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Paris Fashions for February.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.—TORONTO: FEBRUARY, 1853.—No. 2.

A HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTERS ON THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER II.

From Mr. Madison's Administration to the Declaration of War.

4th March, 1809. ..... 18th June, 1812.

Mr. Madison's Inauguration, 4th March, 1809.

Mr. Jefferson, with whose retirement from office we closed our last chapter, was succeeded by Mr. Madison, who, on the 4th March 1809, took the oath of office, with the ceremony usual on such occasions. It may be taken as a hint of what was to be the future policy of his country, in their efforts to make themselves as independent as possible of British manufactures, that he was dressed at his inauguration "in a full suit of cloth of American manufacture." The circumstance was significant; and sufficiently evinced the determination of the United States to continue indebted to Great Britain for no more than was imperatively necessary. The President's attire indicated the spirit of the nation; and that spirit, still further stimulated by the complete cessation of commercial intercourse produced by the war, has rendered the market which Great Britain now finds in the United States for her manufactures, greatly inferior to what it ought to have been, considering the rapid increase in the population of the neighbouring republic, and to what it certainly would have been but for the war. At the time of Mr. Madison's accession, the Non-intercourse Act of the 1st March 1809 was, of course, in operation, which, it will be remembered, bore equally upon both of the belligerent powers; and contained a clause giving to the President the power of renewing trade with that one of the two contending nations which should first revoke its hostile edicts, so far as these affected the United States.

Negotiation of Mr. Erskine with Mr. Madison.

Mr. Rose, the British Envoy before mentioned, who returned home, *re infecta*, in the spring of 1808, was succeeded by Mr. Erskine. He was the son of the celebrated Judge Erskine, and a man of talent; but of a sanguine temperament; very favourably disposed towards the United States, partly, no doubt, from his having resided there; and too readily confiding in the fair professions of those old tacticians—Messrs. Madison, Gallatin, and Smith, with whom, during his negotiation, he had to deal. When we make the remark that these last named gentlemen had the advantage of Mr. Erskine in the way of experience and ingenuity, we do not wish it to be understood that we consider them as having made promises to the British minister which

they had no intention of performing. On the contrary, the embarrassments of Mr. Madison's administration, in consequence of the non-intercourse act which he inherited from his predecessor, were so vexatious at the time that Mr. Erskine entered on the negotiation, that the President was in the humour of making concessions; and if he did make very material concessions to Great Britain, during that negotiation, we must regard them as extorted by his difficulties, without considering that he had it in view afterwards to evade them. Messrs. Smith and Gallatin, with apparent frankness and great freedom, spoke to Mr. Erskine of the favourable views and intentions of their government; Mr. Madison with greater caution; but all with an air and manner of sincere friendship, of the genuineness of which Mr. Erskine appears to have been fully convinced; in which Mr. Canning, on the other hand, at that time British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, seems to have put little or no faith at all. Mr. Canning, we feel convinced, was not very far wrong in his low estimate of the alleged friendliness of Mr. Madison's administration generally; but in this particular instance we could have wished that the secretary's sagacious scepticism had yielded to the confidence so generously reposed by the young envoy in the protestations he received. In consequence of Mr. Erskine's representations of what he believed to be an improved temper and tone of feeling in the United States, Mr. Canning—though he stated that he could see no symptoms of the satisfactory change suggested by Mr. Erskine—sent him new instructions, in two separate dispatches of the same date, (Jan. 23); one relating to the affair of the Chesapeake, the other to the Orders in Council.

In the former of these two dispatches, ample reparation for the attack on the Chesapeake was offered, in a promise that the men taken from that vessel should be restored; whilst it was added, His Majesty would be willing, "as an act of spontaneous generosity," to make a provision for the widows and orphans of the men who had been killed in the action. The proffered reparation was accepted; but the official note, intimating the President's acceptance of it, closed with the rude and most ungracious clause,—*inserted, as Mr. Smith* afterwards alleged, against his remonstrances, and by Mr. Madison's express direction:—"I have it in express charge from the President to state, that while he forbears to insist on a further punishment of the offending officer, he is not the less sensible of the justice and utility of such an example, nor the less persuaded that it would best comport with what is due from His Britannic Majesty to his own honour." This impertinent lecture on the principles of honor, addressed by Mr. Madison to His Britannic Majesty, was so deeply resented by the British Cabinet, that the negotiation relative to the Chesapeake was immediately broken off in consequence, and Mr. Erskine was severely censured for transmitting a note, containing language so discourteous and unbecoming. Offensive as this breach of propriety was, the British Cabinet, it must be confessed, carried their resentment of it too far, when they made it a reason for withholding reparation for an acknowledged wrong.

In regard to the Orders in Council, which were the subject of Mr. Canning's other dispatch, the correspondence between Mr. Erskine and Mr. Smith ended in an assurance given by the former, that "His Majesty's Orders in Council of January and November 1807, will have been withdrawn, as respected the United States, on the 10th June next. "To which Mr. Smith rejoined, that the non-intercourse act would be withdrawn, in virtue of the powers conferred on the President by the act establishing it, from and after the 10th of June;" and a proclamation, to that effect, from him appeared the same day.

Rejoicing in the United States.

The utmost satisfaction was felt in the United States by the Federal party, and by the moderate men at this favourable change. On the 24th of April, five days after the issuing of the President's proclamation declaring the resumption of commercial intercourse with Great Britain, the auspicious event was celebrated in New York by salutes of guns, ringing of church-bells, splendid illuminations, and other demonstrations of public rejoicing. The sentiments of the Federal Press appeared in articles preceded by

headings such as these:—"Triumph of Federal policy—No embargo—No French party—A return of peace, prosperity, and commerce."

Mr. Erskine's arrangement disavowed by the British Government.

In proportion to this enthusiastic joy were the depression in some quarters, and the indignation in others, when, on the 20th July, three weeks after the adjournment of Congress, information reached the United States that Mr. Canning had declared in the House of Commons, that the arrangement made by Mr. Erskine was wholly unauthorised by his instructions, and that the government could not ratify it. A very grave charge against the good faith of the government was advanced by the opposition in both Houses of Parliament; and, in order to rebut this, the instructions were eventually printed and laid open to public inspection. The correctness of Mr. Canning's statement was then apparent, viz.: that Mr. Erskine had acted not only inconsistently with, but in contradiction to his orders; and the opposition were silenced. A comparison of the correspondence between Mr. Erskine and the American government with Mr. Canning's despatch to the former, does indeed exhibit the alleged contradiction in a very strong light; for, whilst in the correspondence no mention is made of any condition besides the withdrawal of the Non-intercourse Act, Mr. Canning in his despatch specifies *three* conditions on which the recall of the Orders was to be contingent. "First—the repealing as to Great Britain, but the keeping in force as to France, and all countries adopting her decrees, so long as those decrees were continued, all existing American non-importation and non-intercourse acts, and acts excluding foreign ships of war. Second—the renunciation by the United States, during the present war, of any pretensions to carry on any trade with the colonies of belligerents, not allowed in time of peace; and, third—the allowing British ships of war to enforce by capture the American non-intercourse with France and her allies." With terms so express and positive as these before him, it seems amazing that Mr. Erskine should have ventured to conclude even a "conditional agreement" as he described that into which he entered, merely on the single condition of the withdrawal of the Non-intercourse Act as regarded Great Britain. But the British Envoy, though ready to put a liberal interpretation on his instructions, was not so venturous as might at first sight appear. Mr. Madison—so uneasy was he under his political dilemma, and so anxious to extricate himself from it even with humiliation—had, in words, conceded substantially all the demands of the British Government; to make those concessions definitive was beyond his power, as it was indispensable to refer them to Congress, which was not at that time in session. His perplexities lead us to the conviction that he would have kept his word, and done his best to obtain from Congress its sanction of his verbally expressed understanding with Mr. Erskine. That gentleman trusted to Mr. Madison's good faith: Mr. Canning, we suspect, did not. "The refusal of the English Ministry to ratify Mr. Erskine's arrangement," writes Mr. Alison, "although justified in point of right by Napoleon's violence, and Mr. Erskine's deviation from his instructions, may now well be characterized as one of the most unfortunate resolutions, in point of expediency, ever adopted by the British Government; for it at once led to the renewal of the Non-intercourse Act of the United States; put an entire stop for the next two years to all commerce with that country; reduced the exports of Great Britain fully a third during the most critical and important year of the war; and, in its ultimate results, contributed to produce that unhappy irritation between the two countries, which has never yet, notwithstanding the strong bonds of natural interest by which they are connected, been allayed." On the 9th August, in consequence of the non-fulfilment of the Erskine arrangement, the President issued a proclamation withdrawing the proclamation previously issued; thereby leaving in full effect the Non-intercourse Act both against Great Britain and France.

Mission and Recall of Mr. Jackson.

Mr. Erskine was recalled, and succeeded by Mr. Francis James Jackson, who arrived at Washington in the month of October. He had done his country service at Copenhagen,

in the negotiation which preceded the seizure of the Danish fleet, a circumstance not likely to recommend him to the government of the United States. From the moment of his landing to his departure in about a month's time, he was subject to galling insults in different degrees, from the President, the populace, and the press. His recall, at last, was requested by the United States government, and, of course, granted by the British Cabinet, though without any mark of disapprobation on the part of his sovereign.

Decree of Rambouillet: May 18th, 1810.

The forbearance of the United States with France was tried to the uttermost, and stood the shock, in the Decree of Rambouillet—the climax of French rapacity—issued on the 18th May, 1810. By this all vessels sailing under the flag of the United States, or owned wholly or in part by any American citizen, which, since the 20th May, 1809, had entered, or which should thereafter enter, any of the ports of France or her colonies, or countries occupied by French armies should be seized. This act was carried into immediate execution; the number of sequestered ships amounted to one hundred and sixty, the value of which was calculated at one million of francs. Yet even this devastating sweep excited no war-spirit in the United States; there was, to be sure, sharp and vehement remonstrance about it; but the spoliation was never resented as the grievances laid to the charge of Great Britain were resented; and the French Emperor never atoned, nor even evinced the slightest disposition to atone, for it.

Pretended Revocation of the French Decrees: 1st November, 1810.

The Emperor of France, growing impatient under his ineffectual attempt to drive the United States into war with Great Britain, thought proper at last to affect a conciliatory policy towards the North American republic, and to try what fair and plausible professions could accomplish. Without any intention, as his subsequent proceedings shewed, of keeping his hands off their vessels, the confiscation of which had all along furnished so convenient a tribute to his impoverished exchequer, Buonaparte determined, at least, to change his tone. The disappointment and dissatisfaction prevailing in the United States in consequence of the disallowance of the Erskine arrangement gave him pleasure; and, more particularly, the act against Great Britain with which the session of Congress had terminated was altogether to his taste. The Duke of Cadore—his minister—was accordingly instructed to make to the American minister, Mr. Armstrong, the following declaration, which was communicated in a note dated 5th August:—"At present Congress retraces its steps. The act of the 1st March, 1809 (the Non-intercourse act as regards France) is revoked: the ports of America are open to French trade; and France is no longer shut to America. Congress, in short, engages to declare against the belligerent which shall refuse to recognise the rights of neutrals. In this new state of things, I am authorised to declare to you that the decrees of Berlin and Milan are revoked; and that from the 1st November they shall cease to be executed, it *being well understood*, that in consequence of this declaration, the English shall revoke their Orders in Council, and renounce the new principles of blockade, which they have attempted to establish, or that the United States shall cause the right to be respected by the British. The President of the United States with eager delight laid hold of this *conditional* revocation; dependent though it was on a condition which Buonaparte knew very well, and Mr. Madison might have known, too, was on the part of Great Britain wholly inadmissable. On the very next day after that on which it was conditionally promised they should be revoked, Madison issued a proclamation asserting that "the said edicts *have been* revoked;" and that "the enemy *ceased* on the first day of that month to violate the neutral commerce of the United States." But the President's gratification was unwarranted, and his proclamation premature. There had been—as we shall see hereafter—no revocation.

Intelligence of this prospective revocation of the French decress was communicated at once to Mr. Pinckney, the United States Minister at London, who, without delay proceeded on the 25th August following to make a formal call on the British Government to repeal their Orders in Council. Lord Wel-

lesley, very naturally, replied that it would be necessary to wait to see whether the French decrees would be actually repealed. Subsequently, when a temporary intermission of French violence, together with the release of some detained American vessels, afforded color for the government of the United States asserting, and probably at the time hoping, that the French decrees had been virtually repealed, though no authentic document beyond the Duke of Cadore's note had appeared to that effect; Mr. Pinckney laboured strenuously and repeatedly to prove to the British Cabinet that those decrees had actually been repealed, and reiterated his demands, that the Orders in Council should be annulled. Lord Wellesley replied that, "admitting the Duke of Cadore's letter to be correctly interpreted by Pinckney, as announcing a repeal of the French decrees to commence absolutely on the first of November, but conditional as to its continuance, or the recall, within a reasonable time, of the British Orders, he should not hesitate to concede such a recall, *had that been the only thing required.* But there was another condition mentioned in that letter wholly inadmissable—the renouncing what were called "the new British principles of blockade."

What France required was the relinquishment by England of "her new principles of blockade;" an expression which unquestionably implied much more than a mere declaration by the British Cabinet that, as a matter of fact, the blockade of 1806 had, as an actual blockade, ceased to exist. We do not see how the British Government could have disputed that point, seeing it was a thing obvious to the eyes of any man, that Lord Keith's ships no longer watched the coast between Brest and the Elbe; Lord Wellesley, we consider, admitted as much, when he told Mr. Pinckney that the blockade of 1806 was included in the more extensive Orders in Council; that is, he admitted, we take it, that the line of coast originally confined by actual blockade was no longer in that predicament; but, in common with the rest of France, affected by the retaliation of Buonaparte's own paper blockades. But this admission, expressed or implied, was not what France wanted. Her view of the case was this:—"Granting that Britain had 160 vessels* to blockade thirty ports and harbours of ours; she did not invest those ports and harbours by land as well as by sea; and, therefore, in our estimation, it was no actual blockade. It was Great Britain's new principles of blockade. She must, notwithstanding her immense naval force, put that blockade virtually on the same footing with the Berlin and Milan Decrees; she must deny its existence, and—what we are especially aiming at—she must acknowledge its insufficiency. She must do this before our promised repeal of our decrees in favour of the United States is to take effect; and, in doing so, it is to be distinctly understood that in future, unless she can beleaguer our seaport towns by land as well as by sea, there will be no actual blockade." That is, Great Britain was not to shut up the French ports from foreign intercourse, and debar them from foreign supplies—how effectually soever she might be able to do it with her powerful navy—until her Peninsular heroes should have crossed the Pyrenees. Then, if she chose, she might use her fleets to co-operate with her troops on land. The transcendent insolence of such terms is equalled only by their prodigious absurdity; and yet this was what France meant by Great Britain "renouncing her new principles of blockade." These, or a declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain, were the conditions on which the Berlin and Milan Decrees were, by an anticipation, repealed as regarded the United States. The French government, in short, revoked, or more strictly promised to revoke, their decrees in favour of the United States, on the understanding that one of two things was to follow: either that Great Britain should be entrapped into the surrender of her maritime superiority; of which being in itself flagrantly absurd, France, we must believe, entertained no expectation,—or that the United States would go to war with Great Britain: this latter alternative being, as they no doubt imagined, the more probable of the two; and which, within less than two years, was the actual issue of French stratagem and American irascibility.

* This was the force actually watching the French coast in 1806.

This revocation, then, which was so paraded in public documents of Mr. Madison's Administration, and triumphantly quoted both in those documents and in Congress, as creating an irresistible claim on Great Britain for the repeal of her Orders, was nothing more than a revocation contingent on impossible conditions, and was, therefore, no revocation at all. It was simply a piece of French intrigue, seen through without difficulty by the British Cabinet, as a transparent fraud, and failing, therefore, to draw Great Britain into the snare; but ultimately successful in the other quarter; that is, in aggravating the discontent felt by the United States towards Great Britain, and contributing to bring on hostilities between those two countries. Still, it might be asked,—"Did this French stratagem preclude Great Britain from making a relaxation of her Orders in favour of the United States, supposing that good policy dictated such a step?" Pledged to such a concession she certainly was not, for her pledge—as we have seen—was based on nothing short of an absolute and unconditional repeal on the part of France, which was never made. But was she not at liberty to make the concession of her own accord? We think she was. We cannot see that she was in the slightest degree bound by any interpretation which France might put upon; by any extravagant conditions which her furious adversary, in her own distempered imagination and inflated pretensions, might gratuitously attach to such a concession. She was, it appears to us, altogether in a position to take, and to maintain her own view of her own policy, and to say to the United States:—"It will be mutually advantageous that we should discontinue the restraints which French violence at the first compelled us to put on your commerce; and we do so: we strike off the trammels we imposed; you, of course, abrogating your retaliatory enactments. It is true, the violence of France continues; for, as she has relaxed her Decrees with an understanding utterly ridiculous,—on conditions surpassingly inequitable and absurd,—which can never be fulfilled, she has, in point of fact, not relaxed those Decrees at all. But your Non-Intercourse Act, and our Orders in Council, hurt both you and ourselves, infinitely more than they annoy or injure France, and this we judge to be a sufficient reason for rescinding the Orders. This we are ready to do, without compromising our right, which is sanctioned by all national law and precedent, to close where we can the ports of France with our fleets, which are quite adequate to the maintenance of any actual blockade we have as yet attempted. This relief we are ready to afford you, without for one moment debarring ourselves from turning against our enemy, as God shall give us ability, that maritime superiority, whose crowning honours and strength were bought with the blood of Aboukir and Trafalgar." This, we conceive, would have been good and safe policy on the part of Great Britain. It would have conciliated the United States, and miserably disappointed France, without involving, so far as we can see, any concession detrimental to our maritime superiority, or discreditable to the nation at large. The persistence of the British Cabinet in their original policy at this period, and subsequently, when the Erskine arrangement was disallowed, may be pronounced, we think, unfortunate, and seems, indeed, unaccountable, when we consider how loudly the increasing commercial distress in the British Isles cried out for relief. During the year 1810, two thousand bankruptcies were announced; whilst the elements of the riots which in 1812 broke out in the manufacturing districts were visibly fermenting. We do not mean to attribute the whole of this commercial distress to the Orders in Council and the retaliatory acts of Congress; but we are aware that a great deal of it arose from that source; whilst it may be acknowledged that the chief cause of such a depression was Buonaparte's Continental system,—the confiscation of British merchandise with which it commenced, and the subsequent exclusion of that merchandise from all the Continental ports under his control. The re-establishment of satisfactory relations with the United States would certainly have been, under these circumstances, a measure of relief; and it was simply as a measure of relief to suffering and complaining multitudes that the Orders in Council were, in the end,

rescinded. How much is it to be regretted, we are ready to say, that they had not been rescinded before, when the grounds for revocation were the same, and the revocation would not have come, as it did at last, too late! Menaced with augmented embarrassments; surrounded by affecting evidences of public suffering, and symptoms by no means dubious of an outbreak amongst the lower classes of the people; with the prospect of a diminished revenue at a time when its burthens, entailed by the war with Napoleon, were enormous,—the British Cabinet, unhappily, thought it their duty to hold on their course.

French Seizures and Burnings still continued.

Nothing can show more conclusively the justice of styling Buonaparte's conditional revocation of his Decrees "a pretended revocation," than the fact, that the French still persisted in capturing vessels belonging to the United States, seizing their cargoes, and, in many instances, burning the ships after the cargo had been removed. Buonaparte, it is true, to save appearances, did release by his special license, and not on the ground of the alleged revocation, some United States' merchant-ships which had been detained in French ports; but this was all he did. During the summer of 1811, French privateers in the Baltic and Mediterranean took every American vessel they fell in with, and carried them for condemnation into the ports of Italy, Dantzic, and Copenhagen. At the very moment when the Congress-Committee of November, 1811, were making their report, in which they called their countrymen to arms, and spared no force of language to rouse the deadliest resentment against "British injustice and outrage,"—at that very moment —when France seemed to be as effectually forgotten as though it had formed a part of some distant planet,—a small squadron of French frigates, evading the British surveillance, which might have done the United States some service, had escaped from the Loire, and were pillaging and plundering American vessels in the Atlantic. Great reason, then, had Lloyd for expressing himself as he did, in the Senate, on the 27th June, 1812,—after the declaration of war: "Did the justification of the British Orders in Council depend merely on the non-repeal of the French Decrees, they might then, indeed, well enough stand, since every arrival from Europe brought news of fresh seizures and condemnation of American vessels, under cover of those very edicts of which the repeal was so boldly alleged." With Mr. Hildreth's testimony we leave this topic: "As to the alleged repeal, by France, and the refusal of Great Britain to repeal her orders, which had been made the occasion, first of the revival of non-importation from Great Britain, and now of war; not only had no decree of repeal been produced; not only had no captured American vessel ever been released by any French prize court on the ground of such repeal, but all the public documents of France; the Duke of Cadore, in his report to the Emperor, of December 3, 1810; the Emperor himself, in his address to the Council of Commerce, of March 31, 1811; and the Duke of Bassano, in his recent report of March 10, 1812; all spoke of the Berlin and Milan Decrees as subsisting in full force, the cherished policy of the Empire." Here surely, is ample evidence to show how unmerited was the imputation attempted to be fixed upon Great Britain, of having falsified her pledge.

Mr. Pinckney's departure from London: 1st March, 1811.

After ineffectual efforts to carry out his views and wishes, Mr. Pinckney requested, and, on the 1st March, 1811, obtained his audience of leave from the Prince Regent. In his letter to Mr. Smith, the United States Secretary for Foreign Affairs, describing the interview at Carlton House, he informed his government that the Prince Regent had conveyed to him "explicit declarations of the most amicable views and feelings towards the United States." The business of the legation was left in the hands of a Charge d'Affaires. From this time the government of the United States acted as if the French edicts were revoked; though, as we have shown, captures and seizures were still going on; whence French ships were admitted into the ports of the United States, whilst those of Great Britain were excluded.

Engagement between the United States frigate President, and His Britannic Majesty's sloop of war Little Belt: 16th May, 1811.

Whilst the diplomatic relations of the two countries exhibited this state of growing alienation, an incident occurred at sea, which threatened to precipitate the rupture which the discussion about the Orders in Council was steadily bringing on. On the 16th May, about 14 or 15 leagues from Cape Charles, Captain Bingham, of the British sloop of war Little Belt, at that time looking for her consort, the Guerriere, for which she had dispatches, came in sight of a frigate, with which, on the supposition that she might be the Guerriere, Captain Bingham endeavoured to close. When he had approached sufficiently near, he displayed his private signals; and on these not being answered, he took it for granted that the frigate was an American, abandoned the pursuit, and steered to the south. The frigate in question was the President, Commodore Rogers, which was cruizing in those waters, as one of the home squadron, for the protection of the commerce of the United States. The President, from some motive on the part of her commander which it seems hard to reconcile with amicable intentions, gave chase to the other vessel, so soon as the latter had changed her course. The pursuit of the Little Belt, in the first instance, was afterwards accounted for in the manner we have already stated; but, even at the time, it would naturally have occurred to the Commander of the President that his ship must have been mistaken by the other for either a British or French vessel, and whether that other was British or French could have made no difference to him, as his nation was not at war with either Great Britain or France. Why, then, should he have given chase? He had no antagonist at sea. But, to proceed. As the President was evidently gaining, Captain Bingham, deeming it advisable to speak the stranger before dark, lay to at half-past six o'clock,—having by that time discerned the stars in the President's broad pennant,—and, to guard against surprise, prepared his ship for action. The other approached slowly, with a light breeze, and, as if with hostile intentions, made several efforts to secure the weatherly gage, which, after having been frustrated in some three or four times, by Captain Bingham's manœuvres, she at length succeeded obtaining. At about a quarter past eight, the vessels were within hail, the distance between them being less than a hundred yards. Up to this hour the accounts on both sides agree; but here we meet with a most perplexing discrepancy in the narratives of the two commanders. Captain Bingham thus states the matter: "I hailed, and asked what ship it was? He repeated my question. I again hailed, and asked what ship it was? He again repeated my words, and fired a broadside, which I immediately returned." Commodore Rogers, on the other hand, gave in this statement: "I hailed, What ship is that? To this inquiry no answer was given; but I was hailed by her commander, What ship is that? After a pause of fifteen or twenty seconds, I reiterated my first inquiry; and before I had time to take the trumpet from my mouth was answered by a shot, that went into our mainmast." The action, however brought on, became general, and lasted for about three-quarters of an hour, at the end of which time the fire of the Little Belt was silenced, as she was reduced almost to a wreck, and none of her guns could be brought to bear. Commodore Rogers stated, that, after four or five minutes he desisted from firing, as he perceived that his adversary was very inferior: but the officers of the Little Belt made no mention of this pause. After the action, Commodore Rogers hailed again, and ascertained the name and character of his small,* but spirited antagonist. He then gave his own, after which the two vessels separated for the night. In the morning, the Commander of the President sent a boat on board the Little Belt, with a message, expressing his regret that the unfortunate collision had taken place, and tendering assistance to his crippled adversary,—an offer which Captain Bingham declined. The Little Belt then made the best of her way to Halifax, severely damaged, with eleven

* A glance at the plate will show the reader the vast difference in size between the vessels. We may take this opportunity of remarking, that, with but two or three exceptions, there was a disparity of force, in favor of the enemy, in every naval action throughout the war.

men dead and twenty-one wounded. The President suffered but trifling damage, and lost none of her crew—one only being wounded, and that slightly. No censure was passed on either of the Commanders by their respective Governments. Captain Bingham was deservedly applauded, for so bravely fighting a vessel of 18 guns against one of 44; whilst Commodore Rogers, after having been brought to an open court-martial, at the request of the British minister at Washington, was honourably acquitted. During this inquiry, several of his officers and crew were examined, who bore out his statement, that the Little Belt fired the first shot. To attempt a decision of the question, "Who fired the first shot?" seems a hopeless undertaking, where the evidence on either side is directly contradictory,—captain against captain, and ship against ship: yet it is but just to make the remark, that both the probability of the case, and other circumstances, distinct from the testimony given in, are greatly against the American. It is not probable that a vessel of eighteen guns should have attacked another of forty-four. No hostile design can be attributed to Captain Bingham; for his orders, which were made public after the encounter, expressly cautioned him against giving any unnecessary offence to the government or the people of the United States; and an attack of his on an American frigate would have been a flagrant violation of those orders, such as—we may conceive—no man in his senses, how daring and impetuous soever, would have attempted. The orders, on the other hand, under which the President sailed, were never published, which is somewhat singular; but the United States government disavowed, to Mr. Foster, the British minister, the issuing of any orders of an unfriendly character. In regard to the American orders, however, it is connected with our subject, though it may not be of much importance to state, that an opinion very generally prevailed in the United States, as Mr. Hildreth, the American historian, informs us, that "Rogers had pursued the Little Belt, with the very purpose of avenging on her the still unatoned-for attack on the Chesapeake." In relation to this suspicion of a hostile purpose on the part of the Americans, we must attach great weight to a remark made by Captain Bingham:—"By the manner in which he (Commodore Rogers) apologized, it appeared evident to me that, had he fallen in with a British frigate, he would certainly have brought her to action. And what farther confirms me in that opinion is, that his guns were not only loaded with round and grape shot, but with every scrap of iron that could be collected." As the British Government was satisfied with the disavowal of hostile orders on the part of the United States Government, the matter was allowed to drop: and the excitement arising from it at the moment soon died away.

The President's War Message, 4th November, 1811.

The President, at the close of the year, having called Congress together after a shorter recess than usual, communicated to them, on the 4th November, a message, in which, after enumerating the subjects of complaint against Britain (of which we have already said enough), he suggested the appeal to arms in these words,—"Congress will feel the duty of putting the United States into an armour and an attitude demanded by the crisis, and corresponding with the national expectations."

Nov. 29. The Committee on Foreign Affairs recommended the raising of 10,000 regulars and 50,000 militia, with other preparations; but, such was the passionate ardour of the Legislature, that the numbers voted were, by a majority of 109 to 22, increased to 25,000 regular troops, and a loan was agreed to of ten millions of dollars.

Jan. 1., 1812.

Was there, to any extent, a secret understanding between the United States and France?

At the very time that the angry majority in Congress were preparing the unhappy collision with Great Britain, the privateers and cruizers of France,, as we have said, under the professed revocation of the French decrees, were repeatedly making captures of American vessels, and seizing their cargoes. It was less than one month prior to the declaration of war against Great Britain, that a correspondence was laid before Congress, by the President, be-

tween Mr. Barlow, the American minister at Paris, and the Secretary of State, in which the former communicated to his government the vexatious intelligence that his efforts to conclude a treaty with France had proved abortive, and that no redress had, as yet, been obtained for the seizures and confiscations either prior or subsequent to the relaxation of the French decrees. It is evident, then, that Buonaparte's relaxation of his decrees in favour of the United States, was not honestly carried out. The grievances of which they complained at the hands of France were, on their own showing, unredressed; and yet the President of the United States found himself unable to "recommend to the consideration of Congress definitive measures in respect to France," in that very message which called his countrymen to arms against Great Britain. In that message, every subject of discontent with the British Government was paraded in the manner, and with the embittering language, best calculated to inflame, to the highest degree, the rising passions of the nation. No peace; no breathing-time; no further waiting, for what the future might still bring forth as the foundation of pacification, was to be permitted. It is true, the United States had waited long,—had suffered long; and too long, also, had the British Ministry—as it proved—withheld the concession which, had it been made sooner, might not, perhaps, have wholly sweetened the bitter waters of strife, but would, at least, have strengthened the friends of peace in the American Congress, whilst, in corresponding measure, it would have embarrassed the fiery spirits in that body, and have prevented possibly, (though we do not feel sure of this,) the outbreak of war. But, if the patience of the United States had been tried by Great Britain, (which we do not deny,) it had been tried, perhaps with equal severity, by France too; and yet—so unequally did the spirit of retaliation work!—the wrongs charged upon Great Britain were to be fiercely and promptly effaced with blood; whilst those which had been suffered, and were still endured, from France, remained a matter for discussion; Congress, in regard to these, still taking time "to decide with greater advantage on the course due to the rights, the interests, the honour of their country."* The contrast is too obvious to be overlooked;—the temper of "sudden quarrel" towards Great Britain,—the long-suffering with France. The bias in Napoleon Buonaparte's favour appears in a still stronger light; if it be truly alleged—as has been done—that there was a general impression in the United States that the repeal of the Orders could not be far distant; and that, acting under that impression, the democratic party did their utmost to press the declaration of war before intelligence of the expected repeal should have reached America. Be this as it may; the small, but able minority expressed in energetic terms their sense of the inconsistency of declaring war with one adversary only, when two had given equal provocation. "As the injuries (said they) which we have received from France are at least equal in amount to those we have sustained from England, and have been attended with circumstances of still greater insult and aggravation; if war were necessary to vindicate the honour of the country, consistency and impartiality required that both nations should have been included in the declaration."†‡ We have

* President's Message of 1st June, 1812.

† Other passages, besides the two we have incorporated with the text, are worthy of republication.

‡ "Resolutions passed at a Convention of Delegates from several Counties of the State of New York, held at the Capitol, in the City of Albany, on the 17th and 18th days of September, 1812."

"Resolved, that without insisting on the injustice of the present war, taking solely into consideration the time and circumstances of its declaration, the condition of the country, and state of the public mind, we are constrained to consider, and feel it our duty to pronounce it a most rash, unwise, and inexpedient measure; the adoption of which ought for ever to deprive its authors of the esteem and confidence of an enlightened people—because, as the injuries we have received from France, are at least equal in amount to those we have sustained from England, and have been attended with circumstances of still greater insult and aggravation—if war were necessary to vindicate the honor of the country, consistency and impartiality required that both nations should have been included in the declaration. Because if it were deemed expedient to exercise our right of selecting our adversary, prudence and common

already recorded our persuasion, that Mr. Madison was entangled in the toils of French intrigue; and we have not formed that opinion without, as we think, sufficient evidence. Still we do not desire to convey the impression, in itself preposterous, that either Mr. Madison or his coadjutors were so devoid of patriotism, as to be simply desirous of serving France, without a primary regard to what they considered would best conduce to the interests of their own country. It may be asked, however, how could it enter into their minds to suppose that the interests of the United States would be best promoted by selecting for their adversary the one of the two offending nations which, in peace, maintained with them the closest relations, founded on a commerce eminently prosperous and profitable; and, in war, had the means of giving them the heaviest blows? The force of this objection was felt by the minority, whose language we have already quoted: "If it were deemed expedient (they urged) to exercise our right of selecting our

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sense dictated the choice of an enemy, from whose hostility we had nothing to dread. A war with France would equally have satisfied our insulted honour, and at the same time, instead of annihilating, would have revived and extended our commerce—and even the evils of such a contest would have been mitigated by the sublime consolation, that by our efforts we were contributing to arrest the progress of despotism in Europe, and essentially serving the great interests of freedom and humanity throughout the world. Because a republican government, depending solely for its support on the wishes and affections of the people, ought never to declare a war, into which the great body of the nation are not prepared to enter with zeal and alacrity: as where the justice and necessity of the measure are not so apparent as to unite all parties in its support, its inevitable tendency is, to augment the dissentions that have before existed, and by exasperating party violence to its utmost height, prepare the way for civil war. Because, before a war was declared, it was perfectly well ascertained, that a vast majority of the people in the middle and northern states, by whom the burden and expenses of the contest must be borne almost exclusively, were strongly opposed to the measure. Because we see no rational prospect of attaining, by force of arms, the objects for which our rulers say we are contending—and because the evils and distresses which the war must of necessity occasion, far overbalance any advantages we can expect to derive from it. Because the great power of England on the ocean, and the amazing resources she derives from commerce and navigation, render it evident, that we cannot compel her to respect our rights and satisfy our demands, otherwise than by a successful maritime warfare; the means of conducting which we not only do not possess, but our rulers have obstinately refused to provide. Because the exhausted state of the treasury, occasioned by the destruction of the revenue derived from commerce, should the war continue, will render necessary a resort to loans and taxes to a vast amount—measures by which the people will be greatly burthened, and oppressed, and the influence and patronage of the executive alarmingly increased. And, finally, because of a war begun with such means as our rulers had prepared, and conducted in the mode they seem resolved to pursue, we see no grounds to hope the honourable and successful termination."

"Whereas the late revocation of the British Orders in Council, has removed the great and ostensible cause of the present war, and prepared the way for an immediate accommodation of all existing differences, inasmuch as, by the confession of the present secretary of state, satisfactory and honourable arrangements might easily be made, by which the abuses resulting from the impressment of our seamen, might, in future, be effectually prevented—Therefore,

Resolved, That we shall be constrained to consider the determination on the part of our rulers to continue the present war, after official notice of the revocation of the British Orders in Council, as affording conclusive evidence, that the war has been undertaken from motives entirely distinct from those which have been hitherto avowed, and for the promotion of objects wholly unconnected with the interest and honour of the American nation.

Resolved, That we contemplate with abhorrence, even the possibility of an alliance with the present Emperor of France, every action of whose life has demonstated, that the attainment, by any means, of universal empire, and the consequent extinction of every vestige of freedom, are the sole objects of his incessant, unbounded, and remorseless ambition. His arms, with the spirit of freemen, we might openly and fearlessly encounter; but, of his secret arts, his corrupting influence, we entertain a dread we can neither conquer nor conceal. It is therefore with the utmost distrust and alarm, that we regard his late professions of attachment and love to the American people, fully recollecting, that his invariable course has been, by perfidious offers of protection, by deceitful professions of friendship, to lull his intended victims into the fatal sleep of confidence and security, during which, the chains of despotism are silently wound round and rivetted on them."

In the same strain, during the debate on

adversary, prudence and common sense dictated the choice of an enemy, from whose hostility we had nothing to dread. A war with France would equally have satisfied our insulted honour, and, at the same time, instead of annihilating, would have revived and extended our commerce."* But there were countervailing considerations falling in with, whilst, on the other hand, every cause of complaint against France was borne along and overwhelmed by the current of the popular antipathy to Great Britain.

"Everything in the United States," says James, in his Naval History, "was to be settled by a calculation of profit and loss. France had numerous allies,—England scarcely any. France had no contiguous territory; England had the Canadas ready to be marched into at a moment's notice. France had no commerce; England had richly-laden merchantmen traversing every sea. England, therefore, it was against whom the death-blows of America were to be levelled."* These considerations, no

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the War-Report, did Mr. Randolph speak in Congress:—

This war of conquest (he said), a war for the acquisition of territory and subjects, is to be a new commentary on the doctrine that republics are destitute of ambition—that they are addicted to peace, wedded to the happiness and safety of the great body of their people. But it seems this is to be a holiday campaign—there is to be no expense of blood, or treasure, on our part—Canada is to conquer herself—she is to be subdued by the principles of fraternity. The people of that country are first to be seduced from their allegiance, and converted into traitors, as preparatory to the making them good citizens. Although he must acknowledge that some of our flaming patriots were thus manufactured, he did not think the process would hold good with a whole community. It was a dangerous experiment. We were to succeed in the French mode, by the system of fraternization—all is French!—but how dreadfully it might be retorted on the southern and western slaveholding states. He detested this subornation of treason. No—if he must have them, let them fall by the valor of our arms, by fair legitimate conquest; not become the victims of treacherous seduction.

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He was gratified to find gentlemen acknowledging the demoralizing and destructive consequences of the non-importation law—confessing the truth of all that its opponents foretold when it was enacted—and will you plunge yourselves in war, because you have passed a foolish and ruinous law, and are ashamed to repeal it? "But our good friend the French emperor stands in the way of its repeal," and as we cannot go too far in making sacrifices to him, who has given such demonstration of his *love for the Americans*, we must, in point of fact, become parties to his war. "Who can be so cruel as to refuse him this favour?"—His imagination shrunk from the miseries of such a connection. He called upon the house to reflect whether they were not about to abandon all reclamation for the unparalleled outrages "insults and injuries" of the French government—to give up our claim for plundered millions, and asked what reparation or atonement they could expect to obtain in hours of future dalliance, after they should have made a tender of their persons to this great deflowerer of the virginity of republics. We had by our own wise (he would not say *wise-acre*) measures, so increased the trade and wealth of Montreal and Quebec, that at last we began to cast a wistful eye at Canada. Having done so much towards its improvement by the exercise of "our restrictive energies," we began to think the laborer worthy of his hire, and to put in claim for our portion. Suppose it ours—are we any nearer to our point? As his minister said to the king of Epirus, "may we not as well take our bottle of wine before as after this exploit?" Go! march to Canada!—leave the broad bosom of the Chesapeake, and her hundred tributary rivers—the whole line of sea-coast from Machias to St. Mary's, unprotected:—You have taken Quebec—have you *conquered England?* Will you seek for the deep foundations of her power in the frozen deserts of Labrador?"

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Mr. Randolph then proceeded to notice the unjust and illiberal imputation of *British attachments*, against certain characters in this country, sometimes insinuated in that house, but openly avowed out of it. Against whom were these charges brought? Against men who in the war of the revolution were in the council of the nation, or fighting the battles of your country. And *by whom* were they made? *By run-aways* chiefly *from the British dominions*, since the breaking out of the French troubles. He indignantly said—it is insufferable. It cannot be borne. It must and ought, with severity, to be put down in this house—and out of it to meet the *lie direct*. We have no fellow feeling for the suffering and oppressed Spaniards! Yet even *them* we do not reprobate. Strange! that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage, in the whole

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* Resolutions of the New York Delegates.

* Life and Correspondence of Sir Isaac Brock.

doubt, powerfully contributed to attract the explosion and the shock of war on Britain; but, allowing to these their undeniable influence, we are perfectly satisfied, notwithstanding, that it was not merely the comparison of advantages or risks; it was not solely the answer returned by the oracle of republican shrewdness to the question,—"Whether more were to be gained from a war with Great Britain than with France?" which brought the controversy to its deplorable issue. There were other motives at work. The Government of the United States, and Mr. Madison's Administration more particularly, may not have had precisely "a secret understanding with France:" but there are circumstances, on that head, which—it must be owned—look extremely suspicious. It is curious, at least, to observe how exactly their proceedings contributed to aid the policy of Napoleon Buonaparte. Their embargo, non-intercourse, and non-importation acts were, in name, impartial, for they were avowedly directed against

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world. The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are very civil good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity—"Turks, Jews and infidels," *Melimeli*, or the *Little Turtle*, barbarians and savages of every clime and color, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can *treat* and can *trade*. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our own veins; in common with whom we can claim Shakspeare and Newton, and Chatham for our countrymen: whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation—jury trial—voting the supplies—writs of habeas corpus—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence—against our *fellow Protestants* identified in blood, in language, in religion with ourselves."

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Mr. Sheffey, too, of Virginia, spoke, with equally moral courage, the language of truth, and justice, and common sense:—

You have been told that you could raise volunteers to atchieve the possession of Canada. Where are these volunteers? I have seen none of these patriotic men who were willing to go to Canada in the private rank; all of them want offices. You may raise a few miserable wretches for your army, who would disgrace the service, and only serve as unprincipled minions to their officers. Will your farmers' sons enlist in your army? They will not, sir. Look at the army of '98. It had twelve or fifteen regiments nominally. It was disbanded in eighteen months; when half the men had not been raised. Why, sir, you had more patriotism on paper then even than you have now; and yet you could not raise half the forces for your army. If you pass the bill, you will not raise twenty-five thousand men in three years. The object of the war may by that time vanish. The nation will be saddled with all the vast expenses of these troops for nothing. No nation can safely engage in a foreign war without being prepared for it when they take the resolution. Are you prepared? Your secretary at war has told gentlemen that even blankets could not be procured: and you saw a letter from him yesterday, which informed you that the small supplies for the Indians could not be had without a relaxation of your commercial restrictions. Will you send your soldiers to Canada without blankets? Or do you calculate to take it by the end of the summer, and return home to a more genial clime by the next winter! This would be well enough; but I think it will require several campaigns to conquer Canada.

You will act absurdly if you expect the people of that country to join you. Upper Canada is inhabited by emigrants from the United States. They will not come back to you; they will not, without reason, desert the government, to whom they have gone for protection. No, sir, you must conquer it by force, not by sowing the seeds of sedition and treason among the people.

But, suppose you raise the men, what will Great Britain be doing in the mean time? Will she be asleep? You march to Canada: where will be your security at home? will you desert your own country: will you leave your cities to be sacrificed, plundered and sacked, for the sterile deserts of Canada, of Nova Scotia, and New-Brunswick, and all the frozen regions of the north? Sir, go to Canada, and you will soon have to recal your army to defend your southern soil; to rescue your people from rapine and destruction. You will have to employ your energies in protecting the south from British invasion. Sir, will the little force you leave at home, be able to oppose the power of British 74's? Look at Copenhagen. It is true, sir, as honourable gentlemen say, that I am secure beyond the Alleghany, after eastern states shall have fallen. Liberty is there secure! But as a member of this confederacy, I cannot consent to exchange my present situation for such a state of things."

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"He knew gentlemen would stare at him, when he contended that they were going to

both of the belligerents; but, in reality, they were far from pressing equally on both: for, whilst they scarcely molested France, with her inconsiderable American commerce, they inflicted an injury that was felt, on Great Britain, accustomed, as she had been, to find, before the enactment of those measures, a large and profitable market in the United States. In the manufacturing towns of France no popular commotions were provoked by the commercial restrictions of the United States: those restrictions were the main agent in exciting the most alarming riots in Manchester, Sheffield, and other parts of England, where large numbers of operatives found themselves cut off from the ordinary sources of employment and subsistence. Little did France, in her mad immolation of her best and bravest to the phantom of military glory, appreciate or heed the loss of an extinguished commerce; whilst Britain, dependent on her commerce for the means of protracted resistance, felt the wound,—her Parliament besieged with the petitions of suffering millions; her towns distracted with violent mobs; and the bankruptcies of her merchants year by year increasing. Mr. Jefferson's and Mr. Madison's measures were certainly impartial, in name; far from impartial, in effect. In regard to Mr. Madison's personal feelings, there is nothing to make it improbable, but much to the contrary, that they were identical with those of Mr. Jefferson, to whose school in politics he belonged, whose Secretary of State he had been, and whose influence was exerted for his election to the Presidency. Mr. Madison was one of that party in the revolutionary Congress who set their faces against concluding peace with Great Britain on terms not sanctioned by France; and who, in strict consistency with their vehement French predilections, attempted a censure on Mr. Jay and Mr. Adams, because they had negotiated a treaty of peace, without the consent of the French Government, though that treaty was honourable and advantageous to the United States. It is well known that Washington laboured, in every possible way, even to the length of risking his popularity, to maintain and perpetuate friendly relations with Great Britain; but Mr. Madison opposed his pacific mission to that country in 1794; and, about the same time, whilst the revolutionary rulers of France were ferociously plunging through their dreadful career of massacre and confiscation, Mr. Madison, at that frightful epoch of human calamity, stepped forward in Congress to commence that warfare against British commerce, which he afterwards waged with so much determination,—introducing resolutions which, it is worth remarking, were the same in character with Buonaparte's continental system. We have styled that continental system, as embodied in the Berlin and Milan Decrees, a commercial excommunication of Great Britain,—a view which the American merchants did, in a body, take of Buonaparte's enormous pretensions; but Mr. Madison represented acts, which virtually excluded Great Britain from the pale of civilized nations, and were devised with the avowed purpose of destroying her, as mere "municipal regulations." And, though the ships of his own nation, if detected in the "infamous guilt" of trading with, or through England, were by the Milan Decree, declared to be *denationalized*, and were, in fact, confiscated, with their cargoes, there was querulousness, it is true, in his communications with the French Government, but there was nothing that sounded of war. Our convictions, however, of the more than sympathy,—of the co-operation of Mr. Madison with France,—are founded chiefly on his secret manœuvering in connection with the blockade of 1806. The history of the thing is curious; and, though it may not weigh with all of our readers as it has done with us, we fancy

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war against Great Britain, while she was struggling for the liberties of the world. But this had great weight on his mind. She was the only power that stemmed the torrent of universal despotism. *He* had little experience in the human heart, *who* believed that there would remain any security for us after the maritime dominion, as well as the dominion of the land should be consecrated in the hands of the great Napoleon. These conquerors had always been the same. When they had subdued the world, they sat down and shed tears because they could find no other world to conquer. Our victory over Great Britain would be our defeat."

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that those to whom it may be new, will be, equally with ourselves, interested in it. We give it, therefore, below, as we find it in the London Quarterly Review, of September, 1812; composed of extracts from the New England Farmer's pamphlet previously noticed by us, together with the Reviewer's observations.* When our readers have sufficiently examined this curious case, they may attach what force they think is due to the only observation we intend to add to this head, viz., that Mr. Madison—it has been asserted—sent out a copy of his war message to France, in the *Wasp*; and that this is not the only circumstance which affords reason for believing that France for some time be-

* What shall we say if it appear that this *first aggression of* 1806, which is now represented as the immediate cause of the Berlin Decree, was, *for the first time*, suggested by Mr. Madison, in 1806, (through General Armstrong to Buonaparte,) as a justifiable cause of the French decree?—that this blockade of 1806, which was approved by Mr. Munroe,—was not objected against by Mr. Jefferson in 1808,—was not even mentioned by Mr. Madison in the arrangement made with Mr. Erskine in 1809—but that this great and atrocious injury done to France and America, forgotten, neglected, and not once adverted to in four years' negociation,—was brought forward, *for the first time*, to make a principal figure in 1810, for the express purpose, as it would seem, of throwing in the way invincible obstacles to any adjustment with Great Britain? Let us hear the 'farmers' on the subject.

"The first notice of it, as far as we can find, is in a letter from General Armstrong to Mr. Smith, our secretary of state, of January 20th, 1810, in which he details a conversation which he had held with Count Champagny, the French minister. In that letter Mr. Armstrong refers to a letter of December 1st, 1809, from Mr. Smith to himself, *which has never been published*, in which he is directed to demand of France—*Whether, if Great Britain revoked her blockades of a date anterior to the decree commonly called the Berlin Decree, His Majesty the Emperor would consent to revoke that decree?*" To which the Emperor, falling into the views of our government, and foreseeing the *snare* which would be laid for Great Britain, insomuch as, if she consented to repeal said orders, it would be an admission that she had been the aggressor upon neutral commerce, and further, it would be an admission that she had no right to exert her *only force*, her *maritime power*, for the coercion of her enemy, replied "*That the* ONLY *condition required for the revocation of the decree of Berlin, will be a previous revocation by Great Britain of her blockades of France, or ports of France, of a date anterior to the aforesaid decree.*"

"So far the plot went on prosperously; and if Great Britain had fallen into the project, it would have been made the pretext for preventing any future blockades of even single ports of France, in which armaments for her destruction, or the destruction of her commerce, should be formed; and she would have relinquished to an enemy, whom she cannot attack upon the continent on equal terms, the only weapons which God and her own valour had placed within her power."

The next step was to transmit this project for swindling Great Britain out of her maritime rights to Mr. Pinckney, the American minister in London, who accordingly demanded of Lord Wellesley 'whether Great Britain considered any, and if any, what blockades of the French coast, of a date anterior to the Berlin Decree, in force?' Lord Wellesley briefly answered, that 'the blockade of May, 1806, was comprehended in the Order of Council of January, 1807, which was yet in force.' A month afterwards, 7th March, 1810, Mr. Pinckney again asked 'whether the order of May, 1806, was merged in that of January, 1807?' to which Lord Wellesley replied 'that it was comprehended under the more extensive orders of January, 1807.'

Mr. Pinckney, though not quite satisfied with Lord Wellesley's answers, wrote to General Armstrong, 'that the inference from them was, that the blockade of May, 1806, *is virtually at an end*, being merged and comprehended in an Order of Council issued *after* the date of the Berlin Decree.' This inference, however, did not suit any of the intriguing parties; and General Armstrong does not seem to have thought it necessary to ruffle the repose of his Imperial Majesty, by submitting the point to M. Champagny; at least nothing farther appears till the extraordinary letter of the Duc de Cadore, in which the Berlin and Milan Decrees are premised to be repealed, provided Great Britain will repeal her orders, and 'renounce her *principles of blockade* which she wishes to establish'—'terms,' says the Farmer, 'which every man will perceive might be construed to amount to the surrender of *all* her maritime rights.'

"That there was a secret understanding between our cabinet and that of France, that Great Britain should be required to annul her blockades of a date anterior to the Berlin Decree, and that this suggestion *first* came from our cabinet, will appear from the two following extracts of letters from our secretary Smith, to Mr. Pinckney; the one is dated in July, 1810, in which he says, "you will let it be distinctly understood that the repeal must *necessarily include* an annulment of the blockade of May, 1806; this is the explanation which *will be given* by our minister at Paris to the

fore knew that war would be declared, whilst Great Britain, the other belligerent, said to be impartially treated, never suspected such a thing, even at the moment of repealing her Orders in Council: for, although it evinced strange insensibility to the lowering portents of the future, that the possibility of a war with the United States, arising from those Orders, was never once alluded to by those members of the British Parliament who spoke against them in the debate of June, 1812; still, that very insensibility to transatlantic presages shows, in the strongest manner, how little the catastrophe of war* with the United States was anticipated by Great Britain, five days after† Congress had signed and sealed the warrant for the unnatural strife.

French government, *in case it shall* then be required." It seems it *had not then* BEEN required by France.

"That this was a concerted thing is apparent, from another clause of the same letter, in which Mr. Smith says, that "should Great Britain not withdraw *all her precious partial* Blockades, it is probable that France will draw Great Britain and the United States to issue on the legality of *such blockades* (that is, all partial blockades) by acceding to the act in Congress, *on condition* that the *repeal of the blockade shall accompany* that of the Orders in Council.

"Within one month after these despatches arrived in France, Buonaparte *did* bring us to issue with Great Britain on *this very point*: and yet Mr. Madison was *no prophet*, because it was *he* who first suggested the thought to Armstrong, and Armstrong to the ingenious cabinet of St. Cloud. "In conformity to *your suggestions*, in your letter of December 1st, 1809," (says General Armstrong to Mr. Smith,) "I demanded whether, if Great Britain revoked her decrees of a date anterior to the Berlin decree, his Majesty would consent to revoke that decree."

After this clear exposition, we think that no reasonable being can entertain any doubts of Mr. Madison's intrigues with France.

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* The following quotations from the debates in the House of Commons, will show the good feeling towards the United States which at that time prevailed in England:—

Whilst this political ferment was agitating the different parties of candidates for ministerial power, the examinations in reference to the effects of the Orders in Council upon the commercial and manufacturing interests in the kingdom were going on with little interruption in both houses of parliament. A vast mass of evidence being at length collected, Mr. Brougham, on June 16th, brought the matter for final decision before the House of Commons. He began his speech with observing, that the question, though of unexampled interest, was one of little intricacy. Its points were few in number, and involved in no obscurity or doubt. At a distance, indeed, there appeared a great mass of details, and the eight or nine hundred folios of evidence, together with the papers and petitions with which the table was covered, might cause the subjects to appear vast and complicated; yet he did not doubt in a short time to convince his hearers that there has seldom been one of a public nature brought before that house through which the path was shorter, or led to a more obvious decision.

The hon. gentleman then took a general survey of the severe distress which was now pressing upon so many thousands of our industrious fellow-subjects, proved not only by their petitions, but by the numerous schemes and devices which had been resorted to as a remedy for the evils caused by the suppression of their accustomed sources of employment. He reminded the house of the general outline of the inquiry. Above a hundred witnesses had been examined from more than thirty of the great manufacturing and commercial districts. Among all these there was only one single witness who hesitated in admitting the dreadful amount of the present distresses: Birmingham, Sheffield, the clothing trade of Yorkshire, the districts of the cotton trade, all deeply participated in them. He then adverted to the proofs by which this evidence was met on the other side of the house; and took into consideration the entries in the Custom-house books, and the substitutes and new channels of commerce said to compensate for those that are closed. He next touched upon the topic so often resorted to by the defenders of the Orders in Council, that of the dignity and honour of the nation, and the necessity of asserting our maritime rights; and he maintained that every right may safely be waved or abandoned for reasons of expediency, to be resumed when those reasons cease. He lastly, dwelt upon the great importance of the American market to the goods produced in this country, and the danger of accustoming the Americans to rely on their own resources, and manufacture for themselves. After a long and eloquent harangue on these and other connected subjects, Mr. B. concluded with the following motion:—

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† The debate in Parliament took place on the 23d June; the Declaration of War passed on the 18th.

QUEENSTON SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

It is a melancholy reflection, that before the onward march of the civilizer, the savage disappears like snow before the summer sun, that, they are so antagonistic, instead of mutually leading vigour and intelligence, the animal sinks before the mental, and that, not by its direct operation, but by the extraneous force it imparts to the same animal development in others, it gives it for the time the mastery, to be displaced in its turn by that from which it received its power. Thus the white man in teaching the redskin the wants of civilization, opened also a market for its luxuries, and, with the introduction of artificial wants, engrafted civilization and its fruits on nature, whilst having engrossed the profits of Indian labor, the descendant of the squatter and emigrant occupy that soil which should have yielded its produce to the aboriginal, and thus oppressed by the arts, not of war, but of peace, the Indian sinks overwhelmed in the flood. Yet is this reflection modified and softened not only by general but also by particular effects as well for, though the nations which had reigned undisturbed lords over the land are disappearing, the scarce perceived amalgamation of their races has frequently resulted in the advancement of the descendant of the aborigines, and many occupy places of honor and trust among the abodes of civilization, whose fathers dwelt under the canopy of heaven.

This is a source of consolation when memory recalls the extinct races of the eastern shores of America, the glory of her forests and wastes, when in traditionary recollections, we hear again the sweet dove like sounds which floated softly round the council fires of the chivalric Delawares. The mill and the factory of the white man may be less picturesque than the deer skin lodge of the red: the smoky steamer, as, parting she cleaves our lakes or rivers, less in harmony with their features, than the undulations of the buoyant canoe: the clearing less grateful to the eye than the woodland glades: the whirl of the iron road, than the forest trail; but the perfection to which they lead, the bright day of peace and love, of which they are the harbingers—though but faintly discernible in the long perspective of years to come, is too pregnant with the happiness of the human race, and the glory of the Deity, to leave any serious pain upon the mind which looks forward to it.

