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ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—TORONTO: MARCH, 1854.—No. 3.

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

CHAPTER XV.

The regulars and militia, who had escaped
Retreat of Proctor and place of rendezvous captivity or destruction on the unfortunate 5th of October, retreated, as may be easily imagined, in the greatest confusion, to Ancaster, a small village some ten miles from the head of Lake Ontario, and, on the 17th of the same month, they rendezvoused at that place, their numbers, inclusive of seventeen officers, amounting to two hundred and fifty-six. During this retreat, which was effected through an almost unbroken wilderness, the troops suffered the greatest privations and misery, and their appearance as they straggled into the village, was by no means calculated to lessen the feeling of apprehension, which the rumour of the defeat at Moravian town had spread amongst the defenceless inhabitants. To these unfortunates, pillaged houses and their little homesteads destroyed, could not but appear inevitable, and the infection of the panic spread far and wide.

General Armstrong in his observations on Proctor's retreat and subsequent defeat, seems to have been unaware of that officer's situation previous to the commencement of his retreat, and uninformed as

to the manifold difficulties by which he was surrounded.

Proctor's situation at Malden, writes Armstrong, made necessary on his part, a prompt retreat to Vincent, unencumbered with baggage; or a vigorous defence of the post committed to his custody. By adopting the former, he would have saved seven hundred veteran soldiers and a train of artillery, for the future service of his sovereign; by adopting the latter, he would have retained the whole of his Indian allies, (*three thousand combatants*) giving time for the militia of the interior to come to his aid; had the full advantage of his fortress and its munitions, and a chance, at least, of eventual success, with a certainty of keeping inviolate his own self-respect, and the confidence of his followers. Taking a middle course between these extremes, he lost the advantage that would have resulted from either. His retreat began too late—was much encumbered with women, children, and baggage, and at no time urged with sufficient vigour, or protected with sufficient care. Bridges and roads, ferries and boats, were left behind him, neither destroyed nor obstructed; and when, at last, he was overtaken and obliged to fight, he gave to his veterans a formation, which enabled a corps of four hundred mounted infantry, armed with rifles, hatchets, and butcher knives, to win the battle "in a single minute." Conduct like this deserved all the opprobrium and punishment it received, and justly led to General Harrison's conclusion, that "his antagonist had lost his senses."

It is plain, we again assert, from these remarks that Armstrong could not have been aware of Proctor's real situation, and we shall proceed to urge in detail our objections to his conclusions. First as to the prompt retreat to General Vincent, unencumbered with baggage. We have no defence to make of Proctor on this count, too many of our contemporaries have expressed themselves strongly, in reprobation of the ill-judged manner in which the retreat was conducted, to permit us to urge aught in vindication. One fact, however, is remarkable, Veritas the earliest writer on the subject, one by no means sparing in condemnation, and who might have been supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the pros and cons of the affair, is silent on the point, confining his remarks to a stricture on the severity of Sir George Prevost's general order. This is significant and leads us to pause ere we adopt too readily all that has been said in condemnation of Proctor.

Secondly,—As to the vigorous defence of the post committed to his custody. We have already shown the difficulties by which Proctor was surrounded, and that it was impossible for him to find provisions for his troops as well as for the Indians and their families. Gen. Armstrong lost sight, too, of the fact that "the post" had been to a great degree dismantled of its guns, which had been required to arm Barclay's fleet, and had accordingly been appropriated for that purpose, and captured with that fleet.

Proctor was, we think, to blame for the deposition of his forces at the Moravian town, but even this is, as we have shown, a mere matter of opinion, as the observations, quoted in our last chapter, show. We must not allow one passage in Armstrong to pass unnoticed—it is when he speaks of the formation which enabled *four hundred mounted infantry armed with rifles, hatchets, and butcher knives*, to win the battle in a single minute.

Had we not already shown the overwhelming numbers of Harrison's army, the reader would be led to suppose that a corps of four hundred men, armed hastily with any weapons and horses they could collect, had routed in one minute seven hundred British veterans. We need scarcely go into this subject, as we have both shown the constitution and habits

of the body of mounted riflemen (not infantry) and the whole number of Harrison's army, we therefore only direct the reader's attention to the passage as another proof how prone Americans are to misrepresent.

It is not often that we have occasion to commend an American commander for modesty; we must not omit, therefore, on the present occasion to point out an instance of it as occurring in Harrison's despatch. He admits that "the number of our troops was certainly greater than that of the enemy." This is something even for an American General, but the pains he takes to do away with the impression, that numbers had aught to do with the fate of the day, is also noteworthy. Accordingly, he adds, in the next paragraph, "but when it is recollected that they had chosen a position, that effectually secured their flank, which it was impossible for us to turn and that we could not present to them a line more extended than their own, *it will not* be considered arrogant for me to claim for my troops the palm of superior bravery." Can anything be more absurd than this last paragraph? Here were over three thousand Americans opposed to something like four hundred and seventy British, and yet the American General, instead of honestly confessing that by dint of superior numbers he overcame his opponents, descends to the meanness of twaddling about the superior position chosen by Proctor, and claims on that account superior bravery for his men. We should scarcely have noticed this passage in Harrison's despatch had we not found that he thereby gained his object, to throw dust in the eyes of his compatriots. That this was effected is to be discovered in the fact that every town throughout the Union was illuminated, and every church rung out a merry peal on the occasion. All this to be sure might have been a political measure, or, as General Wilkinson calls it, "a military deception," but still it is difficult to imagine that any sober-minded American, in possession of the truth, could or would have seen reason to exult in the circumstance of three thousand five hundred of his countrymen overcoming some four hundred and seventy British and some Indians.

Harrison's end was nevertheless gained, and one of the members for South Carolina, a Mr.

Cheeves, delivered himself, in the middle of a very long speech, on the conduct of the war, of the following remarkable sentence:—"The victory of Harrison was such as would have secured to a Roman General, in the best days of the Republic, the honors of a triumph." If anything could have made General Harrison ashamed of himself, we think that sentence must have produced the effect.

We had intended to have closed this subject without further remark, but an examination into various documents tempt us to quote them, as they throw much light on an affair which the absence of official returns has left very much in the dark. The communication which led to the correspondence was addressed to Lieutenant Bullock by Major Friend, then in command of the second battalion of the regiment.

Barton Heights, 30th Nov., 1813.

SIR,—I request you will, with as little delay as the nature of the report will admit, furnish me with every circumstance within your knowledge, and that you may have heard from undoubted authority, relative to the late unfortunate affair that took place between Gen. Harrison's army and the 1st battalion 41st regiment, at Moravian town on the 5th of October last, for the purpose of transmitting it to Lieut.-Gen. Champagne. As you are the senior and only officer of the regiment who has escaped from the field, that was in the ranks, it is highly incumbent on you to state most minutely the nature of the ground on which the regiment was formed for action, the manner in which it was formed, the number then of the regiment actually in the field, the number of the enemy opposed to you, and of what they consisted, and what resistance was made by the regiment previous to its defeat, if it had received provisions regularly, was complete in ammunition, and could have got supplies when required, and, in short, every circumstance, that happened from the commencement of the retreat from Amherstburg, relative to the regiment. You cannot be too particular in your statement, as I am sorry to say there are reports afloat disgraceful in the extreme to the regiment, and every individual with it that day. I think it but proper to inform you that I saw Major General Proctor's official report, which highly censures the conduct of the regiment, and in which he says

that he never went into action more confident of success.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

RICHARD FRIEND,

Major Commanding 41st regt.

Lieutenant Bullock's letter, dated Barton Heights, 6th December, 1813. Here follows:—

We proceeded to Moravian town, and, when within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of it, were ordered to halt. After halting about five minutes, we were ordered to face to the right about, and advanced towards the enemy in files, at which the men were in great spirits. Having advanced about fifty or sixty paces, we were halted a second time, at which the men appeared dissatisfied, and overhearing some of those nearest to me express themselves to the following effect, 'that they were ready and willing to fight for their knapsacks; wished to meet the enemy, but did not like to be knocked about in that manner, doing neither one thing nor the other,' I immediately checked them, and they were silent. About this time several of the regiment came up without arms or accoutrements, who had escaped from boats cut off by the enemy's cavalry. From these men we learnt that the enemy was within a mile of us, and had a large force of cavalry. We had halted about half an hour, when the Indian alarm was given that the enemy was advancing; most of our men were sitting on the logs and fallen trees by the side of the road. On the alarm being given we were suddenly ordered to form across the road. From the suddenness of the order, apparently without any previous arrangement, the manner in which we were situated when it was given, the way in which it was given, which was 'form up across the road,' and from the nature of the ground, the formation was made in the greatest confusion; so much so, that the Grenadier company was nearly in the centre of the line, and the light company on the right. A second order, as sudden as the first, was given for the grenadiers and No. 1 to march to the rear and form a reserve. The grenadiers and part of Captain Muir's company accordingly formed a second line, about 200 yards in rear of the first, under command of Lieut.-Col. Warburton; the left of it about eight or ten yards to the left of the road, and extending to the right into the

woods, formed at extended order, the men placing themselves behind trees, and consequently much separated. The first line I could not distinguish, but from what I have been informed by Lieut. Gardiner, 41st regt., commanding a six-pounder, it was formed in the following manner—a six pounder was placed in the road, having a range of fifty yards, the 41st regiment drawn up on its right, extending in the wood; on each side of the limber of the six-pounder were some of the Canadian Light Dragoons. From the men of the regiment, who escaped from that line, I understand they were not formed at regular extended order, but in clusters and in confusion. To the left of the road in which the six-pounder was placed, and parallel to it, ran the River Thames. To the right and left of the road was a remarkably thick forest, and on the right, where we were formed, the ground was free from brushwood for several hundred yards, where cavalry could act to advantage.—My position at this time, (being on the right of the 2d line) and the thickness of the forest precluded me from noticing the manner in which the enemy attacked the 1st line. The attack commenced about two hours after the order was given to form up across the road. I heard a heavy firing of musketry, and shortly after saw our dragoons retreating together with the limber of the six-pounder—placed on the left of the 1st line. About a minute afterwards I observed that line retreating in confusion, followed closely by the enemy's cavalry, who were galloping down the road. That portion of the 1st line which had escaped the enemy's cavalry, retreated behind the 2d line, which stood fast, and fired an irregular volley obliquing to the right and left, which appeared to check the enemy. The line having commenced firing, my attention was directed to that part of the enemy moving down directly in my front. Hearing the fire slacken, I turned towards the line and found myself remaining with three non-commissioned officers of the Grenadier company. The enemy's cavalry had advanced so close, before the reserve could commence firing, from the number of trees, that before a third round could be fired they broke through the left, and the rest not being formed in a manner to repel cavalry, were compelled to retreat. The number of the regiment actually in the field

were one lieutenant-colonel, six captains, nine lieutenants, three ensigns, three staff, twenty-six sergeants, eighteen corporals, four drummers, two hundred and ninety-seven rank and file. In what manner the rest of the regiment was distributed you will be made acquainted with by the enclosed statement signed by the Adjutant of the regiment. The number of Indians we had in the field was 800. The number of the enemy I cannot positively affirm, but from the information obtained from individuals of the regiment taken prisoners on that day, and who afterwards escaped, the number could not have been less than 6,000, of which 1,200 or 1,500 were cavalry and mounted riflemen. The number of our dragoons did not exceed 20. Our loss on this occasion was three sergeants, and nine rank and file killed, and thirty-six wounded; that of the enemy, fifteen killed, and from forty to fifty wounded. Having been thus far particular in stating everything to which I was an eye witness, and which has come to my knowledge, I beg leave to remark that, from the well known character of the regiment, any observations emanating from those whose interest it is to cast a direct or indirect reflection upon its conduct, cannot be received with too much distrust.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

RICHARD BULLOCK,

Lieut. 41st Grenadiers.

Major Friend, Comm'g. 2d. Batt. 41st Reg't.

Lieutenant Bullock's letter, contains so

James' contradictions clear and full a vindication of the troops, that

we trust no attempt will be made for the future to cast unfair aspersions on their gallantry. James is somewhat contradictory on this head. He says, after extolling the bravery of the Indians, "had the men of the 41st regiment at all emulated the Indians, the fate of the day might have been changed," and that this was not an improbable event, he assumes, from the American General's claim of superior bravery for his troops.

How does the case stand? Thirty-five hundred men beat five hundred; the leader of the larger body, knowing it would be useless to deny that he had the superiority in numbers, endeavors to gloss over the fact by claiming superior bravery, on the score of his thirty-five hundred not having been beaten

by the five hundred men; and an English writer admits his claim, on the ground that, as the Americans were used to being beaten, it was a disgrace for five British not to beat thirty-five Americans. In the very next page, after this imputation on the conduct of the troops, James writes:—"The censure passed upon the right division of the Canadian army, by the commander-in-chief, was certainly of unparalleled severity." Now, how could any censure be too severe for unsteadiness in the field? The fact is, James was anxious to have a cut at both Proctor and Sir George Prevost, and, in eagerness to do this, he contradicts himself three times in two pages. Some persons have a most unfortunate mode of assisting their friends when in a difficulty, and James is one of those individuals. He first casts an imputation on the conduct of the 41st, and then, anxious to do away with it, and to shift the blame upon Sir George or General Proctor, he finds the following excuse for them:—

"The ardor which, as Sir George himself admits, and every one else knows, had, till the fatal 5th of October, distinguished the 41st regiment, affords a strong belief that it was not cowardice which made that corps SURRENDER SO TAMELY, no matter to what superiority of force. The privations the troops had undergone, and the marked neglect which had been shown at head-quarters to the representations of their commander, had probably possessed them with an idea that any change would be an improvement in their condition."

James here substitutes the charge of treachery for cowardice, and leaves the regiment no alternative but to be impaled on one or other of the horns of the dilemma he has provided. From this careless writing of James, and from Sir George Prevost's haste to condemn, unheard, General Proctor, American writers have derived much benefit. It enables Ingersol to speak of the "craven mood of the soldiers," and the pusillanimous behaviour of the General." Not satisfied, however, with these hard epithets, Ingersol goes still further, and adds—"No history can deny their characteristic courage, but British murderers and thieves become cowards in Canada. To save themselves they laid down their arms to an INFERIOR FORCE of raw troops,

while their commander fled in the first moment of encounter." Further comment is unnecessary on a writer who, with Harrison's admission of his superiority in numbers before him, ventures, unsupported by a fact, or even a fiction on the part of his brother historians, to give to the world so daring and unblushing a falsehood.

We feel tempted, in imitation of contemporary writers, to make a further digression in our narrative, in order to place before the reader the character of Tecumseth in its proper light, especially as no words can be found which could be considered too strong when applied in praise of this noble Indian.

The Indian warrior Tecumseth was in the forty-fourth year of his age when he fell. "He was of the Shawanee tribe; five feet ten inches high, and, with more than the usual stoutness, possessed all the agility and perseverance of the Indian character. His carriage was dignified; his eye penetrating; and his countenance, even in death, betrayed the indications of a lofty spirit, rather than of the sterner cast. Had he not possessed a certain austerity of manners, he could never have controlled the wayward passions of those who followed him to the battle. He was of a silent habit, but when his eloquence became roused into action by the reiterated encroachments of the Americans, his strong intellect could supply him with a flow of oratory, that enabled him, as he governed in the field, so to prescribe in the council."

Those who consider that, in all territorial questions, the ablest diplomatists of the United States are sent to negotiate with the Indians, will readily appreciate the loss sustained by the latter in the death of their champion.

"The Indians, in general, are full as fond as other savages of the gaudy decoration of their persons; but Tecumseth was an exception. Clothes and other valuable articles of spoil had often been his, yet he invariably wore a deer skin coat and pantaloons. He had frequently levied subsidies to comparatively a large amount, yet he preserved little or nothing for himself. It was not wealth, but glory, that was Tecumseth's ruling passion." The remarks which now follow, must be taken as

applicable not to the present but to a past generation :—

“Fatal day, when a Christian people first penetrated the forests, to teach the arts of civilization to the poor Indian! Till then, water had been his only beverage, and himself and his race possessed all the vigor of hardy savages. Now, no Indian opens his lips to the stream that ripples by his wigwam, while he has a rag of clothes on his back, wherewith to purchase rum; and he and his squaw and his children wallow through the day in beastly drunkenness. Instead of the sturdy warrior, with a head to plan, and an arm to execute vengeance upon the oppressors of his country, we behold the puny besotted wretch, squatting in his house, ready to barter his country, his children, or himself, for a few gulps of that deleterious compound, which, far more than the arms, of the United States, is hastening to extinguish all traces of his name and character. Tecumseh himself, in early life, had been addicted to intemperance, but no sooner did his judgment decide against, than his resolution enabled him to quit, so vile a habit. Beyond one or two glasses of wine he never afterwards indulged.”

By whom are the savages led? was the question, for many years, during the wars between the Americans and Indians. The name “Tecumseh!” was itself a host on the side of the latter, and the warrior chief, while he signalized himself in all, came off victorious in most, of the many actions in which he had ought and bled. American editors, super-added to a national dislike to the Indians, have some special reasons, which we shall develop presently, for blackening the character of Tecumseh. They say that he neither gave nor accepted quarter. His inveterate hatred to the Americans, considering them, as he did, to have robbed his forefathers of their territory, render such a proceeding, in a savage, not improbable. European history, even of modern date, informs us that the civilized soldier can go into battle with a similar determination. Mr Thomson says of Tecumseh, that, “when he undertook an expedition, accompanied by his tribe, he would relinquish to them the spoil, though he would never yield the privilege of destroying the victim,” and yet it was from an American

publication* that we extracted the account of Tecumseh’s killing a brother chief, because the latter wanted to massacre an American prisoner. This trait in Tecumseh’s character is corroborated by all the British officers who have served with him.

That it did not however proceed from any good will towards the Americans, was made known, in an extraordinary manner, at the taking of Detroit. After the surrender of the American troops, General Brock desired Tecumseh not to allow the Indians under him to ill-treat the prisoners. Tecumseh promptly replied, “I despise them too much to meddle with them.” Nor is there a single act of violence charged to the Indians on that occasion. As a proper contrast to this an American writer,† describing a battle between General Jackson and the Creek Indians, in March 1814, says, “of about one thousand Creeks, only ten of the men are supposed to have escaped with life, sixteen of the Creeks, who had hid themselves, were killed the morning after the battle.” The American commander said, in his despatches that he was *determined to exterminate* the tribe, “of course,” proceeds the editor, “no quarter was given except to a few women and children.”

Few officers in the United States service were so able to command in the field, as this famed Indian Chief. He was an excellent judge of position, and not only knew, but could point out, the localities of the whole country through which he had passed. To what extent he had travelled over the western part of the American continent may be conceived from the well known fact, that he visited the Creek Indians, in the hopes of prevailing on them to unite with their northern brethren, in efforts to regain their country as far as the banks of the Ohio. His facility of communicating the information he had acquired, was thus displayed before a concourse of spectators :—Previously to General Brock’s crossing over the Detroit, he asked Tecumseh what sort of a country he should have to pass through, in case of his proceeding farther. Tecumseh taking a roll of elm bark, and extending it on the ground by means of four stones, drew forth his scalping knife, and,

* Sketches of the War.

† Political and Historical Register, page 186

with the point, presently sketched upon the bark a plan of the country, its hills, woods, rivers, morasses, and roads, a plan which if it was not as neat as for the purpose required fully as intelligible as if Arrowsmith himself had prepared it. Pleased with this unexpected talent in Tecumseh, also with his having, by his characteristic boldness, induced the Indians, not of his immediate party, to cross the Detroit, prior to the embarkation of the regulars and militia, General Brock, as soon as the business was over, publicly took off his sash, and placed it round the body of the chief. Tecumseh received the honor with evident gratification; but, was the next day, seen without his sash. General Brock, fearing something had displeased the Indian, sent his interpreter for an explanation. The latter soon returned with an account, that Tecumseh, not wishing to wear such a mark of distinction, when an older, and, as he said, an abler, warrior was present, had transferred the sash to the Wyandot chief Round-head. Such a man was the unlettered "savage" Tecumseh, such a man it was on whose mangled remains the Kentuckians exercised their savage propensities. Ingersol writes, "when his (Tecumseh's) body was discovered after the battle of the Thames, *known as he was to General Harrison*, and recognized from other Indians among the slain, by pock marks, and a leg once broken and set, pieces of his skin were cut off by some of the Kentucky soldiers, to be kept by them." By way of excuse Ingersol adds, "Indignities to the dead are common to every field of battle. Refined military men, who *might* condemn these Kentucky spoils as barbarous mementos, would sack cities, during days of authorized horrors and licentiousness, which would prove that war is a ferocious departure at best from the laws of humanity." One writes, on the subject, after describing the scalping of Tecumseh, and the cutting of his skin into narrow slips for razor straps, is graceless enough, in the next breath, to lavish encomiums upon the *humanity of "the Volunteers of Kentucky."* These are his words, "History can record to their honor that, not *merely professing* to be *Christian people*, they gave a high example of Christian virtues. For evil they returned not evil. For cruelty they returned mercy and protection." James, when noticing this

paragraph, observes, "had we taken up Dr. Smith's book, for the first time, we should have pronounced this an excellent piece of irony." We have, however, produced quite evidence enough to show that whatever atrocities the Indians might have committed, the Americans, as *participes criminis*, should not be the first to cast stones.

Before returning to the Niagara frontier, it will be necessary to enter on the subject of the treatment of prisoners, especially as about this time a question arose which not only affected the comfort, but was of grave import to the lives, of many persons on both sides. First, however, as to the treatment of prisoners.

Could the statements of American writers be received, the impression would be conveyed, that, in losing their liberty, the captured British took leave, at the same time, of all the privations and sufferings incident to a state of warfare. A few extracts from the narrative of one of the prisoners taken at the battle of the Thames will show how far this was the case, and whether more credit should be allowed to American claims for liberal conduct towards their prisoners, than as we have just shown, in Tecumseh's instance, they are entitled to when claiming, for the Kentucky volunteers, the character of setting forth a high example of christian virtues and magnanimity towards the dead.

"To describe the fatigue and privations which we endured during our tedious journey would require time and space. The rainy season had already set in, and scarcely a single day passed by without our being literally wet to the skin. Our route lay through an inhospitable tract of country, consisting alternately of gloomy forest and extensive savannah, the latter often intersected by streams fed from the distant mountains, and swollen by the increasing rains.

"Many of the officers were without great coats, having been plundered of nearly everything, as well by the followers of the division, as by the enemy themselves, and although we had a change of linen left, during the whole journey no opportunity was afforded us of having anything washed, so that in a short time many became infected with vermin, which gave the finishing stroke to our cala-

mities. After several weeks of most tedious travelling through this dreary region, some few traces of civilization and cultivation became perceptible, and we finally beheld the banks of the Scioto, overcome, as well may be imagined, with the utmost lassitude. On the opposite shore of this small river stands the town of Chillicothe, the termination of our journey."

So far it will be observed that no extraordinary care was paid to the comforts or even necessities of the prisoners, but a darker scene has still to be displayed.

After the battle of Queenston twenty-three of the prisoners were recognised as *deserters* and British born subjects, and were sent to England, by the commander-in-chief, for their trial as traitors. The American government, having been made acquainted with the fact, instructed General Dearborn to put an equal number of British soldiers into close confinement as hostages for the safety of the former. In consequence of this measure, the commander of the forces by a general order of October 27th, 1813, proclaimed that he had received the commands of the Prince Regent to put forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers into close confinement, as hostages for the twenty three soldiers confined by the American government.

General Order, Head quarters, Montreal—
October 27th, 1813.

His Excellency the Governor General and Commander of the Forces, having transmitted to His Majesty's Government a letter from Major General Dearborn, stating that the American Commissary of Prisoners in London had made it known to his Government, that twenty-three soldiers of the 1st, 6th and 13th Regiments of United States Infantry, made prisoners, had been sent to England and held in close confinement as British subjects, and that Major General Dearborn had received instructions from his government, to put into close confinement twenty-three British soldiers, to be kept as hostages for the safe keeping and restoration in exchange for the soldiers of the United States, who had been sent as above stated to England;—in obedience to which instructions, he had put twenty-three British soldiers into close confinement to be kept as hostages; and the persons referred to

in Major General Dearborn's letter being soldiers serving in the American army, taken prisoners at Queenston, who had declared themselves to be British born subjects, and were held in custody in England there to undergo a legal trial.

His Excellency the Commander of the Forces has received the commands of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, through the Right Honorable the Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State, to lose no time in communicating to Major General Dearborn, that he has transmitted a copy of his letter, and that he is in consequence instructed, distinctly to state to Major General Dearborn, that His Excellency has received the command of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, forthwith to put in close confinement, forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers, to be held as hostages for the safe keeping of the twenty-three British soldiers stated to have been put in close confinement by order of the American government.

And he is at the same time to apprise him that if any of the said British soldiers shall suffer death, by reason that the soldiers now under confinement in England have been found guilty, and that the known law, not only of Great Britain, but of every independent state under similar circumstances, has been in consequence executed, he has been instructed to select out of the American officers and non-commissioned officers put into confinement as many as double the number of British soldiers who shall have been so unwarrantably put to death, and cause such officers and non-commissioned officers to suffer death immediately.

And His Excellency is further instructed to notify to Major General Dearborn that the commanders of His Majesty's armies, and fleets on the coast of America have received instructions to prosecute the war with unmitigated severity against all Cities, Towns, and Villages belonging to the United States, and against the inhabitants thereof, if after this communication shall have been duly made to Major General Dearborn, and a reasonable time given for its being transmitted to the American government, that government shall unhappily not be deterred from putting to death any of the soldiers who now are, or who

may hereafter be, kept as hostages for the purposes stated in the letter from Major General Dearborn.

His Excellency the Commander of the Forces, in announcing to the troops the commands of His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, is confident that they will feel sensible, of the parental solicitude which His Royal Highness has evinced for the protection of the person and honor of the British soldier, thus grossly outraged in contempt of justice, humanity, and the Law of Nations, in the persons of twenty-three soldiers placed in close confinement, as hostages for an equal number of traitors who had been guilty of the base and unnatural crime of raising their parricidal arms against that country which gave them birth, and who have been delivered over for legal trial to the just laws of their offended country.

The British soldier will feel this unprincipled outrage, added to the galling insults and cruel barbarities that are, daily, wantonly inflicted on many of his unfortunate comrades, who have fallen into the enemy's hands, as additional motives to excite his determined resolution never to resign his liberty but with his life, to a foe so regardless of all sense of honor, justice and the rights of war.

(Signed,) EDWARD BAYNES,

Adj't. Gen.

Early in December the commander of the forces received a communication from Major Gen. Wilkinson, by Colonel Macomb, of the United States army, bearing a flag of truce, stating that the Government of the United States adhering unalterably to the principle and purpose declared in the communication of General Dearborn had, by way of reprisal, ordered forty-six British officers into close confinement. On receipt of this communication the governor ordered all American officers *without distinction of rank* to be immediately placed in close confinement, and in pursuance of this, Generals Chandler, Winchester and Winder were conveyed from their quarters at Beauport, to Quebec for confinement. At the same time the following order was issued:—

General Order, Adjutant General's Office,
12th December, 1813.

His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief and

Commander of the Forces has to announce to the troops under his command, that he has received a communication from Major Gen. Wilkinson, commanding a division of the army of the United States of America, by order of his government, of which the following is an extract:—

“The Government of the United States adhering unalterably to the principle and purpose declared in the communication of General Dearborn to you, on the subject of the twenty-three American soldiers, prisoners of war, sent to England to be tried as criminals; and the confinement of a like number of British soldiers, prisoners of war, selected to abide the fate of the former; has in consequence of the step taken by the British Government, as now communicated, ordered forty-six British officers into close confinement, and that they will not be discharged from their confinement until it shall be known that the forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers in question are no longer confined.”

It would be superfluous to use any argument to refute an assumption so extravagant, unjust, and unprecedented, as to deny the right of a free nation to bring to legal trial, in a due course of law, her own natural born subjects taken in the actual commission of the most heinous offence that man can commit against his king, his country, and his God; that of raising his parricidal arm against his allegiance to his countrymen, by leaguering with their enemies; a crime held in such abhorrence by every civilized nation in Europe, that summary death by the law Martial is its avowed reward, and is inflicted with unrelenting severity by France, the ally of the United States. This pretension must appear to every unprejudiced and upright mind as iniquitous and unjust, as is the retaliation which the Government of the United States has adopted, by placing in close confinement three and twenty British soldiers, as hostages for an equal number of infamous wretches, the unworthy offspring of Great Britain, who, when drawn from the ranks of the enemy, solicited to be suffered to expiate their treason by turning their arms against their employers. These rebels have (with the contempt they merit) been consigned to

the infamy and punishment that await them from the just laws of their offended country, while the Government of the United States does not blush to claim these outcast traitors as their own, and outrage the custom of civilized war, in the persons of honourable men, by placing them on a par with rebels and deserters.

No alternative remains to the commander of the forces, in the discharge of his duty to his king, his country, and his fellow soldiers, but to order all the American officers, prisoners of war, without exception of rank, to be immediately placed in close confinement as hostages for the forty-six British officers so confined, by the express command of the supreme authority in that country, until the number of forty-six be completed, over and above those now in confinement.

His Excellency directs that this general order together with that issued on the 27th of October, be read to the troops, that the British soldier may be sensible of the terms on which America has determined to wage this war; confident that he will meet them with proper spirit and indignation; for should he become the prisoner of a foe so regardless of those laws, which for ages have governed civilized nations in war, he would be doomed to a rigorous confinement, and that only preparatory to a more savage scene.

(Signed,)

EDWARD BAYNES,

Adjt-Gen. North America.

We have purposely italicised the words, without *distinction of rank*, as Ingersol has not scrupled, in his observations on this affair, to endeavour to throw a false colouring over it, and to have recourse to misrepresentation. He writes, "when England took her position on the dogma of *perpetual allegiance*. Gens. Chandler, Winder and Winchester, Colonel Lewis and Major Madison were prisoners on parole near Quebec, but not one of the superior officers was seized as a hostage. A dogma originally applied only to vassals, never enforced against lords, in the feudal ages, from whose dark codes it sprang, England, on the ferocious revival of it, restricted to men in humble stations. No American above the grade of captain was confined. In the first place this is simply untrue as the three generals just mentioned were removed from their

parole at Beauport to Quebec for confinement. Again, as to the dogma of perpetual allegiance, it was not the vindication of this dogma which Great Britain at this time desired to assert, but the right of punishing deserters, and of establishing the point that a mere forsaking of the British flag and territory was not sufficient to absolve from the general law of allegiance, or from the military and naval codes in particular, which, in common with those of all nations, awarded the punishment of death to deserters from either service.

Ingersol is not more happy when he cites Moreau, Bernadotte, and Pezzo de Borgo, as cases in point to prove that fugitives from a country may honorably join in warfare against that State. France may be said to have been afflicted with a civil war, in the conducting of which both parties called in allies; but even during those unhappy times victims were not wanting, and Ney's fate tells much more forcibly against Ingersol's position, than Moreau, Bernadotte, and Pozzo de Borgo do for him.

For some time the measures of the respective governments were carried out very rigidly, and many hardships were suffered by the unfortunate victims of this attempt, on the part of the United States, to force Great Britain to consent tamely to regard the desertion of her soldiers and sailors. The final settlement of this affair did not take place till July 1814, but we introduce it here in order to close the subject. The whole correspondence will accordingly be found in our notes.*

*General Order,
Head Quarters, Montreal,

16th April, 1814.

His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief and Commander of the Forces, announces to the troops under his command, that he was pleased to sanction and confirm, on the 15th inst., articles of a convention entered into by Colonel Baynes, Adjutant-General of the Forces, and Brigadier-General Winder of the army of the United States of America, for the mutual release of all prisoners of war, hostages or others, with the exception of the forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers placed in close confinement as hostages, in conformity to the general order of the 27th of October last, in retaliation for twenty-three British soldiers, confined by the Government of the United States, as hostages for twenty-three British born subjects, taken from the ranks of the enemy, and sent to England for legal trial. By this agreement it is stipulated that all

and will show how both governments gradually relaxed their respective measures of retaliation, and introduced by degrees a less terrible and menacing state of affairs, the threatened gibbet being removed by the tacit retirement of both belligerents from its proposed erection.

James has been very severe on the Ameri-

prisoners of war (the above mentioned alone excepted) shall be mutually exchanged, and delivered at such places as shall be agreed on, with all convenient expedition, and shall be declared, respectively and severally, to be released and free to carry arms, and serve on the 15th day of May next, the same as if they had never been prisoners of war: and it has been further provided, that whatever balance shall appear on the returns of prisoners of war, respectively exchanged or given up on parole, by either party since the commencement of hostilities, the number of prisoners for which an equivalent has not been returned, shall be withheld from all military service, until exchanged.

It is with proud satisfaction that the commander of the forces feels confident, that this provisional clause can never apply to the army in Canada, from the immense disparity in the number and rank of the prisoners, it has restored to the enemy.

All officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, being prisoners of war, who are not prevented in consequence of their wounds, are commanded to join their respective corps and stations on the 15th day of May next, and to resume their military duties.

(Signed,) EDWARD BAYNES,
Adjutant-General.

General Order,
Head Quarters, Camp at Chambly.
July 2nd, 1814.

Several officers of this army having returned from the United States, where they had been held in close confinement as hostages, and having on their release signed a conditional parole containing a pledge on their part, to return to their captivity at the expiration of a limited period, unless previously exchanged: His Excellency the Governor-in-Chief and Commander of the Forces, considering such parole to be inconsistent with the provisions of a convention for the exchange of prisoners which was entered into by persons duly empowered for that purpose by the Government of the United States, and His Excellency respectively, and has already been carried into complete execution on his part, and has also been in part executed by the American Government,—is pleased to declare that all those officers, whether of the line or Militia are absolved from their parole, under and by virtue of the before mentioned convention:—that they are released and free to serve as if they had never been prisoners of war, and are all and

cans for the treatment of their prisoners, and after enumerating a long list of officers who had been thrown into prison, he asks—"Into what prison? The Penitentiary, along with forty convicts, condemned for murder, rape, forgery, coining, burglary, horse-stealing, &c.," James adds—"Lest the reader should doubt this, he will find in the appendix furnished

severally included in the general order of the 16th of April, directing all prisoners of war after the 15th of May to repair to their respective corps and stations, and to resume their military duties.

To destroy any doubts which may by possibility be entertained with regard to the complete execution of the convention above mentioned: to satisfy the nice and scrupulous sensibility with which a British soldier must ever view and examine an act, professing to release him from an obligation in which his honour is implicated, and to remove every apprehension from the minds of those who may come within the scope of the present general order, His Excellency is pleased to authorize the communication to the army under his command, of the principal circumstances attending the commencement, progress, and final conclusion of the convention to which allusion has above been made.

At the solicitation of the Government of the United States, conveyed in a letter from their Secretary of State of the 19th of March, and not less induced by his anxious desire to alleviate the unnecessary severity which the system of retaliation had introduced into the conduct of this war, the Commander of the Forces did not hesitate in acceding to a proposal which seemed to promise the attainment of an object so desirable. In that spirit, and with that view, His Excellency consented to the exchange of Brigadier-General Winder, (a hostage) in consequence of that officer having been selected by the President of the United States as an agent vested with full powers to negotiate for an exchange of prisoners of war, as well hostages as others. His Excellency was also pleased to nominate Colonel Baynes as an agent vested with similar powers, on the part of the British army.

The negotiation commenced under the most favourable auspices. The basis and conditions of the convention being left to the discretion of the two officers above mentioned, it was agreed that all prisoners of war, hostages or others (with the sole exception of the British subjects taken from the ranks of the enemy and sent to England for legal trial) should be released in conformity to the regulations of the cartel, General Winder pleading himself that his government entertained the most liberal sentiments, and that the great disparity of prisoners, both with respect to rank and numbers, which the United States would receive and for which they had no equivalent to return, should be withheld from service on parole, until duly exchanged.

This agreement was on the point of being ratified, when a despatch from the American

by the keeper of the prison, a list of convicts, their crimes and sentences." Mr. James actually gives an appendix showing the names of the various prisoners, and the punishment awarded to each offence. Here we are tempted to digress for a moment to show some of the advantages of American law—for instance, we find that for killing a wife by shooting her,

four years' imprisonment is deemed ample punishment, but that for stealing a negro, or a horse, ten and four years and a half are not considered too severe a sentence!

James concludes his observations by remarking—"General Sheaffe did not behave thus to the American forces who surrendered at the battle of Queenston, and many will be

Secretary of State, dated Washington the 22nd March, was received by Brig.-Gen. Winder, and was verbally represented by him to convey a positive prohibition to his consenting to the release of the twenty-three British soldiers held in confinement as hostages for the British subjects sent to England for trial, unless it was stipulated that they also should be released, and sent to the United States.

This proposition was instantly answered by a note informing Brigadier-General Winder, that as a new basis had been substituted by the Secretary of State, inadmissible in principle, the negotiation was in consequence at an end, and that his partial exchange as a preliminary measure was also void, and of no effect as emanating from an act which had, from the conduct of the proposing party, become a nullity.

The introduction of this new pretension on the part of the Government of the United States had arrested the progress of the negotiation, when a note from Brigadier-General Winder came (No. 3) which was acceded to by Colonel Baynes as the basis of a convention (No. 4.)

To ascertain the existence of the power of final ratification on the part of Brigadier-General Winder the Commander of the Forces was pleased to direct Colonel Baynes to address to that officer the note (No. 5) and although the answer of Brigadier-General Winder, as contained in note (No. 6) did not completely accord with the spirit of candor professed by him, and manifested by His Excellency, nevertheless the fair construction of it was such as to carry to his mind the conviction which it must impress on every honourable man who persues it, that Brigadier-General Winder possessed the power of finally ratifying any new agreement for the exchange of prisoners, into which he might think proper to enter.

Under this impression the Commander of the Forces was pleased to declare his assent to the immediate release and exchange of Brigadier-General Winder; the negotiation for the exchange of prisoners on the contracted basis imposed by Brigadier-General Winder, was recommenced, and the conditions being arranged, a convention was concluded on the 15th April last, and ratified by the contracting parties.

It is under this convention, so begun and ratified, and carried into effect according to the tenor of it, with promptitude and good faith on the part of the Commander of the Forces, and to which no objection has been specified by the American Government, in any of their communications to His Excellency, since the conclusion of it, but which, on the contrary, must have been accepted, since it has been in part executed by that Gov-

ernment, that His Excellency, the Commander of the Forces, has been pleased thus publicly to absolve all the officers and others who have recently returned from the United States from a parole which His Excellency conceives to be inconsistent with the terms of that convention, and which he considers to have been exacted by persons ignorant of its existence, or misconceiving its conditions.

By His Excellency's Command,
Edward Baynes Adjt. General,
British North America.
Montreal, 10th April, 1814.

No. 1.

Colonel Baynes has communicated to His Excellency the Commander of the Forces the purport and extent of the alterations explained by Brigadier-General Winder to exist, between the instructions of the 19th March addressed to him by the Secretary of State, and those of the 22nd. of the same date received yesterday, and that the omission of the same in the first copy was owing to an error in transcribing it.

His Excellency, however, on reference to the letter of the Secretary of State of the 19th March, addressed to him, as it is stated, "with the view, and in the sincere desire to restore to the mildest practice of civilized nations the treatment of prisoners on both sides," and authorizing Brigadier-General Winder, on the part of the United States Government, to conclude an arrangement which may embrace the exchange, as well of those held as hostages, as of other prisoners; and His Excellency learning from that officer that his instructions fully comported with the unqualified tenor of the proposal made in the Secretary of States' letter to him, did not hesitate a moment in acceding to the arrangements therein suggested, and was prepared to waive just grounds which he conceived he had of complaint against the Government of the United States, on the subject of the exchange of prisoners of War, in the hopes of promoting an arrangement so desirable for the cause of humanity and the honor of both nations; and he is much disappointed to find his hopes frustrated by the introduction, at this period of the negotiation, of a claim so totally inadmissible, that had the Secretary of State's letter borne the most distant allusion to it, His Excellency would have felt himself, as he now does, prohibited from proceeding any further on the subject.

The British view the confinement of twenty-three soldiers as the first act of aggression: for the undoubted right which every free nation pos-

surprised that this mode of incarcerating British officers should be realized, not at Verdun in France, but at Kentucky in the United States, the land of liberty." We find the names of thirty officers who were crowded into two small rooms, little larger than the common cells which were seven feet by four. Comment on this is unnecessary.

esses of investigating and punishing the crimes committed by her own natural born subjects, in a due course of law, is too self-evident to require a comment, nor can it, by any distortion of sense, or justice, be construed into a just ground for an act of fair retaliation exercised on twenty-three British Soldiers: the latter are characterized by their patriotism and loyalty, the former stigmatized for their treason and rebellion.

It would be wasting time to enter into any further discussion on this subject. Great Britain has successfully maintained her national right, unsullied for twenty years against the whole world combined; it is not to be supposed that it is reserved for the United States to stop the course of justice, and to dictate to England what procedure she shall observe towards her own natural born subjects, in her own courts of civil judicature arrested in her own territories in commission of acts of treason and rebellion.

It is to be remarked, that as the exchange of prisoners of War now proposed by the United States no longer has the general character that was at first proposed, but is specifically to restore quota for quota, it becomes on this ground, incumbent on the part of the British Government, to demand as a preliminary step, a detailed statement of about three thousand prisoners of war, of which the third were of the United States' regular service, captured in Canada during the first Campaign, and given up in good faith to the United States, who at that period, had no British prisoners.—and as all subsequent exchanges on the part of the United States have been acquitted by an equivalent number of prisoners simultaneously exchanged, it is insisted that the American Government is bound by honor and good faith to make full and complete satisfaction for the above debt, in conformity to the 14th article of the cartel, before she can in justice retain, or ask an equivalent for a single British prisoner now in her possession: and for this purpose returns will be prepared, not only of the number of prisoners remaining unexchanged in the possession of either power, but of those given up in good faith by the British Government to the United States, and for which no return has yet been made, or satisfaction offered; and as it appears from the documents now transmitted, that the United States are adding to the number of prisoners placed in restraint as Hostages, His Excellency is left no alternative, and is under the imperious necessity of ordering into close confinement, all the American officers remaining in his possession, not heretofore considered as Hostages.

If the instructions of the Secretary of State

Before entering on the subject of the impression produced on the centre division, by the intelligence of the disaster which had overwhelmed the right, or northern, division, it will be advisable to conclude the operations which were now undertaken, under Generals Wilkinson and Hampton, in the Lo ver Province. We may, however, notice, that not-

leave to the discretion of Brigadier-General Winder no latitude on the subject of the twenty-three British soldiers considered by Great Britain as the sole just origin of the system of retaliation, the further prosecution of this negotiation, for an exchange of prisoners, must be unavailing, as His Excellency, although prepared to waive all minor considerations, as to meet the American Government on a fair and liberal basis, is at the same time unalterably firm in his determination not to compromise in the slightest degree, that principle of justice and equity upon which the measures of his Government have been framed.

On a former occasion, Colonel Baynes communicated to Major Melville that if the prisoners of war in Canada were not exchanged previous to the arrival of the transports expected early in the Spring, it would become a necessary measure to relieve the Canadas of that charge, and that they would be sent to England; and on the opening of the river navigation, the prisoners now at Montreal will be sent to Quebec for that purpose.

(Signed) EDWARD BAYNES,
Col., and Adjt. General.

No. 2.

Brigadier General Winder has received Colonel Baynes' note of this morning, and has read it with close and profound attention, not without considerable surprise and the deepest regret—surprise because it seems to have been expected that the discussions depending between Colonel Baynes and himself were in fact to have settled and adjusted a principal question which will no doubt occupy the Congress at Gottenburg—regret because he fears that the beneficial consequences which would result from making exchanges, as far as was practicable under the powers held by General Winder, must be defeated by persisting in the views held out by the note of Colonel Baynes—exchanges which would restore to liberty so many brave and honorable men of both nations, who may otherwise linger out a tedious protracted confinement, finally to be terminated by an inglorious death, and which beside, would have left untouched in the fullest extent, the pretensions of Great Britain, on the question from whence the system of retaliation has arisen.

It appears to Brigadier General Winder, from the note of Colonel Baynes, that he considered an exchange made under the restriction in Brigadier General Winder's power, as an abandonment or compromising the principle in question by the British Government.—Surely, if this were the case, as according to Brigadier General Winder's conception it certainly is not, it would have been

withstanding the defeat sustained in the west, the British still retained undisturbed possession of Michilimacinae, and thereby preserved their influence, to a very material degree, over the Indian tribes in the west.

General Harrison contemplated the reduction of this post, but finding the season far advanced, and more important operations

being contemplated, he postponed the movement, especially as he argued that the garrison of this post, cut off from all exterior resources, must necessarily fall. General Harrison seems, however, to have lost sight of the possibility of the garrison being supplied by way of York, or, though with more difficulty, by the Ottawa river. All his disposable forces were

an abandonment of it on the part of the American Government, if this restriction had not existed in the power, and would have been an extent of power which, it is confidently believed, His Excellency did not expect would be conferred on the occasion—nor indeed could it be supposed that a power to treat relative to the adjustment of this principle would have been conferred upon a person in the situation, and under the circumstances which Brigadier General Winder was when he received the power.

Brigadier General Winder further supposes that His Excellency had and can have, in the ordinary course of things, no power to settle and adjust this question unless by special delegation, and this if known to the Government of the United States, would have drawn from them a correspondent delegation of power with a view to its adjustment.

But the Government of the United States were aware that His Excellency possessed, as incidental to his military command, the power of making exchanges relative to the prisoners made from and by his command, which did not compromise the principle of the British Government on this point, and therefore had in view to delegate a corresponding power to Brigadier General Winder, as it is considered they have entirely done.

The Government of the United States conceived that a relinquishment of the twenty-three original hostages taken by them would be compromising the principle on their part, and declined to give a power to this extent—they, on the contrary, do not ask a release of the twenty-three men sent to England, because that would be relinquishing it on the part of the British Government. The power to negotiate upon this question, it is presumed, has been delegated to the commissioners about to assemble at Gottenburg.

But General Winder is at a loss to perceive, that because he does not possess this power a negotiation is to stop, which could originally only have contemplated, and been expected to contemplate, the exchange, as far as could be done without broaching that question. And the letter of the Secretary of State to His Excellency, of the 19th March, and his contemporaneous instructions to Brigadier General Winder, while they look to the largest possible exchange, yet reserve, and express to do so, whole and entire, the right on this system of retaliation, and he most sincerely believes his propositions of yesterday's date entirely attain this object to both parties.

Brigadier General Winder, conscious it would be useless to submit any observation on the other parts of Colonel Baynes' note, as he believes

them completely embraced in one of the propositions of his note of yesterday, entirely conformable to Colonel Baynes' wishes; and because, possessing no other powers or instructions than those already communicated, he supposes it more important, at the present moment, to obviate the objections to proceed in the negotiation, which he flatters himself the foregoing remarks will have a tendency to effect, and which unless he can effect, would be time uselessly spent, as no result could flow from it.

Brigadier General Winder submits these remarks in a spirit of unreserved candor and cordiality, and without the loss of a moment;—and flatters himself, that, viewed by Colonel Baynes with the same spirit, they will be found entitled to strong and conclusive weight.

(Signed) WM. WINDER,
Brig. Gen. U. S. Army.

No. 3.

Montreal, April 11th, 1814.

Brigadier-general Winder has received Colonel Baynes' note of this morning, and has read it with the attention which the subject of it was calculated to awaken, and however much he regrets that he is not able to accomplish all that he hoped and wished, yet he is gratified in believing, that much may be accomplished in strict conformity to the principles upon which His Excellency feels himself bound to act as detailed in Col. Baynes' note of to-day, and also entirely within the powers and instructions which Brigadier-general Winder has received and submitted from his Government. Colonel Baynes' note states, "that the confinement of the twenty-three American officers, and an equal number of non-commissioned officers, is considered as the first stage of retaliation, on the part of the British Government, and will be persevered in so long as the twenty-three soldiers, for which they are held as hostages, are kept in confinement, and cannot be affected by any exchange that does not emancipate the twenty-three British soldiers."

What Brig.-gen. Winder proposes, therefore, in entire conformity to this principle is, that the British officers put into confinement in retaliation for the confinement of the above forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers shall be released and exchanged to such an extent as an equivalent value of American officers confined in retaliation for them, or who may be prisoners of war, other than the above forty-six, shall be released and exchanged.

Brigadier-General Winder, in his note of the 9th, made his proposition as extensive as he was

therefore moved from the head of Lake Erie to Buffalo, whence they were forwarded to the Niagara district, to join the expedition contemplated against the Lower Province, and in part to supply the detachments which had been already drafted from that district, and conveyed to Sackett's Harbor for the same purpose.

allowed, but considered at the same time, that if, in its whole extent, it was not acceptable to his Excellency he would hold himself ready to embrace any modification of them, which might be more acceptable, and within Brigadier-general Winder's power.

This proposition appearing to Brigadier-general Winder to be so entirely within the principles contained in Col. Baynes' note, he feels the most sanguine assurance of its acceptance, and, without encumbering it with anything else, he hastens to submit it without delay.

(Signed) WM. WINDER,
Brig. Gen. U. S. Army.

No. 4.

Head Quarters, Montreal,
Adjutant General's Office,
April 12th, 1814.

Colonel Baynes has to acknowledge Brigadier-general Winder's note of the 11th instant, and is commanded to acquaint him, that the commander of the forces consents to an exchange of hostages, and all others, prisoners of war in conformity to the scale of the cartel, under the previous stipulated conditions recited in his note, viz.—That the twenty-three British soldiers first confined as hostages, and the forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers confined as hostages, in retaliation for the same, remain untouched and be not included in the present proposed exchange.

It appearing that the American Government assert to have placed seventy-seven British officers in confinement as hostages, and the right to retaliate in an equal number, being assumed by the commander of the forces, it would be necessary to place thirty-one American officers in similar restraint, in order to hold seventy-seven to restore in exchange; but to avoid the performance of so unpleasant a task, it is proposed that it be taken for granted that this further act of retaliation has been carried into effect, and that the number of hostages on both sides, being equal in number, amounting to seventy-seven, are declared released as hostages, and placed on the footing of ordinary prisoners of war, to be exchanged as such, in conformity to the cartel.

That this measure take place immediately in Quebec, and with the least possible delay in the United States and Halifax.

The exchange contemplated, is to include every individual held as a prisoner of war connected

It had been the settled plan of the American Government from the commencement of the war, to make a decisive attack on the Lower Province. We gather this from the correspondence between the officers in command, and the bureau of war at Washington, and we shall proceed to show how this

with the army of British North America, commencing from the first act of hostilities on either side, excepting only twenty-three British soldiers, and the forty-six American officers and non-commissioned officers to be reserved as hostages; it being further stipulated that the last-mentioned forty-six will be placed on the footing of ordinary prisoners of war, and exchanged as such whenever the twenty-three British soldiers are so released or delivered over for exchange.

The details contained in Brigadier-general Winder's note of the 9th instant are accepted of, as forming the outline for a mutual arrangement for carrying the exchange into effect.

(Signed) EDWARD BAYNES,
Adjutant-general, B.N.A.

No. 5.

Head Quarters, Montreal,
Adjutant General's Office,
April 12th, 1814.

Colonel Baynes has to acknowledge Brigadier-general Winder's note of the 11th instant, and is commanded to acquaint him, that the commander of the forces has no objection to the principle upon which his exchange is proposed by the Secretary of State as a preliminary measure to his entering upon the proposed negotiation, provided that the basis upon which that negotiation is to be conducted, is in its principle admissible, and holds out a fair and a reasonable prospect of producing the desired end.

His Excellency considered the proposal as stated in the Secretary of State's letter of 19th March as coming under that description, and the accompanying letter of instructions of the same date, computing with the same, he did not hesitate to grant his consent to the proposed exchange of Brigadier-general Winder, as a proper preliminary measure; but a subsequent communication from the Secretary of the United States, being received by Brigadier-general Winder, and represented by him to have been introduced into the first instructions, alterations in themselves inadmissible in principle, and that the same had been omitted by error in transcribing the first copy, and were therefore to be considered as forming the text and spirit of the proposition. The commander of the forces considered himself absolved from his assent to a document which had, from the act of the proposing party, become a nullity; and thereby cancelling whatever might have emanated from it, and that he was at liberty

determination was carried out—the force employed, the fate which attended the attempt, and the causes which led to the entire failure of a scheme, deliberately planned, long cherished as one of the certain means of reducing the Canadas, and undertaken with every accompaniment of force, that it was in the power of the American Government to impart to it.

to revert to the alternative suggested in the Secretary of State's first letter, and reject the proposal *in toto*.

Colonel Baynes is directed to inform Brigadier General Winder, that it is not His Excellency's intention to sanction any partial exchange, except for the express purpose stated in the Secretary of State's letter, with which he thinks it highly expedient and proper to comply, but he must require from that officer a most direct and unequivocal assurance, that he is *authorized to treat and ratify, without further reservation, on the part of his government, a negotiation on the principles stated in Colonel Baynes' note of the 11th and 12th, and in General Winder's note of the 11th instant—in which case his exchange will be declared full and complete.*

Brigadier General Winder will excuse this demand which has become necessary from the doubts which he has himself created, as to the nature and extent of the restriction recently placed upon him by his government.

(Signed,) EDWARD BAYNES,
Adj. Gen. B. N. A.

No. 6.

Montreal, April 18th, 1814.

Brigadier General Winder very much regrets that he should have failed in communicating to Colonel Baynes in the last interview, the extent of the powers communicated to him with requisite precision.

It was the intention of Brigadier General Winder to have stated, that his powers extended without restriction, to propose and agree to an exchange of all British Prisoners of War taken from the command of Sir George Prevost, except the twenty-three men put into confinement in retaliation for the twenty-three men sent to England, to which extent he now assures Colonel Baynes his powers extend, embracing all the subjects contained in Colonel Baynes' notes of the 11th and 12th, and Brigadier General Winder's of the 11th.

As it was not the intention of Brigadier General Winder that his Excellency should have the least question as to the extent of his powers, he cannot but feel mortified, that an idea should have been entertained for a moment that he intended to render them in the least degree doubtful, and he trusts this avowal will remove all such impres-

It had been decided that the attack should be made from two points, from the east under General Hampton, with perhaps, the most efficient division that had as yet taken the field during the war; and from the west, under the immediate direction of the commander-in chief, General Wilkinson.

sions, and enable Colonel Baynes and himself, upon the adjustment of Brigadier General Winder's exchange, to proceed without delay to the arrangement.

(Signed,) WM. WINDER,
Brig. Gen., U. S. Army.

General Order, Adjutant General's Office,
Head Quarters, Montreal,

July 18th, 1814.

His Excellency the Commander of the Forces announces to the troops under his command, that having at the invitation of the American government, deputed Colonel Baynes, Adjutant General, and Lieutenant Colonel Brenton, Provincial Aide-de-camp, to meet on Thursday last at Champlain, Colonel Lear, late Consul General of the United States at Algiers—for the purpose of reconsidering the convention for the exchange of prisoners which had been entered into on the 15th of April last, between Colonel Baynes and Brigadier General Winder; and of removing whatever objections might be made to the due execution of it:—and the said meeting having taken place accordingly, all objections to the said convention were then, and there, completely removed; and the same was, on the 16th instant, fully and definitively ratified by Colonel Lear, on the part of the United States; (he having full power for that purpose) with a supplementary clause, by which the twenty-three British soldiers, and the forty-six American officers, the hostages mentioned in the first article of the said convention, are declared to be included in that convention, and are to be released and exchanged, in the same manner as other prisoners of War, mentioned in the same articles, notwithstanding the exception to them therein contained;—and His Excellency is pleased hereby to direct that this General Order be considered in explanation and confirmation of the said General Orders issued on the 16th and 2nd July, 1814.

EDWARD BAYNES,
Adj. Gen. N. A.

That all persons are equal in the eyes of the Law—or else how comes it then “the longest purse” generally wins?

That the law recognises no distinction between rich and poor; when a rich man can divorce his wife by paying a couple of thousand pounds, and a poor man cannot obtain a divorce without going to the workhouse!

M A R C H .

There is a stir abroad in earth and sky,
 The busy clouds, now muddling now dispersing,
 Seem with the windy messengers conversing,
 The landscape is alive; the shadows fly,
 Coursed o'er the uplands by the hunter breeze;
 The shifting lights are colour'd to the eye,
 Clothing with apparent warmth the scenery.

ACCORDING to the artificial sub-division of the year, the Month of March should mark the departure of winter and the opening of spring. With this month, "the mossy banks, balmy airs, voices of birds, and early and delicious flowers," so graphically described by poets, should approach to gladden us. In our Canadian climate, however, this month can only be viewed as a season of promise, and the most superficial observer of the signs, that are "abroad in earth and sky," must find evidences to convict the poets, who have indulged in these rhapsodies on the beauties of this month, of self-delusion.

The glowing pictures of mildness and beauty which these same poets have expended on February and March will be found, when applied to our climate, almost an exaggeration if applied to May, and Thomson's lines, when he apostrophizes spring, are much more descriptive of the sunshine of the end of May.

Along these blushing borders bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace,
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first,
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes.

