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ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN IX.

WHEREIN IS NARRATED THE STORY OF THE
"RED VEST"—AND THE PURSER WINDETH
UP HIS YARNS.

With evident appetite did the inmates of Russell's caravansery listen to the professional legend, recited by brother O'Devlin. As the night was still young, the social synod requested the learned gentleman to favour them with another narration, a desire which he expressed his willingness to gratify so soon as he had expurgated his throat of certain cobwebs which had there been engendered. This operation having been satisfactorily performed, through the agency of an elixir somewhat more potent than buttermilk—but which, in these back-biting days, I refrain from characterising more specifically—the worthy Advocate once more opened his mouth, and spake to the following purport:—

THE RED VEST.

One of my pristine clients in Montreal, was a venerable old Frenchman, cyleped Eugene Labelle. A native of Picardy, he had been a witness of many of the horrors of the first revolution, and sundry stories of that ghastly and Godless time, when Satan appeared to be unbound, he recited to me, over his wonted vesper debauch of cigars and coffee.

Not the least stirring of these too true tales, was that which mirrored forth his own experiences, and the substance whereof I purpose briefly to recapitulate.

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The father of Eugene Labelle was a husbandman, and laboured a farm, which though of small extent was sufficient to satisfy his wants and aspirations. Being of a pious disposition he kept himself studiously aloof from the restless theorists who then agitated the land, and who strove to hurl the Cross from its pedestal, and to erect on its ruins the brazen image of the strumpet Goddess of Reason.

Eugene, and an orphan cousin, named Marie Dorion composed the family of Labelle the elder. Very comely were the externalities of the maiden, and of cognate pulchritude were her moral attributes.

Gentle, good-humoured, witty, and impulsive, it is nothing strange that she captivated the heart of my friend. After the usual modicum of moon-light promenades, vows were interchanged by the parties, and Labelle peré having given his consent it was arranged that the Curé should complete the transaction so soon as Eugene had attained the status of majority.

Marie Dorion possessed another admirer in the person of a contiguous agriculturist, called Brodeur Couchou. Most fitly did the surname of this personage, adumbrate his appearance and disposition. Stunted and gross in person—exhibiting a projecting upper lip, and teeth which remained patent, even the mouth was closed—and possessed of a cranial thatch which might be more appositely termed bristles than hair—a more hoggish libel upon the "human form divine" could not well be conceived. When to all this, is added the fact, that his tastes were

sensual, and his temper cruel, treacherous, and revengeful, that man would be consumedly unreasonable who questioned his right to the designation of "a little pig!"

It is hardly necessary to say, that the fair Marie lent no favourable ear to the suit of this bipedal variety of the *sus* tribe. In fact, with all her amiability of nature, she could not conceal her repugnance to his person, and obtuse as Brodeur was, he failed not to mark that the maiden's eye fell at his advent, and recovered its animation when he took his departure.

As a matter of course, this state of matters filled Couchon with rage, both against Marie and her accepted lover. The former he thirsted to possess, if only for the purpose of making her miserable, and the latter he could have torn piece-meal with all the appetite and gusto of a famished tiger.

There was one object which always had the effect of aggravating to boiling heat the worst passions of his ulcerated nature. That was a red vest, embroidered by the fair hands of Marie, and presented by her to Eugene on one of the anniversaries of his birth. The sight of this garment had the same influence upon Couchon, that a scarlet rag has upon a wayward bull. It reminded him of the success of his abominated rival, and so lashed him into a paroxysm of temporary insanity. He could with equal composure have witnessed the maiden clinging to the breast of her betrothed, as the piece of dress which she had fabricated.

In the mean time, the revolution burst forth like a hurricane of hell. The scum boiled to the top of the social *caldarium*.—Religion, Rank, and Virtue were trodden into the mire by democratic hoofs, and murder bedecked itself in the soiled ermine of justice.

Brodeur Couchon joined the filthy dominant tyranny, and ere long became a prominent "friend of the people." Never was he so much in his element, as when dipping his heel in the blood of an aristocrat, and passing sweet were the draughts of wine which he imbibed from the desecrated chalice of the parish church. The character of the cup lent an infernal relish to his potations, which only the children of perdition could appreciate.

Amidst the faithless, the Labelles were "faithful found." With pious horror they regarded the demoniac scenes which were enacted around them, and as they did not attempt to conceal their sentiments, they soon became obnoxious to the champions of the "rights of man."

A series of persecutions, instigated by Couchon, was raised against the devoted family, which terminated in the sequestration of their little property, and the driving them forth upon the cold churlish wilderness of penniless life. This blow was more than the old man could sustain. Within three weeks from the sale of his paternal acres, the quiet grave received him, and his son and niece removed to Paris, hoping to find there the employment and security which were denied them in the once peaceful scenes of their nativity.

They had reckoned, however, without their host. Brodeur, whilst revelling chin-deep in the luxuries of crime, never for one moment lost sight of the ruling lust of his existence. The red vest, like a meteor, beckoned him to the capital, and short time elapsed ere he followed his intended victims to Paris.

He brought with him from the Province, a reputation for *patriotism*, which secured him the favour and countenance of the monsters who, for her multiplied transgressions, then ruled the destinies of miserable France. By these Ogres, Brodeur was appointed to a responsible situation in the prison of the Conciergerie, his function being that of Lieutenant, or deputy-in-chief to the head jailor.

This was a sphere which harmonised most thoroughly with his taste, and inclinations. In taunting and domineering over the hosts of noble and virtuous victims which constantly replenished that dismal structure he experienced a never-ending saturnalia of delight; and he tasked his invention to add poignancy to his own gratification, by enhancing their sufferings. Amongst other ingenious devices, he constructed a model of the guillotine, which he exhibited in his jocular moods to the parties who were destined to fall by that instrument of destruction, explaining to them its functions, and dwelling upon the artistic manner in which it performed its mission. Now-a-days, this may seem an exaggeration of cruelty passing

belief, but such episodes were far from being uncommon during the golden reign of "liberty" and "universal brotherhood."

No small per-centage of his spare time Couchon devoted to searching for the whereabouts of Eugene Labelle. Though fruitless for a long season, his exertions were at last crowned with success, and that in a manner somewhat unexpected. The young man had found employment in the establishment of a blacksmith, having some knowledge of that branch of mechanics, and was thus enabled to support himself, and contribute to the comfort of Marie, who pursued the somewhat uncertain calling of a sempstress. One day Eugene was deputed by his master to repair a lock in the Conciergerie, and whilst thus occupied, Brodeur suddenly came upon him. With a yell of mingled hatred and triumph, the discoverer pounced upon his victim, and ere many seconds had elapsed, poor Labelle was a tenant of the cell upon the door whereof he had just been operating.

In those days it was not difficult to trump up criminating matter against an obnoxious party. It is a well known fact, that a large proportion of the unfortunates whose blood soiled France at the close of the last century, were condemned on grounds frivolous enough to provoke a smile, if smiles could in any way be associated with murder. The discovery of a crucifix upon the person of Eugene, coupled with Couchon's testimony that he was an enemy to the republic, were held as ample grounds for conviction, and the hapless lad was doomed to follow the bloody path, which so many illustrious spirits had trodden before him.

On the day preceding that fixed for his execution, or rather, I should say, his assassination, the heart-broken Marie Dorion was admitted to take a last farewell of the "beloved of her eyes." Tearful and sad, was the communing of the lovers, and yet they sorrowed not as those whose hopes were bounded by this mundane scene. The faith which they had preserved pure and intact amidst the prevailing floods of infidelity, enabled them to realize the glorious celestial monarchy, which can never be vexed by the "madness of the people," and they spoke of their re-union in that nightless region as a matter of certainty.

Just as she was about to depart, the last kiss having been imprinted, and the last embrace exchanged, Marie unfolded a small parcel, and took therefrom an article which caused the eyes of Eugene to become dim with sudden moisture. It was the red vest! That simple vestment had been associated with their happiest and most sunny days, and the sobbing girl requested that it might be worn by her lover, at the closing scene.—Cloddish and gross must be the philosophy of the man, who could sneer at that wish as being frivolous or childish. In the hour of sharp and desolating sorrow, even a withered leaf, plucked when life's sky was bright and cloudless, becomes invested with a sustaining magic, strong beyond the faculty of words to describe.

As a matter of course, the boon craved by Marie was at once granted, and the twain parted, never more expecting to meet on the earthy side of the valley of the shadow of death.

More than twenty fellow-sufferers were appointed to accompany Eugene Labelle to the scaffold on the coming morning, and as the hour of slaughter was to be early, it was arranged that for the sake of convenience, they should pass their last night, not in the cells they had hitherto occupied, but in a sort of common hall. Less trouble would thus be occasioned when they came to be assorted and arranged for the shambles. All conversant with the dark annals of the period to which we have reference, are aware that arrangements similar to the above, were far from being uncommon. The multiplicity of murders to be perpetrated, constrained the slayers to be thrifty of their time.

Eugene having put on the vest, now a million fold more dear to him than ever, sat down upon his mattress of straw, and began devoutly to prepare himself for the momentous change which he was about to undergo.

Whilst thus occupied, his cogitations were broken in upon by Couchon, who entered the apartment accompanied by one of the turnkeys of the establishment. He carried a bottle of brandy in one hand, and his flushed countenance, and unsteady gait, bore plain testimony that his libations therefrom had been in no respect analagous to the visits of angels.

Coming up to Labelle, who, as the evening was raw, had covered himself with a blanket, Brodeur pointed him out to his subordinate, as an object of special attention.

"Mark well what I say, you thick-skulled dunderpate," he exclaimed; "and see that you do not overlook this rascal, in the hurry of to-morrow morning. Such mistakes have happened more than once of late, but if a blunder is made in the present case, your own addled head shall pay the penalty! Do you understand me most stupid of citizens?"

The "citizen" seneschal, who most absurdly, was by no means a type or model of intelligence, emitted a stolid grunt of assent, and shortly afterwards left the hall, along with his reeling principal.

As the night wore on, the temperature of the room, from chilly, had become somewhat oppressively warm, owing to the breathing of so many occupants. Eugene, consequently, denuded himself of both coat and blanket, and by the light of a lamp which hung in the vicinity of his pallet, perused at intervals his prayer-book, which by some management he had contrived to retain.

Le Brun, the turnkey to whose special attention our hero had been commended, frequently visited the apartment during the nocturnal hours, evidently for the purpose of making himself sure of Eugene's identity.— Like his superior officer he had been palpably paying court to Bacchus, a process which by no means brightened his naturally sluggish wits. With all this, however, he had not forgotten Couchon's startling threat, and hence he was anxious to imprint the image of Labelle upon his mind.

The appointed time for execution was seven o'clock, and just as the deep-toned bell of Notre Dame had ceased tolling five, Brodeur staggered into the hall which contained Eugene and his brethren in tribulation. Having passed the entire night in carousing with some kindred souls, the wretch was in a state of the most insensate intoxication. His bloodshot eyes glared and rolled about with the restless energy of demontation, and ever and anon, he uttered shrill and meaningless laughs, suggestive of the yells of a hungry hyena robbed of her young.

In the course of a few minutes, the gaze of the frantic inebriate fell upon Labelle, and the sight appeared to add ten-fold to his mad furor. With one bound, he leaped upon the half-slumbering youth, and proceeded with spasmodic violence to tear the well-remembered and much-abhorred vest from his person.

"Sacre!" he hoarsely howled forth; "and so you have got that infernal love-token once more! Would you not like that the dainty fingers which sewed it, were pressing your hands, as in the olden time? By Saint Beelzebub, they will soon have an opportunity to wash the blood from your abominated head, if Citizen Sanson can be prevailed upon to preserve it as a keepsake for the jilt! But, I tell you what, mon garçon, you must not imagine that you are to be permitted to go to the axe in that piece of frippery! I have long had my eye upon it, and intend to appropriate it for my own special use and behoof. Come! strip, you dog, without grumbling, and let your heir take possession of his inheritance. So soon as your precious pumpkin has been fairly lopped off, and gathered into the basket, I purpose paying my devoirs to the coy Marie, and I have half a notion that when she beholds me figged out in her handywork, all her little scruples will at once evaporate! She will appreciate the delicacy of the compliment, ha, ha, ha! and when once you can tickle a woman's vanity, the battle is more than two-thirds gained!— Off at once, with the rag, or I will strangle you where you lie!"

Poor Eugene was in no frame of mind to resist any requisition, however unreasonable it might be, accordingly, with a gentle sigh, he denuded himself of the last frail, tangible link which connected him with earthly attachments.

Eager to assume the garment thus coveted after such a morbid fashion, Couchon threw off his hat, cloak, and doublet, and with wine-palsied hands adjusted the vest upon his person.

Hardly had the operation been performed when nature, so pestilently outraged by protracted excess, suddenly gave way. A deep and trance-like slumber settled, without even the prologue of a yawn, upon the vinous

brute, and he fell forward against the wall of the dungeon. His face struck upon a sharp projecting stone, causing a ghastly mutilation, sufficiently great to obliterate all the leading characteristics of the features.

At this instant, a bright and genial beam from the sun of hope, darted athwart the darkness of Labelle's soul.

Without a moment's delay, he dressed himself in the articles of costume just abandoned by the now senseless Brodeur, who, by the way, was nearly about his own altitude. They fitted him to a hair, as if they had been made to order and according to measure, to use the language of sartorialism. When Eugene completed his toilet, by putting on the broad-brimmed, slouched hat of the slumbering sub-jailer, it would have required a close inspection to penetrate the secret of the impromptu masquerade.

It is proper here to state, that during the transaction of the passages above recited, the majority of the condemned were buried in the profound sleep which usually falls to the lot of unfortunates on the eve of execution.—The few who were awake, paid little or no attention to what was going on; scenes of violence and strife being too common in that mundane Tartarus, to provoke either remark or astonishment.

On searching the pockets of his newly acquired coat, Labelle found two articles of priceless value in the present crisis of affairs. The first of these was a master key, enabling the possessor thereof to leave the prison when so inclined. The second was a passport, giving permission to Citizen Brodeur Cauchon to visit any quarter of France on the business of the Republic. Why this document contained such an extensive privilege was explained by a letter of instructions, which likewise came into Eugene's possession. Brodeur had received a roving commission to search for and apprehend members of the detested aristocrat tribe, and his routes could not be specifically defined, it was necessary that he should obtain the widest topographical latitude. In addition to the above recited windfall, the young man found that he had become the owner of a bountifully replenished purse. Small asruple had he in resolving to appropriate

this lucre to his own exigencies, seeing that the proceeds of what should have been his inheritance, had fallen to the lot of the heavily snoring Cauchon.

To make a long story short, Labelle found no difficulty in leaving the precincts of the Conciergerie, unsuspected by any of the custodiers thereof. The dress of the Lieutenant was well known to them all, and as Eugene simulated the zig zag notions of a drunken man, the deception was complete. "Citizen Pig is going to cool down his brandy fever!"—was the only remark which his exodus elicited from the drowsy turnkeys.

Once more at liberty Labelle's first business was to engage a conveyance for the transmission of himself and a companion to Calais. By the exhibition of the passport, and letter above mentioned, he experienced no trouble in effecting this arrangement, and after being certiorated that the vehicle would be at his devotion in a couple of hours, he set forth in quest of Marie Dorion.

It now becomes necessary that we should return to the Conciergerie.

When the hour drew near, in which the innocent convicts were to be prepared for the knife, the executioner and his horrid train entered the hall so recently tenanted by Eugene. They were ushered in by Le Brun, who, not oblivious of the monition which he had received, directed their attention, in the first instance, to the dead drunk Brodeur. As we before stated, the features of the torpid scoundrel had been mashed out of all distinguishing shape and form, and, moreover were by this time covered with a visor of dark-hued congealed blood. Le Brun, however, entertained not the slightest dubitation as to his man. He had marked well the position of the pallet which he occupied, and chiefly and above all, had taken note of the red vest! This was the main spur which jogged his slow memory, and he needed no other beacon to direct his proceedings. Besides having only recently become an attaché of the prison, he was but slightly conversant with Brodeur's appearance, and consequently it was the less strange that he failed to recognize him under existing circumstances.

All attempts to awake the slumbering brute, proved abortive, and so the cropping of his gore-matted hair, and the other details of the death-heralding "toilet," were performed all unknown to the recipient of those grisly attentions. When he was "fairly trussed out for the spit," as brother Sanson, being in a sportive mood, observed, Le Brun, determined to make sure certain, carried him forth upon his back and deposited him in the cart, whose destination was the Place de la Revolution, the Tyburn of those diabolical days. As his face was by no means a type of the picturesque and beautiful, Le Brun, who made some pretensions to taste for the fine arts, considerably covered it with a napkin, and thus snoring with all the unction of a New England nose-trumpeter, Brodeur Couchon set forth on his unconscious pilgrimage to the guillotine.

The humble apartment occupied by the heart-broken Marie Dorion, commanded a view of the place of execution, and at the window thereof she was seated on the morning when the events under narration occurred. Her love was quenchless even by death, and though she felt that the effort might cost her her life, she was determined to witness the closing scene of one who was dearer to her than existence itself, and around whom the gentle tendrils of her affections clung like ivy to the fostering oak.

Earnestly did the forlorn maiden supplicate the favour of heaven for him, who was so soon to fill a premature and bloody grave. With passionate devotion did she ever and anon kiss the little silver crucifix, which he had given to her on that never-to-be-forgotten evening, when he first breathed into her thirsty ear the delicious confession of his love. The sight of that sacred souvenir transported her for a season back to earlier and happy times. She fell into one of those day dreams which sometimes will cheat the sorrow-worn heart into a temporary oblivion of the bitter and comfortless *now*! Once more she was a denizen of dear Picardy. Once more she wandered in dreamy joy by the banks of the clear, vine-fringed stream which laved her native fields. Once more she heard the nightingale pour forth floods of vesper melody, as the setting sun

tinged with purple glory the distant western mountains.

On a sudden the gladsome vision of Marie was rudely dispelled by the ghoulish shouts of an approaching band of fiends, yearning and famishing for blood. Trembling in every limb, the miserable girl rose from her seat, and with an uncontrolable impulse stretched forth to catch the first glimpse of the marrow-freezing procession.

Too soon the infernal spectacle blasted her grief-fevered eyes. Too soon did she behold the ghastly cortège, headed as usual by troops of unsexed furies, whom it would be profanation to call by the sacred name of woman! Unbridled democracy has had many satanic triumphs, but the climax of them all was when she accomplished the translation of mothers, wives, and daughters into vampires, greedy as the horse leech for carnage, and longing to batten upon the agonies of crushed and writhing humanity!

And now the harsh rumbling of the victim-freighted carts grated upon the excited hearing of the watcher. How intensely she strained her gaze to try, if possible, to discover one of the actors in that deep tragedy. Alas, not long had she to continue her inquisition! A bright bit of colouring stood forth in terrible significant reality upon the moving, living panorama! With a shriek, the intensity of which caused the rascal multitude to stint for a moment their hellish *Jubilate*, Marie recognized the red vest, and in one instant she was smitten down as if by a thunderbolt! Cold and senseless as a marble image she fell into the arms of some one who chanced to be behind her, and the mort carts grated along, and the she-furies of Paris continued their infernal anthem to the myth prostitute divinity, as before!

The consciousness of Brodeur Cauchon did not return till the moment when rude and ruthless hands were binding him to the plank, which faced the grooved promenade of the greedy knife. Providence, as if determined that the unhappy wretch should get, even on this side of eternity, a full draught of the cup of retributive bitterness, restored to him the entire possession of his senses. Though, of course, utterly unable to understand the nature of the flood of events which

had surged him, so to speak, upon the scaffold, he knew with ghastly distinctness that upon the scaffold he was, and destined never to leave it except as a mass of carion clay. Terrible was the glare of his eyes, fresh opened from the trance of intoxication. Dreadful, beyond the power of language to describe, was the hurried avalanche of profanities and entreaties, and abjurgations which he poured forth upon the verge of the dark precipice of eternity. The very headsmen, familiar as they were with all the varied phenomena of dying scenes, were arrested in their avocation, and looked with a kind of bestial curiosity upon this novel development of terror and despair. It seemed as if the immortal worm had already fastened upon the lost one's soul, and was gnawing it into the spasmodic energy of the damned!

No one recognised Brodeur as the subgaoler of the Conciergerie. Once, indeed, it struck Sanson, as if the tones of his voice were familiar to him, but the idea was banished as soon as entertained. Even if the moided and disfigured creature had been identified as Couchon, it would have made no difference in his fate. During the carnesous harlequinade of the Revolution, the tyrant of yesterday was frequently the victim of to-day, and it was not the province of the finisher of the law to criticise the proceedings of his employers.

Accordingly the limbs of the red vested one were strapped tightly to the plank, which speedily assumed a horizontal position. The signal was promptly given, for there was a large harvest of life to reap, that dull leaden morning, and his tongue still vibrating with a litaney of blasphemies, the head of Brodeur Cauchon bounded, as if in sport, from the sharp touch of the knife!

Long time elapsed ere the spirit of Marie Dorion revived, and deep beyond fathoming was the sigh which she breathed, when once more the weary world opened upon her ken.

With a start, as if her nerves had been traversed by electricity, she heard her name enunciated by a well remembered tongue.

"It was only a dream," she said. "Only a dream, but oh! how very like reality it seemed!"

Once more the precious words, "Marie! dear Marie!" were syllabled, as if from some bright region beyond the grave.

The maiden looked up, and beheld her lover. "I, too, have departed," she solemnly murmured, "and we have met in Paradise!"

A long drawn, burning kiss of human love, convinced her that she was still upon the earth.

* * * * *

"And did Eugene Labelle manage to effect his escape?" queried the prosaic bar-keeper of Russell's Hotel, as he gave the finishing act of manipulation to a sherry cobbler.

"To be sure he did, you fool!" responded Mr. Advocate O'Delvin. "How else, in the name of common sense, could he have become my client in Montreal?"

"Both Eugene and his Marie reached Canada, sound in mind and limb,—and I am ready at any time to make affidavit that a happier couple never dwelt beneath the shadow of the Royal Mount!"

CONCLUSION OF MY LOG.

At this juncture, the *boots* of the caravan-sary, whose services I had specially retained, entered the bar-room and certiorated me that my uncle and cousin were bearing down in full sail upon the Hotel. On the receipt of this intelligence, I immediately repaired to the parlour occupied by these personages, and in pursuance of the plan of campaign which I had chalked out, disposed myself behind the flowing window drapery of the apartment.

Not long had I been thus ambushed when the pair entered the apartment, accompanied by a companion, who exhibited all the outward tokens and types of a native of the model republic. The name by which they addressed him I could not with certainty make out, but it sounded like Billson or Hillson. I shall take it for granted that the former of these "captions" correctly adumbrated the gent in question, and design him accordingly.

My fair cousin carried in his hand an unopened letter, which, from its appearance, I had small trouble in expiscating was from

the mother country. This document seemed very slightly to touch his curiosity, as he threw it down carelessly upon the table, without infringing upon the integrity of the seal thereof.

"And so, Mister Billson," cried my avuncular relative, "you persist in saying that you can make sperits spake?"

"I calculate," replied the model republican, "I can do that ere trick; and, what is more, bring them visibly before you! The secret I learned from Squire Koons, of Dever County, Ohio, one of the most remarkable men of this here age!"

Here Lynch the younger, who had evidently been "putting an enemy in his mouth," was brought to bed of an articulation, compounded of a hiccup and a whistle, of the most withering contempt.

"Tell that fudge," quoth he, "to the marines; sailors won't believe it!"

"Young man!" solemnly interjected the Yankee, "have care what you say! Little do you know who is within ear shot! Take my word for it, as an honest man, this house is full of spirits!"

"By John and Hookey Walker!" cried the reckless Phelim, "that is piper's news, and no mistake! From personal experience I can testify that old Russell has got a capitally stocked cellar! You might float the *City of Toronto* in his gin!"

My uncle having charged his hopeful son to "shut up," requested the medium to go on with his incantations, as the night was verging upon extreme senectitude.

The first thing that Mr. Billson did, was to fetch in a drum of respectable dimensions, which, together with the sound-engendering instruments pertaining thereto, he placed upon the floor, not far from the spot where I stood concealed.

"All spirits," he observed, in explanation of the proceeding, "have got a tarnation appetite for this kind of *moosic*, which is the reason why they make such a confounded rapping upon tables, when there is not a sheet of tight sheepskin handy! If you want to save your pine furniture, never be without a drum!"

Having delivered himself of this parenthesis, the operator, (who, I may observe, ap-

peared to be acting in perfect sincerity and good faith,) extinguished all the lights in the room, including a gas cockspur situated within reach of my lurking place. This operation might have somewhat disorganized my plans, but fortunately I had about me a box of lucifer matches, an appendage which my nicotian habits rendered a *sine qua non*.

"Now," said Billson, "whose ghost do you want to be present?"

"If perfectly convenient and agreeable to his reverence," cried the scoffing Phelim, "I should be happy to be favoured with the company of Saint Patrick! There is a bottle of pure stuff here, very much at his honor's service!"

"Hould your pace, ye reprobate!" exclaimed the scandalized Cuthbert, who was too devoted a son of the Church to put up patiently with this ribaldry; "Hould your pace, wid your profanity which would disgrace a haythen or Turk! Mister Billson, my heart is set upon getting tidings o' my poor, misfortunate nephew, Dinis Stobo. I would give a trifle to know whether he is in this world or the next!"

"If so be he has hopped the twig," returned the operator, "he will be beating upon yon ere identical drum before many minutes have sloped!"

The Synod sat for some time in profound silence, only broken at intervals by an alcoholic snort from my excellent cousin. At length, getting tired of the quaker like quietude, I contrived to get hold of the drumsticks, and beat therewith upon the tombour a tattoo, loud enough to "split the ears of the groundlings!"

Delectified, apparently, beyond measure, was brother Jonathan, at this realization of his prediction.

"There!" he intoned through his nasal clarion—did I not tell you what would happen? Your nephew's body has become cold meat in death's larder, and his spirit is with us in this here parlour!"

"Blessed Vargin!" gasped forth my astounded uncle, in tones tremulous with terror; "miracles never *will* cease?"

As for my cousin he essayed to brave out matters, "by whistling the "Boy's of Killenny", but signally abortive was the

endeavour. The notes died away, like a croupy lark's attempt at cantation, and by certain gurgling sounds, I concluded that he was administering to himself a dose of Dutch courage!

"Who after this, will have the brazen assurance," continued Billson, "to say a word against the reality of spiritualism? Show me the infidel who will dare to sneer at Judge Edmonds as an old woman, or point the finger of scorn at the glorious and immortal Koons? Would that all Canaday was present to behold the wonderful wonders which are now being enacted! Toronto will soon be a more famous place than Rochester itself!"

In order to cut this rhapsody short, I again fingered the drumsticks and performed that classic piece of music, the "Rougie's March", with an artistic vigour, which would have won for ever the affections of Jullien.

When I had concluded this master piece of instrumentation. Lynch senior intimated a desire that he might be favored with the vision of his defunct nephew. Whereupon the native of Dollardom, after muttering certain hocus pocus words, commanded your humble servant to become ocularly developed.

Thus abjured, I emerged from behind the window-curtain, and drawing one of the aforesaid lucifer matches gently over my coat sleeve, ignited the same, and re-communicated light to the extinguished cockspur.

"Be the town piper of Jericho"—yelled Cuthbert—"it is the crayter Dinis Stobo, as sure as I am a sinner! Och, when did ye die? And how does it fare wid your poor misfortunate sowl?"

Pulling a solemn face, and using the tone of voice employed by the gents who personate Hamlet's murdered father, I replied in manner after-mentioned, to wit, that is to say:—

"In a swamp at Port Credit, opposite the residence of the author of "*The New Guager*," I shuffled off this mortal coil! Starvation was the cause of the catastrophe, and you can judge of my destitution by these sordid rags, which I wore at the moment of my decease! As 'uching my soul, it is enduring all the agonies of Purgatory . . ."

"Hold hard there, stranger," interjected Billson at this point of my story; "both Judge Edmonds and old Koons' deny point-blank, that there is any such location!"

"The Judge, and the other fellow, then, are a brace of jolterheads"—quoth I—"not fit to cry boo, to a goose!"

"But nephew, avic"—chimed in old Lynch—"is there nothing, honey that we can do for yeez?"

"Faith uncle"—I responded—"a bushel or two of masses, would come quite handy in existing circumstances. For a matter of two hundred pounds, or say three, when you're at it, I would be set famously upon my legs!"

"And its Phelim and meself will be proud and happy to make that same advance," was the prompt rejoinder, enunciated with a heartiness which amply demonstrated its sincerity. The tears rolled down his furrowed and haggard cheeks—his frame was shaken by a rapid succession of hysterical sobs—and earnestly did he tell the beads which indexed the orisons he was putting up on my behalf. At that moment I fully and freely forgave the remorseful sinner, his share of the act of injustice, which had so long kept me out of my legitimate rights.

Widely different, however, was the spirit in which cousin Phelim, received the proposition of his penitent ancestor.

"If you have got the tin, old codger"—he exclaimed—"you may make the investment in question, but hang me if I give one rap, for any such purpose! Denis Stobo, as you well know, was never one of my special favorites, and I have no idea of throwing away good money upon the ghost of such a spalpeen! If he is suffering in purgatory, he doubtless well deserves it, and I decidedly think that the law should be permitted to take its regular course!"

Such language from the knave who had so long been waxing gross upon my inheritance, completely widowed me of all patience and self-restraint. With one bound, I was at the side of the sordid scoundrel, and grasping him by the throat, belaboured his head with one of the drumsticks, till I was well nigh breathless.

"How spiritualism *docs* progress, to be sure!" cried Billson, as he contemplated thi

act of *extempore* justice. "Not one of the blessed judge's *manifestations* over exhibited such energy as has been displayed by the very respectable ghost, with whose company we have been favoured this memorable and never-to-be-forgotten night!"

"Come, come, Mr. Yankee," I here observed, "there has been quite enough of that nonsense! No more an apparition am I, than this drunken, whining vagabond; and if you call me ghost again, by Mahoun, I will make a ghost of you!"

Directing my attention once more to Phelim, who had been sobered by the unexpected modicum of penance which he had received, I commanded him to open and peruse the letter before mentioned. This missive, I supposed was from Glasgow, and contained tidings of the change which had taken place in our relative positions.

My conjecture proved to be well founded. No sooner had the trembling rascal scanned over the document, than he yelled out:—"Confusion and fury, I am a beggar!" and sunk upon the floor in all the emasculation of despair. * * * *

I have settled an annuity upon my uncle fully equal to his wants and wishes, and he often declares that he now enjoys more peace of mind than had fallen to his lot for many a long and weary year.

As for Phelim Lynch, I gave him one hundred pounds, on the express condition that he should evacuate Canada *quam primum*. To employ his own classic expression he was "glad to save any fat from the fire," and at once implemented the stipulation. For some months he has bestowed the light of his countenance upon the State of Maine, and by the latest accounts was actively engaged in carrying out the requirements of the prohibitory liquor law. To speak more specifically, he plies the honourable occupation of a common informer against publicans and thirsty sinners, and thus, at once, "puts money in his purse," and gains golden opinions from all the devout disciples of aquarianism. Most fitting is he for such a mission, if there be veracity in the ancient adage, which inculcates, that a thief should be set to catch a thief.

Here, gentle reader, the Purser closes his log. Prosperous be the remainder of your voyage down life's stream, and may genial gales attend your barque till moored in the haven of eternity.

GOOD ADVICE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT.

A youthful Swain who had resolved to wed,
With myriad questions often puzzled many,
Sought from a hoary sire his sagest aid,
As to the wife he ought to marry.

"Friend, said the Sage, I know not this;
Thou canst be satisfied, though thou choos't
the treasure;
Seek you a wife alone for blissful pleasure—
A pretty face get with your miss.

"If more inclined on state and fashion,
Than towards the pastime of an amorous life,
Then hearken to my changed opinion—
Precious are moments and a wealthy wife.

"But if you look through her at certain lofty views;
That better maidens live, learn to forget;—
And see to woo some great man's pet,
Cavass not long the choice, but quickly choose.

"Or if you more regard your spirit's unity,
Than love of body and of sin;
Then risk it, as your wishes lead—so marry—
They'll be a learned wife to win."

The old man's words in laughter cease.

"Ah! said the youth, your wisdom tells no news,

I ask which wife ought I take care to choose,
If I expect to live in peace?

To live remorse and sorrow free forever."

