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THE  
ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL V.—TORONTO: DECEMBER, 1854.—NO. 6.

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

Unfortunately, Mr. Madison's proclamation given in our last chapter has been invested with an appearance of justice by the articles which appeared in the *Annual Register*, and by other passages, subsequently, in Mr. Macaulay's works. We confess we cannot regard this affair in the same light, and can only look on the proclamation as an attempt by Mr. Madison to cover his own deficiencies. In the first place, he terms an expedition, which he had been warned, two months previously, would be undertaken, a sudden incursion, and then endeavours to prove the ruthlessness of Sir George Cockburn in carrying out his plans, by the assertion that "buildings having no relation to war were destroyed."

When General Ross was fired at from the Capitol, did not that act render this building an object for legitimate attack? And, in the destruction of the houses of Representatives, and the Treasury, was a worse act committed than when Colonel Campbell, of the United States army, destroyed the dwelling-house and other buildings of a Canadian, and justified the act, as according to the usages of war, because a troop of British dragoons had just fled from them?

Ingersol has made great capital out of an article which appeared in the *Annual Register*,

for 1814, and that our readers may judge of the comments for themselves, we give the extract, taking it, not from Ingersol, but the *Register* itself.

"By the capture of Washington, the American Government not only sustained a severe loss in property, but incurred much reproach from the nation, especially from the party adverse to the war, as having been the occasion of a disgrace which it had taken no effectual measures to prevent. A vulnerable part of the Republic was now exposed, and men's minds were impressed with a sense of imminent danger, where before it had been regarded only as a remote possibility. On the other hand, it cannot be concealed, that the extent of devastation practised by the victors, brought a heavy censure upon the British character, not only in America, but on the continent of Europe. *It is acknowledged, that strict discipline was observed, while the troops were in possession of Washington, and private property was anxiously protected:* but the destruction not only of every establishment connected with war, but of edifices consecrated to the purposes of civil government, and affording specimens of the advance of the fine arts among a rising people, was *thought* an indulgence of animosity more suitable to the times of barbarism, than to an age and nation in which hostility is softened by sentiments of generosity and civilised policy."

It will be seen, in this extract, that the writer distinctly says, not that the attack on Washington really was an act suited to barbarous ages, but only that it was *thought so*.

Mr. Ingersol, however, has not failed to quote this passage, and even so late as 1848, hints at a retaliation, to be accomplished by the burning of London, and the destruction of the capital of the nation that taught America her vulnerability, by the devastation of Washington.

A great deal too has been made of the fact that Admiral Cochrane made prizes in the Nominy River of a large quantity of tobacco, besides rescuing from slavery one hundred and thirty five slaves, and taking on board a number of cattle, to relieve his stores already overtaxed by the necessity of finding food for so many additional mouths.

Mr. O'Connor designates all this plundered property; but Mr. O'Connor should have recollected that he did not term the seizure of the North West Company's goods plunder, but held the capture as good prize by the maritime law of nations. We should wish, then, some American casuist to define the differences between the two cases.

Two other expeditions were undertaken almost simultaneously with the attack on Washington—one on Alexandria, the other directed against a party of militia assembled at Waltham farm.

The first of these was attended with considerable success, as twenty one merchant vessels, laden with sixteen thousand barrels of flour, a thousand hogsheads of tobacco, besides a considerable quantity of cotton and other articles were captured. The town of Alexandria and its inhabitants, with all their property remained unmolested, as they had signified their readiness to submit without resistance to the invading party.

The second expedition ended more disastrously, and resulted in the death of a very gallant officer, Sir Peter Parker. This officer, while his ship was at anchor at Moor's fields, received information that two hundred American riflemen were encamped behind a wood, about a mile from the beach, and determined if possible to carry the American camp by a night attack, and, on the evening of the 29th August, he made, at the head of nearly one hundred and forty men, a most gallant attack on the American position.

The enemy were, however, very strongly posted, and after a sharp struggle the British fell back, in consequence of the death of their leader, Sir Peter Parker. It must not be omitted that the retreat of the British seamen did not commence until they had seen their opponents in full retreat before them.

On the 3rd of September the British troops, under Captain Gordon, began a retrograde march from Alexandria, and by the 9th, although many difficulties presented themselves by a combination of skill, diligence, and good fortune, the British Commander was enabled to withdraw and anchor his whole squadron in perfect safety.

Ingersol seems determined always to find some excuse for his countrymen, and, in the present instance, although none was required, he is prepared to assign a reason for the non-defence of Alexandria. In the first place the Captain commanding was guilty of misconduct and was cashiered. Secondly, the Common Council were inimical to Mr. Madison's administration. Would it not have sufficed for Mr. Ingersol to state that the Sea Horse and Euryalus frigates with some other smaller vessels lay off the town, and that there could be no hesitation on the part of the defenceless inhabitants, the fighting portion of which did not exceed one hundred militia men, in choosing between security and total ruin.

American writers have exhausted the vocabulary of abuse in finding epithets to launch against Captain Gordon's acts, but to show how undeserved were their attacks it is but necessary to transcribe the conditions imposed on the citizens of Alexandria.

The town of Alexandria (with the exception of public works) shall not be destroyed, unless hostilities are commenced on the part of the Americans, nor shall the inhabitants be molested in any manner whatsoever, or their dwelling houses entered, if the following articles are complied with:—

Article 1. All naval and ordnance stores must be immediately given up.

Article 2. Possession will be immediately taken of all the shipping, and their furniture must be sent on board by the owners without delay.

Article 3. Merchandise of every description must be instantly delivered up, and to prevent any irregularities that might be committed in its embarkation the merchants have it in their option to load the vessels generally employed for that purpose, when they will be towed off by us.

Article 4. Refreshments of every description to be supplied to the ships, and paid for at the market price by bills on the British Government.

Article 5. Officers will be appointed to see that these articles are strictly complied with, and any deviation or non-compliance on the part of the inhabitants of Alexandria will render this treaty null and void.

American historians when descanting on these terms are but too apt to dwell on Article No. 3, but we should recommend to their especial notice also No. 4, particularly as this Article was strictly complied with, and not an article of food was taken on board the vessels without full and prompt payment. Even the Government organs at Baltimore, when indulging in every species of vituperation did not dare to deny this.

Ingersol is silent on the subject and merely contents himself with designating the prizes made as spoil, we should however like Mr. Ingersol to say what difference existed between the West Indian or South Sea whalers captured at sea by the Americans and merchant vessels captured in an enemy's port.

Ingersol is very bitter on both Mr. Madison and General Armstrong.

son and General Armstrong, on the one for his poltroonery, and on the latter for his contemptuous indifference of what was going on around him. He says,—

“Emerging from his hiding-place, and soon informed of the enemy's precipitate departure, the President likewise turned his steps towards deserted Washington, where his presence was the signal of universal recuperation—his own, the capital, and the country—risen like Antæus from his fall. Such are war's vicissitudes and compensations. At Georgetown, at the tavern, in the apple orchard, and at the hovel in the woods; the commander-in-chief of the army and chief of the United States, and of the militia

of the several states, when called into actual service, forces then about exceeding one hundred and fifty thousand men, drank the bitter lees of public disgrace, and suffered many of the pains and penalties inflicted on power degraded: encompassed by crowds of his countrymen, flying from their desolated dwellings, many of them in arms, crying aloud for his downfall, begrudging even his wife the sanctuary of a common inn: both the reviled and revilers pursued by resistless foes, bent on the indiscriminate destruction of all alike. The night following came some compensation for such punishment—the last night of Madison's exile, and eve of his restoration to almost universal favor. It was spent in the family of Quaker hosts, strangers to him, and conscientious adversaries of all war, who, with primitive hospitality, welcomed friend Madison, entertaining him and his outcast comrades in misfortune with the kindest and most touching attentions. Refreshed by sweet repose under the Quaker roof, they returned next day to Washington; and on the way were joined by General Armstrong. After his suggestion to fortify and defend the Capitol was, with his own acquiescence, overruled by General Winder and Colonel Monroe, the Secretary of War rode to his lodgings in the city, provided himself with a change of clothes and one of Scott's novels, with which he withdrew to a farm-house in Maryland, where he was found next morning, quietly enjoying his romance. Coldly accosted by every one of the President's party, except Mr. Madison, whose behaviour was as usual, the war secretary felt the first symptoms of that nearly universal aversion which marked his return to Washington, and protested against his continuance in the war department. Never well liked by Madison, who yielded to the political, local, and critical inducements which took General Armstrong, from commanding the garrison and important station of the city of New York, into the cabinet, his contempt for all but regular troops, and for party, if not popularity, his military and aristocratic democracy, supine and sarcastic deportment and conversation, habitual disparagement of the wilderness capital, the negligence imputed to him of its defences, and his opinion frequently expressed, that it was too insignificant,

nificant to be in danger, fomenting the desire men have of a sacrifice, filled Washington with his enemies, then fevered to animosity by its destruction, and festered to rancorous hate. Men require victims, and it was natural to make them of Armstrong and Winder, as alone guilty of what all the rest were to blame for, and, which were in fact, infirmities of republican institutions. The fall of Washington endangered the removal of the seat of government from a place which both east and west began to disparage. Leading men there, Charles Carroll, of Bellevue, whose hospitable villa stood on the picturesque heights of Georgetown; John Mason, with his elegant residence on Anolostan island, on the Potomac, at their feet; John Van Ness, a large landlord in the heart of the city, with many more whose property was threatened with sudden and ruinous depreciation, intimates and supporters of Madison, to personal, party, and patriotic attachments, joined solicitude for their homesteads, instinctive and irrepressible beyond all reason. The district militia swore that they would break their swords rather than wield them, directed by such a Secretary of War; and Georgetown sent a deputation to the President to tell him so, consisting of three remonstrants, one of whom was Hanson, editor of the newspaper most abusive of his administration; and another, McKenny, then contriving to promote Munroe's election as Madison's successor. Refusing to receive such envoys, too wise and just to give way to local clamor, but too mild and forbearing to spurn or rebuke it, the President compromised with what Armstrong stigmatised as a village mob, by advising him to withdraw temporarily from its vengeance, if he did not even intimate a wish that the Secretary of War would relinquish his official superintendence of the District of Columbia, promising shortly to restore him to all his faculties. General Armstrong could not remain, under such disadvantages, a member of his administration. The averted countenances of all the President's associates, when first met after the defeat, all cold, and one of them, Mr. Carroll, insulting, told the secretary that he could not stay, even though his life had not been threatened by the mili-

tary mob he defied, without forfeiting the independence he maintained. Retiring, therefore, after his interview with the President, and by his advice, to Baltimore, on the 3rd September, 1814, in the federal journal of that city, he published an indignant resignation of a place, which, throughout his incumbency, was one of continual quarrels with the generals he superintended, and of their disastrous miscarriages of the campaigns he projected. At his residence on the North River he survived till more than eighty years old. Having bravely served in the army of the Revolution, been the organ of its almost rebellious complaints by the Newberg letters which he wrote, appointed to high public trusts at home and abroad by Presidents Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, he closed his life, by military annals of the war of 1812, remarkable for accurate narrative, polished diction, and manly tone."

\* \* \* \* \*

A few days after the Washington Expedition, it was determined that a demonstration against Baltimore. tion, it was determined that a demonstration should be made against Baltimore, and that, if there appeared to be any reasonable prospect of success, the demonstration should become a real expedition. the policy of this demonstration was apparent, when we consider that the Java frigate and several sloops and smaller vessels of war were lying there, and that an immense quantity of naval stores were deposited in the arsenal, the loss of which could not but inflict a heavy blow on the American Government.

Influenced by these considerations Sir Alexander Cochrane, Admiral Cockburn, and General Ross began to make the necessary arrangements, and from the 1st to the 11th all was a scene of busy preparation. On the 12th the troops landed at North Point, at the entrance of the River Patapsco, while the frigates, bomb vessels, and flotilla worked up the Patapsco, as well as the shoal water permitted, in order to co-operate with the army by an attack on Fort McHenry, and the other batteries about two miles from the City.

The Americans had so long sustained along the banks of the Chesapeake a series of humiliations, that it would almost appear as if, in relating the descent on Baltimore, their

historians had determined to wipe away the disgrace which had been incurred, by making the most of that affair. Accordingly we find from Ingersol to Smith, not even excepting Armstrong, that the British force was magnified in the same ratio that their own was diminished. We must, however, do Armstrong the justice to observe that he was the most moderate, and only made the British as six to three.

We are fortunately in possession of the exact number of troops that were landed at North Point, and we will proceed to examine how much truth exists in the various American statements.

The troops which landed under the command of General Ross consisted of detachments of Royal and Marine Artillery, the remnants of the 1st battalions of the 4th, 21st, and 4th regiments, and the 85th regiment, the 1st and 2nd battalions of Marines from the ships, and a body of six hundred seamen, under Captain Edward Crofton; the whole numbering thirty-two hundred and seventy rank and file.

Here we have the official return of numbers, yet American writers, pretending to be historians, have not scrupled to swell the British numbers to eight, nine, and ten thousand. We look in vain in General Smith's despatch for some clue as to the American numbers. We are, however, luckily, able from various admissions made by the different writers, to approximate somewhat closely to the real state of the case. For instance, we gather from Mr. Thompson that General Stricker's brigade, besides several companies of Pennsylvania militia, amounted to three thousand one hundred and eighty-five men. This was exclusive of the men stationed at the forts and batteries, who mustered one thousand strong, and when we add to these numbers the men stationed along the whole line of breastworks, estimated, by the prisoners taken, at four thousand, we find that, instead of being numerically inferior to the British, the Americans more than doubled their assailants, and considerably exceeded eight thousand men.\*

\* Sketches of the War, p. 340.

Having laid before the reader this statement of numbers we proceed to the expedition itself, and begin with an extract from Col. Brooke's letter, adding to it Sir Alexander Cochrane's and Admiral Cockburn's despatches, giving in our notes also an extract from General Smith's despatch\* to the Secretary at War.

"About two miles beyond this point our advance became engaged; the country was here closely wooded, and the enemy's riflemen were enabled to conceal themselves.— At this moment, the gallant General Ross received a wound in his breast which proved mortal. He only survived to recommend a young and unprovided family to the protection of his king and country.

"Thus fell, at an early age, one of the brightest ornaments of his profession; one who, whether at the head of a regiment, a brigade, or corps, had alike displayed the talents of command; who was not less beloved in his private than enthusiastically admired in his public character; and whose only fault if it may be deemed so, was an excess of gallantry, enterprise, and devotion to the service.

"If ever it were permitted to a soldier to lament those who fall in battle, we may indeed, in this instance, claim that melancholy privilege.

"Thus it is, that the honour of addressing your Lordship, and the command of this army, have devolved upon me; duties which under any other circumstances, might have been embraced as the most enviable gifts of fortune; and here I venture to solicit, through your lordship, his royal Highness the Prince Regent's consideration to the

\* Extract from Major-General Smith's Despatch.

About the time General Stricker had taken the ground just mentioned, he was joined by Brigadier-General Winder, who had been stationed on the west side of the city, but was now ordered to march with General Douglas's brigade of Virginia militia, and the United States' Dragoons, under Captain Bird, and take post on the left of General Stricker. During these movements, the brigades of Generals Stransbury and Foreman, the seamen and marines under Commodore Rodgers, the Penn-

† Two miles from North Point.

circumstances of my succeeding, during operations of so much moment, to an officer of such high and established merit.

“Our advance continuing to press forward, the enemy’s light troops were pushed to within five miles of Baltimore, where a corps of about 6000 men, six pieces of artillery, and some hundred cavalry, were discovered posted under cover of a wood, drawn up in a very dense order, and lining a strongpaling, which crossed the main road nearly at right angles. The creeks and inlets of the Patapsco and Black rivers, which approach each other at this point, will in some measure account for the contracted nature of the enemy’s position.

“I immediately ordered the necessary disposition for a general attack. The light brigade under the command of Major Jones, of the 4th, consisting of the 85th light infantry, under Major Gubbins, and the light companies of the army, under Major Pringle, of the 21st, covered the whole of the front, driving the enemy’s skirmishers with great loss on his main body. The 4th regiment, under Major Faunce, by a detour through some hollow ways, gained, unperceived, a lodgment close upon the enemy’s left. The remainder of the light brigade, under the command of the honourable Lieutenant-Colonel Mullins, consisting of the 44th regiment under Major Johnson, the marines of the fleet under Captain Robbins, and a detachment of seamen under Captain Money of the *Trave*, formed a line along the enemy’s front; while the left brigade, under Colonel Patterson, consisting of the 21st regiment, commanded by Major Whitaker, the 2nd battalion of marines by Lieutenant-Colonel Malcolm, and a detachment of marines by Major Lewis, remained in columns on the road, with orders to deploy to his left, and press the enemy’s right, the moment the ground became sufficiently open to admit of that movement.

“In this order, the signal being given, the whole of the troops advanced rapidly to the

charge. In less than fifteen minutes, the enemy’s force being utterly broken and dispersed, fled in every direction over the country, leaving on the field two pieces of cannon, with a considerable number of killed, wounded, and prisoners.

“The enemy lost, in this short but brilliant affair, from 500 to 600 in killed and wounded; while at the most moderate computation he is at least 1000 *hors de combat*. The 5th regiment of militia, in particular, has been represented as nearly annihilated.

“The day being now far advanced, and the troops (as is always the case on the first march after disembarkation) much fatigued, we halted for the night on the ground of which the enemy had been dispossessed.—Here, I received a communication from Vice-Admiral the Honourable Sir A. Cochrane, informing me that the frigates, bomb-ships, and flotilla of the fleet, would on the ensuing morning, take their stations as previously proposed.

“At day-break on the 13th, the army again advanced, and at ten o’clock I occupied a favourable position eastward of Baltimore, distant about a mile and a half, and from whence I could reconnoitre, at my leisure, the defences of that town.

“Baltimore is completely surrounded by strong but detached hills, on which the enemy had constructed a chain of palisaded redoubts, connected by a small breast-work; I have, however, reason to think, that the defence to the northward and westward of the place, were in a very unfinished state. Chinkapin hill, which lay in front of our position, completely commands the town; this was the strongest part of the line, and here the enemy seemed most apprehensive of an attack. These works were defended, according to the best information which we could obtain, by about 15,000 men, with a large train of artillery.

“Judging it perfectly feasible, with the description of forces under my command, I

sylvania volunteers under Colonel Cobean and Findley, the Baltimore artillery under Colonel Harris, and the marine artillery under Captain Stiles, manned the trenches and the batteries—all prepared to receive the enemy. We remained in this situation during the night.

On Tuesday, the enemy appeared in front of my entrenchments, at the distance of two miles on the Philadelphia road, from whence he had a full view of our position. He manœuvred during the morning towards our left, as if with the intention of making a circuitous march, and

made arrangements for a night-attack, during which the superiority of the enemy's artillery would not have been so much felt; and Captain McDougall, the bearer of these despatches, will have the honor to point out to your lordship, those particular points of the line which I had proposed to act on. During the evening, however, I received a communication from the commander-in-chief of the naval forces, by which I was informed that, in consequence of the entrance to the harbour being closed up by vessels sunk for that purpose by the enemy, a naval co-operation against the town and camp was found impracticable.

"Under these circumstances, and keeping in view your lordship's instructions, it was agreed between the Vice-Admiral and myself, that the capture of the town would not have been a sufficient equivalent to the loss which might probably be sustained in storming the heights.

"Having formed this resolution; after compelling the enemy to sink upwards of 20 vessels in different parts of the harbour; causing the citizens to remove almost the whole of their property to places of more security inland; obliging the government to concentrate all the military force of the surrounding states; harassing the militia, and forcing them to collect from very remote districts; causing the enemy to burn a valuable rope-walk, with other public buildings, in order to clear the glacis in front of their redoubts, besides having beaten and routed them in a general action, I retired on the 14th, three miles from the position which I had occupied, where I halted during some hours.

"This tardy movement was partly caused by an expectation that the enemy might possibly be induced to move out of his intrenchments and follow us; but he profited by the lesson which he had received on the 12th; and towards the evening I retired the troops about three miles and a half fur-

ther, where I took up my ground for the night.

"Having ascertained, at a late hour on the morning of the 15th, that the enemy had no disposition to quit his intrenchments I moved down and re-embarked the army at North Point, not leaving a man behind, and carrying with me about 200 prisoners, being persons of the best families in the city, and which number might have been very considerably increased, was not the fatigue of the troops an object principally to be avoided.

"I have now to remark to your lordship, that nothing could surpass the zeal, unanimity and ardour, displayed by every description of force, whether naval, military, or marine, during the whole of these operations.

"I am highly indebted to Vice-Admiral Sir A. Cochrane, commander-in-chief of the naval forces, for the active assistance and zealous co-operation, which he was ready, upon every occasion to afford me; a disposition conspicuous in every branch of the naval service, and which cannot fail to ensure success to every combined operation of this armament.

"Captain Edward Crofton, commanding the brigade of seamen appointed to the small arms, for the animated and enthusiastic example which he held forth to his men, deserves my approbation: as do also Captains Nourse, Money, Sullivan, and Ramsay, R.N., for the steadiness and good order which they maintained in their several directions.

"I feel every obligation to Rear-Admiral Cockburn, for the counsel and assistance which he afforded me, and from which I derived the most signal benefit.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

ARTHUR BROOKE, Col. com.

Killed—39; Wounded—251.

*From Sir Alexander Cochrane to Mr. Croker.*

H.M.S. Tonnant Chesapeake, Sept. 1841.

"Sir,—I request that you will be pleased to inform my lords commissioners of the admi-

coming down on the Harford or York roads. General's Winder and Stricker were ordered to adapt their movements to those of the enemy, as to baffle this supposed intention. They executed this order with great skill and judgment, by taking an advantageous position

stretching from my left across the country when the enemy was likely to approach the quarter he seemed to threaten. This movement induced the enemy to concentrate his forces (between one and two o'clock), in my front, pushing his advance to within a mile of us,



rally, that the approaching equinoctial new moon rendering it unsafe to proceed immediately out of the Chesapeake with the combined expedition, to act upon the plans which had been concerted previous to the departure of the *Iphigenia*; major-general Ross and myself resolved to occupy the intermediate time to advantage, by making a demonstration upon the city of Baltimore which might be converted into a real attack; should circumstances appear to justify it; and, as our arrangements were soon made, I proceeded up this river, and anchored off the mouth of the Patapsco, on the 11th inst. where the frigates and smaller vessels entered at a convenient distance for landing the troops.

“At an early hour the next morning, the disembarkation of the army was effected without opposition, having attached to it a brigade of 600 seamen, under captain E. Crofton, (late of the *Leopard*), the second battalion of marines, the marines of the squadron, and the colonial black marines. Rear-admiral Cockburn accompanied the general, to advise and arrange as might be deemed necessary for our combined efforts.

“So soon as the army moved forward, I hoisted my flag in the *Surprise*, and with the remainder of the frigates, bombs, sloops, and the rocket-ship, passed further up the river, to render what co-operation could be found practicable.

“While the bomb-vessels were working up, in order that we might open our fire upon the enemy’s fort at day-break next morning, an account was brought to me, that major-general Ross, when reconnoitring the enemy had received a mortal wound by a musket-ball, which closed his glorious career before he could be brought off to the ship.

“It is a tribute due to the memory of this gallant and respected officer, to pause in my relation, while I lament the loss that his majesty’s service and the army of which he was one of the brightest ornaments, have

sustained by his death. The unanimity and the zeal, which he manifested on every occasion, while I had the honour of serving with him, gave life and ease to the most arduous undertakings. Too heedless of his personal security when in the field, his devotion to the care and honour of his army has caused the termination of his valuable life. The major-general has left a wife and family, for whom I am confident his grateful country will provide.

“The skirmish which had deprived the army of its brave general, was a prelude to a most decisive victory over the flower of the enemy’s troops. Colonel Brooke, on whom the command devolved, having pushed forward our force to within five miles of Baltimore, where the enemy, about 6000 or 7000, had taken up an advanced position, strengthened by field-pieces, and where he had disposed himself, apparently with the intention of making a determined resistance, fell upon the enemy with such impetuosity, that he was obliged soon to give way, and fly in every direction, leaving on the field of battle a considerable number of killed and wounded, and two pieces of cannon.

“For the particulars of this brilliant affair, I beg leave to refer their lordships to rear-admiral Cockburn’s despatch, transmitted herewith.

“At day-break the next morning, the bombs having taken their stations within shell-range, supported by the *Surprise*, with the other frigates and sloops, opened their fire upon the fort that protected the entrance of the harbour, and I had now an opportunity of observing the strength and preparations of the enemy.

“The approach to the town on the land side was defended by commanding heights, upon which was constructed a chain of redoubts, connected by a breast-work, with a ditch in front, an extensive train of artillery, and a shew of force that was reported to be from 15 to 20,000 men.

driving in our videttes, and showing an intention of attacking us that evening. I immediately drew Generals Winder and Stricker, nearer to the left of my entrenchments, and to the right of the enemy, with the intention of their falling on his right or rear, should he at-

tack me; or, if he declined it, of attacking him in the morning. To this movement, and to the strength of my defence, which the enemy had the fairest opportunity of observing, I am induced to attribute his retreat, which was commenced at half-past one o’clock on Wednesday

"The entrance by sea, within which the town is retired nearly three miles, was entirely obstructed by a barrier of vessels sunk at the mouth of the harbour, defended inside by gun-boats, flanked on the right by a strong and regular fortification, and on the left by a battery of several heavy guns.

"These preparations rendering it impracticable to afford any essential co-operation by sea, I considered that an attack on the enemy's strong position by the army only, with such disparity of force, though confident of success, might risk a greater loss than the possession of the town would compensate for, while holding in view the ulterior operations of this force in the contemplation of his majesty's government; and therefore, as the primary object of our movement had been already fully accomplished, I communicated my observations to Colonel Brooke, who, coinciding with me in opinion, it was mutually agreed that we should withdraw.

"The following morning, the army began leisurely to retire; and so salutary was the effect produced on the enemy by the defeat he had experienced, that, notwithstanding every opportunity was offered for his repeating the conflict, with an infinite superiority, our troops re-embarked without molestation. The ships of war dropped down as the army retired.

"The result of this demonstration has been the defeat of the army of the enemy, the destruction, by themselves, of a quantity of shipping, the burning of an extensive ropewalk, and other public erections; the causing of them to remove their property from the city, and above all, the collecting and harrassing of the armed inhabitants from the surrounding country; producing a total stagnation of their commerce, and heaping upon them considerable expenses, at the same time effectually drawing off their attention and support from other important quarters.

morning. In this he was so favored by the extreme darkness, and a continued rain, that we did not discover it until day-light.

I have now the pleasure of calling your attention to the brave commander of Fort

"It has been a source of the greatest gratification to me, the continuance of that unanimity existing between the two services, which I have before noticed to their lordships; and I have reasons to assure them, that the command of the army has fallen upon a most zealous and able officer in colonel Brooke, who has followed up a system of cordiality that had been so beneficially adopted by his much-lamented chief.

"Rear-admiral Cockburn, to whom I had confided that part of the naval service which was connected with the army, evinced his usual zeal and ability, and executed his important trust to my entire satisfaction.

"Rear-admiral Malcolm, who regulated the collection, debarkation, and re-embarkation of the troops, and the supplies they required, has merited my best thanks for his indefatigable exertions; and I have to express my acknowledgements for the counsel and assistance which, in all our operations, I have received from Rear-admiral Codrington, the captain of the fleet.

"The captains of the squadron, who were employed on the various duties afloat, were all emulous to promote the service in which they were engaged, and, with the officers acting under them, are entitled to my fullest approbation.

"I beg leave to call the attention of their lordships to the report Rear-admiral Cockburn has made, of the meritorious and gallant conduct of the naval brigade; as well as to the accompanying letter from colonel Brooke, expressing his obligation to captain Edward Crofton, who commanded, and captains T. B. Sullivan, Rowland, Money, and Robert Ramsay, who had charge of divisions; and I have to recommend these officers, together with those who are particularly noticed by the Rear-admiral, to their lordship's favourable consideration.

"Captain Robyns, of the royal marines who commanded the marines of the squadron on this occasion, and in the operations

M'Henry, Major Armistead, and to the operations confined to that quarter. The enemy made his approach by water at the same time that his army was advancing on the land, and commenced a discharge of bombs and rockets

against Washington, being severely wounded, I beg leave to bring him to their lordship's recollection, as having been frequently noticed for his gallant conduct during the services in the Chesapeake, and to recommend him with Lieutenant Sampson Marshall, of the Diadem, who is dangerously wounded, to their lordship's favour and protection.

"First-Lieutenant John Lawrence, of the Royal Marine Artillery, who commanded the rocket-brigade, has again rendered essential service, and is highly spoken of by Colonel Brooke.

"Captain Edward Crofton, who will have the honor of delivering this despatch, is competent to explain any further particulars; and I beg leave to recommend him to their Lordships' protection, as a most zealous and intelligent officer.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

ALEXANDER COCHRANE,

Vice-Admiral, and Commander in Chief.  
To John Wilson Croker, Esq. &c.

*From Rear-Admiral Cockburn to Sir Alexander Cochrane.*

H. M. S. Severn, in the Patapsco.  
15th Sept., 1814.

SIR,—In furtherance of the instructions I had the honor to receive from you on the 11th instant, I landed at day-light on the 12th with Major-General Ross, and the force under his command, at a place the General and myself had previously fixed upon, near to North-point, at the entrance of the Patapsco; and, in conformity with his wishes, I determined on remaining on shore, and accompanying the army, to render him every assistance within my power during the contemplated movements and operations; therefore, as soon as our landing was completed, I directed Captain Nourse, of this ship, to advance up to the Patapsco with the frigate, sloop, and bomb-ships, to bombard the fort, and threaten the water approach to Baltimore, and I moved on with the army and seamen (under Captain Edward Crofton) at-

tached to it, on the direct road leading to the above mentioned town.

"We had advanced about five miles, (without any other occurrence than taking prisoners a few light horse-men,) when the General and myself, being with the advanced guard, observed a division of the enemy posted at the turning of the road, extending into a wood on our left; a sharp fire was almost immediately opened upon us, and as quickly returned with considerable effect by our advanced guard, which pressing steadily forward, soon obliged the enemy to run off with the utmost precipitation, leaving behind him several men killed and wounded; but it is with the most heartfelt sorrow I have to add, that in this short and desultory skirmish, my gallant and highly valued friend, the Major-General, received a musket-ball through his arm into his breast, which proved fatal to him on his way to the water-side for re-embarkation.

"Our country, sir, has lost in him one of its best and bravest soldiers; and those who knew him, as I did, a friend most honored and beloved; and I trust, sir, I may be forgiven for considering it a sacred duty I owe to him to mention here, that whilst his wounds were binding up, and we were placing him on the bearer which was to carry him off the field, he assured me that the wounds he had received in the performance of his duty to his country, caused him not a pang; but he felt alone anxiety for a wife and family, dearer to him than his life, whom, in the event of the fatal termination he foresaw, he recommended to the protection and notice of his Majesty's government, and the country.

"Colonel Brooke, on whom the command of the army now devolved, having come up, and the body of our troops having closed with the advance, the whole proceeded forward about two miles further, where we observed the enemy in force drawn up before us; (apparently about 6000 or 7000 strong;) on perceiving our army, he filed off into a

at the fort, as soon as he got within range of it. The situation of Major Armistead was peculiarly trying—the enemy having taken his position at such a distance, as to render offensive operations on the part of the fort entirely fruit-

less, whilst their bombs and rockets were every moment falling in and about it—the officers and men, at the same time entirely exposed. The vessels, however, had the temerity to approach somewhat nearer—they were as soon compelled

large and extensive wood on his right, from which he commenced a canonade on us from his field-pieces, and drew up his men behind a thick paling, where he appeared determined to make his stand. Our field-guns answered his with an evident advantage; and so soon as Colonel Brooke had made the necessary dispositions, the attack was ordered, and executed in the highest style possible. The enemy opened his musketry on us from his whole line, immediately we approached within reach of it, and kept up his fire till we reached and entered the wood, when he gave way in every direction, and was chased by us a considerable distance with great slaughter, abandoning his post at the Meeting-house, situated in this wood, and leaving all his wounded, and two of his field-guns, in our possession.

"An advance of this description, against superior numbers of an enemy so posted, could not be effected without loss. I have the honor to enclose a return of what has been suffered by those of the naval department, acting with the army on this occasion; and it is, sir, with the greatest pride and pleasure I report to you, that the brigade of seamen and small arms, commanded by Captain E. Crofton, assisted by Captain Sullivan, Money, and Ramsay, (the three senior commanders with the fleet), who commanded divisions under him, behaved with a gallantry and steadiness which would have done honor to the oldest troops, and which attracted the admiration of the army. The seamen under Mr. Jackson, master's mate of the *Tonnant*, attached to the rocket brigade, commanded by the first-Lieutenant Lawrence, of the marines, behaved also with equal skill and bravery. The marines, landed from the ships under the command of Captain Robyns, the senior officer of that corps, belonging to the fleet, behaved with their usual gallantry.

"Although, sir, in making to you my report of this action, I know it is right I should confine myself to mentioning only the conduct of those belonging to the naval department, yet I may be excused for venturing

further to state to you, generally, the high admiration with which I viewed the conduct of the whole army, and the ability and gallantry with which it was managed, and headed, by its brave Colonel, which insured to it the success it met with.

"The night being fast approaching, and the troops much fatigued, Colonel Brooke determined on remaining for the night on the field of battle; and, on the morning of the 13th, leaving a small guard at the Meeting-house to collect and protect the wounded, we again moved forwards towards Baltimore; on approaching which it was found to be defended by extremely strong works on every side, and immediately in front of us by an extensive hill, on which was an entrenched camp, and great quantities of artillery; and the information we collected, added to what we observed, gave us to believe that there were at least, within their works, from 15 to 20,000 men. Colonel Brooke lost no time in reconnoitring these defences; after which, he made his arrangement for storming, during the ensuing night, with his gallant little army, the entrenched camp in our front, notwithstanding all the difficulties which it presented. The subsequent communications which we opened with you, however, induced him to relinquish again the idea, and therefore yesterday morning the army retired leisurely to the Meeting-house, where it halted for some hours to make the necessary arrangements respecting the wounded and the prisoners taken on the 12th, which being completed, it made a further short movement in the evening towards the place where it had disembarked, and where it arrived this morning for re-embarkation, without suffering the slightest molestation from the enemy; who, in spite of his superiority of number, did not even venture to look at us during the slow and deliberate retreat.

"As you, sir, were in person with the advanced frigates, sloops, and bomb-vessels, and as, from the road the army took, I did not see them after quitting the beach, it would be superfluous for me to make any re-

to withdraw. During the night, whilst the enemy on the land was retreating, and whilst the bombardment was most severe, two or three flat vessels and barges succeeded in getting

up the Ferry Branch, but they were soon compelled to retire, by the forts in that quarter, commanded by Lieutenant Newcomb, of the navy, and Lieutenant Webster, of the flotilla.

port to you respecting them. I have now, therefore, only to assure you of my entire satisfaction and approbation of the conduct of every officer and man employed under me during the operations above detailed, and to express to you how particularly I consider myself indebted to Captain Edward Crofton, (acting Captain of the Royal Oak,) for the gallantry, ability, and zeal, with which he led on the brigade of seamen in the action of the 12th, and executed all the other services with which he has been entrusted since our landing; to Captain White, (acting Captain of the Albion,) who attended me as my aide-de-camp the whole time, and rendered me every possible assistance; to Captains Sullivan, Money, and Ramsay, who commanded divisions of the brigade of seamen; to Lieutenant James Scott, of the Albion, whom I have had much frequent cause to mention to you on former occasions, and who in the battle of the 12th commanded a division of seamen, and behaved most gallantly, occasionally also acting as an extra aide-de-camp to myself. Captain Robyns, who commanded the marines of the fleet, and who was severely wounded during the engagement, I also beg to recommend to your favourable notice and consideration, as well as Lieutenant George C. Ormston, of the Albion, whom I placed in command of the smaller boats, to endeavour to keep up a communication between the army and navy, which he effected by great perseverance, and thereby rendered us most essential service. In short, sir, every individual seemed animated with equal anxiety to distinguish himself by good conduct on this occasion, and I trust, therefore, the whole will be deemed worthy of your approbation.

“Captain Nourse, of the Severn, was good enough to receive my flag for this service; he rendered me great assistance in getting the ships to the different stations within the river, and when the storming of the fortified hill was contemplated, he hastened to my assistance with a reinforcement of seamen and marines; and I should consider myself wanting in candour and justice did I not

These forts also destroyed one of the barges, with all on board. The barges and battery at the Lazaretto, under the command of Lieute-

particularly point out, sir, to you, the high opinion I entertain of the enterprise and ability of this valuable officer, not only for his conduct on this occasion, but on the very many others on which I have employed him since with me in the Chesapeake.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEO. COCKBURN, Rear Admiral.  
Vice Admiral the Hon. Sir A. Cochrane, K.B.  
Commander-in-chief.

Colonel Brooke to the same.

On board H. M. S. Tonnant,  
September 15, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to be allowed to state to you, how much much I feel indebted to Captain Crofton, commanding the brigade of sailors from His Majesty's ships under your command; as also to Captains Sullivan, Money, and Ramsay, for their very great exertions in performing every formation made by His Majesty's troops, having seen myself those officers expose themselves to the hottest of the enemy's fire, to keep their men in the line of march with the disciplined troops. The obedient and steady conduct of the sailors, believe me, sir, excited the admiration of every individual of the army, as well as my greatest gratitude.

Believe me to be, dear sir,

ARTHUR BROOKE, Col.-com.  
Vice Admiral the Hon. Sir A. Cochrane, K.B.  
Commander-in-chief.

Seven killed and forty-four wounded.

The delicate manner in which General Smith disposes of the affair at North Point is not a little remarkable. To read his despatch it would be supposed that the action was only an affair of picquets. “Our videttes were driven in,” says the General, without adding one syllable to the effect that he and his whole army were routed, and that such a salutary lesson was given as effectually prevented the Americans from offering the least opposition to Col. Brooke's retreat.

What says Ingersoll, as to this action having been an affair of picquets: first—“during

nant Rutter, of the flotilla, kept up a brisk, and it is believed, a successful fire, during the hottest period of the bombardment.

more than an hour the battle of North Point was well contested, \* \* \* \* \*

Secondly—"the misconduct of one regiment, Col. Ansey's, caused some confusion, and forced General Stricher to yield the field of battle." Now for General Armstrong's testimony. "The march was resumed and a battle fought of one hour and twenty minutes' continuance."

If any credit is to be attached to these statements, General Stricher must have entertained very curious ideas of a battle, if he considered North Point as a mere skirmish of *videttes*. Again, he says that he had an intention of "attacking him (Col. Brooke) in the morning." If such were really Colonel Stricher's intention, what was there to prevent pursuit; allowing even that Col. Brooke moved off his army unperceived, he halted within a very short distance a sufficiently long time to have allowed the American forces to overtake them, and every one is aware that a retreating army rarely fights with as much spirit as one on the advance—why, then, did not Stricher, if so anxious to fight, hang on the enemy's rear, harass his retreat and force him to give battle. We have shown that it could not have arisen from want of troops, and there is no alternative left, in spite of General Stricher's assertions to the contrary, but to ascribe it to want of inclination. We have, however, devoted quite-space enough to the doughty American General.

It would be difficult to decide whether the  
Opinions of the American  
 writers on the descent on  
 Baltimore. **Io Poems of the Gov-  
 ernment Organs over  
 the disastrous attack**  
 on Baltimore, or their denunciations of the British for the wound to their vanity, inflicted at Washington, were lowdest. There is, however, very little doubt, but that it was

\* "The governor-general of the Canadas, Sir George Prevost, having collected all the disposable force in Lower Canada, with a view of conquering the country as far as Crown Point, and Ticonderoga, entered the territories of the United States on the 1st of the month, and occupied the village of Champlain: there he avowed his intentions, and issued orders and proclamations, tending to disuade the people from their allegiance, and inviting them to furnish his army with provisions. He immediately began to impress the waggons and teams in the vicinity, and loaded them with his heavy bag-

gage and stores. From this I was persuaded he intended to attack this place. I had but just returned from the lines, where I had commanded a fine brigade, which was broken up to form the division under major-general Izard, and ordered to the westward. Being senior officer, he left me in command; and, except the four companies of the 6th regiment, I had not an organized battalion among those remaining. The garrison was composed of convalescents and recruits of the new regiments, all in the greatest confusion, as well as the ordnance and stores, and the works in no state of defence.

Platts-burg. Hitherto our task has been comparatively painless, as when we had to chronicle defeat, we have been enabled to show that to superior numbers alone was it attributable, and we have also proved by figures from American writers, that, in almost every instance where victory was achieved, it was against a superior force. It is now, however, our duty to chronicle one of the most humiliating expeditions ever sustained by a British force, and the task is the more painful as the defeat arose from no misconduct on the part of the troops, but was solely produced by the imbecility and vacillation of Sir George Prevost. We will, however, permit the unfortunate commander of the British forces to tell his own tale first, and in our next chapter we will enter on a review of the whole transaction. Extracts from the the American commander, General Macomb's dispatch will be also found in our notes.\*

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*From Sir George Prevost to Earl Bathurst.*

Head-quarters, Plattsburgh, State of N.Y.,  
My Lord, Sept. 11, 1814.

"Upon the arrival of the reinforcements from the Garonne, I lost no time in assembling three brigades on the frontier of Lower Canada, extending from the river Richelieu to the St. Lawrence, and in forming them into a division under the command of Major-General De Rottenburg, for the purpose of carrying into effect His Royal Highness the Prince Regent's commands, which had been conveyed to me by your lordship in your despatch of the 3d of June last.

"As the troops concentrated and approached the line of separation between this province and the United States, the American army abandoned its entrenched camp on the river Chazy, at Champlain; a position I immediately seized, and occupied in force on the 3d instant. The following day, the whole of the left division advanced to the village of Chazy, without meeting the least opposition from the enemy.

"On the 5th, I halted within eight miles of this place, having surmounted the difficulties created by the obstructions in the road from

To create an emulation and zeal among the officers and men in completing the works, I divided them into detachments, and placed them near the several forts; declaring in orders, that each detachment was the garrison of its own work, and bound to defend it to the last extremity. The enemy advanced cautiously and by short marches, and our soldiers worked day and night, so that by the time he made his appearance before the place we were prepared to receive him. General Izard named the principal work Fort-Moreau; and, to remind the troops of the actions of their brave countrymen, I called the redoubt on the right Fort-Brown, and that on the left Fort-Scott. Besides these three works, we had two blockhouses strongly fortified. Finding, on examining, the returns of the garrison, that our force did not exceed 1500 effective men for duty, and well informed that the enemy had as many thousands, I called on general Mooers, of the New York militia, and arranged with him plans for bringing forth the militia, *en masse*. The inhabitants of the village fled with their families and effects, except a few worthy citizens and some boys, who formed themselves into a party, received rifles, and were exceedingly useful. By the 4th of the month, general Mooers collected about 700 militia, and advanced seven miles on the Beckman-town road, to watch the motions of the enemy, and to skirmish with him as he advanced; also to obstruct the roads with fallen trees,

the felling of trees and the removal of bridges. The next day the division moved upon Plattsburgh, in two columns, on parallel road; the right column led by Major-General Power's brigade, supported by four companies of light infantry and a demi-brigade, under Major-General Robinson; the left by Major-General Brisbane's brigade.

"The enemy's militia, supported by his regulars, attempted to impede the advance of the right column, but they were driven before it from all their positions, and the column entered Plattsburg. This rapid movement having reversed the strong position taken up by the enemy at Dead creek, it was precipitately abandoned by him, and his gun-boats alone left to defend the ford, and to prevent our restoring the bridges, which had been imperfectly destroyed—an inconvenience soon surmounted.