These lines of the poet contrast very unfavorably with the stern realities of a month which but too often borrows keen frosts, with equally sudden floods, from winter. The truth is that poets have either seen, in "Fancy's glass," these pictures, or have drawn in inspiration when tasting the delights of an Italian spring.

Beneath the sunny sky of Italy, the opening season of the year presents such delights in temperate breezes, bright blue skies, delicately perfumed flowers, lacking the overpowering odour imparted by the heats of June, as warrant the most brightly tinted description, but with us the winds of March, which come careering over our fields, are suggestive of hope rather than of realization, and tho' to the idle, the unobservant, and the unthinking, the general face of nature seems unchanged, yet to the eye that "can see Othello's visage in his mind" there lurks the promise of beauty and brightness, covered indeed but not entirely unobservable. In this month, too, the earth first becomes soft and tractable,

and yields to the kind constraint that calls upon it to teem with new life, that it may receive into its bosom the germs of that creation which, born with the spring, shall run its race rejoicing into the lap of summer, and yield up its sweet breath, a willing incense, at the shrill of nature.

Howitt, in his book of the seasons, draws a much more truthful picture, but even his description, though strictly suitable to an English, is somewhat overdrawn when applied to our climate.

"March is a rude, and sometimes boisterous month, possessing many of the characteristics of winter, yet awakening sensations more delicious than the two following spring months, for it gives us the first announcement and taste of spring. What can equal the delight of our hearts at the very first glimpse of spring—the first springing of buds and green herbs? It is like a new life infused into our bosoms. A spirit of tenderness. A burst of freshness and luxury of feeling possesses us; and though fifty springs have broken upon us, their joy, unlike many joys of time, is not an atom impaired."

This last observation of Howitt's is strictly true; each successive spring sees the lover of nature, who studies the great book which it unfolds to his enquiring eye, discovering new beauties, and the more curious his enquiry, the more certain is he to find new force and fitness in some of the most remarkable expressions every Scripture contains.

We know not the name of the writer of the following passage, the reader will, however find it beautifully applicable:—

"Hence the beauty of the idea of the resurrection as typified in the quickening seed, and of our risen Saviour as the first-fruits of them that slept. It was with this transformation in his mind—incident to the vital processes of vegetable life occurring on each returning spring—that the Apostle exclaimed, when writing to Corinth—"That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that which shall be, but bare grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed its own body. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." This is not the mere language of fanciful illustration, but an argument derived from the ordinary processes of the lower forms of life, to demonstrate that new spring-time and future harvest, anticipated by the believer as a change, to which the death of the natural body is as essential as the change that takes place on the quickening seed,—which, except it die, cannot spring up and partake in the annual resurrection of the opening year.

FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

THIS is headquarters of the thriving province of New Brunswick—a neat, clean, and healthy looking town on the western bank of the St. John river, some eighty miles inland. Till 1845, it was only known in our geographical charts and maps as a town; but on the designation of Bishop Medley, the first diocesan of the province, Her Majesty the Queen was pleased to call it the CITY OF FREDERICTON, whereupon the act of incorporation was obtained at the following session of Parliament, and since that year it has been governed by a mayor, aldermen, and commonalty. It is at least an *ecclesiastical* city, being the seat of the bishop, and now ornamented by one of the very handsomest of our colonial cathedrals.

It is also the seat of government, and hence of the governor as well as a great number of the officers of the crown; and as a place of commerce it is thriving. The leading characteristic of its merchants is hospitality—with an insipid pride (common on this continent) in the growing prosperity of their young city. This is natural, for our merchants are the architects of our cities. The merchant makes the city—the city does not make him.

During the session of Parliament, the Frederictonians, enjoy themselves by *partying, balling, sleigh driving, &c.*, and their ambition seems to be wild while competing the honor of excelling each other in acts of attention to the M. P.s and the HONORABLES who, for two or three months each year assemble in their goodly city to transact the business of the country.

In and around the city of Fredericton are some very fine public and private buildings and residences;—of the former we may mention the English Cathedral and St. Anne's Chapel, both built according to the most approved plans of modern ecclesiastical architecture. The Methodist chapel, recently re-built after a conflagration, is a very handsome structure. King's College, sitting on the hill side, looks down from Parnassus upon the grovelling money grubs who are rafting and bawling and stream driving below, with a sort of literary frown, as though it would say, "Send your sons, with caps and gowns, up hither."

Of the private residences, we have noticed with peculiar delight that of the Honorable Judge Wilmot, that of the Honorable Judge Street, and the cottage of the Lord Bishop, both of the latter beautifully situated on the ridge of hills that runs along the S. S. W. of the city, and seeming like one of nature's protections and best bulwarks. The brow of the aforesaid hill is calculated to afford

building accommodation for the retiring merchants of a city as large as New York. And as the business of Fredericton increases, the city will force its way up to the foot of the mountain, which will be the case within half a century, and Fredericton will then be one of the handsomest cities in the British colonies.

Three of the judges of the Supreme Court reside here; two of whom are natives of the province, and one an Englishman by birth and professional education.

Of the former two, one seems rather a young man, though his face indicates close application and the juvenile wrinkle—accompanied by other traces of thought, gives proof abundant that Mr. Justice Wilmot is no idler.

This gentleman is a tall, thin, handsome man, quick in his gait, with a very intelligent expression of face and a brilliant intellect flashing through a very dark and piercing eye. He is a most benevolent man, full of large hearted generosity, and has for a quarter of a century borne the reputation of being a decidedly pious man. His history as a politician is almost unparalleled in the annals of either imperial or colonial legislation. At nineteen he was elected by a show of hands to represent his native county (Sunbury) in the Parliament of New Brunswick. At the age of twenty-two he was one of a diplomatic députation sent home to negotiate with the Downing-Street authorities, a question affecting our international commerce with the adjoining republic, and the youthful appearance of the young diplomatist surprised some of the imperial gentlemen with official wigs and gowns in London; but his brilliant intellect, his thorough comprehension of the great questions involved in the relations of the colonies to the United States, surprised them far more; and the late Lord Glenelg took such a fancy to the juvenile politician, that he recommended the government to give him the first situation under the crown that was worth his acceptance. It is a pity he has retired from public life, as the country needs his talents, yet he is an honor and an ornament to the British bench.

In point of emolument the Judges of the Province of New Brunswick are not as well off as those in Canada, whilst they have fully as much to do.

The parliament buildings are very handsome, and constructed *à la mode* of the Toronto houses; but made of wood and stone instead of brick. Attached to the parliament houses is a very excellent library, over which a most obliging little man presides, who seems fond of a chat with a stranger, and as fond of a pinch; but he is a

clean and a hospitable snuffer, not like some who sometimes almost dust your eyes with the snuff, and then thrust their *mull* into the pouch without even asking you whether you have a nose on your face.

During my sojourn in this apartment, I saw several of the leading men of Head Quarters passing and repassing. Among the rest, the Lord Bishop Medley, the Venerable archdeacon Coster,—neither of whom is old, perhaps fifty to fifty-five each. Mr. Justice Parker and his brother, the Master of the Rolls, both very noble and fine looking men—with Mr. Justice Street—a stout, well built, and shrewd looking man, brother to the Attorney General—both of whom seem to possess unbending firmness and masculine integrity of purpose. Also the Chief Justice, (Hon. Mr. Carter) a very accomplished scholar and, it is believed, a very sound lawyer.

As I purpose now to record a few notes of my visit to the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament, I must close my preliminaries, and begin with the Legislative Council; some of the Counsellors of which I shall notice in passing.

The chamber in which the irresponsable branch of the legislature meets, is elegantly fitted up, indeed it eclipses the Toronto one. The throne is very handsome, and he who fills it in the absence of his Excellency, is an old venerable, bald (very bald) man, who seldom occupies it; but is amusing himself, at one time with a newspaper, at another, stepping round the benches or desks, whilst honorable members are speaking to the chair.

This department of the legislature embraces twenty members, some of whom are very fine looking men, so far as personal appearance is concerned, and some of whom again have very little to be thankful for in that line. There are some good heads among them, however, speaking in a phrenological point of view, the organs seem to be well developed.

In the following remarks I shall restrict myself as much as possible to the personal appearances of these honorable gentlemen; and you must bear with me, if I withhold the names of the parties hereinafter described, and as I may not find room for each and all of them, it may not seem invidious on my part to give a few by name. I think it much better to notice those who take the most prominent part in the debates of the house.

There is a tall, thin, sober-looking man, with hair beginning to turn grey. His complexion is somewhat sallow apparently from climate, and perhaps somewhat affected by the nature of his calling and his application to his studies. He

speaks sensibly and calmly, and seems to know what he means to say very accurately. He is evidently a native of the province, as his accent bewrayeth him, and would seem to be liberal in his political views, but manifestly attached to the principles of British monarchy, and may very likely be one of the many sons of distinguished loyalists who in 1783, left the United States, their property being confiscated and their lives jeopardized because of their unflinching adherence to the glorious principles of a hereditary and limited monarchy. His views, while speaking of this topic, he expresses clearly, calmly, and firmly. His manner and appearance are highly indicative of good feeling and education.

Near him I notice another gentleman, with similar accent, but not so tall. The contour of the latter is rather Grecian, as that of the former is Roman. The latter I would take to be a legal gentleman, perhaps an officer of the crown, from the part he took in the debate. He bears the obvious traces of beauty in his face, but seems, like Judge Wilmot, to have been a close student. A physiognomist would say in looking at him that he possesses the organ of conscientiousness very largely developed. He speaks with deliberation and point, and seems altogether to be an amiable, pacific man, much more suited to the calm deliberative labour of a chamber lawyer than the tumult and petty quarrels of the bar. His part in a debate to which I listened with much interest, also indicated that he had a very strong partiality for British institutions, and especially for those in which the monarchic element prevails.

In proximity to the latter gentleman, I find a small but erect and portly little gentleman, who bears the name of THE COLONEL, and seems to regard it as an imperative duty incumbent upon him, and one of the penalties annexed to his silk gown, for which he would seem to entertain no very deep dislike—that he ought to speak on every subject that comes up for discussion. Some speakers say too much because they have little to say, others say too little because they have too much to say. Which of these two classes, this neat little honorable belongs to, I do not say; but I have no hesitation whatever in saying that he seems to be very patriotic and even to glory in narrating the fact on which he dwells with peculiar interest and considerable emotion, that his father was compelled, though a gentleman by birth and education—nay, was obliged to fish for a dinner of limpets in the *embouchure* of the Scoodiac, when he first settled in the province as a loyalist. Moreover this honorable little gentleman seems very desirous of impressing the house with the

conviction that the county of Charlotte has set an example to the whole province, in the spirit and enterprise which have of late sprung up in that section of New Brunswick.

The worst thought that any man popping in as a stranger would be likely to entertain of this little Honorable would be, that he has a peculiar regard for "the first person, singular number, masculine gender of the first personal pronoun." It is true, grammarians say that this pronoun has no gender; but as the gender is always determined by the noun it represents, the above honorable always seems to use it in the masculine sense—hence we have assigned to it a masculine signification, even at the risk of offending the shade of Lindley Murray.

Besides these, we notice a stout, stalwart, grey haired man, and not far from him a sandy-complexioned *elderly young* man, both of whom seem to be old countrymen, and both appear to represent the commerce of the Province, both acquainted with commercial and local statistics, both firm and sensible: but from their manner and demeanour, a stranger, who did not know which was which, would *prima facie* say the Scotchman is the Irishman, and *vice versa*; for the one is an Ulster man, and the other a Gael by birth. There is a wee sailor-looking bodie, wi' no very muckle outside, but a good deal inside, and beside him one Steelman—but, fegs, there's mair *oil* than steel aboot the one, and mair *steel* than oil aboot the other.

DOWN STAIRS.

A fine room. The Speaker, gowned and bannet, is in his chair, around him are his generals (be it known to our readers that the debating only is done here.) The business is all done—with all the chiseling, in the committee rooms I noticed some pawky dodgers in this branch of the Legislature. Among the rest, I saw one who sits on the left hand of the Speaker, wearing a white choker most commonly, a stout, wee-built man; black hair, turning grey; very dark, small deep set and piercing eye—but speaking of eyes, he is all eyes. He has as many eyes as Argus. He seems continually on the watch—always noting and noticing. He could govern an empire. He would have made a splendid Talleyrand or Machiavelli. Had Louis Philippe been living, he would have given that man a fortune to act as his private secretary. It would seem, from the notice of a discussion I heard while in the House, that this argus-eyed M.P. is an officer of the Crown, holding some political situation, and on that account a good butt for the oppositionists. He bears hammering well; never seems to wince;

but holds on and does all his wincing in his own room or private office.

There is another curious looking man, with a bald head, his latitude and longitude just about an identical *equation*, as mathematicians would say, always on the fidgets; a fine specimen of the *perpetuum motum*. He seems as if he could speak for a month on any question, and cares not what he says. Speak he will, sense or nonsense, often speaks *good* nonsense too; makes others feel, but seems to feel very little himself. It would seem, from sundry hints, that Bill (for such is the name he often goes by in these parts) had on some occasion raked up in no small degree the corruption of the government, and this still sticks in their gizzards.

For York, there's a small keen-eyed little man, of whom I can make nothing; sometimes I think he is clever, at other times I begin to doubt it; sometimes he talks *religious*, at other times

There's a tall, stout, sallow man from Westmoreland, with a small black eye, of which it was once said that "it never looked man straight in the face," meaning, I suppose, that it always looked round the side of a man's head or over his shoulder.

One of the Macs or Mickies, from Buctouch or Buctoucis, seems at times to entertain the House by incidental allusions to the urbanity and kindness of manner with which Cardinal Wiseman receives M.P.'s and lumberers from the colonies, when they call at his palace in London with diplomatic or introductory letters.

Now an ex-M.P. appeared behind the benches, exclaiming—"Mr. Spaker, sure it's meself and nobody else that ought to be afther sitting over beyant, where Mither Boyd is! By the powers of war, I'll bring wid me fifty men from the borders of the Bocabec and the Digiduaguash, and will unsate the Colonel!"

Here I left the House to despatch my budget, but will hereafter furnish more ample details.

An ill humor is too great a luxury to be abandoned all an once. It is, moreover, a post of great advantage whenever any one endeavours to coax us out of it; it is like holding a fort, we endeavour to make good terms before leaving it.

One is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

When is the soup likely to run out of the saucepan? When there's a leak in it.

An insolent lackey. Steam is a servant that occasionally blows up its master.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.
No. XXI.

A CATASTROPHE STRONGLY TINCTURED WITH THE
SUPERNATURAL.

THE wrathful Laird of Hungry Knowes spent a large per centage of the balance of that eventful day, in the solitude of his study. He had no inclination to come in contact either with his recusant nephew or Gavin Park. Correctly did he conclude that the determination of the former was not to be shaken by threats or promises; and experiencing a latent suspicion that his cause presented some untenable points, he was wishful to avoid a controversy with his servitor in which he might haply come off only second best.

When we spoke of Mr. Dreghorn's "study," we were far from intending to insinuate that the thrifty Laird was more extravagant in the sustentation of his mind, than he was in that of the body. Despite its scholastic designation, the dust-beaming chamber in which David had denned himself, was nearly as devoid of books as its owner was of the milk of human kindness. In fact during the short space required to count a hundred, the catalogue might be recited without any great expenditure of breath or fatigue of lungs.

There was a folio family Bible bound in rough calf, and "enriched with choice sculptures," to quote from the title-page thereof. The garlands of cobwebs which festooned this dusky heirloom, evidenced that its pages were seldom disturbed by hands profane or unprofane. We may add that when manipulated by any casual inquirer the *tome* generally opened at passages detailing the bucolic wealth of the ancient patriarchs, thus demonstrating in what direction the Laird's theological researches mainly lay.

As a matter of course, the shelves of the "study" were likewise enriched with *Burns' Poems*, *Religious Courtship*, *Bostons' Crook in the Lot*, *Mrs. Glas' Cookery*, *The Pilgrims Progress*, and last, but not least, that far-famed Scottish olio of horrors *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*. This hair-erecting octo-decimo, which up to the commencement of the last twenty years, was perhaps the most popular indigenous classic of North Britain, exhibited pregnant tokens of frequent and protracted consultation. Indeed it was the source from which Mr. Dreghorn drew the bulk of his literary solacement; and as he was profoundly imbued with the superstitious feelings of his country, he conceded the most unswerving belief to the ghastly legends which it chronicled.

On the occasion to which our veritable history, has reference, the Thane of Hungry Knowes plunged deeply into the mysteries of Mahoun's unseen dominion; and, when the leaden-hued shadows of a December evening began to prevail, his nervous system had become pestilently un-linged. The most ordinary and common-place sound caused him to start up, with shaking hand and perspiration—moistened brow. And the shriek of a crow returning to its rookery, or the furtive squeak of a sharp-set mouse behind the wainscot, sounded to his excited fancy like so many outward and audible signs that the Prince of Darkness was taking an interest more particular than welcome in his motions and destiny!

The near advent of the hour in which it behoved Mr. Dreghorn to be ready for the arrival of the Aberdeen mail-coach, constrained him to abandon a manual from which he derived an equal amount of recreation and torment. He replaced it on its wonted stance, having first carefully turned down a leaf at the passage he had arrived at, which we may mention was that which detailed the midnight drive of the soul of the "reprobate persecutor, bloody Sir George Mackenzie" to Mount Stromboli, in a chariot of infernal fire. There was something in this dismally picturesque legend, which suggested an overhauling of the motives prompting the expedition he was about to undertake, and at seasons he was almost led to doubt the justice of dis-inheriting his friendless nephew. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of John Embleton, one end of the "study" was garnished with an extensive map of the county, upon which were delineated the contiguous lands of Glen Skinfint and Hungry Knowes. Whenever the eye of the Laird lighted upon this topographical presentment, the warning flame of wrath which lurked in his bosom, would burst forth with redoubled fierceness, and the warning conveyed by Sir George's nocturnal expedition, lose all its converting effect. "No!" exclaimed the aggravated senior, smiting the map with his rage-palsied fist—"No! I will see that will burned before I break bread in my father's house again, though I should mak' my bed hereafter wi' Mackenzie, wi' melted lava for sheets, and a peat steeped in' brimstone for a pillow cod! It would turn an arch-angel into a Clootie to behold sic a chance o' creating the noblest property in broad Scotland, made pigs and whistles o' by a head-strong beggar, who has na' a rag to his tail, that he can ca' his ain!"

In this irate and implacable frame of mind David Dreghorn packed his portmanteau—an

operation which, we need hardly say, occupied but little time—and having discussed his wonted vesper refection of pease-meal bannocks and butter-milk, sat waiting the upcoming of the locomotive “machine,” as such conveyances used to be termed by our ancestors.

At length Kirsty Sharn, who, cold and bitter as the night was, had been upon the look-out in the open air (or *sub Jove*, as schoolmasters say) for upwards of two hours, rushed into the “study” with the all-important intelligence that her organ of hearing had become cognizant of the distant fanfaronade of the mail warder’s clarion. For the benefit of the unlearned we may mention that the preceding erudite sentence implies nothing more than that the handmaiden of Hungry Knowes had heard the sound of the guard’s tin horn!

[And here I, Peter Powhead, may pause for a moment, to answer a question which many of our multitudinous readers are doubtless at this blessed moment propounding. “Whence cometh it to pass,” they ask, “that authors *will* use terms which the million, who have never dived into the deeper pools of learning, cannot comprehend? Why not call a spade a *spade* at once, and be done with it?” My simple friends, if we followed such a course, you would be the very first to flout and undervalue us for so doing! Mr. Paumie hath often certiorated me that in writing, as in everything else, familiarity engendereth contempt!

For many years the cure of the combined parishes of Sirloin-cum-Pudding in Yorkshire, was filled by Doctor Dilectus, perhaps one of the most erudite divines in England. So impregnated was he with the aroma of learning, that though nine-tenths of his flock had not passed the Rubicon of the A.B.C., his homilies were bountifully garnished with vernacular quotations from the early fathers of the Church. Doctor Dilectus having been deposed by that peremptory Episcopus Death, was succeeded by a *practical* divine, who opined that his pulpit prelections could not be too plain or every-dayish. “How do you like your new parson?” enquired a well-wisher of the parish, shortly after the advent of *Mr. Homely*, of one of his flock. “Why, zur,” returned Hodge, “he is a main nice man, but no Latiner! We pays heavy dues, and does think it hard that we should get so little *learning* for our money!”

Human nature is the same capricious thing all the world over! It loves to be humbugged, and to have snuff thrown into its eyes! Let the editor of a newspaper, which circulates largely

amongst the less aristocratic and less educated classes, be liberal in quoting from Cicero and such like heathen vagabonds, and beyond all question, his incomprehensible *dicta* will be received by his bacon-bolting porridge-absorbing clients, as the emanations of an inspired oracle!

Having delivered myself of this fructifying episode, I now resume the thread of my discourse.—P.P.]

The mail coach drew up opposite the avenue of Hungry Knowes, and the laird, with his valise on shoulder, marched forth to deposit his person therein. As the distance from the mansion to the highway of royalty was only a few yards, he stood before the vehicle ere the world had waxed three minutes more ancient, and aided by the Cerberus of letters, succeeded in climbing up to the box seat, which he designed to occupy during the journey to Aberdeen.

Dark as pitch, or the conscience of an expiring pettifogger, was the night. The moon, wearied with the vices and chicaneries of earth, had hid her pale face beneath an impenetrable veil of snow-charged clouds, and not a solitary star but what followed the fashion thus set by Queen Luna. Angry, perchance, at being deserted, Æolus raged and stormed like a self-sufficient old bachelor, who, having popped the question in full assurance of victory, hath been met with a stunning “No!” So preposterous was the pother which the flatulent potentate created, that a park of artillery, stimulated by the lintstock, might have uplifted their voices with slender chance of obtaining a hearing!

Desirous to make himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit, David Dreghorn enveloped his face and head in the convolutions of a capacious shepherd’s plaid. This article of costume, it may be mentioned in passing, was the lawful chattel of the bed-ridden Gavin Park, and the Laird, knowing that his servitor was in no condition to make use of the garment, had appropriated it without asking the owner’s leave.

Being thus muffled up, the Laird was as unconscious of passing events, and as impervious to the assaults of the churlish elements, as if he had still been an inmate of his own hereditary dwelling. Indeed so comfortable and cosy did he feel, that ere the mail coach re-commenced its pilgrimage, he had emigrated into the visionary land of Nod, the accomplishment of which feat he announced to the universe by a salvo of snores, more emphatic than musical!

Mr. Thong assured me that if ever a man suffered torment through the agency of ill-conditioned and tyrannical dreams, it was David

Dreghorn that gousty December night. This fact was palpable from the manner in which he writhed and twisted upon his locomotive perch, and the exclamations which from time to time he permitted to escape.

At one moment he would yell out—"Get thee behind me, Satan! Have I no' a right to do what I like wi' my ain, ye foul thief? I tell ye that I dinna' care a boddle for your red hot shandridan, and horses o' fire! Ye need na' nod wi' your horned head, and wink wi' your sulphur-distilling een, at the light I behold on the tap o' yon dark and grewsome mountain! Brawly do I ken that it comes frae the mouth o' the pit which it will tak' a' eternity to fathom, but what interest hae I in your diabolical dwelling? The broad acres o' Hungry Knowes are a' my ain, as the evidents and title deeds thereof, will testify to the satisfaction of ony court in Christendom, and I would like to ken the statute which made you a judge in the matter?"

For a season the sleeper seemed to enjoy a modicum of respite and repose, but ere long his brain became restlessly active as ever.

"Sister!" muttered he, "what mak's ye point wi' your lang, white, fleshless fingers at the youth who is yielding up the ghost, in that cauld and deserted garret? Ye need na' hae been at the trouble o' leaving your grave, to tell me that it is John Embleton, your only son, and my only nephew! As little do I require your aid to learn that he is dying o' consumption, brought on by poverty, and want, and the cark and care of blighted hopes, and blasted expectations! Back, sister to your sepulchre, and no' scare me wi' wringing your skeleton hands, after that marrow-freezing fashion! If John has drunk a bitter draught, I trow that he was his ain brewer. Instead o' gasping like an auld dowg, on that armfu' o' sour, wet straw, he might hae been the richest Laird in the north country, if he had na' been as obstinate as a woman or a mule! Guid forgie me for libelling the pair mule, by putting it in sic companionship!"

Another interval of silence ensued, but it was brief indeed.

"Gavin Park," moaned the suffering dreamer, "Gavin Park, have ye turned against your maister like the resto' them? Wae sock! Wae sock! but I am a lonesome creature indeed! Little did I think, Gavin, that ye would come to side wi' my ill-wishers, and abandon him, that, boy and man, has fed ye, and clad ye, for sixty years and better!"

Here the tormented Dreghorn awoke with a convulsive start, and quivering like an aspen—

as Mr. Thong assures me—from his flaxen wig to his iron-heeled shoes.

The night waxed old, and more and more uneasy grew the Laird. One moment his skin would be hot as a newly engendered tumbler of whiskey toddy, and the next it would be cold as an iced bowl of that punch for which Glasgow is famed even to the verge of creation. By the time the mail coach reached the inn alluded to in the first portion of this most veracious narrative, it became palpable that he could no longer sustain the fatigue of travel, and accordingly with the aid of the landlord and boots he was transferred to *terra firma*, and conducted, or I should rather say, carried, into the hospitium.

And here if I was a romancer, instead of a recorder of sober verities, I might dwell at some length upon the traditions connected with the "Buck's Head," which was the name of the house of call, of which the worn-out Dreghorn became the temporary tenant.

Originally it had been the residence of an ancient family, but lust, and her twin sister murder polluted its hearth, and it degenerated into a place of refuge for wayfaring men.

In such circumstances it is not to be wondered at, that the Buck's Head should have acquired the unorthodox reputation of being haunted by the restless spirits of those, whose crimes had been the cause of its degradation. At certain seasons, yells, uttered by no mortal voice, accompanied by the clanking of fetters, terrified the suddenly awakened slumberer. And several guests were ready to make solemn affidavit that they had been cognizant of the gliding form of a fair, but sinful looking dame, through the folds of whose night robe, blood welled and bubbled, as it might do from a fresh made wound.

[Having made a special inquisition into the above recited matter, I find that the parties who witnessed the apparition of the gory lady, were three commercial travellers, much devoted to hot suppers and bottled stout. Whether Welsh rabbit, and double X acted as incantations to constrain the presence of the guilty departed, is a question which I leave to be decided by philosophical divines!—P. P.]

Mine host of the Buck's Head,—Walter Warlock to wit—was never backward in indoctrinating his clients with the supernatural peculiarities for which the message he occupied was distinguished. There were several causes which moved him to be thus communicative.

In the first place, Master Walter hugely delighted in the wild and wonderful, and nothing refreshed or invigorated him so much as to watch

the effect of his narrations upon a group of believing auditors. What an increase of emphasis and vim would his voice acquire, when he noticed the hair of a listener beginning to stiffen, or the awe-distilled sweat standing in clammy drops upon his cadaverous forehead!

Again, the astute landlord by keeping fresh the haunted reputation of the hostel, contrived to sit it at a rent little more than nominal. Many a time and oft had the proprietor given him notice to quit in default of his agreeing to pay a sum more adequate to the real worth of the premises, and on each occasion Walter declared his readiness to decamp with bag and baggage, rather than comply with the requisition. Right well did the cunning dog know that there was but slender risk of his being compelled to evacuate his quarters in favor of a more liberal tenant. The ghostly reputation of the Buck's Head acted as a repellent, potent as pestilence or plague, and there was not a publican in that quarter of the United Kingdom who would not as readily have taken a lease of Tartarus itself!

Lastly, Mr. Warlock had made the important physico-psychological discovery that *wonder* is as thirsty as *sorrow*, and craveth as large a modicum of strong waters, for the exigencies of its appetite! Thousands of gallons of mountain dew—countless casks of brandy—and multitudinous barrels of beer had been offered up as libations upon the altar of the blood-dabbled dame of the Buck's Head, by the *quid nunc* pilgrims who had come to visit her shrine. Of course it was the interest of the Flamen to keep the fame of such a profitable idol from getting dusty, and consequently his grizzly legend was seldom out of his mouth.

Return we to the Laird of Hungry Knowes, from whom we have for a season been constrained to digress. Having ascertained that he could be accommodated with a bed chamber, he ordered a slight refection, during the discussion whereof he was liberally regaled by his host, with stories sufficiently grim to have set a second Mother Bunch up in trade. As night naturally be anticipated, this course of treatment did not materially conduce to the tranquillizing of the patient's nervous system, and despairing of otherwise obtaining repose, he ordered and imbibed an extra potent poculum of unadulterated Hollands.

The dormitory into which Mr. Dreghorn was ushered had been the state sleeping room of the original possessors of the house, and small alteration had been made upon its pristine features. Covered with sable-hued hangings, the lofty bed

was dimly suggestive of a hearse, an impression which was not weakened by the plumes of ostrich feathers which garnished the climax of each post or pillar. Instead of paper the walls of the chamber were clothed with faded tapestry, and the subjects depicted thereon were not of the most mirthful description. For example, there was Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite, smiting the nail into the temples of the worn-out Sisera. On another compartment was woven the story of the jealous Queen Eleanor constraining her hapless rival the beautiful but erring Rosamund Clifford, to drink from the poison charged cup. And the balance of the "thread scripture,"—to use the expression of Horace Walpole—set forth the dismal story of the murder of good King Charles I., by the creatures of an ambitious bankrupt brewer.

[The editor of the *Anglo-American Magazine*, wishes it to be distinctly understood, that he is not responsible for the Toryism of the late Mr. Powhead of Dreepdaily. This disclaimer is the more necessary, because in these suspicious and thin-skinned times, if a man speaks approvingly of an occasional fish diet, he is incontinently written down an adherent of the Church of Rome; and his commendation of the sparkling lyrics of Anacreon or Tom Moore, is construed into a hostility to the cause of temperance.]

Little time was lost by the worn out, and *sair forfochen*, Laird of Hungry Knowes, in divesting himself of his artificial integuments, (that is a choice *Mechanics Institute* phrase for garments,) and consigning himself to the curatorship of Morpheus. Nor unpropitious to the advances of his devotee, was the nodding god, and ere many minutes had elapsed, the snoring of Mr. Dreghorn proclaimed that for a season he had obtained a respite from his mundane cares and anxieties.

This respite was destined to have a startling termination!

Just as the ancient and loud-tongued eight day clock of the Buck's Head was heralding the birth of

"The wee short hour ayont the twal!"

(as the inspired Ayrshire ploughman designates one o'clock A.M.), the laird of Hungry Knowes was startled into consciousness by a sound which seemed to be a cross-breed between a cough and a groan. Pulling off his night-cap, the jaded traveller sat bolt upright in his capacious couch, and grasping a candle which stood on a contiguous table, he made an anxious inspection of the chamber in which he was domiciled.

The inquisition was not productive of any practical result, so far as a solution of the vocal phe-

onmena was concerned. Jael, and Eleanor, and the masquerading confederate of the insolvent engenderer of beer, stood forth in their native prominence, and the worn-out wayfarer was just reconsigning himself to his pillow, when the following words smote upon his startled ear—

“Back, sinner, and repent! In striving to wed youth with deformity and age, you are resisting the economy of heaven! Against your wickedness do I protest, with all my feeble powers, and call upon you to retrace your steps, and do justice to your infamously used nephew!”

We do not affirm that these were the identical words (or *ipsissima verba*, as schoolmasters would say) which saluted the tympanum of the aroused tenant of the Buck's Head, but, beyond all dubitation, they adumbrate the substance of the communication.

Sitting upright in his couch, and twisting his nose to assure himself that he was awake, Mr. Dreghorn (whose *dander*, as the Yankees term it, was stimulated) thus rejoined to his unknown and unseen lecturer—

“Get thee behind me, Satan! I am not the legal custodian of John Embleton, and am not bound to support him in his whims and vagaries! If I mistake not, the voice which I hear is that of my servitor, Gavin Park. Let him appear and speak his mind, like a true man, and then, perchance, I may pay some attention to him!”

No sooner had the Laird enunciated these words, than a marvel of surpassing wonderment occurred.

The tapestry, immediately opposite the couch whereon Mr. Dreghorn reclined became violently agitated, and opening in the middle developed, the sickness-wasted form of the bed-ridden Park!

There could be no question, touching the reality of the apparition! Dreghorn to assure himself that he was not the plaything of a disordered imagination, thrust his finger into the flame of the candle, and held it in that extempore *Gehenna*, until it was profusely diversified with blisters! Still the gaunt form of Gavin Park, stood palpable, and distinct, as the feather surmounted bed, or the shuttle-engendered presentment of the poison-dispensing spouse of Henry II.!

It is not expedient to prolong this narrative, or else we might devote a brace of pages to the homily, which that mysterious shape poured forth upon the wonder-struck, and terror-smitten auditor! It was redolent of the most solemn and suggestive matter, and, in many points, spoke home to the keenest sensibilities of the astounded Dreghorn.

“Ye set a high store, on worldly goods and

worldly gear!” said the *shape*, or the *thing*, or whatever else it was—“but wait till ye have crossed the ice cauld water o' death, and then you will learn the real value o' sic miserable air bubbles!”

Here Laird Dreghorn in the midst of all his panic and consternation, could not avoid putting in an interjectionary remark.

“Gavin Park!—if Gavin you be—how can ye speak sic down right nonsense? Div you mean to say that the bonnie corn riggs, and fat meadows and shady groves of Hungry Knowes, are naething but air bubbles?”

“Oh maister! maister!” rejoined the MYSTERY—“if you cinna' repent, and do justice to the orphan, the time will come when a' the brooks and spring wells o' Hungry Knowes, aye, and Glen Skinflint into the bargain, will na' be able to afford a drop o' water to cool your birsled tongue! Muckle good, your riggs, and meadows, and groves will do you, when you come to be a bed fellow of the purse—proud glutton, Dives!”

Evraged at this depreciation of real estate, Mr. Dreghorn, plucked up sufficient nerve to brand his admonisher, as a cheat and a counterfeit, who had no more title to be called Gavin Park, than the Great Mogul.

“Cheat!” yelled forth the scandalized apparition—“I scorn your base and infamous slanders! If ane o' of us behoves to be a cheat, I trow it is yoursel,' seeing that you have made free wi' my guid plaid!”

Thus speaking the figure advanced to the bed, and grasping the woollen mantle which Dreghorn had wrapt around his head, drew it away with such violence, as almost to drag the appropriator to the floor. In the struggle the candle was extinguished, and the Laird of Hungry Knowes losing all his remaining stock of courage in the darkness, shrieked out like a demoniac for aid, and companionship.

The landlord, item the cook, item the boots item the chamber-maid, item the hostler, responded to the summons with all possible speed. At the request of the terrified guest they searched every nook and corner of the room, without discovering the slightest trace of any intruder.

Though, however, nothing was found, something was missed. *The plaid had vanished!*

* * * * *

So shattered and shaken was David Dreghorn, by the events which we have just chronicled, that he kept his bed for the ensuing twelve hours. At the expiry of that cycle he set out on his return to Hungry Knowes in a post-chaise which he chartered especially for that trip.

To an indefinite period did he postpone his visit to that eminent Aberdeen *juris consult* Mr. Hercules Horning,

No sooner had the agitated and perplexed Laird reached the sanctitude of his mansion, then he hastened to the den of Gavin Park.

Everything was quiet—oppressively quiet,—in that small rude chamber!

Death had taken effectual order, that nothing should break in upon the visionless slumber of the ancient serving man! A peaceful smile still lingered upon the mouth, as if the cadaver retained a consciousness, that matters were on a right train at last!

Instead of a sheet the body was covered with a plaid!

THIS GARMENT WAS AT ONCE IDENTIFIED BY DREGHORN! With a shriek of crushing and measureless horror, he clutched it, and the next moment fell to the ground, smitten by the inexorable hand of apoplexy!

Ere three hours had elapsed John Embleton was the entire and undisputed heir of Hungry Knowes!

* * * * *

When Mr. Thomas Thong had made an end of his narration, I asked him, whether as a sincere solid Christian, and an honest sensible man, he believed that Gavin Park had really and truly appeared to David Dreghorn, in the Buck's Head Hotel, that extra-eventful night.

"There cannot be the glimmer of a doubt about the matter!" responded the stimulator of steeds.

"Well!" rejoined I, "a more striking, or better authenticated ghost-story never came under my cognizance!

"Ghost be hanged!" was the profane interjection of the reckless Thong "There was no ghost in the matter! When Squire Dreghorn rode beside me on the box-seat, Park well-wrapped up, had the entire inside of the mail-coach to himself! The dodge was cunningly planned—and as Walter Warlock was one of Gavin's oldest and most intimate cronies, little difficulty intervened in carrying it out!"

[The leading incidents detailed above, are substantially true.—ED. A. A. M.]

It is wonderful the aspect of moral obligation things sometimes assume when we wish to do them.

A great step is gained when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.

What's in a name? More than some people think. Don't open a sausage-shop in Cateaton Street.

THE ORIGIN OF SEA SICKNESS.

BY BOB YARN.

A GALLANT little craft, cutter rigged, was lying at her moorings in the Bay, with mainsail hoisted, waiting only the arrival of a jovial party of amateurs, about starting for a cruise on the Lake.

'Twas a bright summer's morning, in the year of our Lord, 1853; the gay-looking yacht shone resplendent with a new coat of paint, her dazzling white sails lazily flapped in the light morning air, her halyards were carefully belayed, the sheets run aft, and her dingy, alongside, was ready to bring the party on board as soon as they made their appearance. Presently a hail of "Challenge ahoy" caused Bob, the sailor in charge, to jump into the little craft and pull for shore, from whence he soon returned with a load of provender of various descriptions, sufficient to have garrisoned her for a month at least; and shortly after, the yachtsmen themselves arrived; and after the provisions, &c., had been carefully stowed away in the neat cabin lockers, the trim craft shot away from her berth under a crowd of white canvass, making the water foam under her bows as she headed away westward to the entrance of the harbor, passing two or three old stone laden scows like lightning, to the disgust of their crews, and, in a few minutes, rounding the red buoys off the Queen's wharf. Then gracefully dashing into the blue waters of Lake Ontario, she steered well up to the sou' west. The wind was light from the southward; and after stretching well past the new garrison until well off the entrance of the Humber Bay, "helm's a-lee" was the order, and in an instant round she flew like a bird, and headed down the Lake past the lighthouse.

The party on board were four in number, one of whom was unaccustomed to yachting, and as the ground-swell from the Lake became more perceptible, the tyro exhibited undoubted signs of qualmsiness, for which he was recommended various specifics, such as tying a piece of pork to a string, so as to enable him to haul it up after swallowing it, standing on his head against the mast, sitting face to windward with his mouth wide open, to let lots of cold air in, &c.—to all which suggestions the unhappy youth turned a pale visage and deaf ear. At last, one of the party, more kind-hearted than the rest, approached him with a caulker of stiff brandy and water, after swallowing which our tyro managed to stagger below, and ensconce himself in one of the larboard berths, muttering, the while, anathemas against himself for coming and all who had persuaded him to join a party of pleasure on the

water. Towards the afternoon the breeze died away, and here appeared feeling all right and very hungry. A general attack was now made by all hands on the commissariat, after which the party sat on deck enjoying cigars and pipes and chatting merrily over their prospects. Evening arrived, and with it a flat calm, much to the tyro's delight, as being now completely reinvigorated he felt as bold as a lion. His messmates, however, were continually making sly allusions to his morning disappearance, and poked fun at him all round most unmercifully.

"I wonder," said the victim of this unmitigated quizzing at last, "what the deuce is the reason that every one has to pay such a disagreeable penalty for a trip on the water?"

"Why, 'tis Neptune's curse," said one.

"Neptune be hanged!" was the courteous rejoinder.

"'Tis a fact," was the reply, "and there's good authority for it. If you've no objections, my lads, I'll spin you a yarn, relating the circumstances that gave rise to it."

"Heave ahead, my hearty," was the response of his friends, for they were sure of hearing a good story.

Thus adjured, the narrator, having first lit a fresh Havannah, and mixed a pretty stiff nortwester to help his ideas, commenced the following tale, which he premised by assuring the rest that it was not original, but that he had somewhere or another read, or heard it related:—

Once on a time, a long while ago, on a quiet still night, such as this is, a slight-knowing-looking young fellow might have been detected, had any one been on the look-out, flitting cautiously hither and thither in the realms of the Gods in old Olympus' top. One after the other, he visited the sleeping apartments of Venus, Vulcan, Mars, Hercules, and, last of all, dared even the precincts of the bedchamber of old Jove himself. He was a regular Jack Sheppard, and since the time of Prometheus, never was so bold or adroit a rascal. Something he carried off from each, and having secured his booty, the marauder departed as quickly as he had come. None witnessed his arrival, indeed, to this day, there has been no explanation of how he got there, and none saw him leave. The world below was quiet and calm. The Gods above slept soundly, thanks to Nox and Somnus. Neither Heaven nor Earth dreamed of the crime that had been committed, or of the consequences that would ensue from this act of desecration.

Next morning, just as the rosy-fingered Aurora was mantling the eastern sky in its ruby-colored

morning robe, and old Sol was thinking it about time to get up, his Highness, the father of gods and men, old Jove himself, stretched himself lazily in bed, and, after a yawn or two that caused Earth to quake again at the unseemly noise, sung out lustily for his valet-de-chambre to bring him his morning draught of nectar; for, shame to say, Jupiter had been looking at somebody drinking the night previous, not that there was anything extraordinary in that. The benign influence of Father Mathew and John B. Gough was yet unfelt, and the Maine liquor law had not then been adopted. Indeed, the astute idea of making people virtuous by act of Parliament never occurred to any of the ancient lawgivers. It was left to us more civilized moderns to discover this grand panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* Jove sung out for his nectar, and the domestic came in rubbing his eyes, and commenced hunting very sleepily for the drinking cup which was always kept near the head of the bed. After searching for it ineffectually for some time, he declared that somebody must have taken it away, for he could not find it.

"Rascal," cried Jove, irritated; "look sharp, or I'll throw the boot-jack at you. Where's the cup? 'Twas there last night."

"Well, it is not here now."

"None of your impertinence, sir," said Jove, majestically. "If you don't find it immediately, I'll sharpen your intellects with a flash of lightning;" and turning up his pillow under which he usually kept a supply of thunderbolts, to his dismay he found the place was empty. Not a bolt was left. Thoroughly aroused, and in a towering rage, out of bed leaped Jove and commenced making a thorough search himself. To no purpose, however. The thief, whoever he was, had made a clean sweep, and bolted with sceptre, cup, and thunder. The last showed a great deal of foresight on the part of the robber, for Jupiter was reckoned a tip-top shot amongst the sporting circles in that neighborhood, and would not have hesitated an instant at having a fling at any fellow caught in such a scrape. Finding, however, it was too true, Zeus's fortitude gave way, and he vented his rage in real Billingsgate; but as it is not at all material to this veracious history to mention what he did say, the matter shall be dropped here with the remark, that, at some subsequent tea-parties given in Olympus, the gossips found fruitful source of conversation thereon, and poor Juno's unhappy fate in having such a yoke-fellow was bewailed in true tea-table style. To return to Jupiter. He cursed and swore in a most discre-

putable manner, beating a New York b'hoj all hollow, both in the originality of his expressions and the volubility of his utterance. Add to which, it was all done in pure Greek, and, let me assure you, it is a very difficult matter to swear in pure Ionic; and if you doubt the fact, I refer you to one Mr. Homer, who gives the whole matter in blank verse. After nearly exhausting himself in this way, he flew at his servant, abused him in a shocking manner—the man gave warning the next morning—and then wound up by kicking him out of the establishment, with strict orders never to show his face again until he had secured the vagabond dead or alive and got back the property. This feat performed—that is, the kicking—the Thunderer threw himself into an arm-chair, thoroughly exhausted, and whilst recovering himself from his indecent rage, in hobbled Vulcan, looking pale, even through his soot.

“Look here, Jove,” cried he, “I'm not going to stand this.”

“What's the matter now?” said Jove rather surlily, for Vulcan was a litigious fellow—and perpetually appealing to Jove to settle his disputes—for which the latter despised him heartily; however, as he was useful in some respects, and was, moreover, a poor cripple unable to take his own part, there was some excuse for him.

“Why,” stammered Vulcan humbly, for he always was afraid of Jove, and doubly so when he was angry, “why, some chap broke into my forge last night and walked off with my best bellows and a new anvil.”

“What do I care for that?” said Jove, testily.

“Begad, you'll get no more thunderbolts until they're found,” was the reply, which rather nonplussed Jupiter; but before he could answer, in burst Mars in his usual impetuous way.

“Look'ee here, old boy. By the beard of Pharaoh (a favorite objuration of Mars, by the way), some infernal blackguard broke into the guard-house last night and stole my sword.”

By this time all the establishment was aroused, and on hearing of the misfortunes of the three first-named deities, commenced an investigation of their respective household goods, and soon loud outcries were heard on all hands. Hercules complained of the disappearance of his club, but not being a talkative fellow, he only clenched his ponderous leg of mutton fist, and inwardly vowed that, if he ever caught the fellow, he would't polish him off. Oh no! He would lick him into a mummy, not a bit, accompanied with insane smacks of his right fist into his left palm as if the latter were the thief's head and that was in Chancery.

A loud shriek was now heard from Venus' apartment.

“My girdle, my beautiful cestus,” cried the lovely divinity on discovering the disappearance of that ornament which was the more unaccountable, by the way since it had been carefully clasped round her waist on retiring to bed the night previous—which gave the before mentioned gossips occasion to say—but that is mere scandal and goes for nothing, besides robbers are very daring fellows. Cupid poor Cupid was sobbing for his bow and arrows and clinging in his infantine grief to his mothers side asking what had become of them. Juno was treating Jove to an Olympian dose of Caudle for disturbing her night's rest in so unseasonable a manner. The only one of the Immortals who came off scatheless was the goddess of Wisdom; thanks to a patent Chubb's lock on the door and as Mr. Hobbs was not born then the goddess escaped. Minerva quietly walked in and learning the cause of all the hubbub, gave one knowing wink and retired. In the midst of all the commotion in rushed one of the *Dii minores* breathless with haste, to inform the tumultuous assembly that a detective had nabbed the covey, whilst lurking in one of the crannies of the mountain, and had seized him with the property in his possession. Jove cried out, and the Gods, recalled thereby to a proper sense of dignity, assumed their respective seats, and presently, sure enough, in walked a policeman with a remarkably good looking youth in charge, with a second following bearing the stolen property. Entirely unabashed at his disgraceful position, the prisoner gazed around at the august concourse there present with a jaunty self-satisfied air, that bespoke excessive impudence and forwardness, nay he even had the audacity to wink at Venus much to Vulcan's disgust. The case was immediately gone into, the property proved, and the testimony of the policeman who had caught him with the various articles in his possession was taken down. The evidence was clear, his guilt was apparent, and he was unanimously found guilty. Nothing remained but to pass sentence. Being asked as to what he had to say for himself he replied nothing. Jove then asked whence he came, who he was, his birth, parentage &c.

“Ladies and Gentlemen,” said the youth bowing courteously around. “My name is Mercury. The author of my being is the illustrious father of Gods and men before whom I now have the honour to stand.”

“And pray,” interrupted Juno, “who was your mother?”

“Shut your potatoe trap, my dear,” said Jove

quickly, for he was decidedly alarmed at the turn events were taking. "Never mind your mother, sir, but tell us what induced you to commit this offence."

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the prisoner bowing courteously again, "my object was to obtain an introduction to each and all of you. Being perfectly destitute in the world I considered that such an adventure would create a sensation and perhaps something might turn up out of it for my benefit."

"Infernal scamp," muttered Mars, "he ought to be tried by a drum-head court martial, and get six dozen for his pains."

"He's far too good-looking for a thief," sighed Venus pityingly.

Juno vented her spleen loudly and vindictively but all to no purpose. Jove's conscience smote him for neglecting poor Maia, and he determined to adopt her offspring thus unexpectedly brought to his notice, and more especially as the affair after all was a venial one, and he wished to spite Juno. Therefore addressing the culprit, he expressed himself in very strong language on the impropriety of playing such tricks on respectable people, to all of which the prisoner appeared to pay respectful attention. "Nevertheless," said he, "in consideration of your youth and misfortunes, and this being your first offence, you are pardoned."

Here Mars swore audibly, but the clerk cried order, and Jupiter proceeded to say, that to relieve his necessities, he would take him into his service. "And here," said he, "is a cap with wings for your head and a pair for your feet, and a small taste of bowie knife in case you might ever be in danger. So now the court is closed, and let each one take his property."

Saying which, he picked up his bolts, and let fly right and left, to see they were in proper order. Venus, frightened to death at the lightning, clasped her girdle round her waist, and hurried off with Cupid to get breakfast. The latter wanted to have a shot at Mercury, for he was not at all satisfied at the result of the proceedings. Love, when injured, is always spiteful. Mars drew his sword, and flourished it two or three times round his head until Heaven, and earth too, rang with alarms of war, and then stalked indignantly out of the assembly room, abusing Jove for his partiality, and indeed in half an hour after Jupiter did receive a message from him by a shooting star whom Mars had appointed his second, but nothing came of it. Apollo followed to join Venus's dejeuner, which were usually rather *recherches* affairs; and

old Vulcan limped off last with his anvil under one arm, and his bellows under the other, and all was peace and quietness again. The only article remaining was Neptune's trident, which lay in the middle of the floor. During all this turmoil in heaven, affairs on earth had passed unnoticed, but now it was apparent that there was a tremendous row going on below. Neptune, on finding his trident missing in the morning, had also kicked up a most tremendous shindy—foaming with rage, he summoned all his monsters and bid them search for it high and low, and when the trident was not forthcoming, he raised such a tempest as had not been known since the days of Deucalion and Pyrrha. The very whales and tritons trembled at the violence, and the manes of the seahorses harnessed to his chariot, stood on end with fright. The sea rose and swallowed up whole cities—one would have thought the very earth itself was to be entirely submerged under the fierce waves. Unhappy mortals thronged the temples of the gods, frantic with fear and expecting instant death. Jove's temper, none of the best at any time, was rather flurried by this disturbance, so calling his newly made messenger to him, he bid him restore the trident to its owner. "Tell him," he added, "to keep his temper and let his hair grow; people cannot be disturbed in this manner for the loss of an old pitchfork. Such rage is highly indocorous—away with you."

Like a flash of light Mercury vanished, and soon arrived in the presence of the old seagod. Presuming on Jupiter's protection he alighted on the edge of old Neptune's chariot, and handing him the missing Trident, with a polite bow, he said,

"Here, sir, is your pitchfork back again, and my royal master, your august brother, Jupiter the Thunderer desires me to say that you must not kick up any more noise. He says it is highly indecorous, and you must not disturb him, for he is at breakfast. So now, old boy, *mens tuus ego*, or you'll come to grief. Do you hear?"

"Eh what?" stammered Neptune, perfectly aghast at the excessive impertinence of this address. "By Nox and Erebus, what's this? Confound you, you rascal, how did you get my trident? Who are you? Where do ye hail from, you snipejack? What's Jove to you or you to him, I'd like to know."

"Snipejack, sir," quoth Mercury, rather nettled. "Keep your temper, you old hippopotamus. I am Jove's servant and messenger, I'd have you to know, and you'd better mind what I've just told you."

"Make sail out of that," roared Neptune, "or I'll freshen your nip at the gangway, you loafer, to teach you better manners on my quarter deck. I'll lash you to one of my monsters, and give you a saltwater dip you won't relish. I'll anchor you a thousand fathoms deep in sea-slime. I'll fix your flint, you—"

"Shut up, you tow-headed old Marlingspike," was the polite rejoinder, who cares for you." I'll tell you what I'll do for you: I'll people your dominions with mortals. I'll teach you civility, my old salt. I'll bring poor miserable men to navigate your hitherto unknown realms. I'll have ships sailing in all directions over your seas. You the god of the sea! I'll make your waves the highroad for the nations of the earth, so that you shall be afraid to show your face on the surface unless, indeed, you come disguised as a sea serpent for men to have a nine days' wonder. That's what I'll do. A fig for you."

And having thus finished this elegant harangue, Mercury snapped his fingers in derision of the old god, and holted whistling "Rule Britannia," with variations, as he went, and leaving old Neptune with mouth and eyes wide open, perfectly astounded at his insolence. Truth to say, Mercury was rather afraid that in his rage Nep would have a shy at him with the trident. The latter, however, soon recovered his equanimity, and, smiling at the idea of mortals navigating his realms, he dived to the bottom of the sea, and gave Amphitrite a blowing up for not having his lobsouse ready.

Mercury, however, was a determined fellow, and did not intend that the matter should rest there, or his threat go for nought. His blood was up and revenge he would have.

"Anchor me," he muttered; "wait a bit, my old Trojan, and I'll astonish your weak nerves for you." And thus speaking he skimmed the air with a velocity that would have defied an express train, until he arrived in a charming promontory in the Archipelago. Suddenly arresting his headlong course, he discovered a youthful chaw-bacon gazing with longing eyes on the delicious fruits and foliage of a small island distant only a few hundred yards from the mainland. Assuming the appearance and guise of a native, Mercury approached the young man, and entered into conversation with him; and finally demanded what he was looking at so earnestly.

"Why," said the youth, "I was looking at those clustering fruits hanging on the vines on yonder island. Year follows year, and the fruits are plentiful and luscious on that small bit of land, but no one ever gathers them. The birds of the

air alone feed on them, and what is left decays. Here none grow. Oh, how I wish I was a bird. What a blow out of grapes I'd have."

"Would you like to have a feast of those fruits?" asked Mercury.

"Oh, wouldn't I," was the reply. "But then the difficulty is to get them."

"Nothing easier," answered Mercury, and so saying, he set to work, and, as to the gods nothing is impossible, he soon cut down a large sized tree, scooped it out hollow, and shaped a very respectable log canoe from it. "Now," said he to the rustic, "look alive, my chickabiddy, and help me shove this machine into the water."

"What for?" was the answer.

"Never mind; shove away, and you'll see."

The rude craft by their united efforts was soon launched, and Mercury having hewn out a pair of paddles, desired the young man to "jump aboard," which he did immediately, giving utterance to his delight at the novel contrivance, and at the undoubted cleverness of his newly found companion. Under Mercury's skilful hand it did not take long to reach the island, and the rustic leaped out, followed by Mercury and both were speedily employed in gratifying their taste for fruit which here was both abundant and of the finest kind. Satiated at length, the youth called to his friend saying it was time to get back and intimating that he had enough of it.

"Well," said Mercury, "come along. But, I say, are you not going to take some to your friends?"

"Bless me," said the other, "what a chap you be. I'd never a thought o' that."

"Oh," said the disguised deity, "and you might pick a whole lot and then carry them to-morrow morning to the next town and sell them. You might become rich in no time."

"To be sure," was the reply. So he and Mercury set to work, and soon loaded the canoe with purple grapes and other fruits which there abounded, and then started for the other shore which they were not long in reaching. Here, as soon as the craft touched ground, Mercury quickly vanished, and the rustic, who was busily engaged in loading himself with fruit, never remarked his absence for some time, and then contented himself with wondering where he had gone to. Mercury, however, was sure of his plan.

He was certain that this seed cast on the waters would produce fruit in time. The speculation proved so successful that the young farmer paid repeated visits to the little island until he grew rich, and as is invariably the case under similar circumstances, his neighbors became

envious of his wealth, and sought out the secret. This was not long in being discovered; and as men and monkeys are imitative animals, canoes of a similar shape were made, though decidedly inferior to the article which Mercury had turned out of hand. The little island in a few years was quite insufficient to supply the demands that were made upon it, and the adventurous speculators were compelled to go a greater distance and visit more remote islands in search of a supply of the fruit in such great request. Under the protection of Mercury they all grew rich, and, as habit engenders courage of a certain kind, and being bolder grown, a number of these mariners, under the guidance of one Jason, an experienced fellow, resolved to undertake a voyage for what I can't exactly say, 'twas a species of filibustering, somewhat on the Cuban expedition style, designing to *stecc* every one who came in their way. At length all was ready. Mercury had been making love to one of the zephyrs, and she furnished a favoring breeze, in fact gave a regular blow out to the God and his protegés. Neptune, although up to the present moment he had been quiet, had not been ignorant of the manoeuvres that had been set on foot by his opponent Mercury to endeavor to dispossess him of his kingdom, but now that these audacious mariners for the first time dared invade his realms by coming fairly on the sea, out of sight of land, his indignation knew no bounds, his very beard curled with wrath, and summoning all his array of monsters, a very fishy looking set they were too, he desired them to make ready to execute his orders, and prepared himself for a terrible revenge, such as should strike terror into the minds of all future generations of mortals, and deter them from ever attempting the like sacrifice.

