without leave asked or obtained frae the owners. Noo, if Maclear & Co. attempted sic a thing, the bloodhounds o' law would be yelping and growling at their heels before ye could say Jack Robinson! And what is the inevitable upshot? Why, Canadian periodical literature is snubbed and discouraged, and a premium created for the sustentation and cherishment o' bibliopolic brigandism! Oh, we are blessed wi a wise paternal government, and sorrow a mistake aboot it! Gie me the swipes, Crabtree, or I'll choke wi' even-doon indignation!

MAJOR.—Whilst Bonnie Braes is quenching his righteous ire, permit me to make you acquainted with the latest bantling of Alexander Dumas. I allude to *The Conscript;* a Tale of the Empire.

PURSER.—I opined that the morality of the French mulatto had been a fraction overly rancid for your taste?

MAJOR.—In the present instance the mulatto, as you call him, has produced a work which the most fastidious might peruse without enunciating a solitary grunt of censure. It is nearly as pure as the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and for quiet simplicity of narrative is pleasingly suggestive of that incomparable story. With much vigor and dramatic effect are the characters of Conscience and Bastien drawn, and as for Mariette, she is a meet companion picture of Jeanie Deans. The devotion which she displays towards the poor, wounded, blind soldier is equal in its way to the unselfish heroism of the Cameronian cowfeeder's immortal daughter.

LAIRD.—I'll buy the book for that selfsame word! The lassie that is worthy to stand in a pair o' Jeanie's cast-off shoes must be nae common queen!

MAJOR.—As supper will not be ready for half an hour or so, I shall read you a portion of the *Conscript*:—

FATHER CADET AND HIS FARM.

The bargain was made, and, as Matthew had promised, was concluded at the cabaret of Mother Boulanger, the first hostess of Haramont.

The next year Madeleine had only to spade. This was hard for the poor woman, who was not strong, and as Matthew worked his own land, he saw her, and again had compassion on her.

"Father Cadet," said he, "I have a proposition to make you."

Cadet looked anxiously at his neighbor.

"I know from M. Niguet, who is both your notary and mine, that you have purchased three quarters of an acre of ground next to me, and paid in cash seven hundred francs in louis d'or. Well, for these three quarters of an acre which are separated from you, I will give you an acre and a half which adjoin you. The land is not so good, but an acre and a half is double three quarters of an acre."

Father Cadet scratched his ear; the offer was acceptable.

"Dame, I must see," said he.

This we know was his word.

"Accept quickly," said Matthew, "for this will suit my arrangements, and as an evidence that I desire the thing to be, I wish to make a proposition which I know will suit Madeleine."

"Father Cadet," said she, "is master."

"Explain yourself," said Cadet.

"Well. Do you pull up your thistles and carry the stones away, and, in the meantime, I will work not only your three-quarters of an acre but the acre and a half; as the latter is not very fertile, I will give you a load of manure in addition. What say you to that?"

"You must give something more," said Cadet.

"Hark you, Cadet, you are an old beggar; but that matters not, for I love Madeleine, who was a friend of my dead wife. It breaks my heart to see her toil thus. I make her, mark you, a present of Tardif, who is too small for his yoke-fellow, and not strong enough for the work he has to do."

"Tardif is old," said Cadet, who spoke at random, not having the slightest idea of the animal's age.

"Bah," said Matthew, "old! he is five years old, and if I wished to kill him, the butcher would give me eighty francs. I have, however, had the poor animal three years, and would not

like anything to happen to him. For that reason I give him to Madeleine, who, I am sure, will never send him to the shambles."

"No, certainly not."

"You talk, Madeleine, as if the bargain was made," said Cadet.

"I was wrong, Father," said the meek-minded woman, "and I ask your pardon."

"You ask my pardon. You ask my pardon. I do not see why. Matthew is right. The bargain may be made. Yes, it may be made."

"Yes, it will be made. It is too much to your interest not to."

"Well," said Cadet, "if it be not also to your interest, why do you propose it?"

Matthew looked at him in a mocking tone, and said, "Why do I propose it? Because I wish to be useful to you, because I love Madeleine with all my heart, and because, if she had chosen, she never told you of it, she might three years ago have been Madame Matthew. She did not choose, though, but resolved to be faithful to poor William. One should not pout, however, for that, you understand, for she is an excellent woman, and therefore I propose to you a bargain so advantageous that you have accepted it, and would hang yourself if I were to retract my word."

"Yes, but," said Cadet, without making a direct answer to the question, "who will pay the expenses of the contract?"

"Well, is that what wounds you?"

"It will cost from thirty-five to forty livres, you see."

"There is a way to arrange all that. Niguet made a contract for you yesterday, which has not yet been registered. My name will be substituted for yours, and the same contract will be made an act of transmission of the land I convey to you. We will then each pay our half of the expenses."

"Hum!" said Cadet, glancing at the piece of ground offered, as if to see how it would look if it were added to his own.

"Well!"

"But if between now and the time you are to deliver me, Tardif the ox die?"

"If Tardif die! Is he likely to do so?"

"It is possible. The almanac says there will be a great mortality of horned cattle."

"Father Cadet, you are a man of precaution."

"Certainly, it is my character."

"Well; if Tardif die as I told you, he was worth one hundred and eighty livres, I will not contradict my word and will pay you the money. Have you any other observation to make?"

"Have you any old ploughshare that you do not use, by chance?"

"We will find one."

"And if we happen not to harrow at the same time you will not lend me Tardif?"

"He will be lent to you."

"Well, then I ask nothing better. I come to terms at once."

Offering his hand to Matthew he said,

"*Tope.*"

"*Tope,*" replied the other, tapping his palm.

"Thus it is. I have given my word and I never back out from it."

"I think not," said Matthew, looking at him rather discontentedly.

"Never, never!" said Cadet.

Madeleine thanked her kind neighbor with a look, for she saw that for her sake he had made these sacrifices.

From that time Madeleine was excused from ploughing and harrowing and would devote herself to household cares entirely.

Father Cadet from this time really became a proprietor, for to the house he already owned he had added a field, an ox, and an ass: also a harrow and a plough.

The field fructified. From two acres it had become eight, and Father Cadet often said, like the Seigneur of Boursome and the rich farmer of Lurgny, "My land."

If he had owned one half as much as they, he would have said. "My lands."

He had often thought of purchasing this pleasure for himself. But often as this idea returned to him, his self reply, a perfect revelation of his ambition, was heard saying, "No, it is better to make it compact."