No where, perhaps, has the white man produced more striking changes than along the precipitous shores (we may not call them banks) of the mighty Niagara, and should the reader but in imagination transport himself to where the great northern "Father of the Floods" rolls his waves along, some such picture as the following will doubtless rise in fancy's glass. His mind has reverted to the time ere the sylvan abode of the aboriginal had been disturbed by the foot of his white brother, when opposing tribes contended with each other for the possession of hunting-grounds, presenting advantages superior to those they already occupied; and after one of these encounters he sees a vanquished chief, Man-na-qua, bound and led by his captors to their encampment, not far from the gigantic leap of the mighty stream. It was ever a great and honorable feat to take captive a chief, for nobility with the Indian is strength of arm and fearlessness of danger, and the chief of a tribe was ever foremost in the field and in the chase. Man-na-qua, then, the terror of all his foes, the pride of all his friends, a captive, and fettered, is doomed to die a painful and lingering death, his enemies treat him with that respect that the prestige of a renowned name always commands, but securely is he bound and closely is he watched, lest the tribe should be disgraced by his escape. It is but seldom that an Indian acts traitorously towards his friends, but they always seek to return a kindness. So it was with the boy, Po-wen-a-go. The brave Man-na-qua had generously spared his life in their last engagement, for he warred not he thought with women or boys, but he told not Po-wen-a-go why he spared him, and happily for him it was that he did not so, for already had Po-wen-a-go devised a scheme for his escape, waiting only for darkness to put it into execution. Night came on, and dark masses of cloud hung about the heavens striving to obscure the beams of the moon, (fortunately for Po-wen-a-go's plans, in her last quarter) and shrouding her gradually sinking orb in their dusky mantle, as if in league with the envious stars, the watchers of earth. Now it was that Po-wen-a-go released Man-na-qua, and pointing in the direction of a brilliant star in the east, bade him, in a whisper, follow

it, for it would lead him to the Niagara.* Swiftly Man-na-qua parted from the boy, and guided by the star, sought the river the passage of which would place him once more, a free man, amongst his tribe. He knew that his escape would soon be discovered, and that his enemies, with all the instinct of the sleuth hound, would perseveringly and untiringly follow him till retaken, did he not quickly place that swift-flowing stream between himself and danger.

Wearied and exhausted at length, and with difficulty drawing his unwilling limbs along, yet he paused not, exerting to the utmost his fast declining strength, and at daylight the rising spray and sullen roar of the great fall indicated its position. Diverging slightly to the north with renewed hope and energy, he continued his flight: another hour brought him to the whirlpool; here he descended the steep, rocky and craggy bank till he reached the edge of the boiling and tossing waters. Still he dared not rest, but followed the course of the rapid stream in hopes that he might, a few miles farther down, meet with some friendly canoe, or arrive at some less swift part of the river, which would enable him to gain the opposite shore. Breathless, his hands wounded, his leggins torn, his feet bare and bleeding, and almost sinking from fatigue he yet toiled on another hour; in his exhausted state he could not dare to swim the river, no canoe was there to lend its friendly aid, and at length in despair, he sank to the earth, almost wishing for death. Lulled by the murmuring flow of water, and overcome by exertion, tired nature could no longer resist and he fell into a deep slumber.

Who envies not the happy, grateful feeling that refreshing sleep communicates to that spirit and body-worn man. Man-na-qua's sleep was deep indeed, the whole muscular system lay in repose, not a twitching of a muscle, nor a restless movement of the limbs could be detected, but calmly as an infant he rested. His brain, however, that active member, unduly excited by the events of the past few hours still teemed with the impressions left on it by his captivity and flight, and he dreamed:—

He thought he saw the Great Spirit, in the garb of a mighty hunter, descend to the shore on which he lay, and rousing him, bid him arise, for his pursuers were approaching, and then he thought the spirit took him by the hand and led him to the waters, which he now passed, over a structure reared as by magic, whilst he saw his enemies, after a fruitless search retire. Then the Great Spirit speaking to him foretold that the time would arrive when such a bridge would span that flood, but that it would not be for man to escape from man. Man-na-qua! said the spirit, in a little time a new race will spring up, before whom your race will vanish, as the fog is dissipated by the rays of the sun, they will overspread this whole continent, taking from you your hunting grounds, nay your very identity, and driving you to seek other scenes, but, to follow and wrest them from you also. Then it is that they, even as a spider shoots its tiny and fragile thread from branch to branch, will bridge this swift rolling flood with threads spun from the iron, and will produce a structure airy as the gossamer work, the insect weaves to ensnare its prey. Then will be extended from bank to bank, almost floating in aether, a way, woven from a strong and tough metal, binding them together, and connecting them, till at length the bridge be made and two mighty nations socially united.

Man-na-qua, in astonishment demanded how so great a marvel could be wrought, and desired to see the wonderful work of the new race. The spirit suddenly ascending with him, high into the air, tells him to look around, and lo! the forests, which had covered the whole face of the country, disappeared; numerous towns and villages dotted the space, connected by bands of iron over which iron coursers breathing fire and smoke were rapidly impelled.

The busy hum of man and his work-shops reached his ear and spanning the river the wondrous structure met his astonished gaze. Curiously he regarded it, but his astonishment turned to fear, when, in the distance he saw approaching rapidly, one of the flame-breathing monsters, in an instant it crossed the river, and was lost to sight in the distance. At length he murmured, it is surely a magical work which thus bears the evil one, and terrified at what he saw, Man-na-qua released his hold of the spirit and fell tremblingly earthward. In the effort to save himself from being dashed to pieces he started and awoke;

* Literally "falling water."

springing to his feet he hears the cry of his pursuers, who have just discovered him; plunging into the boiling current,* he essays to swim to the opposite shore, but is swiftly carried down the stream. His enemies, reaching the shore, gaze on their victim now far beyond their vengeance. Man-na-qua turning in the water towards his foes utters a shrill cry of defiance and—sinks. No! is borne away by the Great Spirit to the happy hunting grounds where dwell in peace and joy his ancestors.

Some such legend as the above it was which doubtless suggested to a joint stock company of Canadians and Americans the idea of constructing the bridge which forms the subject of our engraving. This bridge from point to point is eight hundred feet long, its breadth is twenty feet. The whole bridge is suspended upon ten cables, five on each side, which pass over towers of considerable height massively constructed. Each cable is twelve hundred and forty feet long, and composed of seventy-two number ten wires, around which is wrapped small wire three times boiled in linseed oil, which anneals it, and gives it a coat which cannot be injured by exposure to the weather, and preserves the wires from rust. The cables, after passing over the piers on the banks, are fast anchored in solid masonry at some distance. The suspenders are composed of eight wires each, and are placed four and a half feet apart. The bridge is two hundred feet above the water. The seemingly fragile structure bends slightly, like ice beneath the skater, yet it is considered perfectly safe, and capable of supporting any weight that is likely to be, at any one time, on it. Nothing can surpass in grandeur or sublimity the scenery which is presented to the tourist's gaze in a trip from the mouth of the Niagara River to the falls. We reserve, however, the description of this soul-engrossing excursion for the fine view of the Falls which in a future number we shall present to our readers.

On the right of our engraving is Brock's Monument,† and in the extreme distance on the American side, may be distinguished an observatory. Queenston is a small village containing some three hundred inhabitants.

* The river, at the point, owing to the swiftness of the current, presents the appearance of boiling water.

† General Brock was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. The Legislature of that Province caused a monument to be erected to his memory, on the heights near the spot where he fell, on the memorable morning of the 13th of October, 1812. It is in a position so elevated, that it may be seen at points nearly fifty miles distant. The monument is constructed of free-stone. The base, which covers the vault wherein repose the remains of General Brock and his Aide-de-Camp, Lieut. Col. McDonald, (who was killed in the same action) is twenty feet square. The shaft rises one hundred and twenty-six feet from the ground. A miscreant named Lett, attempted to destroy it by gunpowder, on the night of the 17th of April, 1840. The key-stone over the door was thrown out, and the shaft was cracked nearly two-thirds of its height.

THE TWO DAWNS.

Of old when earth from chaos dread,
Like infant from the marriage-bed
Of the Creator and his bride,
Eternal nature deified,
Yet slumbered in eternal sleep,
And silence bound the ghostly deep:
God, the primœval gloom awoke,
And echo's new-born voices spoke.
Irradiating that deep night
The word went forth—"Let there be light!"
Then light uprising like the day,
The veil of chaos rent away,
And struggling in creation's throes
A world of virgin life arose.
The ocean heaved to kiss the sky,
And hill to mountain gave reply:
The little streams unfettered flew
In joyous songs the valleys through;
The hoary rocks by earthquakes rent,
Their frowning brows in smiles unbent,
And each responsive mountain height
Rolled back the sound—"Let there be light!"
'Twas light!—And He who understood
All harmony, pronounced it good.

And such are all—am I, since first
From out that sleeping ocean burst
This form of clay with spirit rife,
A new creation born to life,
From those unfathomed depths which flow
Still darkly round me as I go!
As yet upon the waters brown
The night of chaos settles down;
Nor can I the Light-Giver trace
Who moves upon the waters' face:
But He is there, the Unbegot,
There, though my spirit sees him not,
And o'er my soul's primeval sleep
Now darkly moves as o'er the deep:
And tho' this formless void, the mind,
Yet unenlightened, wanders blind,

And midnight blackness veils the eye,
The second, spirit-dawn is nigh;
Where He who at creation spoke,
And earth's long, dreamy trances broke,
Shall stand amid the spectral light,
And speak again—"Let there be light!"

ERRO.

THE CRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. VIII.

SETTING FORTH, INTER ALIA THE NOTABLE LEGEND OF MISS DE COVERLY'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

If I attempted to give the most minute abstract of the evidence in the famous and immortal cause, *McShuttle against Sumph*, a dozen volumes, each as lusty as a family Bible, would not contain what should be written. The investigation brought to light a legion of queer stories touching bribing and counter-bribing, one of which I may recapitulate in this place, as a sample of the whole.

During the hottest paroxysm of the canvassing fever, Mr. Caption, who acted as leading agent for Sir John Sumph, made a call attended by some of his employer's committee, upon Lachlan Last the shoemaker, who being the possesser of a vote was as important a personage, for the time being, as the Lord Provost himself. "Weel Mr. Last," quoth the lawyer, after praising to the skies the beauty of his wee Donald, (who by the way, was gifted by nature with a club foot, and squinted diabolically with his solitary eye.) "Weel Mr. Last, as your grandfather was a Prince Charles man, and carried a pitch-fork at Preston Pans, you'll surely support the gentry this time, and vote for his honour Sir John? Lachlan, who was always proud to be reminded of the Jacobitism of his ancestors, looked gratified at this address, but at the same time could not help betraying a considerable amount of sheepish uneasiness. Being pressed for a response he laid aside his Kilmarnock night cowl, and delving his nails into the profundities of his ocean of red hair he replied "Oich! oich! Maister Caption, she would blythely gie her vote to the Chief o' Clan Sumph, but she's promised it awa to the muckle weaver body! Times are unco hard wi' her the noo, and McShuttle this blessed forenoon held a sonsy twenty pun note before her neb, and that, ye ken, was mair nor puir flesh an' bluid could thole! The very smell o't wud hae made me pledge myself to Auld Clootie himsel!"

This was rather a poser to the man of parchment. Votes, it is true, in the position of the contest, at that period, were not to be sneezed at, but still twenty pounds considerably exceeded the highest price which as yet they had brought in the market of Dreepdaily. At length after cogitating for a minute or two, Mr. Caption requested, as a special favour, to see the note which had been transferred from the manufacturer of muslin to the engenderer of boots and shoes. No sooner had he got it into his hands than he starts up in a perfect extacy of rage and indignation, "Oh the surpassing wickedness of mankind!"—yelled out the lawyer, "many a rascally trick have I met with in my day, but of a verity this immeasurably exceeds them all. To think of that land-louping weaver thus attempting to defraud a confiding Christian, and what is more a freeholder of this Burgh! A tar barrel would be too gentle a doom for the miscreant."

So soon as the alarmed Heelandman could get in a word, he craved to be indoctrinated touching the calamity which had befallen him. "Why man," exclaimed the excited agent, "this note is not worth a brass farthing! It is a forgery, as palpable a forgery as ever I clapped an eye on, and legions of them have passed through my hand! But, by the wisdom-tooth of King Crispin, its race of wickedness is run now! Never more will it impose upon a confiding community." So saying, the virtuous Caption tore the delinquent document into four pieces, and cast them behind his back.

"But Lachlan," he continued, "I shall take care that you shall be no loser by the fraud which I have so providentially discovered. Here are twenty guineas, each of them sound as when it left the mint. Take them my esteemed friend, and if you will vote for Sir John Sumph, good and well, if not you are still welcome to the money. I cannot bear to see a Highland gentleman imposed upon."

It is hardly necessary for me to add, that Lachlan pledged himself heart and soul to the benevolent and noble-minded lawyer; and not only so, but swore by the bagpipes of Ossian that he would, at the first convenient opportu-

nity give the weaver a taste of his awl by way of admonishment not to play tricks upon travellers again. This vow Mr. Last redeemed to the letter, a few days after, and the consequence was that McShuttle could not sit down with comfort upon the most easy chair, during the currency of the ensuing six months!

I must not forget to mention that before leaving the shop of the Celt, Mr. Caption carefully collected the fragments of the dishonoured bill, and deposited the same in his pocket-book. "This is a matter" said he "which the Procurator Fiscal must look after, and I must keep the bits of the note as evidence against the vile traitor."

By some casualty or another, no criminal charge was ever preferred against McShuttle; but in the course of that week the lawyer presented a twenty pound note to the Dreepdaily branch of the Ayr bank, and received change promptly for the same. Though the bill bore evidence of having met with some rough usage, being pasted upon a sheet of paper to keep its dismembered limbs together, the cashier pronounced it to be of unimpeachable integrity, and expressed his willingness to receive thousands of a similar description.

The most extraordinary part of the story was that after the election Mr. Caption boasted that Lachlan's vote had not cost Sir John a bawbee. How this declaration could be reconciled with the payment of the guineas, which I witnessed with my own eyes, wiser heads than mine, must find out. The mystery is immeasurably too profound for my slender wits to fathom.

Sharp as a newly honed razor was the advocate (or counsel as the English say) who conducted the case for Sir John Sumph before the Parliamentary committee, but oh! he was a black and grewsome-looking tyke! Such another nose I never beheld on the face of mortal man, as that which projected from the frontispiece of brother Broom, for so was my gentleman denominated. To this very day, when I chance to make an extra heavy supper upon toasted cheese and swipes, that supernatural nose is certain to visit my dreams, and squat upon my breast like the incubus of which the dominie sometimes speaks.

Be that, however, as it may, Councillor Broom was a perfect prodigy for cleverness. He could turn the most obstinate and dogged witness inside out, as the saying is, and there cannot be the ghost of a doubt, that to his extraordinary skill Sir John was as much indebted for the success he met with, as to any thing else.

There was a sprightly young lad, a clerk to Bouncer and Brass, the Solicitors to the head of the Sumph dynasty, who sometimes used to visit Mr. Paumie and myself of an evening at our quarters in Furnivals Inn, to eat an oyster, and maybe discuss a toothful of gin toddy. Quentin Quill—for so was our friend named—was a perfect dungeon of information, seeming to know every body and everything. From the Lord Chancellor down to the hangman, he was conversant with the history of every man of note in London, and he told his cracks in such a lively manner, that it was a greater diversion to listen to him than to see a play or an execution.

One night when Quentin favoured us with his company, the conversation chanced to turn upon Master Broom. "Aye," said Quill "he is one of the most rising men at the bar, is Harry, but if it had not been for a lucky hit which he once made at York, he might at this moment have been as poor and unknown as your humble servant to command!"

Mr. Paumie having expressed a curiosity to learn the particulars of the hit in question, Quinten drew forth a roll of paper from his coat pocket. "The truth is" said he "that I jotted down the story as an article for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but the editor, old *Sylvanus Urban*, of whom you may have heard, must be fast getting into his dotage, seeing that he rejected the affair as being unsuited to the gravity of his pages. It was only this afternoon that I received back the slighted contribution, and here it is very much at your devotion. The leading facts, I can assure you are strictly true, so that it possesses the merit of verity, if devoid of every other recommendation."

With many thanks, the Dominie received the manuscript, and having wiped and adjusted his specs, read what follows in a sonorous and emphatic tone.

A TALE OF YORK ASSIZES.

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea a Daniel!"
Merchant of Venice.

It was a fine autumnal morning, the precise epoch of which we cannot fix, seeing that like the respected ghost of Hamlet's father, we keep but an indifferent "*note of time*," that their honors the judges, entered the fair city of York for the purpose of ventilating the jail, and obligingly settling disputes between contending neighbors.

Leaving the procession to find its way to the castle, half smothered with dust, and wholly deafened by the music, so-called, of a brace of broken-winded trumpeters, let us conduct the reader to the place of trial, and make him acquainted with the personages more immediately concerned in the investigation about to take place.

On yonder bench, beneath the oriel window, you observe a sightly young couple, attired in the sombre-hued raiment which indicates the recent decease of a near relative, or beloved friend.

Their names (we copy from the record of the proceedings) are Hubert Howard, gentleman, and Maude Howard, spinster; bearing the relationship of cousins-german, and aged, Hubert aforesaid, twenty-one years, and the said Maude, seventeen summers or thereby, be the same more or less. It does not do to be more overly specific in the age of a lady, than in that of a gift horse.

But we must proceed a little faster with our preliminary explanation, else the Court will be constituted before we have said our say. The Howards were orphans about as little burdened with lucre as a mendicant who has newly commenced business, and their whole dependance for the future lay upon a maiden aunt, Miss Griselda De Coverly, whose bank account was more attractive than her personal charms. Her only surviving relatives were the couple above mentioned, and she had even led them to believe that when she had "*hopped this mortal twig*," as Shakspeare says, or at least might have said, their names would occupy a prominent position, in a certain interesting document, which need not be more specifically condescended upon. So the lovers, for lovers they were as well as cousins, continued to dwell with the venerable Grizelda, having no anxious thought about anything save the day when a plain gold ring would perform certain evolutions in the Minster of York to wit.

About a twelve month preceding the period of which we now treat, it so chanced that the virtuous DeCoverly had a grievous falling out with one of the canons of the cathedral, who for half a century had been one of her choicest bosom friends. The bone of contention was too minute for history to take the trouble of recording, relating, we may barely hint, to the propriety of a certain trump in a hand of whist. Microscopic, however, as was the cause of the feud, its consequences were of calamitous magnitude, inasmuch as the offended Grizelda, from being an-out-and-out supporter of church and state, and of "things as they were" became from that moment translated into a zealous advocate of "*the rights of man*." The offending canon was tory to the backbone, and consequently his fair adversary was determined to pitch her tent at as great a distance from his as possible. From henceforth she avowed her sympathy with the angelic cut-throats of France, and wore a brooch shaped after the similitude of that ingenious machine which advanced the cause of universal brotherhood by chopping off the craniums of its opponents!

At this period, the leading "*friend of the people*" in York, was Mr. Jeremiah Iscariot Scroudger—the very peculiar-looking gentleman who is seated opposite to you—just in van of the jury-box! We think you will agree with us, honest reader, that Nature has turned out more sightly productions from her workshop. The fact of his hair being of a sandy red, admits but of slender argumentation. The ground for debate as to whether he "*looks two ways for Sunday*"—as the vulgar describe an optical tortuosity—is quite as limited. And that his nose comes under the category of "*snub*," may safely be asserted with the confidence of an axiom!

If, leaving the outer man, we extend our researches to the inner, the harmony of the picture will stand little risk of being destroyed. Jeremiah was as ungainly in mind as in body—and, if all tales be true, (as who doubts that they are?) took on every occasion a special and affectionate care of the mystical *number one*,—never standing on ceremony when the aggrandisement of that beloved numeral was concerned.

To hasten on with our tale (as we fancy we

hear the screaming of the judicial trumpets) Miss DeCoverly, ere long, was as intimate with Mr. Jeremiah as spreaden butter is with the bread to which it is wedded. She made a point (rheumatism and the weather permitting) of attending, pilgrim-like, at the various shrines, where he held forth on the enormities of crown-thatched despotism; and her name unfailingly appeared at the top of all the subscription papers which the benevolent Scroudger originated, in aid of schemes for the uprooting of thrones, and giving everything to everybody.

A termination, however, was speedily to happen to the excellent Grizelda's philanthropic career. Going out one moist evening to attend a prelection of her favourite, commendatory of the strike of the journeymen tailors of the Cannibal Islands against their aristocratic employers, the damp seized upon her feet, and progressing from her feet to her chest, fairly *floored* her—as Homer touchingly expresses it. She took to her couch, from which she was never destined to rise, till infolded in the mercenary arms of Hercules Hatchment, the undertaker. Well and kindly did the orphan cousins minister to the requirements of their expiring relative. Everything that unexperienced affection could suggest, was performed on their part, to sooth and cheer her fast-fleeting moments—but all in vain. Ere a fortnight had elapsed, the "*well-plumed hearse*" conveyed the mortal remains of Grizelda to the tomb of all the De Coverlys, where a ponderous tablet, surmounted by a plethoric cherub, spoke as if all virtue and goodness had absconded from our planet at her decease.

We should have narrated that during the confinement of the spinster, Mr. Scroudger was ultra-officious in his *devoirs;* and often did he implore the worn-out Howards to snatch a brief repose whilst he kept watch and ward beside their departing relative. His devotion, indeed, was beyond all praise, being so perfectly pure and disinterested.

This latter fact—his disinterestedness to wit—was substantiated beyond the shadow of a cavil, on the day when the last will and testament of the defunct was read. That document—so interesting amidst all its prosaic repetitions—after devising one hundred pounds upon each of the afore-named Herbert and Maude Howard, directed that the residue of her means and estate should be paid over to her much-esteemed and dearly-beloved friend, Jeremiah Iscariot Scroudger, to be by him disbursed, as his judgment might dictate, in aid of suffering insurgents in every quarter of the globe.

Now, though no one expressed more utter amazement at this result than the self-denying Scroudger, such is the ingrained depravity of human nature, that there were not lacking many who unblushingly affirmed that there was more than met the eye in the affair. Nay, certain unbridled tongues were found who hesitated not to insinuate that the will would not stand the ordeal of a jury. It was asserted that the document was not prepared by the wonted solicitor of the departed, but by Flaw O'Fox, a Hibernian tool of the gifted Scoudger. Nay, more, Timothy Text, a short-sighted writing-master, professed himself ready to depone, upon oath, that the leading signature attached to the questioned instrument was the autograph of the Man in the Moon, or the Wandering Jew, or any one in short, except that of the never-enough-to-be-lamented Grizelda De Coverly.

Fortified by these opinions and conjectures, a committee was speedily organized for the purpose of testing the validity of the will, in behalf of the orphan heirs at law.

Thus, most debonair reader, we have instructed you in the preliminary facts of the case, which, on a certain genial autumnal morning, was to exercise the wit of twelve good men, and true, hailing from the ancient County of York.

The court was constituted in due and orthodox form. That is to say, the judges had gigantic bouquets of flowers placed before each of them. The pursy high sheriff disposed his cushion, so that he could slumber in peace, and dream of the next coursing match. The trumpeters adjourned to the Goat and Compasses, to moisten their over-dried clay. The usher prepared to impress the restless clod-hoppers with a due sense of the dignity of the occasion, by dealing raps upon their pumpkins. And twelve incorruptible tailors, brewers, bakers, and general huxters, were sworn to do justice in the cause about to be tried.

The senior counsel for the orphans threw hopelessly into the shade the ancient reputa-

tion of Demosthenes and Cicero, by his statement of the case. It would have roused the indignant sensibilities of a frozen turnip to have listened to his denunciation of snakes in the herbage, and wolves in the garmenture of sheep! Even the somniferous high sheriff awoke with a start, as in his wind up he thumped poor Hubert upon the pole, and devoted to the infernal gods (if there were such personages) all who would seek to wrench the patrimony from his unprotected hand!

But, alas! and alack a day! the case for the hapless plaintiffs had little more to recommend it than the oratorical nostrum of the old heathen spouter, viz: "*action! action! action!*" The witnesses who were put into the box could say as little to the purpose as the convict who yesterday pled guilty to the charge of murder, could do in answer to the somewhat needless question why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. The evidence of the short-sighted writing-master was laughed to scorn on account of his transparent optical defects—and already the sore persecuted Scroudger breathed freely in the prospect of a favourable verdict. Nay, he even sported a few extra groans at the reprobacy of those who had called his fair dealing so truculently in question.

The forlorn hope of the prosecution now concentrated upon what might be elicited from Flaw O'Fox, by the screw of a thorough cross-examination. Here, however, as before, their hopes were destined to be blighted, root and branch. The Milesean attorney was bomb-proof against the best-directed assaults. Not a flaw could be discovered in his testimony. Not a solitary trip did he make, though the most subtle obstructions were thrown in his pathway. With all the candid circumstantiality of truth, the man of red tape detailed the instructions he had received from the departed Grizelda, touching the disposal of her carnal dross. Specifically did he describe the mode in which she adhibited her virgin name to the document; and most pointedly did he depone on his oath to her entire soundness of mind, and the knowledge which she possessed touching the act which she was performing. In utter despair Mr. Sergeant Hooky Walker wiped the perspiration from his aching brows, and darting a look of the most intense chagrin at his junior, was about to permit the attorney to convey his person, by a voluntary *habeas corpus*, from the box where he had been morally impaled for the last six hours, or thereby.

Now, the aforesaid junior was one of those unlucky whelps who, for years, had pined in vain for the nutricious bone of a brief; and as the present was the primary treat of the kind which he had ever enjoyed, he was determined to make the most of it.

He, therefore, requested O'Fox to continue in his unrestful eminence, and taking up the disputed Testament, which lay on the table, all unconscious of the pother it was creating, he scanned the same as if he had been perusing his death warrant or contract of marriage. An on-looker would have predicated that he was analyzing every hair stroke, and reducing the dot on each *I* to its native chemical-composing particles, so earnestly did he brood over that sheet of stamped paper.

At length, when judge, jury, witness, high sheriff, ushers, trumpeters and the "million," had fairly parted company with patience, and even Sergeant Hooky Walker was casting longing yearnings after the turtle and haunch of venison which were to form the staple of his vesper repast, Mr. Broom (for so was the junior named) began to open his battery upon the worn-out, and, by this time, misanthropical O'Fox.

He first plied him with an infinitude of interrogatories, each of them, to all human apprehension, a thousand miles, and *a bittock* removed from the point at issue.

"At what period of the year," he enquired, amongst other things, "was this so-called Testament executed! "It was," whined out the unctuous Flaw, "in the gracious month of July, and a sweet and balmy day it was! hum-hum-ho-hum! "And what hour was it?" questioned Broom, "when the lamented lady subscribed her name to the deed?" "Two o'clock in the afternoon, by *vartue* of my sacred oath," responded O'Fox, looking upwards as if appealing to an angel, or tracking the pilgrimage of a spider athwart the ceiling of the court-house! "Then, of course," continued the inquisitor, "there was no fire in the sick-chamber at the time?" "Certainly not!" quoth Flaw,—"the day was too warm for such a thing, besides the dear blessed lady

was a trifle feverish, and required to be kept as cool as possible!"

"Where then," demanded the junior, "did you procure a light wherewith to melt the wax on which Miss DeCoverly impressed this seal opposite to her signature?" Without a moment's hesitation, O'Fox replied, "I, myself, went to the kitchen, and procured a burning candle, and brought it to the sick-bed." "You swear to this, do you?" "Most solemnly I swear! I remember my doing so more distinctly than I do anything else about the transaction; and also of giving the departed saint her seal and handing her the wax on which she made the impression!"

"That will do so, sir," cried Broom; whilst a flash of wild triumph lighted up his flashing eyes.—"That will do for you, and for all of us! My lord and gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed, with a sort of hysterical shriek, fluttering the will before them in trembling triumph, "mark well! there is not an atom of wax on the deed; the seal is imprinted upon a wafer!"

* * * * * * * *

A fortnight posterior to the events we have been narrating, Hubert placed an unadorned circle of gold upon the fourth finger of cousin Maude's left hand in presence of their deceased aunt's ancient friend the Canon! On leaving the Cathedral, (where this transfer of the precious metal took place) the happy couple were somewhat obstructed in their progress homeward. The obstacle was an excited crowd, who were giving vent to their feelings by pelting with eggs, not laid yesterday, Messrs. Scroudger and O'Fox, who stood contemplating their assailants through a couple of timber frames, which constrained them to receive the somewhat *stale* compliments without flinching.

When Mr. Paumie had concluded the delivery of the above legend, Quentin Quill called for a toast. "Here," quoth he, after our tumblers had been replenished, "Here is to the health of Harry Broom! I should not wonder but that he comes to the wool-sack yet! One thing is certain, that he well deserves it!" And the Dominie and the Barber both said Amen!

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM.

Impia tortorum longas hic turba furores
Sanguinis innocui, non satiata, aluit.
Sospite nunc patria, fracta nunc fœneris antro,
Mors ubi dira fuit vita salusque patent.

[*Quatrain composed for the gates of a market to be erected upon the site of the Jacobin Club House at Paris.*]

I WAS sick—sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence—the dread sentence of death—was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of a revolution—perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more. Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white—whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words—and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness—of immovable resolution—of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate, were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly location. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw, too, for a few moments of delirious horror, the soft and nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enwrapped the walls of the apartment. And then my vision fell upon the seven tall candlesticks upon the table. At first they wore the aspect of charity, and seemed white slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fibre in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, while the angel forms became meaningless spectres, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave. The thought came gently and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my spirit came at length properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into nothingness; their flames went out utterly; the blackness of darkness supervened; all sensations appeared swallowed up in a mad rushing descent, as of the soul into Hades. Then silence, and stillness, and night were the universe.

I had swooned, but still will not say that all of consciousness was lost. What of it there remained I will not attempt to define, or even

describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepest slumber—no! In delirium—no! In a swoon—no! In death—no! even in the grave all was not lost. Else there is no immortality for man. Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we break the gossamer web of some dream. Yet in a second afterwards (so frail may that web have been) we remember not that we have dreamed. In the return to life from the swoon there are two stages; first, that of the sense of mental or spiritual; secondly, that of the sense of physical, existence. It seems probable that if, upon reaching the second stage, we could recall the impressions of the first, we should find these impressions eloquent in memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is—what? How at least shall we distinguish its shadows from those of the tomb? But if the impressions of what I have termed the first stage, are not at will recalled, yet, after a long interval, do they not come unbidden, while we marvel whence they come? He who has never swooned, is not he who finds strange palaces and wildly familiar faces in coals that glow; is not he who beholds floating in mid-air the sad visions that the many may not view; is not he who ponders over the perfume of some novel flower—is not he whose brain grows bewildered with the meaning of some musical cadence which has never before arrested his attention.

Amid frequent and thoughtful endeavors to remember; amid earnest struggles to regather some token of the state of seeming nothingness into which my soul had lapsed, there have been moments when I have dreamed of success; there have been brief, very brief periods when I have conjured up remembrances which the lucid reason of a later epoch assures me could have had reference only to that condition of seeming unconsciousness. These shadows of memory tell, indistinctly, of tall figures that lifted and bore me in silence down—down—still down, till a hideous dizziness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent. They tell also of a vague horror at my heart, on account of that heart's unnatural stillness. Then comes a sense of sudden motionlessness throughout all things; as if those who bore me (a ghastly train) had outrun, in their descent, the limits of the limitless, and paused from the wearisomeness of their toil. After this I call to mind flatness and dampness; and then all is madness—the madness of a memory which busies itself among forbidden things.

Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound—the tumultuous motion of the heart, and, in my ears, the sound of its beating. Then a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch—a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence, without thought—a condition which lasted long. Then, very suddenly, thought, and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavor to comprehend my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a successful effort to move. And now a full memory of the trial, of the judges, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed; of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavor have enabled me vaguely to recall.

So far, I had not opened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back, unbound. I reached out my hand, and it lay heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and what I could be. I longed, yet dared not to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around me. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be nothing to see. At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts were then confirmed. The blackness of eternal night encompassed me. I struggled for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. I still lay quietly, and made an effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed; and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a supposition, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence; but where and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the *auto-da-fe*, and one of these had been held on the very night of the day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon, to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This I at once saw could not be. Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded.

A fearful idea now drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and for a brief period, I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions; I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a tomb. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in cold big beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense, grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended, and my eyes straining from their sockets, in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident

that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumors of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated—fables I had always deemed them—but yet strange, and too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterranean world of darkness; or what fate, perhaps even more fearful, awaited me? That the result would be death, and a death of more than customary bitterness, I knew too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me.

My outstretched hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a wall, seemingly of stone masonry—very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up; stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my dungeon: as I might make its circuit, and return to the point whence I set out, without being aware of the fact; so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket, when led into the inquisitorial chamber; but it was gone; my clothes had been exchanged for a wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable, I tore part of the hem from the robe and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In groping my way around the prison, I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the circuit. So, at least, I thought; but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. I staggered onward for some time, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate; and sleep soon overtook me as I lay.

Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher with water. I was too much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterward, I resumed my tour around the prison, and, with much toil, came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell, I had counted fifty-two paces, and, upon resuming my walk, I had counted forty-eight more—when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and admitting two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess as to the shape of the vault; for vault I could not help supposing it to be.

I had little object, certainly no hope, in these researches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first, I proceeded with extreme caution, for the floor, although seemingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage, and did not hesitate to step firmly—endeavoring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it, and fell violently on my face.

In the confusion attending my fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds afterwards, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this: My chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips, and the upper portion of my head, though seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time, my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapor, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find that I had fallen at the very brink of a circular pit, whose extent, of course, I had no means of ascertaining at the moment. Groping about the masonry just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I hearkened to its reverberations, as it dashed against the sides of the chasm; at length there was a sullen plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment, there came a sound resembling the quick opening, and as rapid closing of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away.

I saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had seen me no more. And the death just avoided was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny, there was the choice of death with its direst physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me.

Shaking in every limb, I groped my way back to the wall—resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the well, of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other

conditions of mind, I might have had courage to end my misery at once, by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits—that the sudden extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan.

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draught. It must have been drugged—for scarcely had I drunk, before I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me, a sleep like that of death. How long it lasted, of course I know not; but when, once again, I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By a wild, sulphurous light, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison.

In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed—for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which environed me, than the mere dimensions of my dungeon? But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in endeavors to account for the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exploration, I had counted fifty-two paces, up to the period when I fell; I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact, I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept, and upon awaking, I must have returned upon my steps—thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended it with the wall to the right.

I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of the enclosure. In feeling my way, I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing from lethargy or sleep! The angles were simply those of a few slight depressions, or niches, at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry, seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depression. The entire surface of this metallic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to which the charnel superstition of the monks had given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colours seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the centre yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw indistinctly and by much effort—for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent, that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish, which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I say, to my horror, for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate—for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure rivetted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum, such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over me), I fancied that I saw it in motion. In an instant afterwards the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes, somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well, which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour, (for I could take but imperfect note of time,) before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence, its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me, was the idea that it had perceptibly descended. I now observed—with what horror it is needless to say—that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns

upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massive and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole hissed as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognizance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents—the pit, whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself—the pit, typical of hell, and regarded by rumour as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss; and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel! Inch by inch—line by line—with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages—down and still down it came! Days passed—it might have been that many days passed—ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed, I wearied Heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility; it was brief, for, upon again lapsing into life, there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been long—for I knew that there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very—oh, inexpressibly—sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period, the human nature craved food. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half-formed thought of joy—of hope; yet what business had I with hope? It was, as I say, a half-formed thought—man has many such, which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy—of hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect, to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile, an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe, it would return and repeat its operations—again—and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more), and the hissing vigor of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that, for several minutes, it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go further than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention—as if, in so dwelling, I could arrest here the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment—upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered upon all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down—steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right—to the left—far and wide—with the shriek of a damned spirit! to my heart, with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled, as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down—certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently—furiously—to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me, to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche!

Down—still unceasingly—still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrunk convulsively at its every sweep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief—oh, how unspeakable! Still I quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening axe upon my bosom. It was hope that prompted the nerve to quiver—the frame to shrink. It was hope—the hope that triumphs on the rack—that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe—and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours, or perhaps days, I thought. It now occurred to me, that the bandage, or surcingle, which enveloped me, was unique. I was tied by no separate cord. The first

stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The result of the slightest struggle, how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not forseen and provided for this possibility? Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bosom in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint, and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body—save in the path of the destroying crescent.

Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present—feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite—but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low framework upon which I lay, had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous—their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. "To what food," I thought, "have they been accustomed in the well?"

They had devoured, in spite of my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual see-saw, or wave of the hand about the platter; and, at length, the unconscious uniformity of the movement deprived it of effect. In their voracity, the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of the oily and spicy viands which now remained, I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it; then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

At first, the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change—at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the framework, and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood—they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes, they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed—they swarmed upon me in ever accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half-stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay still.

Nor had I erred in my calculations—nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was free. The surcingle hung in ribands from my body. But the stroke of the pendulum already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement—cautious, sidelong, shrinking, and slow—I slid from the embrace of the bandage and beyond the reach of the cymetar. For the moment, at least, I was free.

Free!—and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased, and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. This was a lesson which I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free!—I had but escaped death in one form of agony, to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the barriers of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual—some change which, at first, I could not appreciate distinctly—it was obvious, had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction, I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illumined the cell. It proceeded from a fissure, half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared, and were completely separated from the floor. I endeavored, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I arose from the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colors seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors had now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraitures an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed

with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal! Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapor of heated iron! A suffocating odor pervaded the prison! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormenters—oh! most unrelenting! oh! most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh! for a voice to speak! oh! horror!—oh! any horror but this! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands—weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of ague. There had been a second change in the cell—and now that change was obviously in the form. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavored to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my two-fold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute—two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. "Death," I said, "any death but that of the pit!" Fool! might I not have known that into the pit it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and, of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back—but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes—

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! there was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.—*Tales and Sketches by Poe.*

SCRAPS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

BY CULPEPPER CRABTREE.

No. II.

THE BEST TEST OF GENIUS.

"Did it make you laugh?" Such was the query with which Dr. Johnson cut short the prelection of a prosy critic, who was expatiating upon the merits of one of Goldsmith's comedies. And this was bringing the matter to a direct and practical point. The excellence of a drama is to be measured, not by rule and compass (to borrow the idea of Sterne) as by the effect which it produces upon an intelligent audience, and the permanency of its attractive power. The same rule applies to music. Baumgarten, the great musical theorist, speaking of the incessant fluctuations of musical taste, justly observed, that the strongest possible test of genius, in some of the old compositions, is their surviving the age in which they were produced, and becoming the admiration of future masters. Handel's music has received this honour in an eminent degree. By Boyce and Battishill the memory of the immortal German was adored; Mozart was enthusiastic in his praise; Haydn could not listen to his "Messiah" without weeping; and Beethoven has been heard to declare, that were he ever to come to England, he should uncover his head, and kneel down at his tomb. Thus it is demonstrated that Handel, like Shakspeare, was "born for all ages," and despite the versatility of his taste, will ever be modern.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

When this illustrious and most virtuous man was committed to the Tower, he was treated with peculiar strictness. The Lieutenant who had formerly been under deep obligations to More, apologized to him for not being able to accommodate and entertain him as he wished, adding that he could not do so without incurring the King's anger. Sir Thomas replied, "Master Lieutenant, whenever I find fault with the entertainment which you provide for me, do you turn me out of doors!"

COCKNEY AMUSEMENTS IN 1657.

Under date September 15, 1657, that delicious and amiable gossip Evelyn gives us the following glimpse of the manner in which our forefathers amused themselves in the British

metropolis; "Going to London with some company, we stept in to see a famous rope-dancer, called *the Turk*. I saw, even to astonishment, the agility with which he performed. He walked barefooted, taking hold by his toes only of a rope almost perpendicular, and without so much as touching it with his hands. He danced blindfold on the high rope, and with a boy of twelve years old tied to his feet about twenty feet beneath him, dangling as he danced. Yet he moved as nimbly as if it had been but a feather. Lastly he stood on his head on the top of a very high mast; danced on a rope that was very slack; and finally flew down the perpendicular on his breast, his head foremost, his legs and arms extended, with divers other activities.—I saw the hairy woman, twenty years old. She was born at Augsburg in Germany. Her very eye-brows were combed upwards, and all her forehead as thick and even as grows on any woman's head neatly dressed; a very long lock of hair, out of each ear. She had also a most prolix beard and mustachios, with long locks growing on the middle of her nose, like an Iceland dog exactly, the colour of a bright brown, fine as well dressed flax."

LEFT HANDED COMPLIMENT.

A recent English journal in recording the decease of a certain gentleman says: "The deceased had been for several years a bank director,' *notwithstanding which* he died a Christian and universally respected!"

SELF RESPECT.

Michael Kelly narrates an anecdote of Fisher, a celebrated oboe player who flourished about 1775, which is peculiarly refreshing. Being very much pressed by a nobleman to sup with him after the opera, he declined the invitation, saying that he was usually very much fatigued, and made it a rule never to go out after the evening's performance. The noble lord, however, would take no denial, and assured Fisher that he did not ask him professionally, but merely for the gratification of his society and conversation. Thus urged and encouraged, he went. Not many minutes, however, had he been in the house, before his lordship approached him and said: "I hope, Mr. Fisher, you have brought your oboe in your pocket?" "No my lord!" was the reply, "my oboe never sups!" He turned on his heel—instantly left the house—and no persuasion could ever induce him to return to it.

"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."

The origin of this very common saying is given as follows in *Notes and Queries*. In 1742, an orphan boy applied for alms at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent gentlemen of the cloth; who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital our youthful hero purchased some fruit, which he retailed at a profit. Time passes on, and wealth and honour smile upon our young tradesman, so that when he set up his carriage, instead of troubling the Heralds College for a crest, he painted the following motto on the panel: "*Nine tailors made me a man!*"

A WORSE THAN USELESS BARGAIN.

The following item from a recent number of the *Fife Herald* is worth preserving. At a sale of furniture which took place in the *Lang Toun* the other week, among the onlookers were a few Irish labourers. Upon a trunk being put up, one of the said labourers remarked to his neighbour. "Pat, I think you should buy that trunk!" "And what should I be afther doing wid it?" rejoined Patrick. "Put your clothes in it sure you spalpeen!" was the response. "Arrah! dacency now!" exclaimed the scandalized Hibernian, "*would you have me to go naked?*"

SLAVES IN LONDON.

In the *Critical Memoirs of the Times*, for January, 1769, we meet with the following notice, which now-a-days reads somewhat strangely: "There is an agent in town, we hear, purchasing a number of the finest, best made black boys, in order to be sent to Petersburgh as attendants on Her Russian Majesty."

LUXURY AND TEMPERANCE.

The luxurious live to eat and drink; but the wise and temperate eat and drink to live.—*Plutarch.*

PRAISE OF THE ENVIOUS.

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censures. They praise only that which they surpass; but that which surpasses them they censure.—*Austin.*

GEORGE II. IN HIS LATTER DAYS.

"23*rd Dec.*, 1755."—I was in the Robe-chamber, adjoining the House of Lords, when the king put on his robes. His brow was much furrowed with age, and quite clouded with care. A blanket of ermine round his shoulders, so heavy and cumbersome he can scarce move under it! A huge heap of borrowed hair, with a few plates of gold and glittering stones upon his head! Alas, what bauble is human greatness! And even this will not endure! Cover the head with ever so much hair and gold, yet,

"*Scit Proserpina canum;*
Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo."

—*Wesley's Journals.*

UNFAIR PREFERENCE.—A young gent says he cannot understand why the Fox should have a Brush, and no other animal. He imagines that the *Hare* would be much more in want of a Brush than the Fox.

SKETCHES IN SCOTLAND IN "AULD LANGSYNE."*

MARY O' PIRLY-HILL.

CHAPTER III.

From this time forth, the road to Pirly-hill became as well known to us, and perhaps more frequented, than the road "to the kirk." In due time we found Mary possessed of all—far more than all—that ever we had expected to find in woman; unobtrusive, modest, but kind, lively, and cheerful, well-informed, considering her years and opportunities, with a slight dash of romance about her. If anything, she had, perhaps, rather too nice notions of the dignity of woman; but this was held in check by her strong common sense—a natural, clear perception of what was proper or improper in itself, with a resolute determination to act up to her impulses (so to speak) in this respect, regardless of consequences. Such, and a great deal more, was Mary (for we draw from nature, from a real original, no mere fiction); every night we were in her company, and on every occasion, she improved in our view; every night discovered some amiable or noble trait of character which we had not observed before, and, need we add, every night she "wormed" herself deeper and deeper into our affections, until she fairly engrossed them all, ardent though they were. Greatness and wealth command many pleasures, no doubt, but they have not a monopoly of all the happiness in the world; even the poorest of the poor have occasional snatches. The "pearly dew," the "flowery field," the "hoary hawthorn," the "scented birch," the fragrant meadow," the "wimplin' burn," are no mere creations of the poet's fancy; they are actually and truly to be found in their season, abounding everywhere, and alike common to all. We are told, and told truly, that "the sun shines as brightly and as warmly upon the poor as upon the rich;" but at times night brings joys to the poor as well as day; joys, too, that ill suit with the glaring eye of light. To take the instance in this, our brief "Sketch of Scotland in Auld Langsyne:"—A country lad has an appointment with his sweetheart, some fine summer evening. She resides at the distance of some three or four miles perhaps; so away he saunters, as if he were taking an ordinary walk, but, fearful of being watched, sets out in an opposite direction until out of sight. He then strikes off to the right or left, as the case may be, and avoiding every road, public and private, makes a circuit through the fields, sometimes skirting hedges, sometimes pursuing his course through a hollow, threading now his way through a plantation, or following the windings of a burn, until he comes within a *certain* distance of his destination. Every tree, every shrub, every flower, every blade of grass is in its glory, and everything forces itself on his attention; and if he has but a spark of poetry in his constitution at all—nor is this uncommon—he associates all with the object of his affections. Being now as near the house as he wishes to be as yet, he sets himself down in some snug place to think of the approaching meeting, or, perhaps, to gaze at the fiery-red setting sun, as it suddenly dips down behind the distant blue hills, leaving, as it were, a blank in creation. Up he starts, again, and gradually and cautiously approaches the house, keeping a sharp look-out all the while that everything is quiet "aboot the toon," and that no interloper is hovering about; even that sharp-eared, long-tongue tell-tale, "Whitefit," the colley-dog, must be guarded against. Having reached the "trysting-bush," he takes his seat, and "bides his time." All is quiet and lonely, not a breath of wind, the air mild and balmy, the western horizon still streaked with red, the sky overhead clear and blue, with a few stars shining in sparkling silvery light; not a thing endued with animal life visible except the bat, as it flits about with a wavy, flickering motion; not a sound heard save the distant "caroo, caroo," of the "cushat," (wood-pigeon), or the musical drone of the "bum-clock" humming lazily by. With a fluttering heart, he at length perceives a female figure steal out from the house. She cautiously proceeds a few steps, then pauses and looks about her, for if any stranger is lurking about, he is sure to make his appearance now. All is quiet; she throws her apron partly over her face, as if to hide her blushes; walks slowly forward; pauses and looks again; then playfully going to the wrong side of the bush, whispers, with timorous accents, "Are ye there?" Then comes the rush, the stifled scream, the fond embrace, when throb responds to throb; again a pause, until exhausted nature recovers herself; and then, hand in hand, in a trip "owre the flow'ry lea," or, perhaps, seated side by side on the "herd's hillock," at the foot of the ash-tree, the simple tale that has been told fifty times before is told over again, and former pledges again renewed. What equivalent wealth offers to these things we know not.

Our meetings in time became so frequent, that sleep seemed to be a thing almost unnecessary, and sometimes for a night was dispensed with altogether; yet all the while we made but comparatively few professions of love, and asked as few in return; inference with both of us seemed to have greater force than declaration, for both of us "loved not wisely, but too well." That this was the case is not greatly to be wondered at, for between us there was a community of years, sentiments, feelings, tastes, and even in our very failings there was something congenial. Any insult—that is, premeditated insult—or neglect on our part, would have produced a lasting separation, and any coldness or indifference on her's, would probably have brought about the same result. Both of us felt too keenly on points like these; but probably this was the charm, in some measure, which bound us together, for either we must have been all-in-all to each other, or nothing. Perfect happiness for any length of time is not the lot of man or woman. Amid all our sweet communings, we had our little whiffs and bickerings. Jealousy, though no ingredient of love, is probably inseparable from it, and it must be a very cool, sober, matter-of-fact love, indeed, that is not tinged with it. Both of us had, or thought we had, which is the same thing, something to complain of in this way.

When we went first to our village, there was a young woman of the name of Betty, who was the

* Continued from page 54, vol. ii.

pride of the place and its neighbourhood. In reality, we have seldom seen a more handsome, good-looking young person; but this was the most that could be said of her, for she was vain, silly, changeful, and extravagantly fond of dress and admiration; with, moreover, no great depth of feeling. This giddy thing, such as she was, was then exactly to our taste; so we set ourselves to work to get introduced to her. This was an easy matter, for she had a great partiality for strangers. After a few nights' company-keeping with her, we were placed at the very top of the front ranks of her admirers—a post we kept far longer than any one had ever been known to keep before. This gaudy butterfly was a sad eyesore to poor Mary, who, no more than any other young woman, could brook any one who was thought more handsome than herself. We could easily have broken up the connection altogether, without much pain either to her or ourselves; but it suited our (*i. e.* my) purpose to do otherwise. It was well known that we (*i. e.*, I) were doing "business" (as it is called sarcastically) somewhere, but with whom no one could tell, unless with Betty. We were often joked about this, and must confess that, if we did not admit this to be the case, we at least allowed them to believe that we did pass our time with her; and this we did for the purpose of putting them on a false scent, so that they might not discover where our treasure lay. All this was known to Mary, from whom we kept no secrets of this kind. She used to laugh at the device, but still insisted that we were doing wrong; and, if we were, fearful was the retribution that overtook us.

To balance accounts, we sometimes thought that we had some little reason to complain of the attentions of a "cousin" or some such friend of Mary's, who came to Pirly-hill much oftener than we relished. He was an elderly man, possessed of considerable property, and otherwise wealthy. Wealth, in the estimation of every one, has great odds in its favor when pitted against poverty; and in our poverty we had not yet even asked her to take a share. Had he been a young man, we should have felt less alarm, for caprice or ambition might have caused him to shift his ground, but your "elderly gentleman," we knew well, is no trifler in matters of this kind; and, backed by his money, we thought it not impossible but that we might find ourselves *minus our idol*—for such she was—some fine morning. We hinted our fears, and she told us, frankly and artlessly, that he came to take her father's advice about some of his affairs; and that certainly he had said some civil things to her (we could have seen him and his "civil things" ten feet below the surface of the earth,) but she believed him to be merely joking, and, if otherwise, he might save himself the trouble; at the same time laying hold of our hand, and drawing it into her's, for she knew our blood was boiling. This little act of kindness set us to rights, and made us *think more of her* than ever we had done, if that were possible.

Cares of another kind had been for some time accumulating around us. Our conscience had long been grumbling and growling, and at last demanded in surly tones what all this sighing, and "billing and cooing," was to end in? To think of separating ourselves from her, was like thinking of parting with life itself. As yet we had no great liking for the marriage tether; but, if we had been master of the sum of twenty pounds or so, to begin the world with, we should, in all probability, have been very soon a married man. No doubt we had friends that were both willing and able to have advanced this sum; but, somehow or other, our pride has ever been a match for our poverty; and before we would have come under obligations of this kind to any one—that is to say, so long as we were able, and had the opportunity of providing for our own wants—we believe we should rather have starved. As for your "all-for-love-marriage," we looked on such as the ready road to ruin; and had no faith in the popular maxim of "marry for love, and work for siller;" nor could we at all bring our mind to make our marriage-bed on "clean pea-straw." For our own (*i. e.*, my own) privations we cared little; but to have seen an amiable being, whom we loved to distraction, brought to want and "pinching," or even hardship, on our account, would have driven us mad. From our very childhood, we had resolved that, if ever we entered into the "holy bonds," &c., it should not be until we saw a way of keeping a wife in at least all the necessaries of life in an ordinary way, and, if possible, *some few of its luxuries*; for without these, whatever people may pretend, there can be neither peace nor happiness in the married state for any length of time. We had enough of romance about us; but not quite so much as to make us end our adventure in the most approved way, that is, by making a runaway marriage of it; and then, starving ourselves for a few days, coming back to our parents, cringing and kneeling, and begging forgiveness; and then—having laid the benevolence of every one, to the twentieth degree of kin, under contribution—and after having been kicked from one to another—to nestle down into some obscure corner, and there add to the stock of beggars. Between extremes there is commonly a middle course; and what if we should adopt it? May we not go on as we have been doing, trusting that the chapter of accidents will do something for us? Even if the very worst should happen, all that could be said about it is, that it was a thoughtless frolic, entered into by both of us, without any serious intention on either side—a thing practised daily by thousands; and if we had caught the lovers' fever, it was only what might have been foreseen; nor was there anything uncommon in it; neither uncommon that no pledges were given or asked by either of us. Indeed the subject of marriage had been rarely so much as alluded to.

To this reasoning there was something within us which cried aloud, "*Away with this selfish*, cold-blooded special pleading." "Call you it a frolic to trifle with the dearest feelings of an innocent, amiable, affectionate girl, who has been but *too rash in placing her peace of mind in your possession*? If you have made no promises, did you ever decidedly and distinctly tell her that marriage was not your object? on the contrary, has not your whole conduct *from beginning to end* led her to infer that your views were honorable? and what woman in the same circumstances could have come to any other conclusion? If you can-

not marry her yourself, what right have you to stand in the way of her settlement in life with another? If you would escape the everlasting reproaches of your own mind, trifle no longer, but state your views and your difficulties honestly, frankly, and without reserve. She is a party as deeply interested in this affair as you are, and has an equal right to share all your deliberations on the subject. After you have done this, if she looks on all that has passed as a frolic, you stand acquitted; if not, you are bound by whatever is honourable in human nature to make her all the redress in your power."

From this there was no appeal; so we took the first opportunity which presented itself to plunge into the subject, and to lay bare our very innermost thoughts and feelings connected therewith. Mary heard us with some emotion, and, in her usual frank way, confessed that, sooner or later, she had expected to hear some such declaration from us; that, almost from the beginning, she had guessed what were the circumstances in which we were in; and that, in point of money, we were nearly on a level, for all that she could reckon on in the meantime was an ordinary "outfitting." Then placing her hand in our's, added, that she had long been resolved, if ever we put it in her power, to unite her fate with our's, and to take her chance, "come weel, come wae," through life with us; and hoped that "we wadna like her the less for her frankness, or think she was owre easily courted." "No!" we exclaimed, "never! and, what is more, 'may we perish if ever we plant in that bosom a thorn.'"

"Fine work," thought we, as we sat up next morning—"fine work; almost a married man, without "house or ha'," and not a master of twenty shillings in the world! Well, it has come on us years sooner than we had intended; but if it was to be, where could we have been fitted more to our mind? We see, too, that we stand higher in their estimation than ever we believed we did. She shall find by and by that her confidence in us is not misplaced. Our lot may be humble, but it shall be happy, or, at least, the blame shall not rest with us. It is true, we have many difficulties to contend with in the outset, but we are young and healthy, and must "set a stout heart to a stey brae," as others have done before us, and all shall be well."