As evening set in the wind arose, gradually increasing towards midnight to a perfect hurricane. The huge waves curled their fierce crests round the devoted ship and licked its bright sides like a tiger or serpent gloating over its prey. The monsters of the deep, tritons and mermaids, whales and leviathans, laughed aloud in hideous chorus, rejoicing over the terror stricken wretches on board, who now cast down with despair and fright, implored the protection of their tutelary Deity, Mercury, to save them from their impending fate. Old Neptune himself looked grimly on, like some barbarian prince superintending the impalement of some wretched citizens who had resisted his authority. In frantic haste, seeing the crisis approaching, Mercury flung himself at the feet of Jove and begged his interference on behalf of his victims. "Their lives,

their lives," was all he asked, and the earnestness of his prayer gained him his request. Jove nodded assent, and Mercury flew to communicate the decree to Neptune, whom he found in the situation just described. On imparting the intelligence that Jove had forbidden his destroying their lives, Neptune started with ire.

"Not die" he burst forth, "not die. These insolent dogs who have bearded me to my face before all my subjects—not die? Am not I king of the sea and who shall dispute my rights? Let Jove confine himself to affairs of Earth and Heaven. Why should he meddle in mine? Not die? Well, be it so! They shall not die since the thunderer has so decreed," and here he smiled bitterly, "but they shall wish for death to relieve them from their torments. Their limbs shall fail them, their bones shall ache, and their joints crack, their heads shall reel, and an overpowering nausea shall destroy them. They shall not die but," he cursed; "every one that dares invade my realms, I curse with sea-sickness," and so he left the devoted crew in that predicament.

So ends my story, boys, and now we had better set the watch, make all snug for the night, and then turn in.

WHO'LL CUT HIS NAILS.—Fortunately some daring Chiroprapist has been cutting the nails of the tiger in the menagerie at Hull. The operation was successfully performed, and the animal has been much quieter ever since. Now we wish some one would take the Russian Bear in hand, and achieve a similar feat (no pun intended) with his nails. They have been getting dreadfully long lately, and the consequence is, that he has been wishing to come up to the scratch in all directions. It is time they were cut; for the wretched beast goes howling about in a great rage, being evidently on a false footing, and in great pain from the awkwardness of his position. It is evident he will do injury either to himself, or to any one who happens to go near him, if some powerful remedy is not quickly applied. The case is at present interesting the attention of both England and France; and we hope in a short period to be able to announce the pleasing fact, that all the difficulties in the way have been effectually removed, and that at last the Russian Bear has had his nails cut! The sooner this great chiropradic event takes place, the better; for lately the unfortunate beast has been making such a dreadful noise, that he has quite disturbed the peace of Europe.

A BALD INVENTION.—Mr. Rowland informs us that wearing the hat is very injurious to the hair. If this is true, Quakers ought to be the baldest of men, for they keep their hats on longer than any one else, and yet we know several Quakers who have very good heads of hair. At all events, ladies are not likely to lose their hair from any similar cause, considering the present fashion of wearing the bonnet completely off the head.

V A L E N T I N E

Sent by a Gentleman to a Lady, and supposed to have been written on the 13th of February.

I am no seer, oh Lady fair
Nor of second sight the heir;
Nor have I yet become so wise
As to learn to mesmerise;
And I am too great a fool
To belong to Darling's school;
Yet I think that I am right,
If I say that you this night,
In that inmost soul of thine
Are thinking of a Valentine.

Doubtless, by to-morrow's post,
You'll receive a perfect host
Of that kind of billets doux,
Of every shape and every hue.
Written too in various styles,
Some in tears and some in smiles.
Love-sick people in their grief
Think that they will find relief
By unbosoming all their woe.
And the merry wish to show
That they do but little care
For the favour of the fair.
Some are worked around with net,
Others with flow'rs are thickly set;
Lovers walk in shady lanes
Talking in their sweetest strains;
While Cupid with his dart so keen
To fly above their heads is seen.

I've not talents, I must say
Thus my feelings to pourtray,
Either with pencil or with pen
Like these very clever men.
Still I may, it pains I take
In your estimation make
Worthy this attempt of mine
To be called a Valentine.

In prose it's been stated as well as in rhyme,
That the period of courtship's a most pleasant
time:

When the young God of Love,—for he always
is young,

As our love-stricken poets for ever have sung,—
Has pierced through and through with his sharp
pointed dart,

And melted with love the most obdurate heart.
What these gentry say, I dare say is the case,
For when we are struck with some Lady's fair
face,

And think that unless we get her for our wife
We'll no happiness have for the rest of our life,

An introduction obtain, at her father's make calls,
Ask her to sing and dance with her at balls,
And as by her side we so thoughtfully stand,
Reading our fate in each touch of her hand,
And watching in secret each glance of her eye,
Burning to know what does there hidden lie.
This way we go on, small attentions we pay,
Till being together alone some fine day,
We contrive, while we feel almost ready to drop
In a stammering speech the grand question to pop
The Lady consents, oh what feelings of bliss!
(You know what the rhyme is that answers to
this.)

The suspense all removed and the two hearts
made one,
If the "course of true love does not now smooth-
ly run,"

The thought, then, at least that that figure so
slight,

That complexion so fair, and those eyes full of
light,

Those tresses so smooth, and that delicate cheek,
Where the red and the white play at hide and go
seek,

And the hands soft and warm which with free
offered grasp,

We now in our own can so tenderly clasp,
With other delights to paint which would take
hours,

Both now and forever we hope will be ours,
Is a pleasure so great that we are forced to de-
clare,

There is none on the earth that can with it com-
pare.

But suppose that it happens the Lady so sweet,
The question we put, with refusal does meet,
Which dashes at once all our hopes to the earth,
And makes us think to live longer is not of much
worth;

We cannot deny that much pleasure we've had
While preferring our suit though the issue was
sad.

By it too, some little experience we gain,
Which may be of use in some future campaign,
Thus you will see I've endeavoured to prove,
That when those of my own sex have fallen in
love,

They feel at that time more pleasure than pain;
But I know that it would be completely in vain
To attempt to describe in my imperfect rhyme,
What a Lady may feel at a similar time.

Lo I leave the hard task to some-fair poetess
Who that state of affairs can much better express,
And will I've no doubt make out that the view
I have taken above is in substance quite true.

H. C. H.

*Springside, W. Kilbride,
Ayrshire, SCOTLAND.*

GOOD—THE FINAL GOAL OF ILL.

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave;
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature, then, at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God;

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

CHAPTER III.

THE allies were now considered as sent by Providence to deliver the Royalists, and, if not signally to avenge the murdered Louis XVI, at the least, to put an end to the mob government, and to restore the old monarchy of France, with, probably, such limitations and ameliorations as would have rendered it secondary only to the British Monarchy, What could be more natural than this? What other than madmen or idiots, could we call the French Royalists, at that time gathered together in Toulon, had they thus looked upon the British and Spanish force, and what but the basest of men and most senseless of ingrates could we deem them, if thus looking upon the invading force, they had failed to give it every possible facility, every possible assistance? But, the Republican (!) Mr. Abbott sees the matter in quite a different light; he talks of the facilities given by the Royalist residents of Toulon, and their royalist brethren of the South, who had taken refuge

in that city, for, what does the reader think? a "treacherous act!" It really *does* seem impossible that even the very insanity of Anti British feeling, can lead even that anomaly, a *Republican* advocate of the most selfish, unsparring and unbridled of modern despots, thus shamefully to calumniate the gallant Royalists, who, "faithful among the faithless only found," so naturally and so wisely seized upon the chance which Providence had thus given them of putting an end to the bloody anarchy, under the name of a government, which had so long rendered the towns of France mere shambles and charnel houses, and its rural districts mere deserts. But as we should be very sorry indeed were any of our readers to remain under such a mistake, and as we pique ourselves on dealing with our opponent with that fairness of which he has observed so little towards our country, we not only repeat that Mr. Abbott *has* made the at once insolent and preposterous charge of treachery against the gallant Royalists, but we quote his own words, the *ipsissima verba* of this wantonly unjust and at the same time more than usually stupid charge, and they may, if they please, find it made at page 438 of volume 3.

"The majority of the inhabitants of this city" (Toulon), "were friends of the old monarchy. Some ten thousand of the inhabitants of Marseilles, Lyons, and other parts of the South of France, took refuge within the walls of Toulon, and, uniting with the Royalist inhabitants, surrendered the city, its Magazines, its Ships, and its Ports to the combined English and Spanish fleet, which was cruising outside of its harbour. The English ships sailed triumphantly into the port, landing five thousand English troops, eight thousand Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Piedmontese, and took full possession of the place. This treacherous act, excited to the highest pitch the alarm and the indignation of the revolutionary government, and it was resolved that at all hazards Toulon must be retaken and the English driven from the soil of France."

For deliberateness of libel, we back that against anything that we shall meet in this new biography of Napoleon; and in saying that much we say a good deal! This *treacherous* act! and how dares this volunteer eulogist of a great genius but still greater

despot, how dare this man, propose to nothing—for his hero had as yet no concern with Toulon—how dares this gentleman thus cast the imputation of *treachery* upon the gallant men who thus made a legitimate and well nigh successful attempt to rescue their country from the hands of the thieves and butchers who had possessed themselves of it? Does he, even in the midst of that newest specimen of Republicanism, the United States, does he, even there, dare to justify the horrible wretches, who, having butchered their king, their queen, the most illustrious of his friends, and a multitude of his subjects besides, does this gentleman dare to justify these vile wretches? and if not, how dare he call the act of the Toulonese a treacherous one? If his house was invaded, a part of his family butchered, and a portion of his property carried off, would he deem it treachery if we, or some other good Christian were to let in the police? Has he one standard of morality for public life and another for private life? Does he, like too many of his countrymen, interpret true Republicanism as meaning the right of the rabble to rob and murder, with the fewest possible obstacles, in the shape of either civil or military authority? We really should like to see a new Political Dictionary from the pen of this profound person; if he were to define all his words as he has defined this, his Dictionary would at all events be very precious as an addition to the curiosities of that other eminent Republican, Phineas Barnum Esq., now, or late the happy proprietor of Tom Thumb, two Mermaids, a bearded Lady and other rarities too numerous for the limits of an advertisement! Of course many sensible and just men must at least see the Magazine to which Mr. Abbott has so unprovokedly contributed his at once absurd and unjust Life of Napoleon. What can such men think of his sense of right and wrong? Of his comprehension of Christian ethics? Of his understanding of the word Republicanism? Oh! may Britain ever have the hatred of such writers! But such writers shall not with impunity, even by inference, libel her, for all that!

Mr. Abbott, if we may judge from his own language, does not always quite clearly comprehend the real meaning of the very passages

which he so boldly and unscrupulously transfers, without the slightest acknowledgement, to his own pages. If he really do comprehend the authors from whom he so largely borrows, it is difficult to understand how he can speak of the combined English and Spanish fleet as though it lay off Toulon merely by accident. We are very unwilling either to misapprehend or to misrepresent him, but assuredly his own language can by no means be made to lead to any other inference than that of his profound ignorance of the fact, that the combined English and Spanish fleets were part and parcel of an admirable plan which failed of full and important effect, only in consequence of the grossest want of judgment on the part, alike of those who had possession of so valuable a position, and of those European sovereigns who were laudably anxious to put down the ruffians who were domineering and plundering in Paris.

Mr. Abbott tells us that those ruffians had "determined that, at all hazards, Toulon must be taken, and the English driven from the soil of France." We take the liberty to remind Mr. Abbott, that to operations of that kind there are two parties, and, had our peaceable occupation of Toulon been duly used, there seems to be good reason for believing that the only "determination which the revolutionary miscreants at Paris would have been able to carry into effect would have been that of saving their own recreant carcasses by timely flight, or surrendering them, helpless and unpitied, to the brutal ministrations of the professional or the amateur butchers, to whose ensanguined hands they had delivered some of the best, bravest, noblest, and loveliest of their compatriots. Had Toulon been immediately defended on the land side by such an army as could, on the very instant, and with perfect safety, have been spared, with well arranged and perfectly kept lines of communication with Lyons, Marseilles, and other loyal cities, and had such an army been promptly and powerfully supported by the European sovereigns, Toulon being carefully watched and guarded on the sea board by the combined fleet, strengthened by the numerous vessels found in the harbour, the frigates and lighter craft forming lines of communication with the nearest ports of England, Spain, and Italy, Napoleon Buona-

parte would have had exceedingly small chance of successfully directing his cannon against Toulon. We have spoken with some very eminent military and naval officers, including the well known naval writers Captain Marryatt, and his friend and literary colleague, Lieutenant Howard, and all, without a single exception, have agreed in thinking that had this plan been promptly and resolutely acted upon, the Revolution would have been at an end and the Monarchy restored.

Mr. Abbott's charge against the Royalists of Toulon, and their friends, that they were guilty of *Treachery*, would be simply ludicrous, did not the evident *animus* of the writer render it something still worse. If ever men were justified in a course of action, *they* were, in placing the ports, shipping, munitions of war, and their own gallant services, at the disposal of the friendly powers who sought to deliver them and their beautiful country from the hands of the Revolutionary ruffians of the National Convention. We challenge Mr. Abbott to bring forward a single argument to support his charge of *Treachery*. We maintain that they were fully justified; and had the plan been properly carried out, a more admirable scheme for the deliverance of France, and the restoration of her monarchy at the smallest possible expense of either blood or treasure, could not have been devised. Ah! Had the eagle eye of Wellington been there, right little would have signified the "determination" of the black hearted and red handed ruffians of the Convention to retake Toulon! Unhappily there was no such grand and comprehensive spirit among those who had the chief part in conducting the defence of that devoted city.

Even after much precious time had been wasted—even after the precious opportunity had been postponed, if not utterly lost, of throwing out a powerful and well-supplied army on the land side, and pouring in reinforcements and provisions to it by sea—even after the most inconceivable blundering on the part of the defenders of Toulon—they still had many a fair chance of ultimate success presented to them by the still greater blundering of their revolutionary opponents,

The first general sent by the Convention against Toulon was a man wholly ignorant of the duty, who erected his batteries at so re-

spectful a distance from the shore, that, had he continued firing until doomsday, not a ball from his guns could possibly have reached its mark—the shipping; and when he agreed to fire red-hot shot at the combined fleet, he did it in a spirit of the most compassionate and least revolutionary fashion; firing from a point fully three gun shots from his mark, and having the balls made red-hot in private residences, sufficiently distant to allow of the shots becoming most innocuously cool before they reached the guns! Does it not stir one's bile to think that, with such a commander opposed to them, the defenders of Toulon failed to annihilate his entire force?

It was under this singular military genius that Napoleon received the important military appointment of Brigadier-general of artillery. Condemning, as we do, so much in the character and conduct of Napoleon, we yet are prepared to do full justice to his military genius. His was not the eye to overlook any gross military blunder, and he was more especially unlikely to overlook mistakes in artillery practice, trained as he had been from his mere boyhood to that important arm of the service. A glance at the position of the guns and the objects at which they were levelled, sufficed to show him all the pitiable folly of his superior officer, and he, as Scott says, "with difficulty," persuaded the general to allow a few experimental shots. They fell about half way—scarcely half way; and the besotted Cartaux coolly remarked that the aristocracy had spoiled the powder! Alas! that poor French aristocracy have been charged with many a deed of which they were quite as innocent; but to be thus made answerable for the blundering of the most incompetent fellow that ever exposed his men to be uselessly butchered, was surely "the unkindest cut of all!"

Napoleon seems to have acted with great spirit as well as ability on this occasion. He warmly remonstrated with his sanguinary masters of the Convention, upon the manifest absurdity of expecting to take such a place as Toulon by the "regular approaches" which had been ordered by them, or of injuring any mortal, by sea or by land, with such gun pointing and such shot heating as had been invented by the singular genius to whom they had entrusted the command. He advised a

totally new course of procedure, of which every Life of Napoleon gives such ample details, that we need not enter into them; and, having obtained a hesitating permission to manage the artillery operations after his own fashion, he proceeded, with his constitutional alacrity, to make the necessary arrangements.

Cartaux was superseded. What honest or useful trade that egregious person had deserted, for the purpose of making himself ridiculous as a general, we know not. We do know, however, that he was succeeded in the supreme command of the army investing Toulon by one Doppet, an ex M.D., who, not finding in his original profession sufficient scope for his natural or acquired talents for manslaughter, aspired to dealing out death on a more liberal scale in the character of a soldier! Cartaux was merely an incurable fool; Doppet was all that, and a coward into the bargain. An improvised attack on one of the forts by a body of the villainous but hard-hitting young scum of Paris and the provinces, known by the generic name of *Carmagnoles*, required only a strong and speedy reinforcement to render it successful. That reinforcement was hastening to the scene of action, when one of the general's aides-de-camp was shot so close by him, as greatly to discompose the nerves of the commander; "on which," says Scott, dryly, "the medical general, considering this to be a decidedly bad symptom, pronounced the case desperate, and, to Napoleon's great indignation, ordered a retreat."

The medical general, after such a display as this, was, of course, superseded, and was succeeded by a brave veteran, named Dugommier, who was among the very last men in the world to give the besieged the chances already afforded to them by the incapacity of one general and the dastardly of another.

Napoleon's new commander was precisely the man to comprehend the true science, of all that he proposed, and he not merely permitted him to carry his plans into effect, but as heartily as fearlessly, prepared to aid him in doing so; and the besieged speedily perceived that they no longer had to deal with either fools or cowards.

But though Napoleon had the fullest concurrence and the most active support of his general, he at first found himself considerably embarrassed by the stupid intermeddling of

the representatives, whom, for some bright reason of their own, the Convention insisted upon keeping in the army, to superintend operations which they could by no possibility understand. Here again, however, though Mr. Abbott does not condescend to tell us a word about it, Napoleon was signally served by that Salicetti whom he had dubbed a "villain," and who undoubtedly was a regicide. That person was one of the four representatives or commissioners of the Convention who were at that time resident in the camp, and, thanks to his interference, backed by another of his confidés, the younger Robespierre, Napoleon found himself at full liberty to use his unrivalled strategetic talents uncontrolled by the absurd and crude fancies of a set of civilians, who scarcely knew a linstock from a round shot, or a cannister from grape. Will Mr. Abbott tell us that Napoleon might not have been deprived, by these absurd civilians, of the opportunity of displaying his genius and exciting his energies, had the "villain" Salicetti been less placable, or had his hero, Napoleon, been less pliant to circumstances? We confess to some curiosity to know how Mr. Abbott will account for his rather singular omission of all mention of so striking and important a circumstance.

The result of the siege is, unhappily, but too well known. The vigorous measures of Napoleon, who did infinitely more towards the success of the French arms than his general, gallant as the latter beyond all question was, delivered Toulon up to the savages of the revolutionary party, and although the English shipping saved a large number of the gallant Royalists, a frightful massacre was committed upon those who were unable to make their escape. Though the Representatives of the Convention seem to have taken ample care of their own persons while the fight still raged, and the event was still uncertain, they lauded themselves not a little in their report to the Convention, and had the additional and ineffable meanness entirely to omit in that report all mention of Napoleon, to whose skill the success of the revolutionary troops may without much exaggeration be said to have been entirely owing. In consequence of this infamous conduct, Napoleon remained for a considerable time without active employment. The Jacobins, moreover, whose views he was

known to have favoured, were now, in anything but good odour, and though the ultra-Republican opinions of which he had hitherto made such loud profession, were evidently anything but his real opinions, they now threatened to be as fatal to his prospects of employment and advancement, as he had reckoned upon their being favourable. His own fiery temper, too, just now gave an inopportune flash, and for the time, deprived him of a fair chance of obtaining, in spite of all the advantages of his position, the employment which he so ardently desired. Being removed from his favourite arm of the service, the artillery, into the infantry of the line, he warmly remonstrated with the board of general officers, and demanded, rather than solicited, the kind of command for which he justly deemed himself pre-eminently qualified. General Aubry, the President of the Board, remarked upon Napoleon's youth as being a disqualification for the command that he sought, and Napoleon, in the sarcastic tone of which he was even at that early age so perfect a master, replied that service in the field was of somewhat more importance than age. The arrow went home to its mark, for Aubry was one of those generals who had never seen a shot fired in anger, and who knew a little of everything, except soldiering. But, if his sarcasm had the effect of stinging his opponent, it also, as is mostly the case, had the effect of injuring himself, and he remained without employment. But it was no longer possible for the coldness or even the active enmity of officials permanently to keep down the proud young Corsican. The brave old general was loud in his praise, and all the soldiers worthy of the name praised him, too, as only brave soldiers can praise the chieftains whose worth they discern, where alone it can be discerned and appreciated—amid the strife and in the doubtful hours of the battle or the siege. It needed only a great crisis to ensure the employment of the unscrupulous and skilful artillery officer, and that crisis speedily presented itself.

It is, as all history proves, far more easy to pull down than to build up; to destroy an old form of government by the seemingly unanimous consent of a whole people, than to establish a new one calculated to obtain the favour and cordial support of that people.

Change after change was made in the governmental arrangements; each new arrangement was at first hailed with popular applause, and speedily consigned to destruction amidst popular violence or popular contempt.

In the year 3 of the "Republic one and indivisible," *i. e.* in the year of Grace 1795, another change occurred; which, made the government consist of Five Directors, (the real executive power,) a council of Five Hundred, answering to the British House of Commons, and a council of Ancients similarly answering to the House of Lords. Though there were some by no means trifling defects in this new constitution, though it ought to have been evident to its framers, that the whole of the power of the Directory was pretty sure to be in reality in the hands of any one of the Directors who should chance to be greatly superior in talents and energy to his colleagues, still, this constitution really did promise as near a restoration of public order and individual security as could be hoped for from any measure short of the restoration of the monarchy.

But though the constitution of the year 3 (1795) really had the merit of promising something like peace and security to the harassed people of France, it was on that very account looked upon with detestation by two very opposite parties, and from motives equally opposite. The royalists, naturally and even laudably, felt unwilling to sanction any arrangement which, however just and desirable in other respects, might tend to give permanence to revolutionary power. To the royalists, the restoration of the monarchy, with or even without the condign punishment of the surviving ring leaders of the revolutionary miscreants, was the one only change that seemed desirable or even endurable. On the other hand, the Jacobin party hated, with a rancour scarcely less than that which they felt towards monarchy itself, a constitution which held out a prospect of protection to the weak, and of repression or punishment to the evil disposed and the sanguinary. In the rural districts, with their scattered population, this hostility was less felt, or, at the least less strongly manifested; but in Paris, the abode or the resort of all that was desperate and daring, the publication of this new constitution caused an awful outburst of mingled

dismay and rage. The vile demagogues saw clearly that should that constitution be established and acted upon, with an even moderate degree of firmness, their bloody and feculent mission would be hopelessly at an end. These feelings of the demagogues were not merely shared but sedulously encouraged by a vile and still powerful party in the Convention itself. The Thermidorians, as the party who smote down the execrable Robespierre were called, annihilated that wretch and his guilty clique, far less from detestation of their crimes than from a well-founded conviction that they, the Thermidorians, had but one alternative, to crush or to be crushed. Most, if not all of them, had a full share of the savage determination and wanton indifference to the quantity or quality of the blood they shed, which had marked the wretched Robespierre and his personal adherents; and to his bloodthirsty instincts they added a lust of gain and a taste for display, and for sensual pleasures, of which it is only justice, to even such a cold blooded wretch as Robespierre, to say, that he seems to have been singularly and most laudably free. Approving and, as far as they could prudently do so, encouraging the rabble and its leaders to clamour against the new constitution, and thus to remind the Convention that ready assassins were still to be gathered together, they, on their own parts made little or no opposition to the new state of things; but they had Belials and Achitophels enow among them to suggest a far safer and more effective course than open and blunt opposition. They silently accepted the new constitution; but proposed an addition which, once made, could not fail to render the whole a mockery and a delusion. They proposed that, though the electoral bodies should choose the members of the two mere legislative bodies, it should be imperative upon them to choose at least two thirds of the members from the then actual members of the Convention, and that the electoral bodies failing to choose the full two thirds from the Convention, that body should itself choose from its members the members wanting to complete the full two thirds of the new bodies.

This was, in point of fact, saying neither more nor less than that, of the change and purification that had been so loudly demanded, the Thermidorians opined that just one third

and no more was really needed. To the loud and very natural outcry caused by this singularly impudent addition to the proposed new constitution, the Convention replied only by declaring its sittings permanent; and they quite coolly altered the host of addresses, which were poured in against their proposed re-election, to the extent of two thirds of the proposed new legislative bodies, into approval of it! The Convention had more than once been supported, when wrong as well as when right, by the ferocious rabble out of doors, and it would seem that they now counted upon the same support upon the strength of a few declamatory professions of sitting in permanence, only for the purpose of protecting the *liberties of France!* just as though liberty existed in France!

But the time had gone by when mere, and vague generalities, and fine phrases could content the citizens of Paris who had lived through so many horrors and had suffered such tremendous losses. The National Guards, chiefly composed of tradesmen, professional men, and men of small independent property, loudly declared against the Convention, and plainly threatened to march upon it and dissolve it at the point of the bayonet. But the Convention still entertained hopes of carrying the obnoxious measure, if not of altogether suppressing the new constitution, and rendering its own sittings as really permanent as anything at that time could be rendered in fickle and agitated France. In Paris and the outskirts there were five thousand regular troops and several hundreds of artillery; and under the ludicrous title of the sacred Band of Patriots of 1789 they collected and embodied some fifteen hundred jail birds, the very scum of Paris; wretches not a few of whom were well known to the people as the ever ready executioners of the most sanguinary orders of the blood-stained Robespierre. The embodying of these reprobates completed the public indignation which the equally impudent and shuffling conduct of the Convention upon the subject of the new constitution had first aroused; the various sections of the National Guards united under the command of General Dumourier, the Convention gave the command of their defenders to General Menou, and everything gave sad promise that once more the streets of Paris would be

flooded with human blood. Menou, though a good soldier, was a man of some humanity, and finding when he marched against the citizen soldiery that they were far more inclined to fight than to obey his order to disperse, he shrank appalled at the contemplation of the frightful slaughter, by which alone he could have brought them to obedience, and withdrew his troops. A defender of this kind was but little to the taste of the Convention. Menou was superseded, and the forces of the Convention were placed under the command of Barras, one of their own body. Barras, however, had sense enough to know his own incapacity for the actual command of troops in a crisis of such importance and peril, and having been an eye witness of Napoleon's conduct at Toulon, he recommended his colleagues, Carnot and Tallien, to give him that young officer as his second in command, assuring them that the young Corsican was not only a man of great military talent, but also one who would stand upon no ceremony. Napoleon was accordingly sent for and entrusted, though nominally under Barras, with full powers to defend the Convention.

Of the attack on the Tuilleries, in which palace the Convention held its sittings, and of its defence by Buonaparte we need not repeat the details; after a sanguinary action of above an hour, during which Napoleon swept the narrow streets of Paris with murderous discharges of grape shot, the Convention was victorious and at once proceeded to enact the New Constitution after its own fashion. Barras became one of the five Directors, and retired from even the nominal command of the forces, and Napoleon was appointed to the post of general-in-chief of the army of the Interior. Having thus shown that Napoleon owed his appointment to the command, under Barras, of the troops defending the Tuilleries to his conduct at Toulon, and that he owed his power to distinguish himself at Toulon to the influential recommendation of the "villain" Salicetti, we again ask how it is that Mr. Abbott has not deemed it necessary to say one word about that odd link in the chain of his hero's great actions? Does even he perceive that Napoleon *must* have owed that recommendation by the "villain" Salicetti to a meanness? Even so; surely he might have remembered the staunch eulogist of Jack Wilkes;

and if compelled to own that his beheld hero could, on occasion, be an extremely mean and pliant person, he still could have stoutly maintained that his hero was "no meaner than a hero ought to be!"

Barras the Director was now the great patron of the young General Buonaparte, and through Barras, as it seems to us *solely*, the young general became acquainted with his future wife, Josephine.

A romantic story has been long told by the biographers of Napoleon, which, as a mere matter of course, is repeated by Mr. Abbott without a word of comment, and duly illustrated in his page by a wood cut of a little boy who seems to be awkwardly rehearsing some melodramatic part in conjunction with a slender soldier. The story to which we allude is that about young Eugene Beauharnois waiting on the young General Buonaparte to ask the restoration of his father's sword; the spirit and grace of the boy inducing Buonaparte to seek the acquaintance of the mother, &c. &c. In the whole of this story we are quite convinced that there is not a single word of truth. The widow Josephine de Beauharnois was at this very time a constant attendant at the splendid evening parties of Barras the Director, and so was General Napoleon Buonaparte. They could not but be well known to each other; and to imagine that they could, thus mutually visiting one of the best circles then existing in Paris, remain unknown to each other, says something for Mr. Abbott's "republican simplicity." Thrown, as Napoleon and Josephine necessarily were, together, as mutual friends of Barras, we do not believe a word of the tale in question. We will not go the entire length of saying that there was any truth in the, nevertheless pretty general report, that the lively young Creole had for some time been on terms of not quite Platonic friendship with Barras, and that Napoleon took her off his hands as a condition of a continuance of the powerful support of the Director; though everything that we positively know about Napoleon strongly tends to convince us that he was not the man to shrink from forwarding his ambitious views by even a bargain of that not very creditable kind. But, without going to that extent, what more likely than that Barras, interested for both his young friends,

brought them together as often as possible with a direct view to their union? What more certain than that there needed, neither sword reclaimed, nor romantic little boy, to introduce the interesting and lively young widow to the rising, though rather lean, young officer whom she almost every evening met at the house of the Director Barras? A great deal of false sentiment has been thrown away upon this affair. Nothing could be more natural than a marriage between two parties thus circumstanced; especially as one of them was by no means troubled with any superfluous heart for aught save his own interest; and the Creole widow and the young general were married accordingly, and three days after their marriage Napoleon received "the dowry of his bride in the form of the command of the army of Italy."

Of Buonaparte's campaigns in Italy, marvellous as in many respects they were, we do not feel it at all necessary to enter into any examination. In the first place they have been told in all possible detail and in almost every possible variety of style, from that of Scott down to that of Abbott. In the next place we have to do, not with the general acts of Napoleon, while acting as the servant of the Directory, but with those acts, military or civil, which were performed on his own authority whether as Consul or as Emperor.

The successes of Napoleon, on the continent of Europe, seem to have inspired his masters, the Directory, with a strangely mingled feeling of confidence in his genius, and jealousy of his ambition. To this latter feeling, chiefly, we are of opinion, was owing the determination of the Directory to act upon a suggestion which, even while in the full flush and busy excitement of his continental victories, he had made to them of seizing upon Egypt, for the purpose as he said of attracting the Indian trade to that route instead of by the circuitous one round the Cape of Good Hope, and of making Egypt a vast camp and post, from which to strike the most deadly of blows against Great Britain, by a sudden and successful invasion of her Indian possessions. The Directory, on his return from the command of the Army of Italy, had given him the command of the Army of England, an immense force which was assembled on the northern coast of France, for the avowed

purpose of invading Britain. But they never had any serious intention of carrying the threat of invasion into effect; Egypt was the real object of their immense preparations, and the removal of Napoleon, for some time at least, from their own vicinity was a consideration which probably had to the full as much weight with them as any prospective advantages to be attained by the conquest and occupation of that country. In truth, had Napoleon been fully successful in his Egyptian campaign there are not a few circumstances in his authentic history which convince us that the Directory would have been well rid of him for ever, and that in the East he would have carved out a kingdom and erected a throne for himself, and have become an apostate to that faith of which he was never more than a merely nominal believer.

Whatever his own views, thus much seems certain, that the "Directory" suspected him of tampering with Russia with a view to bringing about some change in the Government of France; and though some time was spent in fitting out a splendid armament at Toulon, this suspicion caused the "Directory" to send Barras in person to his protégé, and so to argue with him, as to cause him to depart for Egypt without delay. Even while commanding their forces in Italy, Napoleon had more than once shown himself somewhat recalcitrant; and now that he was said to be tampering with a foreign power they justly enough deemed that with his prestige of genius and victory, and with his great popularity, not only with the army but with the great body of the people, he might not only have the ambition to aim at despotic power but also the means of obtaining it. Subsequent events show how rightly they judged him. One writer, Miot, though he cannot tell us what passed between Barras and Napoleon on the occasion of this memorable interview, pretty plainly intimates that there were both discontent and anger on both sides. Barras, however, seems to have succeeded in impressing Napoleon's prudence if not his fears; and in three days more Napoleon sailed from Toulon, having a fleet, whose line of battle-ships alone extended a league, a fine army, a hundred men of science to make discoveries in the East, and Kleber and other generals under

him who were scarcely his inferiors either in skill, daring, or renown. He sailed from Toulon on the 19th of May, 1798, and on the 8th of the next month joined company in the Mediterranean, with a large fleet of transports, under the command of General Dessaix, having on board the most profuse supply of provisions and munitions of war. Bringing up before Malta, Napoleon landed a body of troops, and took possession of that once famed fortress, with so little trouble that Caffarelli remarked to him that it was well that there was a garrison within to open the gates to them, as they would have had infinitely more trouble in getting in had the fortress been actually untenanted!

Landing in Egypt he obtained a series of victories over the real lords of that rich soil, the Mamelukes, and in spite of Nelson's great victory of the Nile and blockade of Alexandria, which made Napoleon and his army in some sort mere prisoners in a very unhealthy climate, he pushed onward with such success that but for the well known resistance to him which was organized and headed by the celebrated Sir Sydney Smith at Acre, it is quite probable that he would actually have rendered Syria a tributary province to France, or an independent principality, with himself, as Sheik, Emir, or Padishah. That this latter was his real object we feel persuaded from many circumstances, but especially from that notorious and impudent imposture his pretended conversion to Islamism; an imposture which, gross and even farcically absurd as it must necessarily seem to Christians and men of sense, would have had a very different effect upon the fanatical "true believers," if circumstances had otherwise favoured the views of which we, not unreasonably, suspect him, and which his own words, if accurately reported, (which we doubt,) and which his own "talk" at St. Helena, if accurately reported, (which we doubt,) convict him. The Mustis as a matter of policy, and then the military chiefs and common people to a man in sheer stupid credulity, would have ranged themselves under the green banners of their renegade leader. It is well known that he not only professed the greatest respect for Islamism, but even performed in public the religious duties of a good Mussulman, and protested that he was a Mussulman, and that it was

under the protection and inspiration of Mahomet himself that he had invaded Egypt and put down the Mameluke powers.

We have already said that Napoleon was never anything more than a merely nominal Christian; yet even with that sad admission what are we to think of the common honesty of a man who, for a merely ambitious purpose, would lend open countenance to a vile religious imposture, and even profess to be one of its "true believers?" Could the sincerity of that man in anything be ever afterwards depended upon?

The progress and termination of the Egyptian campaign are so well known that we should at once pass on to the sudden desertion of his army, leaving it to the command of Kleber and Dessaix, and his other subordinates, and the return to Paris of General Napoleon Buonaparte, just as his but little confiding friends the Directory would least have desired to see him there. But though the Egyptian expedition, in spite of some pretty hard fighting, was after all a mere failure; there is one incident in it which must be noticed, as it throws a terrible light upon the character of Napoleon, and, especially, as he has been defended as to that incident by Mr. Abbott, with a cool intrepidity of unchristian as well as illogical partizanship, such as the most anti-British advocates of Napoleon never equalled before, and we, for their own character's sake, sincerely trust will never attempt to imitate again.

He took Jaffa (the Scriptural Joppa at which Jonah embarked) by assault. In such cases the French soldiery have ever and always proved themselves mere devils in human shape. Drunkenness and plundering always disgrace the victors in such cases, no matter to what nation they belong; but to those offences the French soldier invariably adds rape and murder. The scene that followed the entrance of the triumphant French into Jaffa was one which the pen refuses to trace, and from the mere contemplation of which the imagination starts appalled; we ask ourselves if those filthy and cruel men really partook the ordinary nature of men, and compelled to confess that they did, we look around, as we pass along the crowded streets and wonder how much of excitement and impunity it would take to convert into simi-

larly merciless and unclean devils the multitudes who surround us. The narrative of the awful scenes of Jaffa compel us to speculate thus; and thus speculating we shudder, yet thankfully remember that our own citizens, and our own soldiery, too, worship the one true God and not the French deity of that day, the half-naked harlot, the Goddess of Reason! Yes! We thank God, as we read of Jaffa, that our citizens and our soldiers are neither Republican nor Atheist! Scarcely was the mad licence of the soldiery at an end ere Mr. Abbott's Hero—Idol, the great, the enlightened, the more especially "human" Napoleon, proved himself well worthy to be the chieftain of that horrible horde of French banditti and murderers whom he called an army; nay, except that he was guiltless of crime against woman, he sank himself fathoms deep, in sanguinary crime and indelible infamy, beneath the bloodiest of his soldiery. Each of them, probably, slew his one or two conquered enemies; but Napoleon, more sublime, in cold-blooded cruelty, calmly and unconcernedly slew his two thousand. Two thousand, see ye, in cold blood; two thousand *prisoners of war* were slain in cold blood by him, calmly and ruthlessly as one would trample upon a venomous reptile, and crush it out of life.

Let us briefly state the facts of the case, ere we proceed to Mr. Abbott's shameless comments upon them. Two thousand unfortunate wretches were captured when even the savage French soldiery grew sated with slaughter, and these *prisoners of War* were marched to Napoleon's camp. A word from him would have saved them; but he ordered them to be put to death. It is alleged in his defence that they were formerly his prisoners at El Arish and had broken their parole, and that the mere fact of their being so numerous rendered it impossible for him to save them, though even anxious to do so; and Mr. Abbott coolly says, "Whatever judgment posterity may form on this transaction, no one can see in it any indication of an innate love of cruelty in Napoleon." This truly terrible intrepidity of partizanship must not be lightly passed over. Let us calmly but sternly, examine the cool defence which Mr. Abbott, the Republican, offers for a most foul crime. This Republican, he who chatters so senti-

mentally about the intelligence, the Christianity, &c., *proh pudor!* the Republicanism and intelligence and love and order of his compatriots, boldly states in the words of others, that his blood-stained Idol slew these thousands and seized upon their country, and just as impudently states, that the slaying was not cruel and the seizure not dishonest! To quote such a man, at any considerable length, is a truly painful task, but it is also one which, in spite of all our feelings of mingled indignation and loathing, we must perform, if but to expose his shameless defence of dastardly murder, committed by the deadly enemy of Britain, and, therefore and necessarily, his very dear friend and revered hero. Let us then, see how he sets about proving that his hero "murdered no more than a hero ought to murder."

"Whatever judgment" says the candid, and liberty and humanity-loving Mr. Abbott, "whatever judgment posterity may pronounce upon this transaction, no one can see in it any indication of an innate love of cruelty in Napoleon. He regarded the transaction as one of the stern necessities of war. The whole system is one of unmitigated horror. Bomb shells are thrown into cities to explode in the chambers of maidens and in the cradles of infants, and the incidental destruction of innocence and helplessness is disregarded. The execrable ferocity of the details of war are essential to the system. To say that Napoleon ought not to have shot these prisoners, is simply to say that he ought to have relinquished the contest, to have surrendered himself to the tender mercies of the Turk, and to allow (to *have* allowed, if you please, Mr. Abbott!) England, and Austria, and Russia to force back upon the disenthralled French nation the detested reign of the Bourbons. England was bombarding the cities of France to compel a proud nation to re-enthroned a discarded and hated king. The French in self defence were endeavouring to repel their powerful foe, by marching to India, England's only vulnerable point. Surely, the responsibility of this war rests upon the assailants, and not upon the assailed. There was a powerful party in the British Parliament, and throughout the nation, the friends of Reform and of popular liberty, who entirely sympathized with the French in this conflict,

and who earnestly protested against a war which they deemed impolitic and unjust. But the king and the nobles prevailed, and as the French would not meekly submit to their demands, the world was deluged with blood. 'Nothing was easier,' says Alison, 'than to have disarmed the captives, and sent them away.' The remark is unworthy of the eloquent and distinguished historian. It is simply affirming that France should have yielded the conflict, and submitted to British dictation. It would have been far more in accordance with the spirit of the events to have said 'Nothing was easier than for England to allow France to choose her own form of government.' But had this been done the throne of England's king and the castles of her nobles might have been overturned by the earthquake of Revolution. Alas for man!"

After quoting Bourienne, Mr. Abbott proceeds to say: "Even Sir Walter Scott who, unfortunately allowed his Tory predilections to dim the truth of his unstudied yet classic page, while affirming that 'this bloody deed must always remain a deep stain upon the character of Napoleon,' is constrained to admit 'yet we do not view it as the indulgence of an innate love of cruelty, for nothing in Napoleon's history shows the existence of that vice, and there are many things which intimate his disposition to have been naturally humane.'"

What Mr. Abbott's age is we have no present means of ascertaining. If he is an old or even a middle aged man, his case is utterly hopeless; he is doomed to go to the grave consciously, but impenitently, malignant and unjust. If a young man, he may, by some rare chance, or rather by a providential and greatly needed mercy, meet with some true and intelligent friend, both able and willing to convince him of the sad and shameful error of his way, and successful in exhorting and teaching him to avoid plagiarism as an author, and cold, causeless malignity as a man. In the meantime, it is our duty to deal with him as he now exhibits himself, and as this defence of wholesale murder is one of the very worst of even *his* bad and numerous sins alike against logic and against that Christianity of ethics of which he, in behalf of himself and his co-patriots, so unblushingly makes boast, we shall briefly but unsparingly expose his

shamelessness and his absurdity, as we find them in the rather long extract which we just now have made.

He tells us that it is impossible to take this transaction for any indication of an innate love of cruelty in Napoleon, and quotes, in support of his assertion, the words of Sir Walter Scott. He would no more have quoted Scott here than he has quoted either Scott or the other authors upon whom he has levied auctorial blank mail, only that by quoting those few absurd words from him, he cunningly seeks to obtain the sanction of Scott's great name to the abominably cold-blooded apology for murder into which he has interwoven those words. He evidently thought that by this cunning device he had effectually stopped any indignant British author who might feel inclined to protest against the detestable passage as a whole. For once in the way our shrewd author has reckoned without his host. There are few living men, we believe, who reverence Scott's genius as an author, and love his at once simple and noble character as a man, more than we do; but that feeling is the love and the reverence of the soldier to his chieftain, not the blind and implicit submission of the slave to his master. Upwards of twenty-five years ago, when Scott's great work appeared, we pointed out to a literary friend the very passage which Mr. Abbott has so artfully quoted, and we remarked, that in writing those few mischievous words, Scott had doubly sinned, both against sound reasoning, and his own nobly won, well-deserved fame, on the one hand, and against the interests of both religion and humanity, on the other, as there could be but little doubt that, if any writer should venture to justify Napoleon's bloody conduct at Jaffa, he would eagerly fasten upon these very unjustifiable words of Scott, and make the name of that truly good and great man a passport to vernal and partizan scribbling which without such passport would have right little chance of making its way in the world. We little thought, at that time, that such shameless apology for murder as that of Mr. Abbott, would ever insult the best feelings and the common sense of men who boast of their tolerably "red" republicanism, far less that it would fall to our lot, on this side of the Atlantic, to defend that Britain under whose

glorious institutions we live. But so it is; among its monstrosities America, the boasting and boasted Republic, has an Abbott, of whom she may be proud, and Barnum, so lately the undisputed sovereign of the realm of humbug, envious. Knowing the great weight which all cultivated minds allow to every word penned by such a master-spirit as Sir Walter Scott, Abbott, in apparent honesty actually gives, for the nonce, his authority. But we know Mr. Abbott too well, thanks to his own teachings, to be for an instant the dupe of his apparent candour. It would ill-become us to allow Mr. Abbott's very paltry trick to become permanently a successful one. We admire Sir Walter Scott because he was a great man, and a good man, and he almost invariably gave to the world reasonings which the Christian could not but admire for their pure morality, and the logician for their close and accurate reasoning. But Scott, though both as writer and as man, he had fewer faults than fall to the lot of most of us, was, after all, only mortal, and "to err is human." In this particular case, Scott erred most fearfully and mischievously, as we feel it our duty to show; for loving Scott much, we love truth and the interest of our common humanity still more. Sir Walter Scott, our readers will observe, in one breath calls this massacre of unarmed and utterly helpless men a "bloody deed," and confesses that it "must always remain a deep stain upon the character of Napoleon Bonaparte." What do we affirm more than that? And what more direct contradiction than is given by those words, could mortal man. (however zealous to set the detestable character of the Corsican butcher, the splendid but merciless brigand, in its true light before the world, what more direct and crushing contradiction than is contained in those words, could mortal man) give to the assertion which immediately follows, that it is not to be viewed as a proof of Napoleon's innate love of cruelty? If the act was *not* a cruel one, why call it bloody? If *not* a cruel act, why state that it must always remain a deep stain upon Napoleon's character? In one or the other statement, Scott necessarily was wrong; for the two statements are diametrically opposed to each other. Aye! But Scott gives a reason for believing that Napoleon was not cruel, not innately cruel, when he adds

"for, nothing in Napoleon's history shows the existence of that vice." That same word *for* is a very perilous one when used in an illogical argument; failing to serve the illogical reasoner's purpose, it is sure to tell very forcibly on the contrary side. Scott calls the deed a bloody one, and one which "must always remain a deep stain upon the character of Napoleon," and we agree with him. But when he says it is no proof of innate cruelty in Napoleon we flatly contradict him, and when he adds, that he so judges "*for*," *i. e.*, because "nothing in Napoleon's history shows the existence of that vice." We fearlessly assert that Scott, by that single word *for* cuts away every inch of standing room from under his own feet. Napoleon on *this* occasion showed brutal love of cruelty; and are we to call him guiltless of cruelty who caused the gallant young Duc d'Engheien to be brutally shot in the castle ditch of Vincennes? Was it no proof of cruelty that he coldly sacrificed, avowedly without even the chance of advantage to the cause for which he was hired to fight, many lives of both his own and the Austrian soldiery, and hazarded infinitely more lives on both sides, for the mere purpose of entertaining a woman who, although Abbott calls her virtuous and beautiful, was most probably no better than she should have been, in spite of the assurance that Napoleon felt only a fraternal friendship, a brotherly interest? Was that no proof of a love of cruelty, we ask? Ah! but, then, we have that same "*innate*" to dispose of. The deed, Mr. Abbott would doubtless argue, might seem cruel to mere Britons, who, of course cannot understand the ethics of war so very profoundly, and yet Napoleon might not be *innately* cruel. Bah! What care we when the bared dagger of the Italian bravo, or the bowie knife of the ruffian is at our throat, what care we whether the murderous ruffian's cruelty was innate, that is to say born in and with him, or whether he acquired it from bad example and only half an hour ago? Besides, we not only have proof that Napoleon was cruel, in the fate of the two thousand at Jaffa, and in the midnight butchery of the ill-fated and too early lost Duc d'Engheien, but we have in the savage blow which he inflicted upon his young school-fellow at Brienne as good a proof, as we require, that his cruelty really

was *innate*, born with him; showing itself in a mere blow when he had merely a boy's power of mischief, and showing itself in the bloodiest and the most dastardly murders, when he had greater power, and when cold-blooded cruelty was necessary to his purpose, whether that purpose chanced to be the entertainment of "a beautiful and virtuous woman," or the seizure of a kingdom from its rightful king, to bestow it upon a Corsican intruder of his own brood, afterwards to be grudge it even to him.

But although in this idle and, at the same time, immoral and very mischievous tale about deeds being bloody and for ever a deep stain upon their doer, and yet being no proof of his innate cruelty. Mr. Abbott has cunningly contrived to make Scott seem his accomplice, he need not lay the flattering unction to his soul that he and the illustrious author of *Waverley* are even in this solitary instance in the same moral category. Far, very far are they from being so.

Sir Walter Scott, magnanimous by nature, and while writing the *Life of Napoleon*, very nervously scrupulous in his endeavors not too harshly to judge that great genius and very bad man, frequently erred in the very opposite direction, though in no other instance so far and so mischievously. We all have heard of men who were very cowards in their extreme fear of being thought afraid; Scott, while writing the *Life of Napoleon*, was so anxious to show that he was not unduly prejudiced against the hero of that terrible and melancholy tale of boundless ambition and ruthless selfishness, that his anxiety had, in more than one instance, all the ill effect upon his composition, that an undue prejudice in the favour of that *Jupiter Scapin*—that charlatan soldier—could have had. This was especially, obviously, and very lamentably the case as regards this sadly blundered comment. All just and generous men will admire Scott for his desire not to even seemingly exaggerate the case against Napoleon; but all sound reasoners will detect the inaccuracy of the reasoning with which he endeavors to mitigate the indignation due to so cold-blooded a *proof* of cruelty, and all really just and Christian men must needs regret that a delicacy which, within its due limits, was so honorable to Scott, should be

carried to an extent discreditable to the illustrious author's powers of reasoning, and mischievous, as serving to bolster up the false statement of such writers as Mr. Abbott, who are only too happy to seize upon any unlucky, not to say unpardonable lapse in logic, or to avail themselves of an error dangerous to truth, and more especially to young and superficial readers.

But, while we impugn the accuracy of Scott's reasoning in this particular passage of his history, and while we hold that it is calculated to do even a greater amount of mischief than it could do had it proceeded from another; we fully perceive, and gladly as well as frankly confess, that Scott erred from an excess of manly desire to deal leniently with the dead tyrant; and we speak rather in sorrow than in anger, when we say that when Scott, writing *History*, suffered even a kindly motive to induce him to shrink from sternly speaking the truth, and the *whole* truth, in mining matters with his suggestive metaphysical distinction between the cruelty that butchers, indifferently, a prince, and unarmed prisoners of war, instead of confining himself within the just limit of speaking nothing *more than the truth*, Scott sinned alike against his own fame, against the interests of humanity, and against that truth, but for which man would be a forlorn wretch, and nations only so many disorganised herds. There is, however, this very great difference, even as to the mere and brief denial of Napoleon's cruelty, between them, Sir Walter Scott erred from the excess of a feeling which in itself, and kept duly under control, is highly honourable, and worthy of all laud and of all imitation; while Mr. Abbott has erred from excess of malignity.

Mr. Abbott prudently tells us that Napoleon regarded this most abominable massacre in cold blood of two thousand gallant men, who surrendered *as prisoners of war*, as one of the stern necessities of war, and he goes on to liken it to the firing of shots and shells into a besieged city; we are almost tempted to infer from this passage, that either Mr. Abbott must, when he wrote it, have been temporarily stricken with lunacy, or have determined to do his utmost to vindicate his sanguinary and truculent hero, with an utter disregard, not

merely to logic, but to truth, in the every-day acceptation of that term.

Mr. Abbott, must have very well known that between assailing an armed enemy, sheltered by fortified walls, and butchering unarmed and manacled *prisoners of war*, there is the small difference that there is between the soldier and the assassin. He must have very well known that if "the maiden in the chamber, and the infant in the cradle," whom he so sentimentally and imaginatively prates about, get maimed or killed, it is without the intent, or even the knowledge of the assailants, and he knows, just as well as we do, that, to the utmost possible extent, endeavours are made so to direct the deadly missiles as that they may injure fortifications and their armed defenders, and not either maidens, or wives, or widows, to say nothing about small babies in their cradles. Mr. Abbott well knows, that no commanding officer, would for an instant dream of wasting such costly matters as shot and shells to say nothing about powder, upon the ignobly Herodian business of killing maidens and small children. He well knows that when non-combatants are wounded or killed during a siege, it is by accident. With what grace does he, dares he, can he, liken accidents, always deeply regretted, to the *deliberate murder of two thousand prisoners of war*, to that *wholesale murder* which Napoleon not only ordered in cold blood, but in cold blood justified in his last Will and Testament, executed at St. Helena in 1821? Again, Mr. Abbott tells us, in his sham sentimental way, that "the execrable cruelties of war are essential to the system." He knows as well as we do, that this solemnly enunciated truism has not the slightest relevancy to the charge of murderous cruelty which we bring against Napoleon. The men whom he ordered to be butchered were *prisoners of war*, bound, unarmed, and thereby helpless; they no longer had any concern in the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;" butchering those men in cold blood, shooting them down in small parties, and bayoneting to death those whom the musket bullets failed to kill outright; these demoniac acts of butchery were none of "the details of war;" Mr. Abbott knows as well as we do, that, these were the details merely of dastardly butchery; and knows that Napoleon order-

ed this butchery, partly from a native taste, a true Corsican love of slaughter, but partly also, from one of those fits of all but actual cowardice, with which more than once in his life, he was attacked, as we shall have to show in our brief mention of his flight from Waterloo to the British Ship of War, Bellerophon, and his conduct while on board that ship. His situation, deprived as he had been, by the battle of the Nile, of the means of taking his army of "glorious" ruffians home to France, was really a bad one, and we have no doubt that the excess of his terror had the usual effect of that passion when it is felt by the cruel. It made him we doubt not, for the moment, even more cruel than he usually was. Mr. Abbott says, that to say that Napoleon ought not to have shot those prisoners, is simply to say that he ought to have surrendered to the Turk, and to have allowed England, Austria, and Russia, to force back upon "the disenthralled French Nation," the detested reign of the Bourbons. We challenge Mr. Abbott to show us how the butchering of the prisoners bettered Napoleon's position as to the Turk. We maintain that the butchery of these men had no more to do in bettering his position, than the butchering long before, of some of his own men, some of the Austrian troops, for the mere amusement of a lady, had to do in improving his then military position, which he himself admits that it neither did or possibly could do. And then, look at the idle untrue declaration about Britain and her allies forcing back the detested Bourbons upon "the disenthralled French Nation."

If Mr. Abbott did not at every second page give so many proofs of dislike against Britain and of his endeavours to injure her, we really should, as we reflect upon this part of his declaration, imagine him weak; as it is, we are obliged to confess, that he is only very bad. This very man who tells us that Britain and her allies were endeavouring to force back the detested Bourbons, cannot be unaware, that all the nobler and purer spirits in France, that all but the revolutionary leaders in the Convention, and their ruthless followers, out of doors, would gladly have seen those same "detested" Bourbons back again; and he, who here calls the French people a "disenthralled people, no sooner has to speak of the

seizure of absolute power by his sanguinary hero, then he, this prater about christianity and love of truth as being essential to the stability of his beloved Republic, tells us that the people whom he calls "disenthralled" were, in fact, groaning under the tyranny, and degraded and impoverished by the incapacity, of their revolutionary, and, we may add right rascally tyrants—the Convention acting under what that infamous body facetiously termed the new Constitution. In plain English, in one of his lucubrations, he tells us that Napoleon was laudably engaged in prosecuting the war in Egypt, because he was thus in the most natural and effectual way, making war upon that Britain, who, in conjunction with her allies, was endeavouring to force a detested family upon a "disenthralled people;" and in a subsequent portion, he tells us that the "disenthralled people" were under their revolutionary tyrants, in a state of thralldom, at once so terrible and so debasing as fully to warrant Napoleon in deserting his Egyptian army for the sole purpose of relieving them from that thralldom, to substitute his own scorpions for their whips, to make his little finger heavier upon the people than the loins of the Revolutionary tyrants! How dares this man, we again ask, thus palter with truth? Will he be so good as to tell us in which sense we are to believe him, when he speaks of the French of the time of Napoleon's murderous career in Egypt, as a disenthralled people, or when he apologizes for Napoleon's equally base and selfish desertion of his Egyptian brethren in murder, on the ground that the French people, far from being disenthralled were at that very time, in a state of such equally torturing and debasing thralldom, that only the presence and the usurped power of a Napoleon could possibly have saved them? Again he represents Britain and her allies, as the assailants of France, as unjustifiably interfering in the domestic affairs of France, and as wishing to force upon them a discarded and hated King. He knows that Britain, and the powers allied with her, did nothing of the sort.

Britain and her allies were justly alarmed at the conduct of a nation of atheists and murderers presided over by the scum now of this, now of that, base faction. The "discarded and hated" kings whom Mr. Abbott de-claims so hotly, existed not. Louis XVI had

been hated, but he had long been in his premature and bloody grave; again, the king *de jure* who, poor man, was far enough from being a king *de facto*, was neither hated nor loved by the French people who knew little or nothing about him, however much he might be hated by the sanguinary and greedy usurpers, not merely of his power, but of power more extensive and more mercilessly used, than those of any king of France, from Louis XI to Louis XIV. both included. Mr. Abbott tells us, in his didactic way, that the assailants and not the assailed should be charged with the responsibility of this war. We quite agree with him, but who were veritably the assailants? He says Britain and her allies. We say the revolutionary ruffians of France. Mr. Abbott, with his usual felicity, while he asserts *against* us, proves *for* us. He would have us believe that Britain and her allies wantonly, and merely in gratification of their own wishes and in friendship to the exiled and persecuted Bourbons, assailed France; and by way of *proving* that this was (*not*) the case, he proceeds to tell us that if revolutionary France had, unresisted, been allowed to do as she pleased, "the throne of England's king and the castle of England's nobles might have been overturned by the earthquake of revolution. Such is man!"