We repeat that, by virtue of this axiom, Father Cadet had rounded, and gradually and slowly, by annual purchase, had passed from two to eight acres.

He loved his land more passionately than he ever had his wife, than he had Madeleine, whom we see he had nearly sacrificed to his land—yet he loved Madeleine.

He was on his land every day; and the soil is grateful. The more care one takes of it, the more fruitful it is. He thought of it every day, from morning until evening; he dreamt of it at night. When his eyes were shut, he saw the spots where the clover was thickest and the grain most abundant. This was in summer. In winter he saw any forgotten stone, any tuft of parasitic grass, and said to himself, To-morrow I will throw that stone from the field, or I will pluck up that tuft. Thus it was every day and every night.

Sunday, the day so longed for by the workmen of cities came; the day when God himself, the source of all goodness as well as of all power, assumed fatigue in order that men might have a day of rest. Father Cadet would then say after supper, "On my word, Madeleine, I will rest well to-morrow."

Madeleine, with a smile, would say, "You will be right to do so."

The next day came, and the bells rang and said, This is the day of rest, the Lord's day. Rejoice, poor disinherited children of society. Forget the fatigue of yesterday, forget what awaits you to-morrow, deck yourselves in your best, and breathe freely between two days of toil."

At the sound of the bell, while Madeleine with her prayer-book in her hand, went to th church where her son served the mass. Father Cadet put on his best coat, it was brown, and his wedding coat, put on his dress breeches, his cotton stockings in summer, and gray woolen

ones in winter. He then sate awhile on the threshold of his door uncertain what he would do. The passers by would say:

"Father Cadet, come play with us a match at this and that game—Father Cadet drink a cup with us."

To each of these propositions, the one more attractive than the other, Cadet shook his head and replied,

"I have not the time."

And why?

Because on Sunday, the day of rest, Father Cadet had a walk to make a visit . . . .

To his mistress, his land.

On this day he did not, it is true, go directly to it as on the other days, but took a street which lengthened the way by two hundred paces. He sometimes went out at the other extremity of the village, and passed around it. Then he was a quarter of an hour longer.

The real object of the walk, however, was always the same. It was then in vain that Cadet said,

"I will not go to the farm to-day. God knows I go often enough in the week."

Yes, Father Cadet, and because you go thither every day in the week, is the reason why you will go to-day.

In fact, without knowing how, when, or why he had come, Father Cadet always found himself opposite his farm.

Be at ease, however—it is Sunday, and he will not work. He will not even touch it with his feet, as he may not touch it with his hands.

Ah, here though is the stone of which he has dreamed. It is a troublesome stone, and he will be rid of it.

And he saw that very tuft of grass in his dreams. He will pluck the troublesome thing up by the roots.

Thus for one, two, or three hours he looks on, growing momentarily more impatient. He hears the bell ring for twelve. It is dinner time on week-days, but on holidays it is an hour later.

He must go, or he will keep Madeleine waiting. For if he consumed half an hour in coming, he will need an hour to tear himself away.

It is not an easy thing, however, for Father Cadet to tear himself away. Before he has gone ten paces, he faces about, crosses his arms looks.

At first he smiles. Then he becomes serious, and looks sadly for a long time at this insignificant piece of ground, so small in comparison to larger properties, which yet absorbs his whole existence.

The clock strikes the half hour, and he must return. Having gone thirty paces, however, he faces about again, looks at his ground with a more sad and sombre air, at the same time more passionate than lover ever cast on his bride.

He then sets off with a sigh, as if he were not sure that he would find, on the next day, his beloved land where he had left it.

Thus it was always one, or a quarter after one o'clock, when Father Cadet was in sight of the two cottages.

Not however to the cottage on the left, as one might think, but to that on the right did he look.

In fact, at the threshold of the cottage on the left, almost always awaiting his return, stood grouped two women, a young girl, a lad, a child, and a dog.

All this group awaited Father Cadet, for as soon as he appeared, all said, "There he is."

The two women stood on the threshold, the three young people stood on a bench, and the dog sate on his haunches, sweeping the ground with his lion-like tail.

Without going to the cottage on the right side of the road, Father Cadet paused, and taking his hat in his hand, said,

"Your Servant, Dame Marie. Good day, Mariette. Good day, Pierre. Well Madeleine, come."

Then bowing, he placed his three-cornered hat on his bald head, and went to the cottage which was on the opposite side of the road.

When Madeleine said to the elder of the boys, "Come Conscience."

"Come, Bernard," said the boy thus addressed to the dog.

Madeleine then followed Father Cadet—Conscience Madeleine—and Bernard Conscience.

When at the door of the cottage on the left, all turned to smile once more on the woman, the girl, and the boy, and from every mouth came the words,

"This evening we will meet again."

We now know Father Cadet perfectly, and almost knew Madeleine. Let us now describe Dame Marie, Mariette, Conscience, little Pierre and Bernard.

PURSER.—The style seems natural and unstilted. Might I crave the favour of another ration?

MAJOR.—I am "convenient."

THE DRAWING.

It was half-after-ten, and at eleven the drawing was to begin. As, however, the villages of the canton of Villers-Cotterets, and the city itself would follow in alphabetical order, Haramont was the third or fourth.

Haramont would not draw until half-after twelve or one o'clock.

This enabled Conscience to take Mariette to Haramont.

Alas! the poor children felt that they had so little time to pass together, that they were unwilling to lose a moment.

Conscience also fancied that he had not warmly embraced his mother, and he wished to do so again.

They then walked side by side across the park.

In the Inspector's garden, there was a gate which opened into this park, and made it unnecessary for them to pass through the city.

They were on foot. Bernard, who knew the way better than the postman, walked before them, and looked back from time to time, not

to see if the children followed him, for his instinct taught him better than his eyes could, that they did.

Bernard for eight days, had known perfectly well that one of the two houses was in great trouble. We will not dare to say that he knew which, but during that time he had become more affectionate to Conscience who was exposed to danger, the danger of being separated from him.

When he had now reached a place in the park called the Pheasantry, where two roads met, each of which led to Haramont, called the one the high-road, and the other the by-path, Bernard, contrary to custom, appeared to turn aside from the former, and take the path.

Conscience recalled him, to go as he usually did with Mariette and himself, but the dog shook his head and went on.

Conscience, now about twenty paces distant, called him back again, but instead of obeying, Bernard sate down, and looked at the two children.

Mariette wished to call to him again, but Conscience checked her.

"Bernard is not mistaken, Mariette. He has something to say to me."