These, and many others, were passing thoughts, but germs of actions. We saw clearly we could do no good where we were, from one thing and another; so we wrote to our father to try to procure employment for us along with himself. This he succeeded in doing, and sent us word to come home as soon as we could get away. We knew our wages should not be great for a time, but then we could live much cheaper with our father and mother than in lodgings; and the nature of our employment would be a good pretext for not keeping company. Every step which we took had the approval and consent of one who now took as much interest in all our proceedings as we did ourselves. Our meetings, although fully as frequent and equally interesting as before, yet had now something in the shape of care and anxiety intermingled. Among other things, we proposed to inform her parents of our intentions; but this she objected to as yet, telling us they had already a "guid guess" of what was going on between us (which we believe was true), and that as our intercourse had hitherto been carried on strictly on the "whistle-and-I'll-come-tae-ye-my-lad" principle, it should be as well to keep silence a little longer. As there was soon to be ten long miles between us, we had some difficulty in arranging how we were to correspond—for correspond we must; and there was then no post-town nearer Pirly-hill than five miles; so at length we agreed to write each other at stated times, and to transmit the letters in a bundle of waste paper by the carrier—her's being addressed to our house, and our's to her's—while each was to call personally for the parcels.

CHAPTER IV.

Our (*i. e., my*) new employment was severe, almost oppressive at first; but we knew that time would bring "custom," so we persevered manfully, and also began to practice economy—a thing we found much easier than we had anticipated. Hope, too, soon shed her cheering light on us, for we perceived that a good servant was nearly in as much request as a good master; and began to form the expectation that we should one day rise above the level of a common workman (ay, and we have more than done it); and, with this view, we employed many of our leisure hours in mastering everything connected with our employment—a thing that has been of essential service to us since. Once a fortnight, also, we got word that all was right at Pirly-hill; and once a-month we were there ourselves. We now looked upon ourselves as one about to take his place in society, and already felt some of the responsibilities of a member of it; in a word, we never had felt happier in our life. One thing, however, gave us now and then a little uneasiness. It was this:—One night when we were at Pirly-hill, we thought we perceived something like abstraction and reserve about Mary, which in a moment alarmed our ardent and suspicious mind. We inquired the cause, and were told that there was "naething the matter" with her. She then assumed a gaiety rather unusual with her; but this did not make matters better with us; yet we wronged her cruelly, as we afterwards found, in supposing that any portion of her attachment was withdrawn from us; in short, her uneasy state of mind was produced by a somewhat painful family affair, which in no wise concerned us (*i. e.* me), and which she could not well have mentioned at the time. We parted, nevertheless, on good terms; but this little incident, trifling as it was, made some inroads on our peace of mind for weeks after.

We had now been several months at our new employment, and every day the prospect was brightening before us. One day we took upon ourselves the task of taking stock: no less than sixty-nine half-crown pieces—all in good hard cash—none of your flimsy, breaking, bank paper—eight pounds twelve shillings and sixpence! Never had we been master of such a sum as this, nor anything like it, before, and our wages to be raised two shillings a-week into the bargain! Well—a few months more, and then——but we must not be selfish; somebody has a right to

know of all this, and she *shall* hear of it. In little more than a week after this, we were at our old "trysting-place," at Pirly-hill, and waited fully an hour, but no one came near us, which alarmed us not a little. As matters stood, we cared less for concealment now, and were resolved to see how matters stood at Pirly-hill. Up we went to the door, and tapped gently. After a short pause, "little Nan," as she was called, opened it; and, instead of speaking, took us by the hand and led us a few steps from the door; then told us to "gang awa' hame, for Mary wad never speak to us again." We thought the little monkey was playing us a trick, but her earnestness convinced us that there was no trick in the case. A numbness of body and a bewilderment of mind now came over us, and we really believe that the *machinery of life stood still for a short time; then* we felt the blood rushing along our veins like a torrent, and thought after thought chased each other through our brain, with fearful rapidity. We turned round to enter the house, but the door was choked up with, as it seemed, the whole family. We put the same question, and received the same kind of answer as before. We then asked for what reason, and were told, "ye ken yoursel'." The very intensity of, not one, but a tumult of passions struggling within us made us feel sensible how utterly impotent words were to redress these unmerited injuries; and, except a kind of sternness and huskiness in the voice, we felt as much under self-command as ever we did in our life. We again insisted on seeing Mary, and in return had a shower of abuse poured on us by her mother, in which the epithets of blackguard, worthless scoundrel, &c., were plentifully interspersed. Her husband, however, pulled her violently within, and ordered her peremptorily to "haud her peace;" then, in a voice quivering with emotion, desired us at once to leave the house and go home. We calmly and firmly told him that we would not; and that, unless he allowed his daughter to come to the door to us, we should force our way into the house to her, let the consequences be what they might; and we were about to put our threat into execution, when *she* suddenly made her appearence. With a faltering voice she told us, to "gae wa', an' mak' nae mair disturbance. We had created eneuch ae way an' anither already in the family. That it was a' our ain wite; an', frae what had passed, she never, never could think o' speaking to us again." This was followed by her father saying, "Ye hear that frae her ain lips; sae jist gae wa', an' mak' nae mair noise aboot it, or waur may come o't." And with these words the door was slammed in our face.

Our first impulse was to set our foot to the door and force it open; but an overwhelming sense of injury and degradation prevented. "Is it for me to be cringing, and begging, and breaking into houses for explanations? Me! who was just about to sacrifice my liberty to a worthless 'jilt!' Me! who, like a romantic fool, that I was, would only a few minutes ago have given my life to shield her from harm. Me! who have already allowed myself to be made a sport, a plaything, a decoy-duck, that this selfish, designing, 'country Kate' might draw in her rich 'cousin.' *After this, is it* for me to be making myself a laughing-stock to the whole generation of them by ranting, and swearing, about the usage I have met with! No! dreadful as is the wreck that she has made of my happiness, she shall never have the pleasure of looking for one moment on one atom of it—never. She shall be taught, that if she has been joking all along, so was I; and that I can take things as coolly as she can. Dearly as my double-dyed infatuation must cost me, it shall be confined to my own bosom; and, as for her and 'them belangin' her,' they dare not say a word about it out of the family."

All this passed through our mind with the quickness of lightning, and we turned round and left the house. What passed in our mind for some time after this, we do not well remember. The first thing which we can recall distinctly is, *our sitting by the side of a burn two or three* miles distant, bathing our temples with water, which restored consciousness in some measure; and by repeating which we were enabled to reach home far on in the morning, jaded, weary, and in a state of mind bordering on madness. This was our first serious lesson in the mutability of all merely human affairs; and it was a lesson! What, a few hours before, had seemed to us a prospect of well-founded, rational happiness, was now a picture of utter ruin and desolation. Every affection was broken down and laid prostrate; every generous feeling outraged or torn up by the roots; all confidence in the purity of intention in any human being blighted, withered, and dried up; and every vestige of hope cut off and destroyed. Then, in the room of these, there was every evil passion let loose; and all, all embittered by a deep sense of self-degradation and shame. A burning desire for revenge, too (for then the very mire of our heart was stirred), was greatly aggravated by a knowledge of our own impotence. What could we say, what could we do to any one of them, which should not be returned with tenfold force? Oh! what would we not have given for but one hour with "*some* folks," that the power we once possessed, or thought we once possessed, might be *felt*—that we might show what it was to trifle with the purest, and holiest, and noblest feelings of our nature!

One consolation, and only one, we had, and it was this, that we had not shown that we were in any way affected by the usage we had met with at Pirly-hill, but that rather, on the contrary, they could not but infer that the whole was a matter of indifference to us. We are not defending this state of mind, but simply stating the fact. At the time it was like balm to our wounded spirit, for we convinced ourselves that we had fallen into the hands of an artful jilt, who had kept us firm in the leash until she had made up matters with her wealthy relation, and then, without ceremony, had heartlessly turned us adrift. Although, perhaps, the most wretched of beings on the face of the earth, we nevertheless strove to conceal it from the world. For this purpose, we stuck as hard as ever to our work, although we now took no pleasure in it. As for company, we had for long kept very little, and even that little was in present circumstances a burden to us, for when in it we had to assume a gaiety which not only we *did not feel, but actually detested.* Solitude, solitude, was everything to us—sometimes saun-

tering through a glen, sometimes wandering we knew not whither, sometimes half-resolved to go to our old village, to hear what had taken place at Pirly-hill, and the next moment cursing ourselves as a mean-spirited blockhead for even thinking of such a thing; sometimes vowing revenge on all that bore the name of woman, and sometimes—and then we were relieved by tears—thinking on the many, happy hours which we had spent with Mary; and then, too, we were almost satisfied that we were labouring under some delusion, or rather that others were; and yet how that could be was a mystery The very thought that there might be a mistake somewhere, although we could barely believe such a thing possible, recalled all our former tenderness, and, in spite of ourselves, we felt that

> "The life-blood streaming through our heart,
> Or our mair dear immortal part,
> Was not more fondly dear."

These contending emotions, however, could not last for ever, and ten weeks or so brought about their usual effects in such cases. A loss of appetite, a weakness of body, and an absence of mind, had long been apparent to everybody but ourselves, yet, to all inquiries after our health, we answered, that "we were quite well," "never better." However, the dull, sunken eye, the blanched cheek, the haggard look, told a very different tale. The flame that was raging within, and which was sapping the very foundations of life, burned not the less fiercely that it was hid from every mortal eye. A slow fever was the result. The doctor shook his head, and pronounced the case doubtful, but expressed some hopes, if he could only bring us over the critical day, that was the twenty-first day from that on which we had been laid up. To us it was a matter of little moment whether or no the critical day dawned: the world had lost all its charms for us. Every moment that we could think, we were haunted with the terror of delirium coming on; for then the secret which we held dear as life should perhaps be exposed.

About the eighteenth day, we thought that we should never see another, so we called our sister, and told her that she would find a small packet of letters in our pocket, which was of no consequence to anybody but ourself, and that if she would destroy them it should oblige. She went—then returned, took the packet between her finger and thumb, put the bed-curtain aside, and walked, with her arm extended, to the fireplace. In a minute afterwards a blaze announced that our wish was fulfilled. She deceived us, however, for, nearly a twelvemonth afterwards, she returned us the packet, without, we really believe, having looked at a single letter.

After the dreaded critical day, every hour added a little to our strength. Our mind was much easier, too, for we had met with a great deal of disinterested kindness from the whole neighborhood during the illness, and we began to think that it was not such a bad world in which we lived, after all, although lately we had met with some rough usage in it. In the course of a week or two, we were able to sit up a little, and in a few days more were able to walk across the room. At this time an incident occurred which nearly set all in a blaze again. One day some of the family came in, and threw down a small bundle, saying, "There, Aelic, is something for ye." Although this dirty, creased packet had contained our death warrant, we do not think that it could have agitated us more. So soon as we could compose ourselves, we tore it open, and found in it a long letter, in a well-known, though scarcely legible hand, the contents of which made every wound in our bosom open and bleed afresh. We need hardly say that it came from Pirly-hill; it appeared, from the date, to have been written nearly four weeks before it came into our possession. Whether it had lain in the carrier's all that time, or had been sent to our house, we never inquired; but if the latter, it had probably been kept back from us out of kindness; and, on the whole, it was perhaps as well that it did not reach us sooner.

The only comfort derived from the letter was, that it contained an explanation of the cruel misunderstanding which had arisen between us. It was partly as follows:—About a week or ten days previous to our last visit to Pirly-hill, we had went one market-day to a neighbouring town, and, among others, we had met in with Betty, of whom we have had occasion to speak. Knowing her, and knowing those with her, we could not, however willing, avoid speaking to her. We accordingly did so, and was as attentive to her as we could be; and Johnnie Gilchrist being along with her (a former 'cronie'), we 'convoyed' her a couple of miles or so on her way home. We (*i. e.* I) then parted, and, taking the nearest road we could find across the country, we proceeded to "our ain fireside." Shortly after we separated, it seems, she had met with another sweetheart, whether by accident or appointment, we know not; but, instead of going home, she went to the village of C—— with him, and did not reach home until next day. Her parents had become uneasy on her account, when she did not make her appearance at the expected time, and went to the carrier, to see if he could give them any information. He told them, "that he had not only seen her in the town, but that she had passed him on the road with us (*i. e.*, me), and, as he had not met us (*i. e.*, me) returning, he was sure we were together, wherever we might be. This so far eased their minds; but when next morning came, and still no word of Betty, the whole village was in a buzz, some proposing one thing, some another; but before they had agreed on any fixed plan, Betty was among them. When upbraided with her folly, she did not deny, if she did not admit, that she had been with us. This was paying us back in our own coin with a vengeance. Her character, in some respects, had been for some time at a discount. Ours was not exactly at a premium. However, be these what they might, it was by far too good a subject for scandal to be allowed to fall to the ground.

The story soon reached Pirly-hill, but was scarcely credited, until the father went in person to the carrier, and under the pretext of curiosity heard everything confirmed that has been stated. Here was all but proof positive of our supposed delinquency. No wonder that it enraged the whole family against us, and nearly broke the heart of poor Mary, whose proud spirit could ill brook this supposed treatment. Guilty, as they

took us to be, they were amazed at our assurance in coming to the house after what had taken place; and more than astonished at our seemingly cool and determined demeanor when we did come. Every one of us, as the father told us years afterwards, and from whom we had the most of what he have here stated, looked on this last act as a piece of consummate impudence, which prevented them altogether from even alluding to our supposed misdeeds. Mary, indeed, was of a different opinion, but she was not listened to, nor allowed to have anything to say in the matter.

But all was not yet ended. Some three months or so afterwards, a proclamation of marriage between Johnnie Taylor and Betty was made in the church, which was another subject of wonder. Johnnie's friends thought themselves justified in expostulating with him against such a rash step. He was quite amazed at their hints and hesitating dislikes; and, in fine, it came out that he was the sweetheart whom Betty had met, and that he had induced her to go to the village with him, to sit up all night with an ailing sister. This he maintained, and threatened to prosecute every one for defamation of character who said the contrary. This turn of affairs was the means of procuring us the communication alluded to; but only think what the silly, perverse, obstinate vanity of an ignorant woman brought about! Had Betty but told where she had been, all would have been right; but no, she could not deny herself the pleasure of vexing Mary o' Pirly-hill, and piquing the curiosity of the "neebors" concerning her sweethearts.

But, to return; the letter from Mary informed us that, being compelled to believe that we were guilty of what had been laid to our charge, she had, in an evil hour, promised her "hand without her heart" (her own words) to another. It seems this man had, unknown to us, been paying attentions to her for some time before we left the place, but had met with no encouragement. After our misunderstanding, however, the case was materially altered, so far as the old folks were concerned. They still dreaded that her attachment to us would make her break through all restraint, so she was not allowed to leave the house by night or by day, for fear that we should be lurking about. To see their daughter settled for life at any time, and especially after what had passed, was, it must be owned, a natural, if not a commendable, wish. The man, too, was respectable in every point of view, and far superior in worldly circumstances to us: all this had its weight with them, and, as matters stood, probably with her also. No wonder, then, that the poor girl, deceived, disappointed, and undervalued, as she took herself to be, and harrassed every day and night by her parents, should have laid her hand on the first support that presented itself. All this, and much more to the same purpose, we frankly confess was afterthought, for we took a very different view of the matter at the time; but what could we do, situated as we were? Bitterly did we lament the cause—the want of strength—which prevented us from rushing to the rescue, and making a "Jack o' Hazeldean" affair of it. As it was, our hands could not hold a pen, we could not even see to write, nor could we bring ourselves to employ another to write for us; although we had, nearly four weeks of silence had already elapsed. Nor could we get quit of the thought, that, if the affair became public, we should afterwards be pointed to as the hero of this village tragedy. In short, one scheme gave place to another, only to be abandoned in its turn. All hope laid prostrate, our little means nearly exhausted, our health shattered, and all embittered by the consciousness of our own pride, or stubbornness, or whatever it might be, in not demanding an explanation, when we might have done so—all this was hard to bear; but if the struggle was severe it was not long, for the mind had become as feeble as the body, and we sank into forgetfulness.

Whatever people may say, to know the worst is something, and to make up our mind to submit to it is a great deal more. Time, adversity, and necessity are all excellent things in their way for making philosophers of us. Some darling passion may be suddenly laid low, which for a time may depress us, but by and by others spring out (so to speak) of the ashes of the former; the shoots may scarcely be perceptible at first, but they gather strength with time, and in due course become pets in their turn. Warned by former errors, they are fostered with caution, and all due means taken to insure their gratification. In one respect, the poor man possesses an advantage over the rich. When calamity overtakes the latter, he has little else to think of, and if he is only endowed with an ordinary mind, he may possibly sink under it. Not so with the former; his daily wants force him into daily exertion, and leave him little or no time to ponder over it. Various objects are constantly coming under his view, which tend to divert the attention, while Dr. Time is slowly but surely softening and breaking down the mass of misery which once all but overwhelmed him. Had all this been preached to us as we lay groaning under a load that was sufficient, as we thought, to crush a giant, we should have laughed the preacher to scorn; but we have been taught better manners since.

After we had given up all for lost, a day or two set us on our feet again; then nourishment, pure air, and a little exercise, gradually restored our strength; and both inclination and necessity again drove us to our employment. The wound, to be sure, was still but green, and could not suffer handling, and as it was both deep and large, years passed before it healed up entirely; indeed, we are not quite sure that a little tenderness does not remain about it until the present day, for, when the inflictor of it and we met some two or three years ago, under very altered circumstances, while we talked about old affairs freely and frankly, we rather think a drop of blood or so fell on both sides; but, for all that, this was only what might have been expected.

It is said that every love story should end either with a death or a marriage. Ours must end with neither the one nor the other; and therefore it may be reckoned incomplete. Be it so. People who have little else to think of but their disappointments may die of love, or any other passion, if they think proper, but with those who have to toil for their daily bread, the case is very different; their affections may be as strong, and their sensibilities as keen, as those of the other; but necessity allows them no time to dwell upon the

evils which befall them; so that with them in the words of the old song,

"A broken heart will mend again,
An' ease tak' place o' pain;
As the grass that's trodd'n under foot
In time will spring again."

We need not "lift the veil" which conceals the future history of Mary and ourselves. She now sleeps in a lonely kirkyard, which is no strange place to us; and we—but enough. Our brief "Sketch of Scotland in Auld Langsyne" is ended. —*Hogg's Instructor.*

NIGHTFALL.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

I saw, in the silent afternoon,
The overladen sun go down;
While, in the opposing sky, the moon,
Between the steeples of the town,

Went upward, like a golden scale
Outweighed by that which sank beyond;
And over the river and over the vale,
With odours from the lily-pond,

The purple vapours calmly swung;
And, gathering in the twilight trees,
The many-vesper minstrels sung
Their plaintive mid-day memories,

Till one by one they dropped away
From music into slumber deep;
And now the very woodlands lay,
Folding their shadowy wings in sleep.

Oh, Peace! that like a vesper psalm,
Hallows the daylight at its close;
Oh, Sleep! that like the vapours calm,
Mantles the spirit in repose,—

Through all the twilight falling dim,
Through all the song which passed away,
Ye did not stoop your wings to him
Whose shallop on the river lay

Without an oar, without a helm;—
His great soul in his marvellous eyes
Gazing on from realm to realm,
Through all the world of mysteries!

RECOLLECTIONS AND HISTORY OF AN ARM-CHAIR.

CHAPTER I.

A LONG day's work in walking from shop to shop, and transacting business with a number of tradesmen, quite prepared me to welcome the comforts of a dinner, evening's rest, and bed, at my old resort, the Burley Arms. Invigorated by the prospect of an hour's quiet, I walked forward with elastic step to the ancient hostelry; but "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," and, to my excessive annoyance, the first thing on entering the inn I received was a communication requiring me again to take the road, and to spend the night at a town some fifteen miles off. For once I almost wished the railways resolved into their primitive elements of ore, coal, water and pasture-land, and myself driving the snug trap, which, in pity to horse-flesh, I could not have mounted again that day. However, I looked at "Bradshaw," and found that the inexorable engine would bring me a carriage and drag me along over my next stage in good time for "supper and a bed" at the proposed resting-place. As the business on which I was thus hurried away was somewhat important, and a good order seemed likely to reward my extra exertion, there was nothing for it but to acquiesce in the alteration of my arrangements. Accordingly, having ordered dinner, I proceeded to make preparations for leaving by the eight o'clock train.

The town of which we are speaking was one of those pleasant old places, containing some twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants, which present a happy mixture of the ancient and the modern, the venerable and the elegant; queer old rook's-nesty buildings and neat villas, business and retirement, town and country; rendering them agreeable to some persons in every grade of life, and way of business or idleness, and especially delightful and most desirable residences for single, middle-aged ladies, and families of small incomes and large pretensions. "Name! name!" say my readers. Nay, verily, I will only say that, a-hem, the town in question is situated somewhere in the midland counties, and so are a good many other towns in every respect resembling it. Perhaps some old roadsters have already formed their opinions, and may presently fancy they remember the room into which I am about to introduce them. I have no objection at all to take them into my secret, and that the more readily if unable to keep them out; but while we "bagmen" may feel an interest in such geographical and topographical particulars, I beg that it may be distinctly understood I am now writing principally for the edification and gratification of quite another class of readers; and what can young ladies, who are the interesting objects of my present solicitude, care about such trifles as names and dates? Poor, dear creatures! they seldom contract their smooth brows, or with their bright eyes pore—— but what am I writing? What have I to do with my readers at all? or even can I be sure that I shall have any readers? Some authors are never read, others not always so. Ah, well, it is ever the case when this theme is started, that visions of glossy curls and glancing eyes—— again I must check myself. These old bachelor tricks will betray me. And yet, if Jessie Edwards had only——I might not have felt so warm an interest in the class generally.

"*Revenons à nos moutons*," i. e., let us return to our chops, which the reader may remember we ordered at the Burley Arms.

Dinner despatched, I told the waiter to bring me a cup of coffee, in time for the last train, and in a few minutes was busily at work on my correspondence. I had the room to myself. Times had changed since my younger days, and we had changed with them. Instead of a snug party of us assembling, and spending a quiet evening together, our commercial gentlemen now rushed into the town, as on the wings of a whirlwind, made their calls, bolted a mouthful or two, with "Bradshaw" and their watches for side-dishes, and shot off like meteors. Old times were

changed, old customs gone, and the consequence was, that I had an opportunity of appreciating the charms of solitude. The apartment in which I was seated, as the ingenious reader may have already been on the verge of surmising, was the commercial-room. Its glory had not quite departed in the gradual decay of everything that is old, venerable, and unsuitable to the enlightenment and refinement of modern times—for these are really the only old things that we are sweeping away: old-fashioned, undrained, unroofed, ill-lighted, badly-ventilated houses; old prejudices, absurd and unreasonable old customs; old nuisances and abominations; old inquisitorial, tyrannical, inaccessible courts of law, into which, groping your way in search of justice, you find it yet more difficult to escape from them—ingress denied by benches (learned), egress barred by forms; ricketty old institutions, whose foundations were excellent in their day and after their way, but whose perversions have rendered them pests to society, and hindrances to everything like progress; old bits of feudalism, which, like old Roman coins, are turned up every now and then; old barbarisms and follies. In short, old cobwebs, not old tapestry; old rust, not old iron; old tarnish, not old gold and silver, are we for brushing and scouring away; and these must pass away as certainly, because as naturally, as old people must die, and give place to younger ones. The room, while wearing an air of old-fashioned comfort, was rendered convenient by modern improvements. The gas was lighted, and a cheerful fire glowed and crackled in the grate. The windows, sunk in deep recesses, were closed in with oak shutters, almost concealed by the heavy folds of the crimson curtains. A sideboard, covered with glasses, three or four tables in so many corners of the large room, a sofa, chairs, a book-case, stands for coats and hats in a recess, an antique mirror over the chimney-piece, and a number of pictures of horses and dogs, and their proprietors, the neighbouring country-gentlemen, together with the usual complement of sundry queer old ornaments of oriental or occidental origin, composed the furniture of the room.

In these, with the exception of one piece of furniture, there was nothing remarkable nor different from what you might see in such a room in any inn of moderate age and standing. The article thus excepted was an arm-chair of antique shape, and formed of oak, elaborately carved and highly polished. Few ever sat in it, for, truth to tell, it was not, by any means, the most luxurious sort of seat. The seat and back were covered with large soft cushions; and, on the whole, if state and repose are to be united, perhaps this chair did a good deal towards effecting their union, but still the advantage was all in favour of state. Doubtless some old justice of the peace would have deemed himself sufficiently well enthroned on its huge downy cushion, and might have enjoyed his "*otium cum dignitate*," or, at least, to reverse the sentiment, might have preserved his dignity with ease. But for an ordinary mortal to enjoy a lounge on it, was out of all question. As well might the luckless wight, seated in a second-class carriage on an English railway, attempt to compose himself to sleep, forgetful that Morpheus travels first-class. The shape of the chair forbade anything like the ease of every-day life. It was meant to be a stately, thronely chair, and it fulfilled its intention. It was square-built, and its arms were square-set, and, altogether, had it been a picture, while admitting its breadth, we should have said of it, it wanted repose. Then, if you happened, in a careless moment, to throw yourself back in it, your occiput, instead of sinking into a mass of softly-stuffed cushions, dashed against some very uncouth figures, carved out of the solid oak. In consequence of this character of the chair, I carefully avoided committing my bones and skull to its tender mercies. And yet, for some reason, from the first moment I saw it, I entertained a sort of respect, which gradually ripened into veneration, and almost affection, for the old chair. It stood there, like a giant of the olden time amongst pigmies of modern manufacture. I had examined its material and construction, had seated myself in it for a minute, and had often looked at it until I fancied it seemed to become instinct with intelligence, and to be conscious of my presence and admiration. And as it stood there in the corner by the fireside, it looked as though it had something to say to me. On my lonely drives to and from the town, and even when whirling along with a crowd of fellow-passengers, I had frequently had the image of this relic of the past before my mind's eye.

On this occasion, after writing for half an hour, I began to think about something or other that had long gone by, and fell into a train of musing, from which I was startled, by seeing the arm-chair, which was on the opposite side of the fire to myself, begin to move. I am not superstitious; I am not even timid, or nervous, or anything of that sort. The room was well lighted, and I was not three yards from the chair when it moved forward towards me, and at the same time in the direction of the table. My head may have been drooping a little at the moment; I suppose it was. I looked up: the chair was stationary. I did not feel inclined to get up, and assure myself that I had been mistaken, but, taking it for granted that it was merely fancy, I soon relapsed into the reverie which had thus been interrupted. I had scarcely forgotten the incident, when the chair again advanced. The effect of this second demonstration of an ambulatory disposition was slighter than that of the first. I felt as though it were quite natural and in proper course for chairs to walk, and, indeed, had some confused idea of an argument for their doing so, founded on the fact of their having four legs, while we, having only two, are quite able to do so. However, whether chairs in general were or were not accustomed to perambulate parlours, I had no time to consider, for the train of reflection was cut short at this point by the chair again drawing towards the table, and, in a moment or two, instead of stopping, as at first, it glided, or rather shuffled, right up to the table, and close to myself.

What might have been its first intention, I know not. I imagine that it was to address me; for, having accomplished the journey, it at once placed its elbow on the table, reared itself on its hind legs, and, in this jaunty attitude, winked at me with most consummate assurance. Yes, one of the frightful grillins carved on the back smiled

at me with perfect nonchalance, and then winked at me, as though he should intimate by this expressive grimace some such sentiment as—"Ah, old chap, how do? I could tell you a good thing or two, if I liked." Perhaps it felt jocular at first and proposed to have been merry with me. Indeed, I momentarily expected an invitation to wine. The griffin opened his mouth, and I was conscious that a smile, in anticipation of the coming jest, was already playing round my lips and mantling my cheeks, when suddenly a change came over the whole aspect of the chair; the jovial expression vanished, and, as though repentant at having been betrayed into unseemly mirth, the eye waxed heavy, the lips were compressed, seriousness and sadness overspread the countenance of the griffin, a deep sigh escaped his lips, and, gently sinking on four legs, the old chair appeared to fall into a brown study.

I felt very queer—not at all afraid, not even surprised, but confused—believing that it was my duty, or, at least, that it would only be polite of me, to do or to say something, but quite unable to decide what were the particular honors which, under such circumstances, it devolved upon me to perform. As for speaking, although the silence had now become quite painful, I could not, for the life of me, think of any mode of expression or topic of conversation which would have been even tolerably appropriate.

After a few minutes, the old chair seemed to resume its usual placidity of expression, and, turning to my writing materials, drew one arm out of its pocket, or socket, and bending on me a look of polite inquiry, as it extended its arm towards the paper, signified by this dumb show a wish to use the materials. Scarcely knowing what I did, I silently assented. The old chair immediately placed some sheets of paper before it, and trying the nibs of two or three pens on one of the griffin's claws, selected one of them, and began to write. Lost in wonder at the whole procedure, I gazed at the oaken scribe, as, without honouring me with the slightest recognition of my presence, again and again he dipped his pen in the ink, and covered page after page with his writing, until at length I began to feel drowsy, the room appeared gradually to darken, the form of my old friend waxed less and less distinct, and then vanished altogether, and I fell into a sound sleep.

How long I may have continued oblivious of the outer world, I cannot say. I was awakened by the waiter, who presented me with a cup of coffee, and said the omnibus would start in half an hour. He had scarcely left the room ere the whole scene which I have described flashed into my mind. The chair was in its old place in the corner, the griffins looked as grim and as glum as ever. I drew up to the table, and there lay several sheets of closely-written paper.

Whether the whole transaction was a reality, and the old elbow-chair had truly written the following brief memoirs; or whether, in my sleep, I had myself penned them; or whether some wag, entering, had observed that I slept, and had left them on the table, and retired without disturbing my nap, I must leave my readers to determine. They, receiving the paper literally as I did, may form their own conclusions respecting the authorship, and when they have read it, I will appear again for a moment, state a few facts which subsequently came into my possession, and say farewell.

NARRATIVE.

(Understood to have been written by an Arm-Chair.)

Concerning my origin and the earliest period of my existence, I am unable to offer any authentic or very important information. I have always been of opinion that I am descended from one of the most respectable oaks in the kingdom. I first saw the light in the park of one of the old Norman families of this country, and have every reason, therefore, to conclude, that if my parentage could be traced up, I should be found to have derived my origin from one of the majestic trees of two or three centuries' growth which flourished in my immediate neighbourhood, and in my early youth covered me with the refreshing shadow of their venerable boughs. From all this it is clear that I may boast some of the purest sap in the forest, or indeed in the island. I was no roadside sapling, now thickly overlaid with dust, and now yielding handfulls of my foliage to adorn and shade the heads of the horses of every low-bred waggoner, and when the charming month of May had just tempted me to put on my summer vesture, having whole boughs torn away from me to commemorate the loyalty of one of my family. No. I escaped such indignities as these. I heard of them, I saw them at a distance, but I felt them not. I am not conscious of having, during my long country, or open-air life, degraded myself by giving the smallest part of me to any useful purpose, or by contributing at all to the comfort of mankind. No beggar reposed beneath my shade; no dirty, ragged urchin shouted with joy on gathering an oak-apple from my branches. I was truly an aristocratic oak, and, having begun life in a spacious and beautiful park, it was my privilege to continue therein all my days. Once, indeed, I was exposed to no little danger. I was then a sapling, rising some three or four feet from the turf, when a youth came bounding along by the old forester, whose care we were. I perceived at a glance that he was one of the children, perhaps the heir, of the noble earl in whose domain I grew. The forester treated him with respectful attention, while he followed almost without restraint, the dictates of his own lordly will. The ground around me was the extreme corner of a plantation, and the briars, thorns, and gorse, with all sorts of coarse rough weeds which grew so thickly about me, led the young gentleman to conclude that I was in no respect more valuable than the commonest hedge-side switch. Taking a fancy to me, he seized me near the root, and attempted to tear me up. Ah, what a fearful moment was that! Fortunately, his strength was not equal to his purpose. He gave one tug; I felt a number of my tiny roots give way; every fibre seemed to be rent asunder. Another such pull, and I had been uprooted. But it was not to be so. His tender hands were galled by my rough bark, and, loosing me, he exclaimed, "Roger, I want this sapling for a staff." Happily, Roger had the sense to see that, by clearing away the worthless underwood which concealed me, and obstructed my growth, I should soon

become a flourishing young tree, and fill up a bare place in the park. He explained this to his young master, and easily dissuaded him from his purpose. I was in imminent danger, and for many months afterwards, in my withered leaves and drooping shoots, I gave token of the violence with which I had been treated. After this event in my history, I throve apace; the brushwood was cleared away from me, and, for greater security, I was surrounded with a barricade of palings.

My future life, for nearly a century, was rather monotonous. Summer and winter, heat and cold, storm and calm, visited me in due order, and found me prepared to meet them. When the spring and summer advanced to offer me their kindly greeting, I welcomed them cheerfully: I clothed myself in raiment of the brightest, softest green. The genial rains refreshed me, the light breezes played wantonly through my boughs, and every leaf danced and sported with the gentle airs. A whole choir of nature's sweetest minstrels lodged in my branches, and there warbled their "wood-notes wild." When treacherous autumn had passed away, and surly winter rushed upon me in storms, I had prepared myself for his approach. I had cast aside my summer garments, and bared my arms for the coming battle. In vain his angry winds swept by me; in vain his storms beat violently against me; in vain his tempests rushed upon me in fury, and raged around me in their wrath. My boughs, tossed to and fro, creaked in harsh tones; perhaps, when I wrestled with the blast, I groaned and filled the air with hollow, mournful sounds. But when Boreas grappled with me in the strife, if I uttered sounds as of sighing and the dismal voices of the troubled, he howled as he dashed himself among my boughs, and fled roaring to the covert of the woods. And still I grew, and waxed taller and statelier each day. And when the sun shone in his strength, and parched the herbage around me, and the little flowers looked up in the morning, as though supplicating pity, and the sun shone, as in contempt of them, with brighter beams and hotter rays, until one by one they drooped and hung down their heads, until the evening dew should descend and revive them, I rejoiced in his power; and when at length he had completed half his journey through the sky, I spread my cooling shade over some of the flowers, and they looked up, and smiled their thanks. And every year I extended my shade further and wider, and refreshed a larger portion of the earth. Oh, it was a brave time with me then! My station was near the main avenue leading to the mansion, and, through the openings in the trees, I could see the old towers and battlements. Many changes did I witness. I was but a young, small tree when the youthful heir of the vast estates and honours of the De Courvilles buried his venerable sire. I had little changed when he led his lovely bride to her home in the ancient castle. I saw him each day, as the great painter, Time, laid new tints on his cheeks and hair. I marked him as he passed from mature manhood into the decay of age. At length he appeared the aged grandsire, attended by a troop of laughing children; and then another funeral procession came by, slowly wending its way to the village church. Many a gay cavalcade passed along; many a mournful band slowly defiled before me. One generation succeeded another, and yet I was in my prime, and waved my branches with all the freedom and more than the strength of youth. I had stood nearly a century, and had seen old trees, that once towered above me in their pride, now laid low on the turf. I had seen young saplings grow into seemly trees, and fancied that, while all around me was changing, while one race of men followed another, while one generation after another of the feathered tribe warbled for a time, and then were hushed into silence, I alone was to endure.

But my time came. How long I might have continued the ornament of the park, had the De Courvilles remained as they once were, I know not. It was a consolation to me when I heard the woodman and the timber merchant devote me to the axe—to learn that I fell with the noble family with whom I had been so long connected. The estates had gradually been squandered, and now the last of the De Courvilles was preparing for the grave. He had buried his children, and the race was about to become extinct; and the old man, before he too departed, would clear off all incumbrances from the property. He had sold much of the land; and close to his own dwelling he was felling timber, that when the estate passed into the possession of a distant branch of the family, it might, if smaller, be free of debt. I was marked for the woodman, and I rejoiced. 'Twas better to fall with the falling house, and to descend while in my pride and glory, than to stand there until the rot had sapped my core, and my leafless boughs were snapped off one by one by the storm, and I had slowly decayed and crumbled to dust. Soon my doom was consummated, my branches were lopped off, and I lay there a long straight stick. The steward had received my value, and shortly a wain was placed over me; I was chained to it, and thus dragged to the timber-yard.

I lay a considerable time there, exposed to the weather, and then was sawed into logs. We were, after a little longer delay, carried off in a cart, and I found myself in a joiner's workshop. When the old man, whose property I had now become entered the room, I recognised him as one whom I had seen walking along the avenue near which I formerly grew, and who had there commented on my size, shape, and foliage. I fully expected that he would now have begun to moralize—to give utterance to reflections becoming such an occasion; I was disappointed. He took up one or two pieces, held us to the light, examined our grain, and then, expressing his approval, set us down in the corner. I found, too, that the old man was well aware of my origin, for he told his grand-daughter about me when she came to watch him at his work. Not many days elapsed ere the old carver and his son proceeded to make use of us. The latter formed two chairs and the old man then commenced carving figures on us. My time passed drearily enough, enlivened only by brief conversations between father and son, a short tune whistled by the latter, and occasionally the innocent prattle of the young children.

I was anxious to learn my destination, and when I had discovered that the other chair and

myself were being executed for a worthy old burgomaster, yclept Alderman May. I was still curious to see in what sort of a family I was likely to take up my abode. The tedious operation was at last completed. My companion and I were set side by side, and all friends and neighbors came in to see Alderman May's arm-chairs, and to comment on our appearance. We had great reason to be proud of the compliments bestowed on us; and, for my part, I was not a little flattered at observing that, whether as a mighty oak in the field, or as a chair cunningly wrought, I still attracted the admiration of man. Indeed, I could not but remark on this occasion, that many who could not have appreciated my beauty as a noble tree, were able to discover excellencies in me, and to lavish praises on me, now that I had descended to the level of their capacities in the form of an article of household furniture.

CHAPTER II.

In due season we were installed, with the accustomed honours, in our new habitation. The room in which we were placed was a large gloomy apartment. The walls and floor were composed of polished oak, the furniture of the same excellent material. A huge fireplace on one side gave promise of abundant warmth in winter, but, on my first introduction to the premises, it was filled with boughs of laurel, holly, and yew. The room was lighted by a bow window, divided by thick joists into small compartments, and looking out into a garden laid out in angular walks, square beds, and a smooth lawn. This plot of ground was filled with evergreens and fruit-trees, good store of currant and gooseberry bushes, and a profusion of shrubs, herbs, and sweet-scented flowers, among which the wallflower was prime favourite. Alderman May was attending a meeting of council when we arrived, and we were duly placed, to await his return and inspection. Mrs. May was a middle-aged woman; with a quiet, retiring manner, proceeding from weakness of body, accompanied by natural sensitiveness of disposition. Yet she was no idler; and, though not given to scold, and kindness itself in her manner and tone of voice, she had everybody and everything about her in order. Every one seemed to feel affection for her, but it was true, pure affection, full of respect. Daily she entered the large room, and read a chapter out of an old family Bible; which having done, she then very carefully dusted every article in the room, and so retired.

On Alderman May's return home, he came deliberately up-stairs to view the new arm-chairs, and so gave me an opportunity of making his acquaintance. He had been attending a meeting of the council, at which some discontented, factious man, doubtless attempting to conceal a spirit of anarchy beneath the cloak of public spirit, had sought to induce the corporation to erect a new bridge over the town ditch; the said meddling citizen averring that the same would be a great relief and benefit to the worthy lieges, who now had to make a circuit of three miles in order to pass from one part of the city to another. The worthy alderman had been successful in preventing this unwarrantable inroad upon the established order of things, and had procured a decision that, forasmuch as the evil had never before been deemed worthy of removal, and as the distance now was no greater than it had previously been, and as the old bridge had ever proven sufficient for the use of their fathers and all other loyal subjects and citizens; the petition of Humphry Tomkins, humbly shewing, &c., should be rejected. In consequence of this victory, Alderman May was more than ordinarily elated with dignity, blended with good-nature. Rather older than his spouse, he was a stout, jovial man, with dark hair, merry, twinkling eyes, a tendency to jocularity beaming forth in his whole countenance. He spoke with a loud, cheerful voice; and, save when he was constrained to be officially dignified, was decidedly inclined to be jolly in his manners and speech. Having examined us minutely, and taken time to discover our merits and demerits, Mr. Alderman May proceeded to pass sentence on us; which proving very favourable, Mrs. May mildly intimated her reflection of her lord's judgment; and, seating themselves in state in us for a few minutes, they then rose and left the room, locking the door after them.

Except on Sundays, or on great occasions of feasting and rejoicing, we saw very little of the alderman, or even of his lady. But all my kindliest memories and liveliest sympathies centre round another member of the family, whom I have not yet mentioned. This was Caroline May. She was from home for the day when we were first carried into Alderman May's house, and I did not see her until the next morning. She was then a little girl of some ten summers; and when she stepped so noiselessly into the room, and looked at us with such a wondering gaze, and glanced so timidly at the griffins on our shoulders, and touched us so gently, and sat down in us alternately, and then ran off to tell her mother all about us, I felt quite sorry to lose sight of her. And then I watched her as she grew up, and slowly expanded into a coy maiden, and into a blooming woman. Every morning in summer she came and opened the old-fashioned casement, and filled the room with the fragrance of a thousand flowers. And she tripped along so lightly, wearing always a sunny smile that gladdened the eye when it rested on her, and singing some quaint old ballad with a voice so sweet that it filled the room with music when she only spoke—and looking at every table, and chair, and footstool, and the trees and flowers in the garden, as though she had a special liking and love for each one—that all who knew her fell in love with her, and would have yielded her service. She was the light of her father's life, and soon his only companion, for Mrs. May had scarcely seen Caroline able to take her place in the household before she sickened, and was confined to her chamber and the room in which we were placed. And there we saw Caroline supporting her mother into the room, and seating her by the fire, and waiting upon her, and tending her with more than a nurse's skill, until one day she came into the parlor, and then for many weeks Caroline scarcely ever entered the room, and when she did visit it, it was but for a moment, and then hurried away. And when the winter had passed away, and spring was given place to summer, Caroline came again into

the room; and she was clothed in deepest mourning, and her cheek looked so pale, and her hand was so white and thin, and she gazed so sorrowfully through the window, and then, sinking down on a chair, wept so long and so bitterly, that we knew her mother was dead, and we feared lest she too should leave this world of mourning. But youth triumphed, and Caroline gradually recovered her blooming health and some portion of her cheerfulness.

When I looked at those bright, sunny, laughing eyes, and those luxuriantly clustering brown ringlets, and the fair cheek just beginning to resume its rosy blush, and those cherry-ripe lips, and the arch smile that sometimes played over her features, I suspected that Caroline was thinking of somebody else than her father; and, in truth, she was.

When Alderman May received Edward Wilson in the large room one evening, and a tankard of ale was set down, and Caroline blushed as she left the room, and both the old man and the young one seemed to be tong-tied, or to think that blessed were the silent, I listened very eagerly for important announcements. And when at last the truth came out, and I found that they were agreed upon essentials—to wit, that Caroline was pre-eminent among women, and that she would make young Wilson the most excellent wife conceivable—and when I perceived that the alderman approved of the match, only postponing it for two years, which, after much demur, Edward agreed would be a necessary delay, as he had not yet fairly established himself in business, and as the old gentleman gave him a most cordial invitation to visit her in the meantime as often as he chose, I made up my mind that Caroline was to leave her home. I was not sorry for it, for, of course, it was in proper order for her thus to settle in life, and was a stage in the journey through life, which, as the result of the experience of an old chair, I have since learned, and now state for the benefit of society, I believe it advisable for every young woman to travel—if she can.

Ah! what disclosures I have heard and overheard. Many and many a time after this did Edward and Caroline, seated side by side, pour into each other's ears such effusion of nonsensical sentiment, such rubbish, sheer rubbish, vows, promises, fancies, presentiments, fears, hopes, and such like, that, if ever I was in danger of losing my good opinion of my pet Caroline, it was then. And while I did manage to overlook it, though by no means excusing, far less justifying it, in a girl, I candidly acknowledge that, making the fullest allowance for a temporary aberration of intellect on the part of Edward, I never could quite get over his folly in uttering such luxuriously soft, such ridiculously silly, things, or rather nothings. I am inclined to fear, indeed, that I did not hear the wildest ravings of these lovers' fancies, but that the garden proved more favourable to the poetic development than even the window-recess of an old room; for one evening, when they were walking there by moonlight, I overheard them in conversation (interspersed with other sounds, somewhat similar to the cracking of nuts or small whips,) of which the words spoken, just as they passed under the open window, sounded so like "thrice angelic Caroline," that, taking them as a sample of their evening's discourse, I was glad when they advanced beyond my hearing. It may be that Edward was merely reading to her out of an old romance the fulsome flatteries of some venerably servile dotard, but then the "Caroline" sounded suspicious; and, even straining our charity to put this construction on the words, what becomes of that peculiar, oft-repeated, and unmistakeable smacking sound? Was this merely an appropriate illustration of the tale? The most that my charity can do in the case is to adopt the kiss, and believe that it was simply the "kiss of charity;" or, better, that *they* were the kisses of charity, which I do very readily believe. No; taking all the circumstances into consideration, I give them up on this occasion as a pair of moon-struck lovers, and, if my reader be able, either by charity or aught else, to rescue them from this character, he or she is at liberty to exercise the requisite ingenuity, and I wish it may prove successful.

But if the communications of young lovers proved rather distasteful to a third party, even though but an arm-chair, judge how intolerable must the ludicrously endearing expressions of an old couple have proved; and yet I was compelled to listen to these. The smooth course of Edward and Caroline's true love was interrupted by a most extraordinary and unaccountable freak on the part of the alderman. He made demonstrations of an intention to enter again into that holy state from which the death of Caroline's mother had released him. For my part, I can scarcely preserve any equanimity, even after this interval of time had elapsed, while stating the fact. As soon as I discovered it, and heard my Caroline crying as she told Edward about it, I could have broken down beneath the old fellow with pure contempt and indignation. He couldn't see his daughter get married, but he must do so too, forsooth! Pshaw! I am a chair of placid, almost stoical temperament, but still I *am* a chair, and possessed of the feelings of my kind, and this quite banished my indifference, fairly overcame all my philosophy. I was roused. I longed to get the alderman's toe under one of my feet, and the late Mrs. May seated on me. Wouldn't we have forcibly reminded him of those infirmities of age, which he appeared to have so completely forgotten! Of course, my rage was impotent. I hoped that the catastrophe might be averted. I should have been glad to have heard of the burial rather than the marriage service being read over him. But no, he was not going to die just then. That his marriage proved his death, indeed, I firmly believe; but it did so not prospectively, but retrospectively—not by anticipation, but by recollection. I found there was no possibility of its being averted by human agency. A widow had fixed on him, and while Caroline was immersed in the pleasures of courtship, she had courted the old alderman, flattered him, amused him, teased him, diddled—yes, diddled him. Henceforth, it was no uncommon thing for the old lady and gentleman to seat themselves in the two arm-chairs, and there she courted him with coarse, monstrous, palpably false and absurd compliments, which the alderman gulped down very graciously, though I observed she had to do nearly all the courting herself.

In a very short time they were married, Caroline to please her father, appearing at the ceremony, with as good a grace as she could assume. One happy consequence of the wedding was, that it put a stop, a full stop, to the courtship, as far as the old people were concerned; and I think I may say, I never saw the second Mrs. May fondle or manifest any foolish affection for the old man after marriage. Caroline was amply avenged; I had abundant satisfaction on the old alderman for his folly. He was mated; he was more—he was checkmated. He got so little of his own way, was so thoroughly snubbed and kept under, that I foresaw, from the moment of his resumption of the matrimonial fetters, that his life would be a short, though not a merry one. Poor Caroline did all she could to maintain peace, but in vain, and she looked forward to her approaching marriage as a happy exit from a scene of domestic misery, almost as much as an entrance on the joys of domestic felicity. Her wedding-day was fixed, but before it arrived her father was lying very ill. I should have stated that one of the first acts of the second Mrs. May's reign was to banish one of us arm-chairs to the back sitting-room, and the other to the alderman's bed-room. It was my lot to be placed in the latter apartment. How tenderly Caroline nursed her sick father, I cannot describe. She was ever at hand to soothe and cheer him. One morning, the old gentleman appeared much worse, and, calling his daughter to him, he asked her, in a low voice, whether she had any request to make. I thought it but a matter of form. I knew that he had already made disposition of his property, and had provided for Mrs. May far more liberally than she deserved. I waited impatiently for Caroline's answer. To my surprise, she said that she had one favour to ask. Her father begged her to speak out. She seemed to hesitate. I hoped she was not going to disappoint all my hopes—to destroy my good opinion of her. She asked with all simplicity and half-reluctantly, "Father, let me have the two old oak arm-chairs that used to stand in the bay-window." Poor dear Caroline! My heart of oak warmed towards her while she spoke. She had not forgotten the days when she peeped into the room so timidly, to see whether her mother was reading. And after all, I was not deceived. She did love the old furniture, where her father and mother had sat, and she wished to claim these old chairs, which were now laid aside and neglected; and for the sake of "auld lang-syne," and for the memories of days when she had learned her lesson or worked her sampler, seated in the arm-chair, or perhaps thinking of the time when Edward and she sat in them, and talked together, she would take them to her new home, and treasure them up as mementos of the past. But the alderman was not appointed unto death at that time; thanks, in some measure, no doubt, to the care and kindness of Caroline, he recovered from this attack, and lived a few months longer, during which time he saw his daughter wedded; and, when she entered her husband's house, the two chairs were standing by the fireside in a snug little parlor; and heartily glad was I to escape from the old house, and to accompany Caroline, though, had I known the future, I had better have remained where I was. But of this anon.

We took up our abode very contentedly at our new residence, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson commenced their married life with every auspicious omen. The alderman not unfrequently retired from the discord of his own house to the peace which reigned in his daughter's residence, while Mrs. May never intruded into this tranquil retreat. The poor old gentleman bitterly bemoaned his hard fate, and his son and daughter could do little to comfort him, save in offering sympathy. He lived to see his first grand-child, and then passed away, leaving his disconsolate widow to mourn his loss.

Caroline proved as good a wife and mother as she had been a daughter, and for some time all went smoothly, and prosperity smiled on the happy family. By degrees, however, a change took place. I could perceive that something was wrong. Every evening Mr. Wilson went out, and once or twice, when Caroline asked him whither he went, he replied, "To the club." Still, beyond a little uneasiness on the part of the family, or a slight interruption of the domestic harmony, there seemed to be no further evil. In process of time, however, I observed that he had lost his healthy aspect, and looked bloated and sensual. Then, one night on his return home, he talked loudly and unconnectedly, stamped his feet, and, finally, sunk down on the ground in the stupor of drunkenness. From this time, his progress in dissipation and towards ruin was rapid. Morning, noon, and night, he indulged in the use of stimulants. Soon he became short of money. Caroline husbanded her resources as long as she received anything, and expended them with prudence and extreme economy. Her own dress became daily more and more shabby; then her children were meanly, and at length scantily clad; then the scarcity extended to provisions, and the children were coarsely at first, and soon insufficiently fed. Many there were who spared her husband for her sake, and delayed proceeding to extremities until her death, which, to all, save her infatuated husband, appeared inevitable. And still this simple-hearted, this tenderly-nurtured, this affectionate girl, bore all the burden of the household care. At once the mistress and the servant, she nursed the children, she attended upon her husband; she made excuses to those who came for money, and prevailed on them to wait yet a few days; she strove to reclaim her fallen husband; she reasoned, oh how wisely! she persuaded, oh how eloquently! she entreated, with what earnestness! she remonstrated, with what kindness and delicacy! She thought, she spoke, she acted, she labored, until at length, having exerted herself beyond her strength, she sunk upon the bed, and lay pouring out her life's-blood with every breath. She lay long unregarded. The children were at play in the yard; her husband was attempting to attend to business. When he returned, he rushed out to seek assistance. Her father's old friend and surgeon was sent for, and gave directions for her treatment, but told them, at the same time, that there was little hope. The guilty husband looked on in helpless grief. Once more she opened her eyes, looked languidly on him she had so deeply

loved, pointed to her children, closed her eyes, breathed softly, more gently, yet more lightly—no more!

Edward Wilson walked down from the chamber of death and seated himself in the little parlor, another man from what he was a few hours before. Now he was awake, now he felt. The happiness he had destroyed, the hopes he had blasted, the misery he had inflicted, the fearful and now irreparable wrong he had committed, the degradation into which he had sunk, all broke upon his view, and shone into his mind with blinding, scorching rays; he covered his face with his hands, and rocked to and fro in his agony. He raised his eyes and looked around the room; there was no tear on his cheek—he could not weep. He threw himself on the ground, and there, the light of reason, flickering as each gust of emotion threatened to quench it in the thick darkness of insanity, he uttered the wildest ravings. Now some lines of a convivial song broke from his lips, and now he uttered imprecations against imaginary enemies, while sometimes endearing expressions mingled with his incoherent shoutings. I learned from his unconscious utterances that he was more guilty than his wife supposed. Caroline knew not that her husband was dishonest; and well was it for her, too, that she never learned that he had forgotten, at least thought lightly of, the wife of his choice, and once his only love. She was spared the knowledge of these; she had not to fathom the lowest depths of his fall. Among his wild confessions of guilt, this injury of Caroline occupied the chief place, and ever and anon, after a moment's silence, he would utter with deep feeling some sentence of the declaration he had made when he stood with her before the altar, and made her his wife. After a time, the violence of his emotions seemed to have subsided; he sighed deeply, and presently sank into slumber. When he awoke, he endeavored to assume a calm demeanor, but his countenance betrayed the presence of deep emotion within. He went upstairs, and gazed on all that remained of his wife; then calling the children into the room, he kissed them all, and when they asked for their mother, told them they might see her again sometime; and then, after weeping with them, he left the house, and entered it no more. People who came into the room in a day or two after, said he had drowned himself on the evening that his wife had died.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Wilson's establishment being, as already detailed, broken up, everything was sold, and in this sale I was parted from my old companion chair.

I was carried away by the auctioneer as a cheap purchase of his own, and lay in a sort of lumber room for some time. I have reason to regard this as, on the whole, the dullest period of my existence. Whether I should have remained there until now, or been chopped up for firewood, in the ordinary course of events, I cannot guess; but it happened very fortunately for me that, when I had for many years been immured in this uncongenial retirement, there arose an extraordinary mania among ladies for antique furniture, and, in particular, old Gothic chairs were in great demand. The auctioneer who had originally purchased me, had disposed of his business and some articles of furniture to a younger member of his profession, and this gentleman, coming into the room one day, no sooner set his eyes upon me, all dusty as I was, than he perceived at a glance how good a sale might be made of me. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have been only too happy to have sold me at a slight advance on the sum he paid for me, to any one requiring a strong garden or hall chair. As it was, although I was far too young for the purpose, and, indeed, was scarcely so antique as many of the ladies, the subjects of the mania, who would probably have strongly denied the applicability of the epithet to themselves, it was determined that I should figure in the next catalogue as a genuine old oak. Accordingly I was taken down, dusted, and polished up a little, and in the next catalogue I appeared in the character (positively my first appearance in that character) of a "valuable antique elbow chair, of dark oak, elaborately carved, very suitable for a lady's drawing-room."

