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THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.—TORONTO: DECEMBER, 1853.—No. 6.

HISTORY OF THE WAR

BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

During the years 1812, 1813, and 1814.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

Col. Clark's letter.

Col. Clark's letter, taken in connection with our previous remarks, will show the loss of so many stores actually necessary to the vitality of the American army,* as must have considerably added to the perplexities of the war party at Washington, increasing, as it did, the drainage on the resources of a young country, with a public chest by no means overflowing, and a commerce as effectually suspended as if their whole mercantile marine

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Chippewa,
July 12th, 1813.

*Sir,—I have the honor to report to you, for the information of Major-general de Rottenburg, that the detachment under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Bisshopp, consisting of a detachment of royal artillery, under Lieutenant Armstrong, forty of the King's regiment, under Lieutenant Barstow, one hundred of the 41st, under Captain Saunders, forty of the 49th, under Lieutenant Fitz-Gibbon, and about forty of the 2nd and 3rd Lincoln Militia, embarked at two o'clock on the morning of the 11th instant, to attack the enemy's batteries at Black Rock.

The detachment landed half an hour before day-light, without being perceived, and immediately proceeded to attack the batteries, which they carried with little opposition; the enemy heard the firing at their advanced posts, and immediately retreated with great precipitation to Buffalo.

The block-houses, barracks, and navy-yard, with one large schooner, were burnt; and such of the public stores as could be got off were taken possession of, and carried across the river by the troops. Before the whole of the stores were taken away, the enemy advanced, having been reinforced by a considerable body of Indians, whom they posted in the woods on their flanks and in their advance; they were gallantly opposed by the whole of the troops; but finding the Indians could not be driven from the adjoining woods without our sustaining a very great loss, it was deemed prudent to retreat to the boats, and the troops re-crossed the river under a heavy fire.

I am extremely sorry to add, Lieutenant-colonel Bisshopp fell, severely wounded, on our retreat to the boats; fortunately the detachment did not suffer from it, everything having been arranged and completed previous to his receiving his wounds.

Enclosed are the returns of killed, wounded, and missing, with the exception of those of the 49th regiment and militia, which have not yet been received.

I have also enclosed the returns of the ordnance, and other stores captured.

I have the honor to be, &c.
THOMAS CLARK,
Lieut.-col. 2d Lincoln militia.

To Lieut-col. Harvey,
Deputy Ad.-gen.

Return of killed, wounded, and missing, on the morning of the 11th instant.
July 13th, 1813.

Total—13 privates killed; 1 inspecting field-officer, 1 Lieutenant-colonel, 1 Captain, 1 Sergeant, 1 Corporal, 19 Privates, wounded; 6 Privates missing.

JOHN HARVEY,
Lieut.-col. D. A. gen.

Return of ordnance destroyed and captured from the enemy at Black Rock, July 12th, 1813.

Total—4 guns, 177 English and French muskets, 1 3-pounder travelling carriage, 6 ammuni-

had been swept away. Still this success† may be considered to have been dearly purchased by Bisshopp's death. Young and indefatigable in his duties, to his active co-operation much of General Vincent's successful attempts to enclose General Dearborn and his army within the limits of Fort George, may be ascribed.

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tion kegs, a small quantity of round and case shot, (quantity not yet known.)

Taken and destroyed.

Two iron 12-pounders, 2 iron 9-pounders.

R. S. ARMSTRONG,
Lieut.-col. R. A.

Return of stores, &c., &c., captured at, and brought from, Black Rock, on the 14th July, 1813.

One hundred and twenty-three barrels of salt, 16 barrels of whiskey, 11 barrels of flour, 1 barrel of tar, 2 large bales of blankets, (about 200,) 70 large blankets, loose, 5 casks of clothing; 3 cases, containing 396 soldiers' caps, 16 bars of iron, 1 bar of steel, 1 side sole leather, 7 sides of upper leather, (some of them marked serjeant Fitzgerald, 41st regiment, and taken from Fort Erie, to be returned to the 41st regiment,) 7 large batteaux, 1 large scow.

THOS. CLARK,
Lieut.-col. 2d Lincoln Militia.

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†SIR,—I presume that you are willing to award honor to whom honor is due, and I therefore address you to make a small addition to your account of the attack made under Col. Bisshopp on Black Rock. Col. Fitzgibbon has long been known in Canada in both a civil and military capacity, and if he were now present he would be able to give you much interesting and valuable information. At the time of this attack he was a Lieutenant in the 49th, and his daring spirit and energy of character was well known to the whole army. General Vincent had placed him in command of a sort of independent company of Rangers. Volunteers from the different regiments were asked for, and strange to say, so many men of *other regiments* offered that it was difficult to decide who should be permitted to go from the numerous young subs desirous of joining him; he selected his friend Lieut. Winder of the 49th, now Dr. Winder, Librarian to the House of Assembly at Quebec. Volunteer D. A. McDonell of the 8th. Volunteer Augustus Thompson of the 49th, and another youngster of the 49th, were permitted as a great favor to join his corps. We were all dressed in green uniform made from clothing which had been captured from the enemy; we called ourselves "Fitzgibbon's green 'uns." We were the first to cross the river on the expedition in question, and Fitzgibbon pushed on so expeditiously, that the block-house was in our possession long before Col. Bisshopp was ready to move forward. For this piece of impertinence we were repaid by being sent on in advance without any breakfast to watch the enemy near Buffalo, while the army was employed in carrying off the stores. As soon as this had been accomplished we were ordered to return and cover the re-embarkation. Col. Bisshopp, who appeared nettled at not having been in front during the advance, seemed now determined to be the last in retiring.

We had all embarked unmolested, but scarcely had we pushed off from the shore, e'er the enemy's Indians commenced firing on us from the bank, to which, unperceived by us, they had crawled. For the Green 'uns to disembark and drive the enemy to the woods required but a few minutes, but we were not fairly seated in the boats again, before the attack was renewed by the Indians, reinforced by the American advance guard. Out we all leaped a second time, and Nichie and his backers were glad to take shelter in the bush again. We now found that we had "Catched a Tartar"—Porter with his whole force was upon us. "Sauve qui peut," was now the cry, and as a matter of course the rush to the boats was a very devil take the hindmost affair. In the confusion, some oars in the boat in which Col. Bisshopp embarked, were lost overboard, and she drifted down the stream, while the enemy followed on the bank firing into her. The gallant Bisshopp, the darling of the army, received his death wound; never was any officer, save always the lamented Brock, regretted more than he was.

All the fighting on this occasion was done by the Green 'uns, and if any merit be due, Fitzgibbon is entitled to it. In conclusion, I may as well add, that a part of the "Greens" were over at Fort Schlosser, commanded by Lt. Winder, in Col. Clark's expedition; in truth Winder commanded. On the day following the attack on Schlosser, a large detachment crossed from Buffalo, and the remainder of Fitzgibbon's corps, about twenty-five in number, under Thompson, attacked them. They made a running fight of it of three miles before they reached their boats and got off.

I am, yours,
A GREEN 'UN.

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‡SIR,—To your account of the battle of Stony Creek I would like to add a few particulars which may not prove uninteresting to your readers, and you will find that they differ a little from your account of the surprise.

At eleven o'clock at night the Light Company and Grenadiers of the 49th were under arms; every flint was taken out and every charge was drawn. Shortly after we moved on in sections, left in front, the Light Company leading the way towards the enemy's camp. I had been driven in that afternoon from Stony Creek, and was well acquainted with the ground. The cautious silence observed was most painful; not a whisper was permitted; even our footsteps were not allowed to be heard; I shall never forget the agony caused to the senses by the stealthiness with which we proceeded to the midnight slaughter. I was not aware that any other force accompanied us than the grenadiers, and when we approached near the Creek, I ventured to whisper to Col. Harvey, "We are close to the enemy's camp, Sir;" "Hush! I know it," was his

This affair, too, led to the Americans throwing off the mask, and, after all the vituperations so freely lavished on the British, making use of the same "savage arm of the service" which they had so bitterly and unceasingly condemned.

In describing the British retreat to their boats, we purposely italicised, in our enumeration of the attacking bodies, the words *some Indians*, in order to direct the reader's attention to the fact that the American Government had called in to their assistance, along the shores of the Niagara, "the ruthless ferocity of the merciless savages," (for this expression see History of the United States, vol. 3, page 228.) The plea for this was the invasion of the United States territory, ("*the pollution of a free soil by tyrant governed slaves*,") but it did not perhaps strike Mr. O'Connor that this admission must sanction on the part of the British an alliance with Indians, also—inasmuch as General Hull had set the example of invasion. The Americans appeared certainly as liberators, but, then, the Canadians were so blind to their interests as not to perceive the blessings of freedom which Hull's proclamation held out; hence the Indian alliance.

Indian alliance. Reasons assigned for forming it.

When the public journalists of one nation have been collectively descanting on a particular enormity observable in the course of action pursued by another, should that particular course be adopted by the party previously condemning it? It then becomes the duty of the historian to seek into the reasons for the change, and to ascertain either the *cause* or the *apology*.

We have already shown that, from the ruthless character of the border warfare which had so long been waged between the Americans and Indians, it was hopeless to expect that they would at once bury the hatchet, and, along with it, the recollection of all the wrongs and cruelties inflicted on them. It became, therefore, the policy of the Government, seeing that their own past, "ruthless ferocity" precluded any hope of alliance, to prevent the British from seeking that co-operation and friendship denied to themselves. Hence Hull's first proclamation, and the subsequent tirades against "savage warfare," &c.

We have, also, already shown that, inasmuch as Hull's invasion of Western Canada preceded the occupation of, or incursions into, the American territory, Mr. O'Connor's plea,

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reply. Shortly after a sentry challenged sharply; Lieut. Danford and the leading section rushed forward and killed him with their bayonets; his bleeding corpse was cast aside and we moved on with breathless caution. A second challenge—who comes there?—another rush and the poor sentinel is transfixed, but his agonized dying groans alarmed a third who stood near the watch-fire; he challenged, and immediately fired and fled. We all rushed forward upon the sleeping guard; few escaped; many awoke in another world. The excitement now became intense; the few who had escaped fired as they ran and aroused the sleeping army. All fled precipitately beyond the Creek, leaving their blankets and knapsacks behind.

Our troops deployed into line, and halted in the midst of the camp fires, and immediately began to replace their flints. This, though not a *very* lengthy operation, was one of intense anxiety, for the enemy now opened a most terrific fire, and many a brave fellow was laid low. We could only see the flash of the enemy's firelocks, while we were perfectly visible to them, standing, as we did, in the midst of their camp fires. It was a grand and beautiful sight. No one who has not witnessed a night engagement can form any idea of the awful sublimity of the scene. The first volley from the enemy coming from a spot as "dark as Erebus" seemed like the bursting forth of a volcano. Then again all was dark and still, save the moans of the wounded, the confused click! click! noise made by our men in adjusting their flints, and the ring of the enemy's ramrods in re-loading. Again the flash and roar of the musketry, the whistling of the bullets and the crash of the cannon—"Chaos has come again." The anxious moments (hours in imagination) have passed; the tremblingly excited hands of our men have at last fastened their flints; the comparatively merry sound of the ramrod tells that the charge is driven home; soon the fire is returned with animation; the sky is illumined with continued flashes; after a sharp contest and some changes of position, our men advance in a body and the enemy's troops retire. There were many mistakes made in this action, the two greatest were removing the men's flints and halting in the midst of the camp fires, this is the reason why the loss of the enemy was less than ours, their wounds were mostly made by our bayonets. The changes of position by different portions of each army, in the dark, accounts for the fact of prisoners having been made by both parties. I must give the enemy's troops great credit for having recovered from their confusion, and for having shewn a bold front so very soon after their having been so suddenly and completely surprised.

Yours,

A 49TH MAN.

"The invasion of New York State," cannot be considered tenable; we must, therefore, look further for the cause of this "unnatural alliance with savages."* Mr. Thomson† declares that it was done "by way of intimidating the British and the Indians, as by the Americans incorporating into their armies, the same kind of force, the habitual stratagems of the savages would be counteracted, and their insidious hostilities defeated," and yet, oddly enough, adds, "in the hope, too, of preventing a recurrence of previous barbarities." Smith,‡ by way of proving this, we suppose, cites the following remarkable instance:—

"Of the influence of a cultivated people," writes Dr. Smith, "whose manners and religion the savages respect, to induce them to resign their inhuman treatment of their prisoners, Major Chappin gave an instructive example immediately after uniting his force with the warriors of the Six Nations. A corps, composed of volunteer militia and of these Indians, had completely put to rout a party of the enemy in the vicinity of Fort George. In a council held before the conflict (for all things must be done among them by common consent), the Indians, by his advice, agreed amongst themselves, besides the obligation of their general treaty, which they recognized, that no one should scalp or tomahawk prisoners, or employ towards them any species of savage inhumanity. Accordingly, after the battle, sixteen wounded captives were committed solely to their management, when, governed by a sacred regard to their covenant, and the benevolent advice of their commander, they exhibited as great magnanimity towards their fallen enemy, as they had shown bravery against their foes in battle."

We can easily understand James's astonishment that any American writer should have been found to promulgate the fact that sixteen British captives, writhing under the anguish of their yet bleeding wounds, were, by the orders of an American officer, "committed solely to the management" of a party of hostile Indians, to determine, by way of experiment, whether those *ruthless savages*,‖ that *faithless and perfidious race* would listen to the *advice* of their white and civilised brethren; and to ascertain whether *the influence of a cultivated people* would impose any restraints upon the known habits of Indian warfare. The artful advice to an infuriated mob who had just secured their victim, "Do not nail his ears to the pump," fades in comparison with this example of American feeling for their prisoners. After the battle of the Miami, when the British guard (see chapter nine) in charge of the American prisoners, were overpowered, and some of them killed and wounded in defence of the helpless captives committed to their charge, when forty Americans fell victims to the fury of the Indians, the whole Union resounded with the most exaggerated accounts of British perfidy and cruelty.* This outcry, too, was raised only on the unconfirmed statements of the American press, yet here have we found one of these same historians gravely chronicling an experiment, as to whether the Indians would act the part of good Samaritans, or scalp and otherwise torture their victims. Torture to the feelings of the captives, it must, under all circumstances, have been; a wanton sporting with the fears of his prisoners on the part of the American officer. James expresses himself very strongly on this subject. "Happily, amidst all that has been invented by the hirelings of the American Government, to rouse the passions of the people and gain over to their side the good wishes of other nations, no British officer stands charged with a crime half so heinous as that recorded to have been committed by the American Major Chappin." It is clear from this passage that James, at any rate, does not attribute the American alliance with the Indians to the desire to render less horrible or cruel the warfare of the red men.

Lieutenant Eldridge's massacre.

Another reason has been assigned, and we will investigate its probability. We will begin

* History of the War

† Sketches of the War.

‡ History of the United States.

‖ We carefully employ none but the terms taught us by American writers.

* In our account of the slaughter of Col. Dudley and his party, we adopted Major Richardson's version of the matter (although bearing more hardly on the British), in preference to James's, in which the affair is thus described—"Colonel Dudley and his detachment were drawn into an ambuscade by a body of Indians, stationed in the woods. Here fell the Colonel and the greater part of his men."

with Mr. Thomson's statement.* On the 8th of July Lieutenant Eldridge, of the 13th regiment, was ordered to the support of some American pickets with a detachment of some forty men. In the execution of this service he fell into an ambuscade, and, after a hard contest, his party, with the exception of five, were cut to pieces, by the superior force of *British* and Indians. These five prisoners along with the wounded were then, (according to Mr. Thomson,) "inhumanly murdered," and their persons so savagely mutilated that, "the most temperate recital of the enemy's conduct would, perhaps, scarcely obtain belief." Mr. Thomson here dwells at some length on the atrocities perpetrated—"split skulls," and "torn out hearts," forming part of his catalogue of horrors—he then adds, "Lieutenant Eldridge was supposed to have experienced the same fate."

What were the real facts of this case? Some stores of which the British were in particular want, had been left concealed, at the time of the retreat from Fort George, at a spot not far from an American outpost. The Indian chief Black Bird having been informed of the exigencies of the case, volunteered to bring them into the camp, and he accordingly departed on his expedition with some one hundred and fifty of his warriors. In the performance of his undertaking Lieutenant Eldridge and his party were encountered and captured. After the American officer had surrendered, he drew forth a concealed pistol and shot one of the chiefs, in whose charge he was, through the head, endeavouring to make his escape, for this act of treachery Lieut. Eldridge very deservedly lost his life, and to those who are cognizant of the Indian character it will not appear strange that some of his party should have also paid the penalty of their officer's perfidy. Not one British or Canadian was present on this occasion, (this is proved by Mr. O'Connor himself, in his account,† in which he no where alludes to the British,) yet, Mr. Thomson's rabid feelings have induced him to cite this act of cruelty on the part of the British as a cause for the Indian alliance.

A reference to dates will further disprove Mr. Thomson's statements. "This "act of cruelty" was perpetrated on the 8th of July, now the declaration of war by the six nations of Indians was made three days antecedent, and could not therefore have been occasioned by this "case of barbarity."

Declaration of War, by the Six Nations of Indians.

"We, the chiefs and counsellors of the Six Nations of Indians, residing in the State of New York, do hereby proclaim to all the war-chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations, that war is declared on our part against the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Therefore, we do hereby command and advise all the war-chiefs to call forth the warriors under them, and put them in motion, to protect their rights and liberties, which our brethren the Americans, are now defending.—*By the Grand Counsellors.*"

Real causes of alliance.

It would have been far more honest had American writers come boldly forward and justified, on their real grounds, the alliance which they had all along desired to form. They would have been then spared the trouble of inventing, and the disgrace of circulating, all those marvellous tales which disgrace their pages. The credit of being foremost amongst the ranks of these modern Baron Munchausens is certainly due to the government organ, in which the "*Head of the English Church*" is first vehemently denounced as an "ally of hell-hound murderers," and then contrasted with the United States Government. "From the organization of the governmant of the United States, the constant care of every administration has been to better the condition of the Indian tribes, and preserve profound peace with them. Such is the spirit of our republican institutions. We never began a war with them, or placed the tomahawk in their hands. When the British, in alliance with them, ravaged our frontier and committed murders, until then, unheard of, *we advised* this restless *people to peace*, and resisted their importunity to retaliate on the enemy the wrongs they had inflicted. They have been *sometimes employed as spies or guides but in no other capacity.* At this moment (April 1813) the United States could let loose on the British in Canada, upwards of one thousand Indian warriors, impatient for the field of battle, thirsting for blood. But

* James quotes this case, also, in his history,
† History of the War, page 106.

the same policy prevails; they are retained by force, or persuaded, or pensioned to remain quiet." What a glorious contrast.

It would appear, however, that the Americans discovered that there is a limit beyond which human patience can no further go—hence the expediency of employing them as a means of counteracting the wiles and stratagems of the hostile tribes, and of gradually instilling into their savage minds the lessons of moderation and christian forbearance. Would it not have been far more honest, we repeat, to have frankly admitted, that by representations, and presents, the object of the Americans had been gained, and that some of the Indian tribes had, forgetting past wrongs, rallied under the American standard. This, however, would not have suited the purposes of the American government, which was, even at the time of completing the treaty with the Indians, meditating farther treachery and violence against the hapless and persecuted red man. At the very time of the completion of the treaty, the government organ writes: "*It appears as though the extermination of the faithless race was indispensable to our safety. We have evidences of their ferocity that it would be criminal to forget.*" What follows is even more at variance with the lessons of moderation and forbearance which the humane and considerate commanders of the American army had it so at heart to inculcate. "In the nature of things it will be impossible for them to defend themselves, nor can Great Britain give any security by treaty. She may abandon or support as policy dictates. Thus the time is at hand when they will be swept away from the face of the country as with the besom of destruction." We can scarcely believe that any one who reads the above, can be at a loss to account for the inveterate and determined hostility evinced by the Indians towards the Americans. Most unfortunately for the case of moderation, and so forth, which American writers are so desirous of establishing, Niles *Register* institutes a comparison between the use of the Indians by the British as analogous to the use of blood hounds in Cuba by the Spaniards,* a most unfortunate comparison, as in Mrs. Stowe's late work (the world wide known Uncle Tom's Cabin.) '*Proh! pudor!*' the enlightened Americans of the present day are represented as following the same atrocious customs with reference too, not to their enemies, but to those in whom nature has implanted the same burning desire for freedom which we presume inflamed the breasts of a Washington, a Jackson, or a Lawrence.

This digression is, perhaps, scarcely relevant to our subject, but when we find such atrocious paragraphs in American books, professing to be "Historical Registers," we feel bound to retort the calumnies and fix the stigma of cruelty on the nation to which it more properly belongs, "The United States."

American writers may place what colouring they please on this alliance, and may assign any reason they think proper—but the real fact of the case stands thus—the capture of York, the occupation of Fort Erie and Fort George, and Proctor's withdrawal of his forces from the territory of Michigan, gave an appearance of reality to the vapouring and gasconade of the Americans, and enabled them to hold out such reasonable hopes of conquest or plunder as were sufficient to overbalance that deadly animosity which was the most natural feeling for every Indian to cherish, to whom memory had not been denied.

General Clay's Manifesto.

We omitted, in our account of General Clay's defeat at the Miami, to introduce the manifesto issued by him previous to that action. It will, however, serve here as an illustration of the lesson of moderation inculcated by the American Commanders. It will be remembered that General Clay's army met with precisely the same fate as their butchered brethren whom they were burning with haste to avenge.

General Orders.

SOLDIERS, You are now about to leave the shores of Kentucky—Many of you can boast that she gave you birth—She is indeed dear to us all.

*Below will be found an account of the education of the blood-hounds introduced by the Spaniards into St. Domingo, first to destroy the Indians and afterwards the fugitive negroes. All who have written upon the settlement of America, have endeavored to give immortality to the cruel-

KENTUCKIANS *stand high in the estimation of our common country.* Our brothers in arms, who have gone before us to the scene of action, have acquired a fame, which should never be forgotten by you—a fame worthy your emulation.

I feel conscious you would rather see your country no more, than return to it, under the impression, that by an act of yours, the high character of Kentucky had fallen.

To support this reputation, purchased by valor and by blood, you must with fortitude meet the hardships, and discharge the duties of soldiers. Discipline and subordination mark the real soldier—and are indeed the soul of an army.

In every situation, therefore, the most perfect subordination—the most rigid discharge of duty will be expected from all. Partiality or injustice shall be shown to none.

I have the most perfect confidence in your attachment and support through every difficulty we may encounter.

It is upon you—it is upon your subordination and discipline I rely, for a successful issue of the present campaign. Without this

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ties of the Spaniards in this particular; and many British historians are singularly eloquent on this great theme for censure. But who had the astonishing audacity to justify the Spaniards on the plea that these blood-hounds could not be restrained from thrusting their heads into the bowels and tearing out the living hearts of their victims? No one has had the impudence to do this; but the blame is universally laid where it justly applies, *and the Spaniards, who used the dogs, are considered as responsible for the enormities they committed.*

From the famous speech of Lord Dorchester to the Indians in 1794, to the present day, the British in Canada have constantly trained savages for the very work they are now engaged in. This is not mere assertion. It can be sustained by hosts of testimony; and will be received as an established fact by an impartial posterity. A war with the United States has always been regarded by the British as a probable event, sooner or later; and his "gracious majesty's" officers in Canada have been unremittingly employed to attach the biped blood-hounds to themselves, while they excited their hatred to the Americans, by every means in their power.

NOTE.—BLOOD-HOUNDS.

The following is the mode of rearing blood-hounds and the manner of exercising them by chasseurs:—

The moment the blood-hounds are taken from the dam they are confined in kennels, with iron bars in front, like the dens used by showmen for confining wild beasts, where they are sparingly fed on the blood and entrails of animals. As they grow up, their keepers frequently expose in front of their cage a figure resembling a negro, male and female, and of the same color and dress, the body of which contains the blood and entrails of beasts, which being occasionally suffered to gush out, the figure attracts the attention of the dogs as the source of their food. They are then gradually reduced in their meals till, they are almost famished, while the image is frequently exposed to their view; and when they struggle with redoubled ferocity against their prey the image is brought nearer at intervals, till at last it is abandoned to their hunger, and being of wicker work, is in an instant torn to pieces, and thus they arrive at a copious meal. While they gorge themselves with this, the keeper and his colleagues caress and encourage them. By this execrable artifice the white people ingratiate themselves with the dogs, and teach them to regard a negro as their proper prey.—As soon as the young dogs are thus initiated, they are taken out to be exercised on living objects, and are trained with great care, till they arrive at the necessary nicety and exactness in the pursuit of the poor wretches whom they are doomed to destroy. The common use of these dogs in the Spanish islands was in the chase for run-away negroes in the mountains. —When once they got scent of the object, they speedily ran him down and devoured him, unless he could evade the pursuit by climbing a tree, in which case the dogs remained at the foot of the tree yelping in a most horrid manner till their keepers arrived. If the victim was to be preserved for a public exhibition or a cruel punishment, the dogs were then muzzled and the prisoner loaded with chains.—On his neck was placed a collar with spikes inward and hooks outward; the latter for the purpose of entangling him in the bushes if he should attempt to escape. If the unhappy wretch proceeded faster than his guard, it was construed into an attempt to run from them, and he was given up to the dogs, who instantly devoured him. Not seldom on a journey of considerable length, these causes were feigned by their keepers to relieve them from their prisoners; and the inhuman monster, who perpetrated the act, received a reward of ten dollars from the colony on making oath of his having destroyed his fellow-creature! The keepers, in general, acquire an absolute command over these dogs; but while the French army used them in their late war against St. Domingo, while they had possession of the Cape, the dogs frequently broke loose in that neighborhood, and children were devoured in the public way; and sometimes they surprised a harmless family of laborers (who had submitted and furnished the French themselves with necessaries) at their simple meal, tore the babe from the breast of its mother, and involved the whole party in one common and cruel death, and returned when gorged, with their horrid jaws drenched in human blood. Even the defenceless huts of the negroes have been broken into by these dreadful animals and the sleeping inhabitants have shared a like miserable fate.

confidence and support, we shall achieve nothing honorable or useful.

The same destiny awaits us both. That which exalts or sinks you in the estimation of your country, will produce to me her approbation or condemnation.

Feeling this same common interest, the first wishes of my heart are, that the present campaign should prove honorable to all, and useful to the country.

Should we encounter the enemy—REMEMBER THE DREADFUL FATE OF OUR BUTCHERED BROTHERS AT THE RIVER RAISIN—*that British treachery pooduced their slaughter.*

The justice of our cause—with the aid of an approving Providence, will be sure guarantees to our success.

GREEN CLAY,

BRIGADIER GENERAL.

The tone of this manifesto, and the spirit breathed in the concluding paragraphs, require no comment on our part. The words in capital letters are exactly as they appeared in General Green Clay's own document. In the teeth of such a manifesto the Americans have dared to impute cruelty to the British, while carefully suppressing the well known fact—that just at this very time General Vincent had sat at the head of a committee by whom, as the best means of putting an end to any cruelties, it had been resolved, that ten dollars should be paid, to every Indian, for every American prisoner brought in alive. This resolution, James declares, appeared in a Boston paper, but we regret to state that not one of the numerous officers and men saved by its instrumentality, ever had the good feeling to acknowledge to what cause their safety was due.

Proctor's movements in the West.

General Proctor and the right division of the army now demand our attention. We cannot, however, concur with Major Richardson, who claims for this corps, the proud title of "the fighting division of Canada." We do not mean by our denial to detract one whit from the laurels won by the right division, but only to assert the claim of the other divisions of the army, whether composed of regulars or militia, and this claim we are borne out in making, if we refer to the various general orders issued on different occasions from head quarters. The movements of the right division were undoubtedly attended with the most important and beneficial results, and when we consider that their force very rarely exceeded in numbers a single regiment their exertions and energy become more remarkable.

Expedition against Fort Meigs.

General Proctor was induced, towards the end of July, to prepare, at the instance of Tecumseth, to repeat his attempt on Fort Meigs. Tecumseth's plan, according to Richardson, was as follows:—"Immediately in rear of Fort Meigs, and at right angles with the river, ran the road to Sandusky, distant about thirty miles, upon, or near, which the chief had been apprized by his scouts that General Harrison, (who with a large portion of his force had left the fort soon after its relief from General Proctor's presence,) was at that moment encamped. Having landed some miles lower down the river, the whole of the Indian force was to march through the woods, and gain, unperceived by the troops in the fort, the Sandusky road, where a sham engagement was to take place, leading the garrison to believe a corps, hastening to their relief, had been encountered, and attacked by the Indians, and inducing them to make a sortie for their rescue. The moment they had crossed the open ground, intervening between their position and the skirt of the wood, we were to rise from our ambuscade, and take them in the rear, making at the same time a rush for the fort, before the enemy could have time effectually to close his gates."

This plan was certainly, to all appearance, a good one, and the attempt was made accordingly, but, whether the Americans suspected the ruse or not, they did not stir from the protection of their fort, although, according to Richardson, the fire had become so animated and heavy, as to leave the British half in doubt whether the battle was a sham or real one.

The surprise of Fort Meigs by stratagem having failed, and as any attempt to reduce it by siege was out of the question, what guns there were, being only light six pounders—it was resolved, (Major Richardson says at Tecumseths' earnest request,) to attempt

the reduction of a fort which had been contructed on the west side of the Sandusky river. This fort, about forty miles from the mouth of the river, stood on a rising ground, commanding the river to the east; having a plain to the north and a wood to the west. "The body of the fort was about one hundred yards in length, and fifty in breadth, surrounded, outside of all the other defences, by a row of strong pickets twelve feet high from the ground; each picket armed at the top with a *bayonet*."* Just outside of this fence, with the embankment reaching to the foot of the pickets, was a ditch twelve feet wide, and seven deep, thus forming a glacis of nineteen feet high. The ditch was protected by a bastion and two strong blockhouses which completely enfiladed it, thus forming a very sufficient and formidable line of defence. We have no means of ascertaining correctly the number of troops that formed the garrison, but as an American account places them at "an *effective* force of one hundred and sixty rank and file," we may safely and without fear of exaggeration, put the numbers down at two hundred and fifty. Of the British there were three hundred and ninety-one officers and privates. Of the Indians there were but two hundred, and they withdrew to a ravine out of gunshot, almost immediately on the action commencing.

On the first day of August a landing was effected, under an ineffectual discharge from the enemy's guns, and a position taken up in the wood, on the skirt of which the British sixpounders were placed. On the morning of the second a fire was opened on the fort and continued till three, p. m., by which time it having been ascertained that the fire from the light sixes would affect no breach on the stockade, General Proctor resolved to carry the fort by storm. Forming his men accordingly into three columns, about 4 p.m. he began his attack, and although exposed to a most destructive fire, the gallant body reached the ditch. "Not a fascine" says Richardson, "had been provided, and although axes had been distributed among a body of men selected for the purpose, they were so blunt, that it would have been the work of hours to cut through the double line of pickets, even if an enemy had not been there to interrupt our progress."

In defiance of this difficulty, the axe-men leaped without hesitation into the ditch, and attempted to acquit themselves of their duty; but they were speedily swept away by the guns from the batteries, charged with musket balls and slugs and directed with fatal precision. The troops had established themselves on the edge of the ditch, but it was impossible to scale without the aid of ladders or fascines; and within a few paces of the enemy only, they saw their comrades fall on every hand with no hope of avenging their deaths. The second division had only two officers attached to it. Brevet Lieutenant-colonel Short, of the 41st, was killed while descending the ravine at the head of his column, when, the command devolving on Lieutenant Gordon of the same regiment, that officer encouraging his men, and calling upon them to follow his example, was one of the first in the ditch, and was in the act of cutting the picketing with his sabre, when a ball, fired from a wall-piece, struck him in the breast. Although dangerously wounded, he refused to abandon his post, and continued to animate his men by his example, until a second ball, fired from the same piece, and lodging in his brain, left the division without an officer. The action had continued nearly two hours without producing the slightest impression on the enemy, when the bugles sounded the "cease firing," and the men were ordered to lie flat on the ground on the edge of the ravine. The first division were so near the enemy, that they could distinctly hear the various orders given in the fort, and the faint voices of the wounded and dying in the ditch, calling out for water, which the enemy had the humanity to lower to them on the instant. After continuing in this position until nine o'clock, the columns received an order to effect their retreat in silence, which was done accordingly, the enemy merely firing a few vollies of musketry, producing however no material effect. The troops having been re-embarked the same night, the expedition descended the river, and returned to Amherstburg. Our loss in this affair was severe—three officers, one sergeant, twenty-two rank and file killed; three officers, two sergeants, thirty-six rank and file wounded; and one sergeant, twenty-eight

* History of the War, page 131.

rank and file missing. Of this number, the proportion of the first division alone, consisting principally of the light company of the 41st, which had attacked the strongest point of the position, was five and thirty men.

During the assault, no assistance whatever was afforded by the Indians, who, unaccustomed to this mode of warfare, contented themselves with remaining quiet spectators of the scene.

It is a curious circumstance that we do not find in James, General Proctor's official despatch on this subject. Richardson writes, "The only British document referring to the matter at all, is the following brief notice by Sir George Prevost, evidently founded on a more detailed communication from General Proctor. We give Sir George's general order, and the American official version.* The only one we have been able to get at will be found below in our notes:—

General Order.

Head Quarters, Kingston,

Adjutant General's Office, 3d Sept. 1813.

His Excellency the Commander of the Forces has received a despatch from Major General Proctor, reporting the circumstances of an attack, made by a small portion of regular troops and a body of Indian warriors, on the 2d of August, on the American fort of Lower Sandusky, which, owing to the strength of the enemy's works, which resisted the fire of the light field guns brought against it—so that a practicable breach could not be effected—as also from the want of sufficient co-operation on the part of the Indian warriors, unused to that mode of warfare, the assault was not attended with that brilliant success which has so uniformly signalized the gallant exertions of the right division. The Major General extols the intrepid bravery displayed by the detachment under Brevet Lieutenant Colonel

Copy of a letter from Major Croghan to Gen. Harrison, dated

Lower Sandusky, August 5, 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I have the honor to inform you, that the combined force of the enemy, amounting to at least 500 regulars, and as many Indians, under the immediate command of Gen. Proctor, made its appearance before this place, early on Sunday evening last; and as soon as the General had made such disposition of his troops, as would cut off my retreat (should I be disposed to make one), he sent Col. Elliott, accompanied by Major Chambers, with a flag, to demand the surrender of the fort, as he was anxious to spare the effusion of blood; which he should probably not have in his power to do, should he be reduced to the necessity of taking the place by storm. My answer to the summons was, that I was determined to defend the place to the last extremity, and that no force, however large, should induce me to surrender it. So soon as the flag had returned, a brisk fire was opened upon us, from the gunboats in the river, and from a five-and-a-half-inch howitzer, on shore, which was kept up with little intermission throughout the night. At an early hour the next morning, three sixes (which had been placed during the night within 250 yards of the pickets), began to play upon us—but with little effect. About four o'clock P.M, discovering that the fire, from all his guns, was concentrated against the N.W. angle of the fort, I became confident that his object was to make a breach, and attempt to storm the works at that point. I therefore ordered out as many men as could be employed, for the purpose of strengthening that part—which was so effectually secured, by means of bags of flour, sand, &c., that the picketing suffered little or no injury; notwithstanding which, the enemy, about 500, having formed in close column, advanced to assault our works, at the expected point; at the same time making two feints on the front of Captain Hunter's lines. The column, which advanced against the north-western angle, consisting of about 350 men, was so completely enveloped in smoke as not to be discovered, until it had approached within 18 or 20 paces of the lines; but the men being all at their posts, and ready to receive it, commenced so heavy and galling a fire as to throw the column a little into confusion; being quickly rallied, it advanced to the outworks, and began to leap into the ditch; just at that moment a fire of grape was opened from our six-pounder (which had been previously arranged, so as to rake in that direction), which, together with the musketry, threw them into such confusion, that they were compelled to retire precipitately to the woods. During the assault, which lasted about half an hour, an incessant fire was kept up by the enemy's artillery (which consisted of five sixes and a howitzer), but without effect. My whole loss, during the siege, was one killed and seven slightly wounded. The loss of the enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, must exceed 150. One Lieutenant Colonel, a Lieutenant, and 50 rank and file, were found in and about the ditch, dead or wounded; those of the remainder, who were not able to escape, were taken off, during the night, by the Indians. Seventy stand of arms and several brace of pistols have been collected near the works. About three in the morning the enemy sailed down the river, leaving behind them a boat, containing clothing and considerable military stores.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates under my command, for their gallantry and good conduct during the siege.

Yours, with respect,

G. CROGHAN,

Major 17th U.S. Inf. commanding

Short, in endeavoring to force a passage into the enemy's fort, and laments the loss of the brave soldiers who have fallen in this gallant although unsuccessful assault.

Return of killed and wounded.

One captain, one lieutenant, one sergeant, one drummer, twenty-one rank and file killed. One sergeant and twenty-eight rank and file missing. Two captains, one lieutenant, two sergeants, one drummer, thirty-five rank and file wounded.

Killed—Brevet Lieut.-Col. Short, Lieut. Gordon, 41st regiment, Lieut. Laussaussiege, Indian department.

Wounded—Capt. Dixon, Royal Engineers, Capt. Muir and Lieut. Macintyre, 41st regiment, all slightly.

By his Excellency's command.

EDWARD BAYNE, Adjutant General.

American remarks on the Sandusky affair.

Although we have such positive evidence as to the share that the Indians had in the attack on the fort at Sandusky, the American writers are determined to drag the Indians within the limits of the ditch which had proved so fatal to the British troops. "The Indians," says Mr. Thomson, "were enraged and mortified at this unparallelled defeat, and carrying their wounded from the field, they indignantly followed the British regulars to the shipping." In all the account given by this writer in his HISTORY, not the slightest notice is taken of the heroic bravery exhibited by Col. Short and his men, although the most lavish encomias are bestowed on Major Croghan and his "band of *heroes*," who snugly ensconced behind their pickets compelled an army *ten times superior to retreat ingloriously*. Mr. O'Connor, more artful although not more liberal, leaves it to be understood that the Indians joined in the attack. "It is a fact worthy of notice," says this gentleman, "that not one Indian was found amongst the dead, although from three to four hundred were present."

General Proctor's movements.

Before following General Proctor's motions, after his retreat, we must return to the Niagara frontier, taking a glance, as we pass, at York and Commodore Chauncey's second descent upon it. The movements also in the lower province demand our attention. So many important events require, however, a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

Commodore Chauncey's second descent upon York.

Commodore Chauncey having completed the equipment of the *General Pike*, a new vessel of about the same tonnage as the *Wasp*, and manned with a very large crew, about one hundred and twenty of whom had been drafted from the *Constitution*, while the rest of her complement had been made up from other vessels in the Atlantic ports, again appeared on the lake to resume offensive operations. We have been particular in noticing the mode in which the *General Pike* was manned, as a body so large as one hundred and twenty from one vessel, all trained to work together, must have inspired her commander with the greatest confidence, especially when aware that, with the exception of the few thorough bred seamen who had been brought from Great Britain by Sir James Yeo, the remainder of the crews of the British Canadian navy were fresh water seamen, picked up hastily, and possessing few recommendations, save dauntless bravery, and an ardent attachment to the cause in which they had been enlisted. Commodore Chauncey's fleet now consisted of fourteen vessels, making up a force of over twenty-seven hundred tons, and manned by about twelve hundred picked men. Sir James Yeo's fleet was just one third inferior to his adversary in tonnage, guns and men; what his men lacked, however, in numbers and discipline, was in some degree made up by the spirit and zeal which animated them.

Demonstration against the stores at Burlington Heights.

Commodore Chauncey's first object was the capture, or destruction, of a considerable quantity of stores that had been collected at Burlington Heights, and which he had ascertained to be but slenderly guarded. Col. Harvey, anxious for the protection of these stores, and suspecting, from Chauncey's manœuvres, his designs, despatched Lieut. Col. Battersby, with part of the Glengarry regiment to strengthen Major Maule, who commanded at Burlington Heights. Col. Battersby by a forced march of extraordinary celerity, arrived with his reinforcement, and the American commodore, finding that his reception was likely to be warmer than he either anticipated or desired, prudently kept his men out of reach of harm, contenting himself with the capture of a few of the neighboring inhabitants. Having ascertained, however, that Col. Battersby's departure had left York undefended, he determined to swell the number of "American victories" by "a second siege and storming. &c." of that place. He accordingly seized his opportunity, and bore away for that port, which he entered on the 31st July.

Col. Scott breaking parole.

Amongst the officers whom Commodore Chauncey had embarked for the expedition against Burlington Heights, we find the name of Lieut. Col. Scott. Now, according to Sir George Prevost, Lieut. Col. Scott was at that time an unexchanged prisoner of war, on his parole. Breaking parole is a severe charge to make against an officer, especially one who, as General Scott, has occupied, since, so prominent a place in the world's history, nevertheless, on Mr. James' authority, and with but faint denial of the charge from American historians, we feel compelled to avow our belief that Lieut. Col. Scott did actually forfeit his pledged word of honor as a soldier, on the occasion of the second descent upon York.

We will now enter on our proof of this charge. All lists of prisoners paroled or exchanged, were necessarily transmitted to the commander-in-chief. In this case it will be found in Sir George Prevost's despatch of the 8th August,* to Lord Bathurst, that *colonel Scott is expressly mentioned as an unparoled prisoner* who had forfeited his pledged word. A faint attempt has been made to clear colonel Scott, from the imputation on the

* This despatch will be found under the next head.

plea that " he believed himself to be an exchanged prisoner," but as no shadow of proof has been brought forward, the defence can not be entertained—The following was the form of parole signed by lieutenant-colonel Scott and others when taken prisoners, "we promise, on honor, not to bear arms, directly or indirectly, against his Britannic Majesty, or his allies, during the present war, until we are regularly exchanged. We likewise engage that the undermentioned non-commissioned officers and privates, soldiers in the service of the United States, who are permitted to accompany us, shall conform to the same conditions." This is no accusation trumped up at this late period to impugn Gen. Scott's character as a man of honor—on the contrary, it was made at the time, and while lieutenant-colonel Scott was yet unknown to fame, and of no more importance in public estimation than any other American officer. It is therefore of consequence, that his friends should, if they can, at least make the attempt to wipe away the imputation.

An extract from James will throw some additional light on the subject, and prove that there were other officers besides colonel Scott, who did not scruple to break their parole, when a convenient opportunity presented itself. "To the doughty quarrel between Mr. President Madison, and general James Wilkinson, * of the American army, we are indebted for some important disclosures relative to the paroled prisoners. The general very candidly tells us, that lieutenant George Read, a witness examined on the part of the prosecution, at the general court martial, held at Troy, in the State of New York, in February, 1814, deposed on oath, "that on the 24th December, 1813, while a prisoner on parole, he received from colonel Larned, an order to repair to Greenbush, in the following words:—

'I am directed by the secretary of war, to call in all the American prisoners of war, at or near this vicinity, to their post, and that the officers join them for drilling, &c.—You will therefore repair to the cantonments at Greenbush, without loss of time.' 'Lieutenant Read further deposeth, that he repaired to Greenbush, in pursuance of the order, and made no objections to doing duty: that on general Wilkinson's arrival at Waterford, in the ensuing January, lieutenant Read called upon him, and exhibited the order received from lieutenant-colonel Larned; that general Wilkinson thought the order very improper, and afterwards issued the following order, dated, Waterford, January, 18th 1814.

'A military officer is bound to obey promptly, and without hesitation, every order he may receive, which does not affect his honor; but this precious inheritance must never be voluntarily forfeited, nor should any earthly power wrest it from him. It follows that, where an officer is made prisoner, and released on his parole of honor, not to bear arms against the enemy, no professional duties can be imposed on him, while he continues in that condition; and under such circumstances, every military man will justify him for disobedience."

"Such," adds James, "are the principles upon which Mr. Madison conducted the late war. Lieutenant-colonel Scott, although perhaps not one of those American officers, who, like lieutenant Read, 'made no objection to doing duty' in compliance with the shameful order of his Government, certainly gave his parole at Queenston, and yet subsequently appeared in arms, both at Fort George, and at York."

We take pleasure in mentioning, that lieutenant Carr, of the United States army, also a prisoner at Queenston, declined obeying the order to perform duty, on the ground, that it was always contrary to the parole. This meritorious case being an exception, as it would appear, enhances its value; and it ought to operate as a lesson to that government, which could thus stab the reputation of its officers, to facilitate the means of conquest.

It is perfectly clear that Lieutenant-Colonel Scott broke his parole in every sense, as he not only joined what might be called the non-combatants in their usual garrison routine of drills, &c.; but he took, according to Sir George, an active part in the more stirring scenes of the campaign, thus rendering his dereliction from the path of honor doubly flagrant. We have found that American writers have been always ready to lay hold of the slightest charge (witness the case of Capt. Manners at Stony Creek) against British

* Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. 3, page 197.

officers, it will be well for them then in the present case to direct their attention towards clearing the character of one of their most distinguished men from the stain of dishonor resting on it.

Second descent upon York by Chauncey.

To return, however, from our digression, to Commodore Chauncey, whom we left just after his appearance, a second time, before York. This place being left by Colonel Battersby's departure with the Glengarry fencibles, undefended, the Americans landed without opposition and took quiet possession. The first thing done was to lay hold of everything, in the shape of stores, that could possibly be construed into public property, and the decision resting not with a court of judicial enquirers, but rather with men not overburthened with scruples, it may be easily inferred that some private property did by *mistake* find its way to American owners. Their other acts seem to have been attended with the same evidences of republican license, as they opened the gaol and liberated the prisoners, some of whom were in confinement awaiting their trial for capital offences. The few men in the hospital who were so ill as not to bear moving, even in the opinion of American prisoner-hunters, were paroled—the others were removed as trophies won at the "second battle of York." The public store-houses were then all destroyed, and by *mistake* some of the store-houses of the inoffensive inhabitants with large quantities of provisions, were first sacked, and afterwards burnt. This was a fair day's work, and accomplished without so much fighting or loss of life as the capture of the depôt at Burlington would have occasioned. A commander of energy or daring would, perhaps, have been scarcely satisfied to leave himself open to the charge of having been frightened by a handful of men, and prevented, in consequence, from accomplishing an enterprise of some importance. Commodore Chauncey, however, knew better, and as we suppose he must have been the best judge of the value of his character, we leave our readers to form their own estimate of the affair. A second landing was made on the next day, and an *expedition* fitted out which proceeded a *mile or so* up the Don, under the pretext of searching for public stores. The real object was to procure fresh provisions *cheaply* for the shipping. Having succeeded in all their objects, towards evening they embarked, and the fleet sailed for Niagara, taking with them, or having destroyed, five guns, eleven boats, with a quantity of shot, shells and other military stores. Sir George's dispatch* will bear out all we have asserted relative to the injuries inflicted by the enemy on private individuals, by whom, indeed, this visitation was almost entirely felt. This is a circumstance which must not be lost sight of by the reader, as we shall soon have to show how loud was the outcry raised by both the American people and government when retaliatory measures were adopted by the British. Christie mentions a curious coincidence, viz:—that on the very day the American commander and his troops were burning the barracks and stores at York, Lieut.-Col. Murray was no less actively employed on the same business at Plattsburg—we shall, however, have to treat of this in its proper place.

The American fleet remained quietly at Niagara until the appearance of the British fleet on the 8th of August. Sir James had sailed from Kingston, on the 31st of July with supplies for the army, and having duly landed them, he looked into Niagara in hopes of tempting Commodore Chauncey to leave his anchorage. The challenge was accepted and the Americans bore down on the British line with whom they manœuvred for nearly two

* *From Sir G. Prevost to Earl Bathurst.*
Head-quarters, Kingston,
Upper Canada, August 8th, 1813.

My Lord,—I have the honour to acquaint your lordship, that the enemy's fleet, of 12 sail, made its appearance off York on the 31st ultimo. The three square rigged vessels, the Pike, Madison, and Oneida, came to anchor in the offing; but the schooners passed up the harbor, and landed several boats full of troops at the former garrison, and proceeded from thence to the town, of which they took possession. They opened the goal, liberated the prisoners, and took away three soldiers confined for felony: they then went to the hospitals, and paroled the few men that could not be removed. They next entered the store-houses of some of the inhabitants, seized their contents, chiefly flour, and the same being private property. Between 11 and 12 o'clock that night they returned on board their vessels. The next morning, Sunday, the 1st instant, the enemy again landed, and sent three armed boats up the river Don, in search of public stores, of which being disappointed, by sun-set both soldiers and sailors had evacuated the town, the small barrack wood-yard, and store-house, on Gibraltar Point,

days, losing four small vessels during that time, two of them, (the *Julia* and *Growler*) by capture, and the other two, (the *Scourge* of eight guns and the *Hamilton* of nine,) by their being upset in a squall* The entire crews of these vessels, with the exception of sixteen who were saved by the British boats, were lost. Commodore Chauncey, somewhat disheartened at the loss of four of his vessels, and so many men, bore up for Niagara, from whence he sailed soon after to Sackett's Harbor, where he arrived on the 13th of August. As the reader may be scarcely yet aware of the actual superiority in point of force of the Americans over the British fleet, we will give a few extracts from the Naval Register with the detailed account of the occurrences of the 9th and 10th of August.

Sir James Yeo on Lake Ontario.

We will follow Sir James Yeo through all his operations from the date of the return of the fleet, after the Sackett's Harbor attempt, to the affair now under consideration.

We have already shown the valuable service rendered by Sir James, in the attack on the Americans, at the Forty Mile Creek, where it may be remembered much valuable camp equipage, stores, provisions, &c.—were, thro' his instrumentality, captured. On the 13th (June) he made prizes of two schooners and some boats containing supplies, and learning from some of the prisoners, that there was a depôt of provisions at the Genesee River he directed his course thither, and succeeded in securing the whole. On the 19th he captured another supply of stores and provisions from Great Sodus, and returned on the 29th to Kingston.

On his next cruise, after landing the stores at Burlington we found him, as already described, inviting the American fleet to leave the protection of their batteries. We will now quote from the *Naval Chronicle*:

"The Americans, by their own admission, had fourteen vessels, armed, also by their admission, with one hundred and fourteen guns. Nearly one-fourth of the long guns and carronades were on pivot carriages, and were consequently as effective in broadside as twice the number. The fourteen American vessels were manned with eleven hundred and ninety three guns."

When Sir James Yeo made his appearance off Niagara, the Americans could scarcely interpret his manœuvres to aught but what they were intended to convey—a challenge—we therefore find that "Commodore Chauncey immediately got under way, and stood out with his fourteen vessels, formed in line of battle; but, as the six British vessels approached, the American vessels, after discharging their broadsides, wore and stood under their batteries. Light airs and calms prevented Sir James Yeo from closing; and, during the

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having being first set on fire by them; and at day-light the following morning the enemy's fleet sailed.

The plunder obtained by the enemy upon this predatory expedition has been indeed trifling, and the loss has altogether fallen upon individuals; the public stores of every description having been removed; and the only prisoners taken by them, there, being confined to felons and invalids in the hospital.

The troops which were landed were acting as marines, and appeared to be about 250 men; they were under the command of commodore Chauncey and lieutenant-colonel Scott, an unexchanged prisoner of war on his parole, both of whom landed with the troops. The town, upon the arrival of the enemy, was totally defenceless; the militia were still on their parole; and the principal gentlemen had retired, from an apprehension of being treated with the same severity used towards several of the inhabitants near Fort-George, who had been made prisoners, and sent to the United States. Lieutenant-colonel Battersby, of the Glengarry fencibles, with the detachment of light troops under his command, who had been stationed at York, was, upon the appearance of the enemy's fleet off that place, on the 29th ult. ordered with his detachment and light artillery to proceed for the protection of the depots formed on Burlington Heights, where he had joined major Maule's detachment of the 104th regiment, and concentrated his force on the following evening. The enemy had, during the course of that day, landed from the fleet 500 men, near Brandt's house, with an intention of storming the heights; but finding major Maule well prepared to receive them, and being informed of lieutenant-colonel Battersby's march, they re-embarked, and stood away for York.