Approaching the dog—

"Well!" said he, half talking, half scolding, "what is the matter, Bernard?"

Bernard whined in a low tone, without any expression of sadness, and lifted up his paw towards the forest.

"Yes. Bernard," said Conscience, "you are right. You are an animal, and instinct does not deceive you."

"Well," said Mariette, who had rejoined Conscience, "what does Bernard say?"

"Look," said he.

Extending his right hand towards the forest, he pointed out, debouching from the shade and approaching them, an old man riding on an ass, and followed by two women dressed in black, leaned on each other.

A child's hand was held by one of the women, and the lad—as children will do—suffered himself to be half dragged.

The man and ass were Father Cadet and Pierrot.

The women were Madeliene and Dame Marie—the child was little Pierre.

As if to sustain in the isolation which awaited them, the Lord had permitted them to receive the baptismal names of the two holy women.

The two groups advanced until they met, and then mingled together.

The poor family had been unable in their sorrow to await so long, the decision of the drawing, and Father Cadet, who, two years ago, by means of a mortgage on his land, had contrived to add three new acres to it, was on his way to take to Master Niguet, the notary, the first instalment of its price—that is to say, eight hundred francs.

The harvest had been good, and Father Cadet saw with satisfaction, from the weight of the sack he carried in the pocket of his chesnut-colored coat, which he had tied up so tightly with a string, that the rattling of the money did not betoken its presence—Father Cadet, we say, saw with satisfaction, that the harvest of each year sufficed, with the addition of two or three hundred francs, to pay for the land in three years.

We do not mean to say that, amid the trouble which had befallen the poor family, Father Cadet was pre-occupied only by his land, for this would be an insult to the old man's heart, but we will say that, as wine and idleness equally delighted Figaro's heart, the land and his grand son shared that of Father Cadet.

He therefore took occasion to hurry his visit to Villers-Cotterets, and consented to part with his dear money, though the date of payment was a week distant.

The consequence was, that all were journeying towards Villers-Cotterets.

It was after eleven when they reached it. The whole population was collected before the Maire's house, that is to say around the church and the castle square. The Maire's house was next the church, and overlooked the square.

There, in groups mournful as those in which the Israelites wept on the bank of the Euphrates, where mothers, sisters, fathers, and youngmen who were to draw for the conscription; among these groups were young people who had barely left their childhood, and who were remarkable for their paleness and debility, and especially by their tears.

The groups did not mingle. Each was composed of the inhabitants of one village, and each looked at the others with hatred, asking that the heaviest portion of the impost of blood might not fall on them.

Some had sought for consolation in intoxication—and their intoxication, the cause of which was apparent, and perhaps more distressing than the tears of others.

They awaited the conclusion of Mass to commence the drawing of lots.

The people came out sadly and in tears. The church was so full, that people on their knees were seen as far as the middle of the streets; sorrowful days are always those of piety.

The rolling of the wheel echoed sadly in every heart. It was a kind of premature summons. The sound of the drum for three or four years, had been sad indeed to mothers' hearts.

The Maire, wearing his scarf, accompanied by his two adjuncts, and followed by a corporal and four gensd'armes, appeared.

As he passed, all saluted him most respectfully. Those who had the honor of his acquaintance, called him by name, to which he replied by a protecting motion of the hand.

They wished to win the Maire's favor. It seemed to all these poor creatures in their distress, that they should procure friends from all directions, and that the Maire was a powerful one, even against Providence and chance.

After the Maire, there entered the hall where the drawing was to take place, all that the room could contain, enclosed by barriers, like those around a theatre door.

The name of the first village in alphabetical

order was called. It was Boursonne.

Then began a doubly painful spectacle, the joy of some enhancing the grief of others, which not unfrequently enhanced the delight of the fortunate.

Those who rejoiced, did so because they had drawn a number high enough to have some chance of remaining, and the drawing of each high number lessened that of those not yet called to the wheel.

What caused joy to some caused sadness to others.

An inferior number increased the sadness of those who had drawn it, and the joy of those who remained, since, by condemning the drawer, it left some chance to those who had not yet drawn.

This joy and sadness soon extended from the room to the crowd without.

The Conscript having drawn his number, which was proclaimed by the Maire and registered, if the number was good rushed forth with open arms, looking delightedly to heaven, and at the very door shouted out his own joy and that of his family, bearing triumphantly the saving number aloft.

If on the other hand, his lot was bad, the Conscript appeared at the door, sad, with hanging arms, and shaking his head, caring little for the fatal number which proclaimed by the Maire, was inscribed by the clerk on the register, and yet more deeply recorded on the heart of the young man, by despair.

This scene was renewed every minute. Of, however, one hundred and twenty numbers which had been deposited in the urn, thirty or forty only, were reputed as good, the alternative of sadness was far more frequent than that of joy, and there was far more sorrow than pleasure in the sad precinct.

This grief was the more profound as each village had seen some of its children set out on the terrible campaigns of 1812 and 1813, of whom none had returned, except some poor mutilated individuals, so that mothers in their tears pressed their children to their bosoms, and as they felt their mutilated limbs, murmured,

"Balls! bullets! My God, My God! can it be with your consent that man thus treats your flesh and blood!"

Three villages came before Haramont. These were Boursome, already named, Corcy and Damplieux.

Two of the villages seemed manifestly protected by God. These were Boursonne, and Damplieux. In all probability, of the thirty Conscripts, they were furnished six or eight. Almost all the good numbers were in their hands.

Corcy, none knew why, was to be crushed.

In all cases, such strange and unaccountable whims of fortune are observed.

After Damplieux came Haramont. Conscience left his two mothers, Mariette and little Pierre, with many kisses.

Bernard wished to follow him, but dogs were pitilessly proscribed from the interior, and Bernard then returned and sate at Mariette's feet.

Father Cadet was gone to the notary's, to avoid the fatal explosion, if such should be.

Conscience, surnamed Jean Manscourt, came out fifth.

The two first who left the room, appeared sad and downcast. They had drawn bad numbers. The third had a doubtful number in his hand. The fourth was joyful, having drawn 164.

The poor mothers, Mariette and little Pierre, knew that Conscience came fifth.

What grief and anguish passed through the hearts of the poor women in that moment of expectation, God knows. God alone counted the hasty beating of their pulses. God only knows how pale they were.

At the moment Conscience put his hand into the urn, they had calculated it beforehand; at that very moment the dog slowly lifted his head, and howled sadly. The women trembled.