"Here I found the enemy in the occupation of an elevated ridge of land on the south branch (bank) of the Saranae, crowned with three strong redoubts and other field works, and block-houses armed with heavy ordnance, with their flotilla\* at anchor out of gun-shot from the shore, consisting of a

and to break up the bridges. On the lake-head at Dead creek bridge, I posted 200 men, under captain Sproul, of the 13th regiment, with orders to abattis the woods, to place obstructions in the road, and to fortify himself; to this party I added two field pieces. In advance of that position was lieut.-col. Appling, with 110 riflemen, watching the movements of the enemy, and procuring intelligence. It was ascertained, that before day-light on the 6th, the enemy would advance in two columns on the two roads before mentioned, dividing at Sampson's a little below Chazy village. The column on the Beckman-town road proceeded most rapidly; the militia skirmished with his advanced parties, and except a few brave men, fell back most precipitately in the greatest disorder, notwithstanding the British troops did not deign to fire on them, except by their flankers and advanced patrols. The night previous, I ordered major Wool to advance with a detachment of 250 men to support the militia, and set them an example of firmness; also captain Leonard, of the light-artillery, was directed to proceed with two pieces to be on the ground before day; yet he did not make his appearance until eight o'clock when the enemy had approached within

\* The Saratoga, 26 guns; Surprise, 20 guns; Thunderer, 16 guns; Preble, 7 guns; 10 gun-boats, 14 guns.

ship, a brig, a schooner, a sloop, and ten-gun boats.

"I immediately communicated this circumstance to Captain Downie, who had been recently appointed to command the vessels \* on Lake Champlain, consisting of a ship, a brig, two sloops, and 12 gun-boats; and requested his co-operation, and in the mean time batteries were constructed for the guns brought from the rear.

"On the morning of the 11th, our flotilla was seen over the isthmus which joins Cumberland-head with the main-land, steering for Plattsburgh Bay. I immediately ordered that part of the brigade under Major-General Robinson, which had been brought forward, consisting of our light infantry companies, third battalion 27th and 76th regiments, and Major-General Power's brigade, consisting of the third, fifth, and the first battalion of the 27th and 58th regiments, to force the fords of the Saranac, and advance, provided with scaling-ladders, to escalate the enemy's works upon the height; this force was placed under the command of Major-General Robinson. The batteries opened their fire the instant the ships engaged.

two miles of the village. With his conduct, therefore, I am not well pleased. Major Wool, with his party, disputed the road with great obstinacy, but the militia could not be prevailed on to stand, notwithstanding the exertions of their general and staff-officers; although the fields were divided by strong stone walls, and they were told that the enemy could not possibly cut them off. The state dragoons of New York wear red coats; and they being on the heights to watch the enemy, gave constant alarm to the militia, who mistook them for the enemy, and feared his getting in their rear.

Finding the enemy's columns had penetrated within a mile of Plattsburg, I despatched my side-de-camp, Lieutenant Root, to bring off the detachment at Dead creek, and to inform Lieut. Colonel Appling that I wished him to fall on the enemy's right flank. The Colonel fortunately arrived just in time to save his retreat, and to fall in with the head of a column debouching from the woods. Here he poured in a destructive fire from his riflemen at rest, and continued to annoy the enemy until he formed a junction with major Wool. The field-pieces did considerable execution among the enemy's columns.

\* The Confiance, 36 guns; Linnet, 18 guns; Broke, 10 guns; Shannon, 10 guns; 12 gun-boats. 16 guns.

"It is now with deep concern I inform your lordship, that notwithstanding the intrepid valor with which Captain Downie led his flotilla into action, my most sanguine hopes of complete success were not long afterwards, blasted, by a combination, as appeared to us, of unfortunate events, to which naval warfare is peculiarly exposed. Scarcely had his majesty's troops forced a passage across the Saranac, and ascended the height on which stand the enemy's works, when I had the extreme mortification to hear the shout of victory from the enemy's works, in consequence of the British flag being lowered on board the Confiance and Linnet, and to see our gun-boats seeking their safety in flight. This unlooked for event deprived me of the co-operation of the fleet, without which the further prosecution of the service was become impracticable, I did not hesitate to arrest the course of the troops advancing to the attack, because the most complete success would have been unavailing, and the possession of the enemy's works offered no advantage to compensate for the loss we must have sustained in acquiring possession of them.

So undaunted, however, was the enemy, that he never deployed in his whole march, always pressing on in column. Finding that every road was full of troops, crowding on us on all sides, I ordered the field-pieces to retire across the bridge, and form a battery for its protection, and to cover the retreat of the infantry, which was accordingly done, and the parties of Appling and Wool, as well as that of Sproul, retired, alternately keeping up a brisk fire until they got under cover of the works. The enemy's light troops occupied the houses near the bridge, and kept up a constant firing from the windows and balconies, and annoyed us much. I ordered them to be driven out with hot shot, which soon put the houses in flames, and obliged those sharpshooters to retire. The whole day, until it was too late to see, the enemy's light troops endeavoured to drive our guards from the bridge, but they suffered dearly for their perseverance. An attempt was also made to cross the upper bridge, where the militia handsomely drove them back. The column which marched by the lake-road was much impeded by the obstructions, and the removal of the bridge at Dead creek; and, as it passed the creek and beach, the gallies kept up a lively and galling fire. Our troops being now all on the south side of the Saranac, I directed the planks to be taken off the bridges and piled up in the form of breast-works, to cover our par-



"I have ordered the batteries to be dismantled, the guns withdrawn, and the baggage, with the wounded men who can be removed, to be sent to the rear, in order that the troops may return to Chazy to-morrow, and on the following day to Champlain, where I propose to halt until I have ascertained the use the enemy propose making of the naval ascendancy they have acquired on Lake Champlain.

"I have the honour to transmit herewith returns of the loss sustained by the left division of this army in its advance to Plattsburg, and in forcing a passage across the river Saranac. I have the honor, &c.,

GEORGE PREVOST.

Earl Bathurst, &c.

*Return of killed and wounded*;—2 captains, 1 ensign, 4 serjeants, 30 rank and file, 1 horse, killed, 1 general staff, 1 captain, 6 lieutenants, 7, serjeants, 135 rank and file, 2 horses, wounded; 4 lieutenants, 2 serjeants, 1 drummer, 48 rank and file, 6 horses, missing.

*Missing*—76th foot;—Lieutenants G Hutch, G. Ogilvie, and E. Marchington.

*Canadian Chasseurs*;—Lieut. E. Vigneau.  
EDW. BAYNES, Adj.-Gen., N. A.

ties intended for disputing the passage, which afterwards enabled us to hold the bridges against very superior numbers. From the 7th to the 14th, the enemy was employed in getting on his battering-train, and erecting his batteries and approaches, and constantly skirmishing at the bridges and fords. By this time the militia of New York and the volunteers of Vermont were pouring in from all quarters. I advised General Mooers to keep his force along the Saranac to prevent the enemy's crossing the river, and to send a strong body in his rear to harrass him day and night, and keep him in continual alarm. The militia behaved with great spirit after the first day, and the volunteers of Vermont were exceedingly serviceable. Our regular troops, notwithstanding the constant skirmishing, and repeated endeavours of the enemy to cross the river, kept at their work day and night, strengthening the defences, and evinced a determination to hold out to the last extremity. It was reported that the enemy only waited the arrival of his flotilla to make a general attack. About eight in the morning of the 11th, as we expected, the flotilla appeared in sight round Cumberland Head, and at nine bore down and engaged at anchor in the bay off the town. At the same instant the batteries were opened on us, and continued throwing bomb-shells, shrapnells, balls, and Congreve rockets, until sun-set when the bombardment ceased, every battery of the enemy being silenced

*From Sir James Lucas Yeo to Mr. Croker.*

H. M. S. St. Lawrence, Kingston,

Sir, September 24, 1814.

"I have the honor to transmit, for the information of the lords commissioners of the admiralty, a copy of a letter from Captain Pring, late commander of his majesty's brig Linnet.

"It appears to me, and I have good reason to believe, that captain Downie was urged, and his ship hurried into action, before she was in a fit state to meet the enemy.

"I am also of opinion, that there was not the least necessity for our squadron giving the enemy such decided advantages, by going into their bay to engage them. Even had they been successful, it would not in the least have assisted the troops in storming the batteries; whereas, had our troops taken their batteries first, it would have obliged the enemy's squadron to quit the bay, and give ours a fair chance.

I have the honor, to be, &c.

JAMES LUCAS YEO,

Commodore and commander in chief.

J. W. Croker, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

by the superiority of our fire. The naval engagement lasted but two hours, in full view of both armies. Three efforts were made by the enemy to pass the river at the commencement of the cannonade and bombardment, with a view of assaulting the works, and they had prepared for that purpose an immense number of scaling-ladders. One attempt to cross was made at the village bridge, another at the upper bridge, and a third at a ford about three miles from the works. At the two first he was repulsed by the regulars—at the ford by the brave volunteers and militia, where he suffered severely in killed, and wounded, and prisoners: a considerable body crossed the stream, but were either killed, taken or driven back. The woods at this place were very favourable to the operations of the militia. A whole company of the 76th regiment was here destroyed, the three Lieutenants and 27 men prisoners, the Captain and the rest killed. I cannot forgo the pleasure of here stating the gallant conduct of Captain M'Glassin, of the 15th regiment, who was ordered to ford the river, and attack a party constructing a battery on the right of the enemy's line, within 500 yards of Fort-Brown, which he handsomely executed at midnight, with 50 men; drove off the working party, consisting of 150, and defeated a covering party of the same number, killing one officer and six men in the charge, and wounding many. At dusk the enemy withdrew his artillery, &c.

## THOUGHTS FOR DECEMBER.

"With his ice, and snow, and rime,  
Let bleak winter sternly come,  
There is not a sunnier clime  
Than the love-lit winter home." WATTS.

"He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,  
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case  
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ  
Uninjured, with inimitable art;  
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,  
Designs the blooming wonders of the next."—ANON.

To no country in the world, perhaps, are the above lines of Watts more applicable, than to America.

In no country of Europe does the winter social circle present more elements for enjoyment; nay, it may be with safety asserted, that no where is the same universal comfort found that marks the social position of American households.

The painter, in his delineation of winter, pictures a lean and bearded old man, shivering before the embers of a smouldering fire; and the sculptor has in a similar manner personified it, by one struggling ineffectually, against the fierce blast, to retain possession of his tattered garment. Had either sculptor or painter been Canadians, their mode of representation would have been of a very different nature. Still it cannot be denied that the characteristics of the month partake, for the most part, of a harsh and monotonous character, although in this, our adopted land, no such severity of rigor prevails, as in the bleak and frozen north, where even the light of the sun disappears. There, no description from mortal pen, not even Lewis in his beautiful tale of "The Spirit of the frozen ocean," can figure the utter desolation.

When we remember these things, and contrast them with the delights which attend the same season here: the beautiful, clear, bright frosty day; the bracing air, which sends the blood coursing more quickly through the veins, and look round the happy domestic circle collected around the cheerful blaze, we may fairly ask in the words of the poet—

Is winter hideous in a garb like this?

'Tis true that we cannot have, at this season, in the open air, the festas of sunny Italy, but still as we look on our cheerful fire places, and our domestic comforts, the thought is suggested that it is precisely to our more severe climate that our domestic happiness is traceable.

VOL. V.—O O

It was in the consciousness of our possessing, to so high an extent, these social blessings that Cowper, in the Task, celebrates the closing year—

Oh! winter, ruler of th' inverted year,  
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes filled,  
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips; thy cheeks  
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows  
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,  
A leaden branch thy sceptre, and thy throne  
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,  
But urged by storms along its slippery way.  
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun  
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,  
Shor'ning his journey between morn and noon,  
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still  
Compensating his loss with added hours  
Of social converse, and instructive ease;  
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group  
The family dispersed, and fixing thoughts  
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares,  
I crown thee king of infinite delights,  
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,  
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof  
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours  
Of long uninterrupted evening, knows.

We have endeavoured, in our brief notices, to point out that the minutest work of each month all prove that

"The hand that made us is divine."

We have shewn it in the swelling seed, in early spring, in the bursting bulbs of the same season, and the joyous twittering of the birds perched amongst the still leafless boughs.

Bright summer, with her meads carpeted with flowers, afforded another subject for instruction. The balmy sweetness of the air impregnated with sweet odors was urged as further indications of Divine beneficence.

When "Autumn grey" appeared with its russet tints and teeming abundance, we again shewed the hand of the Almighty in providing such bounteous supplies for our bodily wants, against this, the last season of all, with its snows and ice, and decay.

In all this visible, is everywhere manifest the Invisible, and having thus endeavoured to prove that all seasons are intended to produce good to man, we will close our year's notices with Howitt's beautiful lines:—

ALL SEASONS WELCOME.

Who does not welcome Spring's sweet gentleness,  
That, like a friend long waited for in vain,  
Comes laughing in and wails away distress,  
Sending its joy through spirit and through plain.  
Welcome is Summer in its ardent reign;

Nor Autumn less, with his resplendent skies,  
And drooping fruits, and wealth of golden grain,  
And mists and storms, and that last pomp of dyes,  
That beauty o'er the woods flings ever as she flies.

And welcome art thou, melancholy time,  
That now surround'st my dwelling—with the sound  
Of winds that rush in darkness—the sublime  
Roar of drear woods—hail that doth lightly bound,  
Of rains that dash, or snows that spread the ground  
With purity and stillness;—at their call  
Bright flings the fire its fairy summer round,  
And the lamp lights the volume-trophied wall;  
Thought is once more enthroned—the Spirit in her hall.

Welcome! right welcome feelings warm and rich!  
Welcome! right welcome, ye rejoicing crowd  
Of fancies each unto its winter niche  
That homeward flee from frost and storm-wind loud.  
Oh! be it mine amid your circle proud  
To sit, as sits the watchman at his ease  
Within the Beacon-tower—like him allowed  
Not myself only with your glow to please,  
But spread your guiding beams o'er life's tempestuous seas.

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF  
LORD METCALFE. BY J. W. KAYE.  
London: Richard Bentley. 1854.

We need hardly remind our readers that this does not profess to be a political periodical. With the daily strife of parties, their coalitions or disruptions, their criminations or recriminations, their tricks or tactics (terms sometimes perhaps synonymous) we do not occupy ourselves; but when any portion of the local politics of this Province become matters of history and are dealt with as such, by being sent forth to the world, not in the fleeting garb of a daily or weekly newspaper, but in the substantial form of two solid octavo volumes, not only does the principal motive for our abstinence from politics cease but it belongs properly to our literary character to notice such a work as the one whose title heads this article.

We are of the number of those whose years have fallen into the "sear and yellow leaf" and during many of those years our time has been passed to no small extent in reading everything worth reading (and we fear a great deal not worth it) which came in our way. We have had our share of travel, of seeing, and now and then knowing men of mark and weight in other countries besides this Canada of ours, and we have so far mixed with public events that if we may not say "*quorum pars magna fuimus*" we may assert "*quorum partem magnam vidimus*," and if there has been one thing more than another which has made us cease to be of the number of those "who listen with credulity" to the tale of the traveller or the narrative of

the historian, it is, that when we read of things which we have seen and of individuals whom we have known, some of them intimately enough, we find our own observation, knowledge and experience so frequently at variance with what others write as that which they have seen, or have gathered and put together. Such discrepancies when they occur frequently, even in minor matters, shake our confidence in the care with which the writer has pursued his inquiries; if they occur in affairs of great moment, they add, to a belief of want of accurate inquiry, a suspicion of partiality warping the judgment if not producing a disregard to rigid truth. And upon ourselves at least, and perhaps upon many others the effect has been produced that however interesting a book may be in style or subject, we dare not and do not resign ourselves to the conduct of the author but examine his facts for ourselves, comparing them with such reliable information as we have at command, and endeavouring to assign to each its proper value before we finally adopt them as a sound basis for the author's conclusions.

It would not be difficult to refer to many recent publications in support and illustration of these remarks. It is sufficient for our purpose to remind our readers of a very late review of Lord Campbell's lives of Sir Christopher Hatton and of Lord Bacon.

When we read the title page of this work and found that it professed to be compiled "from unpublished letters and journals preserved by himself, his family and his friends," together with the preface we indulged in the hope that a work founded upon such sources would leave us little to do in regard to the facts, whatever view we might take of the author's conclusions, and consequently we read more than three fourths of the work with faith in the author's means of knowledge, in his diligence in obtaining it, and in his accuracy in setting it down. At length we came to Canada, and a few pages made us wonder that in matters, in which it was so easy to have been right, the author should have been so often wrong, and still more that when the author departed, as it is plain he must have done, from the sources of information referred to in the title page, he did not inquire from authentic sources, as to numerous particulars regarding men and things of which he has written. One inevitable consequence of the errors into which he has fallen is, that in this country, where conflicting political parties differ widely in their judgment

of Lord Metcalfe's course as Governor General, his opponents may with apparent reason assail the soundness of the conclusions of the biographer by pointing to the inaccuracy of many of his details, while hasty readers, and their number is not small, will, on account of those very inaccuracies do injustice to the memory of one of the most upright, single-minded, and noble hearted men that ever administered the government of Canada.

We propose to illustrate the justice of our strictures by a reference to the author's introductory account of the Hon. Robert Baldwin. We select this first on account of errors of omission and commission which it contains. Mr. Kaye might have, if he pleased, in writing the life of Lord Metcalfe, omitted many or all merely personal details relative to Mr. Baldwin, though in what he chose to state he should have been careful to be right; but in matters connected with Mr. Baldwin's political position and which had a direct bearing upon the influence and power he had to sustain or to embarrass Lord Metcalfe, full information was essential to a just appreciation of the Governor General's conduct, and ought not therefore to have been omitted.

A few instances will serve to justify our opinion that Mr. Kaye has failed both in accuracy in what he has stated and in omitting that which ought not to have been overlooked. It will surprise every one who has long resided here to be told that Mr. R. Baldwin is "the son of a gentleman of Toronto of *American descent*." We have always been informed and believed that the late Wm. Warren Baldwin was an Irishman by birth and descent who left Ireland somewhere about the year 1798 and who in after years was nick-named by some of his political opponents, when he became a member of the Upper Canada Assembly, "Old Vinegar Hill." It is news to us that he ever was considered a member of the Old Family Compact, though like many others who came to Upper Canada at an early period he and his connections were said to have benefited largely by the profuse grants of lands which it was the fashion of the time to make. Judging of the man by his works, or even by what he attempted when a member of the Assembly, he never was one to exercise any very powerful influence in the politics of Upper Canada. And "the most liberal opinions of the day" in which he was an active politician, belong rather to the Little Pedlington School than to the larger stage on

which the son acted his part. We are disposed to attribute the latter's political course and influence to causes which seem to have escaped Mr. Kaye's notice. We do not question Mr. Baldwin's deference to, and even veneration for his father's opinions, such as they were, nor that they may have prepared him to adopt the views he ultimately sustained. His first appearance in the House of Assembly of Upper Canada at a time when, if we mistake not, his father was also a member, produced no very striking or favourable impression. It was not until Sir Francis Head in 1836 commenced his capricious administration that Mr. Baldwin began to occupy any share of public attention and when we remember that Dr. John Rolph was one of his then newly appointed colleagues in the Executive Council, we have a more ready key to Mr. Baldwin's course both then and afterwards, than Mr. Kaye has discovered. Besides this, he was favoured greatly by the consideration that he was one of the very few persons of that political party who enjoyed the advantages of good education and of independence in circumstances. And a man who could afford besides giving his own services, to contribute occasionally to the sinews of war, was tolerably sure of occupying for the time a leading position. The disruption of that council was calculated to raise Mr. Baldwin in the estimation of his party though he did not become a member of the Assembly at the general Election of 1836. If we remember rightly he was not even a candidate, a circumstance which coupled with his abstinence from all participation in the mad outbreak of 1837, seemed to indicate that the prominent leaders in that absurd insurrection felt it would be useless to seek his concurrence in any attempt to sever by force of arms the connexion between this Colony and Great Britain. The total discomfiture of the rebels drove from Upper Canada all, or nearly all of those who might have disputed Mr. Baldwin's claim to the leadership of the Reformers. When Lord Sydenham came to Upper Canada, he found Mr. Baldwin, though not in Parliament, in possession of the confidence of his party to a greater extent than any other individual who could be selected; in fact from the sheer force of circumstances the most prominent man left among them. In pursuance of his avowed policy to obliterate as far as possible all merely local party distinctions Lord Sydenham did not overlook Mr. Baldwin. He appointed him Solicitor General of Upper Canada and on

the completion of the union made him a member of the Executive Council of Canada both of which positions Mr. Baldwin held until the first meeting of the Provincial Parliament to which he had been elected. He then, for reasons which it is foreign to our present purpose to discuss, suddenly resigned his office and joined the ranks of the French Canadian party, then in the bitterest hostility to the union, to Lord Sydenham personally, and to the Government he had joined. This step placed Mr. Baldwin in the very first rank with the new party then created, of the extreme of the Upper Canada reformers, joined to the large mass of the French Canadians, and gave him a claim to the support of the latter, a claim not diminished by his being mainly instrumental in obtaining for Mr. Lafontaine, who had lost his election in Lower Canada, a seat for an Upper Canadian constituency. This combination it was, that gave Mr. Baldwin all the power he subsequently exercised which brought him into office in 1842 where Lord Metcalfe found him and which made his opposition to Lord Metcalfe really formidable. It was to this that he owed his seat in Parliament after the elections of 1844 when, defeated in Upper Canada, he was returned without opposition for a Lower Canadian county.

We are not writing Mr. Baldwin's whole political history, still less do we purpose any analysis of his political or personal reputation, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Kaye looking at Mr. Baldwin through the medium of his opposition to Lord Metcalfe has perhaps unconsciously exaggerated some of his failings and not done justice to the more amiable parts of his character; but what we have advanced is sufficient to establish what we set out with, and to show that in reference to Canada, Mr. Kaye's history of Lord Metcalfe must be read with caution and is not to be safely relied on for accurate research or correct delineation.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF  
C. F. GELLERT.

DAMÖTAS AND PHYLLIS.

The youthful Phyllis, many a day,  
Damötas warmly courted;  
But even a kiss from that coy fay  
His tenderness ne'er rewarded.  
He begged and wooed, full of despair;  
The prude refused to hear his prayer.

"Two fillets shall be yours," said he,  
"And ev'n to wait won't think amiss,  
If Phyllis, love, but promise me  
Ere summer's flown one honied kiss."  
She eyed the bribes—his hopes were slack—  
Then praising both, she gave them back.

He bid a lamb, and then another,  
And ten, then proffered all his herd.  
So much? Sure 'tis a precious pother,  
With so much bait to snare the bird.  
Yet nothing would shy Phyllis grant,  
To every bribe said she—I can't!

Then roared the swain, much overheated,  
Forever then you're to be cruel!  
Can I, whom kisses ne'er have greeted,  
Still fan a flame and have no fuel?  
Ah! prythee, do!t, fear nought for me,  
I'm always good for you, d'ye see.

Miss Prudery laughed to see her blade  
Return unknissed to tend his sheep,  
Where oft he slunk, as if for aid.

One Summer morning, wrapt in sleep,  
Beside his charge, behold him laid.  
He dreamed; and whilst in passing by  
The shepherd, Phyllis halted nigh.

"His lips," quoth Phyllis, "oh! how red,  
My resolutions almost waver,  
That dog of his, if he were dead,  
I'd kiss the wight without palaver."  
She goes—yet whilst desire impels  
Her trembling footsteps—courage fails.

Thrice turning, gazed she fearful round,  
And searched for tell-tales whom she  
dreaded;

The faithless dog—his jaws were bound  
By being stroked and patted.  
She mused awhile, and well nigh fainted,  
Three paces nearer then were ventured.

Here paused again the modest maid,  
And can not quite the deed encompass,  
Nor yet—Lo, bending down, no more afraid,  
She dares to softly kiss Damötas,  
Then one fond look filled both her eyes,  
And turning round she homeward hies.

How sweet a kiss must surely be!  
For backward Phyllis once more steals,  
Seems timid as at first was she,  
Then gently by the shepherd kneels;  
Alas! for her, the bounds of Prudence broke,  
For kissing, kissed Damötas—up he woke.

Half roused from sleep, Damöt begun,  
My gentle hours, Miss, dost envy pray?"  
"Thine Sir? thee have I nothing done,

I only sported with your 'Tray,'  
But tell, methinks they keep most curious care  
Those shepherds who e'er sleepy are?

"But still, what wilt thou give, Damöt,  
To kiss me to my apron strings?"  
"Ah!" shouts the shepherd, "'tis too late,  
'Tis I that now seek offerings!"

Straightway the shepherdess for every smack  
Paid willing coin ten kisses back!

PIERRE.

Toronto, 1854.

## THE PURSER'S CABIN.

## YARN VI.

WHEREIN IS BROUGHT TO A TERMINATION THE ADVENTURE OF THE FAIR FANNY NEWLOVE, AND THE ILLUSTRIOUS COUNT BLITZEN VON HOAXENSTEIN.

Entering my cabin in order to certiorate Fanny Newlove's unsuspecting sire, of the perils which environed his too trustful daughter, I found the senior in a predicament pestilently perplexing, when all the circumstances of the case were taken into account.

As stated in the fourth of these yarns, I had left the Squire copiously supplied with laudanum and brandy, wherewith to resist the onslaughts of sea-sickness, and unfortunately my prescription had been followed but too faithfully. Not to circumambulate the bush, Nicholas Newlove was as hopelessly and helplessly drunk, as the celebrated sow of David!

In vain did I shout "fire!" and "murder!" in his ear! In vain did I pull his whiskers and tweak his proboscis, and dash cold water about his pumpkin! I might as well have experimented upon the figure-head of the steam-ship which carried the Purser and his fortunes. The only harvest which I reaped from my manipulations, was a cent of thickly articulated chidings, coupled with a command to make an immediate pilgrimage to the domain of the Prince of Darkness!

What was to be done? This was one of the numerous category of interrogations, which though propounded with ease, are consumedly difficult to solve! In the bitterness of my perplexity, I cursed the hour in which I had accepted the Squire's confidence, and by way of clearing my wits, drained off a poculum of brandy and water which stood ready mixed at the head of the slumberer.

As I had afterwards occasion to learn, this draught was copiously impregnated with tincture of opium, and consequently it is not to be wondered at, that ere many minutes had elapsed, I was snoring as emphatically as the chief of all the Newloves!

I was torn from the arms of Morpheus by the chief-mate, who shaking me by the shoulders proclaimed with a shout which might have raised the dead, that the vessel had been for upwards of five minutes at the wharf of Cobourg, and that my absence was creating no small confusion and inconvenience.

Jumping up in a panic, my first attention was directed to the fair but thoughtless, Fanny, but alas! the bird had flown! She, together with her aunt, and Count Blitzen Von Hoaxenstein had left the ship, the moment she had been moored, the latter having liberally rewarded the Ethiopian waiter for aiding in the unshipment of their baggage.

Of course pursuit was altogether out of the question. Even if I could have abandoned my post, I possessed neither warrant nor authority to apprehend and bring back the fugitives. With old Newlove, alone, rested the power so to do, and he was a denizen of the far off land of Nod!

What a heart-rending tale I had to tell the hapless parent, on his return to the region of realities and care! Most willingly would I have parted with my year's stipend, if so be I could be released from the cruel task! With what bitter vim did I call down comminations upon all stimulants and narcotics, and the engenderers, importers, and hucksters thereof! If at that moment a Canadian Maine Law rested upon my casting vote, the aquarians would have triumphantly carried the day! The reign of Rex Alcohol would have ceased and determined, and the words *hic jacet* engraven upon the potentate's tomb stone!

Sound as a top slumbered the deserted senex, almost till the period of our arrival at the City of Kingston, and the moment he became cognizant of passing events, I indoctrinated him with the dismal state of matters.

Gentle reader, did you ever witness the mimic Macduff's passion of grief when informed that all his fair chickens had been torn from him at one fell swoop by the "hell-kite" Macbeth? If so, you can form some conception of the storm of anguish which desolated the Thane of Newlove Grange, as my sorrowful words fell like drops of liquid lead upon his ear! I will not attempt to describe the scene, but follow the example of the Grecian artist, who in painting the sacrifice of a maiden, drew a veil over the face of her sire, as being unable to depict his fathomless misery!

"Oh!"—cried he, after the primary paroxysm of woe had subsided—"Oh! would that I beheld Fanny in her coffin! I saw the incarnate vagabond with whom she has eloped, and can have no doubt as to his real character. Beyond all question he belongs to the tribe of Lublin,—nay, for any thing I can tell he may be Lublin himself, disguised under a forest of

hair! Miserable child of a most miserable father, what a life of degradation awaits you! The first time you visit Toronto with your husband, you will behold him torn from your grasp by the Jew-hunting inquisitors of that city, and consigned to well-merited bonds and imprisonment! I could have reconciled myself to the idea of your being wedded to the poorest of my farm servants, but there is frenzy in the consideration that your fortunes are irrevocably linked with those of a dealer in sealing wax, and antiquated raiment, who most probably has as many wives as Blue Beard, or the great Mogul!"

By this time the steamer had arrived at Regiopolis, and amongst the first who boarded her, was a portly, well-to-do looking gentleman, who singling out the Squire, grasped his hand, and shook it, as if he had been experimenting upon a pump.

"Glad, right glad to see you, my honest old chum!" he exclaimed. Here have I been kicking my heels for the last hour, waiting for your arrival, in a night as cold as charity! However, all's well that ends well! Where are the ladies? I long to give my little pet duck Fanny a rousing kiss!"

Poor Newlove could only rejoin to this torrent of gratulation "Oh Crooks! Crooks!—what ill wind has blown you here, at this unhappy moment?"

"Ill wind man!"—cried Crooks the elder (for the stranger was that personage.) "In the name of wonder what do you mean? Did you not receive my letter, saying that Cornelius had returned by the last Atlantic steamer, and had telegraphed his intention of meeting me in Toronto? Suspecting that my communication might not reach you in time—as our Canadian post is not immaculate,) I took foot in hand, for the purpose of intercepting you here, and here I am accordingly! But come, come, where is the coy puss who, I trust, is soon to bear my name? Corny informs me that he has strong hopes of at length gaining her affections, and sincerely do I trust that on Christmas Day we shall drink her very good health as Mrs. Crooks!"

Every word uttered by his friend, seemed to pierce the wretched Squire like a knife, and finding himself utterly incompetent to detail the true state of things, he transferred that task to my shoulders.

Though Crooks senior was greatly taken aback by the intelligence, he exhibited much

more self-possession than the harried father, and at once began to suggest what should be done in the premises.

After debating all the *pros* and *cons* of the case, it was finally resolved that an electric communication should be made to the police authorities of Cobourg, instructing them to apprehend the delinquent parties, if still in that town, and keep them safe till called for. This was done in the course of the morning, and an answer was duly returned that the business would be promptly attended to. It was next decided, that Messrs. Newlove and Crooks should proceed to Cobourg by the steamer on her return voyage to Hamilton, and that your humble servant, having provided himself, with a deputy, should accompany them in order to bear testimony against the infamous deceiver of the ill-starred Fanny.

Small interest would the perusers of my log derive from a recapitulation of the incidents which occurred during that upward trip. Suffice it to say, that about mid-night we reached Cobourg, safe and sound, and landed without accident, an event meriting grateful record, when the number of fatal casualties which eventuate at that port are taken into account.

Late as was the hour we found the Arch-Constable awaiting us, from whom we learned, that in pursuance of instructions he had succeeded in capturing the parties described, but not before the youngest lady and the hairy gent had been united in the tough bonds of matrimony. It appeared that the Count had been in possession of a blank license, which he had filled up in proper form, and had got a clergyman (not belonging the place,) who chanced to be staying in the Hotel where he put up, to perform the ceremony, on the same evening the Exodus had taken place from the steam boat.

Though Mr. Newlove was more than half-prepared for the catastrophe, the certainty of the misfortune almost weighed him to the ground, and it was with no small difficulty that the Constable and myself could support him to the Inn where the captives were domiciled.

Arrived there the officer of the law ushered the two gentlemen and myself into a parlour, and going out forthwith returned leading the female captives, the Count remaining in the apartment where he had been caged at his capture.

No sooner had Fanny, or as I should rather call her the Countess Blitzen Von Hoaxenstein beheld her ancestor than she uttered a wild

shriek, and fell at his feet in an agony of weeping. She vowed and protested that love alone of the most resistless description, could have urged her to woe in opposition to the consent of the dearest of fathers. The deed, she added was now done, and earnestly did she implore pardon for herself, and the noble exile with whom her fate was now for ever united!

Without replying to this objuration, the Squire turned fiercely around to his sister-in-law, and demanded what she now thought of her handy-work! "This is the upshot;"—quoth he,—“of all your confounded philandering and romance! A pretty kettle of fish you have indeed made of it! It is bad enough for a girl to be taken up with such nonsensicalities, but for an old woman with one foot in the grave, and a squint which might frighten Medusa, the thing is beyond all toleration!”

The allusion to her mature years, and the optical flaw under which she laboured, was infinitely more than the irritated Laura Matilda could away with. In a paroxysm of fury she denounced her relative as the cream and quintessence of every thing that was base and tyrannical! She likened and compared him to the most ungainly and repulsive monsters, to be met with in the wide range of fiction, and topped her out pouring by declaring that he was not worthy to officiate as henchman to the illustrious and chivalric personage who had condescended to become his son-in-law.

During this scene Mr. Crooks accompanied the Constable to the room where the Hungarian fugitive was detained in durance vile, for the purpose of precognosing that individual touching the illicit matrimonial game which he had been playing. As for myself feeling that my exhausted energies required some stimulation, I piloted my way to the bar, where I succeeded in obtaining a modicum of creature comforts, both of a liquid and solid description. In this agreeable pastime I was speedily joined by the tip-staff, who stated that his company had been dispensed with, *pro tempore*, above stairs.

After a season I was summoned by Mr. Newlove, who wished me to be present when his daughter was confronted with her betrayer. This requisition I promptly complied with, leaving Mr. Constable to solace himself with a compound which he denominated his *bitters*. Whether the aforesaid compound would be met with in the Pharmacopœiæ, either of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, is a question which I profess my inability to answer.

On re-entering the parlour I found the "Countess" and her aunt seated upon a sofa, the former sobbing after a heartbreaking fashion, and the latter looking poniards and poison-cups at her male connexion who returned the compliment with compound interest. The man who could have affirmed that there was a particle of love lost between the pair, must have been miserably lacking either in observation or candour!

"I have just had a long and searching communing," said Mr. Crooks "with the person calling himself your husband Fanny, and—"

"Calling himself my husband!" exclaimed the young lady. "He is my husband!—my own, dear, beloved, true husband, and I will follow him barefoot, if necessary, to the end of the world!"

"That's right child!" cried Miss Applegarth, "Show these ruthless oppressors that you scorn their threats and malevolence! Old and squinting indeed! ha! ha! ha!"

Nothing moved by the respective out-breaks of niece and aunt, the imperturbable Crooks, who manifested all the proverbial coolness of the cucumber, thus proceeded:—

"Hear me out, Fanny! The Count is not what he pretended to be!"

"Vile calumniator" was the prompt and indignant response, "I would believe his simple word in preference to the oaths of all the Crooks's in creation! My Blitzen is the very incarnation of honour!"

"Be that as it may" continued the Montreal trader, "I have the best of all proof that what I assert is the case. He has confessed to me—"

"What?" exclaimed Fanny and Laura Matilda in a breath.

"Why, that he is no more a Hungarian nobleman than he is Pio Nono, or the Receiver General of this Canada! Nay more, he has consented to make this avowal in your presence!"

"Oh wretch!" yelled forth the excited new-made wife, "You have been torturing my beloved, and constraining him in his agony, to say whatever you have a mind!"

"Altogether a mistake, my dear," returned the methodical merchant. "The tortures have no existence except in your own foolish little imagination. During our interview, the so-called Count experienced no pains more material than the twinges of his own conscience!"

Here the Squire could not refrain from breaking in—

"Conscience indeed! Precious little trouble



that would give the scamp! I will go bail that it is as tough as the steak which we had for dinner to-day, and that is saying no small thing! An old clothesman's conscience! What *will* this crazy world come to?"

"Listen to me sir, and listen father, and all of you!" cried Fanny. "I do not care what my husband has acknowledged, or whether it be true or false! His blood may be ancient as the pyramids, or new as the latest fashioned mantel! His name may be famous in story, or unknown as that of the man who first swallowed an oyster! These things weigh not one atom of thistle-down with me! Blitzen, or whatever else he is called, is my husband, and what is more, the sole and supreme lord of my affections! I took him for better and worse, and through good report and evil report, I will be his devoted and loving wife! Amen! So help me all the powers of constancy!"

Blinded with a dense mist of tears, the enthusiastic Fanny climaxed her oration by grasping and osculating the first book upon which she laid hands. This manual (I may mention in passing) was "Maclear & Co's Canadian Almanac, and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the year 1855, being the third after Leap year." Whether this fact detracted from the value of the lady's declaration, is a question which must be determined by lawyers and divines: the Purser is too little of a casuist to solve the problem!

When Newlove's daughter had "shut up," Mr. Crooks addressed himself to her wrathful and astounded parent—

"In my honest opinion, neighbour," said he, "I think that we must e'en permit matters to take their course, when a woman speaks in such a dogmatic manner, as that in which our fair friend has just done. There is no use in trying to thwart her. Besides the mischief is perpetrated past all hope of cure. If the parson had not got his paw in the pie, we might have sent the spark to the Penitentiary and been done with it; but all the blacksmiths who ever smote anvil, from Vulcan downwards, could not unrivet that little plain gold ring, which encircles the fourth finger of your daughter's left hand! There has been a wedding, and a bedding, let us wind up the joke with a breakfast, and poor as I am, I will liquidate the score for the champagne!"

Old Newlove listened in breathless astonishment to this address, and for a season was

unable to make any reply, so stunning was his amazement and dumbfounderment.

"Oh Crooks! Crooks!" he at length exclaimed, when the faculty of speech was restored to him, "little did I expect such counsel from my ancient and long-tryed friend. What! receive as a son-in-law this scape-the-gallows, who has confessed his diabolical duplicity!—Shame! shame on you man! I thought that you had known Nicholas Newlove better than to suppose him capable of such crawling—such unmitigated baseness! Breakfast and champagne! The toast would choke me—the foaming beverage would drench my brain with dementation! No! no! If Fanny is determined to keep to her black bargain, she shall cease to be child of mine! She can swear, it seems, brazen minx as she is! but more than one can play at that game!"

Thus speaking, the Squire fell plump upon his knees; no slight undertaking, when it is considered that his bulk qualified him for Aldermanic honours.

Just as he was proceeding to enunciate a crushing vow, Mr. Crooks impressed a hand upon his mouth, and stemmed the forthcoming cataract of vocables.

"Hold hard" quoth he, "for a moment!—Oaths are like promissory notes, much easier executed than satisfied! Keep where you are for a brief space, like a good fellow, till I bring this same slippery customer into your presence. Bear in mind that you have not heard the fellow plead his own cause, and even if he was Lublin, or the Wandering Jew, for that matter, it would be a shame to condemn him without an opportunity of speaking for himself. Fair play is a jewel all the world over!"

"Be it as you will!" retorted the kneeling Squire, "but see that you be quick about it—My old joints are unused to this position, and feel far from comfortable; but hang me if I stand upright before speaking all that is on my mind! Ere you go, however, fill me out a stiffish horn, seeing that my throat is as dry as a lime-kiln, and I wish to utter what I have got to say with such distinctness, that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake about the matter."

In obedience to this appeal, Mr. Crooks mixed a draught which would have caused Padre Matthew's hair to stand stark on end with horror, and placing it in Newlove's hands, evacuated the chamber without delay.

Altogether, the scene was immensely dramatic, and might have furnished a play-wright with some serviceable wrinkles.

Newlove Senior was a pretty fair study for King Lear, calling down left-handed benedictions upon the offspring who had sent him to pass a "naughty night" upon a heath. His child at one end of the sofa, would have made a very respectable personification of Desdemona, Juliet, Lucy Ashton, or any other lachrymose young lady with blighted hopes, and withered affections. Whilst Miss Laura Matilda, still frying under the treason spoken against her "ball of light," (as Collins hath it) was ripely suggestive of the ill-conditioned, heavy-tragedy old women, who have always some throat to cut, or some injury to avenge.

After a brief interval, the sound of footsteps was heard in the passage, and the door being slowly opened, Crooks became developed, leading, or more correctly speaking, dragging the benighted nobleman of Hungary along with him, the face of the latter being buried in the capacious drapery of a full grown pocket handkerchief.

No longer did the youth sport a costume à la Widdicomb. The be-furred, and be-frogged surtout had given place to a prosaically unpretending black coat, and in vain did I strive to discover the masses of jewelry which bedizened the person of the foreigner on board the steamboat. The Count had evidently descended several degrees in the direction of every day, jog-trot existence.

"Show your ugly mug, you vagabond!" roared Nicholas, his cholera materially enhanced by the goblet which he had just emptied. "Look at an honest man for once in your life, while he tells you a bit of his mind!"

Being thus invited to exhibit his frontispiece, Eitzen Von Hoaxenstein dropped the handkerchief, and stood fully patent to the ken of friends and foes.

But what a change—and I may add—what a change for the better did that frontispiece present! The suspicious forest of hair had nearly all disappeared, like the pines from the surface of a cleared farm! Imagination no longer was left to conjecture the shape and hue of mouth, nose, cheeks and chin! None of the mystery which first invested the incognito continued to cleave his features! There they were, just as nature had fashioned them, brought to light by

the magical touch of a keen-edged, thorough-going razor!

While cogitating upon the metamorphosis which had taken place upon the external attributes of the adventurer, I was suddenly arrested by the effect the apparition produced upon Newlove senior.

He emitted a shout expressive of a large assortment of emotions, in which astonishment, incredulity, and satisfaction, were blended in pretty equal proportions. His eyes were fixed upon the Count with a glover, as if they had been fascinated by a basilisk; and ever and anon he furished them up with the cuff of his coat, doubtful, seemingly, that they had become treacherous by the operation of some sudden glamourie!

Hugely appetizing, to all appearance, was this scene to the mercator of Montreal, who, after a season came up to the kneeling wonderer, and exclaimed, with a slap upon the shoulders, sufficiently potent to have disturbed the equanimity of a rhinoceros:

"Man alive! are you going to keep us here all the morning? Why don't you curse the Hebrew huckster of superannuated pantaloons, and be done with it!"

This laconic speech, together with its fistic accompaniment, had the effect of restoring the much astounded Squire to his self-possession. Assuming a perpendicular position—and th with almost superhuman agility, considering his weighty capital of flesh, he made one bolt à Widdicomb, and grappling him bear-fashion, roared out with the stentorosity of a gross of town criers, "CORNELIUS CROOKS!!!"

\* \* \* \*

It would be at once pedantic and impertinent, to bore the patient peruser of these pages, with any explanations of the passages above chronicled. Being madly enamoured of the heiress of Newlove Grange, Crooks the younger, who had discovered the foot whereon she halted, made a bold stroke for a wife, and gained as the Count, what he had been denied as the advocate.

\* \* \* \*

If a merry breakfast was not discussed in Cobourg that blessed morning, by a certain nuptial party, never credit the Purser again. The fusillading of champagne corks was a caution, and healths "pottle deep" were dedicated to the prosperity of the united dynasty of Newlove and Crooks!

The only malcontent at the symposium was the erudite Laura Matilda. This mature spinster was rendered misanthropical not merely by the mean estimate taken of her charms, but from the fact that her niece had not succeeded in obtaining a titled mate.

"Here's health, wealth, and happiness to you, Fanny"—said she, "but it vexes me to the soul, that after all the trouble I have had with your education, a commoner's lot has fallen to your chance! Heigh ho! I thought to have seen a coronet on your carriage, before I had shuffled off this mortal coil of ropes, as William Shakspeare says!"