"Oh! quoth the Sage, then you must marry,
never."

May, 1855.

P.

A CURIOUS NARRATIVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE ANGLO-AMERICAN.

It was on the 13th of this March—just a week ago from to-day. A heavy fog, true London yellow of deepest die, was in the city: my lamp had been lighted in the office all day, and the fire, flickering in the half-night, made queer shadows start about the old-fashioned furniture. I had been hard at work all the morning at some annuity tables, uninterrupted, when towards afternoon, a carriage drove up, a light foot tripped along the passage, and in came my little sister.

"There!" she said, "am I not a kind creature to come through such a fog just to

cheer you up in your old-bachelor forlornness, like a benevolent fairy?"—"though rather a damp one" she added, laughing, as she drained the mist from her ringlets, and making her pretty eyes sparkle again.

"So—indeed—my Polly," I said, "you are quite a sunbeam, and, as your pet poet says,

"Stand in the midst of this poor room,
"Making a glory out of gloom."

"But what do you want now? you have not come for nothing, risking your curls such a day as this, I know."

"Now, Brother," she said, "that is so like you men; you never give a woman credit for a disinterested action, and, my goodness! what a state your room is in! books and dust and papers,—'confusion worse confounded'—and these nasty bones, and bits of stick and dirty iron!" (So my kind sister was pleased to designate some choice fossils, and the materials for a calculating machine I was then making.) "You are really," she went on, "not fit to take care of yourself, and I do wish you would leave these horrid old rooms, and take a nice respectable house, and—"

"Well!" I said, "and what? get married?"

"Why not?" she answered sharply, to which I replied only by passing my hand over the gray hair that serves me somewhat scantily for a wig.

"Now, John, that is all nonsense, you are still very handsome," (flattering little puss) "and are not so old. I am sure there are plenty who —, now for instance, a charming young widow, like Lady Mary!"

"Oh!—Lady Mary," I said.

"Yes—Lady Mary! what then?"

"Why—my dear Polly—don't you think if Lady Mary is so charming as a widow, it would be a thousand pities to risk spoiling her by re-converting her into a wife?"

"Now, Brother John, you ought not to talk so. If you yourself have no feeling (though I know what I know), yet Lady Mary has a heart, which,—"

"Yes," I interrupted—"a heart, which is less likely to be broken by her remaining a widow than my peace would be by my ceasing to be a bachelor. So now please to say

what you want, and then take yourself off, for I'm busy. Is it the 'Protestant soup-kitchen' that is out of potatoes, or is there a failure of potash in the 'Ladies' association for making soap for the Patagonians?"

"Not quite that, brother, but, you see, they have made me secretary" ("Pretty secretary!" I said, "I pity the minute-book," but placing her little hand over my mouth she went on) "secretary to the 'Amberabad and Shadookim joint female Institute for the support of Hindoo widows.' Poor things! now that they are not allowed to burn themselves, they would starve but for us."

"So,"—I said—"you would introduce the breed of Lady Mary's among the happy Hindoos. Talk of female benevolence indeed!" Without heeding this interruption, she continued,

"And we have our first meeting to-day at four o'clock, and dear Dr. Dove is to make a great speech, and the subscription list is to be read, and I thought it would be so nice if your name were down for a handsome sum—'through the secretary'—you know."

"Well," I said, reaching my cheque-book, "anything to be rid of you."

"And then," she continued, "I intend on my road to drop in at that auction-sale of China, and there is such a sweet set of old Dresden, and Leicester says, with his family (*his* family indeed! just as if it were not as much *mine*,) he cannot spare money for such 'trash'—and—oh Brother—I should so much like to have it."

I laughed, and giving her the cheque, told her to be off without another word.

"Thank you! you dear good brother," she said, "and now I'll go, but if I should see Lady Mary—"

"Off with you—or I'll stop the cheque," and away she went, laughing merrily.

Truly, I said to myself when she had gone, it is a mercy that women do not know their own power. The world considers me a cold, stern man, and so perhaps I am; but that sister of mine can twist me round her little finger. Her husband too has his full complement of stubbornness, but she might harness both of us to a tub and drive us as the clown on the Thames drove his geese.

Somehow my room seemed even gloomier

than before, and not feeling inclined to resume my work, I closed the outer door, turned down the lamp, and wheeling a chair to the fire, lighted my meerschaum. Something that she had said had touched the spring of a store of hidden memories, and gradually my thoughts flowed back sorrowing through the past to that sad event that had turned the morning of my life into night.

Up to the age of seventeen I had lived at the country-farm where I was born. At that time, there came to reside at the Hall a widow lady, Mrs. Worthington, and her daughter, relatives of the great family there; the latter was a fashionable beauty, and an heiress. How it came about I do not know, for I was but a rough yeoman's son and she was as much above me in manner and culture as in fortune and rank; perhaps her true female instinct detected what lay beneath that rude surface: certain it is, we met, at first accidentally, then again and again, and at last I knew she loved me. As to myself, my love for her was my whole life. To have asked her haughty mother's approval would have been absurd: she bade me wait, and meanwhile live on hope, light diet indeed, but the only possible; it supported me for a year. Then there came among other visitors to the Hall, a Mr. de Lannay, a Frenchman, said to be a coffee-planter of Ceylon and immensely rich. He was tall and sallow with long black hair, a faithless eye, and a weak, sensual mouth, and gave me the idea of a wolf; he had altogether an outlandish appearance, and wore heavy earrings. At first sight I hated him; God knows I afterwards had cause. Presently a rumour came to the village that he was to marry Emma Worthington; a hurried note from her confirmed it. We met once more and she consented to clope with me. How we were betrayed I never knew, but as I was proceeding to the trysting-place on the night proposed, I was way-laid by three men, one of them de Lannay himself, and left for dead. A brain-fever followed from which I recovered to find they had been married ten days after, and had sailed directly for Ceylon. Their vessel, the *Mary-Jane*, was spoke, when a week out, by a homeward-bound In-

diaman, that brought letters from the passengers, though, strangely enough, none from the de Lannay's. The *Mary-Jane* was never afterwards heard of.

When the first wild outburst of my feelings had passed away, a change came over me. Perhaps, relieved from the pressure of an overwhelming passion, my intellect began its natural expansion. I left the farm, and went to the University, where, much to my surprise, I found myself among the best men of my standing. I succeeded there beyond hope, and, ever since, my life has passed in one calm and steady flow of prosperity; wealth, station, honour have come to me, almost unsought for, yet all overshadowed with the one sad memory that has left me at forty-five a gray old bachelor in spite of fifty *Lady Mary's*.

Slowly did all this pass in review before me as I gazed at the fire through the changing wreaths of blue smoke, and I was picturing the possible fate of that unhappy vessel, and how *she* had met Death with none to support her but a husband she must have loathed, when my reverie was broken by the opening of the outer door, to admit, as I supposed, my laundress who usually came a little before four o'clock. As I had an engagement to dine with Captain K—— at that hour, I was knocking the ashes from my pipe and preparing to rise, when a tap came at the door, which opened at my "come in," and admitted a whiff of fog that brought to my mind (though indeed a London fog has every imaginable smell, except an agreeable one) that taint of the *Seine* which those who have visited the *Morgue* at Paris can never forget. Along with the fog came the rustle of a silk dress, followed by a lady, tall and dressed in black. I was startled, (for I knew I had closed the outer door), dropped my pipe and upset a chair before I could recover myself enough to offer her a seat. She took it without speaking, and on looking at her I could see, though the room was but dimly lighted by the fire and her veil was half let down over her face, that she was no longer young, very pale, and apparently much agitated. As she held a letter in her hand, and still did not speak, I offered to take it from her, but her agitation seemed to increase so much

that I feared she was fainting, and hastily turned to fetch a glass of water from the adjoining room; while doing so I heard the outer door again open, and, this time, with the unmistakable wheeze and shuffle of the old laundress. When I returned with the water, there was the laundress stirring the fire, but no one else. "Where is the lady?" I said, forgetting that the old woman was as deaf as a post,—her chief recommendation, indeed, for I could thus growl at her as much as I liked without her being in the least hurt by it. "Yes," she said, seeing me speak, "it's gone the three-quarters," fancying I had asked her about the time. This recalled me to myself, and after a minute's thought, I concluded that I must have left the door unlatched in closing, that the lady was probably some widow, in trouble with an assurance-company, who had come to consult me, (for though I had for some years ceased to practice my profession as an Actuary, persons would not unfrequently be sent to me by friends to have their little difficulties solved as a favour, so that a visit of this kind was not unusual.) She had probably seen that she had come at an unseasonable hour (perhaps also my unlucky tobacco might have affected her), and would call again. So, dismissing the affair from my mind, I proceeded to meet my friend the Captain, who had proposed an early dinner that we might have time for a game of chess before he left town for Brighton. Accordingly after dinner, we adjourned to the Cigar-Diván, and were speedily lost to the outer world in the subtleties of the chequered field with our coffee and cigars. We had played two games with equal fortune, and had begun a third when the Captain, glancing at the clock, said to me,—

"Now, Wilton, this game is likely to be a hard and long one, and I don't want to leave it, but I *must* be in Brighton to night—your Queen is *en prise*, by the bye,—so you had better run down with me and we can finish the game in the train; we don't require board or men you know, and you have not got to consult your wife, happy bachelor that you are!"

"Well," I said, "there is nothing to prevent me that I know, and London in a fog is

not the most cheery place this side of heaven, so I think I will. I shall just push this pawn forward; my Queen can take care of herself."

"Yes," he replied, after an intent look at the board, "I should 'nt wonder if she could, that's a strong move. Suppose we go."

So we started, calling at my rooms for a travelling case; and, passing into my office for some cigars, a letter was lying on the table which I hastily put into an overcoat pocket, and we drove to the station where the train was just starting. Resuming our game, the journey was soon over, and just as we reached the Brighton terminus I had elaborated a check-mate in four moves, which occupied the Captain all the way to the hotel before he pronounced it sound. After an hour's chat over the fire—it was about ten o'clock,—we were preparing to go to bed when enters the waiter.

"Beg pardon, Sir—Is your name Wilton?"

"Yes."

"Letter for you, Sir, perhaps: come by night-mail, sir."

I took it, it was from my sister. This reminded me of the other letter which I had omitted to read, and I then recollected that, absorbed in the mate, I had left my overcoat on the seat of the carriage. The letter from my sister ran thus:

"Exeter Hall Committee Room,
March 13th.

"Four o'clock! Think of *that*, you sceptical brother, who are always scolding about the unpunctuality of ladies in general, and poor me in particular; my watch has been of more use *this time* than the 'microscope to a monkey,' you are so fond of comparing it to. Four o'clock just struck, and I am *positively* the first ('for once' I hear you say); there is *actually* not *one* lady besides myself yet arrived.

"You did not say anything this morning about going to Brighton, but I have found you out, you see; and *would* you not like to know *how* I found it out? I can just picture you with your hands behind you, trying to look so quiet, and all the time blazing with impatience: you men are just as curious as we are, only you conceal it better. Well, I

won't tease you any longer; so open wide your eyes. I was spoken to just as I was leaving the auction-room (that is *such* a love of a set that I bought, and *so* cheap), by a tall, pale, elderly female, dressed in an old-fashioned suit of black silk, with a bonnet, and curtain in front, that Noah's wife might have worn in the ark (they went out *at least* four years ago), and looking altogether damp and disagreeable. She said to me *quite solemnly*, 'Your brother is going to Brighton to-night; you must prevent him, or, if not possible, bid him return; his presence in town is imperative. Write at once to Brighton in case he should have gone (you know the hotel he always stays at), and tell him so.' I was so startled that I promised, and before I could recover my wits, she was separated from me in the crowd, though I don't know that I should have had the courage to ask her any questions—she looked so grim; almost as grim as you, when you have put your *don't-tease-me* face on. Now, brother, I *insist* on knowing what all this is about; who is this unpleasant person? I *will* know; and you shall have no *peace* till you tell me. But here comes Dr. Dove, and I must break off.

POLLY.

"To John Wilton, Esq.,
Star Hotel, Brighton.

P.S.—I shall send the man with this letter to your chambers *first*, and if you are not *there*, he will post it, but I don't know whether there is a mail to-night, so you must not be *cross* if you don't get it."

Looking back *now* at this letter, I am at a loss to conceive how it came to make so little impression on me, habituated as I had been, by my profession to draw inferences from small data, and especially from numerical coincidences. I can only account for it by supposing that my brain, tired out, had gone to sleep before the rest of me. As it was, I merely asked the waiter what time the up-train left, and finding it to be at eleven, I did not think it worth while to trouble myself about what might be only a crazy woman's fancy, and went to bed, when I fell asleep at once.

I could not have slept many minutes, when I awoke with a start. The whole circum-

stances flashed upon me with a vividness almost appalling. How could this lady have known at four o'clock that I should come to Brighton, when at that time I had not the least idea of doing so? More—how could she have spoken to my sister directly after, or at almost the very instant of, leaving my rooms, when the two places are at least seven miles apart, and, in the state of the streets, in no way could she have gone that distance in less than an hour?

I rose at once, and, finding there was still time, dressed and ran to the station, just catching the train. The journey seemed as if it would never end. I could think of nothing but these two questions; again and again I tried to find a loophole for the possibility of a mistake, but turn and twist them as I would, *there* still stood the facts, hard, impenetrable, and would not be denied. Now, too, I was convinced that the lost letter would have explained all, and I thought I must go mad with excitement; yet, as chewing a bullet will deaden the toothache, the very reiteration of the same things over and over again gradually calmed me down; and when we reached London, I was in a sort of callous mood, prepared to meet any event of whatsoever kind, and careless whether it might be what we are accustomed to think of as "natural" or not.

I drove straight to my chambers in a cab, and from the street I could see that lights were burning in my office. Opening the outer door with the latch key, I saw my servant William sitting in the passage half asleep.

"What is it, William?" I said.

"Lady waiting for you in the office, sir," he replied, yawning, "said you were certain to be back to-night, and would stay till you came."

"Very well," I answered, and went in.

She was there, standing before the fire, and looking at me; as I entered she smiled, and I knew her at once; such a smile I have never seen on the face of any woman but *one*; it was she who had once been Emma Worthington. Before I could speak, the smile changed to a look of terror and almost fierce impatience, and beckoning me with wild gesture to follow, she passed me at the

door and moved through the hall. The servant was just in the act of closing the outer door; the figure moved on rapidly without turning aside, and it was with a startling thrill that I saw it come in direct contact with him and then appear beyond him. Taller than he was, the head and bonnet were all the time visible, but the black dress seemed to give place suddenly to his person, and then, as he turned on hearing my footstep, I could see her on the other side of him beckoning me still with the same look on her face. William's countenance expressed neither surprise nor alarm; he had evidently not seen her.

"William," I said, "fetch my stick from the bedroom." I did this in order that he might think I had myself let the lady out in his absence; and when he returned, I told him to put the lights out, and go to bed. I would let myself in, if I should come back.

St. Paul's clock struck one as I stepped into the street, where the figure was waiting for me, and at once moved on at a quick pace; the fog was still dense, and it was impossible to see many yards a-head, but I noticed, as I followed, that the persons we met did not turn aside or seem aware that any one was coming towards them when the figure came near. I cannot say how long or how far I walked; it was through streets I did not know; but at length the figure paused before a house, and, waving to me, went in: I was following her up a staircase, when a female shriek rung on our ears, and rushing forward, we entered a bed-chamber. I cannot remember in the least *how* I entered. I have certainly no recollection of either opening or closing any door. There were two persons in the room; a man in the dress of a gentleman, holding in his arms a girl who had fainted; the latter was the living picture of what Emma Worthington was when I knew her in life, and I felt at once that this was her daughter. The man, turning on hearing my entrance, and dropping the girl roughly on the bed, came towards me fiercely, saying, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" But before I could act or reply, another figure appeared suddenly behind him; it was de Lannay himself. I knew him at once, though years had intensified

every villainous lineament of his face into hideous coarseness; he was without coat or waistcoat, and his shirt was suffused with blood, as was also a thick bandage round his neck. He was rushing at me with the look of a fiend, and, felling the other at one blow, I grappled with him, but my strength was that of a reed in his grasp; I fell, and, falling, felt his teeth fasten on my throat; could just see the figure in black throw up her arms with a wild shriek, and lost consciousness.

When I came to myself there were policemen in the room; some person was stanching the blood from my throat, and an Inspector, whom I knew, was bending over me.

"What do you wish to be done, sir?" he said; "we have searched the house, but can find no one in it besides women, and this person here," pointing to the man who was in the room when I entered, "and he was lying stunned beside you. He gives the name of William Smith, but it is not his real name, though I do not know him. Shall we remove him to the station-house?"

As soon as I could speak, I said, "Tell him who I am, and say that if he will give me his card, I authorize you to let him go."

This was done, and he went away, saying with a scowl, "You shall hear from me, sir."

I had just strength to direct the removal of the young lady, still insensible, to my abode, and again fainted; nor did I recover consciousness till I found myself in my own bed with my dear sister watching me.

It was a week ago when all this happened. I am writing these particulars for you, my best and oldest friend, partly because, as my executor, you will have to carry into effect a division of my property, which, without this explanation, might seem to you capricious and even unjust; and, also, partly because, knowing your acute and restless spirit, I fear that, unless I told you all, you would be finding things out for yourself, and might thus give publicity to circumstances, which, for the sake of my adopted daughter, I would rather should remain private. I have been thus minute in detailing all the occurrences of the day, so far as related to myself, in order that you might form an opinion of the state of my nerves and the soundness of my

mental action at the time; and also, because it was necessary that you should know the particulars of my passion for Emma Worthington, now for the first time told; for the rest I shall only briefly indicate for your guidance the evidence of the other persons concerned, which you can examine and verify at pleasure. To myself this evidence was quite unnecessary; the whole case is as clear in my mind as if I had read it in a blue-book.

The surgeon will give you his opinion of the way in which the wound in my throat has been caused.

My sister will tell you that she was called out from the ball-room to a person who wished to see her; that she found it was the same who had spoken to her in the afternoon; that this person told her that her brother had met with an accident, and that she must go to his chambers at once; that she drove off immediately, and arrived here just before I was brought in.

You will compare the time which it must have taken her to drive here with the time which the police will tell you elapsed before they arrived with me, and you will see what you can make of it.

The police will also tell you how two of them saw me enter, and knowing the house, were going to watch it when they heard a shriek, saw the shadows of three men in conflict thrown on the window, heard a second shriek, and on breaking into the house found me bleeding, the girl insensible on the bed, and the other person lying on the floor.

I enclose the card of this person; you will see that he is a most noble Marquis. At first he was inclined to carry matters with a high hand; but a hint as to the consequence of a criminal process brought him down, and the substance of a conversation I had with him was briefly this—He had met Mr. de Lannay several times lately, and had in fact won a large sum of money from him. Of this, de Lannay paid part, and offered to introduce him to a young lady. In consequence he had been brought by him to this house, and had been invited by the mistress to come there in the evening, which he did; that he had mistaken the young lady's resistance for affectation, and was horrified to find she had fainted in reality, but that, seeing me in the

room on a sudden, he had suspected a trap, which was the reason of his turning so rudely upon me: that he had been stunned by my blow, and was in utter ignorance as to all that had happened in the interval before he found himself in the hands of the police; that he was not aware of any one being in the house but himself, certainly not in the room; and that he was quite at a loss to conceive how I had been wounded, which indeed he begged to assure me no one regretted more than himself; that he felt the most poignant grief at the unhappy mistake into which he had been led by de Lannay's misrepresentations, and that, if he could have suspected, not for the world—and so on, till I was sick of him. For obvious reasons, I did not wish the matter to go into court, so accepted his apologies, and bowed him out. You can believe as much of his story as you choose; but I know that he had nothing to do with my injury; no living being did that. For the rest, providentially I was there in time; I could curse him if I did not know that the snake in his breast is already curse enough.

I give you Miss de Lannay's history as I took it from her own lips, so far as it relates at all to this matter. She is eighteen years old, and has lived, since she can remember, in Paris; her name is Emma de Lannay, though her father did not always go by that name. (Poor girl, she seemed to feel bitterly the degradation of being the daughter of such a man, and yet tried to screen him as much as she could, and of course I did not press her on this point). She had spent her life in a nunnery, and believed her father and mother did not live happily together, but seldom saw either of them; her mother had once given her a sealed paper, which she was only to open when in extreme difficulty (I opened it—it was my own address); about four years ago her father came and told her that her mother had been found in the Morgue, and it was supposed had been accidentally drowned. Since that time she had never seen him till about a month since, when he announced his intention of taking her to London, and started with her at once on the journey. That they had lived in a very poor place in London (she gave me the number and street, which I enclose), and in

much distress, though sometimes her father seemed to have plenty of money. That on the morning of that day he had told her he should be out of town for some little time, and that he would leave her with a lady who had consented to take care of her; that she had gone with him to the house where I found her, and had been kindly treated by the person referred to, who had kept her up till very late in the evening, by asking her to assist in finishing some needle-work; had at last herself conducted her to her bedroom, and immediately on her leaving the room, the other person came in.

The rest of the story you know already; of course she could tell nothing of what happened while she was insensible.

One more fact, and I have done. After I had partially recovered from my weakness that night, I found that my left hand was cramped, doubtless from having seized my antagonist with it in the struggle. When the muscles relaxed and I was able to open it, I found in it the enclosed ring. It is one of those that de Lannay used to wear in his ears.

This is the story. That you will disbelieve it I know; your materialist notions are too firm to be readily moved; nevertheless, search, examine, and infer. Time will judge between us.

I am writing this with my sister and the young Emma in the room; already she has wound herself round my good sister's heart. They are cheerful this morning, for the surgeon has just pronounced the wound to be healing rapidly, and that in a day or two I shall be quite well. I, too, am not uncheerful, though I know the surgeon is wrong; for last night, as I lay in bed unsleeping, a light beamed in the room, and Emma, my Emma, stood at the bed-side, no longer in the sombre dress in which she had fulfilled her mission on earth of guarding her daughter, but in the bright robes that angels wear. She smiled on me, and pointing with one hand upwards, laid the other on my brow, and I sunk into a happy sleep, not broken till the morning bell rung in the last day I shall spend on earth. Farewell, my dear old friend, but not for ever!

JOHN WILTON.

To A. McC—,
March 20th, 18—.
Vol. VI.—33.

[The preceding narrative in my friend Wilton's handwriting, strong and unshaken to the last letter, came to me after his death—which happened on the morning he had completed it, and of which the following particulars were communicated to me by Mrs. Leicester, his sister. She and Miss de Lannay were sitting with him—he had been busy writing for some time, had at length folded the papers, sealed, and directed them to me, and then commenced a cheerful conversation with the ladies in his usual playful style: he was walking up and down the room, and laughing at some grotesque story he was telling, when suddenly he stopped, blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, he fell forward, and, when they raised him, was dead. The surgeon on examination found that the jugular vein had been lacerated, and had burst inwardly; he had no doubt that the wound had been caused by the bite of human teeth; a large piece of the skin and flesh had been taken out below the jaw.

I at once set about fulfilling my poor friend's request to sift the matter to the bottom. The details of his narration were, I confess, fearfully startling at the first glance, but a more attentive consideration much diminished the force of this impression on my mind. I was guided in part by the intimate knowledge I had of my friend's character: a profound Mathematician and Statist, he had withal a strong and lively imagination, manifesting itself in a fondness for poetry and metaphysics, and in a certain quaint lightness with which he would handle the gravest topics; a lightness, which might almost have been mistaken by a stranger for levity, but which those, who knew him, recognised as only the surface of his deep and solemn mind, like the Iris on Damascus steel. I have always observed that persons like him who devote themselves to the abstract sciences, where reason gropes on the very verge of human faculty, are more prone to superstition, more liable to be led by fancy, than those who pursue the natural sciences, chemists, for instance, like myself, being more engaged in material manipulations and dealing with altogether grosser entities. I had therefore little hesitation in setting down much of the apparently supernatural in the affair, putting aside for the present the collateral facts which might support it by evidence as the effect of an imagination from some cause or other abnormally active. On conversing with Captain K—, he told me that at dinner on that

day Wilton was explaining to him the details of a plan for taking the Census which Government had requested of him, and that he did this with remarkable clearness and facility: further, that the game at Chess played in the train without board or men was one of the finest they had ever played, the final check-mate being really a master-piece, and worthy of my friend in his best mood. I inferred from this, as well as from what appears in the narrative, that the day had been to him one of extreme mental activity, and it is a known psychological fact that such days are generally followed by restless nights or disturbed dreams, the imagination carrying on the excited action of the brain when the other faculties have fallen into a dormant condition. Having come to this conclusion as regards what depended on Wilton's sole perception, I set about verifying the statements of the other persons involved. Neither Mrs. Leicester nor Miss de Lannay varied in the least from what was set down; and the latter at once recognised the ring as one of those her father always wore. It was therefore certain that the person with whom Wilton grappled and from whom he received his death-wound was Mr. de Lannay, nor did I see any reason to doubt that it was de Lannay, simply himself, in his own vile body, and without any of that supernatural character which my friend appears to have given him. He must consequently have been in that house on that evening, and this was the first point to be proved: here however I was baffled; the people of the house, afraid for themselves, lied through thick and thin with such amazing volubility of contradiction that I gave them up as hopeless. The police could give no help, as their search at the time had failed to discover any traces of the third person, and as for the Marquis, (though falsehood was written in every line of his face, and his share in the transaction was evidently blacker than he would confess,) I could find no plea for refusing to accept his word that he had not seen de Lannay since the morning, and that he was unconscious of any other man in the room, nor could give any account of what passed while he was insensible, in which state indeed the Police had found him. One curious circumstance I may note in the evidence of the two policemen who first entered; shewing how hard it is to know what passes under our very noses. While they both agreed in stating that they broke open the outer or house-door, with regard to that of the bed-room there was a contradiction—one

affirming that they had also to force this, it being fastened on the inside; the other, that it was wide open. It was impossible to test this by an examination of the door itself, for it had been torn down and broken to form a stretcher to carry Wilton down-stairs. De Lannay had never returned to the lodgings from which he removed his daughter that morning, and every trace of him was lost; he had left his luggage behind, but it contained nothing bearing on my search except a slip of paper, in a lady's hand, and apparently written only a short while ago, containing the words:—

"It shall not be, so beware!

E. DE L."

With regard to the mysterious lady in black, there was more difficulty. Wilton himself identified her with Mrs. deLannay, at the same time believing her to be dead, and although I might have set this down as a mistake of imagination excited by the train of thought he had been led into on that afternoon, yet another circumstance inclined me to believe that he might be, and probably was, right in this identification, being only mistaken in supposing he had to do with a spirit instead of an ordinary living person. Of the fact of Mrs. de Lannay's death there was no evidence whatever except the mere statement of her husband, for Miss de Lannay had neither seen the corpse nor attended the funeral, and it was plain that the statement of such a man was not to be depended on in the least. The circumstance alluded to was the recovery of the letter in the pocket of the coat left by Wilton in the railway carriage: in itself the letter was of no great import in the enquiry, being as follows:—*If John Wilton retains any of his old affection for the lost Emma Worthington, he will rescue her daughter from ruin by at once going to No. 122, Broad-St., Tower Hamlets. This was the house in which the events took place, but the letter had to my eyes nothing supernatural about it, and it was in the same hand-writing and written apparently at the same period as the slip of paper before mentioned. I had therefore small doubt that Mrs. de Lannay was still alive, and that it was herself who had played so prominent a part in the affair, and gradually I thought I could follow in my mind her course of action, not perhaps in a manner altogether satisfactory, (and indeed it could hardly be expected that one should account reasonably for the actions of a woman), still without leaving wide limits of uncertainty. Thus, I imagined, she had left her husband while in France, perhaps after*

years of ill-treatment, and he had imposed on his daughter the false account of her death. She had however still been near him, watching over her daughter; had followed them to London, had discovered his infamous bargain with the Marquis, and, after attempting to deter him from its execution by the note I found, had resolved on appealing to her former lover, Wilton. Her motive for effecting this in so mysterious a fashion I could not at the time fathom, except that I suspected she might have calculated on the effect to be produced by it on his somewhat superstitious temperament. She had in the first place gone to his chambers, prepared beforehand with the letter; either intentionally, or overcome by agitation, or perhaps interrupted by the entry of the laundress, she had gone away without speaking, leaving the letter behind, which my friend had at first overlooked. Seeing him afterwards in company with Captain K——, and jumping to the conclusion that he was intending to accompany him back to Brighton in spite of his having received her letter, she adopted the plan of procuring his sister to write and summon him to town, feeling sure (for of course she could not be aware that Wilton would accidentally miss perusing her letter) that he would not fail to comply; and with this conviction she had waited for his arrival. The only real difficulty that presented itself in this view of the case was that relating to the *time* of the different events. Mrs. Leicester was quite certain that it was not later than quarter to four when the lady spoke to her at the Auction Sale. On the other hand it appeared clear in Wilton's narration, both from the coming of the laundress, and from the appointed time of his meeting Captain K——, that it could not have been earlier than quarter to four at the time of her visit; the one event must have followed the other, and yet the places are at least seven miles apart. So again the Police all agreed that not more than half an hour could have elapsed between their breaking into the house, and their arrival with my wounded friend at his own chambers, while it must have required at least an hour for Mrs. Leicester to have driven there from the ball-room. This however seemed to prove too much, for we should thus be forced to the conclusion that the information of her brother's accident had been given to Mrs. Leicester considerably before it had happened. Persons accustomed to weigh evidence are well aware that there is no point so fertile of contradiction as the exact

time of the happening of any event; thus the time of firing the first cannon-shot at the battle of Waterloo, an occurrence one would have expected to be pretty free from doubt, is variously set down by different persons from seven in the morning to past mid-day, many of them professing to have consulted their watches at the instant; and in courts of justice nothing is more common than discrepancies of this kind, especially when, as in this case, the evidence of ladies is involved, who have generally as little notion of the lapse and measurement of time as they have of its value. On the whole I considered it less improbable that a mistake of half an hour should have somehow occurred, without precisely seeing *where*, than that the occurrences should have been of such a nature as the other alternative would have forced one to believe.

In the course of my after-investigation I was led to entertain grave suspicions as to the character of this Mrs. de Lannay being precisely that which poor Wilton had fancied. Persons present at her marriage assured me she had exhibited no sign of repugnance, and certain it was that she and her husband had never sailed by the Mary Jane; of this I was certified by a passenger who had been conveyed to Madeira by that ill-fated ship. As a girl, Miss Worthington was described to me as high-spirited and impulsive, with no small allowance of pride—all good qualities in women, yet, owing to their inferior moral organization, as likely to lead them wrong as right, much according to the character of the masters into whose hands they fall. That she had been duped by an adventurer (for de Lannay's estates in Ceylon were all moon-shine), and that her pride—perhaps even a real affection for her worthless husband, had afterwards prevented her communicating with her friends, and thus suffered them to remain in the belief that she had been lost at sea, seemed to me not improbable, and I could not also help entertaining the doubt whether her supposed affection for Wilton had not been merely a delusion on his part. She was at least six years older than himself, and it did appear possible that the high-bred beauty had, woman-like, been only playing with the affections and the rude but earnest nature of the lad: like the poet's Clara Vere de Vere, she had—

“Tried to break a country heart
“For pastime, ere she went to town.”

If this conjecture were right, one could readily account for much of her conduct that had.

seemed mysterious; at any rate, neither Mr. nor Mrs. de Lannay could be heard of afterwards; they had vanished utterly without leaving trace, and as time rolled on, the difficulties of the case gradually retired into the background, and I was more and more settled in the belief that the unhappy events had occurred altogether in a natural way, and, in the main, in the manner I have above indicated.