My last accounts from major-general De Rottenburg are to the 3d instant, when the enemy's fleet had anchored off Niagara. I have received no tidings of our squadron under sir James Yeo, since its sailing from hence on the 31st ultimo.

I have the honor to be, &c.

GEORGE PREVOST.

Earl Bathurst, &c. &c. &c.

*Christie says, "upset through press of sail in endeavouring to escape."

night, in a heavy squall, two of the American schooners, the *Hamilton* and *Scourge*, upset, and their crews unfortunately perished. On the 9th the two parties were again in sight of each other, and continued manœuvring during that and the succeeding day. On the 10th, at night, a fine breeze sprang up, and Sir James Yeo immediately took advantage of it, by bearing up to attack his powerful opponent; but, just as the *Wolfe* got within gunshot of the *Pike* and *Madison*, these two powerful American ships bore up, fired their stern chase guns, and made sail for Niagara; leaving two fine schooners, the *Julia* and *Growler*, each armed with one long thirty-two and one long twelve pounder on pivots, and manned with a crew of forty men, to be captured without an effort to save them. With his two prizes, and without the loss of a man, and with no greater injury to his ships than a few cut ropes and torn sails, Sir James Yeo returned to Kingston."

We have examined with some care the ministerial organ, (*Niles Register*) for some notice of this affair, with the intention of giving the American account at length, and we were the more desirous of doing this from our having lighted, during our search, on the following choice paragraph—"A Montreal paper speaks of Commodore Chauncey as 'not having learned even the rudiments of war. We have sent him (says the same paper,) a most able teacher (Sir James Yeo) who will carry him through all the inflections peculiar to it in much less time than a school-boy can be taught to conjugate a verb, or understand its principal.'"

"One would think that this paragraph was written by Sir James himself, for it is quite his character. We shall see when Chauncey gets along side of him—"*that's all.*"

After reading this elegant extract which will be found on the two hundred and twenty-seventh page of the fourth volume of *Niles Register*, we were quite prepared for finding a full, true, and particular account of Commodore Chauncey's "brilliant victories over an enemy *double his force*," and perhaps the surest evidence of Sir James Yeo's success may be found in the fact of Commodore Chauncey's *not* having captured the whole British fleet *on paper*. We give an extract of the Commodore's modest official letter* that the reader may compare it first, with our version, and, secondly, with the only notices in *Niles Register* which bear distinctly on the subject, and which are found in volume five, page twelve. "Commodore Chauncey fell in with the enemy's squadron; of whom, after a good deal of manœuvring, he got the weather gage. "*The British bore away, and he then chased them to Kingston.* "It was thought that the enemy would not give a chance for the combat so earnestly desired by the officers and crews." "It is positively stated that two schooners were captured for want of obedience to orders; perhaps by having too much eagerness to meet the foe. It is agreed upon that our gallant Commodore never yet had the power to bring the enemy to action—his vessels in general sailing much better than ours. The *Sylph*, however, is a valuable auxiliary in catching the foe."

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*Extract of a letter from Commodore Chauncey to the Secretary of the Navy, dated on board the ship General Pike, at Sackett's Harbor, 13th August, 1813.

SIR,—I arrived here this day with this ship, the Madison, Oneida, Governor Tompkins, Conquest, Ontario, Pert, and Lady of the Lake. The Fair American and Asp I left at Niagara. Since I had the honor of addressing you last, I have been much distressed and mortified; distressed at the loss of a part of the force entrusted to my command, and mortified at not being able to bring the enemy to action. The following movements and transactions of the squadron, since the 6th inst., will give you the best idea of the difficulties and mortifications that I have had to encounter.

On the 7th, at daylight, the enemy's fleet, consisting of two ships, two brigs, and two large schooners, were discovered bearing W.N.W., distant about five or six miles, wind at west. At five, weighed with the fleet, and manœuvred to gain the wind. At nine, having passed to leeward of the enemy's line and abreast of his van ship (the Wolfe), hoisted our colors and fired a few guns, to ascertain whether we could reach him with our shot; finding they fell short I wore and hauled upon a wind upon the starboard tack; the rear of our schooners then about six miles apart. The enemy wore in succession and hauled up on a wind on the same tack, but soon finding that we should be able to weather him upon the next tack, he tacked and made all sail to the northward. As soon as our rear vessels could fetch his wake, tacked and made all sail in chase. In the afternoon the wind became very light, and towards night quite calm. The schooners used their sweeps all the afternoon, in order to close with the enemy, but without success.

SIR ROGER H. SHEAFFE AND THE DEFENCE OF YORK.

FAIR play has always been, and is our motto,—we therefore most readily give insertion to the following letter, regretting that it did not arrive in time to introduce it among our notes in the present number of the war. We however, wish it to be distinctly understood, that we do not indorse one line of it, nor do we see any proof brought forward which would induce us to alter one tittle of what we have written, respecting the battle of York and Sir R. H. Sheaffe. In the letters of Veritas, (page 50,) and in Christie's history, (page 75,) precisely similar opinions are expressed as those which we adopted and gave publicity to in our notice of the affair—opinions which were based on the testimony of men who could with "Truth" say, "we also saw those things."

We should be glad if "Truth" would explain for us the reasons why Sir Roger Sheaffe was, almost immediately after the battle of York, superseded.—In conclusion, we would remark, that our observations were, in some degree, influenced by the opinions which we have had an opportunity of forming of Sir Roger Sheaffe personally; we shall, however, be most ready, if *convinced* that we have penned aught that is harsh or unfair, to make promptly the "*amende honorable.*"

[*To the writer of "the War of* 1812."]

SIR,—In your October number, giving an account of the battle of York, you have adopted some idle reports detracting from the military character of Sir R. H. Sheaffe: permit me to set you right. It was but too prevailing an opinion in those times, that because Sir Isaac Brock had frightened Gen. Hull out of his propriety, every other commander must do the same, and that in all cases, and under any and every disadvantage, our troops *must be victorious.* Even at this day unthinking people forget that in the *bush* the American ought to be more than a match for the British soldier. The former from his childhood has been accustomed to the woods, he is at home, he was born in them; his dress is not conspicuous, he can change his position almost without being seen; he is accustomed to act independently without separating from his comrades, and having the *Anglo-Saxon* stamp on him—his courage is undoubted. The latter from the impossibility of concealing his scarlet uniform, becomes a sure mark for the quick and unerring aim of his enemy's rifle; and being taught to depend on his officer and act in conjunction with the rest of his company, he is at fault and confused the moment he loses sight of them in the forest. His officer is quite as *green* as himself as he is equally unaccustomed to act in the bush. In truth, the only way during the whole war in which I have known the British troops to be entirely successful in a bush fight was where they pushed forward and dislodged the enemy, trusting to the bayonet alone. Premising thus much, I now come to grapple with your charges.—Until the fleet came to anchor it could not be known at what point the Americans intended to land; as soon as *that* was ascertained, no time was lost in marching to oppose them, and the very circumstance mentioned by you of "the wind driving the boats farther to the west," prevented the 8th from meeting them at the shore. The men in the first brigade o boats had therefore effected a landing and taken cover under the bank which effectually protected them from our fire, while the underbrush on the top of it completely concealed them from our view. A body of riflemen was thrown out in advance,—these we quickly destroyed, and our fire was directed against the second brigade of boats approaching the shore, two of which were sunk from the effects of it; but the moment the grenadiers approached the bank they were cut down like grass before the scythe. Repeated charges were made to get possession of the bank, in the first of these the gallant Capt. McNeil was shot thro' the head. Still the brave fellows rushed forward only to be shot down by an unseen foe. "Show us our enemy" was their constant cry and tho' falling by dozens, no persuasion could induce them to take the cover of a tree. This was their first action in the country, and perhaps many of them had never been in a wood before. Their strength was 110 in the morning, and I believe they mustered about 40 in the evening. I have witnessed many acts of individual gallantry, but never such unyielding determination in a body of men. They never thought of retreating until called off by their officers who found that the increasing numbers of the enemy had out-flanked them, and nearly gained their rear. It has been stated, with what truth I am not aware, that three days after the battle one of them was found with both legs broken; he had fallen in a pool of water and sustained life by drinking of it. He never complained, and died the day he was found. All the other troops, regulars, and militia, conducted themselves with great bravery, but from the position they occupied did not suffer so severely.—

Sir R. H. Sheaffe did right in not bringing his men forward and exposing them to the fire of the shipping; they came forward at the proper time when the enemy had ceased firing for fear of killing their own men. If they failed, from the nature of the ground and the distance they had to march, in arriving in time, it was neither the fault of the troops nor the commander. I feel convinced that no *military* man will condemn Gen. Sheaffe for having placed a portion of his force to protect the only road by which the enemy would gain his rear; this was a necessary precaution never to be neglected. Some have ventured to predict that had the enemy been attacked after the explosion of the magazine, it would have proved an easy conquest. You might as well have expected to accomplish this by throwing your *own magazine* at their heads. You must recollect that it was necessary for the commander to place his own troops beyond the mark of the explosion, and, although you affirm the contrary, he did do so, and this caused a distance of nearly two miles to intervene between the two armies. It was rather an impossibility to ascertain at such a distance, that a panic had been caused, and quite impracticable to make a sudden attack before it had subsided. It strikes me very forcibly that our sadly crippled remaining force of some four or five hundred would have cut a very sorry figure had they attempted to make a rapid movement for *two miles* to attack an army of two thousand, long after they had had time to recover from their confusion.

Serjeant Marshall no doubt thought himself a very clever fellow, but I should like to be informed by *what rule* he intended to compute the time which Gen. Pike proposed to take in marching to the magazine. If he had made no halt, you admit in your account, that, the "port-fire" was just the right length. The truth is, the intention was to give our retreating troops time to avoid the danger, and to prevent the enemy getting the powder, leaving him to his chance of broken heads. However clumsily it may have been done, is nothing to the purpose, *that* was Sergeant Marshall's fault. The object was gained and as I happened to be with the rear guard, I am quite certain that none but stragglers could have been injured. You say that he appeared to have no "fixed plan." He could have had but one, and that was to oppose the landing. This he tried.—He did every thing which the circumstances admitted, and the means within his power enabled him to do. His troops fought and fought bravely; yet they were repulsed. Your own statement of the numbers engaged and the list of killed and wounded on both sides sufficiently prove that our little band did all that men could do against such a superior force. There was no hope left—there was no fortification to retire into, no broken ground, no heights, no passes which could be defended, no expectation of reinforcements, no arms to place in the hands of the militia from the country had they come in.—What more *could have been done?* Had Gen. Sheaffe decided upon making another stand, no doubt the men would have fought bravely—another list of killed and wounded would have been added "to gild the bitter pill" of defeat, and satisfy John Bull's pugnacious idea of a never give up fight. But I ask "Cui bono?" The general is responsible for the lives of his men, and "foul fall him" who unnecessarily sacrifices the life of *one brave soldier* to pander to the *patriotic sentimentality* of those "Gentlemen who live at ease." Gen. Sheaffe was a brave and good man,—we do not find any *military* authority making a charge against him. Instead of being called to an account, he has been since rewarded by his Sovereign with a Regiment. He has had no opportunity of confuting the charges made by scribblers at home, or scribblers in Canada, during his lifetime. He died at a very advanced age, and to the last retained the esteem and respect of those who knew him best. I am not aware that there is one of the regular army in the country, who was present at the battle, to defend him, but myself, and I trust that in common justice to the dead, this letter, lengthy though it be, will find a place in your next issue.

I am, yours &c.,

TRUTH.

Cornwall, November, 1853.

ST. JOHN—NEW BRUNSWICK.

The province of New Brunswick was, until the close of 1783, merely a county of Nova Scotia, with but a few inhabitants, who, scattered here and there along the banks of the magnificent streams which every where intersect the country, gained their subsistence by the products of their industry as fishermen or hunters.

In 1783, it became the home of many most respectable and influential families who had been in the British service, and who, on retirement, settled in the United States; but, in consequence of their attachment to British monarchy, were obliged to abandon the republican territory and seek an asylum under the British flag. In 1784, the first Governor, Honorable T. Carlton, entered on office and continued for two years to conduct

the administration with universal satisfaction. He was succeeded by Hon. G. G. Ludlow, who held the office seven years, and was succeeded in 1803 by the Hon. E. Winslow, who presided for five years, and was succeeded in 1808 by Gen. M. Hunter, who with an *interregnum* of a few months, (during his absence Lieut. Col. G. Johnson holding office) was succeeded in 1811 by General W. Balfour. In 1812, General G. S. Smith was appointed Governor, who, with one or two interruptions, during absence on the public service of the country, was succeeded in 1824 by Gen. Sir Howard Douglass, after whose removal in 1829, the Hon. Wm. Black, president of the present L. L. Council, held the reins of administration for a time. In 1831, Sir Archibald Campbell obtained the office of Governor, and was succeeded by Gen. Sir John Harvey in 1837, and he by Sir William Colebrooke in 1841 —a most mild, pacific and excellent man, under whose administration the province advanced very rapidly in all its interests, civil, ecclesiastical, commercial and agricultural. On his removal to the government of the leeward W. I. Islands, Sir Edmund Head was appointed, who is the present Governor, and a man of very considerable talent and shrewdness, possessing tact enough to steer clear of the shoals which usually impede colonial administration. He wisely gives his council full scope, and thus keeps clear of scrapes. He is a very highly accomplished gentleman, and a few years experience in the colonies will make him a first rate diplomatist. He has one man in his cabinet possessed of talent enough to govern any colony under the British crown. We refer to the Hon. J. R. P * * * —without whose head it would be difficult to form any administration which would continue to govern New Brunswick with any degree of peace for any length of time.

The province is divided into fourteen counties, with a population of about 200,000, including 1116 native children of the Milecete tribe. In 1851 the census showed that the ratio of emigrants to this province, was as follows:—

From England	3907
From Scotland	4855
From Ireland	28776
Other British possessions	1550
Foreign countries	1344
With a negro population of	2058

It is obvious that the Irish element is numerically by far the strongest, although a vast amount of the commerce of the province is under the control of Scotch houses and managed by Scotch heads and Scotch capital. Many men who settled in this province from ten to thirty years ago, have risen into opulence and independence, and are now occuping very prominent and influential places in the commercial legislative ranks of New Brunswick. Such men are the Hon. J * * R * * * and the Hon. D * * W * *, the one a native of Scotland, the other of Ulster, are alike an honor to their native land and a benefit to their adopted country.

During the first thirty years the province of New Brunswick did not grow rapidly, not being known in Britain as a very inviting field for emigrants; but, so soon as its vast resources for lumber were made known in the mother country, it became a point of attraction to hundreds of young men of enterprise—and the great commercial metropolis, St. John, then a little fishing village, began to rise rapidly in importance, and, in about fifty years, this city contained a population of some *thirty thousand* inhabitants, although its progress had been much retarded at different times by the destructive element of fire. A view of the growing city will be seen in our frontispiece, and in situation, so far as scenery and especially commercial advantages are concerned, the site was admirably selected. Indeed, the state of the tide, and the falls at the head of the harbour, seem to have conspired for the purpose of making the promontory, on which St. John stands, the seat of a large and powerful city. But for the falls St. John would never have exceeded in dimensions or commercial importance, a small fishing village. Fredericton would have been the capital, both commercial and civil, but the navigation of the river is so much interrupted by the falls or rapids as to prevent vessels of large tonnage from going higher than the harbour, which is navigable at all times. The high tides of the bay of Fundy render the harbour of St. John one of the safest and most commodious on this continent, and this fact combined with the inexhaustible and as yet undeveloped resources of the province must ultimately make this city one of the largest commercial sea-ports in the British Empire. On the landing of the loyalists, upon the 19th of May, 1783—a day which is still commemorated by the inhabitants of the city, by firing guns and other demonstrations of joy,—the city consisted of a few wooden shanties, scattered along the bold and frowning promontory, which has since been crowned with large and magnificent buildings, and is now the emporium of an immense amount of British merchandise. The rugged rock in whose yawning crevices the little log hut was sheltered—scarcely affording a wretched home

to the fisherman and his family—has been shivered, and the huge fabric of massive granite occupies its place. Their cottages which were but a few rods from the harbour, and were then almost inaccessible from being surrounded by dense and bushy thickets, have disappeared, and in their place are found large and magnificently furnished stores well replenished with British imports, and resounding with the busy hum of Anglo Saxon and Celtic industry. On the rugged rocks and over the muddy swamps, where seventy years ago the fish-hawk watched its finny prey and the partridge nestled, are now seen large rows of streets cutting each other at right angles and enlivened by the evidences of intelligent industry—along the wharves where the dark cedar grew, and the slimy serpent sunned itself in the summer day—may be seen immense piles of new houses and store rooms. On the rugged and bold high land, which stretches North West, and which the eye of the reader will notice as the site of two churches built away from the body of the city, some fifty years ago nothing would have been found save the rude wigwam of the wandering Indian; and along those capacious wharves, which often furnish safe anchorage for 100 sail of vessels of the largest tonnage, was naught save the frail canoe attached by its bark fastening to an overhanging tree or projecting rock: triumphant evidences all of the change a few years make on a colonial city, and proving the wonderful results that flow from the active industry of men who understand and cultivate the principle of self-reliance,—that capital which, based on industry, is the most productive in a young country, and is the boon which the all-wise and beneficent Creator has bestowed on every son of Adam.

We have adverted to the site of the city; a word or two on the topography of this commercial city. Indian tradition and geological observation unite in bearing testimony to the fact, that the ancient *embouchure* of the river St. John was in the rear, and not, as now, in the front of the city, by some convulsion of nature the current was forced through a region of limestone, about two miles above the harbour, called now the *Narrows*, where the stream empties itself into a very large basin, on which the bustling village of Indian Town stands, and from this point the navigation of the river by steamers and other craft commences. On the southern extremity of this basin lies a large breastwork of solid rock, through which the water must have forced itself, falling into the harbour with a tremendous velocity. The rock is now called split rock, and the Falls, so called, possess this peculiarity, that, at low water the fall is into the harbour, while the high tides at St. John force, in their ebb, the stream back again, and reverse the Falls at high water. The Falls are unnavigable from the strength of the current, but at a certain state of ebb and flow the surface is quite smooth, and vessels of some tonnage might pass. The Falls have recently been spanned by one of the finest and most substantial wire bridges on this continent, constructed by W. Reynolds, Esq. The stock of this great undertaking is said to be paying a large per centage, and must still further improve, as it is the only outlet, except by ferry boats, for the entire traffic and travel west, and the only inlet, by land, for all the travel from the United States during the winter season.

Between the ancient and modern bed of the river, the rocky bluff, on which the city of St. John now stands, rises in majestic boldness, and having been laid out by the founders of the city, in blocks, each forming a complete square, is now capped by a beautiful and bustling city. The streets cut each other at right angles, corresponding with the points of the compass. Parallel with the harbour, as represented in our plate, is Prince William Street, which is cut at the south end by the water of the harbour, and terminates, on the north, in front of the beautiful residence of the late Chief Justice Chipman, a distinguished lawyer, and son of one of the loyalists.

Cutting Prince William Street, which is one of the main business streets, at right angles and near the centre of our woodcut, is King Street, which runs east and west, connecting the waters of the harbour with the Bay, which sweeps the eastern part of the city; the western end of this broad street (exceeding in breadth Broadway, New York) is called King Street, and the eastern end Great George Street, while, between the two and in the very midst of the city, is a noble square, called King Square, planted with trees and clothed during the summer in the richest verdure. In the centre of that square is erected a magnificent fountain.

St. John is sustained principally by the lumbering business, and by ship-building, very large quantities of squared lumber and large timber, both cut and uncut, being brought into this port for shipment to the British market, and vessels of the largest tonnage, from European and American ports, may be seen riding in the summer season in this harbour.

The Ashburton Treaty, and, more recently, the amendment in the Navigation Laws of Great Britain, created a temporary panic in the commerce

of this goodly city, but it has survived and triumphed over these commercial difficulties, and it is, at this moment, flourishing as rapidly as any American or Canadian city.

The following list will give our readers an idea of the commercial importance of St. John:—

In 1850, Imports to St. John from—

The United Kingdom	£387,398
British America	129,466
United States	233,457
West Indies	2,049
Elsewhere	18,107
	£770,477

Exports for same year, from St. John to—

United Kingdom	£458,853
British America	54,853
United States	65,230
West Indies	11,637
Elsewhere	13,203
	£603,777
	770,489
	£166,700

The following list of shipping will also afford an idea of the amount of business done in this department alone:—

	Inwards.		Outwards.	
	Nos.	Tonnage.	Nos.	Tonnage.
United Kingdom	233	95,393	766	303,619
British Colonies	1318	81,424	1243	70,155
United States	1457	242,104	937	27,926
Elsewhere	68	17,701	25	3,284
Total	3039	436,622	2671	464,983

The excess of import above the export for 1850, shows a balance in favor of the city alone of £166,700. Now, when it is taken into account that this was just at the close of the fearful depression consequent on the Irish famine, it must appear obvious, that the city was then in a stable and healthy state, and much more so is it now, owing to the railroad speculations, which are infusing fresh vigour into the Province.

The great article of manufacture in this city is the merchantmen, and strangers on arriving at St. John, are not a little surprised at seeing some twenty large ships on the stocks around its suburbs, each varying from seven hundred to two thousand tons burthen. It was at the Courtenay Bay ship-yard that the celebrated ship *Marco Polo* was built, under the superintendence of James Smith, a man of great spirit and enterprize, whose industry and good conduct have not only enriched himself, but the Province also, and brought its capabilities before the empire in such a way, as to create a new epoch in the history of its commerce.

The Australian and Californian gold fever has enriched St. John to a very great extent in this way. Since the emigration to these gold countries began, upwards of six hundred ships of large tonnage have rounded the Capes never to return. Some have been sold for local trade, others, for the Pacific trade, and the remainder have been employed as floating residences in and around San Francisco. This continued drain upon the Imperial and Colonial ports, has necessarily given a great impulse to the ship-building trade, and hence the demand on St. John, and the Province of New Brunswick generally has been very great, and fortunes have been made or greatly augmented, within the last twelve months, from this cause.

The dry goods' business has been a source of great wealth to several houses in this city. Many of the merchants from St. John cross the Atlantic once or twice every year, to select in the home market goods for the provincial trade, and within the last fifteen years new firms have sprung up rivalling the mushroom, in their rapidity of growth and the oak, in stability; and men who arrived in the city almost penniless, by their industry and perseverance have now reached the retiring point. One of the handsomest and most costly blocks of buildings in St. John, on Coffee House Corner,* a block which is at once an ornament to the city and to the two streets on which it stands—is the property of John Gillis, Esq., a retired merchant, and a man of large views and liberal spirit.

There are in the city and suburbs three Roman Catholic churches—one in the City proper, another in Portland, towards the foot of our frontispiece, and the third in Carleton, which is a ward of the city, but separated from it, as our readers will observe, by the harbor. There are six churches connected with the Church of England;—old Trinity, the Stone Church, St. James' Church in Lower Cove, St. Georges' Carleton, St. Luke's in Portland, the most remote on the frontispiece, and the Valley Church, a neat little building, of which the site and the church itself, were a liberal bequest of the late Chief Justice Chipman.

There are also four Presbyterian Churches in the city, viz: the Old Church of Scotland, two Free Churches of Scotland, and one Reformed Presbyterian,—besides, four Methodist, four

*In the early days of the city—the leading commercial corner, was ornamented by a small coffee house, from which it still retains its old Heraldic name.

Baptist, and one Congregational Church. The social element is very strong among the various religious bodies in this city, and on the occasion of the Anniversary of the Bible Society, all Protestant denominations meet most cordially on the same platform.

The people of this city are social, charitable, and kindly disposed to each other, and to strangers, yielding in this respect to no city on the American continent, and there are few spots on the face of our globe in which the inhabitants as a whole attend so regularly upon the public ordinances of religion.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. XVIII.

WHEREIN ARE RECORDED SUNDRY MARVELLOUS AND UNLOOKED FOR PASSAGES; AS THE DILIGENT PERUSER WILL DISCOVER.

THE Baron of Boddam, (continued Dr. Pittendrum,) when speaking of the events now under narration, used frequently to dwell upon the singular expression of countenance presented by the way-farer, who obtained shelter in the castle on that stormy Christmas Eve. Though his face, unquestionably, was striking and majestic in its outlines, there was something about it which repelled rather than attracted the beholder. A smile generally played about the finely shaped mouth, but it never seemed to derive its origin from the heart. It conveyed the idea of a hyena welcoming the prey it was about to devour,—and with all its seeming mirthfulness it was chilling as a sunbeam of mid-winter, resting unlovingly upon the peak of an ice-berg!

Cunning indeed must have been the limner, who could have transferred to canvass a definite presentment of that bewildering and most incomprehensible visage. Never for two minutes did the features thereof tell the same physiognomic story. At one time they reminded the beholder of the ancient sculptures of the demon-God Baal. Anon, they wove themselves into the similitude of Odin. And presently the contemplator would have sworn that he had beheld them portrayed in some illuminated biography of the saints, as appertaining to Heaven's arch-rebel when writhing like a crushed worm under the retributive paws of Michael! Kentigern towards his mysterious guest, found himself drawn by a potent and irresistible attraction. Nor was this much to be wondered at. Strangely fascinating was the manner in which he conversed upon almost every topic which could engage the attention of a cultivated and thoughtful mind. Familiar was he with all the whole range of art and science, and ere half an hour had elapsed, Keith had learned more from his oral communications than he had been able to acquire by the toilsome study of years. No problem was too complicated or abstruse for solution by this incomparable *Magister Artium*, who appeared to have at his finger-ends the concentrated knowledge of every terrestrial university. If the circle could have been squared, unquestionably Boddam castle would have witnessed the performance of the feat, that memorable night!

With theology, likewise, the incognito appeared to be as much at home, as a seraphic doctor, though, to speak the truth, Kentigern by no means deemed him the most orthodox of expounders. He evidently made but small account of faith, and brought every proposition which came upon the tapis, to the touchstone of human reason. Intellect, he placed, if not above Revelation, at least on a footing of perfect equality therewith, and magnified it as the supreme principle which was destined to make earth a second Paradise, and man the co-equal of his Creator!

So intimately acquainted was the Baron's strange *hospes* with the most minute details of history, that one would almost have deemed that he had been present at the occurrences which he described. The motives of statesmen and politicians he dissected with a bold and discriminating hand, and many personages the world had written down as patriots, were demonstrated by this caustic censor to be as unmigitated self-seekers as their neighbours.

The effect produced on Kentigern Keith by the disquisitions of his unknown mentor, was bewildering and morally chaotic in the highest degree. Truths which he had previously regarded as being beyond question or challenge, became invested with a dull haze of dubiety; and propositions which yesterday he recoiled from in horror, began to wear brighter and more winning aspects.

Great as were the stranger's multiform attractions, they were not masterful enough to act as opiates to the disquietude of an anxious, and despairing lover. Ever and anon, sharp and feeverish thoughts of the misery which the coming day would assuredly witness, sickened his heart, and damped his brow with clammy perspiration. In order to drown reflection he had recourse, with unwonted frequency, to the wine-cup; and as a natural consequence he greatly lost the command of reason and judgment.

It was at this period that the guest suggested

to his entertainer, that as the night was still young, a match at chess, then as now a favorite pastime, might agreeably occupy some of the remaining hours. Of this aristocratic game the Baron was a devoted admirer, and he gladly closed with the proposition, hoping thereby to elude for a period the cares under whose thraldom he was suffering such misery.

For a season the players contented themselves with risking but slender stakes upon the chances of the game. The deep draughts of malvoisie, however, which Kentigern continued to drain created an appetite in him for more extensive ventures, and producing the two hundred pounds, which it will be remembered constituted the whole of his remaining means, he invited his opponent to play for that amount. The challenge was promptly accepted, and after a short but keen contest, the Baron, by a lucky check-mate doubled the amount of his slender fortune.

Flushed with his success, Keith continued the exciting tournament, and fortune attended him at every step. Ere long, his winnings began to be reckoned by thousands, and hope, for a weary time a stranger to his breast, reassumed its genial sway. "The fair Margery may yet be mine," was his tumultuous mental ejaculation, and with a brighter eye and more elastic pulse, he applied himself to the prosecution of the campaign.

At length the gold which he had acquired, amounted to one-half of the marriage portion which Sir Humphrey Montealto demanded for his daughter, and as the rapid advent of midnight interposed a veto to much longer gaming, Kentigern resolved to risk his fortunes upon one decisive contest. Challenging his opponent to play for five thousand pounds, he met with a ready consent, and the parties devoted themselves with redoubled energy and zeal to their task.

Alas! the fickle and treacherous Goddess deserted her votary in this hour of his utmost need. Every movement which he made proved unpropitious, and just as the deep-toned bell of Boddam Castle proclaimed the birth of a new Christmas morn, Kentigern Keith started from the table a stunned and half-crazed bankrupt!

For a season he paced the stone-floored hall with rapid and agitated steps, tearing his hair, and bitterly anathematizing the hapless hour of his nativity. The future gloomed before him a churlish, sunless desert, and not a speck of green relieved the monotony of misery which it presented.

In the midst of this paroxysm of despair, the stranger, who had never lost his self-possession, grasped the unhappy youth by the arm, and forced him to resume his chair. "Listen to me," he said in a tone at once soothing and commanding, "You have lost what I set but little store upon, for treasures are at my devotion, before which the handful of gold on that board would dwindle into the most utter insignificance. What I covet is not money, but mind! My ambition is to be the lord of intellect! Become my vassal, and the means of accomplishing your cherished desires shall be placed at your disposal this very hour. Sign this bond, placing yourself at my command on the expiry of twenty years, and thrice the sum for which we have been striving will wait your acceptance!"

Like a sapling in the whirlwind, the miserable Baron trembled at the enunciation of this proposal, and shook his head in rejection thereof. "Avaunt, avaunt!" he cried, "my extremity is dismal, but I may not pay such a ghastly price for relief! Hence! begone! and leave me to die at least the death of a Christian man!"

"As you please," the tempter quietly rejoined. "Methinks you make a mighty pother about nothing! I offer you good hard cash in return for your autograph, and I trow that no usurer in broad Scotland, would give a doit for such a thriftless commodity!"

"But my soul!" faltered forth the unhappy Baron.

"Your soul!" sarcastically cried the dealer in intellect. "How can you tell that you have got one? Did you ever see it, or feel it, or touch it, or smell it? Tush, man! Rise superior to the silly prejudices of a doting age, and spurn not an offer which, I can assure you, will never be repeated! If there is a fool in the transaction, it is myself, who am willing to pay so much to gratify an idle whim."

Still Keith answered not, though his resolution appeared to be somewhat shaken. Brightly shone the glittering pieces in the light of the pendant lamp, and intolerably tantalizing was the jingling which they made, as the owner thereof rattled them about.

At this crisis a soft but hurried footstep was heard on the stair, and the door of the chamber being thrown open, Margery Montealto rushed in with her hair dishevelled and garments in disorder, and threw herself wildly at the hapless swain's feet?

This was more than mortal flesh and blood could bear. With a yell, compounded of love and despair, he clutched a pen, and glared around him for the inkstand. Not discovering the object of his search, he dashed his fist upon the table in

a paroxysm of frenzied impatience, causing a copious emission of blood.

With an easy and debonair off-handedness, the stranger unfolded the unorthodox document, and pointed to the warm fluid, which had so recently coursed through the veins of the sore, distraught Kentigern. "Dip your keelivine in this, my friend," he exclaimed, with a grin. "You know the ancient saw, *any harbour in a tempest!* I shall not prize your signature the less, because it beareth a crimson instead of an ebon hue?" Ere he could well finish the sentence, the act which he prompted was completed. The Baron, with averted eyes, adhibited his subscription, and, overcome by conflicting feelings, sank down beside the prostrate Margery!

* * * * *

When he had recovered the full possession of his senses, the mysterious chess-player had conveyed himself away. The scroll was nowhere to be seen, and Kentigern might have fancied the whole affair had been merely an extra-vivid dream, did not the substantial heap of shining Jacobuses which lay upon the board, testify to the reality thereof.

The primary impulse of the Baron was to raise up the poor damsel, for whose love he had done a deed which he could not bear to contemplate; but here a bewildering marvel awaited him. Instead of the gloriously-shaped Margery Montealto, he clasped within his arms the withered, deformed person of the ancient Castle drudge, Bridget Bachles, who was busily employed in scouring the floor from stains of blood! His knowledge of *glamourie* enabled him at once to divine how the deception had been produced; and troubled as he was, he could not avoid admiring the astuteness by which he had been precipitated to his doom!

From the epoch of cock crowing next morning, the mansion house of Montealto presented signs and tokens of unwonted bustle and vitality. Huge logs blazed and crackled in its kitchen's capacious fire place. A generously fattened ox, breathed forth its ultimate breath under the hands of the butcher; and more than one sheep, together with geese and other feathered bipeds beyond calculation, bid adieu to all mundane cares and solacements. Bauldie Brose, the cook in chief, bustled about as if the fate of broad Scotland depended upon his almost preternatural exertions, and loud was the clangor of spits and frying pans which resounded without intermission through his savoury domain. As for Plook, McPimple, the buttler, he was at an early hour of the day constrained to seek the solitude of his dormitory, the strength of his brain not being sufficient to bear up against the combined effects of the liquors which, as in duty bound, it devolved upon him to taste on that eventful Christmas!

Let it not be supposed that such hospitable demonstrations were common at Montealto Hall, even at the most famous festivals marked down for celebration in the ecclesiastical calendar. On the contrary the very reverse was the general rule; and the mendicant Friar would rather have looked for a Christmas symposium from the poorest cotter in the north countrie, than at the sordid and unappetizing board of the penurious Sir Humphrey.

But this was a day of days! Before evening, the fate of the fair Margery was to be irrevocably decided; and the gustatory preparations above alluded to, had reference to the solemnization of the anxious maidens nuptials!

It will be readily imagined that her frame of mind was troubled and feverish in the highest degree. Kentigern had lacked courage to inform her touching the failure of all his mammonic speculations, and consequently she cherished an expectation that he would be in a condition to comply with the exacting behests of her mercenary sire. On the other hand, however, the absence of any cheering communication from her lover, tended to smother the flickering flame of hope which bound in her gentle heart. She could not avoid arguing, that if Kentigern had been favoured by fortune, he would have made her a sharer in his felicity;—and altogether the feelings which she experienced were more germain for a burial than a bridal.

Again the dogged silence preserved by Sir Humphry, touching the other candidate for her hand, aggravated in no small degree the distressing quandary in which the poor damsel was placed. To lose her beloved Baron would be bad enough in all conscience, but to be chained for life to an obnoxious mate, was a contingency which filled her with loathing horror! Bitterly did she weep in her bed chamber, up to the period when she was summoned to accompany her unsympathizing ancestor to mass, and it is very questionable whether Niobe herself ever shed more tears within the same space of time!

The religious services of the morning having been concluded, the father led his child into the great hall of Montealto, which was already filled with all the retainers of the family. At the upper end of the chamber was placed a small table containing writing materials, on one side whereof stood Father Bethune, the domestic chaplain, pre-

pared to rivet the bonds which the skeleton hands of death alone could undo. At the other extremity was seated the Baron of Boddam, closely enveloped in a capacious cloak,—an article of costume selected rather to conceal the thread-bare condition of his doublet and hose, than as a protection against the winter's temperature.

When Margery entered the room leaning upon her father's arm, she darted a keenly scrutinizing glance at Kentigern, in hopes to expiscate how the land lay, but all in vain. Her physiognomical skill was thoroughly baffled, and failed to decypher one line graven upon that incomprehensible countenance. There might be hope there, and there might be despair—or perchance a sample and combination of both. When her eyes had intermitted their investigation they left their perplexed mistress as much in the dark as ever.

Sir Humphry Montealto having deposited himself in his chair of state, commenced proceedings by vigorously clearing his throat, and arming his nose with a huge pair of barnacles.

"Baron of Boddam," quoth he—"I am, as all Aberdeenshire knows, a man of my word, and having promised you the first offer of my daughter's hand, I now proceed to implement my agreement. Are you prepared to comply with your portion of the covenant? To make a long story short, have you got such a matter as ten thousand loyal and sterling Jacobuses in your possession, and if so, will you have the kindness to produce them before this assemblage?"

These words were enunciated by the kiln-dried knight, with a considerable dash of sarcasm and mockery. The tone of his voice was very much analogous to, what it would have exhibited, if he had been inviting the questioned individual to leap over the moon, or stow away Ben Nevis in his breeches pocket!

Without rising from the settle which he occupied, Kentigern pointed to the drooping and trembling Margery, who half supported by the friendly arm of Father Bethune, looked like a snow drop clinging for succour to a tender hearted red cabbage. This latter similitude was naturally suggested by the genial hue of the excellent ecclesiastic's frontispiece, which bespoke a not unfamiliar acquaintance with distilled waters!

"Have you the heart of a father, Sir Humphry?" he exclaimed, pointing as aforesaid—"Is it possible that you can weigh the happiness of your child against a handful of yellow dross? Will all the gold in christendom compensate for blighted affections? Is there virtue in the rarest gems of the east to cure a broken heart?"

"A withered crab apple for your blighted affections!"—interjected the matter of fact knight.—"We are assembled not to talk about broken hearts, but anent good sound cash! I always thought that this would be the spring you would be playing, but if you calculate upon our dancing to such piping, you are pestilently off your eggs! There has been enough, and more than enough, of this tom-foolery. By the winks and signs of Bauldie Brose, I am certiorated that the vivers will be sorely moiled if this dinner be longer delayed, and Father Bethune looketh as if he ought ere this to have uttered *benecite* over the sirloin! To abbreviate matters, therefore, I shall take the liberty of introducing a worthy gentleman who I hope, ere half an hour hath been measured upon the dial, to greet as my affectionate son-in-law!"

Having thus spoken, Sir Humphry knocked with the dudgeon of his dagger upon the table, and the door of an anti-room slowly opening, there emerged therefrom the ungainly tabernacle of Dr. Fergus Foxglove! His native squint was more portentously repulsive than ever, and his club feet re-echoed through the hall like a dead march played upon a muffled drum of Tartarus!

Wild was the shriek which the agonised, and now thoroughly horrified Margery, uttered, when this monstrous libel upon humanity blasted her vision! Her soul became saturated in one instant with the most overwhelming disgust,—and if she had been certiorated that her destined husband was Mahoun himself, not one additional drop of bitterness could have been added to her cup. It was already brimful, and running over! As for the Baron he preserved the same unreadable expression of countenance, and regarded the hidious leech as a phenomenon, unpalatable, indeed, but one in which he took no special concern. This indifference was almost as overwhelming to the hopeless maiden as the sight of the incarnate night-mare who gloomed before her, and she felt as if instant death would be a climax of mercy, now that she was assured of the cold-heartedness of her professed adorer!

Stumping and shambling up to the table, the frightful suitor placed thereon an iron bound casket, and a parchment document. "Here, Sir Humphry," he exclaimed, in tones harsh and unmusical as the voice of a superannuated carrion crow—"here I have brought the price which you demand for the adorable Mistress Margery. In this ark you will find six thousand yellow beauties, fresh and fair as when they

emerged from the mint—and that parchment is a mortgage over the castle and domains of Boddam, in security of five thousand pounds, advanced by your humble servant to our mutual and esteemed friend the baron of that ilk! Having thus more than come up to the mark, I crave leave to salute my bonnie, blushing bride, and to suggest that the sooner mother church has made us one, the better!"

So saying Foxglove, with the leer of a Satyr, made his way to the half inanimate Margery, and before she could prevent the outrage pressed his blubber lips upon her pale and shrinking cheek. This was more than the seemingly phlegmatic Keith could tolerate. Starting up he grasped his rival by the throat, and hurling him from the lady, exclaimed—"Back, thou accursed usurer! —repeat that sacrilege and I will trample thee to merited perdition!"

The doctor did not appear to be much put about by this unceremonious greeting. Coolly adjusting his deranged collar, he winked with his sinister unit optic at the baron, and observed —"I pardon your choler, fair kinsman, seeing that I can well afford so to do. As the homely saw hath it—*folk may laugh who win!* Touching my usury, it is nothing strange to find the spendthrift borrower, revile the lender, when all is spent and gone; but I am not so churlish a skin-flint as you would fain have this goodly company to believe. In the presence of all who hear me, do I make a tender to thee of this bond, if thou wilt pay me down on the nail one-half of the amount thereof! I would fain prove to the incomparable Margery that my character has sustained foul injury at thy reckless hands!" Having thus delivered himself, Fergus pitched the parchment towards the baron, making at the same time a covert gesture for Sir Humphry's special behoof, as if inviting him to relish the jest which he was playing off upon his impoverished relative.

Kentigern, neither by word nor look expressed the slightest umbrage at this piece of practical impertinence. On the contrary he made a polite congé to the doctor, and after opening the parchment to assure himself that it was the document represented to be, quietly deposited it in his pocket. Foxglove terrified least the joke should be carried a trifle too far, loudly insisted upon the restoration of his property, but was met with a firm, though perfectly civil refusal. "No, no, my learned cousin"—said Keith—"a bargain is a bargain, all the world over, so I will just make bold to retain possession of this dusty piece of sheep's skin, and hand you over, by way of exordium, the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds, which I opine will balance accounts between us!"

The check-mated medico listened to these words, as if he had been in a dream—nor was his self-possession materially restored by Kentigern producing a dropsical-looking leather bag from beneath his cloak, and telling therefrom a series of glittering coins! Fain would Fergus have now represented that his offer had been made merely in sport, but it was too late to advance successfully any such plea. Scores of witnesses professed their readiness to depone that the transaction was a business one, and the mortgage fairly redeemed. Father Bethune threatened to excommunicate the recusant upon the spot if he persisted in refusing to hold a bargain made *exanimo;* and even the knight, desirous as he was to favor a brother miser, was constrained to take the same view of the question.

"You have got back your infernal dirty acres, for half nothing,"—at length hissed forth the crest-fallen doctor,—"but may the foul fiend slay me in sight of Boddam castle, if I do not cheat you out of your lady love! Yes, pridesome madam! though you regard me as little as if I was an unsavoury brock, the time will come, and that speedily, when you shall be humbly assisting to compound the pills and mix the lotions of your lord and master, your humble servant to command videlicet! Come, Father Bethune, get your marrying tools in order, for by the great toe of Galen and the hip bone of Hippocrates, Margery Montealto shall answer to the surname of Foxglove before the world is ten minutes older!"

"Not so fast, neighbour!" again interjected the provokingly imperturbable Kentigern. The longest purse, you know, gains the day. Is not this the law, Sir Humphry?" A grim nod signified the acquiescence of the knight, who by this time was beginning to feel a keener appetite as to how the matter would terminate. "Come, now,"—continued the baron—"let us decide the affair at once, or assuredly we shall have to dine this day upon burned and over-sodden viands! Here, I place ten Jacobi upon the table, do you follow the example, and the party whose purse holds longest out shall win the fair Margery!"

To this proposition no feasible objection could be urged, and for some minutes nothing was heard in the hall save and except the rattling of coin upon the board. After a season the doctor's instalments began to come forth somewhat costively, and at length, a joyous exclamation from

the bride, who had been breathlessly watching the financial combat, proclaimed that victory remained with her adorer. Upon the last Jacobus tabled by Foxglove, Kentigern Keith triumphantly clapped down ten, and enfolding the entranced maiden in his arms, he imprinted upon her not unwilling lips, a running fire of osculations, which were audible from the warder's pepper box turret, to the vinous den of Plook McPimple! * * * * * *

"A murrain confound these pieces!"--exclaimed Sir Humphry Montealto, whilst counting over his daughter's dowery in the evening, after she had become the lady of Boddam—"A murrain confound these pieces, how pestilently do they smell of sulphur. * * * *

Twenty years from the date of the passages recorded as above, the baron of Boddam was seated in his hall, with only one companion. It was again the eve of Christmas day, and won drously quiet and genial was the night, for that hymeneal season. The moon's pale visage was unobscured by a single envious cloud, and so soft was the voice of the whispering wind, that it drowned not the sob of the rippling wave, amorously kissing the shells which slumbered upon the sandy beach!

Ill at ease the baron evidently was. His flaggon of wine stood untasted at his elbow, and ever and anon as the warder proclaimed the lapse of another half hour, he gave a convulsive start, and glowered at the door, as if anticipating the advent of some undesired, and dreaded vision!"

"Calm thyself, my son"—at length observed his associate, who was neither more nor less than our quondum friend Father Bethune, now exceedingly aged, and fast approaching the dotage of senility. "Calm and compose thyself my son, and give ear unto me whilst I recite from the golden legend, how the blessed Saint Dunstan did shrewdly blister the nasal member of the fiend, with a pair of heated tongs. Lo! behold amongst the glowing embers on yonder hearth, a corresponding weapon, which I have sprinkled from the well of the canonized Ninian, and am prepared to use after a corresponding fashion, and questionless with similar success!"

This assurance appeared to afford but slender consolation to the moody Kentigern. He gave a sceptical glance at the indicated forceps, and ejaculated with a deep drawn sigh of anxiety—"Would that Advocate Flawfinder were come! He should have been here an hour before sundown!"

The lawyer whose presence was so emphatically longed for by the baron, was the most eminent jurisconsult who then adorned the Scottish bar. Hundreds of necks had his astuteness rescued from the halter, when they were almost spanned by the hangman's fingers—and no cause was ever regarded as hopeless for which his good offices had been bespoken and secured. Kentigern had transmitted to this favourite son of Themis, a statement of the peculiar difficulty in which he was placed, accompanied with a honorarium sufficiently bountiful to induce him to promise a visit to Boddam castle on the afternoon in question.

Ten o'clock was announced as having been born and expired, and still no tidings of the tardy interpreter, (or, shall we say, mis-interpreter?) of laws and statutes. Keith could no longer retain his seat, so great did his nervous impatience become, but jumping up he strode to the main window, and pressing his flushed forehead against the cold bars, strove to pierce the obscurity which enshrouded the high-road from Edinburgh. As for good Father Bethune, he continued to mumble forth the achievements of his favourite Dunstan, without once lifting his bleared eyes from the brass clasped folios to discover whether his auditor gave heed or not.

Just as the maturity of eleven o'clock had been proclaimed, the jog-trot pace of a methodically progressing steed was heard, and presently Advocate Flawfinder was ushered into the presence of his half demented client.

Denuding himself of a host of upper garments, and neck bandages, which the period of the year rendered prudently precautionary, the pleader proceeded to do justice to a substantial repast placed at his devotion. Of the wine cup he was more sparing, observing in reply to his host's invitations, that "though a long spoon was desirable when supping contiguously to a certain personage, a shallow goblet was then and there equally necessary! It is a kittle case we have to manage," continued the Advocate, "and you know the proverb teaches that *when the drink is in, the wit is out!*"

Hardly had these words issued from the lawyer's mouth, when a fourth personage was beheld seated at the table! Not for twenty long years had the Baron gazed upon that indescribeable countenance, but once seen, it was never to be forgotten. * * * * * *

Father Bethune first took up the cudgels in defence of his penitent, Every species of exorcism and anathema, which he could call to mind, he hurled at the head of the intruder, but without success. In vain did he command him

to betake himself with all convenient speed to the profundities of the Red Sea, threatening him with the canonical pains and penalties in the event of non-compliance. The stranger thanked him cordially for his attention, but declared that he was perfectly comfortable where he was, and besides that he was no special admirer of the cold water cure! Finally the bothered and baffled ecclesiastic had recourse to his carnal weapon, and grasping the red hot tongs, made a grab at the proboscis of the unwholesome and nameless interloper! It was, however, a bootless essay! The fiery utensil fell short of the mark, and recoiling upon the sconce of its wielder, singed away the few gray hairs, which, like a coronet of snow circled his bald climax! "Verily the mantle of Saint Dunstan hath not lighted upon my unworthy shoulders," exclaimed the honest confessor, as he sunk down exhausted into his easy chair, and drained a copious bumper of Rhenish to brace his relaxed and shaken nerves!

The Advocate who beheld this scene with profound indifference, not to say contempt, next interposed his offices.

Addressing the unbidden visitor, in the most cool and business-like manner, he introduced himself as the legal adviser of the Baron of Boddam, and as such entitled to investigate the validity of any demand made either upon his person or property. "Without hinting a suspicion as to who you are, or what you may be," said the grave and formal practitioner,—"I have to certiorate you that in this realm no one is above or below the law; she does not make fish of one and flesh of another, but treats with kindred impartially, peer and peasant, devil and demi—God!"

"Do you mean any thing personal by that last allusion,?" exclaimed the unknown, somewhat pettishly. "If you do, I can tell you that I did not come here to be insulted by any rascally pettifogger in or out of Christendom! I simply claim the implement of a regular agreement. My own is all that I require, and my own I am determined to have!

Mr. Flawfinder blandly waved his hand, and requested the personage, whoever he was, not to put himself into a flurry about nothing. "According to my instructions," said he, "you hold a certain mortgage, or bond, over that chattel of my constituent, commonly called 'his soul.' Now I demand an inspection of that instrument, before its conditions be carried into effect. If executed in a legal and formal manner, you may do with the Baron what you please; if not, I defy you to touch him with the tip of your little finger!"

The stranger—for so he must be termed, in default of a more definite designation—did not seem to relish the lawyer's imperturbable self-possession, which amounted almost to stolidity. He hitched and wriggled about in his seat, as if the cushion thereof had been replete with thorns; but at length, unable to refute the averments of his opponent, he at last drew forth the deed. "There," said he, dashing it down with an irate flourish, "there is the document, and you may make *a kirk and a mill* thereof, as the denizens of this churlish region say. I defy you to ferret out a single flaw or mistake. It would be somewhat surprising if you could, seeing that the bond is an exact counterpart of the one which conveyed away the soul of the renowned Doctor Faustus. The regularity of that transaction was never questioned by the most famous members of the Italian bar, and I humbly flatter myself that what held good there, will hold better in Scotland!"

"That is to be seen, neighbor," was the quiet rejoinder; and unfolding the parchment, the lawyer, having first wiped and adjusted his spectacles, proceeded to bestow upon it a rigid inspection.

During this process, the Baron looked the very incarnation of anxiety. The stranger pretended to be unconcerned, but ever and anon cast the tail of his inexplicable eye upon the reader, as if he was not quite free from harm from that quarter. As for the excellent Father Bethune, he sat looking faggots and halters at the mysterious one, and rapping out, every other minute, one of his thriftless adjurations.

It was close upon the midnight hour ere Mr. Flawfinder concluded his explorations. When he had done so, he pitched the writing from him with a contemptuous pshaw, and snuffing carelessly at a pouncet box, declared that it was worth no more than the value of the raw material. "If you get a groat for it, as a covering for a drum," quoth he, "you may think yourself precious well off."

"And wherein is the deed defective, I should like to know?" exclaimed the now thoroughly alarmed bondholder.

"Why, I could march a troop of archers through a dozen holes in it with ease," was the curt rejoinder. "But to say nothing more, it neglects to state the place and date of subscription, and lacks the signature of witnesses, so that according to the *lex loci contractus*, it is essentially and incurably null and void! Get out of my sight, you miserable, bungling vagabond!" continued the indignant pleader. "You would

have the assurance to speak of the lawyers of Italy and Scotland in the same filthy breath! Begone, you scoundrel, and the next paction you make, secure the services of a person who knows something about such matters!"