We quite agree with Mr. Abbott for once in the way; such *is* man! No king, British or foreign, wishes to see his throne overturned; and, noble or plebeian, no man ever yet had a castle, or even the smallest possible cottage without very devoutly wishing to retain possession of it. In those few words in which Mr. Abbott so judiciously insinuated injustice and malice against Britain, he furnishes the most convincing proof that she was warranted in calling upon her allies to put an end to a state of affairs in France, which threatened to bring such widely spread and disastrous ruin upon all her neighbors, and especially on herself, as one of the nearest of those neighbors. But, in fact, Mr. Abbott gives us far more in this statement than we are inclined to take. Britain *had*, no doubt, just that interest in putting an end to the power of impunity of the sanguinary and plundering monsters of the revolution which every man among us has in extinguishing the fire which is consuming the house of his next-door neighbor, she had, as

she has, the right conferred by that first law of nature, self-preservation. Britain, by Mr. Abbott's own showing, *had* this interest, and was justified in upholding it against the assailants, who had butchered their king and queen, and thousands of subjects, and reduced the rest to the direst distress, and the most awful dismay; but she also had the still higher duty of redressing wrongs, enforcing rights, succouring the distressed, and putting down the ruffians who had usurped the high places, and set up an obscene woman to be worshipped as the representative of the Goddess of Reason.

Father still, the question of whether Britain and her allies, or the ineffably brutal and disgusting revolutionary miscreants of France, were the miscreants, has in reality nothing at all to do with the question of Napoleon's guilt or innocence, in the matter of the *murder of unarmed prisoners of war*, among the sand-hills to the north-east of Jaffa; and though, in consequence of Mr. Abbott having travelled out of the record, we have felt bound to travel thus long and thus far after him, we shall now take the liberty to recal him to the real question at issue between us. That question is not whether the sanguinary butchery ordered by Buonaparte proved him to be innately fond of cruelty; that is, in spite of Scott's magnanimity and Abbott's sophistry, tolerably well proven by other cases. The real question is simply this; was there anything in the circumstance of the case which *compelled* Napoleon to cause these men to be murdered, and was there anything in their character and position which rendered them less worthy of pity from him than any other two thousand men.

Let us just see how the case stands. Though sent to Egypt by the Directory, Buonaparte was the real originator of the Egyptian expedition, a proposal for which he had forwarded to the Directory while he was busily butchering according to order, in those Italian campaigns which, if they proved his marvellous ability, proved also, and still more strikingly, the merely Brigand principle upon which both he and his masters in Paris then acted, and were determined to act, as long as Providence, doubtless, for some wise though myterious purpose, should allow such nuisances to outrage and perplex the world.

Buonaparte invaded Egypt, and in his usual summary fashion, destroyed the Mameluke power, and the Mamelukes into the bargain, with the exception of the few who had the good fortune to escape; and his farther progress having alarmed the Ottoman Porte, a Turkish army was sent against him, notwithstanding his endeavours to persuade the Moslem Mufti, that he was a Mussulman, inspired and protected by Mahomet himself! It is in vain for Mr. Abbott to prate about the perfidious conduct of Britain and her allies towards the amiable thieves and cut-throats, the French Revolutionists; we have shown, and could, if it were at all necessary to do so, adduce an infinity of farther proofs, that Britain and her allies were not alone entitled, as a matter of self-preservation, but also bound by their duty alike to God and to man, to do their very best towards putting an end to scenes of vice, crime, tyranny, and destruction, unparalleled in any history, since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah. But, independent of that truth; even admitting, for the sake of argument, that the conduct of Britain, and of her allies, was all that Mr. Abbott, in his republican zeal for the name and fame of the most despotic of modern Autocrats, would persuade the world that it was; even believing, as we sincerely do, that nine-tenths of the fine speeches attributed to Napoleon, while resident at St. Helena, have been manufactured for sale long after his tongue had lost the power to speak with selfish shrewdness; still, there is abundant ground for believing that Napoleon invaded Egypt, not with the intention of rendering that and the rich neighboring countries tributary to France, but, with the intention of founding a nominally Mehometan, but really infidel, state under his own despotic power. Napoleon entered Egypt as a Brigand, and and though he has treated us to a multitude of fine things about the great benefit which he conferred upon the Egyptian poulation in general, by destroying the Mameluke power, it was quite clearly a mere case of one set of tyrants and plunderers displacing another.

Life is a field of blackberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit' no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on and gets nothing but scratches.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A LAW-CLERK.

THE TEMPTRESS.

RICHARD PENSON was a native of Westmoreland, his place of birth being the small village of Bedstone, on the borders of the Gilgrath forest, some miles north of Appleby. His father had been what is called a "statesman" in those parts, that is, he farmed his own land; but long-continued ill-health, the death of his notable wife, and other crosses and losses, so reduced him in the world, that he died—when Richard, his only child, was in his twentieth year—in little better than insolvent circumstances, the son, who, from his desultory and rather bookish habits, had never been of much use upon the farm, finding himself, after everything had been disposed of and all debts paid, the master of about £200 only, and destitute, withal, of skill in either head or hand to turn his modest capital to account. Being, however, so young, of stout frame and sanguine temperament, he might not for some time have fully realized the undesirableness of his position and prospects, but for the light unexpectedly shed over them by the dark, but scornful eyes of Judith Morton, a damsel of about seventeen, and the daughter of John Morton, a statesman of comfortable means, with whom, whilst his father yet lived in reputedly fair circumstances, he had been on terms of sweetheart intimacy, or at least as much so as some half a dozen other bovine youths whom Judith Morton's handsome person and comparatively cultivated airs and graces attracted round her. The first time Richard Penson met her, after the final winding up of his father's affairs, he was so thoroughly made to understand that an idle, know-nothing young fellow, with £200 for all his fortune, was no match for Judith Morton, that the next half-hour was passed in mental debate as to which of the three expedients for ridding himself of hateful life—hanging, drowning, or poisoning—he should adopt; and he at length decided upon almost as deperate a leap in the dark as either of them, by forthwith writing to a London attorney—whose advertisement, setting forth a willingness to accept an active, clever young man as articulated clerk, at a moderate premium, had strongly arrested his attention the day previously at Appleby—that he should be in London for the purpose of having a personal interview with the advertiser as quickly as the coach, leaving Appleby on the following morning, would carry him thither. Three days afterwards, accordingly, Richard Penson presented himself at the attorney's office. That worthy's business lay chiefly at the Old Bailey, and he was rightly reputed one of the sharpest, least scrupulous practitioners that classic institution could boast of. He quickly discerned with those keen, vulpine eyes of his,

that there was the stuff for a clever fellow in Richard Penson; and a bargain was finally struck, by which, in consideration of the greatest part of his cash, and his services for five years, the young countryman assured himself of board, lodging, and a small salary during that period, and his articles at the end thereof. Penson took readily to his new vocation, and ultimately became noted as a keen adept in the tortuous, shifty practice so highly appreciated by the class of clients with whom he had chiefly to deal; though I do not believe he would have lent himself to any decidedly unprofessional expedient, dangerously near as in the fervor of his temperament he might at times have ventured near the faintly-traced boundary-line, which marks the limit which an attorney may not overstep in defence of the most liberal and interesting of clients. For the rest, Richard Penson was a fairly-conducted, pleasant, companionable young fellow, except when more freshly primed than usual, and alone with some one or two of his intimates, he got maudlin about Judith Morton,—her charms, caprices, cruelties. A detestable infliction, I well remember, were those obliging confidences; but resting so slightly upon my memory, that the sole and hazy impression I derived from them was, that he had been jilted by a handsome young shrew, who most likely, on account of her brimstone temper, had not yet obtained a husband; when Richard Penson finished his time, and inscribed his name on the roll as an attorney of the Court of King's Bench. Soon after that event he left town for Westmoreland in renewed quest, I had no doubt, of his old flame. I neither saw nor heard anything of him again till about three years afterwards, when I met him just by the Great Turnstile, Holborn; but so changed was he, that I for some moments vainly cast about in my memory as to whom the pallid, care-worn, poverty-stricken man, whose proffered hand I mechanically held in mine, could be.

"You do not remember me?" he said, with a dull, wintry smile. The voice and a peculiar north-country accent, enabled me to do so instantly; and I blurted out, "Richard Penson! But, good God! what has come to you? Why, you look like an old man!"

"I am one," he answered. "Age is not always truly reckoned by years."

"Surely," I said, after a slight pause, "that old craze of yours about the Westmoreland spitfire you used to talk of cannot have made such a wreck of a sensible man?"

"Certainly not; or, at least, not in the way you appear to suppose. But come; if you have an hour to spare, and will stand treat for a few glasses, I will tell you all about it."

"Stand treat for a few glasses!" The hot blood burned in my cheeks and temples as I echoed this sad confession of meanness and degradation from my former acquaintance;

but he did not appear to heed, or was callous to, the implied meaning of the exclamation; and upon my stammering out that he was welcome to as many glasses as he chose to have, he brightened up into a kind of sickly gaiety, said, "I was always a trump," and led the way to a tavern in Chancery Lane. There, and at subsequent interviews, I was made acquainted with the following strange and warning story. Much of the dialogue, which he had a morbid fondness for repeating, he had written out.

When Richard Penson, after an absence of more than five years, revisited his birthplace, he found Judith Morton still single; and though in her twenty-third year, as freshly beautiful, to his mind, as when he had last seen her. He soon found, moreover, that it was quite out of the question that she should become his wife, albeit the refusal was this time more gently intimated than on a former occasion. According to the gossip of the neighborhood, one Robert Masters, a thriving "statesman," but about ten years her senior, had been courting her off and on for a long time; but somehow the affair seemed as far or farther off than ever from a matrimonial termination. It was also reported that a former beau of hers, Charles Harpur, who had emigrated to America, and greatly prospered there, with whom she had constantly corresponded, was shortly expected to pay a visit to England, and of course to Westmoreland. Thus admonished of the folly of further indulgence in his dream-fancies, Penson turned his lingering steps, first towards Appleby, where, however, no opening for an additional attorney presented itself, and finally he came as far southward as Liverpool, opened an office in Scotland Road, and diligently strove to edge himself into the legal business of that flourishing city. The result was so disheartening, that at the end of about six months' fruitless endeavor he had made up his mind to sell his office-desk, stool, chairs, and brass plate, and return to the service of his old master, who would, he knew, be glad to employ him, when an opening for the exercise of his peculiar talents suddenly presented itself, and he was tempted to venture upon the perilous path, the near end of which was destruction.

He was sitting, he told me, in his office, one wet, gloomy afternoon in January, before a handful of fire, alternately revolving in his mind his own dismal present and future, and two or three startling paragraphs that had just been copied into the Liverpool journals from the Westmoreland county paper. To him they were of great interest, but in some degree unintelligible. Robert Masters, the quondam bachelor of Judith Morton, before spoken of, had, it appeared, been killed at a place in Gilgrath Forest by a pistol shot; and according to one account, robbery must have been the motive of the assassin, as the de-

ceased's pockets had been rifled and his gold watch carried off; whilst, according to another and later paragraph, Charles Harpur, a person of good property, recently arrived from abroad, had been fully committed for the murder; the suggested cause whereof was jealousy with respect to a Jemima Morton, a young woman, the paper stated, of great personal attractions. "The mistake in the Christian name, Jemima for Judith," mused Penson, "is obvious enough; but how comes it that both jealousy and plunder are spoken of as motives for the crime? Charles Harpur is not a robber, and yet both money and watch were missing. I must even, poor as I am, pay a visit to Bedstone. Ha! Well, this is strange!"

A slight noise at the window had caused him to look suddenly up in that direction, and to his great surprise, almost consternation, he saw the handsome and excited countenance of Judith Morton, just above the dwarf Venetian blinds, the dark, flashing eyes, peering eagerly into the office, wherein she yet, he observed, discerned nothing. His sudden starting up revealed him to her; a kind of wild smile of recognition glanced over her features, and in another minute Judith Morton was face to face with Richard Penson,—she, this time the suppliant for favor.

Miss Morton was habited in deep mourning, and her appearance and manner evinced much flurry and disquietude. Hastily seating herself, she drew forth a sealed packet from a large reticule, saying, as she did so, in reply to Penson's questioning glance at her mourning dress, "For my father, he died about three months since." Then holding the packet or parcel in her hand, she gazed fixedly for a moment or two at her astounded auditor, as if to ascertain if the influence she once possessed over him had been weakened by time and absence. Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory; a bright gleam of female pride danced in her eyes, and there was an accent of assured confidence in the tone with which she said: "I am here, Richard Penson, to retain you professionally in a matter deeply affecting myself, with the full persuasion that spite of—perhaps in some degree because of—by-gones, you will not fail me in this hour of need."

Penson's heart was in his throat, and a few broken words could only gurgle through to the effect that he was soul and body at her service. The prideful smile shot more brightly than before across the face of the temptress, and the voice was gentle and caressing which replied, "I knew that would be your answer, Richard." After hesitating for a moment she took a note from her purse and placed it before the wonder-mute attorney: it was a bank of England note for fifty pounds; and in the excitement of his chivalrous enthusiasm, he rejected it almost indignantly.

"Nay, nay," said Judith Morton, "you

must accept it. My father, as I told you, is no more, and I am tolerably well off," adding with insinuating meaning, "and, better perhaps than that, I am now my own mistress." Penson took the note thus pressed upon him, and an embarrassing but brief silence ensued, broken by Judith Morton, who having unsealed the packet of papers, said, "These are office copies of the depositions made in the case of Charles Harpur, of which you have doubtless heard." The attorney's countenance fell as Judith pronounced that name, and she hastened to say, "It is not you will find for his sake I am chiefly interested,—but first you must read those papers. I will go and take tea while you do so, at the inn below, where the coach stopped: I shall not be gone more than half an hour."

The peremptory manner of the young woman forbade reply, and as soon as the street door closed behind her, Penson addressed himself to the perusal of the depositions. It was some time before the palpitating bewilderment of his brain so far subsided as to enable him to distinctly seize and comprehend what he read; but professional habit at length resumed its influence, and by the time Miss Morton returned he had thoroughly mastered the case as far as it was disclosed by the depositions.

"Well," said she, with seeming calmness, "your opinion upon this sad affair."

"There can be but one opinion upon it," replied Penson, "the facts lie in a nutshell; Harpur met the deceased at a farmer's dinner, after which, both being elevated by wine, Harpur took offence at something—it is not stated what—that Masters said respecting you; and a violent quarrel and fight ensued. Three nights afterwards Masters is found dead, with a bullet through his brain. James Blundell, a respectable man whom I know well, swears positively that he heard the report, and about ten minutes afterwards saw Harpur running from the spot, not far from which the body was next morning found,—his face, clearly visible in the brilliant moonlight, as white as chalk, and holding a pistol in his hand. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Harpur killed the deceased, though perhaps under circumstances that, if provable, might reduce the offence to manslaughter."

"You noticed that the man's watch and money were not to be found?" said Judith Morton.

"Yes; and that is certainly an odd circumstance; but probably, as I see is suspected, they were stolen by some person who discovered the body earlier in the morning than Blundell and the constable did."

"Is there nothing in your opinion affects the credibility of Blundell's testimony?"

"Not essentially: to be sure there appears to have been ill blood between him and Mas-

ters, but that cannot have any weight against the —"

"Not if strengthened—*made* weighty," interrupted the young woman, with suggestive emphasis.

"I—I do not comprehend you," stammered Penson; greatly startled, as he told me, more by her manner than words.

"You must then, and thoroughly," said Judith Morton, who was now deathly pale, "or nothing effectual will, I see, be done. There is no one within hearing?"

"Not a soul!"

"Draw your chair closer to mine, however, that I may speak the secret *which will place me in your power*, in a whisper; it was I slew Robert Masters!"

"God of heaven—you!—impossible!"

"It is true, and therefore possible, as you shall hear,—but first let me ask this question—With all my faults of temper, caprices, vexatious follies, was I not always a truthful girl?"

"Certainly: you were ever sincere and plain spoken."

"I was sure you would do me justice; you will then have no misgiving as to the exact truth of what I am about to relate, which I will do as briefly as possible. Charles Harpur, one of my old lovers, as you know—though after what has passed he can never be, under any circumstances, more to me than he is at this moment,—lately returned from America much richer than he left England, and renewed his addresses, which were accepted. This came to the knowledge of Masters, who was engaged to me, and he, as you know, met and quarrelled with Harpur. The injurious hints thrown out against me on that occasion were dismissed from Harpur's mind, after an explanation with me, and Masters, foiled in his selfish and malignant purpose, had the audacious insolence to write me word that unless I broke with Harpur he would send him some foolish letters of mine, long since written, of no harm whatever if read and interpreted by calm reason, but which would I knew drive Harpur mad with jealous fury. I so far supplied my mind as to write a note to Masters, demanding in the name of manliness and honour, the return of those letters to me. Judging by his reply, he was in some degree affected by the justice and earnestness of my appeal, and promised if I would meet him at nine o'clock that evening at an old trysting-place he mentioned, he would return my letters, should he not succeed in persuading me not to marry Harpur. I determined on meeting him; the evenings were light and calm, and I have ever felt an almost man-like want of fear. Yet, as the hour approached, and I set off for the place of meeting, I was disturbed by a vague sense, as of the near approach of calamity and misfortune, and I called at Harpur's lodgings, with the purpose

of informing him of what had occurred, and guiding myself by his counsel. Unhappily, he was not at home, and after waiting some time I again determined to keep the appointment with Masters at all hazards. As I turned to leave the room, an open case containing two small pistols caught my eye, and I immediately seized one, precisely why I hardly know myself, except from an undefined thought of shielding myself from possible insult should Master's rage at finding me invincible to his entreaties prompt him to offer me any. I concealed the weapon beneath my shawl, and did not, I well remember, bestow a thought even as to whether it was loaded or not. I met Robert Masters,—he urged me by every argument he could think of to discard Harpur and renew my long since broken engagement with himself. I refused firmly, perhaps scornfully, to do so, and passionately insisted on the fulfilment of his promise respecting the letters. In his exasperation, Masters swore he would do no such thing, and taking one from his pocket, he opened, and pretended to read from it a love-passage, which, had I not been almost out of my senses with rage and indignation, I must have been sure I never could have written. I sprang forward to clutch the letter, a struggle for its possession ensued, and, how it happened I know not, certainly by no voluntary act of mine, the pistol in my hand went off: there was a flash and a report, sounding to me like thunder, and Robert Masters lay dead at my feet! What followed I can only confusedly describe. For a time I was transfixed—rooted with terror to the spot, but presently the stunning sense of horror was succeeded by apprehension for myself; and, by what prompted cunning, I know not, though doubtless with a wild hope of thereby inducing a belief that the deed had been committed by robbers, I threw myself on my knees beside the corpse, and not only possessed myself of the letters, but of the slain man's watch and purse. I had scarcely done so, when I heard footsteps approaching, and I started up and fled with the speed of guilt and fear, leaving the fatal pistol on the ground. The footsteps were Harpur's; he had reached home soon after I left, and followed me only to arrive too late! I disclosed everything to him; he had faith in my truth, as I am sure you have, and swore never to betray me; he has, you know, faithfully kept his word, though himself apprehended for the crime."

Judith Morton ceased speaking, and Pension, aghast, stupified, could not utter a word.

"Well, Richard Pension," said she, after a painful silence of some minutes, "have you no counsel to offer me in this strait?"

"Counsel, Judith," replied Pension, with white lips, "what counsel can I offer? The only effect of this confession, if made public, would be to consign you to the scaffold instead

of Harpur; for those who would sit in judgment upon your life would not believe that the pistol was accidentally discharged."

"That is also my opinion, and can you do nothing to save my life—my innocent life, Richard; for be assured that rather than a guiltless man shall perish through my deed, I will denounce myself as the slayer of Robert Masters. You have a reputation for lawyer craft," she added, "and money shall not be wanting."

"There is no possibility of obtaining an acquittal," said Pension, "except by having recourse to perilous devices that— In short I see no chance of a successful defence."

"You once loved me, Richard Pension," said Judith Morton, in a low, agitated voice, "or at least said you did."

"Once loved you—said I did!" echoed Pension.

"I know not what to say," continued Judith, as if unheeding his words, and with eyes bent on the ground; "Harpur can never be, as I told you, more to me than he is now—I have reason indeed to believe that he has no wish to be; faithful, *as yet*, as he has proved to his promise not to betray me; and it may be Richard—it may be, I say—though that I begin to think will have slight weight with you,—that—that gratitude might lead me to reward, to return the devotion to which I should be indebted for the preservation of my young life."

"Judith—Judith Morton!" gasped Pension, "do not drive me mad!"

"Make no rash promises, Richard, to incur peril for my sake," said Judith Morton, rising from her chair; "by to-morrow morning you will have thought the matter calmly over. I will call about ten o'clock, and you can then tell me if I can count or not upon effectual help from you. Good night."

She was gone; but not till her purpose had been thoroughly accomplished. Richard Pension's resolution was taken, and before he threw himself upon his bed that night, his eager and practised brain had elaborated a plan—audacious and full of peril to himself—whereby an acquittal might be, with almost certainty, insured. "I do it," it was thus he glozed his scheme to his own conscience—"I do it to save her life—her young and innocent life, as she truly says, and I will take care that no harm shall ultimately befall Blundell. He will have abundant means of self-vengeance when—when I and Judith are safe beyond the Atlantic."

The clocks were chiming ten when Judith Morton entered the young attorney's office on the following morning. "There is more than hope, there is triumph, safety in your look," she said, ungloving her hand, and extending it to Pension.

"Yes, Judith," he replied, "I have determined upon running all risks to extricate you

from this peril. And first the watch—a description of which I shall, as the prisoner's attorney, take care to advertise by-and-by—have you it with you?"

"Yes! here it is; but what is it you propose doing?"

"That, dear Judith, I must be excused for not disclosing. Success depends upon close secrecy. I will, however, see Harpur as his professional adviser, without delay, and assure him—for his continued silence is paramountly essential—that an acquittal is certain, but not of the means of procuring it—stone walls having ears, as they say, and indiscretion being as fatal as treachery?"

"No 'il will fall upon any innocent person?" said the young woman.

"No permanent evil—of that be assured," replied Penson. This was about all that passed between the confederates, and a few minutes afterwards Judith Morton took leave, and was soon on her way home.

Harpur's trial came on during the March Assize, at Appleby, and as the case had excited much interest in the county, the Crown Court was densely crowded. The witnesses for the prosecution were not asked a single question by the counsel instructed by Penson for the defence till it came to the turn of the last and only important one, James Blundell. The cross examination of this man was from the first a menacing one, and the hush of the excited auditory deepened into painful intensity as it became evident from the stern questioning of the counsel, that the defence intended to be set up was, that the deceased had met his death at the hand of the witness, not of the prisoner. It was elicited from Blundell, though with much difficulty, that he was in embarrassed circumstances, considerably in debt to the deceased, with whom he had in consequence, had words more than once, and that he knew Robert Masters had been heard to say he would sell him (Blundell) up before long. The witness was greatly agitated by this exposure of his affairs, and so fiercely was he pressed by the zealous counsel for nearly an hour of merciless cross-examination, that he could scarcely stand when told to leave the witness-box.

"I have to request, my lord," said the prisoner's counsel, "that the last witness be not permitted to leave the court—for the present at least." The judge nodded assent, and a couple of javelin-men placed themselves by the side of the nervous and terrified Blundell. The case for the Crown having closed, and no speech in those days being allowed to be made by a reputed felon's counsel, witnesses for the defence were at once called. "Call Thomas Aldous," said Richard Penson, to the crier of the court, and presently Thomas Aldous, a middle-aged, gold-spectacled gentleman, of highly respectable aspect, presented himself in the witness-box.

"You are the proprietor, I believe, Mr. Aldous," said the prisoner's counsel, "of an extensive pawnbroking establishment in London?"

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "I cannot say mine is an extensive establishment, but it is, I am bold to say, a respectable one, and situate not in London proper, but in the Blackfriars Road, Southwark."

"No matter: you have been within the last few days in communication with respect to an advertised gold watch, with the attorney for the prisoner, Mr. Penson?"

"I have."

"Do you produce the watch in question?"

"I do; here it is. It was pawned with me," added the scrupulous witness, refreshing his memory by a glance at the duplicate, "on the 16th of February last, for £10, and the address given, No. 8, Lambeth Walk, is, I have since ascertained, a fictitious one."

"Will the brother of the deceased who has already been sworn," said the examining barrister, "have the kindness to look at this watch?"

Mr. James Masters did so, and identified it as belonging to his brother, and worn by him at the time of his death.

"Should you be able, Mr. Aldous," continued counsel, "to recognize the person who pawned the watch?"

"I should have no difficulty in doing so," said the pretended Aldous, "although it was just between the lights when the man, a middle-aged, stoutish person came to my shop as he not only had a peculiar cast in his eyes, but that once or twice, when a handkerchief which he held to his face, I suppose in consequence of toothache, slipped aside, I noticed a large, bright red stain, either from scrofula or a natural mark across his lower jaw."

As this audaciously-accurate description of Blundell left the witness's lips, every eye in court was turned upon the astounded individual; the javelin men drew back with instinctive aversion from in front of him, and he, as if impelled by a sympathetic horror of himself, shrieked out, "That's me! he means me! oh God!" "That is the man," promptly broke in the pawnbroker, "I should know him amongst a million." This was too much for Blundell; he strove to gasp out a fierce denial, but strong emotion choked his utterance, and he fell down in a fit, from which he did not entirely recover for some hours, then to find himself in close custody upon suspicion of being the assassin of Robert Masters.

The proceedings in court need not be further detailed; the prosecution had, of course, irretrievably broken down, and there was nothing for it but to formally acquit the prisoner, who was at once discharged, and the crowded court was immediately cleared of the excited auditory, numerous groups of whom remained

for long afterwards in the streets, eagerly canvassing the strange issue of the trial. As Richard Penson left the court a scrap of paper was slipped into his hand, upon which was scrawled in pencil, and in a disguised hand, "Thanks—a thousand thanks—but no harm must come to poor B——. You shall hear from me in a few days at Liverpool. J."

As soon as Blundell could collect his scattered thoughts and advise with a lawyer, there was found to be no difficulty in establishing an *alibi*, that on the day of the pretended pawning he was in his own home at Bedstone, and he was conditionally liberated. Inquiries were next set on foot respecting Mr. Aldous, and as no such person could be found, the nature of the conspiracy by which justice had been defeated gradually disclosed itself. An effort was also made to arrest Penson, the prisoner's attorney, but as he had previously disappeared from Liverpool, and it was reported sailed for America with Judith Morton, the pursuit was abandoned. This information was completely erroneous; Judith Morton had indeed embarked for America, but it was with her husband, Charles Harpur, to whom she had been privately married three weeks previous to the death of Robert Masters, the wedding having been intendedly kept secret for a time, partly on account of the recent death of the bride's father, who, by the bye, died in poor circumstances, and partly because of some family reason of Harpur's. This intelligence reached Penson at Liverpool, in a letter dated London, about a week subsequent to the trial, containing many apologies, another £50 note, and signed "Judith Harpur!"

I will not detain the reader with any description of the wretched, vagabond life led by Penson, from the moment of his departure from Liverpool till I met him in Holborn—till his death, in fact,—for he was utterly irreclaimable—which was not long delayed, and took place in the infirmary of a city work-house. He, at all events, though not reached by the arm of the law, paid the full penalty of his offence. Whether the same might be said of Judith Morton, I know not, Penson never having heard either of her or Harpur, since they left England for the States.

THE EYE OF THE LAW.—This eye, we are told, is getting so dreadfully weak, that it is about to advertise for an artful pupil.

A DANGEROUS RIVAL.—Be your pretensions as a lover what they may, you are sure to be cut out by our tailor.

That the Queen, whose name is most unwarrantably used on writs and other legal documents, knows anything of the way in which you are being served out.

That there ever were two such persons as John Doo and Richard Roe.

A LEAF FROM THE PARISH REGISTER.

I HAD once a long search to make among the register-books of Chorley Parish. It extended over many months, and kept me poring, day after day, over the musty pages of the old vestry-room. Abraham Stedman, the clerk, whom we all know very well in Chorley—kept me company the whole time; and in one of my mid-day pauses, when we were sharing some bread and cheese, and beer over the vestry fire, he told me the following passage in his life:—

I have lived in the parish, said he, going on now for seventy years. When I think of past times, my present friends in the place seem strangers to me. Our old acquaintances die off one by one, and new ones come into their places so gradually, that we scarcely miss them; but one day we look round, and find that the world has passed into strange hands.

[At this point Abraham Stedman paused and looked at the vestry fire for a few moments; I was silent, waiting for him to proceed.]

The story I am going to tell you is wonderful enough, though there are no ghosts in it. I do not believe in ghosts. If any man ought to have seen ghosts, I ought; for, I may say, without any offence to my kind friends of to-day, that all my truest and oldest friends are gone to the ghost-land; and I am sure they would pay me a visit if they could. Besides, I never feared to walk about an old house in the dark at midnight, or to go at that silent time through the churchyard where most of my friends lie, or even into the church if I had occasion.

On Christmas Eve—I cannot say exactly how many years ago it is now, but it was not very long after I was made clerk—the rector (that was poor Mr. Godby) told me he was in a little perplexity about the sexton's being ill, seeing there would be no one to ring the bells. Now I always made a point of sitting up with the sexton on that night, and taking a hand at the bells; for I could ring them pretty well, and it seemed only to me a little kindness, proper to the season, to offer to keep him company in such a lonely place. He was a much older man than I was, and I knew he was glad of my society. We used to have a little fire up in the belfry, and make toast and posset an hour or two after midnight. But this time the sexton was ill, and I promised the rector at once that I would ring the bells; and so it was agreed that I should.

I used to offer my company to the old man because I knew that he was timid and a little superstitious; but, for myself, I did not mind at all going there alone. At exactly half-past eleven, on that Christmas Eve, I took all the church keys, and started from my house

to fulfil my promise. It was very dark that night, and windy, and several of our old lamps had either dropped out for want of oil, or been blown out by the gusts. I could not see any one in the street; but, as I left my door, I fancied that I heard footsteps a little way behind me. I should not have noticed it then, if it had not been that on several nights previously I had fancied that some person had secretly followed me, as I went about the town. I came up to a little band of carol singers soon after, and stood listening to them a minute or two. When I bade them good night and a merry Christmas, I had forgotten about the footsteps. It was striking the three quarters as I passed over the stile into the churchyard; and just after that I caught a sound like footsteps again. I looked back, and waited a while; but I could hear nothing more. I was ashamed to walk back a little way, for I began to think that I was becoming a coward, and conjuring up things out of my fear. It was true I had fancied this before that night; but it had never troubled me till then, and so I did not doubt it was some superstitious feeling about my task that was at the bottom of it. "What object could any one have in following a poor man like me, night after night?" I asked myself. So I went on through the pathway between the grave-stones, humming an old ditty.

Now, though I had resolved to banish all thought of the supposed footsteps from my mind, I could not help just turning half round as I stood with the great key in the lock, and looking about in the direction I had come. I own, I was frightened then, for, at about thirty yards distance, I saw distinctly, as I believed, the dark head of a man peeping at me over the top of one of the tomb stones. I stood in the shadow of the church porch, so that it would be difficult for any one at that distance to observe I was looking that way. The tomb-stone was some way from the gravel path, and out of the line of any one passing through the churchyard, and indeed, as you know, no one would have occasion to pass through the churchyard unless he were going to the church, like myself. I hesitated for a moment, and then walked briskly towards it; but the head seemed to withdraw itself immediately and disappear. What was more strange, I walked round the very stone, and could see no one near; nor could I hear any movement. A little further was another tomb stone somewhat higher and with a carved top, and I tried to persuade myself that it was this top coming close behind the other stone which had deceived me. But this could not be; for stand how I would in the church porch, I could not bring the second tomb-stone exactly in a line with the first, to my eye, I felt a little uneasy at this strange fancy; but it would not do to go back, for it was near twelve, and I had promised the

rector to be in the belfry, ready to ring out a peal on the stroke of mid-night. So I opened the door quickly, closed it behind me, and walked feeling my way down the aisle.

I was quite in the dark, for my lanthorn was in the vestry-room, and I kept a tinder-box and matches there to light it. I had to grope about for the key-hole of the heavy iron-plated door, and again to fumble among my bunch of keys to find the right one. I am not a man of weak nerve; but a strange sensation came over me, as I stood there in the dark, feeling through all the bunch for the key. The air of the church was close, and had a faint smell of mouldering leather, such as you smell in some libraries, I believe it made me feel faint; for, just then, I had so strong a tingling in the ears, that I seemed to hear the bells already beginning to peal forth in the belfry. I listened and fancied I heard distinctly that confused jingle which precedes a full peal. The fancy terrified me for the moment, for I knew that I had seen the sexton ill in bed that day, and that even he could not be there, unless he had got the key from me. But when this notion had passed, I set it down for another invention of mine, and began to think the tomb-stone affair no more worthy of belief than this. So I turned the great key with both my hands; and, opening the inner fire-proof door, I let myself into the vestry-room.

When I was once in there, I knew where to find my lanthorn and tinder-box in a moment. I always kept them on the second shelf from the ground, in the closet just behind where the plan of the parish estate at East Haydocke hangs up framed and glazed. But the pew opener kept her dusters and brushes there also, and we used to have words about her throwing my things out of order sometimes. This time I found that she had scattered my matches, and I had to stoop down and feel about for them among all the things at the bottom of the closet, which took some time. When I found them, I struck a light and blew the tinder with my breath. I saw the sexton do exactly the same thing one night as I stood in the dark, right at the end of the aisle, and his face reflected the fire at every puff and looked quite devilish as it shone out strongly and faded away again. I mention this because I have thought of it since, and I believe it had something to do with what befel me that night. I lighted my candle, and shut it up in my lanthorn. It gave a very weak light and the sides of the lanthorn were of thick, yellow horn, very dusty and dirty with lying in the closet; for I rarely had occasion to go into the church after dark.

Swinging this lanthorn, then, in one hand, and holding some faggots under the other arm to light my fire with, I went up the steps again into the dark side aisle. Just at that moment, and as I was shutting the

vestry-room door, I suddenly felt a heavy hand laid on my arm. I started, and cried "Whose there?" letting my lanthorn fall, so that the light went out. Nobody answered, but some one immediately held me from behind, trying to keep back my arms with extraordinary strength. I was not a weak man then, although I am short; but I struggled long to get round and face my enemy, and just as I was getting a little more free, another one came to his assistance. I called aloud for help; but they stuffed my mouth with something, and swore it I called they would shoot me through the head. Upon this they bound my arms tightly, and led me back into the vestry-room, where I sat on a chair, while they lighted the candle they had with them.

I was a little frightened, as you may suppose; but I thought they were only thieves, who had followed me, and got into the church, through my forgetting, in my fright about the tombstone, to fasten the church door; and as I knew that there was very little of value in the vestry-room, I was rather glad to think how they would be baffled. When they got a light, I saw that they had half masks on. They were well dressed, and although they swore at me, it was evident that they were not common burglars; I could tell that from their language. One laid a long shining pair of pistols on the baize that covered the table, out of my reach. I knew he did it to intimidate me; for he asked me immediately for my keys, in a loud voice. It was no use my refusing them; I was quite helpless, and they had nothing to do but to take them out of my hands. I told them that the rector kept all the plate in his house, and that there was nothing in any of the closets but a few bottles of wine, and some wax candles. The oldest man, I think, asked me then where the books were kept; but I would not tell him. I determined that, let them do what they might to me, I would keep to my determination not to tell them where the books were. They tried much to terrify me, with words at first, but finding that did not do, the elder one, who was the principal in everything, put his pistol to my ear, and declared he would ask me three times, and after the third time fire. Now I was in great terror at this, and never believed myself so near death as I did then; but I had made a kind of vow to myself, and being in a church, I thought a curse would be upon me if I yielded; so I held my tongue; and when he found I was firm, instead of firing, he flung his pistol down upon the table again, and began sullenly to try all the locks he could find about the room with the keys he had taken from me. In this way he soon found the books he wanted in a fire-proof safe.

And now both of them began to pore over the books by the light of the candle. They chose two with vellum covers, which I knew

to be the marriage registers—the old and the new one—containing all the marriages that had taken place at old Chorley church for seventy years back. I heard one ask the other if there was no index; for they did not understand our way of indexing, which was merely to write down all the letters of the alphabet, with the numbers of the pages at which names beginning with each letter could be found—taking the first letter from the bridegroom's name, of course. So they had a long search, each of them turning over the leaves of one book, and examining it page by page. I watched their faces, and tried to bear in mind at what part of the book they were, in case they should stop. The one who had the old book came to a place, at last, which seemed to contain what he was looking for. He showed it to his companion, and they conferred together, for a moment, in a whisper. Immediately after, the older one tore out I thought some half dozen leaves. He was going to burn them in the flame of the candle at first; but his companion stayed him, and he tore them up, and put them in his pockets. As soon as they had done this, they turned hastily to depart, as if they were anxious to be gone now their business was done. The older one took some more cord from his pocket, and bound me fast in the great vestry chair, drawing the cords round my wrists and ankles, till I cried out with the pain. Then threatening again to return, and blow my brains out if they heard my voice, they went out down the aisle, leaving the vestry room door open. All this happened in little more than half an hour; for the clock chimed the two-quarters after midnight at this very moment.

I sat there two hours alone; but it seemed to me so long that, if I had not heard every quarter chime, I should have expected to see the day dawn through the stained glass window. It was the dreariest two hours that ever I passed in my life. It was bitter cold, and sitting there helplessly in one position, my limbs grew frozen, and the cords seemed to get tighter and tighter, and stop the movement of my blood. It is no wonder I felt nervous after such a scene. Where I sat, with my back to the wall, I looked right into the church, and the door was left open. I could feel a cold wind rushing from it into the room; and as I sat staring into the darkness, strange fancies troubled me. I saw dark shapes floating about, as I thought, and peeping at me from the sides of the doorway; and now and then I noticed something like little flakes of light moving in the gloomy space beyond. I would have given anything for the power to close the door. I fancied strange noises, and began to think of the people I had known who lay in the vaults just below me or in the graves about the church; and several times a heavy hand seemed to be laid upon

my arm again, just in the spot where the man had first seized me. Once I could not persuade myself but that I could hear a low, deep tone from the organ; and again the suppressed jangling of the bells annoyed me. So I sat, listening intently, when the whistling of the wind paused out of doors, and hearing and seeing all kinds of strange things, till the chimes went the quarter after two.

Soon after that, I saw a little shining light moving about at the bottom of the church. It came nearer to me, and I heard a footstep. I had fancied so many things, that I was not sure yet whether I was deceived again, but now I heard some one call "Abraham Stedman! Abraham Stedman!" three times. It was the rector's voice, and I answered him; but he did not know where I was till I called to him to come into the vestry room. He held up his lamp, and was much surprised to find me as I was. I related to him what had happened, and he unbound me. He told me he had lain awake since midnight wondering to hear no bells ringing, and had grown uneasy; for he thought I could not have failed to keep my word, and he knew that I was in the church alone. So at last, he had determined to come in search of me.

This affair made a great stir in Chorley. But we could get no clue to the parties; nor to their object in mutilating the register. They had taken out so many leaves, that it was impossible to tell what particular entry they had wanted to destroy; but it was a curious thing, that on examining the skeleton index, we found that, although there were as many as thirty entries in those six leaves, every one of them began with one of three letters. This was a very small clue, and the marriages at that part were all of many years back; so that no one could ever tell what the names were. It was no wonder that we could get no trace of the two men. Before the next year came round, Chorley people had got some new thing to talk about; and as no one came for a copy of the missing entries in the register, they began to forget all about my adventure.

Eighteen months after the night which I was bound in the vestry-room, old Mr. Godby sent for me one night, and told me he thought he might yet be able to trace the two strangers. He had got a copy of a London newspaper, in which there was an advertisement addressed to parish clerks, inquiring for the marriage register of a Mr. Maclean, which took place about thirty years before. The initial of that name was one of our three letters; but as the advertisement mentioned no place, that would seem a very small matter to go upon. But I had always thought that the entry which the two strangers had searched for was on the first of the leaves which they tore out, and that it was the other leaves underneath which were torn with it, to put us

off the scent. Now, on this first page we found there were two entries, both beginning with M, which was something more. Besides, Mr. Godby reasoned, that a register, about which the parties interested were so uncertain, was the very one which any person knowing of its existence, and having an interest in preventing its appearance, might endeavour to destroy. These three reasons seemed to him so good, that he went up to London about it; and a day or two after, he wrote to me to join him. We were soon upon the scent now; for Mr. Godby had ascertained who were the persons likely to be guilty, supposing that we were right in our conjecture, that the missing register concerned this family. When I saw one of them, I recognised him immediately, although he had worn a mask in the church. I knew him by his appearance, but when he spoke, I could swear that he was the man, and the officer accordingly arrested him. We got such evidence against him afterwards, as clearly to prove him guilty. People were hung for such a crime then; and it was with great difficulty that he escaped with transportation. He confessed all about it afterwards, and said his companion had gone abroad since, he did not know whither; and I believe they never caught him. His motive—as you may suppose—was to defraud children of large property, by destroying the proofs of their legitimacy; by which he benefited as the next of kin of the deceased person; but the lawyers set all to rights again, in spite of the missing register.

THE BELLS.

As one, who would yon city reach,
Was slowly rowed to shore:
For whose strange tone and broken speech,
They lightly dipp'd the oar;
His failing voice, his mild dark eye,
Won the rude boatmen's sympathy.

He told them how, when he was young,
In his bright southern land,
A grand old church with bells was hung,
All fashion'd by his hand;
How they had won him much renown
And honour, in his ancient town.

How love first glided with their sound
Into one gentle heart;
And how their tones had linked it round,
Until the Bells were part
Of its own nature, and were fraught
With beautiful and holy thought:

And when, upon his wedding-day,
His ears those joy-bells met;

His own heart beatings, quick and gay,
 Seemed to their music set.
 And how that day, hope, love and pride—
 His whole full heart was satisfied.

How she would say those chimes were met.
 To mark their pleasant hours,
 Which were but the unfoldings sweet
 Of joy's fresh-springing flowers.
 How their young daughter would rejoice,
 At theirs, as at its mother's voice.

Like rainbows, many-hued, had shone
 Those hours of youthful prime.
 At length a fatal storm fell on
 The rushing gulf of time ;
 And smote him in a single day—
 One wave took wife and child away.

And then the bells poured out a peal
 So sorrowful and slow,
 To his sick heart they seem'd to feel
 For their old master's woe ;
 And they had cause ; for War's red hand
 Drove him an alien from the land.

Now, for their sake, an ocean far
 In his old age he crossed ;
 For, in that dire distressful war,
 The sweet bells had been lost ;
 And yearning for their sound again,
 He came to seek them o'er the main—

Was there, because that western town
 Some foreign bells possess'd,
 And the fond hope they were his own
 Flutter'd his aged breast.
 He had in them a father's pride :
 He fain would hear them ere he died.

The boatmen said, for lovely sound,
 His bells they well might be ;
 And sooth to say they had been found
 Somewhere in Italy.
 Their voices soon would fill his ear ;
 The time of evening prayer was near.

And, as the sunset deepen'd more
 The silence and the glow,
 They rested, lest one plashing oar
 Might break the calm below ;
 And as they heard the light waves float
 Their rippling silver 'gainst the boat,
 Those glorious chimes told out the hour
 With stronger waves of sound ;
 And when the full peal left the tower,
 He knew them—they were found :
 And, with strained ear and lips apart,
 He drank their music to his heart.

O! trembling like an under strain
 Their sweeping anthem through,
 Fame's whisperings grew clear again,
 And Hope's old carols, too.
 Though all without their ancient thrill,
 The true bells kept their echo still.

Fond words from wife and child he caught
 As exquisitely clear
 As though some breeze from heaven had brought
 Their voices to his ear.

He lost, in that one moment's ray,
 The gloom of many a lonesome day.

The boatmen saw the flushing smile
 The faded eye that fired ;
 The thin hand that kept time a while,
 Until it sank as tired ;
 They saw not as the sun went down,
 How the pale face had paler grown :

How God, to his long-waiting hope,
 More than it asked had given ;
 How his dear bells had borne him up
 To dearer ones in heaven.
 But when the boatmen's toil was o'er :
 His soul had reached a brighter shore.

THE SNOW-STORM.

It is not often that we have a snow-storm at Christmas, though this was not at all unusual in the times of "old-fashioned winters." But even in the hill districts of the country, in Wales, Westmoreland, and still further north, snow storms of great severity sometimes occur about the end of December, when the level country to the south and along the seacoast is quite clear of snow. On one of such occasions the incidents occurred which form the subject of the following story.

The scene is on the verge of the counties of Yorkshire and Westmorland, at a point where the moors, fells, and lofty hills extend in all directions as far as the eye can reach. The country is rugged and sterile, and very thinly inhabited by shepherds, small farmers and cottagers. The life of the people there is still primitive and simple ; for the district is too rugged and too poor to invite the approach of railways, and the inhabitants enjoy in retired and humble contentment the fruits of their honest labour.

As in all other districts of England, Christmas is annually celebrated by the dalesmen with feasting and merrymakings. It is the occasion for family meetings and rejoicings. The scattered members come from far off places, converging upon the homes of their childhood ; and however varied may have been their success in the world, here they are once again under the old roof-tree.

In an humble cottage near the head of Swandale dwelt the family of the Lamberts, consisting of the heads of the family, John Lambert and his wife Ann, and a small family of children. The Lamberts had farmed the bit of land on which their cottage stood for many generations; and John, being the eldest son, had succeeded to the farm when his father died, the other members of the family having settled down elsewhere,—some in the immediate neighbourhood, while others, having gone into the towns, were there pursuing various honourable callings. As successive Christmases came round, the old farmhouse at Gill Head was the scene of pleasant greetings and delightful family communion. However sundered the various brothers and sisters might be in the world, they always regarded this as the family home, as the head-quarters of their tribe; and it was matter of deep regret to them, as it was to John Lambert himself, when distance or other circumstances prevented them from joining the family at its annual Christmas gathering. But in the year in which our story occurs, an unusually large assembly was promised; and among the expected guests was a near relative from the United States, who had gone out as an emigrant many years before, and had long meditated a Christmas visit to his old home in the Dales; and there was also a sister of John's, who had been absent for many years in London in the service of a respectable family there, who was expected to be present.

A few days before Christmas John Lambert had the pony put into the little market-cart—a vehicle set on rough springs, with a seat fixed across the centre—and with his wife Ann, he drove off to the little town of Reeth, in Argengarth Dale, with the view of laying in the necessary store of provisions for the approaching festivity. His children were set to their several departments of work; Dick, the eldest son, was to look after the sheep and see them safely folded, for there had been a slight fall of snow during the past night; Bessy and Jane, the two girls, were to proceed with a “baking” of cakes; and after enjoining them to good conduct, father and mother drove off, with the intimation that they would be home before dark.

Their way lay across the hills by a short cut. Skirting Hall Moor and Water Crag, whose lofty barren summits lay on their left, they could then drop into the highway down Argengarth Dale, along which the road to Reeth was easy. A blink of sunshine occasionally cheered the travellers on their way; and though the snow lay pretty deep in the clefts and hollows of the hills, the road, which lay along the open moor, was comparatively clear, and they had no difficulty in reaching the highway on the further side of the range. But, like all men accustomed to an outdoor life, and especially to life among the hills,

Lambert had a keen weather eye; and from time to time he cast a glance up to the lofty height of Water Crag, about which the clouds seemed to be sullenly gathering.

“I dunna like the look o’ the weather,” said he at length; “it looks very like a storm brewin’ upo’ th’ crag there. I wish we had gone to Muker instead of Reeth; the road were easier, and without the hills to cross.”

“Nonsense, John,” said the wife; “the Muker shops are nou’t. We might ha’ bought their hail stock, and put it i’ th’ bottom o’ th’ cart, and not got half’at we wanted. Besides, Muker’s sac dear. No, no, John, we maun drive to Reeth, if we wd be like our neebors at Christmas, and have plenty i’ th’ house to eat and drink.”

“Very like; and to Reeth we are drivin’, ye see. But it is’nt the gettin’ there I’m thinkin’ on; it’s the gettin’ back across the hills, happen in the snow-drift. I say again, wife, I dunna like the look o’ th’ weather.”

The wife, who assumed to be as weather-wise as her husband, pointed to the signs in the east and in the south, to the patch of blue sky here and there, as auguring fine weather; but John heeded her little, glancing occasionally at the black clouds gathering upon the hill-tops in the west. Still he urged the pony on, and in a short time the town of Reeth lay before them. After the lapse of little more than an hour the markets were made, an ample store of provisions, including many small luxuries, unusual at other times, were carefully packed into the bottom of the cart; the pony, after having been fed, was re-harnessed, and John and his wife mounted the vehicle and set out on their way homewards again,—pressing the pony to its speed, for the snow was beginning to fall, borne down the dale by heavy gusts of biting winter wind.

To keep the road was easy enough for the first few miles; for it was well beaten, and marked by dry stone walls on either side. But the snow fell heavily, and it so “balled” in the little pony’s feet, that the beast was often in danger of falling; until at length Lambert had to get out of the cart and lead it by the head. In this way they made but small progress; and John more than once suggested to his wife that they should turn back to Reeth, and stay there until the following day, when the storm would probably have blown over. But the mother thought of her children in the lonely cottage at Gill Head, and she would not for a moment listen to the suggestion.

“No, no, John,” she said, “the snow has not fallen that deep yet. The hills will be clear enough; don’t you see how the drift flies, blown from the moors?”

“Indeed I see,” was the answer, “as well as the blinding snow will let me. And to tell you the truth, wife, it’s the drift I’m maist afraid

on. But, as we are not to go back, why then we must go on as fast as we can, else the night will catch us ere we have crossed the Drystane Moor. Come up, Dobbin, my lad, and put your best foot foremost."

It was growing grey as they struck into the track across the hills from the one valley into the other; and although the fall of snow had somewhat abated, the drift was blinding, and the wind cut them to the bone. Some parts of the moor were quite bare, blown clean by the blast which swept away the new fallen snow in clouds into the hollows of the hills. So long as their way lay along the bare side of the moor, they proceeded well enough; Ann congratulated her husband on their progress, and remarked to him, that after all the drift was not so heavy as he had thought of. But John held his peace, he knew that the danger lay far ahead, and he would not disturb his wife by his fears, until he saw how the drift lay under the shady side of Water Crag, which they were gradually approaching.

The wind howled in mournful gusts down the gullies of the hills, driving before it the snow clouds from the west; the storm seemed as if it would seize the poor wayfarers in its rage and hurl them onward upon its wings. The light was fast disappearing, and now only a dim outline of the near moors, with their few landmarks, could be detected. The road was a mere track, and where the snow lay it was impossible to detect it. Still Lambert felt satisfied that he was as yet on the right road, and he had known every foot of the ground since a boy,—every hollow, and bog, and knoll, and rock, was familiar to him. But, in the midst of a snow-storm, the steadiest head becomes confused. The senses reel, as if in stupor. The whirl and eddy of the drift, the howl of the tempest, the rage of the elements, the impetuous flashing of the snow across the sight, produce a bewilderment of the most appalling kind; and even the strongest natures stand aghast in the presence of a snow-storm raging all about them in the wild and lonely hills.

Lambert felt the perils of the situation; but they had now come so far that he felt there was as much danger in going back as in going forward; and his wife still urged him on. In her maternal anxieties she forgot her own danger.

"I fear we'll never manage it," muttered her husband; "the drift's o'er strong. The howe of the hills along Water Crag must be blown up by this time; and here are we, scarce entered upon Whaw side. Wife!" said he, lifting his voice; "there's a bit of an old hut somewhere hereabouts, up the hill side. I think we can reach it yet; and if you like, as there's nothing else for it, why we must shelter there till the blast has blown by,

or till I can find a road on foot along the heights, if that still be possible."

Ann Lambert offered no objection, and indeed she saw very clearly that it was high time they left the track, which in some places was so deep with snow, that the pony and cart stuck in it from time to time, and could only be dislodged and pushed forward into a shallower part of the road by their united efforts. They were becoming rapidly exhausted with this work, and any possible shelter, no matter of what sort, was above all things to be desired.

Striking off to the right, they made their way up the gentle ascent with great difficulty. Lambert went before, trying the ground with his stick, while his wife led the pony by the head; and thus they painfully toiled on. They still bore up, however, stout-hearted and resolute, determined, if possible, to get through the hills that night. Yet a nameless fear hung over them, a dreary, indefinable sensation of awe, a confused impression of the terrible and sorrowful, akin to the wild hurricane, which still moaned and howled along the waste, driving the blinding snow-drift into their faces. Still, however, they pressed on, animated by the thoughts of the dear little ones at home, now waiting so anxiously by the cottage fire for their parents' return.

Suddenly the wife heard her husband's cheerful shout. He was only a few yards ahead of her, yet she could but faintly discern his dim outline through the snow. "Here it is," he cried; "we are all right! But I had begun to think that we had missed it."

The ruined hut was now in sight—a dilapidated shepherd's cottage, with the roof half unthatched, and the skeleton timbers dimly discerned between them and the sky, across which the clouds swiftly scudded. The place was capable of affording the most miserable shelter at any time; and in such a night as that, it was fearful to think of. Still, it was better than noise; and they even approached it with feelings of thankfulness and joy.

"Let's unyoke the pony," said Lambert; "poor Dobbin—he's had a sad, heavy pull, and all for nothing. There's no corn for Dobbin to night. But let me see! Yes, there's Christmas loaves in the cart, and, with his bit of hay, he may contrive to make a supper. And come, wife, let's make the best of things. See if we can't be comfortable in a way. Out with the bottle!"

There were provisions enough in the cart for a week, so that they need not starve of hunger, like a beleaguered garrison. But the place presented no shelter against the cold. There was only one corner of it that was free from snow, which was blown by the gusts of wind into the hut. Lambert, therefore, proposed to go ahead again, as soon as the weather cleared up a little, in search of a road along the heights, by which he might descend into the valley beyond, and allay the fears and

anxieties of his family. His wife expressed her determination to accompany him, and she would not be restrained by Lambert's representations of the perils and the danger.

"I will draw the little cart into the hut, and there, among the straw, and wrapped in my plaid, you will be secure against the cold until my return. If there is a road still possible, I will find it."

"Then I will go with you."

"Stay here, Ann," he implored; "by daylight a search will be made, and one may be saved. But if we both perish?"

"Then God's will be done!"

She would not be moved; and the two went forward on foot in search of a road, proceeding along the bare and exposed places, and thus avoiding the deep drifts which lay below in the hollow. The wind had gone down somewhat, but the snow was still falling. It was now as if beat into the ground as it fell, and they strode in it often knee deep. They had walked on groping for about half an hour, when unknown to themselves, they were approaching the edge of a precipitous rock. Lambert suddenly stopped, at hearing, amidst the moaning of the wind, the thunderous rush of waters far beneath him. "Stop where you are," he exclaimed; and as he speaks, he feels his feet slipping from beneath him, and a sliding mass of snow, dislodged by his weight, bearing him steadily and surely towards the precipice? Suddenly he makes a desperate effort, leaps back, strikes his staff firmly into the ground, and the mass of snow rolls past him like an avalanche, precipitating itself into the valley below.

Scarcely had he strength left to crawl up the steep again to where his wife stood. She had seen her husband's danger, but she could not scream: she sunk down paralysed with fear. Hope and strength now failed her, and she fainted. When she recovered her bewildered senses, her husband was standing over her, calling her by her name. Suddenly she remembered the terrors of the situation, and the precipice so near at hand. "Let us go back," she said, "let us shelter in the hut; we must give up the search. The dear children are not to see us this night; shall they ever?" Then the mother cried in bitter anguish, but not for long. Lambert encouraged her to think hopefully of the issue. He had known many who had gone through worse plights in the snow than this. It was well they had the shelter of the hut for the rest of the night. Trust Him, it would be all right in the end. And slowly they trudged their way back to the hut, where they found Dobbin sunk down to rest in the dry corner, where also we leave them for a time.

We return to the Gill Head Farm, and to the cottage home of the Lamberts. The house stood in a sheltered situation, protected from the west wind by a steep hill, which rose up

to a great height almost directly behind the little steading. But the sheltered position of the house made it the more apt to be "blown up" by the drift. The snow, as it swept down the valley, was swirled into the sheltered place, and it soon lay very deep all round the house. As night began to fall, the children looked anxiously out for the return of their parents. Every sound was listened to, but all sounds from without were drowned by the howling of the wind. Dick, after seeing the sheep safely foddered from the storm, and the cattle foddered, went up the hill with the dog to try and desery the pony-cart coming over the moor, by way of the Dead Man's Gap. But the air was so thick with the snow that it was impossible for him to see a hundred yards before him, and he returned into the house. It was a dreadful night, and the children were increasingly anxious—not without reason. From the window they could still see in the dusk the clouds of snow-drift furiously swept down the dale on the stormy blast from the west. But soon the cottage panes became obscured, and the children could see that the little garden in front was drifted full of snow up to the level of the windows. When they next opened the door, a sudden gust carried a cloud of snow into the apartment. The snow came down the chimney at intervals, and fell sputtering into the fire. A terrible fear now fell upon the children, and they dreaded the fate of their parents, exposed to so awful a storm. The younger children began to cry. But Bessy told them they must go to bed; and, accustomed to obey, they silently but fearfully undressed and lay down; and they cried themselves to sleep. Dick and his sister sat by the fire all night, dozing and starting up from time to time, thinking they heard a noise outside. Once, about midnight, they opened the door, and called out "Who's there?" No reply. The cottage was nearly drifted up all around. But the children could see that the snow had ceased falling; and the moon, which had just risen, and was glistening over the heights of Shunner Fell, showed them that the valley, and the surrounding fells, moors, and hills, were all covered with snow.