"Let not that fret you aunt," rejoined the happy bridegroom—"Fanny is entitled to tack Baroness to her name, whenever she feels so inclined! When in Germany this summer, I purchased a patent of nobility, for a mere song from a Grand Duke who chanced to be a trifle out at the elbows, and when we visit Baden Baden in the spring my wife may take precedence of all the commoners in Christendom!"

It might have been mere imagination on my part, but it certainly struck me, that the pretty hazel eyes of the blushing young wife, sparkled more brightly at this piece of information!

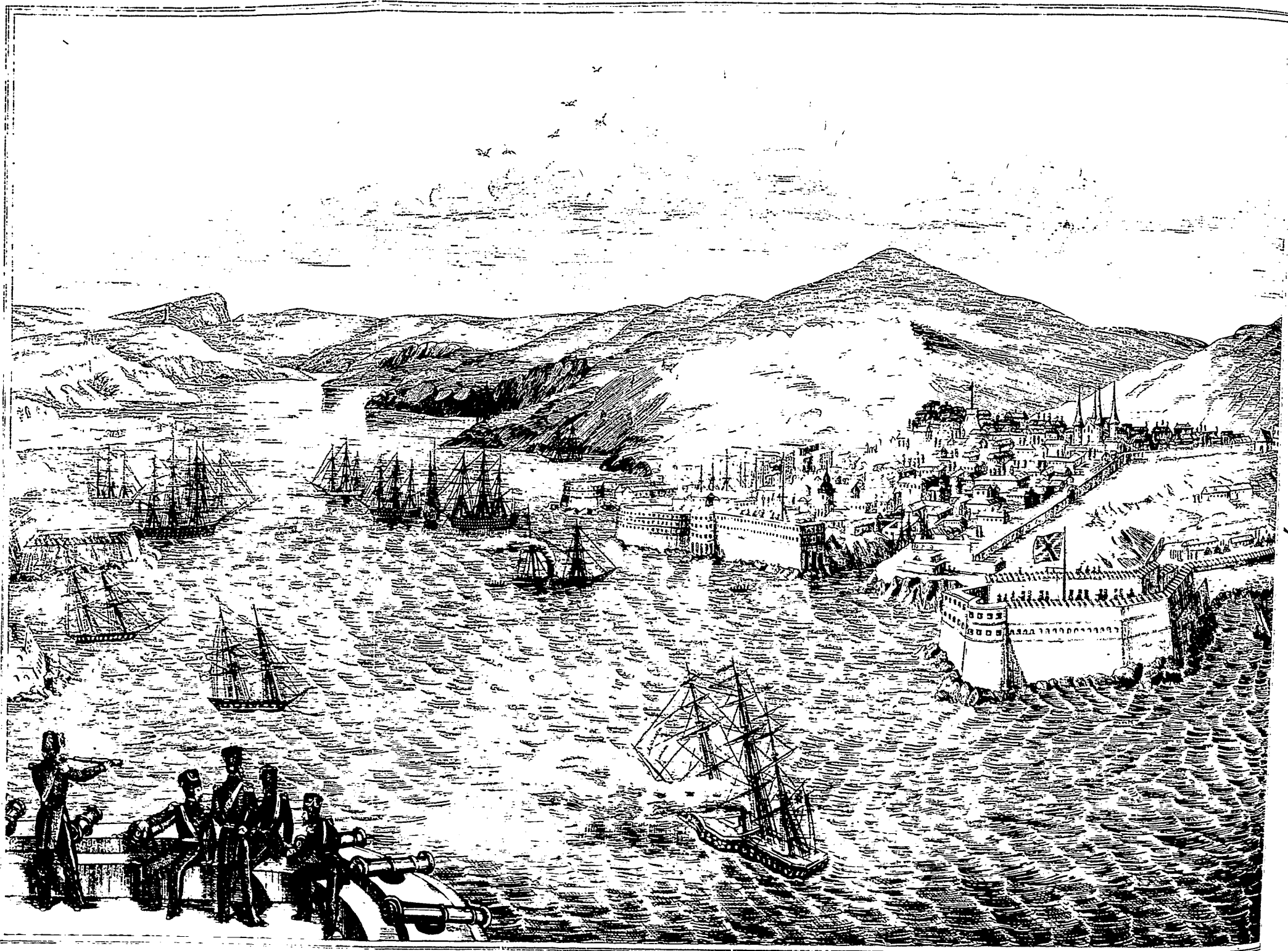
## THE WAR IN THE EAST.

### BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

Already have full details of this heroic battle been made known and read with the intensest interest in every quarter of British North America. To thousands of homes in Great Britain and France the glorious news has brought sorrow and lamentation; but in every home in both nations, even in those of the mourners themselves, it has excited, at the same time, the warmest feelings of pride and patriotism. Not only Great Britain and France, but every civilized nation in the world to which the recital has penetrated, has shared the exaltation of the victors, and formed prayers for the final and ir retrievable downfall of the sanguinary despot upon whose head lies the guilt of all the blood that has been, and is yet to be shed.

History records no battle that excels or can compete with it, either for rapidity or for daring. Prince Menschikoff was so sure of his position, that he declared he could hold it against two hundred thousand men, and drive them into the sea. Nothing could be more admirably chosen, The heights of the Alma were strong by nature, and made still more strong by art. They

were defended by a vast force of infantry, of cavalry, and of artillery—the very pick of the Muscovite army. Overlooking the Alma (henceforth a classic and an illustrious river), from an apparently impregnable height of four hundred feet, concealed in brushwood, and behind walls and intrenchments, the Russians were enabled to sweep the plain beneath them with unerring precision and deadly effect. They literally mowed down their assailants like grass or standing corn. But the gallant French and English knew their work. If they gave way for a moment under a murderous fire, it was to rally again, and renew the onslaught with fresh energy. Though there was not a tree to shelter a man, though everything that could have afforded the least cover had been burned and swept away; though they were dazzled by the glare, and blinded by the smoke, of a burning village, that, in accordance with Muscovite tactics, had been sacrificed to prevent its falling into their hands; though they had to ford a river full of pits and holes; and though they had to climb a breastwork of rock and earth as high as the cross of St. Paul's, the allies—nine-tenths of whom had never before found themselves face to face with the stern realities of actual warfare—marched full of hope and energy to the encounter. Men of inferior pluck would have considered the attempt a desperate one; but these men—true heroes of more than antique valor—carried the position in the short space of three hours and a half. The loud British cheer that rung from those well-won heights struck terror into the hearts of the retreating Russians. Homer never sang of a more brilliant exploit, and painter or sculptor never devoted the resources of his art to illustrate a grander achievement. The Russian soldiers proved themselves to be no contemptible foes, and their generals, both before and during the conflict, showed that they possessed military skill in the highest degree. But the bravery of the soldiers and the skill of the generals was met by bravery still greater, and by military genius superior to their own. It cost the allies the very flower and chivalry of their youth to defeat the foe in the first encounter that he had courage enough to risk; but great as was the loss, and deeply as it is to be deplored, history will hold it cheap, when it considers the immense advantages which it secured. There result filled the armies of the allies with renewed hope, and gave them faith in their own invincibility; while to the Russians it communicated a fatal discouragement, if not despair.



VIEW OF SEVASTOPOL.

Maclear & Co Lith. Toronto.

## MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD.

The late Commander-in-chief of the Anglo-French expedition to the East was in many respects, a remarkable man. His military success forms one of the most striking examples of rapid advancement that has yet been achieved in the French army of occupation in Algeria. M. de St. Arnaud was born in Paris in 1801, of a family not distinguished by fortune. He was young when he entered the army. During the reign of Charles X. he was for a short time in the body-guard of that monarch; but he shortly after resigned his situation, and came to England, where he resided some time. Soon after the revolution of 1830 he returned to France, and once more entered the army. It was at this time, while the regiment to which he belonged was on duty at Fort de Blaise, where the Duchess de Berri was imprisoned, that he obtained the favorable notice of marshal Bugeaud, commandant of the citadel, by his intelligence and activity. In 1837, as captain, he went to Algiers in the foreign legion, which was chiefly composed of political refugees who had sought employment in the armies of France. In that corps M. de St. Arnaud, distinguished alike by his intrepidity and military skill, contributed powerfully to the success of many important enterprises. In less than ten years he rose through the various grades from that of chief of battalion to the dignity of Marshal of France.

Among the exploits in which he distinguished himself the most important were the expedition he directed in 1842 against the unsubdued tribe of Beni-Bondonan, in the west of Milianah; the attacks of the Beni-Ferrah tribe in the following year; the defeat of the Elizza-el-Bahr; and the submission of the Cherif-Bou-Maza, who had provoked an insurrection in the Dahra. In 1851, M. de St. Arnaud returned to France with the rank of lieutenant-general. His energetic and determined character recommended him to the notice of Louis Napoleon, then President of the Republic, as one of the firmest supporters of his views; and in the month of October 1851, the future Emperor confided to him the confidential post of Minister of War. In 1852, he was raised to the dignity of Marshal of France, and soon after to that of senator, which was followed by his appointment to the post of Grand Ecuyer to the Emperor. The Marshal left the ministry of war to command the army of the east, and died,

on the 29th of September, on board the *Berthollet*. The last year of the Marshal's life was one of continued suffering. The disease—to which at last he fell a victim—was one affecting the mucous membrane of the intestines from which he had suffered more or less for several years. The passage from Varna to Eupatoria brought back the malady, and after two days of most dreadful suffering he got on horseback to attack the enemy at Alma. For twelve hours he could not be persuaded to take a moment's rest; several times he rode along the whole line of battle, extending nearly five miles in length, never ceasing to give his orders and concealing from all, at the price of incredible efforts, his struggle against the malady. At length when the pain became too severe, when his exhausted force was on the point of betraying him, he got himself held up on horseback by two horsemen. A few days before his death he handed over the command of the French army to General Canrobert.

At the burial of Marshal de St. Arnaud, the flags of England and France, for the first time in history, covered the same coffin, and the Mussulman cannon resounded in sign of grief at the funeral of a Christian general.

M. de St. Arnaud had been twice married. By his first marriage he had one daughter (married to M. de Puy-sigar) and a son, who became a soldier, and was killed in one of those campaigns in Algeria where his father won so much renown.

## SEBASTOPOL.

Sebastopol, or Sevastopol, a view of which we give in the present number is the great naval station in the Black Sea and is, at present the object of attack of the allied armies. It is situated near the South West extremity of the Crimea. It occupies a part of a considerable peninsula on the south side of a roadstead of the same name, rising from the shore in the form of an amphitheatre. The roadstead, which is entered from the west, stretches east about three and a half miles and is guarded at its entrance by two forts of a most formidable description, one of which is but partially shown in our view, called Constantine and Alexander; a third called Nicholas is situated within the haven itself, fronting the town. These batteries, which, according to some, are of the most perfect, and according to others, of very imperfect construction, can bring 1,400 guns to bear upon the allied fleet should they, as they

most probably will, attempt to effect an entrance. Toward the land side, no defences appear to have been thought necessary the town being there protected by high sheltering hills. In 1780 when the first stone of the new fortress and arsenal was laid, Sebastopol was a mere Tartar village named Alshtiar, its population now about equals that of Toronto.

### NARRATIVE

#### OF WHAT OCCURRED DURING THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

[The accompanying translation has been prepared expressly for the leaves of our Magazine, not so much for its value either as a composition or in an historical point of view, but as being one of the records, though of trifling value, of the history of our country saved from oblivion, we believe, entirely through the exertions of that indefatigable and praiseworthy savant, M. Faribault, of Quebec, who has contributed more to throw light on the history of Canada than any one else, and for which every credit and praise is due. We believe the manuscript, of which this is a translation, was obtained by him in France, where in particular we know not, but we give it a place because it relates especially to the period, the most interesting to British Canadians in the annals of Canada, "The Capture of Quebec."]

*A Narrative of what occurred during the Siege of Quebec and the taking of Canada. By a Nun of the General Hospital of Quebec, addressed to a community of her order in France.*

Very Reverend Mothers :

As our constitution obliges us to consult the heads of our congregation respecting difficulties which may occur to impede the progress of our holy institution, it should I think compel us to act similarly when there is a question of instruction. The simple recital which I am about to give you is of what occurred since the year 1755, when the English determined to leave no stone unturned until they had possessed themselves of this colony. The part we then played, and the immense exertions we underwent, shall be the subject.

The conflagration which our mothers of Quebec suffered from, no longer permitting them to take care of the sick, M. Bigot, Intendant of this country, proposed to us to receive them into our Hospital, an offer we accepted with pleasure, in the hopes as well of rendering assistance as of discharging with zeal the duties of our vocation. They were not long in setting themselves to work. His Majesty, attentive to the wants of his subjects and warned of the preparations which the English were making, delayed not in sending to the succour of this country numerous vessels freighted with

ammunition and provisions, of which latter it was almost entirely destitute, as well as several regiments composed of good troops, who, however, were disembarked in an unfit state for service, since a great number had perished on the voyage. Being infected with fever they were all conveyed, officers and men, to our Hospital, which was scarcely capable of accommodating them all. We were obliged to fill the most private places of our house, even to put them into the church, with the permission of the late Mgr. de Pontbriand, our illustrious Prelate, to whom all praise is due for his great zeal and charity in partaking with the almoners the labour of their duties, passing entire days administering the sacrament to them, and risking his life in the midst of an infection he could not arrest—a circumstance which contributed to injure his health and shorten a life we could have wished prolonged. He had the misfortune to lose three or four almoners who assisted him, whom the contagion, aided by the impure air which they breathed near the sick, carried off in a very few days. His charity for his cherished flock was not less great; the distress in which he saw us roused his compassion. The loss of ten of our youngest sisters was severely felt; he saw them die, however, with resignation, for they prayed to the Lord that their deaths might appease his wrath. This was as yet only a drop of the cup prepared for us. The loss rendering it impossible for us to attend all the places which the sick occupied,—the holy bishop sent us ten sisters from the Hotel Dieu of Quebec, who, full of the spirit of their vocation, edified us by their constancy, and assisted with indefatigable zeal, night and day, in all the cares which the sick required. Our gratitude to this community has only augmented, and the desire of living always on good terms with them redoubled. The poverty of our house at the time of the destruction of theirs prevented our rendering them all the assistance we could have wished; the trifle we bestowed was given freely. But let us return, my dear Mothers, to the detail of a war and captivity which our sins had drawn upon us. Heaven, until this present time attentive to our prayers had oft preserved us. The Holy Virgin, patroness of this country, had overturned the chariots of Pharaoh, and caused our vessels to pass in the sight of our enemies without fear of waves or tempest, which were only raised in their favour. But our ingratitude did not merit the continuation of her protection. We were still rejoicing

at the first attacks which our enemies had made, for wherever they appeared they were beaten and repulsed with considerable loss; the reduction of Fort Chouaguén, Fort St. George, and many others which we had taken from them, proved this; the victories we had gained at La Belle Rivière and at Carillon were most glorious. Our warriors returned laden with laurels; perchance they did not pay as much homage to the God of Armies as he had merited, for they owed their success to a miracle; their small number without the aid of Heaven could never have triumphed so completely; wherefore, despairing of conquering us, the shame of a defeat made the enemy resolve to arm a formidable fleet, furnished with every description of artillery which the foul fiend has invented for the destruction of the human race. The English flag was hoisted in the roadstead of Quebec on the 24th May, 1759. Our troops and militia were sent down on the news of their arrival; our generals left the garrisons in the advanced posts, of which we had great numbers above Montreal, to prevent the junction of their land army, which was said to be on the march by Orange; nor did they fail to occupy all the points where a landing might be effected, but it was impossible to guard them all. The sickness which our troops had suffered from on their arrival from France, and the losses which we, although victorious, had sustained in two or three actions with the enemy, had cost us the lives of a number of men. It was necessary to abandon Point Lévi, which directly faces Quebec. The enemy at once possessed themselves of it, erected their batteries there, and commenced cannonading on the 24th July, causing great terror to all the sisterhood.

The reverend Mother of St. Helens, Superior of the Hospitaliers, wrote to us the same day and entreated us to receive her and all her community. Although there was no doubt but that our House was about to be filled with all the wounded of the siege, we nevertheless received our dear sisters of Quebec with open arms. The tears we shed and the tenderness we evinced towards them were indubitable proofs of our willingness to share with them the little that remained to us. We gave up our chambers to them in order that they might be more at their ease, and betook ourselves to the dormitories, but it was not long before we were again dislodged; at six o'clock in the evening of the next day we perceived in our enclosures the reverend Ursuline mothers, who came on

foot, being terrified at the bombs and cannon shot which had shattered their walls in many places. It was necessary to find places for upwards of thirty sisters, whom we received with no less tenderness and affection than we had testified towards our dear Hospitalières.

However, it was necessary to find lodging for ourselves; on the arrival of the hostile fleet, all the families of distinction, merchants and *bourgeoises* had been sent up to the towns of Montreal and Three Rivers in a state to sustain themselves, and thereby to relieve the town of every incumbrance during the siege. Many families and others, whom it was impossible to refuse, begged an asylum with us, finding themselves better enabled to assist and tend their husbands and children if wounded. It was necessary to find room for them. Now, as our House was out of cannon shot, the poor people of Quebec flocked to us also for refuge; all the offices were filled, the domestic house, the stable, the grange and everything that surrounded it—even the laundries, in spite of the frequent washings which we were obliged to make continually for the wounded, were full of the pallets of these unfortunates.

The sole consolation we enjoyed was that of daily beholding our Bishop, although dying, exhorting and encouraging us not to relax in our labours. Some had endeavoured to persuade him to retire from his capital, the Bishop's palace and the Cathedral being reduced almost to ashes, but he would not leave his flock as long as there was any hopes of saving it. He lodged with the curate of Charlebourg, about a league from Quebec. He permitted the almoners, who were numerous, to perform mass in our choir, the church being occupied by the wounded. All the inhabitants of the environs, not having any other place of worship, resorted thither with us, which caused us great trouble to find room at the hours appointed for the service; it was scarcely possible to accommodate ourselves therein, and yet it was the only spot which was vacant. We had the consolation of performing service there during the whole of the siege, the Ursulines on one side and the Hospitalières on the other, without interfering with the constant attendance which the sick required both day and night. The only time of repose was that of divine service, which was nevertheless perpetually interrupted by the noise of the bombs and cannon shot, we being fearful always lest the enemy might direct them against our house. The shells and red hot shot

terrified those who watched, for they had the grief of witnessing the destruction of the residences of our citizens; many of our neighbours were much interested therein, for in one night in the Lower Town more than fifty of the most magnificent houses were destroyed. The vaults wherein the merchandize and all valuable articles had been stowed were not safe from the fire. In this frightful period we had nought to oppose thereto but the tears and groans which we uttered at the foot of the altar, during the few minutes that we could spare from the unhappy wounded.

We had, in addition, more than one enemy to contend against. Famine, always inseparable from war, threatened to reduce us to extremities; more than six hundred persons in our house and the neighbourhood shared with us the trifle of food allowed us from the magazines of the King, and even that small allowance was fast diminishing. In the midst of this desolation the Lord, who desired only to humble us and destroy the wealth we had amassed, perchance against his desire and with too much care, laboured to preserve for us the lives we would have lost during those critical situations in which a country is placed at its entire subjugation.

Our enemies, informed of our mournful situation, contented themselves with battering the walls, despairing of conquering us until we should be reduced to extremities. Since the river was the sole fortification which we had to oppose to them, it was also an obstacle to any attack on our part. For a long time, under our own observation, we perceived a descent was meditated on the Beauport side. Our army, always on the alert, warned by an advanced guard, hurried thither with the natural ardour of the French nation, which prompts them to rush into danger without foreseeing the causes which snatch away the victory.

Our enemies, slower in pursuit, did not advance all their strength at the sight of our army, but were driven from our redoubts which they had seized, were overpowered and left on the field only dead and wounded. This sole action if properly managed would have delivered us for ever from their mournful attacks; but this mismanagement must not, however, be charged solely on our generals. The Indians, often necessary for our succour, were prejudicial to us on these occasions; their cries and yells intimidated our enemies, who, instead of awaiting the charge to which they were exposed, retired pre-

cipitately to their vessels, and left us masters of the field of battle; their wounded were transported with much charity to our hospital, despite the fury of the savages who wished to scalp them according to their custom. Our army was always on the alert, and the enemy dared not make a second descent; the disgrace of remaining inactive caused them to set fire to the surrounding country; their fleet was moored seven or eight leagues above Quebec, and there made a great number of prisoners, both women and children, who had taken refuge there. Here again they encountered the courage and valour of a little garrison of invalided soldiers who had been placed to guard the baggage of the army, commanded by an officer who had but one arm. In spite of the numbers they lost, they possessed themselves of the post, but admitted that it had cost them dear.

After having been nearly three months at anchor without daring to attempt a second attack, they determined to return, no longer hoping to succeed in their enterprise. But the Lord, whose designs are inscrutable and always just, prompted the English General to make one more attempt before his departure at night by surprise. On this night, it was necessary to convey provisions to a corps who guarded a post on a height next the town. A wretched deserter informed the enemy of this fact, and persuaded them it would be easy to surprise us and pass their barges under the countersign of our soldiers who were there stationed. They took advantage of the occasion, and treason triumphed. When they had disembarked under favour of the countersign, the officer in command discovered the trick, but unfortunately too late. He defended his post like a hero with only a handful of men, and was wounded there. By means of this surprise the enemy arrived at the gates of Quebec. As soon as Monsieur de Montcalm became aware of this fact he hurried thither at the head of his troops, but the distance he had to traverse, nearly half a league, gave the enemy time to erect their batteries ready to receive our forces. The first battalions of our troops did not wait for the arrival of the reserve but attacked the enemy with their usual impetuosity and killed a great number of them, but were soon overwhelmed by their artillery. The enemy lost their General and a host of officers. Our loss was less than theirs, but not the less disastrous, for Monsieur de Montcalm and his principal officers lost their lives on the field. Many Canadian officers suffered the same



fate. We witnessed the carnage from our windows. Then it was that charity triumphed, and caused us to forget our own interests and the risks we ran with an enemy so close. In the midst of dead and dying, who were brought in by hundreds at a time, a most heart-rending sight, we were forced to stifle our feelings and exert ourselves to the utmost. Burdened with three Communities and the whole suburbs of Quebec, which the approach of the enemy had forced on us, you can fancy our embarrassment and fright. With an enemy master of the field, and within a few steps of our dwellings, exposed to the fury of the soldiers, and with everything to apprehend, it was then we experienced the truth of Holy Writ, "Whoso is under the care of the Lord hath nothing to fear." Nevertheless, though not wanting in faith or hope, the approach of night redoubled our apprehensions. The three Communities, excepting those who were occupied in the house, prostrated themselves at the foot of the altar imploring divine mercy, and like Moses of old, "Our hearts alone spake." The deep and solemn silence which reigned amongst us, gave a double force to the fierce and repeated blows which were struck on our doors. Two youthful novices engaged in carrying soup to the wounded, were compelled to open the entrance door. Their pallid and tearful countenances touched the heart of the officer in command, and he prevented his troop from entering, but commanded the attendance of the three superiors knowing that they had sought shelter with us. In order to re-assure them, he told them that a part of their army was about to seize upon and occupy our house, fearing that our troops, whom he knew to be not far off, might force their trenches, which would actually have occurred if the rear-guard could have joined before the capitulation. In an instant we saw their troops ranged in battle array under our windows, and the loss of the previous day made us tremble, and with reason, that our fate was decided, our troops being no longer able to rally. Monsieur de Levi, second in command, now being first by the death of M. de Montcalm, had left the camp several days previously, taking with him nearly three thousand men to reinforce the garrisons above, which were daily harassed by the enemy.

The loss we had sustained and the departure of these troops, determined the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor General of the Colony, to abandon Quebec, which he no longer had any

hopes of saving, the enemy having formed their lines within the entrance of the principal gate, and their vessels closing the entrance of the port so as to render it impossible for succour to arrive on that side. Monsieur de Ramsay, the King's Lieutenant, who commanded a feeble garrison, though without ammunition or provisions, held out till the last moment.

The citizens represented to him that they had freely sacrificed their wealth, but could not resolve to see their wives and children also perish, and as this was the day after the assault, nought was left him but to capitulate.

The English granted, without a murmur, the terms asked for, as well on religious as on other points. Their joy at conquering a country where they had been foiled more than once of victory made them the most moderate of all conquerors. We cannot, without injustice, complain of the manner in which they treated us; and no doubt but the hope of maintaining their victory contributed thereto, but be that as it may, their leniency has not yet dried our tears. We weep not like the Hebrews of old on the rivers of Babylon, for we are yet in possession of the promised land, but our songs are hushed until we shall be purged of this *melange* of nations and our temples rebuilt. Then shall we celebrate, with grateful melody the mercy of the Lord.

All that remained of the families of persons of distinction followed our army to Montreal. Our worthy Bishop amongst the number, not having elsewhere to retire to. But, previous to his departure he regulated all the affairs of his diocese. He named M. Briand—one of the principal members of his chapter, a man after God's own heart, and of such tried and admitted merit that even our enemies could not withhold their admiration, and I might add their veneration—his Vicar-General. Ever since a portion of the diocese was placed under his charge, he has maintained his rights and those of his curates without ever finding an obstacle on their parts. Religion lost nothing by his vigilance and attention. In addition he had charge of the three communities of nuns as their superior. His lordship, who, since his arrival in this country, has always protected, and I might say, preferred us, recommended our house to his peculiar care, and requested him to take up his abode there. Seeing that we were burdened with the care of an infinite number of people, without resources, and exposed to every kind of danger, he believed us to

be safe only under his own eyes; nor was he deceived. The remainder of my narrative will prove to you how much we owe to him.

The capture of Quebec on the 18th September, 1759, restored no tranquility to us; it only augmented our labours, for the English Generals betook themselves to our hospital to assure us of their protection, as well as to intrude us with their wounded and sick; so that although our house had nought to fear amidst the terrors of war in consequence of the protection always afforded to hospitals situated outside of towns, yet we were obliged to receive and lodge a guard of thirty men. There only remained a small lumber room at the foot of our choir, of which they took possession, which was unoccupied because it was filled with the furniture belonging to relatives of our nuns. This the soldiers seized on, and took from these unhappy people the trifle that remained to them. We were compelled to take on ourselves the burden of providing them with food and finding them accommodation. Each guard received a plentiful supply of covering without even the officer giving any orders, but our greatest chagrin was to hear them talking during mass.

The communities who had taken up their abode with us determined to return home, but it was not without tears of regret that they took their departure; for the esteem, tenderness, and union which their long sojourn with us had created rendered this separation most afflicting. The Holy Mother of St. Helen's, Superior of the Hospitalieres, grieved at seeing us overwhelmed with daily augmenting toil, left twelve of her daughters, who remained with us until autumn, and were of the greatest possible assistance.

The Rev'd. Mother of the Nativity, Superior of the Ursulines, offered to leave us as many of hers, an offer which we would have accepted with gratitude had we not known them to be overburdened with labour themselves. The cares and troubles which they had willingly shared with us near the invalids, had given them, under the habit of an Ursuline the heart of an Hospitaliere. They had the grief at their departure to leave behind two of their dear sisters, who terminated their lives in our dormitories being unable to rally. The cares and illness which they supported with edifying fortitude have gained them, I trust, an eternal recompence. We were under the necessity of giving them sepulture in a little garden in our cloister, it being impossible to open the choir.

The departure of our friends gave us no more space than a small dormitory, where they had been tightly packed, and there we were obliged to place the sick English whom the General sent us as soon as he saw himself all safe. But let us return to our countrymen. Our Generals, finding themselves unable to take their revenge so soon, determined to construct a fort five leagues above Quebec, and there to establish a garrison capable of opposing the enemy's attacks and of preventing his penetrating further. They were not idle but made ceaseless attacks so as to cause the enemy as much inconvenience as possible. There was no safety even at the gates of Quebec. Mr. Murry, the Governor of the place, nearly lost his liberty there more than once, and but for treachery it would have been accomplished. Besides which, they frequently made prisoners, which put the Governor in such a bad temper that he sent his soldiers to pillage the poor *habitants*. The thirst for glory and the desire to retake this country cost our citizens dearly. During the whole winter there was nothing but fighting; even the inclemency of the weather could not put a stop to it. Wherever the enemy appeared they were immediately attacked, which caused them to say, "They had never known a nation so attached and faithful to their prince as the Canadians."

( TO BE CONTINUED. )

### SHE HAS GONE TO REST.

She has gone to the rest for all prepared,  
She is sleeping the dreamless sleep;  
With clods of earth for her noiseless guard,  
And her slumber is cold and deep.

The joyous beams of the opening day,  
Have no ray for the starless gloom,  
That shrouds the pulseless and pallid clay  
Of the tenant of the tomb.

We may go to her at the morning time,  
With the sunbeam's earliest glow,  
And may scatter bright flowers and scented thyme  
On the mound where she sleeps below.

We may watch the evening sun go down,  
By her cold and silent tomb;  
And wait till the shadows of twilight brown  
Have clothed the earth in gloom.

We may plant the sweetbriar and fragrant rose,  
They may bud and blossom for us;  
We may seek the spot of her cold repose,  
"But she cannot come to us."

Farewell to her who hath done with earth,  
And hath left this scene of care;  
We trust for a life of greater worth,  
May we meet together there.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

BY JAMES MCCARROLL.

On a dark, dreary evening towards the latter end of October 18—, I was seated, alone with my family, in our residence a short distance from the Falls of Niagara, where I was then stationed, and which was at the period one of the most notorious smuggling points on the whole frontier. The wind came up the gorge of the river, from Queenston, with a violence that made the great Suspension Bridge, within a few hundred feet of us, absolutely shriek as it swung to and fro over the frightful abyss it spans so miraculously; and the eagles that were seen hovering around the far-famed Whirlpool, at sunset, were—as Tennyson has it—literally blown about the skies;—preferring, as might be supposed, the gloomy and unsheltered region of the clouds, to the uncertain refuge of the woods that were bowed to the very earth, before each successive sweep of the merciless blast. I had just filled a pipe, and drawn my chair a little closer to the fire, with the intention of giving a temporary quietus to the cares of this life, when one of my daughters directed my attention to a paragraph of some length, which she had at that moment perused in an American journal; requesting, at the same time, that I would be so good as to read it aloud for the gratification of the other members of the family. To this solicitation I acceded cheerfully; and found, as I proceeded with the subject, that the contents were of more than ordinary interest—embracing a very recent and peculiar circumstance connected with the boasted freedom of the neighbouring Republic.

It appeared during the progress of the narrative, that some where to the southward, a young, rich and exceedingly beautiful quadroon—who was affianced to a handsome youth of slightly mixed blood, like herself—was the object of a lawless and most ungovernable passion on the part of a disreputable though enormously wealthy planter, whom she detested, and whose estates were but a few miles distant from her abode. On finding himself baffled at every turn, by the sterling virtue of the young girl, and the vigilance of her anxious and pure-minded lover, this fiend in human shape—acting upon a hint received on a former occasion—secretly set enquiry on foot regarding the parentage and antecedents of the youthful pair; when, strange as it may appear, it was

ascertained beyond the slightest possibility of doubt, that, notwithstanding their pecuniary independence and estimable character, they were not free, according to the laws under which they lived, but were, on the contrary, liable to be seized and sold, at any moment, as the indisputable property of a distant slave-holder, with whom he was on the most intimate terms; but who, through a strange combination of circumstances, was totally unconscious of the existence of the parties, or of having any claims upon them whatever.

On being positively assured of a fact so important, a visit was paid, in haste, to the gentleman; but, as might be anticipated, he very properly hesitated before entering into bonds affecting the liberty of two strangers. Mised, however, by the misrepresentations of his visitor—and, as a full title, at any sum, to whatever claims he might be found to possess, was all that was demanded on the occasion—a total transfer of the unfortunate orphans—for such they were—was soon effected; and Mr. —, returned to his splendid inheritance, rejoicing over his nefarious triumph and the anticipated immediate possession of his long-sought prize.

The very morning after his arrival, and before the sun had yet risen, this heartless wretch appeared at the residence of his intended victim; armed with legal authority and accompanied by a sufficient force to overcome all resistance, and carry both her and the youth of her heart, off into the very depths of his plantations: But, what must have been his rage and disappointment, to learn, that she and her youthful protector, had suddenly disappeared the day previous, after having been married privately—as it was rumoured—at the cottage of an old and tried friend, who apprised them of the calamity that threatened them; and to whom they disposed, on the most advantageous terms, of all their valuable property, with the exception of a small casket of jewels, and some necessary wearing apparel.

Burning with vengeance at this mortifying intelligence; and determined to succeed at any cost, couriers were despatched in every direction, and ten thousand dollars reward offered for the apprehension of the poor fugitives. In addition to this, four or five reckless characters were hurried off, with all speed, to the frontiers between Buffalo and Fort Niagara; as it was conjectured, that the “runaways” would endeavour to reach the Canadas, as the only impregnable

place of safety for them, on the broad continent of America.

On the completion of these hasty arrangements, he managed, through the influence of his countless riches, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with every step of the route to be pursued by the persecuted outcasts, and to fathom all their secret hopes and designs. The result was, that, after making some hurried dispositions regarding his affairs, he was, himself, on their track, in less than twenty-four hours after their departure. Night and day he sped onward, without wearying on his journey for a single moment; until, at last, he arrived at Buffalo, where he lost all traces of them;—although put in full possession of the fact, that they were seen at one of the Railway Stations in that City, but a few hours previously.

Here, the paragraph closed with a statement, that gangs of desperados were now employed, on both frontiers, with the intention of kidnapping the hapless pair, should they succeed in even reaching the Canadian shore;—and further, that although the affair was hushed up in certain quarters, it was well understood, that two human beings of the most refined feelings and education, were, at that moment, hunted like wild beasts, through the land; if not already writhing in the relentless grasp of this inhuman monster.

After indulging in various comments on these heart-rending disclosures, and offering up many a fervent prayer for the safety of the poor, panting fugitives, our conversation turned, not unnaturally, on the violence of the storm, and what might be anticipated as its sad results.—We spoke of the ocean on such a night, with “the man lashed to the helm,” while the starless waves rolled over him in mountains, and left his fated bark a shapeless mass. We thought, too, of the houseless wanderer on some bleak and barren moor, with, perchance, the tear of bitter memories on his cheek; as lone he staggered o’er the cheerless waste, without a ray to light his weary feet, or show his grey hairs scattered on the wind, save that which flashed around him in blue flame, and mocked his poor, dim eyes back into ten-fold night. Nor, did the daring smuggler escape a passing observation; for well we knew, that the commotion of the elements must be fearful, indeed, that could obstruct his lawless operations; and, that, possibly at that very instant, and at no great distance from where we were then as-

sembled, he was buffeting the winds and the waves, in the pursuit of his hazardous occupation. Of all this we thought with every degree of seriousness; and were just contrasting our enviable circumstances with the condition of those who were exposed to the inclemency of the weather, when we were startled by a sharp, single knock at the outer door. Wondering who it could be that selected so strange a period for a visit, I hurried immediately into the hall—where the lamp was still burning, although we were about retiring to rest—and gave instant admission to a useful though not highly esteemed acquaintance of mine, who generally paid his respects to me, long after the sun had set; with the hope of concealing from the public, the fact, that he possessed a wonderfully keen eye and ear, which he occasionally turned to good account, at the expense of the free-traders that abounded in the neighbourhood—although, notwithstanding this laudable delicacy on his part, a more incorrigible and universally recognised informer never stepped in shoe leather.

“What’s up to night, old Ringwood?” said I, leading him into my office—“for I am totally unable, I confess, to comprehend the motives that induced you to venture out during such wild weather as this.”

“There’s a good deal up, sir, a good deal;” he replied, while the light from the hall fell on his sinister features,—“I was on the cars this evening, at six, when they stopped at Schlosser, a very suspicious spot—and put off a large quantity of tobacco, sugar, and tea, together with a number of small parcels, which are all, I am satisfied, to be run in below Chippewa, to-night, by old Tarpanlin and his sons.”

“But in the name of common sense,” said I, “how can you possibly imagine for a moment, that any one, but a confirmed lunatic, would attempt to cross the river, on the very brink of the Rapids, and so short a distance above the Falls, during such a terrific night as this?”

“That, I can imagine very easily,” he returned, “for the wind which is blowing a hurricane, is directly up the channel, and almost sufficient of itself, to keep a craft stationary in the current; while, as to the darkness, and the few heavy drops that are falling occasionally, they are perfect pets of Old Tarpaulin; who, as you are aware, never permits a trifle to keep his boats idle, when there is a prospect of laying his fingers on a few dollars.”

“That may be;” I observed, “But I most assuredly entertain strong doubts, as to the

certainly of his tempting Providence, by exposing himself to the fury of the elements on the present occasion: although, I would, myself, make every rational sacrifice to teach a smuggler, so notorious, a pretty sharp lesson, and put a stop to his habitual boasting, and sarcastic sneers at the alleged inefficiency of the service on this side of the lines."

"Now is your time, then, sir, now is your time,"—eagerly ejaculated my companion, "for I saw him at the train, eyeing the goods, closely, as they were handed out; and, what's more, he endeavoured to get a peep at me, and make out who it was that was standing, muffled up, watching them, in the Freight Car from which they were taken; although, I am almost confident he did not succeed. And, as respects the fury of the elements, I have walked nearly four miles through the very height of the storm, with this intelligence, without being, as you perceive, a single whit the worse."

"But," said I, endeavouring to throw some insurmountable obstacle in the way, "how are we to get to Chippewa, as it is now nearly nine o'clock; and, can you positively determine the precise point at which the articles may be landed?"

"The boats," he replied, "must be run in at the old spot near the church; as it is not only some distance this side of the village, but quite sheltered and secluded; and, with regard to our getting there, we must go across the road, at once, and make Tom harness up his horses, and take us to the place, himself; as he is no great stranger to the service; and will be of infinite assistance to us, in case of any emergency."

The scoundrel had me on the hip, at every turn; so, not wishing to let the impression go abroad, that I was influenced in the discharge of my duties, by the state of the atmosphere, or the lateness of the hour, I put the best possible face on the matter; and informed him, that, as he appeared so confident of success, I would go and equip myself instantly, for the adventure, and join him without a moment's unnecessary delay.

As may be presumed, my determination to leave my dwelling, at that unseasonable hour, in company with a character so suspicious, and under circumstances so unfavourable, was not received with any great degree of satisfaction, by my family: however, my resolution being then fixed, I proceeded to make some hasty preparations, and, in the course of a very few

minutes, emerged out into the storm—Ringwood leading the way with a dark lantern; and my wife informing me, as she closed the door behind us, that both she and the two eldest of my daughters, would sit up and anxiously await my return.

On making our intentions known to Tom,—whose abode was but a few paces distant, I was not surprised to find that he expressed great astonishment at our proposed undertaking, and predicted that it would turn out "a wild goose chase;" from the fact, as he observed, that the most daring smuggler on the face of the whole globe, would not attempt a passage of the river near the church, on such a night. On my apprising him, however, that having once set out, I should proceed with the journey, and judge for myself, he reluctantly agreed to accompany us. So, after fortifying himself, both inwardly and outwardly against all contingencies, he proceeded to the stables, and soon had a suitable vehicle in readiness for our departare.

It was close upon ten o'clock, when seated in a stout waggon drawn by two powerful Bays, we all started off towards Drummondville, by the back route; not wishing to take the track along the river, leading past the Clifton, lest the lightning, which flashed around us at intervals, should startle the horses, on the verge of the frightful precipices that skirt the whole way. We had a journey of nearly five miles to perform; but were almost carried along by the tempest, wherever the wheeling was good. The roads, however, in consequence of the late rains, were exceedingly heavy in some places, until we reached the wide Common stretching out between us and the Pavilion. Here it was thought advisable to leave Drummondville to the right, and make our way across the open space, as being the shortest cut, if not the best road to our place of destination. This part of the route, being accomplished without meeting with any serious obstruction, we soon passed through the first toll-gate; and, rolling along the plank at a middling brisk pace, we found ourselves, about a quarter to eleven, directly opposite the church, which the lightning discovered standing in an isolated spot, a short distance to the left.

We now turned into the little avenue leading to the edifice; and driving cautiously under one of the wooden sheds, we carefully secured our horses; and, by the aid of the dark lantern, which Ringwood had just re-lighted, examined our revolvers—for we were all well armed—while, in addition to this, I drew from one of

my pockets, a powerful night-glass, and adjusted it to the proper focus, so as to have it in complete readiness, should any lights be discerned in the distance. On these precautionary measures being adopted, we all moved off in the direction of the river; and, still guided by the lightning, reached the precise point at which the boats were expected to land; where we sheltered ourselves, as best we could, beneath the underwood which here sloped down gently a few feet to the edge of the water. After remaining in this situation for some short time, I perceived a light moving, as I fancied, on the American shore a little to the right of us; but from the haze that surrounded it, I was unable to make it out clearly; although there was not a drop of rain falling at the period. Ringwood, however, whose cold, grey eye could absolutely pierce the most impenetrable gloom, appeared to read its meaning at a glance; for no sooner had he discovered it, than he exclaimed rapturously:

"There they are, sir; there they are; and I'll bet my life on it, they will be here in less than an hour, for the light is just at the very point from which they always set out!"

"Perhaps so," said I, endeavouring to make myself intelligible above the roaring of the waters and the storm, "but the river is convulsed so dreadfully, I am inclined to believe that they will not attempt to cross to-night, for fear of being swamped."

"No fear of that, sir; no fear of that," continued the old foxhound. "They are sure to have a light somewhere in Chippewa to guide them; and after keeping up well in that direction, until they nearly touch shore, they will then drop down nicely here, where there is a good landing and comparative shelter, as well as a sufficient number of teams, no doubt waiting within pistol-snap of them, to carry away the goods."

I hated the fellow, he understood his business so perfectly; but without making any further reply, I kept my attention fixed steadily on the light, and found that it was quite stationary, instead of wandering, as I at first supposed it to be.

About midnight, I became weary with expectation; and was on the point of expressing my full determination to give up the whole affair, when the wind, in the most extraordinary manner conceivable, chopped suddenly round, and, to my utmost surprise, came thundering down over Grand Island with an impetuosity as irresistible as if the whole of its strength

had been accumulating in that quarter for days. This unaccountable right-about-face in the storm was noticed the moment it occurred, by my two companions, who informed me, simultaneously, that if the boats were now out on the river, as was highly probable, they were lost beyond all hope, as they would be totally unable to keep clear of the rapids, against the combined forces of the current and the hurricane.

In this momentous juncture I lost all sight of the intended seizure, and became seriously alarmed for the safety of the unfortunate men, who, as I feared, were, perhaps at that moment, struggling vainly against the merciless elements that were hurrying them on to the verge of the awful abyss scarcely two miles below us. Convinced that all human efforts were unavailing, if the boats were any great distance from either shore, I brought my glass to bear, as well as I could judge, upon every point of the river, where they might be expected to pass, and sought, with trembling curiosity and anxiety, to penetrate the gloom, and realize within its fearful depths the objects of my solicitude; but so profound was the darkness, and so uncertain and confused was everything that was revealed by the lightning at long intervals, it was all to no purpose. The light on the opposite shore, however, happening to get into the field of my glass, and increase, apparently, in brilliancy, owing, as I presumed, to the haze having been dissipated by some new current of air, I began to examine it with more minuteness, and found that it proceeded from a large lantern attached to a high post at the corner of what seemed to be a rough wharf or landing place. Not a solitary human being was to be observed in its vicinity; for I could perceive, with great distinctness, the locality for several yards around it, and, in addition, noticed particularly that there were two large boats drawn up, high and dry, on shore directly beneath it. Lest I should be mistaken in any degree, I handed the glass to Ringwood, requesting, at the same time, that he would examine the object and everything about it closely, and then inform me if he had discovered anything that might tend to alter his opinions as to the anticipated danger of the smugglers, or the prospect of a seizure on that occasion. The cunning old vagabond read everything at a glance, for no sooner was the glass to his eye, than he exclaimed, with a yell that was perfectly demoniacal—

"Sold! sold! we are all sold! They are

Tarpaulin's boats. I have been discovered on the cars by the cursed old scoundrel, who, suspecting that I might give you a hint that would induce you to pay a visit to this place to-night, has hung up that infernal lantern there, for the purpose of deceiving us and keeping us waiting here, until every dollar's worth of the goods is carried away up the river by his teams, and ferried across by some of his accomplices, perhaps miles from where we are now standing."