On the day of sale, a number of ladies, and one or two gentlemen, examined me, and pronounced me a gem-unique. The competition for me was extremely keen, and at first pretty general, but speedily the bidders for the most part withdrew from the contest, leaving it to be decided by two elderly ladies—a widow and a spinster—who seemed prepared to contend with all the ardor that animated the two survivors of the Horatii and Curiatii in the last round of their memorable combat. The auctioneer repeated his estimate of my great beauty and value, and the two ladies puckered up their lips, frowned, and bid half-crowns in advance of each other with an energy and pertinacity which left nothing to be desired. The strife, at first friendly, had now assumed the character of a duel, and threatened to degenerate into a serious personal quarrel. The ladies were old rivals at this sort of thing; the sale-room had been the scene of frequent conflict, and each had her own partisans, aiders, and abettors. They were equally matched in desire to possess me, and in the pecuniary qualification for so doing; but perhaps the unmarried lady had rather the greater obstinacy of the two, though the stock of the inferior one in respect to this article was by no means small. The widow (as *Bell's Life* would word it) began to show signs of distress. She waited rather longer before bidding in advance than she should properly have done. The spinster followed up her advantage, and shrieked out her advance with an air of defiance. This had quite the opposite effect from what was intended, and cost the foolish virgin five shillings, for the widow at once capped it with another half-crown. The interest and excitement had now reached a high pitch, I should have said their height, had not a trifling incident occurred, which at once gave a powerful impetus to the excitement, imparted an air of hilarity to the whole affair, and, perhaps, was the means of beating the widow out of the field. It was this: among the crowd of porters, and men in a similar position in society, who formed the background of the crowd who frequented the auction mart, was one man who

apparently felt deeply interested in the success of the fair unwedded one; and just when the widow, who had been a length behind, had by her last bold stroke placed herself neck-and-neck (*Bell* again) with her opponent, and the proprietorship of the chair seemed again for a moment in abeyance, this enthusiastic bottle-holder, either ignorant of the rules of polite life, or carried away by intense interest in the *event*, broke the breathless silence of the assembly, and the spinster's studious calculation, by exclaiming, in a hollow, agitated voice, "Go it, go it, little un; go it!" the lady appealed to being of diminutive stature. When the laughter, hisses, cheers, confusion, cries of "Turn him out," &c., had subsided, the fair combatant did go it, and, apparently reluctantly, honored the expectant auctioneer with the acquiescent nod. The hammer hung in suspense. "Going—go-ing—Mrs. Scorler,—go-ing—go-ing"—the hammer descended—"gone—Miss Conder." Miss Conder received the congratulations of her supporters with an air of meekly triumphant humility, which distorted her at no time remarkably pleasing features into a most hideously spiteful visage. In so far as I was concerned, I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had fetched about four times my original price, and ten times my real value.

I speedily found myself, after having undergone a preliminary polishing, in the drawing-room of the worthy lady who had carried me off so victoriously from the hotly-contested field. I was soon made aware that I was promoted into a higher class of society than I had formerly been accustomed to. My old loose cushion was discarded, and after remaining uncovered for a few weeks, I learned that a piece of tapestry, upon which Miss Conder had for a long time been engaged, was designed, with a corresponding piece already completed, to compose the covering for my back and seat. In due time the last silken thread was wrought in, and I was sent to the upholsterer's to be invested with my new garments, and, thus adorned, I returned to take my position among the other elegant articles which found a place in Miss Conder's drawing-room. The pieces which that industrious lady had with her own delicate fingers wrought, in brilliant colors and glossy silken thread, were extremely appropriate to my shape, use, and material as an old oak arm-chair, being two oriental scenes caricatured out of the book of Genesis; the figures, attitudes, perspective, colors, costume, and botanical and zoological accompaniments, having been suggested by Miss Conder's fancy, and decided upon by her own taste, which it would seem was ingenious rather than judicious. The work and myself, as serving to display it, however, gave abundant satisfaction, and I might have continued quietly to occupy a corner of Miss Conder's drawing-room, in company with sundry screens, ottomans, footstools, and other articles distinguished by that amiable lady having expended some portion of her taste and skill in their decoration, but that, having lived, say forty years, in a state of single blessedness, the aforesaid lady suddenly took a whim of giving both sides a fair trial, anticipating, of course, that a pair would enjoy double blessedness. So, forgetting the cruelty which no doubt she manifested in her early days, she yielded her hand and purse, and what heart she had, to a young spark, who, being short of cash, had seen good to add a trifle to his pecuniary stature by a matrimonial speculation.

Mr. and Mrs. Montague Villiers, for reasons which the sagacious reader will readily discover and appreciate, determined on commencing their wedded life in a town in which they were unknown; and, accordingly, Mrs. Villiers made arrangements for disposing of a considerable portion of her goods and chattels, which she did not find it quite convenient to carry with her about the country in her wanderings in search of a home. I—having previously been stripped of the illustrations of Scripture history which had graced my back and seat—was presented to an old friend (a poor relation) of Mrs. Villiers, who, having been reduced in circumstances, was living in lodgings, consisting of a bedroom and parlor, whose walls were condemned to hear (if walls have ears, as the proverb asserts they have) her constant complaints of the present, and mournful reminiscences of brighter days of yore. In this pleasing retreat I became once more an article of use. Overwhelmed with cushions and pillows, I was privileged to be the seat in which, wrapped up in a multitude of shawls, this inveterate old grumbler settled herself when she rose in the morning, and in which she continued until she retired to bed again. The time soon came when death released her from her cares, and me from her service. Her friends, on learning that she had done grumbling, commenced raising funds for her burial, by the sale of her effects, and I, with a few ricketty pieces of furniture, passed into the hands of a broker.

In common with other articles, I was occasionally brought forward and exposed to view, with a faint forlorn hope that somebody might buy us. At such seasons I amused myself by speculating into what sphere I should next pass, and many a person did I mark as likely to become a purchaser. For a long time I was doomed to disappointment, and, when my release did come, I was quite surprised at the character of the person who bought me. I had experienced, as the reader is aware, some strange vicissitudes, and was now quite prepared to pass into a cottage, and there be knocked about until I fell in pieces. Judge of my astonishment, when one day a very fashionably dressed young man stopped, asked my price (the old furniture-mania having disappeared, old rags or fantastic china being now the rage, I had sunk to my real intrinsic value), at once paid the moderate sum demanded, and ordered me to be sent to a house in the town, which proved to be inhabited by a carter. The next day I was hoisted on a cart, and taken several miles into the country, and finally deposited in the hall of a neat villa.

The gentleman who had purchased me at once appeared, and assigned me a position in the entrance hall. I was quite at a loss to conceive on what account I was thus introduced into a house which seemed to be complete without me. But I had seen a good deal of life by this time, and waited patiently in the expectation of some day solving this mystery. The explanation shortly came, for one day my owner, in conducting a party of friends through the hall, pointed to me, and said, "An heirloom; been in the family since the flood almost." Very probably I was quite as

much an heirloom as any of the paintings, which he frequently introduced to the notice of his guests as portraits of his ancestors. I felt heartily indignant that my venerable appearance should cause me thus to be trepanned into countenancing my owner's claims to honorable descent, but was consoled under the indignity by an expectation of the speedy extinction of all his absurd pretensions. I was glad to see bailiffs in the house; I rejoiced to see little tickets stuck on every article, to find myself marked Lot 34, and at length to behold a crowd of people assembled, and the whole sold off. When Lot 34 was put up, I heard one of the friends of my late owner remark in a tolerably loud tone, and with an indifferently good imitation of the voice and manner of the late proprietor, "An heirloom;" "Been in the family since the flood almost," added a second; "Made of the wood of the original ark," said another; "His arms," suggested a fourth, pointing, not to my heraldic ornaments, but to those side-pieces which in chairs of my construction obtain the name of arms or elbows. The badinage having ceased, the sale proceeded, and again I changed owners.

My history draws to a close. I was bought by the landlord of the Burley Arms, and placed in this room, where the bustle and change of occupants have made the portion of my time spent here the most agreeable I have known. Sometimes, when none of those for whose especial accommodation the room is intended, are in the house, I am pleased with the society and conversation of some of the inhabitants of the town; and I have been particularly amused by the contrast between the opinions of the active men of business, and those of the quiet elderly men who have spent their whole lives in the retirement of this their native place. Most of the great social questions have I heard discussed in this room with an impartiality and mildness proportionate to their importance. Two old cronies, in particular, have often interested me by their fierce invectives against the numerous innovations which they are fated to witness. Even I can discover that they approve only of improvements which took place when themselves were improving, and of progress which was made while they were advancing; that, unchanging (at least for good) themselves, they can relish no change in other persons or things. They cordially and bitterly deprecate all the alterations in their town and neighbourhood, and sigh for good old times, when they should rather honestly depreciate their own increasing infirmities, and sigh for youth again. Their most intense hatred and contempt are reserved for the railroad recently opened, which they predict, will eventually plunge the town into poverty, and destroy all its inhabitants by fearful accidents. In proof how reasonable are such forebodings, they instance the dismissal of one drunken coachman from his situation, and a casualty which deprived another "hearty good fellow" of an arm. They contend that the town would have been ruined already, had there not been a large influx of strangers coming to reside, and a great increase of building, since the opening of the line, but so contradictory are their anticipations of evil—one dreading the removal of inhabitants and business, and the other seeming rather to dread the sudden influx of them—that, chair as I am, I have no fear of the town being materially injured by the new mode of transit. Of course, the gloomy prospect is not bounded by the limits of this town; it takes in the length and breadth of Great Britain and Ireland, and extends to our remotest colonies.

I agree with them perfectly in thinking that Britain's glory is fast departing, will soon have fled; but I differ from them wholly as to the causes of her decay. They think that literature and art will soon fall away; they dream that railways and telegraphs will prove her destruction. I share in their anxiety; I am sometimes melancholy when I contemplate the future; but my solicitude proceeds from very different grounds to theirs. I can perceive the folly of their apprehensions, and smile at them; but, when I see how perversely the present generation prefers foreign timber to our native oak, I am filled with disquietude. Oak and oaken chairs are inseparably associated with our national greatness, and I hope none will suspect me of judging partially and under the influence of personal feeling, when I express my opinion, that unless the use of mahogany and rosewood be restrained by the legislature, England is a lost country. Yes, I own I am deeply concerned when I witness the reckless contempt of national interests which, under the specious names of liberality and refinement, is substituting these imported vanities for our own homegrown material. Let this continue unchecked, and the consequence is inevitable. It needs no wisdom of declining age to foresee, that if oak is not required for arm-chairs, it will soon cease to be grown; and then, when it is no longer attainable, what is to become of our navy? I feel a patriotic frenzy thrilling through my limbs when I hear the strain, "Hearts of oak are our ships;" but, I ask, what is to become of our navy, when we have ceased to grow oak? Shall we have mahogany ships—*rosewood frigates*? Thus, by the most logical process of reasoning, have I furnished ground for fear, that, in the course of seven or eight hundred years, my country may have fallen from her proud position.

But I must not indulge this proneness to moralize. More generally in my present situation I am pleased with statements of the progress of arts and sciences—of education and information for the people being provided in profuse abundance. As I before said, the cheerful conversation and anticipations of the bustling travellers who frequent the room present an agreeable contrast to the stereotyped trains of thought and dismal forebodings of those who view the future only through the beclouded and fast-failing vision of declining age.

Fine company, excellent good fellows, assemble around me even yet. Snug whist parties, cozy supper spreads, have we yet; and when Eddowes clears his pipes, and sings—

> "I love it, I love it, and oh, who shall dare
> To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?"

and points sentimentally to *me*, and then every glass rings in the room with the vibration of "loud and prolonged applause," I only wish I may retain my quiet corner, while generations yet to come meet here to discuss future political questions, crack new jokes, and sing old songs.

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The manuscript ended here; and as the reader

knows I was already preparing to leave the house when I first saw it, I perused it as the train rapidly whirled me towards my destination, and, as I reflected on the various changes through which the old chair had passed, I wondered how long the progress of refinement would suffer it to retain its place, and what would be its next resting-place.

Three months found me again at the Burley Arms, and there stood the venerable relic, looking as guiltless of autobiographical perpetrations as though it had never seen pens or paper. Again and again did I revisit the town, and find it still occupying the fireside corner, but one autumn evening, three or four years after the date of my evening's adventure whilom narrated, I missed the old chair. It had given place to one of those luxurious compounds of mahogany, morocco, and springs, whose increasing popularity had occasioned so much alarm and so many anxious forebodings to its less elegant and comfortable predecessor. Determined, if possible, to trace the old chair to its present retreat, and fully expecting to find it stowed away in a garret, or banished to a hay-loft, I rang the bell, and, on the waiter appearing, asked him what had become of the oak chair. In reply, he gave me in scraps the following particulars, which with some details, supplied by subsequent personal observation, are as follows: —The Rev. A. B. Renwick, the recently-appointed curate, having quarrelled with the respected aged vicar of the parish church, had been zealously supported by a number of female Young Englanders; and by a few more important, influential, and wealthy members of his late congregation, and had just recommenced his pastoral ministrations in a new church built for the express accommodation of himself and flock, and abounding in oratorical, penitential-looking niches, funny little boxes, crosses of every variety of pattern, stained glass windows, containing pictorial caricatures of saints, emperors, angels (fallen and unditto), cows, calves, dragons, lambs, young women and younger children, chains, swords, keys, and other edifying symbols—in short, a perfect medley of the contents of a toy-shop, a fish-shop, Smithfield market, and a wholesale ironmonger's warehouse, emptied together into the Burlington or Lowther Arcade—cloths, white and colored, candles and candlesticks, censers—and, in fact, all the paraphernalia necessary to the performance of the "postures, impostures, and histrionics," which the Rev. Augustus Berners Renwick thought it his duty to go through for the benefit of himself and friends. This worthy, having undertaken a special visitation of everybody about him, had found his way into the commercial room of the Burley Arms, and, there seated, had cast his eyes on the arm-chair, whose history we have already had. The rev. gentleman,—being possessed of what he was pleased to consider a mediæval taste, severe, and, of course, unimpeachable, being a devoted admirer of high art, old buildings, chairs, and tables—had offered to purchase the aforesaid chair, to complete the furniture of his vestry. Mine host, not possessing much of the character of a virtuoso, did not lay any very serious obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of his reverence's wishes, and the sale was effected.

I had an hour or two to spare, and fortunately succeeding in hitting on a few minutes when St. Xavier's was not occupied by any of the numerous services conducted therein during the day, I paid a visit to the church, examined it, had its various beauties pointed out, and then, passing into the vestry, beheld the object of my search consigned to a sort of dungeon—a little, earthy, vaulted apartment, scarcely large enough to whip a cat in, far less for Mr. Renwick to flagellate himself in comfortably, dimly lighted by narrow strips of windows, and surrounded by grim little stone heads projecting from the wall on all sides. The griffins looked fierce, vindictive, but impotent. The whole article wore a hapless, helpless, disconcerted, and disconsolate aspect, and I soliloquised aloud—"A pretty end this of your strange career; rather at variance, this state of things, with that which you, at the close of your little narration, fondly desired might be yours for years to come."

"And this, sir, is the last place I take you to," exclaimed my guide, looking expectant.

"Oh, ha!" said I, doubting whether he had overheard my reflections.

I suppose the old chair will remain for some time in its present quarters. There appears little probability of any one attempting to rescue it, and restore it to that upper world of which it was once an ornament; and even should it meet with other adventures, it is scarcely likely that it will again secure pens, ink, and paper, and an opportunity of recording them, nor yet that any one will be at the pains of chronicling its history.

Not expecting, in the course of my vagrant life, to meet with thee again, gentle reader, I wish thee adieu.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Within his sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The grey barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture hied his flight,
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;—

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistledown, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there
Firing the air with his inverted torch;—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

* * * * * * *

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped,—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene,—
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

THE PROBATION.

The Vale of Taunton, Somerset, is celebrated for its charming residences, its time-honored families, its beautiful girls; and nowhere, some thirty years ago, were these attributes to be found in more felicitous combination than at Oak Hall, the seat of Archibald Merivale, Esq., major of yeomanry and deputy-lieutenant, throughout the wide archdeaconry. This will be readily believed if I can contrive to give but a faintly-faithful sketch of the Merivale family, as, grouped around its head one summer afternoon, they eagerly anticipated the contents of a letter, bearing the postmark, that had just arrived.

Mr. Merivale, who might be a trifle under fifty, was a well descended, sufficiently wealthy, country gentleman and magistrate, of active habits, and considerable keenness of intellect. His self estimate as to this latter quality was rather an exaggerated one; piquing himself, as he did, upon a profound knowledge of the world, and power of dealing successfully with it, in all its tricks, shifts, maskings, and devices: a stern, inflexible man, too, when he had once determined on any particular course of action; yet, withal, a thoroughly kind and affectionate husband and father, and considerate, as well as just, landlord and master. Mrs. Merivale, on the contrary, was one of the gentlest, most flexile of human beings, the fine impulses of whose womanly tenderness required, and yielded to, the masculine support and firmness of her husband. They had three children—daughters—at this time, of the respective ages of twenty, eighteen, and sixteen. Eleanor, the eldest, was a finely-formed person, with calm, brilliant, Diana-like features, and perfectly-shaped head, set magnificently upon the polished shoulders of a Juno. Agnes, the next in age, though nothing like so handsome as her superb sister, was a very attractive person; and her mild, kindly eyes, to my mind, possessed a fascination quite as effective as haughtier and more dazzling ones. Of Clara's beauty—scarcely disclosed as yet—I shall only say that its swiftly brightening dawn gave promise—more indeed than promise—that in its perfect development would be in a high degree combined and blended the varied charms and graces of both her sisters. This, to the general reader, may seem a highly-colored portraiture; whilst those who recognise and remember the family to whom I give the name of Merivale,—and there are many still living who will readily do so,—it will, I am quite sure, be pronounced to be but a faint and spiritless sketch of the three widely celebrated Graces of Oak Hall.

"This letter, girls," Mr. Merivale, at length giving way to their importunity, is saying—"This letter, girls; well, it is no doubt, as you say, from Francis Herbert; and stamped, I perceive, 'too late,' or it would have been here yesterday. Let me see,—'highly delighted,'—'with the greatest pleasure,'—'have taken the liberty,' etcetera and so on. The upshot is, young ladies, that my ward, Francis Herbert, not only accepts mine and your mother's invitation to pass a month at Oak Hall, but brings his and our acquaintance young Sir Henry Willoughby. Eleanor, love, surely you have not taken to rouge thus early:—there—there, don't be angry; the color, I see, is quite a spontaneous and natural one. They will be here on—on Wednesday in time for dinner. Why, zounds! that is to-day. And as I am alive," continued Mr. Merivale, stepping quickly to the window, "here comes a post-chaise up the avenue. It is them, sure enough," he went on to say, after drawing up the blind. "Francis has his body half out of the chaise-window, eager, no doubt, to obtain the earliest possible glimpse of his respected guardian—don't you think so, Eleanor! Hey! what, all suddenly vanished! I understand: the exigencies of dress and dinner have set both dame and damsels flying. But here come these interesting visitors."

The young men whose unexpected arrival caused so much commotion at Oak Hall will require a few introductory words only. Mr. Francis Herbert, but recently of age, and a well-principled, amiable person, though of somewhat rash and impulsive temperament, was the possessor of a considerable estate in the neighbourhood of Bath,—much improved during his long minority by the care of his guardian, Mr. Merivale,—as well as of a large amount of personal property. He was, in fact, an altogether *bon parti* in the estimation of careful and ambitious mothers—equally, perhaps, with Sir Henry Willoughby, of "the Grange," near Taunton, save as respects the title—an advantage counterbalanced in some degree by the circumstance of the dowager Lady Willoughby being still alive, in prime health, and entitled by her husband's will to fifteen hundred per annum, charged upon the son's inheritance. Sir Henry was three or four years older than Francis Herbert, and of a far more jocund, sanguine temper and disposition, which mood of mind was, however, somewhat toned down on the occasion of this visit by the fear that Herbert was as irretrievably in love with the divine Eleanor as he himself was. There were other differences between them. Francis Herbert was a ripe scholar, and had carried off the honors of a senior Wrangler at Cambridge University: Sir Henry, it was said through carelessness and inattention,—for he had good natural talents,—had been plucked at Oxford. When I have further stated that although Francis Herbert was unquestionably good-looking, Sir Henry was, by general admission, much the handsomer man, I shall have written all that need, in this stage of my narrative, be premised of either of them.

The days passed pleasantly away with the young people; and long before the expiration of the month, to which the visit of the gentlemen was limited, it was perfectly clear that Sir Henry was desperately in earnest with regard to Eleanor, and that the stately beauty vouchsafed him as much encouragement as a well-bred, modest maiden might. This was far from disagreeable to either of the young lady's parents; but that which greatly puzzled Mr. Merivale was, that Francis Herbert appeared to be perfectly resigned, or indifferent, to the success of Sir Henry's suit. "A whimsical fellow this *ci-devant* ward of mine," he would often mentally exclaim. "A twelvemonth ago, if I had not prevented him, he would have made Eleanor an offer in form; and now, I verily believe his weathercock fancy points to Clara! To Clara, positively,—a child in years, though, to be sure, somewhat womanly in appearance for her age. If it proves so—but it will be time enough to consider of a serious answer to such a proposal when it shall have been seriously made."

Two days before the expiration of the month, Mr. Merivale was detained rather late by his magisterial duties at Taunton, and finding, when he reached home, important papers that required immediate examination, he withdrew to the library without previous communication with his family or visitors. About eleven o'clock the girls came, one by one, to wish papa good-night; but, pre-occupied as he was, neither the bright flush which mantled Eleanor's patrician features, nor the flurry and confusion of manner so unusual with her, arrested his attention. The girlish delight and importance visible in the sweet countenance of Agnes passed equally unnoticed. Not so the stone-pale, yet gleaming and excited aspect, and nervous agitation exhibited by Clara. He was effectually startled out of his magisterial meditations; and the thought arose more vividly than before in his mind, how changed and womanly she had become, in manner and expression, within the last two or three weeks. He was about to question her, but upon second thoughts refrained from doing so, kissed and bade her good night.

She hardly had been gone a minute when Mrs. Merivale came into the library. She, too, was excited,—tearful,—yet smiling through her tears. Sir Henry Willoughby, fortified by a letter from his mother, had formally proposed for the hand of Eleanor, and been conditionally accepted—that condition, of course, being her parent's consent. "I would not have you disturbed," said Mrs. Merivale, "but I promised you should see his note this evening. Here it is, and also Lady Willoughby's very kind letter. There cannot, I think, be any doubt as to how we should decide?"

"None whatever, Emily. The girl has drawn a prize in the matrimonial lottery."

"And well deserves to have done so, Archibald," replied the mother, with some quickness.

"No doubt—no doubt. She has my free consent and blessing. But there is another matter I am desirous to speak of. What can be the meaning of the agitation I observed in Clara just now?"

"I can hardly say: but I think Francis Herbert is in some way connected with it."

"I myself judged so: but have you no proof of this?"

"A slight one only. It seems that about dusk this evening, when the girls, with Sir Henry, and Herbert, were walking in the garden, Clara and Herbert became separated from the rest by a considerable distance. At last Eleanor bade Agnes seek them, as it was getting chilly and time to withdraw in-doors. Agnes obeyed, and as she approached the end of the garden, heard Francis Herbert speaking in earnest, agitated tones; *what* he said she could not distinguish, but hurrying on she found that he was thus addressing Clara, who in tears and almost fainting, supported herself with difficulty against the fountain there. The moment Agnes came in view, Herbert ceased speaking, Clara dried her tears, took her sister's arm, and murmuring some indistinct excuse for the emotion she could not conceal, walked with her towards the house, slowly followed by Herbert. I thought it best to defer questioning her,—but what Agnes witnessed can have, it seems to me, but one interpretation."

"No doubt; and a very absurd text it is, however interpreted. We shall probably be more enlightened on the matter to-morrow. In the mean time, as Sir Henry is waiting to see me, we had better adjourn to the drawing-room at once."

The party assembled at breakfast on the following morning at Oak Hall appeared very ill at ease and anxious, always with the exception of Sir Henry Willoughby, who, spite of his well-bred efforts to subdue himself to the level of the

common-place world about him, was evidently uplifted in imagination to the starry floor, and breathing the intoxicating atmosphere of the seventh heaven. His beautiful betrothed—spite of herself—looked charmingly conscious, and the fugitive color came and went upon her cheek with confusing distinctness and rapidity. Francis Herbert—pale, agitated, silent—would have seemed to be unobservant of anything around him, but for the frequent, half-abstracted glances he from time to time directed to the place which Clara—who had excused herself from appearing under the plea of headache—usually occupied. Mr. Merivale was unusually grave and reserved; his excellent lady irrepressibly fidgety and nervous: in fact, the only person present, with the exception of Sir Henry, who appeared at all self-possessed and at ease, was Agnes; and even her calm serenity was in some degree disturbed by the manifest discomposure of her relatives. The signal for leaving the table was joyfully welcomed by every one sitting at it, and the apartment was cleared in a twinkling. Mr. Herbert rode out on horseback, and did not return till dinner had been some time over. When he entered the dining-room he found no one there but Mr. Merivale and Sir Henry, the latter of whom withdrew to the drawing-room and the ladies a minute or two afterwards.

Francis Herbert swallowed two or three glasses of wine in quick succession; and Mr. Merivale presently said, "You appear to be strangely agitated, Francis. May I ask the cause?"

"No one has so good a right to do so, and to be truly answered," was the instant reply. "The plain truth is, sir,—and I hardly knew it myself till yesterday evening,—that I respect, admire, what dull, unmeaning words are these," he added, breaking into sudden vehemence, and starting to his feet,—"that I love, worship, idolize, your youngest daughter, Clara!"

"Clara," echoed Mr. Merivale. Pooh! This is absurd. A man in years,—and I had hoped discretion,—love, worship, idolize a mere child!—for Clara is scarcely more."

"I knew you would say that," rejoined Herbert, with kindling fire. "I have said so to myself a hundred times during my visit here, as each day found me more hopelessly enthralled. That Clara is young i. years, is true; but the graces of her mind and person have far outstripped slow-footed Time; and I live but on the hope that she may one day be my wife."

"You can expect but one reply from me, Francis Herbert, to an aspiration so absurdly premature," said Mr. Merivale, with grave, almost stern earnestness "It is this——"

"One word more," eagerly interrupted the young man, "I do not ask—I could not dream of asking, an immediate decision, either of you or Clara. I will wait patiently a year—two—three years, if you will, for that. All I pray for is permission to be near her the while, that I may strive to win the priceless jewel of her love; not by the flattery of protesting words,—these I will never use,—but by the silent homage of a heart which time will prove is wholly and for ever hers!"

"This rhapsody concluded," said Mr. Merivale, "you will perhaps have the kindness to listen to a few words of common sense. Your proposition—translated into ordinary language, amounts to this:—that having taken a violent fancy—it is really nothing else—for a young girl just as it were at the threshold of life, you wish to deprive her of the opportunity of hereafter forming an intelligent and independent estimate of yourself, in comparison with others, by hampering her, in the eyes of the world, with an implied engagement, to the fulfilment of which, should your present inclination endure,—which, after what has passed, I must be permitted to doubt,—she would find herself morally coerced, however repugnant to her the sacrifice in the supposed case might be."

"Mr. Merivale, you libel—insult me!"

"I have no intention to do either. I quite believe in the present sincerity of the young-mannish enthusiasm you have just displayed,—just as I believed a twelvemonth ago that you were in love with Eleanor——"

"I was self-deceived. It was esteem and admiration I felt for Eleanor—not this consuming love!"

"No doubt: and it is quite possible you are also *self-deceived* with regard to Clara! Tut—tut, young man, you may spare your exclamations; they will scarcely turn me from my purpose. However, I do not hesitate to say there is no one I would prefer as a son-in-law to you; and if, after a strict separation of certainly not less than two years——"

"Say separation for ever—you might as well," passionately interrupted Herbert: "not to see or communicate with each other for two years will be tantamount to that, I feel assured."

"Not if your mind holds; and Clara, who will then be only eighteen, is willing to accept you. My determination is at all events fixed and immoveable; and, after what is passed, I must request that the period of probation may commence at once—to-morrow."

All to no purpose was it that Herbert implored, entreated, begged, for even a modification of these hard conditions. Mr. Merivale was deaf to all his pleadings, and further insisted that he should give his word of honor not to correspond directly or indirectly, with Clara, till the expiration of the stipulated period. He did so at last; and the interview terminated by Mr. Merivale saying, "You will write to me, of course, as usual; but let it be an understanding that this subject is to be avoided. And this for two sufficient reasons. One, that if you change your mind, the penning of excuses for doing so would be unpleasant to yourself; the other, that, supposing you do *not* change your mind, I have a strong distaste for the rapturous literature with which, I have no doubt, you would liberally favor me. And now, my dear boy, let us join the ladies."

At about noon the next day Francis Herbert left Oak Hall for France, *viâ* Southampton, but not till after he had obtained—thanks to Mr. Merivale's kind offices—a brief parting interview with Clara.

About a twelvemonth after Eleanor's marriage with Sir Henry Willoughby, and consequently in the second year of the onerous probation imposed upon Francis Herbert, two important events occurred in connection with the Merivale family. An uncle, with whom Clara had ever been the pet and darling, died, and bequeathed her the

large sum of thirty thousand pounds and upwards, thus rendering her, in addition to her other attractions, one of the very best matches—in a money sense—the county of Somerset could boast. Just after this, Agnes Merivale had the good fortune, whilst on a visit to her sister, Lady Willoughby, in London, to attract and fix the admiration of Mr. Irving, a young, well-characteered, and wealthy M.P. for one of the Midland boroughs. The wedding, it was arranged, should take place a week or so previous to the end of the season, then about two months distant. Amongst the friends whom Mr. Irving introduced to the Willoughbys was a Captain Salford, of the —— Guards—a fashionable gentleman, of handsome exterior, insinuating manners, and, it was whispered by his particular friends, of utterly ruined fortunes. The charms, personal and pecuniary, of Clara Merivale made a profound impression upon this gallant individual's susceptible heart; and she was instantly assailed by all the specious arts,—the refined homage,—the unobtrusive, but eager deference which practised men of the world can so easily simulate, and which, alas! tell so potently upon the vanity of the wariest-minded maiden. It was not, however, long before Captain Salford discovered that, flattered and pleased as Clara Merivale might be with his attentions, a serious overture, should he venture to hazard one, would be instantly and unhesitatingly rejected. What the secret obstacle was that unexpectedly barred his progress he was not long in discovering—thanks probably to Lady Willoughby, who appears to have entertained a much higher opinion of him than he at all deserved. And eagerly did his plotting brain revolve scheme after scheme for sundering the strong, if almost impalpable link which bound the separated lovers to each other. One mode of action seemed to promise an almost certain success. Captain Salford had met Francis Herbert frequently abroad, and thoroughly as he conceived, appreciated the proud and sensitive young man's character. He was also especially intimate with some of the Paris set with whom Herbert chiefly associated. Could he be induced to believe that Clara Merivale thought of him with indifference—or still better, that she was on the high road to matrimony with another, Captain Salford had little doubt that he would at once silently resign his pretensions to the favor of the fickle beauty—the more certainly and promptly that she was now a wealthy heiress—and leave the field free to less scrupulous aspirants,—in which eventuality Captain Salford's excellent opinion of himself suggested that success would be certain. Thus reasoning, the astute man of the world persisted in his attentions to the frank, unsuspecting girl, at the same time taking care that the excellent terms on which he stood with her should reach Herbert's ear in as exaggerated a form as possible, through several and apparently trustworthy sources. This scheme his Paris friends soon intimated was working successfully, and he crowned it with a master-stroke.

At the time previously settled upon, the marriage of Agnes Merivale with Mr. Irving was celebrated with all proper *éclat*, and the wedded pair left town for the bridegroom's residence in Norfolk. On the same day the Merivales and Willoughbys departed for Somersetshire; accompanied by Captain Salford and several others, invited to pass a few weeks at "The Grange." Imagine the astonishment of all these, with the exception of the contriver of the mischief,—and he indeed appeared the most surprised and indignant of all—for the lady's sake, of course,—upon finding, on the arrival of the newspapers, the announcement of *two* weddings in their Fashionable Intelligence columns—one that of Agnes, second daughter of Archibald Merivale, Esquire, of Oak Hall, Somersetshire, to Charles Irving, Esq., M.P.; the other that of Clara, *youngest* daughter of Archibald Merivale, Esq., to Captain Salford, of His Majesty's —— Guards! This blunder, it was concluded, had been caused by the reports of the likelihood of such an occurrence which had frequently appeared amongst the *on dits* of the Sunday papers, confirmed apparently by Captain Salford having accompanied the wedding party to church. Captain Salford volunteered to write a contradiction of the paragraph, and the matter was thought no more of. Indeed, there is no doubt that, with the exception of Clara herself, there was no one present that would not have hailed, with more or less satisfaction, the event thus, prematurely at all events, announced; even Mr. Merivale's boasted keenness and sagacity having failed to detect the heartless worldling beneath the polished exterior and plausible bearing of the aristocratic guardsman.

The lying paragraph effected its author's purpose, and that right speedily. The visit of Captain Salford had extended to about a fortnight, when he received some papers and letters from Paris which appeared to a good deal excite him. Almost immediately afterwards he informed Lady Willoughby that he was under the necessity of leaving for London that very afternoon. Polite regrets were of course expressed; and it was afterwards remembered, to his advantage, that his manner, the tone of his voice, when taking leave of Clara, were marked by a deep, respectful, almost compassionate tenderness, and Lady Willoughby positively averred that the practised actor's eyes were suffused with irrepressible emotion as he turned to leave her sister's presence. The next post explained, as they believed, the cause of the gallant captain's unusual agitation. It brought a number of *Galignani's* Paris newspaper, directed in his handwriting, in which they found the following marked paragraph:—"Married, on Tuesday last, at the chapel of the British embassy, the Honorable Caroline Wishart to Francis Herbert, Esquire, of Swan House, near Bath, Somersetshire. Immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony the happy pair left Paris for Italy."

Something more than four months after this, Captain Salford dined with three or four of his intimates at the *Rocher Cancale*, Paris. The party were in exuberant spirits, and the exhilarating wine which followed the excellent dinner so loosened their tongues and raised their voices that a gentleman enveloped in a large cloak, though sitting at some distance, with his back towards them, and apparently intent upon the newspapers, had no difficulty in following and thoroughly comprehending their conversation, notwithstanding that no names were mentioned.

"Poor fellow!" one of them remarked, in a

tone of ironical compassion, "he was hardly in his right senses, I think, when he married."

"*Voila du nouveau, par exemple*," shouted another, with a burst of merriment. "I should like to know who ever did marry in his right senses,—except, indeed, that, like our gallant captain here, he was about to wed something like fifty thousand pounds as well as a charming girl. By-the-by, Salford, is the day fixed for your union with the beautiful Clara?"

"Not the day, exactly:—but let us talk of something else!"

"The fair maiden still demurs, does she?" persisted the questioner: "I had heard so. And, by the way, Ingolsby, who met our rashly married friend a day or two ago,—you are aware, I suppose, that he returned last week from Italy,—says it is plain the wound still bleeds, decorously as he strives to conceal it beneath his wedding robe."

"Bah!" exclaimed Salford; "time has a balm for all such griefs!"

"No doubt; only he is sometimes over tardy with his specifics."

"That which tickled me most," said another of the party, "was that delicious trick of Salford's in getting his pretended marriage inserted in the newspapers. I happened to call on the supposedly jilted swain, the very morning the paper reached him, and never saw I, before or since, a man in such a frenzy. By Jove, his fury was sublime, tremendous! and I really thought it would be necessary to pack him off to a *Maison de Santé*. Fortunately he recovered and married, out of hand to show his spirit—a less pleasant catastrophe, in my opinion."

"I wish you'd change the subject," said Salford, peevishly. "It bores one to death. Everything is fair in love and war; and if the poor devil was tricked out of—— Ha!"

No wonder the glass fell from the speaker's hand, and that he leaped to his feet as if a bombshell had exploded beside him;—confronted as he suddenly was by the white face and burning eyes of Francis Herbert!

"Captain Salford,' said a voice as cold and hard as if it issued from a statue, "allow me to return the favors which it seems you have bestowed upon me in the only way at present within my power." As the last words left the speaker's lips, he lifted a glass of wine and hurled it fiercely in Salford's face! "No uproar, gentlemen, pray," continued Herbert,—"no blustering endeavor, captain,—unless you are a coward as well as a liar and villain,—to attract the notice of the waiters, or of a passing gendarme. This matter can have but one termination, and it is well it should be a quiet one. Monsieur le Capitaine Grégoire," he continued, stepping up to a French officer at the other end of the room, "a word with you, if you please."

Five minutes afterwards Captain Salford and Francis Herbert, accompanied by their respective seconds, were being rapidly driven towards the Bois de Boulogne. Pistols had been procured at the Rocher. "There would hardly be light enough," gruffly remarked le Capitaine Grégoire, but for the heavy fall of snow. As it is, we shall manage, I dare say." He then placed his man; Captain Salford's second did the same: and no effort at accomodation being attempted, the signal was quickly sped,—the simultaneous crack of the two pistols rang through the air,—followed by a scream of mortal agony, and Captain Salford was seen to fall heavily, with his face upon the snow.

"It is finished with your antagonist," said le Capitaine Grégoire, approaching Herbert, who was apparently unhurt, though his eyes gleamed wildly. "And you?"

"Is—is—he—dead?" surged through the white, quivering lips of Francis Herbert.

"As Alexander," replied Grégoire. "Why is your hand there?" he added quickly: "You too are hurt."

"To death!" groaned Herbert, as he fell into his second's outstretched arms. "O God, forgive me!"

On the precise day two years that Francis Herbert was exiled from Oak Hall a parcel was delivered there by a servant in deep mourning. Mr. Merivale, to whom it was directed, opened it with trembling hands, and found that it contained a ring, which he at once recognised to have belonged to his daughter Clara; and a paper on which was written, in a feeble but well-remembered hand,—"When you receive this, my probation will be accomplished. This is your work and mine. I forgive you as I trust to be forgiven. The ring is Clara's,—she, too, will be my last thought. Farewell. F. H."

Francis Herbert was buried at Père La Chaise, and on each aniversary of his death an English lady—upon whose sad, mild features, the angel-beauty of her youth still sheds a sun-set radiance—is seen to kneel and weep upon his grave. That lady is Clara Merivale.

A GLIMPSE OF FAIRY LAND.

1.

Last night in yonder hawthorn dell
There came o'er me a wondrous spell;
The moon shone bright on cliff and stream,
And a fairy rode on every beam.

2.

The Queen sat on a hazel bough,
And merrily danced the elves below;
Their music the love-lorn zephyr breeze
Kissing the coy-leaved aspen trees.

3.

And there were arch-eyed beauties flying,
And tiny lovers round them sighing;
And knights in tourney strove, I ween,
To win a smile from their fairy Queen.

4.

The squirrel their mossy table spread
With the filbert brown, and the strawberry red,
And mystic healths in the sweetest dew,
They quaffed from cups of the harebell blue.

6.

A fair fay took me by the hand:
"Come, mortal, join our elfin band,
Flowers ever fresh for thee we'll twine,
For thee shall flow our sweet cool wine."

6.

And as she spoke a dreamy calm
Stole o'er each sense like sleep's bless'd balm;
But just then broke the morning grey,
And the pageant swept like mist away.

R. J. M.

THE PEEL FAMILY.

About a week before Whitsuntide, in the year 1765, at nine o'clock in the morning, a line of Manchester bell-horses (nineteen in number), loaded with packs and attended by chapmen, were seen by the weavers of Irwell Green descending from the moors by the bridle-road into that hamlet. The weavers (thirty in number, or there-about) stopped their looms, and went forth to ask questions about trade, wages, prices, politics; Lord Bute, Grenville, William Pitt (the elder), and young King George III.; and to enquire if there were a likelihood of the young king doing anything for the good of trade.

The spinning women had come forth also from their spinning-wheels, and, in reference to them, r. William Garland, a merchant (locally called a Manchester warehouseman), who had accompanied his pack-horses thus far to make some arrangements with the resident weavers of this hamlet, said, "If the young king would make the lasses spin more, he would do some good." "Or," said a weaver, "an t' king would make a spinning-wheel to spin two threads instead of one, it would be some good." Tweedie Macthrum, a weaver, who had been expelled from Manchester because he was a Scotchman, in the terrible trade riots of 1763–64, said, "What good is it to haver and claver nonsense; nae man can mak' a wheel to spin twa threads at ainee; no, not even King George upon the throne."

The Lancashire men reminded him that he should be quiet when they spoke; he was only permitted to live at Irwell Green on sufferance, and he might be turned out of it as he had been out of Manchester. Tweedie asked, "What would ye do? Isn't there my bairns, Katey, Henny, Betty, Kirsty, Nancy, Peggy, and wee Tweedie, ilk ane of them, and their mother, spinning weft or winding pirns, except only Peggy and wee Tweedie, and they'll wind pirns in a year or two, if they be spared? How many of ye work weft of their spinning? But I'll tell ye what it is; gif I had kenned what I ken now, I would not have budged, no, not a foot-length, out of Manchester for a' their riotin' and misca'in' of my country, and breakin' o' my loom; and I winna budge again a leeving man; no, not for King George upon the throne!"

This sturdy weaver had at that time built for himself and family a turf shed on a point of waste moorland abutting upon the Irwell river. He enclosed a few acres of the waste with a fence soon after. Within twenty years of that time, two spinning-mills were erected on it; and for the last forty-five years the great factories and print-works of Sir Tweedie Macthrum, Sons, & Co., have stood there—Sir Tweedie, the first baronet, being the "wee Tweedie" of 1765. (*Macthrum* is a name assumed here for convenience; the real name some will guess at, and, if they make a mistake, it matters little for the incidents which are about to be related.)

The chapmen having baited their horses, proceeded on their journey towards Blackburn, which they hoped to reach early in the afternoon. When they were gone, the children of Irwell Green ranged themselves in a troop across the stony causeway, hand in hand, and sang,

"Bell-horses, bell-horses, what time o' day?
One o'clock, two o'clock, three, and away!"

At the word "away," they raised a shout, ran down the causeway, their wooden-soled clogs clattering on the stones as loudly as all the shuttles of Irwell Green. About two in the afternoon, the bell-horses reached Blackburn.

If it be at the distance of eighty-seven years from that time that you go first to Blackburn—winding through the vales by the turnpike road, or, on the railway, through tunnels, over ravines, along the mountain-sides, or guided by this page on the wing of your imagination—you will find it a town containing forty thousand people, or there-about, with narrow crooked streets, situated on undulating ground. It is surrounded by hills; and a rivulet, a canal, a railway, and several thoroughfares run through it. The whole town of grey stone houses, with stone roofs, and the country of green pastures rising around, are less changed for better or worse than any other town and neighbourhood which existed in the middle of last century in Lancashire. This has resulted from the early and long-sustained resistance of the inhabitants to the mechanical inventions which had their origin in that vicinity.

Being a stranger in Blackburn, you will doubtless visit Stanchill Moor and Peel Fold—the one the birth-place of the spinning-jenny, and of James Hargreaves, its inventor; the other, of the Peels; and, though not the birth-place of the art of printing calico, nor, perhaps, its cradle, yet certainly its infant-school.

If you leave the town by yonder windmil l on the rising ground, your face north-east, and, where the road divides, take that branch going due east, you will, having proceeded about two and a half miles, turn to your right hand, and

face southward. As you approach the village of Knuzden Brook, lift your eyes towards the plantation which runs from west to east, and crowns that green upland. Behind that plantation lies Stanehill Moor, in one of the houses of which the spinning-jenny was invented. And that farmhouse—with cowsheds, barn and enclosure walls, all built of grey stone and roofed with the same—is Peel Fold. Forty acres of that cold, wet pasture land, with these buildings, formed the inheritance of the Peels.

With this view and knowledge of the estate, it will not surprise you to be told that the Robert Peel born in 1714, who married Elizabeth Howarth of Walmsley Fold, in 1744, and had a family of five sons and a daughter in 1755, was not, as some heraldic writers have written, a "yeoman, living on and cultivating his own estate." He did not cultivate it at all, except a garden for pot herbs; nor did he live on it in the sense indicated. He was a "yeoman," it is true, and sold the milk and butter of four or five cows in Blackburn; but he was a weaver also, and was too shrewd a man of the world not to educate his sons to industrial pursuits of a like kind. They, too, were weavers. In yonder house, to which our footsteps now tend, were at least two looms in 1765. His children were, William, born 1745; Edmund, born 1748; Robert, born April 25, 1750 (whose son, Sir Robert Peel, the eminent statesman, died one hundred years afterwards, July 2, 1850); Jonathan, born 1752; Anne, born 1753; Lawrence, born 1755; some others who died in infancy; Joseph, born 1766; and John, whose birth occurred after the family were driven out of Lancashire by the insurgent spinning women, probably at Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire.

Here it may be as well to remark, that, though the tradition which the reader is about to know is shaped somewhat like a story, I have not dared, for the sake of a story to falsify incidents so truly national and historical, though so little known. The incidents and domestic economy of Peel Fold about to be described are such as old people, with whom I became acquainted a few years ago, related. I have conversed with persons who had seen the Robert and Elizabeth Peel now under notice; who had also seen James Hargreaves, inventor of the spinning-jenny; and the fathers and mothers of these aged persons were the neighbours of Robert Peel and James Hargreaves, and had often spoken of them to their sons and daughters.

Sometime in the year 1764, one of the boys at Peel Fold, in weaving a piece of cloth of linen and cotton mixture, spoiled it for the Blackburn cloth market. It was taken to Bamber Bridge, near Preston, to be printed for kerchiefs, there being a small print-work at that place, the only one in Lancashire, and, except at Cray, near London, the only one in England. The real object of Robert Peel, in taking this piece of cloth to be printed, was alleged, however, to be a desire to see the process. In this he was disappointed; the works were kept secret. Such being the case, he induced Mr. Harry Garland, son of the Manchester warehouseman, to take note of the Cray print-works when he next went to London with his father's pack-horses, and if possible to procure some of the patterns, colors, gums, and printing-blocks. The first visit of Harry Garland to Blackburn, after attending to this business, was on that day near Whitsuntide, 1765. On the afternoon of that day (I was told it was so, but it might have been on another day), James Hargreaves was "at play," as the weavers termed it, for want of weft. His wife had given birth to an infant, and was still in bed, and could not spin. The spinning women were all too well employed to give him weft, except as a very great favor, though highly paid; and, now that he was a married man, favors were not so readily obtained. Besides, under ordinary circumstances, his wife could spin more weft than most other women. She was such an extraordinary spinner for diligence and speed, that people called her "Spinning Jenny."

James at last determined to step across "the waste" and the stone quarry to Peel Fold, and borrow weft. Neighbour Peel he knew to be a careful man: doubtless he would have enough for the lads (Edmund, Robert, and Jonathan, who were on the loom—William was otherwise employed), and might have some to spare. True, he was a shade beyond being careful—he was narrow; but James Hargreaves had taught the boys how to use the fly-shuttle—a recent invention of the Brothers Kay of Bury. He hoped, therefore, they would not refuse a loan of some weft.*

James reasoned rightly. He was accommodated with weft, and invited to partake of their frugal supper. Had you been present while the rustic mess was preparing, and Hargreaves was employed in sorting out and counting the copes of weft, you would have observed that the kitchen in which you sat was large enough to hold two looms, a carding stock, a reel, and other implements of in-door and out-door labour, with space still unoccupied. You would have seen the reeds and headles to be used in the looms when required, hanging from the joists; the oatmeal bannock, (the common bread in Lincolnshire in those days), hanging over spars like leather; bundles of yarn; bacon, for family use and for sale; some books, of which one was the Holy Bible, covered with untanned calf skin, the hair outside—a part of the same skin which Robert Peel wore for a waistcoat. You would have seen that he wore a coat of home-spun wool, undyed; breeches of the same, tied at the

*The weft of a web is the cross threads wound into copes or "pirns," and placed in the shuttle, the warp is the longitudinal threads.

knee with leather thongs; an apron of flannel; stockings made of the undyed wool of a black and a white sheep, mixed; clogs, made of leather above, and wood and iron below; a brown felt hat, once black, turned up behind and at the sides, and pointed before. His sons were dressed in the same manner, except that they had buckles at their knees instead of leather thongs, and waistcoats of stuff like their mother's linsey-woolsey gown, instead of calf-skin. You would have seen or heard that Mrs. Peel trod the stone floor in wooden-soled clogs, while the clat-clatting of little Anne gave the same intimation. On seeing the family seated around the table uncovered, you would have observed, by their golden-tinged hair, short and curly, that they still retained the Scandinavian temperament of their Danish ancestors, who, as rovers of the sea, are supposed to have brought the lineage and name of Peel to England. Their neighbour Hargreaves, you would have seen, was a short, broadly-formed man, with hard black hair. He did not stand above five feet five; Robert Peel stood five feet eleven inches, rather more.

Being seated, and seeing his wife sit down, he said, "'Lizabeth, are you ready?" to which she, having put a portion of the supper on a platter, to cool for the younger children, and lifted her finger in sign of admonition to be silent and still, answered, "Say away, Robert," and bowed her head. The father looked around, and, seeing that his children had bent their heads and were still, bowed his own, and addressed himself to the Most High. He besought a blessing on their food, on all their actions, on all their varied ways through life, and for mercy to their manifold sins. To which they all said, "Amen."

Soon after William, the eldest son, came in from Blackburn. He said, Harry Garland and other chapmen had come as far as the Pack Horse, at the Brook, but had gone in there, and he thought Garland was not much short of tipsy; they had been drinking at the Black Bull in Blackburn before starting. Saying which, he asked, "Mother, is there no supper for me?" She replied, "In t' oven; in t' dish; dinnot fear but thy share were set by for thee."

Presently the dogs, Brock and Flowery, began to bark, and the sound told they were running up the path toward the plantation. This indicated the approach of a stranger. Anne and little Lawrence ran, spoons in hand, their clogs clattering on the stones, and returned in a fright, saying it was a man who wore a red coat, and with a sword in his hand; and he was like to cut off the heads of Brock and Flowery with it for barking at him. Upon which, William observed, he dared say it was Harry Garland. Robert, the third son, laid down his spoon, saying he would call in the dogs. But his father bade him stay; he would go himself, and went. It was Harry Garland. Mr. Peel, desiring to speak with him privately about the printing at Cray, took him into another apartment. They remained there more than an hour. The girl and the youngest boy looked through the keyhole, and, returning to the kitchen, said, the stranger was showing father such beautiful paper, and such a curious piece of wood, and such lovely things. But their mother interrupted them, saying, "Howd thee tongue, and sit thee down." James Hargreaves, thinking correctly enough, that his presence stood in the way of some private business, took the copes of weft in his apron, and went home. Presently the private conference was at an end, and the visitor, with Mr. Peel, went to the kitchen.

Harry Garland was a handsome young man, in his twentieth year. He had dark brown hair, tied behind with blue ribbon; clear, mirthful eyes; boots which reached above his knees; a broad-skirted scarlet coat, with gold lace on the cuffs, the collar, and the skirts, and a long waistcoat of blue silk. His breeches were buckskin; his hat was three-cornered, set jauntily higher on the right than on the left side. In his breast-pockets he carried loaded pistols, and, dangling from his waistbelt, a short, heavy sword, sufficiently strong to cut the branches from a tree, or kill a highwayman. He thus appeared on ordinary days in the dress and accoutrements which a Manchester chapman only wore on holidays, or at a wedding, or at church. Mr. Peel had invited him, when in the private apartment, to stay all night; but no, he must be in Blackburn, he said, to go early in the morning to Preston. Besides, he had friends at the Pack Horse, down at the Brook, awaiting his return. Would William, Edmund, and Robert step that length with him? Their father, answering, said "No, they cannot go out." They inclined to go: the smart dress of the handsome Harry Garland, his lively conversation, his knowledge of the social and commercial world, so far exceeding theirs, inclined them to his company. But their father had said "No." they said nothing.

Robert Peel had work for himself and his sons which required to be done that night. He accordingly called them together, and said it was not so much that he objected to their being with Garland, though doubtless they might find more profitable company, as truly as they might find worse; but he had objected to their going out because there was work to do. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business," he quoted, "he shall stand before kings." He then told them to get the hand-barrow, the sledge-hammer, the iron wedges, the pinch (an iron lever), the two crowbars, and the pick, and that-perhaps they might also require the spade. They put the wedges, hammer, and pick on the barrow, and Anne and Lawrence on the top of them. William and Edmund took their places upon the shafts;

their father went on before with the spade under his arm, Robert with him, walking sturdily with the iron lever on his shoulder. It was a clear moonlight night. When they came to the quarry, they removed some surface earth and rubbish, and, having laid bare a stratum of rock likely to split into slabs, they began to use the pick. They marked a surface of solid stone five feet long and twenty inches wide, or thereabout. They made a series of incisions along the line, about five inches apart, into which they set the iron wedges. After tapping them gently, to make their points lay hold, Mr. Peel, who was the steadiest hand at the large hammer swung it round his head, and gave each of the wedges a blow in turn, until the block was rent from the mass, as desired. The points of the pick and lever were then inserted in the rent. The crowbars, unfortunately, were found to be short and powerless. The father and two of the sons laid all their weight and strength on the long pinch; another worked the pick as a lever, and poised the block outward and upward. Jonathan had a small hard stone ready, and Anne another a little larger. The smallest was dropped, as directed, into the opening. Then they let go with the levers, and took a deeper hold, the small hard stone keeping the block from subsiding to its place. Having got a deeper hold, they gave their united weight and strength to the leverage again, and the opening being wider, Anne dropped in the larger of the hard stones. Again they let the block rest, and, getting a still deeper hold, they poised it upward and outward farther, and Jonathan, having got a larger hard stone, dropped it in. By two other holds and rests, conducted in like manner, they overturned the block, two and-twenty inches thick, or thereabout, to its side. On examining it all round, and detecting no break nor flaw, they estimated that, could they split it into four equal slabs of five and a half inches thick, they would have as many stone tables as were required. To split the block into four slabs, it was necessary to make three rows of incisions with the pick, into which to introduce the wedges. This was done, and the slabs being split, were dressed a little at the ends and sides. Turning one of them on edge, they placed the hand-barrow on edge beside it, and brought barrrow and stone down, the stone uppermost, as desired. Turning it crossways, that its ends should project to the sides, and enable one at each end to attach his sustaining strength, Robert and Edmund were allotted to that duty. Their father and William, as the stronger of the four, took their places between the shafts—the father behind, William before. They got it out of the quarry by the exercise of sheer strength. But to get it over the steps going out of the waste into the plantation, required skill and caution as well as strength. It was both difficult and dangerous. Nor were they clear of danger going down the path which led athwart the slope. Their feet had a tendency to slip, and the stone naturally slid to the lowest side; but the youth who had charge of that end kept it up manfully. Without hurt or mishap, they got it to the kitchen door. So, in due time, they got the other three; but, before they were done, the perspiration was dripping from all the four. They sat down to rest and wipe their warm faces, and found the time was an hour past midnight.

There was not space for them all to work in the small back room at laying the slabs. The father and the two elder sons laid them at the proper height for working upon with printing blocks, as described by Harry Garland. In that room they remain at this day as then laid down. In that room the visitor still sees those slabs of stone upon which the Peels made their first essays in printing calicoes—upon which they took the first step towards that wonderful fortune of wealth and fame which then lay before them unknown.

Though the hour was late, young Robert Peel was too full of ideas about designs for the blocks he intended to carve for printing, to go to sleep. He went out to the moor in the moonlight, to gather a handful of bilberry leaves, or other foliage, which might be copied. (The first thing printed at Peel Fold was a parsley leaf) Going to the moor, the youth had to pass near the house of James Hargreaves. He saw a light in the window. Seeing a shadow moving, he halted for a moment, and that moment revealed enough to detain him half an hour. He was surprised, not alone to see the weaver up at that hour, but to see his singular, his inexplicable employment. To comprehend what that was, let us return to Garland's departure from Peel Fold, as told before.

When Harry had crossed the waste, he met James Hargreaves carrying two pails of water for domestic use, and asked him to go down the hill, and drink a "gill of ale" at the Horse. James considered a minute, set down his pails, twisted his body, rolled one shoulder forward, the other back, chipped the stones of the road with his iron-shod clogs, and confessed that he had no objection to a gill of ale at the Horse, were it not that he had Jenny's gruel to make. But, again, there was Nan Pilkington who would make the gruel. Also, there was Charlotte Marsden at the Horse, who was always at her wheel, and Alice, her sister, who also was a spinner when not waiting on the customers; perhaps they might have weft ready which nobody had bespoke. The balance of reasons for and against going to the Horse was thus found to be in favor of going. So, taking in the water, and directing Nan Pilkington's attention to Jenny's gruel,

he called on Joe Pilkington, the singing weaver, and both went.