De Lannay's ear-ring in my possession was a singular one; made of massive gold, unwrought and rudely carved into the semblance of a snake with the tail encircling the body in folds. It must have been inserted into the ear in a straight form, and then twisted thus. In the jaws of the snake was held an egg, also of gold, with another carving of a snake around it, its head pointing down the throat of the former. On a closer examination I found this egg was loose, and by pressing the neck of the snake, the jaws expanded, and allowed the egg to be taken out. I saw that a fine steel point issued from one end, protruding like a tongue from the head of the engraved snake, and on applying it lightly to a piece of glass, the steel pressed inwards, and allowed a drop of fluid to issue. This fluid, I discovered on analysis, to be a virulent poison, though of a kind unknown to me; a dog with the skin punctured by it expired in convulsions in thirty seconds. Curious as this was, it did not seem to have any particular bearing on the case. Many years afterwards, in a letter from an antiquarian friend at York, he mentioned that he had lately obtained an interesting proof of the existence of the Druid worship in parts of England where it had not been suspected. This proof was a ring that had lately been dug up at Scarborough, of solid gold, evidently belonging to the stone-period, roughly wrought into the likeness of a snake with the well-known serpent-egg of the Druids in its mouth. On visiting this gentleman, I saw at once that his ring was the counterpart of the one I had, and had the pleasure of upsetting at the same time his theory and his temper by disclosing to him the secret of the egg; with his assistance I had no difficulty in tracing the ring to its sinder at Scarborough, a labouring man, who, however, had not dug it up, but had found it in a chink of the floor of a cottage that was being pulled down. Some of the neighbours remembered having seen it in possession of a woman who had formerly lived in that cottage, but was now dead, though her mother was still alive, and in the

workhouse. We found this old woman in a state of dotage, and could make her comprehend nothing. As a last resource, I showed her the ring, and the effect produced by this was sufficiently startling. She fell into a fit of trembling, every nerve of her body convulsed, and with many inarticulate wailings and moanings, sobbed out the words, "I nobbut gat yan; turther wur tuk a'gates," which my Yorkshire friend interpreted to mean in English—*I only got one; the other had been already taken.* Nothing more could be got out of her except a broken repetition of the above; and as the scene was somewhat distressing, we left her, having ascertained that her name was Williams, and that, though a native of Scarborough, she had been sometime in the south of England, either at Southampton or Dover, as a hospital nurse. With this slight clue I proceeded to Southampton, but found nothing there. At Dover, in the hospital records of the year and day, to which our narrative belongs, I discovered an entry, which I here transcribe:—

"March 13th, 8 p.m.—Message from the Castle Inn to say a man had cut his throat; Surgeons Thom and Jarvis attended; found wind-pipe partly severed; the cut pretty deep but not fatal; stanchd the bleeding and applied bandages; person in a state of coma. Nurse Williams sent down; ordered not to disturb him unless he woke or was choking."

"REMARKS.—Person male; perhaps fifty years old; dissipated, sallow, and bad face; evidently a foreigner; wears ear-rings; otherwise dressed as a gentleman. Landlord states he had come down to cross by the steamer, but was too late; said his luggage was on board; drank some brandy and went to bed; landlord heard a heavy fall, and found him on the floor, without coat or waistcoat, bleeding from the throat; razor beside him."

"Midnight.—Surgeon Jarvis reports patient at Castle in same state; breathing freer. Told nurse not to disturb him."

"March 14th, 6 a.m.—Patient at Castle dead. Nurse states he was still in coma at midnight; after that, she must have fallen asleep; woke at daylight, and found the bandages torn off, great effusion of blood, and body cold."

REMARKS.—Coroner's inquest. Verdict—*Felo de se.* Body given up for dissection. Noticed that ear-rings were gone; the one from the right ear had been torn from the living person, with violence: ear much lacerated, and had bled. Left ear had been cut through after death.

Nurse Williams was accused, denied confusedly, and is dismissed the hospital."

Here follow some horrible details of the dissection, which I omit, as merely showing the deceased to have led the vilest of lives. One extract only I make:—

"Teeth firm, sound, and tightly clenched; entangled in them was a piece of skin and flesh, apparently human, and quite freshly torn; seemed to be from the neck and jaw."

I have nothing more to add, and here leave the case.

A. McC.]

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

CHAPTER XII.

There is not throughout the whole range of humanity, a character so deeply detested by the people of Ireland, and of Connaught especially, as an Informer. The highwayman, such as Brennan was on Kilworth, or the hasty unthinkin' and unintentional murderer, such as Tom Carr was, who shot Reynolds at Lurga the other mornin' stands higher in their estimation, and might count on a bit or a sup, as well as a place of shelter, when pursuit was hot and heavy, and when all was dark enough around; but the Informer is shut out from all this; there is no sympathy for him; there is no hand outstretched to save him if death was starin' him in the face. No shelter, no food, no feelin'. For him there's no kind slip of a girl to stale down to the bog at night, and take a few sods of turf out of the side of the clamp that he's built up in, and hand him, in his dark dhreary abode, a can of milk and a piece of eaten cake, to récrut his sperrits, and prepare him for another long day, or a nights' journey. The colleen that hands the porringer to such a man as poor Tom, feels that he may not be a bad man at heart, but simply the victim of a moment's ungovernable passion, which betrayed him into an act that would give a dark shade to his life, and many a long year of bitter repitance besides; but from the Informer she would shrink as from a serpent. She knows him to be cowl blooded and calculatin'. She knows him to be a traitor who stales in upon you,

and, afther takin' the best cup on the basket, with a caead millia faulthagh, beggars both yourself and your little ones, and, for all he cares, sends you adhrift, without a roof to shelter you, or without the king's piether in your pocket. Success to ould Ireland for that much anyway; for, with all her faults, she turns the back of her hand to a cowardly act. She never forgives an Informer. If you were to make him bran new again, she'd know him among ten thousand. The mildeew would be upon him, and it's she that has the nose that would discover it.

Now, the divil a man, from Belfast to Bantdry, and that's sayin' a good dale, ever detested one of this breed so violently as my uncle Corney did; and sure I am, at this blessed minute, that he believed the puttin' of one of them out of the way, about as dacent a road to divine favour, as could well be taken outside a chapel doore. In his young days he gave many of them a taste of the black thorn in a style that would do credit to Micky Photsheen himself, and was known, on the whole counthry side, as Corny the grinder, from a reddish handkerchief which he used to stick in the crown of his felt, whenever he thried his hand at a Fair or PATTERN. You may judge then, of the great excitement he was thrown into, when, as he was just preparin' for mass, long Jimmy stepped over to the house, and told him that information was laid against Harry, and that, the night afore, the Informer was caught ladin' the new Gauger and the sogers to the ould kiln, and that the party was scattered all over the counthry—the Gauger made dhrunk—every haporth saved, and the Informer seized and tied to the ould elm, at the cross roads near the wood, with a writin' over his head, waitin' for the townland as they passed into chapel.

"Harry, or no Harry," says my uncle, "I am glad for the sake of Toomen, and the counthry generally, that the spyin' traitor is taken, and that the whole of the crew are routed; and sorry I am, that no one gave me the win of the word, or that Mr. Doyle there was'nt at home, so as that, ould as I am, we might both lend a hand, for although he is no great friend of Thracy's, yet, many a time I have hard him say, that he would travel miles to lay houl of an Informer or

a Gauger, as he considered them worse than the man that would risk his neck on the highway.

"I have no doubt of that, indeed," says Jimmy, "although there is a slight whisper goin' about, that, afore he went to Dublin, he left the thrack of his hatchet behind, in respect to the whole affair, as he thought it would be about the best mode of settlin' poor Harry Thracy, and makin' a fool of you Corney."

"What do you mane Jimmy?" says Corney, bilin' up, and layin' down the razor that he was runnin' over his chin. "What do you mane? Do you mane to say that Mr. Doyle could be guilty of brathin' a word that would lade a Gauger into Toomen?"

"I'm only tellin' you what I hear," says Jimmy, "and can say nothin' on the subject beyant this, that some one put a paper undher the Gauger's doore, informin' upon Harry, and signed Barney Higgins, makin' an engagement to meet the Gauger and the party at the lonesome corner, and lade them to the very nose of the still. Jack and Harry got a whisper of the whole affair, and, from what I have seen and larned, Jack by the merest chance was waitin' at the gap for Harry, when the Gauger bowled up, and lightin' from his horse, called out three times, 'Higgins.' The party had passed the gap a few minutes afore; so Jack, thrustin' to his great resimblence to poor Barney, stepped up, and got the counthersign out of the ould boy, in the dark, and by the greatest manuverin' that ever was since the days of Sarsfield, got him, the whole party, and the Informer into his power, and played rathoch with them. Harry lendin' a hand by the greatest actin' and doin's that ever was from the beginnin' of the world to the present moment."

"And were you down there?" says my uncle, greatly surprised at what he was tould, "for if you were, you could surely tell whether the Informer was Barney or not."

"The Informer is not Barney Higgins," says Jimmy, "although, I'm sorry to hear that such a dacent boy sides with Mr. Doyle, and hasn't a good word for Harry Thracy that's the pride of the parish as a man, as your daughter is as a woman."

"It does'nt look overmuch like sidin' with him," says Corney, "to sthrike him across the mouth, in the meadow the other evenin' when he called Thracy a dhrunkard and a beggar."

"More power to his elbow" says Jimmy, "and, but it's myself that never was mistaken in Barney Higgins; for there's not a red hair in his whisker, and we all know what that manes; and, as for his takin' part with Harry Thracy behind his back, afther what took place betune them I'll say this much, that he's a man every inch of him."

"Spake aisy," says my uncle, fearin' that Mary would hear what was goin' on, and knowin' that a good word of Harry, wasn't likely to prepare her for Doyle's return; but, cute as he was, she caught every sintince that was said, and was out of her room in an instant when she harde the name of the boy she loved spoken of; although her hair wasn't tied up, but fell over her shoulders like a black pillereen, and her eyes were bloodshed and swelled with the night's grief.

"What's that you say Jimmy?" says she, goin' over to him, and givin' him a warm squeeze of the hand, for she well knew that he was a tairue friend of Harry's

"Nothin' more than this," says he—for he wished to scald the ould lad—"that your cousin Jack, and Harry Thracy may be looked up to as the two best and noblest min in Toomen if not in the whole of Connaught this mornin'; for, no later thin last night, through their courage and exploits, they baffled the new Gauger and his party who had information against poor Harry; and came out to take every 'aporth that was in the lime kiln and about it; and more then that," says he "they have caught the Informer, who appears to be a sthranger, here, altho' supposed to be an acquaintance of a sartain Mr. Doyle who lives a short distance from this, I believe, and who has gone to Dublin, on some errand, I hear."

When Mary harde what Jimmy said she gave him a look of a gratitude that brought the wather to his eyes; and, afther takin' him by the hand, once more, retrahed into her room, for the purpose of thinken' over the words of long Jimmy, and given' vent to her poor disthressed heart in another

flood of tears. Jimmy knew well that was a foot regardin' Doyle and Mary, but, bein' away in Roscommon for a couple of months, he determined to let on that he hadn't the slightest hint of the sacrifice that ould Corney determined to make of Mary, and, under cover of that same, open a broad side upon him; and let me give you my word for it that he was the very boy that could do it in style.

"I was often thinkin' Corney," says he "while over at Myglass, that it's you that ought to be proud of that beautiful crature that's gone along the passage into that room there, and it's well I know that you are, for a more affectionate daughter and a better housekeeper never throd the born globe than she is. Look at the dairy—look at the flure—look at the tables and chairs—look at the dresser, and the pewther on it shinin' like stars on a frosty night, and all owing to her own careful hand; notwithstanding that Biddy is a good girl, and does the best she can. When she leaves you, it will, of coorse, be a black loss to you, but then you'll have the comfort of knowin that you have secured her happiness by givin' her to the noble young fellow of her choice, and makin' some sort of a return for her long years of doatin' affection and attinshun attords yourself.—Yes Corney, dear, it will be a proud day for you to see her lookin' up into the eyes of Harry Thracy, as she hangs on his arm a lovin' wife, and they both wait for you, as they ought to be doin' this mornin', at the doore, until you are ready to accompany them to mass."

"Jimmy Grady" says my uncle leppin' round and frontin' him with the razor, that he took up again, in his hand, "what the divil are you talkin' about, or have you lost your sivin sines?"

"What am I talkin' about," says Jimmy, starin' as if he met one of the ginthry—good luck to them—while lookin' for a cow at dusk.

"Yes," says Corney, starin' him betune the two eyes, "what are you talkin' about?—what are you talkin' about?"

"Well then," says Jimmy, "do you mane to say that you and I have never spoken, in this very spot too, on Mary's and Harry's

marriage? and if we have, I'd like to know, what thraison there is in renewin' the subject now?"

"Do you intend to tell me," says the ould lad, "that you are not aware that I have althered my mind on this subject, and that my foolish daughter that has gone in there, is to become the wife of a decent man who has enemy's enough I persave, but who, nevertheless, will make her the kindest of husbands; and is able to support her well, and, if all went to all, buy out all the Thracy's that ever stood in Toomen afore two hours went over his head."

"What?" says Jimmy gettin' up off his seat, and starin' at Corney worse then ever. "What?" says he "Give Mary Thraimer to any other man livin' but Harry?"

"Yes," says Corney "to another man, and that man is Hugh Doyle who lives over there, and is worthy of her, if any man in Ireland is to-day."

It was at this point, that Jimmy—who was nearly aqel to Paddy at the tongue,—drew himself up, and laid round him right and left.

"Corney," says he, "there's a black spot spreadin' over your once fair name. There was a time, and that not long ago, when no man in the whole county, could say that your word was ever broken when once given; but what am I to think now? with my own ears I have harde you say, that your child was to become the wife of Harry Thracy, and until you can show that the poor boy has conducted himself since then, in a way unbecomin' him, and unworthy of such a threasure you have nothin' to offer to God or to the world in apology for the dhreadful resolution that you appear to have taken. Don't feed yourself up with the fancy that the few palthry pince, that Doyle says he possesses, will quiet your conscience for the act that you are about to commit. The pale cheek the sunken eye and the withered heart of Mary—remember the name Corney, and who bore it afore her—will soon show themselves on the debther side of the sheet;—For, I am as sure as that you hould that razor in your hand, there, that the moment she finds herself lost to Harry Thracy, there's not a stirring in that heart, but will

snap like brusnah on a frosty mornin', and lave you mopin' about the harthstone till your own time comes. Yes, you will be the murtherer of that child, that I have seen settlin' and sleeekin' them grey locks of yours, with a tear in her eye at your cough,—a child that would lay down her life for you this blessed moment; and will, even now, no doubt, sacrifice herself, sowl and body, for you in this affair, until you waken up, from your unholy bewitchment, over her own white corpse. Another thing who is this Doyle that has thrown his comether over you in so wondherful a manner? Does he stand five feet eleven in his stockin' soles, with a head like an alther piece, and a heart as pure, bright and warm as a new laid egg? Have you ever seen him at Fair or Patterern, or known him to stand to a friend in the lurch. Is he spoken of from Dhroomsna to Drumshaubo as a boy that's as proud as Croib Deargh, and can do twenty one feet on the level with not more than eight or nine yards of a run? Ah! Corney! Corney, little did I think it would come to this with you, and that Jimmy Grady would have to tell you, in your own house, too, that you are fast forgotten' the love you bore her that's gone afore you, and that which you owe to the likeness that she left behind her to fill her place till you joined her in heaven."

When Jimmy had finished, the last word, the razor shook in Corney's hand, so as that he had to pause, every now and then, for fear of cuttin' himself. However, he managed to get through the shavin' afther a manner, and wipin' the blade on his shirt sleeve, he turns round pale and thremblin', and says:—

"Jimmy, Jimmy, you are too hard on me this mornin'; but knowin' that you have my welfare and the welfare of my child at heart, I didn't mind the ofsinse about my word; you must know notwithstanding, that my first duty towards her, is to do the best I can for her, and that, I'm endeavourin' to do, with a sartin' hope, that it will plaze God to let it turn out so. This can be only done by placin' her in a position where she will be comfortable for life; and a union with the boy you spake of, would never be the way to arrive at that end. Harry is young, and,

now at laste, gotten' a loose carracter. He is engaged in so precarious a business, and one surrounded with so much anxiety and throuble, that she'd never have a moment's pace or aise. Besides all this, you know, yourself, that if the affair of last night happened to terminate against him, he would have been left without one taster in the world; and where, then would he find the manes of supportin' a dacent man's child that was always used to full and plenty? Where, I say, would he find the manes of doin' so, when he must be satisfied that I have only a lase for life of the few acres about me, and that the thrifle I have by, is far from bein' a wondherful amount?—God knows, and He knows all things, that I am glad, from the bottom of my heart, that the foolish young boy has escaped the thrap that was laid for him last night, and that the infarnel thraitor that would have robbed him, or me, if I fell in his way, is undbergoin' a thrifle of punishment at this blessed moment; for if there's on the earth one villian that's blacker then another that thief is an Informer. Besides, Jimmy in your long rigmarowl about Mr. Doyle, you forget that you don't know the man. He may of coorse, be a little up in years, but he has the more sinse for that, and is the better able to guide and counsel a poor young thing, like her in there."

"What age is he?" says Jimmy, determined to give him lawhawlawa of it.

"About thirty-six, or there away," says the ould lad, "and Mary is nineteen or twenty, or somethin' like that, for I forget indeed."

"Go tache your mother to milk ducks—the Lord pardon me for bein' so disrespectful to an ould man—" says Jimmy, "but its you that would make the nice kittle a fish of it. Corney, you'd make a good tailor, for the divil a bit of you would think much of turnin' out a pair of breeches with one leg yalla and the other scharlett. Thirty-six and nineteen, or more likely forty-one and seventeen. Och! but you're the boy at Vosther. Can you do the piece of plank without the kay? Paddy from Paddy I can't, but Paddy from Thady and Dinnis remains. Night and day—sunshine and shade—summer and winter

—Hugh Doyle and Mary Thrainer. There you have it; and I forgot to say, oil and wather.”

“You’re very clever this mornin’ Jimmy,” says my uncle, slippin’ on his coat, and gettin’ a little nettled at the goin’ over he got, “but let me tell you, that you’re out with all your larnin’, for although Hugh Doyle may be somethin’ matured and rather a stranger to us, he’ll make a noble husband, and is not over ould aither. But you have never seen the man, or you would take a likin’ to him at once. No maneness, no runnin’ down of neighbours about him, and tho’ it was from him, and that man of his, that I first harde of the goin’s on of Harry, in regard to drinkin’ and poverty, I’ll say this much for him, that he always tould the story with great reluctance, and expressed his grief that such a fine lookin’ young fellow, should have turned out so badly, and be nothin’ better then a confirmed drunkard, with scarcely a six-pence in his pocket.”

Doyle’s a damned liar,” says Jimmy jumpin’ upon the flure, and raisin’ his voice in a manner that brought Mary to the doore, “and if I had him here, I’d tell him to his teeth, and give him somethin’ into the bargain, besides. Harry Thracy is no drinker, and never was, and has more than a thousand six-pences in his pocket. He is a noble, thue hearted young fellow, that’ll make Doyle sup sorrow for this work; for its plain enough, that the thraitor has thrumped up this story to get into your good graces, and supplant the poor boy in the breast of that girl there; which, latther, he’ll never be able to do, as long as grass grows or wather runs. Ah Corney Thrainer, you are a foolish ould man, and ought to pray to God to guide you, for it’s you, with all your experance, that’s short-sighted enough; and I’ll hould you a ha’penny, talk and all as your goin’ on with, that you have not seen the face of Doyle’s guinea yet.”

“Don’t be jokin’” Jimmy, says he, “but give up the subject, and in the name of God, let us be off for mass; for, friend and all, as I’m sure you are, you cannot undo what is done. My mind is made up. Hugh Doyle marries Mary Thrainer.”

CHAPTER XIII.

When poor Mary harde her father’s last

words, as he was movin’ attords the doore to lave for prayers, she rushed out of her room with her eyes dhry and burnin’, and throwin’ herself on her knees afore him, bent down her head almost to the very flure.

“Oh! father, father!” says she “don’t give me away from Harry Thracy. Don’t brake your own Mary’s heart, and send her down, afore she’s nineteen, to the cowl’d grave. Don’t, father. Have compassion on me and this love of mine; for its so wonderfull that I can’t manage it myself. I have tould you afore, that I can’t get rid of it. May the blessed Vargin pardon me for sayin’ can’t; for sooner than let one dhrop of the blood that houlds it out of my heart, I’d die ten thousand deaths. Have pity upon me then. They are helyin’ Harry. Oh! they are, father; and the day will come, when you will say so yourself. So, don’t take me from him; we have gathered cowslips and pulled sloes together, for seven years.”

The ould man was evidently shook, a good dale, by the wild look of her, and this heart rendin’ appale, but, believing every word that Doyle the villian utthered regardin’ Harry, it was, still plain enough, that his resolution was taken; so he was about to turn away without sayin’ a word of comfort or otherwise, when the poor girl, overcome by the black load she was carryin’, fainted stono dead at his feet. She was carried to her room, on the spot, where she was speedily revived; and aftther extortin’ from him, a promise that she would not give her hand to Doyle, that day at last, and give her a few hours more grace, she seemed to be a little more composed.

As Corney turned out of the house, and started down for the road, Bidy and Jimmy began with a word of consolation to the misfortunate creature; he tellin’ her, that he’d thry and save her from the fate that hung over her; as he would go to every priest in Connaught, and make a full statement of the case, and get the ould lad off the notion that took him, in some way or other.

“God bless you, Jimmy,” says she, “may the heavens be your bed; and, but its you that has the thue heart; and well Juddy Callaghan knows it. But, be off aftther him, and keep close to him, and see what you can

do with him, and may God be with you, and speed you, and be about you and yours, both here and hereafter."

When Jimmy overtook Corney he was down near the road, walking slow enough, with his eyes fastened on the path afore him; but determined not to slacken his fire, he was about to re-open it in a mild and deludin' manner, when they were joined by half-a-dozen of the neighbors that were all pushin' to mass, as the mornin'—tho' bad the night was—was clear and beautiful, and touched along the edges like a daisy.

"Begorra, I hear," says one of the Flahertys, sidin' up to Jimmy, "that there was the divil to pay last night, and that all the sogers that came to town last week, were dhrowned, and the new Gauger, an Informer, and four or five others, were burnt alive in the ould castle, by a parcel of jinthry from the other world, as black as the ace of spades, and dhressed in fishskins, and all sorts of divilment."

"Be me sowkins," says little red-eyed Hogan, "I harde the same myself; but my opinion is that its the doin's of the rale jinthry, good luck to them, for I was tould by Tom Quinlan, that about two hours afore day when he was takin' a short cut for the midwife, by raison of some throuble that he had at home, that, while passin' near the ould castle, he harde the dhreadfullest noise that ever was on earth, and, that on lookin' round, he saw the whole place on fire, and that there was upwards of a hundhred ladies all dhressed in the most beautiful way that ever was seen, sportin' about on the green at the ould archway, as if they were all dancin' to some music that came from within—the Lord betune us."

"That comes of meddlin' with dacent people's property," says another, "and sure enough, naither man, woman, or child, that would lay a single sthraw in the way of such a noble-hearted boy as Harry Thracy can expect anything better—success to him, and everything he puts his hand to, this day."

"Hould your tongue," says ould Corney, turnin' round, and knowing well that the nudge was meant for himself, and mind your own business, with your goshter."

"No offfice, Mr. Thrainer," says Harry's

friend, "for indeed, I thought what I have just said, would be about the last thing in the world to hurt your feelin's."

In this way, the time slipped along, until they all came up to the turn, where the crass roads and the big elm stood full in their view. Here, a sight met their eyes, which, although not uncommon in Connaught, they had not witnessed in this part of it for many a day. All round the threc, there was at laste a couple of hundhred men and gossoons, all wavin' and mixin' through other. Such manuverin' never was. Such shoutin' and halloooin'. The gossoons were goin' through every kind of divilment known in the world. One fellow was measurin' the lynth of the Informer with a string; another was makin' a hop, step, and a lep at him, bein' sure to rise at the lep, within about threc feet of him, as if he was goin' to jump clane into his eyes; while upwards of a dozen were collectin' the egg-shells, and the few chickens that lay about, and were crammin' them into his pockets; although, after all was said and done, not a stroke that would a hurt a wran did he get, as he was tied.

We were all down at the spot middlin' early, as clane as a new pin, just as if we knew nothin' on earth, of the proceedin's of the night afore; and, as we caught a glimpse of ould Corney and Jimmy walkin' up at a brisk rate, we harde a well-known voice on the outside of the crowd. It was Father Phelim Conlin, who had just got word of what was goin' on, and rode out from town for fear of somethin' serious occurin'.

"Make way there!—make way there!" says his reverence, givin' a taste of his whip to some of those who were behavin' rather unruly for Sunday mornin'. "Make way there, and unloose that unfortunate man, whoever he is, and let him go his way and sin no more; for we are all frail cratures, and though his crime is dark enough, God grant that he may repint; and its not for us to deprive him of the time to do it in. Come, come! is there nobody to untie that man, as I say; here, Harry Thracy, and Corney Thrainer, surely you will obey your priesht, this far at laste, and relase that forsaken crature, as you hope for marey yourselves."

With that, Harry and Corney bowls up to

the elm, Harry thrimblin' like an aspen leaf, on being so close to Mary's father once more. In a moment Harry was on one knee, unloosin' the rope that was wound round the thief's feet, while Corney, not much likin' the job, in consequence of the eggs, just laid his hand on the part that bound his arms and shoulders to the ould thrunk. The moment, however, that he caught a glimpse of the Informer's face, he staggered back from the three, with a shout, and then a groan, as if some one drove a pike clane through him. Every body was about him in a moment, wondhering what on earth was the matther with him, and fairly bewildered at his manovers.

"Oh blessed Vargin! oh! Mother of God, what will become of me?" the ould chap kept cryin' out every succeed, as he lanced on the arm of Father Phelim, who jumped off his horse, when he saw what took place.—"Oh, Hugh Doyle! Hugh Doyle! Oh, Father Phelim, its Hugh Doyle, if he is on earth; although his face is so dark and dirty that I scarcely recognized him at first. Jimmy Grady, Jimmy Grady, take me home to my child—take me home to my child, that I was nigh destroyin' forever and ever."

"Aisy, awhile," says Father Phelim, "its better and more christian-like for you to go to mass, and thank God, for your narra escape. Jimmy, there, will let you lane on him, as you have got a great start, and if you walk slow, you'll soon recover yourself."

Poor Corney wasn't able to make any answer, but, takin' houl't of Jimmy's arm, he suffered himself to be led away attords the town.

Several persons present, now recognized the villain Doyle, and had not the priesht been there, God only knows what might have happened. The thief, as it afterwards turned out, hadn't gone to Dublin at all, but merely as far as Dhurmsna, where he remained for a couple of days, in disguise; takin' care before he left to have it spread about, that he went to the old metropolis, so as to lade the townland asthray. The night that the paper was shoved undher the Gauger's doore, implicatin' poor Barney Higgins—who as he well knew had a quarrel with Harry—he must have walked in the

five miles from Dhurmsna to accomplish the thievin' act, and then walked back afore mornin', and remained in his hidin' place, until the time that Kelly was to meet him at the lonesome corner.

When Father Phelim saw that Doyle was relaxed, he left strict injunctions upon all present, not to follow him or lay a hand on him, "for," says his reverence, as he saw the thief makin' the best of his way to Toomen, by crassin' an edge of the bog, "he wont trouble you very long, or sleep in the townland to-night." Then turnin' to poor Harry—who, when he witnessed what took place, was just barely able to rache the mouille ditch and lane up against it—"come," says he, "come along to prayers with the rest of us, and give thanks to God, and maybe you mightn't have that pale face on you long; for I know everythin' and was detarmined to inthersare this blessed day; but, you see, there is One who does all things well; One who rules for good, and never permits the snow of pure innocence to be throdden down as if it was turf mowl. Come along then," says he, whisperin' in his ear, as all the crowd moved off at a word, "and offer up your thanksgivin' to the blessed Father of Heaven, for turnin' this calamity away from your doore; and the marey that he has shown to you, show to others; aye, even to Hugh Doyle, if he ever happens to crass your thrack."

As the good man and Harry were about to make their way towards town, his reverence called me aside, and catchin' a houl't of my button, "now Jack, allanah," says he, "back to Toomen with you, as fast as ever your heels can carry you, and don't let one sowl whisper a word of what has occurred, to Mary, until you see my face again, although you must soothe her as best you can; and if Biddy hears a word outside, tell her that its my sthric injunctions, that she must be as silent as the grave on the subject, until I go over to Toomen myself, which will be attords evenin'; although I may venture to say, that you'll hear from me afore then. Besides, you may tell Mary that Corney is with me, and will ate his dinner with me; and that, I'm thinkin', will give her some little relief of itself."

Now, you see, I knew what Father Phelim was up to, just as well as if I was standin', inside of him; and couldn't help but feelin' that I guessed right, when I saw his eyes twinkle and a smile light up his fine face, and noble balded forhed till his scanty gray hairs seemed to blaze again. He was the greatest man in Ireland at what he called a master sthroke. There wasn't a courtship in the parish that he hadn't some beautiful little accident connected with; and it was nothin' strange to see him sittin', on a fine warm evenin', in the summer-house at the bottom of his own garden, talkin' and laughin' with three or four young couple that he managed to bring together for the purpose of enablin' them to spend a few hours of rale joy with aich other, and witnessin' their happiness himself. There was always a bit of somethin' to ate for them, within, when it was gettin' late, and their rambles were over, and the boys got a sup into the bargain afore they left; while the last words that would be harde at the doore, as they all separated with hearts almost bruck with delight, would be, "good night—God bless you, my children—mind and remember Him, and don't forget Father Phelim, in your prayers." Every body loved him, no matter what their creed; and even parson Kane, that used to prepare the boys for Thrinity, and get them in there too, would say, when axed to dine at any other place, whenever he came over from Dhroomsna, "begannanics, I must go out to Father Phelims, bekase I always feel better both in sowl and body afther it." So you see, I knowin' all this, was up to thrap, and satisfied that the priesht had somethin' wondherful in his head, which I well knew he would carry out, if any brathin' mortal could do that same.

When he turned on his heel and mounted, I started off for Toomen, in betther spirits than I had performed the journey for the last three months; and, let me tell you, that I wasn't long until I was up and passin' the byre where Biddy had all the cows assembled, and was milking them opposite the doore. Knowin' that she would hear somethin' of what occurred, durin' the day, I told her everythin' myself, and then repated the injunctions of the priesht. It cost her

the mornins' milk; for when she harde it all, she jumped up of the creppy, with such a spring, that she sent the piggin, that was full, as good as three yards from her; "wait Jack," says she, "wait till I cry, for I can't stand it. Oh!" she went on, "sweet queen of heaven, its I that knew you'd intherfare for her—hail! Mary." Sorra such goin's on, did I witness in my whole life. Throth I was right sorry that I said a single word to her about it. The tears spouted out of her eyes as if her head was a tea-kettle. She caught a houl of me by the collar, and shook me over and over, axin' me if it was throe, and when perfectly satisfied of what I said, it was well that I ever could hold her from dashin' into the house, and lettin' the cat out of the bag. The request of Father Phelim, however, settled the affair; so she gave the crass on it, that she wouldn't open her mouth on the mather, till she had freelave and liberty to do so.

"But Jack," says she to me as I was about to step across the short space betune us and the house, "where is Doyle, or is he kilt?"

"No," says I, "they loosed him by order of Father Phelim, and I'm sure he's near home by this time, for he crossed the corner of the bog, and took the Clooncahar side of the Lough, so as to get round to his place, without encounthering any of those that might know of his doin's last night, for no body on the other side can have harde anythin' about him as yet."

"Take care of him, then," says she, "for I'll give you my conscience on it, that he is a desperate man. I have seen it in his face, many a time; and, when he often caught me, as he did, eyecin' him, when he was palaverin' the mather, with no great rather, his ugly countenance used to fall and turn as black as a crow—although afther all, he must be a cowardly dog."