The howl was not finished, when Conscience appeared sad but resigned at the door, his usual melancholy smile yet lingering on his lips, with the usual melancholy expression on his brow.

The three women shrieked, for they saw that their misfortune was complete.

He approached slowly, embracing the three at once, as it were, to assume the three-fold grief.

He then, in a tone, the sadness of which it is impossible to describe, said,

"Nineteen, just the number of my age."

"My God, my God," said the two women falling from his arms on their knees, "have we been proven sufficiently?"

Mariette stood erect, and consequently was alone in Conscience's arms; he pressed her to his bosom, and murmured:

"Dead or alive, you know I am yours."

For some seconds he pressed her lips.

At that moment, Cadet returned from the notary's, and appeared at the corner of the church, leading his ass by the bridle.

He saw the women kneeling, with uplifted hands, he saw Mariette weeping in Conscience's arms, and understood all.

"Ah!" murmured he, "so Conscience is to be treated as my poor William was,"

With an effort over himself, he added:

"I would have given five hundred francs to ensure him a good number. On my word I would."

Laird.—The *Conscript* will gang oot to Streetsville wi' me the morn, if I am spared to tak' the journey. By the way, speaking o' journeys, it is my purpose, wind and weather permitting, to pay a visit to Kingston next week. Sair forfochen hae I been wi' gettin' in my kneevefu' o' wheat, and muckle do I need some sma' relaxation. My appetite is just dwindled awa' to naething. Wi' difficulty can I manage to eat sax eggs and

three pounds o' ham to breakfast; and that, ye ken, is puir picking for a farmer body!

DOCTOR.—Puir indeed!

MAJOR.—Keep your weather eye open, so that you may tell us all the outs and ins touching Regiopolis.

LAIRD.—Regiopolis! That's some clachan in the Crimea, I'm thinking! Na, na, I hae neither time nor bawbees for sic a trip! Breadstuffs, thank Providence, still command a fair price, but no' ane that would warrant sic a jaunt as the like o' that!

MAJOR.—If you give us full tidings about Kingston, we shall be able to form a pretty correct notion of the state of Regiopolis!

LAIRD.—The thought o' my intended voyage puts me in mind o' the time when I left dear auld Scotland. By your leave, I shall sing you a bit song I composed when the hame sickness was sair upon me:—

AYONT THE ROARING SEA.

Oh! but I'm sad and sair o' heart,
  When I think on the days
I've spent at hame in our ain part,
  Amang the heather braes,
The bonnie braes and haughs sae green,
  Where a' was melody,
And ilka scrag was like a frien',
  Ayont the roaring sea!

Untainted then was pleasure's gift,
  By day or yet by night.
The laverock in the morning lift
  Had not a heart more light.
But oh! it's been a warld o' care,
  Stern pain I've had to dree
Since last I breathed the caller air
  Ayont the roaring sea!

I canna' learn the stranger's way,
  Nor speak the stranger's tongue,
Nor hear the music on the spray
  I used to hear when young.
I'm just, alas! like them that's lost,
  And wistna' whaur they be;
Or ane that's sair wi' luve been crost
  Ayont the roaring sea!

I used to gang to tryst and fair
  Wi' blithe and ligshtsome cheer,
For ilka ane that met me there
  Was auld acquaintance dear.
And I wad gie our hills sae green,
  Had I the gift to gie,
Gin I were now, where I had been,
  Ayont the roaring sea!

DOCTOR.—This is all consumedly fine, but methinks that the clink of Canadian dollars in your plethorically replenished spleuchan will have a tendency to reconcile you to this side of the "roaring sea." There is something very cosmopolitan in the present price of grain!

LAIRD.—Oh, you matter of fact savage! Anither jeering word oot o' your mouth, and we'll see whether the edge o' a certain scythe has got blunted!

FACTS FOR THE GARDEN AND THE FARM.

PLANTING SHRUBBERIES.

To arrange the improvements of a country residence judiciously and economically, is an interesting question to all who anticipate building. It is evident from the many extravagant expenditures of frequent occurrence in the laying out of country places, that the spirit of improvement is entered into without sufficient reflection; for although it may be considered that all have their own ideas of comfort and convenience in the abstract, yet few can carry into execution all the details, or satisfactorily introduce and fit all the disjointed parts so as to form a complete whole.

This is more strictly applicable to the improvement of the grounds. Few are their own architects, although they may have peculiar conveniences which they wish embodied in the construction of their dwelling; the whole is left to the discretionary approval of a competent professional person. On the contrary, most people fancy themselves perfectly qualified to lay out their grounds. In some cases we have known heavy sums expended in the endeavour to secure the indiscriminate imitation of some popular or approved style, altogether unsuited to the *genius* of the place, and the error has not been found out until it was too late to derive much advantage from the discovery. Such instances are to be regretted, inasmuch as they tend to retard the general improvement of grounds under the mistaken notion that a pleasing landscape cannot be developed unless at enormous expense, while the truth is, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where heavy sums have been expended in the so-called improvement of grounds, it will be found that the result is far from being commensurate with the expense, and that a *change* of scenery is not necessarily an *improvement.*

The art of Landscape Gardening and the art of Landscape Painting are somewhat similar in their results, although the practical application

of details and mechanical arrangement of material are widely different. The gardener must not only possess a high degree of refined and cultivated artistic taste, but he must also have a thorough knowledge of the habits and requirements of plants, their general and special combinations, and every thing in connection with their culture and management. In his compositions he must have an eye to future as well as immediate effect, and his best efforts are liable to become tame and uninteresting from causes which he can neither foresee nor remedy. The painter, on the other hand, can cull from nature many of her matured and richest scenes, and so dispose of them on his canvass that they form one complete and enchanting picture.

That a higher degree of care and skill must be brought to bear upon the arrangement of a place a couple of acres in extent, than in one of fifty acres, is well known to all who have any acquaintance with the subject. Many persons have an idea, and we have frequently heard it confidently asserted, that the same general effect can be produced in both, by following a similar method of arrangement. This impression is quite as erroneous as its production is practically impossible. As well might we expect to derive as true an idea of the magnificent proportions of the Washington monument from the exhibition of a five-foot model, as from the contemplation of the great original, so great is the difference between imagination and reality.