They joined the chapmen, from Blackburn, and were soon in a merry mood. Joe Pilkington was ready with a song at any time. Perhaps they would have sat later than the usually sober hours of James Hargreaves, had not an incident occurred which disconcerted Garland, and suggested to Hargreaves to go home. Harry had seated himself beside Charlotte Marsden, where she was spinning at the farther end of the spacious kitchen. In this apartment the company were assembled. Some who knew the lofty spirit of the beautiful Charlotte, offered to wager with Garland that he could not kiss her. The forward youth attempted the rash act without hesitation; upon which she called him an impudent moth, and, rising indignantly, overturned her spinning-wheel. It fell backward. The spindle, which before had been horizontal, the point towards the maiden's left hand stood upright. The wheel, which had been upright, and turned by her right hand (its band turning the spindle), was now horizontal. It continued to revolve in that position, and to turn the spindle. In a moment, a thought—an inspiration of thought—fixed the eyes of Hargreaves upon it. Garland pursued the indignant Charlotte out of the apartment. The company followed, urging him to the renewal of his rudeness, which, the more he tried to succeed in, the more he seemed to be baffled and humiliated. In their absence, James Hargreaves turned the wheel with his right hand, it still lying as it fell, and, drawing the roving of cotton with his left, saw that the spindle made as good a thread standing vertically as it did horizontally. "Then why," his inspiration of thought suggested, "should not many spindles, all standing upright, all moved by a band crossing them from the wheel, like this single spindle, each with a bobbin on it, and a roving of cotton attached, and something like the finger and thumb, which now take hold of the one roving, to lay hold of them all, and draw them backward from the spindles into attenuated threads? Why should not many spindles be moved, and threads be spun, by the same wheel and band which now spin only one?"

Hearing the company return, some saying the young chapman had succeeded in snatching a kiss from Charlotte, others denying it; he almost breathless, asserting the fact, and Charlotte restoring her hair to order, her lovely face flushed between anger at his impudence, and vexation that she had once unguardedly spoken in the hearing of some persons present—what she sincerely believed—that he was the handsomest youth that had ever been seen in the Pack Horse Inn: hearing the company return, James Hargreaves lifted the wheel to its feet, placed the roving in its right place, and said, "Sit thee down, Charlotte; let him see thee spin; who can tell what may come of this!" Then, after a pause and a reflection, that he should retain his new ideas as secrets of his own at present, he continued, "Thou may be his wife, more unlikely things have happened; it will be a fine thing to be lady of all that owd Billy Garland may leave some day."

"Wife, indeed!" interjected the vexed maiden, "the moth! Wife, indeed! who would be wife to *it?*"

"Weel," said James, "be that as it may; but I mun go whoam; my wife thinks whoam the best place for me, and I think so mysen.

Remarks were made as to why he was going so soon. But Harry Garland had lost spirit after the conflict, and felt the scorn of the maiden more keenly than any reproof which had ever fallen upon his impudence before. He was not in a humour to solicit James Hargreaves to remain; so they parted.

James had reached home two or three hours before young Robert Peel observed the light in his window. On the lad approaching the window, the weaver was standing motionless. Suddenly he dropped upon his knees, and rolled upon the stone floor at full length. He lay with his face towards the floor, and made lines and circles with the end of a burned stick. He rose, and went to the fire to burn his stick. He took hold of his bristly hair with one hand, and rubbed his forehead and nose with the other and the blackened stick. Then he sat upon a chair, and placed his head between his hands, his elbows on his knees, and gazed intently on the floor. Then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble questions of his wife (who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger) by a loud assurance that he had it; and, taking her in his sturdy arms, in the blankets, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out, and held her over the black drawings on the floor. These he explained, and she joined a small, hopeful, happy laugh with his high-toned assurance, that she should never again toil at the spinning wheel—that she would never again "play," and have his loom standing for want of weft. She asked some questions, which he answered, after seating her in the arm-chair, by laying her spinning wheel on its back, the horizontal spindle standing vertically, while he made the wheel revolve, and drew a roving of cotton from the spindle into an attenuated thread. Then he took her in his arms, and returned her and the baby to bed, and kissed her affectionately, and once more took the baby out, and made it cry with his hard beard. "Our fortune is made when that is made," he said, speaking of his drawings on the floor.

"What will you call it?" asked his wife.

"Call it? What an we call it after thysen, Jenny! They called thee "Spinning Jenny" afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass

in Stanehill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it "Spinning Jenny?"

It was all a mystery to Robert Peel. He went home with his bilberry leaves, and went to bed, wondering if Hargreaves were out of his mind, or if he, too, were inventing some thing, or about to make experiments in some new process of working.

The principle of spinning by rollers, usually called Arkwright's invention, was not introduced until about four years after the invention of the jenny. Whether it was original to Arkwright, cannot now be told; but Mr. Baines of Leeds, and other diligent inquirers, have established the fact that an ingenious man, named Wyatt, erected a machine at Birmingham, and afterwards at Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire, twenty years before Arkwright evolved his idea, which was in principle the same, namely, that a pair of rollers, with slow motion, drew in a roving of cotton, and a second pair, with an accelerated motion, drew the roving from the other. All the varieties of cotton-spinning machinery have sprung up from those two—the rollers of Wyatt (or Arkwright) and the jenny of Hargreaves. A farmer, named Samuel Crompton, living at Hall-i'-th'-wood, near Bolton, was the first to combine them in one machine; this was called the "mule."

Returning to the Peel family, we see Robert, the son, following the printing of calicoes with enthusiasm. He obtains lessons at Bamber Bridge. We see his father engaged in constructing a machine for carding cotton into rovings, preparatory to spinning. Instead of two flat cards set full of small wiry teeth, the one card to work over the other, this machine of Robert Peel the elder is a cylinder covered with such wiry teeth. It revolves, and a flat card with a vertical motion works upon it. The carding by cylinders obtains to this day; and there is no reason to doubt that it was invented at Peel Fold. It was, however, first erected for use at Brookside, a mile distant, for the convenience of water power. You look down upon the place called Brookside from Stanehill Moor, your face turned to the south-west. There, also, Mr. Peel and his sons erected the first of Hargreaves' spinning-jennies, which was set in motion by water power, they being previously moved by hand.

It was now, 1766, that the murmurs of the spinning women ripened to acts of violence. At first the men were pleased with the jenny, which gave eight threads of weft instead of one; but, when it threatened to supersede hand-spinning altogether, they joined with the women in resisting its use. They marched out of Blackburn in mobs, and broke all the jennies, reduced the works at Brookside to absolute wreck, and levelled the house of James Hargreaves at Stanehill Moor with the ground. Hargreaves, his wife and child, fled for their lives, first to Manchester, and then to Nottingham. After many difficulties, he obtained the assistance of a person named Strutt, and the jenny was brought into use at Nottingham (1766-67,) also at Derby. Mr. Strutt made a fortune out of it, which, with his sagacity, integrity, and business habits, has descended to the eminent family who still bear that name at Derby. It has been said that James Hargreaves died a pauper at Nottingham. This was repeated in books for many years, but more recent investigation has proved that, though neither so rich as the Strutts, Peels, or Arkwrights, he was not a pauper. In his will he bequeathed £4000 to relatives.

When the buildings and machinery were demolished at Brookside, the mob proceeded to Altham, six miles distant, and destroyed the works which William Peel, the eldest son, had erected there. Everywhere the Peels were hunted for the next twelve months. At last the father turned his back on Lancashire, and took up his abode at Burton-on-Trent, in Staffordshire, where he established both spinning and printing. Meanwhile Robert, the third son, was diligently fulfilling an apprenticeship with the Bamber Bridge printers already named. When at liberty to enter upon business for himself, he selected a green, sunny spot, with abundance of water, close to the town of Bury, in Lancashire. His brothers did the same, at the hamlet of Church, near to which has since arisen the thriving and populous town of Accrington.

The wonderful success of the whole family of the Peels as merchants, manufacturers, and calico printers, is a part of the industrial history of Britain. Nothing more can be done here than to name it. Robert, from the magnitude of his works at Bury, and from his political tendencies, became the best known. He married the daughter of Mr. Yates, one of his partners in business, and by her had a large family.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE SPELLS.

Deep are the spells of the fairy dells,
And gay are the fays around,
As they dance by night in the pale moonlight,
In their own enchanted ground;
But *deeper* than spells of the fairy dells,
Are those in woman's power,
When, by Love's dear light, her charms, so bright,
Are seen in the twilight hour.

Deep is the store of magic lore,
And the charm which the wizard weaves,
When the *book of might* to his eye of light,
Unlocks its spell-bound leaves;
But in woman's looks, more than magic books,
The light of magic dwells,
When her eye's soft beam' by some storied stream,
Its tale of passion tells!

Oh! the wizard's rod, more than fabled god,
O'er human hearts has power,
And pains, and tears, through troubled years,
Are all the victim's dower,
But not in fear, or pain, or tear,
Dear woman's empire lies,
But in the wand, of her snow-white hand,
Which fairy power defies!

They say the skies, with their starry eyes,
Look far into future days,
And if their light we drink by night,
We catch prophetic rays;
But let ME drink, at the fountain's brink,
The light of some loved one's eye,
And her smile shall teem, with prophetic beam,
Of bright futurity!
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.*

CHAPTER IV.

"To Zoar," said to himself the ardent youth, 'I go without tarrying, and surely some of the righteous in that city will return with me to Sodom, so that, peradventure, ten persons may be found therein such as my God loveth, so that the city and my Tirzah be saved.

South-west of the five cities—Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Zoar—was the little city of Zoar. It stood upon a very gentle eminence, just jutting up from the plain, and immediately in the shadow of that great wilderness of mountains which extends to the Red Sea. It was peopled by a race, who, sprung originally from the hills, had retained much of the pastoral simplicity and virtue of their ancestors. They worshipped, although with rude rites, the true God. Practising polygamy, they yet avoided and detested the abominable practices of Sodom, and the gross intemperance of Gomorrah. The tie connecting them with the four cities was slender; civil war was more than once on the point of breaking out, and Zoar more than once was in danger of destruction at the hands of its sister towns. But its inhabitants, though few, were strong and courageous, while their brethren lay wolved in sin, and their envy was as lazy as it was voluminous, resembling a half-stupefied snake, opening heavy eyes of rage at its enemy, and lolling out a forked tongue, harmless as painted lightning. Zoar, besides, was linked in league with Salem and with Abraham, and protected by the awe of their names.

As Irad hastens along, he is aware of a sudden light on the left hand, immediately above the cities of the plain. He deems at first that it is the glory of the Lord returned, and he pauses to behold it. But he soon perceives a far different spectacle. That is a huge mass of light, or fire, in the shape of a serpent, with a head from whose jagged jaws protrudes a tongue of livid blue, and on whose brow shine, as it were, two angry stars, looking downwards upon the earth. It seemed waiting to spring at and devour some object beneath it, and its tail and its tongue quivered as with eager rage. But while Irad gazes, it is dislimned like an evening cloud, and becomes a round mass, forming the likeness of a great city, on which tongues of fire are dropping down, and through whose streets men are running with frantic gestures; and Irad knows the city to be Sodom. But scarce can he draw his suspended breath till again the figure changes, and the serpent reappears now not looking to earth, but lifting up in triumph its eyes and horrid crest to heaven. Another look, and all is darkness.

Resolute, although appalled, Irad hastens on, for love and fear are wings too swift to be stayed. And now he sees the lights of Zoar shining in front. But he becomes also aware of a shadow, like that of a man gliding along before him. He tries to overtake him, but in vain; and when he approaches the gate of Zoar, the figure turns round, and he perceives an angel, armed with a fiery sword, and with eyes full of a sterner fire. Awful entreaty sits on his lips, and on his brow a gentle but decisive frown. Irad stops, for the angel has placed himself right across the path, and he dares not proceed. "Return, Irad," says the angel, "the gates of Zoar are shut till to-morrow, and to thee shall never be opened. *It is too late.*" And as he spoke, he waved the flaming brand over Irad's head, and the youth shrunk back, for even desperate resolve proved unavailing against the terror of an angel's brow, and sword, and eye. "Back to Sodom," said the voice, "and there await thy time." And, in deep grief, and staggering through disappointment as through drunkenness, he retreads his steps toward the fated cities.

He finds the gates of Sodom open, and enters in. At first, he is astonished at the unwonted silence of the streets, which seem deserted by their inhabitants. But, as he passes on, and nears the centre of the city, he hears loud shouts, and sees a glare of torches, and, led by the light, he reaches a street, into which the whole inhabitants of the town seem collected, so great and dense was the throng. Mingling with the crowd, he soon ascertains the cause of the tumult. The house before which they are convened is that of Lot. Two strangers had entered at eventide, and the multitude are demanding them, that they may gratify their passions on their persons. And Irad saw under the light of the torches the faces of the human fiends of Sodom collected into one detestable mass. It was a hellish sight: Children were there, far gone in vice, and familiar with every abominable practice. Women were there, fomenting the fury of their mates. Old grey-headed sinners stood foremost at the door, beating it with clubs, and crying out for the giving up of the strangers. Torches flickered, swords and hatchets flashed, oaths and imprecations, too tremendous to be recorded, mingled with the shouts; and, as the crowd swayed back and forward, like a wave, around the door of Lot, children and women were trampled under feet, and the cries of their unregarded death completed the harmony of hell, which went up through the darkness. And most fearful of all to Irad, from a window of the street, and commanding a view of the whole, appeared the white grinning tusk and serpent eye of Caphtorim, like an evil spirit of the scene.

At last the door opens, and Lot appears, entreating parley. He offers them his two daughters, but the offer is spurned; and they are about to

* Continued from page 61, vol. ii.

seize him, and prevent his retreat, when lo! the door, which he had shut behind him, flies open, and, to Irad's unspeakable astonishment, two of the three faces he had seen at Mamre look forth upon the multitude, their hands pluck in Lot within the door, and it closes with a sound like thunder. That one fierce, flashing look sends instant blindness upon the foremost of the rioters, and terror upon all. There is silence for a moment, but it is speedily broken by loud cries of fear and fury from the blinded, as they stagger and stumble over each other, in vain efforts to reach the door. The torches drop from the palsied hands of those that bear them; but, as if to supply a new and awful light for the reeling street, the great Serpent, Irad had seen on the way to Zoar, flashes out once more in the midnight heaven, and shows to him the countenance of Caphtorim, pale as death, who from his window, seems to perceive Irad, and dart on him a look of significance and recognition.

CHAPTER V.

The sight of the Serpent, following the look of the faces, completed the dispersion of the Sodomites. All, save those who were blinded, saw it, and all rushed to hide themselves from its eyes. In vain did Caphtorim cry on them to return and force the door. In vain did Caphtorim, driven desperate, curse them by his gods as cowards and traitors. They melted away like snow; and Irad, too, leaves the spot, and walks slowly through the Serpent-lighted streets. An hour or two passes, and all in the city becomes silent, except the step of the unhappy youth, in whose heart love to Tirzah, fear for her father, darkness and uncertainty are tumultuously contending. What shall he do? Now he resolves to rush homewards, and now deep love and intense curiosity as to the fate of the city retard his steps. The words of the angel, "Back to Sodom, and there await thy time," ring in his ears. Often, too, he stops short in his walk to look up to the meteor, which still shines above, shedding an infernal day over the deserted streets, and making the smallest crumb of earth distinctly visible. At length it disappears, and is succeeded by utter darkness, as if it had swallowed up, in its departure, all the stars!

Wearied and worn, Irad is about to lie down and sleep till dawn, when suddenly three men, who had approached noiselessly, and favoured by the darkness, leap upon him, and carry him away. He asks them whither they are bearing him; but they give him no reply. He knows, however, but too well that he is in the power of Caphtorim, and feels that his doom is near. After passing through some of the streets, they pause before the door of a stately building, and Irad is led into the chamber where he had been on his first journey to the cities of the plain. In it, as he expected, there sat his old enemy; but his appearance was strangely changed. He seemed convulsed by some secret terror, which he sought in vain to conceal and gnaw down. He now rose, and now sat, and now walked to and fro through the apartment. Goblets of wine stood on the table, from which he drank ever and anon large draughts. His hands were stained with spots of blood. He looked at Irad, but for a season spoke not. At last drawing a deep breath, compressing his lips, and clenching his hands, he said, "Irad the hour is come when Sodom is to be destroyed." And then he told him that he now knew it was all over for ever with the cities of the plain. It was not merely that there had been divers earthquakes, nor that once and again had the sign of the Serpent appeared over the city, but it was that he had seen those fearful faces at the door of Lot, which he knew were not of earth, and which told him that all was lost. "Yes," he shrieked out, as he pointed to the street, "Jehovah the avenger is in the city. But the time presses, and you must flee with me and with Tirzah to the dwelling of Melchisedec, and he peradventure will have power to save me. Caphtorim is not my name, nor is Melchisedec his. He is my brother Shem, and I am Ham, who laughed at the nakedness of my father Noah, and have found my punishment greater than I can bear."

While he said this, the old man cast down his face to the ground, as if afraid of the countenance of the youth, and then hurried out of the apartment.

Irad is amazed at the tidings. This then is Ham, the giant, the magician, the enemy of God, reputed to have murdered his son Misraim, and to have perished by his own hand in Africa. But how is he connected with Tirzah, and whence his bitter hatred at Melchisedec and Irad? And why has he changed his name, and come to the cities of the plain?

While perplexing himself with such questions, the door opens, and, beautiful, in tears, but troubled as the moon in halo, Tirzah enters the chamber She cried out to Irad, "The morning cometh, and also the night. Within a few hours, Sodom is to be destroyed, and we must now flee for our lives. Ere morning we, and you with us, must leave this dwelling to return no more. But thou Irad, art yet in darkness. Sit thee down for a little season, and I will tell thee my story, and thine also, and that of him who has been to me a father, but to thee a bitter foe." And she smiled on him through her tears, and he sat down; and, as he gazed and listened, her words seemed sweeter than honey, even the honey which drippeth from the comb.

And yet the tale she told was grievous and strange. She said that in Africa, where Ham and Misraim his son had repaired after the dispersion of the human race at Babel, and where they founded a kingdom, two sons were born unto Misraim—Caphtorim and Ludim. A deadly enmity arose between Ham and his son, whom he loved at last less than even Canaan, who had long before left him, and founded a kingdom in Palestine. In this strife, Ludim took the part of his father Misraim, while Caphtorim befriended his grandfather Ham. A battle was fought, in which both Ludim and Caphtorim were left for dead, and Ham fled, carrying off, through the treachery of a servant, the only son of Ludim—a child, whose name was Irad—as well as the infant daughter of Caphtorim, named Tirzah. His object in seizing upon Irad was to prevent him succeeding to the throne of his father Misraim, as well as to grieve that father's spirit, who indeed, died shortly after. But Tirzah he loved for the sake of Caphtorim, his favorite grandson, and became to her as a father. Repairing to the neighbourhood of Sodom he employed the female slave who had stolen away

Irad, to drown him in the waters of the Jordan. But the little one had won her heart, and, instead of obeying Ham's cruel command, she exposed him by night at the door of Melchisedec, who received him, and brought him up as a son. Nor was it till she was dying, years after, that she told Ham what she had done, and once, before Irad visited Sodom, while journeying northward, he saw, and knew, and hated the noble boy. Ham had brought much gold with him from Africa, and, having assumed his grandson's name, took up his abode in Sodom, and animated by hatred at God on account of his curse, he stirred up the minds of the people against Jehovah, and inflamed all their evil passions, till the name of Sodom became a horror and a stench in many lands. He had heard of the purpose determined against the city, but partly disbelieved it and partly employed himself in desperate magical researches, and efforts to counteract it. When he beheld, however, the faces at the door of Lot, and when his efforts to arouse the people to tear down the house failed, his iron sinews were loosened, and he felt compelled reluctantly to flee—to cast himself on the mercy of Melchisedec, who was his brother Shem, and to take Tirzah and Irad as a twofold peace-offering along with him. Upon returning, however, to his own house, he retired to his secret chamber, and tried an augury which he had learned from an old magician, a descendant of Cain, who had been drowned in the flood. Slaying with his own hand one of his slaves, he poured out his blood into a vessel of cabalistic formation, and, having darkened the chamber all to one lamp, which was human fat, and pronounced certain magical words, he leaned down over it, and saw in miniature the transactions of the next day mirrored on the gore. *What* he saw need not now be named, save that he knew the horror of the day that was at hand, and judged that if he fled ere the dawning he might escape. When this was done, he despatched three of his slaves in search of Irad, and had now commissioned Tirzah to tell him the strange tale, and to prepare him for the events of the morrow.

CHAPTER VI.

EAGERLY did the youth look and listen, as Tirzah told him this wondrous story. But while he had only eyes and ears for *her*, she frequently looked to the window, which was toward the east, and whence she feared the dawn would break too soon. And her soft, bright eye seemed to Irad as beautiful as the eye of the Morning Star, looking at the sun, ere he has risen upon the nations, and trembling on its high watch-tower at its solitary vision. But as he gazed, and when her tale was ended, the old man rushed into the room, and cried in haste, "Arise, let us be going; it is little more than an hour till the sun appear over the mountains of Moab, and it has been told me, that if I leave not Sodom before the *cock crow*, I must perish in the city. Help me, Irad in this great strait, and I will give thee Tirzah the beautiful to be thy wife."

At the words of the old man both started to their feet, and followed him into the open air. He told them that his slaves were on before with part of his treasures, and that they must hasten after. It was yet the dusk before the dawning, but the stars enabled them to find their way. All was silent in the streets. Not a light shone at the windows. Hell was asleep. Speaking not a word, but with rapid step and anxious look cast ever and anon to the east, Ham led the way. The northern gate of the city is in sight; it has been left unguarded; a few steps more, and they shall have passed through in safety. He relaxes for a moment his pace, and, turning to Irad, his face assumes its old expression of malignant triumph—a look which said to the youth a thousand terrible things, when hark! from a perch at their very side, loud and shrill, the cock crows; and while Ham pauses in fear, on the right hand, like the leap of a giant, an hour before his time, "the sun rose upon Sodom" and on him, and, with one grin of powerless defiance at his hated beams, Ham reels, totters, and falls to the ground.

"He is dead," cried Tirzah, with a shriek; but as she bends over him, she finds that he still breathes. To Tirzah he turns for a moment a glance of love; but when Irad, too, leans over, and tries to help him, the whole fury and hatred of his nature concentred in a frown hideous to behold, and muttering, "A few moments more, and thou hadst been mine for ever," he expires.

Irad would now have urged Tirzah to continue her flight, but grief for a season palsied her limbs, and surprise glued his steps too to the spot. And while they both tarried, Sodom awoke around them; its streets began to throng with multitudes, preparing for the business or pleasures of the day. Never did a richer light bathe its towers and idol-temples. Men, meeting each other, said, "How bright the sky! how beautiful upon the mountains the sun's feet of fire! Surely he has risen earlier to shine on our festival to-day, when Lot and his daughters are be be burned in the flames."

And soon even the suburban street, where the two lovers continued to watch the dead, was filled with people, for the tidings spread that Caphtorim, as he fled, had died—tidings which shaded without eclipsing the wild and general joy of that mad morning, the maddest in the whole history of the infatuated city.

Another hour passes, and still the sun is bright; and many are laughing at the sign of the Serpent, at which they had trembled overnight, and beginning even to forget the scorching and blinding look of the faces at the door of Lot, and are calling Caphtorim, what he called *them*, a coward, in seeking to flee. But now two other rumours fly over the cities: first, their wise men cannot deny nor explain the fact, that the morning has dawned *an hour before the usual time*, and that there is something strange and fearful in its splendour; and next, the house of Lot is found empty, and one man, on his way from a distant journey, had, at the western gate of the city, met him, his wife, and his daughters, parting with two strangers, who were clad in white apparel, and whose eyes were so bright as to affright him, and travelling on in great haste. Nay, as the question arises "Who is he that has seen them?" the man himself answers it by running frenzied through the streets, crying out, "Depart ye! depart ye! I have seen—I have seen the angel of the Lord! Yet two hours, and Sodom and Gomorrah shall be destroyed!" "Stop

him," became the counter-cry; and one (the same one who seized Irad by the hair of the head, and dragged him to the pit of fire) stepping lightly forward, hamstrung the prophet with his sword, and, after striking him again to death, waved it wildly above his head, and cried, "I have choked the liar in his own blood." Acclamations succeeded his words; the multitude pass on their way, and the sounds of business and incipient revelry are renewed.

Some of the bystanders, at the instance of Tirzah, now lift the body of Ham, and begin to carry it toward his house. Irad had signed to his beloved to leave the city with him, but her keen eye had noticed that a company of Sodomites, upon the tidings of Lot's departure, silently seized upon the northern gate, as if to prevent all access in that direction. Reluctantly he is compelled to follow the body of his chief foe through the streets. Sodom gathers around the dead as he passes, and slowly does he pace the road he had traversed so quickly two hours before. Confusion, riot, and every evil work in the city, find a sudden centre in the corpse of Caphtorim. Not a tear is shed, for, though feared and obeyed, he was not beloved, but frantic dances, wild laughter, curses loud and deep, looks of defiance cast up to the heavens, obscene jests, and other unutterable enormities, surround the funeral, and form a fitting tribute to the departed—the flowers of his children cast upon the corpse of their terrific father! At length they reach the square of the city, and the Unknown who had killed the prophet cries, that the body should lie in that place till it was high noon, and that then the rites of sepulture, only paid to kings, should be discharged to it. And there on the altar reared to Baal, surrounded by thousands, with his face black and swollen, the frown and grin of death extant upon his features, his long white beard floating on his breast, like foam on a midnight river, reclines the Giant of the Curse till the hour of noon should arrive.

Ham had not been the actual King of Sodom; but the influence he exerted over the people, his lavish use of money, the mystery which hung around him, and the strange rumours which floated as to his name, his past history, his wealth, and the crimes committed in his dwelling, made him the real sovereign of the cities, whose monarchs, besides, were feeble and luxurious persons, sunk in sensuality, and who had long been unable or unwilling to apply an effectual curb to the excesses of their subjects. He, therefore, as *the* dead king, now lay on the altar in the public square, receiving the homage of the loyalty of that doomed people, who begin, as they kneel, or move restlessly, or dance, or wail in wild music around his corpse, to feel obscurely that, in losing him, they have lost the last bulwark between them and destruction.

But this feeling is speedily exchanged for another—a fiercer and a final! On the northern side of the square, a sudden bustle is heard. Cries next arise, as of one who is coming on reluctantly, and of those who are compelling him to come; and when the crowd disparts, behold a company dragging forward an old man, whom Irad perceives to be Melchisedec.

"Here is our great foe," they exclaim; "we found him at the gates, asking for one whom he called his son, and who was lost; and we, telling him that we would bring him to where his son was, seized on him and came hither; and now shall he not perish?"

"Yea," cried the unknown murderer of the prophet, "and his son with him"—pointing to Irad as he spoke; "for there is the man. He, too, like Melchisedec, fears Jehovah, and we must burn them both to the shade of Caphtorim, and in the room of Lot and his daughters."

Hideous was the howl, like that of ravening wolves, which now broke from the multitude, as they bound the youth beside the aged man—Tirzah in vain seeking and praying for their lives, or at least that she might die along with them. Immediately beside the altar on which Ham was blackening in death another altar is erected, and on it are stretched the twain, who, sublimed far beyond fear, are looking recognition, peace, and love, into each other's eyes. The Unknown, holding in one hand the weeping Tirzah, whom he eyes with seeming regard, tells meanwhile the bystanders to prepare quickly the materials of the burning. "Behold," he adds, "the burnt offering Baal has sent us to the memory of Caphtorim, his true worshipper! Nay," he shouts again, "behold I show you, ye men of Sodom, a strange thing; Caphtorim is Ham the father of us all, and I am the real Caphtorim, who was said to be dead in Africa, and am the father of this fair maiden. It was I who met thee, Irad, on the streets of the city, when thou first wanderest in it a stranger. It was I who made thine enemy know who thou wert, after I had followed thy steps, and had seen thee, myself unseen, meeting him at the western gate of the city. I hate thee, because I hated thy father, and because thou darest to love her! And this Melchisedec," continued Caphtorim to the throng, "is Shem, the eldest son of Noah, the enemy of Ham; and I swear by that bright sun above me—even by the great Baal himself—that he and Irad shall die ere it be the hour of noon. As he spoke, he raised his right hand toward the sun, when, as if in mockery of the action, the *appearance of a man's hand, black as sackcloth of hair, passes over the orb, and quenches him in darkness.*

Shrieks of horror burst from the crowd. The hands and knees of the men who are preparing the materials for the martyrdom quake, and even Caphtorim's firm grasp of his daughter is loosened for a moment, and the maiden bounds forward, and throws herself on the funereal pyre beside her beloved. But her father's courage comes rushing back instantly to his heart, and he cries aloud, "'Tis but an eclipse. It will soon pass away, and the sun break forth again." And scarce has he uttered the words, till pass away it does, and the sun does re-appear. But *such a sun.* Beamless, troubled, and torn, he seems dissolving over their heads into showers of blood and flame; and as they gaze upwards—*now* rather fascinated and bewildered than in active terror—there is first felt an intolerable heat, which glares and glazes over their upturned countenances, and then there drops again the curtain of the darkness; and then again it opens, and there appear large flakes and tongues of yellow fire, descending as if from the sun, and sinking upon the crowd; and when they draw near, and begin to

touch their faces and their bodies, many of which are naked, there arises a yell like that of all the fiends, and the multitudes spring up and rush tumultuously away, many through the streets, more to their own houses; and as the snowfire unfastens the bonds without touching the bodies of the three upon the unkindled pyre, Melchisedec stands erect, lifts up his hands to the fire foaming sun, and in a solemn voice exclaims, "It is fire and brimstone *from the Lord out of heaven*. Baal is the Lord's servant to-day, and has destroyed his worshippers. Just and righteous art thou, O Lord God of Hosts!"

Soon the rushing crowds feel who is in pursuit It is the Living Fire—meeting them in every street—pursuing them into every house—outrunning the swiftest—consuming the strongest. As it runs, it weds the whirlwind, which tosses its waves to and fro, and forms them into momentary wreaths, like those of snow in the winter tempest. As it runs, it calls aloud to the earthquake, who, heaving up to meet it, makes towers and temples topple and fall, and lets out in waves and floods the bituminous sea which had long been slumbering below. Ere half the inhabitants have perished in the flames from above, the city begins to sink into the bitter waters from beneath; so that, while some are crying, in feeble hope, "The storm of fire is abating," others are shouting, in despair, "Our houses are sinking below our feet —the bitter slime is rising around us!" But no words can echo the groans, the blasphemies, and the remorseful outcries of the perishing myriads, as they are enwrapped by the flames, or go down alive into the pit.

Caphtorim, as soon as the first tiny flake of flame had touched his cheek, had fled to his grandfather's palace. He had let himself down into the dungeon in which Irad had been shut up. There he remained in coolness and safety till the earthquake gave its conclusive stamp, when, escaping with difficulty the up-rushing slime, he ran to the highest turret of the building, where Ham had often watched the stars, and sought their aid in his confederacy against God. There—although he felt the palace sinking slowly beneath him, and had now no hope of escape—he determined to take his final stand. It was free from the flames which still raged among many of the lower buildings around, although it had, during the heat of the tempest, been scorched in divers parts. That tempest had now subsided; and, as the sky was again clear, the tower commanded a wide prospect over the scene of ruin. With the calm eye of despair, Caphtorim watched the gathering sea into which his own vessel was going down. Below, lay Sodom; many of its streets sunk, and the waters rolling wildly over them—some still contending with the flames; some sinking, with roaring reverberation, amid the deep—one or two lofty buildings, like that on which he stood, free from fire, but undermined, and gradually merging into the waters. Only a few human beings were visible; some of them struggling in the surviving flames; others, floating dead upon the rising waves; and one or two perched, like himself, upon high platforms and pinnacles, awaiting the completion of the doom. The square recently so busy and crowded is now a lake. The altars and their burdens have disappeared. Westward, the fires are still careering over the other three cities; and above them there is a smoke like that of a furnace, colored into the hue of brimstone by the afternoon sun. There is discord, as well as desolation—a discord composed of subterranean noises, of the heaving of waves, the bickering of flames, the crash of buildings sinking, and a lonely human shriek here and there, which attests at once how few remain to be destroyed, and how many have perished. The smoke of Gomorrah conceals Zoar and its neighboring heights from view; but straining his eye in another direction, Caphtorim perceives, or thinks he sees, a little group of four persons pressing up the hills which lie toward Mamre, and asks, with a sensation of envy which withers his heart, "can these be Melchisedec and the rest saved by an angel from fire and the bitter waters, and hastening toward safety? May the curse of a man near to death follow their steps; yea, let Tirzah herself be cursed, with her bridegroom!"

Having thus vented his rage at the fugitives, he turns resolutely round to wait for the ghastly issue which was before himself. The afternoon slopes slowly down the west, and as each hour passes, it sees a difference in the tragic page which was now wide opened to the heavens. Fiery street after fiery street goes down hissing into the pitchy sea; tower and temple are submerged, till at last the topmost battlement of Caphtorim's house alone rises a few feet above the waters. The sun is now setting, and at the very moment that he goes down behind the smoke-darkened mountains, Caphtorim, his adorer, stretching out his arms, and crying, "O Baal, I come to thee and to my father," throws himself into the waves. The darkness of night comes rushing over the scenes and hides his drowning struggles. The waters rise angrily above his corpse and above the tower on which he so lately stood, and the *last survivor* of Sodom has been engulphed, and the guilty city has become a weltering sea of brine, which in its everlasting moanings has ever since been proclaiming to all who have ears to hear the evil of that abominable thing God hates, and the fierceness of the hatred he bears to it—the extent to which human wickedness can go, and the existence of a point beyond which it can go no farther —the madness of man, and the justice and severity, so full of mercy, of the great God.

Saved from the flames, Melchisedec, Irad, and Tirzah returned to Salem. The lovers were soon after wedded by the priestly hand of the aged patriarch. He, after a season, fell asleep, and was succeeded in his just and benevolent sovereignty by Irad, who faithfully followed his steps. Happy in life, and not divided long in death, were the gentle pair. But, sitting under their vine and fig-tree in peace and safety, their thoughts not unfrequently reverted to the strange and fearful circumstances which attended their first meeting, and more than once, along with their children, they visited the Dead Sea, and, as they walked along its dreary brink, and heard its waters speaking to themselves with the sullen rapture of gratified vengeance—in low and thrilling tones, they told them this tale of the "Cities of the Plain."—*Hogg's Instructor.*

NOTE—The notion that Melchisedec was Shem, is one held by several commentators, and it seems as probable

as any other. The names of Caphtorim, Misraim, &c., are all real and connected with the history of Ham's children. Some of the incidents, too, are founded on traditionary story.

TIME.

(Translated from the Italian of Fillicaja, by Miss Agnes Strickland.)

I saw a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide
So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That ere their flight was noted, they were past;—
A river that to Death's dark shores doth fast
Conduct all living, with resistless force;
And though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its current with creation's birth was born,
And with the heavens commenced its course sublime,
In days and months still hurrying on untired.
Marking its flight, I inwardly did mourn,
And of my musing thoughts in doubt inquired,
"The river's name?"
My thoughts responded—"Time."

FOREST LIFE—THE LOGGERS OF MAINE

In England, and indeed in European countries generally, we have well-nigh forgotten what forest-life is. Yet once it was almost the only kind of life in England and in Europe. Magnificent old forests covered the entire land, only the stunted remains of which are here and there to be met with, as at Sherwood, New Forest, Epping, and Charnwood; but one can form no idea of the old forests from these petty remnants of the grand primeval woods. These forests stretched from sea to sea, across plains and swamps, over hill and dale, covering the mountains to their summits. Men lived then under the shade of forests,—the only roads were the forest paths,—herds of swine fed upon the acorns which dropped from the boughs of the oak-trees,—and deer, boars, wild bulls, and game of all sorts roamed at large, and yielded a ready store of food to the thinly scattered denizens of the forest. In the progress of cultivation of the soil—as the use of cereal grains extended with the advancement of civilization—the forests have gradually been cut down to make way for the plough, or the timber has been used by the increasing population for the purposes of fuel; and the wild deer, boars, bulls, and wolves, have been extirpated, to give place to tamer breeds of animals,—such as the farmer can turn to profitable account.

To form an idea of primitive forest-life, we must go to the unreclaimed forests of North America—to the State of Maine, the province of New Brunswick, and the Canadas, where

The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic.
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

Mr. Springer, an American writer, has given us a graphic account of the adventurous life still led by numbers of men in the great old forests of Maine and New Brunswick.* There, a numerous class of men live, year by year, engaged in a life of toil, adventure, and danger—they are generally known by the name of Lumber-men, or Loggers. Their business is, to search out the finest timber of the forest, fell it, drag it to the river's side, and float it down into the bays along the coast, from whence it is shipped off to American or British markets. The trees there are of all sorts—elm, birch, maple, beech, chesnut, oak, ash, poplar, hemlock, pine and hickory, all furnishing specimens of gigantic magnitude, are, however, the trees most frequently met with. The white pine may well be denominated the monarch of the American forests, growing to an almost incredible size. "I have worked,' says Mr. Springer, "in the forests among this timber several years, have cut many hundreds of trees, and seen many thousands, but have never found one larger than the one I felled on a little stream which emptied into Jackson Lake, near the head of Backahegan stream, in the eastern part of Maine. This was a "Pumpkin" Pine; its trunk was as straight and handsomely grown as a moulded candle, and measured six feet in diameter four feet from the ground, without the aid of spur roots. It was about nine rods in length, or one hundred and forty-four feet, about sixty-five feet of which was free of limbs, and retained its diameter remarkably well. I was employed about one hour and a quarter in felling it. The afternoon was beautiful; everything was calm, and to me the circumstances were deeply interesting. After chopping an hour or so, the mighty giant, the growth of centuries, which had *withstood the hurricane, and raised itself in peerless majesty* above all around, began to tremble under the strokes of a mere insect, as I might appear in comparison with it. My heart palpitated as I occasionally raised my eye to its pinnacle, to catch the first indications of its fall. It came down at length with a crash which seemed to shake a hundred acres, while the loud echo rang through the forest, dying away among the distant hills. It had a hollow in the butt about the size of a barrel, and the surface of the stump was sufficiently capacious to allow a yoke of oxen to stand upon it. It made five logs, and loaded a six-ox team three times. The butt log was so large that the stream did not float it in the spring; and when the drive was taken down, we were obliged to leave it behind, much to our regret and loss." Think of a forest of gigantic trees of this description extending over hundreds of miles of country! Such are the forests of Maine and New Brunswick. The pines, which usually grow in clumps, seem to constitute the aristocracy of the forest,—the rest of the trees making up the populace. The pine is the most useful and valuable of all the trees,—being used in all kinds of house architecture, and very extensively in ship-building; and it furnishes a large amount of employment to lumber-men, mill-men, rafters, coasters, truckmen, merchants, and mechanics of all sorts. An idea of the extent

Forest Life and Forest Trees: comprising winter camp life among the Loggers, and wild-wood adventure, &c. *By John S. Springer.*

of the timber-trade in Maine, may be formed from the fact that not less than ten thousand men are engaged in lumbering on the Penobscot alone.

The great pine tracks are usually in the convenient vicinity of lakes and rivers, from whence the transport of the timber to the ocean is comparatively easy. The labors of the lumbermen, during fifty or more years, have made sad havoc among the pine-woods, and doubtless the pine is ultimately doomed, by the avarice and enterprise of the white man, gradually to disappear from the borders of civilization, as have the aborigines of the country before the onward march of the Saxon race. Already have these magnificent trees been so cleared away by the woodman's axe, that the pine is now driven far back into the interior wilderness. Hence, in order to discover the locality of the remaining pine communities, exploring expeditions are made, usually during the autumn, into wild and unknown forest regions. Sometimes the exploration is made during the winter, and then the labor of the timber-hunters is both arduous and dangerous. They start on board a skiff or a batteau, with provisions, axes, guns and ammunition; and thus voyage some hundreds of miles into the interior, carrying the skiff on their shoulders across the land where the rapids of the river are too severe to be ascended by the use of oars or poles. They sleep in the open air at nights, turning the boat bottom upwards, and taking shelter under it, if rain should fall. Occasionally they are scared by the scream of the owl, or the tramping of deer, or what is more alarming than all, by the approach of a black bear, dangerous adventures with which are very frequent in the deep forests.

Arrived at some favorable spot, one of the party ascends the highest tree,—generally the spruce fir, which is easily climbed. But when a still loftier look out is wanted, a spruce fir is felled and laid against the trunk of some lofty pine, up which the explorer clambers until he reaches the summit, and is enabled to survey the vast extent of forest around. From such a tree-top, like a mariner at the mast head upon the look-out for whales, (for indeed the pine is the whale of the forest,) large "clumps" and "veins" of pine are discovered, whose towering tops may be seen for miles around. Such views fill the bosom of the timber-hunter with intense interest. They are the object of his search, his treasure—his El Dorado,—and they are beheld with peculiar and thrilling emotions. To detail the process more minutely, we should observe that the man in the tree-top points out the direction in which the pines are seen, when a man at the base marks the direction, indicated by a compass which he holds in his hand,—the compass being quite as necessary in the wilderness as on the pathless ocean. When the "clump" has been fairly made out, the explorers retrace their steps, blazing or notching the trees, so as to enable them to return easily to the place; and then they return home, to await the spring season, when felling, rolling, and rafting commence with great vivacity. Permits are, however, first obtained from the State, or from the proprietors, before the loggers begin their operations—the price paid varying from one to eight dollars per thousand feet of timber, cut down and taken away. The price varies according to the quality of the timber, and its convenient location to the stream or lake on which it is floated away to market. A necessary preliminary of the loggers is the putting up, in the autumn, of large quantities of meadow hay, for the foddering of the teams of cattle required to drag the timber to the water. During this work, the lumbermen are pestered by myriads of bloodthirsty flies—mosquitoes and midges being the most furious and untiring in their attacks. But more stirring adventures are occasionally encountered, of which we take the following instance:—

"Notwithstanding the labor and annoyances of meadow life, there are pastimes and adventures to be met with. A shot now and then at some stray deer who may chance to stroll upon the meadow to graze; the hooking of beautiful trout, pickerel, and other delicious pan-fish, afford agreeable relief from *ennui*; while the sports of the forest and the brook afford most agreeable changes of diet. Here, also, very frequently, are skirmishes had with the common black bear. If Bruin is not intentionally pugnacious, he is really meddlesome; nay, more, a downright trespasser—a regular thief,—an out-and-out "no-government" animal; who, though neither profane nor yet immoral, still, without apostolical piety, would have "all things common." These peculiar traits of character secure to him the especial attention of mankind, and ever make him an object of attack. Though formidable as an enemy, it is hard to allow him to pass, even if he be civilly inclined, without direct assault. On one occasion, while two men were crossing a small lake in a skiff, on their return from the meadows, where they had been putting up hay, they discovered a bear swimming from a point of land for the opposite shore. As usual in such cases, temptation silenced prudential remonstrances; so, changing their course, they gave chase. The craft being light, they gained fast upon the bear, who exerted himself to the utmost to gain the shore. But finding himself an unequal match in the race, he turned upon his pursuers and swam to meet them. One of the men, a short, thick-set, dare-devil sort of a fellow, seized an axe, and the moment the bear came up, inflicted a blow upon his head, which seemed to make but a slight impression. Before a second could be repeated, the bear clambered into the boat; he instantly grappled with the man who struck him, firmly setting his teeth in the man's thigh; then, settling back upon his haunches, he raised his victim in the air, and shook him as a dog would a woodchunk. The man at the helm stood for a moment in amazement, without knowing how to act, and fearing that the bear might spring overboard and drown his companion; but recollecting the effect of a blow upon the end of a bear's snout, he struck him with a short setting-pole. The bear dropped his victim into the bottom of the boat, rallied, but fell overboard, and swam again for the shore. The man bled freely from the bite, and as the wound proved too serious to allow a renewal of the encounter, they made for the shore. Medical aid was procured as soon as possible, and in the course of six weeks the man recovered. But one thing saved him from being upset; the water proved sufficiently shoal to admit of the bear's getting bottom, from which he sprang

into the boat. Had the water been deep, the boat must inevitably have been upset, in which case the consequences might have been more serious."

A lumbering camp is a busy scene. A log-house, for the shelter of the men and the cattle, is hastily knocked together; it is usually in the form of a long booth or shed of the roughest description, covered with shingles and fir-branches. The interior is divided into three compartments—kitchen, "dining-room," and sleeping apartment, the bedsteads of which consist of mother earth, strewn with fir, hemlock, and cedar-boughs. When the occupants "turn in" for the night, they merely throw off their outer garments, and they sleep there more soundly than many princes on their beds of down. The interior of the shanty, on wintry nights, is often a scene of mirth and jollity, and many long yarns about adventures with deer, bears, wolves, and catamounts, are spun for the benefit of the listeners. Songs are sung; and many a cloud of tobacco-smoke is blown—for smoking seems to be one of the necessary qualifications of a logger. The days are spent in hard labour—in felling, sawing, barking, chopping, rolling, and dragging the logs towards the river. The teamster is one of the hardest worked of the lot, and his care for the cattle is unceasing—the success of the whole party depending greatly on his efficiency. We need not describe the detail of the logging operations—they may easily be imagined. The trees are selected, felled, chopped, barked, rolled, and dragged, during a period of three months. Then the camp is broken up, the logs are clamped together into rafts, and the exciting and dangerous work of river-driving begins. The rafts float on, each superintended by a driver, and all is plain sailing enough, until a rapid has to be "shot," or a narrow to be passed. Then the logs are apt to get jammed together between the rocks, and the driver has constantly to be on the alert to preserve his raft, and, what he values at less rate, his own life. Sometimes days and weeks pass before a "jam" can be cleared—the drivers occasionally requiring to be suspended by ropes from the neighbouring precipices to the spot where a breach is to be made, which is always selected at the lowest part of the jam. The point may be treacherous, and yield to a feeble touch, or it may require much strength to move it. In the latter case, the operator fastens a long rope to a log, the end of which is taken down stream by a portion of the crew, who are to give a long pull and a strong pull when all is ready. He then commences prying while they are pulling. If the jam starts, or any part of it, or if there be even an indication of its starting, he is drawn suddenly up by those stationed above; and in their excitement and apprehensions for his safety, this is frequently done with such haste as to subject him to bruises and scratches upon the sharp-pointed bushes or ledges in the way. It may be thought best to cut off the key-log, or that which appears to be the principal barrier. Accordingly, the man is let down the jam, and as the place to be operated upon may, in some cases, be a little removed from the shore, he either walks to the place with the rope attached to his body, or, untying it, leaves it where he can readily grasp it in time to be drawn from his perilous position. Often, where the pressure is direct, a few blows only are given with the axe, when the log snaps in an instant, with a loud report, followed suddenly by the violent motion of the "jam," and ere our bold river-driver is jerked half-way to the top of the cliff, scores of logs, in wildest confusion, rush beneath his feet, while he yet dangles in the air, above the rushing, tumbling mass. If that rope, on which life and hope thus hang suspended, should part, worn by the sharp point of some jutting rock, death, certain and quick, would be inevitable. The deafening noise, when such a jam breaks, produced by the concussion of moving logs whirled about like mere straws, the crash and breaking of some of the largest, which part apparently as easily as a reed that is severed, together with the roar of waters, may be heard for miles; and nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the river-drivers on such occasions—jumping, hurraing, and yelling, with joyous excitement. Such scenes are frequent on most rivers where lumber is driven.

At length the logs float into the broad stream, and reach the port where the timber is sold. But too often the logger wastes, in reckless dissipation, the fruits of his previous six months' dangers and labours.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

LEGISLATIVE NOMEMCLATURE.

In the odd medley of names of the members of the new House of Commons may be found:—

Two Kings, with Hope, and Power A'Court,
With Manners, Bland, and Bright;
A Moody, Jermyn, Hastie, Scott,
A Marshall, Duke, and Knight.

An Abel Smith, a Turner, Prime,
A Potter, and a Fuller;
A Taylor, Collier, Forester,
Two Carters, and a Miller.

A Parrot, Peacock, and a Coote,
A Martin, Dawes, and Cocks;
A Roebuck, Bruen, and a Hogg,
A Mare that's Swift, a Fox.

Rich, Bankes, with Goold, and Wood, and Clay,
With Massey, Cotton, Mills;
Two Chambers, Barnes, Burroughs, Wells,
Dunne, Moores, and Brookes, and Hills.

A Booth, a Barrow, and a Crooke,
A Patten, Pugh, and Bass;
A Buck, a Talbot, and a Heard,
A Cowper, and Dund-as.

A Parker has a Heathcote reared,
A Gardner builds a *Hutt*;
A Goodman walks Long Miles to vote,
For honest Edward Strutt.

Members there are of every Tynte,
Whiteside, Greenall, and Green;
With Blackett, Greenhill, Browns, and Dunne;
No Greys are to be seen.

South Durham elevates her Vane,
Carnarvon hoists a Pennant;
East Norfolk has a Woodhouse raised,
Lisburn provides a Tennent.

East Somerset a Knatchbull sends,
South Devonshire a Buller;
West Norfolk likes a Bagge that's full,
East Sussex one that's Fuller.

The North is charmed by Oxfordshire,
By Winchester the East;
A Sotheron aspect Wilts prefers,
Denbigh secures the West.

A Freestun, Kirk, with Bell, and Vane,
A Freshfield, Baring, Rice;
A Currie-powder, Lemon, Peel,
Coles at a free-trade Price.

A Butler in his master's Hall,
Invites a friend and Guest;
Two Butts of New-Port, just come in,
To open, try, and taste.

A Lincoln Trollope, with a child,
Beau-mont, and one Camp-bell,
Grace from Roscommon has arrived—
From Devonport, Tuff-Nell.

A Morrice dance and Somerset,
French, Foley, and Lowe plays;
A Mundy in the month of March,
With East wind and a Hayes!

There's Knightly Jocelyn in the House,
And Deedes of dark intent;
Though Jones declares and Johnston swears,
No-el nor harm is meant.

The House is well defended by
The Thickuesse of its Wall;
Within it has reliance on
Its Armstrong and its Maule.

Disraeli, with his Winnington,
Contrives ten seats to Wynn,
And some few odd fish have been caught,
But neither Roche nor Phinn.

Reverses sore the Whigs have met
In Buxtons, Greens, and Greys,
In Stewarts, Pagets, Ebringtons;
But all dogs have their days.

A fearless Horsman has been thrown,
A Tory Horsfall mounted;
But Derby chickens ere they're hatched.
Had better not be counted.

Wyse men of Marylebone elect,
Brave Hall and noble Stuart,
Whilst dolts at Liverpool reject
A Cardwell and a Ewart.

We've lost a Barron, Clerk, and Craig,
A Spearman, Young, and Wyld,
A Palmer, Perfect, Birch, and Coke;
Their Best Hopes are beguiled.

A dozen railway potentates
Have managed seats to gain,
Resolved a foul monopoly
In traffic to maintain.

To crown this medley, sad and strange,
A host of Lords are sent,
As if our House were not enough
To sate their Lordly bent.

Protection's dead, its grave is dug,
The House provides a Coffin;
A Packe of Fellowes, Young, and Hale,
Rise up, and Rushout, Laffan.

GEORGE WEBSTER.

THE INDIAN CATAMOUNT.

THE Wild Cat is one of the most ferocious brutes which haunts the American forests. It is rarely met with, but when encountered is more to be dreaded than a jaguar or a bear with cubs. It is popularly and significantly called "Indian Devil." The Indians themselves regard it with immense horror, and it is the only animal which roams the wilds of which they stand in dread. Speak to the red man of the moose, the bear, or the wolf, and he is ready to encounter them; but name the object of his dread, and he will significantly shake his head, muttering, "he all one debbil." Mr. Springer, in his *Forest Life*, gives the following account of an encounter with the ferocious catamount. An individual, of the name of Smith was on his way to join a crew engaged in timber-hunting in the woods extending on the Arromucto, and he had nearly reached the place of encampment, when he fell in with one of the animals in question. "There was no chance for retreat, neither had he time for reflection on the best method of defence or escape; as he had no arms, or other weapons of defence, the first impulse in this truly fearful position, unfortunately perhaps, was to spring into a small tree hard by; but he had scarcely ascended his length, when the desperate creature, probably rendered still more fierce by the promptings of hunger, sprang upon and seized him by the heel. Smith, however, after having his foot badly bitten, disengaged it from the shoe, which was firmly clutched in the creature's teeth, and let him drop. The moment he was disengaged, Smith sprang for a more secure position, and the animal at the same time leaped to another large tree, about ten feet distant, up which he ascended to an elevation equal to that of his victim, from which he threw himself upon him, firmly fixing his teeth in the calf of his leg. Hanging suspended thus until the flesh, insufficient to sustain the weight, gave way, he dropped again to the ground, carrying a portion of flesh in his mouth. Having greedily devoured this morsel, he bounded again up the opposite tree, and from thence upon Smith, in this manner renewing his attacks, and tearing away the flesh in mouthfuls from his legs. During this agonizing operation Smith contrived to cut a limb from the tree, to which he managed to bind his jack-knife, with which he could now assail his enemy at every leap; he succeeded thus in wounding him so badly that at length his attacks were discontinued, and he finally disappeared in the dense forest. During the encounter, Smith had exerted his

voice to the utmost to alarm the crew, who he hoped might be within hail; he was heard, and in a short time several of the crew reached the place, but not in time to save him from the fearful encounter. His garments were not only rent from him, but the flesh literally torn from his legs, exposing even the bone and sinews. It was with the greatest difficulty he made the descent of the tree; exhausted through loss of blood, and overcome by fright and exertion, he sank upon the ground, and immediately fainted, but the application of rum restored him to consciousness. Preparing a litter from poles and boughs, they conveyed him to the camp, washed and dressed his wounds as well as circumstances would allow, and, as soon as possible, removed him to the nearest settlement, where medical aid was secured. After a protracted period of confinement he gradually recovered from his wounds, though still carrying terrible scars, and sustaining irreparable injury. Such desperate encounters are, however, of rare occurrence, though collisions less sanguinary are not unfrequent."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

FOREST GLEANINGS.

NO. VI.

"A few leaves gathered by the way-side."

RAMBLINGS BY THE RIVER.

I REMEMBER being particularly struck during my first journey through the bush, by the deep, and to me, solemn silence that reigned unbroken, save by the tapping of a wood-pecker, the sharp scolding note of the squirrel, or the falling of some little branch when stirred by the breeze which was heard moaning or sighing in the tops of the lofty pines above us, but was scarcely felt in these dense woods through which our road lay. For miles and miles, not a clearing was seen to break the lonely way, and let in a glimpse of light and air. Once my eye was gladdened by the bright and gorgeous flash of the summer red-bird, the tanager, as it darted across the path and disappeared among the shining beech trees. Accustomed only to the sober plumage of our British songsters, I marvelled at the glorious color of this lovely gem of the forest, and watched till my eyes were weary for another such beautiful vision, but watched in vain, for shy and solitary, these lovely birds seek the deep recesses of the forest and even there are not often seen. All day long we journeyed on through that deep, still, forest gloom, and night found us on the shore of the lake,* just where it narrows between two rounding shores and sweeps past the little headland with eddying swiftness, till it again for a brief space expands into a mimic lake, then hurrying on, passes two pretty wooded islands and dashes down steep, broken ledges of rocks, coiling and foaming in white crested breakers.

The hoarse, never-ceasing murmur, which for ages and ages has broken the silence of these solitudes unheard and unheeded, save by the Indian hunter, first met my ears at the termination of my first journey through the wilderness, at nightfall, as I sat watching the little bark canoe, with its pine torch dancing on the surface of the rapids, that my good brother was paddling across the lake to ferry us over to his forest home.