To me there was some degree of pleasure in this intelligence, as it tended to put the safety of half a dozen, at least, of my fellow-creatures beyond all doubt; but to Ringwood it was gall—it was death. He had made up his mind to a glorious haul; and now that he was outwitted, after so much trouble and fatigue, the worst points of his character were developed strikingly. He became silent and sullen, save when some horrid imprecation escaped his lips, regarding the bold smuggler and his sons; and on one occasion, in the face of a sharp rebuke, he expressed his unfeigned regret that the whole crew were not out on the edge of the rapids, when the wind chopped round so suddenly. In short, so hideous did he appear to me at that moment, that I secretly resolved to keep my eye on him, and discontinue all intercourse with him, except where it was unavoidable.

We now retraced our steps to the church, and resuming our seats, we quickly found ourselves in the vicinity of Drummondville once more. Not a light was to be seen in the village, as we passed through it instead of crossing the Common as before. So we kept struggling along towards our respective habitations, until we reached the turn leading down from the main road, to the Clifton which stood in the hollow, a very short distance to the right. Here Tom stopped the waggon, and proposed that we should strike off, and take the side of the river for it, as the lightning did not appear to affect the horses, and as the road was much harder and better than the one we had taken in the first instance, and which lay straight before us. To this I assented readily. And down the hill we started at a safe pace, anxious to get under shelter as soon as possible, and lose all recollections of our "wild goose chase"—as Tom appeared to have correctly designated it—in the soft embrace of the drowsy god. When directly in front of the Clifton, however, the lynx-eyed Ringwood, who had been anything but communicative for the last half hour, observed a light at the bottom of the ferry staircase, on the American

side; and instantly directed my attention to it, as being extraordinary and suspicious at such a time and place. This deduction I thought reasonable enough; and immediately leaped out of the waggon, to ascertain, on a nearer approach to the edge of the rocks, what could possibly be the occasion of this new feature in the comedy, when we considered the performance closed for the evening. Through the aid of my glass, I now discovered with the greatest clearness—taking the spray of the Falls into consideration—not only the light in question, but a man standing at the Ferry on our own side of the river, and evidently guiding, with a colored lantern which he held in his hand, a boat that was preparing to put off from the opposite shore. Just beside him, and on the very brink of the water, which was now rising rapidly, owing to the change in the wind, were piled a lot of barrels, tea-chests, and small boxes; in short, all the goods described by Ringwood, as discharged at Schlosser, in the fore part of the evening.

"We have got them at last," said I to Tom and his companion, who had just joined me, on tying up the horses at the guard wall. "All the merchandize of which we have been in search is at this very moment lying below at the ferry. So let us proceed down at once, and make the seizure, for I apprehend we will not have much difficulty, as there is apparently no great force to encounter."

I got a glimpse of old Ringwood's face, in a solitary ray that gleamed from one of the windows of the Clifton. He was in ecstasies. He rubbed his hands with excessive joy, and chuckled audibly over his sharp-sightedness and its anticipated results. I could have pitched the wretch over the cliffs; for well I knew what was going on within him. His soul was literally corroded with the love of gain. It mattered not to him whether the goods belonged to the wealthiest man in the land, or were the sole fortune of a fatherless child or a widow. A portion of them was likely to become his prey; and that was all that concerned him—all that made his eyes glitter. I had never given the subject a thought previously, although he was always repulsive to me; but now the truth seemed to flash upon me at once: he had not a single redeeming trait in his character; his heart, I felt assured, was impregnable to the most agonizing prayer; he was a villain of the deepest die.

On our way downwards, we encountered a covered carriage standing close under the shelter.

of the rocks; and were in the act of passing it, when a dark lantern was flashed in our faces, by two men who were seated in the inside, smoking their cigars; but who, on perceiving our features, apologized immediately, informing us, at the same time, that an extensive robbery had been just committed at Toronto, and that the criminal was expected to attempt an escape by the Bridge or the Ferry that night, and that their object was to arrest him, if possible. I did not like the appearance of either of these persons, nor was I quite satisfied of the truth of their story, as, from their dress and the jewellery with which they were bedizened, they evidently belonged to no police force in the Province. Consequently, without making any very lengthened remarks in return, we continued our course to the water's edge, which we just reached as the boat was about touching the shore.

From the single barrel and small quantity of packages contained in the craft, it was now apparent that we were in the very nick of time; as well as from what I at a glance conjectured to be the two owners of the goods, sitting quietly muffled up in the stern, after having shipped the last article from the other side. So, with the determination of making a sweeping affair of it, I resolved to pounce upon the boat first, and secure it while it was being unloaded, and cut off the two persons in the stern—who were likely to remain in their position, until some of the parcels were removed forward—from lending any assistance to their comrades should a scuffle ensue, which, without this precaution, I thought more than probable, as there were five against three of us; although the two boatmen appeared to be but mere striplings, and no such sterling stuff as old Tarpaubin and his sons.

It was now the dead hour of the night, when from behind a large pile of rock, some distance below the foot of the Grand Horse Shoe Fall, we all with quickened pulses, perceived the boat run up on the long narrow slide, within twenty paces of us; and which was, at the period, almost buried in the waves that dashed in foaming eddies out of the current that flashed past one of its extremities, and then shot out to join the great body of the waters that, for upwards of two miles, swept with savage impetuosity the shore on which we stood. My object being to ascertain, if possible, whether any of the party was armed, before I attempted to secure the boat, or make any disposition of the articles that had

been already landed, I waited anxiously, until I saw the man with the lantern, assisting the two boatmen to get the barrel ashore; but on not being able to discover any weapon whatever, the moment I found them engaged in removing the other parcels, so as to make way for the parties in the stern, I stepped out into the blaze of the lamp, and with a pistol shining in my hand, was on board, amongst them, in a twinkling. Tom and Ringwood were on the beach, at my elbow, in an instant, but their proximity was discovered by the man with the lantern only, as his companions had just stooped down with their backs to the light, to lay hold of a package and hand it to him as he stood on a portion of the slide beside them.

On discovering my sudden apparition, the two boatmen threw out the parcel towards their comrade and leaped hurriedly after it; but, unfortunately, as they both bounded, together, from the gunnel of the boat, the great force of their feet drove us off the slide, where we were lying uneasily, and with the loss of an oar, sent us far out into the midst of the headlong waters, that yelled and shook themselves into foam as they swooped down the rocky gorge that shut them in!—Good God!—This was terrible! In a moment we lost sight of the light! and there we were—three human beings—wrapt in Egyptian gloom, and borne on by the thundering flood towards the fatal Whirlpool, that never mortal crossed and lived, or to destruction as equally certain and horrible—the Charybdis, directly beneath the Suspension Bridge, but a single mile from us!—Oh! how indescribably powerful is darkness, when, through its eyeless depths a vague and unseen death hovers around us!—when we feel as if we were shut out from light, before our time, and dragged on, towards the verge of eternity, by some mighty and irresistible arm! And yet, how difficult to extinguish the last spark of hope in the human breast, and leave the altar on which it burns in utter desolation! It was so with me, even at that dreadful moment. I knew the river thoroughly. I was sensible that all the great waters of the West, were here struggling to free themselves from a narrow pass, where they were walled in by towering cliffs that were lost in the clouds: but at the same time, I was aware that there were eddies, and one recognised landing place on the American shore, which might, through some miraculous cast of the die, be gained ere our doom was sealed. Consequently, the instant I found



myself adrift on a flood so terrific, with but a single oar to guide me, and in the midst of a merciless storm, I pulled with almost superhuman might towards the opposite rocks. To attempt a landing on the Canadian side would result in our immediate destruction, as the whole force of the current broke furiously over the immense wedges of fallen cliff with which it is studded. Fortunately, it was the left hand oar that fell overboard at the time of the disaster, otherwise I should have been unable to keep the boat quartering off the course of the waters, or impel it angling forward, as we were swept along—although I was not alone in my exertions to reach some point of safety; for, scarcely had I grasped the full danger of my situation, when a flash of lightning revealed one of my companions, paddling vigorously, in the proper direction, with a piece of plank which he, providentially, found beneath some small cases, after having, with strange promptness and agility, pitched nearly everything overboard, in search of something of the kind. However doubtful, at the period, I considered his character as a smuggler, yet, he appeared, evidently, a man who required no stimulant to act when the time came; and feeling that I had a fellow mortal beside me, with every muscle bent in unison with my own, I caught additional strength from the conviction, and made the oar whistle through the waves with increased velocity; until, at last, I found we were whirled into an eddy, where we came into sharp contact with what appeared to be some large floating body. I knew it!—I could not be mistaken!—I clung to it, and grasped a huge chain that happened to touch my arm!—We were safe!—It was the “Maid of the Mist,” at her powerful moorings on the American shore, in the immediate vicinity of the Bridge and the deafening surges that fought round the Cave of the Waters. I groped along her guards for her low forward deck which was on a level with our boat, and surrounded merely by an open railing. I found it, and shouted to my companions, while fastening our own stout craft to one of the uprights of the gangway. The next instant we all three stood on board, safe and sound, offering up—though invisible and almost inaudible to each other—a fervent thanksgiving for our wonderful and unprecedented preservation.

The boat being secured, as just observed, I determined that my two companions should accompany me across the Bridge, as I was con-

dent that there were no hotels open, at that hour, in the neighbourhood of the spot where we had landed so miraculously. Besides this, I felt that I owed them something, as I was the undoubted cause of their second misfortune, however illegal the pursuits in which they might have been engaged previously; and further, that were it not for the active exertions of one of them at least, I might have had a very different story to tell, myself. Feeling, at all events, that I entertained a degree of warmth towards them, which I could not well explain at the moment, I made up my mind, fully, that they should spend the remainder of the night under my roof; and then, in the morning, enter into some explanation regarding their conduct, which I was resolved to view with as much leniency as the law could possibly recognize, and, for the purpose of grinding old Ringwood, permit them to enter the goods, if they had *nouse* enough to concoct, between them, any sort of a story that would sustain me in the act. I therefore communicated to them, as plainly as I could, for the storm was absolutely increasing instead of otherwise, that they would have to cross the Bridge, to the Canadian shore, before they could obtain shelter, but that they might not be apprehensive in any degree whatever, as, even in the absence of the lightning, which during my observations commenced to flash with extraordinary vividness, I was perfectly acquainted with every step of the way. To this arrangement they assented tacitly,—as it was impossible, during such a commotion of the elements, to attempt anything like a conversation—and, without further comment, we all commenced an ascent of the rocky track that led to the main road, and the entrance of the wonderful structure that hung, in mid air, over a gulf nearly three hundred feet deep, a short distance from where we stood.

In the course of a very few minutes we reached the gates of the Bridge, where I was surprised to meet a covered vehicle standing in the shelter of the dark wooden towers, and a light still burning in the toll house. Being accustomed, however, to cross and recross at all hours, I was aware of the secret crevice in which the night key was deposited for the convenience of those who were privileged and resided in that immediate locality, so, without making any disturbance whatever, I turned the key in the lock, and proceeded on my way across to the other gate, which I knew I could open with the same ease and certainty.

The moment we stepped out over the frightful chasm, no language can describe the grandeur—the sublimity of the scene that burst upon us. The lightening, which now swept the horizon at rapid intervals, lit up the whole river beneath us with strange brilliancy, discovering, in its fitful glare, all Nature, as it were, leaping in and out of gloom! while, in the distance, the great white American cateract fell blazing from the clouds, like some mighty drop scene, that shut out from mortal gaze the grand drama of Eternity! It was a night of appalling festival! The thunders beat out their long reveilles—the winds piped to the dancing heavens!—and the startled waters were struck into purple wine once more, by the lurid wand of the Great Enchanter!

Being now in the very highway of the storm, it was with great difficulty we could keep our feet, or prevent ourselves from being blown out through the wire guards that caged us in; but still struggling onwards, we soon arrived at the end of the aerial thoroughfare, and found ourselves, with every degree of pleasure, at the termination of our journey. Here, too, as I closed the gate behind me, I observed another covered carriage and a light, as on the other side, shining in the toll-house. This perplexed me exceedingly for a moment; but remembering the story of the robbery, which I doubted so seriously on my way to the ferry, and which had been totally banished from my recollection by our late fearful adventure, I at once came to the conclusion that I did injustice to the character of the two strangers with the dark lantern; and as I stepped upon the verandah of my abode once more, censured myself for having so hastily entertained suspicions of the veracity of persons who could apparently have no interest whatever in making false statements on the occasion.

As may be supposed, my wife and daughters were greatly alarmed at my prolonged absence on such a night, and were in anxious expectation of my return, when the noise of our footsteps brought them to the door. While greeting me, however, on my re-appearance, they seemed surprised at finding themselves in the presence of two strangers, muffled up to the eyes with huge shawls, and loaded with india-rubber coats, caps, and immense gloves. Those I introduced, briefly, as beaught and having marked claims on our hospitality, from the fact of their having been my companions in a very singular adventure, which I should relate at my leisure. This I felt was sufficient; and shaking hands, or

rather gloves, with my new friends—so as to put them as much at ease as possible—I entered the dining-room, where a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and lights burning on the sideboard. Some decanters and glasses having been produced hastily, I called out to my two guests—who were divesting themselves of their outer garments in the hall—to be expeditious, and approach without the slightest ceremony, for the purpose of partaking of some exhilarating refreshment before we sat down to do justice to something more substantial. To this very reasonable request I fancied they were about to accede both cheerfully and quickly, as I conceived they had been much longer exposed to the inclemency of the weather than even I had; but what was my utter astonishment and that of my family, to find, as they both slowly entered the apartment where we were all waiting to receive them, that, instead of two hard featured, coarsely-dressed smugglers, there stood before us the beautiful quadroon and her handsome young lover, whose fate had interested us so deeply during the early part of the night.

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#### DIRGE FOR AN INFANT.

He is dead and gone—a flower  
Born and withered in an hour.  
Coldly lies the death-frost now  
On his little rounded brow;  
And the seal of darkness lies  
Ever on his shrouded eyes.  
He will never feel again  
Touch of human joy or pain;  
Never will his once-bright eyes  
Open with a glad surprise;  
Nor the death-frost leave his brow—  
All is over with him now.

Vacant now his cradle-bed,  
As a nest from whence hath fled  
Some dear little bird, whose wings  
Rest from timid flutterings.  
Thrown aside the childish rattle;  
Hushed for aye the infant prattle—  
Little broken words that could  
By none else be understood  
Save the childless one who weeps  
O'er the grave where now he sleeps.  
Closed his eyes, and cold his brow—  
All is over with him now!

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“The two rarest things in all nature,” says Bishop Warburton, “are, a disinterested man and a reasonable woman.”

## ZELINDA; OR THE CONVERTED ONE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 506.)

## CHAPTER VII.

In the confused throng of victorious and vanquished troops, Zelinda had contrived to disengage herself from Fadrique's arms, and fled from him like an arrow shot by a skillful bowman, or like the wild gazelle among its native hills, so that she was soon lost to the eyes of the young soldier in those paths well known to her, though love lent him wings.

The loss of so splendid a prize added an edge to the keenness of the Spaniard's rage, which burned in his breast against the unbelieving foe. Wherever a luckless group was still found offering resistance to the progress of the triumphant Spaniards, Fadrique put himself at the head of his troops, who gathered around him as a standard of victory; whilst Heimbert never quitted his side, and like a faithful shield warded off danger in various shapes, to which his comrade, intoxicated by success, and yet stung with rage at the loss of his fair captive, heedlessly exposed himself. On the following day, intelligence was gained of Barbarossa's expeditious flight, and the troops entered the gates of Tunis without opposition. The squadrons under the command of Fadrique and Heimbert were close together.

Dense volumes of smoke spread through the streets; the soldiers were frequently obliged to shake off portions of inflamed materials which settled upon their mantles, and richly plumed morions or storming caps. "I fear the enemy has, in despair, set fire to some powder magazine!" exclaimed Heimbert, warily, whilst Fadrique, nodding assent to the suggestion, hastened to the spot whence the smoke proceeded, followed by his soldiers.

On suddenly turning the corner of a street, they found themselves in front of a magnificent palace, out of whose elegant windows flames issued forth, which, in their fitful glare, seemed like torches of death lighting up the noble edifice, in the hour of its tottering grandeur: now spreading a halo, bright as a sunbeam, over some part of its gigantic dimensions, and now again enveloping it in a gloomy cloud of smoke, and like a faultless statue, the ornament of the whole magnificent edifice, stood Zelinda, on an arch of dizzy height, beneath which the sportive flames were wreathing a fiery garland,

and called loudly on some of her fellow believers to aid her in rescuing from the lambent flames, the lettered wisdom of many centuries, which was stored up within the tottering building. The arch now began to rock to and fro, from the violence of the flames below; and of the stones composing it gave way, and Fadrique anxiously warned the maiden of her imminent danger; scarcely had she receded a few steps, before the very spot on which she had previously stood, in a moment came down with a huge crash, and crumbled into a thousand fragments on the pavement. Zelinda retreated into the inside of the burning palace, whilst Fadrique ran up the winding stairs which were of marble, followed by his faithful protecting comrade, Heimbert.

They hurried through high-roofed halls that echoed their footsteps at every tread; above their heads the ceiling was formed in lofty arches, and one chamber led to another like the various mazes of a labyrinth. On all sides the walls were covered with ornamented shelves, containing piled up rolls of parchment, papyrus, and palm leaves, which, filled with characters of bygone ages, had now, alas! reached the end of their existence, for the flames had already effected an entrance and were consuming these records of hieroglyphic times. The fiery element, which now spread its lurid covering around one beam after another, had been kindled by the rage of some Spanish soldiers, who, disappointed in their expectations of plunder, had thus given vent to their savage feelings, the rather that in these singular characters they recognised only the impressions of magic and witch-craft. Fadrique flew, as in a dream, through the splendid halls and corridors lit up by a glare at once magnificent and terrible, whilst the only sound that issued from his lips was "Zelinda, Zelinda!" and the only object that presented itself to his eyes, the image of his enchanting love. Long did Heimbert follow at his side, till both at last reached a staircase of cedar-wood, which led to a still higher story, when Fadrique, after having stood and listened, suddenly exclaimed: "It is, it is, Zelinda! I hear a voice above; she calls, she needs my aid!" Scarcely had he uttered these words before he stood on the steps which were already emitting sparks. Heimbert delayed an instant: he saw the stairs tottering, and was about to apprise his friend of his impending danger, but at that moment the whole scene burst into volumes of flame with a terrific crash! He could only just

perceive, through the flame and smoke, Fadrique firmly grasping the iron railing above and suspended by it;—there was no way left to follow him. After brief deliberation Heimbert hastened to the neighbouring rooms, hoping to find some passage by which he might regain his lost comrade.

Meanwhile Fadrique, invited by the damsel's voice, had entered a gallery, the floor of which, enveloped in flames, was falling into the abyss beneath with a tremendous noise, whilst a range of pillars on each side still braved the fury of the devouring element. He now beheld the figure of his lady-love on the opposite side, clinging to a pillar with one hand, and with the other menacing some Spanish soldiers who seemed prepared each moment to seize her. Fadrique could not come to her assistance, as the space which divided them was too broad to be leaped over. Trembling lest his cries should frighten the maiden, who thus might fall into the yawning gulf beneath, he said in a whisper, as though he were wafting his words across the flaming interval, "Zelinda, Zelinda, yield to no desperate thoughts, your protector is at hand!"

The maiden turned her queenly head towards him, and when Fadrique saw that she was collected and calm, he exclaimed in the thunder of a war trumpet, addressing himself to the soldiers: "Back, audacious rascals! the first that approaches one step nearer the lady falls by my avenging arm!" They started, and were about to turn away, when one among them said: "Comrades, the knight will not eat us, and the space he has to cross before he can reach us is considerable. As to the lady precipitating herself down this gallery—it seems as though the captain there was her gallant, and the lady who has a gallant is not, generally very eager to throw her life away."

These words created a unanimous burst of boisterous applause, and the soldiers again advanced; Zelinda stood at the extreme edge of the flooring, in the act of leaping down. At this critical moment Fadrique, looking like an infuriated beast of prey when disappointed of its victim, tore his targe off his shoulders, and hurled it with his dexterous right hand so surely that the ringleader of the soldiers received a violent blow on his skull, and fell senseless to the ground. The rest once more stood still. "Away with you," cried Fadrique in a commanding voice, "or my poignard transfixes the next presumptuous fool that dares to advance

one step, and then let the rest beware of my vengeance when I reach them."

The weapon glistened in the soldier's hand, but still more did his eyes sparkle with rage; the villains fled. Zelinda now bowed courteously to her deliverer, and lifting up several scrolls of palm leaves which, having dropped from her hands, lay close at her feet, hastily made her way through a side door of the gallery. Fruitless was the search made for her by Fadrique throughout the whole of the burning palace.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

On a sort of common within the conquered town, Duke Alva and some of the principal Spanish nobles had collected together, for the purpose of questioning several Ottoman prisoners, through interpreters, what had become of the wonderful female who had appeared as the inspiring angel on the Turkish trenches, and must be regarded as one of the loveliest enchantresses ever beheld by mortal eyes.—Their answers did not afford much information, since the captives themselves, though aware that the beautiful Zelinda possessed the power of magic, and was accordingly revered by their nation as a sovereign mistress, knew little or nothing concerning her mysterious visits to Tunis, whence she came, or to what corner of the earth she had now betaken herself. The conqueror, deeming this account fabulous, or at best evasive, began to threaten the prisoners with condign punishment unless they should reveal more satisfactory details, when an old Dervise, who had been overlooked till now, stepped forth and said, with a grim smile: "Whoever is desirous of tracking her steps, may do so forthwith. I will conceal from him nothing that I know of her mysterious course, and I do know some little. But I must first exact a promise that I am not to be compelled to accompany the adventurer, be he who he may. If this condition be not complied with, my lips are closed; and no circumstances whatever shall induce me to open them."

He looked like one who would prove as good as his word, and Alva, pleased with a decision of character that so nearly resembled his own, pledged himself to the proposed condition, whereupon the Dervise began as follows:

"Having once upon a time penetrated into the almost boundless desert of Sahara (whether led on by curiosity or some other feeling, I do

not now remember), I lost my way, and after wandering about for some time, I at length, half dead with fatigue and vexation, reached one of those fruitful islands, commonly called Oases."

Now followed, in true oriental style, a description of the wonderful things seen there, so that the hearts of the listeners swelled with fond desire, and now their hair stood on end at the recital of some horrible thing; though on account of the strange accent and the stream-like rapidity of the old man's utterance, scarcely one half of the tale could be gathered.

On the whole, however, it was inferred that Zelinda lived in a blooming island, in the midst of the pathless steppes of the desert, and that during the last half hour she had been on her way thither, as doubtless the Dervise well knew, but was unwilling to express in definite terms. The sneering manner in which the old man had concluded his story, proved that he had nothing more at heart than that some adventurous Christian might be led to undertake a journey which would inevitably be attended with extreme peril, if not actual loss of life. At the same time, he took a solemn oath that the whole matter was precisely as he had related it, and that he had not been guilty either of adding to, or diminishing from the exact truth. The Spanish nobles stood around him in speechless amazement and contemplation.

At this juncture, Heimbert, who had just been compelled, by the violence of the flames which enveloped the castle ruins, to quit his friend's side, stepped forth and bowed low to the great leader of the united troops. "What may be your wish, valiant young sword?" asked Alva, nodding familiarly to the youthful soldier. "I remember your cheerful, blooming features; 'tis not long since you showed yourself my guardian angel, and since I know that your request cannot be but honourable and knightly, 'tis granted ere you speak it."

"Good, my lord Duke," said Heimbert, glowing with modest pride, "since you permit me to prefer my humble petition, I would that you allowed me this very hour to pursue the beautiful Zelinda, whose path yon strange Dervise has pointed out."

The warrior once more nodded assent, and added: "So noble an adventure could not be entrusted to a worthier knight."

"I question that," uttered a sturdy voice in the crowd. "But well I know, that I, rather than any man, may claim a right to the adventure, even if it were the prize for the storming of Tunis. Who first scaled the ramparts, or entered the town a conqueror?"

"It was, unquestionably, Don Fadrique Mendez," replied Heimbert, leading forth his comrade by the hand, and presenting him to the collected nobles. "Though I should forego the reward already granted to me, I will console myself, for *he* has merited the thanks of the whole army more than *I* have."

"Neither of you is deprived of his reward," exclaimed Duke Alva: "to each, I now grant leave to track the maiden's steps, in any manner he may choose."

Quick as lightning the youthful heroes darted from the circle in opposite directions.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Like a vast ocean of sand extending to the remotest horizon, destitute of every object to vary the monotony of its immense surface, unchangeably white and one continuous waste, the wilderness of Sahara meets the eye of the wanderer whose unfortunate lot it is to explore its barren regions. It may be said to resemble the ocean in this respect also, that ever and anon huge waves of sand are driven upwards, whilst not unfrequently, too, a nebulous mist broods over its gigantic plain. It is not, however, that wild, sportive undulation which unites, as it were, all the coasts of this earth, where each successive wave that rolls towards you seems pregnant with news from every distant blooming isle, and when it has communicated its intelligence, recedes with your answer into the wavy dance—no! it is only the miserable coquetting of the sultry winds with the inconstant sand, that falls down again into its joyless bed, where human beings know no happiness, and where they tarry not. It is not the genial refreshing exhalation of the main, in which friendly furies love to frolic, shaping in airy form now blooming gardens, and now splendid palaces and gorgeous piazzas—it is a suffocating vapour, rebelliously mounting up from the desolate region to the scorching sun.

Hitherto the two adventurers had come at the same moment, and with looks that bespoke feelings of trepidation, were peering into the trackless chaos that lay widely extended before them. Zelinda's footsteps, which were not

easily lost sight of, had till then obliged them almost always to join company, wherefore Fadrique was not a little disconcerted, and often threw a scowling glance at his unwelcome companion. It had been the eager wish and hope of both to overtake Zelinda before the desert should have buried her course in hopeless uncertainty. But now both were disappointed in their wishes, as the avalanche of sand, perpetually in motion, made it a most difficult and uninviting task to pursue a southern path by the guidance of the stars till, as fabled story narrates, the wanderer would come to a wonderful blooming Oasis, the abode of a most lovely enchantress. The young men looked dolefully on the immense void before them, their steeds snorted as they snuffed the dry, parching air, whilst doubts and despair seemed to overcloud the brows of their riders. Then, as though the word of command had been given, they leaped down from their saddles, and loosed the girths of their chargers, in order that the noble animals, which must have died for want of subsistence in the arid desert, might retrace their way and gain a happier home.— And now having taken some provisions from their saddle-bags, they disengaged their feet from their heavy riding-boots, and disappeared like two courageous swimmers, in the boundless expanse.

#### CHAPTER X.

Where the sun was the only guide by day, and the starry array at night, it could not but happen that the two adventurers soon lost sight of one another, more especially since Fadrique purposely avoided his comrade's society, to which he now felt unconquerable aversion.— Heimbart, on the other hand, entertained no other thoughts than those which had reference to the attainment of his end, and walked on in southern direction, cheerfully hoping for assistance from above.

Night and morning had succeeded each other several times, when Heimbart stood, one evening about twilight, alone in the vast sandy plain, without a single settled object in the wide sphere of his vision. The light flask hanging from his side, was emptied of its contents; and evening instead of refreshing breezes, was accompanied by a whirlwind of sultry sand, so that the exhausted wanderer was necessitated to press his glowing cheeks close to the arid ground, to escape, in some measure,

the fatal influence of the moving clouds. At times he heard a noise, as if something were rapidly rushing past him, or sweeping the ground with the ample folds of a mantle; on such occasions he would rise in anxious haste, but he only perceived what he had, alas, too often seen lately, the wild animals of the wilderness, sportively roaming through the vast void in enjoyment of undisturbed liberty. Now he would see ugly camels, now long-necked giraffes with seemingly disproportionate limbs, and now again a long-legged ostrich hurrying along with extended sail-like wings. They all appeared to mock him, and he had already resolved not to open his eyes again, but linger on till death should put an end to his sufferings, rather than behold these strange-looking creatures disturbing his tranquillity at the hour of death.

On a sudden he heard the prancing of a snorting steed which stepped close by him, and he fancied that a human voice whispered into his ear. Though half reluctant, he could not resist his inclination to rise once more, and great was his astonishment on seeing a horseman, in Arabian costume, seated on a well-made Arabian courser. Transported with joy at again finding himself in the vicinity of a human being, he exclaimed, "O man, whoever thou art, welcome in this frightful solitude, and refresh, if thou canst, thy fellow-man, who else must die of thirst!" And immediately recollecting that the accents of his dear native tongue were unintelligible in this secluded locality, he repeated the same address in that mixed dialect termed *Lingua Romana*, which forms the ordinary vehicle of intercourse used by Heathens, Mahometans, and Christians, in those parts of the world where they meet together in any great numbers.

The Arabian maintained strict silence for some little time, and seemed to chuckle at the rare booty chance had thrown in his way. At length he replied, in the above-mentioned idiom, "Know that I too was in the Barbarossa fight, and though our defeat was not a little vexatious at that time, yet I find myself somewhat compensated in seeing at my feet, and in so truly miserable a condition, one of the conquerors in that siege."

"Miserable, did you say?" asked Heimbart, enraged; and whilst insulted honour gave him more than his usual strength for the moment, he started up, unsheathed his sword, and, with

his right, made a desperate thrust at the stranger.

"Oho," sneered the Arabian, receding a few paces; "can the Christian adder still hiss so loudly? As for the matter, I need but strike my legs against my dark-brown friend here, and, galloping off, leave thee to thy wretched fate, thou stray worm."

"Away with thee, heathen dog!" replied Heimbert. "Rather than accept a crumb from thy hands, I will perish here, should my gracious God not be pleased to provide manna for me in the wilderness."

The Arabian now urged his flying steed, and galloped a few hundred paces, laughing in loud mockery at his helpless foe all the while. Then he halted, looked round at Heimbert, and again approaching said: "Thou really dost appear to me too good to die here of hunger and thirst. See, my glorious sabre shall despatch thee!"

Heimbert, who had again sunk down in hopeless despair on the burning sand, quickly got upon his feet, at these words, sword in hand, and though the Arabian's steel bore down upon him with rapid course, the expert swordsman, with one stroke of his weapon, intimidated the charger of his foe, and parried the blow which the Arabian, like all Mahometans, struck at him backwards with his scythe-like cimitar.

Several times the Arabian charged on one side and on another, in vain hoping to cleave his foe. At last he became impatient, and approached so boldly, that Heimbert whilst parrying a side thrust, gained time to seize the horseman by the girdle with his left, and pull him down from his horse, which then galloped off. The violent exertion which this feat cost him caused Heimbert to fall to the ground; he lay, however, upon his antagonist, and skilfully drawing a poignard from its sheath, held it before his eyes. "Wilt thou have compassion, or death?" asked he.

The Arabian, casting his eyes up to the murderous knife that glittered before him, replied, "Be merciful thou valiant fencer. I yield myself into thy hands."

Upon this Heimbert commanded him to throw down the sword, which he still held in his right. He did so, and both combatants rose, but soon sunk down again on the sand, for the victor still felt more feeble and exhausted than the vanquished one.

The affectionate steed of the Arabian had meanwhile again approached; for it is the wont of those noble animals never to desert their masters, even when prostrate. Thus it stood behind the two men, and, extending its long and graceful neck, looked at them in a friendly manner.

"Arabian," said Heimbert, in a somewhat weak voice, "take from off thy horse's back the food and beverage thou carriest about thee, and set all down before me here."

The other humbly obeyed this order, and now appeared so anxious to execute the dictates of his superior foe, as he before burned with rage against him.

After having taken a draught of palm-wine from a skin, Heimbert looked with refreshed eyes at the young Arabian by his side; and when he had partaken of some fruit, and quaffed a little more of the palm-wine, said, "Was it your intention to proceed on your journey this night, young man?"

"Oh yes!" answered the Arabian, with sad looks. "On a remote Oasis dwell my aged sire and blooming bride. Now, though thou shouldst give me my liberty, I fear I shall pine away in this sultry desert, for want of provisions ere I reach the fond limit of my journey."

"Can it be," asked Heimbert, "the Oasis which the fair magician, Zelinda, inhabits?"

"Allah protect me!" exclaimed the Arabian, clasping his hands together. "Zelinda's enchanted isle is accessible to none but enchanters, It lies in the distant, scorching south: but our friendly island is situated in the cool west."

"Well," replied Heimbert, cheerfully, "I only desired to know whether we were to be companions on the way. But if this be not the case, we must of course divide the provisions. as I do not wish that so brave a soldier as yourself should perish with hunger and thirst."

Hereupon the young German commenced arranging both eatables and liquid in two different shares, placing the larger portion at his left, and the smaller at his right; and giving the former to the astonished Arabian, said;—"You see, my dear fellow, I have either not far to go, or I must sink in the wilderness, this my mind foretells me. And, besides, I cannot proceed so far on foot as you can on horseback."

"Victorious master!" said the Musselman, with amazement, "am I to keep my horse too?"

"It were indeed a sin," replied Heimbert, with a smile, "to separate so generous a steed

from so expert a horseman. Ride on, and may you reach your home in safety."

He now assisted him in mounting; and as the Arabian was about to express his thanks for his generosity, the latter suddenly ejaculated "the magic maiden!" Having uttered these words, he galloped away over the plain. Whilst Heimbert, turning to the other side, by the light of the moon, which now shone clearly, perceived close at his side a bright figure, whom in an instant he recognised to be Zelinda.

#### CHAPTER XI.

The maiden looked fixedly for some minutes into the young soldier's face, and appeared to be searching for words to address him, whilst Heimbert was equally at a loss for speech, when he beheld the object of his long and tedious search now standing before him. At length she said, in the Castille idiom, "Thou wonderful enigma, I have been a witness to all that passed between thee and the Arabian; and the whole event confuses my brain like a whirlwind. Speak to me without delay, that I may know if thou be an angel or a madman."

"I am neither, lovely maiden," replied Heimbert, with his usual sweetness. "I am only a straying wanderer, and have just now been practising one of the grand precepts of Christianity."

"Sit down," said Zelinda, "and tell me something concerning thy religion, which must be a very strange one to have such professors as thou art. The night is cool and still; and seated at my side, thou needst not fear the dangers of the desert."

"Lovely damsel," said Heimbert, with a smile, "I am not of a timid disposition; and especially when I speak on such a subject, I do not know what fear is."

Hereupon both sat down on the sand, which had now become cooler, and commenced an interesting conversation, whilst the full moon, like a golden magic lamp, shone down upon them from the azure sky.

Heimbert's words, full of fervour, truth, and innocence, sank like mild sunbeams gently and quickening into Zelinda's heart, resisting the dismal world of magic that lay therein, and gaining sovereignty for a more lovely and benign power. As morning began to dawn, Zelinda after a long and earnest conversation, said: "Thou must accompany me

to my island, and there thou shalt be regaled, as becomes such a messenger as thee, much better than here, in the barren wilderness, with miserable palm wine."

"Pardon me," exclaimed Heimbert, "it is painful for me to refuse the request of a lovely maiden, but for once I cannot help it. Listen to me, I wot that in your island much splendour is collected together by the aid of your forbidden arts; and that the beautiful forms and shapes which God created are metamorphosed. The sight of these things might confuse my senses, nay, entirely rob me of them. If, therefore, you are desirous to know, in its purity and integrity, what I have to communicate to you, it were better you that come to visit me here in the desolate wilderness."

"You should rather accompany me," replied Zelinda, shaking her head, as she smiled somewhat in mockery. "You were neither born nor educated a hermit: and my Oasis possesses *not* that wild strange disorder which you seem to imagine. The truth is simply this—shrubs, flowers, and animals from all quarters of the globe are congregated there, and the effect is perhaps slightly novel, since each thing partakes, in some measure, of the nature of the other, somewhat similar to what you may have seen in our carvings, the so-called Arabesques. A flower changing its hues, a bird growing from a branch, a fountain sparkling with fire, a melodious twig—these, forsooth, are not ugly things."

"Let him keep away from temptation who does not wish to perish by it," said Heimbert seriously. "I prefer the sandy plain. Will you again visit me?"

Zelinda looked down discontentedly, and then suddenly answered, with a low inclination of her head, "Yes, expect me at the approach of evening." And turning away, she was soon lost in the clouds of sand than rose from the plain.

#### CHAPTER XII.

At twilight the lovely Zelinda returned, and passed the night in animated conversation with Heimbert; always departing at early morn in a state of increased humility and strengthened piety; and thus several days passed away.

"Thy palm wine and dates are diminishing," said Zelinda one day, offering Heimbert of generous wine, and some delicious fruit. He



gently refused the gift, however, and added: "Beauteous damsel, willingly would I accept thy present, did I not fear that it is in some way connected with magic art. Or can you assure me to the contrary, protesting, by Ilim, of whom you now begin to know something?"

Zelinda hung down her head in mute shame, and took back her proffered gifts. On the following evening she brought a similar present, and with a confident smile took the desired oath. Then Heimbert, without hesitation, partook of the excellent repast; and from this time on, the scholar carefully provided for her teacher in the desert. Ever and anon Heimbert would hint to her how his friend Fadrique's fervent love for her had alone impelled him to dare the fatal wilderness, and seek, even by so dear a means, to attain the sole object of his comrade's affection. She recalled to memory the brave and handsome soldier who gained the hill in order to clasp her in his arms, and likewise related to her companion the scene in the flaming library. Heimbert, too, spoke of the knightly power of Fadrique; of his noble and unspotted manners; his warm affection for Zelinda, which was manifested during the night after the siege of Tunis, in broken ejaculations, muttered in dreams, with all the earnestness of one who is awake.

Thus the image of the Spanish soldier was indelibly stamped on Zelinda's heart, and having taken deep root, spread both gently and firmly. Heimbert's vicinity, and the almost adoring nature of the attachment which the scholar cherished for the teacher, did not, in the least, interfere with this developement, for, from the very first moment, his appearance had impressed her with those feelings of purity and heavenliness, which effectually prevent the intrusion of earthly love. When Heimbert was by himself, he used frequently to smile with placid satisfaction, and say, in his own dear native tongue, "I am so delighted to be enabled to perform the same service for Fadrique *consciously*, that he once did for me with his sister *unconsciously*." And then he would sing a German sonnet on Clara's beauty and charming loveliness of character, so that his melody, ringing gracefully over the lonesome desert, beguiled the monotony of his retirement.

As Zelinda came one evening, in her usual wonted natural dignity, bearing a basket of provisions for Heimbert, he accosted her with a smile, and said: "I cannot conceive why you should still take the trouble, kind maiden, to

visit me in the desert here. You cannot surely find pleasure in magic arts; since the spirit of truth and love has begun to dwell in you. You might easily transform the appearance of things in the Oasis to the state in which God created them, and then I could accompany you thither."

"You speak truly" said Zelinda, "I too have thought of this for some time, and should have arranged all properly, had not a strange visitor disturbed my power. The Dervise you saw in Tunis is at present with me in the island; and as we had formerly been accustomed to practice our magic feats together, he wished to do so again. He observes the change which has been effected in me, and therefore presses me vigorously to join in his schemes."

"He must be expelled from the island, or converted," exclaimed Heimbert, fastening his military feet, and raising his target from the ground. "Pray be kind enough to conduct me to the fairy isle."

"You avoided it so scrupulously before," said the astonished maiden; "and it is yet quite unaltered in its strange appearance."

"*Before*, it would have been temerity in me to venture thither," replied Heimbert. "You kindly came to see me here, and this was better for both of us. Now, however, the old Dervise might lay snares for you, and therefore I feel it to be my knightly duty to undertake this work." And the pair walked rapidly through the now darkening desert, in the direction of the blooming isle.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

Enchanted odours began to play around the temples of the wanderers; the stars ascending in the heavens, displayed, in the far distance, a copse waving under the influence of the gentle zephyrs. Heimbert cast his eyes down to the ground, and said: "Do thou precede, lovely maiden, and guide my steps to the spot where I may find the menacing Dervise. I will not needlessly look at any objects which may disturb my tranquillity of mind."

Zelinda complied with his request, which changed the relative position of the pair; the maiden became the guide, and Heimbert consented to be led in untrodden paths by her in whom he reposed the utmost confidence.

Branches occasionally brushed his cheeks, as though in mockery or caressingly; wonderful birds, springing forth from the copse, gaily carolled melodious notes; the velvet sward beneath their feet, on which Heimbert's eyes were

still fixed, began to be covered with golden-crested, green-eyed serpents; whilst coronets of gold, and precious stones of every possible hue and shape, sparkled in rich abundance. These, on being touched by the serpents, emitted silvery sounds. The wanderer, however, walked on, indifferent to every object that met his senses, and eager only to follow the steps of his fair conductress.

"We have arrived at our destination," said the maiden, in a low tone of voice; and Heimbert, looking up, beheld a shining grotto, in which lay a man asleep, and covered, after the old Numidian fashion, with gold scaly armour. "Is that figure in golden fish-skin also some magic juggle?" asked Heimbert, jocosely. "Oh no," replied Zelinda, looking very serious; "it is the Dervise himself; and this coat of mail, smeared with charmed Dragons' blood, which he has put on, proves that he was made aware by his magic arts of our approach."

"What does it signify," said Heimbert, "since he must have learnt that sooner or later?" Upon this he began to explain; Awake, old gentleman, rise up! A friend wishes to speak to you on matters of importance."

As the old man opened his large rolling eyes, everything in the magic grotto began to stir—the water danced—branches devoured each in wild contention; and the stones, shells, and corals, united in a concert of harmonious strains. "Roll on in wonderful confusion," cried Heimbert, as with steady gaze he beheld the jingling mass. "You shall hardly lead me astray in my good path; and as for your un-earthly din, God has given me a sound and sonorous soldier's voice." Then turning to the Dervise, he said: "Old gentleman, it seems that you already know all that has taken place in reference to Zelinda and myself. But, should this not be the case, I will now briefly relate to you the circumstances of her all but entire conversion to Christianity,\* and of her speedily becoming the bride of a noble Spanish knight. Be sure not to throw any obstacle in the way, for it is likely to prove a very advantageous one to you. Still better however, were it if you yourself would consent to

become a Christian. Let us converse together on the subject; but previous to doing so, cause this mummerly and juggling to cease around us. Our doctrine sets forth things of too heavenly and mild a nature to be uttered in a trumpet-voice."

The Dervise, on the other hand, burning with rage and fury, had not even listened to the latter part of the knight's speech, and he now pressed upon him vigorously with his scythe-like sword. Heimbert merely held out his sabre, and said: "Take heed, Sir! I understand just now that your weapon is charmed; but it has no power over this good sword which has been consecrated on holy ground."

In wild dismay the Dervise started back from the weapon; but leaping forth again in a manner equally wild, he plied the German knight on the opposite side, who with difficulty parried the tremendous thrust made by the cimitar of his foe. Like a golden-crested dragon, the Mahometan continued to wheel round and round his antagonist, with a celerity which, coupled with the long-hanging beard, had a most hideous, hobgoblin appearance. Heimbert was on his guard at every point, watching for some opportunity to thrust in his sword between the scales. His wishes were at last crowned with success; on the left side, between the arm and breast, the garment of the Dervise was visible, and like lightning the German's blade was inserted with sure aim. The old man exclaimed in a loud voice: "Allah! Allah! Allah!" and on his face fell lifeless to the ground.