But much can be done to render small places interesting; their confined and limited extent suggests a method of arrangement by which a great variety of interesting features can be introduced, and although they may not arrest the attention and admiration of the spectator by their magnificent grandeur, they afford more pleasure in the examination of details. "Unity in objects is essential to beauty, from the limited nature of the mind, which can only see and understand one thing at one time, and variety is equally necessary, from the expansive nature of the mind, which can see and understand an indefinite number of objects, provided they are presented to it in succession." The leading features to be kept in view are variety and contrast, or distinctiveness in the various objects introduced. The converse of this is well exemplified in many places where the trees and shrubs are so numerous, and planted in such a regular and systematic manner, as to convey the idea of a nursery rather than of pleasure ground. There is nothing to arrest attention; turn which way we will there is the same unmeaning assemblage, and we are lost in the vain endeavour to discover the design or intention of the planter.

Many persons have vague and indefinite notions respecting the dispositions of trees and shrubs in pleasure grounds. It is not uncommon to see shrubs of the smallest size, and even herbaceous plants, placed in isolated positions on the lawn. This mixing up of grass and small plants is very prevalent, and where it is adopted any thing like striking effect cannot be produced. Shrubbery should be considered and treated as quite distinct from the lawn proper. The ground occupied by masses of shrubbery should, at least while the plants are young be cultivated and kept clear of grass and weeds. A few years of such treatment, until the plants are of sufficient size to shade and prevent the growth of weeds, is all that will be found requisite. Shrubberies, more especially in small places, where a feeling of extent and intricacy is desired, should be allowed to grow into dense masses, so as to form a screen or thicket impenetrable to the eye. This is one of the finest features of a small place, and the only way in which it can be made to appear extensive, so that in walking through the grounds all the paths are concealed except the one occupied at the time. By this means a variety of interesting views and scenes may be of constant occurrence, and the attention of the spectator is directed to the variety and intricacy, rather than to the extent of the whole.

Further to secure this illusion, recourse may be had to the frequent occurrence of striking objects, isolated, although apparently connected with the principle groups of planting. Rare trees and shrubs, or of those of botanical or historical interest, flower vases, statuary, rustic seats, &c., may be effectually introduced, but they require to be skillfully managed, otherwise what is intended for variety may result in confusion and absurdity.

The most extensive improvement in grounds, and in most cases the least satisfactory, is that which involves the removal of large quantities of soil. With many of our modern improvers, to grade and level seems to be synonymous with taste and beauty. There are, however, instances where artificial elevations and depressions are strikingly valuable. We have seen

two walks running nearly parallel, only a few yards apart, completely hid from each other by the intervening space, being elevated and planted as in the Derby arboretum, &c. The effect of several years' growth may thus be obtained in a day, and walks brought quite near each other without being obtrusive, or out of place. Shrubbery, to be effective, must be thickly planted. Plant with a view to a periodical thinning out of the least desirable kinds. Our shrubberies are all too thin; they cover too much space. We have seen wonderful effects produced in grounds where all appeared scattered and confused, by simply gathering in a few of the outside plants and placing them in the main body. In planting with reference to future thinness, the experienced planter find no difficulty in locating each kind in its proper situation, both with regard to future and immediate effect; for however desirable it may be to form a feature which will stand as an example for future admiration, it is no less desirable that we should endeavour to supply the wants and claim the approval of the present.

The style of the building invariably suggests the method of arrangement, as well as the most suitable trees and shrubs for its immediate vicinity. The house being the principal feature in the composition should be treated as such, and trees of the largest growth may be placed in connection. Both the kind and quantity of this class of trees will, of course, depend upon the size of the building and extent of the ground. Shade is indispensable to a pleasant country residence. The introduction of trees, therefore, combines effect and utility in an eminent degree.

WELLINGTONIA GIGANTIA.*

Of late, says *Courtis' Botanical Magazine*, the curiosity of the public, as well as of the Botanist, has been excited by a discovery of Mr. William Lobb, of a coniferous tree in the interior of California of a most gigantic size, measuring three hundred feet and more in height, and from ten to twenty feet in diameter (thirty or sixty feet in circumference) of its trunk. Douglass' *Pinus Lambertiana* of the Oregon measured two-thirds of that height, and he described a species of *Taxodium* two hundred and seventy feet long, and thirty-two feet round at three feet above the ground. Some few he saw three hundred feet high.

Happily Mr. Lobb sent home branches of his gigantic Conifer, bearing foliage and cones, together with the following account of it, which appeared in the *Gardener's Chronicle* and *Courtis' Magazine*.

Mr. Lobb says, "This magnificent tree, from its extraordinary height and large dimensions, may be termed the monarch of the California forest. It inhabits a solitary district on the elevated slopes of the Sierra Nevada, near the head-waters of the Stanislau and San Antonio rivers, in latitude 38° N., longitude 129° W., at an elevation of five thousand feet from the level of the sea. From eighty to ninety trees exist, all within the circuit of a mile; and these varying from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and twenty feet in height, and from ten to twenty feet in the diameter of the trunk. Their manner of growth is much like that of the *Sequoih* (Taxodium) *Sempervirens;* some are solitary, some are in pairs, and not unfrequently stand three or four together. A tree recently felled measured about three hundred feet length with a diameter, including bark, twenty-nine feet two inches at five feet from the ground. The bark is of a pale cinnamon color, and from twelve to fifteen inches in thickness. The branchlets are round, somewhat pendent, and resembling a Cypress of Juniper. The leaves are pale grass-green; those of the young trees are spreading, with a sharp acuminate point. The cones are about two and a half inches long, and two inches across the thickest part. The trunk of the tree in question was perfectly solid from the sap-wood to the centre, and judging from the number of eccentric rings, its age has been estimated at three thousand years. The wood is light, soft, and of a reddish color, like Redwood (or *Taxodium Sempervirens*)."

Of this vegetable monster, a section was exhibited at Philadelphia about two years since. Dr. Lindley says, "It must have been a little plant when Sampson was slaying his Philistines, or Paris running away with Helen, or Æneas carry off good Pater Anchises on his filial shoulders." Some seeds kindly sent to us, and planted in the green-house, have unfortunately not vegetated; but several individuals have been more fortunate, and plants may now be

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* In the May Number of our Magazine for the present year some remarks were made on this gigantic tree, and we think the following extract from the *Horticulturist*, an excellent little periodical published in Philadelphia, will prove interesting to those who have read the former article.

bought in the United States,* where they will no doubt become as common as Deodars. Dr. Lindley has determined that the tree belongs to a perfectly new genus, with foliage not very dissimilar to that of the Juniper's, yet with true cones, or *stroboli*, as large as those of the Scotch Fir, but in structure very much resembling those of the Japan genus *Sciadopitus* of Siebold aed Zuccari, Flora of Japan, ii. p. 1. t. 102,—which, however, has leaves the longest four or five inches long, and the broadest more than a line in width,) of any genus in the northern hemisphere; and so arranged in whorls that each whorl is umbraculate, whence the generic name.