He had but just broken the bush in that location, and all was wild, and rough, and rude; but unbounded kindness went far to make the rough places smooth to the home-sick uninitiated emigrants.

How many things that then seemed new and strange, and incomprehensible in the economy of a Canadian settlers household; have since become familiar and expedient. How many a time in after years did I recall to mind my dear good sister-in-law's oft repeated words—"Wait till you have been in Canada a few years, and then you will better understand the difficulties of a bush settler's life."

Perhaps, among the trials of the farmer there is none more trying to his patience, and often to his pocket, than receiving relations and friends from the Old Country into their houses. On the one side there is a great amount of disappointment, regret, and disgust to be overcome; and generally, this ill-humour is unjustly and ungraciously vented in the presence of the friends whose hospitality they are sharing. On the other hand, the mortified host and hostess are inclined to tax their guests with a selfish disregard of their feelings and convenience, and think while they eat of their hardly earned bread, and fill the limited space of their little dwelling, it is not grateful to repay them only with discontent and useless repining. Such things ought not so to be.

In a former number I pointed out the evil of such selfish conduct. Let no one take undue advantage of generous hospitality, but during an unavoidable sojourn with friends, let each strive to render every assistance in their power to lighten the burden. There is always needle-work that females can assist in teaching the young children, and many light household matters that may spare the weary wife or mother an extra hour of fatigue, while the men can help in the work that is going on in the clearing: it is not well to eat the bread of idleness.

* Katchawanook, one of the expansions of the Otonabee river.

During my sojourn at my brother's, after rendering any help that was required at my hands, and my labors I confess were very light, and probably not very efficient, I had still much leisure time at my command. Remote from any habitation—for with only one or two exceptions, his clearing formed the furthest line of settlement in the township—there was little opportunity for visiting. The mighty forest girded in the few acres of cleared ground on three sides, while in front it was bounded and divided from the opposite township by the waters of the larger and lesser Katchawanook: the Indian name signifying alternate rapid, and still waters.

With few inducements to walk, as regarded my social position in the neighbourhood, I was thrown upon the few resources that remained open to me, and these I eagerly sought for in the natural features of the soil. Whatever I beheld had the charm of novelty to recommend it to my attention; every plant however lowly, became an object of interest.

The season of flowers, with the exception of some few autumnal ones, was over; but while roaming over the new clearing, threading my way among stumps and unburned log-heaps, I sometimes found plants that were totally new to me, with bright and tempting berries that I forbore to taste till I had shewn them to my brother, and from him learned their name and quality. Among these were the bright crimson berries of the strawberry blite, or Indian strawberry, the leaves of which I afterwards boiled as a vegetable. That elegant little trailing plant Mitchella repens, sometimes called partridge-berry and also twin-berry, from the scarlet fruit having the appearance of being double. The delicate fragrant jessamine-shaped flower, that terminates the long flexile leafy branch, was not then in flower; the fruit has a mealy, spicy taste and is very pretty, resembling the light bright scarlet of the holly-berry in its color.

In damp mossy spots I found the gay berries of the dwarf cornel* the herbaceous species; there also was the trailing arbutus† with its shining laurel-like leaves and scarlet fruit: and nearer to the lake on the low swampy shore grew the blue-berried‡ and the white dogwood with wild grapes (frost grapes‖) that hung in tempting profusion high among the bushes, mixing its purple fruit with the transparent clusters of the high bush cranberry,* which, stewed with maple sugar, often formed an addition to our evening meal.

Into the dark angled recesses of the forest I dared not venture unattended, unless it were just a few yards beyond the edge of the clearing, for the sake of some new fern or flower that I coveted.

One of my walks was along the irregular and winding banks of a small creek that flowed within a few feet of the house; to trace its wanderings through the cedars that fringed its banks—to mark the shrubs and vegetables, the mosses and flowers that clothed its sides—to watch its eddies and tiny rapids—to listen to its murmurings and to drink its pure cold waters—was one of my amusements.

Another of my favorite rambles was along the river shore: the autumnal rains had not then fallen to swell its currents. The long dry ardent summer of 1832, had left the limestone bed of the Otonabee dry for many yards along its edge, so that I could walk on the smooth surface as on a pavement. This pavement was composed of numerous strata of limestone, each stratum about an inch or two in depth, every layer was distinctly marked. Between the fissures were seedling roses and vines, ferns and various small plants; the exuviae of water insects with shells and other matter, lay bleaching upon the surface of the stones. It was for want of other objects of interest that my attention was first drawn to the natural productions of my adopted country, books I had none to assist me, all I could do was to note facts, ask questions, and store up any information that I chanced to obtain. Thus did I early become a forest gleaner.

How many solitary hours have I passed upon the river bank, gazing with unwearied eyes upon its ever moving waters, hurrying along its dark bed, foaming, leaping, dashing downwards, now sweeping with resistless force against the stony walls that bounded it on the opposite side, now gliding for a space calm and slow, then with accelerated force hurling back its white spray, as if striving against the propelling force that urged its onward career.

Often did I repeat to myself Moore's lines written at the falls of the Mohawk River,

"From rise of morn to set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,
Rushing alike untired and wild
'Neath rocks that frowned and flowers that smil'd.
And as I watched the woods of pine
Along its surface darkling shine,
Like tall and mystic forms that pass
Before the wizard's magic glass.
* * * * * * * *

* Cornus Canadensis. low round. dwarf dogwood.
† Uva ursi. bear-berry, Kinnikinnick.
‡ Cornus sericea, red-rod.
‖ Cornus alba.

* American guelder-rose, viburnum oxyvoccus.

O! I have thought and thinking sighed
How like to thee thou restless tide—
May be the life, the lot of him
Who roams along thy river's brim.
How many a fair and loved retreat
May rise to woo my weary feet,
But restless as the doom that calls
Thy waters to their destined falls.
I feel the world's resistless force
Hurry my heart's devoted course,
From rock to rock till life be done;
And the lost current cease to run.
O may my fall be bright as thine,
May Heav'n's forgiving rainbow shine,
Upon the mist that circles me,
As bright as now it falls on thee."

The rapid onward flow of a river has been for ages past, taken by poets as a meet emblem of human life, an apt and natural simile—one that speaks to every heart—one of those natural witnesses that speak to the created of the wisdom and power of the Great Creator.

Contrasted with the quiet, slow flowing rivers of England, how different is the character of this wild picturesque Otonabee, running its course through the vast pine forests unfettered for miles and miles,—now widening into extensive lakes, diversified with wooded or rocky islands—now gathering its forces into a deep and narrow channel between rocky banks fringed with every variety of evergreens, from the gigantic pine, the monarch of the Canadian woods, to the light feathery hemlock and dark spruce and balsam, casting their funereal shadows athwart its waters or mirrored deep, deep down upon its glassy surface. Now gentle, like a sleeping child, anon impetuous as an impatient war steed, that smelleth the battle afar off, and pants to meet its shock.

The calm unruffled waters of England, designed as if by Nature to enrich and fertilize her soil, and contribute to the welfare and commerce of her people, are unlike the wild streams of Canada. The former may be compared to a highly civilized people, the latter to the rude, uncultivated Indians, and less refined settlers. Though less available for the purpose of transport; yet these inland waters possess a value in their immense power for working machinery, which is a source of incalculable wealth to the inhabitants of the country. Look at the inexhaustible pine forests, that clothe the banks of the lakes and streams. See the rafts of squared timbers that are borne down, year after year, on the bosom of those rapid flowing waters, and in due time find their way to the shores of the parent country. Might not a history of no mean interest, be written of one of these massive timbers, from its first dropping from the cone in its native soil, on the elevated ridge above some remote and nameless stream, to its voyage across the Atlantic and final destination in one of the British dock-yards. Shall we believe that no providential care was extended over that seed which was in the course of time to undergo so many changes, and which might even be connected with the fate of hundreds of human beings? We are taught by lips that spoke no guile, that the lilies of the field are arrayed in their glorious clothing by our Heavenly Father, and that He careth for the fowls of the air, that in Him all things live and move, and have their being.

One word more, before I leave my favourite rivers. I was particularly struck by the extreme clearness and transparency of the water, in which every pebble and minute shell may be seen; every block of granite or lime-stone that obstructs its course, can be discerned at a considerable depth. Fragments of red, grey, and black and white granite, looking like bright and glittering gems, as the sun's rays penetrate the waters that cover them. Some future time I will give a description of Stoney Lake, which is a miniature of the Lake of the Thousand Islands; a spot so replete with beauty that none who have seen it can ever forget it. Those who wish to enjoy a treat, should visit this remarkable spot which possesses a thousand charms for the genuine lover of the beautiful and picturesque, for it is amid lone solitudes like these that the mind is naturally led to ponder upon the works of the Deity, and to worship him in spirit and in truth.

Oakland's, Rice Lake.

HENRIETTA SONTAG.

Let not every singing mistress, however great her ability, anticipate such good fortune at St. Petersburg as that which Madame Czecca met with. She was indebted for her favorable reception to the gratitude of the amiable ambassadress, her former pupil, who not only recommended her, but sang at a public concert for her benefit. This would have been nothing for Mademoiselle Sontag; for the Countess Rossi, in the midst of the high Russian aristocracy, and of their haughty prejudices, it was an incredible deal. The concert was the most brilliant of the season, and its net proceeds were 14,000 rubles.

The day after the concert, Madame Czecca showed the Countess the cash account of its result.

"Ah! Henrietta," said she, "what have you done for me!"

"For you?" cried the Countess, and threw herself, sobbing aloud, into her arms. "For you? no, for myself! Ah! once more, after many years, have I enjoyed an hour of the purest and most complete happiness. Providence has done everything for me; has given me rank, riches, reputation, the love of a man whom I adore, the possession of hopeful and charming children; and yet, dear Czecca, how shall I explain to you? But

you will divine my feelings: the element of my existence is wanting. The sight of a theatre saddens me;—the triumph of a singer humbles me;—the sound of the organ, which summons others to devotion, drives me from the sanctuary. I am a fallen priestess, who has broken her vow. Art, which I have betrayed, now spurns me, and her angry spirit follows me like an avenging spectre."

Bathed in tears, she sank upon the sofa.

"But Hetty," said Madame Czecca, trying to console her, "you are still an artist now as ever, and an artist you ever must be. You still practice your art, and if the circle you now enchant is but a small one, on the other hand it is much more select. The admiration of princely saloons may well compensate you for the applause of crowded theatres."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the Countess, springing quickly up, "nothing can compensate the artist for abandoning her vocation—nothing, nothing in the wide world! They praise, and flatter, and worship me! What care I for all that? Can they do otherwise? They are all friends and acquaintances of my husband—our daily circle. I am still young, not ugly, courteous to every one. People are grateful for the momentary pastime I procure them. Perhaps, too, they are glad of opportunities to indemnify the singer for an occasional moment's oblivion of the Countess. But think, Czecca, of the stage with its heavenly illusions; the sacred fervor which thrills us on the curtain's rising; the passionate anxiety which impels us, and the timidity which holds us back; the feverish extacy that throbs in all our veins! Such must be the hero's emotion when he plunges, eager for the fray, into the battle's whirl, confident of victory, and yet full of anxious anticipations. And then the public!—that public over each individual member of which our knowledge as artists elevates us; but which, collectively, is the respectable tribunal whose verdict we tremblingly await;—you well know, my friend, how often we bitterly censure its caprices, how often we laugh amongst ourselves at its mistaken judgments; and yet, it is this public, this combination of education and ignorance, of knowledge and stupidity, of taste and rudeness—this motley mass it is, which, for money, say for a single paltry coin, has purchased the right to be amused by us, and to avenge on our honor a disappointed expectation. To curb that wild power, and lead it away captive; to unite that vast assemblage, without distinction of rank or refinement, in one emotion of delight, and to make it weep or laugh at will; to transmit to it the sacred fire of inspiration that glows in our own breast, to captivate it by the power of harmony, by the omnipotence of art; that is sublime, divine—that elevates the artist above the earth, above ordinary existence. Oh, Czecca, Czecca! once more let me befool Bartholo, once more let me fall beneath Othello's dagger, amidst the echoes of Rossini's heavenly music, and no complaint shall again escape me; I then shall be content; for then I shall once more have *lived*."

She sank, sobbing, on the sofa. A servant entered and announced a stranger, who earnestly insisted to speak with the Countess. A denial had no other result than to produce an urgent repetition of the request.

"Impossible!" cried the Countess: "I can see no one, thus agitated, and with my eyes red from weeping."

"Never mind that," said Madame Czecca, "you are not the less handsome; and perhaps it is some unfortunate person whom you can assist."

The last argument prevailed. Madame Czecca left the room and the stranger was shown in.

He was a tall figure, in Armenian costume. His grey beard flowed down to his girdle; his large sparkling eyes were ardent and expressive. For a few moments he stood in silent contemplation of the Countess; and only on her repeated enquiry of the motive of his visit, did he seem to collect his thoughts; and then, in a somewhat unconnected manner, explained his errand.

"I am a merchant from Charkow," he said, "and my life is entirely engrossed by my business and my family. Beyond those, I have only one passion, namely, for music and song. The great fame which the Countess formerly enjoyed in the artistical world, reached even to our remote town, and my most ardent wish has ever been to have one opportunity of hearing and admiring her. Your retirement from the stage seemed to have frustrated this wish for ever, when suddenly we learned that, out of gratitude to your former teacher, you had resolved once more to appear before the public, and sing at her concert. Unable to resist my desire to hear you, I left business, wife, and children, and hastened hither. I arrived yesterday, and had no sooner alighted than I sent for tickets. It was in vain; at no price was one to be obtained. Countess, I *cannot* return home without hearing you. You are so good; yesterday, for love of a friend, you sang in public; make an old man happy, and rejoice his heart with half a verse of a song; I shall then have heard you, and shall not have made this long journey in vain."

As the dewdrops of night are absorbed by the bright rays of the morning sun, so did the last traces of tears disappear from the smiling countenance of the charming woman. With that amiable grace which is peculiarly her own, she drew an arm-chair near the piano for the old man, and seating herself at the instrument, abandoned herself to the inspirations of her genius. Her rosy fingers flew over the keys,—the prelude echoed through the spacious saloon; the Countess had disappeared—Henrietta Sontag was herself again; or rather, she was Desdemona in person.

The song was at an end; the musician, transported for the moment into higher regions, returned gradually to earth, and to consciousness. She looked round at her *audience*. The old Armenian was upon his knees beside her, pressing the folds of her dress to his brow. After the pause which followed the song, he raised his countenance; its expression was of indescribable delight—mingled, however, with a trace of sadness. He would have risen, would have spoken—but could not. The singer's little hand came to his assistance. He pressed it convulsively to his lips, rose to his feet, and, in so doing, slipped a costly diamond ring from his finger to hers. Then he tottered to the door. There he stopped, turned round, and fixing a long and penetrating gaze upon the singer—"Alas!" he exclaimed, in tones of deepest melancholy, "how great the pity!" And, with the last word upon his lips, he disappeared.

Henrietta Sontag returned to her piano; she would have continued singing, but her voice failed her. Deeply affected, she rested her head upon the music-stand, and, in mournful accents, repeated the Armenian's words. "Yes," she said, aloud, "the pity is great indeed!" And, sadly pondering, she sank upon the sofa.*—*Pictures from St. Petersburg.*

THE BRIDE'S-MAID.

THE bridal's glittering pageantry is o'er;
Dancing is weary, and the joy of song,
Tired with its own wild sweetness, dies away;
Music is hushed; the flower-arcaded halls
Cease to prolong the bursts of festive glee,
For luxury itself is satiate,
And pleasure's drowsy train demands repose.

But see! the dawn's grey streaks are stealing through
The high-arched windows of a stately room,
Shedding a pale light on the paler brow
Of one who, with a breaking heart, hath stolen
From the gay revels of that jocund night,
To vent, unpitied, agony alone.
In fearful immobility of form
And feature, sits she in her blank despair,
Like the cold, sculptured mourner on a tomb,
When silent marble wears the touching guise
Of woman's woe—but, oh! not woe like her's,
Whose every pulse doth vibrate with a pang
Too stern for tears. Her dark dilated eye
Is fixed on things she sees not nor regards.
Her silent lute lies near—its chords no more
Shall wake responsive to her skilful touch;
For he who praised its sounds, and loved to see
Her white hands busy with its murmuring strings,
Hath made all music discord to her soul.

Gems that a princess might be proud to wear
Are sparkling in her sight; but what, alas!
Are gems to her who hath beheld the hopes—
The cherished hopes, of life forever crushed
And withering in the dust,—like yon gay wreath
Which she hath in her bitter anguish torn
From the sad brow it lately garlanded,
And bade her maidens "hang it on her tomb."

Invidious eyes were on her when she stood
Before the altar with the bridal train
Of her false love,—ay! those who coldly scanned
Her looks and bearing, eager to detect
The struggling pangs which woman's trembling pride,
In that dread hour, had nerved her to conceal
Beneath the haughty semblance of disdain,
Or calm indifference, when the man she loved
Plighted his perjured vows to other ears—
A knell to her's, at which life's roseate tints
Fled back affrighted, never to return
To her pale cheek, whose marble hue betrayed
The tearless bride's-maid's secret agony.

The task is o'er, and she is now alone
Musing o'er memory of the hopes that were,
But are for her no longer;—vanished dreams
Are they for which she mourns. She'd mourn no more
Could she behold *him* as he really is,
Stripped of the veil in which too partial love
Hath dressed its idol. She would turn away,
And marvel that a heart so pure as her's
Had wasted tenderness on one like him.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

* Years after these lines were first published, news reached us of the brilliant triumph which, in London had been achieved by art over social prejudices. Genius had cast off the cramping fetters of *convenance*. Henriette Sontag was again enchanting the public. Let Germany be proud of its daughter.—*Note by the German Editor.*

THE PRIEST.

I HAD been on an excursion to Gatschina, and was about to get into my carriage to return to St. Petersburg, when I saw pass by a priest of about forty years of age. He was a handsome man, with an interesting physiognomy; what particularly struck me in his appearance was his profusion of hair. Anything so long and luxuriant as its growth I had never before seen, and I could not help gazing after him in wonder. The hair was of a chesnut-brown, naturally glossy, and fell waving in such abundance over his shoulders and down almost to his hips, that I could not but doubt whether it was all natural. I was still following him with my eyes, when he paused in front of an inn, looked back at me, and seemed uncertain which way to go. Suddenly he came to a decision, and approached me with a quick step. I delayed getting into the carriage. When he was close to me he looked hard at me, and, seeing at once I was a foreigner, he addressed me in excellent English, expressed his regret at having missed the diligence, and asked if by chance I was going to St. Petersburg. I replied in the affirmative, and offered him a place in my vehicle. He gratefully accepted, on condition that he should pay his share of the expense; a few more words were exchanged, and we entered the carriage. As he had doubtless at once discovered, from my broken English, that he was mistaken as to my country, he now apologized for his error in excellent French; and when I told him that he was again mistaken, and that I was a German, he continued the conversation in perfectly good German. With the exception of a slight accent, such as I was accustomed to in the Courland students at Leipsic, I observed nothing in the least foreign in his mode of expressing himself. I risked the supposition that he was half a countryman of mine, for I thought he was from the Baltic

provinces, but learned, to my no small surprise, that he was from beyond Kasan.

There are no places where acquaintance is more quickly made than at the card-table and on the road. I soon got intimate with my priest, who was genial and communicative, and told me many things which, out of discretion, I should not have dared to inquire. At first we were conversing on general subjects, and when the expression *vertrakt** escaped me,—without interrupting me he looked me steadfastly in the face, and seemed engrossed with something quite different from what I was talking about. When I ceased speaking, "*Pasluschi*," (my dear,) he said, abruptly quitting the subject of the previous conversation, "pray repeat that word *vertrakt!*"

I repeated it, and asked what there was in it that struck him?

"I do not know the meaning of that word," he replied, "and only conjecture it from the connection of what you say; but I have heard the word once before in my life, and then, if I do not mistake, from *your* mouth. The tone of your voice struck me at once; I have heard you speak before to-day."

As I could not remember to have before met him, I named those places I was most accustomed to frequent.

"No, no!" he said, "not there!"

He again looked hard at me, and slowly repeated the word *vertrakt*.

"*Pasluschi!*" he suddenly exclaimed, "tell me, do you know the bookseller Curth or Leibrock?"

"Yes," replied I, "in the Nowsky."

Thereupon he told me the day on which he had seen me there, heard me speak, and had his attention attracted by the word *vertrakt*. This opened the way to a fresh subject of conversation; from Leibrock, the bookseller, to literature, the transition was not very wide; but, the Rubicon once passed, how was it to be recrossed? and on the fields beyond it I did not feel altogether at my ease, for it is tolerably long since I made acquaintance with the Fathers of the Church, and it was no easy matter for me to recall them to my memory. But my embarrassment was of no long duration; my priest soon released me from it. With the acute perception of a connoisseur he quickly detected that I was not at home on this field, and led me to one more familiar to me; for to *him* no subject was untrodden ground. He spoke of politics, belles-lettres, journalism; and my surprise rose into astonishment when he introduced Tieck, Borne, and Heine into the conversation. Yes, still more than that; he was acquainted with George Sand's writings, and knew that she is Madame Dudevant. I did not conceal my astonishment.

"It surprises you," he said, "to meet with a Greek-Catholic priest to whom such worldly matters are not unfamiliar. Pasluschi! the surest road to heaven leads across the earth, and if at times one soils one's shoe-soles, then it is that one feels the most ardent desire for the wings that should bear him heavenwards. Man's best and highest study is that of man himself, and believe me that one often acquires a better knowledge of one's contemporaries from a bad romance than from all the police-registers in the country."

"A bad romance," I replied, "signifies nothing; that which is but little read can afford no standard by which to form a judgment."

"Think you so?" said he, "I must disagree with you; the bad ones are those which are *most* read; as to the good ones, a great many people say they have read them who have never looked at them. But the bad ones are devoured, and it is not by the author, but by his readers, that I estimate the taste, the cultivation, and the morality of the people. Unhappily the readers of the present day exact neither depth nor truth; GLITTER is what they will have—glitter and that which dazzles, *that* is offered to them; *that* is what authors provide and readers greedily devour, and therefore are neither worth anything. Look at Eugene Sue's last work, as yet but half published; I have seen it only in the feuilleton of the *Debats*, but I would wager that, when the thing is complete, the publisher will sell a hundred thousand copies."

"The *thing!* Do you then think the work so bad?

"Bad? No; that is not the word; it is a sort of stuff for which I have no name ready; lend me your '*vertrakt*;' judging from the manner in which I heard you apply it, that is, perhaps, the word that best expresses my view. Such a work, which glitters, but with false stones; which shines, but only from rottenness, like decayed wood; which is pleasing to the palate, but mortally poisonous; such a *vertraktes* (diabolical) work, which, under the mask of morality, corrupts all morals, plainly shows that the reading world is pretty well corrupted already, for otherwise no author would dare to write it."

"You will at any rate admit that the romance of the *Mysteres de Paris* is based upon deeply moral views, and that it is the author's aim to lead us through vice to virtue."

"Oh yes, so long as we do not remain sticking in vice by the way. He first poisons us, and then hands us the chemical analysis of the poison; of which, however, we have then no need, since the pain in our vitals tells us, without the aid of science, the nature of the drug. Every work is *immoral* which irritates the senses by luxurious pictures, and *repulsive* when it then essays to cool them again by a flood of terror and disgust. Hypocrisy is at the bottom of the whole, or, at least, silly pretension and braggadocio. What business have these plans for the improvement of the world in the pages of romance? Romances have only to do with the state of the mind—with the *inward* man, in short; the description of his external circumstances should be subservient to the end of developing and explaining the motives and condition of his mind. But here just the contrary is done; a phantasmagoria is shown us which is intended as a representation of certain conditions of the human mind, when, in fact, it is nothing but a series of silly plans for social reform, based upon theories still more absurd. What business has all this nonsense about cellular prisons, coalitions of workmen, and other socialist stuff, in a romance, from whose volumes assuredly no statesman will think of gaining wisdom? If the author puts forward these views seriously, if they are

* Signifying *odd, strange*. It has other meanings, and is somewhat of a cant term.

founded upon real knowledge of the subject, and upon deep reflection, let him devote to them a serious and conclusive work; but let him not stand up in the market-place and turn the heads of the mob by the propagation of half-digested theories, which the people, from selfish motives and want of judgment, will be much more prone practically to experimentalize than theoretically to investigate. And then, as to the style of such books! this mirror of a sensual exaltation stimulated almost to madness; this flowery patchwork, in which not one spark of truth is to be detected! I find it perfectly detestable. Montesquieu says, '*Le style c'est l'homme!*' If that be true, then do I greatly pity the French, for that style is an insane style, and all France is striving to make it its own."

The carriage stopped, and we alighted and went in to supper. Rarely have I been more surprised than I was to hear such discourse as this from the mouth of a Russian priest.

The inn at which we had alighted was of a comfortable aspect. It was built after the fashion of our little Swiss houses; to the left it looked out upon a spacious court-yard, and was enclosed to the right by a tolerably extensive hedge, which suggested the idea of a pleasant garden. A neat, cleanly-dressed girl, about fifteen years old, received us at the door; as soon as she saw the priest, she ran up to him and held out her hand in a friendly manner, as to an old acquaintance; then she conducted us into the strangers' room, on the first floor. The stairs were very clean; the room we entered was not less so. Its walls were hung round with pictures of saints, some painted, others merely drawn. Some landscapes were also there; but only a very few were framed. The whole furniture consisted of a table, some wooden chairs, a mahogany press, and a large mirror, which hung between the two windows, below a portrait of the Emperor. My companion walked straight to the mirror, took a comb and brush from his pocket, and began to arrange his hair. "Excuse me," he said, "but we shall not reach St. Petersburg till very late, or rather very early, and I must not neglect my head-dress." I turned away, and busied myself looking at the pictures. There was no lack of bad drawing, but the colouring was lively, and the choice of tints showed taste. The landscapes, with their bold masses of foliage, their waterfalls and fields of ice, indicated a vivid appreciation and strict observation of nature. As works of art, however, none of them were of any value.

When I again turned to my companion, he had tightly bound up his thick mass of hair and twisted it round his head, and was in the act of pulling a small cap over it. Remarking my surprise at this singular head-dress for a man, he said good-humoredly, "You will doubtless laugh at me, but I share this vanity with all my brotherhood; this is the only earthly ornament that we are permitted to wear, and by its abundance we compensate ourselves for all other privations in that respect."

"Indeed," I replied, "the remarkable growth of the hair of the Russian priesthood has often astonished me."

"There is nothing wonderful in it," said he; "anybody who devoted as much care and attention to his hair would attain the same end. As you now see we every evening plait our hair as tight as possible, and braid it close round the head, and in the morning we comb and brush it for a long time, and with the utmost care; that promotes its growth, makes it flexible and soft, and causes it to flow down in light waves. But certainly it is not every body who has sufficient patience and perseverance. Allow me!"

He took my hand and laid it on the plaits of his hair. They were firm and hard as ropes. Smiling, he again drew his cap over them.

Meanwhile, the hostess entered the room;—a woman somewhat over thirty, rather thin, with pallid, sunken features, but having in her bearing a certain decent grace and natural dignity. Her clothes were of country fashion, but very neat and clean. Without heeding me, she hastened to the priest, who embraced her, kissed her on the brow, and laid his hand gently on her head. They conversed together with much animation; but all that I understood of their conversation was the oft recurring "Pasluschi," the term by which the Russians usually address each other. I returned to the examination of the pictures.

When the hostess had left us, I fixed my eyes upon the priest. He seemed discomposed. To begin a conversation, I spoke of the pictures.

"They appear to be all by the same hand, I said, "and although deficient in artistic skill, they show unmistakable talent."

"So it is," said the priest, with a bitter smile, "they furnish a remarkable document in relation to the usages of our times."

"How so?" I inquired, struck by his manner.

"It is a '*vertrake*' history," he replied; "but here, in this close, dark room, I cannot speak of it. Let us go down into the garden; if you please, we can take our *sakusko* there."

At the top of the stairs we met the little girl who had received us at the inn door. She was bringing up the *samovar;* but now she turned back, and carried it into the garden, which she placed on a table, in a snug arbor; went away and presently returned with cheese, ham, and fruit.

"We shall not be able to stay here long," said my companion, as he prepared the *schei* (tea); the sky is heavy with clouds, and a storm seems coming on."

"You were about to explain to me," I said—

"Permit me first to drink a glass of *schei*," he replied; "to recall those sad memories in words would assuredly drive away my appetite."

He poured out the tea, filled the glass, cut a slice of lemon, added two spoonsful of rum, and presented it to me. Then he prepared a similar mixture for himself, tasted it, gradually emptied the glass, and resumed our previous subject of discourse.

"I know not," he said, "how far you, as a foreigner, are familiar with the laws, customs, and usages of our country. Should you be unacquainted with them, I should regret displaying them to you upon their most unfavorable side."

"We are all, in one degree, dependent on the supreme power in the State. In the higher classes, this despotism is veiled, partly by community of interest, partly by delicacy of form. It becomes less endurable in proportion as it descends through the inferior grades of the popula-

tion, and attains the highest pitch of oppression in the lowest degree of the nation, in the relation of the serfs to their masters. There it prevails in a double form. Two things are equally to be dreaded by the serf—namely, the love of cruelty and the cruelty of love. The first is the common lot of all slaves; they are treated slightly, and with contempt; they occupy the first place among domestic animals, their superiority to which secures them no other privilege than that of being usually the first on whom the master's ill-humour vents itself. This, however is the least unbearable condition of their existence. Knowing nothing better from the cradle to the grave, the old saying that "custom is second nature" applies to them in all its beneficent force. The blind man is not annoyed by the glare of the sun; the insensible man feels no pain; true, that the former cannot enjoy the cheering radiance of the luminary, nor the latter experience the vivifying emotions of joy. But a slave must have neither eyes nor heart; for were they opened, how long would he be a slave? Therefore, does the *love of cruelty* maintain him in his brutalized state. *That* may be bearable! but the other thing—*the cruelty of love*—is not so. This latter shows itself in Russia in a form which, in your country and in all other countries, so far as I have become acquainted with them by study, is not only unknown, but undreamed of."

THE SERF'S STORY.

THE Russian, sir," continued my companion "(and, believe me, I am inspired by no false patriotism; for I cannot love my country when its '*vertrakte*' laws have destroyed the whole happiness of my life), the Russian has the softest and tenderest heart of any in the world. Even you, who are a foreigner, may easily judge of that by his extraordinary affection for children, an affection unparallelled in any other country. Now, he who loves children has assuredly a tender and impressiable nature. But the misfortune here is that children do not for ever remain children. With their childhood disappears the love they have inspired, and the child who has been brought up by strangers as their own, lulled in a dream of security and affection, suddenly awakes, with all the feelings of manhood, and with a strong sense of its rights, to find himself a slave, a serf, degraded to the condition of a brute, and ten times more miserable than those of his class who, brutalized from their cradle upwards, have never known the worth and dignity of man.

"This '*cruelty of love*' frequently leads Russians of high family to take into their family, as so-called adopted children, unfortunate little creatures who have been so unfortunate as to attract their attention and rouse a fleeting interest. Their mode of adoption is this: they impose upon the infant all the duties of a child to its parents, without conceding to it in return any of the claims which such relationship would give it. They load it with the kindness, the love, the care of real parents, and bring it up as their own child, so long as a child it remains. From the day that their real condition is disclosed to such children, their future fate constantly impends over them, like the sword of Damocles, suspended by the silken thread of their master's caprice, which at any moment may annihilate them, or, which is still worse, *cripple* them for life.

"Such is the lot of those whose misfortune it is to awaken a master's cruel and capricious affection;—such was my terrible lot."

Visibly a prey to deep emotion, the priest paused for a moment, pressed his hand upon his forehead, and then, in calm and self-possessed tones, continued his narrative.

"My father was a serf, the son of a farmer on an estate near Kasan, and was permitted by the count, his master, to take service in the town, upon paying a yearly *abrok* or fine, in lieu of the labour he was bound to perform. He obtained employment in the household of a rich goldsmith, and there occupied his leisure in drawing, for which he had a natural taste. One day he surprised his employer by the exhibition of a beautiful arabesque design. The goldsmith, struck by his ability, released him from his menial duties, and took him as a pupil into his workshop, where his talent, backed by unwearying assiduity, soon converted the dull peasant into a highly skilled artist.

"He had reached his five and twentieth year, when his constant intercourse with his master's daughter, a charming girl of eighteen, resulted in an ardent mutual attachment. He asked her hand of her father, who, not unnaturally, annexed to his consent the one condition, that the serf should become a freeman. This condition could not be complied with. The count obstinately refused to liberate his vassal; all that entreaty could wring from him was the promise that, without absolute necessity, he would not withdraw him from the town. This did not satisfy the old goldsmith; but he could not long resist his daughter's tears, and the lovers were united. A year of perfect happiness flew rapidly by; then came the war with France; my father's younger brother was taken for military service, his father died, and he himself was summoned by his owner to manage the now deserted farm. On his brother's return from the army he was to be at liberty to go back to Kasan. But his brother never returned, and the poor artist, the cunning worker in gold and silver, was condemned to follow the plough, whilst his freeborn wife sat beneath a serf's roof, nursing me, her infant son. In their sadly altered circumstances, I was my parents' only consolation. My mother's love and care delighted to adorn her 'jewel,' as she called me, with all the finery to which she had been used in her father's house. She passed her time in dressing and decorating me; and the fame of my beauty spread through the hamlet till it reached the ears of the countess, who desired to see me. My proud poor mother decked me out like a lamb for the sacrifice, and took me to the castle. The countess, who was passionately fond of children, found me charming, and declared her intention to do my parents the honor of adopting me. In vain my mother wept, implored, and raved in despair at the prospect of losing her son. I remained crying upon the countess' lap, my mother was forcibly turned out of the castle. Proud and happy had she entered it; humble, despairing, and with death in her heart, she turned her back upon its walls.

"I soon forgot what I had never properly known. My earliest recollections are of brilliant

saloons, fine pictures, rich clothes, and of the room-full of playthings which engrossed my infantine attention. My foster-mother's affection richly compensated me for the love of those to whom I owed my being. Her husband I never knew. He died soon after my adoption, leaving two sons, one of whom was three years older than myself, the other one year my junior, and a daughter, twin sister of the youngest boy. With these, and with two adopted daughters, I grew up on a footing of perfect equality, receiving the same education, sharing all their sports and pleasures, until I attained my fifteenth year. At that period the countess's eldest son fell dangerously ill, and the physicians gave him up as lost. Then his despairing mother threw herself upon his body, and made a vow to all the saints, that if he recovered she would devote her adopted children to the church. He did recover, and upon the day that he rose from his sick-bed, we unfortunate victims were informed of our future lot. The two girls were sent to a convent; the elder of the two submitted to take the veil; the younger, Julinka, so obstinately refused it, that the *hegumena* (superior of the convent) sent her back to the countess. Furious at her refusal, the countess bestowed her in marriage upon a former gamekeeper, a somewhat dissolute fellow, who received leave of absence, on *abrok*, and took his young wife with him to Moscow. Thence, several years later, he went to St. Petersburg, and for a long time I heard nothing whatever concerning them.

"I had no taste for the priesthood; but what choice had I? A serf and the son of a serf, obedience was my only passport to freedom. By consenting to take the vow, I at least secured my emancipation, for no serf can be a priest in Russia; so I yielded, and was sent to the Archimandrite at Kasan. I entered the convent with repugnance; only the fear of slavery could have driven me into it. Once there, however, I devoted myself ardently to study, and the pursuit of learning soon reconciled me to the profession thus forcibly imposed upon me. My zeal attracted the attention of my superiors; several learned monks admitted me to their society, and vouchsafed me their instruction. Unbounded as is the ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism of the great mass of rural priests, it is common to find in our convents a wonderful amount of learning, comprehending almost all branches of human knowledge. Amongst other inmates of the convent, which had become my prison, were two very learned monks from the Ukraine, a province which has always been noted as sending forth the best ministers of religion; even as, at the present time, it supplies Russia with the best singers and musicians. To the paternal affection of those two monks I am indebted for my education. I was ordained, and some time afterwards I was sent to Moscow. A few years ago I was summoned to the priests' seminary at St. Petersburg. After my installation there, I made an excursion, in order to become acquainted with the environs, and paused here, as we have done to-day, on my return from Gatschina. I was strangely moved at the sight of these pictures, some of which represent scenes well known to my childhood; but how should I describe my astonishment at sight of the hostess, who entered the room to attend on me? Lapse of years, change of garb and condition, care and misery, had sadly altered her—not *so* altered her, however, as to prevent my recognising the playmate of my youth. With surprise and emotion I uttered the name 'Julinka!' She looked up, gazed at me for a moment, and with a cry of delight threw herself into my arms."

That meeting with her adopted brother was Julinka's first moment of happiness for many years. Her husband had rented the tavern on the road to Gatschina, and passed his life hunting and drinking. She led a dull existence, occupied only by the routine of an innkeeper's business; her leisure hours she devoted to giving her daughter the best education she could, and at times, with her brushes and palette, she contrived to transport herself in imagination to the happier days of her youth. "Yonder pictures," she said, "are all unskilfully enough executed; but I do not paint because I *will*, but because I *must*; it is the last relic of my childhood. In God's good time there will be an end to all this; and when that day comes," she said to the priest, "I recommend Astafja to thy care."

Tears choked her utterance. I was deeply moved.

A dazzling flash of lightning illuminated the arbor, quickly succeeded by a violent thunder clap. The young girl came running out to us.

"Mother begs you to go in doors to supper," she said; "and quickly, for a terrible storm is coming on."

The father rose from his seat, took my hand, and pressed it.

"May you find a good appetite for supper;" said he, "our *sakusko* has been melancholy enough."—*Pictures from St. Petersburg.*

ARISTENDEEN.*

"That night I determined to place her in some asylum, for I hoped that she might be benefitted by proper medical treatment. The next morning I told her that I would take her to see new friends who would make her happy; she said that she was happy with me, but if I wished it, she'd go.

"However, I could not bear to part with her so soon after losing her poor mother, and I delayed from day to day my intended journey to London. About this time, Frank Evans, our clergyman's son, who was studying at Oxford, came to spend the Christmas holidays with his father. You don't know Mr. Evans or his son?" inquired Tindal, looking up at me, for his eyes had been gloomily fixed on the floor during his narrative.

"No," I replied, "I have seen neither of them; but Mr. Evans is, I hear, an excellent man."

"Indeed, he is, sir, but his son has, they tell me, turned out badly. At the time of his visit, he was a kind-hearted, generous lad. I had

* Continued from "Editor's Shanty," page 91, vol. ii.

known him as a child, and saw him often; the parsonage is but three miles from us."

"Aye, I know the place; but wherefore speak of Evans?"

"He was aye friendly to us, and, I believe, loved us all. He came, as I said, to see his father, it being Christmas-time, and brought with him a friend, at least he termed him so, and they were much together; but Darnell was, I am sure, a bad man."

"Darnell!" I interrupted, "John Darnell?" I had once met with such a person, and only the year previously.

"Yes," said Tindal, scarcely heeding my interruption, "Frank often brought him to see me. He was a handsome, sprightly youth, but drank deeply; and, indeed, I thought Darnell came here to drink, not having many opportunities at the parsonage; but it was otherwise. He pretended love to Mary, and sought every occasion of seeing her. One day, I had left the room to draw him more ale; I was startled by Mary's voice, calling me, as if in distress. Running back, I found Darnell endeavouring to kiss her, and Frank laughing at his attempts. Darnell I felled to the ground with the pewter pot I held in my hand; and turning to Frank, asked him if this was his friendship for me? He stammered out an excuse, saying, it was all intended as a joke, and no harm meant. Darnell had bet him a couple of pots that he'd kiss her, 'but,' said he, 'he didn't succeed.' Darnell in the meantime, got up, and after swearing with the most horrid oaths, vengeance against me and mine, took Frank by the arm, and left the house. I have seen neither of them since. Frank was home last spring, and then it was said he and his father parted in anger. Whenever I see the poor old gentleman now, I feel sorry for him; he looks so ill and care-worn,—he never speaks of Frank.

"The circumstance I have just related, decided me; I could no longer expose Mary to insults, which were brutal when offered to one in her simple state. I took her to London and placed her under the care of Dr. Bernard, who has a private asylum near Primrose Hill. I seldom see her now, but they tell me she is not improved; her mind is as childish as ever, though I often think, that there is more in what she says, than can be understood."

"You did right my friend, I have heard of Dr. Bernard; he is as skilful as he is kind. When I go to London, I will call and see your daughter."

"Do, sir, and let me know if there is still any chance of her recovery; I even yet hope that she may return to me."

"Take courage, Tindal, she may not be unhappy."

"Unhappy! Oh, no, she is not unhappy! She has not the power of being so."

"Then," said I, endeavouring to be consolatory, "do not grieve."

"Grieve!" cried Tindal, starting up, "why she's mad!" and I saw his lips curl and his eyes sparkle. Pacing up and down twice or thrice, he muttered, "mad, mad," then pausing, passed his hand across his brow. I looked another way and was silent. The gentle closing of the door, informed me that I was alone.

CHAPTER II.

A REVERIE ON HORSEBACK.

It is a curious, yet no less absolute fact, that the bodily movements or motions of man, act harmoniously with, or in accordance to, his transient thoughts. Should his brain be digesting any grave intelligence or serious news, his step becomes as slow and measured as if he followed a funeral; while on the contrary, let some topic of an exciting or urgent character, occupy his mind, and his gait becomes hurried. In either case, if thinking intently, he knows not whither he walks, or whom he meets.

I had slept uneasily after Peter's tale of his domestic troubles, and rising at early dawn, left the house without alarming any of its occupants; proceeding to the stable—the door of which was merely latched—I saddled my horse and was soon on my way to London. For a mile or two the fresh morning air dissipated my melancholy thoughts, and I actually whistled a lively tune, but shortly Mary's history again obtruded itself on my imagination, and I fell into a deep reverie. Unconciously I allowed my horse to bear me along, nor did I appear to care, where he took me, or what road he travelled. Picture after picture rose up before me, with all the excitement of reality. First, they were of Mary as an innocent child, sporting among flowers; I fancied that I actually heard her ringing laugh and joyous song, as she twined them among her hair. Then she grew older, and I saw her sitting on the banks of some meandering stream scattering her flowers on the waters, and wondering why they were borne so swiftly from her view. And, anon, she appeared sad, for a winter scene now rose up before me and all was cold and desolate.

Presently my thoughts changed, Darnell occupied the scene. I had known him slightly once, having spent an evening in his company; I now lived that period over again. There he sat, alone,—it was in a German inn—when I and a couple of Frenchmen who were my travelling

companions, entered with the intention of remaining till morning. On seeing us he started, and grasping the hand of one of the Frenchmen exclaimed, "Ha! Lafont, what brings you here?" The other instantly replied "what mischief are you up to now, Darnell?" "Oh! nothing," said Darnell, speaking hastily, "travelling, merely travelling for my health," and he drew the other aside.

For some minutes they appeared to be speaking in a very confidential and friendly manner together, if I should judge from the occasional nods and laughs that passed between them.

We supped in company, and after supper, cards were produced to while away the hour. I objected to play any other game than whist, much to the dissatisfaction of Darnell and Lafont, who proposed a more gambling game; at last Darnell said to me, "well then, Lafont and I, will stand you and M. Martin," so the matter was settled. I never played with worse luck in my life, and although the stakes were small, I lost a considerable sum. They now proposed to change the game, and I foolishly, though as it turned out fortunately, consented. Luck, indeed appeared to have changed, I not only recovered what I lost, but nearly a hundred gold pieces at my elbow, testified that I had won. But cards at the best produce a fluctuating game and fortune is fickle. The stakes were now doubled, and several losses in succession warned me that a reverse was about to take place; but this only made me the more eager, feverishly I watched the dealing of the cards, which the slow, cautious movements of Darnell and Lafont, rendered tedious to me; more than once I felt inclined to snatch them from their hands and distribute them myself. I was furiously excited. About a hundred pounds still lay before me, and I suddenly, without reason, offered them against thirty, that either hearts, spades, or clubs, would turn up. Lafont was dealing.

"Say twenty," cried Darnell, "and I'll take it."

"No, thirty." And Lafont, holding the card in his hand, paused, awaiting our bet.

"Twenty" said Darnell again. And I thought, slightly tilted the card. "Well," he continued, "I will say——"

"You need not" I interrupted, "that card was shown, and it is a diamond." Placing my money in my pocket I rose from the table.

"Indeed, you are hasty," said M. Martin, "the card certainly was slightly turned, accidently, I think. Let the bet be drawn, what is the card?"

"I object," cried Darnell passionately, "Lafont did not in the slightest degree turn the card."

"The card did slip," said Lafont, "but not sufficiently to allow any one at the table to see what it was."

"Well then, if it is not a diamond I'll forfeit the money."

"Excuse me," said M. Martin, "I must object to that, let the card be placed in the middle of the pack and deal anew."

At this moment a noise was heard overhead, as if several persons were running from room to room, intermingled with cries and slamming of doors; presently the startling cry of fire was heard clear and oft repeated.

"Mind not the fire," said Darnell, "go on with the game, I for one have——" I did not hear the end of the sentence, but running into the passage, met a host of terrified lodgers—I suppose—endeavoring to save what little property they had. The fire which had broken out in one of the upper rooms, might have been easily arrested had the people been at the first cool or collected, but each only thought of self, and so the house was lost. It was morning before the fire was over, and collecting my luggage together, I found all right; not so with M. Martin, a small carpet bag, which he said he carried out with his own hands was missing. On enquiry he was told that M. Lafont had taken it with him as his own, "M. Lafont," said the man, "drove off in Mr. Darnell's carriage half an hour ago."

"*Mon dieu!* I'm robbed. Aid me my friend to overtake the miscreants," cried M. Martin wringing his hands.

"I will," I replied, "you obtain horses; in the mean time I must see our unfortunate landlord." I left him and found the poor German, who was now, the excitement being over, crying and constantly repeating, that he was ruined. I offered no word of consolation, but taking the sum I had won the previous evening, placed it in his hands and left him, without awaiting his reply.

M. Martin without difficulty obtained horses, and in a few minutes we were dashing along the road pointed out to us by the post boy, as the one taken by Darnell. Nor did he deceive us: a carriage, such as he described, preceded us a couple of miles, as a peasant lad we met informed us. The bag stolen contained, M. Martin said, papers of the utmost importance, and he would follow the thieves to the end of the world, if necessary, before he would lose his documents. On mounting a rising ground, we saw in the distance a carriage, no doubt the one we were in pursuit of, overturned. M. Martin spurred on his horse, and with vehement gestures, bade me follow him, though urging the animal I rode with voice and

whip, I failed to keep up with my more excited companion.

"Come, good horse!" I cried, striking him with my whip, "we have not far to go, yonder they lie!" and I patted him on the neck, "quicker! quicker!" I shouted, as he slackened his pace, for the carriage had been righted and was now rapidly rolling up the hill, "quicker! quicker yet!" and again the blow descended. "Good horse!" I said, as I brought him up within half a length of M. Martin, who turning in his saddle, said, "they are off again!"

"I see! but we'll catch them yet," and on we flew.

"Hallo-o-o-o! Mark! where are you off to in such a deuce of a hurry! Mark Truewitt, I say, Hallo-o-o!"

I checked my horse suddenly, the dream was ended. "Why, Mark," said my brother Harry, "what's the matter with you, are you riding a race against old father Time, or have you distanced your opponent? Your horse is in a perfect foam."

"I have been making a fool of myself."

"Indeed! and trying to fly your folly?"

"No, I merely allowed my thoughts to run away with me. I somehow or other got thinking on my adventure at the German inn last year, and fancied myself again chasing Darnell."

"What a strong imagination you must have, no doubt you saw them on the road before you."

"Indeed I did, or rather I fancied——"

"Ha, ha, ha! do you think you would have caught him if I had'nt stopped you?"

"Nonsense!" said I, for I perceived he was laughing at me, and endeavored to change the conversation by asking how it was, I found him still in England, for I understood that he had left for France.

"I could'nt get off before, but am now on my way. How was it that you were not at home last night?"

"I spent the evening at the 'Harrow' expecting to meet Writ there, but he disappointed me, and I was going to London to meet him."

"By Jove!" said Harry, again laughing, "you will be the death of me: why you are worse than a crab, for, going backwards you have not progressed, were you at Tindal's now, you would be a dozen miles on your journey." I was painfully aware of the fact and held my tongue. "I'll tell you what," he continued "you had better go home and give your horse a rest, it will be time enough this afternoon to see your lawyer."

"I think I shall, I suppose you have just left Briardale?" the name of my place.

"Yes, but I must now leave you or I shall miss my journey—good bye; yet stay," said he calling me back, "if you miss anything while I'm gone you'll know who has taken it, so make your mind easy, I shall not be back these six weeks; good bye again."

"Good-bye! A pleasant trip," I called out after him.

Briardale was not half a mile distant, and while riding over, I could not help but laugh at my morning's adventure. My ride had given me an appetite, and I was eager for breakfast; it was yet early, and a couple of hours' rest would do me no harm; I could thus proceed leisurely to London, and find out Writ's business.

On reaching home, my wife informed me that Henry had spent the evening with her, and that she had refused to lend him a beautiful brace of pistols, which I valued highly, having received them from my father.

"I'll bet anything!" I exclaimed, as I called to mind his parting remark, "that Harry has taken them." My wife looked: they were gone!

CHAPTER III.

AN INTERVIEW WITH WRIT.

After breakfast, I ordered my servant to bring out my cab, thinking it would be hardly prudent to trust myself a second time to my own guidance. While leisurely proceeding over the smooth and level-beaten way, I may as well indulge the reader with a few words concerning Mr. Writ and myself.

We were children together, and as children, went to the same school. I often contrast our childish desires and ambitions with the realities of after life. How different! As children, the golden future was ever before us! As men, we find the golden future has become the past; and now look back, with fond regrets, to the happy, happy days of childhood. Writ—"little Tommy Writ," as we used to call him—said that he would be a merchant; and I, who had perhaps more love of glory, vowed that I would be nothing but a soldier. However, Writ's father, who was in business, determined to give his son a profession, and the law was chosen. A fortunate thing it was for his numerous clients that they had such a man as Mr. Writ turned out to be, for their legal adviser. He inherited all the method of a merchant from his father, and applied it to law. Punctuality, promptness, and order were his mottoes, and he treated his suits as so much goods consigned to his care, which, if neglected, would result in loss to both employer and employed.

He would never take a suspicious case; if he

lost a suit, he was ill for a week after; and I verily believe, there was never a lawyer with half his practice that lost fewer cases. His success was his boast. "A lawsuit," he would say, "is like a chess problem, its object is a certain result to be obtained by certain means; give me the winning side, and I care not how difficult the problem, I'll mate my adversary."

"I once threw him in a great rage by telling him that I did not think his simile a good one, "for," said I, "if law be a critical position in a game of chess, it requires a good deal of tact to discern which has the better side; and it appears to me, as you have to choose what side you'll take, that you may choose the wrong one, and so be beaten." He hoped he was a better player than I gave him credit for, and so the matter dropped.

Writ was unmarried, and although only five and thirty, looked at least fifty; thin and slightly made, his face plentifully furrowed with wrinkles, his eyes set deep in his head, twinkled cunningly; his hair gray. Though far from prepossessing in his appearance, he was when known, one of the kindest and best natured men that ever lived.

I who coveted a soldier's life, was equally disappointed. On leaving school, my father kept me at home till of age; he then sent me to Heidelberg, where I passed many of the pleasantest hours of my existence. I lived on the continent till seven and twenty, when my father dying, left his property, equally divided between his two sons, which, though small, was sufficient to enable us to live comfortably and independantly. On my marriage I materially increased my portion and now lived a life of ease and enjoyment. To fill up my time, which occasionally hung wearily on my hands, I became *Treasurer to the "Kentish Orphan Home* Society," a benevolent Institution got up by a few old ladies who honored me by placing their money in my hands.

My brother Harry was several years younger than I, a happy jovial fellow, much too fond of fun for his means, though not to my knowledge ever in debt, yet he had sometimes a little difficulty to make both ends meet.

The day which had hitherto been fine, now became overcast; and on entering the city the rain descended in torrents. It was after two o'clock when I reached Writ's office and found that gentleman busily engaged with a huge pile of dusty old papers, turning them over and shuffling them as if they were a pack of cards. No sooner did he perceive me, than dropping them he exclaimed, "why did you not come sooner? I expected you last night, or early this morning at least."

"Well you are a pretty fellow," I replied, "how is it I find you here now? Why are you not off to Egypt with orders left for me to follow you?"

"Tut!" said he, "the business was urgent, or I would have met you."

"Then why did you not leave a note at Tindals? Do you think I was going to lose a night's rest running after you when perhaps a week hence would have answered your purpose? You see your excessive promptness has rendered me indifferent to a certain extent."

"Here, here, come in here," said he, in the quick nervous manner he assumed when excited, and motioning me to his private room, closed the door carefully after him; "your brother," he continued, "has committed a forgery."

"What!" I exclaimed, not exactly understanding him."

"Your brother Henry has forged a cheque on you for two thousand pounds."

"Pshaw! I don't believe a word of it; you must be mad."

"I can assure you, that it is the case."

"Why, I saw him only this morning, he spent last night at my house."

"Is it possible? I hardly thought he would have gone there."

"He did, nevertheless, and as for the forgery, you are either mistaken, or some one else is guilty."

"Well, you shall judge for yourself. Let us see, this is Thursday, it was on Tuesday morning after leaving you, that I went to your banker's, to make the deposit you left in my hands for your Kentish Society; while there, I thought it would be just as well if I examined the accounts and see how we stood, you may fancy my surprise, when a cheque for £2000, bearing your signature, *payable to your brother, and endorsed by him, was* presented to me as cashed the day before. I at first was on the point of proclaiming it a forgery, when it struck me, that if I saw your brother, I could, not only save you much pain, but force him to refund, by threatening to expose his rascality. I concealed my doubts of the cheque as well as I could, simply asking the clerk to whom he paid the money. He stated that Mr. Truewitt came himself and got the money. I then casually asked if he knew your brother. He told me, that he had seen him several times, and had recognized him on entering the bank. I told him that I supposed it all right, but that I was not aware of your giving such a cheque, and it was therefore I questioned him." I during this relation sank into a chair; I could scarcely as yet believe it true, his parting words, "*If you miss anything while I'm gone, you'll know who has taken it,*" rung in my ear a fearful confirmation of my doubts

"On leaving the bank," Writ continued, "I drove at once to your brother's lodgings, he had eft, I was informed, the day before for Paris. I then wrote you, to meet me at the Harrow yesterday evening, but withheld the evil news I had to communicate. The reason I failed in my appointment wa , that while on my way to Tindal's, I stopped at the "Bricklayers' Arms," and there overheard the ostler say that "it was Master HarryTruewitt who had given him the crown," and that the said Harry was a "real fine gentleman;" on inquiry, I learnt that an hour previously your brother had passed on his way to London. I rode over to Tindal's, left a message for you, and then returned to London; but of course, did not see him, as it appears he spent the evening with you."

"No; not with me," I said, "I was at the Harrow last night; this morning I saw him, for I went home before coming here."

"And did he appear natural? that is, from his manner, would you ——"

"From his manner, I should say he was perfectly innocent."

"With the evidence I've got, I could convict him. The consummate villain, to spend the evening with a brother he has robbed."

"Writ! remember he is my brother. Though I can ill afford to lose the money, the money is nothing in comparison to the loss of a brother."

"I was wrong in speaking so harshly," apologized Writ. "We may still recover the money, if you go after him; it will be the best and quietest way."

"I'll go. He cannot think seriously of the matter," said I musingly. I then told Writ what he said, about missing anything.

"He's guilty. The sooner you go the better, I advise you to leave to-morrow."

"I cannot go before Saturday; I shall meet him soon enough, the unfortunate fellow. What could have induced him?"