Just as the excited advocate had concluded this tirade, the bell of the castle struck twelve! All of a sudden both fire and lamps were extinguished, as if by some stifling, noxious vapour. A clap of thunder, overwhelmingly sonorous, shook the castle from its very foundation, and was followed by a shriek of mingled rage and chagrin, such as never was uttered by mortal voice!

After a season, the clear moonbeams became once more visible, and disclosed a scene of strange devastation. The wall adjoining the great window, was shattered as if by the action of lightning, several massive stones being dislodged and precipitated to the ground. Upon the table lay the shrivelled and charred remains of the ominous indenture, nothing of its contents remaining save the blood-engrossed signature of KentigernKeith!

* * * * *

Next morning the mangled corpse of old Dr. Foxglove was discovered in the court-yard. What had brought him to the castle at such an untimely season, was never thoroughly discovered, but it is conjectured that having witnessed the arrival of the Advocate, he came an eaves-dropping to try and find out the nature of his mission, for he was ever of a prying disposition. The miserable creature had been crushed to death by one of the disrupted blocks of granite; and thus his impious imprecation uttered so many years before, was accomplished, it is to be feared, to the very letter!

As Fergus died intestate, the Baron succeeded to his plethoric hoardings as next of kin, and a large per centage thereof he devoted to masses for the repose of the defunct.

["Such," concluded Dr. Pittendrum, "is the legend of Boddam Castle, and should any question the verity thereof, the rent wall stands there to speak for itself!"]

The improbabilities of experience are many, the impossibilities are few.

Literature is a garden, books are particular views of it, and readers are visitors.

Let every one protect himself from a sullen, egotistical spirit, for there can be none worse.

No man is wholly intolerant; every one forgives little errors without knowing it.

Did you ever know a pic-nic go off without the awful apparition of a "wops?"

A CENTIPEDE IN TAHITI.—One evening we were sitting in the American hotel playing a game at enone, while nearly the whole native population of the place was walking up and down before the house. It was about half-past seven o'clock, and we heard the girls outside laughing and talking with one another, when there was suddenly a quick repetition of loud screams in a female voice. We of course threw down our cards, and ran to the door to see what was the matter. We had not far to go. Just before the entrance we found a group of persons, and in the centre a young lady was hard at work stripping herself of every particle of dress she had on; and when she had accomplished this—a matter of hardly five seconds—she was surrounded by a crowd of young girls who wrapped their parens around her. The dress was left untouched in the middle of the street. "What in the name of common sense is the matter?" our captain cried, seeing that no one would even go near the garments. The answer was short and perfectly satisfactory. "A centipede," the natives cried; and they all tried to get their naked feet as far away as possible from the place where the much-feared insect was. The girl had felt the monster in her dress, and had thrown off her things as quickly as possible, to get rid of the danger of being stung by this, in fact, very poisonous insect. Having already a bottleful of such enormities, but no centipede as yet, I gave chase, and gathered up the whole of the girl's dress without the least remonstrance from the natives. I carried it, followed by the two skippers, into the American hotel, to unkennel the enemy. It was rather a delicate thing to search a lady's wardrobe in such a way, but a naturalist may go to many places where others are not allowed; and it was not long before we caught the animal. I got it at last in a tumbler half full of brandy, and with a cover upon it the prize was safe.—*Gerstaecker's Journey Round the World.*

Parents cling to their child, not to his gifts.

Did you ever find a "professional" win a game of billiards of you without assigning your defeat entirely to his "flukes?"

Did you ever find a Continental shopkeeper whose "*prix fixe*" might not be proved a *lucus-a-*nonentity?

Did you ever start upon a railway journey without hearing the immortal observation "*Now* we're off?"

Did you ever know an "alarming sacrifice," which in practice did not prove to be completely one of principle?

Did you ever in your life hail a City-bound omnibus that wasn't going "almost directly" back to Bayswater?

Did you ever know a penny-a-liner who, in speaking of a fire, could abstain from calling it "the devouring element?"

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION.*

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

PART II. HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

NATHELESS, frequent were the pinnacles and precipices that stood up, gray in their craggy nakedness, although the great majority were covered with ivy, or mantled by overhanging screens of bramble or other creeping brushwood, while ever and anon a spruce fir, or other golden-leaved tree, or haply a scarlet mountain ash (the dear rowan-tree of the north,) would vary, by its richer tint, the every-shaded green.

The bottom of the ravine was a series of tiny cataracts, rolling down a kind of stair-like descent, formed by numerous huge masses of rock, tumbled confusedly together, and fixed in the most wild and grotesque positions.

One vast block there was that appeared almost to dangle by two corners across from precipice to precipice, while the water foamed and bubbled through beneath. Another stood up on one point, like a ponderous weight on the chin of an expert balancer; whilst another again had been arrested just on the bank of a lofty ledge, over which the stream made a frantic bound beside it, and looked as if the next heavy rain would hurl it and destruction sheer down into the black pool many fathoms below.

And yet, amid all this ruggedness, vegetation was most luxuriant; there was not a little bank of sand brought down by the stream in winter that the summer sun had not changed into grass and flower-bearing soil—nay, from every hollow and crevice of these isolated masses of stone shot forth knots of grass, with intermingled wild flowers of white, yellow, or blue. Sometimes the ravine narrowed to a strait, through which the water had barely room to make a hurried gush; elsewhere it expanded into rounded cup-like hollows, down into which the sun shone most joyously, the bottom being occupied by a rock-encircled bank of grassy ground, or a deep pool, which on one side washed the base of a precipice, on the other shoaled away to a beach of white pebbly sand.

Nor less eminent in beauty and wildness of aspect were the waterfalls. Some of them were of a most striking and original description, if I may apply the latter term to a natural object. In one instance there was a round pit-like place, with inaccessible, yet completely leaf-concealed sides, and into this was pitched a branch of the stream, from a height so great that it was broken up by the air into myriads of drops, and fell a drizzling shower upon the large stones at the bottom, rendering them continually dark, mossy, wet, and slippery to the tread. But at the point where the column of water fell asunder thus into rain, a most lovely Iris bent her many-tinted brow from tree to tree across the hollow.

At another place the whole body of the stream was projected from a high horizontal shelf of rock completely hollowed out beneath, and fell with a dead sound into the centre of a deep circular pool. You could walk quite round behind the falling water, and in the farther point of the rock-roofed recess a rude seat had been hewn in the soft stone. Here Bob Whyte and I sat down together, and enjoyed a cheroot and a discussion with regard to the geologic phenomena around us.

Upon one side of this dell, and down the opposite, a rude footpath had been worn by the feet of pilgrims of the picturesque, which, however, to render it passable required in some places the aid of ladders several fathoms in height. These, composed of stout beams of wood, wedged between rocks, were constructed by the villagers. The whole aspect of the place, in short, was less like what you would expect to meet with in nature than what you would look for in the fantastic designs on a tea-tray, or the imaginative scenery of a romantic melo-drama.

For hours we rambled over this ravine, climbing trees, chipping rocks, collecting insects and wild flowers, scrambling over precipices and into caves. Finally, emerging at the upper end of the chasm, we roved about upon the hill-side till the sun had sunk low in the sky. Then, hurriedly descending, we again traversed it, till we came to a beautiful clear pool with a rounded grassy bank, from which an old tree stooped its branches till within a couple of feet of the water's surface.

As soon as we had raised our heads above the surface, and while swimming about, exulting in the delicious refreshment of this bath after our travel, we observed an individual on the bank lay down a fishing rod, and, with an inquiry as to the temperature of the water, plunge in along with us, and we soon all three were laughing, splashing, and diving about, springing from the branches of the overhanging tree into the pool, and capering away in all directions. When we had our full of this, we donned our "toggery" again, and, shouldering our boxes of scientific specimens, whilst our new companion slung his well-filled basket across his haunch, away we started together down the ravine to the inn where we had bespoken dinner.

As we went, I took cognizance of the appearance and conversation of our companion. He was a slight, middle-aged looking man, with features well marked and decided, whose habitual expression appeared to be a smile of good humor dashed with a degree of condescension. He wore a sporting suit of light cotton stuff that fitted admirably; everything

*Continued from page 532, vol. 3

about him was evidently clean and neat, and from his bosom to one pocket hung a slender and very graceful gold chain. He displayed, as he talked, a very correct taste, abundance of information on all subjects, and a firm though unassuming way of stating his opinion. From all these circumstances I concluded him to be one of that class of beings entitled to be called "gentlemen" by more than their own assumption of the name.

He had been enjoying a day's sport, he told us, in the upper portion of the stream, and his heavy basket bore witness to his success.

Twenty minutes after reaching our inn, a most respectable country dinner was set before us, during which the stranger and Bob kept up the spirit of the conversation. When we had concluded the repast, we drew the table to the open window, and sat down to a bottle of admirable sherry, which had been cooled in the stream at the foot of the inn garden.

The window looked to the west, and the view of a magnificent summer sunset, the feelings of rest after much fatigue, of a satisfied appetite, and of the delicious, warm calmness of the evening, combined with the rich flavor of the wine, and its exhilarating effect upon our spirits, rendered us as happy as it is possible for care-beset mortals to be.

Our discourse was of lighter scientific objects—later discoveries—recent works—their authors—phrenology—mesmerism—supernaturalism. Illustrative of the last topic, the stranger related an anecdote, which certainly was a curious one, and shall, in all probability, make its appearance in these reminiscences some day or other.

PART III. BOB WHYTE'S EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

[In connexion with the remarkable narrative which follows, the author begs the reader to acquit him of any desire to compel his belief in the truth of the position there laid down, but he would at the same time ask, if he himself cannot call to mind some particular circumstances or occasion, when his imagination had so played with his senses, as to render him, for the time being, a believer in the supernatural.]

There was a pause thereupon, and, he having requested my friend to relate any instance of a similar kind that had come under his knowledge, Bob White, while the pensive languor of the ebbing and dewy twilight was falling upon us, filled his glass, and slightly sipping as he went on, narrated Episode No. II., in the shape of

THE FOOTSTEP.

I think there is one particular period in the life of every man to which he can look back as the most miserable he has ever seen, a point to which there was in his affairs a regular descent, and which passed, there has been again a progressive ascent—the ebb as it were in the tide of his fortunes. This crisis was very marked in my case, and I rejoice to think that it happened in my youth, for I have seen it occur in old age. Misfortunes of every kind were heaped upon me—sudden poverty struck me—and my aged and only parent and I, saw no prospect but wretchedness.

"Now, then," thought I, "all my dreams of honorable independence, nay, of scientific distinction in the world, are dashed to the ground, and I must forego those darling studies and pursuits in which my hopes were bound up, to go out and earn, with toil of body and heaviness of spirit the bread of sorrow for myself and the one who has none but Heaven and me to depend on. O must I leave this dear land, of which my very heart seems part and parcel, and go to scrape gold from among the sun-scorched sands of fever-guarded climes?"

The friends of prosperity forsook me, and I skulked on the shady side of the street, whilst they strutted in the sun and contemptuously looked the other way. Nay, my own relations no longer received me with common kindness; the very bread I ate, which came from them, was given with a grudge, felt and shown if not expressed, and many a taunt was flung at the fool that had aimed at a rank for which by nature and fortune he was totally unfit, and had miserably failed—of course.

All this was bitter—bitter! I felt it cut into my very soul: moreover, I was smitten with a severe and prostrating illness, from a wound received in dissection, and was now but slowly recovering comparative health.

A friend I had too—ours was a schoolboy friendship—he was my most intimate companion—my more than brother—with whom I had lodged, studied, and grown up to manhood—in whom I had placed more confidence than in any other being—from whom I had no hope or purpose concealed: bright prospects were opening before him, and in my distress (alas! for love without wings!) this friend forsook me, and laughed and gloried in the act—he called it "cutting the connexion."

But all this I thought I could bear up against, and I did so, hoping with patience and self-denial to surmount my difficulties—at least to fall before them disputing every inch of ground, and returning to all, scorn for scorn. But the hand of fate was heavy on me. Another visitation came and crushed my spirit utterly. I bowed to the dust before it, and became as those who have no hope.

There was one I loved, and she was fair—oh, how very fair! Do not doubt this from the fact that she doted on a being so uncouth as I am. She was the centre to which all my thoughts did gravitate—the golden evening to the morrow of my hopes.

I never loved another; and when love arises in a mind like mine, it is more than a sentiment or a passion—it is something else, which mental philosophers have not classified or found a name for, never having experienced it, and of course ignorant of its existence.

We had known each other long, our ages differed but in a few months, and our dispositions harmonised most closely. It is not to be believed, I know, but it is true, that never in our long intimacy did one word of ill humor pass between us; for she was one whom no one could find it in his heart to vex—a soft, mild creature, gentle as the lapse of streams, and while her mind was of strength to appreciate the nature and value of my studies, and the zeal with which I pursued them, yet with all the diffidence and all the amiability of her sex she was eminently adorned,—kindness and pity hung around her in a palpable grace, and her sweet quiet laugh made the hearer's heart dance in his bosom.

Ours was not that passion which leads to evil. It seemed to consist of a soul-engrossing desire for each other's good, and a feeling of unspeakable rapture in each other's society. In me it acted as a kind of conscience, for no bad thought, no malice, envy, or hatred, durst arise in my heart while it was there, and it was there always. To it I am convinced I owe those habits of studiousness from which I now feel it painful to deviate, for all that time my thoughts but moved from the subject of my reading to the object of my love, and back again by a dear reaction. Often, long after midnight, when my lamp burned low, and the extinguished embers rattled coldly in my grate, has my mind been quickened to renewed activity as the thought of her last fond smile arose before its vision.

She had a fortune, small comparatively, but still placing her far above my rank in life. Yet her friends were not averse to our union, for they saw that in spirit we were already one. It had been agreed upon between ourselves, and many fond day-dreams did we indulge in, how, when I had obtained my diploma, we should have a year's roving together on the continent, and then return again, when I should wait, with but her and my books for my companions, till a practice should spring up around me.

About two months before the time I particularly allude to, she had gone with her mother to reside temporarily at a country place in the south of England. From time to time I had letters from her. Heaven knows they were my only comforts in my daily increasing distress. At length one came telling me that she had been for some time ill—that she had not hitherto liked to mention it, but now that she was confined to her room she thought it as well to write to me. The next was short, and apparently written under great excitement. It stated that the complaint was styled aneurism, and that all she could learn with regard to it was, that it was a mysterious and fatal disorder. In a week I had another, long, and full of passionate tenderness. There was an expression in it, "if anything should happen to me," that struck coldness to my very heart. The next was from her mother—my angel was removed.

This was the consummation. The weight was now indeed more than my strength could bear, and, shutting myself up for several days, I resigned myself to the flood of my misery. In adversity I had often before experienced great relief in mind from wandering out at nights and walking alone about the country for several miles round the city. On the third night after the receipt of this information, when my anguish was at its height, I resolved to try for similar relief—at all events a change of place.

Though the streets must have been very considerably peopled, for it was little past ten at night, I have no recollection of seeing any one, nor of the course I pursued, till I found myself in a lonely street on the south side of the river, just opening on the country, and inhabited by persons of a superior station in the world.

It was very lonely, with tall, dark houses on one side, and an open park on the other, and not a being did I see—not a watchman nor any moving thing along the extended way, while the few and unfrequent gas-lamps twinkled feebly amid the darkness.

As I walked slowly up the pavement, strange and incoherent ideas filled my brain. Despair, like a black and heavy curtain, seemed to encompass me, till its voluminous folds were all but palpable to my senses. There was a lifting in my mind as if some mighty force from beneath were about to upheave the foundations of my reason and lay the temple, a broken ruin, in the dust.

Presently, as I moved, my ears were filled by a sweet strain of music. It was some time before it found its way from the ear to the mind, in such a tumult of excitement was the latter, and then it was some time before I could satisfy myself it was not a delusion. At length my notice was attracted, and I stood still. The sound came from a house in front of which I was. I listened attentively—it was that beautiful hymn called "Rousseau's Dream," and was sung with a piano and horn accompaniment.

The performance was very good, and the rich harmony descended like a medicated balm upon my bruised and weltering spirit. I had a strange feeling as if something within me was about to give way. I grew faint, and sat down upon the stone steps of the house-door. Presently the music ceased, and I could hear clear, cheerful voices talking and laughing, and apparently complimenting the performers.

(To be Continued.)

OBSERVATIONS ON SOME OF THE IMPORTANT FUNCTIONS OF THE VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL ECONOMY.

In every part of the works of creation, we perceive the clearest evidence of design, and most indubitable proofs of wisdom, goodness and power. The structure of this material world, is not like a rude and undigested mass formed without order and regularity; but the rocks and materials of which it is composed, consist of a series of strata, always deposited in a uniform manner, and so arranged as to become accessible to man, and subservient to his wants and exigencies: the coal, the iron and other metals embedded in the bowels of the earth, and extracted from the different strata, are in perfect adaptation to our necessities, and have proved of the greatest utility to our comfort and happiness; without which our condition as civilised beings could not well be maintained. And if we consider the operations that are continually going on, on the surface of the earth, in connection with the rivers, the oceans, and the atmosphere, we perceive no less proofs of design; the principles of evaporation, radiation of heat, and deposition of dew and of moisture; and the influence which these exert on the vegetable and animal economy; demonstrating a first and a great intelligent Cause.

But it is in the structure of the vegetable and animal kingdom, that we perceive the clearest evidence of design, and adaptation of means to ends that the human mind can contemplate, as each individual is possessed of a distinct and separate existence in itself; and at the same time formed upon a type, and under the influence of laws which pervade the whole of animated nature.

But to comprehend this subject more clearly, let us consider the difference which exists between matter in the inorganic and organised world—between matter as it comes under our observation, in the rocks and strata which compose the globe, and matter as it appears in the vegetable and animal kingdom. If we examine a stone or piece of wood, we perceive that it consists of one simple homogeneous substance, the particles of which are exactly similar, each particle being united to another by what is termed cohesion. No vessels pervade its structure, and there are no changes that are taking place throughout it. But if we examine the structure of a vegetable or an animal, we perceive that it is composed of different tissues, and permeated by innumerable, small vessels, through which fluids are actively circulating, and changes continually going on towards its increase and growth. Hence what at one time appears as the simple seed or the small shoot, afterwards becomes the noble oak, or the stately pine. But in animals there is not merely a building up of the system by the addition of new materials; there is also a constant removal of the old. New particles are added and old particles are removed, by a distinct set of vessels appropriated to these specific functions, till the atoms of which the body is composed become completely changed, and that not merely in the soft and muscular tissue, but in the bones, the brain, and every part of the structure. Man is not the same individual to-day that he was yesterday, and it has been stated that in seven years his whole frame becomes completely changed and re-created but from recent experiments, it appears to be accomplished in a much shorter period than this.

2d. The Laws which regulate the operations of inorganic matter, are entirely different from those which we witness in the vegetable and animal economy. Matter in its inorganic state is possessed of certain properties, termed hard or soft, porous and compressible &c., and its operations are under the influence of certain fixed and determinate laws, as the laws of gravitation and of chemical action, the laws of heat and of electricity &c. A stone when propelled from the hand speedily falls to the earth, because it is attracted by the power of gravitation. Mercury ascends in a tube *in vacuo*, because it is counterbalanced by the weight of the atmosphere. The study and investigation of which laws, constitute distinct branches of science, such as those of natural philosophy and of chemistry &c. And it is by a knowledge of these laws, that those important pieces of mechanism have been produced, and those wonderful changes effected that are witnessed in an advanced state of civilisation—the result of human skill and human ingenuity. But the functions of the vegetable and animal economy cannot be accounted for by any of these laws. No principle with which we are acquainted as belonging to chemical and mechanical science could explain the reason of the ascent of the sap in the vegetable, and the circulation of the blood in an animal, still less could they account for the important functions of respiration and secretion. These all belong to what are termed the laws of vital action, and take place in living organised beings.

It is owing to this principle of vitality that an organised structure has such a power of resisting operation of external causes; and that we are to account for the remarkable phenomena of seeds being found in a state of perfect preservation

after a lapse of centuries. There are seeds lately discovered in the mummies of Egypt, which must have remained there for several thousand years, and yet are as perfect as if they had been recently deposited. When sown they germinate and grow like the grain of the present day, because their vitality is unimpaired.

What constitutes the principle of vitality is a question that we may never be able to determine as we do not even know what constitutes matter, It is only the properties of matter, and laws by which it is regulated with which we are acquainted. Some physiologists consider that vitality is the result of organization—that it is because a structure is organised, that it is possessed of life. Others believe that life is a distinct principle from organization, though inseparably connected with it. But, perhaps, the most correct view, which can be formed of this subject, is that the functions of an organised structure, comprising its growth, nutrition and reproduction of the species, depend upon a cause, and are under the influence of laws, entirely different from chemical or mechanical action.

3d. If the laws which belong to living organised beings, (to vegetables and animals,) are so different from the laws of matter in its inorganic state, it follows that an organised structure must in every instance be considered the result of a distinct creative power, as no physical cause or fortuitous concurrence of atoms could account for the simplest form of life and organization. A notion had long been entertained by mankind, and some philosophers had even countenanced the idea, that certain forms of vegetable and animal existence could be produced by the action of air, and solar light and heat on "organic molecules." Water in which there has been an infusion of vegetable and animal matter, when allowed to remain at rest for a short time during the heat of summer, on being examined by the microscope, appears to teem with life — with numerous animalculæ termed infusoria. Many substances on being exposed to damp, become affected with a species of mould which by the microscope is shown to belong to what are called the cryptogamia and Fungi tribe of plants. Mr. Crosse, a chemist of England even went so far as to maintain that by dissolving neutral salts, on similar inorganic substances in water combined with an acid; and passing a galvanic current through the liquid, that animalculæ were formed at one of the poles of the battery. And he collected these animalculæ and exhibited them in a glass tube at one of the meetings of the British Association for the advancement of science. But the ablest chemists of England on repeating the experiments have not been able to obtain similar results. And Mr. Crosse, we believe, has of late somewhat modified his views on the subject. He states that in performing chemical experiments, when silica and *some inorganic compounds had been placed in* strong sulphuric and muriatic acids, on passing galvanic currents through the mixture, he beheld in a few days, some remarkable animalculæ emerge from the liquid. Mr. C. however dares not say that these animalculæ were formed there from inorganic elements. All that he now maintains is, that these animalculæ appeared under new and unexpected circumstances, by emerging from a liquid which has hitherto been considered destructive to animal life. But this view does not at all affect the question of equivocal generation, as it leaves undetermined how the animalculæ were produced.

And with regard to the simplest forms of vegetable or animal life being produced from "organic *molecules," by the action of air, and solar light* and heat, Mr. Schultze of Berlin appears to have set at rest the question. As he has shewn that in all these cases the germ from which they were developed were contained in the air, and conveyed by it to the liquid, and that where air was perfectly purified by being passed through sulphuric acid before being admitted to the infusion, the animalculæ never appeared. "I continued my experiment," says he, "from the 28th of May till the beginning of August, without being able by the aid of a microscope to perceive any living animal or vegetable substance, although during the whole of the time I made my observations, almost daily on the edge of the liquid; and when at last I separated the different parts of the apparatus, I could not find in the whole liquid the slightest trace of infusioria, of confervæ or of mould; but all these presented themselves in great abundance a few days after I left the flask standing open."

In short it appeares to be a general law which pervades the whole of the vegetable and animal kingdom, that life proceeds from life—that every form of organized structure—the most simple as well as the most complicated—the smallest monad as well as the lofty cedar—the almost invisible animalculæ that inhabits the water, as well as the largest animal that moves upon the land, owe their existence to a similar organized structure; and that the commencement of the series was the effect of creative power, and affords the most conclusive evidence of a first and a great intelligent cause.

Hence, it is evident, we know nothing of the

manner in which matter became organized and endowed with life, or in which the vegetable and animal kingdom were called into existence. All that comes under our observation and is the subject of legitimate investigation, is the laws which regulate the system after it has commenced, by which it is maintained and perpetuated in its present existing state. The principles which are in operation are connected with the continuation of the system, not with the commencement of the series.

We forbear to prosecute this subject farther, or enter on an enquiry where data may not be afforded to deduce legitimate conclusions, but we conceive the following remarks are warranted. It is considered an established fact in geological science, that the earth has undergone various revolutions at successive periods of its existence, as manifested by the deposition of the different strata and the organic remains found embedded in them; and if the organic remains that are discovered in one series of strata are of an entirely different character from those that are found in preceding strata, then it follows, that there must have been not only different epochs in this world's history, producing the physical changes that are indicated, but different periods at which distinct creative energy was exerted, in calling these several and successive species of animals into existence. Nothing could have produced these effects but the fiat of Omnipotence.

From these preliminary observations we shall proceed to consider some of the important functions of the vegetable and animal economy, and shew the intimate relation that exists between them; and it may be stated as a general law in nature, that all vegetables and animals, whether they inhabit the land or the water, subsist on food and on air, and their organs, however variously they may be modified, are constructed in adaptation to the attainment of this specific end —1st, to the apprehension of the food—2nd, to its being brought into contact with the air before it be fitted for the growth and nutrition of the system. For the elementary substances which enter into the structure and composition of a vegetable, and the body of an animal, require to be brought into contact with the air and undergo an important chemical change, in order to be employed in the function of nutrition. How then is all this effected?

A vegetable consists of the root—the stalk or stem—and the leaf. The root is employed not merely for fixing the plant in the ground, but for absorbing the elements from the soil on which the plant subsists, and this is accomplished by the numerous small fibres that the root extends in every direction. The stalk may be considered as the body of the plant and similar to the skeleton of an animal, being employed for its strength and support; and the leaf is the organ of respiration, and performs a function to the vegetable similar to that of the lung of an animal, the sap being there brought into contact with the air and undergoing an important chemical change, before it is applied to the purposes of nutrition in the vegetable. But there is this important difference between the function of respiration in vegetables and in animals, that whilst animals breathe pure air or oxygen, plants breathe foul air or carbonic acid, the air that has been expelled from the lungs of animals and is no longer fitted for their respiration. In this process the plant fixes the carbon of the carbonic acid, and appropriates it as one of its constituent elements, and sets free the oxygen; and thus a constantly purifying process is going on in the air of the atmosphere by the leaves of vegetables, the leaves absorbing the carbonic acid or foul air and giving out oxygen or pure air for the respiration of animals. Light has also a strong influence on the functions, as plants always absorb most carbonic acid in sunshine; and rather the contrary effect is produced in the dark, as then the plant absorbs to some extent oxygen, and gives out carbonic acid. In hot and swampy countries also, when vegetation is very luxuriant, plants give out considerable quantities of carbonic acid, which they are unable to consume, and this renders such countries injurious to animal life. But upon the whole, a much greater proportion of carbonic acid than of oxygen gas is absorbed by vegetables, and thus a perfect equilibrium is maintained in the elements of the atmosphere by the respiration of vegetables and of animals. All animals, breathing pure air and deteriorating it, and the vegetables breathing foul air and purifying it, and rendering it again fitted for the respiration of animals.

During the process of growth or vegetation, the numerous fibres of the root are actively engaged in absorbing from the soil the water and elements that constitute the sap or food of the plant. The sap on being taken up by the root ascends directly along the stem till it arrives at the leaf, where it undergoes an important chemical change, as we have shown, by absorbing the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. It is now elaborated or nutritious sap, and fitted for the growth of the tree or vegetable, and descends along the under surface of the leaf and the inner part of the bark, but not in straight and direct tubes as

the ascending sap, but in a zigzag manner, through a beautifully constituted network of vessels, supplying in its descent, every part of the tree, with materials for its growth, and forming a new and additional layer of wood in the course of a season. In this manner the circulation of the sap is performed, and the tree increases not merely in length but in breadth. Hence we can determine the age of a tree by counting the rings or annular segments of which the wood consists, as there is in general an additional layer of wood every year.

But the fibres in the performance of their functions do not absorb or take up indiscriminately every element from the soil with which they come into contact. They select as it were the materials and take up only those elements that are fitted to the nutrition of that particular class of plants. The fibres of the wheat absorb one particular element or substance from the soil—viz. that which is suited to its growth. The fibres of the roots of the flax take their other ingredients in the soil that are appropriate to its nourishment. And the fibres of the clover, of the pea, and of the bean, their other elements by which they are supported. Each selecting with the greatest care their elements, and those alone on which they subsist. And should these elements become exhausted in the soil, this class of plants will languish and decay for want of food. But another class of plants whose elements of nutrition are somewhat different from these, if placed in the same soil, may find an abundant supply of nourishment, as the food on which they subsist has not been exhausted. On this principle you will perceive, depends the important subject of rotation of crops—of changing the vegetables of a field in regular succession, that each individual class may find in the soil a sufficient supply of those elements that are necessary to their increase and growth. And it is of the utmost importance in the science of agriculture to be able to determine the species of food or elementary substances that are adapted to each species of vegetables. A problem which has been solved by Liebig: he burnt the plant, and by analyzing the ashes, ascertained the chemical constituents of different classes of vegetables, and shewed that these elements were contained in the soil and constituted the real food of the plant.

The character and structure of an animal appears to be very different from that of a vegetable. It is possessed of the power of locomotion, and enabled to move from place to place in search of the food on which it subsists. But the process of nutrition in the absorption of the food or chyle, as it may be more properly termed, is exactly similar to that which we have described in the vegetable. Hence an animal may be said to be possessed of roots as well as a vegetable; but its roots are within it, and constitute a part of its internal structure, that they may act upon the food whilst it undergoes the process of digestion. And at that part of the alimentary canal where real digestion has commenced—where the food has been converted into chyle—a soft prœtacious substance like milk, and rendered fit for the nutrition of the body, numerous small vessels termed lacteals are distributed over the intestine to absorb the chyle, which are in most vigorous exercise during the process of digestion, absorbing through the course of the alimentary canal, portion after portion of chyle as it is formed. The chyle on being absorbed, is conveyed to a fine tube situated along the internal part of the left side of the chest, termed the Thoracic duct which conveys it to the blood in the left subclavian vein, with which it is immediately mixed and straightway distributed through the lungs, to be purified by the oxygen of the air, converted into arterial blood, and rendered fit for the nourishment of the body. It is then sent to the heart to be transmitted by the arteries to every part of the system.

The lungs, as we have stated, perform a function in the animal economy, exactly similar to that of leaves in the vegetables, only with this difference, that whilst animals breathe pure air or oxygen gas, vegetables breathe foul air or carbonic acid gas. Every time that the cavity of the chest expands, which in the human subject, in a state of health, is about eighteen times in a minute, a certain quantity of atmospheric air enters; the oxygen which it contains is absorbed by the blood as it circulates along the fine vessels in the lungs, and at the same time, an equal proportion of carbonic acid or foul air is given off, or exhaled from the blood. In this process consists the important function of respiration—that of purifying the blood—of changing it from dark venous into red arterial blood, and preparing it for the nourishment of the body. A function—the due performance and regularity of which appears much more indispensable to the health of the animal economy than the digestion of the food. For whilst man and many animals can live for several days without food, they cannot survive many minutes without a due supply of air.

We perceive then, how analogous, the function of nutrition in animals is to that of vegetables. The lacteals or absorbent vessels spread over the intestines, take up the digested portion

of the food from the alimentary canal, in the same manner as the fibres in the roots of vegetables absorb the elements from the soil on which they subsist. And these lacteals or absorbent vessels do not absorb indiscriminately every fluid or substance with which they come into contact. They select as it were their materials, and absorb only that portion of food which has been properly converted into chyle, and reject the other portions as not applicable to the nutrition of the body. They then pour their contents into the thoracic duct which conveys it to the venous blood, with which it is intimately mixed and sent immediately to the lungs, as the sap in the vegetable is sent to the leaf of the tree, where being freely exposed to the action of the air it is purified and prepared for the nourishment of the system.

But if such a resemblance exists between the organic functions of vegetables and animals, in what, it may be asked, consist the difference between a vegetable and an animal?

1. Vegetables differ from animals in the law of their development. A vegetable develops itself from the centre to the circumference or extremities. The stalk and the roots prolong themselves indefinitely. They form no organic centre as an important part of their structure, but in their nature and growth new organs are added to the old. Leaf succeeds to leaf and flower to flower. This is a general law which obtains throughout the whole of the vegetable kingdom, and what Physiologists have termed the law of centrefugal development. In animals, on the contrary, the development proceeds most from the circumference to the centre, and always tends to constitute organic centres—as the brain, the throat, and the vertebral column. This is a general law in the animal economy, and has received the name of centrepetal development.

2d. Animals are endowed with the power of locomotion and enabled to move from place to place in quest of food. Vegetables are fixed to the soil and confined to a very limited spot, from which they derive their nourishment. But this is not a grand characteristic distinction between a vegetable and animal. There are some animals situated at the verge of the animal scale, as the sponge and polypus, &c., which are as firmly fixed to the root, on which they may be said to grow, and as limited in the sphere of their operation, as a vegetable. Destitute of the power of locomotion they send forth their tentaculœ and seize the prey which is within their reach, and thus prolong the period of their existence. But a very remarkable phenomenon, connected with the life of these Polypes, is that whilst the parent animal is fixed to the rock, where it is doomed to pass its days, their eggs, contrary to what obtains with the eggs of the higher order of animals, are endowed with the power of locomotion and capable of transporting themselves from one place to another, till they ultimately fix upon a place where they are permanently to remain—thus shewing, as Dumertier observes, that nature has not isolated her laws.

3. Vegetables subsist on inorganic substances or decayed vegetable and animal matters contained in the soil. But animals can only live on what has been alive—on what has gone through a process of life and organization. Even the earth-worm which consumes considerable quantities of earth is nourished by the innate particles of organic substances which it contains. The inhabitants of some countries, as the Otamocs and negroes of Guinea, &c., eat considerable quantities of earth, to which they more particularly have recourse in seasons of scarcity, but the custom generally proves injurious to health, producing what is termed mal d'estomac or disease of the stomach. But if there be any nutriment which it contains, it must be derived from the organic remains of which such earths are generally considered to consist. According to Professor Retzius, the earth at Regentforo, on the frontiers of Lapland, which is eaten in times of scarcity by the inhabitants, made into bread with the flour of corn and bark of trees, contains the remains of nineteen different forms of infusoria with siliceous carapaxes, several of which are similar to those belonging to some of the animalculæ met with in a living state near Berlin—see Davidson and Truman on Diet. Hence whilst vegetables can appropriate the inorganic elements of the soil to become a part of their structure, animals can only subsist on organized tissue—on vegetables or animals.

But the great characteristic distinction between a vegetable and an animal consists in this:—That an animal is possessed of a stomach or internal cavity for the reception of its food, of which a vegetable is entirely destitute. There is nothing like an approach to a stomach throughout the whole of the vegetable economy. They extend their roots into the earth and depend on the elements contained in the soil for their nutrition. But an animal, even the most simply constituted, as the Polypus, has an internal cavity into which the food is received and where it undergoes digestion; and as we ascend in the animal scale, this organ becomes more highly developed in adaptation to the character of the animal.

Having made these observations respecting the intimate relation that exists between the

vegetable and animal economy, let us devote our attention more particularly to the function of respiration in the different classes of animals, and see the various modifications which these organs undergo, and the unity of design that prevails throughout the whole.

The organs of respiration are constructed on one grand type in the different orders of animals, the principles to be obtained being, that the oxygen of the air may be admitted in due proportion to the blood to purify or arterialize it, and render it fit for the nutrition of the body. And these organs undergo various modifications in the different classes of animals, according to the nature and habits of the animal, whether it reside upon the land or in the waters. Nature, however, always economises her power and employs means to the attainment of the end, the most simple, and at the same time the most complete. In the structure of the earthworm, for example, which occupies a low place in the scale of organization, there is neither distinct organs set apart for the process of respiration, nor a heart for the circulation of the blood. But respiration is as effectually accomplished, and the oxygen of the air as duly supplied as in the higher orders of animals, and the mode by which it is effected is this:—

There is a long blood-vessel situated in the internal cavity or body of the animal in which the blood undulates or moves from one extremity to another, and the whole surface of the body is permeated by numerous small pores or air tubes through which the oxygen of the air is freely admitted to the blood, and constantly renewed according to the demands of the system. When the animal moves or contracts its body, the air is expelled through these air tubes, and again a fresh supply of air is admitted; and when the animal crawls quickly along the ground, the process of respiration is carried on with great vigor, as the air is admitted and expelled through these air tubes according to the successive movements of the animal. Simple then as may appear the structure of the earthworm, the process of respiration is most complete; and whatever obstructs the passage of the air along these air tubes to the blood, as the application of any unctuous substance to the surface of the body, inevitably produces the death of the animal. It dies asphyxiated, as it is termed, exactly similar to strangulation in the higher order of animals.

In the snail, on the other hand, the organs of respiration undergo a considerable modification in adaptation to the structure of the animal. As the body of the snail consists of an adipose tissue, and the surface is covered by an unctuous substance it is evident that the mode of respiration adapted in the case of the earthworm, by numerous pores permeating its body, could not be maintained here, as these air tubes would be constantly liable to be filled up and obstructed by this unctuous matter; the consequence of which would be that the air could not gain admission to the blood, and death would inevitably be the result. In short, on this principle the life of the animal could not be maintained. How then is respiration effected? In a very simple manner. Instead of a bloodvessel running along the body, there is a large air-sack or cavity filled with air immediately behind the head and communicating by an open orifice with the atmosphere, and situated along the back of the animal; and a beautiful net work of bloodvessels are spread over the surface of this cavity, so as to expose the blood freely to the action of the air which it contains, by which it is purified and rendered fit for the nutrition of the body. The animal has the power of contracting this cavity, to expel the air when it has become deteriorated, and of opening or expanding the cavity, to obtain a fresh supply—an effect which is produced by the movements of the animal as it crawls along the ground. In this simple manner the function of respiration is carried on in the snail, and it is in beautiful adaptation to the structure of the body of the animal; and exactly similar to respiration by cells in the lung of the vertebrata. In short, the air, &c. of the snail, is a rudimentary type of the lung of cold-blooded animals.

The respiratory apparatus of insects as the fly, the bee, the butterfly, &c., demand peculiar attention, and their internal structure will be found to present a subject of no less interest to the Physiologist, than their beautiful forms, their movements and habits afford to the Naturalist. Every one who has contemplated these winged insects on a fine summer's day, flying from field to field, and extracting their food from every opening flower, must have been struck with the energy and vivacity which they display. But there are few who are aware of the beautiful organization of their frame, and the evidence of wisdom which it affords. They possess no distinct organs of respiration, as the construction of lungs. This would have added materially to the weight of the body and impeded their flight; and would moreover, have required another complicated apparatus of circulation, as the heart, arteries and veins for conveying the blood to the organs of respiration to be purified, by being freely exposed to the influence of the air. But

this would have implied a waste of power in the structure of the animal, as it would have been employing a very complicated apparatus in the attainment of an end, when a more simple means would have been equally efficient—a thing which we never witness in any part of the animal economy. But by the plan adopted in the respiration of insects, any complicated system of apparatus is dispensed with—the weight of the body is diminished to the greatest possible degree—and at the same time the blood is as perfectly purified as in animals far higher in the scale of organization. If we examine with the microscope the internal structure of one of these winged insects, we discover numerous air tubes extending along the wings and proceeding to the head, the stomach, the limbs, and every portion of the body—dividing and subdividing like the branches of a tree, so as to convey air to the entire system. Indeed, the whole body of an insect may be considered as a species of lung, employed in the function of respiration, and this produces two important results:—1st, By rendering the animal exceedingly light, it enables it to poise itself in the air and continue its flight from place to place with great ease and freedom. 2d. It endows the animal with great vigor, in accordance with that general law of nature, that whenever a part is well supplied with blood that is highly oxigenated, it is possessed of great power and energy; and as we stated, it is astonishing the vigor which these insects manifest.*

We need not enter into a minute description of the various modifications which these air tubes assume in different classes of insects, in accordance with their situation and habits. In some cases they present an indulatory structural appearance, being enlarged at successive intervals. In others they are dilated into capacious cells in which air is retained in great abundance. But there is one particular structure affording the clearest evidence of design to the attainment of a specific end to which we must advert. An additional means is provided to render the animal more adapted to its external circumstances.—Thus in some classes, the mouths of these air tubes are surrounded by a sort of muscular substance, which enables the insect to shut them at pleasure, to prevent the entrance of any extraneous matter to which it may be exposed. And in beetles, which crawl along the dusty ground, the extremities of the air tubes are invested with a dense portion of minute stiff hairs, which act in the capacity of a sieve, and filter as it were the air before it gains admission to the tubes—thus excluding the minutest portions of dust which might prove injurious to the health of the animal.

On the same principle—moustaches and the wearing of the beard have been recommended for the health of artisans engaged in occupations where they are much exposed to the inhalation of minute particles of dust. It is a well known fact that needle pointers, fork grinders, stone masons, miners, colliers, &c. are liable to pulmonary disease, from minute solid particles entering the windpipe during the act of respiration. Of the fork grinders of Sheffield, few live beyond the age of thirty-six years; and of the stone masons of Edinburgh, who are constantly engaged in the hewing and polishing department, few survive beyond the age of forty years, being cut off by pulmonary disease produced by the inhalation of minute particles of matter. To prevent these injurious effects, Dr. Alison and other eminent *medical gentlemen*, of Great Britain, have recommended the constant wearing of moustaches, and a long beard, as a preservative to the lungs in preventing the entrance of minute particles of matter to the windpipe—the same principle as the investment of minute portions of stiff hair at the mouth of the air tubes of insects.

"The energy of muscular contraction appears to be greater in insects, in proportion to their size, than it is in any other animals. Thus a flea has been known to leap sixty times its own length and to move as many times its own weight. The short-limbed beetles, however, which inhabit the ground, manifest the greatest degree of muscular power. The *Lucanus cervus* (stag beetle) has been known to gnaw a hole of an inch diameter, in the side of an iron cannister, in which it had been confined. The *Geotrupes stercorarius* (dung or shard-borne beetle) can support uninjured and even elevate a weight equal to at least 500 times that of its body. And a small *Carabus* has been seen to draw a weight of 85 grains, (about 24 times that of its body,) up a plane of 25°; and a weight of 125 grains, (36 times that of its body) up a plane of 5°; and in both these instances the friction was considerable—the weights being simply laid upon a piece of paper to which the insect was attached by a string!" —Carpenter's Physiology, 396.

Another remarkable circumstance connected with these air tubes is the manner in which they are kept patesecent and prevented from collapsing. It might be thought that tubes so exceedingly fine as those which ramify through the bodies of insects, and generally require the aid of the microscope to discern them, would with difficulty

* The energy of muscular contraction appears to be greater in insects in proportion to their size.

remain open, to allow a sufficient supply of air to the system. But this is accomplished in a very beautiful manner—a spiral thread, placed between the two layers or membranes of which the tubes consist, runs throughout the whole length, even to their utmost ramifications, and is so coiled as to produce a cylinder of sufficient strength to prevent the area of the tubes from being diminished. Another object is attained by this structure—the tubes are not merely kept open, but are possessed of great flexibility in adaptation to the movements of the animal. Had they been rigid and unyielding tubes, they would have been wholly unfit for the purpose which they were intended to subserve, as they would not have admitted of that elasticity of body, and freedom of action which we perceive these beautiful and exquisitely articulated animals possess.

From the description which we have given of the respiratory apparatus of insects, the reader will perceive, that the passage which the air traverses in the air tubes for the arterialization of the blood is entirely different from the passage of the food to the stomach by the mouth, consequently an insect has no voice, and the peculiar sounds which we hear in the different tribes of insects, as the buzzing of the fly, the humming of the bee, &c. &c., have been thought by Burmaster,* an eminent physiologist, to depend on the vibration of the air streaming rapidly in and out of the orifices of these air tubes. But we are rather inclined to think that these peculiar sounds are to be accounted for by the rapid vibrations of the wings of insects, which it has been computed, amount in some insects, to many hundred or even many thousand in a second of time.†

We shall now be more able to comprehend the functions of respiration in reptiles, as the frog, salamander, crocodile, &c., which belong to the class of amphibious animals, and are capable of living on the land or in the water. In the respiration of insects, we saw that the air was brought into contact with the blood to purify it, and prepare it for the nutrition of the body; but here the reverse takes place, the blood is brought into contact with the air to be arteralized, organs are constructed for this purpose. These animals have organs specially constructed for the functions of respiration, by the lungs, where the blood is freely exposed to the action of the air, and purified and prepared for the nourishment of the body. In connection with the lungs are a heart, arteries, and veins for propelling the blood and conveying it to and from every part of the system, thus producing what is termed the circulation of the blood. The lungs situated in the cavity of the chest consist of a series of air tubes and air cells, over the surface of which are distributed a beautiful net-work of blood-vessels; and the blood on being propelled from the heart and entering the lungs, passes along this net-work of vessels, by which it is freely exposed to the air contained in the chest, and by absorbing its oxygen is changed from dark into red or arterial blood. But as the lungs of cold-blooded animals are constructed on a very simple plan with large air cells, and not minutely sub-divided, the blood has only a limited surface along which it circulates, on being exposed to the action of the air. Hence it is not so fully arterialised as in the higher order of animals. Besides on entering the heart it is again mixed with the dark or venous blood, and in this condition distributed to every part of the body, so that the blood which circulates through the bodies of reptiles is only partially or imperfectly purified or arterialized, and this is the principle which constitutes them cold-blooded animals, and renders their temperature low and only a little elevated above the surrounding medium. In consequence of which they are unable to move about during the severity of winter, but retire to their recesses, where they remain till the return of the genial days of spring. In fact it is a law in the animal economy, that in proportion to the quantity of air which an animal consumes in respiration, so does its temperature become elevated; and as reptiles consume but a small quantity of air in proportion to the higher order of animals, their temperature is comparatively low, which constitutes, as we have stated, their physiological condition of cold-blooded animals.

But as reptiles breathe air, and have distinct organs constructed for and appropriated to this important function, how does it happen that they are capable of making the water their abode as well as the land, in other words what constitutes their character of amphibious animals?

* Or Grant's Comparative Anatomy.

† "Haller calculated that in the limbs of a dog at full speed muscular contractions must take place in less than one-two-hundredth part of a second for many minutes at least in succession. All these instances, however, are thrown into the shade, by those which may be drawn from the class of Insects. The rapidity of the vibrations of the wings may be estimated from the musical tone which they produce, it being easily ascertained by experiments, what number of vibrations are required to produce any note in the scale. From these data, it appears to be the necessary result, that the wings of many insects strike the air *many hundred* or even *many thousand* times in every *second*."—*Carpenter's Physiology, p. 397.*

All this is accomplished in a very simple manner—in a manner which affords the most striking evidence of design, and adaptation of means to a specific end—all in unison with the character and condition of cold-blooded animals. The aorta, or large vessel which conveys the blood from the heart to be distributed to every part of the body, conveys also the blood which goes to the lungs. And whilst the animal remains upon the land breathing air, a portion of the blood constantly circulates through the lungs to be purified and prepared for the nourishment of the body. But the moment the animal descends into the water, the function of respiration is suspended—the animal ceases to breathe, and the blood, instead of flowing to the lungs, continues its course onwards, and goes to be distributed to every part of the body. In this manner the blood circulates till the animal comes to the surface of the water to breathe, and then a quantity of fresh air being inhaled, the blood flows to the lungs to be purified, and the circulation of the blood is maintained as before.

But if all the blood in the animal's body had circulated through the lungs, instead of a portion of it, the animal could not have remained many minutes under the water without certain suffocation. When the air ceased to enter the lungs, the blood would have ceased to flow—that would have transmitted its influence backwards to the heart, and averted its motion; and the general circulation would immediately have been brought to a stand, and death the inevitable result. In short, the animal would have died from the want of air to the chest—the same as an animal that is drowned. For in drowning, neither man nor animal dies because water enters the chest, and arrests the action of the lungs—there being seldom any water found there *at the moment of death*. For the epiglottis shuts immediately upon the mouth of the windpipe, and prevents the entrance of the water. But they die because air has been excluded from the lungs, and the function of respiration arrested—the same as in an animal that has been strangulated. But by the mode adopted in the respiration of reptiles all these effects are prevented, and the animals have the power of descending into the water, and of making that element their abode for a considerable period, till the wants of the system demand a supply of fresh air, and then they come to the surface to breathe; hence these reptiles are, properly speaking, land animals, formed to breathe air, but by the peculiar construction of their respiratory organs, they have the power of descending into the water, and continuing there for some time without injurious effects to their system.

A very remarkable phenomenon connected with the life of reptiles, as the frog, salamander or water-newt, &c., is, that in the early period of their existence, and during their tadpole state, they assume the character of a fish, and breathe by gills, and are totally destitute of lungs and unable to live on the land. But as they continue to grow, the lungs are gradually developed, and the gills shrivel up; and then the whole body of the animal undergoes a complete metamorphosis, to adapt it to the new element, air, for which it is destined. The tail disappears, the four limbs are formed, the heart undergoes a great change in its structure. The stomach and intestinal canal become shortened in adaptation to the food on which the animal is to subsist, and the vertebral column loses the type of the fish and assumes that of the reptile.

But should the animal be excluded from the influence of solar light and heat, whilst it is undergoing this metamorphosis the process is arrested? The animal continues to grow as a tadpole, but is no longer changed into the character of a frog. Dr. Edwards of Paris performed some interesting experiments on this subject. He took tadpoles, and supplied them with food and a constant renewal of fresh water, but excluded them from the influence of solar light. The animals continued to grow, but it was as tadpoles; their metamorphosis into frogs was arrested, and did not again proceed till exposed to the rays of the sun—showing, in a remarkable degree, the influence of light upon the animal economy.

We perceive, then, how admirably adapted the structure of every creature is to the circumstances in which it is placed, and the element in which it moves, and that, however great may be the modifications which particular organs may undergo to the attainment of specific ends, they are all accomplished in accordance with the grand general laws of the animal economy. Which shows how superior the works of nature are to the loftiest productions of human skill and human ingenuity. A piece of mechanism, as a watch constructed by man, however beautiful the workmanship and valuable the materials, is designed for one important purpose, which it subserves and that alone, and cannot be appropriated to a different purpose without a total change of the whole materials. But in the structure of the animal economy, by a slight modification of the organs, various and important ends are attained, and the animal is adapted to the air, to the land, or to the waters, and yet the principle is one and indivi-

dually the same—which demonstrates that the whole system is divine, and has been constructed by one great Architect, the Creator and Governor of all; which should lead us in studying the structure and investigating the laws of the animal economy, one of the most interesting and, at the same time, most instructive subjects that the human mind can contemplate—to advance a step further, and "look from nature up to nature's God."—*Peter Bowmanville.*

THE WITCH HAZEL.

"The singularity or witchery of this plant consists in putting forth its blossoms at the same time that its leaves are falling, and when the germens of its neighbors have turned into pericarps. It flowers in October and November, the fruit being produced the next year; thus the ripe fruit and fresh blossoms are frequently commingled on the same trees.—*Comstock's Botany.*

When the frost hath dyed the forest
With a rich and gaudy sheen,
And the crimson'd maple vieth
With the constant pine's deep green,
When the faded leaves flit earth-ward.
In a sad funereal train,
And each sight and sound bespeaketh
The approach of winter's reign:—

Blooms a mystic shrub serenely
When each summer flower is gone,
Spreading forth its tender petals
While its leaves fall one by one;—
Fearless of the snows of winter
Or the icy frosts' keen breath,
It exists a living garland
'Mid the sad remains of death.

What to it the meadow's verdure
Or the balmy gales of spring?
When the tree and shrub are joyous,
To be gay were no hard thing.
But its trust it bravely sheweth
In the Giver of all good,
Who provideth for the widow
And still finds the ravens food.