GOSSIP.

COSTLY CHINA.

"Having seen much of primitive districts ourselves, where "china" is known as crockery, and dinner sets are "dishes," we can tell how incredible it will seem to some of our more remote readers, when we tell them there is a single set in our city now on sale, at the price of two thousand dollars. The cost of a small farm swallowed up in one set of dinner dishes, liable to breakage, too—more liable than less precious ware. We quite agree with a favorite handmaid, to whom the advertisement was read—

"La, ma'am, I shouldn't like to have the washin' and handlin' of 'em."

Imagine the ease with which the possessor of this treasure would preside over his table, with his property at the mercy of careless or hurried waiting-men; his most elegant courtesies cut short by the imminent danger of a soup-tureen, valued at fifty dollars; the point of his choicest *bon mot* lost by the capsizing of a gravy-boat. Better a dinner of herbs, from white stone ware, so far as equanimity is concerned.

As a work of art—for only a true artist could design these graceful shapes and trace the exquisite designs—the set cannot be too highly valued, and the owners of the palatial residences, who have their billiard-rooms, and bowling-saloons, their picture-galleries, and their stables grained in oak, might thank the good taste of the importer, who has placed such a gem within their reach. Rare china, in these luxurious days, is a fashion and a taste which our fashionable circles are just beginning to cultivate. Collecting it has long been a favourite pursuit abroad with those whose wealth would permit so expensive a hobby. What will be thought of a sale like this, which we copy from an English print?—

"The chief attraction of the sale at Bedford Lodge, the late residence of the Duchess of Bedford, was a collection of rare old Sèvres, Dresden, and other porcelain, and some magnificent specimens of the now almost obsolete Chelsea ware, together with a number of very fine old marqueteria cabinets. Among the more remarkable lots sold may be instanced a set of three small toilet-cases of rare old Chelsea ware (measuring only four or five inches square,) mazarine blue ground, richly embellished in gold, with birds and flowers, which realize, after an active competition, two hundred guineas; a pair of fine old Chelsea china vase-shaped candelabras, painted in figures and flowers, on a turquoise ground, sold for seventy guineas; a pair of elegant small Sèvres vases, with handles, on white fluted pedestals, forty-nine guineas; a cabinet of turquoise Sèvres, consisting of plateau, a two-handled cup and saucer, and a sugar-bowl and cover, delicately painted, with cupids, camaien pink, fifty-five guineas; a superb Sèvres vase, with handles, lapis blue ground, richly decorated with gold, and painted with medallion portraits, in grisaille, and garlands of flowers. This beautiful vase, which stands about thirteen inches high, realized one hundred and fifty-six guineas; two Dresden vases, with handles of elegant form, and painted with flowers, forty guineas; a Palissey ware candelabra, for four lights, and supported by nereides and masks, sold for fourteen guineas; a sculptured hand, with a bunch of grapes, in statuary marble, realized seventeen guineas; a jewel casket, with ormolu enrichments and Sèvres plaques on each side, painted with landscape and figures of a female at a fountain, forty-two guineas; a fine jewel casket, composed of plaques of rare Oriental enamelled china painted, with ormolu, fifty-eight guineas; a superb Sevres ecuelle, with cupids and bouquets of flowers, delicately pencilled in camaien pink, seventeen guineas; two fine old Dresden verrieres, richly gilt borders, and painted with birds, fifteen guineas; a large Dresden ink tray, of the finest period, with scroll borderings, nineteen guineas."

* As this is the most gigantic tree of our country it has been suggested to call it *Washingtonia Gigantea*, but we fear the name of *Wellingtonia* having been appropriated by the discoverer, we shall have to submit, and be contented with our large share of the California gold found at its foot.

A CONSIDERATION.

"SERVANTS are such a trial!" is now the general complaint. Mrs. A. has five cooks in one winter; Mrs. B. changes her chambermaid every month; Mrs. C's nurse neglects the baby; and Mrs. D's waiter is impertinent to his mistress and cross to the children. To hear a knot of ladies discuss their respective domestic grievances, one would suppose that there was no honesty of purpose and little ability left among "those of our own household." And yet in the old times which we now look upon as dark ages, in the days of our youth, when we should have been learning better lessons than idleness and extravagance, servants grew old and gray-haired in the employment of our family.

It cannot be all the fault of those in service. If those who complain the most would spend half the time wasted in talking over their trials, in gaining the interest, and enlightening the ignorance of their servants, half of their lamentations would be spared. Many an indifferent cook might be made capable and grateful with a little instruction, and the impertinence and idling often come from a spirit fretted by accumulated task-work, that should have been arranged to a methodical routine.

There is a good lesson worth laying to heart in the memorable last words of Justice Talfourd, the wise jurist and elegant poet. It will be remembered that he died last year, in the discharge of his judicial duties, in the midst of an appeal from the bench for sympathy with those we employ:—

"I am afraid we all keep too much aloof from those beneath us, and whom we encourage to look upon us with suspicion and dislike. Even to our servants, we think perhaps that we fulfil our duty when we perform our contract with them; when we pay them their wages and treat them with the civility consistent with our habits and feelings; when we curb our temper and use no violent expressions towards them. But how painful is the thought that there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts and necessities, continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and natures we are as much unacquainted as if they were the inhabitants of some other sphere. This feeling, arising from that kind of reserve peculiar to the English character, does, I think, greatly tend to prevent that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections, gracious admonitions and kind inquiries, which often, more than any book education, tend to the culture of the affections of the heart, refinement and elevation of the character of those to whom they are addressed."

TO KEEP EGGS FOR WINTER USE.—Pour a full gallon of boiling water on two quarts of quicklime and half a pound of salt; when cold, mix it into an ounce of cream of tartar. The day following put in the eggs. After the lime has been stirred well into the boiling water, a large part of it will settle at the bottom of the vessel, on which the eggs will remain. Keep them covered with the liquor, and they will keep for two years.

TO BOIL EGGS TO EAT IN THE SHELLS, OR FOR SALADS.—The fresher laid the better; put them into boiling water; if you like the white just set, about two minute's boiling is long enough; a new laid egg will take a little longer; if you wish the yolk to be set, it will take three, and to boil it hard for a salad, ten minutes. A new-laid egg will require boiling longer than a stale one, by half a minute.