They watched and listened all night, and in vain. But they communicated to each other the hope that, seeing the storm coming on, their parents would probably have stayed in Reeth all night, and that they might thus reach the cottage in the morning, if the roads were then practicable. The night wore on, the morning broke, and found the brother and sister still waiting and watching by the peat-fire. Dick declared his intention of setting out with the dog, and trying to find his way across the moor to Reeth, in search of his parents. Bessy encouraged him to this, though not without fears, for he was but a lad, scarce fourteen years of age, though

active and strong, and he knew every inch of the ground. "Well, Dick, go!" she said, "but if there is danger, and the tracks are blown up, turn back at once." "Never fear, Bessy; keep up your spirits while I am away; I hope to find father and mother all right before many hours are over." And away he went, the dog bounding before him through the snow. Dick had much difficulty in getting through the mass of snow drifted all around the cottage. But he made at once for the rising ground behind the house, which was comparatively clear, and proceeding carefully along the crest, he soon rounded the shoulder of the hill, and was lost to sight.

Bessy could now have given way to her melancholy forebodings of sorrow, and sat down and cried bitterly; but she forebore. She set to work, and prepared the children's breakfasts, awoke and dressed them, tried to satisfy their innumerable inquiries about father and mother, then brought in a store of peats from the stack, and potatoes from the brackens, for the household uses. While she was thus busily engaged, she thought she heard a sound without—could it be? She listened. Yes! some one approached. She ran to the door. A stranger gentleman was making his way through the snow into the cottage. Behind him followed another man whom she at once recognised—it was her uncle! The stranger was a foreign relative, but she had never seen him before. They had come to spend their Christmas! and what a miserable reception was this! They had come along the valley from Muker: the roads were heavy, but still they had managed to get through. There was hope for Bessy in this circumstance.

Bessy's story was soon told, and the two men, without sitting down, at once proposed to follow on the track of her brother Dick, in search of the missing. If her parents were in the hills, she thought they would now surely be found. Away they went each carrying a shovel upon his shoulder, and it was well that they made such a provision. The snow had now entirely ceased, and the wind abated. Indeed, it was a fine December morning, with a cheerful sun lighting up the snow-clad hills and fells, revealing a magnificent scene before their eyes when they had reached the summit of the moor. They found that Dick had selected the ground trodden by him with great judgment, keeping to the high grounds, leaping dry stone walls, skirting bog-holes and treacherous gullies, often taking a long stretch about to avoid them. His foot marks were still fresh, and they had no difficulty in following his route.

They had walked nearly two miles, still keeping clear of the heavier drifts of snow, when they heard before them the clear sharp bark of a dog. "There they are!" exclaimed Uncle Michael, "they cannot be far off now."

In a few minutes they were over the edge of the hill; and there, in the lower ground, on the slope, stood Dick before the ruined sheiling! He was shouting to some one, whom they did not see. The two men set up a cheer, and Dick, looking up the hill, cheered again, and waved to them to come down quick. Making what haste they could, they were soon by his side. The dog had led the way to the hut, and the howl which he set up on reaching it soon produced a response, though in a smothered voice, from within the ruin. Dick now knew his father was there, and alive! But the snow lay deep all round the hut, and how to find a way to him. The dog scratched away with all his might, and Dick began to try and clear the way with his arms. But this was miserable work; and he was beginning to despair, when suddenly Providence sent him help in the persons of his two uncles. They set to work with a will, and rapidly cleared their way towards the hut, cheering Lambert with the sound of their voice. The snow had nearly filled the place, and covered it up. Still, however, there was the one corner into which the wayfarers had crept, Lambert keeping off the snow as well as he could. The warmth of the faithful pony had perhaps proved their safety: they had provisions and drank enough it is true; but without the natural animal warmth of Dobbin they must have perished.

At length the group was reached, and fairly dug out. We need scarcely describe the joy of the meeting, and the thankfulness of Lambert and his wife, thus delivered from the very jaws of death. Their first act was to kneel down, and to offer up their heartfelt thanks to God for their providential deliverance. And then they slowly accompanied their friends across the hills, Dick leading the pony, across which they had slung as many of the 'things' as it could carry.

Bessy was on the eager look-out from the cottage door, when the group came into view on the hill head. She sobbed with joy, for she recognised her parents there—her mother her father were both safe—thank God! The little children toddled to the door, and then struggling through the snow they breasted the hill to meet the home-coming group.

It was a happy Christmas that was spent that year in the Lamberts' home at Gill Head. There was much less merriment than usual, but a chastened joy, as when the shadow of some great evil has passed over us—when the lost has been found, or as when the dearest of our relatives has been snatched from the tomb, and given back to our warm love and caresses again.

And in all future Christmases at the Gill Head, the Christmas that was celebrated after the snow-storm was never forgotten.

PROBLEM FOR ARTISTS.—To paint a clergyman from a model which is not a lay figure.

THE SACK OF CHESNUTS.

WHEN I fixed my abode, in October last, in the Hotel des Carmes in the street of the same name, which runs through the town of Rouen, piercing it from the Quai du Havre to the weird old tower of Philip Augustus on the Boulevard Beauvoisine, I had not taken the well known fact into consideration that, if the season be wet anywhere, the rain has a peculiar privilege of coming down into the basin of Rouer. For a whole month that I remained there it rained every day, more or less—but generally more; for an hour in the middle of the day, it would sometimes clear up and allow the possibility of a pedestrian reaching the cathedral or Saint Ouen; and, amidst the grove-like aisles of either of these, the most beautiful churches in France, endeavouring to forget the *ennui* of a solitude into which he had rashly betrayed himself.

Probably there is no city in Europe which has been longer in getting rid of its antiquity and its dirt than Rouen, but it has at last advanced considerably in that way. For instance, to form the magnificent street, which after several changes of dynasty since it was first begun is now called La Rue Imperiale, no less than six narrow streets of high striped houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had to be demolished. The street, as wide as Piccadilly in London, is now nearly completed, and would be quite so, but for the opposition of an obstinate millowner whose ancestors for several centuries before him have possessed his mill on the subterranean stream, whose black waters can be perceived from a parapet above the footway, and from whence he refuses to move without receiving almost the weight of his domicile in francs, in exchange for his filthy, dilapidated black and yellow striped tenement. Just opposite this unsightly pile of building, beneath which the dragon of Saint Romain, so celebrated for his ravages in monkish days, might well have hidden himself in the sable waters, is a fine range of new houses in the Parisian style, much disgraced by the vicinity. A few steps further, in a vast square, rises high in air the white and fairy-like structure of the newly restored church of Saint Ouen, the boast of Normandy. All that presents itself to the stranger's eye on this side is new and clean and freshly decorated. There are new iron gates to the pretty, freshly arranged garden which surrounds the church, newly painted seats under the trees, generally dripping with the heavy drops hanging on their last leaves, but if you advance to the edge of the garden, and observe the remaining ends of the streets which have been cleared away to afford space for these *parterres* and avenues, and gold fish fountains, you recognise the Rouen of the Regent Bedford.

As no one can help being an antiquary in the city of a hundred towers, as Rouen has been called, and as the stranger has nothing more amusing on his mind than speculating on old stones, I allowed myself to indulge in many dreamy speculations. But in vain had I examined the huge posts at the entrance of the bottle court to convince myself that they were part of the ancient temple of Roth; I was obliged to believe what the old woman who sold hot cakes

opposite told me, that they were recently put there to guard the foot passenger in the absence of the pavement, which is some day to beautify the street; in vain had I hoped, in the Rue des Fossés Louis XVIII., close by, to discover a *tourrelle* or a buttress which would tell a tale. I was forced to give up all thoughts of times gone by as I ascended the gaily ornamented flight of steps leading to the coffee-room of the hotel where usually stood my smart hostess and her smarter daughter, glittering in mosaic gold, and blossoming in the gay artificial flowers for which Rouen is famous.

The room assigned me looked to the street, and was a lively, noisy, tawdry chamber, with nothing old about it. Though I knew that every step I took along the galleries which led to countless bed-rooms and dining-halls, was over the site of the old convent of Carmelites of the time of Joan of Arc, yet it was too evident that not a plank, a brick, or a stone of the modern building had the remotest connexion with the middle ages.

The great fair of Saint Romain or the Pardon was approaching, and the town by degrees became filled with merchants from every part of France whose commodities were to be exposed for sale; but chiefly the proprietors of whole troops of diminutive Norman horses and ponies intended for sale came pouring in from the towns and villages; all these required domiciles, and the Hotel des Carmes had always been the favorite resort of most of them, owing to its central position. Application was made to me to give up my large chamber to claimants who were content to sleep four in a room rather than forego the convenience of the house to which they were accustomed, and whose *table d'hôte* had a good reputation. I resisted for some time, much to the annoyance of an ugly chambermaid and an insinuating waiter, until, one morning, I was suddenly favoured by a visit from the smart daughter of my landlady in person, who, dressed with even more brilliancy than usual and arrayed in her most winning smiles, came to expostulate with me on the want of consideration I displayed in preferring my own comfort to that of the estimable horsedealers, whose right it had long been to take up their abode beneath her roof. "Madame," she remarked, "can have another room infinitely more suitable to her, out of the noise and bustle of the street, and where her studies will be less interrupted; it is at the other side of the court looking into the charming garden which gives a view of the Palais de Justice, and offers many advantages of air and light. It is all that remains," continued the fair Léonie, with an arch look, "of the convent garden; and Madame, who is fond of antiquities, will not object, as most persons do, that it is dull and retired."

This last argument was conclusive, and I at once agreed to the fair Léonie's proposition of following her to look at the offered chamber, which I was to have in exchange for the one coveted by the more favoured horsedealers of the Fair.

Through a series of rooms so numerous that I thought I should never get to the end of them, Léonie tripped, jingling the keys with which she opened one after another, informing me that

every one would be tenanted in a few hours. I followed, wondering where the journey would finish, when she turned suddenly down a narrow dark passage, and mounting a little stair, emerged into an upper wooden gallery which ran along outside the house above a court yard, and presently arrived at a low doorway, giving entrance to a second passage darker than the first. Léonie, after descending a few stairs, stopped at a small portal at the end of this passage, and, turning the key in the rusty lock, threw open the door of a chamber—long, narrow, and meagrely furnished—which, however, looked rather cheerful as a blaze of sunshine seemed suddenly to have darted into it from a high church-like window at the extremity, to which she at once advanced; and, opening it to the fullest extent, exclaimed, "See what a charming prospect Madame will have from the chapel-room, as we call this *piece*."

I was obliged to confess that there was something attractive about the appearance of the garden below, neglected though it was. Far above the level of the street we had left on the other side, it could be reached from this room by a flight of stone steps descending from the window.

The sun was glittering on dripping trees and flowers grouped round a broken fountain in the middle of this hanging garden, into which no windows besides this one looked, for, on one side was the blank wall of a sugar-refinery, and on the other were the striped gables of several ancient houses whose fronts looked into the narrow Rue des Fossés. The garden-wall partly shut out the opposite hovels, and only allowed the mysteries of their upper stories to be seen, where rickety balconies high in air hung from black windows supporting pots of flowers and bird-cages, in the midst of rags hung out to dry. Several spires of churches with delicate tracery, peered above the roofs of distant manufactories, whose high, singularly-shaped chimneys formed grotesque figures against the sky; some lofty trees, growing in the gardens attached to some of the numerous houses, broke the lines of buildings rather gracefully; and, towering over one mass of spreading foliage, the beautiful lacework of the parapet of that portion of the Palais de Justice built by George d'Amboise, the minister of Louis the Twelfth, and the small ornamented pinnacles which surmount it, finished the prospect.

I did not disagree with Mademoiselle Léonie when she insisted that the position of this secluded chamber was in its favor; and to my objections that the floor was paved with dingy red brick and had no carpet—and that there were no curtains to the two windows, one of immense size, and one small—she replied, that an hour would remedy all defects, and make it a very pattern of comfort.

"Look," she added, "what fine cupboards you have too! This one alone is large enough for all your trunks and books. And into this you could even move the bed itself, if you pleased."

It was quite true that the closets were singularly large, dark, and lofty, and that their hinges creaked dismally as they were thrown open for my inspection.

"Really," continued Léonie, seeing that I appeared tolerably satisfied, "I do not know that

we are right in giving up so convenient a chamber when the house is about to be so full, but, to oblige Madame, we will not be particular."

However bright this model of a room might have looked when I first visited it, it had another aspect on the day succeeding that on which I was installed within it. The rain had descended in torrents ever since, and none of the dark nooks in which it abounded looked the livelier for there being no fire because the huge chimney smoked. I did not look much at my prospect, but occupied myself with a pile of folios, which the liberality of the authorities of Rouen had supplied me with, for certain researches, from the richly endowed public library.

I soon began to find that the quiet of my chamber had not been exaggerated: not a sound reached me from without, and, except when I opened the door of the passage which separated me from the world behind, to descend into day—which was a rare event—no distant murmur from the bustling department on the other side of the court came upon my ear.

I had been three days in my new domicile. It was on the third night of my occupancy, that, as I sat reading by two candles placed in high heavy bronze candlesticks, like those of an altar, a low sound, as of a person nearly choked, which seemed to issue from the huge closet at my back, disturbed my studies. I started, looked up, and glanced round me into the dreary space; my hearselike bed, shrouded by dark red curtains, confined by a coronet with feathers which had once been gaily gilt, but was now dim and dingy, stood shadowy in its recess; my view next took in a clumsy commode with numerous drawers and a grey marble top, on which stood a clock of the period of the Renaissance, rather a valuable relic, but tarnished and with a broken face: the cracked porcelain circles for the numbers that mark the gliding hours, looking like so many staring inquisitive eyes. As I marked these things, the voice of my only companion informed me that it was eleven o'clock, and as the last sound of the communication died away I again heard the same hoarse, unpleasant sound from the interior of my closet. I got up and opened the huge panelled door, which gave its customary creak, but there was nothing within from whence a sound could have proceeded. I sat down again, satisfied that the wind was rising, and that the night would be stormy.

Presently, I had resumed my reading, and had become absorbed in the history of Saint Romain, the popular Saint of Rouen, and the dragon which he subdued by his prayers, bound with his scarf, and gave in charge to the criminal who had consented to accompany him on his adventure. I read how the saint and the sinner dragged and lured the scaly monster along until the bridge over the Seine was reached, when Saint Romain, seizing the scarf which possessed holy virtue, suddenly flung the monster into the river. I paused to consider how it had happened that the imaginative monk, who invented this legend, should have forgotten that no bridge of any kind existed over the Seine at Rouen until more than three hundred years after the miracle; and my thoughts fell into a train, representing the processions of yearly occurrence which, before the

great Revolution, took place in Rouen in commemoration of the delivery from the dragon, and the pardon accorded to the criminal, as still shown in the painted windows of the Cathedral. The cathedral itself next came before my mind as I had seen it in the morning, when I ventured among the umbrellas of the curious, under the dripping trees where the wooden sheds filled with wares, are erected throughout the extent of the Boulevard Bonvreuil: I mentally walked along the line of toy shops and hardware, china, and jewellery, until I paused at the Rue Chant-Oiseaux, where the old church of Saint Romain once stood—when again close to my ear, the same gurgling sound came, as if from the keyhole of the great closet. I got up and stuffed it with paper, but I felt disturbed and nervous, and, closing my book, prepared for bed; previously, however, to retiring, I rang my bell, thinking to obtain a new supply of candles, as I observed that with those I had been reading by, were nearly burnt out, and I felt nervous at the idea of being without any, in case of not being able to sleep. But I rang in vain; not a creature answered my summons, neither the cross chambermaid nor the flippant waiter: and, after repeating the attempt without success, I resigned myself to the privation, and went to bed in the dark.

I had no sooner laid my head on the pillow, than a most remarkable change suddenly came over my solitary domicile. First of all, I heard a door shut with violence, as if at the end of the passage, where I was not aware that one existed. Presently there were confused voices and a heavy step, and a sound as though something were being dragged along, until a stoppage took place at my door. A glimmering light then shone through the wide crevices, which usually let more air than was pleasant into my room; and a rattle, as if an attempt were made to turn the key, ensued. I recollected, however, that the key was inside, and that I had turned it myself before I retired to bed.

I concluded that some newly arrived guest had mistaken his assigned dormitory, and I listened no more. But, all at once the glimmering light again appeared beneath the door—this time, of the large closet, which slowly opened, and I clearly and distinctly saw what seemed to me a man in a cloak, with a broad hat very much over his eyes, step out, and raising a lantern in his hand, which, however, threw his features into shade, gaze round the room. I was so amazed that I had no power to call out; but, still keeping my eyes fixed on the opening left by my two dark red curtains, I saw the man walk a few paces towards the large window, open it cautiously, and descend the steps which led from it into the garden. In a few moments he re-ascended, and as he seemed to have left his lantern below, his figure was merely a black shadow, which I still traced in the gloom advancing to the same closet; there was a pause; and he re-appeared dragging something along, which he took to the steps. I plainly heard that at every one of them—and I counted six—a heavy dull sound was returned as his burthen descended, and it struck against them.

Nothing more occurred; but I confess to having been so uncomfortably nervous—not to

say, terrified—that, though after looking long into the darkness to see the glimmer of the lantern again, I ended by being convinced that I had imagined the whole scene, I had still not the courage necessary to get up and grope towards the bell: excusing my not trying to do so, by reflecting that I had previously found it useless. At last I went to sleep, and in the morning, impressed with the idea that I had passed the night with the large window open, I advanced to close it, when I found to my surprise that it was shut, and the rusty bolt well fastened inside, as it had been during the three rainy days before; the curtain, faithfully placed by Mademoiselle Léonie, had not been disturbed since it was drawn by my own hand early in the evening; and as for the great closet—when I opened it, the hinges creaked as usual, and there was emptiness, but no outlet.

When the cross chambermaid brought my coffee, I ventured to remark that I had been disturbed by new arrivals in the night.

“Impossible,” was her sharp reply, “no one arrived last night, and if they had, there is no room for them.”

“Unless they have a fancy to sleep in the old fount in the garden,” said I; “for, if I was not dreaming, I saw a traveller dragging his own portmanteau down those steps in search of such a lodging.”

Catherine, as I said this, looked at me with an uneasy expression of countenance, but said nothing. I asked her why she did not come when I rang my bell.

“Because, after eleven o’clock,” said she pertly, “it is time for every one to be asleep, and we are too tired to attend to bells. It is quite enough that Madame has seen it, without us poor servants being scared.”

“Seen it?” I inquired with interest. “What do you mean, Catherine?”

But already the cross chambermaid was gone, and did not deign an explanation of her mysterious words.

The next morning was fine. Determined not to lose the opportunity of seeing something of the pretty country, I went out early to keep an appointment I had made with my slight acquaintance, Madame Gournay, whose grandchild was at nurse at Bois Guillaume, about half a league from the town, and whom I had promised to accompany in her first walk over the charming hill and pretty fields which led to the cottage of the peasant who supplied her place to her daughter’s infant. Like many French mothers, Madame Gournay the younger—as well as her husband, the organist of the cathedral—preferred the absence of a troublesome baby to its presence in their confined apartment in the town.

“It is better for the child’s health,” remarked the grandmother, “to be amongst the flowers and fields at Bois Guillaume than in the smoky streets of Rouen.”

The beautiful, neat embowered spot we soon reached was so singularly clean and well built for a foreign village, that it made me appreciate my companion’s prudence, and when I saw the pretty tidy nurse whom we found playing with the baby, as it lay in its cot, I could not but acknowledge that it was likely to be better taken

care of with Gustaire Braye than by its rather coquettish mamma at home.

Gustaire had a little son of her own who was also in the cottage, but in an outer chamber. An old woman was knitting beside him as the child scrambled backwards and forwards in a long crib, placed against the wall, in the midst of which it was fastened by the waist to a moveable board, which slid along as his struggles impelled it. No harm could happen to the child in its oddly contrived prison, but the position looked uncomfortable, and I could not help contrasting the two boys as I observed the superior care bestowed on the nursing.

The son of Gustaire Braye was a strange infant: it had a pair of rolling startling eyes which were continually but without meaning fixed on the cot of its foster brother, seen through an open door; it had a large head, was very pale, and every now and then a shudder seemed to pass over it, which was succeeded by a restless movement in its railway. The old woman, from time to time, looked up from her knitting, and gave a glance towards her charge, but did not speak to it, nor did it utter any cry or attempt any sound like words; while the other child was laughing, crowing, and delighting the company in the cottage.

The visit paid, on our return towards Rouen I congratulated Madame Gournay on having found so respectable a nurse.

"Yes," said she, "we consider ourselves lucky, and so is poor Gustaire, and very grateful too to M. le Curé for recommending her; it is not every one would like to have to do with her, after all that has happened; but as I said to my daughter, the poor young woman was not to blame, though her evidence did cause the death of her father. But I forget," she continued, smiling, "you know nothing of the story."

I begged she would indulge my curiosity by relating to me the reason why so neat and pleasant looking a young woman as Gustaire should be avoided.

"As we descend to the Boulevard Beauvoisine," said Madame Gournay, "we shall pass by the Rue Chant-Oiseaux, which, a very few years ago was quite in the fields, and at that time, where there now stand good stone houses there used to be only wretched hovels. In one of these Gustaire's father, a widower, with three children, lived: he had, however, a few fields, and drove a little trade, chiefly in horses, which you must have observed by our fair is a rather extensive trade here. He was a man who was but little liked by his neighbors, whom he shunned in consequence, and was very frequently away in Brittany, of which province he was a native. Gustaire, though almost a child, took care of her two brothers, worked in the fields, and did more than a grown woman to keep the family comfortable; but her father was not fond of her, nor indeed of any of his children, and they would have been much happier without him, but that when he returned they lived better than usual, as he took care of himself, and generally had money.

"On one occasion when he came home, he brought with him a large sack of chestnuts, of which the boys were very fond, and which they

so freely indulged in, that he at last, angrily, told Gustaire to lock up the remainder, so that there might be some left to be roasted, when he asked for them for his supper. She put the sack away, therefore, in the granary, and the disappointed urchins were foiled. One of them, however, finding where it was hidden, and unable to open the mouth which his sister had carefully tied up, cut a round hole with his knife, and abstracted as many chestnuts as his daring little hand could grasp. Gustaire, on finding this out, afraid to let her father know of the delinquency, mended the hole, and hid the bag in another place, after soundly rating the boy for his theft.

"There was a man named Flecher, a countryman of Gustaire's father, who had established himself at Rouen, as a workman at one of the cotton manufactories, and was known to be a bad character. He spent all the money he earned, which was considerable, in dissipation; he had been turned away from one factory, but, having a good deal of skill, he had not found any difficulty in getting a new engagement, and could have lived well but for his extravagance. This man took a fancy to Gustaire, though he was nearly as old as her father. The latter, thinking him well off rather encouraged his suit, much to the young girl's annoyance, who had taken him in particular aversion; and who, besides that, felt inclined to listen to the addresses of a young man about her own age, who often helped her in her work, being a neighbor's son.

Flecher and her father, Ivan Braye, became very great friends. From the time of their association, the cottage of the latter was frequently a scene of drunkenness and riot, to avoid which Gustaire would often run to the house of the curé with her knitting, and sit in the kitchen with the good father's *bonne*, until she heard, by the loud singing of the friends as they descended the hills, that her father and his comrades were gone into the town to finish their orgies.

"One night, later than usual, she had left the curé's and returned home, when she found the door left open, a candle burning in the cottage kitchen, and the floor strewn with chestnuts. She suspected her brothers and went to the granary to see what depredations they had committed; to her vexation, she discovered that the sack was gone.

"Her father, for whom she waited until daylight, did not return, and as soon as the children were up, she scolded them for the renewal of their theft. Both protested that they were innocent, and that they had longed in vain for the forbidden fruit, the scattered remains of which they took care to appropriate. That same night, Gustaire sat up for her father, but neither he nor his friend Flecher came, nor did he return when several days were passed. She began to feel uneasy at this, as he generally mentioned, in however surly a way, when he intended to be absent long. Her brothers came in on the fourth day after he was gone, having been at the fair; and the news they had heard there, was, that Flecher had left the town, having quitted his employers at the cotton factory at Darnetal without notice. She was not sorry to hear this, but a vague uneasiness took possession of her mind.

"There has been a horrid murder in the

town,' said one of the boys, 'at least they say so, though nobody has been found; however, the police are looking out, and we shall soon have more news of it.'

"At this moment the *curé's* *bonne* arrived to look after Gustaire; surprised that she had not, for several evenings, paid her usual visit.

"This is a sad business," said she, 'the person supposed to be murdered is a distant cousin of M. le *Curé*; he had seen him at the fair, and had received a letter which he had brought from le Mans for him; he had a good deal of money, it was said, for he intended to make large purchases in Rouennerie, and as his stall of jewellery was very attractive, no one could fail to remark, when for two days he no longer came in the morning to open it. It was not known where he lodged in the town, but people getting uneasy, the police began to inquire, and it was found that he had slept in the Rue aux Juifs the last night he was seen; but no notice had been taken as to whether he left in the morning, for the house was so full of lodgers and in such a bustle that no one had time scarcely to think. Certain it is that he has not re-appeared, and all the town thinks he has been murdered.'

"Perhaps he is gone away with Flecher,' said Gustaire's eldest brother, 'for he lived in the Rue aux Juifs too, and he has run off no one knows where, and so has father too for that matter.'

"Excited by this account, Gustaire set out with her brothers and the *curé's* *bonne*, curious to know if anything new had been discovered, as an event of the kind was too unusual not to excite great interest. They soon reached the Palais de Justice, where a crowd was assembled, and on the countenances of many might be observed an alarmed expression which told that some new feature had appeared in the case.

"The body of poor Marceau the jeweller has been found,' said a person, addressing the *curé's* *bonne*, 'in the well of the old convent garden, tied up in a sack; it is thought that this will lead to discovery, for the sack has two or three chestnuts in it, and has a round hole in one side which has been sewn up.'

"Blessed Mary!' exclaimed Gustaire, with a sudden start. 'Why, that is the sack my father brought home, and which has just been stolen from me!'

"This exclamation of the young girl excited instant attention, and led, in fact, to the discovery of the whole affair. She was obliged to appear in evidence to prove that the sack had belonged to her father, which she was able to do without difficulty, and entirely unsuspecting that she was thus casting suspicion upon him. It was found that Ivan Braye and Flecher had been seen in company with Marceau, who appeared intoxicated, and that he had entered the lodging of the latter in the Rue aux Juifs; that the two had left early in the following morning without the jeweller, who was not afterwards seen. As Flecher had not returned, the proprietor of the tenement he occupied had resolved to re-let the room; and on the visit of the police, a search was made, which disclosed the marks of what might have been a scuffle in several pieces of broken furniture, and a torn curtain in the recess where the bed stood;

but the police only picked up a chestnut on the floor. They searched among the tangled shrubs in a half-choked bit of garden to which from the room of Flecher a flight of stone steps led, and there, in the centre, found an old dried-up well, where the murdered man's body was discovered in the sack.

"Of course the suspicion which had fallen on the two absent men was confirmed by Gustaire's identification; and the vigilance of the police, after some delay, succeeded in discovering the route of both Flecher and Braye. They were taken at Saint Malo, just as they were about to embark for California. Flecher confessed to having counselled the deed; but asserted that the murder was committed by Braye, who having premeditated it, had brought the sack from his own house; and he it was who had placed the body in it and then dragged it to the spot where it was found. He stated that they had made Marceau drink to excess, and that Braye had strangled him when in a state of insensibility; that they had robbed him, and then fled; that they had spent a great part of their booty, and with the remainder had intended to cross the seas in search of gold; that a quarrel had delayed them, and thus they had been overtaken.

"It is enough," continued Madame Gournay, "to tell you that both met their deserved fate; but, poor Gustaire's evidence having gone so far to condemn her worthless father, the circumstance preyed on her mind and almost destroyed her. By the kind care of the *curé* and his good *bonne* she recovered, and her young lover, who remained true throughout, did not object to take her as his wife in spite of the opposition of his family. The *curé*, however, managed it, and has always continued her friend. You observed her child—he is dumb and much afflicted, and it is to be hoped will be mercifully taken from her. But she is a good young woman, has quite recovered her health, her husband works hard and is a pattern of kindness to her, and we really saw no reason why she should not nurse our little Albert."

I thanked Madame Gournay for her story, and ventured to inquire the exact locality of the murder. She informed me that most of the houses in the neighborhood had been taken down.

"You may, however," she added, "still find the spot, oddly enough, in the back part of the Hotel des Carmes; the late proprietor bought the ground and built quite a new wing; he laid out the garden and put a fountain over the well. For a time, as it was pretty, nothing was said; but the servants began to fancy strange things—noises and ghosts and such nonsense—particularly in a certain room, which they insist is part of the original building, once the Convent, against the strong walls of which (too strong to take down,) many of the old houses in the Rue aux Juifs were erected in former days. There is a flight of steps from what is called the chapel, but it is so changed that it would be ridiculous to say that it positively was so, except that there is still a window that looks like it. I believe the whole place, garden, fountain and all, is left now to neglect, as no one would care to inhabit so gloomy a room. The present mistress of the hotel, how-

ever, is capable of putting a stranger there in fair time when she is over full, and I think," said Madame Gournay, laughing, "you are lucky to have secured a room in the front that looks into the street."

I did not undeceive my acquaintance, nor did I say a word about the strange vision I had seen; but, on the same day, after my return from our walk, I removed to the Hotel de Bordeaux on the Quai de Paris, where my cheerful room looked on the suspension bridge, and commanded a full view of all the shipping on the Seine.

FLORENCE MAY—A LOVE STORY.

THE golden light of evening dazzled the eyes of a young girl who stood upon a style, watching for the arrival of the London coach.

It was about a hundred miles from London—no matter in what direction—at the bottom of a green valley, down the western slope of which the road came winding here and there concealed by trees. A well-beaten path led to a village a few fields distant, embowered in orchards, and leaning, as it were, against the massive oaks and elms of a park, that shut in the view in that direction. The square steeple-tower of the old church scarcely overtopped this background of leaves.

Florence May was waiting for her mother, who had been absent some weeks in London, and who had been compelled to leave her all alone in their humble cottage—all alone, unless her rectitude and her sense of duty may be counted as companions.

They were poor, humble people, Mrs. May was the widow of a country curate, who had died, leaving, as curates sometimes do, not a slight provision for his family. It was like a Providence.—Having fought the fight of life nearly out on £50 or £60 a year, some distant relation, whom they had never seen and scarcely ever heard of, put the curate in his will for £1000. This sum, invested, was sufficient to support both mother and daughter in that out of the way place.

A letter had arrived, when Mrs May had been a widow for three years, requesting her to come up to London to hear of "something to her advantage." This was vague enough; but she resolved to comply; and not being able to afford the expense of a double journey, had left her daughter, then about seventeen, under the guardianship of the neighbors, her own character, and a mother's prayer.

She had been absent more than a week.—What has happened in the meantime? Why does Florence wait with more than the impatience of filial affection—with a countenance in which smiling lips and tearful eyes tells of a struggle between joy and sadness? She is troubled with the burden of her first secret—a secret which she nurses with uneasy delight, and which she is anxious to pour into the ears of her only confidante—her mother. How many maidens of seventeen are still in this dream of innocence!

The sun had set before the roll of wheels came sounding down the valley; and when the coach began to descend, nothing could be distinguished

but the lights that glanced occasionally behind the trees. The time seemed prodigiously long to Florence. She even once thought that some fantastical, ghostly coachman was driving a phantom vehicle to and fro on the hill side to mock her. Young people in her state of mind would annihilate time and space. However here it comes, the *Tally-ho*, sweeping round the last corner—lights glancing—horses tossing their heads and steaming—a pyramid of luggage swaying to and fro. "That's a gal's voice as screamed," said a man to the Whip as they passed. "Full inside and out!" was the reply, and on went the *Tally-ho* along the level lap of the valley.

"She is not come," murmured Florence, after waiting in vain some time, to see if the coach would stop lower down; but it pursued its inexorable course, and the young girl returned by the dim path to her cottage on the outskirts of the village.

That was a critical period in her life. For some days after her mother's departure, she had spent her time either at her needle, or with one or two old neighbors, who wearied her with their gossip. To escape from the sense of monotony, she had wandered one morning into the fields, as it was indeed her custom from time to time to do; and there, with the scent of wild-flowers and new-mown hay around, she allowed her mind to be ruffled by those thoughts and feelings which at that age breathe upon us from I know not what region—sparkling and innocent stirrings, that scarcely typify the billowy agitation of succeeding years.

Across the meadows that occupy the lowest portion of that valley, meanders a stream, over which the willows hung their whip-like branches and slender leaves. Near its margin, Florence used often to sit with her work; first diligently attending to, then dropping occasionally on her lap, that she might watch the little fish that flitted like shadows to and fro in the shallow current; then utterly forgotten, as she herself went wading down the stream of the future, that widened as they went, and flowed at her unconscious will, through scenes more magical than those of fairy-land. The schoolman has sought for the place of Paradise—did they peep into a young heart that is waiting, without knowing it, to love?

It was during her first walk since her mother's absence, that a stranger came slowly down the opposite bank of the stream; and seeing this lovely young girl entranced in a reverie, paused to gaze on her. His glance at first was cold and critical, like that of a man who has trodden many lands, and has seen more such visions than one under trees in lonely places—visions that, when veared and grasped at, hardened into reality, vulgar and bucolic. In a little time, however, the brow of this stranger unbent, and his lip uncurled; and there came a strange fear to his heart, that what he saw of grace and beauty beneath that archway of willow boughs, was a mere optical illusion—a phantasm painted on the exhalations of the meadow by the sun's beams.—There is a certain pride in disappointed natures, which makes them believe that all the loveliness of the outer world is of their own imagining, as

if we could imagine more perfect things than God has imagined and thrown on his canvass of the universe.

The man was of the south by travels, if not by birth, and muttered some "Santa Vergines!" more in surprise than devotion. He did not move or speak to attract the young girls attention, but waited until her eyes which he saw were restless, should chance to fall upon him. Her start of alarm, when she found herself to be not alone, was repressed by the grave politeness of his bow.

"Young lady," he said, in a low musical voice when he had leaped the stream and stood by her side, "I am on my way to Melvyn Park. Perhaps I may learn from you in what direction to turn."

"The roof of the mansion shevs above the trees," replied she, rising and stretching out her pretty hand.

"I might have guessed so," said the stranger, whose accent was but slightly foreign; and this is but a bad excuse for speaking to you. It is more frank to say, that I was surprised at seeing so much beauty and grace buried in this sequestered valley, and could not pass on without learning who you may be."

Flattery flies to the heart as swiftly as electricity along the wire. The maiden blushed, and drew off but slightly. "Florence May," said she, "is known to the whole valley, and will not be made sport of nor molested without finding defenders."

Was this affected fear a cunning device for telling her name without seeming to answer an unauthorized question?

"Child," replied the stranger, who perhaps took this view of the matter, for he smiled, though kindly, "you may count on me as one of the defenders. For the present, let me thank you, and say farewell."

With these words, and a somewhat formal bow, he turned and went across the fields, leaving Florence bewildered almost breathless, with surprise and excitement and, to confess the truth, not a little piqued, that her ruse, if ruse it was, had brought the dialogue to so abrupt a termination. She had no wish to parley with strangers. Her mother had expressly warned her not to do so. What a famous opportunity thrown away to exhibit the rigidity of her sense of duty! Indeed, there had been so little merit on her part, that the stranger, if he had rightly read her countenance, might pretend that the forbearance had been all on his side. Of course, she would have gained the victory in the end; but how much more dramatic if her prudence had been put to a severer test!

These were not exactly her thoughts, but the translation of them. She followed the retiring figure of the stranger, as he kept by the path along the willows; and slightly bit her lip.—Then suddenly, as if remembering that the singleness of mind which her attitude expressed was more beautiful than becoming—what an odious euphemism is that word for heartless acting—she turned with something like a flout, and sat down again, with her face averted from the now distant stranger—averted only a moment for soon her attitude would have reminded a

sculptor of that exquisite group in which the girl turns to bill the dove that has fluttered down on her shoulder.

Now, take it as an article of faith that Florence had "fallen in love," as the saying is, with that tall handsome stranger with the black eyes and sun-painted complexion. We would have you more careful in the construction of your credo than that. But, at any rate, an impression had been produced; this was to be expected. When a man falls into the water, he may not be drowned, but is sure to be wet. Florence had never seen any members of that category of "lovable persons," which is of so little political and so much social importance, except two or three six-foot farmers, and the Rev. Mr. Summer, their pale-faced, sandy whiskered young bachelor vicar of fifty. Should we be astonished, then, that after her first agitation had subsided, there remained something more than memory of the compliment which had fallen from the lips and been ratified by the eyes of that distinguished-looking stranger?

Need it be said, moreover, that whilst she remained by the margin of the stream, and during her sauntering walk home, and all the evening she thought of little else save this very simple meeting. As to her dreams, we shall not inquire into them; but the moonbeams tell us that they shone all night between the ivy-leaves upon a smile as sweet and self-satisfied as ever lived on the lips of a maiden on her wedding-eve.

Next day, it was rumoured in the village that a foreign painter had come to occupy one of the wings of Melvyn House, by permission of the family, which had remained many years abroad. His name was simple Angelo; and a mighty fine gentleman he was. One could not guess, to look at him, that he had ever lived on frogs; or was "obligated to hexpress hisself in a barbarous lingo," as the landlady of the Jolly Boys' Inn phrased it.

Florence was proud to say casrally, to some old spectacled lady—who observed "indeed she never," and told her neighbor that "Miss May seemed very forward"—that she had held a minute's conversation with this said painter.—We take this as a proof that she was only dazzled by him; and that she has not really experienced one pang of love. So much the better. We must not bestow the only treasures of our hearts on the first interesting person we may happen to meet under a willow hedge.

And yet there she is at her place again, thinking of yesterday's meeting; and—by the bow of Eros!—there is he, too, wandering accidentally in the same direction with his sketch-book under his arm. We had no business to be eaves-dropping; but "concealed fault is half pardoned."—We were invisible, and heard every word they said. It should all be set down here, but it was dreadful nonsense, at least what he said; for she partly in coquetry perhaps, and partly in pride and prudence, intrenched herself behind the ramparts of her maiden modesty, and answered only—by listening.

The young man was in a state of temporary insanity; at least, if one might believe his words. Like all lovers, he professed to have skill in physiognomy. He asked no information about

Florence, did not care who she was or where she came from; all he wanted to know was, whether she was free. He spoke eloquently and with sufficient respect. The young girl more than once felt her heart melt; and it was a great exertion for her at length to reply, that her mother was away, and that she could not listen to another word without her knowledge and sanction.

She did listen, however, for he went on talking interminably. According to his account, he was an artist who had studied many years at Rome; but he did not say whether he was of English origin or not, and, of course, Florence could not ask the question. This would have been to avow a stronger interest in him than consisted with her views. We should have liked her better, perhaps, had she been more frank and artless. Yet, after all, her conduct was not at this time an image of her character, but arose from a struggle between her own simplicity and her recollection of her mother's warnings.

It is needless to say that, after many hesitations she now invariably went every day to her accustomed seat. This might be interpreted into giving a rendezvous; but she had a prescriptive right to the place, and why should she be driven from it by an intrusive, impertinent stranger?—Impertinent! Nay, not so; nothing could be more reserved and respectful than his demeanor; and if he was really in earnest, and if he turned out to be a respectable man, why—perhaps it would be a matter of duty in her not to repulse his advances. Matrimony was indeed, they had told her, an awful responsibility; but if, by undergoing it, she could raise her mother to a more comfortable position, would it not be her duty to make the sacrifice?

Matters went on in this way for several days, and Florence began to wait impatiently for the arrival of her mother, to whom she might relate all that had passed. Angelo accustomed, perhaps, to more easy conquests, was irritated by her cold caution, not knowing that her's was the hypocrisy of duty. He once even went so far as to say, that he blamed himself for wasting time with a calculating village coquette, and, rising, departed with a formal salute. Florence's bosom heaved with emotion, tears started to her eye her lips trembled, and she was on the point of perilling all her prospects by calling him back. But by a prodigious effort of will, she restrained herself, and kept her eyes firmly fixed on the ground until the sound of his steps had died away.

"No," said she rising, "I am not to be so lightly won. These days have given me experience.—He is certainly captivating in manners, but sometimes I think that one moment of weakness on my part"—And she thought of the fate of Lucy Lightfoot, who had been left to wear the willow, after saying "Yes" too soon.

In the afternoon, a letter came announcing her mother's arrival for that very day; and it was in the excitement that followed this little misunderstanding that she waited for the arrival of the coach. She wanted an adviser sadly. Should she, after what had passed, return next day to the meadow, or should she remain at home in melancholy loneliness? The question was more

important than even she imagined; for we will not undertake to say, despite Mr. Angelo's lofty sentiments, that his faith was as strong as he professed. Might he not have wished to test the virtue of his beautiful girl, whom he had found, as it were, by the wayside? Men of the world are not averse to these trials; and if their unfortunate victim fall, they go away on the voyage of life, leaving her to repent in tears, and hugging themselves with the idea that they have not been "taken in." They forget that the most fervent Christian does not venture to ask for strength to resist temptation, but only to keep from it; and that every one of us perhaps would be caught, if the Evil Angler knew what bait to put on his hook.

Florence had just placed her hand on the latch of the door, when she saw a figure come out from a deep mass of shadow close by, and softly approach her. It was Angelo. She screamed but so slightly that even he scarcely heard. "Do not be alarmed, Miss May," he said; "I came here to meet you as you entered. I could not have slept to-night without asking your forgiveness for the rude manner in which I left you, and for my unauthorised accusations. Do say that you are no longer angry."

"Of course—of course; I have no right to be angry. But, for Heaven's sake, sir, retire; I must not be seen by the neighbors talking to a stranger at this hour."

"There is no one in the street, and I will not detain you but a minute. Cannot you find in your heart to give me one word of hope, one look of encouragement? I am bewildered, madened by your cold indifference."

"You have no right, Mr. Angelo, to call me cold or indifferent; I have blamed myself for my too great simplicity. My mother will be back to-morrow; I will tell her what has happened; and—and— But I must go in."

"This gives me hope," cried he; "I ask no more. Florence—dear Florence!"

He took her hand, and kissed it over and over again, although she almost struggled to get it away. The strong passion that man seemed to pass through her like an electric shock; and wonderful emotions came trooping to her heart. Suddenly, however, she broke away, and, as if fearing her own weakness, glided into the house without a word, and locked, and bolted, and barred the door in a manner so desperately energetic, that even Angelo, who stood foolishly on the outside, could not help smiling.

"She will come to the meadow to-morrow," said he, rather contemptuously, as if surprised and annoyed at his own success that evening.

But Florence did not come. With the intuitive perception with which modesty supplies woman, she felt that the stranger had pushed his experiments on her character too far. The following day was spent at home in indignant self-examination. What had she done to provoke that freedom, and authorise what seemed something like insult? Conscious of innocence, she proudly answered: "Nothing." But, ah! Florence, were not those tacit rendezvous a fault?

Mrs. May arrived in the evening with a whole budget of news and complaints. Small was the mercy by her vouchsafed to the modern Babylon:

a den of thieves was nothing to it. The "something to her advantage" was a proposal to invest her money in a concern that would return fifty per cent. She had expressed herself "much obliged" to her correspondent; adding, however, that "some people would consider him a swindler, indeed she supposed he was. Perhaps he would object to pay the expense he had put her to. Of course. Dishonest persons were never inclined to pay. She wished him good-morning, and hoped he would repent before he arrived at Botany Bay." Having detailed these and many other brave things which she recollected to have said, good Mrs. May began to pay attention to her tea, and allowed Florence to relate all that she had said, done, thought, and felt during the time of her mother's absence.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. May at length, setting down her tea-cup, "I do not wonder the house looks rather untidy. You have been doing nothing else but making love ever since my back was turned. There's proper conduct for a clergyman's daughter!"

Florence expressed her regret as well as she could, and in trying to excuse herself, was compelled to dilate considerably on the fine qualities of Mr. Angelo. Let it be admitted that she suppressed all allusion to the last interview.

"Well, child," quoth Mrs. May, after listening to what by degrees warmed into a glowing panegyric—"I think this is all nonsense; but you know I have always promised never to interfere with any sincere attachment you may form. Are you quite sure this gentleman is not merely making a pastime of you?"

Florence turned away her head, and her mother went on. "I shall make some inquiries into his position and prospects, and character of course. If all turn out to be satisfactory—we shall see; but I confess to having a prejudice against foreigners."

It was no easy matter for Mrs. May to gain the information she required. The whole village, it is true, was up in arms about the young stranger who had arrived at Melvyn Park, and who, as every one knew, had long ago been betrothed to Miss Florence; but nobody could say one word on the subject that was not surmise. Poor Mrs. May was highly indignant when she learned that all those visits to the meadows had been watched and commented on by every gossip, that is to say, every woman in the place, and returned home to scold her daughter, and pronounce the mystery unfathomable.

"You must," said she, "forget this person, who evidently has no serious intentions."

"I will try," replied her daughter with an arch look; "but there he is coming down the street towards our house."

The stranger had heard of Mrs. May's return, and was hastening to beg permission to renew the interviews, the interruption of which had taught him how deeply he was moved. The elder lady received him with formal politeness, as a distinguished foreigner, while Florence endeavored to keep her eyes to the ground. Mr. Angelo found it necessary to break the ice by declaring, that he was no Italian, but an Englishman by origin though not by birth.

"My name," he said, "is Angelo Melvyn, and

I am now the owner of Melvyn Park. Sorrowful circumstances, you will perhaps have heard by tradition, induced my father to go abroad many years ago. When I became the head of the family, I naturally felt a desire to behold the mansion of my ancestors, which was not invested to me personally without melancholy associations. It was my fancy to explore the neighborhood without making myself known. I met your daughter; and—may I hope that she has related to you all I have ventured to say of my feelings towards her?"

This explanation "made all things straight," as Mrs. May afterwards said. Angelo might have told a good deal more; for example, that his heart was only just recovering from the pain of a bitter disappointment, when the lovely form of Florence appeared to console and indemnify him. But few words in these matters are wisdom; and there is always time to be confidential. Within a month from that period, every one had heard that Mr. Angelo Melvyn was about to be married to Miss Florence May, with whom those who had learned their geography, and were not conversant with the facts, insisted he had fallen in love in Tuscany. "In those southern climes," said Miss Wiggins to Miss Higgins, "it is the custom for cities to stand godfathers to children." The wedding took place in due season; and it is to be supposed that it turned out a happy one, for the last news we have heard of Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn was, that they have been seen walking along the meadows near the willow-stream, whilst two bright-eyed children—one named Angelo, and the other Florence—were running to and fro, gathering daisies and butter-cups, to make wreaths and nosegays withal.

EXTREME PHILANTHROPY.—A Teetotaller has started in a whaler with the philanthropic object of seeing whether he cannot convert the Bottle-nose whales to temperance, and induce them to turn away from the Bottle.

A THING NEVER SEEN.—A man does not grieve so much over the loss of his hair. He will even dispense with the services of a wig, but you never saw a woman yet appear in society with a bald head!!!

OUTSIDE PHILOSOPHY.—A good name for a brilliant superficial Philosopher—one who merely touches on the surface of things—would be "Electro-Plato."

DELICACY AND REFINEMENT.—At the Misses Sobbyn's Select Establishment for young ladies, tuition is provided in arithmetic in all its branches—except vulgar fractions.

A BOOTLESS JOKE.—The ready-made shoeshops only keep one size, for each shoe is a foot long.

HINTS ON YACHTING.—A steam yacht will be found more economical to keep than any other, as it admits of the screw principle.

Advice to farmers. Feed your poultry well, and you will insure full crops.

Earthenware at sea. In the stormy ocean every vessel is a pitcher.

LINES ON THE LOST.

Strain, strain, the eager eye,
To Ocean's western verge, which bounds the sight
From seas, far spread, where day with silent night
Rejoins eternity.

In vain; no sail appears,
Bearing on gladsome wing the long-lost brave
To love's fond gaze; 'tis but some restless wave
Which there its white crest rears.

While in the long left home,
The mother, wife, and children anxious wait,
Oft sm othe the fireside chair, oft stir the grate,
As *he* at last were come.

No! Winter marked that crew
Of Britons bold brave his resistless reign,
And from his throne he summoned all his train;
Each forth his weapon drew.

Prepared, he bade them stand,
Unbar the gates of Night, and to the hall
Where cold eternal kills, lead one and all
That doomed yet dauntless band.

Doomed, but without decay,
They pass through Death, yet never reach the tomb.
Imperishably fixed, they wait the doom
Of their still lifelike clay.

The seasons come and go;
Like Egypt's kings embalmed, they're resting there,
Each in his ice-hewn sepulchre,
And pyramid of snow.

Yet Ocean tolls their knell,
From shore to shore the solemn peel ascends,
And with its voice of many waters blends
Their dirge funeral.

And the winds wait for them,
For many a breeze which loves the seamen brave,
By shelly beach, or in its choir-like cave,
Now sings their requiem.

The secret of their fate
Shall, when the sea gives up its dead, be shewn,
And God for judgment by his great White Throne
The world shall congregate.

Love is the first influence by which the soul is raised to a higher life.

Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes, and excites the least pity.

HOW DOCTOR BOWLES KEEPS HIS BROUGHAM.

I HAVE no doubt that people very often are exactly the reverse of what nature meant them for, and that many a Chancellor of the Exchequer would have juggled with knives, and collected a mild, but hard-earned competence by the balancing of donkeys, boys, and pewter-plates, while many an itinerant acrobat would have shone with grace as "the first dancer of his time," only circumstances willed it otherwise. I am no less certain that certain of our youth prepare themselves for the profession which is to give the stamp and character to their whole future lives, by doing everything that is out of character therewith, and by, in short, labouring to prove that nature never intended them to do anything serious or useful to themselves or other people.

O ye, whose arms and legs are going to be cut off to stay the progress of some malignant, yet gradual and treacherous mortification. O ye still more unhappy mortals, who "have nerves," and who are living a life of æther, galvanic bands and camphor mixture, who are condemned to early mornings of shower bath and friction, and who faint at the thought of a "bloater" for supper, little do ye know how young Doctor Bowles, who now drives a flourishing practice and a Brougham, little think ye how he lived when he was gradually—ay, very gradually,—acquiring the rudiments of the knowledge which now ties up the handle of your door, and condemns you to homœopathic cocoa and arrow-root!

Let us chat over a few of the practices of these building sons of *Æsculapius*, as we find them in large towns, and let us wonder how they sober into the steady practitioners, with whom we can trust the life of a wife or child, who are so often the go-betweens of life and death.

The medical student, perhaps, has just left a second-rate school (of course, we are not speaking of graduates in medicine who have gone through a regular university career,) and have imbibed as much of *Cæsar's Commentaries* and as little of *Xenophon* as boys usually do. His Greek is decidedly not of the quality requisite for the perusal of *Hippocrates*, and we fear that even *Celsus* will require a severe "grind." He writes a good hand, has not a particular passion for reading, but is of generally precocious habits, and smokes on the sly.

A year or two passes on. Papa and mamma are dreadfully at a loss what to do with him, for money does not abound in the Bowles family, and daughters do.

It is an anxious period. Mr. "Jem" Dol-drum (for such is his familiar *soubriquet*, and we believe it will stick to him through life, if he *shall* survive the publication of this paper,) is just of that age when a tailed coat

or surtout becomes a part of human nature, and when young men generally commence ruining themselves, and annoying their parents to their hearts' content. He has imbibed a strong partiality for theatres, which his indulgent mamma thinks an enormity, and then gives him the money to go with. He has been in love six times, and has "harrowed the feelings" of a most respectable baker's daughter at the corner of the street, leaving the feelings of the baker and his wife in a similarly agricultural condition. He is an adept at conjuring, tricks on cards, and comic songs; and has initiated two juvenile brothers into Mount Vesuvius, till one of them absolutely cried, because he was not allowed to exchange some "Dutch drops" for gunpowder. Moreover, he talks slang, and his father, who is a mild, benevolent sort of personage, does not like to ask him what he means, for fear of manifesting his own deficiencies.

"Jem" *must* go away, and *must* begin to "do for himself." Such is Mrs. Bowles' reflection as she rises in the morning, as she makes indefinite dumplings (quite enough to account for the sleeky, fat countenances of the Bowles family,) as she sips that one "suspicion" of gin-and-water, and as she composes herself on her pillow. Mr. Bowles is rather a "let-things-alone sort of person." He never interfered properly in anything domestic, and when he did, it was almost sure to prove a failure. If he scolded the servants, he generally made choice of the wrong one, and let the real offender escape. If he inspected accounts, he generally found out that somebody had been paid three-halfpence-farthing less than their due, but never complained when there was a mysterious leg of mutton or parcel of "Palmer's patent," for which no one could account, but the tradesman who introduced it into his bill. Accordingly, he did not give himself much anxiety, especially as he heard that "nothing was to be done without money."

It is our belief that the medical profession is entirely supported by maiden "aunts." They not only take an immense deal of medicine, and are of nervous habits, but they often help the young practitioner liberally at his outset in life. Mr. "Jem" Bowles was destined to experience the truth of this observation, for one morning there came a very large letter, with very large black edges, and a very large black seal, and then several people went to and fro in and from the direction of Doctors' Commons, and "Jem" soon found himself in possession of something more than £2,000.

"I know what I'll take to," observed he, after a lengthy discussion one evening on his future prospects, "I'll be a Sawbones. It's such fun."

This might have been thought a somewhat

light view for so solemn a profession, but the medical views of Mr. Bowles junior on the subject, had been chiefly derived from harmonic meetings, the pit of the Adelphi Theatre and similar localities. Hence he had been, like many other young men, taught to look rather at the recreative than the scientific part of the profession.

Behold him, therefore, ensconced in a private lodging near Gower street: Bermondsey was, fortunately, in his opinion, too far off to allow of him coming home with any comfort.

I cannot say much for the room. The furniture looks as if the proprietor was in the habit of throwing it out of the topmost window and fetching it up again, by way of warming himself after the manner of the immortal "log" in Joe Miller. There is a faint odour, as if the whole room had been washing itself in tobacco juice, but some white dust upon the rather greasy-looking table-cloth, and three or four black looking "short-clays" point to another solution of the difficulty.

There has evidently been a party. There is the bone of what was once a piece of beef, and there are oyster-shells enough for a poor neighbourhood, or to serve as stock in trade for that day which is emphatically marked as to be "remembered" in the street-calendar. There is a window broken, and there are indications of three chairs having been turned into an extemporaneous bedstead. And if we open that wainscot-door, we shall find that Esculapius, *i.e.* Jem, has been having soda-water, and that Jack Bones (who "passed" only yesterday) is trying vigorously to wash away the headache consequent on celebrating that event. But sponge, sponge, sponge,— "all great Neptune's ocean" is in vain; and he must even wait till it has punished him for a proper period.

Jack Bones and "Jem" live in the same house, and cultivate the same studies; *i.e.* beer at various hours, from eight a.m. to six a.m.; tobacco *ditto*; theatres, oysters, and other matters, varied by an occasional dip into Gregory and Carpenter, and relieved by a visit to the dissecting-room, or an hour's yawning at the lecture. Will either of them practice? Of course they will.

It is surprising how fast a young man may live, and yet pass his examination. The fact is creditable to the faculty; and it is to the honour of the authorities, that examinations are being made far more strict than hitherto, and that better feelings are diffusing themselves among the students themselves. When Friar Bacon first, in fear and trembling (for the study was a dangerous and a forbidden one) ventured to dissect the human frame, how different must have been *his* feelings from the coarse ribaldry, the irreverent treatment which the "stiff un" (as it is colloquially designated by medical students) of our

modern hospital-rooms so often experiences! Can any respect or high feeling for the living creature result from so barbarian a contempt for the lifeless remains?

But we are forgetting our "budding Æsculapius."

He has not wasted a great deal of money. Sooth to say, the luxuries of medical students are less expensive than those of Alma Mater, and a genuine love of beer begets a wholesome and most financially beneficial dislike for more expensive potations, and we cannot accuse the same gentleman of ultra extravagance in costume. They live a curious life, alternating between quiet, middle-class, safe society, and the very ruck of London or Sheffield (as the case may be.)

Mr. Bowles (for, somehow or other, as the final examination draws nigh, he has assumed an appearance, including a pair of spectacles, which it would be sheer indecorum to associate with any animal bearing the *soubriquet* of "Jem," Mr. Bowles, we repeat, has been reading. He is not a fool by nature, rather the reverse; but whether he might not have been a sounder scholar and a safer man to trust with other people's lives, had he husbanded his own rather better, is a question for his own conscience to decide.

Years, and years, and years roll on, and I am passing through—Square, not a thousand miles from Gower street, and looking very much as it used to look. Old ideas come across my mind, and every door knocker seems to have its suggestion. What is this? No. It cannot be. This tip-top three-windows-on-a-floor house, with the gigantic street door with the window on each side. What! yes! are my eyes indistinct, or has some imp been playing tricks with the brass plate? No. It is clear as crystal—"Dr. James Bowles." My fingers are on the knocker, and we are shaking hands, and in a minute we are asking each other more questions than the other can answer.