True and faithful plant, the lesson
Thou impartest all should learn,
Not to droop before misfortune,
But with calmness face the storm.
Let the Hazel be our emblem!
Yes! no other badge display!
With its blossoms shining brightly
'Mid the passing years decay.

R. N.

THE PAGOTA.—A VENETIAN STORY.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

CHAPTER I.

No tourist in Italy can have failed to observe with pleasure the female water carriers of Venice, running at a gymnastic step, and with an air of haste and business, over the flags which pave the causeways of the great square of St. Mark. Although they speak a dialect but little different from that of the Venetians, it is evident, from their smaller stature, their more picturesque costume, and their more delicate features, that they are not of the same race. They bear the name of *Bigolante* and *Pagote;* the first of them appertaining to their trade, the second to the country whence they come—viz., Pago—a small and sterile island in the Adriatic, situated near the sloping shores of Croatia. In all the large cities of the Continent, there are certain species of industry which are never exercised except by foreigners, and the pursuit of which long use and custom have rendered the peculiar privilege of aliens. After this fashion, the nurses of Paris are all Normans, and all its coal-venders are natives of Auvergne; and in the same way, at Venice the water-carriers all come from Pago. From the far end of the Dalmatian Archipelago, they come—for they are mostly females—to Venice to gain their dowries by carrying water for the *bourgeois* of 'the city in the sea.' These gained, by means of heavy labor and frugality, they return to their own country, where their *fiances* are awaiting them, and marry upon the fruits of their industry. They only receive a Venetian sou for a jug of water, so they must carry a vast number of them before they can amass a sum of money sufficient to enable them to set up house-keeping; but their brazen jugs are not of the largest kind, so they can make many journeys to and from the cisterns in the day, and the young men of Pago do not look for quite such dowries with their brides, as are expected by Parisians with the belles of the salons.

During the summer of 1845, which in France was one of the wettest and coldest upon record, the heat at Venice was intolerable. The atmosphere was filled with heavy and suffocating vapours, which gave to the heavens such a sombre and gloomy hue, as to seem to announce the near approach of some of those wonderful events which are predicted in the Apocalypse. The water of the lagoons being of little depth and but seldom renewed by the feeble tides of the Adriatic, attained a degree of heat so elevated, that baths became for the time an impossibility. It was in the nights alone that the air was at all respirable, and the consequence was, that the whole of the inhabitants of the city were

out-of-doors, from sunset till three or four hours after midnight. One day, my *padrona di casa*, to use the Venetian expression, compassionating my state of physical prostration, proposed that I should have a bath in my own lodgings, made principally of well-water. I eagerly accepted the proposal, and accordingly there was brought up into my room a large wooden bathing-tub; and when this had been filled about one-third full of lagoon water, a Pagota was hired to add thereto a somewhat larger quantity of fresh water, and the result was, that a bath was formed into which I could manage to plunge without fear of scalding. The Pagota employed in this work was a young girl, whose countenance, unless exceedingly deceitful, bore witness to a heart at once pure, innocent and good; whilst a look of simplicity, and yet deep melancholy, with which the observer could not but be struck, threw around her a charm entirely inexpressible. As for her costume, it was the general one of her class, though rather neater and more elegant than common, and at the same time less coquettish. Two large clusters of rich brown hair hung over her ears, from which were suspended two large pendants of real gold, whilst upon her head was a felt hat, of elegant shape, but without brim, and ornamented by a sprig of evergreen. She had no shoes on her feet, which was not because of poverty, but merely that she might the better keep her footing when treading upon the banks of the lagoons, upon which is often deposited by the water a green slime.

Whilst the Pagota was passing to and fro, from the wells to the bathing-tub, and from the bathing-tub to the wells again, I perceived that tears, which from time to time she wiped away with the back of her hand, were constantly trickling down her cheeks in silence, and I seized the first opportunity which presented itself to inquire of her the cause of her subdued grief. She fixed upon me, thereupon, her large blue eyes, as though endeavoring to discover whether my question were dictated by mere curiosity or not; and then replied, 'You are free to think of my sorrow what you will, excepting one thing, and that is, that any ill conduct of my own has brought it upon me.'

This proud response augmented my interest, and I wished to insist upon her taking me into her confidence, but she had by this time emptied her last *secchia*, and she hastened away, saying only, '*Bagno pronto!*' Happily, however, my *padrona* had learned, by snatches at various times, all that I was desirous of knowing respecting the *Pagota*, and I had only to speak one word to call forth as full and prolix an account thereof, as any one could possibly be wishful to obtain. Love, as I had conjectured, *was* the cause of the young maidens sorrow. Her griefs, however, had then only just commenced, but, as I remained for the whole of the ensuing year in Venice, I had opportunities of watching to the end the progress of the drama in which she was the chief actor, and the first few scenes of which had then as yet alone been represented.

Digia was the Christian name of the Pagota, and she was the second daughter of a poor tavern-keeper of Pago, who was burdened with a heavy family. For the last three months, she had exercised in Venice the profession of water-carrier. Her elder sister had preceded her there by some months, and had left her on her return to Pago, a considerable *clientila* amongst the inhabitants of the *sestiere* of St. Mark. Already she had been enabled to forward succours to her father, and in a corner of the little chamber in the *Canareggio* which she inhabited, she had hidden a little treasure, the fruit of her frugality. It was all in copper pieces, and would not have weighed upon even one hand very heavily, supposing it to have been converted into silver. Digia always left her dwelling at the break of day, and many of the most industrious servants were still asleep when she knocked gently at their doors with her jug upon her shoulder. It was a long way from her dwelling to St. Mark's, and on her way thither in the mornings she had to pass twenty bridges, and amongst others that which touches upon the vestibule of the palace of the Faliero, whose facade recalls so eloquently the rigour of the laws of the middle ages. Somewhat beyond this bridge, in a *rio* which describes a number of capricious curves, two boatmen were generally cleaning and preparing their gondola. Both wore the belts and the black bonnets of the *nicolitti*—those inveterate night-rovers and contrabandists, and mortal enemies of the red-capped gondoliers, or *castellani*,* as well as the green-habited officers of customs. The eldest seemed about twenty years of age, the youngest about fourteen.

The nicolitti believe themselves to be of noble descent, and are as proud now of their oars as their ancestors were of their swords. Too independent to suffer themselves to enter into any contract which shall bind them to give their labor to one employer for any lengthened period, they will willingly bind themselves by the year or by the month, provided their patron be any ancient Seigneur of the Golden Book. As for foreigners, the *nicolitto* never offers his services to them, except with the intention of duping them. To see and observe him in his native element, it is necessary to go and seek him in the *Canareggio*, an inextricable labyrinth from which he rarely departs, and in which even Venetians

* The war of the *nicolitti* and the *castellani* dates from the 13th century.

are very apt to loose themselves. Without knowing anything correctly of the history of his country, the nicolitto regrets vaguely those old Gothic institutions which are impossible to-day, and of which he is incapable of judging. It is sufficient for him to know that during five centuries they made the glory and the fortune of the Venetians. His character is fickle and inconstant as the old Athenian's, his intellect lively but frivolous, his language of somewhat more than usual elegance, and his aptitude for repartee almost incredible. A *bon-mot*, a pun, or a witty tale, amuse him above all things; and everything graceful and clever, from a turn of cards to an opera tune, excites his enthusiasm, whilst the sight of a fair girl especially elates him. All his tastes are those of the man of civilization, but a nameless malady saddens and consumes him —a malady which resembles more than any thing else nostalgia, and the accesses of which, taking place as they do mostly in the night, inspire those songs imprinted with a gloomy sadness which proceed in the darkness from the gondolas of the nicolitti, and to some of which, upon an ever memorable evening, the mortally wounded heart of the unfortunate Desdemona responded with a melancholy and plaintive echo. It is the gondolier of the present day—whom Rossini listened to—who is accustomed to sing thus, and not the gondolier of the time of Othello. The Miguno of Goethe was born in the land of the sun, and transported to the cold clime of Germany, she wept her far off country; the songs of the nicolitto weep the death of Venice. Interrogate him sympathetically, and he will forget his hunger, to complain of weariness. Thence arises his insubordination, his penchant for infringing the regulations of the police, and his taste for contrabandist enterprises.

When Digia, risen from her nest at the same hour as the birds from theirs, and running, as her custom always was, came up to the buttresses of the palace of Faliero, the eldest of the two gondoliers seldom failed to accost her. Sometimes he offered to take her to the place of her destination in his gondola, sometimes he inquired whether she were not on her way to some rendezvous, and whether the gallant she was going to meet was a merchant of the Merceria or the Rialto. The Pagota, well knowing that such skirmishes with the gondoliers of Venice were very apt to end in unpleasant scenes, always quickened her pace and lowered her eyes as she passed by the two nicolitti; but in the evenings, as she passed by the same spot again, she sometimes cast a stealthy look upon the elder of them, for at such seasons she often saw him lying with his back upward and his head buried in his hands, in the attitude of a man sunk in despair; and in such cases her heart was filled with compassion for him, for she doubted not that his sadness was caused principally by an inability to procure employment for his robust arms during the day. One morning as she passed the *rio* at her customary step, the nicolitto apostrophised the young girl in a more serious tone than ordinary, and begged her to stay a moment, and render him a service. Instead of fleeing as fast as she could, as she did usually when he accosted her, she stopped as requested, and looking the black gondolier full in the face, replied, 'I hope, for your own honor, that you are not mocking me; and if you are not, I will willingly do anything I can for you, on condition that you cease to annoy me when I pass you.'

"Do not fear, gentle Pagota," replied the nicolitto, "I will not jest with you, but will speak to you like an archbishop I want you to repair the vest of my little brother, Coletto. This noble signor whom you see here will hire our gondola for the entire day, on condition that its rowers appear in decent trim: but this condition is imperative, since we are wanted to conduct the ladies of his family to the salt-wells of St. Felix. But Coletto's vest is torn right down the back, and I am but a poor hand with the needle; therefore I would beg you, since you have risen before the sun, to come for a few moments to the aid of the poor gondolier. Take this needle and thread and repair the rent, and you will render us a great service. If you refuse, Colletto and I will miss an important engagement, and lose our day."

Digia, upon this, took the vest of the little Coletto, whose clothes seemed to have been made of an old curtain, or of the cover of an arm chair, and having threaded her needle, seated herself on the edge of the bank, that she might sew the more at ease.

"Although shy," the nicolitto continued, after a while, "I knew that the fair Pagotine was a brave girl. And now," he added, turning to a fourth person who was present, "if agreeable to your lordship, we can make our contract."

The individual thus addressed was a little man, of about fifty years of age, with a grey head, a pale countenance, and a slender frame, together with winking eyes, and an open mouth, which spoke of but little intellect, and still less character. One would have said that he was stupid, had it not been an expression of cunning which lighted up his features every now and then into animation. His black coat, with the shanks of its buttons all plainly visible; his hat almost napless, but brushed with extreme care, with his gloves a dozen times darned, and his shoes as many times mended, all bore witness to desperate resistance to the assaults of the most cruel of miseries—that of the man well born, but without riches, whose education, name, and station in society oblige to endeavor, at all hazards, to "keep up appearance," and preserve

a decent exterior. The black gondolier was not in error in treating this personage as a *signor di qualita*, for he was in reality the last scion of the most illustrious of all the families belonging to the ranks of the Venetian aristocracy. He counted several doges amongst his ancestors, one of them being the author of the celebrated *coup d' etat*, known as the *serraz del consiglio*, which reduced to seven hundred the number of Venetian families whose members could exercise any public functions. From time immemorial the ancestors of this man had occupied the highest offices in the state, and fulfilled the most difficult employments in a government, by turns, so supple and so inflexible, which held itself at the head of Europe during the whole half of the sixteenth century.

"Our contract!" responded the great personage; "it is already made You know well enough what your day's wages are worth."

"Yes, signor," replied the nicolitti; "*ha Napoleone d' Argento.*"

"*Ha Napoleone!*" exclaimed the man of quality; "but you are joking without doubt! Think you I have risen so early to make a bargain such as that? But let us talk of Venetian moneys and not foreign coins, so please you."

"Well, then, how much is it that your excellency will choose to give us?" asked the gondolier in answer; but the grand signor replied only by a gesture, raising four of his fingers in the air, and when he had done this, suddenly closing his hand.

"It is very little," said the gondolier, when he had in this way named the sum. "But he who only gives little ought at least to promise. I have an idea that your excellency will ere long become a senator, perhaps even doge: or, more still, the state inquisitor. Promise me this, that you will in that day recompense me further when I prostrate myself in your path, and that you will place me in your house, when the republic is accorded to us, and then I will willingly serve you for four francs."

The patrician, seeing to what class of dreamers the gondolier belonged, jumped at the chance of striking a bargain. "By my ancestors, the conquerors of Cyprus," exclaimed he, "I will promise you. You shall be, when we have succeeded, my first gondolier, or, if it pleases you better, that of my wife."

"No, yours, yours, magnifico signor," said the gondolier; "I know the signora by reputation, and it is said she is somewhat difficult to please. I have the promise of your protection, and it suffices me. But may I claim further that of the dogaressa for my wife. For, if the republic comes quickly, it will not be long before I marry."

This was still a new idea, and the future doge saw in a moment that it might still more tighten his bargain. I will place your wife amongst the followers of mine," he answered, "as soon as the schemes we have contrived succeed, on condition that you conduct me to-day to St. Felix for three francs."

"Done, cried the gondolier, and then turning towards Digia, he continued, "Gentle Pagota, you have heard the words of the magnifico signor, will you not partake with me the benefits which he will bestow upon me? You are handsome, and I am not ugly; we are both of the same condition in life, and are both industrious. Accept me for your husband, and let his excellency give us the benediction of the first magistrate of the republic. My name is Marco; are you agreed, fair little Pagotine?"

Digia was not much acquainted with political affairs. She knew nothing of the treaties of 1815, and was ignorant of the country to which belonged the canon upon the Piazetta. The isle of Pago, which had always belonged to Venice, had ever been attached to its metropolis; and though the Pagotes were accustomed to drink to the success of the Venetian *borghese* this only proved that they considered them as their patrons and their masters. The Pagotes, were aware, it is true, that the ducal palace was deserted, and that the affairs of the city were administered by soldiers in white habits, who came there from a distance; but this state of things seemed to them evidently only provisional. This being the case, the proposal of the gondolier to Digia appeared to the latter both courteous and sage, thanks to the protection of the generous patrician. That which there was absurd and chimerical in the hopes and dreams of Marco, did not appear so in any wise to Digia, and was indeed just that which the most struck her imagination.

"Marco," she replied to the nicolitto, "your language appears that of an honest man; but one cannot marry, you know, in this way at first sight. And, besides, I am hindered by other and graver motives. Before quitting Pago, I contracted a species of engagement with a young Croat, the son of a friend of my father, who has demanded me in marriage.—Francois Knapen is a violent youth, whose humor very little agrees with mine, and I did not suffer myself to be regularly betrothed.—I have only promised him that I will not encourage another lover without giving him notice. At the bottom, I am not very fond of him, and so I will tell him of your proposition and of our providential encounter with the thrice magnifico signor, who condescends to interest himself in us; and if Francois, astonished by so many extraordinary circumstances, gives me my liberty, and if my father does not require me to return to Pago, I will willingly become your wife, as true as my name

is Digia Dolomir. You see I speak candidly; and now that you know all, I give you my hand, to seal our bargain under the conditions I have named."

"That is right, my children," said the patrician, "be blessed and united conditionally, like the hatchet and the handle, for perpetuity, unless some accident occurs to separate you. And since Coletto's vest is at last repaired, let the gondola attend me in three hours, at the bank of the St. Moise. It is there that my wife and daughter wish to embark, in order that the *beau monde*, in passing the Bocca-di-piazza, may see them depart in their gala-dress. The works at St. Felix were terminated yesterday, and the French engineer, the associate of the most rich Ronzilli, is to give us in consequence a most regal feast. He is an acquaintance whom I mean to make of great importance to the success of my vast projects. Good day, Digia! And Marco, you know, you will serve me regularly at the rate agreed, for I shall often have occasion to go to the wells with my intimate friend, the associate of the immensely rich Ronzilli. In return, you know I have promised you my protection, and have said that when we triumph you shall be the first gondolier in Venice."

Marco, astonished at the imaginary generosity of the patrician, and intensely occupied with the idea of his own fancied great good fortune, did not observe the cunning smile which spread itself over the features of this future doge; and Digia, regarding with attention the new lover who had fallen to her so unexpectedly, and with so many astonishing recommendations, from the clouds, had no eyes excepting for the energetic figure of the gondolier. Coletto, whose part in the grand things to come, both of the political and the other sorts, might be well expressed by the equation 1—1, had alone perceived any thing of the true nature of the bargain just concluded. In the corner in which he smuggled himself, rolled up like a cat, he kept murmuring of his brother's folly, and of the bad bargain he had made: but neither his brother nor Digia took much notice of what he said, for they were too much occupied with their own golden dreams, and with the gorgeous visions of future happiness and greatness which their warm imaginations painted and unrolled before them.

After the departure of the signor, Digia and her lover separated, promising to meet and talk matters over together every morning in the same place. The Pagota made her way, in the first place, to the office of a public writer, and after a short time came out of it again with two letters, one of them for her father, the other for Francois Knapen. Then she ran as fast as she could towards the ducal palace, and soon reached the wells to the left of it, where she found that most of her companions were gathered together, and rendered uneasy by her non appearance. This done, she once more set about the performance of her duties as a water-carrier.

Towards nine o'clock, a little fleet of gondolas passed through the lagoons towards St. Felix. The boatmen rowed with all their might, as is their custom when on pleasure-parties. Marco and his brother were the only nicolitti amongst the band, and they strained every nerve not to be beaten by the red-caps.

"What a fine trade we're driving!" said the little Coletto, as the perspiration poured down his face. "To think of rowing in this way for three livres!"

"What does it matter?" responded Marco; "do you not see behind us the gondola of the French engineer, the associate of the thrice rich Ronzilli, who could buy all Venice and all Italy, if it were for sale? It is not without design that a patrician of a dogal family keeps company with such as him. He will need a loan of ten millions of *svanzicks*, to enable him to re-establish the Council of Ten and the Republic."

"The French engineer," replied Coletto, "and Ronzilli, and the ten million *svanzicks*, are all humbug. I tell you your friend the to-be-doge has mocked you."

"And what for, imbecile? he would not do so without a motive."

"Certainly not—to save a dozen sous!"

CHAPTER II.

The great salt-works of St. Felix, which, with all the works belonging to them, were completed in eighteen months, belong to the number of those grand creations of mechanical skill for which the inhabitants of southern Europe are indebted to French genius. The Venetians, who love better to fold their arms and talk, than to set to work and labor, were fond, during its progress, of discussing the great enterprise, and criticising the details of its execution. Knowing that unforeseen difficulties are always met with in such undertakings, the midnight talkers of the cafés assured each other during the whole year and a half, that the engineer was deceived in his calculations, and that his labors in the end would come to nought, and he and his workmen perish.

It was in order to put an end to all such criticism and incredulity that the engineer of the works, on the occasion mentioned, invited a number of the first Venetians to inspect them, and partake of a little banquet upon the spot. The great reservoirs, embankments, sluices, and canals, together with the two steam engines which they saw there, were exhibited to them in such a manner as to remove every doubt from their minds with respect to the durability of the works, and the possibility of manufacturing salt in them on a

vast scale, and to great profit. The distinguished visitors did ample justice to the collation which was served up, as did also, at another table, the gondoliers who had brought them thither, and the two hundred workmen. As for the gondoliers, they evinced their admiration for French genius by getting tipsy; and little Coletto himself, animated by the wine and the nice tarts, when he saw the engineer offering fruit to the wife and daughter of the patrician, was ready to believe in the vast efficacy of the protection of the future doge, in the friendship of Ronzilli for him, and in the fortune of Marco.

In spite of the fatigue occasioned by this trip to St. Felix, which is a little island about ten miles from Venice, Marco was at his post before the Faliero palace, on the morrow, long before the rising of the sun. From the summit of a little bridge at a short distance, Digia saluted him with her hand, in the Italian manner, and then ran to seat herself beside him, for a short time on the bank, to hear his recital of the events of the preceding day, and to listen to his description of the voyage to St. Felix, and the splendor of the fête. His momentary intercourse with so many patricians had excited the warm imagination of the nicolitto, and had caused it to build numberless "chateaux en Espagne." As soon as the patrician had contracted his loan of ten million *svanzicks*, his gondola would be hired by the year, and ornamented with curtains of silk and a Turkey carpet. He, and his brother, clothed by their patron, would be given gorgeous vests to wear—velvet ones for winter, and nankeen for summer. As for his bonnet and his girdle, they would still remain black, and the doge would consequently see himself engaged to remain by the nicolitti, in opposition to the castellani, all his reign, which would be a grave circumstance to be recorded in the future annals of Venice. Digia, less excited than her lover, observed that Marco's stockings were very old, and promised, *en attendant* the curtains of silk, the vest of velvet, and the Turkey carpet, in her leisure moments to knit him a new pair. By the time she had made this promise, the tinkling of the Angelus announced the sunrise, and she rose immediately, to go about her business. Scarcely was she gone away, ere the patrician arrived, bent upon the performance of new diplomatic stratagems. This time it was a marriage that he talked of. The French engineer had fallen deeply in love with the signorina, whilst handing her a glass of wine; and although this was but a poor match for a daughter of such a house, yet he must bridle his passion, and consent to it, in order that he might not lose the succours and support of the most rich Ronzilli. To carry the matter to a proper ending, it was necessary to make some little show of luxury, and to go every evening in an open gondola to the Fresco, to listen to the music of the military band, with all the fashion and rank of Venice. Until the re-establishment of the republic, the future doge could only afford for such a purpose a single livre per evening. This was only a quarter of the usual price; but in the good time to come, it would be abundantly made up to Marco, who would rise to—no one could say *what* great elevation, The patrician promised as freely as need be, and the nicolitto, dazzled by the prospect of so much good fortune in the future, willingly concluded so very profitable a bargain, in spite of all the opposition that the little Coletto had it in his power to make.

On the evening of the second day, the patrician perceived that, unfortunately he had not his purse in his pocket, and his fit of forgetfulness on this head lasted two or three days. In the end, it became the cause of a slight modification in the contract with the gondolier, and it was agreed that henceforth the patrician should pay only once a month, paying then for four week's daily trips all in one sum. The gondolier made no objection to this arrangement, and indeed he was happy to be thus enabled to associate his fortune with that of his generous patron. Life must be supported, however, whilst the first monthly payment was being waited for; and therefore it was necessary to take a little credit. Digia, partaking the faith and the illusions of her lover, freely offered him her little treasure and her daily savings; and thus it came to pass, that on the poor Pagota fell the principal portion of the task of maintaining the two gondoliers of the magnifico signor. A half-hour's chat per day during a week sufficed to establish between her and the nicolitto that community of sentiment which quickly entrains a community of interests. Moreover, a letter from Pago brought to Digia her parent's authorisation of her marriage with the gondolier—the good man, her father, having too many children, to object to them being taken off his hands and established in life; whilst Francis Knapen, having never answered her epistle to him, the Pagota, attributing his silence to either indifference or pride, rebelled against him violently in her heart, and considered herself entirely delivered from her engagements to him.—Love grows rapidly in the heart of an honest girl, when duty does not interfere to forbid it; and it is not strange, therefore, that the new penchant of the Pagota, being encouraged by the approbation of her parents and the abdication of the young Croat, should shortly break all bounds, and leave no longer any corner of her heart, for either prudence or doubt to think of dwelling in.

At the end of a month, the young couple began to think of making preparations for their marriage, and of endeavoring to purchase the ring and other necessaries. It was the

day in which the little savings of the Pagota found themselves exhausted; but it was now time for the to-be-doge to pay a month's wages to his gondoliers, and the sum due to them was larger by some livres than that of Digia's expended savings. It was one of the evenings in which the patrician was wont to proceed to the Fresco to hear the music, and Marco spent the greater portion of the day in making up a fine speech with which to request payment of his wages. When the evening was come, he attended the patrician at the usual place and the usual time; but, somehow or other, the patrician did not come. Having waited awhile in an agony of anxious expectation, the poor gondolier set out towards the general rendezvous *without* his usual freight. Arrived there, he found that the band was already playing, and surrounded by a perfect shoal of gondolas. Marco looked about him, but could not see the doge, nor any sign of him. Coletto, however, was a little more successful, it would seem, for, after having placed himself in an observant position for some moments, he suddenly turned towards his brother with a rueful countenance, and exclaimed, "What should you say if I said that the patrician was deceiving us? There he is, with his wife and the signorina, in the four-oared gondola belonging to the engineer. The two ladies have each a new white robe and a new fan, and the magnifico signor himself has a new hat, shining like a lantern. I'll be bound he bought it with the money he ought to have paid us with!"

"Pshaw!" was the response of Marco to this last suggestion. "But, by Bacchus!" he continued, after a moment's thought, "this close intimacy with the engineer is a certain sign of great success! The new hat and the new fan together prove as clear as noonday that the loan is already agreed upon, if not actually made. Soon, then, the vests of velvet and the fixed yearly wages!"

"What a fellow you are!" said Coletto, shrugging his shoulders. "Of the velvet vests, and the yearly wages, and the loan, you will receive just nothing, and even the patrician will never even pay you what he owes you. He has no need of you any longer; and all he'll give you for your past services is your *conge*. Not having money to pay you with, he'll find it most convenient to *forget* his debtor!"

"Impossible!" murmured Marco. "Indulge in no such supposition. To do so, is to outrage the majesty both of ancient and modern Venice. Besides, it will assuredly bring upon us misfortune."

"But we've had no dinner to-day, and how are we to sup?" asked Coletto. "Let us think a little also of the majesty of empty stomachs!"

"Well, I'll go to the *herbiere*, and find cousin Ambrosio, who sells roots, and see if he will let me have a measure of potatoes upon credit."

And Marco went accordingy to the *herbiere*, which, situated behind the ancient palace of the Turkish ambassadors, is consecrated to the sale of flowers, herbs, and fruits, He went just at the hour at which the provisions on sale at the *herbiere* are usually at their lowest price, and at which, in consequence, economical cooks and housekeepers are accustomed to make their purchases. A tall, broad-shouldered woman, whom you would have taken for a mendicant, were it not for the chapeau—albeit it was an old one, and much sunburnt—which she wore, was in close conference, when he got there, with Ambrosio, and was doing all that in her lay to abate the price of a dozen of artichokes. The seller asked nine sous, but the beggar offered only three, saying, that that was all they were worth, since she took only the bottoms, and left the leaves. At last Ambrosio descended to five sous, but the woman made a feint of going away, and then he called her back quickly, and gave them at her own price. She accordingly placed them in her basket, which already contained a good-sized fish, and drew out her purse, that she might pay for them. It contained four Venetian sous, and the gardener only required three to pay for the artichokes; but the lady—who, Marco had discovered by this time, was the wife of the patrician—told him that he would require to have the last piece also, for it was necessary for her to take with her additionally a couple of platefuls of dessert. By means of much adroitness and much cunning, she managed to obtain for this one sou as many cherries and mountain strawberries as her basket would now hold (and as many as she ought to have paid four sous for), and she then took her departure.

As soon as she was gone, Marco stated his own errand, and had no trouble in obtaining the wished-for measure of potatoes, with which he immediately set out again homewards. On his way, as he passed by the palace which bears the historic name of the patrician, he perceived the engineer's gondola stationed at its water door, with its cabin lifted off, and placed, with the oars, under the vestibule. At this sight, Marco stood still for a second or two, lost in conjectures, when suddenly the patrician came out of the palace, and passed before his creditor with as indifferent an air as though he now saw him for the first time in his life. When Marco saw that he had fairly passed him, he ran up to him, and whispered, in a low voice, "A word with me, your excellency, for pity's sake!"

"What do you want with me?" replied the patrician, stopping, and knitting his eyebrows, into a frown; "what do you want with me? I know nothing of you, and dont see that you can know much of me."

"What!" cried Marco in astonishment, "what! your excellency! Do you not recognize your servant the nicolitto? Have you forgotten who has carried you so often lately to the Fresco and to St. Felix, with the signor and the signorina, and whom you have promised to make the first gondolier in Venice, when the republic comes?"

The patrician saw this time that it would be difficult to deny his knowledge of the nicolitto, and he, therefore, for the time at least, changed the plan of his operations. He hesitated for a moment or two, and then "Imprudent youth!" he whispered, in a mysterious tone, "will you betray me and my conspiracies? It is always so. Whenever a patrician meditates to strike some stroke for the general welfare, there ever comes some man of the people to betray his secret, either by purpose or by want of cautiousness. Look at me. Am I no longer the nephew of the conqueror of the Candiots? Have you no confidence in me?"

"I have as much faith in you," replied the gondolier, "as though you were my father. But how comes it that you no longer employ me to take you in the evenings to the Fresco, and how is it that the gondola of the Frenchman is moored here as though at home?"

"Accursed wretch! you know my projects, and yet question me in this way,' said the patrician, in a tone of despair. "Learn, then, however," he continued, after a moment, "that the engineer is living with me, having commenced yesterday to partake of my hospitality. To-night he dines with me, and——"

"Not a word more, your excellency," interrupted Marco; "I divine it all. But still it is necessary for me to have bread, and you owe me the little sum of ——"

"Silence!" put in the doge, emphatically. "The profoundest secrecy."

"Yes, I understand," interrupted Marco; "but when will you pay me?"

"In fifteen days, or perhaps a month," responded the doge; "and till then you must not stir."

"No," answered the gondolier, "I will not. May I be strangled, if I give even the least sign of life!"

But, in spite of this oath, Marco—for he was a true child of Venice, and no conspiracies or secrets will prevent a Venetian creditor demanding his money from those who owe it him—knocked the next day at the door of the magnifico signor, and asked him for the wages that were due to him. The patrician at first strode about the chamber without answering; then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he cried, "You have just arrived at the right moment—follow me." And leaving the apartment, he beckoned the gondolier to do likewise.

When he had reached the end of a long gallery, entirely bare of furniture, the doge knocked gently at a little door. From the interior some one answered "*Avanto!*" and Marco recognized the accents of the French engineer. It was him; and the task he was engaged in was that of preparing the wages of his workmen, piles of écus being ranged on the table before him, glittering with the most fascinating splendor. As soon as he had entered, the patrician, raising his hand towards the heavens, exclaimed, "O my friend, behold into what an abyss I have at last fallen! See what kind of creditors it is whose reproaches I am obliged to bear! He is a poor gondolier, a miserable *farcarol*, who is come to ask me his wages, and I cannot pay them. Speak, Marco, and tell my generous friend yourself how much I owe you."

The gondolier, quite confused, already repented of the step he had taken, and he could only murmur out an inarticulate reply.

The Frenchman, however, quickly came to the rescue, and, addressing the patrician, he said, with a slight smile, "Do not distress yourself at all, signor, I will lend you the sum that you have need of to discharge these little debts. We will speak of the matter again to-morrow, but I warn you that I don't mean to be duped. It is not customary with Venetians ever to salute the people who have opened their purses to them, but I shall require you, if you please, to act differently with me. I shall expect you to give me from month to month a small sum on account, in part repayment of what I lend you, even if your instalment—and I will leave the size of them entirely to you—be only of the value of five francs. Do you agree to this?"

"Delightedly, my generous friend," replied the patrician; "my heart is not that of a Judas. I would ——"

"Come, no rhetoric, signor, and no exaggeration," interrupted the engineer; "business requires neither. To-morrow you shall have the money, if you promise to repay it by monthly instalments. Do you promise?"

"Promise?" asked the doge. "I promise, by the sun that is enlightening us, by the green earth we tread on, by all those who have borne before me the illustrious name of ——"

"Nonsense!" cried the engineer, with difficulty restraining a hearty burst of laughter. "Keep these solemn declarations for more important occasions than this. But there is another point we will agree upon; how much will you give me next month, as the first instalment?"

"Let me see," responded the patrician; "did you not mention about three francs?"

"Five," replied the engineer; "but three will do, if you like it better, and will prove yourself a man of your word."

"Well, three, it shall be then," answered the doge, "and you will see whether I fib or not. But I have still another favor to beg of

you; and it is, that you will put the crown to your generosity, by engaging not to mention the matter to my wife."

"To no one in the world, my dear neighbor," was the reply. "You may rely upon my discretion. But now, *au revoir*. Pardon me for not reconducting you, and remember that the money will be ready for you to-morrow."

Upon this, the patrician made his adieu in a lofty style, and then left the apartment, followed by Marco. When he reached the chamber in which the nicolitto had first found him, he made a few delighted gambols, and seeming utterly incapable of containing himself, kept exclaiming, "To-morrow, to-morrow" and repeating the words of the engineer, "To-morrow your money will be ready for you."

Marco partook of his joy also, and could not restrain himself from crying repeatedly, "The loan is contracted, and so, Hurrah for Venice! Hurrah for the vest of velvet and the yearly hire!"

But at last he managed to calm himself, and gently to insinuate a request that the grand "to-morrow" should see his wages paid. Upon this, the doge entirely changed his mood, and assuming his accustomed stupid look, replied, "It is doubtful; the interests of the state, you know, must be seen to, before the interests of an individual."

"But, your excellency," responded Marco, "I can wait no longer. Everything I had I have now parted with; I have loaded myself with debts, and should have been long carried to the cemetery in the gondola of the paupers, if Digia had not offered me her savings."

"What, silly man!" exclaimed the patrician in reply, "had your mistress savings? Why did you not tell me of them, and then she could have placed them in the great banking concern which I am about to establish with the ècus of Ronzilli, which the engineer has just agreed to lend me, and I would have paid her six per cent. interest."

"We want no interest, but the capital—to marry upon," was Marco's answer, rather harshly uttered.

"Well, you shall have it," was the patrician's reply; "but to-morrow I shall be very much engaged; you cannot contract a loan with a rich financier, without doing a deal of writing and going through many formalities. But do not forget to come for your money the next day, at the *botto*, neither earlier nor ater—do you hear?"

"Yes, signor," answered the gondolier; "you need not fear that I shall forget."

Nor did he; but it is necessary to say that, when he knocked at the door of the doge's palace, on the day after the morrow, at the exact time specified (an hour after mid-day), he found no one at home? I believe not, for the reader will have divined that the magnifico signor had only indicated the precise hour and the precise day, in order that he might have an opportunity of taking himself out of the way before its arrival. Ten times during the afternoon and the next morning, the poor gondolier renewed his attack upon his patron's door, but all in vain, and by the next time that he succeeded in meeting with his debtor, the latter had had opportunities of inventing a thousand fresh excuses. The misery and the debts of the poor nicolitto were thus left to increase themselves day by day, and as the courage and activity of the Pagota were not sufficient for the support of three persons, Coletto, who had very long teeth, commenced to rebel. One evening, Marco, leaning over the parapet of a bridge, observed that a flood of light which illuminated the waters on all sides, was issuing from the windows of his patron's palace, and soon after he saw gondoliers pass under the bridge, and set down ladies decked in ball attire at his doors, whilst pastry-cooks also proceeded thither with baskets upon their heads. It was thus evident that the magnifico signor was giving a grand fête, and Marco, not being able to conceive the slightest reason why the patrician should object to pay his little debt out of the millions which he imagined he had received from the most rich Ronzilli, especially when he could give a splendid banquet like the present, felt his love for the descendants of the conquerors of Chypre profoundly wounded. Still, he continued to believe in the future doge's excellent faith, and in a gorgeous future, to be bought but by these privations. Coletto said it was all fudge, and that the patrician was a bankrupt.

"And may God punish you, Marco," further added his little brother, "for having ceased to be a contrabandist, in order to become a lacquey, like a red gondolier."

"Well," replied poor Marco, in a fit of indignant anger, "a malediction upon all magnifico signors! May accidents for ever defeat their projects, and may the Madonna of the contrabandists, touched by my repentance, accord her protection to the returned wanderer!"

In order that the reader may judge exactly as to how far Coletto's verdict with respect to the state of the finances of the magnifico signor was a true one, we will introduce him for a moment into the necessitous patrician's household.

(*To be continued.*)

We should use a book as a bee does a flower. Pompous fools may be compared to alembics, for in their slowness of speech, and dulness of apprehension, they give you drop by drop, an extract of the simples they contain.

Men are made to be eternally shaken about, but women are flowers that lose their beautiful colours in the noise and tumult of life.

THE FATHER AND THE DEAD CHILD.

BY J. STANYAN BIGG.

Ah! 'tis but yesterday when thou didst come,
Dower'd with all graces, from God's great right hand;
Thou loveliness epitomised—thou stray,
Wild ray of glory from the starry land!
Thou wert attended by all blissful things;
White-winged smiles across thy face were driven,
Bright, holy, and divinely beautiful,
Like busy, gleaming memories of heaven!

Ah! 'tis but yesterday the living words
Leapt from thy lips as innocent as fawns;
But yesterday thy rich and mellow laugh
Ran like a river o'er the sloping lawns!
But yesterday the sweetest lustre shone
Like starlight on a lake, amid thy tears;
And through thy soul, as through a haunted wood
Went crowds of angel hopes and hooded fears.

But yesterday, along the garden walks,
Thy little feet went bounding in wild glee,
And from behind the tree-boles thy young face
Peep'd radiant as a star at night, for me;—
But yesterday, and thou didst strive to hide
Behind the tangled greenery of the bowers,
But thy gold tresses glimmer'd through the screen,
And gave a richer sunlight to the flowers.

It is but yesterday, and thy sweet talk
Open'd rich wonders to my eager view,
Like ancient pictures with their golden mists,
And forms of shining angels shimmering through;—
But yesterday, and all this weary world
Was sanctified and lovely as a shrine,
For God was near me, speaking through thy lips,
And making *my* life beautiful through *thine*.

Oh, I remember thee, my child! my child!
All lovely things that beautify the globe,
Stars, flowers, and rainbows, and the sunny heavens,
Gather'd about thee like a gorgeous robe.
Even the night with thee forgot her gloom,
And came out calm and holy as a priest,
And the rough storm exchanged his angry roar
For the glad gambols of a sportive beast!

But now! oh, now!—a little, empty chair
Casts its lank shadow on my cottage floor,
And a dark memory ever, ever broods,
Like a black mute, before my open door;—
These, and this little grave, are all of thee
Which the world offers to my straining sight:—
The world how poor!—but, oh, the wealthy heaven
That holds this new-born angel in its light!

Did you ever know a strike which did not hit the workmen harder than the master?

Did you ever know a hotel-keeper, whose "wax" lights would bear the test of a tallow-chandler?

THE CAMEL.

The Camel is an oddity in his way. He looks very well in a picture or on a desert standing under a palm tree; he looks well at a distance with a family of Bedouins on his back; he looks well lying down by the ruins of an old mosque; in an artistical point of view, he looks well almost anywhere; yet when you come to analyze his character, and consider all the fine descriptions that poetical writers have given of his patience, his gentleness, his powers of endurance, his admirable physical construction, and all that, I am rather disposed to regard him in the light of a humbug; and I take the more satisfaction in expressing this opinion because it has a healing influence upon the bruises that I received when Saladin and myself were rolled down the hill. As to his gentleness, he is gentle from pure laziness. He can be vicious enough at times. Let any body who would test the mild spirit of the camel, place his fingers between the teeth of that gentle animal, at certain periods, when he has been pelted, and there will soon be no further room for doubt on the subject. The camel is gentle when he is not savage; patient, when he is not impatient; affectionate when he wants something to eat; docile, when he is taught to understand that the absence of docility is usually filled with a stick. As to his physical strength and powers of endurance: Can he jump as far as a flea? Can he carry as heavy a load on his back; can he endure half the amount of cold? I mean in proportion to his size. Let any body who admires the beauty of the camel stand behind one and see him go down hill; cast a look at his feet and legs; and ask himself, Is that beautiful? is that picturesque? is that graceful? and he will see how ridiculous the idea is, and what an awkward, ungainly, absurd animal the camel is. I hold that Tokina, the Prince of Asses, has more beauty in his person and more sense in that long head of his, than all the camels in Syria. I am perfectly satisfied with my experience in camels. Once, during a sojourn in Zanzibar, I mounted a camel, and was thrown over his head before I had travelled ten paces. On another occasion, as I was walking by the sea-shore one morning, three frisky old camels, by way of a frolic, ran after me. I was rather brisk at running—especially when three large animals with whose habits I was not familiar were after me—and I gave them a very fair race of it for as much as a mile, and probably might have made them run a mile or two more, had I not run into some quicksand. The camels ran all round the quicksand twice or three times, and then went away about their business, which was more than I did, for I was up to my arm-pits by that time; and I remained there perfectly satisfied that I was gaining on them up to that period, and that I would eventually have beaten them had I retained the free use of my legs. I was not satisfied, however, with the way I was going then, so I shouted to some Arabs who chanced to be near, and they pulled me out.—Ever since that period I have been prejudiced against camels, nor has that prejudice been removed by my experience in Syria. I would recommend all camels in future to keep clear of any body that looks like a General in the Bobtail Militia.—*Yusef, a Crusade in the East.*

DEAD RECKONING AT THE MORGUE.

On the island of the city of Paris, stands the Palace of Justice, with its numerous courts of law and echoing Hall of the Lost Footsteps (*Salle des Pas perdus*); its near and necessary neighbor, the Prison of the Conciergerie, once vomiting indiscriminately into the guillotine-cart crime and innocence; the Holy Chapel, that marvel of Gothic architecture; the great flower market, which, with its rival on the Place de la Madeleine, supplies all Paris with *bouquets;* the Prefecture of Police, where strangers must go or send, if for no other purpose than to have their passports indorsed; the great cathedral of Notre Dame, alone worthy of a pilgrimage: the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, always dedicated to humanity, and once called by that name, when the virtue was scarce in Paris: and, not the least curious, though, to the majority of sight-seers, perhaps the least agreeable, the Morgue, or "dead-house."

Why the Morgue is so designated, few except philologists can tell. According to Vaugelas, *morgue* is an old French word signifying face; and it is still used to express a consequential look or haughty manner reflected from the countenance. In former times there used to be a small lobby just within the entrance to all the prisons which, in France, was called the *morgue;* because it was there that the gaolers examined the *morgue* or face of each prisoner before he was taken to his cell, that he might be recognised in case of attempted evasion. At a later period, it was in these ante-chambers that the bodies of such as were found dead in the streets or elsewhere, were exposed, for recognition, to the gaze of the public, who peeped at them through a wicket in the prison door. In Paris, the general place of exposure was in the lower gaol or *morgue* of the prison of the great Chatelet, and the principal regulations to be observed in giving effect to the measure were set forth in a police ordinance of the ninth of the month *Floreal*, in the year eight, which means the twenty-eighth of April, eighteen hundred, as follows:—

As soon as a corpse was brought to the lower gaol, it was to be exposed to public view, with all the respect due to decency and propriety, the clothes of the deceased hanging beside it, and it was thus to remain for three days. In case of the body being recognised, those who identified it were to make their declaration before the magistrate of the quarter, or the nearest commissary of police, and he, having furnished the necessary paper, the prefect of police would give an order for the delivery of the remains and their interment in the usual manner. Those who claimed the corpse were expected, if it was in their power, to pay the expenses attendant upon finding and exposing it, and were allowed to have the clothes and other effects found upon the deceased. All the reports relating to the bodies taken to the lower gaol, as well as the orders of interment, were to be inscribed in a register kept for that purpose at the prefecture of police; and a similar book was to be kept at the lower gaol itself, in which, day by day, were to be inscribed the admission of dead bodies, their appearance, the presumed cause of death, and the date of their removal. When fragments of a corpse were fished out of the Seine, those who discovered them were to give intimation of the fact to the nearest commissary of police, who was to take the same steps with regard to them as if the body had been found entire.

This ordinance remained in force for four years; but it being then thought advisable to have a building expressly devoted to the exposure of the dead, the present Morgue was constructed close to the north-eastern extremity of the bridge of Saint Michel, on the Marché Neuf. No change took place in the regulations above cited, nor has any material alteration been made in them since the promulgation of the original ordinance.

The establishment of the Morgue was particularly intended to apply to that class of persons, respecting whose habits of life and place of abode it was difficult to obtain such information as would enable the authorities to register their deaths *in a proper manner;* and the object which the administration hoped to attain by the institution, was that of universal identification. This has never been altogether possible, but great *progress* has been made towards it. For instance, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty, the proportion of bodies recognised was not more than four out of ten, while at present they amount to nine-tenths of the whole number exposed; with this material addition that, whereas the bodies formerly remained for the full period prescribed by law, and sometimes even exceeded it, the average time within which recognition now takes place is little more than twenty-four hours.

This information, with what will further be detailed, was communicated to me in a very business-like, and I had almost said, a very pleasant manner, by Monsieur Baptiste, the intelligent *greffier* or clerk of the Morgue.

No "mysterious disappearance of a gentleman," or lady, such as with us produces an advertisement in the *Times*, was the cause of my "looking in" one fine sunny morning while on my way, by the route which most people take, to Notre Dame. I was simply passing along the Marché Neuf when, from the open door of a wine-shop, three or four men in blouses, accompanied by a woman, suddenly rushed out, and exclaiming loudly, "Ah! it is he then!" ran hastily across the street and dashed into the Morgue. I had

often glanced, with an involuntary shudder, at the cold looking vault-like building, and had always hurried onward; but on this occasion a feeling of curiosity made me pause. I asked myself who it was that had excited the sudden emotion which I had just witnessed? and, as I put the question, I found I was proceeding to answer it by following those who I had no doubt were the relatives or friends of some one newly discovered.

Passing through a wide carriage gate, I entered a large vestibule, and, turning to the left, saw before me the *Salle d'Exposition*, where so many ghastly thousands, the victims of accident or crime, had been brought for identification after death. It was separated from the vestibule by a strong barrier, which, supported a range of upright bars, placed a few inches apart and reaching to the ceiling, and through the interstices everything within could be distinctly seen; this barrier ran the whole length of the chamber, dividing it into two nearly equal parts. It had need to have been strong, if the grief of all who pressed against it had equalled the passionate sorrow of the woman who now clung to the bar in her frenzied eagerness to clasp the dead. I soon learned, from her own sobbing voice, that it was her son. The facts attending his exposure were of every-day occurrence: he had been fished out of the Seine, and there he lay, livid and swollen; but, whether he had accidentally fallen into the river, or had committed suicide, there seemed to be nothing to show. So at least it appeared to me; but the mother of the drowned man—he was under twenty, and she herself had scarcely passed middle age—thought otherwise; for every now and then she moaned forth a female name, which the friends who stood beside her endeavored to hush, and from this I inferred that the deceased had probably acted under one of those impulses of jealousy which, when it does not seek the life of a rival, resolves to suppress its own. But, come by his death how he might, the identification was complete, and defeatured as he was, his mother found the sad task no difficulty. Indeed, the manner of exposure offers every facility for recognition. The clothes are hung up over the corpse in such a manner that they can be readily recognised. The body itself is placed on a dark slab, slightly inclining towards the spectator, with the head resting upon a sort of desk or low block covered with zinc; so that the features are clearly to be seen beneath the light, which comes from windows high up in the wall behind the corpse. There is a tap in the wall for turning on water, which runs off by a small gutter at the foot of the slab. This is all.

It was only after extreme persuasion that the mother of the deceased suffered herself to be led away from the Morgue to her dwelling opposite. One of the party remained behind. He, too, had identified the body as that of his cousin; and, upon his declaration, the *greffier* proceeded to draw up the document, which was to be taken to the commissioners of police before the body could be removed from the building, although it was now withdrawn from the *salle d'exposition* and placed in another apartment. Perceiving that I lingered in the vestibule after the departure of the cousin, Monsieur Baptiste accosted me, and civilly conjectured that, as I was alone, perhaps it would afford me some "amusement" to see that part of the building which was not usually shown to the public. He placed himself entirely at my disposition. I accepted his courtesy with many thanks; and, having crossed the vestibule, he opened a door on the right hand, and introduced me into the office over which he presided. "Here," he said, with a slight flourish of his hand, "all the important forms attendant upon the several entries and departures were filled up by himself—a function which he knew he need not assure me, was a highly responsible one. To discover a dead body," he added, "was a sufficiently simple process—to daguerreotype it in pen and ink was another. Even if that *salle d'exposition* did not exist, Monsieur, here," he exclaimed, tapping an enormous folio with brazen clasps, "could be seen, in my own handwriting, all the proofs necessary for establishing a secure identification."

I ventured to suggest, with humility—for I was a stranger in Paris—that some impediment might be offered to this mode of giving general satisfaction, in the possible fact that the relations of at least one-half of the unfortunate people whose bodies were taken to the Morgue might not be able to read.

"Then," replied Monsieur Baptiste, undauntedly, "I would read my description to those poor people."

Of course, it was not for me to doubt the skill of the worthy little *greffier*, but I could not help fancying—from a certain recollection of the portraiture of passports—that it was quite as well the hall of exposure and identification *did* exist. However, I made no comment upon Monsieur Baptiste's triumphant rejoinder, and we passed on.

Apart from a little pleasant personal vanity, I found Monsieur Baptiste a very intelligent companion. From the office he conducted me to the *salle d'autopsie* (dissecting-room), in which were two dissecting tables, one of them supplied with a disinfecting apparatus, communicating with a stove in an adjoining apartment. Beyond this was the *remise* (coach-house) containing the waggon-shaped hearse, which conveyed to the cemetery—without show, and merely shrouded in a coarse cloth—such bodies as were either unclaimed or unrecognised. The next chamber

was called the *salle de lavage*, or washing-room. It was flagged all over, and supplied with a large stone trough, in which the clothes of the persons brought in were washed; it served also for sluicing the bodies. Similarly flagged throughout was another apartment, the *salle de degagement*, or private room, situated between the *salle de lavage* and the *salle d'exposition*, where temporarily deposited on stone tables—out of the reach of insects, from whose attacks they were protected by a covering of prepared cloth—lay the bodies of those who had been identified, such as were in too advanced a stage of decomposition to admit of recognition, and such as were destined for interment. The last apartment in the Morgue that remains to be noticed, but which I did not enter, was the *combles*, a sort of garret, in which that one of the two attendants slept, whose duty it is to pass the night on the premises; his sleep being very frequently disturbed by fresh arrivals.

"And how many admissions take place in the Morgue, in the course of the year?" I inquired of Monsieur Baptiste.

"Faith," replied he, shrugging his shoulders, "of one kind or other, there is scarcely a single day without something fresh. Observe, Monsieur, they do not come in regularly. Not at all. Sometimes we are quite empty for days; and then, again, we are crowded to such a degree as scarcely to be able to find room for all that arrive. In the extremes of the seasons—the height of summer and the depth of winter—the numbers are the greatest. But if Monsieur is curious to know the precise facts, I shall have great pleasure in informing him."

Thereupon Monsieur Baptiste invited me once more to enter his office; and, having accommodated me with a seat, he appealed to the brazen clasped volume to correct his statistics, and communicated to me the following particulars.

The Morgue, he said, was supplied not only from the forty-eight *quartiers* into which Paris is divided; but received a considerable share from the seventy-eight *communes* of the *banlieue*, or townships within the jurisdiction of the capital; from the *communes* of Sèvres, Saint Cloud, and Meudon; from Argenteuil, Saint Germain, and from other places bordering on the river. The average number per annum amounted to three hundred and sixty-four, which Monsieur Baptiste arranged as follows: including the separate fragments of dead bodies, which he rated at eleven entries, there were brought, he said, thirty-eight children prematurely born, twenty-six that had reached the full term, and of adults two hundred and thirty-eight men and fifty-one women. He divided the two last into categories. Of secret homicides, there were the bodies of three men and two women; of such as had died from sickness or very suddenly, thirty-four men and eleven women; of the accidentally hurt where death had supervened, sixty-six men and four women; and of suicides, the large number of one hundred and thirty men and thirty-five women.