"I pity his fate!" sighed Heimbert, as, leaning on his sword, he gazed at the dead body. "He fought bravely, and his last breath was spent in invoking the name of his 'Allah,' by which he doubtless means God. Well, he shall not want a decent grave." Thereupon he scooped out a vault by the aid of the broad cimitar of the deceased, put the corpse into it, covered it up with sods, and knelt down in silent but hearty prayer for his own safety, and that of "the Converted One."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

After having knelt for some time in silent devotion, Heimbert rose up and cast his eyes first upon the smiling Zelinda, who stood by his side, and then on the scene around him, which had undergone a complete change. Cleit and grotto had disappeared, animals and trees in mixed confusion had vanished; a gently

\* The words used by my author, are: "so gut als eine Christin" (as good as a Christian). The meaning I take to be, that Zelinda's mind had received the seeds of Christian doctrine, but no formal confession had as yet transpired from the lips of the fair convert to warrant the assertion that she was actually converted to the faith.—Translator's Note.

sloping meadow inclining downwards from the spot where Heimbert stood, a valley of sand below, springs gushing forth with melodious murmur, here and there a date-shrub bending over the path, met his eye, whilst the whole scene, lit up by the rising beams of Aurora, smiled in sweet and simple peacefulness. "You cannot but feel," said Heimbert, addressing himself to his companion, "that the Creator of the world has ordered and made all things more lovely, excellent and grand than anything that even the highest human art can possibly effect or obtain by transformation.

The pair walked on in meditative silence towards one of the sweetest little springs in the whole Oasis, and just as they had reached its border, the sun shone directly upon them. Heimbert had not yet considered what Christian name he should give the maiden, but as he drew near the water and beheld the vast sandy desert lying all extended around him, he could not help thinking of the holy hermit, St. Antony,\* in the Egyptian wilderness and this led him to call her by the name of "Antonia."

They spent the day in pious discourse, and Antonia showed her friend a small cave, in which she had concealed all kinds of provisions for her subsistence in the Oasis. "For," said she, "I came hither for the sole purposes of understanding the work of creation better in retirement, without knowing aught at that time of magic art. Soon, however, the Dervise came tempting me, and the horrors of the desert, as well as all the seducing spirits showed me in dreaming and otherwise, seemed to enter into an alliance with the old man's words."

Heimbert scrupled not to take with him as much wine and dried fruit as might still be fit for use on the journey, and Antonia assured him that by taking a route which was well known to her, they would reach the border of the vast sandy desert in a few days. As the cool of the evening drew near, both set forward upon their journey.

#### CHAPTER XV.

The travellers had gone over a considerable part of the desert, when they one day beheld in the distance a human figure reeling now to this side, now to that. The wanderer seemed to

be going about at random, and Antonia, with her Eastern eagle-eye, saw distinctly that it was not an Arabian, but a man in knightly costume.

"Dear sister," exclaimed Heimbert, full of anxious joy, "it is, doubtless, poor Fadrique, in search of you. Pray, let us hasten, lest he should lose us, or even his life, in this immense wilderness." They exerted themselves to the utmost, in order to reach the distant stranger, but it being still a warm part of the day, and the sun throwing down his scorching rays, Antonia could not long endure the fatigue of rapid walking; meanwhile, clouds of dust began to mount every now and then, and the figure was lost, to the eye of the searching pair, as a form shaped forth in the harvest mist.

When the moon shone clearly, they began anew their hasty march, called after the straying figure, put up white handkerchiefs at the end of their walking-sticks, to flutter in the dark blue atmosphere over their heads, but all was in vain. The object of their straining gaze, which had lately disappeared, still remained lost to their sight. The coy giraffes once more darted past them, and the ostriches hurried along with outspread wings.

In the morning dawn Antonia at last stood still, and Heimbert spread out his cloak upon the sand, that she might rest more comfortably and securely. He had no sooner completed this arrangement, however, than he cried out in astonishment, "As I live, there lies a man, quite covered with dust and sand. I hope he is not dead!" and pouring a few drops of wine upon the man's brow, he gently rubbed his temples.

The man thus revived, slowly opened his eyes and said, "Would that the dew of morning had never again refreshed me, and that I had died, unknown and unlamented, here in the wilderness, which must, sooner or later, be my fate."

Having uttered these words, he again closed his eyes like one who is drowsy with sleep; but as Heimbert persevered in his work of love, the other raised himself slightly up, and looking in astonishment, first at Heimbert, then at

\* This Saint was born in Egypt (A. D. 251). He used the book of Nature as his text-book, and preferred it to all other modes of cultivating the intellect. Having once heard a sermon preached on St. Mark. x. 21, "Go thy way, sell whatever thou hast, and give to the poor," he literally obeyed the Divine precept, by selling his immense

possessions and distributing the money to the poor. His life was of the most self-denying sort; he slept on the bare ground or in caverns, subsisted on bread and water, which he only took after sunset, and passed whole nights in prayer. He may be called the veritable founder of monastic life.—Translator's Note.

the maiden, he said, as he ground his teeth, "Ha, was that your attention? I was not even to be allowed to die in the satisfaction of secluded privacy! but must previously witness the triumph of my rival, and the mockery of my sister."

On concluding these words, he arose with great effort, and, drawing his sword, aimed a thrust at Heimbert. The latter, without moving his arm or sword, replied in friendly accents: "I cannot harm thee, since I see thee in so exhausted a state, and, besides, I must first conduct this lady to a place of safety."

Antonia, who at first had beheld the enraged stranger with considerable amazement, now placed herself between the two men, and said: "Fadrique, neither misery nor anger can entirely disfigure your lineaments. But in what has my noble brother here wronged you?"

"Brother!" cried Fadrique, in utter astonishment.

"Or godfather," replied Heimbert. "Whichever of the two you please. Only do not call her Zelinda any longer; her name now is Antonia, a Christian, and thy bride."

Fadrique listened to these words, which appeared almost incredible to him; but Heimbert's honest manner, and Antonia's modest blush, solved, the beautiful enigma. In transports of joy, he sank down before the lovely object of his affection, and, in the midst of the inhospitable desert, a rich bouquet of love, gratitude, and trusty confidence, blossomed heavenwards.

The vehemence of sudden pleasure at last yielded to physical exhaustion. Antonia stretched her wearied limbs on the sand, that had now become hotter, and, like a flower, she slumbered under the protection of her bridegroom and chosen brother.

"Slumber thou also," said Heimbert, gently to Fadrique. "Thou hast roamed about and art weary, for thy eyes are heavy and need repose. As I am not the least fatigued, I will keep watch over Antonia and thee."

"O, Heimbert," sighed the noble Castilian, "my sister shall be thy bride, that is nothing more than right. But with regard to our little private matter"—

"Of course," said Heimbert earnestly, "when we are in Spain, you will give me satisfaction for your hasty words. Till then, however, I beg you will not mention the subject.

Before the termination of an affair of honour, every allusion to it is unpleasant."

Fadrique laid himself down on the sand, overpowered by sleep, and Heimbert cheerfully knelt in prayer to his God for past success, and, submitting the future to his guidance, full of happiness and confidence.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

On the following day, the three travellers arrived at the commencement of the desert, and rested a week in an adjoining village, which, shaded by trees, and clothed with the verdant carpet of nature, contrasted like a little paradise against the joyless Sahara.

Especially did Fadrique's state of health make this delay requisite. During the whole time of his separation from Heimbert, he had not once left the desert, but obtained his precarious subsistence from wandering Arabs, whilst often he had been without any food for several consecutive days. He had at length entirely missed his way, so that not even the stars could guide him to the right path; and thus he roamed about sadly and to no purpose, like the clouds of dust that rose around him from the sandy plain.

When now he occasionally fell asleep after dinner whilst Antonia and Heimbert, like two smiling angels, guarded his slumbers, he would frequently shriek out, and gaze about him with looks of extreme terror, until he beheld the two faces of his friends, when he would again sink down into calm repose. Being questioned, on awaking, respecting his frightful dreams, he replied that nothing during his wanderings in the desert, had been greater source of pain to him than fallacious dreams: for now he would fancy himself at home, now in the camp amongst his jovial companions, or even in the presence of Zelinda; but then the stern reality would again deceive him, and he found himself at such times doubly wretched in the vast wilderness. Hence, whenever he awoke, he still shuddered, and sleep was not unfrequently expelled by the dim recollection of former terrors. "You cannot form any conception of my imaginary woe," added he; "to be bainshed, on a sudden, from these well-known walls into the boundless desert! To behold, instead of the lovely face of my dear bride, an ugly camel's head bending over me! This, my dear friend, you will allow, is no slight cause of fear."

Such, together with all other remnants of former evils, soon departed from Fadrique's mind, and the journey to Tunis was now cheerfully commenced. The injustice he had inflicted upon Heimbert, and the inevitable consequences thereof, could not fail sometimes to spread a gloomy cloud over the noble Spaniard's brow, but it was also the cause of softening down the innate, haughty fire of his nature, and Antonia was thus enabled to entwine her heart the more tenderly and warmly around his.

Tunis, which had once been the scene of Zelinda's magic arts, and her enthusiastic animosity displayed against Christians, now witnessed Antonia's solemn baptism on a consecrated spot, soon after which ceremony, all three took ship for Malaga with prosperous breeze.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Donna Clara sat one evening musingly at the fountain where she had formerly bid adieu to Heimbert. The lyre in her lap gave forth sweet notes, which her taper fingers were enticing from it as in a dream; and a melody at last arose, accompanied by the following words, which she warbled with half-opened lips:—

In far-distant climes roves my love,  
He heeds not his Clara, who sighs  
That she cannot resemble the dove,  
When at eve to its nest it lies.

This bosom betrays but too well,  
Each rising and painful emotion;  
And these eyes, as they glisten, tell  
Of warat and constant detotion.

Oh, far, far away is my love,  
He heeds not the maiden he prized  
All gems and all riches above,  
And she lingers alone, despised.

The lyre was silent, and soft dew-drops sparkled in her mild, angelic eyes.

Heimbert, who was concealed behind some orange-trees near the fountain's edge, felt, as it were in sympathy, warm tears chasing down his cheeks; whilst Fadrique, who had brought both him and Antonia thither, could no longer restrain the outburst of his feelings on again beholding his dear sister, but stepped forward to greet her, as he led Antonia and Heimbert by the hand.

Every one can best picture to himself such moments of superhuman bliss; and it were doing him but a poor service to relate what one did, or the other said. Likewise do thou, sweet

reader, imagine this picture in thy own way, which will come easy to thee if thou art enamoured of the two couples before thee. Should this latter supposition, however, be not true, wherefore expect useless words?

Trusting, then, that some courteous reader takes delight in the pleasure experienced by the re-union of lovers, and of brothers and sisters, and can consent to linger over their further adventures and ultimate fate, I shall proceed with my tale, stimulated by feelings of renewed confidence.

Though Heimbert, looking significantly at Fadrique, was about to retire as soon as Antonia had been committed to Donna Clara's protection, yet the noble Spaniard did not assent to the proposal which the look indicated. He invited his companion in arms, as imploring as though he were his brother, to stay to supper; this feast was attended by some relations of the family of Mendez, in whose presence Fadrique declared the brave Heimbert of Waldhausen to be the affianced bridegroom of Donna Clara, ratifying the betrothal in the most solemn manner, so that the match could not be broken off, let what will happen, how much soever *apparently* opposed to the alliance.

The witnesses, though rather surpris'd at these novel precautions, nevertheless gave their sanction, at Fadrique's desire, to their complete fulfilment; this they were rather inclined to do, since Duke Alva, who happened to be in Malaga on some naval affairs, had filled the whole town with stories of the bravery of both young soldiers.

When the choicest wine was circulating, in crystal glasses, around the festive board, Fadrique stepped behind Heimbert's chair, and whispered into his ear, "If it is convenient to you, Senor—the moon has just risen and shines like midday—I am ready to give you the necessary satisfaction."

Heimbert nodded in a friendly manner, and the young men left the room, after receiving kind nods from their unsuspecting brides.

As they walked along the fragrant enclosure of the garden, Fadrique said with a sigh: "How happily could we wander here, were it not for my over-hasty temper!"

"Yes," replied Heimbert, "it is true; but since matters stand thus, and cannot be altered let us proceed at once to the termination of the affair, in order that we may ever regard each other as soldiers and as knights."

"Certainly!" said Fadrique, and they hastened to a remote part of the garden, whence the clash of their swords could not penetrate to the merry saloon they had just quitted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In that silent enclosure, where blooming shrubs grew around, not a sound was heard proceeding from the joyous company in the festive saloon, not a voice from the thronged streets of the town broke the general stillness, whilst the full moon solemnly lit up the scene—it was the proper spot.

Heimbart and Fadrique now drew their glittering weapons from their scabbards, and stood opposed to each other ready for the combat.

before a thrust was made, a strange feeling prompted them to fall into each other's arms; lowering their weapons for a moment, they were locked in brotherly embrace—and then quitting one another's hold, the fearful duel began.

They were no longer companions in arms, nor friend, nor kindred, who thus pointed their murderous weapons at each other. One antagonist thrust at the other keenly, yet coolly; guarding at the same time, his own breast against hostile attacks.

After having exchanged several dangerous passes, the combatants paused and looked at each other with increased affection, each anxious to test the valour of his associate.

Heimbart, with his left, turned Fadrique's sword, which met him on making a tierce sideways, but whilst doing so, the razor edge of his opponent's weapon penetrated his leather glove and the crimson blood gushed forth. "Stop," exclaimed Fadrique, and they examined the wound, but on finding it to be trifling, they renewed the combat, after having previously bound up the scratch with a handkerchief.

A few moments had elapsed, when Heimbart made a successful thrust at Fadrique's right shoulder, and now the German, in his turn, cried "Stop," as he felt sure that his thrust had taken effect. At first, Fadrique denied having received any hurt, but soon blood began to flow copiously from the wound, and he was obliged to accept his friends proffered services.

The cut, however, proving unimportant, the noble Spaniard felt his strength undiminished either in arm or hand, and once more each blade glistened in the air.

At this moment, the garden gate, which was not very distant from the scene of action, was heard clinking, and a horseman seemed to approach through the shrubbery. Both combatants ceased from their engagement, and turned with impatient looks towards the unwelcome intruder who was now perceived, in the figure of a warrior mounted on a tall charger, brushing through the rows of slender pines.

Fadrique, as master of the house, addressed the stranger as follows: "Senor, why you have taken it upon you to intrude on the privacy of a stranger's garden, I shall discuss with you another time. For the present, I shall content myself with requesting that you will rid us of all further inconvenience, by instantly departing, favouring me, however, with your name."

"I intend not to quit this spot," replied the stranger: "my name I will readily communicate; you are in the presence of the Duke of Alva." And by a sudden turn of his horse, the moon shone full upon his long pensive features, the seat of true greatness, dignity, and awe.

The two young soldiers bowed low, and let their weapons fall.

"I should know you," continued Alva, measuring them with his twinkling eyes. "Yes, in truth, I do know you well, ye young heroes of the siege of Tunis. Heaven be praised that two such brave soldiers, whom I had already given up as lost, yet see the light; but now relate to me what affair of honour has directed your blades against each other. You will not, I trust, scruple to declare before me your knightly differences."

The Duke's wish was fulfilled. Each of the noble youths related the whole of the event from the evening prior to embarkation, up to the present moment, whilst Alva listened in silent meditation, without moving a feature.

CHAPTER XIX.

The soldiers had long since ended their narrative, and the Duke, still lost in contemplation, said not a word. At last he addressed them as follows: "As I hope for mercy on the last day, young knights, from my conscience I pronounce your honour truly vindicated with regard to each other. Twice have ye stood up in mortal combat on account of the slights which escaped Don Fadrique Mendez' lips; and though the two unimportant scratches respectively received may not suffice to efface the stain of these gibes, yet I hold the common perils before the ram-

parts of Tunis, and the deliverance afforded by Count Heimbert von Waldhausen to Don Fadrique Mendez in the desert, after obtaining for him his bride, empower Count Waldhausen to forgive an opponent for whose welfare he has testified such lively interest. Legends of ancient Rome have told us of two captains under the great Julius Caesar, who having amicably adjusted a difference, formed a brotherly alliance with each other, and fought side by side in the Gallic wars. But I affirm that you have done still more for each other, and therefore declare your dispute ended for ever. Sheathe your swords, and embrace in my presence."

In obedience to the commands of their general, the young knights now sheathed their weapons, but, jealous of the least injury their honour might sustain, they still hesitated to clasp each other's necks.

The great hero beheld them somewhat angrily, then said: "Think ye, gentlemen, that I could wish to save the life of two brave soldiers at the expense of their honour? Rather than do so, I would have them both killed at the same moment. I see, however, that some other measures must be adopted with such head-strong fellows as you are."

And leaping down from his horse, which he then tied to a tree, he stepped between the two knights, having his drawn battle-blade in his right, and exclaimed: "Whoever denies that all differences between Count Heimbert von Waldhausen and Don Fadrique Mendez have not been honourably and sufficiently adjusted, must answer for his opinion before the Duke of Aiva; and if those two knights themselves should have any objection to bring forward, let them state them. I stand here as the champion of my convictions." Upon this the youths made a low obeisance to their great general, who led the reconciled parties to their brides.

The Duke would not be deprived of the pleasure of taking a prominent share in the solemnisation of the nuptials, and took upon himself the part of giving away both the lovely brides to their bridegrooms, being also present at the marriage feast.

All lived from that time in undisturbed joyful harmony; and though Count Heimbert was shortly after summoned with his beautiful spouse into his fatherland, yet letters of salutation were exchanged between the friends; and the late posterity of Count Waldhausen

prided themselves on their connection with the noble house of Mendez, whilst the descendants of the latter treasured up tales respecting the brave and generous Heimbert with eager fondness.

### THE MOTHER'S TOMB; A TALE OF NORMANDY.

Upon the coast, some twenty miles to the east of the sea-port Havre, in Normandy, near the town of Fécamp stands the village of Etretat. It is something more than a fishing village, though we can hardly dignify it with the name of a town; and as it stands in a most picturesque position, in a valley between two elevated chalk cliffs, which rise perpendicularly out of the sea to the height of 200 or 300 feet, Etretat has come to be regarded by the good citizens of Rouen and even of Paris as an agreeable place to spend a few weeks at in the summer. The sea-bathing is good, the scenery is exquisite, the sea is blue, and the green hills are dotted over with abundance of white flocks. The houses are built irregularly; there is a post-office in the place, and several farmers live on the outskirts of the village; the high road from Havre to Fécamp passes through it; and as a proof of the general prosperity of Etretat, we may add that a new hotel, surnamed *Des Deux Augustins*, in opposition to the old *auberge*, has recently been opened under a host and hostess who would not do discredit to any provincial house in the same "line" in England or Scotland. Just beyond the farthest house in the village, on the side of the hill which rises over the town, stands the old parish church, a plain edifice of the thirteenth century, with a little cemetery adjoining—one of the most peaceful, charming places you ever saw, with its dark yews and its hundreds of little wooden crosses, gilt and crowned with flowers, according to the custom of *la belle Normandie*.

It was a fine summer evening in June, 184—, when a carriage was seen descending the road which winds down the hill on the western side of Etretat. In it were an elderly gentleman and a young girl, apparently about twelve years of age, whom, from her likeness to the former, you would at once have taken her for his grandchild. The carriage had no sooner entered the village than it drew up at the door of the hotel; and it was not long before Monsieur Ménard and his little grand-daughter, whom

henceforth we shall take the liberty of calling Henriette, had dismissed their *conducteur*, and were engaged in tasting the good things set upon the table before them for dinner by the worthy host. It happened to be a Saturday; and after finishing dinner, a glorious sunset tempted the little girl and her grandfather out to enjoy an evening stroll upon the cliffs, from which they looked down upon the bright blue sea, and witnessed the setting of the sun beneath its waves. The scene which lay open before them was so charming that they resolved to stay at Etretat over the following day, which was Sunday; and among the other objects of interest to Henriette was the little church of which we have spoken, and where she and her grandfather proposed to attend service on the following day.

The next morning was lovely, and long before ten o'clock (for that is the general hour for morning service throughout the villages of Normandy) Henriette and her grandpapa were on their way to church. When they reached the cemetery it wanted some time to the hour, and indeed the bell had not yet begun to ring for service; so they wandered up and down in the cemetery, and amused themselves with looking at the graves and reading the names of those who had departed this life in the faith of Christ. They were gazing intently on a new-made grave, over which the cross had only just been erected, with a brief inscription:—"Cigit Amélie Benoît, morte le 31 Mai, 1841—." At this moment Henriette's attention was arrested by the sound of children's voices, and turning round she saw a family of small children, the eldest of whom could not have been more than nine or ten years of age, walking hand-in-hand towards the new grave, and carrying a basket of flowers in their hands to deck the cross. The first who came along was a little boy, who looked the eldest of the little family; his eyes were filled with tears, and he led in his hand a sister younger than himself, who was carrying in her arms the youngest of them all, a child of two years old. As the little party came near to the tomb, Henriette and her grandpapa withdrew a few steps, and sat down beneath a yew-tree, so as not to interfere with the children's movements, but in such a position as to observe what they did and hear what they said.

"It is here that she sleeps," cried the little boy, his eyes streaming with tears, and both he and his sister knelt down upon the ground near the tomb, and placing the little one upon the

green grass beside them, and the other little one followed their example.

After a few moments' interval, the little boy and his sister began to crown the cross with the flowers which they had brought in their baskets.

"Can she hear what we are saying?" asked the younger boy, looking up into his brother's face.

"No *certainement*," answered the other.

"Why it is here that they put her the day that they took her away from us, and since which we have been crying so bitterly."

"No; it is only her body that is put here, Emile," said the girl, "but her soul is in paradise, up there, far beyond the blue sky of heaven."

"Ah! sister Amélie, how do you know that?" sobbed the little fellow.

"Because she loved her Saviour, who died upon the cross for her," was the sister's ready and simple answer.

"Grandpapa," whispered Henriette, "do you hear what those children are saying?" and she rose up, and walking a few steps forward on tip-toe, she drew quite close to the little family group.

"Pray tell me, my little friend," she asked, "whose is that tomb which you are adorning with flowers?"

"It is my mother's," and the tears started afresh into his eyes as he spoke; "she has been there now a whole week," he added, with a sigh.

"Did you love her?" asked Henriette.

"Oh! yes, we loved her very much," answered the little Amélie; "and now we have no one to dress us, or to keep us clean, and make us good."

"Where is your papa, then?"

"He went away after my mother was buried; he told us that he would come back again, but he has never come at all, and we have no bread to eat."

"And have you not had any bread this morning?" asked Henriette.

"No," answered the boy. "My sister and I have had nothing to eat to-day; we gave the last morsel of bread that we had to the little one, for it cried so much."

"O, grandpapa," cried Henriette, moved with compassion for the hungry little ones who stood before her, "what shall we do for these poor children? We must not leave them starving here."

"No that shall not be; what would you like to do, my dear?"



“Why, grandpapa, you know that next week—no, this next Wednesday—is my birthday; and you promised to give me a ten-franc piece, you know, when my birthday came. Do pray, let me give it to these poor children; they are so simple and good—and they look so very hungry. Now do, there’s a kind, good grandpapa.”

“Well, stop a moment, my dear Henriette; you must not do anything in a hurry. I will give the little boy a few sous at once, and he will run down into the village and get a little bread for himself and his sisters before service begins—see, it still wants ten minutes of the hour by the church clock—and after church is over, I will go and see the *cure* of the parish, who will, doubtless, tell me more about this interesting family. If he says that they are deserving objects of charity, you shall give them part of your money, if you like.”

“Very well, grandpapa, thank you.”

As soon as the service was concluded, Monsieur Ménard went into the sacristy adjoining the Church, to speak to the Abbé C——, who at that time was *cure* of the parish of Etretat, while Henriette and the group of little children remained in the church. He told the good man what he had witnessed in the cemetery before service began, and in answer to some inquiries about the orphan family, he learned from the *cure* that the mother, who had died so recently, was a good and excellent creature, and was at one time in a fair way of business, having a dairy in the village, but that her husband had sadly neglected his business, and getting into dissolute habits, had quite broken her health and spirits, and at last hastened on her death, and had left the village the very night after his wife’s funeral had taken place. The children, he added, were most deserving of pity and kindness, and owed much to the goodness and virtues of their mother parent, who was the pattern of a good Christian and a good mother, and brought them up most piously and respectably.

Before leaving the church, Monsieur Ménard placed two ten-franc pieces in the good Abbe’s hands, to be expended by him in food to support the children until something could be done for them. He learned that some distant relations of the poor mother would probably undertake the charge of the youngest child, if a trifle could be allowed them for clothing it. The girl, too, doubtless could be provided for without difficulty, thought the Abbé C——, in one of the

many orphan schools which are kept in Paris and in the provinces by the *religieuse*: the eldest boy, too, could be sent, at a trifling expense, to a college, where he would be taught mathematics and *les sciences physiques*, and so fitted for a commercial or mechanical situation hereafter. As to the younger boy, the old housekeeper of the Abbé C——, would, doubtless, take charge of him for the present, allowing him to attend the village school by day.

It required but little consideration on the part of Monsieur Ménard to resolve on doing something for the orphan children. He was a straightforward practical man, and to suggest a plan with him was to carry it out. So next day he went to their cottage with the abbé, who told them what the kind stranger intended to do for them. The poor children cried a little on first hearing that they were about to be separated; but they were soon calmed by the gentle words of the *cure*, who reconciled them to the plan proposed by Monsieur Ménard, by shewing them that it was an answer to the prayers which they had offered the day before at their mother’s tomb. “See, my children,” said he, “how God fulfils his promises to those who seek Him. He has said, ‘Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find;’ and now, just when you were suffering from hunger, He sent you relief. Learn from this, my little ones, always to have faith in that God who calls Himself the God of the fatherless and the orphan.”

And now, do any of our readers wish to know what has become of those four little ones? If so, we will tell them, Monsieur Ménard made himself responsible to Abbé C—— for 200 francs a-year towards their maintenance and education. Pierre, the eldest boy, after passing through the college at Rouen with great success, is now, thanks to Monsieur Ménard, clerk in a most flourishing cotton manufactory in that city; the second boy, Alphonse, is now at the college where his brother was brought up, and having gained a *bourse*,\* by public competition, bids fair to do well hereafter in life. Amélie has left the convent of St. Marie, at Fécamp to take the place of an instructress of a Parish school in Picardy: while the youngest child, Leon has been adopted by the relations, who have brought him up, and who lost their own children by a fever. As for the father nothing has been heard of him in Normandy from that day to this, but it is

\* That is, an exhibition.

supposed that he emigrated to America, and we need hardly add that neither the children nor Monsieur Ménard are very anxious for his return to the shores of France.

AN EXTRACT FROM A JEWISH TALE:

Night had arrayed with sable vest  
The vaulted sky from east to west ;  
The moon had shed her silv'ry light  
On Babylonian turrets bright,  
Had poured her ray on every scene,  
And sported wild on Babel's stream ;  
When, wrapt in cold and dark despair,  
She sought the breeze of midnight air ;  
Her breast was void of hope divine,  
Her star of hope had ceased to shine,  
She knew that life was ebbing fast,  
And soon would come of hours her last.

By Babel's stream her harp had hung,  
Nor festive song by her was sung  
Since, from Judah captive borne,  
She'd learned to weep, despair, and mourn,  
For the last time ; she thought, e'en now  
She'd reach her harp from the willow bough,  
And tune its chords to God on high,  
Then lay her down in peace to die.  
As through the strings her fingers played,  
Thus sang the fair Judean maid.

S O N G.

Peace to my home, my childhood's home,  
Where, free from care, I used to roam  
A young and happy child ;  
Now I must raise the captive's moan—  
No more can wander wild.

Peace to the grave of a mother dear,  
Where I have shed affection's tear,  
And mourned a parent gone ;  
Where oft I bowed in dark despair  
Upon the cold, cold tomb !

Peace to the shade of him I loved,  
The shade of him with whom I roved  
O'er Judah's mountains wild,  
When he, in sweetest notes, reproved  
A young and wayward child !

In some far brighter sphere above,  
Where the redeem'd soul shall rove,  
May I behold my lover ;  
Tune my high harp to sacred love,  
And clasp my dearest mother !

May Judah's walls again be built,  
May Judah's God forgive her guilt,  
And burst the captive's chain ;  
No more of Israel's blood be spilt  
On Judah's fertile plain !

And now my voice I'll raise to Thee,  
In praise will bend to God the knee,  
Whose throne is spread on high ;  
I'll hang my harp on the willow tree,  
Then lay me down to die !

D. C.

DEFINITIONS.

*Child*.—God's problem, waiting Man's solution.

*Miser*.—An Amateur pauper.—An oyster with a pearl in its shell.—A lover who is contented with a look.—A man who makes bricks that his heirs may build houses.

*Ignorance*.—The leaden sword with which the mass of mankind are compelled to fight the social battle.—The barren country of which all are natives, and from which all are emigrants.—A serpent which many foster because they suppose it to be harmless.—A dark place where poor people are allowed to grope about till they hurt themselves or somebody else.

*Bachelor*.—The slave of liberty.—A mule who shirks his regular load.—A wild goose in the air, much abused by tame geese in the farm yard.

*Politics*.—The quarrels of the workmen whilst they lay the foundation of Sociology.—Imagination and Passion attempting the work of Reason.—A national humming top, which spins the least when it hums the most.

*Prison*.—The grave where state doctors bury their murdered patients.—An oven where Society puts newly made crime to harden.—A school where immortal training is administered to those who are going into the world, and moral training to those who are going out of it.

*Napoleon*.—A naughty boy who was put in a corner because he wanted the world to play with.—A heartless gambler, who ruined himself and all his friends, and died in the King's Bench Prison.

*Candle*.—One whose fate is to die of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

*Metaphysics*.—Words to stave the appetite till facts are ready.—The art of stirring a fire so as to increase its smoke and diminish its brightness.—Feeling for a science in the dark.

*Monk*.—A sea-worthy vessel moored in a stagnant dock.

*America*.—Youth affecting manhood.—Young John Bull working with his coat off.

*Ink*.—The black sea on which thought rides at anchor.

*Ball Room*.—A confined place in which people are committed by Fashion to hard labour.

*Iceland*.—Intellectual tight lacing.

*Marriage*.—Going home by daylight after courtship's masquerade.

*Duel*.—Folly playing at murder.

*Luxury*.—War's deputy in time of peace.

*Alchymy*.—An aged dreamer, who produced a reality surpassing his dreams.—A run on Nature for gold.

*Slave*.—Every one who believes himself not free.

*Money*.—The largest slaveholder in the world.

## EMILY MORTON.

## A TALE OF PRIDE.

"But, mamma, you love Robert Laney, so why may I not love little Annie Lee?"

"Arthur, you are the only living being who could have said that to me, and been forgiven;" and with these words Mrs. Morton turned away from her son, and entered the low porch of her cottage without once lifting her eyes from the ground: those dark, flashing, passionate, eyes, and her heightened colour, would have told a tale, and bore out too truly the boy's assertion; and the proud woman could not endure that the secret she had never even confessed to herself, should have been discovered by a boy, even though that boy was her only child, whom she loved with all the warmth and devotion of her ardent nature.

The time and place where this little scene occurred were just those when one most feels the discordance of a harsh word or feeling with the peacefulness and beauty of nature; and boy though he was, Arthur Morton heaved a deep sigh as he gathered up the garden tools he had been busy with, and turned to follow his mother into the house. It was one of those really lovely spring days now so rare in our capricious climate, as to make the beauty of spring almost a myth; a day that told of deep lanes, with green mossy banks and budding primroses—a day when even the pent-up inhabitants of towns scent the air, as though they expected the sweet smile of violets to come wafted to them from some sunny woodland banks or old crumbling wall, some haunt of their childhood years ago.

Mrs. Morton's cottage was separated from the sea-shore only by the road that passes through the village, leading from the wild scenery of Morte Bay towards Ilfracombe. The deep-hatched porch, and the neatness and order of the small garden in front of the cottage, alone distinguished it from those of the fishermen and labourers which surrounded it: but the neatly-trained myrtles, roses, and passion-flowers, clustering round the windows; the hanging fuchsias, and rich scents of clove carnations and mignonette, leading the air as you passed in the days of early autumn, told of taste and care beyond

that usually bestowed by those who find sufficient occupation in earning their daily bread. But we must take our reader back some sixteen years, to the time when Mrs. Morton (who at the period when our story commences was still a young and very beautiful woman) lived with her father in one of the small towns in the south of France, where Colonel D'Arcy had fixed his residence, as more suited to his small income and (with the family fault of *pride*) more agreeable to his feelings than living a poor man amongst his wealthy relations in England; besides, he had married to displease his family. Once in his life he forgot his pride in a deeper feeling—love! He did not choose to see his wife slighted by any one, not even by the D'Arcys; and as her health was delicate, he took her to a warmer climate than his native Yorkshire, thus avoiding the cold winds of England and the still more chilling atmosphere of uncongenial hearts. But even the sunny skies of *la belle France* failed to prolong the life of the gentle Mrs. D'Arcy more than a few short years, and she died in a strange land, leaving to her husband the remembrance of her beauty, her gentleness, and her love, and the care of her "little Emily," the most precious and beautiful thing under heaven, as she fondly believed.

Colonel D'Arcy's house was one of those deep-roofed, many-windowed, stone, buildings, so common in France; the large saloon and a few bed-rooms were all that he occupied, and these were furnished with English comfort; the garden had once been trim and stately, and still in its wild neglect told of days of magnificence gone by. Roses and vines threw their long untrained branches over the stone balustrades of the terrace; cypresses and other evergreens, intended, doubtless, to be transferred into peacocks, dragons, and other monster, had grown into thick, shady, delicious bosquets forests. They appeared to the little Emily, as she crept about among their branches, or hid herself with some favourite picture-book or fairy tale in their deep recesses; but there was one portion of the garden still kept in order: it was one end of the terrace, where, in front of an old stone summer-house, some quaint-shaped flower-beds were cut out.

Here the vines on the wall were nailed and trained, and the fruit hung in rich clusters; and in the flower-beds, among the "heliotropes," "tuberoses," and other favourites of a French garden, was to be found many an old-fashioned English flower, doubly tended and cared for, for the sake of its associations; and here Colonel D'Arcy loved to sit and play with and teach his child. He had no acquaintance, at least no companion; and in this solitude, becoming each year more and more lovely, Emily D'Arcy grew till she reached the age of nineteen. She could not tell when she ceased to be a child and became a woman, for her father being her only companion, she had always felt *old* as it were, in some respects, and yet her pleasures and employments were so simple, that as regarded them she still seemed a child. Her life was passing like a dream, she knew, and therefore wished for nothing more; nor was the illusive character of her existence dispelled by the arrival in A— of a young English gentleman, whose acquaintance Colonel D'Arcy made during one of his daily walks on the ramparts of the old castle overlooking the town. Mr. Morton's appearance and manners at once bespoke him a fit companion, *even* for the "D'Arcy's." The old man could not forget that he was one of them, and he was most careful to impress upon his daughter's mind that she must never by thought, word, or deed, disgrace her noble family. After the first evening, when Mr. Morton first took his coffee with the colonel and Emily in the old summer-house at the end of the terrace, he spent all his time with them; and when about a month after his arrival he was asked in a letter from a friend "how much longer he was going to stay at A—, and what on earth he found to do there," and he asked himself the question, "What had detained him so long?" he found (though fond of sketching and a dabbler in antiquities) he could not say the attractions of the old castle; and the only honest answer he could give was "Emily D'Arcy." He now felt that he had loved her intensely since the first moment he saw her; and with his usual impetuosity, he went at once to the *chateau*, confessed his feelings to Colonel D'Arcy, and asked his permission to tell his love to

Emily, and plead for a return. There was no hesitation in the frank hearty consent the old soldier gave young Morton, and no lack of warmth in the manner he wished him success;—the truth was, he had foreseen for some days the probable result of this intimacy; and that night he thanked God on his knees that he had mercifully removed from him the only care that weighed on his mind—the thought of leaving his darling child solitary and friendless. His health had long been failing; and though in reply to Emily's fend and anxious inquiries he would talk of his old wounds, and say he should soon be better, he knew that a mortal illness was fast hurrying him to the grave. Morton's family was well known to Colonel D'Arcy by name, and the young man gave him such assurances, that he felt happy in trusting Emily to his care. To her the declaration of Morton's love was not a matter of surprise; everything she had ever known loved her,—her father and her old nurse devotedly, and her birds and flowers she believed did too; and so it seemed only natural that Henry Morton should love her. They were married, and Morton and his sweet young wife, looking forward with delight to the novelty of travelling, set out for Italy, promising to return and spend the winter with the colonel. He shook his head sorrowfully as the carriage drove away, for he felt within himself that the winter he should never see,—and he was right. A few months after her marriage, a letter from A— told Emily of her father's death; she reproached herself with having left him in his old age, but Morton comforted and cheered her, and a little Arthur, named after his grandfather, went far to fill up the void in her heart. They were living at Genoa, and her child was about three months old, when Morton was seized with a violent fever, and a few days saw Emily following the body of her husband to its lonely resting place,—there was no other to mourn him but herself! In the depth of her anxiety and grief, Emily had hardly heard, or rather not attended to, many things that Morton had said to her during his short illness, and it was not till the evening of the funeral day, when, with her little boy in her arms, she was standing on the balcony of her rooms

and looking out over the proud and busy city feeling how desolate she was, that she fully realised what Morton had told her, with many bitter words of self-reproach, that his father and family were totally unacquainted with his marriage. This feeling of injury of herself and her child added a bitterness to the deep grief she felt for the loss of Morton, —her handsome, her accomplished, her devoted husband; but now, her whole heart seemed changed, as in a moment. She inherited her father's keen sense of honour, and of right and wrong; and she now thought of and wept over Morton as a beautiful but erring child. She no longer wished to recall him, she feared he might have sullied still more the fair image she had of him in her mind. It was to the memory of her father, that proud and sorrowful old man, unbending and unswerving in principle, that her thoughts turned for comfort; when she remembered his trials and sufferings, and his calm endurance of them, she felt comforted, her spirit rose with the recollection of his example, and she felt strong to bear all that God might see fit. That evening Emily Morton began *really* to live and act. She found money to some amount in poor Morton's desk, and also his father's address. To arrange her few affairs in Genoa, and at once to commence her journey to England, was the work of but a few days; but so entirely had the events of the last fortnight changed, or rather called out her character, that she stood on the deck of the packet watching the lights on the river's banks as they approached the Tower-stairs, and remembering that it was but three short weeks she had been wandering with Morton through the delicious scenery of Italy, the most fortunate and happiest of human beings, it was difficult to realise her own identity, and the feeling that thus desolate and alone she beheld for the first time her father's well-loved native land! the land for which he had fought and bled, quite overcame her, and she burst into a flood of tears; it was the storm before the great *outward* calm that from this time settled down on her life, and changed the lovely, loved, and loving girl into the calm, cold, proud woman. We are told of rich brown tresses

having turned snowy "white in a single night," and a few moments will sometimes produce as great a change upon a heart.

We will not dwell upon the painful scene that awaited Emily on her arrival at the house of her father-in-law. She bore quietly many harsh and unkind words for the sake of her boy; but when Mr. Morton threw some doubt on her statement as to her marriage with his son, her pride rose, and, without deigning one word in reply, or offering him the proofs she had brought with her (and which, with the wisdom she had lately acquired, she had felt might be useful, and had therefore obtained), she rose and with her child left her husband's home for ever.

Mrs. Morton would not return to France, her boy should grow up an Englishman. She had heard of the climate and beauty of Devonshire, and she knew it was remote and far away from all Morton's connexions, and also from her father's, for she had no wish to make herself known to them. They had allowed him to live and die unnoticed and uncared for, an exile in a foreign land; so she, his daughter, would not ask or accept their help. Emily knew her means would be only just sufficient to maintain herself and her boy, but she felt a satisfaction in the thought that that little she derived from no one but her father; her determination was soon taken, and in a few weeks she was settled in the little cottage, where first we found her. She had employed one of her old neighbours in A—— to send over her father's books, which were valuable, and also a few articles of furniture that had not been sold; she arranged these in her little room, to resemble as much as possible her favourite corner in the old saloon; she planted her little garden with her father's favourite flowers; she hung his picture opposite to her usual seat, and as her boy grew up, she loved to draw his attention to the stern high features of his grandfather, and tell him the stories of his old campaigns, with which he used to amuse her childhood; only a few times had she taken from her desk and opened for him the little case which disclosed the gay and handsome countenance, the large blue eyes, and curling auburn hair of Morton; at such times she had no tales to tell—no example to hold

forth. "Your poor father, Arthur, he died so young—so very young," was all she ever said; and yet these words were always spoken in a softer tone than she was wont to use.

For fifteen years she lived in her quiet little cottage on the sea-shore; devoted to her son, she declined all acquaintances, and seldom exchanged words with any one but her poorer neighbours. Her father had not neglected her education, and now she spent the long lonely winter evenings in reading, and fitting herself more and more to be the instructor of Arthur. She was unable to send him to any of the great schools, but under her care he became a proficient in French and Italian, and was not backward in any knowledge likely to prove useful to him in his future life.

All through these long monotonous years Emily was looking forward to a great event in her life, to the moment when Arthur, entering the profession of his grandfather, would take the place among others that he was entitled to. Mrs. Morton had pleaded, and not unsuccessfully, the long services of Colonel D'Arcy, and had received from the commander-in-chief a promise, that Arthur should receive a commission as soon as he was old enough; and it was this hope that cheered her on through the long weary years.