Not seein' very clearly a-head, as to what further damage the vagabone could do, I told Biddy not to throuble herself about that; I detarmined, notwithstanding to keep an eye about me, laste the thief, who was baffled so completely, might attempt somethin' in the way of revenge, for I well knew, that he wouldn't sleep undher his own roof

that night, wherever he might lay his murderin' head, and that if he thought he could escape, he would try to lave the thrack of his heel behind him, and if possible brake some heart amongst us, afore he left. Then, again, my mind was made aisey on that score ; for I was sure, that it was he himself that would be in great fear, and danger to boot ; and that his first act would be, to place many a mile betune him and Toomen ; and that as quickly as possible and afore night set in, into the bargain.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Father Phelim and Harry got into town, they were some what surprised to see a whole crowd about Brien Beirne's, and Brien himself standin' on the stone bench at his doore, talkin' at the rate of a hunt. It appeared, from what he was sayin', that one of the sogers, who escaped, by some manes or other, out of the bog, durin' the night had wanded on across fields and ditches in the direction of the town which he rached as day was breakin' and bein' faint and wairy, he rattled at the half doore, on seein' the sign, and called Brien up to give him a dhrop, for money or the love of God, as he was nearly kilt—and so wake as not to be able, short of a glass, to rach the barraks. Brien got the whole story out of him afore he left, and was, now, retailin' it to the crowd afore him, and advisen' some one to go out to the shakin' scraw, and see if the rest of the lads were still planted there. Terry was beside him, early and all as it was—afther ladin' the Gauger, middlin' sober, round home by a back way, so as that sorra one got even a peep at him till his horse and himself were handed over to the servant who, knowin' his masthers failin', was not much surprised to see him in such a state—Terry, as I say, was there, and if he didn't enjoy Brien's description, as given by the soger it's wondherful, indeed. He roared again, and who ever chanced to come near him, he gave him such a thump in the ribs, by way of expressin' his extreme satisfaction, that he had, at last, quite an open space all round him. When Brien was about finishin' his story, all at onst there was a terrible halooin' along the road comin' in from Jonny Ma' Goverins, which led into the way goin' up to Mick's

and, as every person present had an idea of what was a-foot in the direction, off the whole crowd set at a race ; the priesht and Harry bringin' up the rare, for fear any disturbance might take place. As the whole of them stepped out on the new road, there was a huzza set up, that you might have harde ten miles ; for, there, right forninst them, hobbled along into the town six of the party, who had just got out of the bog. There was but one of them that had a cap—the rest havin' lost theirs in the last fright they got in the scraw—and he was obliged to hould it on his head with both hands, as he limped along, for it evidently belonged to the little fellow before mentioned. The remaindher had different kinds of handkerchiefs about their heads. No body could tell what color their clothes, was, so completely were they destroyed by the black muck and dirt into which they were rowl'd. One fellow was totally bare-footed, while another had but a single high-low on, and most of them held their shouldhers in such a quare way, that you couldn't help thinken' that they were fractured. When they throtter'd thro' the streets, the outcry was fairly definin', nor did it sase, until the barrak gates were completely closed on them. In coorse of the day, the remaindher of the party rached town, in a state ten times worse, if possible : although not one of them suffered any great bodily injury, barrin' the Sargent, who bruk his collar bone when he stepped off the spread bank.

Terry's description of the bewilderment of Kelly, which he gave aftherwards, was amusin' beyant everythin'. About a couple of hours afther the ould lad lay down, or was laid down rather, he roused the whole house up, with his shoutin' and swarin'.

"Open the shutthers Tom," says he at first, in a husky unsartin voice, "open the shutthers I say, and let the light in for it must be day." When no person answered or heeded him, he commenced, in airnest, to blackguard the poor boy that was a long mile from him, and began to kick and play rathoch, till Terry made his appearance with a candle.

"Who the divil are you?" says he, "and where are the curtains, or what kind of a place is this I'm in?"

"You are just on the bordhers of the town of Mohill," says Terry, "in the house of a dacent man named Mick Fogarty, where you were a little overtaken last night, by raison of a few tumblers of pottieen punch, which you dhrank, and where you wisely axed for a bed, and lay down until the present moment."

"What?" says he, gettin' up on his elbow, and lookin' as if the house was fallin on him.—"Do you mane to say that I stopped here all night, without crassin' the thrashel?"

"In throth I do that same," says Terry, "and proud we are of havin' it to say, that we entherthained so dacent a gentleman."

"Faugh," says he, "but answer me one question—where's the party?"

"Oh! they have to go to Roosky, to a weddin' to day, your honour," says Terry, "so they did'nt wait very long afther they carried you in here and laid you down."

"Oh bubbo! have I lost my sines?" says he, "or what is the fella talkin' about?"

"Isn't it the boys you were dhrinkin' with, in the next room, you mane," says Terry, quite surprised like.

"Oh! go out of my sight," says he, "or you'll set me wild. And do you mane to say you know nothin' of the party?"

"Begorra I do," says Terry, "for I helped them to mount their horses, myself, and sav them all cantherin' off home to Listadden about midnight."

At this point he commenced to eye Terry very closely, as if he had some vague notion of the figures that frightened the sowl almost out of him in the ould castle; but seem' that Terry's face was as white and clane as his own—for Terry was never caught nappin—he says over to him:—

"For God sake, young man, tell me where the sogers are, and you'll confer a great favour upon me, and rasave somethin' yourself besides."

"The divil a one we have in the house," says Terry, "but Sunday and all as it is, I think we'll be able to get a couple, for breakfast, from Mrs. Grady's, although some people say that they're ale wives and badly smoked."

"I don't mane your cursed infarnal red herrin's," says he, in a great fury, "but rale sogers, with guns and belts and pouches."

"Oh! the Lord betune us and harm," says Terry, "sure their was'nt one of them sort of people here, at all at all. What would they be doin' out here your honour? sure its surprisin' entirely."

"Where's my horse then?" says he, getting out on the side of the bed, and lookin' completely done for.

"Where you tould me to put him, your honour, in the stable," says Terry, "and where I took the best of care of him accordin' to your ordhers."

"Where I tould you to put him," says he, fowldin both his arms on his breast, and starin' at Terry right betune the eyes.

"Yes your honour," says Terry, never winkin' and appearin' as if he thought the question onè of the quarest ones that ever was axed by mortal man.

"Go and get him then, for me, and let me out of this place, and direct me, so as that I may rache town by some private way, and not be seen by any person until I get inside my own door," says he.

With that Terry stepped out, and had the black charger ready saddled in the yard, while you'd cry, "who is that," and gettin' himself a little touched up, prepared to accompany the Gauger to town, and if possible, get him into his own house, without any further exposure in the business.

The ould lad never opened his lips along the road, but appeared lost in contemplation, intirely. Two or three times he was near comin' down, but recovered himself again; and went on shakin' his head every four or five succonds, until he arrived at his own place, where, as I said afore, he was resaved by his sarvent man, who appeared not to be put much about by the comin' of his masther, as he gave Terry a wink, when he closed the doore and bid him good mornin'.

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE.

My heart, I bid thee answer,
How art Love's marvels wrought,
"Two hearts to one pulse beating,
Two spirits to one thought."

And tell me how love cometh,
"It comes unsought, unsent!"
And tell me how love goeth,
"That was not love that went!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

No. IV:

THE THREE WIDOWS OF FRANKFORT.

Many years ago, whilst travelling on the continent, I was attacked by a slow fever, which, after clinging to me for some time, and baffling all my efforts to shake it off, fairly got the better of me and laid me on a bed of sickness at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The inn at which I put up was clean and orderly; but an inn, in its best estate, is a desolate and uncomfortably halting place for an invalid, and as soon as I was sufficiently recovered for the exertion, I applied myself to find private lodgings, as my medical attendant declared that it would be still some weeks before I could safely travel.

The apartments I engaged were in the house of a tobacconist named Openheim, who kept a small shop in the town, and had his private dwelling in a narrow street, near the outskirts. I was so pleased with the neatness of the dwelling and the quietness of the situation, that I unhesitatingly engaged the rooms for the whole term of my intended stay.

The family with whom I sojourned consisted of a father, mother, and three daughters,—the eldest of whom, named Gertrude, was twenty-five years of age; the next, Amelia, twenty; and the youngest, a little girl of twelve or thirteen, called Roschen; she resided, principally, with a distant relative, who kept a sort of school at some distance, and, at the time of my arrival, was absent. The two elder sisters were smart, merry, dressy young women, not remarkable for beauty, but still sufficiently pretty to be belles on a small scale, and flirts on a large one, whenever they found opportunity. The latter quality, indeed, had deprived Gertrude of no less than seven lovers,—six of whom being neglected, in succession, for each other, were finally avenged by the seventh, who neglected *her*. But, at the time my story commences, Gertrude was in the possession of an eighth, and he no less a person than a banker, from Cologne,—twenty years older than herself, it is true, and not particularly handsome, but supposed to be possessed of no inconsiderable share of that unfailing beautifier—gold. Perhaps Gertrude might

not have found Herr Steinbach quite so charming as she upheld him to be, had he been unprovided with that marvellous cosmetic. But she was poor; and his choice was a disinterested one, at least, which was enough, in itself, to win him some share of favour.

The Openheims were possessed of very limited means, but they seemed, on the whole, a happy family. They were forced to let their first floor, indeed, and the daughters took in fine needle-work, but they sang their old German songs over their tasks, with such cheerful, happy voices, that it did one's heart good to listen to them.

So six weeks passed away, and, at the end of that time Amelia, having taken me aside for the purpose, informed me, with much blushing and giggling, that the ensuing Monday was fixed for the celebration of her sister's marriage, and that she was commissioned to give me a formal invitation to be present.

"All our relations and friends are invited," said she, "even my little sister Roschen, is coming from school on purpose, for it is the first wedding in our family, and as it is a far better match than any of us could reasonably have looked for, my parents wish to do Herr Steinbach and my sister all possible honour."

I gladly accepted the invitation, and looked forward to the ensuing Monday with much pleasant anticipation.

Here I must just observe, that though Gertrude Openheim was about to marry a man much older than herself, plain enough, and very rich, there was nothing like a *sacrafice* in the whole proceeding. Her parents were, undoubtedly, much pleased that she should marry so respectably, but they loved her too dearly to attempt any restraint on her feelings or actions, in so important a matter. She had accepted Herr Steinbach of her own free will; her previous flirtations had left no very deep impression on her affections, and, amidst all her gaiety and good-humour, she possessed worldly wisdom to be quite alive to the advantages resulting from a marriage so much beyond her expectations. Her Steinbach's offer she considered as a perfect god-send, which it would have been worse than foolish to refuse.

Fraulein Gertrude had chanced upon a party, given by a distant relative of Herr Steinbach's, who resided at Frankfort. The fête took place in honour of her wealthy relation's arrival, and, though its giver stood a little higher in the scale of Frankfort society than the Openheims, she was not insensible of the value of attractive belles, on such an occasion, and invited the smart daughters of the tobacconist accordingly. Here Herr Steinbach met Gertrude, was much struck with her appearance and her gaiety,—inquired who she was,—was introduced,—and, forthwith, became her devoted admirer. They had been engaged a few months and, for the last six weeks of the period, the somewhat elderly lover had managed to let his business detain him in Frankfort, and at length observed, it was not worth while to return home till after the wedding. So Gertrude, who, to tell the truth was not yet tired of parading herself amongst her young friends as the betrothed of the rich banker, and who, we may suppose, was not in any violent hurry to convert into a mere husband, a lover of whom she felt tolerably certain, was obliged to "name the day," and accelerate her preparations as much as might be. Saturday,—the last day but one before the important Monday arrived,—I was, as usual, admitted as visitor to the cheerful work-room, where chairs and tables were now strewn with the hundred articles of female finery deemed indispensable for a bride's wardrobe.—I was much diverted at the make and appearance of sundry of the decorations, which might have caused a London milliner to lift up her hands and eyes in astonishment; and we were all talking and laughing, in the highest glee, when the door softly opened, and there stood before us a creature so lovely, that I could not suppress a slight exclamation of admiring surprise.

This was a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, as might be conjectured from the little, childish outline of her figure, which had evidently neither attained its full height or its entire perfection of shape; but a year or two older, if the intelligence expressed in her countenance could be trusted. Her eyes were intensely dark, at once soft and penetrating; her forehead so pure and smooth,

that it had more the appearance of polished ivory than of living flesh; but the cheek, with its deep but changeful crimson—the soft, rich red lips—the dark ringlets, which trembled in the light air that played through the opened windows, all told, plainly enough, that no vision stood before us, but a lovely human bud, that should expand into a scarcely more lovely flower. She was dressed simply, in a dark travelling pelisse, of the plainest fashion, and one hand held a large straw-bonnet, of which she had just disencumbered her head, while the other was lifted up, as if her first burst of gladness had been checked by the sight of a stranger. All this was impressed on me in a few moments, for the sisters flew towards her, delighted, and half smothered her with caresses.

"Roschen! dear, dear little Roschen! when did you come! How was it we did not hear you? and, where is my aunt? Dearest, we have been so longing for you,—and now you must come and stay at home, to comfort our parents for the loss of Gertrude; my darling, darling child?"

The moment I looked upon Roschen Openheim, I felt that there stood before me a creature as superior to those around her as the diamond to all other gems,—that this was one of the unaccountable instances in which nature places in an ungenial soil a plant of the rarest and most refined beauty. The elder sisters were merry, good-natured girls, but Roschin was a great deal more.—Even in that early spring of girlhood, there was the stamp of *mind* on her countenance—of that pure and high intellect which casts so undefinable a glory over the perishable body that enshrines it. The family intercourse of weeks had produced kindly feelings in my heart towards Gertrude and Amelia; the silent gazing of an hour inspired me with intense and undying interest in *her*. I once said, in the bitterness of my heart, it had been well if she had made a less lasting impression on my mind, but I have lived to recall that saying.

The day of the wedding rose bright and cloudless, as a wedding day ought to be. The volatile Gertrude, and Amelia, the no less volatile bridesmaid, for once looked subdued and composed when all around them

was mirth, joy, and gratulation. Herr Steinbach behaved with all due decorum, and received his wife from the hands of her father with an air of tender protection, and solemn gratitude that was really touching. The ceremony was over, the wedding-feast was eaten, and the happy pair, accompanied by Amelia, set off for Cologne, amidst the blessing and prayers of relatives and friends.

There was one present on that day, who though she attracted little notice from others, in the general bustle and excitement of the occasion, had withdrawn my attention repeatedly from the scene that was enacting before me, and won my thoughts to dwell upon her with an indescribable fascination. That one was Roschen. Amidst the mirth that surrounded her she evidently was absent and dispirited. Her dejection partook in no degree of the demureness of her elder sisters; it was not an assumption of the behaviour deemed proper to the occasion, but perfectly involuntary. I drew her aside, unobserved, and inquired what ailed her. Her eyes filled with tears:

"I do not know," she said; "I never was in this way before; I have heard people talk of a *presentiment*,—I think this must be one."

"Dear child," I replied, "of what kind is this *presentiment*? Surely it is not respecting your sister's marriage with Herr Steinbach?"

"Alas!" she replied sadly, "I almost wish it were,—it might be accounted for then, for it is natural to mistrust one's hopes, when they run in the track of one's wishes for a person so dear. No. It is not *that*, but—" She cast her eyes on the ground, and a deeper crimson suffused her cheek.

"Surely something distresses you on your own account, Roschen? You are not well, little pet, or somebody has been unkind to you."

"No one," she answered. "I had better tell the truth. Last night I dreamed a strange dream."

"Well, and so did I, Roschen; and so I dare say, did half this company, if they only remembered it. But, come, what was this wonderful dream!"

"I dreamed it was my—my wedding-day, instead of Gertrude's; and he who stood beside me, my husband, you know,—was

very, very dear to me; oh, so dear, that I love him even yet, though he was only part of my dream!"

"Surely, prettiest," said I, smiling, "you are not weeping for the love of a lover who has no existence but in your own imagination?"

"I know not," replied the little maiden; "I only know that I never had such a feeling towards any living creature; and I feel as if I were changed in my very soul since I laid my head on my pillow last night. But this was not nearly all my dream. I thought—must I tell you all?—I thought we had left the church, when we were married, and we went forth, we two, alone, to walk, and he was talking to me in a low, sweet voice. I remember not a word he said, save that it was something very dear; but the sound of his voice lingers in my ear still;—and we went on, hand in hand, through fields and pleasant gardens, till we came to the side of a beautiful river. Then the scene suddenly changed, and we were on the sea-shore where the great waves rolled up to our very feet, and presently I saw that *he* was not by my side, but was struggling amongst the waves. He cried aloud for help, but there was none at hand, and I saw him swept away; and in my agony I awoke."

"And what then?"

"Nothing more. I tell you I awakened; and I never had a dream before that gave me such a mixed sensation of happiness and misery."

"And pray, Roschen, do you know any one at all like this visionary lover! Do you think you would know him again?"

"I never saw any one at all like him: and yet I seemed to have known him for years: indeed, his face is fast fading from my memory, but his voice I think I shall never forget."

"Indeed, my child, the sooner you forget the whole dream the better. See, they are going to dance. I wish you had a younger partner than myself; but as there does not seem to be one at liberty at present, come with me, and let us see if a waltz will not help to lay this spectre bridegroom!"

Roschen looked up in my face almost upbraidingly, whilst the tears filled her large,

dark eyes. She evidently felt annoyed at the jesting manner in which I seemed inclined to treat her communication; but she said no more, and we joined the dancers. She grew more cheerful in the course of the day; but when she was not talking or dancing, I perceived the same expression of melancholy pervading her face, and felt that she was still brooding over her ominous dream.

My after sojourn in Frankfort was too short to admit of my completing what I much wished to possess—a portrait of this lovely child; but I have, still, a coloured sketch which conveys to me as perfect an image of what she was *then*, as the most elaborate picture could do. Long before I parted from Roschen, however, we had become fast friends. Had she been a few years older it might have been otherwise; but between a man of thirty five, and a girl of thirteen, free intercourse might safely be allowed; and her rich imagination, poetical temperament, and clear intellect, made her a far more delightful and instructive companion than most full-grown and full-educated women. Nor could I bear that this fair creature, so affectionate, and gifted, and beautiful, should be to me but as a lovely vision, seen with delight for a little time, and then lost for ever. It was sad to think that I should see her no more, and that she would forget me. I requested that she might write to me; and my petition was granted, as it was made on the grounds of the great interest I felt in the whole family, and my wish to improve myself in German composition.—Some portions of her letters, received at different periods, I will translate as nearly as I can render them. They will help me to tell some part of my tale, and perhaps better than I could do it, in language entirely my own:—

“Frankfort, Aug. 18.

“Your letter, dear friend, was received with many welcomes, and pleased us much by the announcement of your safe arrival in England. I can imagine your delight at once more beholding your father-land. I have never yet left mine; but I believe that I should better fathom the depths of my love for it, had I been absent from it for a time. My sister Amelia has just returned from Cologne, where she left Gertrude well and in

high spirits. She says that she was happier during this visit than ever she was before, and I am afraid is not so well contented with our little home on her return as I could wish her to be.

* * * * *

I have never trusted that dream to any but you, and I would not tell it to another for the world.”

The following was written a few months after:—

“It is an old but true saying that this world is full of changes. A week ago we were all called upon to rejoice in the prospect of Amelia’s marriage, and to-day we have been saddened by the news of the death of Gertrude’s new-born baby. But joy after all is our predominant feeling, for our sorrow of course is principally for poor Gertrude’s disappointment. I must tell you about Amelia’s betrothment. Her lover is not a countryman of our own, which is some little drawback on our pleasure; but he is so amiable and lively, and so much attached to Amelia, that we cannot disapprove of her choice. She met with him in Cologne, but she only mentioned him slightly to us as “a Monsieur Alphonse Leroux, who visited Herr Steinbach.” It now appears that Monsieur Leroux was constantly at her side while she staid with our sister, and that he has been as constantly in her thoughts ever since she returned.—I shall never forget how abashed she looked when she heard his voice inquiring for her! Surely there is nothing we recognize so soon as a voice!

“Amelia is to be married next month, and she too will go away to Cologne, where Mons. Leroux’s business obliges him to reside. I shall naturally be grieved for the loss of my sister, but she seems so happy in the prospect that I am reconciled. They say I must accompany her to Cologne. I had far rather not, for every day endears my home more and more to me: but I suppose I must comply.”

“Cologne, Feb. 18.

“Amelia is married, and has been so for more than a week, and here am I at Cologne, I cannot say *enjoying* myself much.

“I had a letter from home yesterday. My father desires that, when I write to you, I

will tell you that the friend you speak of will be welcome in his house; that he remembers you with much regard, and will be pleased to show attention to any one you esteem. I hope he will not arrive at Frankfort till I return there, for I should like much to see one who has lately seen you."

The allusion to this friend of mine will require explanation, inasmuch as he is neither more or less than the hero of my story. Roschen little imagined that Frank Middleton had but one errand to Frankfort, and that to see her fair self!

Francis Middleton was the only child of a country gentleman of good family and tolerable fortune; and having a taste for the fine arts, had injured his health by over studies. Touched by my glowing description of little Roschen he resolved to visit Germany for the double object of seeing her and recruiting his shattered frame.

* * * * *

Before he had been a week in Frankfort he wrote to me, and the progress of his fortunes will be best told by the following passage from his letter:—

"I have seen Roschen, and that is equivalent to saying that *I love her*, with all the devotion of which a human heart is capable. It was the embodying of my vision when she entered the room where I sat, and it seemed to me that her form and features were perfectly familiar to me. Your account of your first sight of her seemed transferred to my own experience; I cannot think she is changed from what she was at thirteen, though I dare say she may be taller, and more formed. Her hair (do you remember her beautiful black hair?—yet how could you ever forget it!) was parted smoothly from her forehead, and fell in profuse waving tresses on her shoulders. I never beheld a face so perfect both in form and expression, and better, far better, is the lovely spirit within.

"There was one singular circumstance attending our first interview. When she entered the room it was some seconds before I could overcome my emotion so much as to speak to her. But presently, as I was addressing some observation to her father, she started at the sound of my voice, and turned full towards me with such a searching

eager look as I shall never forget, her face being first deadly pale, and then suddenly suffused with an intense blush. When I afterwards asked the reason of her emotion, she replied, "that she thought she had known my voice;" and my question seemed to agitate and distress her so much that I have not yet found courage to enquire farther on the subject. Pray heaven that that young and innocent heart be not already occupied!"

Frank had no real cause for jealousy. The most substantial rival he had to contend with was the dreamy phantom whose memory through nearly two years, and those years when thoughts and impressions come and go in quick succession, had clung unvaryingly to her imagination. It was the voice so long treasured in the echoes of her heart, that now for the first time in the living world had struck upon her sense; what marvel if she were agitated? Yet here I beg most distinctly to disclaim any intention of throwing an air of German mysticism and *diablerie* over my story, for I utterly renounce the idea that there was anything supernatural in the dream that had troubled the fancy of the young and imaginative girl. That there was strange *coincidence* between some of its features and after events, I am willing to allow, but nothing more.

I did not hear again from either of my correspondents for several weeks, and then I received a joint letter from them—Frank's share of it glowing with joyful exultation; Roschen's a mixture of bashfulness and candour, just what I should have expected from her under the circumstances.

"I cannot conceal from my dear friend," it began, "that Frank's love for me has made me very happy—too happy, perhaps, for this uncertain world—nor do I forget that you, under God's guidance, have been the cause of my present state of prosperity. My heart was drawn to you from the first day of our meeting, and yet I never trembled at growing fonder and fonder of you every day; I never shunned to look into your eyes, nor blushed if you touched my hand. Ah! it was not so when I began to love Frank! I surely loved *you* as *his* forerunner: there was gratitude awakening in my heart for the bless-

ing that you were to be the means of procuring for me, even though I was not then apprised of it. Do you recollect *the dream*—the mystical voice, that left an everlasting echo in my heart ready to respond to the tone that it could have distinguished amidst ten thousand? Alas! that dream had a dark side, which too often overshadows my memory, and I sit and weep lest *that too* may be fulfilled!"

Three months more passed, and another epistle from Roschen reached me by the hands of no less a messenger than Frank Middleton himself. He had been suddenly recalled to England by the information he received of his father's dangerous illness, and Roschen's letter, sealed with black, bore tidings of sorrow and death. She wrote thus:

"We cannot long have joy unmixed with sorrow in this changeful world, dear friend. The leaves are already dropping from our household tree; my sister Amelia is a widow. Poor Alphonse Leroux was seized with a fever on the third of this month, and died after six day's illness. Our grief is indescribable, and the loss to Amelia will indeed be a heavy one; for besides the grief of parting from so kind and attentive a husband, she is left almost pennyless. Monsieur Leroux doubtless intended to make a provision for her when his business should have increased; but they lived up to their income during the first year of their marriage so that beyond a trifle there will be nothing left for Amelia after all debts are paid. She will go to my sister Steinbach for a while and then return to us; most likely she will come with Gertrude to my marriage, which, if God returns my betrothed to me in safety, will probably take place in six or seven months. Poor Frank! He, too, is called to suffer, for he does not expect to find his father alive when he reaches England. I regret bitterly now that I did not more urgently entreat him to inform his father of our attachment in its first stage. It will now, I fear, never have the sanction of a paternal blessing."

Even so it proved. The elder Mr. Middleton lived but a few hours after his son's arrival at home, and died without giving him one sign of recognition. Frank staid no longer than was absolutely necessary for the

arrangement of his affairs, but returned to Germany as soon as he possibly could.

His marriage with Roschen, however, was delayed from various causes, for upwards of a twelvemonth after Mr. Middleton's death. At last I received an account of its celebration in a letter written at the request of Roschen by the widowed Madame Leroux; and certainly her epistle displayed more feeling than I had given her credit for in her gay and younger days.

After a description of the guests, the entertainment, the apparel of the bride, and such like weighty matters, it continued thus:

"I tried to smile, and to cheer dear Roschen as much as I could, but nevertheless the remembrance of my own marriage, so gay and happy as I was then, and the thought of my present desolate condition, hung heavily on my heart, and I fear I was cheerful with a very poor grace. Indeed when Roschen and I were alone in her chamber, just before she left us for her own house I attempted to speak jestingly to her, for I saw she needed to see us all gay and glad to support her under the trial of leaving her early home; but it would not do—the tears *would* force themselves into my eyes, and then we fell into each others arms, and wept. Gertrude was not with us, as we hoped she would have been. She could not leave her husband, who is far from well in health; some say the credit of his house does not stand as high as once it did. I fear there will soon be another widow amongst us, sisters."

Her foreboding was no idle one. Herr Steinbach died a few weeks after Roschen's nuptials, and the widowed sisters returned to reside with their parents, who, poor as they were, and becoming daily more infirm, could ill have borne the burden, had not their slender means been aided by the small annuity saved from the wreck of Steinbach's property for the benefit of his widow, and by frequent and freely-given assistance from Frank Middleton.

Seven years passed, and I seldom heard from my friends. Frank disposed of the greatest part of his English estate, and, yielding to his young wife's affection for her native land, resided almost entirely in Germany. Carl Openheim and his wife die

within a short time of each other, and one child, little girl, was added to Frank's family circle. At the end of these seven years, Middleton visited England for the purpose of investing a large sum of money in a more advantageous manner than he could find an opportunity of doing on the continent. Having effected his object, he left London in a small vessel bound for Hamburg, where he had some further business to transact. Five days afterwards the vessel was driven on shore a total wreck, every one on board having, as it was supposed, taken to the boat, and perished with their fragile refuge.

But if I was shocked to the very soul by these dreadful tidings, what was the agony, the overwhelming horror of Roschen, when they reached her? She, whose life appeared bound in his—she, the beautiful, the gentle, the imaginative being, whose whole soul was a world of love and tenderness, was thus rendered in one moment utterly desolate. The deaths of her sister's husbands had been heavy bereavements and deeply felt, but all seemed to understand at once that Roschen's affliction was not to be put in comparison with those.

Sorrow, however passionate, must subside. It is a merciful ordination of a merciful God, that, except in a very few cases, grief, however true and abiding loses its sharpness; and as soon as Roschen was sufficiently calm to attend in some measure to what was passing around her, it was proposed that the three sisters, uniting their incomes—or rather the incomes of Gertrude and Roschen, for poor Amelia had none—should reside together in the house that had been their parents'. This plan was put into execution; and the three sisters, so prosperously wedded to all appearance, and so early dressed in “weeds of woe,” were soon called *par excellence*, “The three widows of Frankfort.” Attached to each other as these sisters certainly were, and dear as Roschen's little girl, Franchette, was to all of them, they might, notwithstanding all that had passed, have lived in peace and contentment; but affliction had not yet done with them. The property which should have been Roschen's and her child's, on the death of poor Frank, was withheld from them, at the instance of the heir-at-law; and though

there was little doubt that the dispute would finally be decided in favour of the widow and her child, she was mean while sorely harassed and distressed by the cessation of the income, on which she depended for subsistence. Her father's property, with the exception of the house they occupied, had gone to satisfy his creditors, and the Widow Steinbach's annuity was quite insufficient for the support of four persons, allowing them the merest necessaries of life.

Gertrude's loss of sight soon became total, and she was thus disabled from assisting in the delicate needlework, to which Amelia and Roschen were now obliged to apply with redoubled assiduity, the poor remuneration of their toil scarcely affording them a livelihood. For two years, however, the sisters struggled on, but at the end of that time their prospects seemed even darker than before; their health was impaired by constant toil. Roschen's lawsuit remained still undecided, and the Widow Steinbach, from an accident, had become lame as well as blind.

Over against their humble dwelling there resided a personage of some note in the neighbourhood, for his eccentric habits and his reported wealth. Herr Schobeln was not a native of Frankfort, but had resided there from his childhood, having been brought up by an aunt, who at her death left him a considerable property, which he was supposed to have increased to an immense amount—how was not known. He carried on no visible trade or profession, but was supposed to be connected with some lucrative business at a distance, ostensibly carried on by others, for he frequently disappeared at irregular times, for uncertain periods of from one to five or six months, and no curiosity, however eager, had yet been satisfied as to where he went or how he employed himself during those absences. He never spoke of having any relative but the aunt with whom his youth had been spent, and who was to the full as reserved and eccentric as himself. None ever appeared as his visitor, and though he was civil to his neighbours, *en passant* he never invited any one of them to enter his doors. He kept no domestic but one old woman, and she was only employed for a few hours each day, and lodged with her son in

the next street. Yet his manners displayed nothing of either gloom or misanthropy; on the contrary, he was peculiarly courteous in the little intercourse he held with his fellow-creatures, and particularly kind to his old attendant, whom he always paid liberally. Moreover, he was remarkably well-looking for his years, tall, well made, and possessed of a high, bold forehead, slightly fringed with silver hair, and an intelligent, open countenance. He had lived in the same house ever since he came, and long before Carl Openheim had purchased the little messuage now inhabited by the three sisters. The family had always been on good terms with Herr Schobeln—that is to say, they had regularly exchanged salutations when they met, and the solitary had regularly sent them the first salad of the year, raised in the plot of garden which he cultivated with his own hands; in return for which he as regularly received a small basket of their finest pears when the season came round. But they had never exchanged a word with him beyond a passing “good day,” and therefore their surprise may be imagined when, one fine summer’s evening, Amelia, who generally acted as portress, opened the door to Herr Schobeln. Still more were they astonished when, in compliance with the polite invitation which Madame Leroux uttered as the sentence that came most readily to hand on the occasion, Herr Schobeln walked in “with stately step and slow,” and, after bowing politely to Roschen and Gertrude, seated himself in the arm chair which had been their father’s, with as much ease and friendliness of manner as if he had been on the most intimate terms with them all his life; moreover, the lamp being lighted, they perceived that Herr Schobeln was attired with unusual splendour in a court suit, which he had never been known to display before, save on the occasion of some public rejoicing, or on such festivals as Easter and Christmas. He did not, however, make any attempt at commencing a conversation, until Roschen, conquering her sense of embarrassment as well as she was able, inquired to what fortunate circumstance they were indebted for the honour of a visit from Herr Schobeln? “Pardon me, ladies,” replied the guest, “for having caused you some little surprise, I had almost said alarm, by my

unlooked-for appearance in your house; and allow me, in as few words as I can, to explain its meaning.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN’S STORY.

“For many years I have lived in almost entire solitude, and truly I cannot say I have lived unhappily. I have had my books, my flowers, my household matters to attend to, and I can assure you time has never hung heavily on my hands. Many have wondered at my solitary mode of life, and a thousand strange surmises have been afloat respecting me. I need not tell you that they have all been incorrect, and I am now going to confide to you the true reason of my singularities. My absences from home have occasioned much conjecture; it has been supposed that I was secretly connected with some lucrative trade, which I had sufficient cause to keep secret. I tell you at once, that it was not so, and that what wealth I happen to possess is that bequeathed to me by my aunt, considerably increased, I own, by my frugal method of life. In early youth I wished to travel, and I did so. I became attached during my wanderings to a very beautiful Swiss lady, and we were betrothed to each other. But, during a separation of unusual length, several of my letters to her were lost, or, as I imagine, intercepted, by one who had professed himself my friend, whilst in reality he was my rival. At any rate he prevailed on Blanche to forget her vows, and become his wife. His after conduct to her was most cruel, and that, and the discovery of the perfidious arts he had used to gain her consent to be his, so preyed on her mind, that she became deranged, and that so completely, that she was obliged to be placed in strict confinement. Her husband died a few years afterwards, and I then sought an interview with her, hoping that some glimmering of sense might be restored by my presence. She did not appear to know me at first, but after a time a faint dawn of memory seemed to steal over her mind, and she called me by name, weeping like a child. I weary you, ladies, by this relation; I have no right to intrude it on you, but I have a purpose in doing so.”