I remarked that the disproportion between the sexes was much greater than I had imagined; indeed I had rather expected that the balance would have inclined the other way.

"If Monsieur would permit me," said the polite Baptiste, "I would cause him to observe that men have more reasons for committing suicide than women; or, if this be disputed, that they are less tenacious of existence than the other sex, who understand that their mission is to bear. A woman's hope, Monsieur, is almost as strong as her love, often they are the same. But a man! before the face of adversity he turns pale; the pain of the present is intolerable to him; in preference to that, he severs ties which a woman shudders to think of breaking. A woman never forgets that her children are a part of herself; a man frequently considers them a mere accident."

"But, after all," I remarked, "the sum total which you have named appears to me not enormous, considering the extent of Paris and its dependencies, the number of its inhabitants, and," I added, after a short pause, "the impressionable character of the people."

"That observation would be perfectly just," returned Monsieur Baptiste, "if all who met with violent deaths in Paris were transported to the Morgue. But the fact is different. Those chiefly—I might almost say those only—are brought here, whose place of abode is unknown in the quarter where they are found. The persons accidentally killed at work, a proportion of those who are run over or injured by animals, the victims of poison, or charcoal, or hanging, or duels, have for the most part a fixed residence, and to bring them to the Morgue for identification would be unnecessary. Even such as try the water, and they furnish the majority of cases (this act being the least premeditated), have homes or the dwellings of friends or masters to which they are conveyed by witnesses of the deed. It is the solitary, homeless suicide, who, in the middle of the night, leaps from the parapet of the bridge, and is found in the meshes of the *filets des morts* (the dead-nets) that comes to this establishment. That this is a fact the general returns officially declare; for the number of drowned persons who are exposed in the Morgue are only one-sixth of those whose remains are taken to their own dwellings; and this proportion is exceeded in most of the other cases."

I ventured to suppose that where everything was so methodically ordered, some ap-

proximation as to the cause of the numerous suicides—the last scene of which was witnessed in the Morgue—had been arrived at in the establishment. Monsieur Baptiste told me I was right. Diligent inquiry, voluntary information, and conjecture based upon long experience, had, he believed, arrived very nearly at the truth, and these conclusions were thus set forth.

Taking one hundred and sixty-nine for the annual aggregate, the number of men who committed suicide in a state of insanity or delirium, was twenty-two; of women eight. On account of domestic trouble, the numbers were eighteen and six; of drunkenness, fifteen and two; of misery, thirteen and four; of disgust of life, eleven and three; of disappointed love, ten and three; of misconduct, eight and two; of incurable maladies, eight and one; dread of judicial investigation, seven and one; embezzlement and defalcations, six and one; while, on account of causes that could not be ascertained or guessed at, there remained sixteen men and five women.

It appeared from what Monsieur Baptiste further stated, that self-activity in procuring the means of death was much greater in the men than the women.

"A woman, Monsieur," said the *greffier*, "when she has made up her mind to die, chooses the speediest and most passive form of self-destruction. Shrinking from the thoughts of blood, she seldom employs firearms or a sharp instrument—these are a man's weapons; for those who shoot themselves, we have ten men and only one woman; by the knife three men alone; it is merely on the stage that a woman uses the dagger. In suffocation by the fumes of charcoal—the easiest death known—the women exceed the men, the numbers being three and two; in cases of drowning, the general proportion holds twenty-six women and ninety-seven men selecting that mode of death. Sixteen men and two women hang themselves, four men and three women throw themselves from high places, two men end their lives by poison; and in this way, Monsieur, the sum total is made up."

"I have," I said, "but one more question to ask now. What is the period of life at which suicide is most frequent?"

"A man's tendency to shorten his days," replied Monsieur Baptiste, "is principally developed between the ages of twenty and fifty; it is strongest in women before she reaches thirty, diminishes from that age to forty, subsides still more within the next ten years, revives again for another decade, and then becomes almost extinct. Old men become weary of life towards its close much oftener than women. In that *salle d'exposition* I have seen in one year the white hairs of four men of eighty, more or less; but of aged women never more than two. Ah, Monsieur, the Morgue is not a very gay place to live in, but it is a great teacher."

THE SNOWBERRY.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry glade,
Mantled o'er with driven snow,
Rest in sleep the flowers of summer,
Till the April breezes blow;
Hidden all the grace and beauty
Of their loved familiar forms,
Safe they lie with buds protected,
From the winter's ruthless storms.

Safe they lie 'mid forests rocking,
To the wild December blast;
Calm they sleep in mossy hollows
Till earth's dreary hour is past;
Save one plant, despis'd, neglect'd,
'Mid her brighter sister's bloom,
Who now bends a mourning vestal
O'er their white and chilly tomb.

Sad above their graves she bendeth,
With her pallid, anxious face,
Which reflecteth e'en the color
Of the shroud that wraps her race.
Sweet and loving plant! thy modest,
Unassuming grace and worth
Makes thee loved by all whose favor
Is a recompense on earth.

R. N.

This native plant, the Symphoricerphera Racemosa, is well known, having been long cultivated in the garden, and is deservedly an universal favorite.

LANNA TIXEL.

Under a stiff hollybush cut like a dragon, the chief glory in the garden of her father, the Burgomaster, little Lanna Tixel lay with her face to the grass, sobbing and quivering. Ten minutes ago she had passed silently out of her father's sick chamber with a white face and eyes large with terror; she had fled through the great still house into the garden, and fallen down under the dragon to give way to the agony of something more than childish grief. Poor little Lanna! Sheltered by the prickly wings of that old garden monster, she had wept many a time for the loss of a pale, blue-eyed mother, who had gone from her to be one of the stars; but that was a grief full of love and tenderness, that led to yearnings heavenward. She lay then grieving with her tearful eyes fixed on the blue sky, watching the clouds or wondering which of the first stars of evening might be the bright soul of her saint. Now she had

her face pressed down into the earth—her father was on his death-bed; but there was something wilder in her agony than childish sorrow. In the twilight the green dragon seemed to hang like a real fiend over the plump little child that had been thrown to it, and that lay cowering within reach of its jaws.

So perhaps thought the sallow-faced Hans Dank, the leanest man in the Low Countries, and yet no skeleton; who, after a time, had followed the child down from the sick chamber, and stood gravely by, lending his ear to her distress. He might have thought so, though he was by no means imaginative, for he had facts in his head that could have, by themselves, suggested such a notion. "Lanna!" She heard nothing. "Your father asks for you." She rose at once, with a fierce shudder, and Mr. Dank led her indoors by the hand.

Burgomaster Tixel was the richest and most friendless man in Amsterdam. He loved only two things, his money and his daughter, and he loved both in a wretched, comfortless and miserably jealous way. He was ignorant and superstitious, as most people were in his time—two or three centuries ago. If he could live to-day, and act as he used to act, he would be very properly confined in Bedlam.

He lay very near death in a large room, gloomy with the shadows of evening and hung with heavy tapestries. Mr. Dank led Lanna to his side. "You will conquer your fear, darling," said the Burgomaster, with a rattle in his harsh voice. "If you have loved me I prepare for you a pleasure. If you have not loved, if my memory is never to be dear to you—be punished."

"O father!"

"You are too young to think—but twelve years old—it is my place to think for you, and Dank will care for you when I am gone, because, dear, it is made his interest to do so. When you know the worth of your inheritance you will not speak as you have spoken. You are a child, what do you know?"

"She knows," said Mr. Dank, in a dry matter-of-fact way, "the value of a father's blessing."

"True," said the Burgomaster, glaring at the child; the signal lights of the great rock of death on which he was fast breaking to pieces, glittered in his eyes. "True, Lanna. Your obedience is the price of my last blessing."

"I will obey you," she said, and he blessed her. Then the little girl fell in a great agony of fear over his hand crying, "O father, I should like to die with you!"

"That is well, darling," said the Burgomaster. "Those are tender words."

He made her nestle on the bed beside him and then put an arm about her; pressing her against his breast. "Now," said he "let the priests come in!" and the last rites of the Church were celebrated over the Burgomaster, while his little daughter remained thus imprisoned. And the dead arm of the Burgomaster, when his miserly and miserable soul was fled, still pressed the little girl to his dead heart.

Eight years after the death in Amsterdam of Burgomaster Tixel, there was born at Blickford, in Devonshire, the first and last child of Hodge Noddison, a tiller of the soil, with a large body, a hard hand, and a heart to match it. He was not naturally a bad fellow, but he was intensely stupid (as hand-labourers in those days usually were) for want of teaching; and so through sheer stupidity he was made callous, obstinate, and cruel. He beat his wife every day more or less; amused himself on holidays with brutal sports, and very much preferred strong drinks to the coarse bread then eaten by the poorer classes in this country. Noddison had been twelve years married and had only recently been blessed with a child, solely in consequence of the aid of some scrapings from the tooth of a crocodile, mixed with a little hedgehog's fat and eaten off a fig-leaf.

One May evening Hodge Noddison was rolling home by the field path from a rough drinking party at the Bull Inn near Blickford, when the fat ribs of the fattest man in Devonshire came in his way, and he was not sober enough to see reason why he should not pummel them. To work he set with such drunken exasperation, that he belaboured his victim too frantically to find out that he was driving, as fast as he was able, the life out of the tyrannical Dutchman whom he called master; the dreadful old Dank, upon whom at that time, himself, his wife, and his first-born were dependent for bread. The fat old foreigner roared and screamed and bellowed with pain to such an excess, that his cries flew over the blossoms of the blackthorn hedge from the ditch in which he was lying, and reached the ears of Mrs. Noddison. Out she flew; and found Dank, although not seriously hurt, lying insensible behind the hedge. Noddison's wife had time to discover what deed had been done, and to take counsel with herself, before law and vengeance knocked at the door of their miserable shed.

They lived in a sort of grotto, made by a rude heap of stones piled together on the edge of a great moor. There was a piece of muddy water close by, known to the Blickford people as Nick's Pond, in which it was the custom of the place to drown all the black kittens that were born, and through which all the black cats of the parish had gone down to perdition years ago.

Mrs. Noddison got her husband home with difficulty, and commenced maturing her plans. It was quite evident that he would not get any work again on the Dutch farm, and she did not mind that, for the estate was

not in good repute among the neighbours; it was also evident that he would be required to go to jail if he could not escape the constables. How should he do that when he had his liquor to sleep off, and was already snoring at full length on the earthen floor? Her good man might be carted off to safety; but she had no cart, and he was much too heavy to be carried pick-a-back. There was no chimney up which he might be thrust; there was, of course, no cupboard; for indeed there was not so much as a second room in the fine old cottage where they dwelt, all of the olden time. There was the straw they slept upon; but there was not enough of that to cover him. Besides, if there had been chimneys, cupboards, or whole waggon loads of straw, how could they conceal a man who snored so mightily?

Mistress Noddison, living in a lone place, had no near neighbors to whom she might run for counsel; great was her joy, therefore, when Goody Fubs happened to come in, late as it was, with a bit of frog's bile, which she had promised and avowed, as a godmother, should be her present to the baby. A most precious remedy against all mundane ills.

"Do you think, Goody, it would put my husband out o'harm?" Mrs. Noddison added to her question an exceedingly long narrative. Mrs. Fubs responded with long maledictions on the Dutch; and wished to know what right foreign wenches had eating up the corn in Devonshire. Mrs. Noddison didn't so much mind the wench; she was a bit mad to be sure; but if, as folks said, the heretics were out in her own country, and the powers of evil were let loose, and there were burnings, and quartering,, and cannon roarings, perhaps she was no fool to have come to Devonshire for peace and quiet. For herself, too, she was free enough of money and pleasant enough.—"When she is not possessed," said Goody Fubs. The gossips then proceeded to discuss how far the evil one had power over Lanna Tixel, who had a queer stare betimes about the eyes and wandered about unseemly and—Holy Mary! what was that?

A white figure flitted, like a phantom, by the open door. The two women looked out together. It was she of whom they talked. It was Lanna. When the moon shone out from among the flying clouds they recognized her, hurrying along like one pursued.

They came in and shut the door, and fastened it, and shook their heads at one another. Goody Fubs presently drawing a long breath hoped the Dutch witch might not be off to meeting. She looked, said Mistress Noddison, as if she had a mighty way to travel before midnight. A loud knocking at the door aroused them, and its clumsy fastenings were almost in the same instant burst open. The women overlooked Hodge altogether; justice had not. No lamentation hindering, he was at once bound wrist and ancle and dragged, grunting like a pig, to jail.

On the same evening, but somewhat earlier before the night clouds had begun to flock into the sky, a young English soldier, captain of a regiment, had ridden from the stables of the manor house, leaving the squire, his father, comfortably coiled under his own dinner table, and had galloped down the lane, between the hedges full of May blossoms, to pay a visit to his neighbours of the Grange, known commonly as the Dutch Farm. He saw from his saddle over the hedge-top how Hodge Noddison was helping his unsteady homeward walk by steering with his cudgel. Moreover, he was not sorry presently to see the portly frame of Mr. Dank, surmounted by his very saturnine and ugly face, moving towards him, with his back turned to the Grange. The soldier greeted Dutch Dank with unwonted cordiality as he rode by, whispering to himself, "Lanna will be alone."

The Dutch Farm answered to its title; Cuyp might have painted scenes out of it. The Grange itself had a trim, closely shaven aspect; and, on a wide smooth lawn that stretched before the windows of the house, there were yew and box trees cut into fantastic shapes of cocks and men, and even fishes; one tree, a large hollybush, was being clipped and trained into the form of a green dragon with expanded wings. There were no fragrant flower-beds or pleasant bowers; there was nothing gayer than a clump of gueldres roses and laburnums near an open window.

At the window Lanna sat and saw the soldier coming. She was a girl of twenty, lovely as a girl can be who has a colourless face. She had a great wealth of brown hair, and had also large blue wondering eyes. She knew that she looked well in a white dress, and she, in some odd, boding way, expected Capt. Arthur—the young soldier, in his father's neighborhood, went by his Christian name—she was, therefore, dressed in white.

"Dear lady, you have never before looked so pale," he said.

The captain's horse was soon tied by its bridle to the hollybush, and Lanna, hurrying out upon the lawn, expressed her regret that Mr. Dank was absent. Yet, since she loved Captain Arthur—the first man who had taken pains to win her heart—with all the ardor of a young girl who is fatherless and motherless; who lives exposed to daily check and chill; in whom a flood of repressed feeling has for years been accumulating, she could not have regretted much the absence of the watchful steward. Captain Arthur was no genius, as Lanna would have known had she been ten years older, but he was in a passion of what they call love, with Lanna. And he had persisted in it, notwithstanding much that he had

heard. He did not care if it were true, as the old squire swore, indignantly, that she bewitched him with her glances. To say that of a young lady is now a very pretty album phrase. Then it conveyed coarser imputations than can decently be specified. Lanna, holy as an angel in her maiden's heart, guessed her friend's love, and wished to hear it spoken.

Capt. Arthur did not disappoint her wishes. He spoke boldly out. When he would have placed the trembling girl upon a bench erected close under the clump of gueldres roses, she looked at him, and said with a quivering face that would not lend itself to an attempt at smiles, "Let us sit under the dragon." So they did sit under the dragon; and there the captain made an end of speaking, and left off so confident of her answer, that, while she remained fixed as the statue of a listener, he must needs turn from the main theme to ask her why her humour favored that extremely ugly hollybush, and why she must pronounce his sentence under such a canopy. Lanna broke out into a wild fit of sobbing; Captain Arthur comforted her clumsily; but suddenly she became calm.

"Here," she said, "is best; I shall talk to this dragon when you are gone. We had such a dragon that knew my secrets at home. If you would know my secrets this is a good tree for you to be under. Here is your horse close by within reach. Should the wish suddenly seize you to leave me alone and forlorn, you have but to mount and fly."

The captain moved restlessly; did she mean to confirm the worst suspicions of the parish before answering his question? "I have no right to say what I would say to you," he began, "but there is an odd question I would if I dare"—He stopped suddenly—the stars of evening were coming out, and Lanna looked up at them.

"Help me, mother!" she cried; and Capt. Arthur, running his thoughts on in the old groove, remarked that she demanded help of mother somebody, and (a suspicious fact) did not cry, "Help me, God!"

"I cannot let my heart loose, or answer you any question that takes so much hesitation to ask," Lanna said, "until you know the terrible condition by which torment is prepared for any man who marries me."

The captain shrank from her side, and looked up with a shudder at the wings of the green dragon under which they sat enshadowed.

"There is a doom upon me," Lanna murmured; "and it is I now, who am waiting to be sentenced."

The captain had risen, and was stroking nervously his horse's mane.

"Yet it is no great thing," Lanna continued, "that it should so much affright me. You are a man, and perhaps may laugh at it, and teach me to laugh at it with you." Still she spoke in a reckless, hopeless way, and Capt. Arthur was more shocked than he had been before.

"Leave your horse but for one minute," Lanna said, "and come into the house."

The captain wavered for a little while; but there was yet love—or his sort of love—manfully wrestling in his heart with superstition. He followed Lanna through the rambling passages of the great house, lit dimly by the twilight out of doors. With a key taken from her girdle she opened the way for him into a room, over the floor of which he walked some steps and instantly turned back in affright, and meeting her on the threshold, with uplifted hands and an imploring face, he pushed her from him with a heavy hand, mounted his horse and galloped away. She reeled; but the blow gave no pain to her flesh. It seemed to her that but an instant passed before she heard the rapid gallop of his horse. The first impulse she obeyed was absurd; she followed him. If she had told her story more methodically it could never have affected him so much, although it would no doubt have ended in his quitting her. She must explain all, or what would he think? But Captain Arthur galloped as though he were pursued by somebody not quite so innocent as Lanna Tixel. A few minutes of running through cool evening air caused that first impulse to die out.

Then she sat down under the blossoms of a Maythorn hedge, picking industriously at its leaves; and so she sat in a long reverie, till the moon rose, and she heard groans of which she had not earlier been conscious. At the same time she saw, behind the opposite hedge a face covered with blood, which she took to be a dead face. It was the living face of Mr. Dank, who had returned to sense after his thrashing. She could not go home to rest. Terrified and vexed in spirit, she fled, looking like a shrouded corpse herself, towards the moor, and then it was that she interrupted the gossips' learned conversation.

"And how does the frog's bile act?" asked Mrs. Noddison. "That," said Goody Fubs, "I quite forgot to ask, I had it from a gossip who is dead. No doubt it must be eaten." Mrs. Noddison was not at all comfortless over the departure of her husband. Free he would earn nothing, after his last evening's work. He might as well therefore be fed in jail. Her skin too would be the sounder for a rest. The baby was just one of those puny squalid things that used to perish by thousands in the wretched huts of a fine old English peasantry, all of the olden time. Mrs. Noddison was full of mother's care about it. Goody Fubs was full of neighbourly advice, and very eloquent upon the subject of her nostrum, a black fetid mess containing nobody knows what.

While the two gossips talked, the flying clouds let fall a flying shower. Lanna was still on the moor, and the sudden rain recalled

her to a sense of her position. She was out, she recollected, at a strange hour. It must be at the earliest ten o'clock, an hour later than bed-time. Lanna turned homewards, though there was no place so terrible to her as home.

"Well, then, if you will hold the child," said Goody Fubs to Mistress Noddison, "I'll give it the remedy, and then i' never shall know harm again in this world." "Amen, Goody, and thank you." When the child felt the frog's bile in its throat it began to scream mightily and choke, but the stuff nevertheless was swallowed. At that instant, as Goody stated afterwards, the rain suddenly ceased to patter on the shingles. The child screamed more and more. It went into convulsions. The hut door had been left open, and indeed almost broken to pieces by the constables. A white figure glided by. "Ave Maria!" groaned old Goody Fubs, not to be heard through the screaming of the child, "there's Lanna Tixel!" The child's face was black. The fierceness of the screaming caused Lanna to turn back, and stand irresolutely in the doorway, ready to enter and bring help if she were able. Goody Fubs made a great cross with her fingers over her own wrinkled forehead, and then flew at the delicate cheeks of Lanna with her nails. Lanna fled again, followed by loud shrieks from Mrs. Noddison; the child's voice was gone, it lay dumb in a death struggle.

"O, the bile!" moaned Mrs. Noddison.

"The witch!" groaned Goody Fubs.

The two or three domestics living in the Grange were in attendance on the barber surgeon, busy, Lanna found, with Mr. Dank, who had been waylaid and beaten, as she understood. She knew then that it was no ghost she had seen, and, pitying his condition, though he was no friend to her, she tended by the steward's bedside half the night through, after she had paid a visit to her secret chamber. His bruises were not serious, the cut upon his head had been bound up, he had been comfortably shaved, had been bled in the arm, and had received an emetic. His case, therefore, promised well, and towards morning the surgeon left him quietly asleep, and recommended Lanna to retire, at the same time suggesting that she should bathe her swollen nose with vinegar, and take a powder, for she seemed to have had a very ugly fall.

Lanna slept heavily for a great many hours, and in the morning found that Mr. Dank, though very much weakened, was not confined to his bed; he was up and out, gone to encounter Noddison in a formal and judicial way before the Squire and his brother justices. Lanna, with aching heart and throbbing nose, and a wide border of black round one of her blue eyes, endeavored to go through her usual routine of duties. In the course of the day they took her into Blickford.

Two little boys at play in a ditch about a quarter of a mile out of the village, leaped up when they saw he coming, and scampered on before as fast as they were able, shouting her name aloud. They had been put there as scou s or look out men, and had beguiled their time while on their post with pitch and toss. Lanna understood nothing of that, and could not at all tell what it meant, when a turn in the road brought her in sight of the first houses in Blickford, and she saw the whole village turning out with brooms to meet her. Goody Fubs advancing as the village champion, struck the poor orphan with her broom, and then throwing away the weapon, grappled with her. Men threw stones at her, women pressed round, grappled together, and fought for the privilege of pinching her and pulling at the rich locks of brown hair that Goody their leader had set floating.

"Nick's Pond!" was the cry. The young foreign witch must be tried by water—innocent if she drowned, and guilty if she swam. In a wild and terrible procession of the whole population of the village, with the children screaming and dancing joyously about in the excitement of a witch-ducking, Lanna was dragged to the moor, where Mistress Noddison flew from her cottage as a tigress from her lair, and tore the flesh and garments of the witch, and showed her the dead child. Mounted constables were hurrying in the direction of the riot, but they only came in time to drag the wretched girl out of the pond into which she was thrust, and they came not to protect but to arrest her. There was fresh evidence, some of the men hinted to the villagers, and a most aggravated case against her. She was therefore carried to the round-house, and spent the next thirty hours, half suffocated, and locked up with very filthy people.

Then she was brought out on one of the last and finest days of the merry month of May, and taken into the presence of the justices, with Squire Cauffe at their head, who had long been of opinion that she had bewitched his son by wicked arts, and now was sure of it. The case was then gone into.

It was shown that on a certain evening Hodge Noddison maltreated the companion of the accused, a foreigner named Hans Dank, who, it was now ascertained, had secretly made his escape out of the neighbourhood, and had gone no one could find out whither. It was presumed that she received instant information from some imp of the deed that Noddison had done, for she was out in the direction of Noddison's house before any human tidings could have reached her. It was proved that Noddison was cast into a deadly lethargy, during which the witch was seen flitting about on the moor before his door, and that, immediately after she had vanished, Noddison was taken by the constables. It was proved that in further punishment of

Noddison, the accused Lanna Tixel did by her arts throw his only child into violent convulsions, during which she again appeared at the door and gazed in upon the child with her large blue eyes, immediately after the infliction of which gaze it died. It was shown, also, that the rain ceased when she appeared, and that Goody Fubs lost a young porker, and suffered more than usually from her rheumatism on the day that she assisted at the ducking of the wicked woman.

These revelations were not necessary to induce Captain Arthur to appear against the siren who had practised on him with her arts. He proved that when he had been drawn by her devices—especially, he thought, by her large eyes—to declare love towards her, she, believing that she had him in her toils, confessed to him in plain words that she had a familiar in the shape of a dragon or a holly-bush with which she often talked, and that it was acquainted with her secrets. The dragon on the lawn was, therefore, part of her enchantment, and it was natural to consider that the strange figures of cocks and fishes to be seen on the Dutch farm, though they looked like box, and yew, and holly trees, must be really and truly demons. The captain further proved, that being in some trouble, and sobbing, the witch called for help upon a certain Mother Somebody, he did not catch the name, because she, the said witch, sobbed while she was speaking.

In answer to a question from the bench he said that it was not "Mother of God." "She further," he said, "ventured so far as to tell me that I was to marry upon the condition of suffering eternal torment." (Here a thrill ran through the whole assembly.) "She told me that she herself was doomed, but that it was a light matter, and that we might laugh at it together."

During this revelation Lanna fainted. She showed no trace of her former beauty, for no change of dress or means of cleanliness had been provided for her since she was taken from the filthy pond, and she appeared to have caught some kind of fever in the round-house. When she recovered she was compelled to stand up, that her face might be seen during the rest of the examination. Her house had been searched. A white object was brought through a lane made in the shuddering crowd, and suddenly presented before Lanna. She was seized with violent hysterics. It was the *waxen image of a corpse robed in its grave-clothes*—an exact effigy of the dead body of her father.

"She took me to a room,'. said Captain Arthur, "in which lay this image. I thought it had been taken from the grave, and felt at once that she was one of the worst kind of witches. I see now that it is made of wax."

While Lanna remained still insensible, a learned priest stood forward, and gave evidence that the use of these waxen images by witches was well known. They were the figures of men to whom they wished evil. The witches moulded them and caused them to waste slowly, and as the wax wasted, so wasted the victim's flesh. They also pricked and stabbed them, and when they did so, the true flesh felt every hurt that was inflicted. This was undoubtedly the image of some person whom the witch Tixel had killed by her enchantments.

The learned justices then waited until Lanna was so far recovered that she could be made to speak; pains being made to expedite her recollection of herself by means not altogether free from cruelty. She said, however, very little. There was no escape for her, she said, and she desired none. She had lived too long. But she desired Capt. Arthur to reflect upon the words she had used, and hear now, if he would, the story she designed to tell him.

She was ordered to address the court, and did so, Captain Arthur being present. "That image was the doom I spoke of. It is the image of my father as he lay dead when, if I might, I would have died with him. He was superstitious, as you all are who accuse me here to-day of witchcraft. He was jealous of my love, and wished to be remembered by me daily when I had his wealth. I would have rejected that, for his desire was horrible to me. But next, on the peril of losing his blessing, I was made to promise that, wherever I lived, I would preserve the effigy of my dead father, every day eat my dinner in his presence, and every night kiss it before I went to rest. I was a child then, and a terror seized me which I have never been able to shake off. I have not dared to disobey. Hans Dank was my father's steward, who was privy to it all, and who was made by will my guardian and inquisitor. Let him prove that I speak truth in this. There is one thing more which concerns me little now. My father thought that while the image of his body lasted, the body itself would remain whole in the tomb, awaiting mine that was to be placed beside it. Then our dust was to mingle. He was a superstitious man, as you are superstitious men. I shall be burnt: you will defeat his wishes. That is the truth which I wish Captain Arthur now to hear. My mother died when I was four years old. I am friendless; and there is no one but the man who offered me his love for whose sake I care whether or *not I die disgraced.*"

The squire was very wroth at these allusions to his son, and said, when she had made an end of speaking, "Witch, you know truly what will be your end. If your accomplice were indeed here, he could not save you, but you can have no support from him, because, knowing his guilt, he fled when he first heard that these proceedings would be taken. For your tale, by which you artfully endeavor to

mislead my son, it cannot serve you. It touches in nothing what has been proved against you in the case of the Noddisons, your victims. With what mysterious designs you caused this dreadful image to be made, and kept it secretly within your house, we cannot tell, nor does it concern us very much to know. The meaning of the image we know well, and we know also," said the squire, with a malicious grin, "to what good use it can be put. Truly it will be a fine thing to save faggots in the burning of a witch so worthless."

And the law took its course, and solemn trial led in due time to solemn sentence, and Lanna Tixel, with the fatal waxen effigy bound in her arms, was made the core of a great holiday bonfire, which enlivened the inhabitants of Blickford. When the wax caught, the blaze made even babies in their mothers' arms crow out, and clap their hands with pleasure.

A brilliant ending to this very pleasant story of the good old times! They are quite gone, and never will come back again. And so, nothing is left for us to do, but to regret their memory, we puny men, we miserable shams!

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GHOST.

FINE TALES FOR THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

My grandmother was a singularly shrewd woman—not one easily led away by flights of imagination herself, and very intolerant of any thing approaching to superstition in those about her, she looked on both sides of a subject before she gave her assent to it. She was a rather rare specimen of a reasoning woman, faith she had none but what rose from positive conviction; she would sift a matter to the bottom, cross question in every direction, and often ended by triumphantly eliciting the truth, when every other person had quietly settled down into a belief or disbelief of a story. She was a tiresome and inconvenient person in a gossipping neighborhood, for her incredulity and love of truth often put a stop to a scandalous story that was going the rounds of the village, some people declare it was merely out of spirit of contradiction that she resolutely refused to believe or to circulate a tale to the discredit of her neighbors till she had proved every part to be correct, and woe to him or her, especially if the delinquent was young who had been the inventor or exaggerator of evil reports when after having gone through the ordeal of my stern old grandmother's cross-questioning, they were weighed in the balance and found wanting—with what a torrent of words did she visit the detected slanderer; then did she draw her tall, thin figure to its fullest height as she descanted upon the sin of breaking the ninth commandment; how at church did her old severe eye seek out the offender when the minister in emphatic tones read:—"thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Truly it were well for all country places, where scandalous stories are circulated, without due and careful consideration of the facts, that there were more such women as my revered grandmother residing among them; but I have been led aside from the subject, and, in describing one of my grandmother's characteristics, have forgotten what I proposed when I put pen to paper, which was to treat of her disbelief in ghosts, witchcraft and all spiritual delusions, as she termed them; but while deriding her grandchildren or servants for their folly in listening with eager ears, as we undoubtedly did, to all marvellous tales, she afforded us infinite amusement by recording a number of instances which had come within her own especial knowledge, to prove to us the fallacy of giving credit to such stories, however well attested they might seem to be.

One of my sisters who took a special delight in the wild and wonderful, just for the excitement that it created, would often slily dance a ghost upon the carpet, just to mount grandmamma on her hobby; we were then sure to hear a good ghost story, or perhaps if she were judiciously contradicted, a dozen.

As spiritual agencies, spirit rappings, mesmeric influence, animal magnetism, and all these mysteries have received an interest in all matters connected with the old belief in ghosts and witchcrafts,—the power of mind over matter as exerted by the strong over the weak—a few pages devoted to a subject which has always possessed an interest for old as well as young, may not be out of keeping, and some of my gradmother's stories may serve to shew how often persons of credulity have been deceived by artful actors, or, for want of due consideration, by natural causes. I will not confine myself to my grandmother's stories alone, but will vouch for the authenticity of others as coming within my own actual knowledge.

The first anecdote that I shall relate is not a ghost story, but it may serve to prove how deceptions are often practiced by people who bear the reputation of fortune-tellers.

When I was a young girl of fifteen years of age, said my grandmother, I came up to London to stay with an old friend of my mother's, who had a daughter about my own age—she was very pretty, but weak and vain as pretty girls often are, she fancied herself in love with a young man who

had paid her some attention, and was very desirous of knowing if she were to be his wife, but as she could not ask him his intentions, she took it into her head to adopt the advice of a female servant, (bad advisers ignorant people of that rank are,) and go to a fortune-teller or cunning man to hear her destiny or fate as she called it. She confided to me her plan and I consented to bear her company, for I had some curiosity to hear what the fortune-teller had to say, I thought I should be wise enough to discover some trickery if I kept my eyes and ears open.

We put on our commonest clothes not wishing to be detected, and after some difficulty found out the necromancer or astrologer, for he chose to be called by those high sounding titles; we knocked at the door of a dirty shabby forlorn looking house in a narrow dirty lane leading out of High Holborn into Chancery Lane, where we saw none but slip-shod women and dirty unwashed children and suspicious looking men. This seemed to me a singular place for a man who had the fortunes and destinies of all ranks of people in his hands, as it were. We were ushered into a half furnished miserable apar ment, and bade to wait our turn, as the great astrologer was engaged with a lady of quality. This sounded well and my friend and I sat down on one old fashioned rickety chair that looked as if it had been a fragment of household furniture saved from the deluge.

We began as girls will do, to talk to one another, to surmise this and that about the fortune-teller, or to speak of the young gentleman we were interested in. My friend was very confidential and discussed her hopes and fears without reserve to me, a piece of folly which young women are only too apt to practice, often to their own great disadvantage. At last having worn out our theme we began to grow weary, and my eyes wandering about the scanty furniture of the room noticed a paper folding screen at one end, it nearly reached the ceiling, and formed as I supposed a partition for another room. My eyes fell by chance on a dark shade at the foot of the screen, and my suspicions being awakened, I kept my eye riveted on the floor till I ascertained that the dark shade was caused by the feet of some one in light slippers of cloth or felt. There then was the secret agent throug! whose help the revelations were made that startled the most incredulous into faith in the hidden knownowledge of the astrologer. I silently pointed to the feet beneath the screen, and rising said to my companion, we will call another time when the astrologer is less engaged; this was a useful lesson and cured us both of such folly as going to fortune-tellers.

My grandmother lived in Greenwich at the time that the Cocklane Ghost made such a stir in the neighbourhood. She was a decided sceptic in the reality of this mysterious piece of jugglery and ridiculed Dr. Johnson for taking any interest in the matter. Indeed, that learned man sank below zero in her estimation on that account. She used to relate to us an adventure that happened in the house of my grandmother, where she was on a visit in Dorsetshire, which I will give as nearly as I can in her own words:—

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GHOST STORY.

"My aunt Russell was a rich widow, who lived in the old Grange at White-hollow—a place noted in past ages for having bee. once a convent of white nuns, and for being haunted by ghosts innumerable. My aunt was a woman of fearless courage. She was a good woman, very charitable to the poor, read her Bible very faithfully, and had too much good sense to put any trust in the wild stories that ignorant people were fond of relating. It was from having been brought up so much under her influence that I date my own want of credulity, which was confirmed by a circumstance that occurred one autumn that I was on a visit at the Grange.

"Among my aunt's relatives on the paternal side, was a cousin, whose parents had died, leaving their only daughter, a woman of thirty years of age, with very scanty means of support. She was neither handsome nor pleasing; her temper was soured by disappointments, and there was a degree of closeness and oddity about her that made her far from being considered an agreeable companion. She was tolerated among her rich relations rather on account of her helplessness than from love or respect. She was mean and artful; there was a crooked twist in her mind—in other words, she was a great hypocrite. She fawned upon my aunt, and caballed with the servants, acting the part of the unjust steward and striving to make herself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.

She always viewed me with an evil eye, and I must confess there was little love on my side towards her. Among her other eccentricities, Miss Rainer wished to be thought a very small eater—nay, she carried this affectation so far that she excited the pity of every one who saw her at meals. She fasted like the most rigid anchorite. In those days the strict high church people approached very much nearer towards the members of the Roman Catholic Church than they do now. We were, in fact, all rank Puseyites, only we

knew nothing of those modern distinctions, and fancied ourselves good Protestant reformers. We obeyed the regulations of our Church, because we thought our worthy old bishops and divines knew best what discipline was good for us, having made these things the study of their lives. Miss Rainer passed among the household for a self-denying pious woman. My aunt, good soul, was uneasy lest her health should suffer for her extreme abstinence, and often tried to tempt her to eat—but she only gave her a wan smile, shook her head, and zealously adhered to her dry bread and cold water regimen.

About this time rumours began to get abroad of strange sights and mysterious steps being heard in the long gallery at midnight, and a white flitting figure had been observed crossing the stone hall. The old terrors of white nuns and shrieking ladies, and a hundred other wild tales of the sort, began to be rife in the village. The tradesmen—such as the butcher and grocer—made hasty calls for orders, and seemed uneasy if the shades of evening were advancing before they left the house. The servants began to talk of leaving on account of the ghosts. The Grange was haunted, and no mistake. My aunt Russell was annoyed; the whole quiet economy of her household was disarranged. Miss Rainer alone seemed unmoved, she lectured most piously on the sinful state of the souls of these poor deluded creatures whose consciences were so easily alarmed; she spoke pharisaically of her own purity of heart, which no evil spirit had power to affright. But all her sermons and my good aunt's entreaties were of no effect—fear was stronger even than respect to their mistress or their worldy interest. Men and maids all came to us one day in a body, and declared that they must go. The laundry-maid had met the ghost in a long white shroud, with saucer eyes and fiery breath, which had blown out her candle in the butlery passage, and flesh and blood could stand no more such terrors. The poor girl had been sick ever since, and believed that she was going to die--that the spectre had come with a special warrant to warn her of her death. My aunt reasoned; Miss Rainer smiled scornfully; and I tried to comfort the poor girl; but nothing would do, and that very day three out of the six servants departed to spread the fame and terrors of the ghost of White-hollow.

"Something must be done. My aunt consulted with the old whiteheaded butler; she said not a word of her plan to Miss Rainer or myself; but that very night she sat up alone in the dining room. It was a moonlight night, and she burned no candle. The butler also took his post in a little back room where he kept the plate; it opened on the passage where the butlery or large pantry was situated—the two doors being opposite—for it was in this long passage, which communicated by a flight of steps with the large stone hall into which the sitting-room, dining-room, drawing-room, and the great staircase all opened—that the ghost had been most generally seen.

"It was about one o'clock in the morning that a rustling sound and very cautious footfall was heard by my aunt. On looking towards the open door she very distinctly saw, by the light of the moon, which fell through the range of windows that lighted the hall, a tall figure wrapped from head to foot in a white sheet; a small dark lantern, held against the breast of the figure, shed a ghostly radiance on the thin, white hand that held it, and cast its rays upwards on the pale face of the ghost.

"The glance of that face was sufficient. The spirit passed on down the stairs and into the long dark passage, the phantom might have made a stout heart tremble, but Mrs. Russell was not easily daunted, she began to suspect it was a mortal form that was enveloped in the winding sheet, a vague suspicion had crossed her mind more than once that day as to the identity of the ghost. With swift noiseless steps the figure moved forward. With caution, and keeping in the shade as much as possible, my aunt followed. Presently the hand of the ghost turned the key in the butlery door, opened it, and soon was deeply engaged with the contents of the wire safe. The sheet was thrown aside, the slides of the lantern opened, and by the light which fell upon the face, Mrs. Russel discerned her relative, the pious abstemious Miss Rainer. Slice after slice was cut with dexterous hand from a fine Westphalia ham, a cold chicken pie next was attacked, with considerable relish, a delicate custard and a slice of Stilton cheese with white bread finished the repast. The ghost was now satisfied, and resuming her ghostly robe and lantern prepared to retrace her steps, when the firm hand of my aunt Russel was placed upon her arm, and uttering a fearful cry, she sank down on her knees. The noise awakened the old butler, who now came forward and recognized in the pale, agitated female at his mistress's feet, the lady whom he had so often pitied for her want of taste in preferring a dry crust to the good nourishing food that was placed on the table before her. The despicable hypocrite humbled and degraded in the eyes of her relative

and the old man, after many abject apologies was allowed to retire, but left the Grange the next day. My aunt from that time allowed her a small annuity in preference to her company. The old butler who was a discreet man, did not like to expose the young lady to public ridicule, but said she had walked in her sleep in her white night-dress, and this had been the cause of so much alarm in the house.

"When my father was a young man he was a devoted lover of the angle, and often stole a holiday from his business to wander with his rod and line along the favorite haunts of old Isaac Walton, especially the banks of the Lee, which possessed for him a double attraction, as in a pleasant cottage somewhere within sight of its sylvan meadows lived a widow lady, a niece of the great Sir Isaac Newton's, and with her, her two daughters, the elder of whom a young lady of great personal beauty, had entangled the heart of the young fisherman with cords more difficult to break than were his most trusty lines. Every Saturday morning saw the lover walking the green meads of Waltham and Cheshunt, a locality once renowned for its beautiful nuns, now equally celebrated for the loveliness of its graceful women, who are free to choose and to be chosen as those fair but hapless recluses were not, till bluff King Hal seized upon one of the richest abbacies in England, and left open the temptations of the world to the monks and nuns of Cheshunt and Waltham.*

"So very strict was the mother of my fathers lady love, that though he was an accepted suitor, under no circumstances was he permitted to pass the night at Woodford: as soon as the hand of the dial pointed to ten o'clock, my father was obliged to depart, the decree was inexorable, were the night ever so dark or dismal, go he must. The way was a lonely one, so he seldom returned to town, but usually passed the night at the old abbey inn at Waltham, a large old-fashioned tavern that had once formed a part of the abbey, many of its spacious corridors and dormitories having been in use before the reformation was even dreamed of. The very room was shown, and I believe exists to this day, where Henry VIII. of unblessed memory was entertained by the Abbot of Waltham. He played him a scurvy trick in return for his hospitality, and finally stripped this wealthy house of its accumulated riches. Many are the historic legends related of this famed place, but it is not the ancient tales we have to tell just now, but of an adventure that befel my father one night on his way from Woodford to Waltham.

"To enable barges and crafts to go up to London, a new canal or embanked cut from the old river Lee had been constructed with a cradle bridge, which opened to let them pass and pay toll, a narrow bridge for foot passengers was also established, which was ascended by open steps. This bridge was neither very safe nor very pleasant for nervous passengers to pass over on very dark nights. After passsing the cradle-bridge, a steep path led down to the foot of the bank of the river, which then lay high above. A narrow foot-path lay close to the foot of the high embankment on the other side, this path ran by a broad and deep ditch, skirted by a row of stunted old willows. So narrow was this foot-path, that two persons could with difficulty pass each other without risk of one or the other falling into the ditch. This lonely spot had been the scene of more than one fearful murder, and few persons cared to frequent it. My father was a man of much personal courage, he feared neither ghost nor robber, relying on the aid of a very powerful frame and a formidable weapon in the shape of a walking stick, which consisted of a sea unicorns horn, topped with silver. The weight of this trusty shilelah he had more than once tested; it was of pure ivory, very white and very solid; it is still held in reverence in my mothers house.

"On the night in question, he left Mrs Brett's house at the usual hour, it was very dark, the moon nor stars being visible, the wind sighed through the trees in fitful gusts, it was certainly far from inviting, but he knew that there was no appeal. The laws of that house, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not, so grasping his good white staff, he bade a tender farewell to his lady fair, and departed through the darksome night.

"It was late when he reached the cradle bridge. Dark and sullenly the waters gurgled along the piers, he could just distinguish the dull gleam of the river between the open steps of the bridge, and was not very sorry when he was over it, and had safely descended to the narrow path at the foot of the bank. He had not proceeded more than half-a-mile, when he heard a sound that rung on his listening ear like the dull clanking of a heavy chain, this was followed by a groan, and then another and another, then the rattle of the chain and a lumbering noise as if some

* There is an old record extant, how the Abbot of Waltham suspecting clandestine meetings between the monks and the fair nuns of Cheshunt, set pit-falls in certain meadows where the lovers met, and entrapped several of the recreants, to the no small scandal of the neighbourhood.

body was being dragged along the path. My father stopped and listened intently, there was also a cessation of the chains, and the groans seemed fainter, he tried to pierce the darkness and to discern the cause of these strange and appalling sounds, but nothing could he make out. The breeze swept through the dark elders and waved the long, sickly, faded branches of the willows to and fro, murmuring with hollow cadences through the long sedges that skirted the banks of the ditch, but he saw nothing, and moved briskly on. Again came the rattling chains, again the heavy groans, and now a figure appeared in sight, within a few yards of him, it was wrapped in a white robe, and seemed of gigantic dimensions, nearer and nearer the phantom came, and a desperate courage nerved my father's arm, he raised his ivory stick, and advancing exclaimed aloud, 'Whatever thou art, man or devil, one of us two must go down into the ditch.' 'Horr, horr, horr,' groaned the spectre, the hot breath now puffed into the face of the speaker. With a violent blow, my father struck the advancing figure, there was a rattling dull sound as if the blow had been aimed on the bare ribs of a skeleton, a deeper groan, and then a heavy plunge, and the waters received the fearful spectre, and closed over it with sweeping, bubbling sound. Not long tarrying I ween was my good father, brave though he was, he never stopped till he reached his inn at Waltham abbey, where to wondering auditors he related his adventure. The quiet inn was soon in a bustle. The story was circulated in the village, late though it was, and the towns folk came crowding in to hear the fearful tale, and make their surmises upon it. Tales of ghosts and murders, of wrong and robbery, were rife in every one's mouth. My father would have returned with a lantern to ascertain who it was that had found a watery grave that night, for that some one had been struck down he was certain, but no one dared second the move. A person had lately been robbed and murdered on that lonely path among the willow trees, and doubtless the mysterious person wrapped in the white sheet and with the clanking chain, was either the ghost of the murdered haunting the scene of its disastrous death, or the wretch who had done the deed watching for other victims.

As soon as the first streaks of light brightened the east, my father accompanied by a party from the village, hastened to the scene of the catastrophe, and a load of painful feeling was removed from his mind, when the body of a large superannuated old grey horse of wasted, skeleton-like appearance, to whose hinder foot was attached a wooden clog and chain, was discovered in the ditch, it had been turned out to graze at large, and had found its way by some means on to the green bank of the river, its groans arose from its asthmatic state. The adventure ended in my father having to stand treat to the good people whose rest had been so disturbed the night before.

"The inn itself, however, was the scene of a midnight adventure which I must defer till another month."

LAND OF DREAMS.

FROM "FLIGHTS OF FANCY."

'Tis night; but through the welkin dark
A lambent meteor gleams;
It shines for me—no eye can mark,
Save mine, its 'luring beams.
It shines afar, like a glimmering spark;
I have set my sails, I have trimmed my bark
For the shadowy "Land of Dreams."

Oh! the Land of Dreams is a fairy land
Of never-fading flowers,
And blighted hopes bloom sweetly there
That withered so fast in ours.
I stood upon its golden sand
Beneath the enchanted clime,
And the breeze that fanned that dreamy land
Rolled back the tide of Time;
And the bright, bright dreams—regretted dreams
Of Life's gay morning hours
Were glassed upon the crystal streams
That laved its dewy flowers.

But alas! alas! for a land so fair
In vain we heave a sigh;
For never bark was *anchored* there,
Beneath its cloudless sky.
Though its ever-ebbing and flowing waves
May waft the lost ship fair.
And we sport awhile o'er the nameless graves
Of young hopes buried there,
As surely its returning streams
Will waft us back again;
And we cry, alas! for the land of dreams,
Who must live in a land of pain.

Still, come with me to the land of dreams.
Though not to *all* so fair;
For the raven croaks, and the night-bird screams,
And the corpse-light glimmers there;
And the pale-eyed ghosts of cherished thoughts
Stalk in the spell-bound air.
And there are castles dark and grim,
And moon-lit haunted towers,

With caverns deep and valleys dim,
  Where bloom, nor trees, nor flowers,
And long, long dreary wastes to pass
  Where we must grope alone,
Where serpents hiss among the grass,
  And satyrs hoot us on.

Yet by its streams and on its shores
  Hope spreads her sunny wings,
And Fancy heaps her golden stores—
  Bright uncreated things!
Strange shadowings in the twilight sky
  That flash in rays of light,
Which mock alike the mind, the eye,
  And transient, are as bright
Faint halos of the bright unseen,
  Far glories that arise
In the spirit land, as through a screen,
  And veiled from mortal eyes.

'Tis, bliss to tread its shores and quaff
  The pure Lethean waters,
To list the song and merry laugh
  Of Fancy's blue-eyed daughters.
'Tis there I am a sceptred king,
  And wear a wizard crown.
  call to the spirits of air, they bring
My wish ere wished, and I proudly fling
  My earthly trammels down.

I stretch my wand o'er the lordly seas,
  And on their bosom rise
Green isles, with glittering palaces
And banners flapping in the breeze,
  'Neath ever-cloudless skies.
There is a vocal sound above, around,
The voice of the fair, the gay, and young,
Far down the flowery vales of spring
I hear the shrilly laughter ring
  Of girlhood's silver tongue.

I'm monarch of this phantom throng,
  And wear a diadem;
But yet, but yet I sigh and fret,
  I am not *one* of them;
I call them from the rayless shades.
  They come right merrily,
With laugh and song—a smiling throng.
  But the smile is not for *me*.
I see them flit around me now.
  That maiden of pensive mien
With the sweetest tongue that ever rung
  In fevered mortal's ear!

She comes to me in the dreamy land,
  With her pale, sad thoughtful brow:
Yet she is not of the phantom band,
I've kissed her cheek, and clasped her hand
  Full many a time ere now.

Why does she wait life's dreary weird,*
  On earth still left to roam?
Or has the shepherd's voice been heard
  To call that loved one home?

* * * * *

Are these but thoughts that haunt the brain,
In Reason's pale and sickly reign?
When chaos broods around her throne,
And only to the *moonstruck* known?
The harping low of breeze-waked strings—
Sensation strange that viewless wings
Are hovering o'er us. Are they all
But presage sad of Reason's fall?
They come to me mid night and noon—
The breezy round, the "quiet tune,"
The presence *felt* of the *unseen*,
When fields are waste, when fields are green;
On thoroughfare, in forest wood,
Quickening the current of the blood;
Over the waste and waters wide,
Flowering the desert and peopling the void,
Until they have become to me
A faith and a reality.

BUSHWHACKER.

FLOWER-BELLS.

SOFT Midsummer air, cheery with sunshine and perfumed with all the scents that it had robbed out of his nursery garden, crept in through the monthly roses at the porch and half-open cottage door, to make itself at home in George Swayne's room. It busied itself there, sweeping and rustling about, as if it had as much right to the place and was as much the tenant of it, as the gardener himself. It had also a sort of feminine and wifely claim on George; who, having been spending half an hour over a short letter written upon a large sheet, was invited by the Midsummer air to look after his garden. The best efforts were being made by his gentle friend to tear the paper from his hand. A bee had come into the room—George kept bees—and had been hovering about the letter; so drunk, possibly, with honey that he had mistaken it for a great lily. Certainly he did at last settle upon it. The lily was a legal document to this effect:—

"SIR,—We are instructed hereby to give you notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Queeks of Edmonton, the last of the three lives for which your lease was granted, and to inform you, that you may obtain a renewal of the same on payment of one hundred guineas to the undersigned. We are, Sir,
"Your (here the bee sat on the obedient servants),
"FLINT AND GRINSTON."

Mr. Swayne granted himself a rule to consider in his own mind what the lawyers meant by their uncertain phrascology. It did not mean, he concluded, that Messrs. F. and G. were willing, for one hundred pounds, to renew the life of Mr. Queeks, of Edmonton; but it did mean that he

* Weird used by the Scotch for destiny or fate, although differently rendered by Johnson.

must turn out of the house and grounds (which had been Swayne's Nursery Garden for three generations past) unless he would pay a large fine for the renewal of his lease. He was but a young fellow of five-and-twenty; who, until recently, had been at work for the support of an old father and mother. His mother had been dead a twelvemonth last Midsummer-day; and his father, who had been well while his dame was with him, sickened after she was gone, and died before the apple-gathering was over. The cottage and the garden were more precious to George as a home than as a place of business. There were thoughts of parting—like thoughts of another loss by death, or of all past losses again to be suffered freshly and together—which so clouded the eyes of Mr. Swayne, that at last he could scarcely tell when he looked at the letter, whether the bee was or was not a portion of the writing.

An old woman came in, with a Midsummer cough, sounding as hollow as an empty coffin. She was a poor old crone who came to do for George small services as a domestic for an hour or two every day; for he lighted his own fires, and served up to himself in the first style of cottage cookery his own fat bacon and potatoes.