CUPPED EGGS.—Put a spoonful of very nice high-seasoned, brown gravy into each cup; set the cups in a saucepan of boiling water, and, when the gravy heats, drop a fresh egg into each cup; take off the saucepan, and cover it close till the eggs are nicely and tenderly cooked; dredge them with very fine mace, or nutmeg and salt. Serve them in a hot-water plate, covered with a napkin.

SOUFFLE FRANCAISE.—Put into a stewpan one ounce of butter; when melted, add two table-spoonfuls of flour; stir them well over the fire, so that the flour be thoroughly cooked; but not coloured; add by degrees a wineglass of boiled cream, and four times that quantity of boiling milk; work it quite smooth, take it off the fire, add four yolks of eggs, sugar to palate, a grain of salt, and a table-spoonful of orange-flower water; whip up strongly the whites of eight eggs, mix them lightly in the batter, put the whole into a souffle-dish, and bake for an hour. The flavor of this souffle may be varied according to fancy, omitting the orange-flower water, and substituting either vanilla, curacoa, noyeau, maraschino, chocolate, coffee, &c.

FAINTING.—In cases of fainting apply to the nostrils and temples some spirits of compound spirits of Ammonia, and give a few drops in a wineglass of water inwardly.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

C. J. H., HAMILTON.—Thanks for the explanation. The game, however, possesses scarcely interest enough for our pages.

JUVENIS.—In opening a game, your first object should be to make a way for your pieces to come out, that you may post them advantageously, and have them in readiness both to attack and defend.

AMY.—We are sorry that we cannot make use of your exceedingly pretty little four-move problem, as it admits of a very common-place solution in three.

Solutions to Problem No. 20, by Amy, C. J. H, Hamilton, J. H. T., Lennoxville, C.E., and J. B., are correct.

Solutions to Enigma in our last by the above, and R. G., Cobourg, and Evans, are correct.

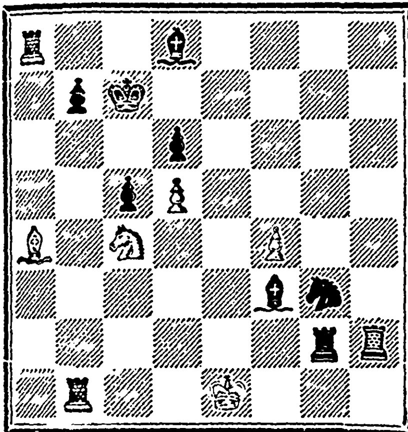
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XX.

Black.	*White.*
1. Kt takes K Kt P (ch).	B takes Kt.
2. Kt takes K R P (ch).	B takes Kt.
3. Q to K Kt 2d (ch).	P mates.

PROBLEM No. XXI.

By Stamma.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in ten moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 55. By M. D'Orville.

WHITE.—K at Q R sq; Q at K B 4th: R at K Kt 5th; R at Q 4th; Ps at Q 3d & Q Kt 4th.
BLACK.—K at Q B 6th; Q at K R 6th; R at K 3d; R at Q Kt 6th; B at Q 4th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 56. By A. Anderssen.

WHITE.—K at Q R sq; Q at K 2d; B at K 6th; Ps at K 5th, Q 4th and 6th, Q B 5th, and Q R 4th.
BLACK.—K at Q B 3d; Q at K R 8th; R at Q Kt 2d; B at Q Kt sq; Kts at K sq and Q Kt 8th; P at Q B 2d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 57. By Mr. S. Angas.

WHITE.—K at Q B 7th; R at Q B sq; B at K Kt 4th; Kt at Q 3d; P at K B 2d.
BLACK.—K at Q 4th; P at Q 5th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 58. By the Same.

WHITE.—K at Q 2d; R at K B 5th; Kt at K 5th; Kt at Q R 3d; Ps at K Kt 3d, & K B 4th.
BLACK.—K at Q 5th; P at Q B 3d.

White to play and mate in five moves.

No. 59. By the Same.

WHITE.—K at Q B 2d; Q at her Kt 3d; R at K 7th; R at Q B 7th; B at Q B 8th.
BLACK.—K at Q Kt 3d; Q at her R 6th; R at Q R sq; R at Q R 4th; B at K R 4th; Kt at K sq; Ps at Q 3d, Q B 4th, and Q Kt 4th.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

GAME No. I.

The following fine game is one of a match recently played between two German players of some celebrity in the Chess world:

	White (HERR J.).	*Black* (HERR Z.).
1.	P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2.	Kt to K B 3d.	Kt to Q B 3d.
3.	P to Q B 3d.	P to Q 4th.
4.	Q to Q R 4th.	Q to Q 3d.
5.	P takes P.	Q takes P.
6.	B to Q B 4th.	Q to Q 3d.
7.	P to Q Kt 4th.	B to Q 2d.
8.	P to Q Kt 5th	P to K 5th.
9.	Kt to K Kt 5th (*a*).	Kt to K 4th.
10.	Kt takes K P.	Q to K Kt 3d.
11.	Castles.	P to K R 4th (*b*).
12.	P to K B 4th.	Kt takes B.
13.	Q takes Kt.	Q to Q Kt 3d (ch).
14.	P to Q 4th.	B takes Kt P.
15.	R to K sq (*c*).	Castles.
16.	Q to Q Kt 3d (*d*).	R to K sq.
17.	B to Q R 3d.	Kt to K B 3d.
18.	B takes B.	Kt takes Kt.
19.	B takes Kt P.	Kt to Q B 4th (*e*).
20.	R takes R.	R takes R.
21.	P takes Kt.	R to K 8th (ch).
22.	K to B 2d.	R to B 8th (ch).
23.	K to K 3d.	Q takes P (ch).
24.	B to Q 4th.	Q to K 2d (ch).
25.	B to K 5th.	Q to R 5th (*f*).
26.	Q takes B.	Q to B 7th (ch).
27.	K to K 4th.	Q takes P (ch).
28.	K to Q 4th.	P to Q B 3d.
29.	Q to R 5th.	P to Q Kt 3d.
30.	Q takes R P.	Black announced mate in four moves (*g*).

Notes.

(*a*) It would be stronger play to take Kt with P, and upon Black replying with B, takes P, White would move Q to Q Kt 3d, &c., having a superior game.

(*b*) It is obvious that Black could not take the Kt without losing his Queen.