The sisters all declared they were much honoured by his confidence, and deeply in-

interested in his narrative, and they begged that he would proceed.

“After our interview she was calmer than she had been since her malady first appeared, and in future, in her wildest moments, the very mention of my name appeared to soothe her, and invariably produced a flood of tears, which seemed to relieve her much. My occasional presence, too, seemed productive of benefit, and it was suggested to me by one well skilled in the treatment of cases similar to hers that I should frequently visit her, and remain in her neighbourhood for a longer or shorter period, as our interviews seemed to soothe her or otherwise. I removed her from the asylum where she had hitherto been immured, to the house of a skilful surgeon, who sent for me whenever he deemed my presence might be useful. Till within the last few months I had the satisfaction of feeling that I lessened her suffering, and was serviceable to the being whom I loved best on earth. She does not now need my care.”

He stopped in some agitation, but resumed in a few moments.

“Thank God, her reason was restored before her death, in all the clearness and strength of her youth. She knew me, and thanked me, and her last act was to place her wasted hand in mine, her last word a blessing on my name. Dear ladies, the being who occupied my whole thoughts and affections is gone, and the sense of loneliness presses heavily upon me. My heart has been so long used to have an object on which to expend its sympathies, that I am unhappy in the want of it. Why should not we be friends? You have all been sufferers, peculiarly tried, and so have I; there is much of equality in our circumstances, and I have come to you this evening to say what I never said to a family in Frankfort before—‘Let us be friends.’ Suffer me to visit you sometimes, to take an interest in your affairs, and as far as I am able to render you my assistance.”

The three widows were certainly much astonished at Herr Schobeln’s manner of introducing himself to their acquaintance; but they were touched and interested by his story, and the earnestness with which the

solitary man appealed to them for sympathy. They could not refuse his request, and therefore intimated that they should be happy to receive him when he felt disposed to visit them.

One of the party, however, soon began to feel some little regret that their assent had been so easily given. Scarcely a day went by without some present of fruit or vegetables, or other small matters, being conveyed by the ancient serving-woman of Herr Schobeln to the humble home of his fair neighbours, and very shortly not an evening passed in which his tall person might not be seen occupying the large leathern chair of the deceased tobacconist. Roschen felt somewhat annoyed, despite of the natural kindness of her heart, because their privacy seemed effectually broken up. Amelia, on the contrary, was secretly delighted, for she had thoughts on the subject, which, however, she would not have communicated to Roschen for the world. She did, indeed, venture on a few distant hints of good fortune to arise from this new intimacy, though as to the particular form in which it was to come she preserved an oracular silence; and Roschen was too much wrapt up in her own thoughts to attempt to unravel the mystery, or to regard Herr Schobeln as anything but a very good neighbour, whose visits would be far pleasanter if they were not quite so frequent.

But during Roschen’s absence from the sitting-room. Amelia felt no such restraint in conversing with the widow Steinbach. They talked on the subject of Herr Schobeln’s visits, and speculated thereon to their hearts’ content. Poor Gertrude, deprived of the power of making her own observations on the state of affairs, always applied to Madame Leroux for the result of her’s and their dialogues were generally carried on in something of the following strain:—

“It is not of myself I speak, said Gertrude; my infirmities are a sufficient answer to any thought that might arise on that subject; but if he offer to marry either you or Roschen, why should you refuse the means of escaping from this life of toil and poverty?”

The tears of Amelia were by this time flowing fast, but her sister continued—

“You are the best judge yourself to which his inclinations tend; I should think he would most likely chose you, for Roschen’s sorrowful voice alone would put such thoughts about *her* out of any man’s head. It must be you, Amelia, and I trust and believe it will prove so, and therefore already I say, ‘God bless you with him!’”

Amelia was much pleased at hearing this opinion expressed by Gertrude—Herr Schobeln’s attention had been hitherto divided so equally amongst the sisters, that she had felt some difficulty in her mind as to which was the favoured fair one. She had a real respect for Herr Schobeln; she lived day by day in a happy dream of the future, only wishing that Herr Schobeln would be a little more explicit at once, that she might commence altering her dresses for the wedding, which she had not yet ventured to do, though she had already turned them over many times, and contrived how they might be remodeled to the best advantage. Why did not Herr Schobeln’s speak? He spoke at last, and to Amelia herself *by* herself; yet his avowal had the effect of a sudden thunderbolt, shattering to atoms the fairy palace of her hopes and anticipations.—He spoke, and after a long preamble concerning the disagreeables of solitude and the pleasures of a married state, he finished his harangue by begging, humbly begging, that Amelia would propose him as a suitor to her sister Roschen! What Amelia said, or how she received the unravelling of his *intentions*, cannot be known, for she never knew exactly herself. She remembered something about pleasure and honour, and endeavouring to meet his wishes, and then flew to the Widow Steinback to disburden her mind of the astounding intelligence. But Gertrude did not sympathize with her exactly as might have been expected. “They had been mistaken;” that was all—she saw great cause for thankfulness that the wedding and the wealth would still be in the family, for of course Roschen, though no doubt she would be astonished, would never be so mad as to refuse him, if it were only for the sake of little Franchette. She shifted Roschen into the character of bride, which she had hitherto marked out for Amelia, with wonderful

facility, observing in conclusion, that at any rate there would be a wedding, and they would all be at it. Very true; but it is a different thing to be the principal person on such an occasion, or a mere looker-on—there is a wide distinction between the importance of a bride and a bridesmaid, and between being the mistress and dispenser of this world’s goods, and the humble recipient of them. All this Amelia felt, and a sense of deep disappointment and mortification, together with shame for the self-delusion she had been subject to, did at first possess her mind, though a certain pride swelling at her heart forbade her to say so, and urged her to acquiesce in the view Gertrude took in the matter with the best grace she could. Indeed such was the excellence of her temper and the elasticity of her feelings that when a few hours after she informed Roschen of the proposal she was commissioned to make, she did it with a smiling countenance, and was really distressed when her sister declared her intention of refusing Herr Schobeln’s offer.

Months went by, and not only once but many times, by the agency of her sister, personally and by letter, did Roschen refuse Herr Schobeln. There was, perhaps, a lingering hope in Madame Leroux’s heart that the determined coldness of Roschen might lead their neighbour to recollect that his cruel fair one has a sister, neither old nor ugly, who might not be indifferent to a similar proposition; but months, as I have said, went by, and Herr Schobeln determined to write once more to his obdurate charmer, and if she still continued unpropitious, to leave the town where he had already been much talked of as the rejected suitor of the beautiful young widow. Roschen received his letter, retired to her chamber, where she remained some hours, and on her return to the room where her sisters were sitting, calmly but coldly announced her intention of accepting Herr Schobeln.

Let no one who reads this tale burst forth with the hacknied quotation—“Frailty, thy name is woman!” Roschen had done nothing rashly—nothing that could possibly subject her to the charge of fickleness or folly. The image of Francis Middleton, the

first, the only loved of her heart, was as fresh in her memory as ever; this she had told Herr Schobeln, even while she acceded to his proposal. But he was gone; lost to her for ever in this world—her own health was failing, and, should she die, what would be the fate of her orphan child? who would carry on the struggle for her rights, which her mother had never yet abandoned? Then the Widow Steinbach; how could Amelia, in the event of Roschen's death, both wait upon her and work for her own support? All these things had been considered and re-considered, and thus it was that Roschen had consented to be the wife of Herr Schobeln.

The sisters, who had been apprehensive that after all, there would be no wedding in the family, were overjoyed at Roschen's decision. Of the sacrifice she was making for others they had no comprehension. They were thankful that she had *changed* her *mind*, and they had no conception of the slow and most painful process by which that change had been affected. Roschen wept bitterly over her unappreciated sacrifice that night, as she knelt beside her sleeping child's couch, and poured out the agony of her soul before her Maker.

There was no occasion for the alteration of old dresses for the bridal, as Amelia had supposed there would be. Herr Schobeln sent the richest stuffs and silks that could be purchased in Frankfort as presents both to the bride elect and her sisters. Every preparation was made on a splendid scale. The old house, so long the subject of so much ungratified curiosity amongst the towns-people, was now filled with workmen, and the gossips who gained admission were much disappointed to find it was so like other old houses. The wealth which the neighbourhood had so long taken for granted, was now presented to the eyes in the visible forms of rich carpets, curtains, and furniture of every kind.

The arrangements for the wedding feast were made in an equally liberal style by the direction of the bridegroom, and all Frankfort talked of nothing but the change that was taking place in the circumstances of two persons so unlikely to marry as the rich

bachelor and the broken-hearted widow, and above all so unlikely to marry each other.

Perhaps even in the early bloom of her beauty Roschen had never looked so lovely as on the morning of her second wedding day. The rich material and plain fashion of her snow-white dress suited well with the pure and intellectual character of her countenance, and the expensive lace veil which shaded her pale brow lent fresh delicacy to the outlines of her features. There was no wildness in her dark eye; no convulsive motion of the lip—all was hushed and composed as the calm depths of her own resolved spirit. She felt grateful to Herr Schobeln for all he had promised—a home for her sisters, protection for her child, unbounded kindness to herself, though she felt in her heart the last would not be long required. Since they had conversed more frequently and confidentially together, the bridegroom's feelings had undergone a change; he loved Roschen more than ever, if it were possible, but his love blent with a respect that partook of the character of reverence. Indeed on the bridal day she seemed to awe even more than she had charmed him, and he moved and spoke in her presence with a deference that was scarcely lover-like.

The strangely assorted pair stood before the altar, where, ten years before Roschen's young heart had throbbled so wildly, as her hand was placed in that of Francis Middleton, and the words pronounced which made her his own.—She seemed to herself, in the present instance, to be enacting a part in some pageant in which she had no real interest. If this ceremony meant any thing; if she were *really* the bride of another, could she stand there so calm, so self-possessed? It was impossible.

The ceremony began: there was a little stir at the door amongst the crowd who were passing in to witness it, and then voices were heard as in altercation. The clergyman paused and commanded silence, but still the people struggled, and still angry voices sounded. Suddenly Roschen started and turned round, gazing earnestly towards the door and listening with eager attention. A moment more and the bride sprang from her station at the altar, passed quickly

through the crowd, who instinctively fell back to give her way, and was caught in the arms of a tall sunburnt man, in shabby sailor's clothes, whom she—and no other—knew in an instant to be her own Francis Middleton!

He had been washed overboard early on the fatal evening of the wreck, and clinging to a floating spar, had been picked up by a small outward-bound vessel, and thus escaped the fate which awaited those who took to the boat.—This vessel in her turn was doomed to disaster, being taken by a pirate, and all on board her were butchered or made prisoners. He had suffered sickness and slavery and imprisonment, all had been overcome, and he had just reached Frankfort in time to save Roschen from becoming the wife of another.

“So there will be no wedding after all!” murmured Widow Steinbach, with something of a chagrined expression, when she was hastily informed of these particulars. “Of course I am delighted that Frank is alive and came home to us again, but it is a pity all these preparations have been made for nothing!”

“I would not have you to be too sure of that,” said Herr Schobeln at her elbow, and he spoke in a cheerful voice, very unlike that of a man who had just experienced so heart rending a disappointment.

Widow Steinbach treasured up the words though she was too wary to startle Herr Schobeln by asking for an explanation of their meaning; but at the first opportunity she communicated them with sundry notes and comments of her own, to Madam Leroux.

Again did Amelia's heart beat high with hope, and visions of altered old dresses and splendid new ones flitted before her mind's eye, together with the celebration of nuptials, whereat she herself was a principal personage; and reveries *would* come, and hopes *would* haunt her on the subject notwithstanding her wise resolves, against castle building for the future. *This* time, however, her anticipations were realised. She became the wife of Herr Schobeln, and a happy wife too, despite the difference in their ages; and she reigned mistress of the old house and its handsome modern furniture, and rum-

maged every cranny and corner from garret to cellar, just as she had pictured to herself that she should, long before. She was not destined to become a mother, but she was of too contented a disposition to fret about the matter; and her kindness, unconcentrated by that absorbing feeling maternal affection, flowed out to every creature around her. Herr Schobeln never had cause to repent the return of Frank Middleton, and only wondered how it was that Amelia had not been his choice in the first instance. The Widow Steinbach found a home with her newly married sister, and little Franchette became the recipient of all the spare affections of Amelia's heart, and in process of time the inheritor of a great part of Herr Schobeln's wealth. I have visited Frankfort again within the last few years, and passed some days at the mansion of Herr Schobeln, and the humbler home of Frank and Roschen; and I can truly say I have seldom enjoyed more heartfelt satisfaction than in witnessing the contentment and prosperity of the three sisters who had formerly been known and pitted as “the three widows of Frankfort.”

THE FAIRY'S BURIAL.

Where shall our sister rest?

Where shall we bury her?

To the grave's silent breast

Soon we must hurry her!

Gone is the beauty now

From her cold bosom!

Down droops her livid brow,

Like a wan blossom!

Not to those white lips cling

Smiles or caresses!

Dull is the rainbow wing,

Dim the bright tresses!

Death now hath claimed his spoil—

Fling the pall over her!

Lap we earth's lightest soil,

Wherewith to cover her!

Where down in yonder vale

Lillies are growing,

Mourners the pure and pale,

Sweet tears bestowing!

Morning and evening dews

Will they shed o'er her;

Each night their task renews

How to deplete her!

Here let the fern grass grow,

With its green drooping!

Let the narcissus blow,

O'er the wave stooping!

Let the brook wander by,
Mournfully singing!
Let the wind murmur nigh,
Sad echoes bringing!

And when the moonbeams shower,
Tender and holy,
Light on the haunted hour
Which is ours solely,
Then we will seek the spot
Where thou art sleeping,
Holding thee unforget
With our long weeping!

THE PRICE OF BLOOD:
A TALE OF NEW ZEALAND LIFE.
BY FRIEDRICH GERSTACKER.

CHAPTER III.

When Thompson and Van Boon, who indeed gained their feet again with great speed, had recovered from the effects of their fall, and now looked round in amazement, Dumfry had disappeared, and they stood there, ignorant of their path, but apparently surrounded by danger,—and, as Van Boon feared, by any quantity of ferocious cannibals,—in the heart of the desolate wilderness. What to do now? Await their guide, or seek their boat without further delay, and escape? Van Boon voted unhesitatingly for the latter course, but Thompson decided on the other, and very justly asserted that, if the enemy were in their vicinity, they would only excite their suspicions by a precipitate retreat; and then, in their ignorance of the road, they would most assuredly be cut off before they could reach their boat.

But to remain quietly standing here, in the heart of the forest, where they could not see a couple of yards into the bushes, and the enemy could easily come close to them, and fire their poisonous darts at them from a safe ambush, appeared equally unavoidable; and Thompson turned his head restlessly at the very idea, which movement Van Boon immediately imitated, as if he expected nothing less than to see his horrible apprehensions fully realized. A rustling was again heard in the thicket; but while the seaman, firmly determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, held his reloaded pistol in that direction, Dumfry's gentle, well known whistle reached his ear; and immediately afterwards his disguised figure re-

turned to the path at the very spot where it had before so quickly and unexpectedly disappeared.

He had again thrown back the mat, and his face was pale and excited; but without losing a moment's time, or even replying to the eager questions of his companions, he nodded to them to follow, and led the way through a narrow and tangled path. It was not long ere they again reached the verge of the forest, and quitted the fern, which had been such an obstacle to their progress, although fallen trees, prickly pears, and thick brushwood still greatly impeded them. But these eventually became fewer and less troublesome. Suddenly, Dumfry turned to a naked crop of stone, and quickly ascended a barren acclivity which rose behind it. Thompson and Van Boon at first appeared undecided whether to follow him; but an impatient gesture from the disguised man put an end to their hesitation, and in a few moments they stood upon a narrow, strangely-formed, and rugged ledge of rock, which elevated them above the giant growth of the forest, and enabled them to see over a portion of the island, as well as the sea that surrounded it.

The prospect was magnificent; the dark green of the trees, only here and there interrupted by the light gray hue of strips of fern, covered the country with a close, impenetrable net-work; and closely embracing it, and sparkling beneath the bright rays of the sun, lay the blue, calm, and azure ocean.

At no great distance from the coast, enclosed by the white foam and covered crests of the coral reef, the "Casuar" was heaving; while further behind it, a few sails which were gliding past quickly and noiselessly under the freshening breeze, broke the monotony of the horizon. The sky was clear and cloudless, except to the south, where a transparent rose-coloured mist brooded over the dusky summits of the trees. The ridge of rock was itself quite naked, except that at one extremity a tangled mass of wildly intertwined flowers grew, from the centre of which a few low but leafy bushes rose, and hid the mountains in the interior of the island.

But, although Dumfry and his companions,

as soon as they had reached this spot, looked searchingly and attentively in every direction, not one of them, although all were moved by different feelings, appeared to be interested in the scenery. At least not a sound of admiration—not a single exclamation—not a word of praise, revealed their consciousness of the glorious panorama that surrounded them. Van Boon examined their immediate vicinity to see whether any of their pursuers had come up; and Dumfry, who, at first, looked in the same direction, but soon terminated his examination, as he knew exactly the quarter whence danger could menace them, looked further away, and seemed to be searching for the landmarks that lay nearest their track. Thompson, on the other hand, paid no attention to the land, but attentively surveyed the horizon. He first observed his own little vessel, lying so quietly and peacefully with its tapering masts in the bay, and then looked, with greater attention than the object seemed to deserve, at the mist, which was gradually extending in thin fleecy bands towards the west.

"Thompson, do you see that dark rock over there?" said Dumfry, at length, "just to the left of the bright green of that group of palms?"

"Just under the silver grey strip of cloud, which is stretching away just out there?"

"Yes! that is the point from which the southern frontier line of my land, another little stream, stretches and falls into the sea, about five miles below the bay where we entered. Do you think you will be able to remember the spot afterwards?"

"Certainly, when we've once walked the distance," Thompson replied, as he returned the pistol to his belt. "I think, too, we had better start. If we could arrange the matter without meeting any of the red-skinned villains, all the better; I've no particular wish to make any closer acquaintance with them than I have already done. That was a native who crossed our track—eh?"

"We must not follow the boundary any farther," Dumfry replied, gloomily, though without answering the question addressed to him. "You both are aware of the danger we shall run from the natives, as soon as

they suspect us to be land surveyors; and if we were to walk the whole distance, they would be sure to detect us. We shall avoid that by steering straight through the forest to the coast, and in that way I expect to destroy the trail which we may have left behind us, for by quitting our former course at a right angle, we shall be for nearly a mile on a rocky ground, where it would be difficult even for their eyes to follow us."

"But the treasure?" Thompson here interrupted him; "have you given up all hopes of fetching it, and are we going to return straight to the boat?"

"Yes—to the boat, of course!" Dumfry replied; "but I hope not without that for which I have perilled my life. You are certain that you could find the boundary line again?"

"Hem! I don't know," Thompson growled, half aloud, "if I had to swear to it afterwards—if we only had the plan!"

"I've got it with me," Van Boon said, and produced, from his tightly-packed pocket, the document, which was kept in a tin box. "Here, gentlemen; but I really don't see how that will help you—it isn't——."

"See here!" Dumfry now cried, after hastily unfolding the paper; "here is the stream up which we came—you know its name, and any one on this coast will be able to point out its mouth to you; somewhere about here is the little fern prairie where I marked the palm. You're sure you'll find that again?"

"Yes, certainly," Thompson said.

"Well, then," Dumfry continued his description. "This point marked with a cross is the ridge of rock on which we are now standing, and that declivity to the south is the same upon which the mist is lying, whence you can follow the frontier brook to the sea. Mistake is impossible."

Thompson carefully examined the plan for some time; at last he rolled it up, returned it to the case, handed it to Van Boon, and said, pointing to the South,—

"I am certain of finding the place from this spot, but not my own little vessel, if we waste any more time; it's lying in a dangerous place, and there's a storm brewing yonder."

"The storms rage fearfully on this coast," Dumfry quickly remarked, desiring nothing better than to hasten their return.

"But the treasure?" said Van Boon, by no means disposed to end the adventure without some personal gain.

"On our way to the boat we shall pass the place," Dumfry replied. "And now, quick, gentlemen; the greater part, almost the only dangerous portion, of our journey is safely accomplished; all we have to do now is to return a short distance, and long before those rising masses of cloud have covered the sun, I hope we shall be again tossing on the waters of the bay, and friend Thompson may then take us back to Port Jackson as safely as he brought us here."

And without waiting any reply from his companions, he sprang down from rock to rock. Thompson followed him with equal rapidity: it was, however, a matter of much greater difficulty for the unaccustomed book-keeper, who met with great obstacles in following his practical comrades. He soon lost his foothold, slipped, fell, picked himself up again, but at last was forced by his own weight to let go, and away he rolled, throwing bottles and provisions in every direction, over rough, jagged masses of rock, till he was brought up by a young fern palm, and found time to look back despairingly at the hill, down which he had come with such involuntary and undignified speed.

Above them, however, a dark tattooed form crawled cautiously out of the little lump of creepers which grew on the plateau as far as the edge of the rock, where the still, gently-rolling gravel betrayed the track the men had followed. Hidden by the thick moss and a few ferns, he watched with fiercely-sparkling eyes the movements of the strangers, and saw Thompson and Dumfry walk up to the fallen man, and then, when they discovered he had suffered no serious injury, disappear with him in the bushes.

The savage remained motionless in his hiding-place for nearly a quarter of an hour; nor was it till he had convinced himself that the strangers had really left the spot that his form appeared on the verge of the declivity. With the speed of lightning he hurried

down; but on reaching the bottom he made a wide circuit round the white men's trail; he avoided the spot where the broken bottles were strewn about, and only took up the trail again when the strangers, following the rocky bed of a dried-up watercourse, had forced their way into the forest.

In the meanwhile the "Casuar" was lying quietly at anchor, and the sailors were idly lounging beneath the outstretched awning, and looking out upon the blue and gently heaving sea, which seemed, like them, to be sleeping away the hot, sunny day. The wheel of the little vessel was deserted: but not far from it, and apparently as inactive as the others, lay the convict and his newly-gained friend.

"Bill!" whispered the convict, as he touched his comrade's elbow.

The Irishman raised his head slightly, and looked cautiously round.

"When the cook calls to dinner, go forward, and do as I tell you. I have not given up all hope, and if my plan is to succeed, that will be the only moment to carry it out."

"But how, and what?" the Irishman growled; "we daren't think of swimming ashore, for I'd much rather remain a sailor than be devoured by the sharks, and we two could not possibly lift the canoe overboard."

"No!" the convict whispered again; "still there's a way of getting it overboard. Where force can do nothing, cunning must help. Time presses. Get up now, and pretend to be doing something near the galley; but as soon as the cook begins to fill the pannikins, do you call out, 'sail ahoy!' if there's nothing to be seen, let them laugh at you afterwards, or curse you; but as soon as you can do it unperceived, and, mind you, as quickly as you can, come back here."

"But what good will that be?" asked the Irishman, in amazement.

"You'll see."

Bill, after leisurely stretching himself once or twice, got up, and walked, with a puzzled shake of his head, to the bows of the schooner, where the greasy black cook was busily engaged in the hot little caboose, so that the perspiration ran down his forehead and temples in shining drops. The sailors

were about to have a holiday feast, as a sort of compromise for their expected liberty on shore.

Ned was aware of this, and built his plan upon it, which consisted of nothing less than inducing the crew of the "Casuar," before dinner-time, to lower the canoe into the sea, and leave it there during the progress of the meal. Not far from where he was lying were two green varnished buckets, which bore the name of the schooner, filled with linen, belonging partly to the captain, partly to the carpenter. Ned, who never let an opportunity slip of earning money, as he well knew that he should require it, not only to effect his escape, but for his support afterwards, had undertaken, for a moderate sum, to keep the linen of these two officers clean; and he now went to work, as soon as the Irishman had left him, for a time, and no one else was watching him.

Near the two buckets, already filled with salt water, he now placed a third empty one, took some of the shirts out of the first one, wrung them dry, then filled the last bucket more than half full, and, after lifting it on the bulwarks, proceeded to pour the water he had been using into the sea.

"You'll let the bucket fall overboard, Ned," the cabin-boy called to him, as he was going below. "If the schooner pitches, it will be upset, and you have not a rope fastened to it."

"Attend to your own business," the convict growled, as he cast a furious glance at the laughing boy, and proceeded with his work; his eye, however, frequently wandered to the bow of the schooner, where Bill was carelessly leaning against the capstan, apparently half asleep, and only raising his head now and then to look at the cook. The latter now came up from the fore-castle with the wooden pannikins, and the Irishman got up, walked to the bulwarks, and leant against the anchor; he then raised himself suddenly, and shaded his eyes with his hand. On the distant horizon several small white specks had, in the meanwhile, become visible; but the other sailors paid no attention to them.

A little clump of oakum lay on the deck close to Ned; he picked it up, threw it overboard, and watched it float away. The

oakum, carried along by the current, floated slowly past the reef, and the convict laughed with silent delight, for the tall, thick, dorsal fin of a shark was visible just at the spot, apparently sunning himself on the surface of the water. When, however, Ned turned to his work again, he saw the carpenter walking straight up to him. If he remained near him, the execution of his plan would be rendered impossible.

The Sydney-bird gnashed his teeth fiercely as he muttered—"Has that thief of a cook —."

"Sail ahoy!" suddenly shouted the Irishman at the bow, and the carpenter turned, more surprised at the shout than at the sail. Ned, however, stepped quickly up the bulwarks, and pushed the bucket into the sea.

See, now—did not I tell you so?" the cabin-boy cried, who had just come on deck again, and ran to the bulwarks to look over. "There go the carpenter's shirts sailing away; he'll curse a bit. Well, I must swim after them, I suppose." And as if this was quite natural, he threw off his jacket, and prepared to jump into the sea in pursuit of the bucket, which was majestically floating away.

But this in no way agreed with Ned's plan's.

"Stop, in Heaven's name!" he cried, and seized the daring lad's arm. "You would be lost. Do you not see the shark there?"

"Hallo! what's the matter?" asked the carpenter, as he walked up to the pair; but at the same time perceiving the bucket, now at some distance from the schooner—"My shirts! Ned, you villain, you did that on purpose. But wait, you blackguard, I'll stop that out of your wages, even if you have to work a whole year for me. Won't you let the boy go, you scoundrel! What's the matter with him?"

"He wanted to jump overboard, sir," the convict stammered, apparently in great contrition, "and there—there's a shark."

"What does it matter to you if he risks his skin, you lubber?" the carpenter thundered at him. "Are you his keeper, or don't you wish the captain to get his shirts back again? Overboard with you, my lad; the shark won't see you. But, stop—there's

no joking with the sharks here"—he suddenly interrupted himself, for he remembered just in time that Thompson had declared them to be the sentries of his vessel. If he sent the boy himself overboard, and he came back uninjured, who would guarantee to him that, after nightfall, a portion of his sailors might not go overboard too, and swim ashore?—for a good swimmer could easily reach land, especially if he waited for flood-tide. The young fellow, too, after his attention had been drawn to the imminent danger, did not appear nearly so willing to undertake the duty, and drew back almost involuntarily.

"Dinner lads—dinner!" shouted the cook at this moment.

"Stop there!" the carpenter vociferated, when he saw that some of the sailors were going to their meal. "Let the canoe down. Here, you scamps! do you want me to call you a dozen times? Over with it! Where's Bill? Come here, sir—take your turn; it's owing to your silly bawling that we've got all this trouble. Quick, my fine fellows; do you think the bucket will wait for you? Why, it was sailing along like a Portuguese man-o'-war;* and you, Ned, you'll catch it you scamp, when Thompson comes aboard. All I wish is, that we don't pick up the shirts."

But, in spite of these violent ejaculations, accompanied by a furious glance at the culprit, the worthy carpenter gave himself the greatest trouble to effect the contrary, and pushed and thrust with his utmost strength to get the rather clumsy boat overboard. It was a thorough New Zealand canoe, with a richly carved bow, sides painted black and red, and the stern ornamented with albatross feathers; but, although two beautifully-carved short paddles, such as the natives use, lay in it, it appeared almost too narrow and tottering to bear two grown persons, and the carpenter preferred getting into it alone, and pulling after the bucket, which was by this time at least two hundred yards distant. Ned, too, was specially careful not to offer his own services for this end, as he was well aware that the carpenter would

never permit him to enter the boat alone, nor did he wish to excite suspicion, or his cunning and stratagem would be rendered futile.

The carpenter, however, before he pushed off, called out to the sailors, who were watching his movements, not to run away, but to wait his return, so that they might take the canoe aboard again directly. They might possibly have obeyed, but just at this moment the cook's impatient summons was again heard—"Dinner ready, lads! Make haste, or it will be cold." And the Irishman, well known and feared as a tremendous eater, who clearly perceived what his comrade's intention was, thrust his hands into the pockets of his short jacket, threw his quid overboard, and said, as he walked with great determination forward—

"We can have finished by the time he's back."

"You'd better stop here, Bill," a couple cried to him; "the carpenter will curse and swear the whole day afterwards."

"If he likes it, he can do so," Bill growled, without paying any attention to the warning. "I don't care."

He walked quietly towards the smoking pans, and the example was decisive, for the others knew him too well. When Paddy had once set to work, late comers usually only had the pleasure of looking on: so that, while the carpenter was pulling with all his strength after the bucket, the crew of the "Casuar" rushed toward the fore-castle, and fell upon the edibles with intense satisfaction. Ned alone remained aft, and awaited the return of the canoe. The carpenter did not detain him long—he had looked round once, and soon found that all his people had deserted their post; he could easily imagine what they were busied with now. With the best will, therefore, he laid to his paddle, and muttered curses, not loud, but deep, first at the greedy villains, then at the "dog of a canary bird," whom he was mentally punishing and rope's-ending. He soon reached the bucket, lifted it into his light canoe, then turned the bows towards the schooner. Although he had to contend against the full force of the current, the New Zealand boat was so sharply built that he could easily overcome the resistance. When he drew up

* Portuguese man-o'-war. A name given to the Nautilus.

alongside the schooner, Ned threw him a rope. He quickly made the canoe fast, and then climbed on deck without further delay.

"And the other scoundrels!" he cried, as he threw the bucket on deck, and angrily stamped his foot.

"They're at dinner, sir!" the convict humbly replied. "I begged them to wait for you; but they said I might be hanged. You—you——"

"Well, what, you?—out with it!" the carpenter said fiercely. "Why are you stammering? What about me?"

"I can't help their saying it," the Sydneyite implored, falling back a step.

"What did they say, you scoundrel?" the carpenter now shouted in a furious passion. "Will you sing, you canary bird, or must I loosen your tongue?"

"They said you'd eat the whole lot when you came," Ned stuttered out, and drew back still further.

The carpenter, without making any reply, seized a short rope's end that lay there, and walked quickly up the starboard gangway towards the forecabin; at the same time, however, and as soon as he had reached the water-casks piled up amidships, the Irishman came aft in a stooping posture along the other gangway, and just as Ned—for the moment for action had arrived—swung himself over the bulwarks, and into the canoe, which oscillated fearfully from the shock, Bill humourously seized the bucket, which the carpenter had recovered with so much labour, and followed his comrade, at the moment when the latter, in order not to lose time in casting the canoe off, cut the rope which held it, and pushed off with the speed of lightning.

The whole scene had only occupied a few seconds for its performance, and the fugitives would have gained a sufficient advantage, at least to get out of reach of any danger from the schooner, had not two eyes, by no means friendly to either of them, been watching their movements. The cabin-boy appeared on deck, just at the moment when Bill left it, and, without wasting any time in calling, which, as he well knew, would have been perfectly useless, he ran forward at full speed, and his appearance soon told the

whole crew, as well as the temporary commander of the schooner, what had occurred.

The old sailor bounded aft, but it was too late; the light-boat was just leaving the schooner, and Ned, who had thrown himself in its stern, seized the paddle, and waved it in friendly salutation to the furious carpenter.

"Good-bye, sir," he added, laughingly, "we'll take the shirts ashore for the captain—he'll be very grateful for our attention—something very pleasant to be able to change one's shirt on such a broiling day. Pay my best respects to the Governor of Sydney."