"I shall be out for three hours, Milly," said George, and he put on his best clothes and went into the sunshine. "I can do nothing better," he thought, "than go and see the lawyers."

They lived in the City; George lived at the east end of London, in a part now covered with very dirty streets; but then covered with copse and field, and by Swayne's old fashioned nursery grounds; then crowded with stocks and wallflowers, lupins, sweet peas, pinks, lavender, heart's-ease, boy's love, old man, and other old-fashioned plants; for it contained nothing so tremendous as Schizanthuses, Escholzias, or Clarkia pulchellas, which are weedy little atomies, though they sound big enough to rival any tree on Lebanon. George was an old-fashioned gardener in an old-fashioned time; for we have here to do with events which occurred in the middle of the reign of George the Third. George, then—I mean George Swayne, not Georgius Rex—marched off to see the lawyers, who lived in a dark court in the City. He found their clerk in the front office, with a marigold in one of his button-holes; but there was nothing else that looked like summer in the place. It smelled like a mouldy shut-up tool-house; and there was parchment enough in it to make scare-crows for all the gardens in Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey.

George saw the junior partner, Mr. Grinston, who told him, when he heard his business, that it was in Mr. Flint's department. When he was shown into Mr. Flint's room, Mr. Flint could only repeat, he said, the instructions of the landlord.

"You see, my lad," he said, "these holdings that have been let hitherto for thirty pounds per annum, are now worth fifty. Yet my client, Mr. Crote, is ready to renew the lease for three more lives at the very slight fine we have named to you. What would you have more reasonable?"

"Sir, I make no complaint," George answered; "only I want to abide by the ground, and I have not so much money as you require. I owe nobody a penny; and, to pay my way and lay by enough money for next year's seeds and roots, has been the most that I can manage. I have saved fifteen pounds. Here it is, sir: take it, if it will help me in this business."

"Well, Mr. Flint suggested, "what do you say to this? I make no promise, but I think I can persuade Mr. Crote to let you retain possession of your land, for—shall we say?—two years, at the rent of fifty pounds; and, at the expiration of that term, you may perhaps be able to pay the fine and to renew your lease."

"I will accept that offer, sir," a homespun man clings to the walls of home. Swayne's nursery would not support so high a rental; but let the future take thought for itself—to postpone for two years the doom to quit the roof-tree under which his mother suckled him was gain enough for George.

So he turned homeward and went cheerfully upon his way, by a short cut through narrow streets and lanes that bordered on the Thames. His gardener's eye discovered all the lonely little pots of mignionette in the upper windows of the tottering old houses; and, in the trimmer streets, where there were rows of little houses in all shades of whitewash, some quite fresh looking, inhabited by people who had kept their windows clean, he sometimes saw as many as four flower-pots upon a window sill. Then, there were the squares of turf, put, in weekly instalments of six inches, to the credit of caged larks, for the slow liquidation of the debt of green fields due to them. There were also parrots; for a large number of the houses in those river streets were tenanted by sailors who brought birds from abroad. There were also all sorts of grotesque shells; and one house that receded from its neighbors, had a small garden in front, which was sown over with shells instead of flowers. The walks were bordered with shell instead of box, and there were conchs upon the wall instead of wall-flowers. The summer-house was a grotto; but the great centre ornament was a large figure-head, at the foot of which there was a bench erected, so that the owner sat under its shadow. It represented a man with a great beard, holding over his shoulder a large three-pronged fork; which George believed to be meant for Neptune. That was a poor garden, thought George; for it never waved nor rustled, and did not, by one change of feature—except that it grew daily dirtier—show itself conscious of the passage of the hours, and days, and months, and seasons.

It interested George a great deal more to notice here and there the dirty leaf of new kinds of plants; which brought home by some among the sailors, struggled to grow from seed or root. Through the window of one house that was very poor, but very neat and clean, he saw put upon a table to catch the rays of summer sun, a strange plant in blossom. It had a reddish stalk, small-pointed leaves; and from every cluster of leaves hung elegant red flower-bells with purple tongues. That plant excited him greatly; and, when he stopped to look at it, he felt some such emotion as might stir an artist who should see a work by Rubens hung up in a pawnbroker's shop-window. He knocked at the green door, and a pale girl opened it, holding in one hand a piece of unfinished needlework. Her paleness left her

for a minute when she saw that it was a stranger who had knocked. Her blue eyes made George glance away from them before he had finished his respectful inquiry. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I ask the name of the flower in the window, and where it came from?"

"Will you walk in, if you please, sir," said the girl, "mother will tell you all she knows about it."

With two steps, the young gardener strode into the small front room where a sick and feeble woman sat in an arm-chair. The room was clean and little furnished. There was only sand upon the floor; and, on the table with some more of the girl's work, was part of a stale loaf, flanked with two mugs that contained some exceedingly blue and limpid milk. George apologised for his intrusion; but said what his calling was, and pleaded in excuse the great beauty and novelty of the plant that attracted him.

"Ay, ay, but I prize it far more than that," said Mrs. Ellis, "it was brought to me by my son. He took it as a cutting, and he brought it a long way, the dear fellow, all the way from the West Indies, nursing it for me. Often he let his own lips parch, sir, on the voyage that he might give water enough to the flower that he took home for his mother. He is a tender-hearted boy, my Harry."

"He is young then?"

"Well, he is not exactly a boy, sir; but they are all boys on board ship, you understand. He could carry off the house upon his back, Harry could; he is so wonderful broad-chested. He's just gone a long voyage, sir, and I'm feared I shall be gone a longer before he comes back; and he said when he went, 'Take care of the plant, mother, it 'll have hundreds of bells to ring when I come back to you next year.' He is always full of his fun, sir, my Harry."

"Then, Ma'am," George stammered, "it's a plant you wouldn't like to part with."

The poor woman looked angry for a moment; and then, after a pause, answered gently, "No, sir, not until my time comes."

The young gardener—who ought to have gone away—still bent over the flower. The plant was very beautiful, and evidently stood the climate well, and it was of a kind to propagate by slips. George did not well know what to say or do. The girl who had been nimbly stitching, ceased from work and looked up wonderingly at the stranger, who had nothing more to say and yet remained with them. At last, the young man, with the colour of the flower on his cheeks, said, "I'm a poor man, Ma'am, and not much taught. If I'm going to say anything unbecoming, I hope you'll forgive it: but, if you could—if you could bring your heart to part with this plant, I would give you ten guineas for it, and the first good cutting I raise shall be yours."

The girl looked up in the greatest astonishment. "Ten guineas!" she cried, "why, mother, ten guineas would make you comfortable for the whole winter. How glad Harry will be!"

The poor old woman trembled nervously: "Harry told me to keep it for his sake," she whispered to her daughter who bent fondly over her.

"Does Harry love a flower better than your health and comfort?" pleaded Harry's sister.

A long debate was carried on in low tones, while George Swayne endeavored to look as though he were a hundred miles off, listening to nothing. But the loving accents of the girl debating with her mother tenderly, caused Mr. Swayne—a stout and true-hearted young fellow of twenty-five—to feel that there were certainly some new thoughts and sensations working in him. He considered it important to discover from her mother's manner of addressing her that the name of the young woman was Susan. When the old lady at last consented with a sigh to George's offer, he placed ten guineas on the table beside the needlework, and only stole one glance at Susan as he bade good-bye and took the flower-pot away, promising again earnestly that he would bring back to them the first good cutting that took root.

George Swayne then, having the lawyers put out of his head, carried the plant home and duly busied himself in his green-house over the multiplication of his treasure. Months went by, during which the young gardener worked hard and ate sparely. He had left to himself but five pounds for the general maintenance of his garden; more was needed, and that he had to pinch, as far as he dared, out of his humble food and other necessaries of existence. He had, however, nothing to regret. The cuttings of the flower-bells throve, and the thought of Susan was better to him than roast beef. He did not again visit the widow's house. He had no right to go there until he went to redeem his promise.

A year went by; and, when the next July came, George Swayne's garden and green-houses were in the best condition. The new plant had multiplied by slips and had thriven more readily than he could have ventured to expect. The best plant was set by until it should have reached the utmost perfection of blossom, to be carried in redemption of the promise made to widow Ellis. In some vague way, too, Mr. Swayne now and then pondered whether the bells it was to set ringing after Harry had returned might not be after all the bells of Stepney parish church. And Susan Swayne did sound well, that was certain. Not that he thought of marrying the pale girl, whose blue eyes he had only seen, and whose soft voice he had only heard once; but he was a young fellow, and he thought about her, and young fellows have their fancies which do now and then shoot out in unaccountable directions.

A desired event happened one morning. The best customer of Swayne's nursery ground, the wife of a city knight, Lady Salter, who had a fine seat in the neighborhood, alighted from her carriage at the garden gate. She had come to buy flowers for the decorations of her annual grand summer party; and George with much perturbation ushered her into his greenhouse, which was glowing with the crimson and purple blossoms of his new plant. When Lady Salter had her admiration duly heightened by the information that there were no other plants in all the country like them—that, in fact, Mr. Swayne's new flowers were unique, she instantly bought two slips at a guinea each and took them home in triumph. Of course

the flower-bells attracted the attention of her guests; and of course she was very proud to draw attention to them. The result was that the carriages of the great people of the neighborhood so clogged up the road at Swayne's nursery day after day that there was no getting by for them. George sold, for a guinea each, all the slips that he had potted; keeping only enough for the continuance of his trade, and carefully reserving his finest specimen. That in due time he took to Harry's mother.

The ten guineas added to the produce of Susan's labor—she had not slackened it a jot—had maintained the sickly woman through the winter; and, when there came to her a letter one morning in July in Harry's dear scrawl posted from Portsmouth, she was half restored to health. He would be with them in a day or two, he said. The two women listened in a feverish state for every knock at the green door. Next day a knock came; but it was not Harry. Susan again opened to George Swayne. He had brought their flower-bells back; and, apparently, handsomer than ever. He was very much abashed and stammered something; and, when he came in, he could find nothing to say. The handsome china vase which he had substituted for the widow's flowerpot, said something however, for him. The widow and her daughter greeted him with hearty smiles and thanks; but he had something else to do than to return them—something of which he seemed to be exceedingly ashamed. At last he did it. "I mean no offence," he said; "but this is much more yours than mine." He laid upon the table twenty guineas. They refused the money with surprise; Susan with eagerness. He told them his story; how the plant had saved him from the chance of being turned out of his home; how he was making money by the flower, and how fairly he considered half the profits to be due to its real owner. Thereupon the three became fast friends and began to quarrel. While they were quarrelling there was a bouncing knock at the door. Mother and daughter hurried to the door; but Susan stood aside that Harry might go first into his mother's arms.

"Here's a fine chime of bells," said Harry, looking at his plant a few minutes. "Why it looks no 'handsomer in the West Indies. But where ever did you get that splendid pot?"

George was immediately introduced. The whole story was told, and Harry was made referee upon the twenty guinea question.

"God bless you, Mr. Swayne," said Harry, "keep that money if we are to be friends. Give us your hand, my boy; and, mother, let us all have something to eat." They made a little festival that evening in the widow's house, and George thought more than ever of the chiming of the bells as Susan laid her needlework aside to bustle to and fro. Harry had tales to tell over his pipe; "and I tell you what, Swayne," said he, "I'm glad you are the better for my love of rooting. If I wasn't a sailor myself I'd be a gardener. I've a small cargo of roots and seeds in my box that I brought home for mother to try what she can do with. My opinion is that you're the man to turn 'em to account; and so, mate, you shall have 'em. If you get a lucky penny out of any one among 'em, you're welcome; for it's more than we could do."

How these poor folks labored to be liberal towards each other; how Harry amused himself on holidays before his next ship sailed with rake and spade about his friend's nursery: how George Swayne spent summer and autumn evenings in the little parlour: how there was really and truly a chime rung from Stepney steeple to give joy to a little needlewoman's heart: how Susan Swayne became much rosier than Susan Ellis had been; how luxuriously George's bees were fed upon new dainties; how Flint and Grinston conveyed the nursery-ground to Mr. Swayne in freehold to him and his heirs for ever, in consideration of the whole purchase money which Swayne had accumulated: how the old house was enlarged: how, a year or two later, little Harry Swayne damaged the borders and was abetted by grandmother Ellis in so doing: how, a year or two after that, Susan Swayne the lesser dug with a small wooden spade side by side with giant Uncle Harry; who was a man to find the centre of the earth under Swayne's garden when he came home ever and anon from beyond the seas, always with roots and seeds, his home being Swayne's nursery: and, finally, how happy and how populous a home the house in Swayne's nursery grew to be—these are results connecting pleasant thoughts with the true story of the earliest cultivation in this country of the flower now known as the Fuchsia.

SARA'S VENTURE.

One morning, just as I had finished breakfast, I received a note from my friend Sara Hall, begging me, if possible, to go over for a few hours in the course of the day. "Don't be alarmed," she added in a postscript; "nothing is the matter."

I was therefore not alarmed, but I was somewhat curious; and as I hurried over my light domestic duties, being housekeeper in my mother's absence, I taxed conjecture as to what could have prompted so urgent a summons. I had seen her but two days before; what could have arisen since then?—The character of my friend stimulated my anxiety. I was afraid lest the self-willed, vehement, over-indulged girl should be meditating some wild unheard-of scheme, in which she wanted my co-operation.

"I will not give it," decided I with laudable firmness, unless I heartily and spontaneously approve. At length I had seen my two brothers fairly off on their way to the City of London School; had made every necessary arrangement for their early dinner at one o'clock, and my father's and mine at five; and felt myself at liberty to follow my wishes, and make my way to Mr. Hall's house.

It was an intensely cold but clear day in the early part of January, but I enjoyed such weather. I walked quickly, but taking in, as was my wont, the effect of things. The buildings stood out hard and well defined against

the deep blue sky; above all, I greeted with kindling glance the superb cupola and majestic proportions of St. Paul's. I loved and admired that magnificent cathedral, as perhaps none but one born under its shadow can. I had studied it from childhood: I knew how it looked under every aspect of season and weather from every point of view; without ever having set my foot out of England, I was prepared to maintain its absolute superiority over every edifice in Europe. I gave it now my proud all hail! as I hurried past. When I got into Cheapside, there was nothing but human faces to study, and I was amply occupied with them, and in taking my somewhat presumptuous measure of the individual from attire, expression and gait. There was one point, however,—a picture-dealer's shop windows,—at which I always halted, and I did so now.

There was a large painting prominently exhibited, and it deserved its position. It represented a wild sea shore, girt with low black rocks, the peaks of which were wonderfully aglow with the setting sun, as were the foamy crests of the incoming waves. There was not a trace of vegetation, not a symptom of human life. A sterile subject some would say, but it captivated me. That setting sun poured its rays through a boundless atmosphere; that sea stretched beyond the limits of the picture into fathomless immensity; these rocks conveyed palpably a sense of silence and solitude. Amidst the turmoil of the great thoroughfare, my imagination had penetrated into the very locality. "Now," thought I, "beneath this clear frozen sky that sea is at this moment raging."

I walked on to my destination in a somewhat dreamy mood, until my proximity to the house recalled my thoughts to the matter in hand. Mr. Hall was a surgeon in excellent practice, and it was at the door of one of the stately but not aristocratic mansions in Finsbury Square at which I knocked. Sara was an only child, and uncontrolled mistress of her father's house-hold, for Mr. Hall had lost his wife very many years ago.

A few moments more found me in my friend's pretty private room; it was as elegantly fitted up as a fashionable lady's boudoir, and deserved to be so called, but Sara set her face resolutely against all unnecessary Gallicisms, and would never suffer the appellation.

"I am glad you are come," said Sara emphatically as I entered, and giving me a chair by the blazing fire; but then came a pause, and she resumed the occupation I had for a moment interrupted—that of walking up and down the room. Knowing her temper I left her to declare her business in her own time and way: and divesting myself of bonnet and shawl, ensconced myself in the luxurious easy-chair, crossed my feet, which I had effectually cooled on the wild sea-shore, over the fender, defiant of the impropriety, and prepared to wait in patience and in comfort. While waiting, I made a few observations; I saw that Sara's escritoire was covered with scattered manuscripts, and that upon them lay a letter sealed and addressed. I knew my friend's avocations too well to be surprised at the sight of manuscripts, but the letter, the direction of which I could not help reading, puzzled me not a little. Amongst other things, I noticed the character and beauty of Sara's face, and that its habitual expression of pride and dissatisfaction was more strongly marked than usual. Her figure was particularly small and girlish, but what an air of resolution it nevertheless possessed!

Presently she drew the escritoire close to the fire, sat down before it, and folding her arms over her papers, fixed her glittering black eyes on my face.

"Carry," she said, pointing to the letter "do you see what I mean to do?" The letter being addressed to a celebrated west-end publisher, and seen in conjunction with a heap of manuscripts, did not leave much to natural sagacity. I mentioned the conclusion I drew therefrom.

"But Sara," I asked, "what has become of your old opinions? What is the motive, when you do not want money, and have always asserted you did not care about fame, at least such as you were likely to get?"

"I have the reputation of being capricious," was her answer, "and I am disposed to think if I get what I deserve, I shall care about fame. Do you think I shall be likely to find any difficulty in getting my novel published?"

I was quite ignorant of such matters, but I asked, with an air of competent authority: "On what terms do you mean to offer it?"

"On condition that I may publish it under an assumed name, and that my secret is sedulously kept - that is the first and most important item. Secondly, that all pecuniary risk is born by the publishers; as for pecuniary profits, I care nothing about them; Messrs. ——may easily make with me a most unfair bargain."

"Perhaps," said I, drily, "they won't attempt to take advantage of your indifference to profit; if reputation is all you care about, you ought to be pretty sure of the deserts of your work."

"I am pretty sure," said Sara, turning over the leaves.

I reflected, then ventured to say; "I am not." Sara looked up quietly. I went on.—"You are aware," said I, playing the critic, "so much is required now-a-days, in a novel. They make a sort of science of this kind of literature, and judge it by such strict rules.—"As a work of art," begin the reviewers—my dear Sara, as a work of art, what have you to say for your novel?"

"Nothing," returned she with cool contempt.

"You think the power it shews, and the promise it has, will cover a multitude of deficiencies?" asked I, "Well, I hope others will think so too; still"—— I hesitated, but Sara insisted on my saying all I thought. "I believe you have written it as a sort of safety-valve for the emotions, passions, and opinions you do not choose to show and express, and which, perhaps, you ought not to express, in your intercourse with the world. Could you endure Sara, to have what you have written with such deep conviction and intense earnestness, sneered at and ridiculed by some cold-blooded, sharp-witted reviewer?"

Sara's cheek flushed. "That is possible," she said, drawing a deep breath; "and it would be hard to bear; still"—— Now she paused in her turn, and pushing back her chair, resumed her pacing of the room. I could see how her mind worked; there was something more in that conflict than she suffered to appear. After a while she came back and leaned over the mantel-piece. I waited for her to resume the conversation, which she did presently.

"How do you think my book would appear to a noble, discriminating, unprejudiced mind?" There was a vibration in the tone of her voice that made me look steadily at her. She was gazing into the fire with a dreamy, softened expression of countenance.

"Most interesting—most attractive," said I with fervor, "as shewing a mind enamoured of moral greatness. Such a reader would not carp at the elevation of your ideal, or say yours were impossible principles; but then, Sara, such minds are not very common, and are not those likely to seize upon the last new novel."

"How long, Carry, have you taken out a judge's patent?" asked Sara smiling. "I shall publish my novel—if I can."

In the way of dissuasion I said no more, and we immediately fell to a discussion of ways and means. I was to take the manuscripts up to —— Street; and Sara had arranged that all communications on the subject should be addressed to me. She had laid her plans so well, that there was little chance, we thought, of her identity being ever discovered. When we had exhausted the topic of possibilities connected with the rejection, re-application, acceptance, and public reception of her work. I asked, "But what has induced this sudden resolution? I heard nothing about publication on Tuesday."

"All my resolutions are sudden, the result of mere impulse," was her answer. "I have no other explanation to give."

I said no more, although I was not satisfied. There was that in the repressed energy and excitement of her manner, that convinced me some second, or rather primary motive lurked behind.

The next day I left the manuscript at the publisher's. I had rather dreaded this exploit; but I found nothing formidable in it. A grave-looking man met me on the very threshold of the office, took the packet I timidly presented, gave it a quick glance, and then set it down in a dusky corner of the dusky room, where I had an uneasy dread it would be forgotten, and moulder away in that obscurity.

"Very good," he enunciated, "quite right," and I felt there was not another word to say on the subject, and forthwith took my departure. I must, however state, that before Sara took me into her confidence, she had written to the firm, asking if they were disposed to examine her manuscript, and had received a civil reply, expressing their good pleasure so to do, and begging her to forward it.

A period of intense anxiety set in while we waited for the result. When alone, Sara and I had but one topic, but it was an exhaustless one. Then our dire ignorance of these matters pressed heavily; we had no idea what would be considered a reasonable time to give before we could venture to request to be favored with a decision; a step the impatient haughty young authoress would soon have taken had I not restrained her. My secret anxiety was—of course never breathed to Sara—that the manuscript had never found its way to the proper person. Life, however, did not stand still in sympathy with our suspense; Sara, indeed, seemed fuller than ever of that restless vitality which I sometimes found almost burdensome. It was evident to me it was not only the chances of her novel that harassed her; but she was a strange girl, and I did not venture to question her At length a light fell upon my understanding.

I came one afternoon to spend a few days with Sara, leaving strict orders at home that any letters addressed to me should be brought by my brother Charles. My friend was dressing for dinner when I entered her pleasant warm bedroom, and I had not been in it many moments before I discovered that she was taking especial pains with her toilet.

"Is any one coming?" I asked.

"Yes," said Sara with a sudden glow and a scornful laugh; "Mr. Godfrey Knight is coming."

I was completely puzzled. I had never seen, but I had heard a good deal of this gentleman. By profession he was a barrister, and of rising repute; but in society he was less successful. I had heard some of my young lady-friends mercilessly ridicule the plainness and insignificance of his appearance; and even Sara had made some most ungenerous but ironically witty observations thereon. From better authority, I had heard strictures on his displeasing deportment in society, his uncourte-

ous silence as if he considered himself a spectator of the scene, or his cynical severity, as if he had the right of censorship. On this point, too, Sara had strongly expressed herself.

"What are you going to do?" asked I anxiously; "not condescend to play the coquette, surely?" Sara smiled, but without giving me any satisfaction on the point. I had no particular fault to find with Mr. Knight. Plain indubitably he was, and what was far worse—short; but then he had an expression of intelligence which would have refined coarser features. True he spoke but little; but he was attentive to the courtesies of the table, and Mr. Hall's organ of language prompted him at all times to take the burden of conversation chiefly on himself. Sara, too, talked a good deal—that is, whenever Mr. Knight said anything sufficiently near an opinion for her to oppose, or whenever her fathers discourse gave her an opportunity of stating some unheard of or paradoxical sentiment. I had never seen her in such a mood before, or heard her say so many extravagant or absurd things in the course of an evening. Mr. Knight let her have all her own way, listening to her with an irritating smile, and never defending his own words. When we retired to the drawing room I expressed my feelings.

"You must have been trying to appear ridiculous," said I, "is Mr. Knight's contempt worth so much pains?"

She gave me an angry, almost fierce look, but softened immediately.

"I am playing no part, Carry; that is what his presence always makes of me. He despises girls from the bottom of his heart; he tempts me beyond my power of resistance to justify his estimate."

I saw her lip quiver as she spoke, but it might be with wounded pride; to the same feeling I attributed the glow of her cheeks and the unusual glitter of her eyes. I did not pursue the subject, and when the two gentlemen came in to tea, they interrupted a debate on the usual topic. After tea Mr. Hall asked his daughter for some music; she complied with unusual eagerness.

"But Mr. Knight," she said, pausing on her way to the piano, "detests music."

"The feeling is not quite so strong," said that gentleman, taking up a book. "I shall scarcely hear you."

Sara sat down to her instrument, and played for about half an hour certain elaborate tuneless rondos and divertissements she had learned at school. I felt it must be by design, for music, in the true acceptation of the phrase, was her particular talent, and her present performance had no merit but exactness. Her father fell into a doze at length, and then Sara rose. Mr. Knight had been reading his book very diligently, but he closed it politely enough as the music ceased, and the musician drew near to the fire. Sara leaned over the mantel-piece in the graceful careless attitude which was habitual to her.

"That is an unnecessary courtesy," said she, addressing Mr. Knight, and stretching out her hand to take from him the book he was on the point of putting down. She turned to the title page, and remarked with rather a doubtful smile; "I should never have supposed you read poetry."

"I read it so little, that your supposition is justified."

Sara stopped here, but I asked: "Don't you like poetry?"

Mr. Knight smiled, perhaps at the ignorant way in which I proposed my question, and Sara added: "I should like to know whether you consider it above or below your attention?"

"I have never given attention to it—lacking time and opportunity; so I can scarcely answer the question. Amongst the talents committed to my keeping, leisure is not one."

"A strong natural love of poetry," said Sara, "would have enabled you to make leisure to indulge it."

"Well, then, I can safely say, I have not such a love. Pray," he added, smiling, "is this deficiency very great in your eyes?"

"Very. It is a deficiency that involves so many others."

"Perhaps," said I, "you are not a reader of books at all?"

"No; not what you mean by a reader.—The few books I do read indispose me for the many."

"I am happy to say," remarked Sara, "my mind is not above my generation."

Mr. Knight smiled very comfortably under the satire, and took his leave as soon as Mr. Hall roused himself. I made no comment to Sara on her behaviour, but drew quietly my own inferences.

The next morning the servant brought me a letter, left by my brother on his way from school. I recognized it at once as a missive from —— Street. On one point I am convinced; no letter received before or since ever excited such a tumult of feeling. It was not for me, however, to break the seal, and I carried it to Sara. I had a hunt through nearly all the rooms in the house before I found her, and when I did find her, she was in no responsive mood. She was standing in the cold, cheerless drawing-room—the fire never being lighted till mid-day—with the morning newspaper spread out on the table before her, over which she was bowed in a posture indicative of no ordinary absorption in its contents.

"Sara," I cried, holding the letter above my head. "look here?" She did not seem to guess what it was, for she made a movement of impatience, and looked down at her paper again.

I threw the letter playfully on the paper be-

fore her eyes. She snatched it up as if it could have conveyed some kind of pollution to the page, and in so doing perceived what it was. Then her indifference changed to excitement. "Open and read it, Carry," she said; "I cant."

The first glance was enough. I made a little bound of joy. Sara, catching the result from this very expressive gesture, took the letter from me and read it herself.

"Madam—I am desired by Messrs. —— to inform you, that they are willing to undertake the publication of your novel on their usual terms." Then followed a business-like statement of these terms, which, novice, as I was at that time, seemed to me very magnificent.

"That will do" said Sara; "but I must know how soon they will publish it."

There was an expression of softened exultation in her face, and I observed that her eyes dwelt on the newspaper. "You see." said I, reading over the letter to myself, "we have no means of contradicting their statement.—We have only their word for it that these are their usual terms."

"True, but I care nothing about the money; let them publish my book, and they can't cheat me of my object."

In a few days, the whole matter was settled; formal agreements were drawn up and signed, and the book was to appear immediately. Popular authors during the preceding months had been pouring forth their favours on the public, and were now resting on their oars and receipts. The novel-reading world just then was unemployed; it was the exact point of time for a new writer to make her appeal. No objection had been made to her pseudo name, and in order the better to preserve her secresy, the correction of the proofs was taken off her hands. It was evident to my mind, from the complaisance of the publishers, that they considered that they had got a good thing.

"Sara," I said one day, "I begin to think this book will make you famous."

Sara shook her head

"If it does," I asked, prudently desirous of preparing for an event that might never be realised, "will you declare yourself?"

"I will wait till I am famous before I decide," said Sara, who, so far as I could see, was almost as indifferent to the fame as to the profit.

During this period Mr. Knight was so frequent a visitor, that we had little chance of forgetting him. Why he came I could not tell, for he was a very different man from Mr. Hall, whose loquacity obviously wearied him; and Sara did not seem to attract him. He watched her a good deal, it was true, but it seemed less from individual interest, than from the philosophical tendency to examine carefully every new subject presented to him.—Sara, too, always showed under her worst aspect in his presence. In her behaviour to him she was rude and satirical; in her behaviour to others before him, extravagant and even frivolous. I tried to hope that Mr. Knight would detect her real character beneath the disguise she so strangely assumed; then, again, I thought it was requiring too much from his penetration. For my own part, I had a growing admiration and esteem for him. I had learned that of his public and private life which indicated a character of no ordinary decision and purity of principle. A late political lawsuit, in which he had borne a distinguished part, had raised his reputation beyond all dispute; in society far higher than ours, we knew he was courted and flattered.—Moreover, more than once at Mr. Hall's I had heard him defend certain principles and opinions which had been carelessly or maliciously attacked, in a manner that had aroused a warm response from all the best part of my nature. He was not by any means a rhetorician; his strength lay in the clearness and force of his thoughts, and in the pure relation his words bore to them. Truth never received any artificial adornment at his hands; it was her naked beauty he worshipped and presented for worship. Then he was thoroughly in earnest; his strong self-conviction carried conviction to the candid hearer. My friend Sara, had a far more emotional and passionate admiration than I for moral greatness; and at such times as those to which I have referred, it was beyond the power of her art to check the glow of enthusiasm that rose to her cheek, or to hide the kindling glance of recognition and sympathy. My only regret was, that it was precisely at these moments that Mr. Knight, interested in his subject, did not look at her.

Then, also, I knew that Sara secretly admired him; she followed the lawsuit through all its windings, and read Mr. Knight's speeches with a diligence I was unable to emulate; for, good as no doubt they were, they were very dry. I had heard her once defend him with an eloquence from which he might have learned a lesson, and with so minute an acquaintance with his individual excellencies, that I discovered that hitherto I had done him very imperfect justice. With all my female ingenuity and knowledge of my friend, I could not quite reconcile her conduct with her sentiments, and her own explanations thereupon only involved the matter more and more.

At length a new interest called me off from Mr. Knight. Sara's novel was announced for publication in a way calculated to whet public curiosity, but that strongly displeased the author.

"Such tricks of the trade humiliate me," she said, "I almost hope they will defeat their own end."

There was one singularity in this transac-

tion that I had noticed before; Sara always spoke as if her interests were quite separate from those of her publishers. The book came out duly; and, to sum up its success in a phrase, created a perfect furor. Sagacity was on the rack to discover the author, but sagacity was at fault. Sara Hall, together with the rest of the world, read the new novel, but was more sparing of her opinions thereupon than was her custom. What she had said about her indifference to fame, her conduct justified. I was far more full of exultation than herself; she would put down the most laudatory review with a dissatisfied sigh; she would hear it praised and wondered about in society, with scarcely a change of color. I had repeatedly expressed my curiosity to know whether Mr. Knight had read it, and one evening, when he happened to call during one of my visits, I abruptly put the question to him.

"I never read novels," he answered, "I have not time."

"But so remarkable a one" I suggested, studiously avoiding looking at Sara.

"Well," he said relentingly, "if it comes in my way."

I longed to ask him if he expected the book would meet him, but I dared say no more He appeared to be reflecting on the subject, for presently he asked, "Have you read it, Miss Hall?"

"Yes," said Sara, with a self-possession no amount of training would ever enable me to attain. The next question was inevitable.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"More than I can say at a moment's notice," replied Sara, turning away with her usual incivility.

A few minutes after, Mr. Hall came in with an evening paper in his hand.

"Here's a cut-up," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands, as if it were a personal gratification. "Here's a cut-up of the new novel! Late in the field, but the slaughter's tremendous! Sara, my girl, you're a capital reader, let us have it aloud—we have all read the book."

I was never so nearly committing myself in my life, but Sara restored me to a sense of the present necessity. She took the paper quietly her father held out to her, and his perceptions were not quick enough to see that her hands trembled. It was the only sign of agitation. She sat down, and carelessly glanced it over before commencing again.

"Mr. Knight has not read the book," she said, glancing up at him; "it is perhaps hardly fair for the author." There was a vibration in her voice that I am sure the person addressed must have felt.

"A disparaging criticism," he replied, "has often disposed me favorably towards the book condemned."

Sara began to read, and read the article through to the end with no interruption beyond Mr. Hall's keen enjoyment of its coarse wit. Merciless ridicule was the sole weapon employed; it had evidently been dictated by a mind thoroughly antagonistic to the writer's, for there was much cordiality in its invective. A book, such as I have before described Sara's, presented strong temptations to such mode of attack—my wonder was that it had not been had recourse to before.

"It is clever," said Sara, putting it down; "and perhaps the writer is honest; but it is unjust."

I marvelled at her self-command, but it was not perfect; there was a deep flush on her cheek, a scintillation in her eyes she could not control. I observed that Mr. Knight sat gazing at her, seemingly in a state of abstraction. When he took his leave, he said to her, "I shall read that book, and form my own judgment; it is but an act of justice."

I could see that night that Sara was strongly excited, though she repressed the signs as well as she could. I attributed it to the review, but on saying something in the way of sympathetic indignation, I found my condolences were quite superfluous. The next few days, Sara was very quiet and self-contained, but I detected an under-current of emotion and anxiety, which always seemed at its flux as the evening drew nigh. It was evident to me that she was expecting Mr. Knight.

After the lapse of a week, he came late one evening. If anything had been needed to confirm the idea I entertained, Sara's flush of color would have supplied it. To my extreme disappointment and annoyance, Mr. Hall at once engaged him in some political discussion. Sara went to her piano, and played some exquisite airs in *Norma* as no one else, in my opinion, could have done. I watched Mr. Knight with interest. Laugh at my woman's intuition, dear reader, if you like, but I felt certain he had read Sara's book, and, more than that, had divined that it was hers. I saw his eyes rest upon her with an expression that told me more than that; that a veil had been lifted from the past; that, by the aid of that crude but noble production, he read my friend's character aright. Did he read more than this? Mr. Hall was presently called out on some professional emergency, and then Mr. Knight drew near Sara's piano. "I have read that book," he said; "would you care to have my opinion?"

Surely, interested in the matter as I was, I had a right to his critical observations; nevertheless, an instinct kept me in my seat, which was at the further end of the room. Sara softly touched the keys while he spoke—at least she did at first; after a while, the sound ceased; she lifted up her before bowed face, flushed and radiant. As he bent towards her, I slipped out of the room.

Still, as I walked up and down Sara's room,

could not quite understand it, and having perplexed myself in vain, resolved to wait for the explanation I was determined to extract from my friend. Wait in truth I did. More than one hour passed, and the second was far spent, when I heard Mr. Hall's impatient knock at the house-door, and a few moments after I heard Sara's coming footsteps. "Sara," I exclaimed, trying to seize her floating skirts as she ran past the door—"Sara, I must say one word." She evaded me, however, shaking herself free with a mocking laugh, and locking herself securely in the stronghold of her bedroom. It was too bad; but there was nothing for it but submission.

But the next morning I secured her at the confessional. "Am I then to understand," asked I, in my untiring effort to comprehend the matter fully—"am I, then, to understand that your chief motive in publishing this novel, was the chance of Mr. Knight's reading it, and taking a true measure of your character thereby? Have you loved him so long?"

"Even so," said Sara, with crimsoning cheeks. "It was a romantic venture—a chance, as you call it; but I could think of no other means of showing him what I really was—how much he was mistaken."

"But you took such pains to mislead him, Sara."

"Carry, how ignorant you are! Could I venture to show him how solicitous I was for his good opinion? I cared so much for it, there was no middle course open to me."

"Sensible men," said I sententiously, "should be careful how they guage the character of a high-spirited, frivolous-seeming girl."

"He had exercised more penetration than most sensible men. He had formed a pretty fair estimate of me before he guessed I wrote that book, or had read it. What generous things he said last night," added Sara, with a flush of ardor. "Under his guidance, I may do better things than that."

"They say," said I, laughing, "that pure fame is never enough for a woman."

"That heart," returned Sara, with a well-pleased smile, "whether belonging to man or woman, must be narrow indeed which pure fame would satisfy. Carry, I long to see you as happy as I am now!"

THE CASKET.

Within a casket of corporeal clay
There lies enshrined a vast unvalued treasure;
Whose sparkling gems flash brightly day by day,
Dazzling, or soothing, in their various measure.

Some lock the casket jealously, and hide
Its brilliant wealth within the dark recesses;
That not a truant sparkle thence can glide
To fall in secret on the world it blesses.

Some cautiously and gently raise the lid,
Yet stop half-way and fear to open wider;
As though it were Pandora's box, or hid,
The winged steed, with its enchanted rider.

Others, less chary, spread them forth to view,
By world wide gratitude and fame rewarded;
None in Time's records have been found to rue
The use of gifts which timid misers hoard.

Yet must those gems still in their casket lie,
And oft imperfect be the light they render:
The lids may be uncovered, but no eye
Of mortal man may see their fullest splendour.

Let them blaze forth with all the brilliance, now,
That they can yield within their earthly prison;
With gleaming wealth a darkened world endow,
To serve its need, till endless day has risen.

THE AFFINITY BETWEEN SCIENCE AND REVELATION.—We have little doubt that the ultimately converging, though it may be, transiently discrepant conclusions of the sciences of philology, enthology, and geology (in all of which we may rest assured great discoveries are yet to be made), will tend to harmonise with the ultimate results of a more thorough study of the records of the human race, as contained in the book of Revelation. Let us be permitted to imagine one example of such possible harmony. We think that the philologist may engage to make it out, on the strictest principles of induction, from the tenacity with which all communities cling to their language, and the slow observed rate of change by which they alter; by which Anglo-Saxon, for example, has been transformed into English, Latin into Italian, and ancient Greek into modern (though these languages have been affected by every conceivable cause of variation and depravation); that it would require hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, of years to account for the production, by known natural causes, of the vast multitude of totally distinct languages, and tens of thousands of dialects, which man now utters. On the other hand, the geologist is more and more persuaded of the comparatively recent origin of the human race. What, then, is to harmonise these conflicting statements? Will it not be curious if it should turn out that nothing can possibly harmonise them but the statement of Genesis, that in order to prevent the natural tendency of the race to accumulate on one spot, and facilitate their dispersion and destined occupancy of the globe, a preternatural intervention expedited the operation of the causes which would gradually have given birth to distinct languages? Of the probability of this intervention some profound philologists have on scientific grounds alone, expressed their conviction."—*Rogers on Reason and Truth.*

LECTURE ON THE RELATION BETWEEN THE ART OF DESIGN AND THE ARTS OF PRODUCTION.

BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.

(ABRIDGED.)

THE topic on which I have to address you is the connection or relation between the arts of design and the arts of production. By the arts of production I mean naturally those arts by which what is but a raw material assumes a form, a shape, a new existence, adapted for some necessity or some use in the many wants of life—such as pottery, such as carving, in various branches, whether gold, or wood, or stone; such as the working of metals, whether of gold, or silver, or brass, or iron: such as the production of textile matters,—or objects of whatever sort and for whatever purpose, such as construction in its different branches, whether commencing with the smallest piece of furniture or ascending to a great and majestic edifice. By the arts of design, I understand those arts which represent nature to us in any form, or which brings before us beauty, whether in form or in colour. Now, these arts ought, as every one agrees, to be in close harmony the one with the other; but that harmony which I wish to establish between them must be an honorable union an equal compact, a noble league. There is not to be the one the servant, and the other the master. Each must be aware of the advantages which it can receive as well as of those which it can confer. Thus the art, for instance, of design will have to give elegance of form, grace of outline, beauty of ornament, to what is produced by the other class of arts; and they, in their turn, have to transmit, and multiply, and perpetuate the creations of the arts of design. Now, it is agreed on all hands that, as yet, this complete harmony does not exist, that we have far from arrived at that mutual application of the one class to the other which gives us a satisfactory result. It is unnecessary, I believe, to bring evidence of this. As we proceed, I trust opportunities will present themselves of bringing before you authorities enough for that assertion. But I may say at the very outset that the report just published by the Department of Practical Art is almost based upon the acknowledgement, that, as yet, we have not attained that application of the arts of design to the arts of production which we desire, and which it is most advisable, even for our own interests, to obtain. It acknowledges the existence of a necessity for much more instruction than has as yet been given. It allows that after several years, thirteen years at least, of the existence of schools of design, they have not been found fully to attain their purpose; and a new organization and a new system have now begun to be adopted. No one can appreciate, I trust, more than I am inclined to do myself, the advantages which must result from the multiplication of these schools of design as applied to manufactures, and of the great improvement which they have already begun to confer, and will continue, no doubt, still more to bestow upon the industrial classes. I believe it is most important to propagate to the utmost the love of art; I believe it most useful to every child, even to its first rudiments, its elementary state; I think that if we can make drawing a part of universal education, a great deal will be gained. But this, certainly, cannot be enough. I am willing, also, to grant that we shall have a great improvement upon what we have produced, until now, in the form of art; I believe that we will see better designers, persons of richer imaginations, men who understand the harmony and combination of colours better, and who can give to the artizans patterns which will greatly improve every department of our industry. But, I may ask, Is this sufficient? Will this bring art up to what we desire? This is the great question; this is the subject upon which I am going to treat. And it appears that there is a simple mode of arriving at it, and it is the one, consequently, which I will adopt. It is a question partly of experience. It is a lesson, much of which history can teach us; and I desire to bring before you such facts as seem to me to bear upon the question, and to enable us to come to a satisfactory and practical conclusion. I will endeavour to put my view before you, to state the question under a very simple, but perhaps it may appear, not a very practical form. There is now a great desire to form, not only in the capital, but also in all your cities, where industry prevails, museums which should contain all the most perfect specimens of what antiquity in every age has left us of beauty in design and elegance in form. We wish that our artizans should have frequently before them what may be considered not merely actual copies of such works, but such objects as will gradually impress their minds with feelings of taste. Now, I should like to have the construction, the formation of such a museum as this city should enjoy; and in describing it, I will confine myself entirely to one small department—that of classical art, classical antiquity, because I know that for a museum intended to be practical to the eyes of artizans, there is a far wider range of collection to be taken than that to which I confine myself. I imagine to myself a hall at least as large as this, and of more elegant and classical architecture. I will suppose it formed on a more classical form. Around it, in places adapted for the purpose, would be not merely copies or plaster casts, but real marble statues and busts collected from antiquity. I would arrange them round the room so that each could be enjoyed at leisure by the student, so as there could be room for the draughtsman

to take a copy at the least. In the centre, I would have spread out a beautiful Mosaic, such as may be found in the museums of Rome – a pavement in rich colours, representing some beautiful scene, which should be most carefully railed off, that it might not be worn or soiled by the profane tread of modern men. There should be cabinets of metals and sculptured gems enclosed carefully in glass, so that there should be no danger of accident. There should also be the finest specimens of the old Etruscan vases of every size, of every shape, plain and coloured, enriched with those beautiful drawings upon them which give them such character and such perfection. And, on the other side, I would have collected for you some specimens of the choicest produce of the excavations of Herculaneum. There should be bronze vessels of the most elegant form, and of the most exquisite curve. And there should be all sorts of even household utensils, such as are found there, of the most beautiful shape and exquisite finish. On the walls I would have some of those paintings, which have yet remained almost unharmed after being buried for so many hundreds of years, and which retain freshness and glow upon the walls, and clothe them with beauty, and, at the same time, with instruction. And then I would have a most choice cabinet, containing medals in gold, and silver, and bronze, of as great an extent as possible, but chiefly selected for the beauty of their workmanship. And so with engraved gems, every one of which should, if possible, be a treasure in itself. Now, if such a museum could be collected, you would say, I am sure, that classical antiquity, classical so far as art goes, we have everything we could desire; and we have as noble, as splendid, as beautiful a collection of artistic objects as it is within the reach of modern wealth and influence to collect. In fact you would say, if you could not make artists now by the study of these objects, it was a hopeless matter, because here was everything that antiquity has given us of the most beautiful. Now I am afraid, that while you have been following me in this formation of an ideal museum, you have thought it required great stretch of imagination to suppose it possible that such a collection could be brought together in any city. I will ask you, then, to spread your wings a little more, and fly with me even into a more imaginary idea than this. Let us suppose that, by some chance, all these objects which we have collected were, at some given period in the first century of Christianity, collected together in an ancient Roman house; and let us suppose that the owner of that house suddenly appeared amongst us, and had a right to claim all these beautiful works of art which we so greatly prize, and which we have taken so much trouble and laid out so much money to collect. What does he do with them when he has got them back? Why, what will he do with these statues which we have been copying, and drawing, and admiring so much? Pliny finds great fault, is very indignant with the people of his age, because he says they had begun to form galleries, that such a thing was unknown before, that no one, no real Roman, should value a statue merely as a work of art, but that a Roman ought to value them as being the statues of his ancestors. And this Roman values them as nothing else. He takes the statues and puts them, not in the centre of a room to be admired, but as they are to him a piece of furniture, he puts them with their fellows into the niches from which they were taken, and where, perhaps, they are in a very bad light. His statues, if they do not represent his ancestors, it is very probable that, instead of allowing them to remain in a very beautiful hall prepared for them, he will send them to the garden to stand out in the open air and receive all the rain of heaven. The Mosaic which we have valued as such a beautiful piece of work, he will put most probably in the porch of the house to be trodden under foot by every slave that comes in and goes out. And now he looks about him at that beautiful collection of Etruscan vases which we got together. He recognizes them at once. "Take that to the kitchen, that is to hold oil; take that to the scullery, that is for water; take those plates and drinking cups to the pantry, I shall want them for dinner; and these beautiful vessels which yet retain, as they do, the very scent of the rich odors formerly kept in them, take them to the dressing room; I want these for the toilet. This is the washing-basin I must use. What have they been making of all these things to put them so carefully in expensive glass-cases, and treat them as works of art?" And so of the beautiful vessels; some belong to the kitchen, some to other apartments, but every one is a new piece of furniture. And then he looks into the beautiful cabinet; and he sends those exquisite gems into his room to be worn by himself and his family—they are but their ordinary rings. And your gold medals, and your silver medals, and your bronze medals, he absolutely puts in his purse; for to him they are only common money. Now, then, here your magnificent collection of the arts of design we have treated as the result, the production of art; and in reality these were but the fruits of the arts of production. Now, what are we to say to this?—That there was a period in Rome, and there were similar periods in other countries at different times, when there was no distinction between the arts of design and the arts of production; but those very things which to us are now so great objects of admiration as artistic works were then merely things made and fashioned as we see them, for the ordinary use to which we adapt

other things of perhaps similar substance, but certainly of different form. For, in fact, if you had these vessels, you would not know what to do with them. We could not cook a dinner in them. We certainly could not adapt them to our common wants. But to the Romans they were the very objects which were used for those purposes. And although now in reading the old writers, and trying to make out the dreadful hard names by which all these different kinds of pottery were called; yet, learned and classical as all that may be, when we come to translate those high-sounding Greek names, we get to very humble results—pipkins, pitchers, flagons, ewers, and such like homely names as these. Now where is the art there? Is it that these were designed by some man of reputation, and then that they were all carefully copied, exactly imitated from his design? —Oh, certainly nothing of the sort. The art that is in these beautiful things is a part of themselves—is bestowed upon them in their very fabrication. You may take an Etruscan vase, and you may scratch away from it if you please every line which has been traced by the pencil of the embellisher upon it; and after that, the seal of mutual design, grace, and elegance of true art are so stamped upon it, that if you wish to destroy or to remove them you must smash the vase. It is inherent in it. It was created with it. Then what we, I fancy, desire is that we should bring art back to the same state in which the arts of design are so interwoven with the arts of production, that the one cannot be separated from the other; but that which is made, is by a certain necessity made beautiful. And this can only be when we are able to fill the minds of our artisans with true principles, until real taste pervades their souls, and until the true feeling of art is at their fingers'-ends. You will see, I think, from the example which I have given you, what is the principle at which I am aiming, and which I wish to establish. It is this, that at any period in which there has been a real close union between the arts of production and the arts of design, it has resulted from the union in one person of the artist and the artisan. Such, now, is the principle that I am going to develope. And in doing so, I must distinguish between arts of production belonging to two distinct classes. There are those in which necessarily there is manipulation, the use of the hand or of such instruments as the hand directly employs. There are those in which mechanical ingenuity is employed in the art of production. It is clear that these two must be treated distinctly; and I begin with the first, which affords the greatest number of illustrations and examples in proof of the principles which I have laid down. We will begin first, then, with illustrations from metal-work. Now the period in which there was the greatest perfection in this sort of work, as is universally acknowledged, is from about the fourteenth century, 1300 till 1500. It is singular that in that period five at least, very probably more—but we have it recorded that five—of the most distinguished sculptors, whose works are now most highly prized, were originally working goldsmiths and silversmiths. These as given us in their respective lives are Vasari, Cellini, Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Bandinelli—all of whom began as mere silversmiths, jewellers, workmen, and developed most extraordinary talents as sculptors. Now, how was this done? Can we conceive now a person merely engaged as a journeyman, for instance, working upon such plate as is put before him becoming a man of the very highest character in art? There have been examples, as we shall see, but they are rare. But here we have five men within a limited period becoming most eminent. What was the reason of that?—Because the jeweller, the silversmith who worked with his hands, was considered of necessity to be educated not only as an artist, but as an artist of the highest class; and Vasari observes that in these times no man was reputed a good goldsmith who was not a good tradesman, and could not work well in relief (in those days, not simple casting). We have, therefore, a principle established in the working of the finer metals, that the person who did the material work of them must be an artist who could draw and model, and who could not only draw a model, but do the same also with the model itself; for that is the nature of the work of which I have spoken. Now take the life of Cellini. There was a man who originally was put to a totally different employment. His father had no higher ambition for him than that he should become a great player on the flute; and he teased him during the best years of his life because he had no taste for this, but ran after goldsmiths and others, and thus learned different branches of his profession. He led a most trying life. He went about from place to place. One day he was at Rome, on another he was at Naples, and at Florence a third, and at Venice, and so on to France. Then he would go back again. In fact, it seems incredible that he did any work; but any one who reads his life will soon learn the numerous subjects which he brought to light. He did not travel by train, or any public conveyance. He travelled on horseback, each time, from Rome to Paris. He had no luggage. He was a poor man; and wherever he came, he began by starting a shop. Then he commenced business by making his own tools and worked with his scholars, who were generally young men who afterwards became eminent, in the little shop looking to the street. There he hammered, and cast, and shaped, and did whatever else was necessary for the work. He was truly a

working goldsmith. And the beauty of his works consists in this: that the impress of ingenuity is so marked in them, that it is easy to see that they were not designed by one person and executed by another. There is to such art only one language; in every enamel, in every setting of a stone, it is exactly as nature designed. Nor does he speak in treating of himself in any other way. He went on from step to step, until he produced the most magnificent works, on a large scale, in marble and brass. And he describes how he constructed his furnaces. He went and bought one day the materials, and began to build; and when he was casting that most magnificent and exquisite statue of the Perseus, which is said to be one of the wonders of art, he had every sort of misfortune. His furnace was built up, an explosion took place which blew off the roof, and the rain came down in torrents in the fire. By his ingenuity, by his extraordinary perseverance, instead of being baffled by the accident, he kept on and brought out, almost without flaw, that most exquisite piece of workmanship. We may, however, imagine the state to which he was reduced, when, as the metal was ready to be poured out, the explosion took place. He had no remedy, but to run to the kitchen and take all the pans, and goblets, and coppers he could find and throw them into the fire; and from those, that splendid statue came forth. It is a glorious instance of the man's ingenuity. He tells us, on one occasion, that a surgeon came into the shop to perform an operation on one of his pupils. Upon looking at his instruments, he found them so exceedingly rude and clumsy that he said, "If you will only wait for a little, I will give you better instruments." And he went into the workshop, and took a piece of steel and brought out a most beautifully-finished knife, with which the operation was successfully performed. Now, this man, at the time you thus see him working as a common workman, was modelling in the most exquisite manner in wax, spending his evenings in the private apartment of the Grand Duke, assisting him in his presence with a hundred little trifles which are now considered treasures of art. And so, wherever he was, under all circumstances, he acted as an artist, but at the same time as a truly labouring artisan. It was the same with others in the same profession. He was not the only one, by any means, whose genius was so universal; because we find him telling us repeatedly that when he heard of a goldsmith (and in those days a goldsmith was a real artist) who excelled in any branch, he labored to rival and excel him. Thus he rivalled. In fact, there was not a branch of the art in which he did not consider it his duty to excel. With this spirit, it is wonderful that men of really great taste should have been produced —men who, observe, looked upon every branch of productive art as really a branch of the highest design, and thus in one person combined the power of the two? There was another celebrated jeweller of that time, Antonio Foppi, who is better known in the history of art by the name of Caradosso, which he received in Spain, and which signifies a bear's face. Cellini describes to us the process by which he produced his works. They were so carefully executed, and required such accurate knowledge of art that, as he acknowledges, he must have been very superior indeed in the arts of design. As an instance of what was the latitude, the extent of art, and how really a jeweller or a goldsmith in those days was not above work which now-a-days no one would dare to offer to a person of that profession, we have a case recorded in the history of a very particular friend of Cellini, of the name of Piloto. He was a jeweller, a goldsmith. He went to the Grand Duke of Tuscany when building his palace, who gave him the commission to make the metal blinds for the ground floor of it. And it is considered a pity that a work of so noble a nature should have perished, because there can be no doubt whatever, that it was a work of exquisite beauty. So that, you see, upon what may be considered the lowest stage of common production, the artist was not ashamed and did not feel it beneath him to condescend not only to give designs, but to do it, to execute it himself. We have in the collections, particularly of Italy, in the palaces, evident proofs of the great extent to which this combination of various arts must have been carried in works exceedingly complicated, extremely beautiful, and at the same time necessarily requiring a great deal of ability to execute. There are the rich cabinets in which may be found mixed together works in marble, in wood, in stone, and in metals, and in enamelling, and in painting, and all combined together, and by one idea, and all executed by one hand, but of the authors it seems impossible to find any good trace. They were probably produced by these men who, while called goldsmiths, as I said before, could work well upon any of these substances, and thus bring them harmoniously to form one beautiful whole.