Everything is very professional. There is a skull with a double set of teeth, (the jaw being laid bare to disclose them,) a letter announcing the anniversary dinner of the Royal Ortho cranic and Antisclopendral Society, requesting the honour of Dr. Bowles' company, lying, quite by accident, on the consultation *bureau*. There is a collection of test tubes, an electrifying machine (by the way, Bowles has taken up magnetism, among the numerous other *isms* he professes,) a French work on the nerves half open (by the way,) I never knew that Bowles could read that language,) a bust of Liebig (there is a still larger bust of Bowles himself, I suppose presented by some grateful patient, on the side-board in the dining-room,) and abundance of books. There is an undoubted "button," and a most presentable footman, and, alto-

gether, our Æsculapius seems doing pretty well.

And so he may, for a certain part of the world—for those who cure their diseases by a sight of the Brougham at the door; for those who measure the size of a man's brain by the dimensions of his house front. But I wish well to "Jem" Bowles—and I keep myself and my family to our quiet little surgeon, who took few degrees, and had seen and read more when he was two-and-twenty than burly middle-aged "Jem" ever will, live to what age he may.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

"WELL after all," I exclaimed, "there are few things so comfortable as snug quarters in a good inn;" and, so saying, I drew up my chair a foot or so nearer the fire, and manifested the exuberance of my satisfaction and soundness of the poker by reducing a superincumbent mass of the best Walls-end to minute fragments. A ride of some eighty miles outside the mail in a biting November day had thrown me into that state of delicious languor, which disposes one to regard anything in the best light, and I had abandoned myself to the enjoyment of the pleasurable, so far as it was to be obtained in the best parlour of the head inn in the provincial town of Nibblington. A neat repast had feasted me "light and choice," and a second tumbler of brandy and water, "warm with," stood exhaling its fragrance at my elbow. The fire was in fine spirits, and went laughing and cracking merrily up the chimney: it took part in the satisfaction it afforded—we were sworn friends.

"What a glorious thing it is," I muttered to myself, as I rested my heels upon the fender, and stretched myself backwards into my chair,— "what a glorious thing it is this taking one's ease in one's inn! It hath a relish almost too fine for earth—it smacks of Elysium! You have cheated fate for once, given business the go-by, and left the anxieties that dog your footsteps daily, in the lurch. Here you are 'yourself alone,'—none to thwart, to fret, to frown upon you,—with a few sovereigns in your pocket, you are yourself a king. How respectful is mine host?—he is your chancellor, and holds you tenderly in his keeping, as royal consciences are kept. The waiters, how obsequious!—'like angels, ever eager-eyed,'—these be your ministers, watchful to do your will all the more that the prospect of the *gratuity* to be secured thereby is ever vividly present to their imagination. The chambermaids, your maids of honour, and honoured as maids,—lighting you to

dreams of love and bliss, like second Heros, with warning-pan and bed-room candlestick of brass. Your bed—but, eood! I never thought of that,”—and I started up and tugged the bell in considerable trepidation.

My call was answered by the appearance of one of those smirking animals, that go about inns with towels over their left arms.

“Have you secured a bed for me?”

“Yezzir.” I resolved the dog should have an additional half-crown for his attention. “Sorry, sir, could not let you have a room to yourself, sir.”

“Eh, what!” I exclaimed, and my contemplated generosity sunk at once below zero.

“Single bedrooms all engaged, sir.”

“The devil!”

“Yezzir,—full of lawyers, sir. Assizes this week—crowded—not a corner to cram a cat in.”

“And where am I to be stowed away pray?”

“Excellent apartment, sir—third story behind—two capital beds, well-aired. Other gin’l’m’n very quiet, sir.”

“Who or what is he?”

“Don’t know sir. Came here a week ago, sir—breakfast at ten minutes to eight precisely—cup of coffee, sir, and a half a roll—goes out, and comes home at eleven every night. Mute as a mouse tried myself to draw him out—wouldn’t work, sir. Strange man, sir—neither speaks nor eats—how he lives, can’t tell—what he does, ditto—where he goes, a mystery as dark as *Om-nibus*, sir.”

“Hum! Queer fish, seemingly.”

“Yezzir, singular man, sir—indeed I may say, a very singular man, sir. Seems in rather low spirits, sir.—Any more brandy and water, sir?”

I ordered a fresh supply of this terrestrial nectar, and flung myself into my chair with the air of a man who feels himself a victim to untoward destiny.

That this should have happened to me, of all men in the world!—to me, who never could tolerate bedfellows in my life!—slept with locked door and window fast and not a soul within half a dozen rooms of me—me, whose chief motive for remaining single—my Marion was certainly a very, very charming creature!—I do half incline to believe, was the horror of having my habit of loneliness invaded! Possibly the wretch snores. Oh, horrible! most horrible! Well if I do strangle him, no enlightened jury *can* bring in a worse verdict against me than that of “justifiable homicide.” Looks melancholy, too? Oh your melancholy men have a trick of speaking in their sleep; and I shall be kept shuddering all night

at his incoherent *ohs!* and *ahs!* It is positively too bad! And again I dashed the poker into the bowels of the fire, and stirred it fiercely. The exercise only threw my brain into a livelier state of activity, and my fancies assumed a darker hue. To be shut up in an out-o’-the way room in a confounded old rambling wilderness of an inn, with a fellow whom nobody knows anything about!—to have your valise and breeches-pockets ransacked, their “silver lining turned out upon the night,” while you are wooing the caresses of the drowsy god,—or possibly, like the Irish member, to wake in the morning and find your throat cut! A cold line seemed to be drawn across my weasand at the thought, and I groaned inwardly. Seizing my brandy and water, I whipped it off at a gulp; but it had lost its flavour,—was cold, vapid, ineffectual stuff, and left no relish on the palate. I sank into a reverie, a dull and quasi-collapse state of misery, on starting from which I found that the fire had sunk down to a few cinders and a ghost of a flame, which looked up for a moment, as if to reproach me for my neglect, and quietly went out. Conjuring up a smile at my fears,—a very hectic sort of an affair, indeed,—I called for a light, and, following the pilotage of the ‘cham’maid,’ was heralded along a succession of passages, and up a labyrinth of staircase, until I reached the room that had been selected as my dormitory.

Its dimensions were something of the smallest. Two beds, placed directly opposite each other, engrossed three-fourths of the apartment. They were divided by an alley of some four feet in breadth, at the end of which, in the window recess, stood a table with the usual appurtenances of mirror and carafes, and the window itself looked out upon Cimmerian darkness, and the devil knows what. The other furnishings consisted of certain cane chairs, whose appearance was anything but calculated to inspire confidence in their trustworthiness. “The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire,” stood shivering in the yawning fireplace, above which a cloudy mezzotint, conveying the faintest possible intimation of a blasted heath, with a gibbet in perspective, decorating a wall, which time and damp had reduced from its primitive shade of green to the most miscellaneous diversity of tints. Here was an appearance of things, not certainly the most favorable for dissipating the unpleasant feelings that had for some time been fretting my lesser intestines to the tenuity of fiddlestrings; but I put a bold face upon the matter, and after a leisurely survey of the apartment deposited myself in bed. Sleep, however, was not to be thought of till the arrival

of the person who was to share the apartment with me. and I lay forming all sorts of speculations as to his probable appearance. At length, towards midnight, a heavy step sounded on the staircase, and I heard some one advancing with a stately tread to the room in which I lay. Now, then, for a solution of my uncertainty. I half raised myself on my elbow to examine the person that should enter. The door opened leisurely, and a figure advanced into the room, that increased rather than abated my perplexity. It was that of a tall, powerfully-built man, dressed all in black, with a cloak of the same color about his shoulders, and as he held the candle before him as though he held it not, its light fell upon features of a character singularly impressive, but pale and ghastly, as it were, with untold woe. His long raven hair fell away in masses from his forehead, like blackening pines upon a lightning-scathed mountain summit, and his eyes burned with a dull, moveless glare. He appeared to be utterly unconscious of my presence, notwithstanding my endeavors to excite his attention by sundry admonitory coughs and hems. Finding these of no avail, I resolved to attack him more directly, and, in an indifferent a tone as I could muster, exclaimed,

"Good night, sir!"—no answer—"Good night, sir!" with a stronger emphasis—still not a word; and it was not till I had repeated the salutation several times that he turned his eyes upon me. And oh! what an inward hell did that look reveal!—in words that dropped like minute-guns from his lips, he said—

"I wish you *may* have a good night, sir."

This was enough; I was thoroughly relieved of any desire for further converse with a gentleman of this kidney; so he relapsed into his abstraction, and I into my pillow and speculations.

I was fatigued, and would fain have slept, but this I soon found to be impossible. In vain I turned from left side to right, from right to left, and then in despair threw myself on my face, and dug my head into the pillow. I tried to think of discourses on political economy, of sermons on temperance, of all the most sovereign narcotics I could recall. I repeated the alphabet letter by letter, and then groped my way through the multiplication table; but it was of no use. Sleep was not to be cajoled. The gentleman in black had betaken himself to bed. The room was as dark as midnight could make it, and I heard a sigh, and the curtains drawn closely round in front of where he lay. Strange precaution, I thought. What can he mean? Has he the same doubts of me that are haunting me with regard

to him, and so wishes to place the slight barrier of a piece of dimity between us? Or perhaps the gentleman is conscious of sleeping in rather an ungainly style—tosses his bed-clothes off him, perhaps, or lies with his mouth agape, like a fish in the death pang—and may not wish the morning light to disclose his weakness? But this comfortable view of the matter soon faded away as the remembrance of his appearance pressed upon my vision. Those features so pale and rigid; that massive figure, trained in no ordinary toils, those eyes dead to all outward objects, and lighted up with fires that seemed inwardly consuming him, stared vividly before me. I saw him as he entered the room, and went through all the operation of undressing, with a motion merely mechanical. What could have so palsied the senses and the will? Was it remorse for some unutterable guilt that preyed upon his heart, or was he even then meditating some act of inexpiable crime? I was lying there alone, in darkness, with a felon, perhaps a murderer! And then his answer to my friendly salutation, "I wish you *may* have a good night, sir!" came back upon my ear. *May* have a good night! There was, then, a doubt, which even he confessed. I stirred in my bed with as much noise as possible, coughing at the same time, to see if I could elicit any corresponding sound from my opposite neighbour. But all was hushed. I could not even catch his breathing. Oh, I thought, he must be gone to sleep. He at least takes the matter easy. But still his words—"I wish you *may* have a good night, sir!"—haunted me. What was there to prevent my having a good night, but something of which he himself was alone conscious? The night was a quiet one, and our room too much out of the way to be visited by any of the usual sleep-dispelling noises of an inn? Would to heaven it had been less so! Again, I thought of the curtains drawn so carefully in front of his bed. Might he be not behind them preparing the knife, with which he was to spring upon my secure slumbers? I coughed louder than before, to assure him that I was still wakeful. This horrible fancy now took entire possession of my mind. His sepulchral "I wish you *may* have a good night!" pealed a perpetual alarm in my ears. It was an intimation to settle accounts with the world.

He would not kill my unprepared spirit. Not he! He was a sentimental murderer, an amateur assassin, and fate had kindly quitted me into his grasp. I lay riveted to my couch, expecting every moment to hear the curtains torn apart, and to feel his fingers at my throat. Every nerve

and faculty were strained to the utmost pitch, till even the suspense grew more fearful than the reality itself could have been. A deathlike stillness filled the chamber. Its "very hush and creeping" grew oppressive. The stirring of a mouse would have been worth worlds to me.

Worn out with excitement, I fell into a perturbed and gasping slumber, and, on starting from it, my ear seemed to catch the expiring echo of a groan. It might, however, have only been the wind striking a favorite note in the crannies of the chimney. Day had by this time begun to break, and the glad some light gave me courage to look out between my curtains. Those of the opposite bed were still down, and its inmate seemed locked in profound repose. I turned my eyes towards the window to strengthen myself by the sight of some cheering object against the anxieties that still hung about my mind, and found that it looked out upon a desolate court, commanding a prospect at the same time of which the leading features were some crazy old chimney stacks. The sky was wet and weltering, and no sound of life was audible, except the occasional rattle of a cart blended with the driver's whoop, rousing the echoes of the slumbering streets. The whole feeling of the time and place was as cheerless as possible; and, to complete my discomfort, a superannuated raven, a creature worn with the throes of luckless prophecy, settled upon a chimney right before my eyes, and began croaking its monotonous chaunt of woe. Oh, how that eternal "caw! caw!" did chafe me, "mingling strangely with my fears," and pre-
saging the coming on of some unknown horror! It threw my thoughts back into their old channel. Alarm, however, had now given place to curiosity, and I demanded at all hazards to know more of the mysterious man who had occasioned me such a night of torture. I lay intent to catch the minutest sound, but in vain. Fine-car himself, that hears the grass grow in the fairy-tale, could not have detected the shadow of a breath. This, I thought is the most unaccountable man I ever met with. He comes nobody knows whence, goes nobody knows where, eats nothing, drinks nothing, and says nothing,—and sleeps like no other mortal beneath the sun. I must and will sound the heart of this mystery.

Here was I, with fevered pulse and throbbing brow, after a night of agony, while the cause of my uneasiness was taking deep draughts of that "tired Nature's sweet restorer," of which his singular appearance and ominous words had effectually robbed me. It was not more strange than provoking. I could bear this state of things no

longer, and discharged a volley of tearing coughs, as if all the pulmonary complaints of the town had taken refuge in my individual chest. Still there was not a movement to indicate the slightest disturbance on the part of my tormentor. I sprang out of bed, and paced up and down the room, making as much noise as possible by pushing the chairs about, and hitching the dressing table along the floor. Still my enemy slept on. I rushed to the fire-place, and rattled the shovel and poker against one another. He cannot but stir at this, I thought; and I listened in the expectation of hearing him start. Still the same deathlike silence continued. I caught up the fire-irons, and hurling them together against the grate. They fell with a crash that might have startled the seven sleepers,—and I waited in a paroxysm of anxiety for the result which I had anticipated. But there were the close curtains as before, and not a sound issued from behind them to indicate the presence of any living thing. I was in a state bordering upon frenzy. The fearful suspense of the past night, the agony of emotions with which I had been shaken, working upon a body greatly fatigued, had left me in a fever of excitement, which, if it had continued, must have ended in madness. I was wild with a mixed sensation of dread, curiosity, and suspense. One way or another this torture must be ended. I rushed towards the bed; upsetting the dressing-table in my agitation. I tore open the curtains, and there, O God! lay the cause of all my agony, a suicide, weltering in a pool of blood. I felt my naked foot slip in a something moist and slimy. Oh, Heaven, the horror of that plashy gore! I fell forwards on the floor, smitten as by a thunderbolt into insensibility.

When I revived I found the room crowded with people. The noise of my fall had alarmed the occupants of the room beneath, and they had burst into the chamber where we lay. But my sufferings were not yet at an end. The noises I had made in endeavouring to rouse the stranger had been heard, and were now construed into the struggle between the murderer and his victim. How it happened I know not, but the razor with which the suicide had effected his purpose was found within my grasp. This was deemed proof-conclusive of my guilt, and I stood arraigned as a murderer in the eyes of my fellow-men. For months I was the tenant of a dungeon. "It passed, a weary time;" but at length my trial came. I was acquitted, and again went forth with an untainted name. But the horrors of that night have cast a blight upon my spirit that will cling to it through life; and I evermore execrate the wretch who first projected the idea of A DOUBLE BEDDED CHAMBER.

THE HACHICHE SMOKER;
OR, THE HISTORY OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT.

THE lovers of the *hachiche* or, *tecrouri*, who are a very numerous body in Costantina, generally consume it in small pipes, about the size of a lady's thimble. Some of them, however, swallow it in the form of pills. It is generally understood that, when taken in the latter form, this narcotic operates with greater power upon the nervous system. It excites singular hallucinations, and is provocative of every excess engendered by the unrestrained violence of the passions.

The *hachaichi*, or consumer of *hachiche*, delights in music, flowers, dogs, hunting the hedgehog, and in the delicious song of a species of *bruant*, or ortolan. His house or soap is ever ornamented with bouquets of the most brilliant flowers, natural or artificial. He surrounds himself with nightingales, goldfinches, and ortolans, which he trains with much care, and confines in beautiful cages, formed of slender reeds and the variegated quills of the porcupine. The ecstatic reveries of the *hachaichi* present nearly always the same idea. One fancies himself upon a throne, surrounded by a brilliant court; another becomes a bird of prey, penetrates through the upper air, and travels over the universe; a third feels himself endowed with a supernatural heroism, and indulges in inflated bluster. The *hachiche*, like wine, creates merriment in some and anger in others: in one it induces silence, in another foolish loquacity.

Whatever may be the peculiarity of the hallucination, the fate of the *hachaichi* is well known. He becomes either a moping idiot, or a raving madman, and consequently a Mahometan priest. Then he attains to a position in society. In every parish he is certain of a dinner. Rich men contend for the honor of lodging him in the vestibule of their houses. It is not the humble tradesmen alone who zealously furnish him with shoes and garments.

There lived in Costantina, during the reign of Daly-Bey, a famous *hachaichi*, named Bakir-bou-Djaloula. He was an embroiderer of the *djebiras*, or sabre-dashes of the Arabian cavaliers. His shop, which was contiguous to the ancient palaces of the sultans, in the street of the Saradjine, or the saddlers, became the rendezvous of the lovers of the *kif*, or *hachiche*. At his house congregated several young men, sons of the caids, and the superior officers of the court: choice spirits, who pitied Mahomet for his ignorance of the joys of the *hachiche*!

It is not habitual with an Arabian story-teller to trace in detail the portrait of his hero. He contents himself generally with indicating one or two traits of his character, and adding, that he was as beautiful as the moon when four days old, or as ugly as a *ghoul*, or vampire! We shall proceed otherwise, because it is of importance to our European readers that we enter a little more into particulars. Bakir-bou Djaloula was twenty years of age, and of full figure: his eyes were large and well formed, though placed rather obliquely; a trifling languor in the pupil, and a partial drooping of the eyelid, gave to his expression somewhat of a vague and absent character. The

continual inflation of his mobile nostrils, and the curved form of his upper lip, shadowed by a deep chestnut-colored moustache, indicated, however, something of a fiercer nature. His hands and feet, always naked, as is customary with the Arabs, exhibited the most perfect form and symmetry. Bou Djaloula belonged to the aristocracy of the working men, for he was an embroiderer upon Morocco. The care which he bestowed on his toilet heightened the effect of his personal carriage. Notwithstanding the least possible touch of eccentricity in the form of his turban, which was of white muslin, interworked with raw silk, his costume was in good taste. He wore wide trousers of lilac cloth, a vest and two underwaistcoats of rich green taffeta, from Tanis; and over the whole, a long *haïf*, or *djerid* of white silk, with cords of the same color; and which, passing from beneath his turban, gracefully enveloped his figure. As he sat thus attired in his shop, in the street of the Saradjine, a stranger would have taken him for a son of the bey, or the pacha!

With regard to disposition, Bou-Djaloula resembled no one in particular. Although he conducted himself with a propriety and a self-respect becoming his condition; although alms fell from his hands in a beneficent shower; although during the day, all true believers in the prophet admired his reserved demeanor; yet the moment the sun sank below the earth, he delivered himself up entirely to an existence of the most eccentric character. The Mussulman artisans, pretty well to do, have generally a shop in the commercial, and a house in the more retired part of the city. The house of Bou-Djaloula, after the prayer of *acha*, became the scene of the most fantastic pleasures, indulged in by young men famous for wit, musical talent, or skill in the chase. There Bakir-bou-Djaloula became transformed into an Eastern poet. His saloon was ornamented with rich carpets, of the most brilliant dyes, and illuminated after the fashion of the grand mosque on the night of the *mauloud*, or the nativity of the prophet. Enormous bouquets of flowers decorated the walls of the apartment. With an ibrik, or vase of silver, a negro sprinkled the guests with water distilled from orange-flowers. The pipe of *kif* passed from hand to hand, and while the nightingales, the goldfinches, and the ortolans, struggled for supremacy in the execution of *fl. ritures* and brilliant variations, the guests sank upon soft cushions, overpowered by the delicious rapture of the growing hallucination. Then arose bursts of laughter and bravadoes; then the thrilling tones of a passionate love-song; then the jest and repartee of the wit; and then—sensual silence!

"The pitcher doth not always return from the fountain uninjured," saith an old Arab proverb. Bakir-bou-Djaloula, by a frequent indulgence, was eventually oppressed with a mental drowsiness that reduced him almost to the condition of a mute. He spoke only in monosyllables. His fingers had ceased to touch the threads of gold, with which he formerly traced fantastic arabesques on the Morocco leather. The city itself appeared to him as a filthy place of abode, and the giddy chatter of his companions lost all its attraction. He loved to walk alone upon the ter-

rage of the Mécid, to the north-east of Costantina, and to seat himself upon one of the little grassy spots which tower like eagles' nests amongst the precipices overhanging the river Rou-el. There he would remain for hours, until he became re-born to the world. What gratified him still more than these green spots, dotting the rocky mountain summit, was the aspect of the meadows, sprinkled with marshmallows and spring daisies; but nothing so effectually dispelled the vapors of his midnight hallucinations as the splendor of the mid-day sun. If sometimes he remained a few hours at home, it was simply to enjoy the song of a pretty astour, which he had captured during the preceding year in one of those sporting excursions into which the smokers of the *hachiche* enter with such passionate enthusiasm. This bird had acquired considerable reputation amongst the lovers of kif, on account of the fulness and sweetness of its voice. Bou-Djaloula had caused to be constructed for it, by a skilful workman of Tunis, a cage of ivory and ebony, filagreed with golden wire, and between the pillars of which glittered small crystal prisms. So devoted was the affection of the *hachaichi* for his winged songster, that he had begun to regard it as a transformed djinn, upon the preservation of which depended his happiness and prosperity! Heaven knows whether or not the brain of Bou-Djaloula was slightly deranged!

One morning he strolled through the street Feramebou-Roume, leading to El-Kantara, enveloped in his cloak, his thoughts began to wander. He ascended silently the rising ground of the Mansoura, to the south of Costantina, seated himself upon the margin of a field of wheat, and fell into a slumber. He dreamed a dream. He thought that he gathered a grain of wheat; that this grain placed in the earth produced sixty *epis*; these sixty the following year yielded one *saa* (nearly three bushels); that the *saa* produced the third year ten *saas*; and that at the conclusion of ten years he was in the possession of so large a quantity of wheat, that a king alone would be able to purchase the whole produce. The cool zephyrs of the evening having awakened our *hachaichi*, he arose, but continued his dream as he descended towards the city. He found a grain of wheat in his hand, which, for safety, he placed in his mouth, and gave free scope to his imagination.

"When my crops shall have attained such gigantic proportions," said he to himself, "I shall be at a loss how or where to store them. I shall require a large number of warehouses; and who will let them to me? Ah! it is true! Who will be able to furnish buildings sufficiently spacious? Stay! I think the bey would not refuse me the state granaries for a sufficient consideration. The bey is desirous to increase his resources, and I shall be most happy to do him a service!"

So saying, he arrived at the Turkish *cafe*, in the street of the Jews. The caïd-el djabri, or comptroller of subsistences, was at the moment seated upon one of the external benches, and perceiving Bakir pass, courteously invited him to partake of a cup of coffee. The dreamer accepted the invitation with a gracious smile, kissed the shoulder of the caïd, and seated himself. A few minutes afterwards, he inquired in a calm tone,

and with a dignified air, if the bey would be disposed to let him his granaries for the hoysing of his crops. The question was put with so much gravity and decorum of manner, that the honest functionary dreamed not of suspicion. He intimated that he would with pleasure undertake to communicate his wishes to the seigneur Daly-Bey. After this conversation they separated, and the caïd hastened to the palace. It is necessary to premise that the crops of the royal demesnes had failed in the preceeding year, and that, consequently, the bey had been compelled to resort to divers painful expedients. Added to which, at this unfortunate juncture, and at the moment when Bou-Djaloula was cradling his infant dreams of prosperity, an untoward event had aggravated the embarrassment of the sovereign ruler. Bou-Raad, caïd of the Segnaïs, had raised the standard of revolt. For the purpose of stifling the insurrection in its birth, which from day to day assumed a more menacing aspect, Daly-Bey had resolved to proceed immediately to the theatre of the rebellion, and place himself at the head of his army.

On hearing the proposition addressed to him by the caïd, Daly-Bey saw instantly the means by which he felt assured the province might be saved. In the Musselman world, affairs of business are rapidly matured. For fear of losing so favourable an opportunity of strengthening his resources, the prince determined to attach to his interest the rich proprietor, by giving him a position at the court, and marrying him to one of his daughters! On the following day, an officer of the palace knocked at the door of Bakir-bou-Djaloula, who through living merely upon *madjoune* or *tecrouri* pills, had, so to speak, lost the habit of feeling emotion of any kind whatever. He listened to the word of the messenger, raised himself tranquilly, and marched with calm indifference towards the palace, as though he were merely returning to his shop in the street of the Saradjine. On his approach, negroes, guards, and officials retired respectfully. His hallucination continued; all the honours showered upon him appeared due to his position!

The door of the medjless, or state reception-room, opened, and the bey, a venerable man with a long white beard, advanced to the threshold to receive the new comer. "God protect thee, my son!" said he in an affable tone; "we have passed the morning in awaiting thy coming." He then offered to Bakir one of the brocaded cushions upon which he reclined. The embroiderer of sabre-dashes immediately seated himself upon the couch of his highness, to the great amazement of the caïds, caïdis, muphtis, and cheikhs, who crowded the hall. After the usual complimentary ceremonies, Daly-Bey introduced the more important business; but it appeared to him unworthy and undignified to commence with the matter relative to the storage of wheat. He preferred in the first place, to attach to himself the rich capitalist by indissoluble ties, and therefore offered to him the hand of his youngest daughter. "When he shall have become my relative," thought he, "I shall hold his fortune in my hands; the finances of the country will be replenished, and I shall be enabled to pay to the Pacha of Algiers the tribute of the province with-

out the necessity of levying an additional impost." Bou-Djaloula exhibited a becoming sensibility of the honour done to him by the bey, his imperturbable *sang froid* enabled him to keep his countenance; and he played his part admirably to the conclusion. The bey wished the marriage to take place immediately, and the cadis shortly afterwards read the marriage documents, when it appeared that no dower was required from Bou-Djaloula.

A day passed. On the following morn preparations were made for the nuptial ceremonies. *Pétes* were given in the public places of the city; at the bazaar of Soul-el-Asr, dances of negroes; at the grand square of Sissi-Djellis, the performances of jugglers from Morocco; and at Rahbet-el-Djema, the feats of the *acrobata* mountebanks, with their serpents, dogs, and poignards. Although every one gazed with admiration at the dignified calmness of the newly betrothed, his languid eyes evinced scarcely a single mark of gratification as he walked over the city, and accorded a few smiles to his companions. When the evening arrived the grand dignitaries of the *makzen* had the honour to assist at the nuptials of Bou-Djaloula! Each kissed his hands and studied how to gain his favour, for in honoring him they gratified the Bey of Constantina. At length, in the midst of the banqueting, two negroes silently raised the curtains of embroidered velvet at the extremity of the hall, when Daly-Bey arose, took the hand of his son-in-law, and conducted him to the apartment of his daughter. The lucky embroiderer of sabre-dashes was allied to his highness by the most sacred of ties. Yet it would soon become necessary to render due consideration for such honour; and how was he to reveal the truth to the bey? Allah rules the universe! It is God alone can save his creatures!

Bou-Djaloula firmly believed the bey would, the following day, demand an account of his possessions; at the thought whereof the fear of death shook his heart, notwithstanding the stolid indifference by which it was enveloped. Heaven, however, willed it otherwise. Daly-Bey, on his part, feared acting too precipitately in the matter, lest his son-in-law might be induced to conceal a portion of his wealth. He conceived the excellent idea of dragging from him his secret by female interposition, and said to his wife, "Thou shalt order thy daughter to ask him in what hiding-places his crops of grain are provisionally deposited." The wife made no further question, but sought her daughter and prevailed upon her to employ all the influence of her charms to obtain the revelation which interested so deeply not only the family, but the state itself.

Is it no profitable for man to be rational or mad? That is the question with which we commenced.

Bakir-bou-Djaloula, violently ejected from his life of reverie, marched for the first time upon the highway of real life. Rational thoughts began to crowd his awakening brain. He distinctly heard the voice of the *barrak*, or public crier, proclaim his execution in the street of the Saradjine. Why did he not stick to his embroidery? Nevertheless, he determined bravely to meet his fate. He returned to his chamber, gazed with admiration upon his wife, seated him-

self beside her, and saw in her so much beauty and grace, that love germinated in his heart, and then he regretted to die. Yet, at the age of twenty, the thought of death itself sinks into oblivion beneath the gaze of a beloved one. A single pressure of his bride's beautiful hand dissipated the gloom as if by enchantment. Lella Sicambeur (his wife was so named) took up a *derbouka*, or chrystal tambourine, and striking her delicate fingers on the resonant skin, marked the measure to a national melody. With this prelude the husband mingled the tones of his voice. An hour afterwards the young wife asked, with the apparent indifference of a confiding lover, wherefore he hesitated so long to discover his treasures; why he made a mystery of so ordinary a matter; and above all, wherefore he left his beloved companion in the anguish of uncertainty? The prince of a single day kissed the forehead of the curious beauty; then, gliding two of his fingers beneath his moustache, he drew from his mouth the grain of wheat, and said, "Behold my capital! With this and the help of Heaven, we shall become the opulent of the earth!" The daughter of the bey suddenly waxed pale and fainted. Her husband was mad!

Bou-Djaloula had not forgotten, in taking possession of the sumptuous apartments in the palace which the bey had granted for his use, to cause the cage of his cheished asfour to be transferred there. Lella Sicambeur had only a single fault, but it certainly was not the one least annoying to a husband desirous of peace. She was jealous! The predilection which Bakir appeared to entertain for his winged melodist had given her from the first much disquietude; and as, from the injury she has received a woman extracts the revenge, so, with the rapidity of thought, she hastened to profit by the absence of her husband, and maliciously opened the door of the cage in which strutted the odious rival. Seduced by the fragrance of the orange-groves, the myrtles, and pomegranate-trees, the graceful branches of which waved in the breeze near to the window where its costly prison was fixed, the asfour hesitated not to profit by the occasion apparently so generously accorded. With a single stroke of its wing, it reached an acacia redolent with flowers, from which it poured forth the most delicious cadences, as though in thanks to the beautiful being to whom it owed its liberty. Lella Sicambeur, nevertheless, felt some uneasiness when reflecting upon the probable consequences of this little *coup d'état*, accomplished but a few minutes before the conversation took place which we have just narrated. The symptoms of alienation which Bou-Djaloula had manifested in her presence had redoubled the anxiety of her heart.

During the whole evening not a word was exchanged between the young people. Nothing was left for Bakir but to sleep. As soon as the morning, with her new-born rays, gilded the nuptial couch, he descended into the gardens of the palace. Near to the groves of jasmin was a terrace of white marble, where Daly-Bey repaired each day for the performance of his religious duties. Thither Bou-Djaloula directed his steps, and uttered a fervent prayer to the Most High to close the abyss which fate had dug for ore him. Previously to the commencement of his devotions

laid upon the marble before him the magic grain of wheat, the singular cause of his reveries and his ephemeral grandeur. In strict accordance with the traditional ceremonies of the faithful followers of the prophet, he knelt and raised himself alternately while reciting some verses from the Koran. He had prostrated himself for the third time, and fervently kissed the marble at his feet, when a slight touch, very like that produced by the wing of a bird, caused him suddenly to raise his eyes. What was his surprise when he saw his favourite asfour perched upon a strawberry plant at a short distance from him, and devouring with singular relish the unfortunate grain of wheat! Although the vapours engendered in his brain by the *tecururi* had begun to dissipate, Bou-Djaloula still regarded this grain of wheat as a kind of talisman, the loss of which would precipitate the terrible *denouement*, the very thought of which shook his limbs with terror. But how had the bird escaped, and by what strange fatality had it alighted upon the marble at the very moment when Bakir had placed before him the grain of wheat! The thought was sufficient to light up within him a choleric frenzy that speedily transformed the smoker of *kachaichi* into a ferocious animal.

"Ah! wretched ingrate," cried he, "not only dost thou abandon me; not only dost thou forget all my love and care for thee, but thou darest still to rob me of my last hope. Alive or dead, I will retake thee." Impatiently he rushed to his chamber, armed himself with a fowling-piece, and hastened in pursuit of the deserter. The asfour, in sight of its master, uttered a piercing cry and took flight over the palace walls in the direction of the Goudiat-Ati, to the west of Costantina. Bou-Djaloula hurriedly ascended the mountain, upon the summit of which stood an old olive-tree, partially broken by the winds. The heart of the *kachaichi* beat violently as he approached the tree: he hoped the fugitive would alight upon it. A slight twitter was heard, the asfour once more rose and directed its course towards the south; yet there was no hurry or precipitancy about its flight. It appeared rather to delight in flitting about or floating motionless in the air, as if awaiting the approach of its master. Still it carefully kept at such a distance as though it were sensible of the danger menaced by the fowling-piece of Bou-Djaloula. The whole of one of the longest days in summer was consumed in this pursuit, and when evening arrived the *kachaichi* found himself completely exhausted by thirst and fatigue.

They entered a lonely valley, beneath the thick umbrageous shadows of which a limpid stream preserved a delicious coolness. The asfour, now fatigued than his master, alighted upon a sauberry-tree, overlooking a miniature paradise. "Ah, wicked bird!" exclaimed Bou-Djaloula, as he quenched his thirst in the liquid crystal flowing beneath a grove of rose-laurels; "at length I have overtaken thee. Thy life alone shall satisfy my vengeance!" Already his finger presses the trigger; the fate of the winged songstress is sealed! But, hark! A sound resembling the galloping of a fiery steed arrests his hand! Bou-Djaloula, fearing the arrival of an enemy, instantly threw himself upon the ground, in the midst of a

dense thicket, and steadily fixed his eye upon the spot from which the horseman was approaching. He soon distinguished a man, tall and robust, with an eye of fire and armed with a musket! What could be his business in such a solitary spot? Bou-Djaloula held his breath and observed him intently. On arriving near the rose-laurels, the stranger reined in his horse, and gazing around him, anxiously listened to hear if the slightest sound revealed the presence of a fellow-being. Confident he had no witness of his deeds, he vaulted from the saddle and alighted near the edge of the rivulet. Close to the spot lay an enormous stone. He raised this rock from its place with a facility that proclaimed extraordinary muscular power. It covered a small trench or hollow. Bou-Djaloula saw him detach from the saddle a large valise, and cautiously deposit it in this hole. More mystery! The man must have selected so retired a spot for the concealment of things most precious to him.

At the moment the stranger bent himself over the hole, Bou-Djaloula distinctly saw his features. This mysterious cavalier was no other than the redoubtable Bou-Râad, the caïd of the Segnais! The son-in-law of Daly-Bey was in the presence of the rebel chief against whom his father had determined to march in person. A shrill scream from the asfour aroused the *kachaichi* from the stupor into which he was falling. Recalling all his coolness, courage, and skill, he steadily took aim at the heart of Bou-Râad! A report echoes through the hills! "Allah! Allah!" cried the Arab chief, as he sank, mortally wounded, to the earth. The terrified bird instantly took flight.

So intense were the emotions of Bou-Djaloula, that they effected a complete revolution in his mental condition. His thoughts gradually recovered their distinctness, and his reason, as if awakened from a long lethargy, resumed its empire over his senses. After bowing his head to the earth, and returning thanks to the Most High, he cut off the head of the caïd, enveloped it in a haïk, and drew the valise from the hole. These trophies secured, he mounted the stranger's horse, put spurs into his flanks and galloped towards Costantina.

The appearance of Rou-Râad had sufficiently informed Bakir that he was in an enemy's country, and that so long as he remained his life was in imminent danger. An hour's hard galloping over hill and dale brought him, terrified and exhausted, within sight of a narrow gorge or ravine, desfilng from which he perceived a numerous troop of horsemen. Flight was impossible. The unhappy *kachaichi* raised his eyes to heaven, and resigned himself without resistance to what appeared his inevitable fate. He already fancied he felt the cold blade of the yataghan enter his heaving chest, when the cry of "Bou-Djaloula!" repeated by a hundred voices, struck upon his ear. He was immediately surrounded by the cavaliers of the Bey of Costantina, and eagerly hurried forward into the presence of their leader, who followed at a short distance his advanced guard. At the sight of his son-in-law the prince of the true believers frowned ominously, and appeared about to issue some sinister order, when Bou-Djaloula hastily disentangled from the folds of the haïk the head of Bou-Râad. "Oh

my master!" cried he, "thy slave had sworn to partake of neither food nor rest until he had avenged thee upon a treacherous and rebellious subject. His vow is accomplished; for behold! oh, my prince! the head and the treasures of the caïd of the Segnais!" The sight of the gold and precious stones which fell from the valice marvellously allayed the anger of the bey; but his delirious joy burst all bounds when he saw upon the earth the bleeding head of his terrible enemy, Bou-Râad, whose very name signifieth "redoubtable as the thunder!" "God is great!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my son! it is he who has guided thy steps, as it was he who inspired me with the wish to unite thee to my well-beloved child!"

After the preliminary expressions of congratulation and assurances of friendship, Bakir, the ex-dreamer, was invited to relate how he was enabled to accomplish so marvellous a deed as the conquest of the valiant caïd by his single arm, and in the bosom of his powerful tribe! Bakir's imagination was not often at fault. He therefore drew largely from it, and gave a most plausible coloring to the adventure. His proofs were before them; and, what was more, there existed no one to dispute his statement.

The soldiers, shouting aloud as with one voice, proclaimed Bou-Djaloula the prince of cavaliers, the émir of warriors, the blessed of God!

The tribe of the Segnais having made humble submission and paid a large tribute, the army returned to Costantina.

The dream commenced in a field of wheat and finished with a triumph, the splendor of which is spoken of by the people to this hour. In place of his imaginary capital, the fortunate embroiderer of sabre-dashes became possessed of a more tangible treasure in the shape of diamonds, gold, and precious stones!

What availeth wisdom?

A PERFECT STRANGER.

AN addition of more than ordinary interest has recently been made to the collection of animals in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, in the shape of a fine specimen of the great ant eater, or ant bear, as it is sometimes called, from South America. Being the first animal of the kind ever exhibited alive in Europe, it has attracted an unusual degree of attention, and for a considerable time figured in the daily advertisement in the newspapers as the chief *lion* of the Gardens.

This remarkable animal was purchased for some German adventurers, who procured it in the interior of Brazil, and had brought it all the way to London, in the hope, it seems, of realizing a little fortune by exhibiting it to the marvel-loving British public. The experiment was tried for some two or three weeks, though with hardly the success the hopeful proprietors anticipated. A small shop was obtained for the purpose in Broad Street, Bloomsbury, where, somewhat obscurely announced as the wonderful *Antita* from Brazil,

the animal was exhibited to the public, at a charge of sixpence each for admission. The influx of visitors, however, was so miserably small, that before many days had passed, a removal was contemplated to the more promising neighborhood of Oxford Street; when Mr. Mitchell, the ever active and (in the matter of discovering rare birds and beasts) almost ubiquitous secretary of the Zoological Society, waited upon the proprietors, to bargain with them for the removal of the animal to the Society's gardens in the Regent's Park. But warned by the fate of the young walrus, for which such an enormous sum was asked a short time previously, he merely treated for the hire of the animal, offering so much per week, as long as it might live. This the owners declined; they would either keep their *antita* to themselves, or part with it altogether, in which case they required the handsome amount of £300! To give *that* for an animal which might very probably be dead in a few weeks or less, was out of the question, so the negotiation paused. But Mr. Mitchell, backed as he is, is not the man to be baffled when there is an animal like the ant bear at stake. Negotiations, therefore, were speedily renewed, and terms being at length agreed upon, the purchase was effected; when the triumphant secretary bore off his prize rejoicing. Snug accommodation was provided for the stranger in one of the large rooms attached to the reptile house, where, side by side with the disconsolate chimpanzee, it now daily receives the attention of artists, fellows, and professors, and sucks eggs, and displays its elegant proportions before the eyes of an admiring public.

Making due allowance for the novelty of the spectacle—which is, of course, the principal cause of the enthusiasm displayed—there is very much in the form and structure of the great ant eater to arrest attention, and excite the liveliest curiosity. From the point of its snout to the extremity of its enormous tail, its appearance is altogether peculiar. It stands about as high as a Newfoundland dog, and has a thick coat of dry shaggy hair, like that of the sloth. Its general color is grizzly brown, except across the breast and shoulders, where there is an oblique black band, bordered with white. The two most characteristic parts of it are the head and the tail. The head is remarkably narrow and long, covered with short close hair, and slightly curved. At the point of the elongated snout, a narrow slit forms the diminutive mouth, from which the animal continually protrudes its long cylindrical tongue, letting it hang down from the jaws like a huge black worm. The immense tail has an upward curve, precisely the reverse of the curve of the head; it almost equals the body in length, and, furnished with a profusion of long flowing hair, which sweeps the ground as the animal walks along, forms an

ample covering for the body, when its owner is disposed to coil himself up for a nap. A glance is sufficient to discover that it is the fore-limbs or arms that are chiefly employed, whether for work or war. They are extremely thick and muscular, and are armed with large claws, which turn in upon the soles of the feet, so as to give the animal the appearance, when in motion, of walking on its knuckles.

At home, in America, the ant bear has the repute of being somewhat dull and stupid, and few people that see it here will be likely, we imagine, to question the truth of the imputation. On rising from its ordinary noon day slumbers, it looks round upon the array of eager faces in front of its cage with a marvellously bewildered and vacant stare, and seems, as it stands motionless, with its head poked forward, to be endeavoring, in a creamy sort of way, to recollect the whereabouts of its situation. Like all strictly nocturnal animals, it spends the greater part of the day in sleep; a circumstance which young ladies who go to the gardens purposely to see it pronounce a "shame." It certainly is very provoking, and it is to be hoped that, in the course of time, the creature will be taught to comport itself in a more befitting manner. As it is, one may esteem himself fortunate if he happen to find the animal awake. The probability is, it will be coiled up upon its bed of straw, in the corner of its cage, with a roomful of excited visitors waiting its awaking. Every one puts great faith, of course, in the label on the front of the cage, and has no manner of doubt, therefore, that the shaggy mound in the corner is truly "*Myrmecophaga jubata*, the great ant-eater from South America;" though, for all that any one can discern himself, it might be a goat, or a dog, or simply a heap of hair.

Our patience was at length rewarded. A keeper entered the cage, and, tapping an egg against a tin dish, caused the mound upon the straw to move; a huge tail was then flung back, a long pointed head was next drawn from under the body, then a pair of small round eyes opened wide, and the strange, ungainly creature stood upright. Pausing for a moment, it then followed the keeper to the front of its cage, where it displayed its skill in sucking up the egg, which was broken for it into the dish. Having finished its snack, it allowed its paw to be shaken by the keeper, and then sleepily walked back to its bed in the corner. Deliberately adjusting the straw, it concealed its head between its fore legs, then went down upon its knees, and suddenly dropping upon the straw, and at the same moment bringing its tail forward, so as entirely to cover its body, it became again an indistinguishable heap.

The reference to the sloth above will remind the scientific reader that the great ant-eater is a distant relative of his, being, in fact,

a member of the same singular and eccentric order—the *edentata* of zoologists. A word or two about this remarkable section of the animal world will be of use here, in fixing the position and connections in the animal scale of the subject proper of the paper.

In the first place, he it understood that the scientific designation of the order is by no means applicable, in its literal rendering, to all the animals composing it; only one small section being strictly *toothless*, while all the rest of the order are deficient merely of the teeth in the fore part of the jaw. At no very distant period, speaking geologically, the *edentata* made a far more important figure in the world than they do at present. The gigantic mastodon and megatherium, which uprooted trees to browse upon the foliage, and the unwieldy glyptodon, a fossil armadillo, all belonged to the present order, and inhabited precisely the same districts where their now pigmy descendants cling to the forest branches, or burrow in the ground. At present there are two principal groups of edentate animals—the first of which comprises the arboreal leaf-eating sloths; the second, the armadillos and their allies, and the true *edentata*, or animals destitute of all dental apparatus whatsoever. The sloths and armadillos are confined exclusively to South America, but the aardvark, or earth hog, an animal allied to the latter, is a native of South Africa, where it represents the ant eaters of America. Of the strictly toothless mammals, there are two small groups, the pangolins of Africa and India—strange, reptile-like animals, which, like the armadillos and our own hedgehog, roll themselves up into a ball when attacked, and present to the assailant nothing but the sharp-pointed edge of their overlapping scales—and the true ant eaters. Of these there are three distinct species, all of them confined to the continent of South America. There is the little ant eater, an engaging little animal, with a rabbit-shaped head, but about the size of a squirrel, and, like it, exclusively arboreal in its habits; the tamandua, also inhabiting trees, but of a larger size, and possessing a more elongated snout; and the great ant eater, the hero of the day, the largest, and in many respects the most remarkable, of existing edentate animals.

Brazil, the country whence the stranger which has lately arrived amongst us was brought, may be regarded as the proper home of the great ant eater, although it is also found in all the neighboring countries, ranging as far south as Paraguay, where, according to Azara it is occasionally reared as a domestic pet. But though thus spread over a large area, it is nowhere of frequent occurrence, and in most places is considered rare. A writer in the *Literary Gazette*, alluding to this point, says, "There is not a city in Brazil where it would not be considered almost as much a

curiosity as here. In the extensive forests of the Amazon, the great ant eater is, perhaps, as abundant as in any part of South America; yet, during a residence of more than four years, I never had an opportunity of seeing one." Its favorite haunts are humid forests, and low swampy grounds bordering on rivers and stagnant pools. There is no reason to believe that it ever climbs trees, as stated by Buffon and others, and the stories that have been told of its springing upon the backs of horses, and tearing open their shoulders to suck the blood, are equally improbable. Like all the edentate animals, the great ant eater is naturally shy and timid, and endeavors to escape from its assailants by flight. Its pace, however, is slow and awkward, so that it is easily overtaken. If compelled to defend itself, it does so with great vigor, sitting upon its hind-quarters, and striking with its powerful claws, using one arm to support itself, while the other is kept ready for a blow. In extreme cases, it throws itself upon its back, and endeavors to hug its assailant in a close embrace; when its immense muscular power enables it to overcome even the most active of its foes. It is said that even the jaguar has been found dead, locked in its arms.

In a state of nature, the great ant eater, so far as is known, lives exclusively on insects. As its name implies, its favorite and principal food consists of ants; for the procuring of which its entire organization is beautifully adapted. Standing on its broad hind feet, it breaks through the crust of the ant-hills with its powerful hooked claws, and the moment the insects appear at the breach, it darts out its long flexible tongue, covered with a glutinous saliva, into the thickest of the throng, and again draws it into the mouth. By this means a considerable number of ants are speedily obtained, the tongue being protruded and again drawn in upwards of a hundred times in a minute, and each time, of course, covered with the insects. The ant eater now in the Zoological Gardens, having left his native country, has lost, of course, his natural food. Nor will he put up with the nearest substitute that can be given him. He has been supplied with our common English ants, as well as with other insects, but he turns up his nose at them all. He seems disposed at present to confine himself almost exclusively to eggs and milk, of the former of which he contrives to make away with the respectable number of between twenty and thirty every day.

For a considerable time after its arrival, it was amusing to observe to what an extent the stranger in the Gardens monopolized the attention of visitors. Excepting at "feeding-time," almost everything else was forsaken, and left to ruminate in solitude upon the strange vicissitudes of those who live on popular favor. Their feline majesties in the ter-

race-dens were highly indignant, indeed, at their desertion, and paced to and fro, muttering wrathful to themselves, hardly deigning to recognise our solitary attentions by a single glance. The eagles stared down upon us from their rocky pinnacles, and the seal looked round from his pool, utterly neglected. Again, there was that grandiloquently-named beast, the choiropotamus, himself but a short time before the hero of the gardens, but for the time forgotten, like a fallen favourite, and left to whisk his ears, or grunt to his kinsmen and neighbours, the Wart Hogs, as little cared for as a common pig. Chuncy, the perambulating elephant, shuffled along with a half-filled howdah; while the proboscidian mother and daughter turned their backs upon the world, in disgust apparently at the sudden falling off of buns and fruit. The Hippopotamus took up his own cause, and through the medium of our ever-to-be-respected contemporary 'Punch,' howled at the public for their neglect of him in most lugubrious verse. We hope that, like afflicted mortals, he may have found his heart eased by the exercise; but, if he would regain his popularity, he must do something more to the purpose. Let him follow the example of his cousin across the channel, and make a mouthful of the first lapdog that comes in his way, and he will assuredly rise to his former eminence again at once. The fish house alone, of all the attractions in the gardens, maintained its position against the new-comer. The unique and beautiful collection of living forms there displayed will constitute one of the chief sources of amusement and instruction the Gardens contain, and is little likely to lose its interest, whatever other additions the place may receive.

Since its removal to the Zoological Gardens the Great Ant-Eater has thriven amazingly, and strong hopes are now entertained of its surviving the winter. The matter, however, is still extremely doubtful; and all who are desirous of seeing this extraordinary animal alive should lose no time in doing so.

DECIPHERING CYPHERS.—Some little boys have been amusing themselves in deciphering the cyphers that appear occasionally in the *Times*. We wish they would exercise their ingenuity in translating LORD ABERDEEN—anywhere, so long as he was translated out of the Ministry—for we look upon him as being the greatest Cypher of the present day.

"TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY."—Considering the rubbish that is mostly sold at the cheap Furniture Marts, the poor deluded individuals, who buy their chairs and tables and four-post bedsteads there, generally turn out Furniture Mart-yrs.

A COCKNEY'S QUESTION ON THE NAVY.—Does a Port Admiral mean an Admiral who is laid down for a long series of years, and not decanted for service till he is very old?

THE WORLD!

The World! the world! ah who would sigh,
To mingle with the fickle throng,
Whose smiling lips their hearts belie,
Hearts treacherous as siren's song.

The world; and who would wish to tread,
With willing steps the thorny maze,
Of passions fierce, whence peace hath fled,
And all is viewed through envy's gaze.

How easily that world is won,
While fortune smiles with Noon-tide glare,
As Gheber's bow before the sun,
How fervently they worship there.

But soon that world, when sorrows lower,
Forsakes the worship erst so warm,
As birds at autumn's closing hour,
Retreat before the coming storm.

The world, a charm is in the sound,
And youth's first dreams will wander there,
Delusive hope then beams around,
And pleasure calls from scenes of care.

Life's sea first calm, soon storms arise,
And tempest-tost along they're hurl'd,
With grief they sternly then despise
The cold unsympathetic world.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A FRIEND OF MINE,

WHEN Juan was intrusted to me, he was about three years old. His height was that of a child of the same age. When I freed him from the bamboo-basket in which he was brought to me, he seized hold of my hand, and tried to drag me away, as a little boy who wanted to escape from some disagreeable object might have done. I took him into my room, in which there was a sort of ceil prepared for him. On seeing this new cage, which resembled a Malay house, Juan understood that it was in future to be his lodging: he let go my hand, and set about collecting all the linen he could find. He then carried his booty into his lodging, and covered its walls carefully. These arrangements made, he seized on a table-napkin, and having dressed himself in this as majestically as an Arab in his bournos, lay down on the bed he had prepared.

Juan was of a very mild disposition; to raise one's voice to him was sufficient; yet he now and then had very diverting fits of anger. One day I took from him a mango he had stolen; at first he tried to get it back, but being unable to do so, he uttered plaintive cries, thrusting out his lips like a pouting child. Finding that this pettishness had not

the effect he anticipated, he threw himself flat on his face, struck the ground with his fist, screamed, cried, and howled for more than half an hour. At last, I felt that I was acting contrary to my duty in refusing the fruit he desired; for, in opposition to God's will. I was seeking to bend to the exigencies of civilisation the independent nature which He had sent into the world amid virgin forests, in order that it should obey all its instincts and satisfy all its passions. I approached my ward, calling him by the most endearing names, and offered him the mango. As soon as it was within his reach, he clutched it with violence, and threw it at my head. There was something so human in this action, something so evil in the expression of his rage, that I had no hesitation that day in classing Juan among our own species; he reminded me so much of certain children of my acquaintance. But since then I have learned better; he was only on rare occasions peevish and naughty.

The first day that I let Juan dine at table with me, he adopted a disagreeable mode of pointing out the objects that were pleasing to him: he stretched out his brown hand, and tried to put upon his plate everything he could lay hold of. I gave him him a box on the ear, to make him understand politeness. He then made use of a stratagem; he covered his face with one hand, whilst he stretched the other towards the dish. This scheme answered no better, for I hit the guilty hand with the handle of my knife. From that moment, my intelligent pupil understood that he was to wait to be helped.

He very quickly learned to eat his soup with a spoon in this way: a thin soup was placed before him; he got upon the table like a dog lapping, and tried to suck it up slowly. This method appearing inconvenient to him, he sat down again on his chair, and took his plate in both hands; but as he raised it to his lips, he spilled a portion of it over his chest. I then took a spoon and showed him how to use it; he immediately imitated me, and ever after made use of that implement.

When I brought Juan on board the *Clopatra*, he was domiciled at the foot of the main-mast, and left completely free; he went in and out of his habitation when he pleased. The sailors received him as a friend, and undertook to initiate him in the customs of a seafaring life. A little tin basin and spoon were given him, which he shut up carefully in his house; and at meal-times he went to the distribution of food with the crew. It was very funny to see him, especially in the morning, getting his basin filled with coffee, and then sitting comfortably down to take his first meal in company with his friends the cabin-boys.

Juan spent part of his days in swinging among the ropes; sometimes he came on to the deck, either to enter into conversation

with the persons of the embassy, whom he knew very well, or to tease a young *Vanilla negrito*, who had been given to M. de Lagrené. This *negrito* was his dearest friend. Some people pretended that the sympathetic ties which united these two beings were based on consanguinity. However that may be, Juan had a profound contempt for monkeys; he never condescended to notice one, and preferred the society of a dog or sheep to that of one of these *quadrumana*. Juan acquired the habits of a *gourmet* whilst on board: he drank wine, and had even become deeply learned in the art of appreciating that liquor. One day two glasses were offered him, one half full of champagne, the other half full of claret. When he had a glass in each hand, some one tried to deprive him of that containing the champagne. To defend himself, he hastily brought his disengaged hand up to the one which had been seized, and, having, by a dexterous effort, succeeded in freeing it, he poured the sparkling liquid into his mouth and having made sure of the flavour, hastened down to share the beverage with me.

When I arrived at Manila, Juan and I took up our abode in a Tagal house, and we lived in common with the family inhabiting it—consisting of the father, mother, two girls of fourteen and sixteen, and of some little children. Juan was charmed with our residence. He spent his days in play with the little Tagal girls, and robbing the margo-women who were imprudent enough to put their merchandise within his reach.

Juan had nothing of those social virtues called abnegation and devotion; he was selfish, and would not have found communitic principles to his taste. He was perfectly conservative in this respect; and only liked communism with regard to the property of others. If an animal invaded his cage, he drove him away unmercifully; one day he even picked the feathers out of a pigeon which had been struck with the unfortunate idea of taking refuge there.

Whenever we put into harbour, I brought him clusters of bananas; the fruits were placed with those belonging to the officers of the staff. Juan had leave to enter this sanctuary at his pleasure. Provided he had been once shown which clusters belonged to him, he respected the others, until such time as he had exhausted his own provision; after that he no longer went ostensibly and boldly in search of fruit, but by stealth, crawling like a serpent; the breach committed, he came up again faster than he had gone down.

It is untrue that orang-outangs have been taught to smoke: Juan, and all those I have seen, were unable to acquire that habit.

Such is the account of an orang-outang given by Dr. Year, who was physician to the scientific mission sent by France to China, and who resided six months in the Eastern

Archipelago. This animal is a native of the islands of Borneo and Sumatra, and the peninsula of Malacca, dwelling in the deepest recesses of forests of gigantic growth, and seldom venturing into the more thinly-wooded districts. Very little is known of the habits of the creature in its wild state, and many fabulous accounts respecting it have in consequence been received as true. Its usual height is supposed to be about four feet, although there is a description of one by the late Dr. Abel, the stature of which, according to the details laid before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, exceeded seven feet.

The orang outang is grave and gentle in its manners, and more docile than any of the monkey tribe, easily imitating some of our actions, learning to use a spoon, and even a fork; and acquiring a relish for sweetmeats, coffee, and spirits. It is fond of being noticed, and capable of great attachment. During youth, the forehead and skull appear well developed, and carry something of a human character, but as the animal advances in age, the resemblance quickly disappears.

CONFESSIONS OF A JUNIOR BARRISTER.