The carpenter, who perceived the posture of affairs at a glance, rushed down into the cabin, seized the rifle that always stood loaded in the corner, opened the little porthole in the stern, held the mouth of the gun out, and thundered after the runaways—

"Stop, stop, I say, or I'll fire!"

"Stoop, Bill!" the convict shouted, who looked back just at the moment, "down with you!" and at the same time he threw himself flat on the bottom of the canoe. The Irishman, however, alarmed partly by the oscillating movement of the frail boat, partly by the words addressed to him, turned quickly round at the carpenter's summons, and so greatly increased, though, of course, unconsciously, the danger of his position.

At this moment a bright, vivid flash burst from the cabin window of the "Casuar," and the Irishman threw himself on the side of the canoe with a yell. The convict rose instantly, and tried to keep the boat balanced by throwing himself on the other side; but the wounded man rolled heavily over, and the canoe, which was flat-bottomed, like all these dug-out boats, not able to resist the pressure, discharged its freight into the waves that rushed over her, then filled, as the Irishman held her gunwale convulsively, and sank.

The carpenter's shout of joy was heard from the "Casuar;" but the sailors watched with silent horror the consequences of this fearful shot; for not a hundred yards from the overturned canoe, the dorsal fin of the shark became again visible; they could plainly perceive the monster of the deep drawing gradually closer to the unfortunates, who had again risen to the surface; and they held their breath, as they saw their

horrible fate was almost inevitable, and yet they could not help them. The canoe could not quite sink, owing to its lightness, but floated slowly along with the current, with its gunwale just above the surface of the sea. Ned, who came up again close to it, tried to thrust his arm beneath it, in order to empty out a part of the water, but soon found that he was not sufficiently strong for such a task. He turned quickly to his comrade—his glance went beyond him in the direction of the reef. Heavenly powers, that dark point on the glistening sea! A wild, piercing pang penetrated his brain, and, almost involuntarily, his eye measured the distance to the schooner. But it was only momentary; even had he desired to return to his chains, he could no longer do so; he could not swim such a distance against the current.

"Ned," his comrade groaned, "Ned, I'm wounded; he shot me through the shoulder. Let us—let us get the boat afloat. I am still strong enough, but I feel that I am growing weaker every second."

"We shall not be able to empty the canoe," Ned cried hurriedly, and his pulse stopped when he saw the shark's fin turned directly towards them. If the monster scented them, one of them was irrecoverably lost. "Come, Bill, we must swim ashore. There's a shark close by."

"A shark!" the Irishman yelled, and it seemed almost as if this word, and not the bullet, had given him his death-blow. It is the most fearful word that can reach a swimmer's ear, and its effect is like that of a stunning, destroying blow. "A shark!" he repeated tremblingly, and clutched frantically at the boat, which was sinking beneath his weight. "Holy Virgin, we are lost!"

Ned hesitated for a moment. Should he quit the canoe, and seek safety by his own strength? But his comrade—and here his eye rested on the unhappy fellow, who, slightly supported by the boat, raised himself above the surface of the sea, and looked with a pale, rigid countenance, at the approaching foe—at the same time he saw that a red, traitorous stream of blood was pouring from him, and dyeing the sea for several yards around.

ON SOME FLOWERS FROM A GRAVE.

They look bright in the sunshine above thy peaceful grave,
In calm and sacred loveliness above thy dust they wave;
The flower of "softened sorrow"* speaks of patience from that spot,
And, born of tears, thou liftest up thy prayer,
"Forget-me-not."
And art not thou, thou snow-white flower, an emblem from the "I am,"
Of those, whose souls are shining in the white light of the Lamb?
There, where for aye the white-robed choirs one hallelujah sing
With radiance ineffable upon each snowy wing.
Ye bring to us a voice from Heaven, ye sunny, earth-born flowers,
Ye tell us of the heritage, that Mercy has made ours;
Ye bid us mark in your changing forms, bright flower, and lowly weed,
The flesh in the wither'd calyx—the soul in the winged seed.

* Heart's ease.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARALLELS.—II.

ZENODOTUS, ARISTARCHUS, AND LONGINUS.

One of the most striking circumstances in connection with the history of Greek literature, is the progressive regularity with which it passed through successive phases of change, each one being, as it were, the natural consequent of its antecedent. Political convulsions, which one would have expected would have broken this progression, and given a new impulse to the national genius, seemed invariably to fall in with, and promote its course. Thus the successive stages to maturity and decay can be traced with a precision impossible in any other language, and the study is interesting, as affording a complete view of what seems the most natural order in which the human mind moves on in its changing cycle of development.

In the infancy of a people, great thinkers, especially as in the case of the Greeks, where they have no foreign literature to feed upon, must exercise their independent powers, with a freedom and originality which their successors are incapable of displaying. Their speculations and productions must have a freshness and vigour which we shall look for in vain in the works of a later age. No traces of imitation can possibly be detected

where the workmen had no model, whose peculiarities he could copy. Thus, the first adventurers into the field of intellectual exercise, have an advantage which is denied to later comers. However exalted the genius, no man can be independent of the influence of his predecessors. There is a secret sympathy ever at work, urging him to study those productions he cannot but admire. Habitual study begets habitual, though unconscious imitation. The necessity of independent thought likewise diminishes in the exact proportion that this inducement to imitate increases. Can we wonder at the inevitable result? Among the Greeks the wonder is that the torch of genius burnt so brightly to so late a period of their troubled history.

In the fourth century before our era, the petty republics of Greece all sank beneath the ascendancy of the rising kingdom of Macedon. Their previous period of freedom and of national emulation had, however, sufficed for the full development of that extraordinary genius which had been nurtured by the institutions they had severally cherished. All the great authors whose works are still the delight of the civilized world had passed away. Liberty had produced its full fruits on the human mind, and the abuse of liberty had prepared the way for the imposition of a foreign despotism. Other modes of thinking would now supplant the simplicity of the ancient method. It became a question what would become of the established models. Would the sentiments they contained become distasteful, and the works themselves perish through the neglect of a degenerate race, whose unprofitable lives were spent amid the license of civil conflict, or in the torpor of a slavish resignation?

But the course of the world runs not after the fashion of man's fears or expectations. When the mother-country grew careless, a new home was unexpectedly found, where the treasures which were in danger of perishing found a secure refuge, and where they were guarded with the most vigilant precaution. Alexander the Great was now commencing his extraordinary career. Kingdom after kingdom fell before his victorious arms, and his grasping ambition aimed at

nothing less than universal empire. In the year 331, B. C., to signalize his conquest of Egypt, he founded the city of Alexandria, naming it thus in honour of himself. He intended it to be the port of communication between the eastern and western world. He lived not to see the rapid fulfilment of his views, nor could he anticipate the vast influence that city was to have upon affairs far more important to the world even than commerce.

Upon the death of the conqueror at Babylon, his huge empire was divided among his generals, and Egypt fell to the lot of Ptolemy, the founder of the dynasty which was extinguished in the person of Cleopatra. The first care of the new sovereign was to establish on sure foundations the prosperity of his infant capital of Alexandria; and he founded numerous institutions, which, through the active patronage of his son and successor, flourished to an unprecedented extent. Among these, the celebrated Library and Museum deserve especial notice.

We frequently read of collections of books, in ancient times, which were made for public use; and in the best days of Athens several individuals owned valuable libraries, which they freely opened for the inspection of strangers. But all such establishments sank into insignificance when compared with the famous library of Alexandria. This became the most splendid public library that had ever been seen in the world. No cost was spared to render it as complete as the circumstances of the time would allow, and visitors from all parts of the world gazed with admiration and awe at those masses of manuscripts, which enshrined the intellectual wealth of all ages. In addition to the library, there was also an institution called the Museum, of a novel nature, and intended for the promotion of learning, and the support of learned men. It was a large building, adjoining, or rather forming a part of the royal palace, containing cloisters, a lecture room, a dining hall, and other apartments requisite for the convenience of its members. These were supported by pensions from the revenues of the state, and the institution flourished for centuries, attracting to Alexandria the chief men of learning and ability from all the surrounding countries.

These two institutions at once fostered that taste for comment and criticism to which already a large class of the public writers of Greece had devoted themselves; and for us it is most fortunate that such encouragement, at that peculiar time, was given to this branch of literature. The immense debt which we owe to the Alexandrian school of criticism, has scarcely been sufficiently recognised. It was by the diffusion of classical studies in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that the darkness of the middle ages was dispelled, and our present advanced intelligence is to be attributed. But the works of the ancient Greeks would have become as unintelligible to us as the hieroglyphic inscriptions upon an Egyptian obelisk, had it not been for the continued labours of successive schools of criticism which they had previously explored and explained the meaning of those productions, and thus preserved the instruments by which our civilization was to be achieved.

Of such labourers, Zenodotus of Ephesus was celebrated in his age for his intimate acquaintance with the ancient Greek poets, and for the industry with which he applied himself to the elucidation of their textual difficulties. In our times he is principally remembered as having first held the office of superintendent of the Alexandrian Library. This appointment he owed to the favour of the king, who thought so highly of his abilities, that he nominated him tutor to his sons. The principal duty in his literary capacity which was appointed him, was the correction and editing of the old Greek poets. A good library edition of them, with critical and explanatory notes, was wanted for the new institution, and the work was entrusted to Zenodotus. He chose two colleagues, and in the apportionment of the work gave to one the task of collecting and revising tragedies; all the extant comedies were assigned to the share of the other, while he reserved for himself the department of epic and lyric poetry. Amid this extensive range, Zenodotus could not but feel a greater partiality for some of his authors than for others, and accordingly we read that his peculiar care was exercised in his recension of the works of Homer. The edition was thought to reflect so much credit on him, that his contempora-

ries styled him the first and real editor of the poet, and his edition obtained immense popularity. The labour which he bestowed on the grammatical construction of his author was at that time quite new, and without a precedent; and the results of his labours were comprised in two goodly volumes, which were long esteemed as invaluable helps to the accurate understanding of the original text.

But the man who, in ancient times, obtained the greatest renown as a critic, was the famous Aristarchus, a native of Samothrace, but educated at Alexandria. So celebrated did he become, that his name was once used as synonymous with the word critic. He flourished about the commencement of the third century, *b. c.*, and he likewise devoted his chief attention to the poetry of Homer. What Shakspeare is to us, so in some measure Homer was to the Greeks; only that, still less, in fact we may say that nothing at all was known of the personal history of the Greek poet; and his writings were in a far more mutilated condition than are the plays of Shakspeare. The consequence was that Homer became the subject of endless disquisition and comment. Schools of commentators arose, each pretending to fix the text on some surer basis than had been previously done, and to have obtained a truer insight into the author's meaning. The followers of Aristarchus, however, magnified the labours of their chief as eclipsing in value those of all other grammarians; and the emphatic testimony of posterity has confirmed their judgment. His recension of the old bard has formed the basis of all subsequent editions; and to recover that recension in its original integrity, has been the great labour and ambition of the most eminent modern scholars. A few fragments of his commentaries have come down to our times, sufficient to indicate the vastness of their author's knowledge, and his rare critical sagacity. The phraseology, the proper province of the grammarian, was not the sole, or even the chief object of his attention. His idea of the office of the critic induced him to search out all available knowledge that might in any way contribute to illustrate his author, while the value of the poems, as works of

art, he tested and confirmed by the most searching analysis.

We know little of this great critic's life. He was warmly patronised by Ptolemy IV., the first of the Egyptian monarchs who exhibited vices pernicious to the safety and prosperity of the kingdom; but who retained that love for letters which, to the last, adhered to the most abandoned of the race. In the reign of Ptolemy VII., who, as well as his father, had been pupils of the critic, though far advanced in years, he was compelled, in conjunction with several of his contemporaries, to abandon Egypt, through the violent conduct of the king, and he died shortly afterwards at Cyprus.

Let us now pass on to the third century of our era, and the well-known name of Longinus arrests our attention. Though celebrated in his own times as a philosopher, his skill as a critic won for him a still greater reputation. Though one of the most learned men of the day, his natural sagacity was in no degree blunted by his universal taste for reading; and his readiness knew how to avail itself at any moment of his accumulated stores of information. Of his numerous writings one only has descended to our times, and that in a fragmentary state, his celebrated critical essay on the "Sublime," one of the best specimens of ancient criticism. In his life he experienced more vicissitudes than usually fall to the lot of men of letters. He was born about A.D. 213, but the place of his birth is uncertain. His mother was a Syrian, and it has been, therefore, thought that he was born in the country of his mother. However that might be, it is certain that he was sent to Athens for his education, where he was placed under his uncle, who was a teacher of rhetoric there. He travelled extensively with his parents, and every where sought out the society of the most eminent philosophers to acquire from their own lips the knowledge of their respective tenets. For a long time he placed himself under the learned Origen, as his pupil, and ardently studied the writings of the ancient philosophers, especially of Plato; and by the commentaries he wrote on this author, he excited some ridicule from the philosophers of that day, for his clear, critical examination of the text,

a method opposed to that mystical interpretation of ancient authors which was then becoming fashionable. After several years spent in the most assiduous study at Alexandria, the ardent Longinus returned to Athens, and opened a school of his own. Of his numerous pupils, the most conspicuous was the celebrated Porphyry, who afterwards became the great support of the Neo-Platonic school of philosophers.

After a long and prosperous career at Athens, Longinus repaired to the east, probably with the view of visiting his friends there, and became acquainted with Zenobia, the Queen of Palmyra. That famous city was then in the height of its prosperity, although for some considerable time it had been tributary to the empire of Rome. Zenobia, a woman of masculine character, and of literary accomplishments, established Longinus in her city as teacher of the Greek language and literature, and likewise resorted to him for advice on questions of political interest. On the death of her husband, Longinus became her chief adviser; and it was at his instigation that the chivalrous Queen ventured to shake off the Roman yoke, and defy the whole power of the empire. The chastisement of the act was speedy and signal. Palmyra became a ruin, Zenobia was carried away captive, and weakly imputed all the blame of her actions to her advisers, of whom Longinus, being the chief, was instantly executed.

Thus fell, at the age of sixty, this eminent scholar and critic, who, in an age of declining intellect, exhibited a masculine strength of judgment which would have made him eminent in any age. After his time criticism became a mere rapid compilation and rearrangement of the labour of others. Originality and vigour of thought became extinct. Even taste grew vitiated, and the second-hand remarks of some obscure commentator were esteemed of greater value than the text they were originally intended to illustrate.

A PROBLEM FOR THE INGENIOUS.

To five, and five, and fifty-five,

The first of letters add,

You'll see a thing to shame a king,

And make a wise man mad.

LADY JANE'S MERLIN.

A TALE OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

Awake, awake. I bring, lover, I bring,
The news glad, that blissful is and sure
Of thy comfort; now laugh, and play, and sing,
For in the heavens decretit is thy cure."
The King's Quair.

Fair and royal castle of Windsor! rising so proudly above thy circling forest, and looking down on a landscape well worthy thee. What scenes of knightly prowess, of royal pomp, of strange adventure, or of wild and varied interest, hast thou not witnessed since the first conqueror of France reared thy fair structure, and summoned the chivalry of Europe around him! Since Chaucer, in reckless joyousness of heart, poured forth his glad numbers like the thrush, welcoming the sun and the summer blossoms; or, since the poet-monarch of Scotland, like the caged nightingale, beguiled his long captivity with song.

Vision-bringing, history-telling castle of Windsor! all the great, and noble, and far renowned of past ages sweep by when we look on thee—while thou, unchanged, unmoved, catchest the first ray of morning, and growest with the rose-tints of evening; and thy forest renews its rich verdure, as of yore, and thy river rolls on in its pride and its beauty.

Arise, then, ye long vanished days! when the warder stood on the bartizan, and the archer band guarded the gateway; when the first beam of the midsummer's sun glanced on the picturesque dresses of the yeomen of the king's bow, who were holding the stag-hounds and raches for the chase, and the hooded falcons for the gentle sport of hawking; and the company of minstrels, in their parti-colored habits, who, with harps and rebecks, stood beneath the princely towers of Windsor, ready to summon, with the wild but inspiring "Hunt's up," the Duke of Glo'ster the Regent, and the fair and noble company, to come forth and partake the delights of "ye mysteries of ye wode and ryvere."

Up, gentles, up! for the dappled sky
Telleth that sun-rise is drawing nigh;
And the stars are vanishing one by one,
And the feries have flected away, lest the sun
Should espy their gambols; and goblin, and sprite,
And nightmare, that stalked through the fearful night
Have fled with the shadows, and each fair thing
In the morning's beam is awakning.

The hawks are in hold,
Our hounds' fleet and good,
And stag is aroused in the merry greenwood.

Up, lordings, up! arise and mark
The merry lay of the blithesome lark:
With dew-sprant wing to the heavens up flying,

While, on leafy spray, to her song replying,
The sweet-voiced thrushle full loudly singeth,
His hymn to the morning,—to her that bringeth
Soft dews, and fair flowers, and sweet sun-light,
Chasing away sprite-haunted night.

Shall that wild song
Trill so sweetly along,
Nor rise ye and join our jocund throng?

Up, ladies, up! O, be not outdone
By every sweet flower that opes to the sun
Her winking eye, and looks blithely through
Her glittering veil of the matin dew,
And biddeth the jocund sun good morrow.
Rise, fairer flowers—O! well might they borrow
Beauty from ye. "They have oped their eyes
Long since—fair daisies, arise, arise!
Come forth from your bowers,
Ye breathing flowers.

Add new brightness and joy to the sunny hours!

Such was the wild lay that rung along the battlements of Windsor, and echoed among the fair spreading oaks of her forest; but the fair and noble company did not come forth.

"St. Hubert! the hunter's malison on all minstrels," exclaimed a stout yeoman, who was holding in, with considerable difficulty, a couple of noble stag-hounds, decorated with gilt collars; "what, the sun rising, the dews drying, four brave bucks and three hearts of greece in yon covers, and we must stand here like priests at a funeral!—and all through singing and minstrelsy, keeping the good company up till past ten of the clock?"

"The saints wot well it was not through me," returned the principal musician, who bore the high designation of "king of the minstrels;" "a bad night was it for me, for I had prepared the Lay of Ypomedon, and Syr Thopas, and a new romaunt that Thomas Chester, hath just put into rhyme, from the French, Syr Launfal; but an outlandish minstrel came and played on the harp so much, and sung so, that I was fain to go to the buttery-hatch and solace myself with a quart of Malnsey."

"No bad solace, truly, Master Amelot," returned the yeoman; "but who was he?"

"That no one knows, I trow," replied Amelot, "for he was disguised somewhat like a Christmas mummer; we could see nought of his face. Methinks I could play any day better than he; but the noble company thought high of him! and my Lord of Somerset gave him two broad pieces, and the Regent a fair gold chain; but he would take nought but a rose from my Lady Jane."

"Then he cannot belong to your craft, if he refuses largess," said the yeoman, laughing.

"No, indeed," said the king of the minstrels; "he is some young springal, with more marks than wit, methinks, and therefore he thinketh to go about disguised, like King Horn

in the romaunt. Sir Amias sorely wished to see whither he went; but my lord the Regent would not suffer it. He is some knight in disguise, perchance, performing a vow, said he; therefore let him depart as he listeth."

"I would he had sooner departed," muttered the yeoman; "farewell to the sports of the merry greenwood; our nobles will not come forth to-day. Come, good Amelot, another 'Hunt's up,' and make the towers ring again."

Scarcely had the impatient yeoman uttered the words, ere the ponderous castle gates rolled back, and knight and baron, squire and lady, took their way to the forest.

And a goodly sight, well harmonizing with the bright hues and clear sunshine of a midsummer morning, was that merry throng bounding past so joyfully! The knight, his ponderous armour laid aside for the silken surcoat and forest-green mantle, the sword and lance exchanged for the horn-handled hunting knife, and

"Shefe of peacokkes arrowes bright and kene."

The baron, in cloth of tissue vest, on his gaily-caparisoned palfrey; and the high-born damsel, her long flowing gown gracefully caught up, and confined in full folds beneath her broad girdle, her fair tresses filleted with gold and pearls, half-concealed by the flat velvet cap or brodered hood,—the delicately-inland bow borne in her hand, and the gold-banded bugle and quiver by her side, sweeping by on her Spanish jennet, like a vision of faery land. And many a noble, and many a beautiful damsel that morning took her way to the forest; but the last was the noblest and fairest—the Lady Jane Beaufort.

"Our lady's benizon on thy sweet face," cried Pierce, the yeoman, doffing his bonnet as she passed, with as much, nay, perhaps more, heartfelt devotion than if he had bent before the image of "our ladye."

"Now, Master Amelot, and ye had a song in honour of our fair Lady Jane, or even of the merlin that sits on her wrist, I could listen till curfew-tide."

"Nay, my Lady Jane was sung enow last night by that strange minstrel; she would heed nought of my singing," returned the sorely displeased "king of the minstrels."

"Well, then, good Amelot, what say ye to the merlin,—fair mistress and fair bird. Take heed, my fair Lady Jane," continued the yeo-

man, apostrophizing as though she had been present, "ay, take heed that her crence be strong, or, with this fresh wind, ye may not reclaim her."

And, unconscious or indifferent to the admiration her charms excited, the beautiful daughter of Somerset, surrounded by a crowd of attendants and obsequious knights, advanced toward the temporary stands, gaily adorned with green boughs, where the noble company awaited the turning out of the game; and, all careless of the gay scene around her, the Lady Jane sat on her fair palfrey, smoothing with her taper fingers the silken plumage of her merlin, and addressing to it those terms of endearment which ladies of the "olden time" were accustomed to bestow on their feathered favourites, while the beautiful bird arched her neck, half expanded her glossy wings, shook the silver bells attached to her feet, and looked up into her lady's face with an eye almost as bright as her own.

The noble company were soon assembled within the arbours—the master of the sport (according to ancient usage) sounded three long notes on his horn, the signal for rousing the game. The stag-hounds were uncoupled, the raches were unloosed,—the first noble stag bounded past; while the forest rung with the bugles of the hunters, the tinkling of the bridle bells, the deep bay of the stag-hounds, and the shouts of the joyful company. Lady Jane was among the last who joined in the pursuit, and many a knight lingered near her bridle rein; but the inspiring ardour of the chase prevailed over gallantry, and she was, ere long, left behind. The lady turned toward the proud towers she had quitted, and again caressed her merlin; then swiftly untwisting the silken thread, termed the *creance*, which secured the bird from escaping, threw it off her hand. The merlin, joyful of her newly acquired liberty, wheeled playfully round her mistress's head, and then darting upward was lost in the blaze of morning.

The lady seemed, in thought, to follow her flight; she again gazed earnestly on the fair towers of Windsor, and with flushed cheek and gentle smile, struck into the forest.

The sun had nearly attained his height, and the noble company, wearied with their animating but fatiguing sport, were, one by one, returning, when a young man, in the garb of a forester, threw himself at the feet of one of

the oaks, and began warbling to himself a wild ballad.

O! my lady is like the blossom white,
That telleth rude winter's gona by;
And my lady is like the star of the night,
That first peepeth forth on high;
And my lady's like thee, fair morning light,
Flashing clear from the eastern sky.
For the whitethorn bloometh more sweet to see
On her leafless branch than on lordly tree;
And when day has fled from the coming night,
Then peepeth eve's star with her gentle light,
And the bright beam of morning more gladly falls
On prison towers than on lordly halls.

"Good morning, young forester," said Pierce, the yeoman of the king's bow, advancing from the opposite thicket, "truly ye can sing a merry lay in the greenwood as well as draw a good bow; we feared ye had been a ghost, for ye vanished so suddenly—only ghosts walk not by daylight."

The young man arose,—there was a flush of agitation, it might be alarm, on his cheek, and he turned away.

"Nay, ye shall not go hence, young forester, until ye try a shot with me," cried Pierce, seizing him with no gentle grasp; "for, saints preserve us," added he, "never was stag so fairly brought down; and my Lord Somerset, and Lord Rivers, and all, so praised ye. I'll seek him out, said I to Wat Haberslaw, and try a shot with him for love; so come, young master, let's try."

"What did you say of Lord Somerset?" said the young forester eagerly.

"Why that he never saw a hart of greece struck so fairly between the horns, and ye full four-score paces off.—Pierce, saith my Lord Somerset, tell that young forester, if he will take livery of me, he shall have eight marks by the year, a coat of Lincoln green every mid-summer, a gallon of ale by the day, and vert and venison to boot. So up, young man, and let me see if 'twas good archery, or good luck, that brought down the hart of greece."

The young forester, though apparently not greatly pleased with his new associate, could not decline his challenge. He listlessly took up the bow that lay beside him, selected his arrow, and drew his bow-string with the air of a person occupied with far different thoughts. Not so Pierce; he turned up his sleeves, fringed his arrows, and paced backwards and forwards impatiently.

"Now my good master can'st thou hit the mark on yon old oak, just beyond those elm trees!"

The young man drew his bow with a steady hand, and the arrow struck the mark.

"A plague on thee!" cried Pierce angrily—"could ye not wait till we had wagered somewhat? Where were you born and bred?"

"In the north," answered the young forester, proudly; but ye need not complain, ye would but have lost your wager."

"We'll try once again," resumed Pierce; "I'll shoot first, and if you shoot beyond me ye shall take this good brass bugle, that for twenty years hath made Windsor Forest ring again; and, if I win, I will have that gold, or rather that parcel-gilt brooch in your bonnet."

The young man took off his cap, and seemed to look with surprise, not unmixed with vexation, at the brooch that fastened the silken band.

"Ye shall have my bow and arrows," said he.

"Nay, nay, young forester," replied Pierce, "I have bows and arrows enow; if I win, the brooch for me; but, alack! I may rather say farewell to my good brass bugle, for ye seem to have the true craft of archery. Ye look at the mark instead of the arrow."

Again the two archers prepared. Pierce's arrow sung through the air, and struck just beside that of the young forester's.

"Now, my fair master," said the well-pleased yeoman, "shoot beyond, or put in your shaft right atween these two, and I'll say ye're worthy Robin Hood himself."

With greater care than before did the young forester prepare for the trial; he cautiously measured the distance with his eye, and drew the bow-string close to his ear; at this moment the shrill sound of a silver whistle was heard.

"There's sore work," said Pierce; "some of our ladies have lost their merlins; St. Hubert grant it may not be my Lady Jane."

Again and again the silver whistle sounded; at the last sound the young forester looked anxiously around, while the arrow, pointed with so much skill, flew wide of the mark, and was lost among the neighbouring bushes.

"Your brooch, my fair north-country archer," cried Pierce, joyfully. "What! in Charnwood and Sherwood, will a hawk's whistle spoil your archery?"

"Pierce," called a voice from the opposite thicket, "my Lady Jane hath utterly lost her merlin—Lord Somerset is sorely displeased—seek about for her."

"Alack, that beautiful bird! exclaimed

Pierce. "Did I not say, when my Lady Jane passed this morning, that if she let her fly with this high wind, ten to one if she might reclaim her."

"Go," continued he, addressing the last speaker, "go instantly to the keep; she was trained there by Ralph, the constable's falconer—the wild haggard! A hawk's bell to an earl's baldric if she may not be sitting on the battlements. Off! I'll follow thee."

Pierce turned to where the young forester had been standing, but he had vanished.

"Saints preserve us!" cried the bold yeoman, "this archer playeth at hide and seek, like Robin Goodfellow on a misty night. Truly, unless I know somewhat more of him, I shall scarce like to wear his brooch."

Another glance at the richly chased gold brooch, which the half-affrighted archer still held in his hand, determined him, notwithstanding the mysterious disappearance of the forester, to retain it, as a token of his mastery.

"I will keep it in my pouch till after dinner," said he, "and then I'll make them all guess where I found it."

So saying the bold yeoman set off to join the ineffectual pursuit after Lady Jane's merlin. The lady seemed to bear the loss of her favourite with so much composure that not a few of her kind companions hinted, with arch smiles, that she, perhaps, was better acquainted with its place of concealment than any one else in the castle; while her father, offering great largess to any one who should bring it back, joined himself in the search, with the dissatisfied air of a man who has just discovered some mystery which he is unable to fathom.

Day passed away, and while the parti-coloured light streamed with increasing brilliancy through the richly emblazoned windows of the hall, as the shadows of evening deepened—and while the fitful sound of music and merriment bore witness to the prolonged revelry of the fair and noble company—Pierce, cursing the ill fortune that prevented him from longer partaking the boisterous mirth of the buttery took his way to the forest to inspect the toils placed for the deer in readiness against the morrow's sport, and to see that the young yeomen-prickers were at their duty. Although twilight yet lingered, and the rising moon yet more dispelled the shadows, still the combined influence of the deep potations he had taken, and the tales of wild marvels which he had

heard, caused the good yeoman to advance with hesitating footsteps, and looks of anxious caution.

"Good Pierce," said a voice, which he recognised as that of the king of the minstrels, "look about, and tell me if thou canst see aught of that strange minstrel who played here last night. Our lady! would I might catch him, I would soon know to what craft he belonged, and cudgel him soundly to boot. 'We'll have no minstrelsy to-night,' said the regent, 'Amelot will not do after him we heard last night'—and I had got Syr Lybeus Disconius by heart; and a marvellous sweet ballad, made by Master Lydgate, concerning Sir Hector of Troy; and they would not hear me! Look!—there he goes."

Pierce saw a shadow glide along the trees, but he could not distinguish the form.

"That's he," continued Amelot, "I saw him before farther down yon green alley, and he was singing, too; and then I heard his voice over yonder."

"I tell thee, good Amelot," returned Pierce, "I like not such slippery beings; by daylight, truly, I care not who I meet; but I love not chasing goblins by moonlight. If this minstrel were some knight in disguise, as ye think, would he not go boldly to the castle, and pray admittance, instead, of wandering about like a deer-stalker? What if he should have come from the dead, like the black knight who ran three courses in the tournament, as father Gregory tells us? And mind ye not Giles of Maxloe, who was found on the morrow of Candlemas, half-drowned among the rushes at Datchet, because he followed a goblin-hunter."

"I would soon find out an he were goblin or mortal, could I catch him," replied the irritated king of the minstrels.

"Then I would ye could watch here for me," said Pierce. "O! a merry life is the hunter's when the sun's up, the dews drying, and the hounds are in cry, and the stag flying so gallantly before him! but, methinks, he needs another draught of ale and another pottle of charnecco, to lie watching the game when all good christians are asleep, and goblins and night mares, and things belonging neither to heaven or hell, are abroad. So, good Amelot, bid Adam of the buttery-hatch send Hugh with a pottle of charnecco to keep up my courage; and if there was a clove or two, and a race of ginger in it, 'twould be nought the worse; but be sure to tell Hugh not to shout or

sing; but tread as softly as in a lady's bower—for two brave harts of greece are harboured in yon cover."

The king of the minstrels 'duly performed his kind embassy, and Adam of the buttery-hatch, sympathising with the night fears of the bold yeoman, sent him a pottle of such insprising and cordial liquor, that, bidding defiance to all spirits who walk by moonlight, he threw himself on a bank of fern, and laying a sprig of witch-elm under his head, and repeating his night-spell as well as he was able, he stretched himself along, and soon fell asleep.

The fresh breeze that springs up just before dawn, rustling among the branches, ere long aroused the bold yeoman; a faint sound of music struck on his ear, and he looked anxiously around. In the gray and misty light, every object took an uncertain and mysterious form,—the branches seemed wreathed into strange fantastic shapes, and as they swayed across the pathway, in the breeze of the morning, the imagination might easily conjure up figures of ghost, goblin, and faery, fleeting away to their infernal prison, before the sprite-dispersing crow of the cock.—Pierce sat up and looked wildly around, while a strange wild melody, unlike any which he had been accustomed to hear, seemed to proceed from the thicket behind him. The voice drew nearer, and now he distinguished the following words:—

Hence, fair merlin! the morning gray
Is reddening fast,—away! away!
Thou spreadest thy glossy wings with glee,—
Art tired with thy short captivity?
Fair bird, full little thou knowest I trow,
Of hope long delayed, and the sorrow and woe
Of long years of durance,—yet all their pain
Have been turned to joy by my Lady Jane.

Hie thee, fair merlin,—away! away!
Tell my lady I bless that morn of May
When with fiery footstep, so light and free,
And clothed in beauty's regality,
She met my view like the dawning light,
Turning my prison to a palace bright;
And waking my heart to many a strain
Of gladness, in honour of Lady Jane.

Away, gentle bird,—away! away!
Tell my lady, though far from my realm I stray,
Though I may not in battle, or tournay, dare
To set lance in rest, for my lady fair,
Though, like phantom, I wander, her charms to see,
Yet, such is her magic witcherie,
That I bless my prison, and kiss my chain,
A joyful captive to Lady Jane.