Arthur, as he grew up, and roamed alone about the shore and village became known to all the neighbours; and as his adventurous spirit carried him to greater distances than his mother could accompany him to, there were few of the farmhouses about where he was not a welcome guest. There was a sort of mystery about the handsome, friendless, lady, which proved a powerful attraction; and as she was inaccessible, people pleased themselves by showing kindness to the boy. In this manner he became acquainted with little Annie Lee. She was the granddaughter of a small farmer; he was what the country people would call "a better sort of man:" the small place he lived in was his own property, and had belonged to his family for many generations. The old man and his wife had no little pride in their own way, and it pleased them to see the pretty gentle ways she learnt from Ar-

thur. He would spend hours on the sea-shore playing with the little girl; and when he took her back to the old farmhouse, Mrs. Lee had always some treat ready for her favourite, a slice of home-made bread spread with the rich clouted cream of the country, or some ripe, rosy-cheeked apples. Arthur quickly discovered the attention and the deference with which he was treated, and it gratified him; and Mrs. Morton, thinking he would soon leave the place, probably for ever, did not like to deprive him of almost his only amusement; and so the boy went on till he loved Annie Lee more than anything in the world though a formidable rival had sprung up within the last year in the person of Robert Lancy, the new master of the village school. Intelligent and well-educated, as many of that class now are, Robert Lancy was still quite different and very superior to most of them; and his highly-intellectual countenance, and quiet, self-possessed manner, told either that his situation had once been very different, or else one of those minds, naturally so refined and elevated as to impart its tone to the whole manner and bearing of a man. Mrs. Morton had gladly availed herself of his assistance to instruct Arthur, during his leisure hours, in Latin, and a few other things that were beyond her power; this gradually led to some degree of intimacy between them; Lancy could talk and talk well of books and the passing events of the day; and the pleasure of exchanging ideas seemed something so delightful and novel to the poor secluded lady, that it soon required not the quick eye of Arthur to see that she felt the day long when Lancy did not come; it was the only recreation, the only change, her sad thoughts had known for years, and he was so kind, so wise, and yet so humble, that she felt better and happier every time she had been with him. At the time when our story commenced, Mrs. Morton had been busy in her little garden, and thinking over her last conversation with Lancy; Arthur was talking away at her side, but she hardly heeded what he said, till her attention was arrested by his positive declaration that "Annie Lee, and Annie Lee only, he would marry; that he should go to India, make a

fortune, and return and marry Annie Lee." Mrs. Morton felt annoyed at this interruption to her pleasant thoughts, and told Arthur rather sharply that Annie was only a farmer's child, and that if he talked such nonsense, he should play no more with little Annie. After Arthur's retort upon his mother of loving Robert Laney, she went quickly into the house up into her own room, and closing the door, threw herself on her bed, and clasped her hands over her eyes, as though she never wished to see the light of day again. For a few moments her emotion nearly choked her, then she lay *quite, quite* still; she shed no tears now; well might it have been for her if she had, for tears soften and wash away many a proud, bitter feeling; but Emily had cried her last the night she landed in England. In that quiet hour, however, she learned the truth, that she loved Robert Laney, as she had never loved Morton, as she had never loved living being before, and the truth to her proud spirit was most painful, and she rose from her bed humiliated and disgraced in her own eyes; but quickly as she discovered the state of her own mind, as quickly was her resolution taken: she called up the memory of her father and her own pride to aid her, and when, an hour afterwards, as she was sitting with Arthur, her servant came into the room with some books, and said "Mr. Laney had called with them," she merely sent a message of thanks, instead of asking him, as she had so often done, to share their tea with them, or at least spoken to him for a few moments at the window, or in the porch. The next day when he gave Arthur his lesson she did not appear, nor the next, and so a whole week passed away, and then Robert, whose own feelings towards Mrs. Morton were such as to render him susceptible to every variation in her conduct, felt that she had discovered his secret, and justly punished his presumption. Had he known the real truth, would he have been happier? In one week more the schoolmaster's house was vacant, and the clergyman searching far and near for some one to supply Laney's place. Mrs. Morton might flatter herself that she had conquered in the fierce battle of her passions, but her heart

was broken; she could not bear the reaction, the return to her old solitary life; there was a darker spot now in her memory than even that hour at Genoa, when she first knew that Morton had deceived her; she felt sure, too, from Laney's conduct, that he knew all, and the thought of how he must despise her was the worst of all to bear. In less than six months Mrs. Morton lay in the little quiet churchyard; one of her last walks had been to the home of Annie Lee. Arthur was the sole mourner at his mother's grave; for though a few hours after her death his friend Laney stood by him, ready to help and advise the friendless boy, he would not go with him to the funeral; she would not have wished it, that was enough for him, and he hated himself for the thought that crossed his mind in the bitterness of his spirit, "a D'Arey mourned by a village schoolmaster!"

The next morning a large official letter was put into Arthur's hand, it was his commission and appointment to a regiment in India; for a moment he felt that the dream of his young life was now beginning to be realized, but the next moment he gave the paper to Laney, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "If she could only have lived to see this." "God willed otherwise," said Laney, in his quiet voice. From that time he devoted himself to Arthur like a father, and never left him till the young soldier waved his last adieu to him from the deck of the vessel, that was bearing away from their native shore many a brave heart and true,—some for ever!

When Arthur said "Good by" to Annie Lee, he tied round her neck a little gold ornament that his mother always wore, and told her to wear it till he came again, but when the child returned to the house and shewed it to her grandmother, the old woman roughly untied it, and put it away in a box, which little Annie long regarded with a sort of reverence as containing the greatest treasure she had, though she dared not ask her grandmother to restore it to her. Each half-year, Mrs. Lee received a packet from India containing money, which Arthur begged might be made use of for Annie's education. He spoke of his return within a few years,

and his hope that little Annie would love him as well as ever. Mrs. Lee made use of the money in the way he pointed out, for she had a great desire to see her Annie a lady, though she carefully kept from Annie all knowledge of these letters, and never gave her the little packet which was always enclosed in her grandmother's, containing a little note from Arthur, and some pretty little toy or trinket. These were duly placed in the box, and if, as poor Annie grew up, she had known the words, of simple honest, manly love for her that that box contained, not even her passive and gentle nature would have submitted to the persuasion of her grandmother, and consented to give her hand to any other than the play-fellow of her youth, and the hero of her girlish dreams. But she believed he had forgotten her, and quietly consented to marry a man who, though some years older than herself, loved her truly, and whose great recommendations in the eyes of old Mrs. Lee were being what she called a "real gentleman" and "very rich," and who had been attracted by the great beauty and grace of Annie Lee.

Seven years from the time Arthur Morton waved his last adieu to Robert Lancy, he was once again running up the steep lane that led to old Lee's house, his heart full of hope and love. The old woman was standing in the door-way, holding by the hand a lovely little girl of two years old. Though Arthur's bronzed and pallid face told of many days of hardship and exposure, Mrs. Lee knew him in a moment, and held out her hand to him. His quick eye fell, the next instant, on the little girl.

"Your old play-fellow's child, Mr. Arthur," said Mrs. Lee.

His heart sank within him,

"For God's sake," he exclaimed, "tell me all!—for pity's sake, do not deceive me more."

"No, no; I will tell you all," said the old woman. And she did tell him of her long course of deceit—how she had used his money, and deceived Annie about him; told him she was very happy, and would be glad to welcome him in her own house; told him of his mother's last and only visit to her house, how she accused her of trying

to ensnare her son, how she had spoken many words of haughtiness and scorn.

"Oh, she was proud," bitterly exclaimed the old woman, "and so was I, and I vowed to have my revenge upon the scornful lady!"

And any one who had seen Arthur Morton's face as he turned from the door and hurried down the steep path again would have said: "Surely she has had it!"

### REQUISITES FOR A GOVERNESS.

WE extract the following from a *very* old paper. It shows us that *perfection* in a *governess* was as essential in that day as in the present one:—

#### COPY OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.

"Wanted, immediately, a Governess, to attend upon three young ladies, and to superintend the needlework of the family. No one need apply who is under twenty-five, and who cannot teach French, music, dancing, and Latin.—Address to —, at the Printers', stating qualifications."

#### COPY OF REPLY.

Observing in the — *Gazette* an advertisement for a governess to undertake the instructions of three young ladies, coupled with other duties of a very analogous character, I have, with the utmost diffidence, summoned sufficient resolution to offer myself a candidate for the situation, trusting the list of qualifications underneath will be an apology for my presumption, should it not entitle me to the enviable and happy employment.

I have considered best to arrange my capabilities under two heads, which I will term *elegancies* and *useful adornments*, thereby allowing an opportunity of adding any other requisite to either class which hereafter may be thought proper. They are as follows:—

*Elegancies.*—Music: Playing on the piano-forte, bass-viol, violin, harp, trumpet, and Jews' harp. Singing: solos, duets, trios, glees, and quartettes alone—an extraordinary power obtained in France. The English tongue I do not profess to instruct; it is too common in the present day; and all children derive it so naturally (but, unfortunately, not always elegantly, from their mothers),



that it would be loss of time. French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Russian, and Esquimaux, I can converse in, and write most fluently—particularly the latter, having studied its beauties under the tuition of the native brought to England by the Arctic expedition. Sciences: Astronomy, mineralogy, botany, conchology, craniology, meteorology, chronology, metallurgy, and mythology; and being descended from Rob Roy, possess the power of second sight, and that predilection for athletics which will be found enumerated hereafter. Architecture, sculpture, mechanics, chemistry, mathematics, magnetism, algebra, optics, logic, rhetoric, drawing with ship-building, and land-surveying, feeling happy the latter is in my power—as, for exemplification, I could undertake a level of the railroad with the assistance of my three pupils. Steam, and its relative powers, I have studied deeply, and have fortunately, discovered a plan of producing it without either *fire or water*. Agility of the body: Dancing, either on the head or feet, in all the various branches, vaulting, slack and tight-rope dancing, horsemanship, and the power of occasionally taking the reins. Fencing, leaping, running, and boxing having been my perfect delight from childhood; and had I a little more muscular power, to enable me to make an impression on the heads of people, should be a complete pugilistic wonder.

*Useful Adornments.*—The needlework of one family is a trifle to me: I could keep in proper order the wardrobe of the celebrated 10th regiment with ease, so that every branch of the house, from the nearest relation to the most distant Scotch cousin, may depend upon my sharpness with certainty. Cookery being an important object in life to those who have no *soles* of their own, and who are consequently, to depend upon other people for foreign extraordinaries, has met my attention. I can pickle so clearly as to be able to see through the substance, make a trifle of heavy body, hash a *calf's head* to perfection, and my acquaintance bestow upon me great praise for my *roasting*. Pies adorned to any pattern, not forgetting Chinese. Pharmacy, materia medica, and the general practice of the medical profession, I am per-

fectly skilled in, having practised by opening the vein of a person more than once.

*Observations.*—I cannot but flatter myself that the preceding list, combining everything that these elegantly fantastic times may require, may be the groundwork for hope that your situation will be undertaken by me. Should, however, there be something still wanting to prevent me that pleasure, I shall for ever regret that it was not in my power to form a part in the establishment of a person whose consistency was so apparent as to couple the accomplished *Linguist* in the person of the common *Seamstress*.

#### MIDNIGHT AT SEA.

Alone with God upon the boundless sea,  
No spot of earth in view, no sombre cloud,  
The glittering stars and gentle moon to shroud;  
On rides the bark in calm tranquility—  
Quiet the autumn breeze, while on the lee  
The billows part without a sign of life,  
Silent the mighty ocean vast and free—  
Seeming to herald some portentous strife.  
Alone with God! how limited the power  
Of man the creature here to shield or save,  
For few the bounds that part the yawning grave;  
Most awful thought at this most solemn hour  
Alone with God! alone to worship Him  
Before whose throne all worldly thoughts grow dim.

#### MORNING.

'Tis morn! the mountains catch the living glow  
Of amethystine light, and beam sublime—  
The shatter'd thrones of Omnipresent time—  
Belted with broken fragments of the bow!  
Up their brown sides, from crag to crag I  
climb,  
Gazing enraptur'd on the scene below.  
The blue and boundless ocean, in the prime  
Of the young morn, is heaving to and fro,  
And all around is beautiful and bright,  
From the green earth to the calm liquid skies!  
Light melting into shade, and shade to light  
The dew-gemm'd world's a perfumed paradise  
Of flowers, so fresh and fragrant, that I feel  
The very *morn of life* into my being steal!

WOMAN.—No man ever spoke contemptuously of woman without having a bad heart as well as a bad head. I believe, that God made them to be help-mates for man—to be his earthly support, his support his encouragement in trials, his nurse, his earliest teacher, his last friend, his mother and sister and wife. And without mother and sister and wife what would man be?—*Hawkstone*.

## A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

A whole year of Christmas days have come and passed, since a wealthy tun-maker, named Jacob Elsen, was chosen Syndic of the corporation of tun-makers, in the town of Stromthal, in Southern Germany. His family name is not to be met with, perhaps, anywhere now. The town itself is gone. The inhabitants once unjustly taxed the Jews who dwelt there, with the murder of some little children, and drove them out; forbidding any Jew to enter their gates again. But the Jews took their quiet revenge; for they built another town at a distance, and carried all the trade away, so that the new town gradually increased in wealth, while the old town dwindled to nothing.

But Jacob Elsen had no knowledge of this persecution. In his time, Jews walked about the sombre, winding streets, and traded in the market-place, and kept shops, and enjoyed with others the privileges of the town.

A river flows through the town, a narrow winding stream, navigable for small craft, and called the "Klar." This river, being of very pure sweet water, and moreover very useful for the commerce of the town, the people call their great friend. They believe that it will heal ills of mind and body: and although many afflicted persons have dipped in it, and drunk of the water, without feeling much the better for it, their belief remains the same. They give it feminine names, as if it were a beautiful woman or a goddess. They have innumerable songs and stories about it, which the people know by heart; or did in Jacob Elsen's time—for there were very few books and fewer readers in those days. They have a yearly festival, called the "Klarfussday," when flowers and ribbons are cast into the stream, and float away through the meadows towards the great river.

"Is not the Klar," said one of their old songs, "a marvel among rivers? Lo, all other streams are nourished, drop by drop, with dews and rains; but the Klar comes

forth, full grown, from the hills." And this, indeed, was no invention of the poet; for no one knew the source of this river. The town council had offered a reward of five hundred gold gulden to any one who could discover it; but all those who had endeavoured to trace it, had come to a place many leagues above Stromthal, where the stream wound between steep rocks: and where the current was so strong that neither oar nor sail could prevail against. Beyond those rocks were the mountains called the Himmelgebirge; and the Klar was supposed to rise in some of those inaccessible regions.

But though the people of Stromthal honored their river, they loved their commerce better. Therefore, they made no public walks along its banks; but built their houses mostly to the water's brink on both sides. Some, indeed, in the outskirts had gardens; but in the centre of the town, the stream caught no shadows, except from warehouses and the overhanging fronts of ancient wooden houses. Jacob Elsen's house was one of these. The sides of the bank before it had been lined with birch-stakes, and the foundation was dug so close to the water, that you might open the door of his workshop, and dip a pitcher in the stream.

Jacob Elsen's household consisted of only three persons besides himself; namely his daughter Margaret; his apprentice, Carl; and one old servant woman. He had workmen; but they did not sleep in the house. Carl was a youth of eighteen, and his master's daughter being a little younger, he fell in love with her—as all apprentices did in those days. Carl's love for Margaret was pure and deep. Jacob knew this: but he said nothing. He had faith in Margaret's prudence.

Whether Margaret loved Carl at this time none ever knew but herself. He went to church with her on Sundays; and there, while the prayers that were said were sometimes mere meaningless sounds to him, through his thinking of her, and watching her, he could hear her devoutly murmuring the words; or, when the preacher was speaking, he saw her face turned towards him, and felt almost vexed to see that she was listening attentively. She could sit at table with

him, and he quite calm, when he felt confused and awkward; at other times she seemed always too busy to think of him. At length his apprenticeship being completed, the time came for his leaving Elsen's house to travel, as German workmen are bound by their trade-laws to do; and he determined to speak boldly to Margaret before he went. What better time could he have found for this, than a summer evening, when Margaret happened to come into the workshop after his fellow workmen were gone? He called her to the door that opened on the river, to look out at the sunset, and he talked about the river, and the mystery of its source; when it was getting dusk, and he could delay no longer, he told her his secret; and Margaret told him in return her secret, which was, that she loved him too. "But," said she, "I must tell my father this."

That night, after supper, they told Jacob Elsen what had passed between them. Jacob was a man in the prime of life. He was not avaricious, but he was prudent in all things. "Let Carl," he said, "come back after his *Wanderzeit* is ended with fifty gold gulden; and then, if you are willing to marry him, I will make him a master tunc-maker." Carl asked no more than this. He did not doubt of being able to bring back that sum, and he knew that the law would not allow him to marry until his apprenticeship was ended. He was anxious to be gone. On the morrow he took his leave of Margaret,—early in the morning, before anything was stirring in the streets. Carl was full of hope, but Margaret wept as they stood upon the threshold. "Three years," she said, "will sometimes work such changes in us that we are not like our former selves."

"And yet they will only make me love you more," replied Carl.

"You will meet with fairer women than I, where you are going," said Margaret, "and I shall be thinking of you at home, long after you have forgotten me."

"Now, I am sure you love me, Margaret," he said, delighted; "but you must not have doubts of me while I am away. As surely as I love you now, I will come back with the fifty gold gulden, and claim your father's promise."

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Margaret lingered at the door, and Carl looked back many times until he turned an angle of the street. His heart was light enough in spite of their separation, for he had always looked forward to this journey as the means of winning her hand; and every step he took seemed to bring him nearer to his object. "I must not lose time," thought he, "and yet it would be a great thing if I could find the head of our river. My way lies southward: I will try!" On the third day he took a boat at a little village and pulled against the stream; but, in the afternoon, he drew near the rocks, and the current became stronger. He pulled on, however, till the steep grey walls were on each side of him, and looking up he saw only a strip of sky; but at length, with all the strength of his arms, he could only keep the boat where it was. Now and then, with a sudden effort, he advanced a few yards, but he could not maintain the place he had won, and after a while he grew weary, and was obliged to give it up and drift back again. "So what has been said about the rocks and the strength of the water is true," thought he; "I can testify to that at least."

Carl wandered for many days before he got employment; and, when he did, it was poorly paid, and scarcely sufficed for his living; so he was obliged to depart again. When half his time was completed he had scarcely saved ten "gold gulden," though he had walked hundreds of miles and worked in many cities. One day he set out again, to seek for employment elsewhere. When he had been walking several days, he came to a small town on the banks of a river, whose waters were so bright that they reminded him of the Klar. The town, too, was so like Stromthal that he could almost fancy that he had made a great circuit and come back to his starting place again. But Carl did not want to go home yet. His term was only half expired, and his ten gold gulden (one of which was already nibbled in travelling), would make a poor figure after his boast of returning with fifty. His heart was not so light as when he quitted Margaret at the door of her father's house. He had found the world different from his expectations of it. The harshness of strangers had

soured him, and there was no pleasure that day in being reminded of his native town. If he had not been weary he would have turned aside and gone upon his journey without stopping; but it was evening, and he wanted some refreshment.

He walked through straggling streets that reminded him still further of his home, until he came to the market place, in the midst of which stood a large white statue of a woman. She held an olive branch in her hand; her head was bare, but folds of drapery enveloped her, from the waist to the feet. "Whose is this statue," asked Carl of a bystander? The man answered in a strange dialect, but Carl understood him.

"It is the statue of our river," he answered.

"What is your river called?"

"The Geber: for it enriches the town, enabling us to trade with many great cities."

"And why is the head of the woman bare while her feet are hidden?"

"Because we know where the river rises; but whither it flows none know."

"Can no one float down with the current and see?"

"It is dangerous to search; the stream grows swifter, running between high rocks, until it rushes into a deep cavern, and is lost."

"How strange," thought Carl, "that this town should be, in so many respects, so like my own!" But a little further on in a narrow street, he found a wooden house with a small tun hanging over the doorway, by way of sign, so like Jacob Elsen's house, that if the words "Peter Schonfuss, tun maker to the Duke," had not been written above the door, he would have thought it magic. Carl knocked here, and a young woman came to the door; here the likeness ended, for Carl saw at a glance that Margaret was a hundred times more beautiful than she.

"I do not know whether my father wants workmen," said the young woman: "but if you are a traveller, you can rest, and refresh yourself until he comes in."

Carl thanked her, and entered. The low-roofed kitchen, so like Elsen's house, did not surprise him; for most rooms were built thus

at that time. The girl spread a white cloth, gave him some cold meat and bread, and brought him some water to wash; but while he was eating she asked him many questions concerning whence he came, and where he had been. She had never heard of Stromthal, for she knew nothing of the country beyond the "Himmelgebirge." When her father came in, Carl saw that he was much older than Jacob Elsen.

"And so you want employment?" said the father.

Carl bowed, standing with his cap in his hand.

"Follow me!" The old man led the way into the workshop—through the door of which, at the bottom, Carl saw the river—and putting the tools into Carl's hand, bade him continue the work of a half-finished tun. Carl handled his tools so skilfully, that the old man knew him at once to be a good workman, and offered him better wages than he had ever got before. Carl remained here until his three years had expired. One day he said to Bertha Schonfuss (his master's daughter), "My time is up now, Bertha; to-morrow I set out for my home."

"I will pray for a happy journey for you," said Bertha; "and that you may find joy at home."

"Look you, Bertha," said Carl; "I have seventy gold gulden, which I have saved. Without these, I could not have gone home, or married my Margaret, of whom I have told you; and, but for you, I should not have had them. Ought I not to remember you gratefully while I live?"

"And come back to see us one day?" said Bertha. "Of course you ought."

"I surely will," said Carl, tying his money in the corner of a handkerchief.

"Stay!" said Bertha. "There is danger in carrying much money in these parts. The roads are infested with robbers."

"I will make a box for the money," said Carl.

"No; put them in the hollow handle of one of your tools. It is natural for a workman to carry tools. No one will think of looking there."

"No handle would hold them," replied

Carl. "I will make a hollow mallet, and put them in the body of it."

"A good thought," said Bertha.

Carl worked the next day, and made a large mallet, in which he plugged a hole; letting in fifty gold pieces, he retained the remainder of his treasure to expend on his journey, and to buy clothes and other things; for he could afford to be extravagant now. When everything was ready, he hired a boat to travel down the river a portion of his journey. The old man bade him farewell affectionately, at the landing-place of his own workshop; and Carl kissed Bertha, and Bertha bade him take care of his mallet.

The boy who rowed the boat was the ugliest boy that could possibly be. He was very short in the legs, and very broad in the chest, and he had scarcely any neck; but his face was large and round, and he had two small twinkling eyes. His hair was black and straight; and his arms were long, like the arms of an ape. Carl did not like the look of him when he hired the boat, and was about to choose another from the crowd of boatmen at the landing-place, when he thought how unjust it was to refuse to give the boy work on account of his ugliness, and so turned back and hired him.

Carl sat at the stern, and the boy rowed, bending forward until his face nearly touched his feet, and then throwing himself almost flat upon his back, and taking such pulls with his long arms, that the boat flew onward like a crow. Carl did not rebuke him, for he was too anxious to get home. But the boy grew bolder from his license. He made horrible grimaces when he passed other boats, tempting the rowers to throw things at him. He raised his oars sometimes, and struck at a fish playing on the surface; and, each time, Carl saw the dead fish lying on its back on the top of the water. Carl commanded the horrible boy to row on and be quiet—but he replied in an uncouth dialect which Carl could scarcely understand: and a moment after began his tricks again. Once, Carl saw him, to his astonishment, spring from his seat, and run along the narrow gunwale of the boat; but his naked feet clung to the edge, as if he had been web-footed.

"Sit to your oars, monkey?" cried Carl, striking him a light blow.

The boy sat down sullenly and rowed on, playing no more tricks that day. Carl sang one of the songs about the "Klar;" and the boat continued its way—through meadows, where the banks were lined with bulrushes, and often round little islands—till the dusk came down from Heaven. The river-surface glimmered with a faint white light. The trees upon the bank grew blacker, and the stars spread westward. Carl watched the fish, making circles on the stream, and let his hand fall over the side to feel the water rippling through his fingers as the boat went on. But growing weary after a while, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and placing his mallet beside him, lay down in the stern, and fell asleep. The town where they were to stop that night, was further off than they had thought it. Carl slept a long time and dreamed. But, in his sleep he heard a noise close to his head, like a splash in the water, and awoke. He thought, at first, that the boy had fallen into the river; but he saw him standing up, midway in the boat.

"What is the matter?" said Carl.

"I have dropped your hammer in the stream," said the boy.

"Wretch!" cried Carl, springing up; "how was this?"

"Spare me, my master," said the boy with an ugly grin. "It flew out of my hand as I tried to strike a flying bat." Carl was furious. He struck at him several times; but the boy avoided him, slipping under his arm, and running again along the gunwale. Carl became still more furious, and fell upon him at once, so violently, that the boat overturned, and they both fell into the river. And now, Carl finding that the boy could not swim, thought no more of the mallet but grasped him, and struck out for the bank. The current was strong, and carried them far down; but they came ashore at last. They could see the lights of the town near at hand, and Carl walked on sullenly, bidding the boy follow him. When they came near the town gate, he turned and found that the boy was gone. He called to him, and turned back a little way, and called again; but he

had no answer; and at last he walked on, and saw the boy no more.

Carl could not sleep that night. At daylight, he offered nearly all the money he had retained, for a boat, and set out alone down the river. He thought that his mallet must have floated, in spite of the weight of the gold pieces, and he hoped to overtake it. But though he looked every way as he went along, and though he rowed on all day without resting, he saw nothing of it. He passed no more islands. The banks became very desolate and lonely. The wind dropped. The water was dark, as if a thunder-cloud hung over it. And now the stream ran swifter, winding between rocks like the Klar. The wall on each side became higher and higher, and the boat went on faster and faster, so that he seemed to be sinking into the earth, until he caught sight of the entrance to the cavern, of which the stranger had spoken to him; and at the same moment he espied his mallet floating on a few yards in advance. But the boat began to spin round and round in an eddy, and he felt sick. He saw the mallet float into the cavern; when the boat came to the mouth, he caught at the sides and stopped it.—Peering into the darkness, he saw small flashes of light floating in the gloom; he could see nothing else; and there was a great roar and rushing of water. He was obliged to give up the pursuit; but it was not easy to go back against the stream, as the oars would not help him to stem the current. He kept close to the side, however, where the stream was weaker, and urged his way along, by clutching at ledges and sharp corners in the rock. In this way, he moved on slowly all night; and, a little after dawn, got again above the rocks, and went ashore. He was very weak and tired. He flung himself upon the hard ground and slept. When he awoke, he ate a small loaf which he had brought with him, and went on his way.

Carl wandered for many a day in those desolate regions, and passed many forests, and crossed rivers, and wore out his shoes, before he found his way back to Stromthal. His heart failed him when he came to the dear old town. He was tempted to go back for another three years, but he could not make up his mind to turn away without seeing

Margaret; "and besides," thought he, "Jacob Elsen is a good man. When he hears that I have worked, and earned this money, though I have it no longer, he will give me his daughter."

He wandered about the streets a long time and saw many persons whom he knew, but who had forgotten him. At last he turned boldly into the street where Jacob lived, and knocked at his old home. Jacob came to the door himself.

"The 'Wanderbursche' is come home," cried Jacob, embracing him. "Margaret's heart will be glad."

Carl followed the tun-maker in silence. He felt as if he had been guilty of some bad action. He scarcely knew how to begin the story of his lost mallet.

"How thin and pale you are!" said Jacob, "I hope you have led a strict life? But these fine clothes—they hardly suit a young workman. You must have found a treasure."

"Nay," replied Carl. "I have lost all; even the fifty gold gulden that I had earned by the work of my hands."

The old man's face darkened. Carl's haggard look, his fine apparel, all travel-soiled, and his confusion and silence, awakened his suspicions. When Carl told his story, it seemed so strange and improbable, that he shook his head.

"Carl," he said, "you have dwelt in evil cities. Would to Heaven you had died when you first learnt to shave the staves, rather than have lived to be a liar!"

Carl made no answer; he turned away to go into the street again. On the threshold he met Margaret. He did not speak to her, but passed on, leaving her staring after him in astonishment. All night long, he walked about the streets of the town. He thought of going back to the house of old Peter Schonfuss and his daughter Bertha; but his pride restrained him. He resolved to go away and seek work again, somewhere at a distance. But his unkindness to Margaret smote him: and he wished to see her again before he went. He lingered in the street after day-light, until he saw her open the door; then he went up to her.

"O Carl!" said Margaret, "this then is

what I have for three long years looked forward to!"

"Listen to me, Margaret dear!" urged Carl.

"I dare not," said Margaret. "My father has forbidden me. I can only bid you farewell, and pray that my father may find one day he is wrong."

"I have told him only the truth," cried Carl; but Margaret went in and left him there. Carl waited a moment, and then determined to follow her, and entreat her to believe in his innocence before he departed. He lifted the latch and entered the house, passing through the kitchen into the yard; but Margaret was not there. He went into the workshop and found himself alone there; for the workmen had not come yet, and Margaret was the first person up in the house. His misfortunes, and the injustice he had experienced, came into his mind, as if some voice were whispering in his ear: the whole world seemed to be against him. "I cannot bear this," he said, "I must die!"

He unlatched the wooden bar, and threw open the doors, letting the light of day into the dusky shop. It was a clear fresh morning; and the river, brimming with the rains of the day before, flowed on, smooth and flush to the edge. "Of all my hopes, my patience, my industry, my long sufferings, and my deep love for Margaret, behold the miserable end!" said Carl.

"But he stopped suddenly; his eyes had caught some object, in between the birch stakes and the bank. "Strange," he said. "It is a mallet, and much like the one I lost! Some of Jacob Elsen's workmen have dropped a mallet here, surely." But it was larger than an ordinary mallet, and though it was madness to fancy so, he thought that some supernatural power had brought his mallet there, in time to turn him from his purpose. "It is my mallet!" he cried; for by stooping down he could see the mark of the hole he had plugged. He did not wait to take it up, it being safe for a while where it was: he ran back into the house, and met Jacob Elsen descending the stairs.

"I have found my mallet," cried Carl; "Where is Margaret?"

The tun-waker looked incredulous. Mar-

garet heard his call and came down stairs.

"This way!" said Carl, leading them through the shop. "Look there!" Both Margaret and her father saw it. Carl stooped and picked it up, and, taking the plug out, shook all the gold pieces on the ground. Jacob shook his hand, and begged him to pardon him for his unjust suspicions; and Margaret wept tears of joy. "It came just in time to save my life," said Carl. "Happy days will come with it."

"But how did this mallet arrive here?" said Jacob, pondering.

"I guess," replied Carl, "I have found the origin of the Klar. The two rivers are, in truth, but one."

Carl wrote the story of his adventures, and presented it to the Town Council, who employed all the scholars in Stromthal to prove by experiments the identity of the two rivers. When they had done this, there was great rejoicing in the town. On the day when Carl married Margaret, he received the promised reward of five hundred gold gulden; and thenceforth the day on which he found his mallet was set apart for a festival by the inhabitants of all the towns, both on the "Geber" and the "Klar."

#### WAKE, LADY, WAKE

Wake, lady, wake! the fair sun is spreading  
His beams o'er tower and tree;  
The red rose her dewy light is shedding,  
And Nature asks for thee!  
The zephyr hath culled from each waking flower  
The freshest of odours to waft o'er thy bower;  
And the blue lake is beaming in glassy rest,  
To mirror thy form on its glowing breast!  
Break, lady, break the dark spell of thy slumbers,  
The skies are cloudless fair;  
And the gay lark is singing in his own wild numbers,  
High in the Summer air,  
The blackbird is pouring his rich, free note,  
And a thousand woodland-echoes float;  
While the distant abbey's cloistered peal  
Is telling thine ear how the moments steal!  
Wake, lady, wake from thy dreamy rest,  
Uprise in thy beauty rare;  
For dark and cold is fond Nature's breast  
Without thine image fair!  
Then open those slumbering eyes so bright,  
And unveil that soft cheek's tender light,  
That the fountain may yield its diamond ray,  
And the rose and the lily resign their sway.

"THE MEASURE METED OUT TO OTHERS,  
MEASURED TO US AGAIN!"

## CHAPTER I.

L. E. L. closes one of her sportive poems with the heartfelt exclamation—

"Thank Heaven that I never  
Can be a child again!"

The remark falls harshly from a woman's lip; and after all does not admit of general application. There are those who were never children—with whom the heart was never young. There are those who never knew that brief but happy period when the spirit was a stranger to guile—and the heart high with generous impulses—and the future was steeped in the colours of hope—and the past left behind it no sting of bitterness—and the brow was unwrinkled with care—and the soul unsullied by crime—and the lips poured forth, fondly and fervently, with unbounded and unwavering confidence, the heart's purest and earliest homage to nature and to truth. And he whose career, on the second anniversary of his death, I am tempted to record, was a living illustration of the truth of this assertion.

Vincent Desborough's prospects and position in society embraced all that an ambitious heart would seek. He was heir to a large fortune—had powerful connections—talents of no common order—and indisputable personal attractions. But every good, natural and acquired, was marred by a fatal flaw in his disposition. It was largely leavened with *Cruelty*. It seemed born with him. For it was developed in very early childhood, and bade defiance to remonstrance and correction. Insects, dogs, horses, servants, all felt its virulence. And yet, on a first acquaintance, it appeared incredible that that intelligent and animated countenance, those glad and beaming eyes could meditate ought but kindness and good-will to those around him. But as Lord Byron said of Ali Pacha—one of the most cruel and sanguinary of Eastern despots—that he was "by far the mildest looking old gentleman he ever conversed with;" so it might be said of Vincent Desborough, that never was a relentless and savage heart concealed under a more winning and gentle exterior.

That parents are blind to the errors of

their offspring has passed into a proverb, and Vincent's were no exception to the rule. "He was a boy," they affirmed, "of the highest promise." His ingenuity in causing pain was a "mere childish foible which would vanish with advancing years; and his delight at seeing others suffer it, "an eccentricity which more extended acquaintance with life would teach him to discard. All boys were cruel!" And satisfied with the wisdom of this conclusion, the Desboroughs intrusted their darling to Doctor Scanaway, with the request that "he might be treated with every possible indulgence."

"No!" said the learned linguist, loudly and sternly, "not if he was heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Devonshire! Your son you have thought proper to place with me. For that preference I thank you. But if he remains with me he must rough it like the rest. You have still the power of withdrawing him."

Papa and Mamma Desborough looked at each other in evident consternation, and stammered out a disjointed disclaimer of any such intention.

"Very well; Coppinger," said he, calling one of the senior boys, "take this lad away with you into the schoolroom, and put a Livy into his hands. My pupils I aim at making *men*, not *milksofs*—scholars, not simpletons. To do this I must have your entire confidence. If that be withheld, your son's luggage is still in the hall, and I beg that he and it may be again restored to your carriage."

"By no means," cried the Desboroughs in a breath: and silenced, if not satisfied, they made their adieus and departed.

## CHAPTER II.

In Doctor Scanaway's household Vincent met with a congenial spirit in the person of a youth some years his senior, named Gervaise Rolleston. Gervaise was a young adventurer. He was clever, active, and prepossessing; but he was poor and dependent. He discovered that, at no very distant period, accumulated wealth must descend to Vincent and he fancied that, by submitting to his humours and flattering his follies, he might secure to himself a home in rough weather. The other had no objection to possess a faith-



ful follower. In truth, a clever coadjutor was often indispensable for the successful execution of his mischievous projects. Mutual necessity thus proved a stringent bond to both; and between them a league was struck up, offensive and defensive, which, like other leagues on a broader scale, which are supported by wealth and wickedness, was formidable to all who opposed its designs and movements.

## CHAPTER III.

Domiciled in the little village of Horbury, over which the learned doctor ruled with undisputed sway, was "a widow humble of spirit and sad of heart, for of all the ties of life one son alone was spared her; and she loved him with a melancholy love, for he was the likeness of the lost." Moreover, he was the last of his race, the only surviving pledge of a union too happy to endure; and the widow, when she gazed on him with that air of resigned sorrow peculiar to her countenance—an air which had banished the smile, but not the sweetness, from her lips—felt that in him were concentrated all the ties which bound her to existence.

"Send Cyril to me," said the Doctor to Mrs. Dormer, when he called to welcome her to the village. "No thanks—I knew his father—respected him—loved him. I like an old family, belong to one myself, though I have still to learn the benefit it has been to me!"

"I fear," replied the widow, timidly, for the recollection of very limited resources smote painfully across her, "at least I feel the requisite pecuniary consideration,—"

"He shall pay when he's a fellow of his college—shall never know it before! You've nothing to do with it—but then I shall exact it! We will dine in his rooms at Trinity, and he shall lionize us over the building. I have long wished to see Dr. Wordsworth, good man, sound scholar! but have been too busy these last twenty years to manage it. It's a bargain, then? You'll send him to-morrow?"

And the affectionate interest which the doctor took in little Cyril, the pains he bestowed on his progress, and the evident anxiety with which he watched and aided the

development of his mind, were one among the many fine traits of character which belonged to this warmhearted but unpolished humorist.

To Dormer, for some undefinable reason, Desborough had conceived the most violent aversion. Neither the youth of the little orphan, nor his patient endurance of insult, nor the readiness with which he forgave, nor the blamelessness of his own disposition, served to disarm the ferocity of his tormentor. Desborough, to use his own words, was "resolved to drive the little pauper from their community, or tease his very heart out."

His love for his mother, his fair and effeminate appearance, his slender figure, and diminutive stature, were the objects of his tormentor's incessant attack. "Complain, Dormer, complain at home," was the advice given him by more than one of his class-fellows.

"It would only grieve my mother," he replied, in his plaintive, musical voice, "and she has had much—oh! so much—to distress her. I might, too, lose my present advantages: and the good doctor is so very, very lenient to me. Besides, surely Desborough will become kinder bye and by, even if he does not grow weary of ill-treating me."

And thus, cheered by hope, the little martyr struggled on, and suffered in silence.

The 4th of September was the doctor's birthday, and was invariably kept as a sort of saturnalia by all under his roof. The day—always too short—was devoted to cricket, and revelry, and manly sports; and a meadow at the back of the shrubbery, which, from its being low and marshy, was drained by dykes of all dimensions, was a favorite resort of those who were expert at leaping with a pole. The whole party were in motion at an early hour, and Cyril among the rest. Either purposely or accidentally, he was separated from the others, and, on a sudden, he found himself alone with Desborough and Rolleston. "Come, you little coward," said the former, "leap this dyke."

"I cannot, it is too broad; and besides, it is very deep."

"Cannot! You mean, will not. But you shall be made. Leap it, sir, this instant."

"I cannot—indeed I cannot. Do not force

me to try it; it is deep and I cannot swim."

"Then learn now. Leap it, you little wretch! Leap it, I say, or I'll throw you n. Seize him, Rolleston. We'll teach him obedience."

"Promise me, then, that you will help me out," said the little fellow, entreatingly, and in accents that would have moved most hearts, "promise me, do promise me, for I feel sure that I shall fail."

"We promise you," said the confederates, and they exchanged glances. The helpless victim trembled—turned pale. Perhaps the recollection of his doting and widowed parent came across him, and unnerved his little heart. "Let me off, Desborough; pray let me off," he murmured.

"No, you little dastard, no! Over, or I'll throw you in!"

The fierce glance of Desborough's eye, and the menace of his manner, determined him. He took a short run, and then boldly sprang from the bank. His misgivings were well-founded. The pole snapped, and in an instant he was in the middle of the stream.

"Help! help! Your promise, Desborough—your promise!"

With a mocking laugh, Desborough turned away. "Help yourself, my fine fellow! Scramble out; it's not deep. A kitten would'n't drown!" And Rolleston, in whom better feelings for the moment seemed to struggle, and who appeared half inclined to return to the bank and give his aid, he dragged forcibly away. The little fellow eyed their movements, and seemed to feel his fate was determined. He clasped his hands, and and uttered no further cry for assistance. The words "Mother, mother!" were heard to escape him; and once, and only once, did his long, wavy, golden hair come up above the surface for the moment. But though no human ear heeded the death-cry of that innocent child, and no human heart responded to it, the Great Spirit had his observant eye fixed on the little victim, and quickly terminated his experience of care and sorrow, by a summons to that world where the heavy laden hear no more the voice of the oppressor, and the pure in heart behold their God!

#### CHAPTER IV.

The grief of the mother was frightful to

witness. Her softness and sweetness of character, the patience with which she had endured sorrow and reverses, the cheerfulness with which she had submitted to the privations attendant on very limited resources, had given place to unwonted vehemence and sternness. She cursed the destroyers of her child in the bitterness of her soul. "God will avenge me! His frown will darken their path to their dying hour. As the blood of Abel cried up from the ground against the first murderer, so the blood of my Cyril calls for vengeance on those who sacrificed him. I shall see it—I shall see it. The measure meted out by them to others, shall be measured unto them again." It was in vain that kind-hearted neighbours suggested to her topics of consolation. She mourned as one that would not be comforted, "The only child of his mother, and she a widow!" was her invariable reply. "No! For me there is nought but quenchless regrets and ceaseless weeping." Among those who tendered their friendly offices was the warm-hearted doctor. Indifferent to his approach, and in appearance lost to everything else around her, she was sitting among Cyril's books, inspecting his little drawing, arranging his playthings, and apparently carefully collecting every object, however trivial, with which his loved memory could be associated.

To the doctor's kind though tremulous inquiries she had but one reply—"alone, alone in the world!"

His offer of a home in his own house was declined, with the remark, "My summer is so nearly over, it matters not where the leaves fall."

And when he pressed her under any circumstances to entertain the offer made through him—by a wealthy kinsman of her husband—of a shelter under his roof for any period, however protracted—"Too late! too late!" was her answer. "Ambition is cold with the ashes of those we love!"

But the feelings of the mourner had been painfully exasperated by the result of a previous inquiry. An inquest was indispensable; and rumour—we may say fact—spoke so loudly against Desborough, that his parents hurried to Horbury, prepared at any pecuniary sacrifice to extricate him from the

obliquy which threatened him. Money judiciously bestowed will effect impossibilities; and the foreman of the jury—a bustling, clamorous, spouting democrat—who was always eloquent on the wrongs of his fellow-men, and kept the while a most watchful eye to his own interests—became on a sudden “thoroughly satisfied that Mr. Vincent Desborough had been cruelly calumniated,” and that the whole affair was “a matter of accident altogether.”

A verdict to that effect was accordingly returned!

The unhappy mother heard the report of these proceedings, and it seemed to scorch her very soul. “The covetous, craving, earth-worm!” she cried. “He thinks he has this day clenched a most successful bargain! But no! from this hour the face of God is against him! Can it be otherwise? He that justifieth the wicked, and condemneth the just, are they not both equal abomination in the sight of God?” For years the wickedness of this hour will be present before the Great, Just Spirit, and will draw down a curse on his every project. I am as confident of it as if I saw the whole course of this man’s after life spread out before me. Henceforth God fights against him!”

It was a curious coincidence, the solution of which is left to better casuists than myself, that from the hour in which he was bribed to smother inquiry, and throw a shield over crime, misfortune and reverses in unbroken succession assailed him. His property melted away from his grasp with unexampled rapidity. And when, a few years afterwards, the kinsman, already alluded to, left poor Dormer’s mother a small annuity, it so chanced, as she quitted the vestry with the requisite certificates of birth and marriage in her hands, she encountered this very juror in the custody of the parish officers, who were bringing him before the proper authorities to swear him to his settlement, and then obtain an order to pass him forthwith to the parish workhouse.

#### CHAPTER V.

A few years after the melancholy scene at Horbury, Desborough was admitted at Cambridge. He was the sporting man of a non-reading college. Around him were gathered

all the coaching, betting, driving, racing characters of the University, the “Varmint men,” as they called themselves—“The Devil’s Own,” as others named them. It was a melancholy sojourn for Desborough. The strictness of academical rule put down every attempt at a cockpit, a badger hunt, or a bull bait. It was a painfully momentous life; and to enliven it he got up a rat hunt. Appertaining to him was a little knowing dog, with a sharp quick eye, and a short curled up tail, who was discovered to have an invaluable antipathy to rats, and an unparalleled facility in despatching them. What discovery could be more opportune! Rat hunts wiled away many a lagging hour; and the squeaks, and shrieks, and shouts, which on these occasions issued from Desborough’s rooms, were pronounced by the senior tutor “quite irregular,” and by the master to be “by no means in keeping with the gravity of college discipline.” To the joy of all the staid and sober members of the society these sounds at length were hushed, for Desborough quitted the University.

“What a happy riddance!” said, on the morning of his departure, a junior fellow who had had the misfortune to domicile on the same staircase. “His rooms had invariably such an unsavoury smell that it was quite disagreeable to pass them!”

“And would you believe it,” cried another, who used to excruciate the ears of those above and below him by the most rasping inflictions on a tuneless fiddle; “would you believe it, after the noise and uproar with which his rooms were familiar, that whenever I began one of those sweetly soothing airs of Bellini, his gyp used to come to me with his master’s compliments, and he was sorry to disturb me, but really the noise in my rooms—fancy, *the noise!*—was so great that he was unable to read while it lasted!”

“He was so little accomplished—played the worst rubber of any man I ever knew,” observed the dean, with great gravity.

“He carved so badly!” said the bursar; “He has often deprived me of my appetite by the manner in which he helped me!”

“And was so cruel!” added the president, who was cursed with a tabby mania. “Poor Fatima could never take her walk across the

quadrangle without being worried by one or other of his vile terriers!"

"The deliverance is great," cried the musical man, "and Heaven be praised for it!"

"Amen!" said the other two; "but, good Heavens! we have missed the dinner bell!"

#### CHAPTER VI.

In a fair and fertile valley, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England—where the first bursting of the buds is seen in *spring*—where no rigor of the seasons can ever be felt—where everything seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness, lived a loved and venerated clergyman with his only daughter.