My father was an agent to an extensive absentee property in the south of Ireland. He was a Protestant, and respectably connected. It was even understood in the country that a kind of Irish relationship existed between him and the distant proprietor whose rents he collected. Of this, however, I have some doubts; for, generally speaking, our aristocracy are extremely averse to trusting their money in the hands of a poor relation. Besides this, I was more than once invited to dine with a leading member of the family when I was a student at the Temple, which would hardly have been the case, had he suspected on my part any dormant claim of kindred. Being an eldest son, I was destined from my birth for the Bar. This about thirty years ago, was almost a matter of course with our secondary gentry. Among such persons it was, at that time, an object of great ambition to have a "young counsellor" in the family. In itself it was a respectable thing—er, who could tell what the "young counsel or" might not one day be? Then it kept off vexatious claims, and produced a general interested civility in the neighbourhood, under the expectation that, whenever any little point of law might arise, the young counsel or's opinion might be had for nothing. Times have somewhat changed in this respect. Yet, to this day, the young counsellor who passes the law-vacations among his country friends finds (at least I have found it so) that the old feeling of reverence for the name is not yet extinct, and that his *dieta* upon the law of

trespasses and distress for rent are generally deferred to in his own country, unless when it happens to be the assizes'-time.

I passed through my school and college studies with great *celut*. At the latter place, particularly toward the close of the course, I dedicated myself to all sorts of composition. I was also a constant speaker in the Historical Society, where I discovered, with no slight satisfaction, that popular eloquence was decidedly my forte. In the cultivation of this noble art, I adhered to no settled plan. Sometimes, in imitation of the ancients, I composed my address with great care, and delivered it from memory: at others, I trusted for words (for I am naturally fluent) to the occasion; but, whether my speech was extemporaneous or prepared, I always spoke on the side of freedom. At this period, and for the two or three years that followed, my mind was filled with almost inconceivable enthusiasm for my future profession. I was about to enter it (I can call my own conscience to witness) from no sordid motives. As to money matters, I was independent; for my father, who was now no more, had left me a profit-rent of three hundred pounds a year.

No; but I had formed to my youthful fancy an idea of the honors and duties of an advocate's career, founded upon the purest models of ancient and modern times. I pictured to myself the glorious occasions it would present of redressing private wrongs, of exposing and confounding the artful machinations of injustice; and should the political condition of my country require it, as in all probability it would, of emulating "the illustrious men whose eloquence and courage had so often shielded the intended victim against the unconstitutional aggressions of the state. It was with these views, and not from a love of "paltry gold," that I was ambitious to assume the robe. With the confidence of youth, and of a temperament not prone to despair, I felt an instinctive conviction that I was not assuming a task above my strength; but, notwithstanding my reliance upon my natural powers, I was indefatigable in aiding them, by exercise and study, against the occasions that were to render me famous in my generation. Deferring for the present (I was now at the Temple) a regular course of legal reading, I applied myself with great ardor to the acquirement of general knowledge. To enlarge my views, I went through the standard works on the theory of government and legislation. To familiarize my understanding with subtle distinctions, I plunged into metaphysics; for, as Ben Johnson somewhere says, "he that cannot contract the sight of his mind, as well as dilate and disperse it, wanteth a great faculty;" and, lest an exclusive adherence to such pursuits should have the effect of damping my popular sympathies, I duly relieved them by the most celebrated productions of

imagination in prose and verse. Oratory was, of course, not neglected. I plied *as Cicero and Demosthenes*. I devoured every treatise on the art of rhetoric that fell in my way. When alone in my lodgings, I declaimed to myself so often and so loudly, that my landlady and her daughters, who sometimes listened through the keyhole, suspected, as I afterward discovered, that I had lost my wits; but, as I paid my bills regularly and appeared tolerably rational in other matters, they thought it most prudent to connive at my extravagances. During the last winter of my stay at the Temple, I took an active part, as Gale Jones, to his cost, sometimes found, in the debates of the British Forum, which had just been opened for the final settlement of all disputed points in politics and morals.

Such were the views and qualifications with which I came to the Irish Bar. It may appear somewhat singular, but so it was, that previous to the day of my call, I was never inside an Irish Court of Justice. When at the Temple, I had occasionally attended the proceedings at Westminster Hall, where a common topic of remark among my fellow-students was the vast superiority of our Bar in grace of manner and classical propriety of diction. I had, therefore, no sooner received the congratulations of my friends on my admission, than I turned into one of the courts to enjoy a first specimen of the forensic oratory of which I had heard so much. A young barrister of about twelve years' standing was on his legs, and vehemently appealing to the court in the following words: "Your Lordships perceive that we stand here as our grandmother's administratrix *de bonis non*;" and really, my lords, I does humbly strike me that it would be a monstrous thing to say that a party can now come in, in the very teeth of an Act of Parliament, and actually turn us round under color of hanging us up on the foot of a contract made behind our backs." The court admitted that the force of the observation was unanswerable, and granted his motion with costs. On enquiry I found that the counsel was among the most rising men of the Junior Bar. For the first three or four years, little worth recording occurred. I continued my former studies, read, but without much care, a few elementary law books, picked up a stray scrap of technical learning in the courts and the hall, and was now and then employed by the young attorneys from my county as conducting counsel in a motion of course. At the outset I was rather mortified at the scantiness of my business, for I had calculated upon starting into immediate notice; but being easy in my circumstances, and finding so many others equally unemployed, I ceased to be impatient. With regard to my fame, however, it was otherwise. I had brought a fair stock of general reputation for ability and acquirement to

the bar; but, having done nothing to increase it, I perceived, or fancied that I perceived, that the estimation that I had been held in was rapidly subsiding. This I could not endure; and as no widows or orphans seemed disposed to claim my protection, I determined upon giving the public a first proof of my powers as the advocate of a still nobler cause. An aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland was announced, and I prepared a speech to be delivered on their behalf. I communicated my design to no one, not even to O'Connell, who had often urged me to declare myself; but, on the appointed day, I attended at the place of meeting, Clarendon-street Chapel.

The spectacle was imposing. Upon a platform erected before the altar stood O'Connell and his staff. The choir which they surrounded had just been taken by the venerable Lord Fingal, whose presence alone would have conferred dignity upon any assembly. The galleries were thronged with Catholic beauties, looking so softly patriotic, that even Lord Liverpool would have forgiven in them the sin of a divided allegiance. The floor of the chapel was filled almost to suffocation with a miscellaneous populace, breathing from their looks a deep sense of rights withheld, and standing on tiptoe and with ears erect to catch the sounds of comfort or hope which their leaders had to administer. Finding it impracticable to force my way toward the chair I was obliged to ascend and occupy a place in the gallery. I must confess that I was not sorry for the disappointment; for, in the first feeling of awe which the scene inspired, I found that my oratorical courage, which, like natural courage, comes and goes, was rapidly "oozing out;"—but, as the business and the passions of the day proceeded—as the fire of national emotion lighted every eye, and exploded in simultaneous volleys of applause—all my apprehensions for myself were forgotten. Every fresh round of huzzas that rent the roof rekindled my ambition. I became impatient to be fanned, for my own sake, by the beautiful white handkerchiefs that waved around me, and stirred my blood like the visionary flags of the fabled Houris inviting the Mohammedan warriors to danger and to glory.

O'Connell, who was speaking, spied me in the gallery. He perceived at once that I had a weight of oratory pressing upon my mind, and good-naturedly resolved to quicken the delivery. Without naming me, he made an appeal to me under the character of "a liberal and enlightened young Protestant," which I well understood. This was conclusive, and he had no sooner sat down than I was on my legs. The sensation my unexpected appearance created was immense. I had scarcely said "My Lord, I rise," when I was stopped short by cheers that lasted for some minutes.

It was really delicious music, and was repeated at the close of almost every sentence of my speech. I shall not dwell upon the speech itself, as most of my readers must remember it, for it appeared the next day in the *Dublin Journals* (the best report was in the *Freeman*), and was copied in all the London opposition papers except the *Times*. It is enough to say that the effect was, on the whole, tremendous.

As soon as I had concluded, a special messenger was despatched to conduct me to the platform. On my arrival there, I was covered with praises and congratulations. O'Connell was the warmest in the expression of his admiration; yet I thought I could read in his eyes that there predominated over that feeling the secret triumph of the partisan, at having contributed to bring over a young deserter from the enemy's camp. However, he took care that I should not go without my reward. He moved a special resolution of thanks "to his illustrious young friend," whom he described as "one of those rare and felicitous combinations of human excellence, in which the spirit of a Washington is embodied with the genius of a Grattan." These were his very words, but my modesty was in no way pained at them, for I believed every syllable to be literally true.

I went home in a glorious intoxication of spirits. My success had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. I had now established a character for public speaking, which, independently of the general fame that would ensue, must inevitably lead to my retainer in every important case where the passions were to be moved, and, whenever the Whigs should come in, to a seat in the British Senate.

* * * * *

After a restless night—in which, however, when I did sleep, I contrived to dream, at one time that I was at the head of my profession, at another that I was on the opposition side of the House of Commons redressing Irish grievances—I sallied forth to the Courts to enjoy the impression which my display of the day before must have made there. On my way, my ears were regaled by the cries of the news-hawkers, announcing that the morning papers contained "Young Counsellor —'s grand and elegant speech."—"This," thought I, "is genuine fame," and I pushed on with a quickened pace toward the Hall.

On my entrance, the first person that caught my eye was my friend and fellow-student, Dick —. We had been intimate at College, and inseparable at the Temple. Our tastes and tempers had been alike, and our political opinions the same, except that he sometimes went far beyond me in his abstract enthusiasm for the rights of man. I was surprised—for our eyes met—that he did not rush to tender me his greetings. How-

ever, I went up to him, and held out my hand in the usual cordial way. He took it, but in a very unusual way. The friendly pressure was no longer there. His countenance, which heretofore had glowed with warmth at my approach, was still and chilling. He made no allusion to my speech, but looking round as if fearful of being observed, and muttering something about its being "Equity-day in the Exchequer," moved away. This was a modification of "genuine fame" for which I was quite unprepared. In my present elevation of spirits, however, I was rather perplexed than offended at the occurrence. I was willing to suspect that my friend must have found himself suddenly indisposed, or that, in spite of his better feelings, an access of involuntary envy might have overpowered him; or perhaps, poor fellow, some painful subject of a private nature might be pressing upon his mind, so as to cause this strange revolution in his manner. At the time I never adverted to the rumor that there was shortly to be a vacancy for a commissionership of bankrupts, nor had I been aware that his name as a candidate stood first on the Chancellor's list. He was appointed to the place a few days after, and the mystery of his coldness was explained.

Yet, I must do him the justice to say that he had no sooner attained his object than he showed symptoms of remorse for having shaken me off. He praised my speech, in a confidential way, to a mutual friend, and I forgave him—for one gets tired of being indignant—and to this day we converse with our old familiarity upon all subjects except the abstract rights of man. In the course of the morning I received many similar manifestations of homage to my genius from others of my Protestant colleagues. The young, who up to that time had sought my society, now brushed by me as if there was infection in my touch. The seniors, some of whom had occasionally condescended to take my arm in the Hall, and treat me to prosing details of their adventures at the Temple, held themselves suddenly aloof, and, if our glances encountered, petrified me with looks of established order. In whatever direction I cast my eyes, I met signs of anger or estrangement, or, what was still less welcome, of pure commiseration.

Such were the first fruits of my "grand and elegant speech," which had combined (O'Connell, may Heaven forgive you!) "the spirit of a Washington with the genius of a Grattan." I must, however, in fairness state that I was not utterly "left alone in my glory." The Catholics certainly crowded round me and extolled me to the skies. One eulogized my simile of the eagle; another swore that the Corporation would never recover from the last hit I gave them; a third that my fortune at the Bar was made. I was invited to all their

dinner-parties, and as far as "lots" of white soup and Spanish flummery went, I had unquestionably no cause to complain. The attorneys, in both public and private, were loudest in their admiration of my rare qualifications for success in my profession; but, though they took every occasion, for weeks and months after, to recur to the splendor of my eloquence, it still somehow happened that not one of them sent me a guinea.

I was beginning to charge the whole body with ingratitude, when I was agreeably induced to change my opinion, at least for a while. One of the most rising among them was an old schoolfellow of mine, named Shanahan. He might have been of infinite service to me, but he had never employed me, even in the most trivial matter. We were still, however, on terms of, to me rather unpleasant familiarity; for he affected in his language and manners a certain waggish slang, from which my classical sensibilities revolted. One day, as I was going my usual rounds in the hall, Shanahan, who held a bundle of briefs under his arm, came up and drew me aside toward one of the recesses. "Ned, my boy," said he, for that was his customary style of addressing me, "I just want to tell you that I have a sporting record now at issue, and which I'm to bring down to— for trial at the next assizes. It's an action against a magistrate, and a Bible-distributor into the bargain, for the seduction of a farmer's daughter. You are to be in it—I have taken care of that—and I just want to know if you'd like to state the case, for, if you do, it can be managed." My heart palpitated with gratitude, but it would have been unprofessional to give it utterance; so I simply expressed my readiness to undertake the office. "Consider yourself, then, retained as stating counsel," said he, but without handing me any fee. "All you want is an opportunity of showing what you can do with a jury, and never was there a finer one than this. It was just such another that first brought that lad there into notice," pointing to one of the sergeants that rustled by us. "You shall have your instructions in full time to be prepared. Only hit the Bible-boy in the way I know you can, and your name will be up on the circuit."

The next day Shanahan called me aside again. In the interval, I had composed a striking exordium and peroration, with several powerful passages of general application, to be interspersed according as the facts should turn out, through the body of the statement. "Ned," said the attorney to me, as soon as we had reached a part of the Hall where there was no risk of being overheard, "I now want to consult you upon"—here he rather hesitated—"in fact, upon a little case of my own." After a short pause he proceeded: "You know a young lady from your county, Miss Dickson?"—"Harriet Dickson?"—"The

very one."—"Intimately well; she's now in town with her cousins in Harcourt street: I see her almost every day."—"She has a very pretty property too, they say, under her father's will—a lease for lives renewable for ever."—"So I have always understood."—"In fact, Ned," he continued, looking somewhat foolish, and in a tone half slang, half sentiment, "I am rather inclined to think—as at present advised—that she has partly gained my affections. Come, come, my boy, no laughing; upon my faith and soul, I'm serious—and what's more, I have reason to think that she'll have no objection to my telling her so: but, with those evils of cousins at her elbow, there's no getting her into a corner with one's self for an instant; so, what I want you to do for me Ned, is this—just to throw your eye over a wide line copy of a little notice to that effect I have been thinking of serving her with." Here he extracted from a mass of law documents a paper endorsed "Draft letter to Miss D—," and folded up and tied with red tape like the rest. The matter corresponded with the exterior. I contrived, but not without an effort, to preserve my countenance as I perused this singular production, in which sighs and vows were embodied in the language of an affidavit to hold to bail. Amid the manifold vagaries of Cupid, it was the first time I had seen him exchanging his ordinary dart for an Attorney's office-pen. When I came to the end, he asked if I thought it might be improved. I candidly answered that it would, in my opinion, admit of change and correction. "Then," said he, "I shall be eternally obliged if you'll just do the needful with it. You perceive that I have not been too explicit, for, between ourselves, I have one or two points to ascertain about the state of the property before I think it prudent to commit myself on paper. It would never do, you know to be brought into court for a breach of promise of marriage; so you'll keep this in view, and before you begin, just cast a glance over the Statute of Frauds." Before I could answer, he was called away to attend a motion.

The office thus flung upon me was not of the most dignified kind, but the seduction case was too valuable to be risked; so pitting my ambition against my pride, I found the latter soon give way; and on the following day I presented the lover with a declaratory effusion at once so glowing and so cautious, so impassioned as to matters of sentiment, but withal so guarded in point of law, that he did not hesitate to pronounce it a masterpiece of literary composition and forensic skill. He overwhelmed me with thanks, and went home to copy and despatch it. I now came to the most whimsical part of the transaction. With Miss Dickson, as I had stated to her admirer I was extremely intimate. We had known each other from childhood, and conversed with

the familiarity rather of cousins than mere acquaintances. When she was in town I saw her almost daily, talked to her of myself and my prospects, lectured her on her love of dress, and in return was always at her command for any small service of gallantry or friendship that she might require. The next time I called, I could perceive that I was unusually welcome. Her cousins were with her, but they quickly retired and left us together. As soon as we were alone, Harriet announced to me "that she had a favor—a very great one indeed—to ask of me." She proceeded, and with infinite command of countenance. "There was a friend of her's—one for whom she was deeply interested—in fact it was—but no—she must not betray a secret—and this friend had the day before received a letter containing something like, but still not exactly a proposition of—in short, of a most interesting nature; and her friend was terribly perplexed how to reply to it, for she was very young and inexperienced, and all that; and she had tried two or three times and had failed; and then she had consulted her (Harriet,) and she (Harriet) had also been puzzled, for the letter in question was in fact, as far as it was intelligible, so uncommonly well written, both in style and in sentiment, that her friend was, of course, particularly anxious to send a suitable reply—and this was Harriet's own feeling, and she had therefore taken a copy of it (omitting names) for the purpose of showing it to me, and getting me—I was so qualified, and so clever at my pen, and all that sort of thing—just to undertake, if I only *would*, to throw upon paper just the kind of sketch of the kind of answer that ought to be returned."

The preface over, she opened her reticule and handed me a copy of my own composition. I would have declined the task, but every excuse I suggested was overruled. The principal objection—my previous retainer on the other side—I could not in honor reveal; and I was accordingly installed in the rather ludicrous office of conducting counsel to both parties in the suit. I shall not weary the reader with a technical detail of the pleadings, all of which I drew. They proceeded, if I remember right, as far as a *sur-rebuttal*—rather an unusual thing in modern practice. Each of the parties throughout the correspondence was charmed with the elegance and correctness of the other's style. Shanahan frequently observed to me, "What a singular thing it was that Miss Dickson was so much cleverer at her pen than her tongue;" and once upon handing me a letter, of which the eloquence was perhaps a little too masculine, he protested "that he was almost afraid to go farther in the business, for he suspected that a girl who could express herself so powerfully on paper would, one day or other, prove too much for him when she became his wife. But, to conclude, Shanahan obtained the lady

and the lease for lives renewable for ever. The seduction case (as I afterwards discovered) had been compromised the day before he offered me the statement; and from that day to this, though his business increased with his marriage, he never sent me a single brief.

Finding that nothing was to be got by making public speeches, or writing love-letters for attorneys, and having now idled away some valuable years, I began to think of attending sedulously to my profession; and, with a view to the regulation of my exertions, lost no opportunity of inquiring into the nature of the particular qualifications by which the men whom I saw eminent or rising around me had originally outstripped their competitors. In the course of these inquiries, I discovered that there was a newly-invented method of getting rapidly into business, of which I had never heard before. The secret was communicated to me by a friend, a king's counsel, who is no longer at the Irish Bar. When I asked him for his opinion as to the course of study and conduct most advisable to be pursued, and at the same time sketched the general plan which had presented itself to me, "Has it ever struck you," said he, "since you have walked this Hall, that there is a shorter and far more certain road to professional success?" I professed my ignorance of the particular method to which he alluded. "It requires," he continued, "some peculiar qualifications: have you an ear for music?"—Surprised at the question, I answered that I had. "And a good voice?"—"A tolerable one."—"Then, my advice to you is, to take a few lessons in psalm-singing; attend the Bethesda regularly; take a part in the anthem, and the louder the better; turn up as much of the white of your eyes as possible—and in less than six months you'll find business pouring in upon you. You smile, I see, at this advice; but I have never known the plan to fail, except where the party has sung incurably out of tune. Don't you perceive that we are once more becoming an Island of Saints, and that half the business of these Courts passes through their hands? When I came to the bar, a man's success depended upon his exertions during the six working-days of the week; but now, he that has the dexterity to turn the Sabbath to account is the surest to prosper: and

"Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity a trade,
And men get money by devotion
As well as making of a motion!"

These hints, though thrown out with an air of jest, made some impression on me; but after reflecting for some time upon the subject, and taking an impartial view of my powers in that way, I despaired of having hypocrisy enough for the speculation, so I gave it up. Nothing therefore remaining but a mere direct and laudacious scheme. I now planned

a course of study in which I made a solemn vow to myself to persevere. Besides attending the courts and taking notes of the proceedings, I studied at home, at an average of eight hours a-day. I never looked into any but a law book. Even a newspaper I seldom took up. Every thing that could touch my feelings or my imagination I excluded from my thoughts, as inimical to the habits of mind I now was anxious to acquire. My circle of private acquaintances was extensive, but I manfully resisted every invitation to their houses. I had assigned myself a daily task to perform, and to perform it I was determined. I persevered for two years with exemplary courage, Neither the constant, unvaried, unrewarded labours of the day, nor the cheerless solitude of the evenings, could induce me to relax my efforts.

I was not, however, insensible to the disheartening change, both physical and moral, that was going on within me. All the generous emotions of my youth, my sympathies with the rights and interests of the human race, my taste for letters, even my social sensibilities, were perceptibly wasting away from want of exercise, and from the hostile influence of an exclusive and chilling occupation. It tired still worse with my health: I lost my appetite and rest, and of course my strength; a deadly pallor overcast my features; black circles formed round my eyes; my cheeks sank in; the tones of my voice became feeble and melancholy; the slightest exercise exhausted me almost to fainting; at night I was tortured by headaches, palpitation, and frightful dreams; my waking reflections were equally harassing. I now deplored the sinister ambition that had propelled me into a scene for which, in spite of all my self-love, I began to suspect that I was utterly unfitted. I recalled the bright prospects under which I had entered life, and passed in review the various modes in which I might have turned my resources to honourable and profitable account. The contrast was fraught with anguish and mortification.

As I daily returned from the courts, scarcely able to drag my wretched limbs along, but still attempting to look as alert and cheerful as if my success was certain, I frequently came across some of my college contemporaries. Such meetings always gave me pain. Some of them were rising in the army, others in the church; others, by a well timed exercise of their talents, were acquiring a fair portion of pecuniary competence and literary fame. They all seemed happy and thriving, contented with themselves and with all around them; while he who was I, wearing myself down to a pharosm in a dreary and profitless pursuit, the best years of my youth already gone, absolutely gone for nothing, and the prospect overshadowed by a deeper gloom with every step that I advanced. The friends whom I

thus met inquired with good-nature after my concerns; but I had no longer the heart to talk of myself. I broke abruptly from them, and hurried home to picture to my now morbid imagination the forlorn condition of the evening of life to a briefless barrister. How often, at this period, I regretted that I had not chosen the English Bar, as I had more than once been advised. There, if I had not prospered, my want of success would have been comparatively unobserved. In London I should, at the worst, have enjoyed the immunities of obscurity; but here my failure would be exposed to the most humiliating publicity. Here I was to be doomed, day after day and year after year, to exhibit myself in places of public resort, and advertize, in my own person, the disappointment of all my hopes.

These gloomy reflections were occasionally relieved by others of a more soothing and philosophic cast. The catastrophe, at the prospect of which I shuddered, it was still in my own power to avert. The sufferings that I endured were, after all, the factitious growth of an unwise ambition. I was still young and independent, and might, by one manly effort, sever myself for ever from the spell that bound me; I might transport myself to some distant scene, and find in tranquillity and letters an asylum from the feverish cares that now bore me down. The thought was full of comfort, and I loved to return to it. I reviewed the different countries in which such a resting-place might best be found, and was not long in making a selection. Switzerland, with her lakes and hills, and moral and poetic associations, rose before me: there inhabiting a delightful cottage on the margin of one of her lakes, and emancipated from the conventional inquietudes that now oppressed me, I should find my health and my healthy sympathies revive.

In my present frame of mind, the charms of such a philosophic retreat were irresistible. I determined to bid an eternal adieu to demurrers and special contracts, and had already fixed upon the time for executing my project, when an unexpected obstacle interposed. My sole means of support was the profit-rent, of which I have already spoken. The land out of which it arose, lay in one of the insurrectionary districts; and a letter from my agent in the country announced that not a shilling of it could be collected. In the state of nervous exhaustion to which the "blue books" and the blue devils had reduced me, I had no strength to meet this unexpected blow. To the pangs of disappointed ambition were now added the horrors of sudden and hopeless poverty. I sank almost without a struggle, and becoming seriously indisposed, was confined to my bed for a week, and for more than a month to the house.

When I was able to crawl out, I moved

mechanically toward the courts. On entering the hall, I met my friend, the king's counsel, who had formerly advised the Bethesda: he was struck by my altered appearance, inquired with much concern into the particulars of my recent illness, of which he had not heard before, and, urging the importance of change of air, insisted that I should accompany him to pass a short vacation then at hand at his country-house in the vicinity of Dublin. The day after my arrival there, I received a second letter from my agent, containing a remittance, and holding out more encouraging prospects for the future. After this I recovered wonderfully, both in health and in spirits. My mind, so agitated of late, was now, all at once, in a state of the most perfect tranquillity: from which I learned, for the first time, that there is nothing like the excitement of a good practical blow (provided you recover from it) for putting to flight a host of imaginary cares. I could moralize at some length on this subject, but I must hasten to a conclusion.

The day before our return to town, my friend had a party of Dublin acquaintances at his house: among the guests was the late Mr. D——, an old attorney in considerable business, and his daughter. In the evening, though it was summer-time, we had a dance. I led out Miss D——: I did so, I seriously declare, without the slightest view to the important consequences that ensued. After the dance, which (I remember it well too) was the favourite and far-famed "Leg-of-Mutton jig," I took my partner aside, in the usual way, to entertain her. I began by asking if "she was not fond of poetry?" She demanded "why I asked the question?" I said, "because I thought I could perceive it in the expression of her eyes." She blushed, "protested I must be flattering her, but admitted that she was." I then asked "if she did not think the Corsair a charming poem?" She answered, "Oh, yes!"—"And would not *she* like to be living in one of the Grecian islands?" "Oh, indeed she would." "Looking upon the blue waters of the Archipelago and the setting sun, associated as they were with the rest," "How delightful it would be!" exclaimed she. "And so *refreshing!*" said I. I thus continued till we were summoned to another set. She separated from me with reluctance, for I could see that she considered my conversation to be the sublimest thing that could be.

The effect of the impression I had made soon appeared. Two days after, I received a brief in rather an important case from her father's office. I acquitted myself so much to his satisfaction, that he sent me another, and another, and finally installed me as one of his standing counsel for the junior business of his office. The opportunities thus afforded me brought me my degrees into notice. In the course of time, general business began to

drop in upon me, and has latterly been increasing into such a steady stream, that I am now inclined to look upon my final success as secure.

I have only to add, that the twelve years I have passed at the Irish Bar have worked a remarkable change in some of my early tastes and opinions. I no longer, for instance, trouble my head about immortal fame; and such is the force of habit, have brought myself to look upon a neatly-folded brief, with few crisp Bank of Ireland notes on the back of it, as, beyond all controversy, the most picturesque object upon which the human eye can alight.

INVENTIONS AND USEFUL ARTS OF THE ANCIENTS.*

To take a systematic review of all the inventions and useful arts practised by the ancients, and to show how large a proportion of those now in daily use among ourselves are derived or inherited from that well-spring of knowledge, the past, would occupy far more time than could be awarded to a single lecture; I have, therefore, from a vast number at my disposal, selected a few examples from among those of most familiar application at the present time.

The inventive genius of the ancients seems to have been fully equal to that of the present day, if we make allowances for the accumulation of knowledge which we of these latter days have at our disposal, whereon to found our farther advance. For knowledge, like a body falling through the air, acquires greater velocity and power the further it descends, and we being the oldest generation the world has ever produced, have the accumulated energy of 6000 years to help us forward.

The invention of the screw, the wheel, the rudder, and the double pulley, all of very ancient origin, may be compared with any modern inventions in mechanical science.

In the reign of Sesostrius, 1500 years B.C., the form of the earth appears to have been known to Egyptian scholars. Solar and lunar eclipses were calculated, they constructed sun-dials and water clocks; and would seem to have been acquainted with the quadrant.

Their knowledge of mathematics evinces itself in a variety of their works, as, for instance, their instruments for measuring the rise of the Nile at Syenne and Memphis, from the application of the screw to raise water, their canals, sluices, &c. In chemistry and mineralogy, they must also have made considerable advance, as they executed artificial emeralds, and inlaid silver with a blue color, displaying both science and skill. They also understood the process of mining known in our day, as crushing and washing: and which is now employed with profit for separating the gold of California and the copper of Lake Superior, from the rock in which it is embedded; but they carried it out on a scale of far greater magnitude

than we do. Travellers of the present day find traces which show that whole mountains were dug down, and whole rivers turned from their course to wash the excavated ore. They were acquainted with all the principal metals and their uses; and worked skilfully in gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron. They understood the art of weaving and coloring cloths, both cotton and woollen; they brewed beer from barley, hatched eggs artificially, and made paper from papyrus of so excellent a description that in a comparatively modern day it was much sought after, and used in preference to parchment.

Many very ancient nations were masters of the art of working in glass. Pliny, writing in the first century, speaks of Sidon as distinguished for its glass works, and says its manufacture was introduced into Rome in the reign of Tiberius. The Egyptians, however, carried this art to its highest perfection long before that time; history tells us that they performed the most difficult operations in glass-cutting, and manufactured cups of astonishing purity, ornamented with figures in changeable colors. Layard's interesting discoveries amid the ruins of Ninevah, which must be entitled to an antiquity carrying us back near 2000 years before the Christian era, confirms this knowledge to those ancient people—the most beautiful and highly wrought specimens of glass-work having been found.

The ancients were long before us in applying it to the ornamenting of rooms and houses, they even used it in beautifully colored blocks several inches in thickness for pavement and flooring, as has since been discovered in Herculaneum, a city buried by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A.D. 79.

Glass mosaics and reliefs executed in glass with the highest skill, are described by the celebrated antiquarian, Winkelman. A very beautiful tablet of the latter kind is now preserved in the Vatican. It resembles a large cameo, 8 inches by 6, cut in glass; the figures, which represent Bacchus and Ariadne, with two satyrs, are very finely executed.

But the celebrated Portland vase, taken from the Berberini Palace, near which it was found, is the most exquisite production of the kind hitherto discovered. The Duke of Portland purchased this relic for 1000 guineas, and it is still in possession of his family. It is a funeral vase, taken from what was supposed to be the sarcophagus of Alexander Severus, a Roman emperor, who died A.D. 235. It exhibits several figures in bass relief, of white opaque glass, on a deep blue ground, but so exquisite is the workmanship, so perfect the material of which it is composed, that for a long time it was believed to be sardonyx. There is nothing in modern manufacture approaching it in beauty.

For porcelain we have as little to thank the moderns, whose highest aim, even at the present day, is to copy, in hopes of equaling the works of older nations. In China and Japan, the art was carried to perfection 450 years B.C.: and the Chinese still possess the secret of making the most beautiful description of this ware, which, until very late years, has not been even successfully imitated by European nations. Metallic mirrors were in use among the ancients, and have

* Extracted from a Lecture delivered by Dr. Jukes, before the St. Catherine's Mechanics' Institute.

been found by Layard amongst other wonders amid the ruins of Nineveh. Burning glasses are mentioned in a comedy written by Aristophanes 600 years before the Christian era. Archimedes, the great geometer, who flourished in the third century B.C. is said to have destroyed the Roman fleet by fire, from the collected influence of the sun's rays, reflected from numerous plain mirrors. According to the written history of the Chinese silk manufactories were in operation there 2700 years B.C. They were also acquainted with the art of printing, claiming to have discovered it long before the commencement of the Christian era, and it is denied by none even of the Christian writers, that it was fully established in China early in the tenth century, nearly 500 years before it was contemplated in Europe.

Linen of a fine quality was woven by the Egyptians at a very early date, for their priests wore robes of it at all their religious ceremonies; hence they are styled "linen wearing" by both Ovid and Juvenal—the first of whom wrote before the Christian era. The skill attained by the Assyrians in the manufacture and dyeing of silken, linen, and woollen stuffs, had reached such perfection, that their garments were still a proverb many centuries after the fall of the empire.

There are, moreover, numerous passages in the Old Testament, which speak of linen cloths, linen ephods, and curtains, and veils of fine linen, which show that the ancient Jews were also well acquainted with its manufacture.

It is difficult to fix the date of the first manufacture of sugar. It was, however, known to the Greeks and Romans, and Herodotus, writing 2300 years ago, tells us that the Zygantes, a people in Africa, made it in large quantities. Strabo also speaks of "India stone sweeter than figs and honey." And Dioscorides, in the first century, tells us that in India and Arabia, they manufacture a kind of concrete honey called sucharon; it is found in reeds, and resembles salt in solidity and friability between the teeth. Pliny also speaks of it, and Aliar, in the second century, describes the process of manufacture from the juice of the cane.

The peculiar form in which white sugar is crystallized even at the present day, viz., the sugar-luar or cone is derived from the Arabs, who used earthen moulds of that shape for this purpose many centuries ago; the practice has been transmitted to us through the Spanish and Portuguese, who derived it from the Moors. In fact, the very name of sugar in English, sucre in French, and azucar in Spanish and Portuguese, is an evident imitation of the Arabic word for the same article—shukar—this was derived from the Sanscrit, shakara, meaning sweet salt.

The manufacture of cotton was first commenced in Hindostan, from thence was carried by the Arabians: diffused over Africa and fixed in Europe; whence it was brought by an enterprising operative to the United States. And strange as it may seem it is to the Arabs, though half-naked, hard-riding demons, so often employed in stripping unfortunate christians to the skin, that chastendom is indebted for the comfort of a shirt. Such, however, is the fact. The Arabs conferred upon us that grateful and now ornamental garment. Herodotus also informs us that cloth made from

cotton was the common dress of the inhabitants of India, and this as I said before was 2,300 years ago.

The manufacture of woollens and satinetts may easily be carried back to 1,500 years B. C., for we read in the Book of Leviticus of woollen garments as common, and also of cloths woven mingled of linen and wool.

Scale armor of steel inlaid with copper has been recently discovered by Layard amid the ruins of Nineveh; beads and ornaments of glass, agate, cornelian and amethyst; silver bracelets and hairpins of elegant construction; spoons, pottery and other household utensils and bronze ornament, which seem to have been originally the feet of chairs, tables, and other furniture, long since fallen to dust, which Layard deems equal to the workmanship of Greece in execution. It is evident, therefore, that they not only possessed skillful mechanics in those days, but also the requisite knowledge to enable them to work in these various materials, and to produce a degree of finish equal to the finest of modern days; yet these relics cannot be less than 3,000 years old!

These few facts gathered promiscuously and presented in no regular order, have been hastily thrown together as they came to hand; many other and more striking instances might be found, serving as examples to show how many of the most useful and ornamental articles of the present day, which we are apt to consider of quite modern invention, were brought to a perfect state of development many thousand years ago. Nor, while regarding the stupendous monuments of ancient glory, which after having outlived their written history, and the memory of the deeds they were intended to commemorate, still speak to our outward senses, like dim shadowy ghosts from the forgotten dead. Can we avoid the reflection that many wonderful and useful inventions must have flourished among such a nation, though time hath long ago swept to everlasting oblivion every trace by which they might be discerned.

A PENNY SAVED AND A PUNCH GOT.—Mr. Punch presents his compliments to Mr. Planché, and will trouble that gentleman to request Mrs. Stirling to make a slight addition to an exceedingly proper observation she offers, as "*Comedy*," in the very pleasant piece, the *Camp of the Olympic*. Mrs. Stirling remarks, in her very happiest stage manner,

"And who for wit in comedy would seek,
When Punch himself is but a groat a week?"

To prevent unhappiness and misconception, would Mr. Planché add something of this kind?

"Fourpence, I mean to country friends supplies him,
The favoured Londoner for threepence buys him."
With this addition the *Camp* will become a charming little piece.

THE TYPE OF CONCERT.—An author having his love-letters printed.

In olden times he was accounted a skillful person who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers; the art has not been lost,—nay, it is practised every day by the world.

THE BLANKSHIRE HOUNDS.

I HAD passed the College, and taken out my degree; I was M.R.C.S. and M.D. of Elin: My mother was delighted—my uncle was disgusted. My mother's ambition was satisfied, and she felt herself amply repaid for her long years' I snobby stuff gowns and sugarless tea when my diplomas, framed and glazed, were hung up in her parlor; while my uncle, frowning indignantly, asked, "who would be fool enough to give a gentleman to a whipper-snapper fellow, as pale as a ghost, as thin as a whipping-post, and without even whiskers?" He was quite right. I invested the legacy of my aunt Poddsleight in genteel apartments and a brass plate in the principal street of Jennynton. I wore a white cravat, and walked about with a book seriously bound in my hand. A carriage I could not afford. It was before the days of broughams; but no one came with a fee, and the poor patients—chiefly old women who had been the round of all the medical staff in Jennynton—treated me with almost a patronising air.

Fortunately my uncle—who had quarrelled with my mother, his sister, because she would make me a physician—was solicitor and agent to the Dowager Countess of Bulrush; and, about the time that my legacy was reduced to a very minute balance when I feared to draw out of the Old Jennynton Bank, the young Earl, who had been brought up on the eddling principle—two nurses and a governess until he was thirteen; then a private tutor, and two grooms, one to ride behind and the other beside him; three glasses of wine at dinner, and a select library, chosen by the bishop of the diocese, the popular Bishop Flam, celebrated for his melodious voice and accommodating opinions—I say the young Earl suddenly broke out of bounds, first accepted an invitation from the Bishop's wife's nephew, the Honorable Frank Fastman, without consulting the Countess; staid away a fortnight; returned driving a Landem and smoking a cigar; and then, after purchasing a stud of hunters from Mr. Thong, the celebrated dealer, on credit, accepted the mastership of the Blankshire Hounds, which had been offered by a gentleman he met at Mr. Fastman's table, on the strength of Lord Bulrush having an estate in that county, which neither he nor his father had ever seen.

The Dowager had hoped to lead her son through life in the same pleasant and easy way that she had led him through the castle gardens when he was in frock and trousers, rewarding him from time to time with a peach or a bunch of grapes. But when he took to horse-flesh she preached, raved, fell into hysterics, and finally sent for my uncle.

My uncle was not taken by surprise; but set out at once, and took me with him. We rode his two Norfolk cobs, presents from Lord Holkham. The family physician, Dr. Fleme, had been sent for; also Sir Albert Debonair, from London; but Dr. Fleme was attending the Duchess, and Sir Albert was at Brighton, waiting for a bow from royalty; so I felt the Countess's pulse; and, with much trepidation, made up, on my suggestion, a prescription consisting chiefly

of sugar, hot water, and old Cognac. I then retired.

My uncle listened to the Dowager's mingled fears for her son's soul and body; for the Countess fancied a fox hunt was next door to an hospital; not dreaming that the Earl and his tutor had been pretty regular attendants on the Jennynton harriers for the previous three seasons. He then gently insinuated that, as the young lord unfortunately took after his father instead of his mother, and was consequently obstinate, and would be of age in a year, and might then object to certain liberties that her ladyship had taken with the estates, perhaps it would be better to let him have his own way. He mentioned the case of young Lord Modbury, who married the dairymaid to spite his father, because he would not let him go to Paris; and the Honorable Mr. Eton who went to London and lost forty thousand pounds at the oyster club, because Lady Eton objected to his four-in-hand, with many other anecdotes of a like nature. Finally, he advised that the Black Oak Grange, the best house on the Blankshire estate, should be fitted up and filled with a carefully selected staff of servants, and a stud of first-rate hunters, and that her ladyship should withdraw all objections, on condition that his lordship took with him a resident medical attendant. To this conclusion, not without much sighing and sobbing, and pious ejaculations, her ladyship came at length; and this was the way in which I, Adam Muffeigh, who always had the strongest objection to anything beyond nine miles an hour, came to be the medical and daily companion of a fox hunting Earl. Ah, me! The thought of what I have had to do, in my time, even now makes me tremble all over with goose's flesh as I sit in my morocco arm-chair, and enjoy the fruits of early hardships upon pig-skin.

The Dowager took a fancy from the moment she saw me trotting up the avenue—for, as she flatteringly observed, "He ride so badly, he is not likely to lead dear Reginald into mischief."

It was October when this occurred. Down we went into Blankshire, and took possession of Black Oak Grange, a curious old-fashioned house, which was already scrubbed, warmed, and ventilated, with a corps of the ugliest maidens I ever beheld together. In this house I passed four seasons, and met with many adventures; of which one will be enough for the present.

The Blankshire hounds hunted over one of those old-fashioned squirearchical districts, where good fat land, rude cultivation, old families of moderately independent means, and the absence of mines and manufactories, as well as of roads leading to any important town, combined to nourish in great perfection all those John Bull prejudices which rail-roads and high-farming have done much to extinguish. Pig-tails, top-boots and buck-skins, four-horse coaches, postillions and out riders, county assemblies, minuets and cotillions, had their last stronghold in Blankshire. The county families seldom travelled to London; even the county members had perpetual leave of absence. The peers who had estates in the county rarely visited them, and if they came for shooting, came as strangers.—Manufacturers were looked on and talked of,

much as Southern planters talk of niggers, No professional man, except one favourite M. D., had ever been admitted to the Blankshire assemblies held in the rooms of the chief inn—the Bullrush Arms—in a decayed cathedral town, where the squires had town houses, and spent a portion of the year (including hard frosts) in a series of dinners and whist-parties with the rosy, port-loving prebends of the old school.

The Blankshire Hounds had been a subscription pack from time immemorial, and had grown imperceptibly from badger and hare-hounds, to fox-hounds. There was a club, and a club uniform, which it is not necessary to describe, although it might fill a few pages for some fashionable sporting writers—at any rate, the whole club and county believed this costume to be perfection, and the utmost possible contempt was felt and shown for any stranger who varied a hair's breadth or a shade from the cut of the clothes or the colour of the tops, of the Blankshire Club. It was the rule of the Blankshire Club that no one appearing in the field should be spoken to unless he was introduced. "Foreigners," that is, persons not belonging to the county were special objects of dislike; and, at various times, the sons of rich merchants and manufacturers, who had been tempted to bring their studs over hundreds of miles of bad roads, by reports of the famous sport among the ox-feeding pastures of Blankshire, were signally routed, in spite of their first-rate hunters and Meltonian costume, by the combined contempt and studied insults of the old squires and sporting parsons. Gates shut in their faces, loud laughter at mishaps, frequent misdirections, and unmistakable signs that they were not wanted, generally caused a speedy retreat. In fact, as Squire Thicked observed in a loud whisper to parson Bowan, "They didn't want any interlopers, showing off their airs and their horses." And it is a curious fact, that these gentlemen of the old school, who could not be too civil to the friends of their own sect, were as proud of their systematic rudeness as if it had been both wise and witty.

But, the falling of war rents, and the change of time which brought the corn and cattle of other districts, better provided with roads, to compete with Blankshire; not to mention the inroads which a few generations of four-bottled men had made on ancestral estates gradually diminished the income of the Blankshire Foxhound Club. As it was impossible to admit as subscribers any of the new men—sons of millers, agents and lawyers who had grown up in a new generation—the suggestion of the Honorable Mr Fastman, when on his visit to his uncle the Cannon of the Blankshire Cathedral, of inviting young Lord Bullrush to take the mastership of the hounds (then vacant by the death of Squire Blorrington, of apoplexy, the day after the Annual Hunt dinner at the close of the season) was entertained, grumbled at, and finally agreed on: with the understanding that my lord was to pay half the expenses, and they were to manage.

Behold us then installed in the Grange with everything new about us, except the black and white timber-laced house: everybody calling on my lord, and my lord calling on everybody. Oh,

those were queer times! Chiefly, the country people were puzzled how to treat me; but, as I kept in the background, and secured the good will of the steward and the stud groom, by a little timely attention to their wives, and agreeable perscriptions for themselves, when they made too, free with Bullrush claret, which mixed with Blankshire ale rather badly, I had good rooms, good attendance, and the best of the quiet horses to ride. I was supposed to hold a sort of secret-service-post direct from the countess, and the squires were tolerably civil.

It was astonishing how Lord Bullrush, who had been brought up in a nursery almost all his life, bloomed and flowered into importance. In a month, when the dowager came down to visit him, she found that her influence had faded to a shadow; he came up to her, with his hands in his pockets, smoking a cigar. But to return to the Blankshire squires.

Lord Bullrush would shake hands, and would make friends with all who came out with the hounds; he broke through all the county etiquette; he greeted a hard riding young farmer quite as cordially as Squire Beechgrove or Squire Oldoak; he even asked Sheepskin the young lawyer to dinner, the day he beat all the field and jumped the Gorse Park palings.

One day—it was in December, after three weeks' hard frost—we met at the Three Ponds. When we came up, there was a strange, knowing groom leading two horses about, of a stamp we did not see every day—great well-bred weight carriers, quite fresh on their legs; one of them a black, with a side saddle. Whose could they be? It was not Miss Blorrington; we knew Miss Blorrington's old grey cob; it was not Mrs. Beechgrove: she was there, staring with all her eyes. Some one had asked the groom, and he had answered in a sort of Yorkshire accent, "My maister's."

"And who is your master, my man," said my lord.

"There he is, a coming," said the man, "and perhaps you'll ask him yoursen."

"Fellow," cried Squire Grabble, "do you know who are speaking to? That is the Master of the Hounds, Lord Bullrush."

"I don't care who the hang he be; my orders is to answer no questions and tell no lies."

Up drove a Stanhope, drawn by a fast trotting bay; out of it got, first, a tall, broad-shouldered young man, dressed in a costume that set the whole hunt, except Lord Bullrush, in a ferment. None of them had ever seen anything like it before; but my lord always liked something new, and does now. A scarlet single breasted coat and cap—all the Blankshires wore hats; leathers—all the Blankshires wore brown cords; hunting jack-boots—and all the Blankshires wore mahogany tops. Worse than all, the stranger wore moustaches. With a grave bow to the master and more ceremony to his companion, he handed out a pretty cherry-cheeked girl, in a black Spanish hat, with plump rosy lips, and nice teeth; a short saucy nose; and a remarkably neat flexible figure.

In an instant they were both mounted; and it did not look likely from their style and seat, that they were French—as Grabble had suggested,

with a contemptuous point at the black boots and moustaches.

On that morning there was not much time for inquiries. The hounds found a fox five minutes after being thrown into cover, ran him a run of ten minutes back to cover, then changed him for another who put his head straight and gave us (that is to say, those who like riding over hedge, ditch, brook, rail, and gate—I don't) one of the quick things of the season. Here, perhaps, it may be expected that I shall relate how the two strangers took the lead, kept it, and pounded the whole field at some tremendous fence. But they did not do anything of the kind; it is true they did not follow my example, and keep with Farmer Greenleigh and Lord Bullrush's second horse man to the high road and the bridge roads; no, they kept tolerably straight, rode a fair second place out of the crowd, and made no display except once, when the old jealous brute, Grabble, let the wicket gate of a covert fly back as the lady was cantering up to it. She never slackened her pace; but with one touch and one word flew it, and the next moment dashed the mud of a heavy ploughed field into the face of Grabble's wheezy mare, with a smile.

The kill was a pretty thing, on a steep grass hill side, in view—the strangers fairly up. After the whoo-whoop, they turned their horses' heads and rode off, without giving any one a chance of saying a word.

Their departure was the signal for a thousand questions. Who were they? What were they? Where did they come from? Their persons, their horses, their accoutrements, were severely criticised. Their appearance in the field was treated as impudence; the man was a strolling player, if not a Frenchman. Parson Doddle suggested that he might be an emissary of the Pope; Lawyer Toddle suspected he was a Russian spy rather than otherwise. At length an appeal was made to Lord Bullrush, whom they despised for his youth, his half shyness and his ignorance of fox hunting, and whom they admired for his title and his estate. My Lord gave in against them. He thought "the stranger a neat style of man who rode well, and the girl was monstrous pretty." This changed the current of criticism. Then came the news from Toddle's articled clerk, Bob Sharply, that the strangers had taken the farm-house which formerly belonged to Farmer Cherry, and had six horses there; but only brought two men servants—one of whom was a yokel—and had hired a maid and two understrappers in the village. They were man and wife, named Burden; or Barden, or Barnard, or something beginning with a B.

The next hunting day—we went out three times a week—the mysterious B's were on the field. This time mounted on two greys, better bred, better broke, and handsomer than anything in Lord Bullrush's stud. Again they rode forward, again disappointed Grabble, and Doddle, and Toddle, by not getting into grief. Ours is a fair country, with stiff hunting fences and some water, but it seemed child's play to the lady; and, as for the husband, he rode like one that had been crossing such a country all his life—quite quiet, and as firm as a rock. The vexatious thing was, that when all the club had decided

that he was not to be noticed, or answered or encouraged, he never gave them a chance of being impertinent, never spoke, never seemed to see any one; rode away the moment it was decided that the hounds were to go home. Some of the younger members of the hunt, thawed by the bright eyes and dashing style of the lady B., attempted a few civilities; but with no sort of success, although she succeeded in getting several into terrible croppers, by leading them over tremendous fences at the end of a hard run. Her favourite bay, thorough-bred, with her feather, weight, was what she called him, Perfection.

The steady silence of the strangers had its effect. To my great amusement, after a certain time it began to be rumoured that they were a young couple of high rank living incognito. One day the news came that the gentleman was a French prince of the blood; then he was the grandson of a noble duke; then he was the nephew of an English north-country earl. At length it was settled that they were most distinguished personages, who chose to bear the simple name of Barnard. Toddle's wife went in her new carriage with her best harness to make a call, when she knew they were out hunting, but found no one to answer her questions except stupid Molly Coddlin from our Blankshire charity school, where the smallest quantity of instruction was doled out among large lots of girls in hideous uniforms. Molly knew nothing except that her missis and master were real quality, and that Reuben, the saucy groom at home, had strict orders to let no one in. Mrs. Doddle tried, and called when Mrs. Barnard was at home. Mrs. Doddle had loudly proclaimed, after seeing the mysterious lady at the cathedral in a Parisian bonnet, that she must be an actress. Mrs. Doddle's cards were received, but "Master and missis were out, they told me to say," was the satisfactory answer. Squire Grabble, full of some private information, so far changed, that he rode up to the unknown horseman and "hoped he'd join a few friends to dinner that evening;" to which the stranger answered loudly, before three or four of Grabble's set, "I have not the honor of knowing you, sir; and you don't know me. I may be a bagman, or a play-actor, or even a newspaper writer, as you observed to my servant the other day; therefore, I beg to decline your invitation."

Grabble grew so blue that I began to feel for a lancet. He spluttered out, "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Just as you please," said the stranger, laughing, and looking down on the little fuming man. So there the conversation ended.

At length I was sent on an embassy from Lord Bullrush, and got for answer, very civilly, that Mr. B. had come down for amusement and good sport, did not intend to go into society, much obliged, and all that.

For the rest of the winter these mysterious B's supplied our city with the staple of gossip. Offers to buy their horses were declined with "not at present." In the end, the conclusion came too, was, that Mr. B. was some great personage in disguise. The majority inclined towards a Russian agent; though Doddle stuck up for the Pope and

the Jesuit's College. All agreed that such horses were never seen in the county.

While the mystery was at its height; when Lord Bullrush, perfectly frantic at being balked, had determined to storm the house and throw himself at the feet of a young damsel, apparently a sister of the lady in the Spanish hat; the farmhouse was found shut up. Farmer Cherry's executors advertised a sale by auction of the furniture and stacks. Mr. Barnard's horses were placed in the stables of the principal hotel under the charge of the Yorkshire groom, and an advertisement in the local papers announced them for sale, "the property of a gentleman declining hunting." They were sold, with the exception of two reserved, at high figures, fetching the largest prices ever known in the county; but they did not give unmitigated satisfaction to all the purchasers. Perhaps it was the weight or the hand; but the sorrel and the grey never went so well with any one as with the lady in the Spanish hat. The groom was proof against gin, brandy, crowns and half-guineas. His master could ride a bit, he could, so could his missis; and that was all they could get out of him—probably it was all he knew.

After two more seasons, Lord Bullrush gave up the Blankshire hounds, and not only disgusted the whole neighborhood, but I verily believe killed the Countess Dowager by marrying a pretty girl—a country surgeon's daughter—the very picture, as he declared, of the lady in the Spanish hat. After that, we travelled on the continent for three years. I published my book on Peculiarities of Digestion, and my Analysis of the Cries of Infants: on the strength of which, with Lord and Lady B's patronage, I set up in practice; until, at a fortunate moment his lordship, who had settled down into a steady voting politician, was able to put me in the snug appointment I now hold. I live genteelly in Calverdish Square, and have a great reputation for the diseases of infants.

I continue a great favorite with both my lord and my lady, and am often asked, in the dull season when Parliament sits late, to take a vacant place at their table. It was after one of these dinners, on a hot July evening, that his lordship proposed a stroll and a cigar. We walked up and down divers quiet streets, until we came into a modern neighborhood, where a magnificent chemist's shop occupied the corner. "Let us go in," said my lord. "I should like a glass of soda water."

Now, though my conscience went against patronising a surgeon who demeaned himself to sell soda water, I could not say no.

We walked in and had the soda water; but the sight of all the pretty things in glass and china set Lord B. (always a gossip) chatting and asking questions; at length the shopman was obliged to appeal to his master about some question of eau-de-Cologne. The master came forward: a tall man, dressed in the professional black and white.

As I was looking over the labels, a name repeatedly caught my eye, and reminded me of something, when I heard Lord B. exclaim, "Pray, sir, where have I seen you before? Your face is familiar to me." I looked up, and the truth flashed

upon me as the druggist answered quietly, "In Blankshire, when your lordship had the hounds, and I went there to spend my honeymoon, and sell my father's horses, while waiting until I could buy a business to my mind. My father was a Yorkshire farmer, and made me—his third son—a surgeon. He had horses; of course we rode them. I went to Paris to finish my education, and there picked up my moustache and boots. When I married Farmer Cherry's heir-at-law, a neighbor of my father offered to lend us the house, and told us the story of the hunt. We were young, much in love, did not want impertinence, and did like fox-hunting. I heard of a surgeon's and druggist's business likely to suit me, and I left your country. We have three children. I am doing a good business—indeed it cost me some thousands of pounds—and we often laugh about the Blankshire Hunt. I hope to have your lordship's custom." Here he handed an ornamental card—Robert Barnard, Surgeon Accoucheur. Prescriptions carefully made up. Eau de Cologne, Seltzer, and all other German Waters.

Lord Bullrush laughed with delight; gave a large order for Seltzer water and perfumery; and hastened home to tell his wife. Barnard's has since become a favorite house of call. My lord delights to tell the story of the Russian Prince and Princess. And the other day, when young Lord Pic Poudre, grandson of Soffington of Lombard Street, was expatiating after dinner on "blood," and its inscrutable advantages. "Bosh," answered Bullrush in his rough way, "blood in horses, blood in greyhounds, blood in gamecocks, I understand; but, as for men, we must take him round to see our sporting druggist, eh, doctor?"

MAN AND WOMAN.—Between male and female there is difference of *kind* only, not *degree*. Man is strong, woman is beautiful; man is daring and confident, woman is diffident and unassuming; man is great in action, woman in suffering; man shines abroad, woman at home; man talks to convince, woman to persuade; man has a rugged heart, woman a soft and tender one; man prevents misery, woman relieves it; man has science, woman taste; man has judgment, woman sensibility; man is a being of justice, woman an angel of mercy. These comparative characteristics represent man as the head, woman as the heart; or, man the intellect, woman the affection. And in so doing, we submit that no position derogatory to woman is involved therein. We are, as a simple fact, more influenced by our hearts than our heads—by our love than our conviction. While physical and mental endowments make a forcible appeal to the senses, yet it is susceptible of experimental proof that moral power really controls and decides the fate of the world; and as it is in this latter particular that woman preeminently shines, we should contend, so far from her being man's inferior, that she is, at present at least, his decided superior. With this view of their relative position before us, we shall be the better able to definitely calculate the value of the sexes to each other.



THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXI.

[Laird, Major, and Doctor.]

LAIRD.—Div ye ken, Major, I begin to suspect that I am dropping astern o' this progressive age.

MAJOR.—Indeed! Such an admission from a native of North Britain, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the day—the beard movement and table rappings not excepted. Pray when and how did the humiliating light break in upon you?

LAIRD.—It was at a cookie shine, held in oor Kirk the other week, for the benefit o' the bell ringer. Some o' oor young College birnies frae Toronto attended by special request, and the topics which they discussed after the cookies and short bread had been demolished, and the lang nebbit words they made use o', clean took awa' my breath.

MAJOR.—I can perfectly appreciate your feelings. Every whelp who has progressed in his "humanities" beyond Lennie's grammar, now sets up as a species of admirable Crichton, and laughs to scorn old fogies, like ourselves, who make no pretensions to an infinitude of polyglote gifts.

LAIRD.—In such a state o' things, something imperatively behooves to be done, in order to keep us up wi' "the march o' intellect." Can ye recommend to me a pair o' stilts which will enable me to hirple along, so as no' to be hopelessly left oot o' sight?

MAJOR.—Your simile I take, and as it so chances my arm at this very moment is resting upon the very crutches which you desiderate.

D.—What are their names?

R.—One is entitled "*The Imperial Ga-*

zetteer," and the other "*The Imperial Dictionary*," both begotten of Blackie & Son of the City of Saint Mungo.

LAIRD.—And are ye certain that they will enable me to haud my ain at soirees?