Now hence, fair merlin.—away! away!
Tell my lady dark clouds cannot long delay
The welcome night of the jocund day,—
That wintry storms may not blast the spring,—
That heaven will, ere long, some bright change bring.
But vain were the warrior's high renown,
The minstrel's fame, or the monarch's crown;
And pomp, and honours, and joyance, all vain,
Without the sweet smile of my Lady Jane.

As the wild lay concluded, Pierce, in an agony of terror, pulled aside the branches of

the shrubs behind, and perceived the young forester, whose mysterious disappearance, the day before had so excited his astonishment, leaning against a tree, with Lady Jane's own merlin on his finger; his forester's frock was unbuttoned, and a glittering baldric was partially visible beneath, while a richly-chased golden bugle was suspended by its silken bands from his wrist. "St. Withold, who quelled the nightmare!" murmured Pierce, shuddering with horror, "he is, indeed, no mortal man!" and tales of the wild huntsman fated to pursue his sport till doomsday,—of the bold archer so treacherously slain in the greenwood, whose spirit yet haunts the scenes once so dear to him,—of the faery king with his golden bugle, the strange witchery of whose mellow tones no mortal may resist,—all rushed overpoweringly on the mind of the terrified yeoman. "It is the king of the faeries, and he loves the fairest blossom in the towers of Windsor; the merlin knows him too,—a faery doubtless. Alas! there he stands with his magic horn, and his strange singing about realms, and crowns, and phantoms. Sweet lady, protect me!" ejaculated the poor yeoman with clasped hands; and with a violent effort he turned away. The rustling noise of the branches aroused the mysterious stranger, and he sprang forward. Pierce, in a paroxysm of terror (for he who is discovered intruding on a faery's haunt must die), buried himself among the fern, scarcely daring to draw his breath. The flutter of the merlin's wings, as though preparing for flight, and the tinkle of her silver bells, struck on his well-practised ear; but he raised not his head. Commending himself to our lady and St. Hubert, the terrified yeoman lay panting with terror, until the joyful crow of the cock, and the glad song of the lark, gave signal that all spirits had fled: then, like the bold moss-trooper of Branksome, springing up,

"He jored to see that morning light,
And sang Ave Mary as well as he might."

The merry sounds of the horn, the full cry of the hounds, the loud shout and joyous halloo, again echoed through the green alleys of Windsor forest, as knight, and noble, and fair lady pursued their witching pastime; while, with light heart and gay smile, the Lady Jane, her fugitive merlin again seated proudly on her broided glove, took her way to the greenwood.

"Good Pierce, what has come to thee?" said the king of the minstrels, looking with surpris

on the pale and haggard looks of the bold yeoman.

"Saints protect all hunters," said Pierce, devoutly crossing himself; "ye know not what I have seen, nor heard, either. Alack, the strange minstrel, and strange forester, are both the same person, and we are bewitched, or alike be, for he is the king of the faeries!"

"Our lady!" exclaimed the king of the minstrels, crossing himself also, nothing doubting the veritable existence of the monarch of faery-land; "but, good Pierce, how did ye know it was he?—had he his golden hunting horn slung about his neck?"

"Ay, marry, he had the gold bugle on one wrist, and Lady Jane's merlin on the other; and now I bethink me, when yesterday I wanted to try a shot at the pricks with him, he seemed strangely unwilling, and yet I would; and then, moreover, I must take his brooch out of his cap, which is all the same as though I had sold myself to the devil."

"What have ye done with it?"

"Alack, here it is; I'll throw it into the brook as we pass, and get father Gregory to shrive me; for all the saints well wot, that had I thought him the king of the faeries, I had fled away from him as fast as yon stag from the hounds, of a bevy of quails from a falcon."

"This is not faery gold," said the king of the minstrels, turning the brooch about and narrowly examining it, "'tis a brooch fit for a prince, and marvellously chased and graven."

"Pierce!" said a commanding voice, while the poor yeoman dared not turn his head, lest he should meet the withering glance of the king of the faeries. "Up, Pierce! doff your bonnet," continued Amclot, "'tis my lord the Regent."

"O! my lord Duke," said Pierce, looking bewildered around him, "twenty years have I ranged this forest, but never before saw what I did last night; alack! no wonder evil spirits should have power over me, for I have taken feary gold."

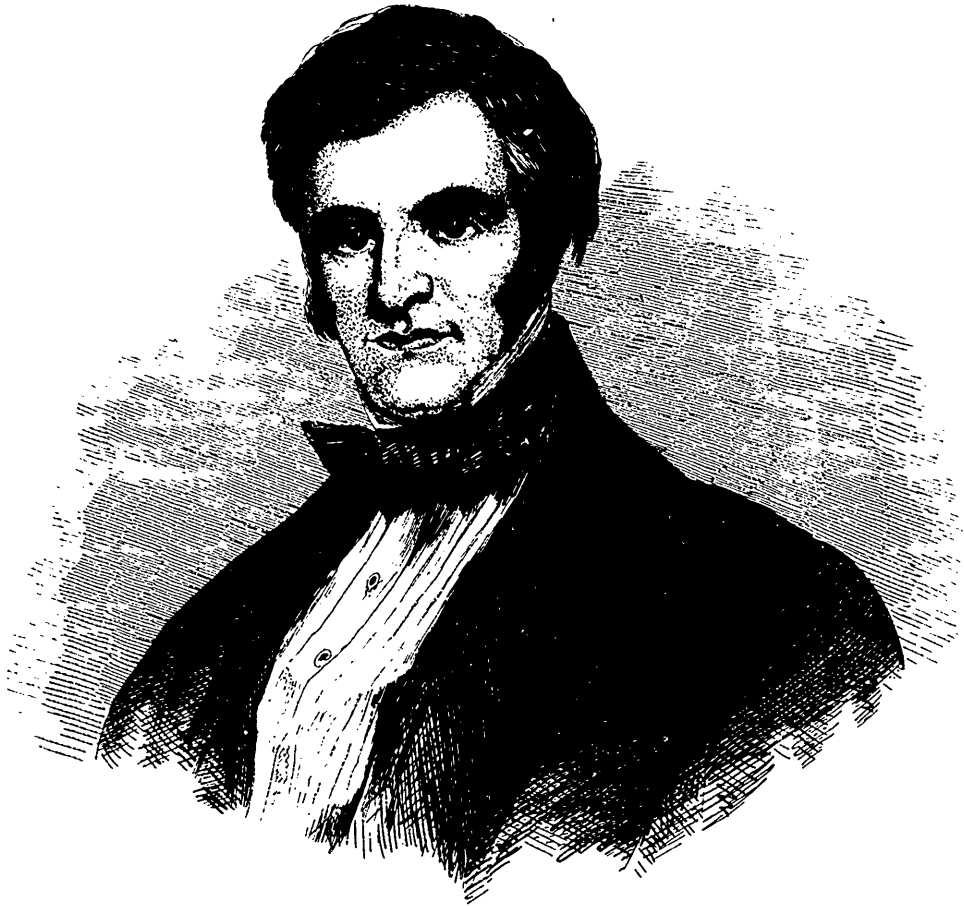
The duke took the brooch, and he examined it with evident marks of surprise, and listened with attention to the bewildering account of the poor yeoman's trial of skill with the forester; his subsequent encounter at daybreak; his mysterious possession of Lady Jane's merlin, "which," said Pierce, "I well knew to belong to my lady from the length of her train, and her speckled wings, and her Milan bells sounded

with silver;"—and then the wild ballad about realms, and crowns, and phantoms, which seemed to him irrefragable evidence of the singer being no less important a personage than the king of faery-land.

"Comfort yourself, by good yeoman," said the Duke of Glo'ster; "the king of the faeries shall no longer affright my bold foresters; I know a strong spell to exorcise him, and he shall no longer walk there by moonlight."

The duke returned to the castle, and summoned the constable of the keep before him. A messenger was dispatched to the Earl of Somerset, while the noble company, who ere long assembled in the great hall, weary and hungry with the gay sports of the morning, cast many an anxious look toward the door at the upper end, impatiently anticipating the entrance of the Regent, and the welcome signals of dinner. And many anxious surmises, and many mysterious whispers, circulated among the noble company; and many a look of suspicion, not unmixed with concern, was glanced on the fair Lady Jane, who, with her beautiful merlin still sitting on her wrist, stood alone in the recess of one of the richly-embazoned windows, her eyes mournfully cast up to the keep, and the tumult of her mind too plainly visible in the changing colours of her cheek. At length the Regent appeared, surrounded by his nobles, and, followed by a long train of knights, esquires, and yeomen, took his seat beneath the cloth of estate. "Come forward, my fair Lady Jane," said he, with an arch smile, "and tell me how ye recovered your merlin!" The lady stood before her uncle, her eyes fixed on the ground; while the Regent stooping, as though to caress the fair bird, suddenly broke the silken thread that secured her, and she quitted her lady's hand, and alighted on the wrist of a young man standing behind.

"O, my fair cousin Jane!" exclaimed the Regent, laughingly, beckoning the young man forward; "commend me to your merlin's fidelity, rather than to her secrecy, for she hath discovered all. My lords," continued the Regent, "we have for many years here kept in durance a young and royal prisoner, who hath sought to beguile his long captivity by love for our fair cousin Jane. I have discovered that depending on his knightly honour, our constable of the keep hath oftentimes permitted him to go forth in disguise, and wander in the forest.



THE HON. FRANCIS HINCKS.

Maclear & Co. Ltd. Toronto.

Great ransom hath been long offered for him; then what say ye, my noble lords and counsellors, if King James of Scotland return in freedom to his kingdom, while, to secure his good faith and brotherly love towards us, we place him in the gentle custody of my Lady Jane?"

"And truly, my good king of the minstrels," said Pierce, the morning that witnessed James of Scotland's final farewell to the princely towers of Windsor, to receive the hand of Lady Jane, and take possession of his kingdom; "yes, truly, Master Amelot, I was not wholly wrong, for though I did not, indeed, meet the king of the faeries, yet that forester was a king. I thank the saints that I did not throw his goodly brooch into the river. I'll wear it in my bonnet right proudly, for few yeomen, beside Robin Hood, can boast they have challenged a king; and when we sit round the fire at Christmas, and drain the wassail bowl, and tell old stories, methinks I shall tell as good a one as any of ye, for it shall be about King James of Scotland and my LADY JANE'S MERLIN."

THE HONOURABLE FRANCIS HINCKS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

We some time ago announced our intention of giving occasionally illustrations of notable personages connected with the History of Canada, and in accordance with our plan, several portraits have appeared. This month, our design is continued—the Portrait of the Hon. F. Hincks—and hope to present these illustrations with more regularity than we have hitherto done.

The following memoir of Mr. Hincks is copied, with a few unimportant alterations, from the Illustrated Magazine of Art:—

"This gentleman, to whose enlightened mind and patriotic spirit, Canada is so deeply indebted, is the fifth and youngest son of Dr. Hincks, of the family of Hincks, of Breckenbrough in Yorkshire, which traces its origin to William Hincks, an alderman of Chester in 1641. Dr. Hincks, who settled in Cork in 1791, was an active member of the various benevolent societies in that city. He was minister of the Princess Street, Presbyterian congregation, and secretary of the Cork Institution; and was also distinguished for his success in the instruction of youth, several educational works that he published having had a large circulation, and many of his pupils have risen to eminence in

their respective professions. In addition to the ordinary branches of school education, he gave lectures on natural philosophy, chemistry, and natural history; which were open to others as well as his immediate pupils, and which led to the establishment of the Cork Institution, of which he may be regarded as the founder. In January 1815, he removed to Fermoy, in consequence of obtaining the mastership of the classical school there founded, by John Anderson, Esq.; and in July 1821, to Belfast, having been elected head classical master and professor of Hebrew in the Royal Institution of that city.

Edward, the eldest son of Dr. Hincks, obtained a fellowship in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1813, and is now rector of Killyleagh, a college living which was formerly of considerable value. He is the author of several papers in the transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, on subjects connected with Egyptian, Persian, and Assyrian archæology. In the two latter, his discoveries have attracted much attention, in connection with those of Col. Rawlinson, the same results having, in several instances, been obtained almost simultaneously, by the one at Killyleagh, and by the other at Bagdad. He was the first to determine the forms and values of the Assyrian numerals, from an examination of ancient inscriptions at Van; an account of which was published in the journal of the Asiatic Society.

The second son, William, is distinguished as a naturalist; he was the first professor of natural history in Queen's College, Cork, and has for the past year or two, held a similar situation in the University of Toronto.

The third son, Thomas, has been curate of Belfast, and is the Prebendary of Cairne Castle; he has the character of being one of the most active and efficient clergymen of the Established Church of Ireland.

Francis, the subject of the present notice, commenced his education under his father, at Fermoy, and continued it in the classical and mathematical school of the Belfast Institution, then presided over by Dr. James Thompson, afterwards professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow. In the month of November, 1822, he entered the collegiate department of the Institution, and attended the Logic and Belles Lettres, and the Greek and Latin classes during the winter session. But in May, 1823, he expressed a desire to be a merchant, and it was finally arranged that he should be articled

for five years to the house of John Martin and Co., previously to which, however, he had three or four months jaitiation into business habits in the office of his father's friend, Samuel Bruce, Esq., notary public and agent. The period for which he was articled terminated in October, 1828, but he continued with the firm until the beginning of 1830, when he sailed to the West Indies as supercargo of one of Messrs. Martin and Co's. vessels. He visited Jamaica, Barbadoes, Trinidad, and Demerara, but not meeting with an inducement to settle in any of these colonies, he agreed to accompany a Canadian gentleman, whom he met at Barbadoes, to Canada, and proceeded to Montreal and Toronto, his object being to ascertain the nature of Canadian commerce and business. Having gleaned the information he desired, he returned to Belfast in 1831. In the following summer, having determined to settle in Canada, he married the second daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq., linen merchant of Belfast; and soon after sailed to New York and proceeded to Toronto, where he became the tenant of a house and store belonging to and adjoining the residence of Mr. Baldwin, who had emigrated from Cork several years previously. From him, Mr. and Mrs. Hincks and their youthful family received attentions and services, of which, Mr. Hincks often speaks with grateful recollection. He soon obtained a high reputation for knowledge of business, and when Mr. Mackenzie attacked Mr. Merritt and others respecting the Welland Canal, and obtained a parliamentary investigation, he was chosen, with another merchant, to examine the accounts. He was also appointed secretary to the Mutual Insurance Company, and cashier to a new Banking Company.

On the appointment of Lord Durham to the Government of Canada, Mr. Hincks commenced the *Examiner* newspaper, in the editorship of which he displayed such remarkable vigor and talent, that he was invited to become a candidate for the representation of the County of Oxford in the first Parliament held after the union of the Upper and Lower Provinces. The election was held in March, 1841, when Mr. Hincks was returned by a majority of thirty-one over his opponent, a gentleman named Carroll. Shortly after his election, he was appointed by Sir Charles Bagot, Inspector General of Finances, and was obliged, in consequence, to vacate his seat and return for re-election. He was opposed by John Armstrong, Esq., who abandoned the contest at noon on the third day, Mr. Hincks

having a majority of 218. When Lord Metenlf dissolved the Canadian Parliament in 1844, Mr. Hincks was defeated, his opponents being Robt. Riddell, Esq., who was returned by a majority of twenty over Mr. Hincks, and the Hon. Thos. Parke, who did not go to the poll. In 1848, however, he was again elected by the large majority of 335 over his old opponent, Mr. Carroll. Having for the second time accepted the office of Inspector General of Finances under the administration of his first friend in Canada, he was re-elected without opposition.

Upon the reconstruction of the Ministry, consequent on the retirement of Mr. Baldwin, owing to his impaired health, Mr. Hincks was, through the strong expression of public opinion, named Prime Minister by the Governor General, and he has, until lately, held that post with distinguished honour, and with the confidence and respect of all the good men of every political denomination in Canada. Nor is this a higher meed than he deserves; for it is mainly to his financial ability, his enlarged views as a politician, his great practical knowledge of what is conducive to the material interests of Canada, and his tact and experience as a parliamentary debater, that the Province occupies its present position, and has before it the brilliant prospects that are constantly opening up.

When Mr. Hincks visited England in 1852, he had the honor of being presented to the Queen, who received him with much courtesy.

On his return to Canada, he was elected to represent the County of Oxford for the fifth time, by a majority of seventy-nine over his opponent, John G. Vansittart, Esq. Mr. Shensstone, Clerk and Census Commissioner of the County of Oxford, has, in his "Oxford Gazetteer," borne powerful testimony to the value of Mr. Hincks's patriotic and praiseworthy exertions. In dedicating his useful work to that gentleman, he says: "I find that the first municipal act, giving to the people great powers; the amendment of it, whereby these powers were greatly increased; the establishment of township councils; the new elective law, whereby a poll is opened in each township; the amendment of the elective act, whereby sheriffs are *ex officio* returning officers, and township clerks *ex officio* deputy returning officers; the division court act, the assessment act, the new jury act, the new post-office act, and cheap postage—all of them date their existence from the time of your first election to represent this County, and in all of them your masterly hand

is unmistakably discerned. In addition to these inestimable and invaluable blessings, enjoyed, in common with us of this County, by the whole Province, I may add that, although the Great Western Railroad and the London and Hamilton Plank and Gravel Road had long been in contemplation, and repeated unsuccessful attempts had been made to forward them before your election, it required your information, energy, and perseverance to complete the one and place the other in its present prosperous and promising condition." It was he, too, who first appreciated the necessity of a great system of railways throughout the Province; and it is to him that the credit of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada in its present extended proportions is due. Happy, indeed, would every colony of Britain be, if its councils were directed by a Minister as patriotic and as enlightened as Francis Hincks!

A DAY AT HAMPTON COURT.*

Of all the palaces in the Old World, there is not one so rarely rich in historic interest as this glorious structure which Cardinal Wolsey built and gave away!

"Why are you building a palace so much more splendid than any of mine?" his jolly old master, Henry the Eighth, inquired of the Lord Chancellor.

"To make it a present to your majesty," was the ready and wily answer of the ambitious Wolsey.

It stands on the Thames, twelve miles out of London, and is the great resort of the public, for whose pleasure the grounds and halls and galleries of art are now freely thrown open. Its history I shall give as I go on with the chapter.

It was Friday morning when I rode out there. Not the pleasantest morning I could wish, but the only day I could command before leaving the city; and if I did not see the palace now, I never should. I must not pause to speak of the many classic spots I passed in that morning ride: the haunts of Pope, of Thomson, of Gay, of Cowley, of Oliver Cromwell, and a host of others, known in their country's story. I reached the palace about eleven, and was surprised to find myself alone on the ground. The armed sentinels were pacing the great doorways, which were open as if an army as well as a single traveller might enter, but I was speedily

summoned to stand. "There is no admission here to-day: it is Friday."

This was a blow to my hopes, and I asked if the rule was inflexible. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "there's a great many comes here Fridays who don't know the rule, but they never gets in: they try to hire somebody to show them the apartments, but the porters is all gone, and there's nobody to show them. You can't get in at all."

Here was a dead failure. A ride of twelve miles to see a royal palace, and any one of my guide-books would have told me it was closed on Fridays, but thoughtlessly I had come on the only day when it was shut, and the only day I had to spare before leaving. I was more than disappointed—vexed at my own dullness, and made resolutions not to be so careless in future. The gardens were open, and I walked among the beds of flowers, and under the bowers of beauty, graveled and shaded walks a mile in a straight line, and lakes with gold-fish and sparkling fountains on either hand; but even these, more luxuriant and paradise-like than I had ever seen, seemed but to aggravate my disappointment. I sat down in an antique chair in a lovely nook, and promised myself not to mention my visit to Hampton Court to any of my friends. Several parties had been out to see it, and returned home with glowing descriptions, and now I had come alone, and was to return as I came. A thought struck me. Finding a servant on the grounds, I asked if there was a gentleman any where who had any connection with the palace, to whom I could apply for some information. He led me to a door, and gave me the gentleman's name. I called upon him: sent him my card: he invited me in, and received me courteously. I told him I was ashamed to say I had come on a fool's errand: carelessly had visited Hampton Court on Friday, and must now return to America without seeing it, unless I could find access to-day. He said that during his residence there he had never known of the apartments being opened except on the appointed days: that crowds, varying from 500 to 6000, were there daily, and sometimes 15,000 had visited it in a single day: and on Friday the doors were never opened; *but*—and then I began to hope—but, said he, "it would give me great pleasure to walk with you through the palace: the porters are all away, but if I can get the keys we will be our own porters, and take our own time."

* From "Travels in Europe and the East," by Samuel Fenwick Prime. Harper, Brothers, New York.

And he soon found the keys ; and we mounted the king's staircase and entered the halls of Henry the Eighth.

The story of Wolsey, the Prime Minister of Henry VIII., is familiar to every youthful reader. And it should be. His life is the grandest lesson for statesmen, and indeed for all mankind, the English history presents. By rapid strides he rose from obscurity to be more powerful, more wealthy, and far more luxurious than his monarch ; and then he fell like Lucifer, and perished miserably, by poison, to escape the shame of the scaffold. In the days of his greatness he resolved to make a palace of unrivaled glory. He called on foreign and domestic doctors to select the healthiest and the fairest spot in the vicinity of London, and this being chosen, he bought up thousands of the surrounding acres, and converted them into parks, and gardens, and hunting grounds. He lavished untold sums of gold in building a house that covers eight acres of ground, with apartments to lodge and entertain some thousands of guests ; and these he embellished with the most costly paintings, and every luxury that the wit of man could suggest or a voluptuous imagination conceive. The records of the revelings that once made these halls jocund for successive months, appear like romance to us who live in days when vice is less public, if not less common than in the times of our ancestors. The king accepted the present of the palace in 1530, and here he set up his royal residence, and right regally he held sway in these now peaceful courts. I have just been in the Chapel Royal, where successive monarchs have heard prayers. Here Edward VI. was baptized, with Archbishop Cranmer for godfather. Here Jane Seymour, his mother, died a few days afterward ; and here the many-wived Henry VIII., having disposed in various ways of five, was married to Lady Catharine Parr. Here, too, James the First presided at the famous conference between the Presbyterian and the Established Church, and out of that conference grew our present translation of the English Bible. Queen Anne, his wife, died here. Charles I. was monarch, and Cromwell was master after him, and here celebrated the nuptials of his daughter. After the restoration, successive sovereigns resided here ; but I will not weary you with the history. William III. adorned the palace and made extensive improvements, and there are monuments of his taste on every hand. But what is now

the use to which it is all applied ? The state apartments embrace a series of magnificent rooms in the central palace, a quadrangle with a fountain court in the centre. Here is the Guard Chamber, the King's Presence Chamber, the Audience Chamber, the King's Drawing-room, the King's Bedroom, the Queen's Bedroom, the Queen's Drawing-room, the Queen's Audience Chamber, the Great Hall, hung with the most remarkable tapestries and emblematical flags. These, and many other apartments I have not named, are now hung with paintings all but innumerable, by the most illustrious masters, making galleries of priceless value : portraits, of the most distinguished men and the most beautiful women, in the costume of the times in which they lived, on many of which I could descant at any length ; but in such a wilderness of paint, I know not where to begin.— I could more easily recite the great men whose portraits are not here.

I was hastening on, lest I should be trespassing on my kind friend's courtesy, but he insisted on my proceeding leisurely, and studying all that I wished to master. And there we enjoyed the silence and solemn quiet of those old halls, looking upon the faces of men and women that had once shone in those very courts. One chamber contains all the frail beauties of the licentious court of Charles II. Another is filled with scenes from Holy Writ, making strange contrasts now, as of olden time ; here is the portrait of a little man, Sir Jeffrey Hudson, who was so very small that, at a feast given to Charles I., he was actually served up alive in a cold pie ; and then we have a full length portrait of a man seven feet two inches high. Philosophers, poets, and painters, kings, queens, and statesmen, priests and people, are here in endless ranks.— It was so much better to be alone in this study than in the midst of a crowd, and my guide was so familiar with the pictures, that he enlivened the hours with anecdotes new and entertaining, and I was not unwilling to give him one or two in return. And when we had at last completed the circuit, he sent for the keys of the old kitchens, unused for two hundred years, where the cardinal's feasts were prepared. The fireplaces were sixteen feet across, and the iron bars still stood in them on which the spits rested to roast the meats before huge fires ; and then we explored the old vaults where the rich wines were stored, and we thought, for a cardinal, Wolsey must have had things quite comfortable.

"And now it is dinner time; come and dine with me," my new friend said to me, as we emerged from the lower regions. And in spite of all my protestations to the contrary, he insisted, and the rest of the day was spent at his hospitable board. We had a good time there too. And was not all this as handsome a specimen of kindness to a stranger, as genuine urbanity and hospitality as you ever met with? I refrain from the mention of his name, for I should offend him if I did not; but I take a pleasure in recording it as not only English, but beautiful, and an incident that I shall cherish when I return to my own land, where such attentions to strangers will never be uncommon, as they are not here. In America, we have thought our English brethren selfish, cold, and disinclined to open their hearts to strangers, especially to those from our country. I have not found it so. A gentleman is always kind. But few are so kind in any land as he was to whom I am indebted for one of my most agreeable days in England.

I inquired at table to what use the scores of apartments in these long wings are put, which we have not yet explored.

"These," he replied, "are all occupied by families of distinction and merit, by the kindness of the government, which thus confers upon them free of rent, a home, when by a reverse of circumstances they are in need of such provision. It sometimes occurs that the widow and children of an officer who has fallen in his country's service are thus made easily comfortable for life by being housed in these grand old halls, where they may live in a style that suits their taste and means, surrounded by elegant grounds, and every thing to please the eye and promote the health, though there is nothing of it all they can call their own."

It is very much the same with the richest and greatest amongst us. What can they have but what they may eat, drink and put on? They may gaze on the parks and fountains, and so may the deer that browse in them, and the beggars that look through the gates. And when they die, there is the end of it. Still it is, doubtless, a fine thing to be the owner of such grounds as these.

And so I returned to the city, musing on what I had seen and felt during the day. I had dined in the palace of the sovereigns of England; had trod the courts where Henry VIII., and Edward VI., and Charles I., and Cromwell, and Charles II., and William III., and others of the royal

line had feasted, and I asked myself, is any one of them happier or higher than if he had never been monarch of England?

It would have been a gratification to go through Buckingham Palace, in the city of London, but it was never convenient to do so when the Queen was absent, and strangers are not admitted when she is at home. The present Queen of England justly enjoys the respect and love of her subjects. All classes speak in equal terms of loyal attachment. Well they may. As a monarch, as a wife and mother, her example is worthy of the high station she adorns, and that example of social virtue is felt in all the circles of private life, from the Court to the humblest hamlet in the land. "God save the Queen," and spare her long to reign over her willing and faithful people.

VIENNA.*

A better specimen of "confusion unconfused" you will never find in the way of a city than in this Vienna. From the vicinity of St. Stephen's, the streets are supposed to radiate in all directions, and the lofty tower of this cathedral is the beacon by which you may regulate your steps in almost any part of the town of 400,000 inhabitants. Its palaces of the emperor and princes, who rival in the extent and magnificence of their residences; its bastions converted into promenades, and furnished with cafés and gardens for the pleasure of the people; its Prater, which is a poor attempt to be what Hyde Park is to London, or the Bois de Boulogne to Paris, all give Vienna decidedly a brilliant appearance, though the people are the least lively of any of the Germans. Business is dull. Prices are high. People are suspicious. The government is hated. The police is insolent. Virtue is rare. Vice is rampant. Corruption, public and private, social and domestic, prevails to such a degree that all the foundations of society are out of place. Every thing is rotten in Austria,

The German name of Vienna is *Wien*, from a dirty little stream that crawls through the city into the Danube, two miles off. Strange that so foul a place has so much beauty. Some of the streets are narrow, but others are wide and handsomely built; some of the houses large enough to accommodate three or four hundred

* From "Travels in Europe and the East," by Samuel I. Prime.

persons, and one or two are so large that two thousand people live in them, families taking suites of rooms as they do in Scotland. Sometimes the street leads underground, or at least under arches, and for a long distance you are out of sight of the houses, and wondering where you are coming to, but you emerge again into the wilderness of brick and mortar. As our hotel was near the Cathedral, we were fond of terminating all our rambles there, and studying in its cool and silent, though gloomy walls, the sculpture, of richness rarely surpassed, and the great windows of stained glass, one of them a wheel of exceeding beauty; the pulpit of carved stone most exquisitely wrought, and the monument of Frederick III., on which no less than two hundred and forty figures and forty coats of arms have been cut, with Frederick's device of the five Roman vowels, A, E, I, O, U, which are interpreted to read, "Austria Est Imperare Orbi Universo"—"*It is for Austria to rule the world:*" a prediction not very likely to be fulfilled. The tower of this cathedral rises 465 feet, and has a bell weighing 35,400 pounds, with a clapper of 1400. The bell was made of 180 Turkish cannon. In the clock-room stands a watchman, furnished with a telescope and a chart of the city, so perfect that, when he sees a fire, he can determine in what street and number it is. Instantly he puts it upon paper, drops it to the ground in a hollow ball provided for the purpose, and a runner is despatched to the fire department. Underneath the cathedral are vast catacombs filled with dead bodies, but they are no longer open to the curious.

I went to the Church of the Capuchins, to visit the royal mausoleum. A monk took a torch in his hand, and led us down into the vaults beneath the church, where some seventy or eighty coffins, the narrow houses of emperors and empresses and princes, lie side by side. Here lies Maria Theresa, who, for thirteen years after the death of her husband Francis, came every day to mourn by his coffin, till death permitted her to lie by his side. Here is the mortal part of Maria Louisa, and the Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I. What a throng of emotions crowd on the mind in the midst of such remains! What a line of hereditary grandeur and power has had its end in these cellars! The most of these coffins contain the ashes of whom few can remember more than they once had a place in the list of royalty, and now they are no better than the common herd,

heaped by thousands into the catacombs of the cathedral. The old Capuchin monk would hold his torch over each coffin to which he came, and mumble a few words of history, passing on to another, and hastening through the service, which he had performed a hundred times, and was tired of it.

On Sunday we walked out to St. Charles Burmeo. Workmen were busy driving piles in the river, but the shops were generally shut; so that it seemed as if the people were disposed to suspend business on the Sabbath, but the government keeps it going. We found the church, a magnificent structure, rich with silver and gold, with all the ornament of painting and sculpture, and the blazonry of the most superb embellishment of any church in Vienna, crowded with worshippers, apparently very devout.—At various altars in side chapels, priests were saying masses; and one group, a father and four children, seeking the repose of the soul of a wife and mother, attracted my attention, and awakened sad interest, as, with tearful affection they looked on and joined in the senseless ceremony. From the far-away orchestra came a burst of music that thrilled me, and as I thought, the vast assembly. Rarely have I seen females in the choir of a Romish church; but here were four women with exquisite voices, and as many male singers. Elaborate and glorious anthems pealed from the great organ; and as I stood behind the pillars of this splendid temple, and felt the power of music stealing into my soul, now stirring the loftiest aspirations as it soared among the stars, and now melting me into tears as the softest and tenderest strains came down into the lowest depths of my being, I had some conception of the part which music may be made to bear in the service of a church which is the mightiest imposition ever practiced upon the ignorance and superstition of man. Around me were many who had all the appearance of being the best born of Vienna. I admire this feature of Romish worship everywhere. The rich and poor meet together before the altar; side by side they kneel and pray; rags touch robes, and soil them sometimes, but all are on a level.

The next day we spent among the pictures and sculptures, the antiquities and other curiosities of Vienna. The Imperial Jewel Office is to be entered, we were told only by ticket to be obtained from some government office; but we found that a few *zwangzijers* were quite as effectual, and even more so, for the grateful porter, dressed like a gentleman, and very in-

telligent, while he left the ticketed crowd to look at the jewels and guess at their names and history, attended us constantly, and gave us all the information we desired. Of the value of the precious stones here gathered I am almost afraid to speak. Here were lying, all unconscious of its worth, as true merit ever seems, the famous diamond weighing 133 carats, which was lost by Charles the Bold in Battle, and when found was sold for a dollar or two. And near it shines another of 2980 carats. But more than all the rest, I admired a bouquet of diamonds, of priceless value, a constellation of brilliants which fairly dazzled the eyes, and when the value was told, tempted a breach of the tenth commandment. Here too was the crown and all the jewels which Napoleon wore when he made himself king of Lombardy; but the jewels are not *real* ones, mere imitations, just as good for show, and nobody could tell the difference without testing them. But there is no sham about the crown of Charlemagne, which was taken from his grave and used for centuries by the Emperors of Germany. Besides these precious stones, these chambers are filled with articles of *virtu*, rare and beautiful, many of great historic interest, and others of such elegant design and workmanship that they would seem to have cost a man his lifetime.