Now let us proceed to what may be considered a higher branch of art, and that is sculpture. We shall find exactly the same principles go throughout. All the greatest artists of the most flourishing period were men who did their own work. You are probably aware—many, no doubt, are—that at the present day, when a sculptor has to produce a statue, he first of all makes his model in clay. It is probably a drawing first, then a small model, then a model of the same size as he intends the statue to be, full sized and completely finished. From this a cast is

taken in plaster. The block of marble is placed beside it; a frame is put over it, from which hang threads with weights attached. These form the points from which the workman measures every corresponding line, first to the model, and then those from the cast to the marble itself; and by means of a mere mechanical process, he gradually cuts away the marble to the shape of the cast, and often brings it so near to the finished work that the artist himself barely spends a few weeks upon it. This was not how the ancients wrought. They knew perfectly well that more feeling in touch can be imparted by a master's hand, even in the very beginning of a work, than there can be in the slow and plodding process of a mechanical labourer. And we find that those really exquisite sculptures of ancient times were those of their own workmanship. Vasari tells us of Oresgni that he made in a portico in Florence seven figures, all with his own hands, in marble, which yet exist. Now Oresgni was certainly a remarkable person. He was a sculptor, painter, architect; and was so justly vain, if I may so speak, of this varied character of his art, that upon his monuments of sculpture he calls himself painter, and upon his paintings he designates himself a sculptor. His paintings are to be found in the cemetery at Pisa. The most beautiful and splendid of his works is in a church at Florence, of which, I am glad to say, an exact copy is to have a place in the new Crystal Palace. This artist, whose works were most beautiful and most finished, did the work with his own hands, carved the whole of the marble himself. I shall have occasion to speak of another celebrated artist under another head; and I therefore mention one who became very celebrated, and from whose life it was very evident that he did the whole of the carving with his own hands, that is Brunelleschi. He lived at the period when art was becoming most beautiful, the period which just preceded the appearance of still greater artists, but who in some respects departed from the purest principles of art. He was the contemporary of Donatello; and both were great friends and worked in the same church. An anecdote is related in the life of Donatello, which will show us that Brunelleschi was one who not merely called himself a sculptor but a carver, who performed the work with his own hands. He tells us that Donatello received a commission to carve a crucifix in St. Croce, and that he produced what was considered a very fine work. But he was anxious that his friend Brunelleschi should see it and approve of it. He invited him, therefore, one day to inspect it. Brunelleschi went. The work was covered up, as usual, during its execution. Brunelleschi looked at it when the covering was removed, and said nothing. Donatello felt hurt, and said, "I have brought you here to give your opinion, and tell me candidly what you think of it." He said immediately, "That figure is not a figure of Christ, but a peasant. Donatello was indignant. It was perhaps one of the most beautiful specimens of carving which had ever been produced, and he used an expression which became proverbial; and I cannot help remarking how many expressions of artists under peculiar circumstances have assumed the form of proverbs. The expression, when rendered into English from the Italian, means, "Take you a piece of wood and make one." Brunelleschi did not reply. He went home. He got a piece of wood. He said nothing to Donatello, and carved his crucifix. When it was quite finished, he met Donatello and said, "Will you come and sup with me this evening?"—I relate the anecdote to show what artists were; that they were not great gentlemen living in any particular style.—"I will do so with pleasure," said Donatello. "Then, come along;" and Brunelleschi, as they were going home, bought some eggs and cheese for supper. He put them in his apron, and said to Donatello, "Will you bring them to the house, while I purchase some other things, and I will follow you shortly?" Donatello consented. He entered the room, saw the crucifix, started in astonishment, let fall the apron, and——smashed his eggs. Brunelleschi soon followed, and found Donatello, with his hands stretched, his mouth open, and looking intently at the wonderful work. "Come," said he, 'Where is my supper?" "I have had my supper, you get what you can out of what is left." And then he looked at his friend, and the noble-hearted, generous artist took him by the hand, and said, "You are made to represent Christ, I to represent peasants." This shows us, as I said before, that those poor artists carved or worked with their own hands, shut up in their own house; in fact, as Vasari tells us, they kept thus working, and never allowed any one to see it until it was quite completed. There can be no doubt that, among all the names celebrated in art, there is not one that can be put in comparison with that of Michael Angelo, a man, who not merely from his follower, disciple, and intimate friend, Vasari, but even from the jealous, envious, and ill-tempered Cellini, receives constantly the epithets of "The Divine." No man, certainly, ever had such a wonderful taste for art in every department—his great creations—as an architect, his Moses and his Christ; as a sculptor, his last Judgment and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel as a painter, are all monuments which must have made the eternal fame not of three, but of a hundred artists in different departments. Great, noble, generous, and though, perhaps, somewhat in his temper not amiable, but yet sternly honest in all his dealings, he seems to have been the great centre around which art at this

period revolved. There was no one so great, so sublime in any branch of it that did not look up to Michael Angelo, and consider him as superior. It is considered that Raphael stole into the Sistine Chapel to see his wonderful work, and changed his style entirely upon beholding it; and it is perfectly acknowledged by writers of that time, that in other departments he was considered equally supreme. Now, one might consider that this man, upon whom commissions poured in every day for great works, would have employed a number of artisans to assist him, that he would have carefully prepared models, made and entrusted to skilful artificers, so as to lighten his labour. No such thing. There is every evidence, from the beginning to the end, that Michael Angelo performed every piece of work which he undertook, that he began with the blocks of stone taken from the quarry, that pretty generally he did not condescend to make designs in wax models, but immediately set to work with his chisel and mallet until he brought out the figures already existing in his imagination, and which he knew were as truly lurking in that inanimate block. Vasari shews us in fact from his unfinished pieces in what way he must have chipped out the marble from the block which he himself had begun to fashion, and which many afford as a reason for his having so many unfinished pieces about him. Either the idea did not come out, or he drove the stroke too far into the marble,—and so spoiled it; but certain it is, that most, if not all of the gigantic works which he executed were actually the products of his own hands, as well as of his own intellect. When he was getting an old man; when he was about the age of seventy-five, Vasari tells us that he used to be just as indefatigable with his hammer and chisel as when he was a young man. He had near his bedroom, if not in his bedroom itself (for he lived in a primitive and simple manner), a block of marble; and when he had nothing to do he used to be hammering at it; and when he was asked why he continually wrought at this branch of his art, he used to reply that it was for amusement, to pass away his time, and because it was good for his health to take exercise with a mallet.

He undertook at that advanced age to cut out of the enormous block of marble four figures as large as life intended to represent the Descent from the Cross. He had nearly completed the figure of our Lord, when, happening to meet with a large vein, he broke it one day into half a dozen pieces. It was seen in this state by one of his friends, who got them put together again, and transferred it to Florence, where it is now to be seen. But Vasari says, that in order to give himself occupation, he got another equally large block of marble, and began another group of the same sort. This was when he was seventy-five years of age. Vasari gives us an interesting account of how he worked. He says that he was remarkably sober; and while performing the greatest of his works, such as that at Rome, he rarely took more than a crust of bread and a glass of wine. This sobriety made him more vigilant, and requiring not so much sleep. And there he worked away with his chisel, having made for himself a sort of helmet, or cap of pasteboard, on which he put his light, so that the shadow of his body was never thrown on the work. *Apropos* of this, Vasari tells us an anecdote, which, though it does not directly bear on this subject, has been and is interesting, as showing the character of Michael Angelo and his times. Vasari observes that he never used wax candles for the purpose of working with, but candles of goat's tallow, which Vasari says were particularly excellent. Wishing to make him a present, he sent his servant one day with a large box of these candles, containing about forty pounds. The servant brought the box in, and Michael, who never accepted presents, told him that he might again take it with him. The servant said that he had no idea of taking it back, as his arms were nearly broken from having carried it the distance he did. "Then do what you like with it," said Michael. "Well," said the servant, "I will tell you what I will do; as I was coming, I observed before the door a nice bit of hardened earth; I will go and stick the candles in that, light them, and leave them all burning." Michael said, "I cannot allow such confusion as that would make at my door; you may, therefore, leave them." This shows the homely friendly way in which the artists lived among themselves. Now, we have a very interesting account of the manner in which he used to work at his marble by another contemporary writer, a Frenchman. Speaking of this subject, he says, "I can say that I have seen Michael Angelo, when he was past sixty years of age, and then, when at work, he would make the fragments of the marble fly about at such a rate, that he cut off more in a quarter of an hour than three strong young men could have done in an hour—a thing most incredible to any one who has not seen him. And he set to work with such fury, with such an impetus, that I was afraid that he would have dashed the whole marble in pieces, making at each stroke chips of three or four fingers thick fly about the air, and that with a material in which, if he had only gone a hair's breadth too far, he would have totally destroyed the work, which could not be restored like plaster or clay." Bernard Palissy was an artist, a painter; but he seems to have been a painter of rather humble pretensions. He tells us that he used to paint figures of images, and so on; but still he was an artist to some extent. He tells us, in his biography written by himself, that in 1541 there does-

not seem to have been anything approaching to ornamental pottery in France. He happened to see an Italian cup, which struck him as being very beautiful; and he thought, "Why could not this be produced in France?" He set to work. He was a poor man. He had a good talent for chemistry, and was particularly desirous of finding out a system of enamelling pottery, and especially that white enamel which he contrived to make himself. He took his work to be baked in a glass-house, but found it completely failed. He set to work in his own house, and built a furnace. He set the ingredients in it, but found that they would not harden. Having nothing left, he pawned all his clothes. He burnt every article of furniture which he possessed. He went to his garden, pulled up the trellis, took the floor out of his house to keep up the fire, but his proportions not being exact, he could not get the glazing to set. Still he persevered. People charged him with being mad. He was subjected to every sort of annoyance, but still he went on. Finding that his furnace would not act, he built another, carrying the sand and water, mixing the lime, and building it with his own hands. He sat six days and six nights watching it. He received a little money from a commission, and returned to his work again, and this in the midst of the trials and annoyances to which he was subjected. He had everything set, the furnace lighted. He was sitting watching as before, when he heard crack after crack in every direction around him; the pebbles in his mortar flew out and stuck in his enamelled models and vessels, so that they were completely spoiled. He set to work again. He prepared materials once more: he put them into the fire, and this time there was a tremendous explosion, and all his work was again spoiled. He says that for sixteen years he persevered in this way, and at the end was crowned with success. He produced the first specimens in beautiful pottery, such as to this day are sought by the curious. He afterwards received a situation in the king's household, and ended the rest of his days in comfort and respectability. We are told by Pliny, to whom we must constantly recur for information on the subject of ancient art, that it was in the time of Augustus that the practice was introduced of painting the walls of houses. Temples had undoubtedly been painted before. The whole of the walls were covered with paintings. He tells us himself that when the temple of Ceres, near the Circus Maximus was restored, they cut away from the walls the works of Damophilus and Gorgasus, and framed them, as we do with pictures we wish to preserve. We know that on on one occasion the city was saved, when Demetrius besieged it, because he was afraid that if he destroyed it, the beautiful paintings which it contained would be lost. Now, observe that this painting of the walls corresponds to our paper-hanging. They did it by the craft and skill of the artist. How did they do this? I again must refer you to the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. They covered not only public buildings, but also private house with beautiful paintings. They are not mere arabesques; they are not merely ornaments; but they are such a mixture of ornament and figures, perfectly designed and coloured, as show that there was no distinction between the architect and the painter of the house. The artist was himself the performer of the work. And so beautiful are these that we have hardly anything in modern things that is superior to some of these paintings, and they were so common that they were in all the houses. And we may observe that they are found on the walls of cities remote from the capital. They give a specimen of the condition of the provincial cities of the empire. Thus we find that great artists condescended to paint the walls of private houses as well as of public buildings. We have an instance in modern times, perhaps forming in itself one of the most beautiful productions of art—the painting of the gallery to which I have already alluded. Raphael undertook to do what we would not now think of committing but into the hands of a common decorator. There was no distinction, in his time, between the higher and lower state of art. The whole of art was one thing. A great artist considered that it was his place, and in his power, and in reality what he professes to do, even to make the smallest work, that was insignificant in itself, great and noble, and to stamp the very highest impress of art upon the commonest and most ordinary commissions that were given to him. I must now say a few words on another class of art, both of design and production, which will probably interest you more than any of those to which I have already adverted. It is art applied to textile fabrics. I must observe that there is a great difference between what art can do in this department, and what it can do in those others through which I have passed. Because the others are of a permanent and lasting nature, which are to continue for a time, they are worthy, therefore, of the care and attention of the artist of the very highest class. The others are perishable, and in all respects capricious, and always changeable; therefore it is impossible to bestow upon them the time, the leisure, and the degree of labour that is necessary to produce a great work of art. I have read with pleasure, and bear testimony to the important suggestions contained in a lecture delivered by Mr. Potter in this city. He is quite correct in his estimate of the somewhat exaggerated ideas which may exist on the power of art in connection with that which is not durable, and in reality has necessarily its value only for a brief period. I agree with him, therefore, in all that refers to

that subject; but, on the other hand, I accept his concessions that, even with regard to that amount, that extent of art, which is compatible with the nature of the substance on which it is to be displayed, we do not what we ought to do, and that we fall short of our neighbors, that while in that which is of a secondary nature, we have, by degrees, by perseverance and study, attained equality with them, yet there is a point more delicate and perfect which we have not yet reached. This is a concession which is important to what I have to say. It appears that there is some reason why in France they can produce, even in printed fabrics, a superior, a more delicate, and a more beautiful artistic effect than can as yet be given here. I shall have to speak upon the reason of this, which you will find accords in principle with what I have said. Because, observe, in these works, not made actually by handicraft, but with the assistance of mechanical skill, there must be a distinction between the designer and the mere workman, the man who puts the machine in motion, and puts work through it; although there can be no doubt it is necessary for the designer also to have considerable acquaintance with the process through which the design is brought out in actual manufacture. I only wish to observe, however, how the principle comes out here. You know the cartoons—the most perfect, the most finished work of art that exists—the cartoons of Raphael at Hampton Court. They are the labour of years; for they were all worked by his own hands; and nothing can be more beautiful than the perfection of outline, the artistic distribution of the different parts of the paintings, and, in fact, the whole of their merits. Now, what were these cartoons? Why, they were simply drawings for the loom. Raphael did not think it again below him to draw patterns which were to be sent to Holland and Belgium, and there executed by mechanics who wrought at that occupation. This shows, therefore, how the very highest talent may bend without degradation to assist practical art with all its power and with all its resources—and that where the union of the two cannot be got in the same person, then we have to think of the means by which the harmonious combination of both may be brought to produce one effect. While upon this subject, from the difficulties which oppose the bringing of this sort of art to its perfection, I am tempted to quote some beautiful lines upon the subject from one of our oldest but wisest poets—one who calls himself upon his tomb the servant of Queen Elizabeth and the counsellor of King James. I mean Lord Brooke. Considering that in those days the principal impulse to industry had to be given by the ruling power, he speaks of the duty of that power in regard to the production of manufactures; and he writes in these words:—

Now, though wise kings do by advantage play
With other states, by setting tax on toys,
Which, if leagues do permit, they quietly may,
As punishment for that vice which destroys,
Of real things yet must they careful be.
Here and abroad to keep their custom free.

To which end power must nurseries erect,
And those trades cherish which use many hands,
Yet such as more by pains than skill effect,
And so by spirits more than vigour stands,
Whereby each creature may itself sustain;
And who excel, add honour to their gain.

Perhaps you will excuse me having taken up this quotation, but I will read you another that occurs in the same page, because it seems at that time to be so wisely prophetic of what may be considered the commercial policy of this day—that policy which owes its greatest impulse, if not its origin, to this city. He says:—

Providing cloth and food, to burthen bear
Then equally distributing of trade,
So as no one rule what we eat or wear,
Or any town the gulf of all be made:
For tho' from few, wealth can be had and known,
And still the rich kept servile by their own;

Yet no one city rich or exchequer full,
Gives states such credit, strength, or reputation,
As that foreseeing, long-breathed wisdom will,
Which, by a well disposing of creation,
Breeds universal wealth, gives all content,
Is both the mine and scale of government.

In conclusion, let us look upon art as the highest homage that can be paid to nature. And while religion is the greatest and noblest mode in which we acknowledge the munificence, the all-wise majesty of God, in what He has done both for the spiritual and for the physical existence of man, let us look upon art as the most graceful tribute of homage which we can pay to Him for the beauties He has so lavishly scattered over creation. Art, then, is to my mind, and I trust it is so to you all, a sacred and a reverend thing, and one which must be treated with all nobleness of feeling, all dignity of aim. We must not depress it. We must not lower it. The education of our artists must always be tending higher and higher. We must fear the possibility of our creating a lower class of artists, who will degrade the higher department, instead of endeavoring to blend and harmonize every department, so that there shall cease to exist in the minds of men the distinction between high and low art. And I conclude by reading another beautiful sentiment taken from the same poet:—

The bee may teach thee industrious care:
A worm in skill thy master thou must own;
With higher spirits wisdom thou dost share;
But Art, O man! hast thou alone!

People should travel, if for no other reason than to receive every now and then a letter from home; the place of our birth never appears so beautiful as when it is out of sight.

Did you ever know a Continental tourist who, if he unfortunately happened to speak English, didn't everywhere discover he was charged at least double for it?

SONG OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH BELL.

Up with the rooks where none can reach,
A goodly priest am I,
And the world may hear my loud voice preach
As the busy winds go by;
Over the bridge with her orange flowers,
Over the dead man's form,
Now I make merry the bridal hours,
Then I arouse the worm.
Ding, dong! I ring or I toll
For the young child's life or the old man's soul.

Up where nothing but moss can grow,
And the arms of the ivy trail,
I chime with the mourner's sob below,
And the new-born infant's wail.
The banner has waved o'er my belfry home,
While I've pealed with a nation's pride,
But ere that day had passed away,
I proclaimed that a king had died.
Ding, dong! I ring or I toll
For the young child's life or the old man's soul.

Up with the rooks where none can reach,
A goodly priest am I,
And the world may hear my loud voice preach
As the busy winds go by.
Oh! many shall wake and many shall sleep
'Neath the varied tales I tell,
And many a heart shall dance and weep
To the tune of the Old Church Bell.
Ding, dong! I ring or I toll
For the young child's life or the old man's soul.

FANCY'S SKETCH.

STRETCHED at full length on two sofas, which occupied opposite corners of an immense fireplace, were two young men busily engaged smoking from long Turkish pipes.

"What is the matter with you, Alfred? You are not saying a word."

"Nothing in the world. I was waiting for you to break silence."

"Then we might have waited long enough for each other."

"I was thinking of a most delightful adventure."

"Well, then, you might as well think aloud."

"With all my heart, only that you may think I play somewhat too conspicuous a part in it."

"Pray begin; I promise you only to believe half."

"It is now about a week since I received a card of invitation to a ball. The name was wholly unknown to me, so I lighted my pipe with the note. But stay; I must fill it now. There. And now to proceed.

"Some days after, feeling rather depressed and a little out of sorts, I thought a little gay society would do me no harm. 'By my faith,' said I to myself, 'I ought to have gone to this ball.' And a moment after I said again, 'I wish I had gone to this ball.' Ha! there is actually a scrap of the invitation left; and it is for this evening. What is to prevent my going?' Accordingly I dressed, and that, be it remarked, *en passant*, for reasons best known to my tailor and myself, was a matter of no slight difficulty. My toilet once made, such as it was, everything went on smoothly enough. I sent the porter for a cab to take me to the appointed house. You know the house—that magnificent one in the Rue St. Honoré, in front of which are those two splendid statues, before which I have so often stood lost in admiration. I entered, was announced, and could see that my name made a great sensation. I made my way to the lady of the house to pay my respects, Beside her was a young lady, evidently her daughter, who blushed deeply, and appeared somewhat embarrassed as I approached. In a few moments, there being no listeners near us, she whispered quickly to me—

"Be sure you do not forget that it was Ernest gave you an introduction."

Thereupon she left me, and joined a lady who had just entered the room.

Not to forget that it was Ernest gave me the introduction! But who and what was this Ernest? Why had he given me an introduction?

As I was puzzling over it all, I was accosted by a stout gentleman—

"You are taking nothing, sir. The refreshment room is quite near."

I answered by a bow, and he immediately led the way to it.

"Where is Ernest? I want to thank him for having brought you to us."

"On the contrary, sir, it is I who am deeply indebted to Ernest."

"Can you tell me how this law-suit is going on?"

"What law-suit?"

"Oh, the great family suit."

"Oh! it is going on exceedingly well."

"I am glad to hear it. Have you spoken to my wife and daughter?"

"Yes, I have had the honour."

"Now tell me honestly, do you follow Ernest's example?"

"Follow Ernest's example! You may fancy how embarrassed I was to find a ready answer to this question, but a hem and a haw got me out of the scrape, for my stout friend went on to say—

"Ernest is good for nothing; he neither plays nor dances."

"I, on the contrary, am very fond of dancing, and if I am not, as I fear, quite too late, I would beg permission to engage your daughter."

"I rather think her card must be full by this time. Still I know that she generally reserves a dance or two for any late comers she may wish to favour. Come, I will make your request for you." And so saying, he led me up to his daughter, whose first words, when her eye fell upon us, were—

"I see you have not forgotten our engagement for the next quadrille."

"How is this?" inquired my portly friend; you said just now——"

"I was as much surprised as he was, but hastened to say, "I had asked the young lady, but she turned to speak to some one who was just coming into the room, and left me in doubt whether she would accede to my request."

"So you see my mediation was quite unnecessary; and now I will leave you. When you see

Ernest, pray tell him I have got something to say to him."

Being left alone with my own thoughts in the midst of this perfectly strange world, I began to try and bring them into some order. Everybody here, thought I, seems to know me, and I know not a human being. It is very evident this fair damsel is wondrously smitten with me, and would have no objection to a little love-making. It is easily guessed what she wants to say to me. At all events I shall soon know; but what am I to say to her? If I only knew who this Ernest is.

In the meantime the music for the quadrille began, and I hastened to secure my partner. She is a handsome fine-looking girl of about twenty. We danced the first figure without uttering a word, but when the turn of the side-couples came, the young lady said to me:

"As far as papa is concerned, there is no danger, but do not trust Ernest. He knows nothing, as you may easily perceive. He is a friend, a sincere friend, but I should be quite ashamed of his knowing, and yet it was necessary that we should come to some explanation. You may speak without any risk now."

"What was I to explain? I was perfectly bewildered. Fortunately, we were just at this moment separated by the figure of the dance, and when we rejoined each other, she had, to my inexpressible relief, entirely forgotten that it was my turn to speak. I could quite understand the poor girl's falling in love with me at first sight, but the previous knowledge of me implied utterly perplexed me. She herself resumed the conversation by saying,—

"The first thing I must do is to return your letters."

This is confusion worse confounded, thought I; I have to my knowledge never written a line to her in my life. But she continued:—

"You could have been guilty of no greater imprudence than to write to me in such a manner. It has always been my habit to hand my mother every letter I receive before I break the seal, and it was by a most lucky chance that I did not do so with either of your letters. I have not replied to them, as I thought it better to do so by word of mouth. But I would not venture to have a private interview with you: here amongst so many people I shall have more courage. You must really not write to me any more, nor remain for so many hours before my door. There is no knowing what people may say."

My goodness! What a game of cross purposes! I who stood before the door merely to look at the statues! However, now I saw my way, and I answered boldly, that being once admitted into her house, I should no longer have occasion to remain standing before the door, and that if she would permit me to speak to her, I need not write.

Another movement of the dance again separated us. After which my fair partner went on:

"No, it is far better that we should not see each other again. I am, as you know, engaged to another, and all intercourse ought to be henceforth out of the question."

"What, madam, not see you again? After devoting my whole life for so long a time to you alone; after having accustomed myself to make you the subject of every thought, the object of every hope. No! no! for ever, no! If you will not allow me to *say* to you how much I love you, I will *write* it ten times a day. If you will not concede me the privilege of seeing you in your own house, I will station myself as a shoe-black opposite your door, brushes and all, and never leave my post for an instant."

"You terrify me!"

"Oh! could I ever have thought, ever have expected, to meet only hatred in return for such undying love and devotion."

"I did not say that it was only hatred I felt for you, but this I say, that it is the only feeling it would be allowable for me to express."

The country-dance came at length to an end. As I led her to a seat, I whispered, "Remember the shoe-brushes."

She smiled as I left her, and mingled with the crowd. I had enough to occupy my thoughts in trying to unravel of what romance she was making me the hero. What part did this Ernest play in it, and who is he? Still, however that might be, I saw in the whole thing up to this nothing but a rare frolic. I was to be favoured with another country-dance after three other engagements which my fair partner was obliged to keep.

The time came, and our conversation was resumed.

"I have been thinking ever since, fair lady, of my polishing brushes."

"And so have I, but I am afraid of them."

"You have only to forbid me to do it, then."

"Oh certainly; I forbid you most positively."

"A thousand thanks."

"For what? I do not understand you."

"For what? For the permission you give me to visit you very often."

"Indeed, I do not see why you may not come. Many other young people visit here. But first, you must renew the pledge you gave me in your last letter."

I was again in the mire, and deeper than ever. What promise had I given? But there was no time to hesitate, so I answered boldly—

"I swore dear lady, by my love to you."

She smiled.

"This is a strange way of inspiring me with confidence in you."

"What can you mean? I swore by all that is most sacred and precious to me."

"'Ah! so by your love you swore never more to speak to me of your love.'

"'This then is what I had sworn. I was all right again.'

"Dear me, dear lady; I will not deceive you. I will say whatever you wish; I will converse with you on any topic you please: but you are to remember that henceforth whatever I say, be the subject what it may, I shall always mean one and the same thing—I love you.'

"'But what is to be done with Ernest?'

"'Bah! what on earth is Ernest to me?'

"'But he is much to me, and his feelings must be spared as much as possible.'

"'Oh, I will be as considerate to him as you could wish."

"'Thank you, that will oblige me greatly.'

"'But I do not know him.'

"'How? You do not know him! Was it not he that took you the invitation?'

"'The note was given to my porter without a word being said of whom it came from.'

"'He told me he knew you very well.'"

"'I have not got a single acquaintance of that name.'

"In short, dear friend, by the time our long conversation was at an end, I had learned part of the secret and guessed the rest.

"Mademoiselle de——had seen me countless times standing before her door, admiring, as you know, the statues. She had also received two anonymous love letters, in which, amongst other impassioned phrases, was the following:—'The sweetest moments of my life are those which I spend gazing at the spot privileged to hold you..' As Mademoiselle de—— was fully persuaded that I was desperately in love with her, so these letters were most naturally put down to my account. Some days after, she was going out to drive with a friend, as I came in front of the door. Her companion saw me, and said—

"'Look, there is M. Alfred de Bussault.'

"'Who, that young man?'

"'Yes,' said the friend. 'Do you not know him?'

"'No. Are you acquainted with him?'

"'Only by name. He is a celebrated young artist.'

"What a handsome, interesting face! Altogether he is quite divine,' said my inamorata."

But here Alfred was interrupted by his auditor.

"Heyday, man; who on earth reported this conversation to you?"

"Nobody. This is part of what I told you I guessed."

"Oh, I understand; very well, go on."

"You will allow this was not doing badly for a first appearance. The two young ladies, particularly my fair friend, were so charmed with me, that they settled between them that I must be invited to the house. But how was this to be managed?"

"Some days after, the conversation was dexterously turned upon the young artist, and they repeated many flattering things which, according to them, were publicly said of my unworthy self. Ernest, who had been so long engaged to her that she had time to forget that he was her lover, though she did not forget to claim from him every attention, and the fullest submission to her every caprice,—Ernest, who was always at hand precisely whenever he was wanted, was not without his hobby; and this was, a desire to be considered as the particular friend, or the acquaintance at least, of any person of notoriety. And so when my name was mentioned he said at once—

"'Bussault, I know him intimately.'

"'Do bring him then to pass an evening with us. But you must take the whole thing upon yourself, with my father. If I were to ask papa myself, he would insist upon mamma's admitting some old twaddle to our party, and this would be paying too dear for M. de Bussault's presence.

"'Very well; I will ask your father for a card for one of my friends, and will bring him to you.'

"And thus it happened that Ernest who did not know me in the least, but who easily found out where I lived, merely sent me the invitation, hoping, before the evening of the ball, to find some one who would introduce me to him; but some family circumstances obliged him to leave Paris unexpectedly for some days. Meanwhile, I went to the ball, and told you the delightful evening I had, and the conquest I had made."

"Ah! now I understand why you were in such a deep reverie. I cannot, however, help saying that the whole story appears to me a little improbable. Be candid with me. Lay aside all the embroidery and let me see the naked canvas."

"With all my heart. The truth, the plain truth, unadorned and unvarnished is simply this; —While smoking, I was thinking of an invitation which I actually had to a ball given at this young lady's house, and which quite surprised me, as I knew none of the family. It came off the day before yesterday, and all that I have been telling you is just fancy's sketch of what it is most likely would have taken place had I gone to the ball, which I should have done, but that my black coat was somewhat too shabby, and my tailor would not listen to reason."

THE WONDERS OF OMNIBUS TRAFFIC.

There are daily plying through the streets of London 3,000 omnibuses, each carrying 300 passengers daily, or 2,000 a week, which makes for the entire omnibuses 6,000,000 a week, or the enormous number of 300,000,000 passengers a year. Supposing each passenger paid a threepenny fare, the amount expended annually upon omnibuses would be £3,750,000. An omnibus coachman driving an omnibus 60 miles a day—which is below the average—although he may not drive a greater distance than five miles each journey, yet passing the same ground over and over again, would in the course of seven years perform the extraordinary distance of 173,880 miles, or 521,640 miles in twenty-one years, which several coachmen have done without varying their route—say from Chelsea to the Bank. And yet, after all this labour and all this travelling, although each day they carry in their hands, from eight, A. M. to ten, P. M., a hundred and a half (the supposed weight of the strain upon the horses,) they have not but in very few instances, saved sufficient to pay their funeral expenses. The manual labour employed comprises the following:—Coachmen and conductors, 6,000; horsekeepers, 3,000; occasional drivers and hangers-on, 2,000; total, 11,000. The value of the metropolitan omnibus establishments is estimated at £962,000,, viz., horses worth £600,000; omnibuses, £300,000; harness, 6,000; and sundries, 2,000. The expenditure figures £787,000 for corn; £225,000 for straw; £750,000 for hay; and £7,860 for horseshoeing; to which are to be added £156,000 for wear and tear, and £180,000 for harness, exclusive of stabling and its accidentals. The Government duty, at 1½d. per mile, amounts to £393,756.

DONNINGTON GIBBET, A LEGEND OF BERKSHIRE.

About 150 years ago, during the reign of King Charles II., there lurked about these parts a most daring and dangerous villain, who had from his youth upwards lived a lawless life of plunder and outrage. His parents, poor but honest folk, perhaps unfortunately for him, but certainly most fortunately for them, died while he was yet a mere boy; but, young as he was, he had already discovered talents of no common order for that turn of life which alone his evil mind led him to look on with pleasure. Learning of every description was his particular aversion, and the only evidences on record of his being aware that there was in the village such a building as a church, were the many attempts which he made to pilfer from it the few valuables it contained. He was as ugly in his person as he was deformed in his mind; and his swarthy complexion, and dark-shaggy hair and eyebrows, had gained for him from his earliest years the nickname of "Black Tom."

At a fair held at Donnington Cross, the place we had just passed, and to which he had, when about fifteen years old, gone in the hope of there exercising to some profit his petty larceny propensities, there chanced to come an old woman not a little celebrated throughout Berkshire for her skill in fortune-telling, and whose peculiar dwelling-place had obtained for her the familiar appellation of the Witch of the Wood. Between this person and Tom there existed, from what original cause is not known, settled enmity and continued warfare. Two of a trade, they say, can seldom agree; and it may be supposed that on more than one occasion this pair of practitioners in the art of abstraction had interfered professionally one with the other.

With the true cunning of her art, she of whom we speak, on arriving at the present scene of action, of course promised more or less of prosperity in the world to her youthful customers accordingly as they varied in the amount of the retaining-fee offered at the shrine of her mystical knowledge. Tom, who had, unobserved, for some time stood by in sullen silence, at length caught her eye, and, seeing that she changed the expression of her features the moment they rested on his, he cried out, with a mixture of spite and banter—

"Now, mother, don't you know your favorite son?"

"Ay, that I do, and much better, too, than he *thinks* or likes," was the ready reply.

A titter, which ran through the surrounding crowd of half and full grown urchins, did not seem to increase Tom's small stock of good humor, and with his teeth set and his fist clenched, he blustered up to the old woman, the juvenile bystanders, to whom his prowess in the fight was most fully known, making at the first moment most respectful way for him. For an instant there seemed to be some doubt in the mind of the sibyl as to whether her divine art might prove sufficient defence against this flesh and blood assault; but her confidence in it being suddenly restored by the appearance of the parish beadle, she mustered up her forces, and, putting on her most imposing air, she exclaimed, "Never swell nor swagger here; I am not a chicken in Farmer Grouse's hen-roost to be fluttered at by you, stretching out your felon fore-paw." This little allusion to one of Tom's well-known pastimes was only making bad worse, and there is no saying to what extent of violence that, and the loud laugh which it caused, might have driven him, had he not just then caught sight of the great parish authority before alluded to—the only human being, indeed, for whom Tom had ever known to be guilty of the smallest sign of respect. In a moment, changing his scowl into a bitter smile, he said—

"Well done, mother! I forgot that on my last visit to neighbor Grouse you were my helpmate; and yet I might have remembered it too, for by the same token I well recollect who it was that ate the chicken, broth, barley, bones, and all. But, come, I bear you no grudge for it, and, if you answer me one civil question, we'll part friends as usual."

The old woman looked at him a moment, and then, as if impatient to hear what he evidently intended should be a poser, she exclaimed—

"Out with it, then, in a breath, and don't make as many mouthfuls of your words as you did of the oatcake you stole this morning out of Nelly Jones's corner cupboard."

"What! peaching again!" said Tom, with great coolness; for he had by this time recovered himself sufficiently to be a match, as he thought, for all the chattering old women in the country, "now, I tell you what, mother, from this time you and I dissolve partnership. I am not going to run whole risks for half profits; at any rate, I won't be such a fool for one who can't keep her tongue between her teeth; so answer my question, and then good bye."

"Out with it, I say again, limb of the devil!"

"So I will, hag of ——"

The remainder of the compliment was lost in the loud cry which was at this moment uttered

On the sudden coming in contact of the beadle's staff with the speaker's sconce; but this was caused more by surprise than by suffering, for to the latter he was tolerably hardened, and in a few moments, looking round at the burly functionary, who was, with all his wonted dignity of office, motioning him to withdraw from the scene of action, he muttered out, "Well, let her answer my question, and I will." The gold-laced hat was observed to move in token of compliance, and Tom, gathering up his scattered powers, darted on the subject of his inquiry one of his most hideous scowls, and then said—

"Tell me this—When will you be ordered your first whipping at Donnington Cross?"

The look was returned with interest, and with cool and slow delivery this answer was given—

"The same day that you get your second hanging on Donnington gibbet."

This strange reply evidently had its effect both on him to whom it was addressed, and on the bystanders, for it caused even the great staff officer himself to open his eyes, and to raise their brows in wonderment; nay, he actually went so far as to break through the proud silence which he was wont to observe whenever he was clothed in his gilded robes of state; and something of "second hanging—umph! first generally—umph! quite sufficient—umph!" actually escaped his lips; but, perceiving, at this moment, that his unusual loquacity was causing his astonished hearers to approach his person with far too much of familiarity, he gave a most awful clearing of the throat, struck his ponderous mace with violence against the ground, and was in a moment himself again.

Tom had kept strictly to the articles of agreement, for, whether he liked not the old woman's reply, or from whatever other cause, he was by this time nearly clear of the crowd, and mingled no more with it that day. But although the actual scene was thus brief; the concluding words of it were long remembered by those present, who used, in after years, while sitting in their chimney-corners, to recur to them with the same wonder as to their fulfilment as was excited as to their meaning when first they had heard them.

I could go on for an hour detailing to you various minor events of Black Tom's lawless life, but time, and fear of tiring you, equally forbid it; I shall, therefore, content myself with a recital of the singular circumstances which put the final close to his criminal career, and which were of such a nature as to bear out, in many people's minds, the strange prophecy uttered concerning him ten years before by the Witch of the Wood.

A very extensive robbery took place in this immediate neighbourhood. It had been planned by London practitioners in the art of plunder; but, as they were in want of some important local information for a due execution of the project, they naturally addressed themselves to Tom, who, for a promise of a sufficient share in the booty, undertook to be their pilot. This proved an unlucky job for him; for one of the gang, being afterwards taken, and carried before the magistracy there, compromised for the sparing of his own life by denouncing Tom, of whose part in the crime till then no suspicion had existed. The evidence, however, was so clear, and the feeling so strong against him, that his trial was a mere ceremony; at the close of which sentence of death was passed upon him, and he was condemned to be executed, and afterwards hanged in chains, the shortest time the law allowed then, being given to him for preparation. The gibbet was erected at Donnington-cross, on a spot ever since called Gallows Corner; and to this the unfortunate malefactor was led early on the day appointed for his execution.

Such a spectacle being then, happily, of rare occurrence in these parts, vast crowds were attracted to the spot by that strange curiosity common to common minds, which can find excitement alike in scenes of mourning or of merriment. At the eleventh hour, however, a difficulty, as unexpected as it was unwelcome, arose; for it was necessary that the iron hoops which were to encircle the body immediately after death should, for that purpose, be fitted on during life; and the smith (the only one in that part of the country) proving but a bungler at his trade, had, it seemed, wofully mistaken his measure, so that on the day of execution, when this tailor of death brought home his client's "last suit," merely basted as it were together, to be tried on, it was found to be in some instances as much too ample as in others it was too scanty. The ceremony was, therefore, delayed while the knight of the iron goose endeavoured to alter and adjust his work; but so completely were the few wits, which he at cooler moments possessed, now scattered by the novelty and responsibility of his situation, that hour after hour passed away, and still found and left the last work of the law unfinished. Towards evening the spectators, who had long been murmuring at the inconvenient delay thus occasioned, began to vent their dissatisfaction more audibly, and more palpably, both in word and in deed. Hisses, and groans, and sticks, and stones, were

heard and felt, and the rising storm was, for a short time, hushed only by the following occurrence:—

"Just as the evening sun was sinking behind the neighbouring hills, there appeared suddenly upon the ground a lengthened shadow, which ran along it, stretching on to the fatal gallows-tree, and there terminating on the very face of the condemned, whose glazed eye that instant fell on the gaunt figure of the Witch of the Wood. For the moment a cold tremor seized him as he recollected her last parting words to him; but, as if ashamed of quailing before her of all people, he almost in the same breath called for a glass of strong liquor, which being supplied him, he tossed it off to her health, and then, with a bitter jocularity, he thus addressed her:—

"Now, mother of darkness, what do you there, standing between Heaven's sun and your own, to make us believe we have seen each other for the last time—and how is this? I thought you promised me a treat in this world before I left it. Keep you not your word, false hag! Where is the whipping you were to have the day that I get my hanging?"

All faces were directly turned towards the new comer, who, after remaining portentously silent for a few moments, thus slowly answered:—

"The mother of darkness can cast nothing but shade; but that matters little to eyes like yours, that never yet could bear to look on the light of truth; and, for the whipping—if your sore fright at going out of the world can let you remember anything that took place in it, look back to my words of ten years since. I promised you then that Donnington-cross should hear me ordered my first whipping, the day that Donnington gibbet should see you get your second hanging; and as sure as hemp shall make the lash that shall almost flourish over me, and the noose that shall quite strangle you, so sure shall my words come true."

"With the conclusion of this mysterious sentence she strode from the spot, and the impatience of the multitude being only increased by this momentary check to its expression, now burst forth with more than renewed vigour; and soon, the violence swelling into open tumult, the civil authorities were attacked and dispersed, and Jack Ketch himself with his friend the iron smith were glad to compound for their personal safety by the abandonment of the latter's handiwork, and by the hurried and half complete performance of the former's.

The fast coming-darkness of the night hid from the view of almost all the assembly the agonized face of the victim, as to the last he struggled for life itself, while the noise and confusion of may tongues drowned his single cry for mercy. In a few moments all was over, or at least was thought to be so, for the cause and object of the affray having given what was believed to be his last convulsive movement, those to whom he had just before been everything, now turning their thoughts to some more substantial excitement, as by universal consent, dispersed over the face of the country. This was done with so much of haste, that where there had lately been but noise and life, there now remained but silence and death. The first sound that broke upon the stillness of the scene was that of a solitary pair of wheels, and there soon arrived upon the spot the light cart of a market-gardener and his son. On their way home from a distant employment, they had fallen in with some of the retiring multitude, and, to the great regret of the younger of the two found they had arrived just in time to be too late. Increasing their speed, however, they made for the gallows, and driving straight to its foot, they sat some time looking up in a sort of stupid wonderment at that which, as Macbeth says, "might appal the Devil."

The night breeze was just then rising, and as it sighed through the branches of the neighboring trees, and slightly stirred their fading leaves, both sight and sound gave such solemnity to the scene, that by degrees, a natural awe came over the minds of those rude sons of the soil, who had at first regarded the breathless corpse only as they would have looked on a withered cabbage. This new feeling once aroused, grew on them with a rapidity known only to those that have but impulse to guide them; and, when it is remembered how strong is the effect produced by the contemplation of the lifeless, soulless body upon all reflective minds, that never pause in their maddest gaiety, to think that to this complexion they must come at last, it cannot be matter of wonder that to these children of ignorance such a spectacle acted as a perfect bewilderment of all understanding. Each turned his eyes ever and anon from the dreadful object to seek in the other some look of encouragement, some gesture of animation; but the mutual hope was, as a matter of course, a mutual failure. Whether market-gardeners, like modern ladies, have or have not those troublesome appendages called nerves, I cannot take upon me to decide; but this I know that in a very short space of time the unfortunate pair of whom I am speaking were in such a state of

highly wrought excitement, that to their sight the body actually moved. It might now be truly said of them that "their eyes were made the fools of the other senses, or else were worth them all,"—and they were worth them all for the body did move: not as it had already done in one mass, slowly swinging in the breeze, but by parts and portions: now a hand, now a foot, and now both at once! They nearly fell from their vehicle with horror and affright, when, at that moment, to crown all, a moan came upon their ears. They stared and stood aghast—they looked and listened. It might be the wind along the summer grass, or through the hawthorn hedge. No, it was neither, for a second came—a clear, distinct and human moan—and this was immediately followed by a convulsive movement of the whole frame, so long and strong, as to remove any doubt that there was yet life in the supposed defunct.

"He is not dead!" they both cried out at once, and, at that instant, a voice replied, "not dead!"

"Who's that?" exclaimed the father, almost screaming with affright.

"Not I," replied the son, in a similar tone, and then, after a few moments, he added, "it must have been the echo! come, father, see how the poor wretch struggles! shall we not save him?"

"Save him!" cried the same voice which they had before heard, and which this time seemed to come from behind the spinny by which the gibbet was backed, and again their alarm was, for a short space, at its height; but common compassion soon took the place of uncommon terror, and, setting to work heart and hand, they quickly cut the rope, and divested the sufferer of the noose, which, in the hurry and fright of the unskilful practitioner, had been so put about the neck as to cause only half-strangulation. They then stripped the body, and, with their strong hands, well rubbed the vital regions to restore circulation, and, finally, opened the clenched teeth, and poured down the throat a good dose of that invigorating fluid of which they were themselves too fond ever to stir any distance without it. The effect of this treatment was soon apparent, for the dead-alive opened his eyes, and, after some small but homely expressions of doubt as to which world he was actually in, he was easily prevailed on to take another draught of brandy in order to prove beyond a doubt that he was not in the land of spirits. By repeated administrations of this much-praised, much condemned liquid, which Black Tom thus at his second entrance into life sucked in like mother's milk, which it had always been to him the work of restoration was completed, and in less than an hour he was by the side of his humane companions on his way to their hospitable fireside, where bed and board and every care were lavished upon him.

Thus passed the night; and in the morning, when the dismayed and defeated authorities returned to Donnington-cross to complete their work, by enclosing Black Tom in iron hoops, as ordered by law, what was their astonishment to find no vestige of the body! Consternation, was, for the time, the order of the day, which soon, however, settled itself down into the quiet belief, on the part of the better informed, that the culprit's friends had been at hand, and, ready and active to take advantage of the confusion, had carried him off in the hope of restoring animation, while the more ignorant were, as is their wont, not slow to attribute to mankind's arch enemy himself this peculiar care of his favorite offspring. In the mean time, the worthy gardener's compassion did not stop at this mere point of restoration: it had, indeed, been well for him if it had done so; for, if ever the gallows-tree grew to any real good purpose, it was to hang such a heartless, hopeless, unvaried, and unmitigated scoundrel as was he who had just escaped his well-merited doom there.

The honest, well-meaning pair who had saved him from death, and who afterwards concealed, sheltered, protected, and supported him, in the new life they might be said to have given him, too soon, and too severely, felt the sting which this human serpent, warmed into existence by their kindness, first darted upon his preservers and benefactors. He began by such petty pilferings and small outrages as were scarcely perceived, or speedily overlooked. But it was not in his nature to stop at these; and not a twelvemonth had elapsed, when, after one particular occasion, for which, in consequence of his misdoings, his host had ventured to call him to a severe account, he quitted the house, abstracting at the same time such articles as were most easy of removal. The good folks were too glad to be rid of such an inmate at any price to make any serious stir about his departure; besides that, for their own sakes, remembering what they had done in the face of the law, they judged it more prudent as well as humane to be silent. Fate, however, had willed that they should suffer still more for their misplaced compassion; and thus Black Tom, having speedily associated himself with others of a like spirit, re-commenced his quondam trade of daily plunder and nightly marauding; and, in the fulness of his gratitude,

soon marked out his late protectors for his present prey.

Being so well aware, as he naturally was, of their habits and movements, he was of course enabled to shape his plan of attack to the best advantage; and there is no doubt that their property, and if necessary their lives, would have fallen the sacrifice, but for an act of his own, arising out of his revengeful nature. Accident just then brought him in contact with his old enemy, the Witch of the Wood, and, suspicions having fallen on her of being by her spells the cause of a foul disease amongst the cattle then prevalent in the neighbourhood, Black Tom, in order to insure her punishment, having first disguised himself as a wayfaring traveller, came voluntarily forward, and deposed to the midnight spells and sorceries on her part, to which, as he swore, he had by chance been witness. His statement was so clear, and his interference seemed so completely the result only of a kindly feeling for the sufferers, that it was readily believed, and the reported witch was sentenced by the purblind old magistrate, who had heard the case in his own parlour, to be severely whipped at Donnington-cross. The beadle was about to remove her for that purpose, when, thrown off his guard by his extreme joy, her accuser stepped up to her, and whispered in her ear, in his own natural voice—

"So, mother, they've ordered you your whipping at Donnington-cross."

"Ha!" exclaimed the prisoner, at once recognizing her inveterate foe, "'tis Black Tom; I know him now, in spite of his sandy wig."

"Black Tom!" cried the feeble old magistrate.

"Black Tom!" echoed the burly beadle.

"Then," continued his worship, "the devil has not yet got his own; seize on the villain and hold him fast."

"I will," replied the functionary; but before he could put his ponderous weight in movement Tom had burst through the glazed door, that opened on the lawn, and throwing off as soon as he could the heavy driving-coat which formed his chief disguise, he darted with lightning speed over hedge and ditch, and had soon distanced all pursuit. Intent upon one desire of securing the flying criminal, no one heeded her who had so lately been the object of universal attention, and she had just the sense to profit by the turn things had taken, and to withdraw herself altogether from that by which she had nothing to gain and everything to lose. Not to throw a chance away, she, however, very quietly took up the coat which Black Tom had abandoned, never disdaining to accept of what might be useful even from an enemy. She found on a cursory inspection that its appearance without was not of a very promising nature, but, like Hamlet, it had "that within which passeth show;" for, on a more careful examination of the pockets, to which indeed, her usual habits naturally led her, she found among some papers of inferior import one by which her attention was in a moment riveted. This was the plan entered into between Tom and two confederates, with whose names she was acquainted, to rob, that very night, the house of his former protectors, situated some miles from the spot where she then was, and the plunder of which it was agreed should be shared equally among them. This intention, however, having by these extraordinary means become known to the Witch of the Wood, she, with all speed, repaired to the dwelling of the devoted father and son, and in all haste warned them that in a few hours it would be attacked by thieves. They were instantly for seeking aid from the civil power, or at least from their friends; but this their informant would not hear of.

"They are but three," said she.

"But three!" was the reply. "How know you that?"

"No matter," she rejoined. "What I know, and not how I know it, is all that you need mind; I tell you they are but three:" and then drawing herself up to her full height, she added indignantly, "are not we the like number?"

Those she was addressing seemed somewhat astonished to find that the old woman thus included herself in the number of defenders; but their wonder was much greater when she thus proceeded—

"Talk of calling constables and neighbours, indeed! What for, unless it may be to listen to Black Tom's story of who came between him and the just sentence of the law last Lammas-tide?"

The father and the son stared at each other in utter amazement; for this was the first time they ever heard a suspicion breathed that they were suspected of having had any hand in the removal of the body from the gallows.

At length, "Black Tom," said the father, "is he not dead!"