MAJOR.—Never doubt it man. If you only exercise yourself occasionally, say half an hour every morning before brose time, in these admirable *vade mecum*s of information you need not fear to break a lance with the most glib-tongued literary mushroom, forced into premature maturity by hot-houses.

LAIRD.—And whaur are the productions to be got?

DOCTOR.—Think shame of yourself, you incorrigible old fossil for asking such a question. Have you yet to learn that Mr. Thomas Maclear has been engaged for the last eleven years in disseminating the publications of the Blackies. His myrmidons have penetrated every nook and corner of these regions, which is so far advanced in civilization as to boast of a church, a mill, and a tavern. And yet, forsooth, you, at this late time of day, come seeking information with finger in mouth, touching his leading library wares. I always suspected you to be a pretender, now I know it.

LAIRD.—Deil throttle the ill-tongued tinkler! Major! if ye wudna' hae murder committed in the Shanty, haud my twa arms! You filthy concoctor o' black draughts, and pestiferous pills, consider yours! kicked oot o' the door, and your thick head broken wi' this pot-bellied bottle.

DOCTOR.—As long as your leeks are metaphori-

cal, I shall willingly eat them without swearing.—Come, come, let us call a truce, and “teem a cur o’ kindness,” in ratification thereof.

LAIRD.—Here’s a speedy reformation to you. As matters stand at present, the hangman has every prospect of spanning your craig.

DOCTOR.—Is it the case, Laird, that you contemplate erecting a new villa, on the manor of Bonnie Braes?

LAIRD.—Maybe yes, and maybe no! but what has been giving you an inkling o’ my plans I should like to ken?

DOCTOR.—That is not the question.

LAIRD.—But it is the question—craving your pardon, Sangrado! Oh! this is the queerest world for gossip, that ever was created! I verily believe that if I took treacle instead o’ kirm milk to my parritch, the fact would be patent in Toronto before sunset! However, na’ to mak’ a mystery about naething, I ha’e been thinking o’ speculating a thoct in stane and lime. The sone price that I got for my kneeve fu’ o’ wheat.

DOCTOR.—Confound your “kneeve fu’ o’ wheat!” Are we never to hear an end of the usurious rate at which you have vendid a few miserable bushels of breadstuffs?

LAIRD.—Hech sirs, but the creature’s snell the night! Its sheer envy that’s stirring up the auld Adam in the bodie. He is like to eat his fingers off, because eauts and caster oil ha’e na’ risen in the market in consequence o’ the rumours o’ wars.

MAJOR.—Let there be an end to this peppery episode, I treat of you. Have you any suggestion to offer the Laird, good medico, in the architectural line?

DOCTOR.—The fellow does not deserve to have any gentleman take an interest in his affairs. However, to demonstrate that I scorn to cherish malice, I would call his attention to a little volume, which I picked up in Maclear’s this morning, entitled, “*A Home for All, or the Gravel Wall, and Octagon mode of building.*”

LAIRD.—Mony thanks, Doctor, for your kindness. Your bite is no near sae vicious as your bark, and that I ha’e often mainteened abint your back. It was a considerate thing for you to think upon me, and my bit plans when I was meditating a voyage upon the sea o’ mortar.

MAJOR.—Pray who is the advocate for gravel and octagon walls?

DOCTOR.—O. S. Fowler, of the firm of Fowler, and Wells, New York.

MAJOR.—One of the most flatulent quacks, which this empirical age has produced. Upon the substratum of Phrenology he has erected more crazy structures than I can reckon up, the

majority of them redolent of materialism and infidelity.

LAIRD.—Sinn’ encouragement, I opine, to be guided by him in the planning of a house!

DOCTOR.—Nay, do not mistake me, neighbours. I admire Fowler as little as you can possibly do, but, to me at least, the theory of building which he propounds, savours of novelty, and I judged it a simple act of courtesy to bring it under the notice of our rustico associate.

LAIRD.—Ye were richt, Doctor. Wha kens but that the bump-hunting land louser, may ha’e stumbled by accident upon some grand discovery, destined to effect a signal revolution in the mason-trade?

MAJOR.—What is meant by “gravel walls?”

DOCTOR.—I shall let the man tell his own story (*Reads.*)

Simplicity and efficiency characterize every work of nature. Her building material will therefore be simple, durable, easily applied, everywhere abundant, easily rendered beautiful, comfortable, and every way complete. All this is true of the GRAVEL WALL. It is made wholly out of lime and stones, sand included, which is, of course, fine stone. And pray what is lime but stone? Made from stone, the burning, by expelling its carbonic acid gas, separates its particles, which, slacked and mixed with sand and stone, coats them, and adheres both to them and to itself, and, re-absorbing its carbonic acid gas, again returns to stone, becoming more and still more solid with age, till, in the lapse of years, it becomes real stone. By this provision of nature, we are enabled to mould mortar into whatever form we like, and it becomes veritable stone, and ultimately as hard as stone, growing harder and still harder from age to age, and century to century. Even frost and wet do not destroy its adhesive quality, after it is once fairly dry. The walls of my house stood one severe winter entirely unprotected, even by a coat of mortar, *without a roof*, yet neither peeled, nor cracked, nor crumbled, one iota. Does frost crumble or injure a brick wall? Yet what but lime forms its bond principle? Nothing? Then why should frost injure any wall having lime for its bond principle?

Reader, reflect a moment on the value of this lime principle. What would man do without it? How useful to be able to cast or spread mortar into any shape, and have it harden into stone. Without lime, of what use brick? How could we make inside walls, or hard finish them? Let us, while enjoying the luxuries secured by this law, thankfully acknowledge their source.

Obviously, this hardening property of lime, adapts it admirably to building purposes. Mixed with sand, formed with brick or stone into any shape we please, it petrifies and remains forever. How simple! How effectual! How infinitely useful! Like air or water, its very commonness, and necessity, makes us forget its value.

And cannot this hardening principle be applied to other things as well as to mortar? Especially, can it not be applied as effectually to

coarse mortar as to fine? Ayé, better! If it will bind fine sand particles together, why not coarse stones? Especially, coarse stones imbedded in fine mortar? Lime sticks to anything hard, and sticks together any two or more hard substances, coated with it and laid side by side, whether large or small. It fastens stones and brick together, as now usually laid up by the mason, then why not if thrown together promiscuously? Fact and philosophy both answer affirmatively.

In 1850, near Jaynesville, Wisc., I saw houses built wholly of lime, mixed with that coarse gravel and sand found in banks on the western prairies, and underlying all prairie soil. I visited Milton, to examine the house put up by Mr. Goodrich, the original discoverer of this mode of building, and found his walls as hard as stone itself, and harder than brick walls. I pounded them with the hammer, and examined them thoroughly, till fully satisfied as to their solidity and strength. Mr. Goodrich offered to allow me to strike with a sledge, as hard as I pleased, upon the inside of his parlor walls for six cents per blow, which he said would repair all damages. He said, in making this discovery, he reasoned thus: Has nature not provided some other building material on these prairies but wood, which is scarce? Can we find nothing in our midst? Let me see what we have. Fine Lime abounds everywhere. So does coarse gravel. Will they not do? I will try. He first built an academy not larger than a school-house. Part way up, a severe storm washed it, so that a portion fell. His neighbors wrote on it with chalk by night, "Goodrich's folly." But, after it was up, he wrote in answer, "Goodrich's wisdom." It stood; it hardened with age. He erected a blacksmith's shop, and finally a block of stores and dwellings; and his plan was copied extensively. And he deserves to be immortalized, for the superiority of this plan must certainly revolutionize building, and especially enable poor men to build their own homes.

All the credit I claim is that of appreciating its superiority, applying it on a large scale, and greatly improving the mode of putting up this kind of wall.

MAJOR.—Of course touching the virtues of gravel as a building material, I can say nothing; most emphatically, however, do I reprobate the octagon style of dwelling. When I was in the West Indies I saw a structure of this kind, a sketch of which appeared in the *London Illustrated News*. Being slightly acquainted with the owner of the affair, he insisted upon showing me through the same.

DOCTOR.—And to what conclusion did the inspection lead you?

MAJOR.—Simply this, that if a man be determined to make his family uncomfortable for life, he will indubitably house them in an octagon shaped dwelling.

DOCTOR.—Wherein did the inconvenience mainly consist?

MAJOR.—That question it is not easy to answer.

Everything was out of joint and out of place. The most ingenious cabinet-maker could not contrive furniture which might gracefully harmonize with the distortions of the rooms; and in fact had the greatest misanthrope desired a habitation devoid of one redeeming feature of comfort, there was such a mansion ready fashioned to his hand.

LAIRD.—Ye hae effectually scunnered me against octagons, but there may be something in the gravel part o' the theory. By your leave, Doctor, I'll put Fowler's book in my pocket, and consult my friend Mr. Hay upon the matter. Guid stane is scarce at Bonny Braes, as plain dealing under a lawyer's wig, but we can ding a' the world for gravel! Dinna put your tumbler, Major, upon that parcel, for it contains a work I would ill like to see stained.

MAJOR.—What is the gem whose purity you so jealously conserve?

LAIRD.—It is the January number o' the *Art Journal*, to which my friend Hugh Rodgers has seduced me to become a subscriber. The tax is something upon a bit farmer bodie, but when wheat brings—

DOCTOR.—"No more o' that, Hal, an you love me!"

MAJOR.—You will never regret having enrolled yourself as one of Mr. Hugo's clients. The *Art Journal* is, beyond all controversy, at once the cheapest and the most beautiful periodical of our era.

DOCTOR.—I say ditto to that most emphatically, and congratulate our rustic *socius* upon the glimmering of taste which he has evinced in the transaction.

MAJOR.—What an invigorating and refreshing print in this number before us, is that of "Raising the May Pole?" Ten years ago such an engraving would have been thought low priced at half a guinea.

LAIRD.—It was that very picture which induced me to patronize the magazine. There is a balmy, auld country aroma about it, which is worth a hundred sermons against the unnatural sin o' annexation! I sat looking upon it wi' moistened een for the better o' half an hour, and when I laid it down, I felt the first qualm o' hame sickness I hae experienced for the last quarter o' a century!

MAJOR.—When upon the subject of the fine arts, let me commend to your attention the *Illustrated Magazine of Art*, the February part of which Maclear sent out to the Shanty this evening. At the low rate of fifteen shillings currency per annum it presents you with an almost bewil-

dering variety of artistically executed woodcuts, the subjects being mainly taken from the great masters. Here, for instance, are a series of engravings after Albert Cuyp, which convey an excellent idea of the style of that illustrious Dutchman, accompanied by an essay on his works by one who is evidently familiarly conversant with art.

DOCTOR.—I sincerely trust that both the *Illustrated Magazine* and the *Art Journal* will find extensive circulation in Canada. At present the taste of our colonial fellow-subjects is almost at the zero point, and it is only by making them conversant with the genuine article that we can hope to work an effectual reformation.

MAJOR.—There I differ with you, Doctor. I think that for the population more really good taste is abroad than you will find in the mother country.

LAIRD.—Can either o' ye recommend a new novel, worthy o' Girzy's disgeestion?

DOCTOR.—Here are a brace, which, with the utmost confidence, I can prescribe to the vestal mistress o' Bonnie Braes.

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' your vestals! In thae heart-burning times o' controversy, ye will aiblins mak' the Protestant world believe that I am the owner o' a nunnery, and poor Girzy the Leddy Superior thereof!

DOCTOR.—Well, then, if Girzy, who is no vestal, desires to read a couple of sterling tales, let her bestow her affections upon *Linnay Lockwood*, by Catherine Crowe, and *John*, from the pen of Emilie Carlen. They are both far above mediocrity, and may even aspire to the *super saltum* dignity of excellence.

MAJOR.—So far as *Linnay Lockwood* is concerned, I can fully endorse your verdict. Nothing could be more terrible than the fate of the much sinning Lady Glenlyon, who elopes from an affectionate husband, with a man who cherishes towards her not one feeling even of sensual regard. It is a stern and most practical homily on the guilt of incontinence, and the story is told with an epigrammatic vein worthy of William Godwin. As for *John*, I have not had time to look into it.

DOCTOR.—It is the very antipodes of the fiction you have been so correctly characterizing. Tho' the plot is slight, almost to transparency, it is managed with excellent tact; and the sunny simplicity of the worthy widow, who fancies that her daughter is destined to captivate half the noblesse of Sweden, is pleasingly suggestive of the Vicar of Wakefield.

LAIRD.—I hae nearly forgotten to speer, if ye could tell me onything about a book which, they tell me, is making an unco stir in New York. What's the name o't, again? Tuts! I canna mind it—but it's something like warm oats.

MAJOR.—I presume you have reference to *Hot Corn*?"

LAIRD. That's the very thing. They say that it is a first class production, and should be studied by the rising generation equally wi' the Pilgrims' Progress and the Holy War.

MAJOR.—In this instance the *vox populi* is emphatically the *vox diaboli*!

LAIRD.—As I hae forgotten my Hebrew, may-be you will favor me with your opinion in plain, home-spun Anglo-Saxon.

MAJOR.—I mean to say that the parent of mendacities must have dictated the puffs which have elevated *Hot Corn* into a nine day's notoriety! In a literary point of view, the affair is intensely beneath criticism, and its much vaunted morality is that of the brothel!

LAIRD.—Hech, sirs, what a feeing world our lot is cast in!

MAJOR.—You may well say so! Under the flimsy pretence of exalting virtue and exposing vice, the compiler of this miserable cento of filth accumulates a mass of putrid ordure enough to turn the stomach of a street walker of ten years' standing!

DOCTOR.—There is one consolation, however. The literary impotence of the abortion will effectually prevent it from doing any harm. Prurient as is the taste of this rationalistic and faith-unsettled age, plain, unspiced wickedness will not go down! In the present instance Mahoun has neglected to shake his pepper box over the mess, and consequently the epicures of *clattiness* will turn from it as undeserving of their devoirs!

LAIRD.—I heard that some preachers had cracked up *Hot Corn*.

MAJOR.—Most unsophisticated of agriculturists. Have you forgotten what your old friend Robert Burns says?

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Even ministers, they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
&c. &c. &c.

LAIRD.—No, I have na' forgot it; do I look like a man who wad forget onything that Robin wrote. But I say, Doctor, what are you poring over?

DOCTOR.—*Sheil's Sketches of the Irish Bar*.

MAJOR.—What, the same that appeared some time ago?

DOCTOR.—I am not quite sure. I rather think that some of them are familiar to me; however it is an amusing book, full of chit-chat, and I have selected as a specimen of it, for this month's *Anglo*, one of the most readable. What are you laughing at, Laird?

LAIRD.—The title o' this book; fancy ony body noo-a-days, when peace congresses are a' the rage, inditing a book called the "*Art o' War*."

MAJOR.—If it is Jomini's book that you are nichering at, you have small cause for mirth. It is a work which cannot fail, at the present moment especially, to interest deeply all students on the tactics of war.

His principles are laid down with care, and he has illustrated them with vigor, adducing military facts from all ages in support of every position he has advanced. One part, most particularly, is interesting, where he shows that, speaking of the Balkan, men generally have been too ready to take for granted that the passes are impregnable—he adduces two instances of this ignorance. Just listen:—

"I will cite two examples of them of which I was a witness; in 1796, the army of Moreau, penetrating into the Black Forest, expected to find terrible mountains, defiles and forests, which the ancient Hercinius called to memory with frightful circumstances; we were surprised after having climbed the cliffs of that vast plateau, which look upon the Rhine, to see that those steeps and their counterforts form the only mountains, and that the country, from the sources of the Danube to Donauwerth, presents plains as rich as fertile.

The second example, still more recent, dates in 1813; the whole army of Napoleon, and that great captain himself, regarded the interior of Bohemia as a country cut up with mountains; whereas, there exists scarcely one more flat in Europe, as soon as you have crossed the belt of secondary mountains with which it is surrounded, which is the affair of a march."

The book will be found by all military aspirants a most valuable one, and even for the every day reader it will have interest.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, I am too auld to begin sic like studies. Hae ye got onything else, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—Yes; a lot of Tallis' books. "*Shakespeare*," and "*Flowers of Loveliness*," to wit.

MAJOR.—Shakespeare can never come amiss, come in what guise it may.

DOCTOR.—You forgot, I fancy, the American edition of it, for boarding-school girls, with the improper passages cut out.

MAJOR.—True; I forgot that. Tallis' version however, is, I am certain, not of that sort.

DOCTOR.—By no means. It is a capital edition, with good notes, well got up, and finely illustra-

ted. The print too is large, so as not to make the study of the immortal bard a trial to weak eyes. The second number of the "*Flowers of Loveliness*" is at your elbow, Laird. Look at the engraving of "the passion flower," and tel me how you like it.

LAIRD.—I'll no deny that is very striking, but here is ane I prefer, the Laurel—I like the attitude o' the lassie stannin' up; there's something fine in her attitude. Save us a', Major, what gars you gape yon way?

MAJOR.—I am sleepy. The Doctor tempted me to go to a Concert last night, and I am so little used to late hours now that I feel tired.

LAIRD.—H. o did ye like it?

MAJOR.—Very much; I refer you to the Doctor, however, for full particulars.

DOCTOR.—Why, Major, what has become of all your indignation?

LAIRD.—About what?

DOCTOR.—Our friend was very irate at the ill manners of several of the audience, who got up, while the last song was still unfinished, and bolted to the door, perfectly careless of the fact that they were thereby preventing better mannered persons from hearing what was sung.

MAJOR.—The more I think on it the worse light do these uncivilized creatures appear in. One person, to whom I made the remark, told me that it was because it was late, in consequence of the programme being too long.

DOCTOR.—And what was your response?

MAJOR.—That if it was late, it was owing to the senseless encoring. No fewer than three long pieces were encored—a downright infliction on parties who go to enjoy themselves.

DOCTOR.—Nothing at all, my dear Major, to the first night. Nearly every song was encored, and it was as hard, in some cases, as though *Hamlet* or *Richard the Third* should be encored at the end of the last act.

LAIRD.—But, Doctor, this is no telling me what I want to hear. How did the concert go off?

DOCTOR.—Very successfully. The singing throughout was good, three duets especially. You must go, Laird, on the next night. You will be delighted with Griebel's violin, or, if the piano delights you more, you will find Mr. Hayter's music well worth listening to. You are not *à fait* at modern concert giving, or I would tell you that the selections, in this last affair, gave much more satisfaction than those of the former. Look at the Major, how fearfully he yawns! We must shorten our proceedings in pity to him. Out with your facts, Laird.

LAIIRD.—There they are, close at your elbow. Box them over, and I will read them. [*Reads.*]

PLANS FOR THE YEAR.

A person who first visits one of our best manufactories, is struck with the perfect order and system that prevail in every part of the establishment. Every man is busy, and every one knows his place; every part of the machinery is perfectly adapted to its intended purpose,—slow and powerful in one part, and light and rapid in another; the power applied to move the whole is just sufficient for all its multifarious operations, and none is wasted; the rough material is carefully worked up in such a way that nothing is lost; and skilful calculations are made of all the expenditure as compared with the future profits, and the whole carefully recorded by skilful clerks, in such a manner that those transactions that contribute most to profit, or those which occasion loss, are quickly detected.

Is it so with the farmer? Does he so arrange his business that every hired man is occupied, knowing at any moment what work is assigned him, and so that none are idle at one time, and again overwhelmed with accumulated work at another? Is the team power perfectly adapted to the amount of tillage in view, with steady labor, and without over-driving? Is the system of business such that the farm forces may be evenly distributed through the season? And, above all has the careful and keen-sighted farmer ascertained by accurate accounts and by weighing and measuring, which of his operations are paying him best, taking the cost of the rough material, the expense of working it over, and its ultimate avails, all together in the estimate?

The farmer's rough material,—the land and the manure applied to enrich it,—is too often left out of his calculations. He counts only the amount of money received at the end of the year, and the cost of labour but nothing more. A system of cropping is pursued that *appears* to be profitable, because it returns money; but if it is really impoverishing land, the owner is really selling off his farm piece-meal, and it is as great an error to sell such a course profitable, as it would be to sell off a ten-acre slice each year, and throw the avails promiscuously into the sales of crops. Nay, it is better to reduce the farm in size, than to reduce it in quality, for the reason that a small and fertile farm yields more *net* profit, than the same produce from a larger estate cultivated at greater cost. Manufacturers are very careful of the rough material—let no farmer be less so, because, unlike them, he is not compelled to buy his supply every year; for a bale of raw cotton or a ton

of wool, is worth as much when left by inheritance as when paid for each day in cash. An interesting proof of the deceptiveness of *present* profit was furnished by an experiment performed some years ago in England with two distinct plans of rotation—one, with the wheat crop occurring frequently, and constituting a more exhausting course; and the other more beneficial to the soil, but affording less return in cash. At first the close-cropping course appeared decidedly the most remunerative; but in the course of years the other course had so improved the land, that the minor or secondary crops themselves proved as profitable as the wheat crop had formerly been, which now far exceeded them, and thus rendered the enriching course the best, even throwing out of view its influence on the soil.

An even distribution of labor is of much importance, and not unfrequently entirely overlooked. Hands hired for the season commonly come to understand the routine of work much better than day-hands, and they work more cheaply. A farmer sows half his fields with wheat, with the hope of realizing a fine sum of money; but after the wheat is sown, his men have but little to do that is profitable until the next harvest, when he may be compelled to pay double or even triple wages, all of which trim down the profits, to say nothing about the "rough material." The appropriation of land to the production of some particular product exclusively, has been beautifully advocated by theorists, but in long practice it will not be found to compare with mixed husbandry, that is, with the judicious rotation of crops, combined with raising full herds of domestic animals for the production of manure. In other words, raise plenty of animals, to enrich the crops, which are to feed the animals again. This action and reaction is the best way to create a plentiful surplus for sale, and at the same time preserve or increase the fertility of the farm.

There is no error more common than the imperfect execution of certain operations, when the farmer finds himself behindhand, with a deficiency of hands. This error is the cause of the luxuriant growth of mulleins and thistles so often seen in pastures; and of the heavy coating of weeds which overpower young root-crops, and choke the free growth of corn and potatoes. These often consume all the net profits of the crop, and a defective plan thus compels the farmer to labor for nothing. We have known a crop of oats so diminished by a few days delay in sowing in spring, and a large field of wheat by a similar delay in autumn, as barely to pay for seed and labor, which otherwise might have yielded a heavy return.

There is no remedy for these evils but a careful and accurate plan of operations at the commencement of the year. The course of cropping should be distinctly marked out beforehand, and the number of acres determined for the oats, barley, corn, potatoes, carrots, wheat, corn-fodder, and so forth; the amount of labor for each of these may be nearly estimated, and the time in the season when each should be fully completed; and then, making allowance for interruptions, accidents, and rainy weather, the requisite force may be timely secured, and the whole machinery move on with regularity and without any derangement. All these plans must be fully recorded in a book kept for the purpose—if the memory is depended on, confusion and failure will be the certain result. If possible, the year's plans should be so completely digested, that the operations of every week may be distinctly laid down on a page allotted for each; the necessary variation of a few days, according to the earliness or lateness of the season, may be easily made afterwards. On such a book as this, notes may be made with the progress of the season, thus perfecting the plan for a second year. A few minutes daily devoted in this way, will accomplish much that is valuable for the farmer, and prevent a great deal of anxiety and confusion.

FLOWERS FOR THE SHADE.

There are several flowering plants that do better in the shade than when fully exposed, among which are those brilliant evergreen shrubs, the Kalmias and Rhododendrons. The Mezerion succeeds best in the shade, as well as the fuchsia japonica, the gentians, chrysanthemums, pansies, the periwinkle, gladiolus floribundus and natalensis, the tiger flower, the auriculas, cowslips, and the forget-me-not. Most of the Phloxes, and Ranunculi do well in the shade, and many bulbous plants, as hyacinth, tulips, &c. All our wild flowers from the woods will of course succeed; such for instance as the Hepatica, Claytonia, Rhythronium, Trillium, Lillium philadelphicum, Cypripediums, Orchis simbricata, and Cymbidium. Some evergreens are much better grown in the shade; among them the box, which is always of a fairer green when sheltered from the sun. The English Ivy and the yew are of the same class. This list might, doubtless, be greatly enlarged by those who have had occasion to grow plants in the shade, our experience being quite limited in this direction

THE FARMERS' NEGLECT OF THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

The reluctance shown by this class of people to give a little time and labor to the

production of Vegetables for the use of their families, is most surprising. They appear to think the employment altogether beneath their attention. It may be all very well for the women to engage in it, but to suppose that the farmer himself would do so is deemed almost absurd. Ask a farmer why he does not set off a piece of his land as a Kitchen Garden wherein to raise a plentiful supply of agreeable and wholesome vegetables, and in nine cases out of ten he will reply, "Oh, I have not the time, and cannot afford the labor." Now this is altogether a misapprehension. For what purpose has he time at all, but to support comfortably himself and those dependent upon him? (higher aims always supposed.) If, therefore, the products of the kitchen garden will (and who doubts?) most materially add to the comfort and health of a family, and at a far lower cost than the yield of a field, to grudge a little time and trouble is surely inconsiderate if not unreasonable.

Very long is the list of choice edibles; a small lot of ground so devoted will afford Asparagus, Sea Kale, Lettuce, Peas, Beans, Squash, Onions, Cabbages, Cauliflowers, Carrots, Salsify, Parsnips, Beets, and Tomatoes, besides many useful herbs. A few days' labor in the year would suffice to give an abundance of these things. Probably there is no one who could raise them to greater advantage than the farmer. In most cases he can choose a suitable soil, and he never need lack manure. Indeed, he ought to have these rich gifts of nature in their highest condition. No one can doubt but that vegetables would contribute to the health and enjoyment of the farmer and his household. Through the greater part of the year he eats salt pork, which is apt to engender scrofula and kindred diseases. It is owing to this extreme use of salt provisions, without the counter tendency of vegetables, that such diseases are so prevalent. If he must feed so much upon salt meat, he ought to provide that which would prevent its injurious effects. I find that such people have no reluctance to eat of them when presented, but do so apparently with as great relish as others, while they neglect their cultivation. The expense of growing vegetables is small. Let us take Asparagus as an example. The bed once made will last a lifetime, and two or three dollars will obtain a sufficient stock of plants from any nurserymen.

If these things contribute to the health of a family, so they do to its enjoyment. How much they cheapen the cost of living, they know best who are careful and industrious enough to grow them.

The present month is the time to get things in order, and as the first work is the making of *Hot-beds*, sash, frames, &c., should be made ready. An amateur gardener, a young friend in Ohio, requests us to give simple directions for making a hot-bed, *just for family use*, unless we consider it a matter so well understood that the room it occupied would be wasted to most of our readers." The many questions we have asked of us by hundreds of all sorts of persons shows us that many are turning their attention to gardening who never gave the subject a thought before, and that the simplest directions in the most ordinary practice are eagerly sought for, and really needed. We therefore comply with the request of our correspondent, giving the system we usually practise, and have before recommended.

Every one should have a hot-bed, if it were only to forward a few plants for the garden. The too prevalent opinion is, that they are expensive and difficult to manage, requiring the skill of the professional gardener. Both suppositions are entirely erroneous. A hot-bed may be constructed by any man of ordinary ingenuity. A frame of about twelve feet long and six wide, which will allow of four sashes, each three feet wide, will be found large enough for any family. It should be made of common two inch plank—the back about three feet high, the front about half that, the ends having a regular slope from back to front. This will give an angle sufficient to throw off rain, and give the full benefit of external heat and light to the plants within. If the beds are narrower, the front must be higher in proportion. The sides and ends are simply nailed to a strong post, four inches square, placed in each corner. For the sash to rest and slide upon, a strip six inches wide is placed upon the frame, the ends morticed or sunk into the sides of the frame so as not to cause a projection. The sashes are made in the ordinary way, but without cross bars; and in glazing, the lights are made to overlap an eighth or quarter of an inch, to exclude rain. Such a frame, costing but a mere trifle beyond the labour, will last for years, and furnish all

the cabbage, tomato, celery, cauliflower, pepper, melon and cucumber plants needed, with a sprinkling of early radishes, &c. Where so large a frame may not be wanted, an old window may be used for sash, and all expense of glazing avoided. One of the sashes is moved down as in admitting air, and another laid off entirely.

Hot-beds should occupy a dry situation, where they will not be affected by the lodgement of water during rains or thaws. They should be exposed to the east and south, and be protected by fences or buildings from the north and north-west.

Where it is intended to merely grow plants for transplanting to the garden, they may be sunk in the ground to the depth of eighteen inches, and in such a case require not more than two feet of manure; but when forcing and perfecting vegetables is designed, a permanent heat must be kept up, and the bed must be made on the surface, so that fresh and warm manure may be added when necessary. A depth of three to four feet of manure will in such cases be wanted.

Manure for hot-beds requires some preparation. It should be fresh manure, placed in a heap, and turned and mixed several times, and producing a regular fermentation. It is thus made to retain its heat a long time; otherwise it would burn and dry up, and become useless.

The mould should be laid on as soon as the bed is settled, and has a lively regular-tempered heat. Lay the earth evenly over the dung about six inches deep. Radish, and lettuce require about a foot of earth. After it has lain a few days it will be fit to receive the seed, unless the mould has turned to a whitish colour, or has a rank smell, in which case add some fresh earth for the hills, at the same time holes should be made by running down stakes, to give the steam an opportunity to escape.

Those who wish to force cucumbers, &c., should begin, in this section, if the weather is favourable, by the 1st of March. For raising plants, the middle is time enough.

"NE PLUS ULTRA"—A FINE LATE BROCCOLI.

Pre-eminently superior among the new varieties of vegetables which from time to time come before the public, stands this new Broccoli, being by far the best variety of that

esteemed vegetable that has yet come under my notice; and possessing as it does all the good qualities which its name implies, I feel I shall be doing the public a service by making its merits more generally known. For the last three years I have grown this sort along with others of known excellence, with the same unvaried result in favor of the "*Ne Plus Ultra*," and during the last year, a season of unparalleled fatality to Brocolies, while others were killed this sort stood uninjured, producing it's fine heads in May and June, equal if not superior to other sorts in favorable seasons. The chief merits of this Brocoli consists in its being very hardy, possessing a dwarf habit, with large and compact rich cream-colored heads, which are protected by ample smooth glaucous foliage, and it has the richest flavor in the whole tribe. Need I say more than this, that it possesses all the finest qualities of the far-famed *Penzance* Brocoli, in addition to a hardiness which has long been a desideratum in that otherwise excellent sort. No garden, however small, should be without it.

PRESERVING EGGS.

The newspapers are constantly furnished with new rules for preserving eggs. One of the latest is the following: "Wrap each egg closely in a piece of newspaper, twisting it tightly to keep out the air, place them in layers in a box with the small ends down, and set them where they will be cool without freezing." We have no doubt this is a good way, but it would be nearly as difficult to exclude the air by printing paper as by gauze or net work paper being a very porous substance. *The great secret of success in preserving eggs is to keep the small ends downwards*, the air-bubble which occupies that end supporting the weight of the yolk, and preventing its adhesion to the shell. If the egg is laid on its side, this adhesion will soon take place and the egg will be spoiled, no matter however completely excluded from the air. Eggs preserved as above, or by packing in salt, or oats, or on shelves purposely made for them by boring with large auger holes, so as to hold the egg upright, without allowing it to pass through, are all good ways, *provided the small end is kept downwards*. There are other requisites that should not be forgotten; for example, the eggs should be quite fresh when packed away, and especial care should be taken that none are cracked, as those on spoil, and communicate the fermentation to the others if they are in contact or close proximity. Packing in salt is a good way, but it is not so convenient as the others, because the salt is apt to become hardened, and to adhere to the shells. A cool place is indispensable.

THE EFFECTS OF DRAINAGE ON TILLAGE.

Last spring I concluded to plough a clayey

field only once for wheat, and that after harvest. The field contained about 40 acres. Previous to draining, it was one of my wettest fields, and in dry weather, even in April or May, was very hard to plough, often having to get coulters and shares sharpened every day, when we used wrought iron shares. I bought oxen in spring so that I could put a yoke of oxen and a pair of horses to each plough, and owing to the great drought before, during, and after harvest, I got a large plough made by Messrs. Newcomb & Richerson, of Waterloo, the makers of the Seneca County Plough, so that I could put two or more yokes of cattle and a pair of horses to it if necessary. Immediately after harvest the day of commencement came, when we started for the field, oxen and drivers, ploughmen and horses; and besides new shares on the plough, we took 16 other shares along, expecting to have to change every day. When we got to the field, I had one man put a pair of horses before the large plough, and try to open the land with a shallow furrow. He went 70 rods away and back, without ever a stop, except when the clover choked the plough. I then had the plough put down to eight inches deep, and he went round apparently with the same ease. He then went round at nearly ten inches deep and no trouble at all. His furrow was about ten inches deep and fourteen wide, and laid as perfect as it could be. I then had one yoke of oxen put behind my smallest horses, and a pair of horses before each of the other ploughs and they ploughed the field with perfect ease, and only changed shares twice. I never was more agreeably surprised in my life—in fact had they been ploughing up gold dust as they do in California, I should have been no more pleased.

Although the field was undoubtedly ploughed at the rate of nine inches deep, yet the clover roots went deeper and the land ploughed up as mellow as any loam; whereas had it not been drained it would have broken up in lumps as large as the heads of horses or oxen.

A few years ago, a neighbor broke up a field about the same season of the year and similar land, but not drained; and after cultivating, rolling and harrowing, he had to employ men and mallets to break the lumps before he could get mould to cover the seed; and after all he did not get the third of a crop of either wheat or straw. My wheat looks as well as any I ever saw, and I doubt not but it will be a good crop.

With regard to Newcomb & Richardson's "Seneca County Ploughs," I think them the best I ever used. They are of light draught and do their work perfectly. Try them brother farmers, and if they don't please you, lay the blame on me. They are manufactured at Waterloo, Seneca co. I procured two of them last year, and will get other two this spring. Yours truly, JOHN JOHNSTON.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The splendid tissues manufactured for evening costume, would seem now to have attained almost the climax of magnificence; yet, nevertheless, it is difficult to conjecture how far the luxury of dress may extend during the approaching season. One fact is self-evident, and must be generally satisfactory: it is, that the money expended on the luxury of the rich, carries comfort to the homes of the poor; for charity is never so judicious or so effectual as when it opens up channels for industry, and holds out rewards for labor. Instead, therefore, of adopting those utilitarian views, which tend to censure the progress of elegance, let us rather encourage that progress as an element of general prosperity.

Among the newest and richest products of the silk loom, we have seen some exquisite brocade woven in various brilliant hues, also moire antique delicately *lamé* with gold and silver, over which embroidery, scattered in a variety of vivid colours, produces the effect of jewelled mosaic work.

Next to these rich materials, suited to full evening costume, the most marked novelties of the season are the new *sorties de bal* just imported from Paris. Some of cashmere, embroidered with gold and silver, and trimmed with fringe of the same costly materials, are types of Asiatic splendor. Others are of white satin, trimmed round with white guipure and edged with broad feather fringe; or instead of the fringe, rich Alençon lace, which, after forming a double row round the cloak, is gathered up as a hood to be drawn over the head at pleasure. We have seen several of these little cloaks, made of pink or blue therry velvet, lined with ermine; and without any trimming whatever on the outside. They are very simple, but very *distingués*. Others are lined with white satin instead of ermine, and are edged with broad feather fringe of the same color as the therry velvet. Several *sorties de bal* have been made of white or pink satin, covered with what at first sight might be mistaken for exquisite quilting in a most elaborate and elegant design; but which, on a nearer inspection, is found to be a light kind of embroidery. We have seen one of these cloaks made of white satin and edged with a trimming consisting of small rosettes of pink *mignonette* ribbon, producing the effect of a wreath of small roses.

Several newly-made silk dresses, intended for out-door costume, have the skirts ornamented with bands of velvet in lieu of flounces. One of these dresses, composed of dark-blue silk, is trimmed with bias rows of black velvet of graduated width. The corsage is high behind, but partially open in front, and is edged round with revers, in the shawl form.

To the corsage is added a *basque*, trimmed with two rows of velvet. The sleeves are split open as far as the elbow, and trimmed in the same manner as the *basque*. The under-sleeves worn with this dress consist of a large *buillonné* of worked muslin fastened on a wristband of Mechlin lace. The collar and chemisette are in the same style as the under-sleeves; Mechlin lace being employed to trim the collar and to form the front of the chemisette. The *mantelet* to be worn with the dress just described consists of black velvet profusely trimmed with black lace. The bonnet is of pink therry velvet, intermingled with *buillonnés* of blonde, and trimmed with white and pink flowers made of velvet. The same flowers are combined with blonde to form the under-trimming.

A dress of chequered poplin, green and black (just made up,) is in the redingote form. The front of the skirt is ornamented with trimming consisting of seven bows of chequered ribbon, corresponding with the colors in the dress. These bows, which diminish as they ascend from the bottom of the skirt upwards, are formed of loops and flowing ends. To each bow a jet tassel is appended, and the jet tassels are of graduated sizes. The front of the corsage is formed of plaits or folds reaching from the shoulders to the waist, in the centre of which they cross and form a corsage *en cœur*. The front of the corsage is trimmed with bows of ribbon, corresponding with those on the skirt, but smaller. The sleeves, which are of the pagoda form, are lined with white satin, and the edges in the inside are bordered by a *ruche* of white ribbon. The sleeves on the outside are edged with bows of chequered ribbon, the same as those on the corsage.

The *trousseau* of a young bride, whose approaching nuptials are at present a topic of interest in the fashionable circles, contains several beautiful dresses of worked muslin. One, intended for *petites soirées*, we will here describe. It has three jupes of skirts; the upper one forming a tunic. These jupes are edged round with a wreath of roses, so exquisitely wrought in open work, that the flowers seem as if made of lace inlaid in the muslin. At intervals and as if scattered accidentally over the wreath of flowers, are ears of corn, wrought in satin-stitch, and standing out in high relief from the flowers. The corsage has a *berthe* edged in the same style, descending in a point at the back and in front, and open on the sleeves. In this opening there is fixed a bow of pink sarsenet ribbon, with long flowing ends. A row of bows of the same ribbon and of graduated size, is placed in front of the corsage. Two bows gather up the tunic at each side, and the ends hang down to the very bottom of the skirt. Nothing can be more simple and elegant than this dress.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

J. W.—Your problem is too simple to be even admitted as an enigma in our chess page. We hope your next attempt may be more successful.

R. B.—Stalemate is a drawn game.

W. G. D., Kingston.—Received, and will have a place in our next.

G. M. D.—We agree with you; see our remarks on the chess tournament.

PETE.—Our enigmas are generally so simple, that it would be a mere waste of space to publish the solutions. They are not all original.

Solutions to Problem 3, by D.M., J.H.R., Esse, E.S. of Hamilton, and G. P are correct; all others are wrong.

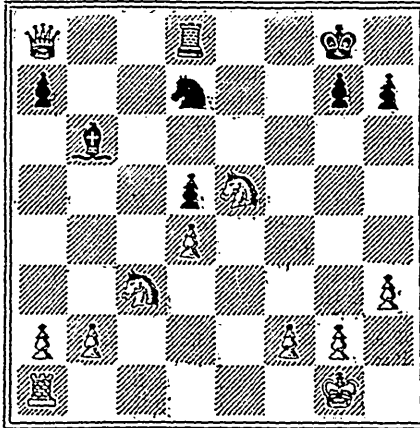
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. III.

| | |
|------------------------|-------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1 Q Kt to Q 5th. | K moves. |
| 2 P to K B 3d. | K moves. |
| 3 Q Kt to K B 4th (ch) | K takes Kt. |
| 4 P to K Kt 4th. | K takes Kt. |
| 5 B mates. | |

PROBLEM NO. IV.

Occurring in actual play between two members of the Toronto Chess Club.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 19. By M. Anderssen.

WHITE.—K at K, Kt 2d; R₂ at Q 4th and Q R sq; B at K B 6th; P₂ at K B 3d, K 2d, Q B 2d, and Q Kt 3d, & 4th.

BLACK.—K at his 6th; Kt at K 4th; P₂ at K B 2d & 5th, and Q B 6th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 20. By — of Hartford.

WHITE.—K at K Kt 7th; Q at Q R 7th; Kt₂ at Q B 5th and Q Kt 5th; P₂ at K Kt 4th and K B 3d.

BLACK.—K at his 4th; R at K sq; B at Q B 3d; Kt at K Kt sq; P₂ at K R 3d, K Kt 4th, K 2d, and Q B 2d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ST CATHERINES CHESS CLUB.

We notice that a chess club has been formed in the rapidly rising town of St. Catherines. At a meeting of this club, held on the 9th of Feb., Thos. H. Graydon, Esq., was elected President, Captain Taylor vice-president, and J. B. Benson, Esq., secretary and treasurer for the ensuing year. The club meets every Monday and Thursday evening, at seven o'clock, in the Library, Town Hall. We are glad to see chess clubs springing up in the different towns of Canada, and hope ere long to have the pleasure of noticing several others.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

This interesting contest, to which we briefly alluded in our last, is the first of the kind that has taken place in Toronto: but we trust that it will prove the forerunner of many more, and that chess will henceforth receive more attention than has hitherto been paid to it in a town which numbers so many lovers of the "Royal Game," and in which we fear that chess does not receive a tithe of the attention which it would command in an English town containing a far less number of inhabitants. One or two previous attempts to establish a chess club here have failed; and a new club which was formed under promising auspices in the spring of last year, and which now numbers nearly forty members, is already languishing, and its weekly meetings are far from being well attended. In the hope of giving a successful stimulus to so worthy a game, it was thought that a little tournament on the plan of the memorable tournament of players of all nations held in London during the Great Exhibition of 1851, might not only lead to, some interesting contests between those actually engaged in the tourney, but also, from the interest such a contest might reasonably be supposed to excite, cause the practice of the game among the amateurs of Toronto to become more general, and impart to it that stimulus which it so much required. Accordingly eight gentlemen of tolerably equal force quickly entered the lists, and it was determined that the prize which should be subscribed for, and be the reward of the winner, should be a large (club size) set of the magnificent "Staunton Chessmen" in ivory, which were immediately ordered, from England, and the players were paired by lot as follows for the first division of the

tourney—the winner of the first three games in each pair to be the victor:—

1. Dr. Beaumont vs. G. L. Maddison, Esq.
2. Hon. W. Cayley vs. F. Cayley, Esq.
3. A. Leith, Esq., vs. W. Ransom, Esq.
4. G. Palmer, Esq., vs. J. Helliwell, Esq.

the player first-named in each pair having the right of choice of chessmen (*i. e.* color), and also of moving first in the opening game. On the completion of the several matches in this series the score stood thus:—

| | |
|------------------|---|
| Dr. Beaumont, } | 3 |
| Mr. Maddison, } | 1 |
| Mr. W. Cayley, } | 3 |
| Mr. F. Cayley, } | 1 |
| Mr. Leith, } | 1 |
| Mr. Ransom, } | 3 |
| Mr. Palmer, } | 1 |
| Mr. Helliwell, } | 3 |

The four defeated players being excluded from further participation in the contest.

The winners were again paired by lot in the same manner as before, and the result was—

1. Hon. W. Cayley, vs. Dr. Beaumont.
2. G. Palmer, Esq., vs. W. Ransom, Esq.

The number of games in this series was to be the same as in the former, and at the time we write, they had not been brought to a close.

We now proceed to give a selection of the games played in the first series, and next month we hope to give the best of those played in the second and final divisions.

First game between Messrs. Beaumont and Maddison.

(Sicilian Opening.)

| WHITE (DR. B.) | BLACK (MR. M.) |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 P to K 4th. | P to Q B 4th. |
| 2 K B to Q B 4th. | P to K 3d. |
| 3 K Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 4 P to Q B 3d. | K Kt to K 2d. |
| 5 Castles. | K Kt to his 3d. |
| 6 P to Q 4th. | P to Q 4th. |
| 7 K P takes P. | K P takes P. |
| 8 B to Q Kt 5th. | P to Q R 3d. |
| 9 B to Q R 4th. | K B to Q 3d. |
| 10 Q B to K 3d. | Q to her Kt 3d. |
| 11 R to K sq. | Castles. (a) |
| 12 P takes Q B P. | K B takes doubled P. |
| 13 P to Q Kt 4th. (b) | K B takes B. |
| 14 R takes B. | B to K 3d. |
| 15 Q Kt to Q 2nd. | P to Q 5th. |
| 16 P takes P. | Q Kt takes P. |
| 17 P to Q R 3d. | Q R to Q sq. |
| 18 Kt takes Kt. | R takes Kt. (c) |
| 19 R to K 4th. | K R to Q sq. (d) |
| 20 R takes R. | R takes R. |
| 21 Q to her B 2nd. (e) | Q to her 3d. |
| 22 Kt to K B 3d. | R to Q 6th. |
| 23 P to K R 3d. | P to Q Kt 4th. (f) |
| 24 R to Q sq. | Kt to K B 5th. (g) |

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 25 R takes R. | Q takes R. |
| 26 Q takes Q. | Kt takes Q. |
| 27 B to Q B 2nd. | Kt to Q Kt 7th. |
| 28 Kt to Q 2nd. | P to K R 3d. |
| 29 K to B sq. | B to Q 4th. |
| 30 P to K Kt 3d. | P to K Kt 4th. |
| 31 B to K B 5th. | K to Kt 2nd. |
| 32 B to Q B 3th. | B to K 3d. |
| 33 B takes B. (h) | P takes B. |

The game was prolonged for upwards of thirty more moves, and was finally won by Black.

Notes.

(a) Black would evidently have lost his Q if he had ventured to take the Q Kt P.

(b) Taking the Q P would have been disadvantageous for White.

(c) At this point the advantage in position is certainly in favor of Black.

(d) Better to have declined exchanging, and combined his forces for an attack on the adverse King's quarters.

(e) A necessary precaution against Black's next move, as White must otherwise have lost the Kt.

(f) He might here, we think, have safely taken the K R P.

(g) White's B is apparently in great danger, and yet we cannot discover how Black could have succeeded in capturing him. If Black had played his B instead of his Kt to support the R, and when White took R with R, retaken with the B, attacking the Q, the check White would have been able to give at Q B 5th would have allowed him to save the B.

(h) White acted unwisely in exchanging Bishops. Had he avoided doing so, he would probably have been able to win.

Fourth and last Game between Messrs. Palmer and Helliwell.

(Sicilian Opening.)

| BLACK (MR. H.) | WHITE (MR. P.) |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| 1 P to K 4th. | P to Q B 4th. |
| 2 P to Q B 3d. (a) | P to K 3d. |
| 3 K Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 4 P to Q 4th. | P to Q 4th. |
| 5 Q to her 3d. (b) | K Kt to B 3d. |
| 6 P to K 5th. | K Kt to K 5th. |
| 7 P to Q R 3d. | P to K B 3d. |
| 8 Q Kt to Q 2d. | Kt takes Q Kt. |
| 9 Q takes Kt. | P takes K P. (c) |
| 10 P takes doubled P. | B to K 2d. |
| 11 Q to K B 4th. | R to K B sq. |
| 12 Q to K Kt 3d. | K to K B 2d. (d) |
| 13 K B to Q 3d. | Kt to Kt sq. |
| 14 Q B to K R 6th. | R to K B 2d. |
| 15 Q B to K B 4th. | Q to K B sq. |
| 16 Q to K R 3d. | P to K R 3d. |
| 17 Q B to K Kt 5th. (e) | R takes Kt. |
| 18 P takes R. | B takes B. |
| 19 R to K Kt sq. (f) | Kt takes K P. |
| 20 P to K B 4th. | Kt takes B. (ch) |
| 21 Q takes Kt. | Q takes P. |
| 22 R to K Kt 3d. | B to K R 5th. |
| 23 R to K B 3d. | Q takes K R P. |
| 24 K to his 2d. | P to Q Kt 3d. |

25 P to Q B 4th. P to Q R 4th.
 26 Q to K Kt 6th. Q to K 4th. (ch)
 27 K to K B sq. B to Q R 3d.
 28 Q to K B 7th. (ch) K to R sq.
 29 K to K Kt 2d. B takes Q B P.
 30 Q R to K R sq. Q to K Kt 4th. (ch)
 31 K to R 3d. B to K 7th.
 32 K R to K B 4th. Q B to K R 4th. (g)
 33 Q to Q B 7th. Q B to K Kt 3d. (h)
 34 R to K Kt 4th. (i) Q B to K B 4th.
 35 P to K B 3d. (k) B takes K R. (ch)
 36 P takes B. Q R to K B sq.
 37 R to K Kt sq. (l) Q to K 6th. (ch)
 38 K takes B. Q takes R.
 39 K to K R 5th.

White mates in three moves.

Notes.

- (a) This is a novel move in this opening.
- (b) A very bad move.
- (c) White made a serious mistake in taking his P so soon, as he loses at least two moves, besides subjecting himself to an attack which one would think ought to have won the game.
- (d) Castling in the face of such a battery was an act of temerity that few players, we think, would have had courage for.
- (e) Black fails to make the most of his fine attacking position. From this point the advantage is altogether on the side of White.
- (f) Black's game is now completely broken up, and we do not see a good move for him on the board.
- (g) The winning move.
- (h) Threatening, if Black ventured to take the K B, to win at least one of the Rooks immediately.
- (i) He had surely a better move than this.
- (k) Q R to K Kt sq would have been much better, but Black's game is hopeless, play what he will.
- (l) After this, all hope for Black is gone.

Third game between Messrs Loith and Ransom.

(K Kt's Defence in the K Bishop's Opening.)

| WHITE (Mr. L.) | BLACK (Mr. R.) |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1 P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2 K B to Q B 4th. | K Kt to B 3d. |
| 3 P to Q 4th. | P to Q 4th (a) |
| 4 P takes Q P. | Kt takes P. |
| 5 P takes P. | Q B to K 3d. |
| 6 K Kt to B 3d. | B to K 2d. |
| 7 P to Q B 3d. | P to Q B 3d. |
| 8 Castles. | P to Q Kt 4th (b) |
| 9 B to Q Kt 3d. | Q Kt to R 3d. |
| 10 Kt to Q 4th. | Q to Q B 2d. (c) |
| 11 Kt takes B. | P takes Kt. |
| 12 P to Q B 4th. | P takes P. (d) |
| 13 B takes P. | Q Kt to Q B 4th. |
| 14 R to K sq. | Castles on K side. |
| 15 Q B to K 3d. | Q Kt to Q 2d. (e) |

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 16 Q B to Q 4th. | Q R to Q sq. |
| 17 Q to K Kt 4th. | R to K B 4th. |
| 18 Kt to Q 2d. | Q Kt to K B sq. (f) |
| 19 Q R to Q B sq. (g) | R to K B 5th. |
| 20 Q to K R 5th. | R takes Q B. |
| 21 Kt to K B 3d. (h) | R to K B 5th. |
| 22 P to K Kt 3d. | R to K B 4th. |
| 23 Q to K Kt 4th. | Q Kt to K Kt 3d. |
| 24 P to K R 4th. (i) | Q to her Kt 3d. (k) |
| 25 P to Q Kt 3d. | Q R to K B sq. |
| 26 K to Kt 2d (l) | Q Kt takes K P. (m) |
| 27 R takes Q Kt. | R takes R. |
| 28 Kt takes R. | Q takes K BP. (ch) |
| 29 K to R sq. | R to K B 3d. (n) |
| 30 R to K B sq. | Q to her 7th. |
| 31 R takes R. | Kt takes R. |
| 32 Q takes Q P. (ch) | K to R sq. |

Here White, strangely enough, overlooked the smothered mate which he might have given in two moves, (o) and the game was carried on as follows:—

33 Kt to K B 7th. (ch) K to Kt sq.
 34 Q to Q B 8th. (ch) B to Q sq.
 35 Q takes B. (ch) Q takes Q.
 36 Kt takes Q. (dis. ch) K to B sq.
 37 Kt takes Q B P, and wins.

Notes.

- (a) Losing a P at the very outset! He should have played 3. P takes P.
- (b) This is uselessly weakening his flank.
- (c) This allows White to isolate one of Black's pawns.
- (d) Here, again, Black has to submit to the isolation of another P.
- (e) He evidently dare not take the K P.
- (f) Far better to have taken the K P with this Kt, by which he would have gained a P and a capital position.
- (g) Overlooking the obvious move by which Black threatens to win the Q B.
- (h) "The day after the fair."
- (i) White's position at this crisis is a difficult one; but he might easily have made a better move than that in the text. Why not have played Q to K 4th, protecting the K P?
- (k) Again he might have won the K P and made his game sure, being a piece a-head. The move made does not seem to us a good one, as White might have satisfactorily answered with 25. B to Q 3d, leaving the Kt P en prise.
- (l) This is useless. His only chance was to take off the Kt with B.
- (m) Here Black's love of finessing clearly loses the game. Having several times neglected taking the K P when he might have done so with advantage, he pays dearly for capturing it now. Had he played the natural move of 26. R takes Kt, nothing could have saved White's game.
- (n) Much better to have played the Q here.
- (o) The student will easily discover how.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

PHILLIPS, SAMSON & COMPANY, of Boston, have just issued a new and elegant edition of the Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, with an interesting and well sketched biography, edited by Epes Sargent. The biographical sketch embraces all that is really interesting in the Life of this celebrated poet, in eight chapters, being a much more concise and readable Life of the great poet, than that of Dr. Beattie, published by the Harpers in 1850. The edition of Campbell's poems just issued is in small octavo, embracing, in some five hundred pages, all that he wrote, with copious notes.

Campbell had gone very successfully through the undergraduate classes in the University of Glasgow, occasionally amusing himself with the youthful frolic of scribbling; but as yet his muse had restricted her songs to ephemeral subjects.

When about the age of twenty three, he made a tour to the Highlands, and by the way picked up a few stanzas, some twelve in all, bearing the title, "Pleasures of Solitude," on which he wrote a friend, "The world has now the Pleasures of Imagination, the Pleasures of Memory, and the Pleasures of Solitude. Let us cherish the Pleasures of Hope;" from which time it would seem Campbell formed the resolution to write the poem which bears the said title.

APPLETON & Co. have issued of their great Library of the British Poets the following.—Milton, in 2 vols.; Thomson, in 1 vol. Herbert and Young, in 1 vol. each.

This Poetical Library, when complete, will embrace in about 150 volumes all the British Poets from the days of Chaucer, and will be the handsomest and best Library Edition of the poetry of Great Britain ever published in Europe or America.

In "Norton's Literary Gazette," our readers will find a full prospectus of this edition, with the names of the *hundred* poets, whose works it is intended to embrace.

APPLETON & Co. have just published Miss Martineau's translation of Auguste Comte's great work on *Philosophie Positive*, which has been called the *novum organum*, as its talented author has been designated by Sir David Brewster—"The Bacon of the nineteenth century."

This work is one of the greatest of modern Philosophical works of our age; indeed it is an improvement upon Laplace's "Theory of Probabilities," and we regret to say its Theology is of the same stamp.

Morton's Gazette also announces as issuing from the press of Appleton & Co., The Philosophy of Cousin—the criticism of which, in the Edinburgh Review brought Sir William Hamilton into notice, and, at the same time the public are indebted to the Appletons, for a

six volume edition (in 8vo.) of the Spectator, pica type—one of the most superiorly executed editions of this great popular work that has ever been published. Addison did in British *Belles Lettres* what Bacon did in British Philosophy; and the Spectator, like the *Novum Organum*, will never cease to be read and studied.

Among the last issues of Appleton will be found Dr. Ure's celebrated Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, illustrated with sixteen hundred engravings on wood.

Personal Explorations in Texas and Mexico. An "Atlas of the Middle Ages," by Professor Koeppen; and "RUSSIA AS IT IS," by Count Gurowski.

Norton's "Literary Gazette," under the title of LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, of the 1st of January number we find the following "The New York Times gives the following as the probable order of re-issue of the works formerly published by Harper and Brothers. The first to receive attention will be the School and College Books, including the large Latin and Greek Lexicons, the Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities. The works of Professor Authon, the Universal Atlas and the whole catalogue of Elementary and advanced School Books.

These being hourly in demand, will be sent to the press immediately, and by the end of January or early in February the trade will get their demand supplied.

After these English and American Literature will be undertaken, Prescott's Histories, Ticknor's Spanish Literature, Grote's Greece, "Coleridge's and other works in similar departments will be undertaken." &c.

LIPPINCOTT GRAMBO & Co. PHILADELPHIA. have ready for issue a new Latin, English Dictionary on the basis of the School Dictionary of INGERSLEO with additions from the Lexicons of Koch and Keotz. This work has received the highest commendations from the very best Scholars in Germany and is deemed a Book which must find general if not universal patronage in all our American Schools. Except such as are under the preceptorship of Authors or Editors who will use their own Editions.

Lippincott Grambo & Co. also announce a work which promises to be a great *addendum* to the revived Literature of antiquity. The work is entitled "Types of Mankind," or Ethnological researches, based upon the ancient monuments, paintings, sculptures and crania of races, and upon this natural, geographical, philological and Biblical History by J. C. Nott M. D. Mobile Alabama, and Geo. R. Gliddon formerly U. S. Consul at Cairo, Mobile, may boast of its authorship. We are already indebted to Dr. Hamilton of that city for one of the ablest defences of Christianity, which modern times have afforded us, in "THE FRIEND OF MOSES."