He belonged to a most distinguished family, and had surrendered brilliant prospects to embrace the profession of his choice. And right nobly had he adorned it! And she—the companion of his late and early hours, his confidante, guide, almoner, consoler—was a young, fair, and innocent being, whose heart was a stranger to duplicity, and her tongue to guile.

His guide and consoler was she in the truest sense of the term. He was blind. While comforting in his dying moments an old and valued parishioner, Mr. Somerset had caught the infection; and the fever settling in his eyes, had deprived him of vision.

"I will be your curate," said the affectionate girl, when the old man, under the pressure of this calamity, talked of retiring altogether from duty. "The prayers, and psalms, and lessons you have long known by heart; and your addresses, as you call them, we all prefer to your written sermons. Pray, pray, accept of me as your curate, and make trial of my service in guiding and prompting you, ere you surrender your beloved charge to a stranger."

"It would break my heart to do so," said the old man faintly.

The experiment was made, and succeeded, and it was delightful to see that fair-haired, bright-eyed girl steady her father's tottering steps—prompting him in the service when his memory failed—guiding him to and from the sanctuary, and watching over him with the truest and tenderest affec-

tion—an affection which no wealth could purchase, and no remuneration repay, for it sprang from heartfelt and devoted attachment.

Satiated with pleasure and shattered in constitution, a stranger came to seek health in this sheltered spot. It was Desborough. Neither the youth, nor the beauty, nor the innocence of Edith availed her against the snares and sophistry of this unprincipled man. She fell—but under circumstances of the most unparalleled duplicity. She fell—the victim of the most tremendous perfidy and the dupe of the most carefully-veiled villainy. She fell—and was deserted! "Inopportune me no more as to marriage," was the closing remark of Vincent's last letter—"your own conduct has rendered that impossible." That declaration was her death-blow. She read it, and never looked up again. The springs of life seemed frozen within her; and without any apparent disease she faded gradually away.

"I am justly punished," was the remark of her heart-broken father when the dreadful secret was disclosed to him. "My idol is withdrawn from me! Ministering at *His* altar, nought should have been dear to me but *Him*! But lead me to her, I can yet bless her."

The parting interview between that parent and child will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The aged minister wept and prayed—and prayed and wept—over his parting child, with an earnestness and agony that "bowed the hearts of all who heard him like the heart of one man."

"Is there hope for me, father?" said the dying girl, "Can I—can I be forgiven? Will not—oh, will not our separation be eternal?"

"Though sin abounded," was the almost inarticulate reply, "grace did much more abound. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"We shall not be long parted," was his remark when those who watched around the dying bed told him he had no longer a daughter. "The summons has arrived; the last tie which bound me to earth is broken."

Acting upon this conviction, he commenced and completed the arrangements for the dis-

position of his little property with an earnestness and alacrity they could well understand, who had witnessed his blameless career.

The evening previous to that appointed for the funeral of his daughter, he said to those who had the management of it, "Grant the last, the closing request of your old pastor. Postpone the funeral for a few hours. I ask no more. A short delay, and one service and one grave will suffice for both."

His words were prophetic. The morrow's sun he never saw; and on the following Sunday, amid the tears of a bereaved people, father and daughter were calmly deposited in one common grave.

#### CHAPTER VII.

In the interim how had the world sped with Gervaise Rolleston? Bravely! He had become a thriving and a prosperous gentleman. There are two modes says an old writer, of obtaining distinction.—The eagle soars, the serpent climbs. The latter mode was the one adopted by Rolleston. He was an adroit flatterer; possessed the happy art of making those whom he addressed pleased with themselves; had a thorough knowledge of tact, and always said the right thing in the right place. All his acquaintance called him "a very rising young man." And for "a very rising young man," he held a most convenient creed. For to forget all benefits, and conceal the remembrance of all injuries, are maxims by which adventurers lose their honor but make their fortunes. In a happy hour he contrived to secure the acquaintance of Lord Meriden. His Lordship was an amiable, but moody, valetudinarian, who had no resources in himself and was entirely dependent on the good offices of others. Rolleston was the very man for him. He was a fair punster—told a good story—sung a capital song—played well at chess and billiards, and most unaccountably was always beaten at both—could read aloud by the hour together—and never took offence. To all these accomplishments natural and acquired, he added one most valuable qualification, which was in constant exercise—the most profound respect for Lord Meriden.—And how true it is that "we love those who admire us more than those whom we admire?"

Rolleston's advice, presence, and conversation became to Lord Meriden indispensable. And when ordered abroad, by those who foresaw that he would die under their hands if he remained at home, the sick nobleman's first care was that Rolleston should accompany him. He did so; and played his part so successfully, that "in remembrance of his disinterested attentions," Lord Meriden bequeathed to him the whole of his personal property.—His carriages, horses, plate, yacht, all were willed by the generous nobleman to his pliant favorite.—In the vessel which had thus become his own, Rolleston embarked for England. It was a proud moment for his aspiring spirit. He was returning to those shores an independent and opulent man, which he had quitted fifteen months before a pennyless adventurer. His family apprized of his good fortune, hurried down to Ryde to receive him on his arrival. They vied with each other in the length and ardor of their congratulations. By the way what extraordinary and overpowering affection is invariably evinced by all the members of a family towards that branch of it which unexpectedly attains wealth or distinction! The "Fair Queen" was telegraphed—was signalled—hove in sight—passed gallantly on—and all the Rollestons, great and small, pressed down to the pier to welcome this "dear, good, worthy, accomplished, and excellent young man."

At the very instant of nearing the pier, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, Rolleston was sent overboard. Some said that he was overbalanced by a sudden lurch of the vessel—others, that he was struck by the jib-boom. One staid and respectable spectator positively affirmed that he had observed a sailor, to whose wife, it seemed, Rolleston had, some months before, offered insult, rush violently against him, with the evident intention of injuring him; and this account, strange as it appeared, gained considerable credence. The fact, however, was indisputable. He struggled bravely for a few moments with the eddy that sweeps around the pier—then struck out boldly for the shore, waved his hand in recognition of his agonized family, who were almost within

speaking distance, and in a moment sunk to rise no more.

For many days his anguished mother lingered at Ryde, in the hope of rescuing the body from the deep; and large was the reward promised to those who should succeed in bringing her the perishing remains. So many days had elapsed in fruitless search, that hope was fading into despair, when one morning a lady in deep mourning inquired for Mrs. Rolleston. On being admitted to her presence,—

“I am the bearer,” said she, “of welcome intelligence: I have this morning discovered on the beach, at some distance, the body of your son, Gervaise Rolleston.”

“How know you that it is he?”

“I cannot be mistaken!”

“Are his features, then, familiar to you?”

“Familiar! I am the mother of Cyril Dormer!”

#### CHAPTER VIII.

It is painful to observe how soon the dead are forgotten. The tide of fashion, or business, or pleasure, rolls on—rapidly obliterates the memory of the departed—and sweeps away with it the attention of the mourner to the ruling folly of the hour.

“There pösey and love come not,

It is a world of stone;

The grave is bought—is closed—forgot,

And then life hurries on.”

Engrossed in the all important duty of securing the property which had been bequeathed to their son, and which, as he had left no will, their was some probability of their losing, the Rollestons had completely forgotten him by whose subservience it had been acquired. At length it occurred to them that some monument was due; or, at all events, that a headstone should be raised over him who slept beneath the yew tree in Brading churchyard; and directions were given accordingly. Their intentions had been anticipated. A head-stone had been erected—when or by whom no one could or cared to divulge. But there it was. It bore the simple inscription of the name of the departed—the day of his birth and the day of death; with this remarkable addition, in large and striking letters:—

“WITH THE SAME MEASURE THAT YE METE

WITHAL, IT SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU AGAIN.”

#### CHAPTER IX.

Some years after the circumstances detailed in the last chapter, a gentleman, in military undress, was descried riding slowly into the village of Beechbury. The size and architecture of the village church had apparently arrested his attention, and he drew bridle suddenly, to make inquiries of a peasant, who was returning from his daily toil.

“Ay! it’s a fine church, though I can’t say I troubles it very much myself,” was the reply. “There’s a *mort* of fine *munniments* in it beside. All Lord Somerset’s folks be buried there: and ’twas but last Martinmas that they brought here old parson Somerset and his daughter all the way from a churchyard t’other side Dartmoor, because you see they belonged to ’em: and these great folks choose to be altogether. It’s a grand vault they have! But here’s Moulder, the sexton, coming anent us, and he’ll tell us much and more than ye may care to hear.”

The name of Somerset seemed to jar harshly on the stranger’s ear; and dismounting hastily, he demanded of the sexton, “whether he could show him the interior of the church at that hour?”

“Certainly,” was the reply.—“Turn to the right, and I will overtake you with the keys before you reach the west door.”

The church was one of considerable magnitude and surpassing beauty. It was built in the form of a cross, and had formerly been the chapel of a wealthy monastic order suppressed at the period of the Reformation. Near the altar was a shrine, once the resort of pilgrims from every clime, from its enclosing a fragment of the true cross. You approached it by an isle which was literally a floor of tombstones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed. Mitres, and crosiers, and spears, and shields, and helmets were all mingled together—emblems of conquests, and honors, and dignities, which had long since passed away. The setting sun cast his mellow radiance through the richly painted western window, and tipped with living lustre many of the monuments

of the line of Somerset. Some of the figures were of the size of life, and finely sculptured. And as the restless and agitated stranger gazed on them, they seemed to reply to his questioning glance, and slowly murmur,—“All on earth is but for a period; joy and grief, triumph and desolation, succeed each other like cloud and sunshine! Care and sorrow, change and vicissitude, we have proved like thee. Fight the good fight of faith as we. Brave the combat, speed the race, and stem the storm of life; and in God's own good time thou, like us, shalt rest.”

“I wish,” said the stranger, when he had traversed the church, “to descend into the Somerset vault. It's a sickly, foolish fancy of mine; but I choose to gratify it. Which is the door?”

“Nay, that's no part of our bargain,” said the sexton doggedly; “you go not there.”

“I am not accustomed to refusals, when I state my wishes,” said the soldier fiercely and haughtily. “Lead the way old man!”

“Not for the Indies! It's as much as my place is worth. Our present rector is one of the most particular parsons that ever peered from a pulpit. He talks about the sanctity of the dead in a way that makes one stare. Besides it is the burial place of all his family.”

“The very reason for which I wish to see it.”

“Not with my will,” said Moulder, firmly. “Besides, there's nothing to see—nothing but lead coffins, on my life!”

“Here,” cried the stranger. And he placed a piece of gold on the sexton's trembling palm.

“I dare not, sir; indeed, I dare not,” said the latter entreatingly, as if he felt the temptation was more than he could resist.

“Another,” said his companion, and a second piece of the same potent metal glittered in the old man's grasp.

“Well,” said Moulder, drawing a long and heavy sigh, “if you must, you must! I would rather you wouldn't—I'm sure no good will come of it—but if you insist upon it, sir—if you insist upon it”—and slowly and reluctantly he unclosed the ponderous door which opened into the vault.

The burial place of the Somersets was large and imposing. It was evidently of antique construction and very considerable extent. Escutcheons, shields, hatchments, and helmets, were ranged around the walls, all referring to those who were calmly sleeping within its gloomy recesses, while coffins, pile upon pile, occupied the centre. One single window or spiracle of fifteen inches in diameter passed upwards, through the thick masonry, to the external air beyond, and one of those short massive pillars which we sometimes see in the crypts of very ancient churches, stood in the centre and supported the roof.

“Well, sir, you are about satisfied, I take it,” said the sexton, coaxingly, to his companion, after the latter had taken a long, minute, and silent survey of the scene around him.

“No! no!”

“Why how long would you wish to remain here?”

“At least an hour.”

“An hour! I can't, stay, sir, really I can't, all that time! And to leave the church, and, what's worse, the vault open—it's a thing not to be thought of! I cannot,—and, what's more, I will not.”

“Dotard! then lock me in I say! Do what you will. But leave me.”

“Leave you! Lock you in! And here! God bless you sir! You can't be aware”

“Leave me! leave me!” said the stranger impetuously; and he drew the door towards him as he spoke.

“What! would you be locked up and left alone with them dead Sam—?”

“Go—and release me in an hour.”

In amazement at the stranger's mien, air of command, courage, and choice, Moulder departed. “The Jolly Beggars” lay in his way home, and the door stood so invitingly open, and the sounds of mirth and good fellowship which thence issued were so attractive that he could not resist the temptation of washing away the cares of the day in a cool pint, were it only to drink the stranger's health.

This indulgence Moulder repeated so frequently as at length to lose all recollection

of the stranger, of the vault, and of his appointment, and it was only late on the morning of the following day, when the wife asked him "if he had come honestly by what was in his pocket?" that, in an agony, he remembered his prisoner.

Trembling in every limb, and apprehending he knew not what, he hurried to the church and unlocked the vault.

The spectacle which there awaited him haunted the old man to his dying day. The remains of the stranger were before him, but so marred—so mutilated—so disfigured—that no feature could be recognised even by the nearest relative.

Rats in thousands and in myriads had assailed him, and by his broken sword and the multitudes which lay dead around him, it was plain his resistance had been gallant and protracted. But it availed not. Little of him remained, and that little was in a state which it was painful for humanity to gaze upon.

Among the many who pressed forward to view the appalling spectacle was an elderly female much beloved in the village for her kindly, and gentle, and compassionate heart, and to her the sexton handed a small memorandum-book which had somehow or other escaped complete destruction.

Upon the papers it contained the old lady looked long and anxiously, and when she spoke, it was in accents of unusual emotion.

"These," she said, "are the remains of Colonel Vincent Desborough. May he meet with that mercy on High which on earth he refused to others!" The old lady paused and wept, and the villagers did homage to her grief by observing a respectful silence. They all knew and loved her. "This spectacle," she continued, "opens up fountains of grief which I thought were long since dry; but chiefly and mainly does it teach me that the measure we mete out to others is measured unto us again."

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EDUCATION.—A science succinctly summed up in the profound exhortation of the American philosopher,—“Rear up your lads sharp and true, like nails, and they'll not only go through this world, but you may clench 'em in the other.”

### GRACE MARKS.\*

About eight or nine years ago—I write from memory, and am not very certain as to dates—a young Irish emigrant girl was hired into the service of Captain Kinnear, an officer on half-pay, who had purchased a farm about thirty miles in the rear of Toronto; but the name of the township, and the county in which it was situated, I have forgotten; but this is of little consequence to my narrative. Both circumstances could be easily ascertained by the curious. The captain had been living for some time on very intimate terms with his housekeeper, a handsome young woman of the name of Hannah Montgomery, who had been his servant of all work. Her familiarity with her master, who, it appears, was a very fine-looking, gentlemanly person, had rendered her very impatient of her former menial employments, and she soon became virtually the mistress of the house. Grace Marks was hired to wait upon her, and perform all the coarse drudgery that Hannah considered herself too fine a lady to do.

While Hannah occupied the parlor with her master, and sat at his table, her insolent airs of superiority aroused the jealousy and envy of Grace Marks, and the man-servant, who considered themselves quite superior to their self-elected mistress. MacDermot was the son of respectable parents; but from being a wild, ungovernable boy, he became a bad vicious man, and early abandoned the parental roof to enlist for a soldier. He was soon tired of his new profession, and deserting from his regiment, escaped detection, and emigrated to Canada. Having no means of his own, he was glad to engage with Captain Kinnear as his servant, to whom his character and previous habits were unknown.

These circumstances, together with what follows, were drawn from his confession, made to Mr. Mac—ie, who had conducted his defence, the night previous to his execution. Perhaps it will be better to make him the narrator of his own story.

“Grace Marks was hired by Captain Kin-

\* From “Life in the Clearings *versus* the Bush,” by Mrs. Moodie, lately published by DeWitt and Davenport, New York, and for sale by Maclear and Co., Toronto.



near to wait upon his housekeeper, a few days after I entered his service. She was a pretty girl, and very smart about her work, but of a silent, sullen temper. It was very difficult to know when she was pleased. Her age did not exceed seventeen years. After the work of the day was over, she and I generally were left to ourselves in the kitchen, Hannah being entirely taken up with her master. Grace was very jealous of the difference made between her and the housekeeper, whom she hated, and to whom she was often very insolent and saucy. Her whole conversation to me was on this subject. 'What is she better than us?' she would say, 'that she is to be treated like a lady, and eat and drink of the best. She is not better born than we are, or better educated. I will not stay here to be domineered over by her. Either she or I must soon leave this.' Every little complaint Hannah made of me, was repeated to me with cruel exaggerations, till my dander was up, and I began to regard the unfortunate woman as our common enemy. The good looks of Grace had interested me in her cause; and though there was something about the girl that I could not exactly like, I had been a very lawless, dissipated fellow, and if a woman was young and pretty, I cared very little about her character. Grace was sullen, proud, and not very easily won over to my purpose; but in order to win her liking, if possible, I gave a ready ear to all her discontented repinings.

"One day Captain Kinnear went to Toronto, to draw his half-year's pay, and left word with Hannah that he would be back by noon the next day. She had made some complaint against us to him, and he had promised to pay us off on his return. This had come to the ears of Grace, and her hatred to the housekeeper was increased to a tenfold degree. I take heaven to witness, that I had no designs against the life of the unfortunate woman when my master left the house.

"Hannah went out in the afternoon, to visit some friends she had in the neighbourhood, and left Grace and I alone together. This was an opportunity too good to be lost, and instead of minding our work, we got re-

capitulating our fancied wrongs over some of the captain's whisky. I urged my suit to Grace: but she would not think of anything, or listen to anything, but the insults and injuries she had received from Hannah, and her burning thirst for revenge. 'Dear me,' said I, half in jest, 'if you hate her so much as all that, say but the word, and I will soon rid you of her for ever.'

"I had not the least idea that she would take me at my word. Her eyes flashed with a horrible light. 'You dare not do it,' she replied, with a scornful toss of her head.

"Dare not do what?"

"Kill that woman for me!' she whispered.

"You don't know what I are, or what I darn't do,' said I drawing back a little from her. 'If you will promise to run off with me afterwards, I will see what I can do with her.'

"I'll do anything you like; but you must first kill her.'

"You are not in earnest, Grace?"

"I mean what I say.'

"How shall we be able to accomplish it? She is away now, and she may not return before her master comes back.'

"Never doubt her. She will be back to see after the house, and that we are in no mischief.'

"She sleeps with you?"

"Not always. She will to-night.'

"I will wait till you are asleep, and then I will kill her with a blow of the axe on the head. It will be over in a minute. Which side of the bed does she lie on?"

"She always sleeps on the side nearest the wall, and she bolts the door the last thing before she puts out the light. But I will manage both these difficulties for you. I will pretend to have the toothache very bad, and will ask to sleep next to the wall to-night. She is kind to the sick, and will not refuse me; and after she is asleep, I will steal out at the foot of the bed, and unbolt the door. If you are true to your promise, you need not fear that I shall neglect mine.'

"I looked at her with astonishment. 'Good God,' thought I, 'can this be a woman? A pretty, soft-looking woman too—and a mere girl! What a heart she must have!' I felt

equally tempted to tell her she was a devil, and that I would have nothing to do with such a horrible piece of business; but she looked so handsome, that somehow or another I yielded to the temptation, though it was not without a struggle; for conscience loudly warned me not to injure one who had never injured me.

"Hannah came home to supper, and she was unusually agreeable, and took her tea with us in the kitchen, and laughed and chatted as merrily as possible. And Grace, in order to hide the wicked thoughts working in her mind, was very pleasant too, and they went laughing to bed, as if they were the best friends in the world.

"I sat by the kitchen fire after they were gone, with the axe between my knees, trying to harden my heart to commit the murder; but for a long time I could not bring myself to do it. I thought over all my past life. I had been a bad, disobedient son—a dishonest, wicked man; but I had never shed blood. I had often felt sorry for the error of my ways, and had even vowed amendment, and prayed God to forgive me, and make a better man of me for the time to come. And now, here I was, at the instigation of a young girl, contemplating the death of a fellow-creature, with whom I had been laughing and talking on apparently friendly terms a few minutes ago. Oh, it was dreadful, too dreadful to be true! and then I prayed God to remove the temptation from me, and to convince me of my sin. 'Ah, but,' whispered the devil, 'Grace Marks will laugh at you. She will twit you with your want of resolution, and say that she is the better man of the two.'

"I sprang up, and listened at their door, which opened into the kitchen. All was still. I tried the door; for the damnation of my soul, it was open. I had no need of a candle, the moon was at full; there was no curtain to their window, and it shone directly upon the bed, and I could see their features as plainly as by the light of day. Grace was either sleeping, or pretending to sleep—I think the latter, for there was a sort of fiendish smile upon her lips. The housekeeper had yielded to her request, and was lying with her head out over the bed clothes, in the best possible manner for receiving a

death-blow upon her temples. She had a sad, troubled look upon her handsome face; and once she moved her hand, and said 'Oh dear!' I wondered whether she was dreaming of any danger to herself and the man she loved. I raised the axe to give the death-blow; but my arm seemed held back by an invisible hand. It was the hand of God. I turned away from the bed, and left the room. I could not do it. I sat down by the embers of the fire, and cursed my own folly. I made a second attempt—a third—a fourth: yes, even to a ninth—and my purpose was each time defeated. God seemed to fight for the poor creature; and the last time I left the room I swore, with a great oath, that if she did not die till I killed her, she might live on till the day of judgment. I threw the axe on to the wood heap in the shed, and went to bed, and soon fell fast asleep.

"In the morning I was coming into the kitchen to light the fire, and met Grace Marks with the pails in her hand, going out to milk the cows. As she passed me, she gave me a poke with the pail in the ribs, and whispered with a sneer, 'Arn't you a coward?'

"As she uttered those words, the devil against whom I had fought all night, entered into my heart, and transformed me into a demon. All feelings of remorse and mercy forsook me from that instant, and darker and deeper plans of murder and theft flashed through my brain. 'Go and milk the cows,' said I with a bitter laugh, 'and you shall soon see whether I am the coward you take me for.' She went out to milk, and I went in to murder the unsuspecting housekeeper.

"I found her at the sink in the kitchen, washing her face in a tin basin. I had the fatal axe in my hand, and without pausing for an instant to change my mind—for had I stopped to think, she would have been lying to this day—I struck her a heavy blow on the back of the head with my axe. She fell to the ground at my feet without uttering a word; and opening the trap-door that led from the kitchen into a cellar where we kept potatoes and other stores, I hurled her down, closed the door, and wiped away the perspiration that was streaming down my face. I then looked at the axe and laughed. 'Yes, I have tasted blood now, and this

murder will not be the last. Grace Marks, you have raised the devil—take care of yourself now.’

“She came in with her pails, looking as innocent and demure as the milk they contained. She turned pale when her eye met mine. I have no doubt but that I looked the fiend her taunt had made me.

“‘Where’s Hannah?’ she asked, in a faint voice.

“‘Dead!’ said I. ‘What, are you turned eoward now?’

“‘MacDermot, you look dreadful. I am afraid of *you*, not of her.’

“‘Aha, my girl, you should have thought of that before. The hound that laps blood once will lap again. You have taught me how to kill, and I don’t care who or how many I kill now. When Kinnear comes home I will put a ball through his brain, and send him to keep company below with the housekeeper.’

“She put down the pails—she sprang towards me, and clinging to my arm, exclaimed in frantic tones—

“‘You won’t kill him?’

“‘By —, I will; why should he escape more than Hannah? And hark you, girl, if you dare to breathe a word to any one of my intention, or tell to any one, by word or sign, what I have done, I’ll kill you.’

“She trembled like a leaf. Yes, that young demon trembled. ‘Don’t kill me,’ she whined, ‘don’t kill me, MacDermot! I swear that I will not betray you; and oh, don’t kill him!’

“‘And why the devil do you want me to spare him!’

“‘He is so handsome.’

“‘Pshaw!’

“‘So good-natured.’

“‘Especially to you. Come, Grace, no nonsense. If I had thought that you were jealous of your master and Hannah, I would have been the last man on earth to have killed her. You belong to me now; and though I believe the devil has given me a bad bargain in you, yet, such as you are, I will stand by you. And now, strike a light, and follow me into the cellar. You must help me to put Hannah out of sight.’

“She never shed a tear, but she looked

dogged and sullen, and did as I bid her.

“That cellar presented a dreadful spectacle. I can hardly bear to recall it now; but then, when my hands were still red with her blood, it was doubly terrible. Hannah Montgomery was not dead, as I had thought; the blow had only stunned her. She had partially recovered her senses, and was kneeling on one knee as we descended the ladder with the light. I don’t know if she heard us, for she must have been blinded with the blood that was flowing down her face; but she certainly heard us, and raised her clasped hands, as if to implore mercy.

“I turned to Grace. The expression of her livid face was even more dreadful than that of the unfortunate woman. She uttered no cry, but she put her hand to her head, and said—

“‘God has damned me for this.’

“‘Then you have nothing more to fear,’ says I. ‘Give me that handkerchief off your neck.’ She gave it without a word. I threw myself upon the body of the housekeeper, and planting my knee on her breast, I tied the handkerchief round her throat in a single tie, giving Grace one end to hold, while I drew the other tight enough to finish my terrible work. Her eyes literally started from her head, she gave one groan, and all was over. I then cut the body in four pieces, and turned a large wash-tub over them.

“‘Now, Grace, you may come up and get my breakfast.’

“‘Yes, Mr. M—. You will not perhaps believe me, yet I assure you that we went up stairs and ate a good breakfast; and I laughed with Grace at the consternation the Captain would be in when he found that Hannah was absent.

“During the morning a pedlar called, who travelled the country with second-hand articles of clothing, taking farm produce in exchange for his wares. I bought of him two good linen-breasted shirts, which had been stolen from some gentleman by his housekeeper. While I was chatting with the pedlar, I remarked that Grace had left the house, and I saw her through the kitchen window talking to a young lad by the well, who often came across to borrow an old gun from my master, to shoot ducks. I called

her to come in, which she appeared to me to do very reluctantly. I felt that I was in her power, and I was horribly afraid of her betraying me in order to save her own and the captain's life. I now hated her from my very soul, and could have killed her without the least pity or remorse.

"What do you want, MacDermot?" she said sullenly.

"I want you. I dare not trust you out of my sight. I know what you are,—you are plotting mischief against me: but if you betray me I will be revenged, if I have to follow you to — for that purpose."

"Why do you doubt my word, MacDermot? Do you think I want to hang myself?"

"No, not yourself, but me. You are too bad to be trusted. What were you saying just now to that boy?"

"I told him that the captain was not at home, and I dared not lend him the gun."

"You were right the gun will be wanted at home."

She shuddered and turned away. It seems that she had had enough of blood, and showed some feeling at last. I kept my eye upon her, and would not suffer her for a moment out of my sight.

"At noon the captain drove into the yard and I went out to take the horse. Before he had time to alight, he asked for Hannah. I told him that she was out,—that she went off the day before, and had not returned, but that we expected her in every minute.

"He was very much annoyed, and said that she had no business to leave the house during his absence,—that he would give her a good rating when she came home.

"Grace asked if she would get his breakfast?"

"He said, 'He wanted none. He would wait till Hannah came back, and then he would take a cup of coffee.'

"He then went into the parlour; and throwing himself upon the sofa, commenced reading a magazine he had brought with him from Toronto.

"I thought he would miss the young lady," said Grace. "He has no idea how close she is to him at this moment. I wonder why I could not make him as good a cup of coffee as Hannah. I have often made it

for him when he did not know it. But what is sweet from her hand would be poison from mine. But I have had my revenge!"

"Dinner time came, and out came the captain to the kitchen, book in hand.

"Isn't Hannah back yet?"

"No, Sir,"

"It's strange. Which way did she go?"

"She did not tell us where she was going; but that, as you were out, it would be a good opportunity of visiting an old friend."

"When did she say she would be back?"

"We expected her last night," said Grace.

"Something must have happened to the girl, MacDermot," turning to me. "Put the saddle on my riding horse. I will go among the neighbours, and inquire if they have seen her."

"Grace exchanged glances with me.

"Will you not stay till after dinner, Sir?"

"I don't care," he cried impatiently, "a — for dinner, I feel too uneasy about the girl to eat. MacDermot, be quick and saddie Charley; and you, Grace, come and tell me when he is at the door."

"He went back into the parlour, and put on his riding-coat; and I went into the harness house, not to obey his orders, but to plan his destruction.

"I perceived that it was more difficult to conceal a murder than I had imagined; that the inquiries he was about to make would arouse suspicion among the neighbours, and finally lead to a discovery. The only way to prevent this was to murder him, take what money he had brought with him from Toronto, and be off with Grace to the States. Whatever repugnance I might have felt at the commission of this fresh crime, was drowned in the selfish necessity of self-preservation. My plans were soon matured; and I hastened to put them in a proper train.

"I first loaded the old duck gun with ball, and putting it behind the door of the harness house, I went into the parlour. I found the captain lying on the sofa reading, his hat and gloves beside him on the table. He started up as I entered.

"Is the horse ready?"

"Not yet, Sir. Some person has been

in during the night, and cut your new English saddle almost to pieces. I wish you would step out and look at it. I cannot put it on Charley in its present state.'

"Don't bother me," he cried angrily; "it is in your charge,—you are answerable for that. Who the devil would think it worth their while to break into the harness-house to cut a saddle when they could have carried it off entirely? Let me have none of your tricks, Sir! You must have done it yourself!"

"That is not very likely, Captain Kinneer. At any rate, it would be a satisfaction to me if you would come and look at it."

"I'm in too great a hurry. Put on the old one."

"I still held the door in my hand. 'It's only a step from here to the harness-house.'

"He rose reluctantly, and followed me into the kitchen. The harness-house formed part of a lean-to off the kitchen, and you went down two steps into it. He went on before me, and as he descended the steps, I clutched the gun I had left behind the door, took my aim between the shoulders, and shot him through the heart. He staggered forward and fell, exclaiming as he did so, 'O God, I am shot!'

"In a few minutes he was lying in the cellar, beside our other victim. Very little blood flowed from the wound; he bled internally. He had a very fine shirt; and after rifling his person, and possessing myself of his pocket-book I took off his shirt, and put on the one I had bought of the pedlar."

"Then," cried Mr. Mac—ie, to whom this confession was made, "that was how the pedlar was supposed to have a hand in the murder. That circumstance confused the evidence, and nearly saved your life."

"It was just as I have told you," said MacDermot.

"And tell me, MacDermot, the reason of another circumstance that puzzled the whole court. How came that magazine, which was found in the housekeeper's bed saturated with blood, in that place, and so far from the spot where the murder was committed?"

"That, too, is easily explained, though it was such a riddle to you gentlemen of the

law. When the captain came out to look at the saddle, he had the book open in his hand. When he was shot, he clapped the book to his breast with both his hands. Almost all the blood that flowed from it was caught in that book. It required some force on my part to take it from his grasp after he was dead. Not knowing what to do with it, I flung it into the housekeeper's bed. While I harnessed the riding-horse into his new buggy, Grace collected all the valuables in the house. You know, Sir, that we got safe on board the steamer at Toronto; but owing to an unfortunate delay, we were apprehended, sent to jail, and condemned to die.

"Grace you tell me, has been reprieved, and her sentence commuted into confinement in the Penitentiary for life. This seems very unjust to me, for she is certainly more criminal than I am. If she had not instigated me to commit the murder, it never would have been done. But the priest tells me that I shall not be hung, and not to make myself uneasy on that score."

"MacDermot," said Mr. Mac—ie, "it is useless to flatter you with false hopes. You will suffer the execution of your sentence to-morrow, at eight o'clock, in front of the jail. I have seen the order sent by the governor to the sheriff, and that was my reason for visiting you to-night. I was not satisfied in my own mind of your guilt. What you have told me has greatly relieved my mind: and I must add, if ever man deserved his sentence, you do yours."

"When this unhappy man was really convinced that I was in earnest—that he must pay with his life the penalty of his crime," continued Mr. Mac—ie, "his abject cowardice and the mental agonies he endured were too terrible to witness. He dashed himself on the floor of his cell, and shrieked and raved like a maniac, declaring that he could not, and would not die; that the law had no right to murder a man's soul as well as his body, by giving no time for repentance; that if he was hung like a dog, Grace Marks, in justice, ought to share his fate. Finding that all I could say to him had no effect in producing a better frame of mind, I called in the chaplain and left the sinner to his fate..

"A few months ago I visited the Penitentiary; and as my pleading had been the means of saving Grace from the same doom, I naturally felt interested in her present state. I was permitted to see and speak to her and Mrs. M——. I never shall forget the painful feelings I experienced in this interview. She had been five years in the Penitentiary, but still retained a remarkably youthful appearance. The sullen assurance that had formerly marked her countenance, had given place to a sad and humbled expression. She had lost much of her former good looks, and seldom raised her eyes from the ground.

"'Well, Grace,' I said, 'how is it with you now?'"

"'Bad enough she answered with a sigh; 'I ought to feel grateful to you for all the trouble you took on my account. I thought you my friend then, but you were the worst enemy I ever had in my life.'

"'How is that, Grace?'"

"'Oh, Sir, it would have been better for me to have died with MacDermot than to have suffered for years, as I have done, the torments of the damned. Oh, Sir, my misery is too great for words to describe! I would gladly submit to the most painful death, if I thought that it would put an end to the pangs I daily endure. But though I have repented of my wickedness with bitter tears, it has pleased God that I should never again know a moment's peace. Since I helped MacDermot to strangle Hannah Montgomery, her terrible face and those horrible bloodshot eyes have never left me for a moment. They glare upon me by night and day, and when I close my eyes in despair, I see them looking into my soul—it is impossible to shut them out. If I am at work, in a few minutes that dreadful head is in my lap. If I look up to get rid of it, I see it in the far corner of the room. At dinner, it is in my plate, or grinning between the persons who sit opposite to me at table. Every object that meets my sight takes the same dreadful form; and at night—at night—in the silence and loneliness of my cell, those blazing eyes make my prison as light as day. No, not as day—they have a terribly hot glare, that has not the appearance of anything in this world. And when I sleep,

that face just hovers about my own, its eyes just opposite to mine; so that when I awake with a shriek of agony, I find them there. Oh! this is hell, Sir,—These are the torments of the damned! Were I in that fiery place, my punishment could not be greater than this.'

"The poor creature turned away, and I left her, for who could say a word of comfort to such grief? it was a matter solely between her own conscience and God."

Having heard this terrible narrative, I was very anxious to behold this unhappy victim of remorse. She passed me on the stairs as I proceeded to the part of the building where the woman was kept; but on perceiving a stranger, she turned her head away, so that I could not get a glimpse of her face.

Having made known my wishes to the matron, she very kindly called her in to perform some trifling duty in the ward, so that I might have an opportunity of seeing her. She is a middle-sized woman, with a slight graceful figure. There is an air of hopeless melancholy in her face which is very painful to contemplate. Her complexion is fair, and must, before the touch of hopeless sorrow paled it, have been very brilliant. Her eyes are a bright blue, her hair auburn, and her face would be rather handsome were it not for the long curved chin, which gives, as it always does to most persons who have this facial defect, a cunning cruel expression.

Grace Marks glances at you with a side-long, stealthy look; her eye never meets yours, and after a furtive regard, it invariably bends its gaze upon the ground. She looks like a person rather above her humble station, and her conduct during her stay in the Penitentiary was so unexceptionable, that a petition was signed by all the influential gentlemen in Kingston, which released her from her long imprisonment. She entered the service of the governor of the Penitentiary, but the fearful hauntings of her brain have terminated in madness. She is now in the asylum at Toronto; and as I mean to visit it when there, I may chance to see this remarkable criminal again. Let us hope that all her previous guilt may be attributed to the incipient workings of this frightful malady.



## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SIEDERUNT XXX.

[*Major, Laird, Doctor.*]

MAJOR.—How time does fly to be sure! Why it seems but yesterday since Mrs. Grundy placed, with pious hands, an offering of the first flowers of summer upon the round table of our Shanty—and lo! sleety Boreas, is, with croupy voice, proclaiming the advent of merry Christmas!

LAIRD.—Do ye ken, Crabtree, that I hae strong doubts, how far the aforesaid Christmas can lay any just claim to the appellation o' merry!

DOCTOR.—Spoken like a sour Westland Whig! Jove pity the May-poles that would come in the way of your ascetic tomahawk!

LAIRD.—Ye clean mistake my meaning, auld blaw-the-coal! Frae my bairn-hood upwards, I hae had as keen a relish for the festivities o' that festal season, as ever was manifested by the maist thorough going cavalier wha' ever swore by mince-pies and hot-cross-buns! Na! na! Catch Bonnie Braes, elder though he be, uplifting his parable against sic harmless jocosities!

MAJOR.—I must say, Laird, that your criticism upon the word "merry" fairly made you obnoxious to the comment of our medical friend.

LAIRD.—There are some folk that are ay in an unco hurry to jump to a conclusion—as smuggler Tam o' Camlachie said, when the

gauger fell down an auld coal pit, as he was hunting for a still! If ye had waited for a blink, ye would hae seen that I had something in my mind's 'ee, widely different frae what ye supposed.

MAJOR.—Pray now illuminate our tenebrosity.

LAIRD.—Heeh, sirs! that's a lang nebbit word, but let it be a pass-over! The reason why the Christmas season has to me a gloomy and glunchin savour, is the indiscreet line o' conduct which lucksters then think proper to pursue!

DOCTOR.—Explain yourself!

LAIRD.—Haud your peace then! As example is better than precept, I shall gie you a practical illustration o' my meaning. About the middle o' last December, I had laid mysel' oot to write a handfu' o' sangs and ballads for oor gossip the Mus. Bac. Anxious that naething should scunner awa' the coy muse, I had made every exertion to keep mysel' free frae worry and fash. My pickle o' wheat was garnered and threshed. My when tawties were dug and pitted. Sentence o' death had been executed upon the pigs which were predestined for the winter's sustentation. To mak' a lang story short, I was, as I fondly imagined, free frae a' worldly cark and care, and ready to string rhymes together, like sae mony rizzered haddies!

DOCTOR.—What had all this to do with Christmas?

LAIRD.—Hae patience! Hardly had I got to the middle o' my first piece—it was an ode in praise o' pease-meal bannocks—when, bang! a rap comes to the door, and in there enters Miss Samantha Smallstitch, craving payment o' Girzy's millinery and manty-making bill! It amounted, I can tell you to a braw roond sum, and as the damsel was pressing I had to liquidate it upon the nail. Misfortunes, they say, never come singly, and of a verity the truth o' the adage was verified in my case. Frae that day up to the new year, Bonnie Braes was constantly beset wi' duns, crying, like the horse leech, “give! give!” Accounts for tea, sugar, eatables, and drinkables o' a' descriptions. Accounts for boots and shoes, made and mended—accounts for coats and breeks—accounts for everything that the imagination o' man could conceive o'! My purse got as dry as a lang winded sermon in the dog days, and my temper short as General Tam Thoom!

DOCTOR.—And your canticle in laudation o' the farinaceous food?

LAIRD.—Dinna speak o't! I stuck fast in the middle o' the second stanza, like the honest man Christian in the Slough o' Despond, and Girzy got the abortion to curl her hair wi'!

MAJOR.—I now see whence it eventuateth that Christmas cometh to you with a frown instead of a smile!

LAIRD.—If shop-keepers and mechanicals had the slightest spark o' philanthropy, they would select some other season for the rendering o' their claims. It is a burning and crying shame for them to mak' gloomy, a season intended to be lightsome and cheery! Oh! if I were the Grand Turk for a year I would reform the iniquity wi' a vengeance!

MAJOR.—As how?

LAIRD.—I would nail the lug o' every siller-craver, to the gallows!

DOCTOR.—Alas! for all dealers and chapmen if ever the day should come when the cry would be—“*Allah is great, and Bonnie Braes is his prophet!*”

MAJOR.—I must confess that there is a glimmering of justice in the strictures of our agricultural confrere. The commercial year might just as well commence in March as in January.

DOCTOR.—At all events I would vote that the rendering of a Christmas bill, to a member of the Republic of Letters, should be made felony, without benefit of clergy! I wish that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

would take up the matter! If that worshipful association would distribute a cheap engraving of Hogarth's “*Distressed Poet*,” much might be done to accomplish the desired result!

LAIRD.—I second the motion wi' a' my heart and soul! Nae homily could be half so impressive as that incomparable delineation o' genius under a cloud! Instinct tells ye that the randy dairy woman has selected the festive season o' the closing year to torture the hapless bard wi' her lang score for sweet and kirk milk!

MAJOR.—Enough, at present, of the “calamities of authors,” let us call a new cause. Here is Elihu Burritt's *Thoughts and Things At Home and Abroad*, with a memoir by Mary Howitt.

DOCTOR.—How does the transcendental quakeress handle the learned blacksmith?

MAJOR.—With much less froth and flummery than might have been anticipated. Of course there is a good deal of bounce and bunkum about “Universal Brotherhood,” and the “League of Peace,” but in general, Mary contents herself with simply narrating Elihu's struggles up the “Hill Difficulty,” of knowledge.

DOCTOR.—In that case the biography must be interesting.

MAJOR.—It is so, in a very high degree. In fact, I have perused no chronicle, of a cognate description, which is more replete with appetizing and instructive matter. If I could realize the Laird's aspiration, and become the Grand Porte for a *bittock*, I would place it in the hands of every apprentice and journeyman within the bounds of my jurisdiction. Burritt's example demonstrates that the condition of these classes is by no means unfavourable to the acquisition of learning. As Mrs. Howitt observes, “such have no cares on their minds, beyond the faithful performance of their day's work; this once done leaves the mind free for the pursuit of knowledge. Such as these, spite of indentures and engagements are their own masters.”

LAIRD.—There is some truth in that, but after a' it canna' be denied that the pursuits o' the working classes have na' an inevitable tendency to improve or foster the intellectual qualities. Robin Burns was a ploughman, and my hired man Bauldy Stott is a ploughman, but for ae Robin ye will meet with ten thousand Bauldies! If the root o' the



matter be there, it will manifest itself, in spite o' a' opposition, but if it be lacking, the mechanic will be just as great a sample as the thick-headed bed-chamber Lord!

MAJOR.—True for you Bonnie Braes! In ancient times all intellectual honours were confined to the aristocracy, and it was with no small exertion that a poacher and player like Shakespeare, could establish a reputation, as a member of the "divine brotherhood." Now a days, when the democratic element is more potent, a "delver," who can write his maternal tongue with common decency, is almost certain of being translated into a *lion*! Truth is to be found, as it always is, in the *via media*! Genius is neither confined to the man with the coat of arms, or the man with no coat at all!

LAIRD.—I say *ditto* to that!

DOCTOR.—Does Mrs. Howitt go much into detail, touching the blacksmith's strivings after *gumption*?

MAJOR.—She does, and very stirring often is the narrative. Difficulties which would have crushed weaker brains into idiocy, in a month, seem to have acted only as gentle stimulants to this iron son of Adam! Permit me to read you a record of one of Elihu's weeks. Forget not that it was one of his *working* weeks, in the most unqualified sense of that expression.

"Monday, June 18, headache; forty pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-four pages French, eleven hours forging. Tuesday, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages Cuvier's Theory, eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours forging. Wednesday, twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of astronomy, eleven hours forging. Thursday, fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight ditto Syriac, eleven hours forging. Friday, unwell; twelve hours forging. Saturday, unwell; fifty pages natural Philosophy, ten hours forging. Sunday, lesson for Bible Class."

DOCTOR.—Now, Crabtree, let me put it to your own judgment, Tory as you are (nore's the pity), whether the passage which you have just read does not make you recant your aristocratic errors?

MAJOR.—Pray expound your meaning.

DOCTOR.—Look at the amount of mental labours which this glorious blacksmith underwent, in addition to his daily task of "forging," and then tell me whether he is not entitled to a higher *stance* upon the intellectual platform

than the gentleman who does as much *without* the aforesaid forging?

LAIRD.—Let me answer the question, Crabtree!

MAJOR.—*Perge*!