"Not dead!" exclaimed the visitor, with a tone of emphasis which it seemed to them they had heard before.

"And if he was cut down the night he was hanged, what had we to do with that?" asked the son; and then with an attempt at a searching glance, as if to discover how much the reputed witch really knew, and how much she only

pretended to know, he added, "we did not save him."

"Save him!" ejaculated the hag; and in an instant both father and son recognized the peculiar voice and the self-same words which they heard with such terror on the night of the execution. Their looks fell to the ground, while the hag, regarding the pair for a few moments with the most contemptuous composure as she leaned on her long staff, thus spoke:—

"I tell you no list'ner need be at a loss,
For an echo there lives around Donnington Cross:
And though what was done there to no one was known,
Yet Donnington gibbet would soon have its own."

"What do you mean mother?" asked the young man anxiously.

"You shall know time enough," answered she quickly. "At present there is business to be done; put out your lights, bar your doors and windows, look to your firelocks, and above all, call up a manly courage to your breasts. Come, my warning's worth a dram at least, we weak women need something to support us when we are to do the work of men. With brandy you brought the dead culprit to life, and now 'tis brandy shall help the live culprit to death:—there;" continued she, drinking off the full measure they gave her, "and now, I say, once more—to business."

This female commander now disposed her small force to the greatest advantage, and then all was silent, until the hour arrived at which she knew the attempt was to be made. It was bright moonlight, and, as the first footsteps were heard treading the narrow footway that separated the dwelling from the high road, the besieged, from the concealed corner in which they had stationed themselves, took deliberate aim, and fired on their assailants. A loud cry was heard, and one fell, the other two, without the delay of an instant, betaking themselves to flight. The party within immediately descending, approached the prostrate man, and quickly discovered it to be Black Tom himself. The wound had taken effect about the knee, but being only from duck-shot, was clearly not of a dangerous nature; and, lifting him up with too little caution, the father nearly fell a sacrifice to his heedless haste, for the villain, who was armed with a knife of formidable dimensions, seized a favorable moment and struck at him with all his vengeance. A loud cry, however, from the witch, who had followed them closely down, gave notice to the son, who with a heavy blow, felled the miscreant to the earth. Then, wrestling the knife from him, he would in his rage have put an end at once to his crimes and his life, but his arm was at that moment stayed by the tone that had before urged it on.

"Hold! hold!", said she, "the fates must be fulfilled. He is not to die by lead or steel, but by oaken board and twisted cord. Out at once with your cart, harness your fastest horse, and bring your strongest rope; give me the knife in this hand, and let me get the other well about the catiff's throat; nay, never writhe and wriggle, man!" continued she, as her victim vainly endeavoured to release himself from her savage grasp. "Your neck must be grappled tighter than this before your breath is quite squeezed out."

She now seemed so completely the master-spirit of the whole scene, that the others appeared only as subordinate agents to do her bidding.

Accordingly, the vehicle was quickly brought out, the prisoner fast bound and placed in it; then, all three mounting, they drove over hill and through vale as she directed them, until, by a by-way known to few but herself, they suddenly came upon Donnington Cross. Here they stopped; and, in the shortest time in which it could be accomplished, the culprit was, in spite of his cries and struggles, once more fastened to the very beam from which not a twelve-month before he had been cut down; and the very same hands that then had rescued him, now themselves did the work of death upon him!

HOW TO CHOOSE A DOMESTIC.

"Old P***** sent to the register-office that he wanted a good girl for general housework. About the time he expected an applicant he laid a broom down in the yard, near the gate. Presently a girl comes up to the gate, opens it, and strolls up to the house; the broom being immediately in the path, Miss Betsy strides over it. The old man was on the watch, and the first salute the girl got was, "I don't want *you!*" The girl *sloped*, and suddenly another bullet-headed Nancy appears. Seeing the old broom in her way, she gives it a kick, and waddles up to the house. "You won't suit me, that's certain, Miss Mopsy!" bawls P*****. She disappeared in a hurry; and finally a third appears, opened the gate, and coming into the yard, she carefully closes the gate behind her, and walks up—the broom is still in the path; this she picks up, and carries along to the house, where she deposits it alongside the wood-shed. Before the girl could explain her business there, P***** bawls out, "Yes, yes, come in, *you'll* suit me!" And she did; for that girl lived with P***** seven years, and only quitted it to go housekeeping on her own hook; and a capital wife she made. P**** was right."

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XVIII.

[*The Laird, Major, and Doctor.*]

LAIRD.—Hech! lads, ye're unco warm on baith sides, and if ye gang along that gate for a ony time Deil a fit nearer we'll be to a settlement and the hail, or, perhaps, absit pun, I may just say the Haley question at issue. So, instead of answering your question, Doctor, or yours my esteemed and gallant Major I'll do a much better thing; in plain English, or. what's better still, in guid lowland Scotch, I'll just play Proeses or Moderator. Sae, now, just ding awa lads and I'll call you to order, as need may be.

MAJOR.—Be it as you please thou man of Scotia, but I still maintain that I am right and the Niagara critic is right, too.

DOCTOR.—And of course that Mr. Haley and I are miserably wrong, eh? Complimentary that?

MAJOR.—Can't say I see any very fitting occasion for compliments. The real question is just simply this, has or has not Mr. Haley most presumptuously set himself up as the Censor of the greatest Naval hero the world ever yet saw or is ever likely to see? Has not he, a mere individual though a tolerably clever writer, as witness his Night at Niagara, with which I am exceedingly well pleased, has he not most presumptuously set himself up as the Censor of that great warrior who for fifty years has been the idol of England and the wonder of the world? To me it seems that he has done so, and I am not only not grieved that the Niagara writer has given him a rap on the knuckles, but I would have you add to the force of that rap by a few words of censure from your own pen. What! Speak of Nelson as though he were some common man, for common men to judge by common rules! I declare I have no patience.

DOCTOR.—Not too much: that I will at once concede to you, though I stoutly oppose all the rest. So far am I from feeling inclined to join in the censure of which you so highly approve, that I cannot, after a fair and yet severely critical perusal of his article, see how he has in the slightest degree misrepresented or undervalued Nelson. If any man were to deny the courage, the fiery and chivalrous courage of Nelson or his marvellous skill, or his sleepless vigilance and activity, I should set that man down as a mere madman or a mere idiot, and assuredly his article containing such absurd denial would find its way, not into the Magazine but into the fire. But how does the case really stand as to this much censured article? Mr. Haley as distinctly and as emphatically admits Nelson's great fighting merits as you and I do. He——"

MAJOR.—Really, really my dear fellow, you must not defend him. Admits his fighting merits! Yes, but does he not impugn his moral character, does he not call his very courage——

LAIRD.—As Proeses of this respectable, though not very numerous assemblage, I must remind the gallant Major that in all cases of disputation ane at ae time's guid English forbye Scotch, for fair play. The Doctor has possession of the floor!

MAJOR.—I bow to your decision; Doctor proceed.

DOCTOR.—It seems to me, then, that the whole intent of the article about which you are so angry, is precisely to show that Heroes, and more

especially naval and military heroes are most thoughtlessly, and upon very insufficient grounds, set up for public worship. As I have already said, not one word *is* said against the courage or the skill of Nelson, on the contrary they are fully and frankly acknowledged, and the very brevity of the terms in which they are so only proves that Mr. Haley shares our own opinion, that those merits so undeniably and so pre-eminently belong to Nelson, that denial of them would be ridiculous, and that even an acknowledgement of them is in some sort a mere supererogation.—But Mr. Haley speaks of Nelson as being by no means so great as a man as he was as an officer. Well! Was it so, or was it *not* so? All that you say about presumption is, forgive me for reminding you, altogether beside the question. If a veteran writer is to be silenced because he ventures to enquire instead of taking for granted, and to discriminate instead of either lauding or censuring, just simply because other men, laud or censure, what security, I pray you, should we have for either public morals or public liberty? Presumption, indeed! I well know, Major, that you feel warmly on the subject:

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind;"

you to whom a tale of war is stirring and inspiring as the war trumpet to the war steed most naturally feel a strong sympathy with all that is gallant. But you must remember, that in this same working day world, men have some other duties besides fighting, however bravely. The question raised by this so much censured article is not whether Nelson fought bravely and skilfully, but whether he was, morally that, all but perfect, that benevolent, and, above all, that exclusively patriotic captain that the world has so long persisted in calling him. Instead of censuring a writer in general terms for this or that assertion, would it not consist better with both moral justice and sound logic to enquire into the truth of his assertions? Did Nelson habitually use, in his letters language indicative rather of a frantic ferocity, of a cruel tone of war and bloodshed for their own sake, than of the calm and half sorrowing and fighting courage that becomes the Christian hero? *Did* Nelson disgrace himself, and us, as his admirers, by an infamous connection with an infamously bad woman, and *did* he, to gratify her vile malice, murder the old Caraccioli, an officer and a veteran? If these things be not true, then indeed, the article was unfit for the Magazine: if they are true, as, unhappily we all know that they are, then the article, by discriminating between the good and the evil qualities of a man whom the world has hitherto *indiscriminatingly* idolized, seems to me to be as fully justified as any candid and truth-loving article can be.

MAJOR.—Truth itself ought not rashly to be forced upon our attention. I cannot endure to see such a man as Nelson brought before the bar of public opinion as though he were a common man.

DOCTOR.—*Why should he not?* There lies the gist of the dispute. Truth, truth above all things should be the object of all our literary labours, and I really must say that Mr. Haley appears to me to be quite right in censuring the world for allowing a kind of impunity of vice precisely to those men to whom God has given the powers and gifts which should preserve from vice.

MAJOR.—So absurd, too, of the man to talk about Nelson's ferocity! Would he have Nelson to be cold-blooded as a Quaker—not love the stir and the glow of war, not feel the *certaminis gaudia*, the rapture of the fight? Pray who among us, fighting by land or fighting by sea does not so?

DOCTOR.—Do not be unjust either to yourself or to your gallant profession. I can readily conceive that in the actual hour of combat, sabre in hand, and leading on your serried squadrons, you have felt all that rapture, the mere memory of which caused your eyes to kindle and your tones to fall upon ones ears as loudly and almost as inspiringly as the blast of the trumpet. He would, I dare say, make but a poor commander, either on land or at sea, who could not, while in actual fight, experience that fierce joy, that very agony of daring and of prowess. Shame to the man who would dare to censure our brave Nelson because, bravest of the brave, he also felt this enthusiasm *in* the fight. But, out of the fight, do his letters indicate one touch of that equally humane and philosophical temper which made our other great hero, *the* hero, par excellence, of your own gallant service, the glorious Wellington, look upon war as a very sad, a very terrible necessity.

MAJOR.—Something in that, something in that, no doubt; but it somehow jars sadly in one's ears to hear Nelson spoken of as aught less than the hero of heroes.

DOCTOR.—I think that we may be well contented to call him, as we can with truth, the fearless knight, without also, which we can *not* with truth, calling him the irreproachable; and after all that we have been saying, and all the time that we have consumed in saying it, we shall probably do no better than look back to the article itself. What says Mr. Haley? Does he deny Nelson's really great qualities? Hear him:

"After all due allowance is made for the usefulness of Nelson, for his skill and for his daring, how much, how very much there is to detest in the moral nature of the man." Now, major, setting aside all mere prejudice, professional or personal, can either of us, as moralists or as logicians, deny this. If not can we blame the author because, speaking of the romance and reality of life and literature, he took, as one among many, Nelson as an illustration? I trow not.

MAJOR.—Enough, enough,—"Convince a man against his will, and he's of the same opinion still,"—in spite of all that you have said, I still must say that I adore the memory of Nelson and that I do not like the article in question.

DOCTOR.—Exactly so; and I fear your dislike of it is only another proof that the very best of us, cultivate both heart and head as we best may, still remain and are still likely to remain, what some quaint old author calls "a great bundle of prejudices," hating this, that or the other for the profound reason of the school boy:

"I do not love thee doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do *not* love thee doctor Fell."

LAIRD.—How say ye, then, gentlemen, the article is not censured?

MAJOR.—Nor implicitly adopted.

DOCTOR.—Surely not; there are few articles which, unless written by one of ourselves, and discussed and corrected by us all, which I, for one, should care to adopt in every work; and in the case of the very article in question, you may remember that I added a foot note in express and very sincere dissent from the author's censure of that admirable writer, Mr. Charles Dickens. But we must not forget that it is no more possible for all writers to think alike on all things, than for all men to be of the same stature. Within certain limits a magazine should allow of a very considerable difference of opinion among its contributors.

LAIRD.—Aweel, aweel; I'm no that fashed that ye're baith amaist agreed, and quite done upon this unlucky article; for my certes the lad that wrote it's no that blate, he's sent an oreegi-nal article aboot that pawky Abbott's Napoleon.

MAJOR.—Ah!—Of course praising Napoleon up to the skies, and only wishing that Abbott had laid on the praise a little thicker.

DOCTOR.—Ony thing but that, major, ony thing but that! giving full credit to Napoleon for all that he either did or had of good or great; he at the same time handles both Mr. Abbott, and that gentleman's hero, in a style to do every English heart good. Such a heartiness of denunciation, such a keenness of perception, alike of the short comings of the New York critic, and of the evil nature of the deified French tyrant, I never remember to have seen. The article will make from four to six insertions, the first of which is to my great regret crowded out of the December number, but shall most certainly go into the January number. The series, some four or at most, as I just now said, six papers will serve as the best possible introduction to Bourrienne's work, which, with literally invaluable notes, you are aware that we are thinking of giving insertion to.

LAIRD.—(Who has been reading)—Hech man! but yon Haley's a braw lad, at plain speaking. Wow! but the New York lads will look about them. Never tell; but I could fancy that I was reading ane of thae slaughtering reviews in Blackwood, when Wilson and Lockhart were in their prime. Pity's sake, doctor, hae't in this verd nimber, nae mitter what stays oot.

DOCTOR.—A sheer impossibility or it should be done; had it arrived a week earlier, in it should have gone; but Mr. Haley probably thinks that we are as late in going to press here as they are in London: I shall take care to let him know how the case stands with us. Well, major, I see you also have read a page or two. Pretty strong, eh?

MAJOR.—By Jove, yes! Both strong and just.

LAIRD.—(Who has just taken up another book.) Just, wha is talking aboot justice, od man but it is time we were just to oorsels—hear till this major.

MAJOR.—What on earth are you interrupting us for Laird; what is the matter now?

LAIRD.—Just listen: I've been looking over the last report of the Grand Division of the sons o' temperance, and I hae just come upon this:

SEYMOUR WEST, Feb. 2, 1853.

"Intemperance in this township is fearful. The corporation have increased the license duty to £7 10s., with the view of checking it, but I am afraid it will not abate the dreadful curse. In a population of about 2500 souls, one store-keeper alone sells 200 gallons per week; one small tavern-keeper buys 200 gallons at a time; besides which we have three other store-keepers who take out licenses to retail liquor, and I make no doubt, sell an immense quantity. Several parties sell by the glass, without taking out license, and from the dislike people have of informing against their neighbors, seldom or ever get punished. The Reeve is the only acting magistrate within eight or ten miles, so that persons who might give information are often deterred,

from the great distance they have to travel. You of course are aware that I do not belong to any temperance organization, but wish them every success in their endeavors to stay the horrors of intemperance. *One reason that our township* consumes so much alcohol is, that it is the resort of Lumbermen, but the inhabitants I really believe to be worse than they are."

Noo, major, what can you say to that—is it na maist fearsome to think o', the reading o't maks me sick—rax me my hat, doctor, I'll awa and sign the petecetion for the Maine law this vera nicht.

Doctor.—Not so fast, Laird, let us argue the point first.

Laird.—I want nane o' your arguments. It's a' vera weel for you and the major to argue while sae mony o' oor brethren are just ganging headlong to perdition; but I say act, and without loss o' time.

Doctor.—So we are acting—look here,—in the grand division you will find alone that there are seventeen thousand, seven hundred and forty-nine members, all true and faithful sons of temperance; this, too, does not include those who formerly belonged to the society and who, though not belonging to any particular section, are still setting an example to the rising generation through every corner of the country, and may fairly be estimated at as many more. We have besides the cadets of temperance, who muster one hundred and fifty sections amounting to over six thousand members; and last, though not least, we have Father Matthew's society, numbering in Toronto alone four thousand three huudred and fifty members, of whom, I am happy to say, there were only fifty-seven backsliders in the last year. In addition to these figures we have to add those who belong to Father Matthew's order in other parts of the province, (and they make a formidable muster, I can tell you,) in London alone there are one thousand; so you see, Laird, we have not been idle; still, I grant you that intemperance has increased most fearfully, and I really begin to think that something ought to be done.

Major.—It is a grave subject, doctor, and not to be approached rashly; but I think the plan I can suggest, will meet your wishes and the Laird's. Open the pages of the *Anglo* to writers on the subject, and let the proposal of a prohibitory law receive fair play—even at the present moment, the question has been brought forward in England, and we shall thus have the benefit of the opinions expressed by our statesmen and political economists at home.

Doctor.—And in the meantime I will trouble any opponent of the Maine liquor law to answer satisfactorily the following extract, from this report which I have just come to. (Reads).

"*And in this sense, who can say that the subject* of Temperance is not one of a grave political character, and a proper subject for legislation? Or, to present it in another light—Political economy is defined 'the science of national wealth.' A nation's wealth consists not in the hoarded acquisitions of the miser; but in riches properly expended in promoting its greatness and true prosperity—in such an application and disposition of the property of each citizen, that while it promotes the comfort and security of the individual, it at the same time advances the interests of the public generally. Now, surely anything which interferes with such a disposition of wealth, and turns it into channels in which it is wasted, or worse than wasted, employed in deluging the land with streams of corruption, may well be denominated a subject of the first political importance. Again, an eminent political writer says:—'The cheapest defence of nations, I suppose to be, the exercise of public justice and benevolence.' Certainly, anything which obliterates all sense of justice, and crushes every feeling akin to benevolence, is a subject to which statesmen and patriots, legislating for their country's good, may with propriety direct their attention.

Consider the influence of intemperance upon the morality and virtue of our country; and not only the propriety of, but the urgent necessity for, legislation on this subject, cannot fail to strike every reflecting mind. If there be in this fair land of ours an evil of giant power, confined to no class or individual, but insidiously pervading all classes—polluting our courts of justice and halls of legislation—desecrating the pulpit, corrupting society in its very foundations, and in all its ramifications—laying its death-dealing hand upon the young and rising generation, and forcing them, with hasty strides, to irremediable destruction, or, with unerring certainty, preparing them not to be benefactors of their race, but foul and hellish destroyers of all that is pure and good. *I say if there be such an evil as this*, then verily is it one which the voice of the eloquent should be raised to denounce, and to arrest which, the abilities of the wisest statesmen and patriotic politicians, should be exerted to the utmost; and one which demands immediate legislative action. Is there then such an evil abroad in this land? There is, brothers, there is. In our family circles, around our firesides, in our social intercourse, on the highways, in the house of God, the monster meets, and confronts us; and worse than all, by the present laws of the land, we cherish, encourage, invite him to the work of destruction in the communities where we live. So rapidly is this evil growing, that, ere long, legislation of any kind will be too late to arrest it. I again urge you to give this matter your careful consideration; and should our deliberations on this occasion result in nothing but the devising of an efficient and effectual plan, not only of bringing this important subject again before our legislature, but also for actually securing a wise and judicious prohibitory liquor law

for this province, our session will not have been held in vain. We should not be content with merely prescribing a plan, and recommending the prosecution thereof by others; but all should zealously and actively so work together as to secure a successful result. What we need is, as happily expressed by the late M. W. P. Carey: "A missionary spirit—a spirit that will be content to labor and suffer, practise self denial, and not yield while there is a distillery or a grog shop, or a drunkard to curse the earth. We must not listen to the clamors of pretended friends, nor fear the vengeance of enemies. * * * * * * * * * * *

We must be united in our determination to expel the enemy from his legal fastnesses, tear off his judicial vestments, and show him in all his naked and vile deformity." * * *

DOCTOR.—I say Laird, what in the name of Trophonius has come over you? Since you entered the Shanty, not one pinch of pulverised tobacco has solaced your nut-brown proboscis; and you have been looking as miserable and devourlike as a tailor caught in the act of abducting a goose!

LAIRD.—'Deed, my man, I hae some cause to exhibit the symptoms of which ye hae given sic an accurate *dig-a-noses*, as yon *flay bottomists* say! The stark naked truth is that two days ago I vowed a total abstinence frae sneeshin, and I hae been in a state bordering upon dementation ever since!

DOCTOR.—How long had you been in the practice of using the olfactory stimulant?

LAIRD.—If by that grand encyclopedian phrase ye mean black rappee, it is better than thirty years since I first carried a mull.

DOCTOR.—Small wonder then that your nervous system is a fraction out of order. What prompted you to make such a sacrifice?

LAIRD.—Oo, you see, that I had gotten oot o' a' bounds in my consumption o' the stimulant, as you term it. For the last eighteen months I had discarded a box, and carried the snuff in my waist-coat pouch. At night I had aye a worstod sock fu o' the commodity, pinned at the head of my bed;—and at meal times a tea-cup fu' o' the same did duty on the table, along side o' the mustard pat. In fact, to mak' a lang story short, began to fear that I was becoming the slave o' a bad habit!

DOCTOR.—*Becoming* indeed!

LAIRD.—Weel, I made up my mind on Monday last to "strike a blow for liberty," as the Irish pawtriot said when he broke the head o' an exciseman! So I got up wi' skreigh o' day ae cauld morning it was—and emptied my entire stock—half a pound at the very least—on the midden.

DOCTOR.—What were your sensations after this plucksome sacrifice.

LAIRD.—For the first half hour, I didna experience ony thing very remarkable, except an inclination to stap my finger and thumb into the accustomed pouch. Ere lang, however, my head began to grow dizzy as if I had been standing on ae leg on the tap o' a lofty pine. Then my knees commenced to shake and tremble as if I had been beholding the ghaist o' my great-grandfather, and my hands got so unsteady that I could nae mair hae written my name than danced a reel on the point o' a needle!

DOCTOR.—And what kind of rest had you during the night?

LAIRD.—Dinna mention it! The horrors o' that nicht I'll never forget, if I should reach the age o' Washington's black nurse, or auld Parr! I didna sleep, and I wasna' wakin! I was the Laird, and yet I wasna' the Laird! Brawly did I ken that I was in my bed at Bonnie Braes, and yet I was just as positive that I was some where else!

DOCTOR.—A second edition of De Quincy's confessions!

LAIRD.—The adventures I passed through were of the most varied and tantaleezin description.

DOCTOR.—Give us a sample thereof?

LAIRD.—I had been wandering for the better part o' a month through an Arabian desert, the sand o' which was nearly red hot, and I couldna see sae muckle as a kail stock, let alane a tree, to shelter my blistered pow (which I may add was shaven) frae the fiery beams o' the cloudless sun! During a' this weary time I had naething to eat but saut herrin without a mouthfu o' water to slocken the infernal thirst that fevered my craig! At length I cam in sight o' the sea, and lo and behold instead o' brine the fluid whilk composed it was ginger beer! Hoo I rushed to the shore, spittin saxpences as I ran! Hoo I threw mysel on the beach, for the purpose o' sookin in the glorious, entrancing, bizzin beverage!

DOCTOR.—Most enviable moment!

LAIRD.—Enviable! Preserve us a' frae sic envy! Just as I dived doon my neb, presto! the effervescing flood receded, leaving naething behind but its maddening odour! Up I got, and on I ran, but back, back, back rolled the treacherous tide! Back for thousands and millions o' miles, till it cam to the edge o' the warld; and there it emptied itself into spaceless chaos, leaving me parched as a mummy or a birsled pea! Oh what a heavy heart I had as I retraced my steps, treading every minute upon rusty cork-screws, rotten

corks, and the necks o' stane bottles wi which the channel was replenished instead o' shells!

DOCTOR.—Alas poor Laird!

LAIRD.—After this adventure, I found myself a prisoner under sentence o' death, for a crime that I had never committed—to wit, murdering our respected friend Mr. McQuarto. The Major and you did your best to get me oot o' the condemned cell, and got a key conveyed to me in the heart o' a prime doo tert. Wi' this implement I opened a' the doors o' the prison, and soon stood on the public street. Just at this moment I took sic a cramp in my left leg, that I could na' progress a single inch! There I stood in helpless despair till Mr. Allan, the Governor o' the Jail, on looking out in his night cap to see what kind o' a morning it was, discovered my position! Back was I carried to the cell! Ten tons' weight o' chains were riveted to my ancles, and pie was strictly prohibited to me as an article o' diet for the balance o' my short lease o' life!

DOCTOR.—Well, what next?

LAIRD.—The days sped on, and the night preceding my execution arrived. Till twelve o'clock the minister (worthy Dr. Scaud-the-deil!) sat wi' me, urging me to confess, but, of course, I wasna ganging to dee wi' a lee in my mouth! When he left, he advised me to try and get some sleep, and following his counsel, I dropped aff intil a slumber. Oh, hoo sweet were my dreams! I was sitting below the big hawthorn bush at the west end o' Bonnie-Braes Cottage, reading *The Gentle Shepherd!* The sangs o' birds were in my lugs! The odour o' new-mown hay, mingled wi' the scent o' roses and apple ringy, delectified my smell. And Girzy stood beside me wi' a bowlfu' o' glorious, snow-white curds for my solacement and sustentation!

DOCTOR.—Rural felicity, and no mistake!

LAIRD.—A' on a sudden, a craw, which had perched in the bush under which I lay, geid a hoarse cry, and I started up. Alas! I wasna' at Bonnie-Braes, but in the gousty prison, and my cell was ringing wi' the hideous knocking o' the carpenters, putting the finishing touch to the scaffold on which I was to die like a dog!

DOCTOR.—Most miserable of agriculturalists!

LAIRD.—At sax o'clock the turnkey let in the minister, and lang and sair he wrastled wi' me to mak a clean breast, but, of course, a' in vain. Seven o'clock cam, and Mr. Allan sent me some toasted bread and coffee, but I couldna' swallow a morsel! Half an hour after, the Sheriff arrived wi' the hangman, wearing an auld battered cocked hat, and having his face covered wi' crape. O, hoo I shuddered, mair wi' disgust than fear, when the wretch took hold o' me and tied doon my arms wi' a rope! The touch o' that monster was waur than the idea o' death itsel!

DOCTOR.—Rather an undesirable valet is Mr. John Ketch, I must admit!

LAIRD.—Eight o'clock chappit, and the procession moved on; and before I could ken whaur I was, I was standing exposed to the glower o' thousands! It was dreadfu' to think that each ane o' thae gaping, cruel, idle faces was fixed upon me, and eagerly marking every flush o' my countenance, and every shudder that my limbs exhibited! I noticed, too, scores and hundreds o' women, young and auld, some o' them wi' weans in their arms, who had come oot frae their warm hames that cauld, grey morning, to see a fellow-being put to death by inches! Confound them! The jauds looked like sae mony deils in petticoats, and their brats like sooking imps!

DOCTOR.—I thoroughly coincide with you in your estimate of female amateurs in hangings.

LAIRD.—Let me gang on wi' my tale. Just as the executioner was drawing the stiff linen cap ower my een, wha do you think I saw coming towards the prison? Wha, but Mr. M'Quarto, the very man for murdering whom I was aboot to be launched into eternity, as newspaper writers express it!

DOCTOR.—The plot waxeth interesting!

LAIRD.—Though our friend was a considerable way off, I could notice a paper sticking oot o' his pouch, and my een, doubtless rendered supernaturally gleg by the circumstances in which I was placed, plainly decyphered the endorsement thereof. It was to this effect—"PARDON TO THE LAIRD!"

DOCTOR.—How delicious your sensations must have been at that moment!

LAIRD.—Delicious! Preserve me frae sic deliciousness! There was I standing wi' the rope aboot my thrapple, wi' naething but a thin board between me and the invisible warld. Instead o' hurrying on, as ony reasonable man would hae done in a matter o' life and death, the worthy man progressed wi' a' the deliberation o' a fly through a glue pot. I roared to him to mak' haste, but catch my gentleman putting himsel' oot o' his snail-like pace. The cap was drawn doon over my face, but through a hole I could see, as weel as before. "Look sharp!" whispered the sheriff to the hangman—"and draw the bolt when I make the signal." Still the auld sinner lingered. "Make ready!" again interjected the sheriff—and lo the tardy pardon bearer became stationary! He had fallen in wi' a friend, and

commenced to indoctrinate him touching the late discoveries in the speerit warld. "Off with him!" hissed the sheriff—and the drop fell!

* * * * * * *

DOCTOR.—Did you struggle much?

LAIRD.—I dinna ken! When I cam' to mysel', there was I lying on the floor, the cords o' the bed having given way; and Girzy, and Bauldie Blain, my hired man, were trying to extricate me frae the ruins o' the demolished couch.

DOCTOR.—Why you must have been almost in as bad a case as that of

"The auld wife ayont the fire
Wha dee'd for lack o' sneeshin."

MAJOR.—Our friend the Laird having recounted his non-snuffy experiences, let us now call a new cause. What have you been reading, Doctor, since our last sederunt?

DOCTOR.—Why not much, if the truth must be told. With the exception of Fredrika Bremer's new work, "*The Homes of the New World*," I have mentally masticated nothing.

MAJOR.—I trust that you found the affair appetizing?

DOCTOR.—Tolerably so, but there was too much of it. Miss Bremer is inclined at all times to be long-winded, and forgets the adage which inculcates that a dog may be choked with a plethora of pudding.

MAJOR.—Pray help us to a few morsels of the pudding aforesaid.

DOCTOR.—With pleasure. I take them just as they come to hand.

A BRACE OF ESCAPED SLAVES.

"This gentleman brought to us two lately escaped slaves, William and Ellen Craft, She was almost white; her countenance, which was rather sallow, had the features of the white, and though not handsome, a very intelligent expression. They had escaped by means of her being dressed as a man; he acting as her servant. In order to avoid the necessity of signing her name in the travellers' books, for she could not write, she carried her right arm in a sling, under the plea of having injured it. Thus they had succeeded in travelling by railway from the South to the Free States of the North. They appeared to be sincerely happy.

"'Why did you escape from your masters?' I asked; 'did they treat you with severity?'

"'No,' replied she; 'they always treated me well; but I fled from them because they would not give me my rights as a human being. I could never learn anything, neither to read nor to write.'

"I remarked in her the desire for learning peculiar to the white race.

MAJOR.—Hold there. I deny that in toto—Miss Bremer evidently either knows nothing whatever of what she is describing, or she wilfully adopts the absurd fables respecting the colored classes having no desire for learning. I can declare from my own observation that the reverse is the case, and the crowded state of the schools throughout the West Indies will prove my assertions. In one small island alone, where the colored population was not more than thirty-seven thousand, there were seven thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine children at school. In this number too, I do not include the children of the wealthier colored class, but only those who attended the schools which answer to our common schools here; however, go on.

"'How is it,' said some one in company to the negro, 'that the assertions of the anti-slavery party regarding the treatment of the slaves, that they are often flogged and severely beaten, are declared to be false? Travellers come to the North who have long resided among the plantations of the South, and have never seen anything of the kind.'

"William smiled, and said with a keen expression, 'Nor are children whipped in the presence of strangers; this is done when they do not see.'"

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

"I was two evenings at the theatre, and saw Miss Charlotte Cushman—the principal actress in the United States—in two characters, in which she produced a great effect, both here and in England, namely, Meg Merrilies and Lady Macbeth. Miss Cushman, immediately on my arrival in New York, had written very kindly to me, offering to be of any use to me in her power. Here, in Boston, she placed a box at the theatre at my service, which was very agreeable to me, as I could thus invite my friends to accompany me. Miss Cushman is a powerful actress; she possesses great energy, but is deficient in feminine grace, and wants more color in her acting, especially of the softer tone. This has reference principally to her Meg Merrilies, which is a fearful creation. Miss Cushman has represented in her merely the witch, merely the horrible in nature. But even the most horrible nature has moments and traits of beauty; it has sun, repose, dew, and the song of birds. Her Meg Merrilies is a wild rock in the sea, around which tempests are incessantly roaring, and which unceasingly contend with clouds and waves. She was also too hard and masculine for Lady Macbeth. It was merely in the night scene that her acting struck me as beautiful, and that deploring cry so full of anguish which she utters when she cannot wash the blood from her hands, that—I feel I shall *never* forget. It thrilled through my whole being, and I can still hear it; I can hear it in gloomy moments and scenes.

"I like Miss Cushman personally very much. One sees evidently in her an honest, earnest, and powerful soul, which regards life and her vocation with a noble earnestness. She has, through great difficulties, made her own way to the position which, by universal recognition and with universal esteem, she now occupies. She belongs to an old Puritanic family, and after her father's misfortune, she supported by her talent, for

some years, her mother and her younger sister. She looks almost better in private than on the stage; the frank blue eye, the strong, clever forehead, and the honest, sensible expression of her whole demeanor and conversation make one like to be with her."

WHITTIER.

"I had almost forgotten—and that I ought not to do—to tell you of a visit I have had this evening from the Quaker and poet Whittier, one of the purest and most gifted of the poetical minds of the Northern States, glowing for freedom, truth, and justice, combating for them in his songs, and against their enemies in the social life of the New World—one of those Puritans who will not bend to, or endure injustice in any form. He has a good exterior, in figure is slender and tall, a beautiful head with refined features, black eyes full of fire, dark complexion, a fine smile, and lively, but very nervous manner. Both soul and spirit have overstrained the nervous chords and wasted the body. He belongs to those natures who would advance with firmness and joy to martyrdom in a good cause, and yet who are never comfortable in society, and who look as if they would run out of the door every moment. He lives with his mother and sister in a country-house, to which I have promised to go. I feel that I should enjoy myself with Whittier, and could make him feel at ease with me. I know from my own experience what this nervous bashfulness, caused by the over-exertion of the brain, requires, and how persons who suffer therefrom ought to be met and treated."

LAIRD.—Hech! sirs, but the lassie Bremer speaks highly of the Quaker poet.

YANKEE FINISHING SCHOOLS.

"These finishing schools for young girls give unquestionably a deal of finish, various kinds of knowledge, demeanor in society, self-possession, &c. But are they calculated to develop that which is best in woman? I doubt it; and I have heard sensible women in this country, even among the young, doubt also, or rather deny that they are. They may be good as a temporary means of leading women into those spheres of knowledge from which they have hitherto been excluded. Thus these young ladies are universally commended for the progress which they make, and for their skill in mathematical studies, in algebra, and physics. But it is clear to me that the pursuit of these scholastic studies must involve the neglect of much domestic virtue and pleasure. The young girl, in her zeal to prepare her lessons, snubs her mother, and looks cross at her father, if they venture to interrupt her. They call forth her ambition at the expense of her heart. They lay too much stress upon school learning. The highest object of schools should be to prepare people to do without them. At all events, the life of the young girl ought to be divided between the school and home, so that the school may have but a small part of it. The good home is the true high school."

SOUTH CAROLINA.

"I see a feeble Southern beauty reposing upon a luxuriant bed of flowers in a nectarine grove, surrounded by willing slaves, who at her nod bring to her the most precious fruits and ornaments in the world. But all her beauty, the splendor of her eye, the delicate crimson of her cheek, the pomp which surrounds her couch, cannot conceal the want of health and vigor, the worm which devours her vitals. This, weak luxurious beauty is—*South Carolina*."

LAIRD.—I see a novel at your oxter, Major, entitled "*Clouded Happiness*," and purporting to be translated from the French of the Countess D'Orsay. Is it worth onything?

MAJOR.—There is no lack of ability in the work, but its morality is more than questionable. The authoress *may* be a virtuous woman, and boast of a pure mind, but if so, her novel is a strange anomaly.

DOCTOR.—How so?

MAJOR.—Why in almost every chapter you stumble upon the most revolting exhibitions of human depravity, which it is possible to conceive, and treated in a wondrously off-hand, matter-of-fact manner. The noble widow (for the Countess, you are aware, wears the insignia of bereavement,) deals with seduction and adultery as coolly as she would deal with lace and gimp.

LAIRD.—Wha publishes sic unwholesome trash?

MAJOR.—The Harpers.

LAIRD.—I opined that the Harpers had mair sense o' morality and decency than to trade in wares o' that description.

MAJOR.—It would be too much to say that this novel we are discussing is absolutely indecent. A Frenchman would deem it, perchance, to be a fraction overly precise. It presents no *warm colouring*, and, in the upshot, vice is punished, and virtue rewarded, according to the morality of melo-dramas. What I would mean to infer is that the unhesitating glibness with which widow D'Orsay refers to the doings of rakes and demi-reps, makes me suspicious that *experience* has something to do with the matter. At all events, Laird, put not this book into the fair hands of the virtuous Girzy. With my concurrence no female should ever peruse it.

LAIRD.—Thanks for your caution Crabtree. Though Girzy *has* seen the sunset o' her forty-second birth-day, and is garnished about the mou' wi' a wheen black hairs, there is nae need putting harm in her road. I mind o' seeing a spinster upon the cutty stool in Carmunnock wha for fifty years preceding, had born an unexceptionable character; but, Doctor, I'm sick o' books—gie's a sang, or tell us hoo you liket Ole Bull's concert.

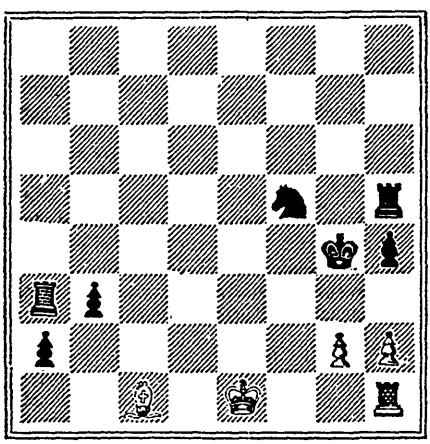
DOCTOR.—I am sorry to say that I have not had

time to get a song for this number, and, if even there had been time, there would not have been room, for I am sorry to tell you, Laird, that your facts must be of the shortest; and Mrs. Grundy, too (Major, ring the bell for Mrs. Grundy), will be, I am afraid, not over well pleased at the limited space I can afford her. [*Enter Mrs. Grundy.*] I must ask you, my dear Madam, to make your observations for this month as short as possible. We are already rather late, from an accident which has happened to Mr. Taylor's paper mill, and has thrown us a little behind hand. We must, therefore, husband both our space and time. I have, however, received the chess type, and I have prepared a problem, which I will now read. Laird, I will tell you about Ole Bull by and bye. In the meantime, listen. [*Doctor reads.*]

PROBLEM No. I.

BY A CANADIAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS.

CHAP. III.—THE OLD WRITERS ON CHESS.

It is said that the first book printed in London was a work on chess, and entitled "William Caxton of Chesse," it appeared in folio, with figures, in the year 1474.

Damiano, a Portuguese, was the first chess author of any note, the date of his birth is uncertain, but he died in 1544. His treatise was originally written in Spanish and Italian, and early editions are now very scarce. The best portion of his works are the problems, which, in point of simplicity, beauty, and skill, have rarely, if ever, been surpassed. About thirty years after this publication, appeared a work by Ruy Lopez, a Spaniard. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, chess seems to have been much studied, if we may judge from the many excellent players who flourished at that time. Among the most celebrated may be mentioned Paoli, Boi, Lionardo, Gianutio, Salvio, and Carrera.

In the year 1596, Gianutio published his treatise on chess, at Turin; and the superior work of Alessandro Salvio made its appearance in 1604. Sarratt published translations of the above authors, but they are of little value, owing to his abridgments. An excellent translation of Carrera's work, by W. Lewis, was published in 1822. Carrera's recommendation of chess is very quaint and worth quoting. He says—"I do not deny that the time which is spent in playing might be better spent in holy and praiseworthy works; but human weakness does not permit us to find ease in the constant practice of virtue, so we are easily inclined to pleasures, to vanities, and to vices; and in order not to be led into them, and offend the Creator, we choose to apply ourselves to exercises of the body and mind. Whence, that youth who employs himself at chess, though he may have played all day, will have gained this much, that he has not played at dice, and that he has eschewed idleness, which abounds in sins."

Contemporary with Carrera was a noble author, Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, Luneburg, who published a work under the cognomen of Gustavus Selenus. The next author on our list was a very brilliant player in his day, Gioachino Greco. His work abounds in brilliant and instructive situtions, and the attacks in some of his games are conducted in so brilliant a manner, that a careful study of his works cannot fail to delight the student. A small work, called "The noble Game of Chess," by Capt. Bertin, was published in 1735. Stamma, a native of Aleppo, published, in 1738, a small work, composed chiefly of situations and ends of games.

In 1750, Ercole del Rio published his work, under the name of "The Anonymous Modenese." This same work was, in the year 1763, the groundwork of Lollis' great work on chess, which Mr. Walker pronounces to be the most classical work on chess extant. Philidor, the greatest player of his time, published his celebrated analysis of chess in the year 1749. In 1786, a very remarkable work on chess, by a society of amateurs, who frequented the cafe de la Regence, was published, under the title of "Traite des Amateurs." Portions only of this capital work have been translated into English.

In our next we will speak of the more modern writers who have given to the world works on this most interesting game.

CHESS ENIGMA.

No. 15 by Mr. W. Bone.

WHITE.—K at K 4th; Q at K B 3rd; R at Q B 6th; B at Q R 5th; P at K Kt 7th.

BLACK.—K at his sq.; Q at Q Kt 6th; R at Q 4th; B at K R 3rd.

White compels Black to mate in three moves.

Now, Laird, your facts.

LAIRD.—Hoo much do you want?

DOCTOR.—Read, and I will tell you where to stop. (*Laird Reads.*)

HINTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF SMALL GARDENS.

ONE of the finest features in the country towns of America is that almost every dwelling has its garden—small in many cases it may be, but still a garden, and capable of yielding many of the comforts and pleasures of gardening. The most active improvers of our day, the men who are really doing most for the diffusion of a taste for gardening, are the residents of country towns and villages, with their acre, half acre, and even quarter acre lots. Taking this view of the subject, we naturally regard the management of small gardens with much interest; and therefore propose, now and hereafter, to offer a few hints, in order, if possible, to establish more correct views in regard to the principles which should regulate their formation and treatment.

From pretty extensive observation, we have come to the conclusion that one of the most serious and prevalent errors in the management of small gardens, *is attempting too much.* This grows very naturally out of the desire that every man feels to gather around his residence the greatest possible variety of interesting scenes and objects; in other words, to make the most of his limited space. In laying out a garden, the design may be good, and it may, in the first place, be properly executed; but no sooner is this done than new trees or plants are fancied, and probably a neighbor's garden suggests some new walks or divisions—and thus one little alteration after another is introduced, until the original plan is effaced, and the whole becomes a piece of patchwork. We have seen many charming little gardens utterly ruined in this way. Now, the beauty of a small garden, and the pleasure it may afford, lies not in a great variety of embellishments, but in *simplicity* and *high keeping*—few walks and few trees.

Numerous walks destroy the unity and extent of a small piece of ground, and add very materially to the cost of keeping; and as a regular gardener is seldom employed in such places, the walks become neglected and grown over with grass and weeds, resembling more a cattle path than anything else. The principle, there, should be rigidly adhered to, of having only such walks as are absolutely indispensable, and these to be kept in the best order. A good, well kept walk is not only a great beauty but a great comfort, whereas nothing is so useless and ill-looking as a bad or neglected one. In most cases a single walk, and that a foot walk, six or eight feet wide in proportion to the extent of the ground, will be quite enough.

The position of the entrance gate and the course of the walk must be determined by the shape of the grounds and the situation of the front door of the dwelling. If the space between the house and street be narrow—say twenty or thirty feet—and the front door be in the centre of the building, the most convenient, and probably the best, arrangement is the common one—having the gate opposite the door, and the walk straight. It would be much better if houses of this kind were so constructed as to have the main entrance on one side, so that the ground in front of the principal rooms might be kept in a lawn, embellished with a few appropriate trees. This would be a more agreeable sight from the windows than a gravel walk, and persons approaching the house would not be directly in front of the windows. When the house stands back a sufficient distance, even if the front door be in the centre facing the street, the walk should approach it by as easy curves as possible from one side, leaving the ground in front unbroken. A curved walk, however, is not only inconvenient, but obviously inconsistent, in a very limited space.

Box, and all other kinds of edgings, to walks that run through grass plots, are not only out of place, but add greatly to the expense of planting and keeping. Such things are only appropriate in flower gardens, to mark the outlines of walks and beds. Hedges of privet, red cedar, or arbor vitæ, are occasionally planted along the edges of walks, but are entirely superfluous, and have a bad effect, unless to screen a wagon road to out-buildings, or to separate a front garden or lawn from the kitchen garden, or such objects as it may be desirable to conceal. Such hedges have also a very good effect when placed immediately behind an open front fence, forming, in that case, a background to the lawn, when viewed from the dwelling.

DOCTOR.—That will do. Now, Mrs. Grundy, will you oblige us, and pray remember to give us nothing but what it is absolutely necessary that our fair countrywomen should be informed of.

(*Mrs. Grundy reads.*)

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

"Dress of light purple silk: the skirt, opening in the front on a breadth of white lutestring, has the edges slightly festooned and

trimmed with a broad black lace laid on plain; bows of pink ribbon with floating ends are placed three on each side the opening. Jacket body opening to the waist, with double *revers* of black lace narrowing to a point in front and furnished by a small bow; two others are placed above this on the *chemisette*: the jacket is trimmed round with lace and ornamented with small bows. The sleeves reach only to the elbow and have three rows of black lace, the last row forming a deep ruffle: a bow of pink ribbon is placed in the front of the arm under the second a fall of lace, and another at the point of the elbow. *Chemisette* of plaited cambric with lace collar and frill."

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

In our present number we commence our series of Winter Fashions, with explanations of the styles which will be worn the ensuing season: we give also a further indication of those which our *Artistes des Modes* have been engaged in inventing, and which have been the most approved of by the Courts and Aristocracy of London and Paris.

The *caraco* and jacket bodies are still worn, with various modifications of the pagoda sleeves; some of the aristocracy are giving their exclusive patronage to the full bishop sleeve, and the *bouillon* sleeve, which has the fulness divided by narrow bands into several puffs; they are exactly in the same style that we gave last winter in our plates of costume. Flounces for morning dresses are worn trimmed with fringe or black lace.

Cloaks are trimmed with a profusion of black lace: others bordered with *moire antique* or watered silk, with deep fringe on the capes and collars. The *Empress* Mantle is still a great favourite. For the warm winter cloak, the Windsor Cloak can be made in cloth, *vecuna* or any other warm material; different shades of drab or grey are the most fashionable; this is of a light drab trimmed with ruby velvet; the cloak fits close on the shoulders, and falls in full folds at the back; the top is trimmed by three rows of velvet, in the form of a collar or cape; the fronts are faced with velvet, vandyked at the edge.

Doctor.—That will do, my dear Madam. Now, Laird, I will give you my opinion of the concert which was very well attended. I was, as every one must be, thoroughly delighted with Ole Bull's execution, which is everything that the world has given him credit for. But I candidly confess I was disappointed with the music which he played, which was, with only one exception, entirely his own. Strakosch is not only a brilliant but a most expressive pianist, and one little piece, in particular that he played, "The youth, love, and folly Polka," was a most graceful and delightful morceau. Of the little prodigy, Adelina Patti, I can only say that her execution is most wonderful; but her voice, as you may easily imagine, wants sostenuto, and I noticed that when she came to a high note, she did not, as singers with a more powerful organ would have done, grapple with it boldly, but approached it, as it were, by feeling her way. She is, however, a most charming little girl, and would sing very sweetly in a room where she was not obliged to strain her voice. And now for my books for the month. [*Doctor reads.*]

The Tell tale, or Home Secrets, told by old travellers, by H. Trusta, author of "Sunny Side," Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston, 1853. Tenth thousand.

The last leaf from Sunny Side, by H. Trusta, author of "Peep at Number Five," &c. Tenth thousand. Boston; Phillips, Sampson, & Co., 1853.

Peep at Number five, by H. Trusta. Thirty-first thousand. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston, 1853.

Father Bright Hopes, or, an Old Clergyman's Vacation, by Paul Creyton. Fourth thousand. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., 1853.

Hearts and Faces, or Home life unveiled, by Paul Creyton; Phillips, Sampson, & Co., Boston, 1853.

The five little volumes arranged in the above list, are books of peculiar interest and have received an unprecedentedly rapid sale in the United States. They are grouped together in the order noticed above, because they are uniform in style, structure, letter press, and binding, and are entitled to a high place in our juvenile Literature.

H. Trusta, has become almost as renowned as Mrs. Beecher Stowe. "Sunny Side," is quite the rage at this moment in Great Britain as well as in America, and one edition is hunting another through the press with railroad speed.

We would therefore commend the perusal of these interesting little volumes to every one who has any taste for the *utile* and *dulce*.

The Shady Side, or Life in a Country Parsonage, by a Pastor's wife. Thirty-second thousand.

Boston, John J. Jewett & Co., 1853.

T. Maclear.

Sometime ago a work appeared by H. Trusta, bearing the title of Sunny Side. The scope and tenor of which were appropriately indicated by the title adopted for the strange but truly interesting work. The pastor and the pastor's household were well and graphically sketched; but after all the book only gave one side of the picture, and the other side was wanted. In the volume before us we have the admirable offset to the former. Here we have a most graphic picture of the gloomy side, or life in a country parson's house, all that he is to be, to do, and to suffer, are sketched to the very life. The work is obtaining a very deserved and most extensive circulation in the old country. Nor are we aware that any work on this subject has ever gone forth from the American press, so deserving of univer-

sal circulation. The book ought to be read in every parish of this country that people may see the TRUTH, and be ashamed of it, and it ought to be read in every manse in the mother country that the beauties of the ministerial life in America may be correctly understood in the Imperial dominions.

Similitudes from the Ocean and Prairie, by Lucy Lacram, Boston; John P. Jewett & Co., 1853. *T. Maclear.*

This is one of the most engaging little things we have ever read. In travelling from Boston to Springfield, at four hours run, we managed to run through the subjects chosen as the basis of moral reflection and found in the vast amplitude of creation. The sketches are admirably drawn—the powers of description which this little book discovers are worthy the genius of a Byron, and might be most profitably brought to bear on subjects involving a more elaborate treatise. The use and application of these metaphors, as illustrating great moral principles and leading the mind to serious reflection, shews the tone of the author's own mind and renders the book at once pleasing and profitable.

"*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.*"

Memoir of the Life and Labours of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D.D., by Frances Weyland, President of the Brown University—2 volumes. Boston; Phillips, Sampson, & Co., 1853.

There is no species of Christian Literature so well calculated to promote the good of the masses, as the biography of the pious and the good. Nor is there any argument in the whole compass of Christian evidence so convincing as the argument derived from the experience, and the life and the labours of the man who from the pure love of the truth devotes his entire time and talent to its propagation. There are few even in the humbler ranks of a Christian life whose experience would be unworthy of publicity, for the benefit of others, but such men as Dr. Judson are set forth by Providence as great models for our imitation. In them the work of grace has been very signal, and we ought to copy their excellencies and seek for their spirit. This eminent and honored divine was a missionary in Burmah and after many faithful services rendered to the cause of Christianity, amid privation, imprisonment, and peril, died in peace. His life is pourtrayed in these pages with a master hand, and "He being dead yet speaketh."

(Mrs. Grundy interrupting the Doctor.)

MRS. GRUNDY.—Stop, my good Sir, I forgot to give you the last fashion for wearing the hair; here it is:—

FREDERICK.—"Good gracious, Angelica, you don't mean to go out with your hair in that style?"

ANGELICA.—"Indeed, Sir, I do. It's extremely classical, and taken from the 'Ionic.'"