"Let us for the present dismiss the unpleasant subject, dwelling on it can do no good. Come and dine with me."

"I must refuse you. I don't feel hungry. Besides I promised to see Mary Tindal, and will go there now. My cab is at the door," and I got up."

"I know Dr. Bernard well, and if you dine with me, I'll go with you this evening. Mary is no better."

"You know Mary!"

"Is there anything surprising in my knowing Mary?"

"No, not exactly. But I thought if you had known her you'd have told me."

"Told you! you surely don't expect me to tell you everything I know."

"Well, hardly. But such a fact as this I should have thought you would have mentioned."

"Mentioned! I had no occasion; it was not my business; it concerned neither of us."

"Pardon me—you're right. However, Tinda l wishes me to see his daughter, and I have much curiosity, especially after hearing his tale."

"It is not often he speaks of her to any one. We'll dine together, and spend the evening with Bernard. I've no engagements for to-night."

(*To be continued*)

"As I walked by myself,
I talked with myself,
And thus myself said to me."

1.

Spirit, mind, my better part,
Would I knew thee what thou art;
Miracle and mystery,
How I long to fathom thee.

2.

Soaring now from earth sublime,
O'er the ills of life and time;
Trampled now beneath the mire
Of some earthly, low desire.

3.

Shackled to a thing of clay,
Wrestling with it day by day,
Only in the dreams of night
Urging thy unfettered flight.

4.

Crushed within the prison walls
Of the body which enthralls;
Though of unknown power possest,
Suffering to be oppressed.

5.

When repose the body keeps,
Then the soul which never sleeps,
Seems awhile to wander free
In thy light, Eternity.

6.

Sometimes o'er the past it plays—
Sometimes with the future strays
In that present on whose sea
Time is not, and may not be.

7.

Typifying its last flight
When the angel speaks—"'tis night,"
And the spirit free shall soar,
Where, oh! where, for evermore!

8.

Even waking, doth the soul
Sometimes wander from control;
Murmurs of some unknown sea,
Seem to mock the memory.

9.

What are these which, o'er me cast,
Float, like shadows of the past?
Strange illusions, which the grasp
Of my reason cannot clasp.

10.

Scenes familiar which I own,
Unremembered and unknown,
Vibrating upon the strings
Of loved, long-forgotten things.

11.

Transient as the moonbeams play,
On the fountains falling spray;
Sweet as fragrance on the air,
From some unknown flower fair:

12.

Fancies no one can explain,
Striking chords upon the brain,
In whose wild uncertain sigh,
Live some notes of harmony.

ERRO.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM.

The ways of God in Nature, as in Providence, are not as *our* ways, nor are the models that we frame any way commensurate to the vastness, profundity, and unsearchableness of His works, *which have a depth in them greater than the well of Democritus.* JOSEPH GRANVILLE.

WE had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

"Not long ago," said he at length, "and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up, body and soul. You suppose me a very old man—but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy!"

The "little cliff," upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this "little cliff" arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky—while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide, "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned—and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye."

"We are now," he continued, in that particularizing manner which distinguished him, "we are now close upon the Norwegian coast, in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude, in the great province of Nordland, and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher, hold on to the grass if you feel giddy, so, and look out, beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean, whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer's account of the Mare Tenebrarum. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horridly black and beetling cliff, whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking for ever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small, bleak-looking island; or, more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land, arose another of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between the more distant island and the shore, has something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward, that a brig in the remote offing lay-to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry cross-dashing of water in every direction—as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaarem. Yonder are Islesen, Hotholm, Kieldhelm, Saurven and Buckholm. Farther off—between Moskoe and Vurrgh—are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Stockholm. These are the true names of the places—but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all, is more than either you or I can understand. Do you

hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the chopping character of the ocean beneath us, was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed—to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into phrensied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray: but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, spreading dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I at length to the old man—"this can be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the maelström."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the midway."

The ordinary accounts of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramos, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence or of the horror of the scene, or of the wild bewildering sense of the novel which confounds the beholder. I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time; but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

"Between Lofoden and Moskoe," he says, "the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms; but on the other side, towards Ver (Vurrgh), this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather. When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equalled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts; the noise being heard several leagues off, and the vortices or pits are of such extent and depth, that if a ship comes within its attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks, and when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently, that whales come too near the stream, and are overpowered by its violence; and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again broken and torn to such a degree as if the bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea—it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early on the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground."

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The "forty fathoms" must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the centre of the Moskoe-strom must be immeasurably greater; and no better proof of this fact is necessary than can be obtained from even the sidelong glance into the abyss of the whirl which may be had from the highest crag of Helseggen. Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and bears; for it appeared to me, in fact, a self-evident thing, that the largest ship of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a

feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

The attempts to account for the phenomenon —some of which, I remembered, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in perusal—now wore a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Ferroe islands, "have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux, against a ridge of rocks and shelves, which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract; and thus the higher the flood rises the deeper must the fall be, and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently known by lesser experiments." These are the words of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Kircher and others imagine that in the centre of the channel of the Maelstrom is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part —the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was the one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented; and, mentioning it to the guide. I was rather surprised to hear him say that, although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As to the former notion he confessed his inability to comprehend it; and here I agreed with him—for, however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss.

"You have a good look at the whirl now," said the old man, "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burthen, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper oportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater bundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation—the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

"We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this, and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes' slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack-water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return—and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently, that, at length, we fouled our anchor and dragged it), if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross currents—here to-day and gone to-morrow —which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

"I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered 'on the grounds'—it is a bad spot to be in even in good weather—but we made shift always to run the gauntlet of the Moskoe-strom itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not so strong as we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times, in using the sweeps, as well as afterwards in fishing—but, somehow, although we ran the risks ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger—for, after all is said and done, it was a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am now going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th day of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget—for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the south-west, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock p.m., and had soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, by my watch, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before—and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We hauled the boat on a wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage when, looking astern,

we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-coloured cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us, in less than two the sky was entirely overcast—and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board, as if they had been sawed off, the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Strom, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance, we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction, I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done, for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer, I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard—but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word 'Moskoe-strom!'

"No one will ever know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on we were bound for the whirl of the Strom, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Strom channel we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack; but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that;' but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness; but, O God; what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother, but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say 'listen!'

"At first I could not make out what he meant, but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Strom was in full fury!

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman—and this is what is called riding, in sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us up with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, and a plunge that made me sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around, and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-strom whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead; but no more like the every-day Moskoe-strom than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels

letting off their steam altogether. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly, on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth—I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was, that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity; and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There is another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession: and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation; for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action and reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden while their doom was yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavoured to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel, vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon her beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation, than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmen say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up to the Heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the

belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards—sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I must have been delirious—for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,'—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook and went down before it. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might be thus whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments—and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.*

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was, that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design—but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tells you this tale—as you see that I did escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have farther to say—I will bring my story quickly to a conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabouts, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and for ever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the wind had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström had been. It was the hour of the

*See Archimedes "De Incidentibus in Fluido,"—Lib. 2

slack, but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of theS tröm, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up, exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and companions, but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to you—and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

VOYAGE ON THE RIVER OF TIME.

Our bark was launched on a river wide,
And sportively skimmed its glassy tide;
That river ran to a boundless sea,
And its course ends but in eternity.
The balmiest zephyrs breathed on our way,
And the sun shone down with temper'd ray,
'Mid islands o'erhung with foliage green:
We thought, as we gazed, we never had seen
Such beauty and harmony joined before,
As we glided along that sun-lit shore.

* * * * * * *

Strong rolled the flood, and ever to view
Fresh beauties rose as the old withdrew;
But, alas! those scenes our senses wiled,
Those alluring sweets the time beguiled;
We reck'd not of aught, till, all too soon,
Was felt the approach of fervid noon.

* * * * * * *

But the river ran, nor brook'd delay,
The noon was past and we bore away,
We bore away on that rapid tide
With feelings pall'd, yet unsatisfied,
While the sun a sick'ning fervor lent,
And the water grew dark and turbulent;
Yet many a wishful eye was cast
On the fading prospect we had past,
And many a time we thought (how vain!)
If that river's course we could restrain,
And visit again that lovely isle,
A halo of bliss would round us smile.

But, alas! alas! no power was nigh
To avert impending destiny;
For the heavens put on a threat'ning gloom,
And shadows of death foretold our doom,
While a boding sound was heard by all
Like a roar of a distant waterfall.

'Twas a fearful change since sunny morn,
When first our bark o'er the tide was borne,
The breeze which then lightly pressed the sail,
Now blew a loud tempestuous gale;
The ripple that erst scarce marked a wave,
Now yawn'd a deep and devouring grave,
And each eye beheld with sad dismay,
The uplifted waters lashed to spray.
That storm and stream with united force,
Like a giant strong in headlong course,
Our vessel beset. The night was near,
And the stoutest of heart now quailed with fear.
But a ray of hope still on us beamed,
And still of escape we fondly dreamed.
The bark we headed against the tide,
The helm was shifted, the oars were plied,
And we strove some landing-place to gain,
And wished for rest, but we wished in vain.

For ever the more we strove and toiled,
Aye more and more was our labour foiled;
And ever the more we wished for rest,
The fiercer that fearful tempest pressed;
No effort of ours could bring us thence,
For we strove against Omnipotence.

* * * * * * * *

But while we beheld, and prayed, and feared,
The form of a man in might appeared;
We saw at his voice the waves grow still,
And we cried in wonder, who is this,
Whose veto commands the dread abyss?
In kindness and love his accents broke:

* * * * * * *

"I passed that vale, forsaken, alone,
Friends or companions I there had none;
I passed to prepare a dwelling-place
For homeless ones of the human race;
I passed that the weary might be blest,
And the heavy-laden find a rest.
I passed through the shadow of death that ye
Might dwell in the light of eternity;
I came, the sting of death to destroy,
In sorrow I came to bring you joy;
I passed triumphant over the grave,
From sin and the second death to save.
Be not afraid! though the waters roar,
Beyond your ken is a happy shore,
Free from the terrors of guilt and sin,
Where nothing that errs can enter in;
Where sorrow and grief flee far away,
And the light breaks forth in endless day."

We heard his words, rejoicing to know
The will of heaven, and longed to go,
And cheered the fearful whose courage flagged,
As the struggling bark its anchor dragged,—
Then entered the gulf and reached that sea,
To rise on the waves of eternity.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT VIII.

THE MAJOR AND LAIRD.

THE LAIRD.—What has come o' our Esculapius? It's no like him to keep twa auld men waitin' on his pleasure, especially when he kens that our business is of importance, far by ordinar on this gude nicht.

THE MAJOR.—Patience, old Ridge-and-Furrow, doubtless some professional call prevents our friend from attending us with his usual punctuality; but what can that noise be! It sounds as if a legion of land-crabs were running round the hall! Just pull the bell, Laird, and let us ascertain the cause of these unusual sounds in our quiet Shanty.

[*Enter the Doctor, evidently much agitated and limping.*]

THE LAIRD.—Save us a'! What gars ye roll your een in sic a fearsome fashion, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR.—If you had met with half the untoward accidents that have fallen to my lot, instead of sitting there so cosy and contented, you would, to use your own vernacular, be neither to "haud nor to bind."

THE MAJOR.—Pray expiscate for our benefit the causes of the unwonted state of mud and misery so apparent on your coat and your countenance.

THE DOCTOR.—I think you will both allow that I have had cause enough to discompose any, or all the saints in the calendar. I was walking rather smartly down the street, anxious to be with you at our usual time of meeting, but from the slippery state of the streets, I had to progress very gingerly, especially as, almost every second step, I had to get out of the way of some young skater, or to avoid the sliders. Turning round, however, for a moment, I did not perceive one young scamp coming along at a furious pace, until he was almost on me, when, in quickly stepping aside to avoid him, I was assailed in the rear by a hand-dray, which a hulking fellow, of about sixteen or seventeen, was propelling along the pavement, perfectly indifferent as to how much annoyance he was inflicting on the foot-passengers, and fairly knocked, head-over-heels, into the snow, just where there was a collection of shavings, cabbage-leaves, and muddy water, which had dropped from the roofs of the houses: *hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

THE LAIRD.—Ye're no sair hurt, are ye?

THE DOCTOR.—Nothing more serious than a severe abrasion of the cuticle over the spine of the tibia.

THE LAIRD.—For peety sake, man, wheesht! Dinna forget that the Major and me are as ignorant as twa collies o' your outlandish jargon. Can you no use plain English, instead o' thae inhuman sounds?

THE MAJOR.—Speak for yourself, Laird. I rather like technical terms, and pique myself on my knowledge of the Humanities. The meaning the Doctor intends to convey is, that he has received a severe blow on the kneepan. Am I not correct, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR (*laughing.*)—Not exactly. Like many sportsmen, your shot has hit the mark too high; but I have certainly received a severe blow on the shin, and I think I have fair grounds of complaint against the authorities, who suffer such nuisances to prevail in streets so crowded as are those of Toronto.

THE LAIRD.—There maun surely be some law to pit doun sic daft-like goings on.

THE MAJOR.—Laws and regulations enough, but what is the good of them? At all hours

of the day, the pavements on King and Yonge Streets are full of hand-barrows, and the passenger is often compelled to step in the mud to avoid these nuisances, while the propelling party is unconcernedly whistling or looking about, perfectly indifferent as to whether he knocks down and runs over some feeble old lady, or splashes and hurls into the mire some such individual as the one I am addressing. The nuisance of permitting skating on the side-walks is, however, I think, more dangerous than the other.

THE DOCTOR.—Ten times more so; for the bones in frosty weather are much more easily injured and likely to snap. It is a disgrace to the parties, whoever they may be, who suffer such an enormity. Some hard-working *pater* or *mater familias*, on whose health the daily bread of their little ones depends is perhaps thrown down, and a limb broken or a sinew strained.—Who can calculate the amount of misery that may accrue from this shameful disregard of public comfort and safety. In no city in England or Scotland are such things allowed, neither are they permitted in the large cities of the Union. Why then should they be tolerated here?

THE MAJOR.—I think there is one danger which, though not so troublesome, should be even more jealously guarded against—the accumulation of large masses of snow and ice on the roofs of the houses. As I was walking along King Street, the other day, just opposite St. James' Church, a large block of ice fell some twenty yards before me, on the pavement, and was shivered to pieces; ONE of the fragments WAS NEARLY AS LARGE AS MY HEAD. Suppose that had fallen on a child! It would have either killed or injured him very seriously.

THE DOCTOR.—I saw a similar mass projecting from a roof, as I was passing down a lane leading from King Street to the Post Office,—a mass certainly sufficient to have crushed any person on whom it might have fallen. Such reckless and wanton disregard of life is very reprehensible, and the Fathers of the city ought assuredly to compel those under their control to have the municipal regulations observed. If they do not, they may most certainly be set down as so much useless lumber, and their regulations be considered like a penny-fife full of flour. Leaving, however, the worshipful Corporation to reform their course of action, will you give us your opinion, Major, as to the proposed application of the Wellington Fund.

THE MAJOR.—I was not aware, even, that a fund had been raised. I know that an attempt has been made, but very unsuccessfully. The fact is, Doctor, people do not care about subscribing for the erection of an incongruous pile of stone and mortar. Besides, Wellington is his own epitaph. When that name is spoken, fancy, by one wave of her wand, conjures up, from her magic storehouses, the epochs and incidents of the last half century, and, arraying them in her most vivid colours, requires no other monument of him who had no parallel in history. But what proposal do you allude to?

THE DOCTOR.—To an *on dit*, that the fund raised would most probably be applied to the erection of a hall forming a conspicuous part of the new Mechanics' Institute, to be named the WELLINGTON HALL, and to have a statue of the Duke, in bronze, as its principal feature and ornament. The building might be farther ornamented with representations of incidents in the life of the illustrious hero, carved in bas relief on the friezes or pedestals of the exterior, of the style of the building, by frescoes on the walls, or plaster casts in the cornices.

THE LAIRD.—Ay, lad, there's some sense in that, but what meaning can there be in setting up a pillar to support naething, as they are to do for General Brock? That stane post at Quebec, ca'd the Wolf testimonial, looks to me for a' the warld like a post in a tattie field, crooned wi' an auld hat, for the purpose of scarin' awa the craws.

MAJOR.—I agree with you, Laird. A pillar seems to me the only idea we have in Canada of monumental architecture. Pillars and obelisks were common among the ancients, but, as heathens, they attached a meaning to them which, as Christian people, we could not entertain; and I confess, I, for one, can see no beauty in a mere stone pillar, however richly ornamented, that does not answer some useful as well as some particular purpose. I sincerely hope that the Hall scheme will be carried out. It will be a monument worthy of him who warred not for the ruin of nations but for their social and political redemption. I noticed with great satisfaction that a project has been formed, and acted upon in England, for raising a monument, which will indeed be worthy of the name of Wellington. I allude to the proposed institution for the orphan children of meritorious officers, left without provision. Here is the manifesto of the projectors:—

"The universal desire felt by all classes to do honor to the memory of the Duke of Wellington will probably lead to the erection of statues, and other monuments in many of the principal towns in the kingdom, some of which have indeed already taken steps in this direction. But projects of this description, however much they may contribute to the ornament of the respective localities, and however gratifying they may be to the feelings of their inhabitants, can possess little more than local interest, can be joined in by comparatively few of the population, and are not calculated to confer any substantial benefit upon the community. With a view to erect a monument to the memory of the Great Duke to which all may contribute, which shall be worthy of its object and of the nation, and which shall be of permanent and important advantage to the service of which he

was long the head and the ornament, it is proposed to erect and endow, by public subscription, a School or College, to bear the name of the Duke of Wellington, for the gratuitous, or nearly gratuitous education of orphan children of indigent and meritorious officers of the army. Institutions, more or less national, already exist, in which the advantages of such an education can be obtained by the children of soldiers, of seamen, of naval officers, and of the clergy; but no such provision has been made in favor of officers of the army, a class of men peculiarly liable to casualties, by which their families are often left in a condition of the most painful pecuniary embarrassment, and under circumstances in which the necessarily stringent regulations of the War Office preclude the possibility of any relief from public funds.

"The execution of the proposed plan, and the scale upon which it can be undertaken, must depend on the degree of support given by the country to the object contemplated. It may be assumed that each capital sum subscribed of £1000, representing a permanent annuity of about £30, will provide, for all time to come, exclusive of the expense of building, for the education of one child; and a considerable sum will be required for the erection of a building which shall be worthy of the proposed object. No payment will be required until the total sum subscribed shall amount to £100,000, when application is proposed to be made for vesting the capital in trustees, to be nominated in the first instance by Her Majesty from among the subscribers, and to be incorporated, as in the case of Harrow, Rugby, the Charter House, and others.

"Donations may be made payable by instalments, spread over two, three, or four years."

THE LAIRD.—Eh man that will be a gran' monument to the Duke, and a very fitting ane, for his is of a certy a name that maun always stand alane. Just hear till this description o' his funeral pageant:—

"Ancient chroniclers, describing the glories of remote times, speak of a conquerer whose car was drawn by kings, but a greater triumph distinguished the obsequies of Wellington. The character of this august soldier was symbolised in his funeral procession. No captive monarchs, indeed, were harnessed to the chariot which bore him to his last home, but the colossal bier was followed by warriors from many a land, the delegates and envoys of ransomed nations. The mighty empire of the north and the sturdy kingdoms of Prussia, Holland and Brunswick, Portugal and Spain, forming for once a holy alliance of sympathy and feeling, sent the noblest of their sons to testify their sorrow. HALKETT, a name we have long learnt to venerate, worthily represented that gallant army of Hanover, which the hour of action has invariably found marshalled by our own, and which so gloriously shared our success at Waterloo. Austria alone was absent from the illustrious congress, and "hung a calf-skin on his recreant limbs."

THE DOCTOR.—You are allowing your fancy to bear you away from the subject, Laird; the disposal of the fund collected. Of one thing I feel assured, that no large sum ever will be obtained for a mere unmeaning pillar with a statue, stuck up at such a height that it will require Lord Rosse's telescope to see it. It is proposed to found an hospital, or to put up a chime of bells to ring on the anniversaries of his victories.

THE LAIRD.—That will never do, for of a verity we shall be deefened with the constant ringing that will be going on. Na, na, nae bells; just big a handsome hall, and pit up the Duke in it, and if ever his spirit be suffered to revisit this warld it wad be gratified at perceiving at least ae monument worthy o' his name, as it would be dignified by the presence o' men diligently seeking to attain in their sphere what, in life, he had achieved—distinction. But wadna a park do as weel, if not better, than ony thing else, and then the shade and protection afforded by the trees frae the heat o' the simmer sun would be typical o' the aid extended out for the welfare o' his fellow-countrymen by the great Duke?

THE DOCTOR.—A park might answer, but the good citizens of Toronto have already the avenues, besides there is even now the formation of a new and extended one, by the Garrison Common, in contemplation.

THE MAJOR.—The park would, however, be much beautified by the judicious outlay of two or three thousand pounds, but then there would be a chance of something similar to the statue of Achilles, which disgraces Hyde Park, being erected. No, on the whole, I think the most sensible thing would be to devote the fund to the Hall as was first mentioned.

THE DOCTOR.—What is that yellow powder on the table, Major?

THE MAJOR.—Gold dust from California, my boy, forwarded per mail in prepayment of subscriptions to the Anglo, which will ere long have a pretty wide circulation even in Sacramento. Hear what the writer says——

THE LAIRD.—Wheesht man! it's aye best to let ither folk praise us. We can very weel afford to haud our peace anent our merits.

THE MAJOR.—I say, Laird, what yellow garbed pamphlet is that which protrudeth from the pocket of your wrap-rascal?

THE LAIRD.—Oo, it's just a bit novel I got at Maclear's this forenoon. It is named "*Lord Saxondale, or Life among the London Aristocracy.*" I mean to make a present o't to Miss Priscilla Pernicketty, an auld maiden friend o' mine, wha having had a cousin that was cook's helper to the Earl o' Eglinton, has ay an unco hankering after high life. She's a genteel body, is Miss Pernicketty, though she has seen better days.

THE MAJOR.—If your vestal friend takes "*Lord Saxondale*" as a true bill, she will form a most singular impression touching the character of the British Peerage.

THE LAIRD.—Dear me! a' body doesna ken what to read noo a days! I thocht that the London *Spectator* was a safe authority in literary matters, and on the cover o' the buik in question there is an extract from that journal,

cracking it up as exhibiting the daily life o' the London magnates in a truthfu' manner.

THE MAJOR.—Most simple and verdant of agriculturists! have you yet to learn that it is now a common practice with some New York bibliopoles of the baser sort, to fabricate such notices as you allude to, for the purpose of seducing honest men like yourself, to purchase their re-prints?

THE DOCTOR.—Yes! and do you likewise still require indoctrination that nine-tenths of such notices when really derived from the journals to which they are credited, are neither more nor less than "*see advertisement*" puffs, denuded of this distinguishing typographical caveat?

THE LAIRD.—Weel! weel! after that, onything! Verily, our lines are cast in a deceitfu' and perverse generation!

THE DOCTOR.—Pray who is the author of the fiction upon which we are commenting.

THE MAJOR.—That notorious literary vagabond G. W. M. Reynolds!

THE DOCTOR.—Why, the very name of the fellow is a sufficient caveat against giving heed to a word which he enunciates! I presume that "*Lord Saxondale*" is just the old story over again, of diabolically wicked Dukes, and preternaturally virtuous washer-women!

THE MAJOR.—You have guessed pretty near the mark. Listen, for instance, to the following inviting portraiture of the hero of the story:—

"Frivolous-minded, addicted to vicious pleasures and dissipated pursuits—selfish, and utterly incapable of generous actions—vain, conceited, and insufferably impudent withal—ignorant, prejudiced, and believing that, because he was a nobleman, he must necessarily be a demigod towering above the common mass of humanity—spiteful, malignant, and vindictive, so as to be a cowardly tyrant to his inferiors and an object of terror or dislike with all those to whom he dared manifest his miserable despotism—quarrelsome as a brother, disobedient as a son, and capricious towards everybody—the youthful possessor of the haughty name of Saxondale was as detestable a character as ever filled, amidst the human species, that same kind of place which reptiles occupy in the brute creation.

"As a matter of course, Edmund had gone through all the various degrees and grades of training which constitute an English nobleman's education. At home, either at Saxondale Castle in Lincolnshire or at the town-mansion in Park Lane, he had from his earliest years been taught his consequence in being "my lorded" by thick-headed tenant-farmers or obsequious domestics. He had passed through Eton with a tutor at his elbow to do his exercises for him, and save him from the kickings and cuffings to which his peevishness and malignity daily and hourly exposed him at the hands of other boys. Then he had spent a year at Cambridge, where he was tufted and toadied, and took degrees in debauchery instead of the classics; and then he drove for a few months over France and Germany in a travelling chariot, emblazoned on the panels to show his rank, and with his tutor to speak for him the languages which he himself but dimly comprehended. Having returned to England after this trip, he was immediately caught by Lord Harold Staunton, who had just sent the last human pigeon he had plucked to the Queen's Bench, and who therefore considered the rich young Saxondale a perfect godsend at that particular moment. And in this way had Lord Saxondale been qualified and was still qualifying to fill the post of an hereditary legislator, when in a year and ten months' time the day of his majority would arrive, What advantage the councils of the nation were likely to derive from the assistance of such an individual, when he should take his seat there, we must leave our readers to determine. But very certain it was that young Lord Saxondale was, as far as intellectual accomplishments went, an average sample of his class. Being ignorant of the laws of God, and nature, and humanity, it was not likely he should be better acquainted with those of his country. He had learnt to write, it is true; but his hand was scarcely legible—and this, by-the-bye, is a proof of high-breeding, because in fashionable life a good hand is clerkish, and it is "uncommonly vulgar" to be able to express one-self legibly upon paper. Then, as to arithmetic, he knew nothing: who ever heard of a lord condescending to keep his own accounts? He spoke the English language correctly; because this was a mere parrot-like qualification which he could not help well attaining; but as for any other modern language, he had only the merest smattering of French and the vaguest idea of German, the dead languages being considered the most useful at Eton and Cambridge. As for history, he only knew two things: one was that the Saxondales had taken their origin in the time of the Tudors, and the other that the English had beaten the French at Waterloo; and therefore he was proud of being both a Saxondale and an Englishman."

THE DOCTOR.—I dare say you could pick out half a dozen companion pictures to this sketch?

THE MAJOR.—With ease. The *nobility* who figure in the pages of the Laird's purchase, are all six to half a dozen, so far as intellect and morality are concerned. There is hardly a crime chronicled in the Newgate Calendar, of which the men are not guilty, and as for the females, the most degraded courtezan possesses as large a modicum of virtue as they can lay claim to.

THE LAIRD.—If Maclear will no tak back the buik, I'll burn it in the stove o' his shop, before his very face!

THE MAJOR.—I do not wonder at your indignation. It is infamous that the noblest aristocracy under the sun should thus be libelled and held up to execration, by a penny-a-line vampire, who earns his sordid bread by such detestable pandering to the vilest prejudices and appetites of our nature!

THE DOCTOR.—And how utterly unfounded the estimate which Reynolds takes of the titled aristocracy of our fatherland. That a coronet sometimes encircles the brows of a scoundrel, I do not deny.—This much, how-

ever, I unhesitatingly affirm, that there is no class of Her Majesty's subjects which, comparative numbers taken into account, can boast of greater integrity, intelligence, or true patriotism than the Peerage of Great Britain.

THE MAJOR.—In proof of your assertion I may cite the stir and outcry which ensue, whenever a nobleman renders himself penally amenable to the laws of his country. Mark, for instance, the amount of capital which the home journals are presently manufacturing out of the recent conviction of Lord Frankfort for slander. Why, if the *order* of this unhappy man (of whose accountability pregnant doubts are entertained) was composed to any extent, of the ruffians and demireps described by Reynolds, the case of Frankfort would excite comparatively no attention, owing to the frequency of similar occurrences.

THE LAIRD.—I think if they chained the abusive novelist to the leeing Lord, and made them pick oakum together, it would be an act o' common justice! Wha, in the nams o' wonder, patroneezes the productions o' sic a land-louper?

THE MAJOR.—Reynolds' fictions appear periodically, in a penny journal published in the British metropolis, the sale of which is mainly confined to the uneducated and dissolute. It circulates extensively in pot-houses and flash taverns, and is a leading favorite with thieves, pick-pockets and swindlers.

THE LAIRD.—And sae the lad writes to please the tastes o' his customers?

THE MAJOR.—Precisely so! In every one of his tales you will discover some chivalrous *cracksman*, who is set up as a favorable foil to the unprincipled, cowardly, and rapacious nobility.

THE DOCTOR.—Enough, and more than enough of such carrion;—let us call a new cause. Here are two parts of Appleton and Company's very beautiful reprint of *Lord John Russell's "Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore."*

THE MAJOR.—Have you looked into the production?

THE DOCTOR.—How can you ask such a needless question? Do you imagine that I could have been in possession of such a work three minutes, without diving into the very heart thereof? No, no! such stoicism forms no part of my composition. The Mercury of Maclear had hardly placed it upon my table when my paper-cutter was at work, and I had it dissected in the tossing of a pancake!

THE LAIRD.—Weel, and what is the verdict which you hae arrived at?

THE DOCTOR.—So far as the Right Honorable editor is concerned, the affair is a palpable failure. Lord John Russell demonstrates that he lacks almost all the requisites for a right performance of the task which he has undertaken. His preface abounds with the most common-place platitudes, and there is a puerility in his attempts at criticism, which reminds one pestilently of the essay of a precocious school-boy. To use the expression of Charles Lamb, "one always detects the odor of bread and butter."

THE MAJOR.—But is not glorious little Tom, or Tom Little, left, in a great measure, to tell his own story?

THE DOCTOR.—Unquestionably he is, but even here the biographer developes himself to be merely "a wit among Lords." Nothing in the shape of tact or discrimination is shewn so far as *selection* is concerned. Everything is fish that comes to his net, provided it bears the sign manual of the personage whose life he is writing! The most trifling document is deemed deserving of typographical perpetuity, if presenting the autograph of the luckless bard. Here, for instance, is a specimen of the unadulterated twaddle which we find in the correspondence:—

TO HIS MOTHER.

"*London, January* 5, 1801.

"*I was not allowed to leave Donnington Park till I had promised that as soon as leisure allowed me I should return. They were indeed uncommonly polite. The morning I left it, breakfast was ordered an hour earlier than usual to accommodate me, and Lord Moira requested I should return as soon as I could!!*"

THE LAIRD.—Hech sirs, but that is sma' drink indeed! What do the uncounted millions wha hae laughed, and grat, and burned, and exulted by turns under the magic o' the Irish Melodies,—what, I say, do they care to ken that the maker o' such immortal sangs, got a shake down, and an early breakfast frae Lord Moira, or ony ither lord.

THE DOCTOR.—Bravo! Laird, you are getting democratic in your old age.

THE LAIRD.—I'm no a bit, ye're clean wrang, democratic in the political sense o' the word? If the bit scart o' letter which you hae read had appeared in the life o' the Peer, it wad hae been quite a different part o' speech. A proud feather it wud hae been in the cap o' the highest magnate o' the land, that Moore had honored his rooftree and board.—But though the coronet might hae gloried in the reflected light o' the lyre, the lyre could gain nae glory from the coronet.

THE MAJOR.—Come, come, children, do not fall out, I beseech you! If it so please you, Sangrado, let us have a sample of the better class of literary wares which Lord John Russell has laid before his customers. Surely with all its tares the book contains a modicum of wheat.

THE DOCTOR.—Assuredly it doth, though I wish that the proportion of nutritious matter had been greater. From the auto-biographical memoir (if that be not a tautologous expression) I will read you the poet's account of his first attempt at the concoction of rhyme.

"The commencement of my career in rhyming was so very early as to be almost beyond the reach of memory. But the first instance I can recall of any attempt of mine at regular versicles was on a subject which oddly enables me to give the date with tolerable accuracy; the theme of my muse on this occasion having been a certain toy very fashionable about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a "bandalore," and in English, a "quiz." To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets numbers of persons, of both sexes, were playing it up and down as they walked along; or, as my own very young doggrel described it,—

"The ladies, too, when in the streets, or walking in the Green,
Went quizzing on, to show their shapes and graceful mien.

I have been enabled to mark more certainly the date of this toy's reign, from a circumstance mentioned to me by Lord Plunket concerning the Duke of Wellington, who, at the time I am speaking of, was one of the aide-de-camps of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in the year 1790, according to Lord Plunket's account, must have been a member of the Irish House of Commons. "I remember," said Lord Plunket, "being on a committee with him; and, it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes, the whole time of the sitting of the committee." This trait of the Duke coincides perfectly with all that I have heard about this great man's apparent frivolity at that period of his life. Luttrel, indeed, who is about two years older than the Duke, and who lived on terms of intimacy with all the Castle men of those days, has the courage to own, in the face of all the Duke's present glory, that often, in speculating on the future fortunes of the young men with whom he lived, he has said to himself, in looking at Wellesley's vacant face, "Well, let who will get on in this world, *you* certainly will not." So little promise did there appear at that time of even the most ordinary success in life, in the man who has since accumulated around his name such great and lasting glory."

THE LAIRD.—Od man, but that same Luttrel must have been an even down witch for a guesser! I wonder how he looked when he heard tell o' the battle o' Waterloo!

THE DOCTOR.—I do not think that the ladies of Bermuda will weep many tears to the memory of Erin's bard. Hear how ungallantly he discourseth in a letter to his maternal parent anent the womankind of these fair regions:—

"These little islands of Bermuda form certainly one of the prettiest and most romantic spots that I could ever have imagined, and the descriptions which represent it as like a place of fairy enchantment are very little beyond the truth. From my window now as I write, I can see five or six different islands, the *most distant* not a mile from the others, and separated by the clearest, sweetest colored sea you can conceive; for the water here is so singularly transparent, that, in coming in, we could see the rocks under the ship quite plainly. These little islands are thickly covered with cedar groves, through the vistas of which you catch a few pretty white houses, which my poetical short-sightedness always transforms into temples; and I often expect to see Nymphs and Graces come tripping from them, when, to my *great disappointment*, I *find that a few* miserable negroes is all "the bloomy flush of life" it has to boast of. Indeed, you must not be surprised, dear mother, if I fall in love with the first pretty face I see on my return home, for certainly the "human face divine" has degenerated wonderfully in these countries; and if I were a painter, and wished to preserve my ideas of beauty immaculate, I would not suffer the brightest belle of Bermuda to be my housemaid."

THE MAJOR.—Is there not a description of the Falls of Niagara?

THE DOCTOR.—There is. Open your ears *and listen.*

"I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement. I cannot give you a better idea of what I felt than by transcribing what I wrote off hastily in my journal on returning. 'Arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls on Saturday, July 21st, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Falls, but got no further than the Rapids, which gave us a prelibation of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, Sunday July 22d, went to visit the Falls. Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpse of them, which we got as the carriage passed over the hill that overlooks them. We were *not near* enough to be agitated by the terrific effects of the scene; but saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and received enough of its grandeur to set imagination on the wing—imagination which, even at Niagara, can outrun reality. I felt as if approaching the residence of the Deity; the tears started into my eyes; and I remained, for moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which pious enthusiasm alone can produce. We arrived at the New Ladder, and descended to the bottom. Here all its awful sublimities *rushed full upon me. But the former* exquisite sensation was gone. I now saw all. The string that had been touched by the first impulse, and which *fancy* would have kept for ever in vibration, now rested in *reality*. Yet, though there was no more to imagine, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration, which I never before experienced. Oh! bring the atheist here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders; much more do I pity him who can submit them *to the admeasurement of gallons and yards.* It is impossible by pen or pencil to give even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless; and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara.'"

THE LAIRD.—If pleasing to you, gentlemen, we'll postpone the farther consideration o' this book, till the balance thereof appears. Let

me introduce to your notice a second series o' Appleton's reprints frae the *London Times*.

THE MAJOR.—Is it equal to the first?

THE LAIRD.—Superior, if onything, in my humble opinion. There is not a single paper which is not a gem in its way. In particular, the article on *Uncle Tom's Cabin* contains many nuts weel deservingo' a deliberate cracking. Maybe you will thole me to read the concluding sentences thereof. Abolitionist as I am, the essay has made me think twice about twa or three matters that I thought my mind had been made up upon.

THE MAJOR.—*Lege*, Laird, *lege!*

THE LAIRD.—That's Greek or Gælic, I jealouse, but nae matter, here is the passage.:—

"The world is working its way towards liberty, and the blacks will not be left behind in the onward march. Since the adoption of the American Constitution, seven States have voluntarily abolished slavery. When that Constitution was proclaimed there was scarcely a free black in the country. According to the last census, the free blacks amount to 413,173, and of these 233,691 are blacks of the South, liberated by their owners, and not by the force of law. We cannot shut our eyes to these facts. Neither can we deny that, desirable as negro emancipation may be in the United States, *abolition must be the result of growth, not of revolution, must be patiently wrought out by means of the American Constitution, and not in bitter spite of it.* America cannot for any time resist the enlightened spirit of our age, and it is manifestly her interest to adapt her institutions to its temper. That she will eventually do so if she be not a divided household—if the South be not goaded to illiberality by the North—if public writers deal with the matter in the spirit of conciliation, justice, charity, and truth, we will not permit ourselves to doubt. That she is alive to the necessities of the age is manifest from the circumstance that, for the last four years, she has been busy in preparing the way for emancipation by a method that has not failed in older countries to remove national troubles almost as intolerable as that of Slavery itself. We have learnt to believe that the Old World is to be saved and renewed by means of emigration. Who shall say that the New World—in visible danger from the presence of a dark inheritance bequeathed to it by Europe—shall not be rescued by the same providential means? The negro colony of Liberia, established by the United States, extends along the Western coast of Africa, a distance of more than 500 miles. The civilized black population amounts to 8,000 souls. The heathen population is over 200,000. The soil of the colony is fertile, its exports are daily increasing, it has already entered into diplomatic relations with Great Britain and France. A Government is established, which might have been framed by the whitest skins; 2,000 communicants are in connection with its churches; 1,500 children attend its Sabbath Schools. Education has become—would that it were so here—a national obligation; and the work of instruction and conversion is carried on by educated negroes among their brethren, who cannot fail to appreciate the service and accept the blessing. The refuge afforded by Liberia for the gradual reception of the manumitted and civilized slaves of the United States, we hold to be the most promising element in the question, upon the tranquil settlement of which the happiness and political existence of the United States depend. It will enable America to save herself, and to achieve a work far nobler than that of winning her own political independence. The civilization of Africa hangs largely upon her wisdom. A quarter of the world may be Christianized by the act which enables America to perform the first of Christian duties. We have said that the process of liberation is going on, and that we are convinced the South, in its own interests, will not be laggard in the labor. Liberia and similar spots on the earth's surface proffer aid to the South, which cannot be rejected with safety. That the aid may be accepted with alacrity and good heart, let us have no more *Uncle Tom's Cabins* engendering ill-will, keeping up bad blood, and rendering well-disposed, humane, but critically-placed men their own enemies and the stumbling-blocks to civilization and to the spread of glad tidings from Heaven.

THE DOCTOR.—There is much truth in these remarks, begging Mrs. Stowe's pardon for being so bold as to say so.

THE MAJOR.—Here is a novel, oh, Doctor! which I commend to your very special attention. It is to be *read*, mind you, and not dipped into.

THE DOCTOR.—What name does it answer to?

THE MAJOR.—*Basil, a story of Modern life. By Edward Wilkie Collins, Author of "Antonina," "Rambles beyond Railways," &c.*

THE DOCTOR.—The title likes me not. Your *modern life stories* are, generally speaking, pestilently dull affairs, abounding with wax candles and silver plate, redolent of musk and attar of roses.

THE MAJOR.—Mr. Collins, I can assure you, deals in no such combustibles. The fiction which I refer to is composed of sterner stuff. William Godwin in his freshest and most vigorous days might have fathered *Basil*, without a blush. It is a story full of terrible earnestness, and though the writer strikes but a few notes, these thrill you like the blast of a giant's trumpet. Since the appearance of Jane Eyre I have read nothing to compare with this most masterly tale. It is bone, sinew, and muscle from beginning to end. Besides Basil, I have just finished perusing another delightful volume published recently by the Harpers. This is the book,—"*Corneille and his times.*"

THE DOCTOR.—It strikes me like a dream, that I have seen something very like it, many years ago.

THE MAJOR.—Very probably. In his preface the author says:—"I have reprinted in the present volume, one of the first works of my youth,—a work published for the first time nearly forty years ago. I have made many changes in it."

THE DOCTOR.—I now distinctly remember the essay. It contains some excellent criticisms.

THE MAJOR.—Unquestionably it does, but still I am free to confess that the cogitations of the accomplished author are infinitely too *French* for my rough Anglo-Saxon taste. My faculty to appreciate Corneille was in a great measure destroyed by being early indoctrinated with Shakespeare and Milton.

THE LAIRD.—It's just in reading as in eating. Once feed man wi' roast beef and haggis, and sich like substantial realities, and a cog fu' o' puddocks, though stewed by the head cook o' Epicurus himself, would present few attractions to him!

THE DOCTOR.—I have just turned up Guizot's estimate of Paul Scarron's "*Roman Comique.*"

THE MAJOR.—Pray read it.

THE DOCTOR.—After speaking of some of the leading actors in that celebrated fiction, the author says:—

"The scenes in which these different actors appear are varied; the descriptions are vivid, animated, and striking; in a word, although the "Roman Comique" is not marked by that force of observation, and that fund of philosophical truth which place "Gil Blas" in the first rank of productions of this kind, we find it characterized at least by great fidelity in the reproduction of external and laughable forms, by consummate talent in their arrangement and delineation, by an imagination most fruitful in the invention of details, by a careful choice of circumstances, and by a measure of pleasantry which we were not perhaps prepared to expect from the author; in a word, we find in it all those qualities which can entitle it to high praise, not as a burlesque composition, but, as its name indicates, as a really comic work."

THE MAJOR.—That passage confirms me in an opinion which I have long ago arrived at, that a wide difference exists between the perceptive instincts of the French and English, so far as an appreciation of humor is concerned. A dozen times, at least, have I attempted to read this same *Comic Romance*, but always was constrained to lay down the book with a yawn and a *scunner*, as our messmate the Laird would say. I cannot conceive how the man who could relish Tom Jones or Don Quixote, could by any possibility be reduced into a smile, to say nothing of a laugh, by the *humor* of Scarron.

THE DOCTOR.—And yet you see that a critic of unquestionable skill, like Guizot, ranks the "*Romance*" with "*Gil Blas*," and even awards the palm of superiority to the former.

THE MAJOR.—It is in truth passing strange, and furnishes to my mind the most bewildering of all mental puzzles. In every page does Gil Blas sparkle and vibrate with humor to *my* apprehension, whilst Scarron's production is flat and vapid as an uncorked bottle of soda-water. But I say, the poor Laird has emigrated to the land of Nod! Hush! what is he muttering in his slumbers?

THE LAIRD.—Haud ye'r hand, Major! No anither drap, if you should gang down on your bended knees! I'm a sober man, and no even Father Matthew himself, could egg me on to tak mair than sax horns at ae sitting.—Snore—snore—snore!!

THE MAJOR.—Poor fellow, it is a pity to disturb him; however, wake him, Doctor, and let us into supper; perhaps a cup of good Lohea or coffee may rouse him for our *post cœnam* discussions. [*The Laird is roused and the party retire.*]

AFTER SUPPER SEDERUNT.

MAJOR, LAIRD, DOCTOR, AND MRS. GRUNDY.

THE MAJOR.—Now, Laird, that you have sufficiently refreshed the inner man, we will proceed.

THE LAIRD.—I feel like an awaukened giant. Mrs. Grundy, hae ye ony particlar receipt for masking tea, and whaur do ye get your jeely and your honey, they are maist deleecious, there's something prime in a bap wi' fresh honey that has amaist the perfume o' the morning dew. Hae ye mony skeps, Mem?

THE MAJOR.—Never mind the skeps, Laird. Here are Colonial Chit-Chat, and News from Abroad. Our Chit-Chat for the past month is meagre, but the Parliamentary recess accounts for that. The News from Abroad you will find important.

The Major reads:—

During the past month the construction of a new Government is the main topic of interest; for, be it observed, her Majesty the Queen accepted the resignation of the Derby Cabinet with the best possible grace. And indeed she could scarcely do otherwise, since there was nothing in the state of political parties to render it incumbent upon her to urge Lord Derby's continuance in office, and her own personal predilections could not assuredly have pointed that way. To the Earl of Aberdeen, then, was confided the post of Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the task of forming a new Administration. The latter duty was mainly fulfilled, within a week after the discomfiture of Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons; and how effectively it has been fulfilled, may be seen elsewhere in the list of the new Ministers. In point of talent, of official experience, of Parliamentary weight, and of general repute, a superior list has, we believe, never been presented to a British Sovereign. Every one generally is so cognizant of this fact, and of the capabilities and antecedents of the leaders therein named, that it would be a waste of time to recapitulate them. But the country, readily acknowledging the personal claims of these nobles and gentlemen upon its admiration, perceives at the same time the marvellous incongruity that distinguishes this Cabinet as a whole. Can such discordant materials be worked up to practical ends, without sacrifices of individual opinion that must draw down universal contempt? That is the question which men have already begun to ask; and to which a fitting reply can only be made as time progresses. The new Premier has attempted to solve all difficulty and anticipate all reproach, by declaring that for many years past there have been no important differences of opinion amongst the men who com-

pose his Administration; and he somewhat lamely settles the question by intimating that he could not possibly have united with certain of his colleagues, unless he and they had been the same at heart. "The in-coming Whigs," says his Lordship, "are Conservative-Liberals; I myself am a Liberal-Conservative—so there's an end of the matter." Unanimity as regards a commercial tariff is to take the place of all other bonds of sympathy; and unpleasant souvenirs of former acts and speeches are to be obviated by a dexterous shifting of place. This seems to us but a poor expedient. Men of ability will indeed easily fall into the routine of duties attendant on the holding of any appointment; but the value of their precious experience must be deteriorated by the abandonment of one office and the acceptance of another. Who, for instance, can avoid a smile, on finding Viscount Palmerston nominated to the Home Office. It absolutely makes one laugh, to think of the man who has stood before the world for so many years as the exponent of England's foreign policy settling himself down to the affairs of the magistracy, the militia, or the police? Imagine him whose thought has been of the balance of power, of the adjustment of treaties, and of the rise and fall of nations, pondering over a sentence pronounced at the Court of Sessions, and denounced perchance in the *Times*, or gravely considering the allotted diet of a convict-ship! What moreover will be said of us abroad, when it is found that the Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston, who have been looked upon as rivals in the Foreign Office, have consented to sit at the same Council Board, and that associated with them is that same Lord John Russell, who ejected from his ministry that same Lord Palmerston, so short a time ago, and who has now the temerity to take possession of the Foreign Office himself? The best that they can say will be that we Englishmen are very incomprehensible fellows. Beyond a certain degree of fitness for any civil duty, Lord John has so little to recommend him as the director of our international affairs, that we trust there is truth in the rumour that he is but keeping the place warm for Lord Clarenden.—Sir James Graham, again, when he vacated the Home Office left certain unpleasant reminiscences behind him. These ought to be forgotten, now that we have him once more at the head of the Admiralty, for which place he has many qualifications, although in him is renewed the monstrous absurdity of a civilian heading such a department.—As Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. Sidney Herbert stood well before the public; in the general shuffle he now comes forth as Secretary at War, in order that he may have a seat in the Cabinet. Here again is experience misapplied; for although he has served in his present capacity, it was but for a brief period.—It has been erroneously said that the Greys are excluded; for we find them here represented in the person of Sir Charles Wood, Earl Grey's brother-in-law, the infelicitous Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Russell-Grey régime. In this case, no one can regret his transfer to another post; although why the East India Department should be saddled with such a supervisor, it were hard to say. This is the weakest appointment made; though from it we learn that the very fortunate family above-named has still a political existence. They deserve some commiseration, however; Sir Charles's patronage in his new position is very limited.—No Post-Master-General appears yet in the list. No wonder; it must be hard to satisfy the claimants from so many sections of party.—Mr. Cardwell, the new President of the Board of Trade, is excluded from the Cabinet, being without a seat in Parliament.—But the most remarkable of all the new appointments seems to us to be that of Sir William Molesworth, a man of brilliant talents, but hitherto regarded as an uncompromising Radical. This effort to appease the ultra-Liberals can scarcely win their good-will, nor can it escape remark, that Sir William's duties lie more apart from political movements than those of any of his associates. Still, his constituents will complain, if he smother his well-known tendencies; and these have nothing in common with the Government of which he has become a member.—The new Lord Chancellor was known as Solicitor-General, when Mr. Rolfe, and has subsequently, as Vice-Chancellor, acquired a fair degree of favor with his brethren. He is not, however, a Lyndhurst in debate, nor a Sugden in legal knowledge.—The new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of St. Germains, came into public life as Lord Eliot. He was Secretary for Ireland under Sir Robert Peel. When it was surmised that Lord Palmerston was probably balancing between the Conservatives and the Radicals, who could have forseen an alliance with both at the same time? We trusted also that Lord Aberdeen would take our foreign policy under his immediate supervision. Who could have dreamed that it would be entrusted to Lord John Russell; or that the latter could have sunk from the office of Prime Minister to that of Secretary of State? He has certainly an example in Lord Goderich, the present Earl of Ripon; but that nobleman, if we remember rightly, was much quicker in discovering his own unfitness to rule the State, than the country was in finding out Lord John's.

Few events in "the old country" of stirring import have lately occurred; though with more time at our disposal we might extract a little pith from the leading articles of the London papers.—The *Times* has been loud, and deservedly so, in its reprobation of the appointment of Sir Fleetwood Pellew, as successor to the late Rear Admiral Austen in the command of our East India squadron. Sir Fleetwood is a veteran; and not having been at sea for many years, it is fairly presumed that he will be unfit to contend against the enervating effects of the Indian climate. General Godwin's dilatory proceedings in the Rangoon war give additional effect to this appeal to the new Lord of the Admiralty. The Duke of Northumberland, hitherto much commended, made the objectionable nomination.—Lord Malmesbury also has come in for a share of the Thunderer's ire, for having given to his brother and his cousin respectively two lucrative diplomatic offices.

THE ABERDEEN ADMINISTRATION.

First Lord of the Treasury The Earl of Aberdeen.
Lord Chancellor . . . . . Lord Cranworth.
Chancellor of Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone.

Secretaries of State,	Home..	Lord Palmerston.
	Foreign	Lord John Russell.
	Colonial	The Duke of Newcastle.
First Lord of Admiralty.		Sir James Graham.
President of the Council.		Earl Granville.
Lord Privy Seal.....		The Duke of Argyll.
Secretary at War.... .		Mr. Sidney Herbert.
President of the Board of Control.....		Sir C. Wood.
First Commissioner of Public Works.....		Sir W. Molesworth.
The Marquis of Lansdowne,		The above form the Cabinet.

In addition, we believe the following appointments have taken place:—

President of the Board of Trade.....	Mr. Cardwell.
President of the Poor Law Board.....	M. T. Baines.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.....	E. Strutt.
Lord-Lt. of Ireland.....	Lord St. Germains.
Chief Secretary to Lord-Lt. of Ireland.....	Sir J. Young.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland.....	M. Brady.
Attorney-Gen. for Ireland	Mr. Brewster.
Lords of the Admiralty	Hon. W. F. Cowper and Admiral Berkeley.
Attorney-General.....	Sir A. Cockburn.
Vice-Chancellor.....	Sir W. P. Wood.
Judge-Advocate-General	Mr. C. P. Villiers.
Lord of the Treasury...	Mr. Sadler.
Under Secretary of State for the Colonies.....	Mr. F. Peel
Under-Secretary of State for Foreign affairs....	Lord Wodehouse.
Secretary of the Treasury	G. Hayter.
Joint-Secretaries of the Board of Control.....	R. Lowe, A. H. Layard.
Clerk of the Ordnance..	Mr. Monsell.
Vice-Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household..	Lord E. Bruce.
Treasurer of Do	The Earl of Mulgrave.
Comptroller of Do.....	Lord Drumlanrig.

For the convenience of comparison, we subjoin lists of the three last preceding Cabinets:—

SIR R. PEEL'S.

First Lord of the Treasury		Sir R. Peel.
Chancellor of Exchequer		Henry Goulbourn.
Lord Chancellor.....		Lord Lyndhurst.
President of the Council.		Lord Wharncliffe.
Secretaries of State,	Home..	Sir J. Graham.
	Foreign.	Earl of Aberdeen.
	Colonial	Lord Stanley.
First Lord of Admiralty		Earl of Haddington.
President of the Board of Control.....		Earl of Ripon.
President of the Board of Trade.....		Thomas Gladstone.
Privy Seal		Duke of Buccleuch.
Secretary at War.....		Sir T. Freemantle.
Paymaster-Gen., Treasurer of Navy and Ordnance.....		Sir E. Knatchbull.
Commander of the Forces		Duke of Wellington.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S.

First Lord of the Treasury		Lord J. Russell.
Chancellor of Exchequer		Sir C. Wood.
Lord Chancellor.....		Lord Truro.
President of the Council.		Marquis of Lansdowne.
Lord Privy Seal.....		Earl of Minto.
Secretaries of State,	Home..	Sir G. Grey.
	Foreign.	Vis. Palmerston, Lord
	Colonial	Earl Grey. [Granville.
First Lord of Admiralty.		Sir F. T. Baring.
President of the Board of Control.....		Lord Broughton.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.....		Earl of Carlisle.
President of the Board of Trade.....		H. Labouchere.
Postmaster-General.....		Marquis of Clanricarde.
Secretary at War.....		Hon. Fox Maule.
Paymaster-General, and Vice-President of the Board of Trade.....		Earl Granville.
First Commissioner of Public Works.....		Lord Seymour.

LORD DERBY'S.

President of the Council.		Earl of Lonsdale.
Lord High Chancellor...		Lord St. Leonard's
First Lord of the Treasury		Earl of Derby.
Lord Privy Seal.....		Marquis of Salisbury
Chancellor of Exchequer		B. Disraeli.
Secretaries of State,	Home..	S. H. Walpole.
	Foreign.	Earl of Malmesbury.
	Colonial	Sir J. Pakington.
First Lord of Admiralty.		Duke of Northumberland
President of the Board of Control.....		J. C. Herries.
President of the Board of Trade.....		J. W. Henley.
Commissioner of Woods and Forests.....		Lord J. R. Manners.

THE BURMAH WAR.

It is now a year since General Godwin left his divisional command at Umballah to lead the expedition against the Burmese. The Governor General imagined that General Godwin's experience in the former war made him the most fitting person to command the troops about to be employed; and hence Lord Dalhousie's selection, which was most cordially approved of by the majority of military men in India. From first to last our operations against the Burmese have been one huge bungle and chapter of absurd accidents, First, the mutiny of the 38th N.I., which might have been avoided by decent management; then, the want of co-operation on the part of the Madras authorities, arising out of some petty jealousy engendered by the fact that nearly all the Staff appointments had been monopolized by the Bengal officers; then, the differences which arose between the Commodore and the General, touching the advisability, or otherwise, of immediately attacking Prome.

It is very easy to hold Gen. Godwin responsible for the delays which have taken place, and to blame him accordingly: but the question is—was General Godwin a free agent? Had he discretionary power? Or was he fettered by instructions from the Marquis of Dalhousie, conveyed in

"private and confidential" communications? We do not mean to say that General Godwin *was* so fettered; but we have reason to think it premature to blame that General for not having had recourse to more active measures. Military men of General Godwin's stamp scrupulously avoid anything in the shape of individual responsibility or risk. Aye, military men of even greater standing and repute are prone to do this, as witness Sir Joseph Thackwell (at Soodalapore), who, with the power of terminating at once the second Sikh campaign, conned over the instructions he had received from Lord Gough, and abided by them, to the very letter. If a healthier order of things existed in India, we should have a Commander-in-Chief whose faculties were equal to great emergencies, and whose judgment ought not to be subjected to the will of a Governor General utterly ignorant of matters military. His Excellency the Commander-in Chief of the forces in India, Sir W. Gomm, is probably at this moment presiding at a pic-nic party in the vicinity of Simlah, while a Divisional Commander is carrying on (or rather *not* carrying on) the war in Burmah under instructions from the late President of the Board of Trade, the Marquis of Dalhousie! Poor old Sir William Gomm, when he heard that the troops were about to embark for Rangoon, did, with characteristic kindness and good nature, intimate his intention of "seeing them off;" but Lord Dalhousie courteously dissuaded him from undertaking a journey which would be as arduous to His Excellency as costly to the East India Company.