LAIRD.—Yes. I'll purge the auld body-snatcher o' his error! Listen to me, Sangrado. I will suppose the case that Elihu Burritt, instead o' a journeyman blacksmith, had been born a rich gentleman's son. He grows up wi' a' his native yearnings after knowledge, and strives to master Hebrew, and Sanscrit, and French, and Danish, and Cuvier's Theory, and what not! *Vera weel*! It is true that he hasna to work at the forge; but then has he nae other temptations equally potent? To be sure he has. What do you say to horse-races, games at the cartes or dice, balls, plays, and set dinners? I tell you what, Sangrado; the honest, hard-working blacksmith, if he has only the *stuff* in his noddle, is in a better position for the development o' his powers than the pair lad wha has to strive and struggle against the conventionalities o' fashion and high life.

DOCTOR.—There is something in what you say!

LAIRD.—There's a great deal in what I say! And if Lord Brougham ever writes a second part to his book entitled *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, he will draw his examples frae the higher, instead o' the lower classes!

DOCTOR.—Pray, Crabtree, favour us with an extract from Elihu's volume. I am not very familiar with his style.

MAJOR.—Here is a passage from a paper entitled *The Time and Temple of Peace*. It relates to the Hyde Park Crystal Palace:—

Then there is another generous admission in the language of Lord Palmerston, in his recent speech on Mr. Cobden's Peace motion. He says:—"We have now, I may say, converted this country into a Temple of Peace of the whole world." It is something hopeful when a statesman in his position, speaking for a great Government, or for himself, is disposed to say *we*, with the workers in a great cause. Nothing is more patent to the world, in connection with this Great Exhibition, than the fact, that it did not originate in the British Parliament, but was an undertaking of individual enterprise. Neither was it a sudden and brilliant conception, bowled in among the events of the age, like an unpredicted comet. It came in its due time and order, in the right line of succession of great ideas. The still small voices that uttered thoughts of peace and human brotherhood among the people, whether they would hear or forbear; the men of faith, who stood up and

took twenty years of the world's ridicule for the sowing of these principles; the harmless enthusiasts who persevered in the enunciation of these doctrines against satire keen and bitter; these prepared the way, and hastened the coming of this event. The friendly and fraternal addresses from the towns of England to the towns of the United States and France; the international visits which succeeded; then the great congresses of the friends of peace, of different nations; these have done their work in bringing in this grand consummation of the influences they set in motion. The achievement is made to occupy time, as well as to include a vast range of co-operation, by the language of Lord Palmerston. "We have *now* converted this country into a Temple of Peace." *Now*, after so long a time, after so many years of labour in changing the habits and disposition of the country, "we have converted it into the Temple of Peace of the whole world." Looking at the long educational process by which this change has been effected; tracing back the august demonstration to the tributaries of public sentiment which produced it, we cannot think it is too much to regard the Peace Congress as the parent, and not the parasite of the Great Exhibition.

LAIRD.—Hech, sirs! to see how clever folk can be carried awa' wi' a bee in the bannet! Here is honest Elihu cracking and blawing as if the last sword was turned into a ploughshare, and the ultimate spear into a pruning-hook! Puir body! I wonder what he thinks o' the stramash that is ganging on in the Crimea?

DOCTOR.—War is a plant too deeply rooted in the soil of this evil world, to be weeded out by a junta of benevolent but flatulent enthusiasts!

MAJOR.—An inspired Apostle puts the question—"From whence come wars and fightings among you?" And what is the answer which he returns to the interrogation? "Come they not hence, even of your lusts, that war in your members!" What unadulterated childishness; then, to imagine that universal peace can ever prevail, so long as sinful lusts riot in men's members! Alas! if the human race could be woven into one web of brotherhood by deputations of free-trading Quakers, or by the erection of glass toy-shops, the task would be easy indeed! The Bible, however, encourages us to draw no such Utopian conclusions, and the experience of every-day life demonstrates that they are baby-houses built on the ever-shifting sand! Why, the Russian Czar was one of the most hearty exhibitors in the "Temple of Peace," and bravely is he now acting out the lessons which he there acquired!

DOCTOR.—I should like a specimen of the blacksmith's natural and unspeculative writing.

MAJOR.—What do you think of t'is one?

"BURY ME IN THE GARDEN."

There was sorrow there, and tears were in every eye; and there were low, half-suppressed sobbings heard from every corner of the room; but the little sufferer was still; its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearnings of parental love, with one arm under its pillow, and with the other, unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer and closer to her bosom. Poor thing! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field; and while he was there engaged in his labor, it had patted around among the meadow flowers, and had stuck its bosom full, and all its burnished tresses, with carmine and lily-tinted things; and returning tired to its father's side, he had lifted it upon the loaded cart; but a stone in the road had shaken it from its seat, and the ponderous iron-firm wheels had ground it down into the very cart-path, and the little crushed creature was dying.

We had all gathered up closely to its bedside, and were hanging over the young bruised thing, to see if it yet breathed, when a slight movement came over its lips, and its eyes partly opened. There was no voice, but there was something beneath its eyelids, which a mother alone could interpret. Its lips trembled again, and we all held our breath—its eyes opened a little further, and then we heard the departing spirit whisper in that ear which touched those ashy lips:—"Mother! mother! don't let them carry me away down to the dark, cold graveyard, but bury me in the garden, in the garden, mother!"

A little sister, whose eyes were raining down with the meltings of her heart, had crept up to the bedside, and taking the hand of the dying girl, sobbed aloud in its ears—"Julia! Julia! can't you speak to Antoinette?"

The last fluttering pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that little spirit to utter one more wish and word of affection; its soul was on its lips, as it whispered again—"Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the —" and a quivering came over its limbs—one feeble struggle, and all was still.

DOCTOR.—There is a twang of true pathos there, which no one can mistake.

LAIRD.—Eh, man, but that's bonnie! Barritt, wi' a' his peace havers, must be nae sma' drink! I'll tak' hame the buik for the sake o' that very story. Girzy is unco tender-hearted, and likes brawly to sob an' greet o'er dead weans!

MAJOR.—Here is another little morsel, very simple indeed, but exhibiting much fine taste and sound feeling:—

## GOD'S BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

Among the books that will be opened when God shall reckon with the universe, one will be produced filled with costlier records than the common transactions of time. In that precious volume—that “book of remembrance written before him for those that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name!”—how many little acts of the humblest saint, which the world never knew or noticed, will appear in golden capitals. How many forgotten words and looks of kindness, which dropped a healing anodyne into some broken heart, will there be shown the child of God, who fain would ask, *When did I this?* How brightly in those leaves of pearl will glow that pellucid jewel which fell from the eye of him who gave all he had to give—a tear for another's woe! And the poor widow's mite—what a bright record shall be made of that, and of the midnight prayers she made for those pinched with sterner wants than hers! What a page in that heavenly Album will be given to him who gave a cup of cold water to a disciple of the Lamb, with a heart big enough to have given the world! There will be shown the *tableaux vivants* of prison scenes, and sick and dying bed scenes, where eyes with a heaven full of love in them, and hearts big with the immortal sympathy of God, ministered to the sick stranger and him that was ready to perish. In that Souvenir of Eternity will be preserved charities of celestial water that never found a record or remembrance on earth.

DOCTOR.—Exceedingly juicy is the following circular, recently issued by a slave-dealer of New Orleans, which I cut out from the *Tribune*, and have preserved *pro bono publico*—

“New Orleans, Oct. 24, 1854.

“GENTLEMEN,—The undersigned begs leave to inform you that he is still keeping his slave depot at his old stand, No. 157, Common Street, and has been at very great expense to enable him to conduct the business in a proper and *Strictly Moral* manner, hoping thereby to receive a liberal share of patronage. His stand is a good one, and the location healthy, and only requires to be known (the subscriber flatters himself) to render it a profitable one, both to himself and his patrons.

“He will generally have a large and likely lot of negroes on sale, and should you or your friends wish to purchase, he will be pleased to have you call and examine them. He sells either for cash or city acceptance.

“Should you have any negroes consigned to you, he will board and sell them on very accommodating terms, and feels confident that he can give entire satisfaction.

“He embraces this opportunity of returning his most sincere thanks to those friends who have heretofore so liberally patronised him, and will spare no pains to merit its continuance.

“Very respectfully your obedient servant,

“THOMAS FOSTER.”

MAJOR.—Well! well! that indeed beats cock-fighting, or rooster duels, as modest Jonathan

hath it! There is something pestilently rich in the idea of a luxter of men's souls and bodies conducting his infernal business in a STRICTLY MORAL manner! We shall next be hearing of humane murderers and strictly honest pick-pockets!

LAIRD.—Tummas Foster's advertceezement puts me in mind o' a story o' auld Bailie John Peaced o' Glasgow. One day, when the Bailie was presiding in the Police Court, a limmer was put at the bar, charged wi' keepin' a house o' bad fame. The evidence showed that the said house was a perfect sink o' iniquity, and that the mistress thereof might hae some equals, but certainly nae superiors in shameless sin. “Woman! woman!” exclaimed honest Peaced, when sentencing the delinquent to Bridewell, “I wonder you can look me in the face! You are a pest to society, and a disgrace to your profession!”

DOCTOR.—Talking of Bridewell, here is a work which is especially calculated to keep that establishment replenished with inmates.

MAJOR.—What call you the affair?

DOCTOR.—*The Ride for Life, or Claude in Jeopardy*. It sets forth the “daring exploits” of that notorious gang of highwaymen, Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, and Sixteen-String Jack, and though boasting but a slender amount of literary ability, exhibits “life on the road” in very captivating colours.

LAIRD.—Abominations o' that description do a mint o' harm, and should be put down by the strong arm o' the law. The first time I am on the Grand Jury, I will tak' order that they are presented in due form.

MAJOR.—By so doing you will play the part of a Christian patriot; and there is the greater necessity for something 'eing done in the premises seeing that the trade of “stand and deliver” is becoming calamitously rife in Canada West. The highway criminalities perpetrated in the Upper Province, during the last few months, would almost furnish material for an additional volume of the *Newgate Calendar*. Every one who has studied human nature, in the most cursory manner, must be convinced that the class of fictions we are considering, have a direct tendency to inflame unsteady and romantic young men with a brigandish *furor*. Even I myself have often been carried away, for the moment, by a sympathetic feeling for the gallows birds who flourish in these stories!

LAIRD.—I think I see you presenting a black puddin' at the head o' Cadi Gurnett, on a dark night, and demanding his purse or life! Confound me if it would be a bad joke! I would wager a plack to a bawbee, that the Cadi would send out his *Ferashes* next morning, to sweep the booksellers' shops clean o' their stock o' *The Ride for Life*, and sic like clatty productions! There is naething like trampling on a magistrate's corny tae, if ye want him to look gleg!

DOCTOR.—Have you read Alexander Dumas' new romance, *Emanuel Phillibert*?

MAJOR.—I have, and with no small degree of pleasure.

LAIRD.—And wha was Emanuel if it be a fair question?

MAJOR.—He was nephew of the Emperor Charles V., by his mother, Beatrice of Portugal, and cousin to Francis I., of France.

DOCTOR.—Is it a historical tale?

MAJOR.—It is. The writer gives a vivid and most graphic sketch of the European wars of the sixteenth century, and introduces life-like portraits of the leading actors in that grand and stirring series of dramas.

LAIRD.—What a tough brain Sandy Dumas must hae! According to a' ordinary calculation it should hae been as saft by this time as a mess o' champit potatoes!

MAJOR.—The present work exhibits not the slightest inkling of such a catastrophe. On the contrary, it is superior to many of his earlier productions. Never in his freshest times did Dumas engender anything more artistic than the account of the tournament at Paris, in which Francis I. received his death wound. Sir Walter Scott could not have done more justice to the theme.

LAIRD.—I was sorry that I could na get to Toronto, when that Yankee lad Bayard Taylor was holding forth. Oor dominic, Maister O'Squeel, speaks in high terms o' his capabilities as a lecturer.

MAJOR.—The learned gentleman was fully justified in pronouncing such a verdict. Taylor is a man who has seen much, and observed intelligently.

LAIRD.—That's the root o' the matter! There noo, if I was to send Bauldie Stott, staff in hand to visit the four quarters o' the globe, the creature would be able to tell ye naething on his return, except as to the places where the best drink was to be got!

DOCTOR.—As a correspondent Taylor has few superiors. He possesses the happy knack of fixing at once upon the most interesting topics, and bringing them plainly before the mental vision of his reader. Refreshingly free, moreover, is he from the emasculating sin of sentimentalism, and in the vast majority of instances he permits you to draw your own moral from what is advanced.

LAIRD.—That's the lad for my money! There is naething that angers me sae muckle as a lang string o' reflections after a narration!

MAJOR.—Right, oh Laird!

LAIRD.—Ye hae aiblins heard tell o' the English Tourist in the Heelands o' Scotland, wha took his landlady to tack on account o' the overly liberal supply o' hair that was in his butter. "*Oich! Oich!*"—cried the honest woman,—"*there's naething sae lucky, as the thing that ye are complainin' o'!*" "*That may be a' true,*" was the response of John Bull,—"*but, if it is quite the same thing to you, I should prefer to have the hairs on one plate, and the butter on another!*" In like manner it would be a mercy to the million, if authors wha' were smitten wi' the yook o' moraleezen, printed their thoughts in separate volumes! Hair is a good thing in its place, but should na' be crammed doon folks gizzards, whether they like it or no!

MAJOR.—Have you read much of Taylor's poetry, Bonnie Braes?

LAIRD.—Poetry! I never heard till the present blessed moment o' time, that the chap made rhymes clink.

MAJOR.—I can assure you that Bayard is a bard of very respectable mark. There are many passages in his recently published volume *Poems of the Orient*, which my friend Grizelda might do worse than transfer to her album.

LAIRD.—Girzy has other things to mind than to bother her noddle wi' sic thriftless vanities! The nearest approximation to an album that she possesses is a sax-penny copy book, wherein she records receipts for killing bugs, and compounding cures for the mulligrubs!

DOCTOR.—Pray favour us with a snatch of Taylor's muse.

MAJOR.—Here is a portion of the poem in which Bayard addresses a "brother poet," rejoicing in the name of Stoddard.

LAIRD.—Before ye begin, wha is the afore-said Stoddard?

MAJOR.—There you have me! I presume

that he is one of the ten thousand "remarkable men" whose fame blossoms in Dollardom, but no where else! Be that as it may, however, the lines which I am about to read are clever, and characteristic of the writer:—

You strain your ear to catch the harmonies  
I turn in some finer region have their birth;  
I turn despairing from the quest of these,  
And seek to learn the native tongue of Earth.  
In "Fancy's tropic clime" your castle stands,  
A shining miracle of rarest art;  
I pitch my tent upon the naked sands,  
And the tall palm, that plumes the orient lands,  
Can with its beauty satisfy my heart.  
You, in your starry trances, breathe the air  
Of lost Elysium, pluck the snowy bells  
Of lotus and Olympian asphodels,  
And bid us their diviner odors share.  
I at the threshold of that world have lain,  
Gazed on its glory, heard the mad acclaim  
Wherewith its trumpets hail the sons of fame,  
And striven its speech to master—but in vain.  
And now I turn, to find a late content  
In nature, making mine her myriad shows;  
Better contented with one living rose  
Than all the Gods' ambrosia; sternly bent  
On wresting from her hand the cup, whence flows  
The flavors of her ruddiest life—the change  
Of climes and races—the unshackled range  
Of all experience;—that my songs may show  
The warm red blood that beats in hearts of men,  
And those who read them in the fostering den  
Of cities, may behold the open sky,  
And hear the rhythm of the winds that blow,  
Instinct with freedom. Blamo me not, that I  
Find in the forms of earth a deeper joy  
Than in the dreams that lured me as a boy,  
And leave the heavens where you are wandering still  
With bright Apollo, to converse with Pan;  
For, though full soon our courses separate ran,  
We, like the Gods, can meet on Tmolus' hill.

DOCTOR.—As you observed, these stanzas are indeed characteristic of the parent thereof. They convey to us the notion of a wrestling bout between ideality and matter of fact! The *pett* comes out strong, but the *traveller* tippeth him a cross-buttock!

LAIRD.—Comparison run mad!

MAJOR.—There is a good deal of pith and *fang* in the following Arab lyric:—

#### BEDOUIN SONG.

From the desert I come to thee  
On a stallion shod with fire;  
And the winds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire.  
Under thy window I stand,  
And the midnight hears my cry:  
I love thee, I love but thee,  
With a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see  
My passion and my pain;  
I lie on the sands below,  
And I faint in thy disdain.  
Let the night-winds touch thy brow  
With the heat of my burning sigh,  
And melt thee to hear the vow  
Of a love that shall not die  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,  
By the fever in my breast,

To hear from thy lattice breathed  
The word that shall give me rest.  
Open the door of thy heart,  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
The love that shall fade no more  
Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold!

LAIRD.—I wish Taylor would come out and prelect, (as Crabtree hath it,) in our 'Town Ha'. When he gangs back to the "Model Republic" he can deliver a fine lecture upon the natural and artificial beauties o' Bonnie Braes! He might gang farther, for a text, and fare worse! My braw boar pig Claverhouse, alone, would furnish matter for the delectation o' ony classic audience, either in Christendom, or the United States! Did ye ever see Claverhouse, Sangrado?

DOCTOR.—No—and I trust never shall! I have no pleasure in contemplating an animated mountain of fat and bristles! Faugh! The very idea stirs me like an emetic!

LAIRD.—Listen to the auld heathen! My man, Nature must hae been clean oot o' *taste* when ye were fabricated! Mony a kid-gloved leddy, who could play on the piano, and pent roses on hand screens, has admired my peerless pig!

DOCTOR.—Very likely! We all remember the dainty maiden in the Arabian Nights, who eat her rice with a tooth-pick during dinner, and supped at night upon the tenants of the burial ground!

MAJOR.—Come, come, children, no fighting in the Shanty, if you please! We have no time to spend in bickering! The night is far advanced in senectitude, and I have yet to bring under your cognizance the choicest novel of the season.

DOCTOR.—Its name?

MAJOR.—*Afraga*; or, *Life and Love in Norway*.

DOCTOR.—Its author?

MAJOR.—Theodore Mügge.

LAIRD.—Mug! Indeed, that's a convivial name, strongly suggestive o' brown stout, and

"Reaming swats, that drink divinely."

DOCTOR.—For the love of charity shut up!

MAJOR.—At the head of the popular fictionists of Germany stands Theodore Mügge, and I am much mistaken if he is not destined to acquire a world-wide fame. In the present story he has done for Norway and Lapland, what the author of *Waverley* did for Scotland. To quote the words of a distinguished German critic:—

"His romance introduces us to a region with which he is thoroughly acquainted from personal observation, but, which is a rare and almost untrodden field of fiction, the remote neighbourhood of the North Pole, and those icy desert steppes, where the Laplander pursues his wandering life of privation and suffering. His life-like descriptions of the manners and customs of this curious people, and the Norwegian settlers on the coasts, are drawn with such power as to awaken the keenest interest in his brilliant story, and to keep the attention of the reader intensely excited from the first to the last page."

DOCTOR.—Do you homologate and endorse all this wealth of commendation?

MAJOR.—Yes, in the most unqualified manner.

DOCTOR.—Well, then, as you love me, do not drop the slightest hint touching the plot or personages! Good romances are scarce now as new-laid eggs, and when one falls in a poor fellow's way, he likes to discuss it with an unblunted appetite!

MAJOR.—I sympathise with your feelings, and comply with your behest. There can be no harm, however, in my reading aloud the prologue. It thus runs:—

#### ORIGIN OF NORWAY.

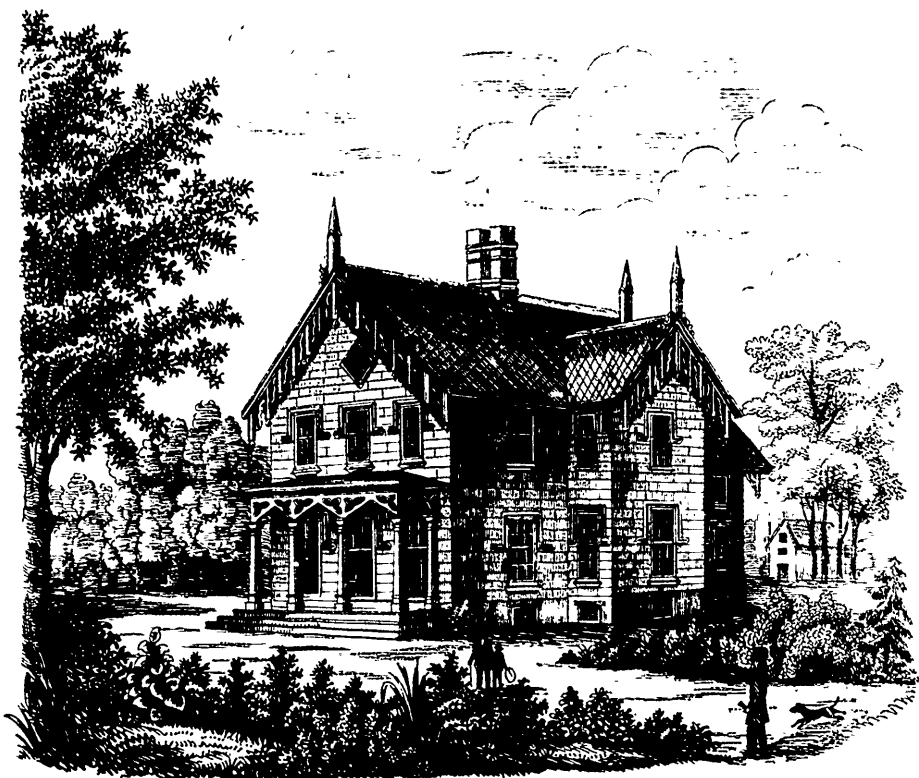
In the remote north of Europe a legend is current that God, when he had created the world, and was reposing from his labours, was suddenly aroused from his meditation by the fall of a monstrous mass in the abyss of waters. The Creator, as he looked up, perceived the devil, who had seized a prodigious mass of rock, which he had hurled into the deep, so that the axis of the new creation, trembling under the weight, threatened to break, and yet wavers, and will to all eternity. The Lord preserved his work from entire destruction by his mighty power. With one hand he sustained it, and with the other he threatened the base fiend, who, howling with fear, took to flight; but everywhere the fearful pile of rock rose above the waters. High and gloomily it projected out of the swelling flood to the clouds; jagged, wild, and shattered, its naked sides sank into the unfathomable depths, and filled the sea with innumerable cliffs and peaks for many miles. The Maker cast a look of sadness and pity upon this waste, and then took he what remained of fruitful earth, and strewed it over the black rocks. But, alas, it was too sparse to be of much avail. The ground was scarcely covered in the clefts and hollows, and only in a few spots was sufficient deposited to nourish fruit trees and ripen seeds. The farther to the north, the scantier was the gift, until at last none remained, and the devil's work rested under the

curse of eternal barrenness. But God stretched out his omnipotent hand, and blessed the desolate earth. "Although no flower shall here bloom," said the Almighty, "no bird sing, and no blade of grass grow, yet the wicked spirit shall have no share in thee. I will have compassion on thee, and suffer men here to dwell, who, with love and affection, shall cling to these rocks, and be happy in their possession." Then the Lord commanded the fish to frequent the sea in vast swarms, and above, on the ice-fields, he placed a wonderful creature, half cow, half deer, which was to nourish man with milk, butter, and flesh, and clothe him with its furry skin.

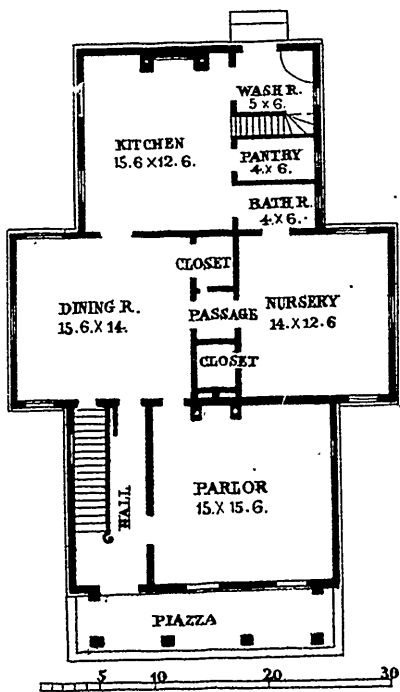
Thus, according to the saga, originated Norway. For this reason is the sea, on its wild coasts, animated by such multitudes of the finny tribes, and the reindeer found on its deserts of ice and snow, without whose help no human being could live there. What a world of horror and silence there lies concealed! With what awe trembles the heart of the solitary traveller when he wanders among the desert fiords and sounds, where the sea, in labyrinthine folds, loses itself between gloomy, snow-crowned rocks, in inaccessible gulfs and caverns! With what astonishment he beholds his ship gliding through this immensity of cliffs, gigantic rocks, and black granite walls, which wind, as a girdle, for more than three hundred miles around the stony breast of Norway!

Man is but sparsely distributed over the neglected land. Over rocks and swamps must he wander, eternally roving with the reindeer, which nourishes him; in coves and inlets on the sea-shore he lives, solitary and secluded, and, with extreme toil and trouble, supplies himself with fish. The land, however, can never become the fixed abode of any one. Deep lies it under swamp and ice, buried in cloud and darkness, without trees or fields, the hut of the peasant, or the lowing of cattle, and the genial blessings which spring from the industry of man and social intercourse.

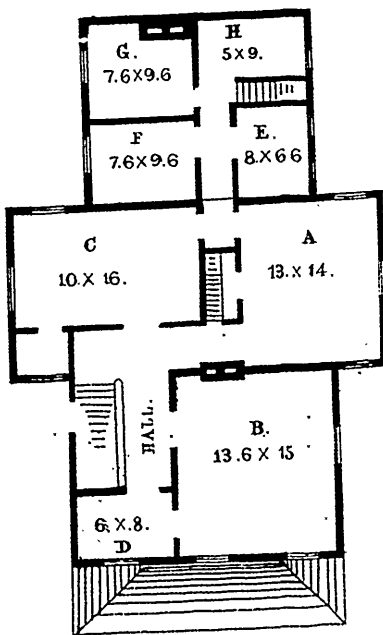
Such is the aspect that this region presents when a ship leaves the harbour of Trondheim, and, steering northwardly, pushes through the fiords and sounds. Behind, the coast rises in bold precipices; the fertile spots gradually disappear, and wilder, more naked rocks stretch to the desolate wastes, until the insurmountable glaciers of Helgoland mark the limits of human habitations. Human life withdraws into the bays and inlets. There dwells the merchant and the fisherman of Norse blood, and near them Danes and Laplanders are settled. The Laplander drives his antlered milch cow over the snowy mountains, and the report of his gun, as he hunts the bear and the wolf, is echoed back from the dark sea-caverns. Wilder and more desolate grows the scene with every new morning. For miles no house is to be seen, and no sail or fishing-boat breaks the dismal monotony. Dolphins sportively gambol around the bows of the ship, and the whale spurts the water into the air; flocks of sea-gulls hover



A SYMMETRICAL COTTAGE



GROUND FLOOR



SECOND FLOOR

over, and dive upon the moving shoals of herings; divers and auks spring from the rocks, the eider-duck flutters over the foaming billows, and high in the clear sharp air, the eagle pair circle round their rocky nest.

At last, winding around a thousand rocky canes, in the midst of this ocean labyrinth, you see the house of a trader upon the declivity of a birch-wooded promontory. There are his warehouses, his vessels, and his boats; there rises the smoke of some ten scattered fishermen's huts among the cliffs, and between them lies a narrow strip of green meadow, through which a brawling brook rushes to the sea. A few minutes more, and all has disappeared. Again the rocky desert meets the eye; again the same sounds surround the ship, and the same deep and unruffled mirror of water reflects the passing sail; and from the deep ravines, the wind rushes out with the fury of a wild beast. Here begins our story.

LAIRD.—And here ends my patience! Having tasted sorrow a thing since breakfast, save and except twa or three pounds o' pork chops, and some other trifling sunkets no' worth mentioning, I am as hungry as a hawk!

MAJOR.—Out with your facts, then, and ere long you shall be dipping your beak in a platter of magnificent clam soup.

LAIRD.—Clam soup! Haud aff, Doctor, till I get my papers opened! Clam soup! Oh Neptune, but ye are an honest god, after a'! Clam soup! Here gang the facts, like crushed electricity!

## FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

### A SYMMETRICAL COTTAGE.\*

Whoever loves symmetry and the simpler kinds of cottage beauty, including good proportion, tasteful forms, and chasteness of ornament, we think can not but like this design, since it unites all these requisites. It is an illustration of a cottage made ornamental at a very trifling expence, and without sacrificing to that kind of tasteful simplicity which is the true touchstone of cottage beauty.

This cottage is entered by means of an ample hall, off which is the parlor, 15 ft. by 15 ft. 6 in. The dining room is entered from either the hall or parlor, and is 15 ft. 6 in. by 14 ft., having closets, also a closet under stairs. Adjacent to the dining-room is the nursery, 14 ft. by 12 ft. 6 in., having a bathing-room and closet.

Off of the room is the kitchen, 15 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. 6 in., having an ample pantry, sink room, &c. The back stairs ascend from the sink-room, which is a great convenience, as slops, &c.,

from the second story can be brought down these stairs without being seen from any of the principal rooms. Entrance to the cellar from the kitchen. In the hall is the principal stairs leading to second story, which is divided into bed-rooms having closets attached; also inclosed stairs to attic, in which there are three large sleeping-rooms, with store-rooms, &c. The little front room in second story would make a bed-room if required, or a dressing room attached to a large front bed-room.

First story 9 ft. 6 in. high, second story 8 ft. high. The superstructure is framed, sheathed on the outside with 1½ in. boards about 9 in. wide, put on horizontally, and rebated to imitate block work, and painted three good coats, the last two to be sanded; thus making the building appear like a stone one, with very little expence. To be plastered on the inside two coats (brown-ing and white finish.) The inside finish is to be plain and neat. Architraves in principal story to be 7 in. wide, bevelled bands, those in the second story, 6 in. The building finished complete, will cost about £500.

### WINTERING VERBENAS.

Having succeeded in keeping the different sorts of Verbenas in small pots through the winter, when my neighbors have failed, I beg to state the method I adopt. In the first or second week in July, I strike in 3-inch pots as many cuttings of the different kinds as I require for filling the beds in the following year, about six pots of a sort being sufficient. Early in August, the pots being filled with roots, I prepare as many boxes, two feet square, as I have sorts, filling one-third of each box with broken tiles, and the rest with one part sand, one leaf mould, and two parts good rich loam. The plants are then placed in them at equal distances apart, and the shoots being pegged down they soon take root all over the box, and form one mass. The boxes are placed in a cold frame during the winter, and the lights are thrown off, except in wet or frosty weather. Early in the spring they begin to make young shoots, which I pot in 3-inch pots, and strike in a cucumber frame; these will be ready to plant out by the end of April, at which time the boxes are turned out, one side being removed, and the mass planted in the centre of a bed. The bed is then filled up with the young plants from the 3-inch pots; those out of the boxes, being oldest and strongest, take the lead and keep it; thus the plants in the centre of the bed, being the highest a striking effect is produced.—*Gard. Chron.*

\* See Illustration.



## MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

## DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVING.

No. 1—Is a ball dress of pink tulle over silk; the tulle is looped up in festoons with clusters of roses. The corsage is cut low at the neck with a heart-shaped trimming in front, a sharp bodice, and a narrow basquine, rounding away at the sides. The sleeves are very full, made with one puff and a deep ruffle. Headdress, moss roses.

No. 2—Is a dress of heavy purple silk with horizontal stripes of black ascending half-way up the skirt. The mantilla is made of silk to match, and trimmed with deep black lace. White drawn-bonnet, trimmed with lilac ribbon.

## LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

A splendid fête champêtre, recently given at the ancestral seat of one of our noblest aristocratic families, draws together a crowd of gay and fashionable company. The dresses of the ladies on this occasion were remarkable for elegance and novelty; we will describe a few of them for the information of those of our fair readers who may be preparing a similar style of costume. The noble hostess wore a dress of splendidly worked India muslin. It consisted of a double jupe, or rather a jupe and tunic, both of equal length; that is to say, sufficiently long to trail a little on the ground behind. The front breadth of the under jupe was entirely covered with the most exquisite India needlework; and the upper jupe was open in front, so as to show this needlework. The open sides of the upper jupe were trimmed with a double bouillonne of muslin, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, and within these bouillonnés were runnings of bright Islay green ribbon. The corsage, which was half-high and open in front, was trimmed at the top by bouillonnés with ribbon insertion. The ends of the sleeve were finished in a similar style, with the addition of deep hanging ruffles of Valenciennes. The head-dress was of peculiarly beautiful and novel description. It consisted of a cap, fitting almost closely to the head, and composed of feather trimmings of brilliant hues of green, formed of the plumage of foreign birds. This feather trimming was plaited, so as to form a sort of transparent net-work, and was intermingled with rows of narrow black blonde. Long lappets of the same floated over the back of the neck and shoulders.

Two young ladies—sisters—wore white muslin robes of a very elegant description. They

were striped muslin, and the skirts had seven tucks, each edged at the bottom with a row of narrow Valenciennes. These dresses were made low, and over the corsage was worn a sort of *fichu* or pelerine of muslin the same as the dresses. These pelerines were made high to the throat, and pointed in the front and at the back. Round the waist was a basquine, edged with ~~the~~ full ruche of narrow Valenciennes lace. These two young ladies wore bonnets of white crenoline, intersected by rows of a sort of trellis-work formed of white blonde, combined with narrow pink and blue ribbon. It may be observed that pink and blue—two colours formerly inadmissible in combination—are now frequently blended together; fashion having, for the present at least, revoked the decree which formerly prohibited their union. The young ladies, whose dresses have just been described, wore white worked muslin mantellets, trimmed with frills edged with Valenciennes, and ornamented with bows of blue and pink ribbon.

A young Spanish lady, one of the guests at this gay morning party was dressed in a style to her very becoming; though worn by another lady, it might have been liable to the charge of eccentricity. The robe was composed of the richest Irish poplin, with broad alternating stripes of pink and black. The corsage was tight to the figure, open in front, and edged with black lace. The sleeves demi-short, with ruffles of black lace; the same lace forming the basquine at the waist. On her head, this Spanish brunette wore her national mantilla; the graceful folds were gathered just above the left ear, and confined by a large moss-rose.

## TO WASH A BLACK LACE VEIL.

Mix bullock's gall with sufficient hot water to make it as warm as you can bear your hand in. Then pass the veil through it. It must be squeezed, and not rubbed. It will be well to perfume the gall with a little musk. Next rinse the veil through two cold waters, tinging the last with indigo. Then dry it. Have ready in a pan some stiffening made by pouring boiling water on a very small piece of glue. Put the veil into it, squeeze it out, stretch it, and clap it. Afterwards pin it out to dry on a linen cloth, making it very straight and even, and taking care to open and pin the edge very nicely. When dry, iron it on the wrong side, having laid a linen cloth over the ironing-blanket. Any article of black lace may be washed in this way.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER

Maclear & Co Lith. Toronto

## CHESS.

*(To Correspondents.)*

A. M. S.—You will find one of the positions sent inserted as a problem in the present number.

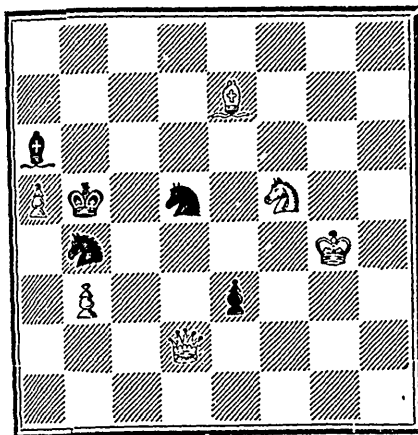
ROOK.—The games you have sent appear to have been wrongly taken down, or impossible moves have been made. In reporting, a confusion of the King's and Queen's Kt. has evidently taken place.

\*.\* We defer the solution of our last problem until our next issue, as only one correspondent has favoured us with a reply, which unfortunately is wrong.

## PROBLEM No. XIII.

*By A. M. S.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

*White to play and mate in three moves.*

## ENIGMAS.

*No. 37. By G. S. Jelicoc.*

WHITE.—K at Q B 3d; R at K B 6th; B at K 8th; Kt at Q 5th; Ps at K R 4th and Q 2d.

BLACK.—K at K 4th; Ps at Q 6th, Q B 2d, and K R 4th.

*White to play and mate in three moves.**No. 38. By E. H. G.*

WHITE.—K at Q B sq; Q at her 8th; R at K 3d; B at K Kt 2d; Kt at K B 6th; Ps at Q 3d and 5th, and Q R 3d.

BLACK.—K at Q B 4th; Q at K sq; Rs at K R sq and Q Kt 5th; Bs at Q 5th and Q R 5th; Ps at K 5th, Q 3d, and Q Kt 2d.

*White to play and mate in five moves.**No. 39. By an Amateur.*

WHITE.—K at K R sq; B at Q B 7th; Kt at K 7th; Ps at K B 5th, K 2d, and Q B 3d.

BLACK.—K at K 5th; Ps at K B 3d, K 6th, and Q B 3d.

*White to play and mate in four moves.*

## ANECDOTES OF CHESS-PLAYERS.\*

TAMERLANE THE GREAT.—The game of chess has been generally practised by the greatest warriors and generals. Tamerlane the Great was engaged in a game during the very time of the decisive battle with Bajazet, the Turkish emperor, who was defeated and taken prisoner.

AL AMIN, THE KHALIF OF BAGDAD.—It is related of Al Amin, the Khalif of Bagdad, that he was engaged at chess with his freedman Kuthar, at the time when Al Mamun's forces were carrying on the siege of that city with so much vigor, that it was on the point of being carried by assault. The Khalif, when warned of his danger, cried out, "Let me alone, for I see checkmate against Kuthar!"

KING CHARLES I. was playing at chess when news was brought of the final intention of the Scots to sell him to the English; but so little was he discomposed by this alarming intelligence, that he continued his game with the utmost composure, so that no person could have known that the letter he received had given him information of anything remarkable.

KING JOHN was engaged at chess when the deputies from Rouen came to acquaint him that their city was besieged by Philip Augustus; but he would not hear them until he had finished his game.

COLONEL STEWART used frequently to play at chess with Lord Stair, who was very fond of the game; but an unexpected checkmate used to put his lordship into such a passion, that he was ready to throw a candlestick, or anything else that was near him, at his adversary; for which reason the Colonel always took care to be on his feet, to fly to the furthest corner of the room when he said, "Checkmate, my Lord!"

LIFE is chess on a grand scale, and chess is an emblem of life, with its hopes and its fears, its losses and its gains; only in chess, if you lose one game by a false move, you can set up the pieces and play another. \* \* \* \*

Nobody but a chess-player can appreciate the strong tie of brotherhood which links its amateurs. For a fellow-chess-player, a man will do that which he would refuse his father and mother. The habit of breathing the same air, and looking at the same chess-board, creates a friendship to which that of Damon and Pythias was a mere "How d'ye do?"—*Frazer.*

\* Related by Herr Harrwitz.

## CHESS IN GERMANY.

GAME OF A MATCH NOW PLAYING BETWEEN  
HERNN O. W. AND HERNN V. OF LEIPSIK.

*King's Knight's Opening.**White (O. W.).**Black (V.).*

1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. K Kt to B 3d. Q Kt to B 3d.
3. B to Q B 4th. B to Q B 4th.
4. Q to K 2d. P to Q 3d.
5. P to K R 3d. P to K R 3d.
6. P to Q B 3d. K Kt to B 3d.
7. Castles. Castles.
8. P to Q 3d. Q B to K 3d.
9. Q Kt to R 2d. B takes B.
10. Kt takes B. P to Q Kt 4th.
11. Q Kt to K 3d. P to Q R 3d.
12. Q Kt to K B 5th (a). Q Kt to K 2d.
13. K Kt to R 4th. Kt takes Kt.
14. Kt takes Kt. Kt to K R 2d (b).
15. Q to K Kt 4th. Q to K B 3d.
16. Q B takes K R P. P to K Kt 3d.
17. B takes K R. R takes B.
18. Kt to K 3d. P to Q B 3d.
19. Q R to K sq. Q to K Kt 2d.
20. Q to her 7th. Kt to his 4th.
21. Q takes Q B P. Q to K R 3d.
22. Kt to K Kt 4th (c). Q to K R 5th.
23. Q to Q 7th. P to K B 4th (d).
24. Kt takes K P. Q to K Kt 6th (e).
25. P to Q 4th. Kt takes K R P (ch).
26. K to R sq. Kt takes K B P (ch).
27. R takes Kt. Q takes R.
28. Q to K 6th (ch). K to R sq.
29. Kt takes P (ch). K to Kt 2d.
30. P takes K B P. R takes P.
31. R to K 3d. R to K R 4th (ch).
32. R to R 3d. R takes R (ch).
33. P takes R. Q to K B 5th (ch).
34. K to R 2d. Q to B 7th (ch).

Black now draws the game by "perpetual check."

*Notes.*

(a) This is generally a fine commanding position for the Kt.

(b) Very badly played, enabling White to bring his Q into direct co-operation with the Kt.

(c) P to Q Kt 4th would have been better play.

(d) Black should now have taken the K R P ch with his Kt, *eg.*—

23. Kt takes P (ch).

24. P takes Kt (best). Q to Kt 6th (ch).

25. K to R sq. Q takes R P (ch).

Drawing the game, at least, and winning it if he had courage to play K to K 2d, followed by R to K R sq.

(e) Again Black could have drawn the game, by taking the K R P with his Kt.

This clever little affair came off lately between Mr. Horwitz and Mr. O., an Italian amateur, the former giving the enormous advantage of the Q. Rook, Q Kt, and Q R P (which must be removed from the board).

*Game at Odds.**White (Mr. Horwitz).**Black (Mr. O.).*

1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. K B to Q B 4th. K B to Q B 4th.
3. P to Q 4th. B takes P.
4. K Kt to B 3d. Q Kt to B 3d.
5. B to Q 5th. K Kt to K 2d.
6. Kt to Kt 5th. Kt takes B.
7. P takes Kt. Kt to K 2d.
8. Q to K R 5th. P to K Kt 3d.
9. Kt to K 4th. P takes Q.
10. Kt to B 6th (ch). K to B sq.
11. B mates.

## 'CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES:

The following game was played at Boston between Mr. Stanley and Mr. George Hammond:—

*Irregular Opening.**Black (Mr. H.).**White (Mr. S.).*

1. P to K 4th. P to K 3d.
2. P to Q 4th. P to Q 4th.
3. P takes P. P takes P.
4. K B to Q 3d. K B to Q 3d.
5. Q B to K 3d. Q B to K 3d.
6. K Kt to B 3d. K Kt to B 3d.
7. Q Kt to B 3d. P to Q B 3d.
8. Q Kt to K 2d. Q Kt to Q 2d.
9. Q Kt to K Kt 3d. Castles.
10. Castles. K Kt to Kt 5th.
11. Q to Q 2d. P to K B 4th.
12. Q B to Kt 5th. Q to Q B 2d.
13. P to K R 3d. Kt to K B 3d (a).
14. Kt takes K B P. Kt to K 5th.
15. B takes Kt. P takes B.
16. Kt takes K B. P takes Kt.
17. B to K 7th. P takes K Kt P.
18. K takes P. Kt to K B 3d.
19. B takes R. R takes B.
20. Q to Q Kt 4th. Kt to Q 4th.
21. Q to Q R 3d. Kt to K B 5th (ch).
22. K to R sq. B checks.
23. P to K B 3d. Q to Q 2d.

And White wins (b).

*Notes.*

(a) But why not capture the K B P, instead of retreating?

(b) This is a brief and smartly conducted skirmish, with two or three pretty features towards the end.