(*c*) A beautiful *coup de ressource* to avoid the loss of the exchange. Black cannot take the Queen without being mated in two moves.

(*d*) White did not venture to capture K B P, on ac-

count of the attack on his Queen which would have ensued, and the consequent loss of time.

(*e*) Very finely conceived.

(*f*) Another bold sacrifice, but perfectly sound.

(*g*) We think the defeated party in this game missed the road to victory on his 9th move. See note (*a*).

GAME No. II.

Smart skirmish between Herr Kling and an Amateur:

	White (Amateur).	*Black* (Kerr Kling).
1.	P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2.	P to K B 4th.	P takes P.
3.	Kt to K B 3d.	B to K 2d.
4.	B to Q B 4th.	B to R 5th (ch) (*a*).
5.	P to K Kt 3d.	P takes P.
6.	Castles.	P takes P (ch).
7.	K to R sq.	P to Q 4th (*b*).
8.	B takes P (*c*).	Kt to K B 3d.
9.	Kt takes B.	Kt takes B.
10.	P takes Kt.	Q takes Kt.
11.	R (ch).	K to Q sq.
12.	Q to K 2d.	B to K Kt 5th.
13.	Q to K 4th.	B to B 6th (ch).
14.	Q takes B.	Q takes R (ch).
15.	K takes P.	Q takes B.
16.	Q takes K B P.	Q takes Q Kt P.

and White resigned.

Notes.

(*a*) This move constitutes the *Cunningham Gambit*, which, in the days of Philidor, was much played and esteemed.

(*b*) This is considered the best move at this crisis.

(*c*) It would, we think, be better to take P with P, instead of with the B.

GAME No. III.

A fine game played between the late Mr. Williams, of London, and Mr. Green of Oxford, the former giving the P and move:

(*Remove Black's K B P.*)

	White (Mr. G.).	*Black* (Mr. W.)
1.	K P two.	K P one.
2.	Q B P two (*a*)	Q B P two (*b*).
3.	Q Kt to B 3d.	Q Kt to B 3d.
4.	K Kt to B 3d.	Q P one.
5.	K Kt P one.	K Kt to B 3d.
6.	K B to Kt 2d (*c*).	K P one.
7.	Castles.	K B to K 2d.
8.	Q P one.	Castles.
9.	Q B to K 3d.	Q B to K Kt 5th.
10.	K R P one.	B to R 4th.
11.	K Kt P two.	Kt takes Kt P (*d*).
12.	P takes Kt.	B takes P.
13.	Kt to Q 5th (*e*).	Q R to B.
14.	Q to K 2d.	Q to K.
15.	Kt takes B (ch).	Kt takes Kt.
16.	K to R 2d.	Q (ch).
17.	K to Kt 3d.	R takes Kt (ch).

Resigned.

Notes.

(*a*) This is not so good a move as Q P two.

(*b*) Black's answer to White's last move appears the best, as it seems to prevent the adversary playing Q P two.

(*c*) We disapprove of this style of play, believing, as we do, that the K B is much out of play here.

(*d*) A bold move this to play in an important match game However, as White may move, his opponent will recover the piece.

(*e*) Q Kt to Q Kt sq, and then to Q 2d, seems better; but Black will have time to attack with Q and both Rooks.

GAME BETWEEN MR. STAUNTON AND CAPTAIN KENNEDY, THE FORMER GIVING PAWN AND TWO MOVES.

Remove Black's K B P from the board.

	White (Capt. K.).	*Black* (Mr. S.).
1.	K P two.	
2.	Q P two.	Q Kt to B 3d.
3.	Q B to K Kt 5th.	Q P two.
4.	K P one.	Q B to K B 4th.
5.	Q Kt to B 3d.	Q to Q 2d.
6.	K B to Q Kt 5th.	Q R P one.
7.	B to Q R 4th.	Q Kt P two.
8.	B to Q Kt 3d.	K P one.
9.	Q Kt to K 2d.	Q Kt to Q R 4th.
10.	Q B P one.	Q Kt takes B.
11.	P takes Kt.	Q B P two.
12.	K Kt to B 3d.	P takes P.
13.	K Kt takes P.	Q B to K Kt 3d.
14.	P to Q Kt 4th.	Kt to K 2d.
15.	Castles.	Kt to K B 4th.
16.	Q R to Q R 5th (*a*).	K B to K 2d.
17.	Q to Q 2d (*b*).	Castles, king side.
18.	B takes B.	Kt takes B.
19.	K R to Q R sq.	Kt to Q B 3d.
20.	Kt takes Kt.	Q takes Kt.
21.	Kt to Q 4th.	Q to Q Kt 3d.
22.	Kt takes Q Kt P.	K R to K B 4th.
23.	Q to Q 4th.	Q to Q sq.
24.	Kt to Q 6th.	K R to K B sq.
25.	Q R takes Q R P.	Q R to Q Kt sq.
26.	P to Q Kt 5th.	Q to K Kt 4th.
27.	P to Q Kt 6th.	B to K R 4th.
28.	Q to K third.	Q takes Q.
29.	P takes Q.	B to K 7th.
30.	Q R to Q R 7th.	Q R tks P, on Q Kt 3d.
31.	Q R to Q Kt 7th.	Q R to Q R 3d.
32.	K R to K sq.	Q R to Q R 7th.
33.	K R P one (*c*).	B to Q 6th.
34.	P to K 4th.	P takes P.
35.	Kt takes P.	K R P two.
36.	Kt to K Kt 5th.	B to Q B 5th.
37.	Q R to Q Kt 4th.	K R to Q B sq.
38.	K R to Q sq.	Q R to Q R sq.
39.	Q Kt P one.	B to K 7th.
40.	K R to K sq.	Q R to Q R 7th.
41.	Q B P one.	K R to Q sq.
42.	Q R to Q Kt 7th.	K Kt P one.
43.	Kt takes K P.	K R to Q 7th.
44.	Q R to K Kt 7th (ch).	K to R sq.
45.	R takes K Kt P.	B to K Kt 5th.
46.	Kt to K B 4th.	B to Q 8th.
47.	K P one.	B to Q B 7th.
48.	Q R to K Kt 5th.	Q R to R sq.
49	K P one.	Q R to K sq.
50.	Kt takes K R P.	And Black resigned.

Notes.

(*a*) Well played. From this point it seems impossible for Black to save the Pawn.

(*b*) It would be very bad play on White's side to take the Bishop.

(*c*) If on this or the previous move White had taken the proffered piece, he would have been mated.