The *Daily News* has an able article on the Burmese war; but it touches principally on the finance part of the business. The *Daily News* says:—

Lord Dalhousie, intends, it is said, to make the present war pay its own cost. So did Lord Amherst, in 1824–6; but he failed to do so, and Lord Dalhousie will also fail. For where is the King of Ava, golden-footed though he be, to procure such a sum as fifteen millions sterling? There is no such amount in all his dominions. In that case Lord Dalhousie threatens to annex whole provinces of the Burmese Empire. That, however, will aggravate, instead of diminishing the cost of this quarrel. For the financial results of all our recent annexations and absorptions have seriously increased instead of diminishing, the annual deficits in the Indian Treasury. Scinde, at the present time, is a burthen on the general revenues of India (beyond its receipts) of £200,000 a-year. In the Punjaub the cost of its civil government alone nearly eats up all its revenue, and leaves almost the whole expenses of its military establishments, necessarily very large, to be provided for by what Lord Hardinge calls "the State," but what we prefer designating "the people of India." When Lord Dalhousie absorbed the little state of Sattarah, he led the Court of Directors to expect a profit of some £200,000 a-year from its acquisition. The result has, however, falsified his expectations; and the loss compels the court to upbraid his lordship by saying, "we certainly were not prepared to find that the annexation of Sattarah would entail a charge upon the general resources of India." What right, then, have we to expect profit to the government of India from any territory we may acquire from the King of Ava? None at all.

THE KAFFIR WAR.

The war is not yet brought to a close. Operations of the most vigorous nature are, up to the last accounts, being carried on against the Kaffirs, who although repeatedly attacked, dispersed, pursued, and killed in great numbers, are neither, as yet, reduced to submission nor driven across the Kei.

It appears from the latest intelligence from the Cape that the anticipations so recently expressed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer respecting the Kaffir War have been premature. That savage tribe, although driven by the valour of our troops from their favorite strongholds, is still unsubdued. Their most celebrated chiefs are still at large, and although the number of their followers has been thinned by death and desertion, they have hitherto contrived to baffle the vigilance of their opponents. If Sir Harry Smith had remained at his post we should have probably known a good deal more of the position and relative strength of the contending parties. That gallant officer was communicative to a fault; and being, at the same time, a ready and graphic writer, he rendered us thoroughly acquainted with all the varied movements of this remarkable contest. The despatches of his successor present a striking contrast to the compositions of Sir Harry Smith. General Cathcart errs, perhaps, on the side of brevity; but no one can dispute that his government has been characterised by great energy and good sense; and we sincerely hope that, in a very short time, we shall hear that this costly, but inglorious war has been brought to a successful close.

AUSTRALIAN GOLD.

The accounts of gold in Australia become more marvellous than ever. The most recent accounts state that a few days later advices have been received, and it appears that even during that time new and extensive deposits have been discovered. Returns are also given of the amounts sent down by escort from Mount Alexander and Balarat mines, to the Colony of Victoria, to the seaport of Melbourne alone, from October, 1851, to the end of August, which show the steady increase of the yield. They were as follows:—

	Ounces.
October, 1851	18,482
November, "	60,878
December, "	169,684
January, 1852	107,216
February, "	111,778
March, "	123,778
April, "	135,112
May, "	138,906
June, "	162,990
July, " (after the rains)	353,182
August, "	350,968

Besides 40,000 ounces from adjoining localities, making an aggregate of 1,771,974 ounces worth, £4 sterling, or $20 per ounce. This, however, does not nearly represent the entire amount collected even in Victoria alone, since the miners retain considerable quantities in their own hands, and it is, consequently, estimated that the actual

produce for the eleven months cannot have been less than 2,000,000 ounces, worth £10,000,000 sterling. The yield from the gold fields in New South Wales, brought down to Sydney, remains to be added, and the recent discovery of an extensive tract in South Australia will likewise have to be taken into account. In each of the three colonies there is enough, it is now believed, to reward all the population that can pour in for years. The New South Wales or Sydney mines have been in a great measure neglected, on account of the scarcity of hands, but they are believed to be almost interminable in extent, and in some parts nearly as rich as Mt. Alexander in Victoria. One large tract of 313,000 acres belongs to the Australian Agricultural Company, founded in London about twenty-eight years ago, and during the present week they have received advices that the whole of it seems to be richly impregnated with gold, and that it is impossible to estimate its wealth. It abounds likewise with quartz; and some pieces actually picked from the surface by the Government commissioner, and subsequently tested at Sydney, were found to yield 8 pounds 4 ounces per ton, or in sterling value £350 or £400.

THE CONTINENT.

From France we learn that the positive announcements, so long circulated, of an existing engagement between the Emperor and the Princess Vasa, have proved to be false, and the Princess has preferred Prince Albert of Saxony, to whom she is positively engaged.

And now for Colonial Chit-Chat. (*Major continues*):—

GAOLS IN UPPER CANADA.

Public attention has recently been strongly directed to the disgraceful condition of the prisons in some of the leading cities and towns in Upper Canada. Measures, we are happy to say, are in progress to remedy the evil, so far as Hamilton and London gaols are concerned; and it is to be hoped that before long we may have it in our power to make a similar statement in reference to Toronto. In the prison of this city, want of room renders anything in the shape of classification almost impracticable, so that the comparatively uncorrupted youth is frequently caged with the ruffian grown hoary in crime.

A LITERARY GEM.

The *Conservative Expositor* vouches for the following, as a literal copy of the Rules and Regulations adopted by the School Trustees of School Section No. 14, in the Township of Nissouri, Oxford. It is worthy of preservation as a curiosity of literature:—

"Thou shalt not lie thou shalt not swear thou shalt not speak a smutty or blagard talk thou shalt not steal thy neighbour's dinner his ink or handle his books or anything that is his

no whispering no laughing no leaving Seats with liberty nor meddle with books Slates pens nor ink without liberty no quareling no lying no fitting no Swearing Stealing nor telling tales out of School no disputing no bad language no pushing each other in the mud nor in the dich on the road home

any Children coming without proper books their parents to be no te fyed by a letter if not punctually attended to shall be liable to be dismissed from School.

HENRY B NICHOLS
JOHN BROOK."

HON. ROBERT BALDWIN.

The Hon. Robert Baldwin has written a letter to the Hon. Francis Hincks, which appears in one of the organs at Quebec. Alluding to a statement made by a contemporary, that "Mr. Hincks had participated in throwing Mr. Baldwin overboard, * * * because it answered his purpose to remain in office," Mr. Baldwin says:—"It would seem, therefore, not to be generally known, that at the time I felt it to be my duty to resign, in consequence of the division on the Chancery question, you offered to go out with me, and that it was upon my urging you not to do so, and pointing out the difference in our relative positions, with respect to that question, that you abstained from tendering your resignation at the same time; and that you not only exerted yourself to promote my return for North York, at the general election, but showed every desire consistent with your position, that I should be returned for Niagara, upon your electing to sit for Oxford." Mr. Baldwin adds, he had at first thought of making these facts known in Toronto, but finally concluded to send them to Mr. Hincks, in order that he might do with them what he deemed the "most desirable," which appears to be publication in an organ.

UPPER CANADA COMMON SCHOOLS.

The number of teachers employed in 1851 was 3,277, being 199 less than in 1850. The report says, "this shews there were fewer changes of teachers in 1851 than 1850—there being not three hundred more teachers employed than there were schools in operation." The number of first class certificates given to teachers during 1851 was 378; second class certificates, 1,272; third ditto, 1,547; total, 3,187: being 247 less than the number of teachers licensed by Local Superintendents in 1850. Efforts are made to prune the profession as much as possible of incompetent teachers. Very few teachers are employed who do not profess some religious persuasion. The number of 81 is given in the table, under the heading "other persuasions and those not reported;" and of that number it is believed 61 belong to some sect or other. The largest decrease is of Methodist and Baptist teachers; the smallest, of members of the Church of England; while there is an increase in the number of Quakers. The average rate of salaries of teachers presents a gratifying improvement. It was for male teachers, in 1850, without board, £52 4s.; in 1851, £55 12s.; for female teachers, in 1850, £31 10s.; in 1851, £33 10s.

GRAND TRUNK RAILROAD.

The Montreal *Pilot* states, it is informed on good authority, that the contract for the Grand Trunk Railroad from Montreal to Toronto, has been signed by Mr. Jackson and his associates, on the arrival in London of the Hon. Mr. Ross. The line from Toronto to Hamilton has been undertaken by another contractor, at £1,000 more per mile than the Grand Trunk Line. The prospects of the Trois Pistoles Railroad are good.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

We copy the following account, in relation to the prosperity of St. John, from the *News* of that city:—

"We have passed through one of the finest, if not the finest, business seasons ever known to New Brunswick. Our ships, timber and deals, have brought satisfactory prices in the English market. We have had a long warm summer. The harvest has been most abundant. The hay crop which fell short in some localities, has been made up in quantity, by the open fall weather, which we have been enjoying for some time. A farmer and a man of judgment informs us, that this favourable season has been equal to one-sixth added to the agricultural wealth of the Province for the last summer. Another farmer states that he has saved £25 worth of hay, up to the present time, comparing this with the last season. Our merchants have done an active business during the present year; and as a proof that our mechanics have not been idle, we may state that carpenters in the ship yards are now receiving 7s. 6d. per day. At the suspension bridge they are obtaining 10s. In the city we believe good house carpenters are getting 7s. 6d. Other operatives corresponding rates. Our dry goods and other business folks, have likewise made good profits during the past summer, if we may judge from the number of people going in and coming out of the stores. Money has been abundant. The banks have been considerate and accommodating, wherever the securities have answered. The city is in a perfect state of solvency. It never was more so. More buildings have been erected this year than during any year before, while some of them would do credit to any city in the world—for example, those brick edifices in King Street."

The accounts from Nova Scotia state that Mr. Howe has been successful in his English mission, and that he can obtain any amount of money for railroad purposes, at 6 per cent., on Provincial security. Also, that the Government were willing to re-open negociations for affording the Imperial guarantee to build the Northern line, which Mr. Hincks so contemptuously rejected.

We learn from the Niagara *Chronicle* that the result of the recent Municipal Elections in the County of Welland is *another tie* upon the question of separation from Lincoln—five of the constituencies having elected Councillors in favor of, and five against such separation.

The colonial built (St. Johns, N. B.) ship Marco Polo, 1625 tons, Captain Forbes, has made the unrivalled passage from Liverpool, 3rd July, to Melbourne, Australia, in 68 days, and back in 75 days! She sailed from Melbourne 11th October, and arrived at Liverpool on the 26th of December.

THE MAJOR.—And now, Doctor, for your contributions.

THE DOCTOR.—Science and Art, have I none, for the selections that I would fain make, are long and unsuitable for our purpose, besides, I really think that *Silliman's* and our own *Canadian Journal*, are such valuable works, that it is something like presumption in us to attempt more than a bare record of any startling discovery,—referring the reader interested in those matters to these journals, for particular information. My Music is here. The song is, as usual, from our talented friend, the Mus. Bac. My remarks, if somewhat severe, are yet, I think, better than unmeaning and unqualified praise. Now, Laird.

THE LAIRD.—Here are my "Facts," and I hope they will do some guid to the rising generation,—for I hae waled them with muckle care for their especial behoof. (*Laird reads*):—

PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION OF FARMERS.

The farmer is, or ought to be, the perfection, the highest grade of the human family in private life; but, as a general rule, he is not so. I have mixed much with all classes of society in this country, and can say frankly that I have met with more genuine gentlemen in the country, on farms and plantations, than in cities and towns. I have found but one fault in all my intercourse with country people, that is calculated to degrade them, and that is almost universally prevalent; and so long as it does prevail it must continue to degrade the profession. It is the absence of a proper *esprit de corps*, and in its place, a longing desire for other professions. They "look *down*" upon their own profession, and *up* to every other. They educate their sons for lawyers, doctors, divines, merchants; and those who cannot be thus educated, educate *themselves* for farmers, *as it happens*. Is not this the truth?

Now this must be reformed entirely. Farmers must be ambitious of becoming great farmers, instead of great lawyers and doctors; and farmers' sons and daughters must be enabled to see in their father's profession, a station and standing sufficiently exalted to satisfy the highest ambition. But how can this be accomplished? By a proper system of education. At present the great end and aim of education is what is called professional—that is, the student is being educated for a lawyer, &c. Take the catalogue of our colleges, and where you will find one student preparing for an agricultural life, you will find five hundred preparing for other professions. If a farmer has two sons, and the one exhibits a modicum of intellectual "smartness," and the other the same amount of dullness, the former is forthwith sent to the law-school, the latter to the barn-yard.

Among all that has been written on the subject of education of farmers' sons, I have not seen what I consider the proper idea inculcated. It is true, we are continually furnished with essays recommending the establishment of agricultural schools, colleges, farm schools, &c., but they do not contain the germ from which the future tree must grow. Legislatures must not be looked to to establish schools. Farmers must establish them themselves. Lawyers, and doctors, and divines establish their own schools, and why not farmers? These professions would fare poorly, just as the farmers do, if they were to depend upon the legislatures to establish medical schools, &c., for them. No; they first put their shoulders to the wheel, and then call upon Hercules. But the great idea, so universally overlooked, is, that the farmers must first appreciate the respectab-

lity, the gentility of their own profession, before they can be induced to take the proper measures to insure a thorough professional education for their sons. They must cultivate a spirit of respect for themselves and their profession; and consider no other class of men, no other profession superior or more respectable than their own. They should do as other professions do, associate and consult together upon their own professional affairs; establish schools and colleges for the education of the young; and, in fact, do as all other professions do to advance their own interest.

Let sketch a plan of education, and as a model we will take the medical profession. What does a man do who has a son that he wishes to make a doctor of? He selects some good physician, and puts his son with him to study, two or three years. This is to give him a theoretical knowledge of the rudiments. The physician will instruct him as to the books he must read, make him acquainted with the minor practical duties of the profession, and give him opportunities for such practice as may be considered proper. This is an apprenticeship. After a proper length of study in the office, he is sent to the medical college, where he completes his theoretical studies, and has the advantage of the clinical practice in the infirmary or hospital, and at a proper time, after sufficient examination, he receives his diploma.

Now, farmers should do the same with those of their sons they intend for farmers. They should instruct them in the principles as well as the practice of their art; they should put books into their hands to be studied; they should, in fact, be carried through a regular apprenticeship. When they have gone through with this preliminary study of theoretical and practical farming, such as can be given them at home, or with some respectable farmer, they are prepared for the higher school studies. Every county should have at least one high Agricultural School, established and supported by the farmers, both in the science or theory, and practice of agriculture. Until the farmer adopt a system of this sort, it is impossible that they can ever attain to that high professional standing that is enjoyed by other professions.

What, let us ask, is the system at present in vogue? The boy grows up on the farm, and sees as little of the farm-work as he possibly can. No one explains to him the why and because of any operation. If his parents are able, he is sent to some neighboring school, where he learns to read and write, and possibly to "cypher" some; but he learns to envy the condition of the schoolmaster, the clerk in the store, the doctor's students, and the lawyer's young men, and to hate the idea of returning to the work of a plain farmer. Here is the root of the evil, and I do not see how it is to be eradicated, except by a radical change in the school system, and in the minds of the farmers themselves, as to the standing and character of a farmer's profession. If the young be induced to consider the profession of a farmer as dignified and *genteel* as that of any other class, they would not so readily imbibe a dislike for it. This can be accomplished by a proper systematic course of instruction at home, and by schools properly instituted and managed.

As a general rule, every class of people enjoy precisely the character and standing in society that they themselves select. If the members of any profession, as a body, select a high grade of standing, and use the means for attaining it, they must and will occupy it. But if they merely look upon this high grade with an envious eye, and take no measures for securing it to themselves, they will most assuredly never attain it. There is a very prevalent idea among practical working people, that *other* people look upon them as a degraded class. In all my experience, I have found this idea to have originated with themselves, and that the other classes, without their suggestion, would never have thought of such a thing. Self-respect should induce every man to put a proper estimate upon his own claims to the respect of others, and preclude the idea that any one else *can*, much less *does*, underrate them.

FARM ECONOMY.

"I am not *rich enough* to be economical," said a young friend of ours, when we strongly recommended to him the profits of a certain improvement. "The want of means compels me to work constantly to a disadvantage, and I cannot enjoy the privileges and profits of my richer neighbors." This is a difficulty in which many intelligent farmers have found themselves placed, and from which they would most gladly be extricated. Innumerable instances are occurring in their daily practice, where they could secure golden results, had they only the lever of capital placed in their hands; but as they are now situated, they seem to themselves like the man who is digging the earth with his unassisted hands, or the one who is compelled to carry water in an egg-shell, while their more fortunate neighbors are turning up the deep soil with the most perfect instruments, or sending streams of refreshment and fertility through easy channels over their entire farms. Now, we are not about to plan a "royal road" of escape from this difficulty; it must be met and conquered. If the attack is rightly made, the conquest will be comparatively easy; if wrongly, it will be the discouraging and formidable task of a life-time.

The eager inquiry is now made, What is the easiest mode of conquest? We answer, the first and great leading means, is a large fund of thorough and practical *knowledge*. The man who, by a close observation of results in his own practice and in the experience of others, in connection with the immense amount of useful *suggestions* (to say nothing of distinct practical directions) contained in the best publications of the day, possesses, even with a very short purse, a vast advantage over the short-sighted, ignorant, and unobservant capitalist. He will turn to advantage, even with his very limited means, a thousand resources which others would allow to sleep unemployed for ever.

We once had occasion to observe the contrast in the condition of two young farmers, one of whom had a four-hundred acre farm "left" to him; the other had but fifty acres, which he had paid for in part, by previously laboring on a farm for some years by the month in summer, and teaching a district school in winter. The one had the capital of money which his own hands had never earned; the other possessed the more valuable capital of knowledge and indomitable perseverance. The young heir was more interested in

riding about, in parties, balls, &c., than in the details of farming, and knew the contents of every newspaper much better than of any agricultural journal. His farm became an exact reflection of its owner's character. Fences were soon obscured by belts of alders, blackberries, and burdocks; and buildings showed marks of premature age, and became dilapidated. There was a thirty-acre marsh, which might have been drained, but it never was. And there was a patch of Canada thistles which filled one twelve-acre field, and part of another, which he could have destroyed in one season, had he known how others had done. One hundred and eighty loads of manure, as estimated at one time by a neighbor, were allowed to lie a whole year about his barn, without application. His cattle were of the long-horned, big-headed, sharp-backed breed. His swine were the Long-bristled Racers. His profits in farming may be easily guessed. There was a general complaint among his neighbors, that his debts were never met within six months after the appointed pay-day, and that he endured a sharp dun with extra-ordinary patience. It is true, necessity drove him to retrench his expenses, and the improved examples about him induced him to amend his practice, but not until his farm was reduced to less than half its original size, by portions sold off at three different times to satisfy mortgages.

Well, what became of the young fifty-acre farmer, we are asked. He has ceased to be a "fifty-acre farmer." He began by examining closely what improvements could be made, of whatever character and kind, whether cheap or expensive. Among these he was compelled to select first, the cheap improvements, or those which promised the largest profits for the smallest outlay. One of the first of these was the draining of a three-acre alder swamp, a large portion of which he did with his own hands in autumn, between seeding and threshing. He had read of success with *brush drains;* he constructed all the side or secondary channels by filling them at the bottom with the bushes cut from the ground, which enabled him to accomplish the work at less than half the usual price. These brush drains have now stood many years, and the brush being wholly excluded from the external air, has not decayed, and they carry off the little water required, being numerous, and at regular intervals. Now, observe the result: The alder swamp would not have sold originally for five dollars an acre; it now brings crops of wheat, broom-corn, and meadow grass, more than paying the interest on a hundred and fifty dollars per acre, besides all expenses. He doubled his manure by drawing from the most peaty portion of this drained swamp, large quantities of muck to his farm-yard, where it was kept comparatively dry till wanted, under a cheap slab and straw shed. By paying a small sum yearly, he was enabled to improve immensely the breed of his cattle, sheep, and swine, which he thinks has returned the money thus expended at least twenty fold. The same keen attention to his business in other points, enabled him to effect many additional improvements, among which we may briefly mention a cheap and simple horse-power of his own construction, consisting of a rope running on the ends of radiating arms, which enabled him, by means of one or two horses, as necessity required, to thrash his grain, saw his wood, drive his churn, turn his grind-stone, and slit picket-lath. It is true, he has thrown this rude machine aside for the greatly improved endless-chain power, but it answered his purpose for the time, before the days of improved machinery. But among all his outlays for the sake of economy, there is none which he thinks has repaid him equal to the subscription money applied in taking two agricultural periodicals, costing him $1½ yearly besides postage, and which, in connection with his own experience and good judgment, have been the chief guides in most of his great improvements. He has been enabled to add sixty more acres to his land, and the whole presents a beautiful specimen of neat, finished, and profitable farming.

None of this is fiction. It was gradually accomplished by years of constant, steady, intelligent perseverance.

SOWING CLOVER WITH CORN.

Mr. Editor,—Some person may inquire about sowing clover among corn, and as it is a common practice here, and our manner of doing it appears to be somewhat different from others, I thought I would give you a brief account of it. As our oat crop here brings but a poor price, and is generally considered an exhausting one to our soil, a number of our farmers have ceased raising it, and instead of following our corn crops with an oat crop, as was our usual rotation here, we now always sow our corn fields with clover seed. We always sow it just after the double-shovel plough runs through our corn the last time. I sowed my seed this summer, in the first week of July, and the corn-field now looks fine and green, with a good coat of clover on it. A neighbour of mine has now one of the finest-looking clover fields, done in the same way, that I have ever seen. I did the same thing last year, and the year before. It affords early pasture in the spring following; and then the cattle are kept off until after harvest, when it has grown up considerably, and is then turned under for wheat. I never turned under better clover than I did this fall, that was sowed in among my corn last summer a year. Of course we do not sow it as thick as if we would want to keep it for mowing or permanent pasture. We consider that it pays us much better in the way of pasture, and then in a manure for wheat, than the ordinary oat crop would after our corn. We seldom fail here in getting it to catch, unless the season is unusually dry, and then it partially fails.

We always sow it immediately after a rain, or directly after the plough, while the ground is fresh and mellow, and it will then start at once, and if the drouth does not kill it, you will have a fine crop of clover.

Hilling Corn.—At a late meeting of the New Hampshire Legislative Agricultural Society, all the speakers objected to hilling corn. One farmer, who had experimented by hilling and leaving the earth level, found no apparent difference in the product, but found the hilled portions more likely to be broken down by storms. The other stood more firmly; or if bent, sooner recovered itself. Was not this owing to the better maturing and hardening of the roots?

CLIMBING PLANTS.

"As graceful as a vine," is a very common expression. Every one thinks the phrase quite poetical, and that is the end of it. *Grace* and *Beauty* are well enough to talk about, and serve as excuses for writing fine sentences, say our utilitarians; but were you to advocate that these are "qualities as positive as electro-magnetism," you would at once be set down as a hopeless sentimentalist.

Still, we are about to propose something which has no other recommendation than simplicity, beauty, and grace. It costs nothing, and will afford no pecuniary income; but it looks pretty. We wish to talk about the propriety of planting climbing plants to shade the windows, to relieve the monotonous colour of the exterior of the house, to cover up everything ugly, and to heighten the charm of everything pretty and picturesque. No matter how rude and unarchitectural may be your dwelling, vines will give it a new character, and make it look home-like and cheerful. There never was a grand old mansion or princely palace, that would not look grander and more kingly for a vine to twine about its great pillars, whose green leaves and bright flowers would relieve its stern and imposing appearance.

A decoration of this kind, you have not to wait years to have completed; nor to consult with architects, or spend much time yourself to secure it. A wish will almost bring it. We quote Mr. Downing's remarks as to the vines most suitable for cultivation:—

"Our two favourite vines, then, for the adornment of cottages, in the Northern States, are the double *Prairie Rose*, and the *Chinese Wistaria*. Why we like these best is, because they have the greatest number of good qualities to recommend them. In the first place, they are hardy, thriving in all soils and exposures; in the second place, they are luxuriant in their growth, and produce an effect in a very short time—after which they may be kept to the limits of a single pillar on the piazza, or trained over the whole side of a cottage; in the last place, they are rich in the foliage, and beautiful in the blossom.

"Now, there are many vines more beautiful than these in some respects, but not for this purpose, and taken altogether. For cottage drapery, a *popular* vine must be one that will grow anywhere, with little care, and must need no shelter, and the least possible attention, beyond seeing that it has something to run on, and a looking over, pruning, and tying up once a year—say in early spring. This is precisely the character of these two vines; and hence we think they deserve to be planted from one end of the Union to the other. They will give the greatest amount of beauty, with the least care, and in the greatest number of places."

The Prairie Rose is of uncommonly rapid growth—shoots of twenty feet in a single year, being a not uncommon sight. The Chinese Wistaria is of a more compact growth, and its blossoms hang in large bunches, from eight inches to a foot long.

A climbing vine in the garden, in the "front door yard," and in pleasure-grounds, is particularly desirable. One great difficulty in the way of planting vines, is a want of some support. On the one hand, a lattice house or arbor is too expensive for persons of moderate means, and perhaps less taste, while on the other, ladders and stakes are forever rotting and breaking down just when they should not.

"It is simply procuring the trunk of a cedar tree from 10 to 15 feet high, shortening in the side branches to within two feet of the trunk, and still shorter near the top, and then setting it again, as you would a post, two or three feet deep in the ground.

"Cedar is the best, partly because it will last forever, and partly because the regular disposition of its branches forms naturally a fine trellis for the shoots to fasten upon.

"Plant your favourite climber, whether rose, wistaria, or honeysuckle, at the foot of this tree. It will soon cover it, from top to bottom, with the finest pyramid of verdure. The young shoots will ramble out on its side branches, and when in full bloom will hang most gracefully or picturesquely from the ends.

"The advantage of this mode is that, once obtained, your support lasts for fifty years; it is so firm that winds do not blow it down; it presents every side to the kindly influences of sun and air, and permits every blossom that opens, to be seen by the admiring spectator."

THE MAJOR.—And what has been the result of your monthly labours, Mrs. Grundy?

MRS. GRUNDY.—Not much, but still enough to enable our fair Canadian readers to render still more attractive their already pretty faces and fine figures. (*Mrs. Grundy reads*):

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Albanian dress of grey silk. The skirt ornamented with rows of flowers woven in the silk. A small pelisse mantle of black satin, trimmed with Canada sable. Bonnet of bright groseille-colored velvet, trimmed with velvet flowers of the same color. Under-trimming, white flowers and blonde. Strings of broad white gros-de-naples ribbon.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1853.

Dresses for morning and general wear will have the bodies more or less open in front, some quite to the waist; these styles have small square *basquines*; fringe is the most favorite trimming for this style: the plain high body closing to the throat has the waist round, with *ceinture* of broad ribbon, the ends floating.

In cloaks, *Talma's* are still in great favor; the *Balmoral* is the most novel of the season; it is exceedingly graceful and becoming to the figure.

Bonnets are still worn open, the corners nearly meeting under the chin.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LONDON FASHION AND DRESS.

THE season has called forth a vast variety of elegant novelties in ball dresses, &c. For young ladies, jupes of tulle, white or colored, are ornamented with braid or embroidery, and worn over slips of silk or satin of the same color as the tulle. The dresses of black tulle, worked in flowers of natural colors, which have so long maintained their hold on fashionable favor, are this season more splendid than ever; and those worked with yellow silk have perfectly the effect of gold embroidery.

Next in favor to these tulle dresses, for evening parties, are the dresses of glacé silk or Italian taffety, trimmed with black velvet, disposed in a variety of ways. A very favorite style for the skirts of these dresses, consists of two or three broad flounces, each edged with rows of narrow black velvet, either of graduated or of uniform width. The cut velvet, which we have already frequently mentioned, forms an exquisite trimming for dresses of glacé silk. For evening parties, pink, yellow or blue are the favorite colors. We have seen a dress of lemon-color silk, having two broad flounces on the skirt. Each flounce was edged with three graduated rows of black velvet; the lowest row being rather more than an inch wide, and above the upper row of velvet there was a row of black vandyked lace; the points of the vandykes turning upward. Cut velvet of a rich leaf pattern is frequently employed for front trimmings. A row of this foliage sometimes runs up each side of the skirt, or is placed quite in the *tablier* style. The corsage and sleeves should be trimmed to correspond.

For evening head dresses, a lavish use is made of gold and silver, pearls, bugles, and beads of various colors. Flowers and feathers have, however, lost none of the favor they have so long enjoyed. A very light and showy kind of evening *coiffure*, is composed of a kind of foliage of blonde, intermingled with marabouts and grapes of gold or silver. Some wreaths of a novel kind just introduced, have leaves made of shaded crape, and intermingled with small tulips made of lace. These wreaths are perfect *chefs-d'œuvres* of lightness. Wreaths of velvet foliage, brown, purple or green intermingled with small flowers or leaves of gold, have a very rich and pretty effect. Leaves of blue or pink crape, intermingled with small buds of gold or silver, are also favorite head-dresses. Other wreaths consist merely of leaves of guipure blonde, supporting a narrow cordon of light tea roses, and terminating at each side by long drooping leaves of blonde intermingled with sprays and rosebuds, falling very low on the neck, and inclining backward. This is an extremely graceful style of head-dress.

The Parisian *fleuristes* have given fresh proofs of their taste and ingenuity in the production of several new wreaths—specimens of which have just made their appearance in London. Of these novelties the most remarkable is the *Guirland Impériale*. It is composed of gold open-work leaves, and forms a point in the centre of the forehead just above the bandeaux. The wreath enlarges at each side, where it is intermingled with small violets; the effect of which in combination with the gold leaves is very elegant. Another is distinguished by the name of the *Guirlande Pauline*. It is composed of small flowers of three colours, blue, pink and white. These flowers, which are shaded in graduated tints, are so skilfully grouped that the harmonious blending of the colours produces almost a rainbow effect. The *Guirlande Pauline* forms a double cordon; one portion of which passes across the forehead above the full bandeaux, and the other passes above the plaits or twists at the back part of the head. This wreath is finished on one side by a white rose, with a profusion of buds, which drop very low behind the ear.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION.

OR, HOW I WAS CURED OF BEING A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

I AM a young wife, and not an old woman. In fact I can still venture to give my real age to the inquisitive gentleman who comes round with the census papers, and I have not been driven to seal up the fly-leaf of the family, which records "AMELIA JANE, born 1st May, 1830."

My husband, as all my friends assure me, is all a man ought to be. I think he might be a *leetle* less obstinate, and I confess he has a bad habit of bringing his old bachelor friends home to dinner without warning. When I remonstrate, he is very eloquent about the unimportance of what there may be for dinner, the chief thing being a hearty welcome, &c., &c., &c., though I must say I've never found him exactly indifferent to what is served up.

Still I don't complain—quite the reverse. I'm very happy *now*—I say *now*, because it was not always so. I propose to disclose, for the benefit of young women about to marry, the secret of our former discomfort, and our present happiness. The fact is, I was brought up a strong-minded woman. I was educated on the Pestalozzian system—taught to ask questions about everything and to insist upon answers, and to question the answers. After I had pumped my governess dry in this way, nonplussed papa, and gravelled everybody in the house, no wonder I was found a nuisance. They tried to find food for my inquiring disposition, by employing my restless curiosity on all sorts of "ologies," by sending me to all sorts of "courses," till my intellectual digestion became seriously impaired. Before eighteen I had taken to green spectacles, and PROFESSOR FARADAY'S Friday night lectures. One thing, however, *I do* owe to the Royal Institution—I met my husband there. He was charmingly ignorant; I explained things to him, and his first avowal took place after I had nearly blown him up by attempting to decompose oxygen, in which I only succeeded in discomposing myself. He attended three courses at the Institution, and declared he had a turn for science, which I found out afterwards was only a penchant for me. During three seasons we sat on the same bench, inhaled the same gases, started at the same explosions. He put a great many questions to the lecturer, and one question to me, which I answered in the affirmative. After our marriage, I found that his taste for science declined rapidly. He asked me no more questions about the chemical affinities, and seemed perfectly insensible to the curious discoveries daily taking place in the entozoic and palæontological fields of investigation. The only questions he seemed inclined to entertain were questions of house expenses; and when one Friday I proposed that we should attend PROFESSOR FARADAY'S lecture on a candle, he declared he didn't care a snuff about such things, and that he wished as I was married, I would not bother my head with such stuff! This was very painful to me, and we had our first dispute about this point. I quoted MRS. SOMERVILLE'S example to prove that a woman may be deep in science, and make no worse wife for it. I told him about the Russian princess with whom EULER corresponded, and the professoress who used to lecture at Bologna,

though she was so pretty she had to address her class from behind a curtain.

Nothing would convince him. He scoffed at the scientific pretensions of the sex, and when I carried the question still farther, and enlarged on the odious tyranny by which men strove to cabin, crib, and confine our minds and bodies, he flew into a passion and went straight off to his club, where he dined and came in very late, smelling strongly of cigars. I cried a good deal that night, but I am sorry to say that I soon after returned to the subject, and the more sure our argument was to end in his leaving me quite in a passion, for that abominable marital harbor of refuge, the club, the more sure, somehow or other, was the conversation to come back to the same point. In fact, I became quite wretched, and I don't think he was a bit happier than I was.

Had I not been luckily cured of my notions about the equality of the sexes I am sure we should have separated—a miserable couple. And how do you think I was cured? I had been reading the report of that remarkable meeting at Syracuse, Ohio, U. S., in which the rights and wrongs of women were so forcibly set forth by MISS LUCRETIA MOTT and her friends. I had had a perfectly awful argument with EDWARD upon the report of the meeting in the *Times*, and he had gone to the club as usual, denouncing strong-minded women, with an obvious allusion to *me*, and declaring that this continual discussion was enough to wear a man's life out.

I retired to bed with a deep sense of the wrongs of our sex, and of EDWARD'S brutality, and thinking what a world this would be if women had their proper place in it on an equality with men. I tried to read myself to sleep with TENNYSON'S *Princess*, and thought *Ida's* arguments much more conclusive than the poet's conclusions. At last I fell asleep, and dreamed—such a dream, that it seemed as if I lived a whole life through it all!

And now for my dream.

I was living in a world where the relations of the sexes were turned topsy-turvy. The women filled the men's places, and the lords of the creation were its ladies. How we revelled in the change at first—particularly after dinner! It was *so* pleasant to be left round the dining-room table, to pass the decanters and discuss the vintages and trifle with the dessert, while one thought of the gentlemen yawning over the albums and annuals, and getting up dreary little bits of flat scandal over cups of lukewarm tea, and boring each other, and being bored, all alone in the drawing-room. I rather think we talked a good deal of nonsense about the wine, and old MRS. PEABODY (whose front had unaccountably disappeared, leaving a venerable bald head with a little fringe of grey hair round about it, which somehow she didn't seem in the least to care about seeing) entirely failed in her attempt to prevent us from nibbling at the macaroons and bonbons, which she said spoiled our palates for the claret; I'm afraid, too, that some of us took more wine than we were used to, and I know *I* saw a great many more candles than there were on the table, and EDWARD complained bitterly of the way I chattered with young SURCINGLE, after we came up stairs into the drawing-room, which was not until we had been sent for three times. But to see how stupid the men looked! and how very glad they seemed when we came in, and how it afterwards appeared they had been comparing dotes concerning their wives, and their housekeeping expenses, until they had all but quarrelled. I did not feel at all well for the rest of the evening, and fell asleep on a sofa, till it was time to take EDWARD home.

Next day I had such a headache! I vowed I'd never "pass the decanters" again as long as I lived, but go up stairs with the gentlemen. EDWARD wanted very much to go out shopping, but I was much too ill to escort him. So I sent MARY, our foot-maid, to take care of him and two of his friends who called, MARY tells me they were a good deal stared at in Regent Street by some of the girls, but that she thought her big stick and cocked hat frightened them.

I felt after this it was not safe for EDWARD to walk about without me, and, as he wanted to go into the City I threw off my headache, and went with him; but, feeling tired, we mounted an omnibus. The Cad was a smart girl, but her language was dreadfully "slang," and I was shocked at the style in which she "gave it" (as she said) to a poor old gentleman who was put down somewhere where he didn't want to go to. The driver (whom she addressed as SARAH) encouraged her, and, altogether, I thought I had never seen two such odious creatures, and was painfully convinced that women had no place before or behind omnibuses.

We dined at VERRY'S, and stayed until it was dusk. I decided to walk home, notwithstanding EDWARD'S remarks about the impropriety of being "in the street at that time of night." I pointed out to him that we could always depend on the police, but—alas!—I had forgotten that that MRS. COMMISSIONER MAYNE was in power instead of her husband. Just as we passed a horrid gin-shop, out poured a rabble of drunken people who insulted me dreadfully; and when I called police, of course the poor things were dreadfully alarmed by the behaviour of these wretches, one of whom actually put his arm round the sergeant's waist. If it hadn't been for the old private watchman at the banking-house close by (who frightened the drunken men), the consequences might have been awful—perhaps the constables might have been kissed all round!

I felt then that, after all, street-keeping is a coarse and brutal employment, fit only for the other sex.

The next morning EMILY BROWN (not JULIA, who was called to the Bar last year) came in with her cousin, to whom she told me she had proposed only the day before while they were out fishing. EMILY had gone into the Navy, under MRS. ADMIRAL NAPIER, and seemed to me to have grown a sad wild sort of girl. She used nautical phrases, "shivered her timbers" frequently, and declared she wanted to "splice the main-brace," which, I discovered, was the sailor way of asking for a glass of spirits! Then she was full of stories about life on board ship—what larks they used to have in the cockpit, how she had been sent to the mast-head for being saucy to the captainess, and how dreadfully cold it was—and what they used to suffer in rough weather. and how they had to live for months together on salt beef and biscuit;

and altogether I felt that it was an abominable thing to condemn poor women to such hardships, which, after all, men are better suited for.

After EMILY and her cousin had left, EDWARD insisted on my taking him to hear the Band play at St. James's. Really I had never before thought EDWARD so frivolous! However, it was not worth while to contradict him, so I took him. When we got to St. James's, I saw at once what it was that made him so anxious to hear the band. Imagine my feelings when I found that it was composed of the nicest young ladies, in such very becoming uniforms, with a stout old drum-majoress. Instead of fifes and drums, the instruments used were guitars and pianos, and they played JULLIEN'S polkas, and marched away to the tune of "*The girl's we've left behind us.*" Altogether it struck me as being a style of music better suited to dance to, than to march to battle upon, and I could not but admit to myself that the old fife and drum was the more spirit-stirring of the two.

EDWARD wanting a new hat, I went with him to buy one; but he was such a time about it, trying on upwards of a dozen hats, that I thought I never should have got him away. I never imagined before that shopping could be such a nuisance, and then I saw at once that it is a merciful arrangement which sends us to shop, and our husbands to wait for us.

I left EDWARD at GUNTER'S and walked home. When I reached our own door I was stopped by two over-dressed, tawdry, fat women of the Jewish persuasion, who, tapping me on the shoulder, produced a piece of paper, which they called a writ, and informed me that I was their prisoner, on a judgment for one of EDWARD'S horrid cigar bills. I pointed out to them that the debt was incurred by him, and begged them to take him; but they told me that the law now made the wife answerable for the husband's debts, than which nothing can be more unjust. I felt at once that this was not a change for the better, and that, after all, it was quite right that if somebody must pay or go to prison, it should be the husband, and not the wife.

I was so annoyed by this latter circumstance, that I went to call upon MRS. BOROUGHBY (a recently elected Member of Parliament) an old schoolfellow of Mama's, who had always proved my constant friend. Such a scene of confusion as I then witnessed, I shall never forget! The stairs were littered all over with brooms, dust-pans, candle-sticks, and coal-scuttles, and the drawing-room, into which I was allowed to find my way as I could, was in as great confusion as a broker's shop. On an elegant ottoman were a dust-pan and a bundle of wood; the sofas were strewn with blue books, a pair of slippers, an opera cloak, and the housemaid's box of black lead and brushes.

An old grey parrot had got out of his cage and was busily employed in picking holes in a beautiful table-cover, whilst "Buttons," the page, was seated at the piano, endeavouring to pick out the notes of an Ethiopian melody, called (I believe) "Sich a Gettin Up Stairs."

When I succeeded in making the young gentleman aware of my presence, he coolly told me that "Missus was busy, and wouldn't be disturbed by nobody; and that Master had gone out in a huff, 'cos he'd been rowed for wanting to go to the play, as Missus was gettin' up her Parliament speech for that evenin'!"

This explained to me the state of the "Home Department;" and I left without seeing MRS. BOROUGHBY, convinced that the house in which woman should have a voice was not the House of Commons.

And so my dream went on. Everywhere I found that when women attempted men's work, they proved their own unfitness for it—discovered that our notions of the happiness, and freedom, and dignity of the other sex are founded on a mistake, and that it only depends on us to make them our slaves and adorers. It is true, we are not in the House of Commons; but what, after all, is public opinion? The opinion of men, if we do justice to ourselves, is the opinion of men's wives. Is there any field for political manœuvre or legislation like Home? What is a Chancellor of the Exchequer to a wife?—what the Budget to the weekly house-bills?—what the difficulty of wringing the supplies out of the House of Commons to that of extracting a cheque from a hard-up hubby? Depend upon it there is employment for any amount of jockeyship and management without putting one's head beyond the street door. And so I was cured of my notion of putting woman on an equality with man.

I saw that the question between the sexes was not one of superiority or inferiority; that our two spheres lay apart from each other, but that each exercised on the other a most blessed influence—man's sphere, the world; woman's sphere, the home; the former bracing the gentle influence of the latter by its rough, sharp lessons of effort, endurance, and antagonism; the latter tempering the hardening effects of the former by its self-denial, its sympathies, and its affections. And I felt that if we are to compare these two spheres, the woman's—while the narrower—is, in many respects, the nobler of the two, and her part in the battle of life not unfrequently the more important and dangerous one.

This was the lesson of my dream. I awoke just as EDWARD let himself in with his latch-key, and I begged his pardon for my silly forwardness.

I have never had another argument since; and I don't believe I have any "mission" that can take me away from my own fire-side.

DAMSON CHEESE.—Put the damsons in a stone jar, which place in an oven or on a stove until the juice runs freely, the fruit is perfectly tender, and the stones separate from it. Remove the stones with a silver or wooden spoon; measure the pulp in a preserving pan and place it on the fire and boil, until the liquid is evaporated, and the fruit left dry. Whilst this is doing, have ready a quantity of white loaf sugar, allowing half a pound of sugar for every quart of pulp, *as measured when put into the pan.* Let this sugar be rolled fine, and then heated in the oven in a pan until it is so hot that the hand cannot be kept on it. In this hot state mix the sugar *thoroughly* with the dry pulp, also hot from the fire. It will become very firm, and does not require to go on the fire again. Put it into jars or glasses whilst hot, and when cold, cover and put away.

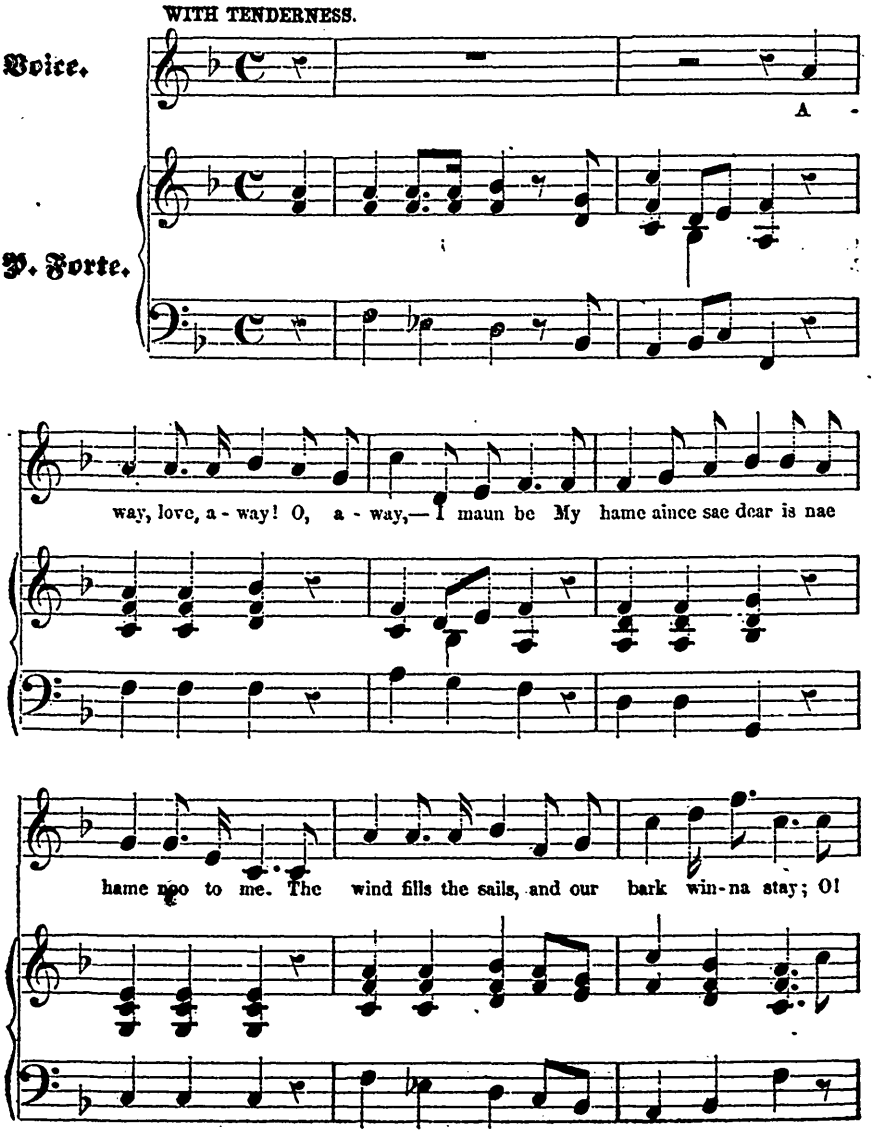
JEANIE, LOVE, SAY!

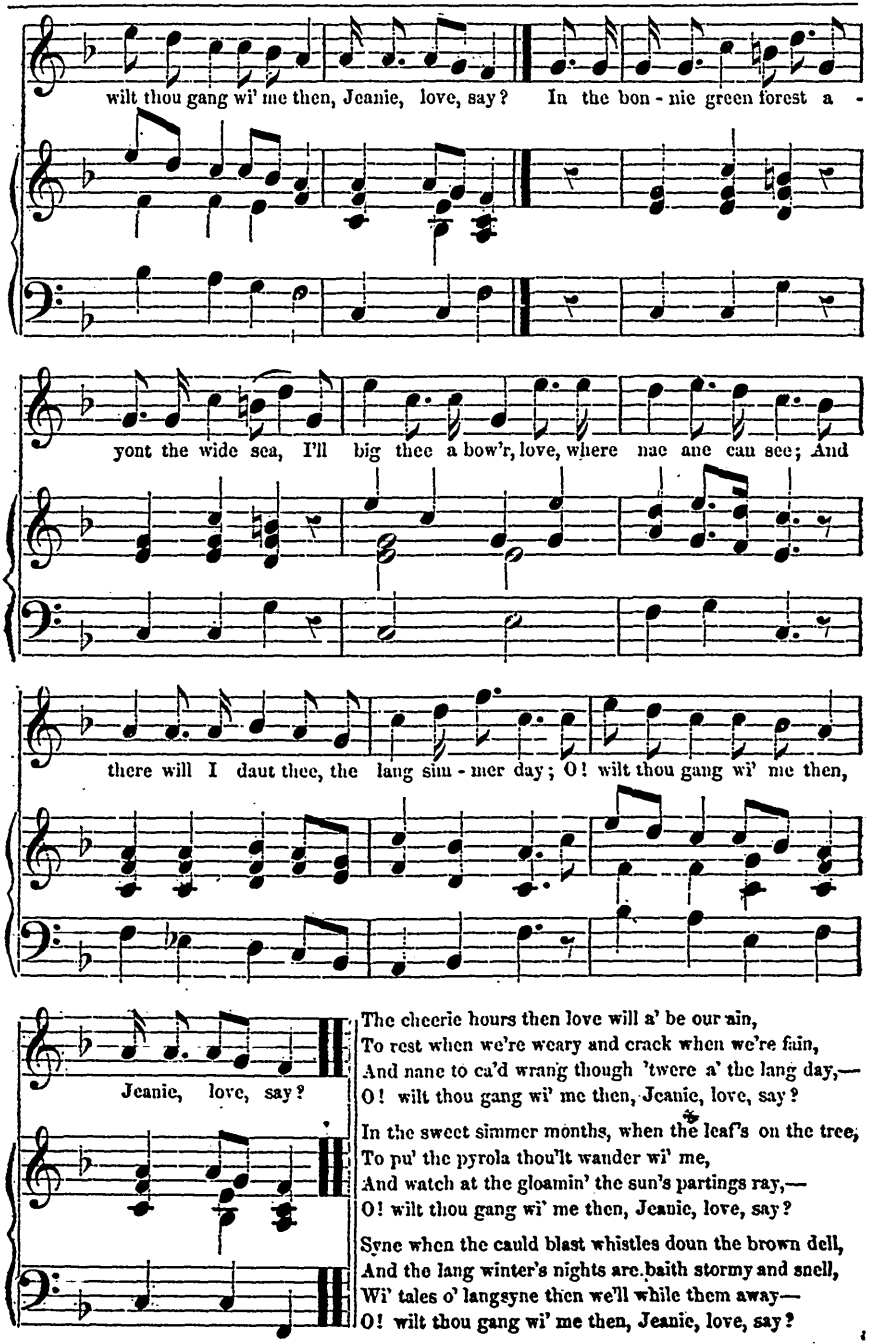
A Ballad.

WRITTEN BY JAMES PATERSON, ESQUIRE.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO MISS JANE SEARLE,

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.





The cheerie hours then love will a' be our ain,
To rest when we're weary and crack when we're fain,
And nane to ca'd wrang though 'twere a' the lang day,—
O! wilt thou gang wi' me then, Jeanie, love, say?

In the sweet simmer months, when the leaf's on the tree,
To pu' the pyrola thou'lt wander wi' me,
And watch at the gloamin' the sun's partings ray,—
O! wilt thou gang wi' me then, Jeanie, love, say?

Syne when the cauld blast whistles doun the brown dell,
And the lang winter's nights are baith stormy and snell,
Wi' tales o' langsyne then we'll while them away—
O! wilt thou gang wi' me then, Jeanie, love, say?

Wi' the tear in her e'e she has braided her hair,
And busked hersel' though her bosom was sair;
For her friends a' forbade, but her heart it said gae,
And wi' young Cape Hopeburn, Jean o' Lenhope's away!

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

TORONTO VOCAL MUSIC SOCIETY.

THE half-yearly Concert of this Society was given on the 10th January, at the St. Lawrence Hall, and was very favorably received by a crowded house. The programme was, on the whole, attractive, and we will discuss the various morceaux *seriatim*:—

The recitative, "Now the Philistines," and chorus "Lo! he cometh," from the Oratorio of David, was given with considerable effect, but we thought a momentary degree of uncertainty in time was in one part apparent. This might, however, have arisen from its being the introduction. The trio "I am well pleased," (Carissimi), was we think a bad selection. The chorus "And the Glory of the Lord,"—Handel—a favorite with all lovers of music, whether heard simply as a chorus without accompaniment, or with a full orchestra, was rendered in a style worthy of the established reputation of a much older Society than the Toronto Vocal Music Society. The different points were well taken up by the parts, and the time throughout was admirable. The solo "On mighty pens,"—Haydn—by a lady amateur of the Society, took us entirely by surprise. We were not prepared to hear so fine a piece of music executed by an amateur with so much ability and taste. The vocalization was correct, notwithstanding its exceeding difficulty. The chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father,"—Beethoven—was well given; but we thought in this, as in others of the choruses, a want of power was observable. The trio and chorus from the Creation, "Most beautiful appears," and "The Lord is Great," although exceedingly difficult, from the time being so broken, was steadily given; but still there was a certain want of distinctiveness between the trio and chorus, which impressed us with the idea of confusion, and which the piece itself does not sustain.

The second part commenced with the chorus, "Galatea, dry thy tears,"—Handel. This was not much to our taste. The trio, "Mai provar," Meyerbeer—was correctly and expressively executed, and met (as *such music* always will, when well sung,) a merited *encore*. The solo and chorus "Full fathoms five,"—Purcell—appeared to have been hastily got up, and its effect was lost. The solo, "What airy sounds,"—Bishop—by a lady amateur of the Society, was unquestionably, in the estimation of most of those present, *the* gem of the evening. The honest and enthusiastic burst of applause that it elicited was by no means the least interesting part of the evening's entertainment, and we have seldom seen an audience so completely taken by storm, or a more imperative demand for an *encore*. The song was both sweetly and artistically given, and was rendered, more especially the echo, in a manner we were quite unprepared for. The fair cantatrice most gracefully responded to the *demand* for its repetition. The chorus "When the wind blows,"—Bishop—was, in our opinion, a failure, from the fact of the different parts not being properly balanced. The prize glee, "Airy Spirits,"—*J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac.*,—is a beautiful piece of music, pleasingly interspersed with solos, it was well given, and what pleased us more, seemed to be properly appreciated by the audience. The "Three hunters" was entirely lost, and it would have been much better left out.

A presentation of a handsome tea-service took place between the parts. This expression of feeling on the part of the Society, towards their talented President, was feelingly responded to by him in an eloquent address.

The Vocal Music Society has completed its second year, and may now be said to be firmly established amongst the musical community. We intend to devote, at no distant period, some of our pages to a consideration of the class of music generally sung by them, and to offer a few plain and humble hints as to selections, and, for the present, trust that the Society will receive what it deserves, the hearty support of all.

MR. PAIGE'S SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

THE first of Mr. Paige's Subscription Concerts is announced for the 27th. On looking over the programme we could not help the exclamation—"Here is something good at last! "THE WHOLE OF THE FIRST ACT OF LUCREZIA BORGIA!" We could scarcely trust our eyes, or believe that such a treat was in preparation. The Cast is, Lucrezia, Miss Paige; Orsini, Miss Emily Paige; Gennaro, Mr. Paige; Don Alfonso, Mr. Hecht; Vetellozzi, Mr. Humphreys. The other characters will be taken by competent amateurs, and the chorusses, which are very fine, will be also well sustained.

These Concerts are got up on a most liberal scale and there is every variety of music. The second, which will take place during Lent, will be entirely devoted to sacred compositions. The most able assistants in Toronto have been engaged, (amongst whom we may name Messrs. Hecht and Humphreys; Mr. Strathy will preside at the piano. The second part of the first Concert will comprise a fine selection of English songs, duetts, trios, &c. Miss Paige will give Madame Sontag's widely celebrated Polka song, and, by particular request, "The last rose of summer." Mendelssohn's overture to the "Midsummer's Night Dream," for eight hands, and the overture to "La Gazza Ladra," for twelve hands, will add to the attractive list.

The subscription lists are full, and while we congratulate the people of Toronto on having awoke from their indifference to sweet sounds, we trust that they will not relapse into their usual apathetic state, but prove their appreciation of merit by PATRONISING IT.