Schonbrun, the country palace of the young Emperor, is finely situated in view of the city and a noble range of hills, the great hunting forest of royalty, where wild boars range unmolested till they are annually chased by the emperor and his suite. Napoleon was here in 1809, and here his son died in the care of his grandfather. In the beautiful garden behind the palace, a German student attempted the life of Napoleon, and was put to death on the spot. Hundreds of people from Vienna, two miles off, are wandering through these grounds, and in the Zoological Gardens adjoining, where a few beasts are caged for the amusement of men. The monkeys in wire houses were evidently German monkeys, not half so lively as the French, whose antics in the Garden of Plants, in Paris, excited peals of applause from delighted multitudes.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM;
OR
SPIRIT RAPPING UNVEILED.

"Incredulity," says Aristotle, "is the foundation of all wisdom." The truth of this asser-
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tion may safely be disputed, and as far as human experience goes, we find it much easier to believe that credulity is the foundation of all folly. A certain extent of credulity, or, more properly, belief, may, indeed, be considered absolutely necessary to the well-being of social communities; for universal scepticism would be universal distrust. Nor could knowledge ever have arrived at its present amazing height, had every intermediate step in the ladder of science, from profound ignorance and slavery of intellect, been disputed with bigotted incredulity. Much, therefore, as we may be inclined to laugh down and ridicule the doctrine of Spiritualism, we would not be doing justice to ourselves or society were we to do so, without devoting to it a certain amount of attention. It was purely on this account that a letter entitled *SPIRITUALISM IN OHIO* appeared in the last two numbers of our Magazine. Some say that this letter was too gross an absurdity to warrant its appearance under any circumstances; but let such be careful lest the charge of "bigotted incredulity" should apply to them. It is not our intention to review this letter, indeed we would hardly be justified in such a proceeding; our design is merely to give our readers our experiences in Spiritualism, and attempt an explanation of the phenomena.

It is a curious task to investigate the gradual development of rational belief, as exhibited in the proportionate disbelief and exposure of those things which, in earlier ages, were considered points of faith, and to doubt which was a dangerous heresy; and how, at first, the arts and sciences were weighed down, and the advantages to be derived from them neutralized, by the fallacies of misconception or fanaticism. We are, in spite of ourselves, the creatures of imagination, and the victims of prejudice, which has been justly called the wrong bias of the soul that effectually keeps it from coming near the path of truth; a task the more difficult to accomplish, since error often bears so near a resemblance to it. Error, indeed, always borrows something of truth, to make her more acceptable to the world, seldom appearing in her naked deformity; and the subtlety of grand deceivers has always been shown in grafting their errors on some material truths.

Many, and even contradictory, causes might be assigned for the constant disposition towards credulity; the mind is prone to believe that for which it most anxiously wishes; difficulties

vanish in *desire*, which thus becomes frequently the main cause of success.

Belief is often granted on trust to such things as are above common comprehension, by some, who would thus flatter themselves with a superiority of judgment; on the other hand, what all around put faith in, the remaining few, from that circumstance, easily believe.

Our attention was first excited on the subject of Spiritualism by hearing of and reading a pamphlet giving an account of the *Mysterious Voices* heard in Rochester, and the Western part of the State of New York, in 1849 '50.

It appears that the sounds were first heard in a small village named Hydesville, Wayne County, during a portion of the years 1846 and 7 by a Mr. Weekman, who states, that one evening about nine o'clock, he heard a rapping on the outside door, but on opening it he saw no one. Soon the noise was repeated, and being again foiled in catching the person rapping, he stood behind the door, with his hand on the latch. Again the rapping was heard, and springing into the street discovered—no one.

For our part we see nothing supernatural in the above occurrences, remembering well the tricks played by boys on nervous old ladies and testy gentlemen, by tying a piece of string to their knockers, and if the house was a low cottage getting on top and rapping away as mysteriously as ever a Rochester spirit did.

However, Mr. Fox, in Dec. '47, moved into Mr. Weekman's house; and in the latter part of March following the Fox's (what unfortunate names!) first heard the rappings, after they had retired for the night. It appeared to be in one of the bedrooms, and sounded as though some one was knocking on the floor, moving chairs, &c. Several of the family got up to ascertain the cause, but on searching, nothing could be discovered. They stated that a perceptible jar was felt while standing on the floor, or when placing their hands on the bedsteads or chairs. But this is very easily accounted for, as the result of imagination; they certainly must have been dreadfully frightened, and we have little doubt but that a trembling motion could be communicated through them to whatever they touched.

Spiritual Rapping, or Manifestations so called are by no means a new phenomena. John Wesley published in the *Arminian Magazine* a curious account of strange disturbances which occurred in his father's house at Epworth, Lincolnshire,

and as it will most probably be new to most of our readers we give it place :

When I was very young, I heard several letters read, wrote to my elder brother by my father, giving an account of strange disturbances, which were in his house at Epworth, Lincolnshire.

When I went down thither, in the year, 1720, I carefully inquired into the particulars. I spoke to each of the persons who were then in the house, and took down what each could testify, of his or her own knowledge, the sum of which was this :—

On December 2nd, 1716, while Robert Brown my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids, a little before ten at night, in the dining room, which opened into the garden, they both heard one knocking at the door. Quickly it knocked again, and groaned. "It is Mr. Turpine," said Robert; "he has the stone, and used to groan so." He opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being twice or thrice repeated; but still seeing nothing, and being a little startled, they rose and went up to bed. When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs, he saw a hand-mill, which was at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. The next day, he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said :—"What a couple of fools you are! I defy anything to fright me." After churning in the evening, she put the butter in the tray, and had no sooner carried it into the dairy, than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several puncheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below. She took the candle, and searched both above and below; but being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray and all, and ran away for life. The next evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining-room reading heard, as if it were, the door that led into the hall open, and a person walking in, that seemed to have on a silk nightgown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again; but she could see nothing. She thought, "It signifies nothing to run away; for, whatever it is, it can run faster than me." So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper, she was sitting with my sister Sukey, (about a year older than her,) in one of the chambers, and telling her what had hap-

pened. She made quite light of it, telling her, "I wonder you are so easily frightened; I would fain see what would fright me." Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of a warming-pan. Next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bed-clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till next morning. A night or two after my sister Hetty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting, as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs; at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as soon as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her, "You know I believe none of these things; pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick." She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall, where the noise was; but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round, it was drumming on the outside; and so always to the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it; but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again. She opened it again, but could see nothing. When she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her; she let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was again thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair.

The next morning, my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said, "If I hear anything myself, I shall know how to judge." Soon after, she begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard in the

corner of the room, as it were, the violent rocking of a cradle; but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement; and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father. But he was extremely angry, and said: "Sukey, I am ashamed of you; these boys and girls frighten one another; but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more."

At six in the evening he had family prayers, as usual. When he began the prayer for the king, a knocking began all around the room; and a thundering knock attended the amen. The same was heard, from this time, every morning, and evening, while the prayer of the king was repeated.

Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haxley, (an eminently pious and sensible man,) could give me some further information, I walked over to him. He said, "Robert Brown came over to me, and told me your father desired my company. When I came, he gave me an account of all that had happened; particularly the knocking during family prayer. But that evening (to my great satisfaction) we had no knocking at all. But between nine and ten a servant came in and said, 'Old Jeffrey is coming, (that was the name of one that died in the house,) for I hear the signal.' This, they informed me, was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was toward the top of the house, on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw; or rather that of a wind-mill, when the body of it is turned about, in order to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard a knocking over our heads; and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said, 'Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself.' We went up stairs; he with much hope, and I, to say the truth, with much fear. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room; when we were there it was knocking in the nursery. And there it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of the bed, (which was of wood,) in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected, though asleep, sweating and trembling exceedingly, was very angry; and, pulling out a pistol, was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came. But I caught him by the arm, and said, 'Sir, you are convinced this is something preterna-

tural. If so, you cannot hurt it; but you give it power to hurt you.' He then went close to the place, and said sternly, 'Thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children, that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study, that am a man.' Instantly it knocked his knock, (the particular knock which he always used at the gate,) as if it would shiver the board in pieces, and we heard nothing more that night." Till this time my father had never heard the least disturbances in his study. But the next evening, as he attempted to go into his study, (of which none had any key but himself,) when he opened the door, it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown him down. However, he thrust the door open, and went in. Presently there was knocking, first on one side, then on the other; and, after a time, in the next room, wherein my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and (the noise continuing) adjured it to speak; but in vain. He then said, "These spirits love darkness; put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak." She did so, and he repeated his adjuration; but still there was only knocking, and no articulate sound. Upon this he said, "Nancy, two christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go all of you down stairs; it may be, when I am alone, he will have courage to speak." When she was gone, a thought came in, and he said, "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray knock three knocks, and no more." Immediately all was silence; and there was no more knocking at all that night. I asked my sister Nancy (then about fifteen years old) whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration? She answered she was sadly afraid it would speak when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the daytime, when it walked after her as she swept the chambers, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her; only she thought he might have done it for her, and saved her the trouble. By this time, all my sisters were so accustomed to these noises, that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bed-head usually began between nine and ten at night. They then commonly said to each other, "Jeffery is coming; it is time to go to sleep." And if they heard a noise in the day, and said to my youngest sister, "Hark, Kezzy, Jeffery is knocking above," she would run up stairs, and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion.

"A few nights after, my father and mother were just gone to bed, and the candle was not taken away, when they heard three blows, and a second, and a third three, as it were with a large oaken staff, struck upon a chest which stood by the bed-side. My father immediately arose, put on his night gown, and hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down; my mother walked by his side. As they went down the broad stairs, they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured upon my mother's breast, and ran jingling down to her feet.—Quickly after there was a sound, as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles under the stairs; but nothing was hurt. Soon after, our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them. While the disturbances continued, he used to bark and leap, and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began. And by this, the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail. A little before my father and mother came into the hall, it seemed as if a very large coal was violently thrown upon the floor, and dashed all in pieces; but nothing was seen. My father then cried out, "Sukey, do you not hear? All the pewter is thrown about the kitchen." But when they looked, all the pewter stood in its place. There then was a loud knocking at the back door. My father opened it, but saw nothing. It was then at the fore door. He opened that, but it was still lost labor. After opening first the one, then the other, several times, he turned and went up to bed. But the noises were so violent all over the house, that they could not sleep till four in the morning.

Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house. But he constantly answered, 'No; let the devil flee from me; I will never flee from the devil.' But he wrote to my eldest brother, at London, to come down. He was preparing so to do, when another letter came, informing him the disturbances were over; after they had continued, the latter part of the time, day and night, from the second of December to the end of January.

We must note that Mr. Wesley was not himself a witness of these occurrences, and indeed seems to have made no inquiry until four years after. We all know how soon a tale, in the

first instance slightly marvellous, will quickly assume a most supernatural character on repeated relation, and such must have been the case with the Wesleys.

The Rochester spirits were not long in finding out a means of communicating with their friends on earth, the means adopted was that of spelling out the alphabet, the spirit indicating the letter it required by a rap. In November, 1849, the following communication was addressed to several persons who were assembled together for the purpose of investigating the mystery: "*You all have a duty to perform. We want you to make this matter more public.*" It is said that the investigators while discussing this communication, brought forward many objections to their acting upon it. They knew the odium that would attach to any person who should attempt to prove in the presence of a public assembly that the sounds they heard were made by spirits. While thus speaking they received another communication: "*That will be so much the better—your triumph will be the greater!*"

Who could have imagined that five years after this message the whole world should become inoculated with spiritualism! that there should be thousands upon thousands of mediums! that raps and communications should be heard and received from all quarters! and more than that, that the communicating spirit should *become visible!!!* What may we not expect? At this rate five years hence our friends will no sooner be dead than they will revisit us; yes, perhaps while we are mourning over the clay, the disembodied spirit will gently raise us, and pointing to his clay form, bid us weep no longer, for he is not dead, but has spiritually returned to comfort us. Or may we not, aided by our spirit friends, visit the spheres! Why not, reclining on their wings, be borne aloft and penetrate the mysteries of the stars! If those things we read of have really taken place we believe that our anticipations may be realized.

Have we any grounds for believing that the manifestations recorded have really occurred? Personally none. Have we ever investigated the phenomena with patience and candour? We have, and have been informed *spiritually* that we were a first-rate medium.

Do we believe in Spiritualism? We do not; but think it a subject worthy of every attention an enquiring mind can bestow on it. Why should we stand on our planet, and stoutly

maintain the sun revolves round us, persecuting those who think differently? Let us rather hear their reasons, and if they can be maintained and our's proved fallacious, let us believe. There is nothing that is unworthy of investigation.

Our first essay in table-turning took place in 1853. Having read of various accounts of persons moving tables by merely applying their hands to its surface and all unitedly wishing or willing the table to move in a particular direction, and its movements being invariably in accordance with the desire of the operators. We tried the experiment and succeeded. At first we were deceived, and fancied for the moment that the mind really controlled the various motions of the table. If such were the case, we reasoned, and many persons could move a large table, surely a single individual could move a small one. But in this we were disappointed, for after wasting hours in *willing* our table to move we could never succeed unless we applied a certain amount of muscular power. However, failing in this, we waited on *mediums who could* move a table by themselves, and saw it repeatedly done, and could not detect any voluntary exertion on their part; yet all the movements accomplished by them we could imitate by so slight an exertion on our part as not to be detected by a looker-on. We can, therefore, believe that imposture in table-turning is and has been frequently practised. By the same means a table could be made to rap out any communication the operator might desire. We must, however, state that we are far from believing that all instances of table-turning and table-rapping are the results of imposture. On the contrary we have seen the feat performed by those in whom we have every confidence, but think it is the result of involuntary muscular action on their part, the motion being controlled unconsciously to the operator by the will. We have also met writing mediums, and have seen and received communications from them, but these mediums have been generally weak, hysterical females, and their communications so wretchedly written that it has been with difficulty they could be made out. Communications coming from such a class of persons are not to be relied on, and must only be looked upon as a curious result of a peculiar diseased state of the nervous system, and forms an interesting fact worthy of the attention of the Physiologist.

Never have we seen an inanimate body

moving without an apparent cause; never have we detected spiritual lights moving about a room; never have we heard spiritual voices; never have appeared unto us spiritual forms; and until such are brought before our notice, and we are made to *feel their reality*, we must enter our protest against MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.

I.—THE DOVE, THE PROPHET OF DEATH.

Country villages and hamlets have ever been the stronghold of superstitious fancies. There are they nourished and brought up in their strength; there they boldly maintain their ground, and refuse to budge an inch before the advance-guard of knowledge. There seems in the rustic mind a greater readiness to lay hold upon any thing in which the spirit of superstition may in any way be mixed, than is to be found in any other class of people. Yet it must be confessed that this craving for the marvellous and mysterious is by no means confined to them; but, in a greater or less degree, pervades all ranks. Perhaps there is none of us but has some little closet of the mind, in which a certain love for what we cannot comprehend, would be found stored. And this is not surprising; for we live in a world of wonder, where marvellous things, which no earthly science or knowledge can surpass, are daily working out their mysteries around us. Events occur to which we can assign no cause; coincidences (as we call them) come about in ways that startle and confound us. And while this is the case, we may perhaps be excused if we suffer the clear streams of Belief to be somewhat tinged with the hue of Superstition.

There is a superstition which has gained some credit in country parishes, that a person about to die, is often forewarned of his or her dissolution, by the appearance of a dove or pigeon: and this belief has been entertained by other than rustic minds. Lord Lyttleton's is a well-known case, where the dove figured as the prophet of death: but in that instance the body of the bird was supposed to be tenanted by the soul of a lady whom the wicked nobleman had grossly wronged. And springing from a similar belief to this, was the Duchess of Kendal's fancy, that George the First flew in at her window in the shape of a raven; and the Worcester lady's harmless whimsicality, in hanging

her pew in the Cathedral with cages full of singing birds, under the impression that the soul of her loved daughter was thus preserved to her. And Byron has made poetical use of this superstition in his "*Bride of Abydos*," where the wild notes of a nightingale singing over the grave of Zulcika, are supposed to proceed from the sorrowing spirit of her faithful lover. But the superstition which I am now about to speak of, is of the appearance of a dove being a prognostication of death. The cases I shall mention came under my own immediate notice, and are in every particular true.

In a picturesque village in one of the midland counties there lived a respectable cottager named Phillips. He had many children, but the pride of the family was little Kate; fresh, rosy, and bright-looking, and quite the picture of a country child. She was indeed the pet of all the villagers, on whom her sweet and artless ways had won insensibly; and many were the kind words spoken to her as she tripped to and from the village school. Here, little Kate, though by no means the eldest, was the chief learning, and displayed "such a wonderful head for schooling," that she was the prime favourite of old Dame Weston, who swayed the birchen sceptre of the scholastic throne.

It was a lovely day in May. The bright fresh green of spring was spread over the land, the hedge-rows were white with snowy hawthorn, the orchards here rich in bloom like the creamy foam of dark green waves, the gorse was golden on the heath, the cowslips thick in the meadows, the cuckoo was heard in the copse, and the nightingale poured out his soul in melody. The cry of lambs came from the folds, and the cattle plunged deeply in the cooling streams. Every thing in nature spoke of life, and health, and renewed vigour; when suddenly the stroke of death fell upon the village. The children were in school, and little Kate Phillips in her usual place, apparently in the bloom of the purest country health. Lady W. and her daughter were paying one of their oft-repeated visits to the school, and as Kate was as much a favourite with them as with others, they took great notice of her, and now called her to them to hear her read a chapter in the Bible. She was doing so, with her usual fluency, when she was suddenly seized with an inability to pronounce the words, and turned deathly pale. Imagining it to proceed from faintness, Lady W. had ordered some water to be brought in, when a pigeon or dove flew to the open window, and settled there. And

now comes the only part remarkable about this tale,—if, indeed, the fact of a dove flying to a school filled with children, is not in itself strange, such a circumstance too never having happened there within old Dame Weston's memory. As soon as little Kate saw the bird, she pointed to it, and said, "Oh! I shall die! the dove has come to tell me so!" And, in whatever way she had learned this superstition, she was so fully impressed with the truth of it, that she mentioned it to her mother as soon as she was removed home, and frequently recurred to it as she lay upon her little bed. She never rose from it; and after three weeks pain and wasting away, Death came to her as the Dove of Peace, and found her gentle spirit so looking forward with a childlike faith to the home where angels were waiting to receive her, that she could truthfully say, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove! then would I flee away and be at rest." And soon the chestnut blossoms fell on the little green grave which was the last earthly home of Kate Phillips.

The second case I would mention, as connected with the superstition in question, is the following:—

A surgeon, in a large manufacturing town, was one day summoned to a boarding-school in the eastern environs of the town, to attend a young lady, who had been there only a few weeks. She lived in a large country house about five miles on the western side of the town, and the surgeon had been the medical attendant of the family. When he reached the school, he found her so ill that it was impossible to have her removed home, and her mother was of course immediately sent for, and did not leave her only daughter until all was over. She did not linger long; though it was once hoped that her illness had taken a favourable turn. One day, she felt so much revived, that she sat up in bed, supported by pillows. Gathered around her bed-side were her mother and brother, the lady who kept the school, the nurse, and the surgeon. The young girl was conversing with her mother in faint, but cheerful tones, when a slight tapping at the window attracted her attention. The eyes of all in the room followed hers, and saw a dove fluttering against the window-pane. The invalid bent anxiously forward, and said hurriedly, and in louder tones than she had before used, "Mamma, mamma! there is my little dove! It has come to warn me that I must die!" Her mother and brother at the

same time recognised it as being her favourite dove, that had always been accustomed to feed out of her hand. They went to the window, against which the dove still continued to beat with its breast as though anxious for admittance to its dying mistress; but, on the lady of the school throwing up the sash for this purpose, the dove flew away, not wavering in its course, but bearing directly towards its home. Its young mistress, feebly smiling, said, "My dear dove! I shall never see it again. It flew from home, to tell me that I was about to die!" and she bade a last farewell to those around her. The dove was a true Prophet of Death, for the young lady died that same evening.

Now, it is to be remarked, that in this case, the dove's flight was at least for five miles, and directly over a large manufacturing town, with tall smoking chimneys; that the young lady had only lately come to the school, and that the dove had never been brought to her; that it had never been in the habit of flying far from the house, so that its absence at the time in question was particularly noticed by the servants; and that the school was an extensive building, with many windows, and near to several other houses. How did the dove find out the house, and the window of the very room in which its young mistress lay? Was it by chance? Those things which we call chances and accidents, however trivial they may seem to be, are all fixed in the determinate counsel of an Almighty Being. Let us not sneer at them too contemptuously, because we cannot unravel their mysteries. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. And this suggests to me the subject of the following superstition.

II.—THE THRICE-DREAMT DREAM.

"If you dream the same dream three times, it will come true." So whispers Superstition into the ear of Credulity; and many there be that listen to its voice when it cries, "Lend me your ears."

When I was at Brazenface, I was walking one day with Marston, of St. Vitus', along the river-side towards Nuneham, when our conversation turned on Abercrombie's theories regarding dreams; and on this old superstition of the thrice-dreamt dream. "I could tell you of a dream," said Marston, "that is a curious testimony to the truth of this popular belief; and as it has never been in print, it is likely to be a new tale to you."

"Tell on, then!" said I, "for I am like the Athenians of old, and love to spend my time in hearing some new thing." So Marston began.

"I've heard my old grandfather often relate a dream which savours slightly of the marvelous, but which he took so much trouble to substantiate in every particular, that you may fully receive it as 'an ower-true tale.' The hero of the narrative was a magnificent Newfoundland, named "Truro;" and between him and one of my grandfather's servants there had sprung up the warmest friendship. This was old Robin, whom I very well remember. He had been with my grandfather nearly fifty years, and was quite his factotum. Well! one day Truro was missing. Search was made everywhere, even I believe to the very water-spouts, but without success. The bell-man was sent round, proclaiming a reward for his recovery; but still, no Truro appeared. Old Robin was plunged in grief, and went about like a gloomy spirit. One day, he came to my grandfather, in a very disturbed state of mind: he had dreamed that Truro had been taken to a house in a back street of a sea-port town about twenty miles off. Old Robin had never been to this town, but he described very minutely the appearance of the house he had seen in his dream, and felt quite confident that he should find a similar one at the sea-port town in question. And he said, that in his dream, he had gone into that house, and that there he had seen Truro, and yet, that it wasn't Truro! My grandfather entertained the latter idea, and 'pooh-pooh'd the matter accordingly. The next morning, Old Robin came again, and said he had dreamed exactly the same dream; but still my grandfather said 'Fudge!' But, the third night, Old Robin had the same dream over again; and being a devout believer in that superstition of the truth of a thrice-dreamt dream, he was roused to such a pitch of excitement, that without saying another word to his master, he started off by the mail which ran to the sea-port town in question. Arrived there, he wandered about among the by-streets, and all those places where marine-store-dealers and stealers 'most do congregate,' and at length, to his great joy, came in front of a house exactly resembling that which his dream had so vividly depicted. Old Robin was only pleased, not overcome with this singular confirmation of his dream, for he had such perfect faith in it, that he looked for nothing else than its fulfilment. He knocked at the

door, and a rough sailor-looking fellow opened it. No sooner had Old Robin begun to ask the man some made-up and artfully-conceived question, than there fell gratefully on his ears the loud, deep barking of a dog. 'Truro! Truro!' shouted the old fellow at the top of his voice, much to the other man's confusion, and immediately taxed him with *having got his dog* in his possession. The man saw the case was too clear, but said he'd bought the dog from another man, and would'nt mind giving him up 'for a bob and a drop o'summut short.' Old Robin was too glad not to consent to this, and was very quickly embraced by Truro, who had been completely metamorphosed by being daubed over with black paint. So, after all, as Old Robin had said, 'it was Truro, and yet it wasn't Truro!'"

Not long after this, I again met with another example of the thrice-dreamt dream coming true; and it was a dream, too, which I fancy Abercrombie would find it difficult to account for: for it proceeded from no pre-occupation of thought on the same subject, it effected no object, and was as purposeless and useless as a dream could be.

Portman's rooms were close to mine, and he and I had entered into one of the agreeable compacts of college life, and used to boil one kettle between us. One morning that we had both cut morning chapel, I went into his room to breakfast, and as soon as we had well set to work, he told me as follows:—

"Isn't it queer? I dreamt last night of an old gentleman and his niece, whom I once used to be slightly acquainted with, but had not heard of anything for a long time—certainly, for many years. What should make me think about them I can't imagine; if I had chanced to think about them at all, it would be only as Paddy would say, to remember that I had forgotten them. And, besides this, they lived at separate ends of the kingdom. However, I thought I saw the old fellow lying very ill indeed; and there was his niece by his bedside, waiting on him. Then he gradually got worse, until he died. Then I thought the niece was ill, and that she died also; and then there came two hearses, and a long black funeral procession. I dreamed all this with great exactness, the dream appearing to be extended over several days. And then I awoke, and heard the death-watch.

"Yes, it's all very well to say it's a common, harmless insect, and is only minding its own

business, and dosen't wish to interfere with any one else's; but it's got such ugly associations tied on to it, that one doesn't like to hear it, in the middle of the night, just after dreaming about hearses and all that sort of thing! Well, I got to sleep at last, and pluck me! if I didn't have the same dream over again; and again I woke, and again I heard that most unpleasant death-watch. At last I got to sleep again, when—I dare say you won't believe me—I dreamt that same identical dream over again for the third time. Now, isn't it queer?"

We had just finished breakfast, when the scout brought in the letters. Among Portman's was one from his sister, and in it she casually mentioned that the old gentleman and his niece, of whom Portman had dreamed, had died of typhus-fever within two days of each other; the niece having been on a visit to her uncle at the time. Portman read the extract to me, and we smoked two or three pipes before we had come to the conclusion that it *was*—very queer indeed.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXXVI.

[Major, Purser, Laird, Doctor.]

DOCTOR.—Whilst lounging yesterday forenoon in Maclear's bibliopolic emporium, I solaced myself by listening to some gossiping strictures upon the *Anglo-American Magazine* enunciated by a *manling*, whose chin, evidently, had never rendered tribute to the razor.

MAJOR.—And what was the sum and substance of the hirsuteless critic's verdict, upon the child of our affections and toils?

DOCTOR.—Upon the whole he opined it was a vastly creditable affair, all things considered, but stringently denounced the latitude which was conceded to our socius Bonnie Braes, at our periodic symposiums.

LAIRD.—What did the land-louping loon mean by *latitude*, can ony body tell me?

DOCTOR.—He meant that it was decidedly *infra dig* to permit so much of the lingo of North Britain to be sported in the Shanty. It was consumedly vulgar, he said, and added that several good judges were of a corresponding opinion.

LAIRD.—Indeed! Div ye mind whether my gentleman condescended upon the names o' ony o' the refined and competent judges?

DOCTOR.—Oh yes! He ran over a bead roll of names, long as old Homer's inventory of ships. I regret that I did not jot them down for your edification. None have adhered to my memory with the exception of Romeo Petrarch Endymion Skunk, a very promising young hairdresser of Ethiopian extraction, who manipulates the lyre as well as the curling tongs; and Jabez Casslor, one of "nature's nobility," who

being last year a ploughman now flourishes the ferula, thanks to six months grinding in the mill of the Normal School!

LAIRD.—And sac I hae been convicted o' vulgarity by a negro shaver, and a hot-bed dominie answering to the name o' Jabez!

DOCTOR.—I presume that without delay you will now put yourself under the tutorial care of your townsman Professor O'Squeel, in order to acquire an inkling of the Anglican tongue?

LAIRD.—Ruling Elder though I be, Sangrado, dinna infringe too far, upon my patience! I can tell you what sir, my forefathers, simple as I noo sit before ye, helped to win a battle called Bannockburn, and if their descendant should ever be ashamed o' the language o' the Bruce, may he die in a ditch, and hae corbie craws for his executors!

MAJOR.—But Laird—

LAIRD.—I'll listen to nane o' your buts! When my countrymen sent a king to England,—I mean Jeems the Saxt o' that name,—did they send along wi' him their distinctive nationality? Deil a bit! Though they entered into a political partnership with the gormandeizing South-erns, they never covenated to part wi' their ancient laws, or customs, or songs, or cookery, or, aboon a', wi' their kindly and expressive decalect!

MAJOR.—Granted! If modern public opinion, however, brands the language of Scotland as vulgar, how are you to swim against the stream?

LAIRD.—Surely my lugs hae turned traitors to their owner! Can it be possible that I hear Crabtree—the fossil Crabtree—the Tory Crabtree—the Jacobite Crabtree, standing up as the henchman o' modern public opinion?

MAJOR.—[*winking at the rest of the conclave,*] Quare Non?

LAIRD.—I ken naething about Quarry Nan, or any other Nan, but this I *do* ken, that modern public opinion is, generally speaking, a brazen faced, randy slut! A principle scorning limmer, that deserves nae better sunkets than the cauld water, and mouldy bread o' Bridewell! Is such a Jezebel to sneer down the classic tongue o' *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, and the *Gentle Shepherd*, and the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and *Tam o' Shanter*? O that some spirit medium could raise Robin Burns frae his resting lair in Dumfries, for half an hour, to gie you your kail through the reek for sic monstrous, and rank-smelling heresy!

MAJOR.—I think I feel his ploughshare coming in contact with my scone.

*"Triumphant crushin't like a mussel
Or lampit shell!"*

PURSER.—Seriously speaking, however, many people object to the dialect of the land o' cakes, as being the language merely of the uneducated classes.

LAIRD.—Listen to what Lord Jeffrey—Francis Jeffrey, ye ken—says on that text. "The Scots is not to be considered as a provincial dialect—the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity, and rude local humour. It is the language of a whole country, long an independent kingdom, and still separate in laws, character, and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar; but is the common speech of the whole nation in early life, and with many of its exalted and accomplished individuals, throughout their whole existence; and though it be true that, in later times, it has been in some measure laid aside by the more ambitious and aspiring of the present generation, it is still recollected even by them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected in their imagination not only with that olden time which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty, and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colours of remembered childhood and domestic affection. All its phrases conjure up images of school-day innocence, and sports, and friendships, which have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this, that it is the language of a great body of poetry, with which almost all Scotsmen are familiar; and in particular of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness, nature, and feeling, than any other lyric compositions

that are extant—and we may perhaps be allowed to say, that the Scots is, in reality, a highly poetical language; and that it is an ignorant, as well as an illiberal prejudice, which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of Yorkshire or Devon!"

MAJOR.—Gentlemen—

LAIRD.—Stop a blink! I hae got another witness to bring before ye. Listen to the words o' the great Robert Hall o' Bristol, ane o' the profoundest thinkers which this century has produced. "The Scottish language"—quothe he—"has a fine Doric sound. When spoken by a woman, it is incomparably the most romantic and melodious language to which I ever listened."

MAJOR.—Gentlemen of—

LAIRD.—Dinna' be in a hurry! A serious accusation has been laid at my door, and I am anxious to purge mysel' o' the same, root and branch.

DOCTOR—"Pray then"—as the man in the play says—"that your expurgation be brief!"

LAIRD.—Suffer me to gie you a specimen o' this same tongue—my dear auld mither's tongue—that modern, puppy refinement would fain hound frae society like a mad dog. The passage, though doubtless familiar to ye a', is like a March violet ever fresh and gratefu'. It is the impassioned appeal o' that glorious canonization o' the Scottish female peasant, Jeanie Deans, to Queen Caroline, in behalf o' her condemned sister.

"My sister, my puir sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a lang and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble

comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your ladyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours! Oh, my Leddy, then it is na what we hae dune for ourselfs, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word o' your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail o' ae tow."

MAJOR.—Gentlemen of the shanty! You have heard the charge which has been brought against Bonnie Braes, of talking after a vulgar fashion. You have listened, likewise to his defence. What is your verdict?

PURSER.—Not guilty, upon my honour!

DOCTOR.—Having no desire to be locked up sans prog, coal, or candle, I adhibit my endorsement to brother Stobo's opinion.

MAJOR.—James—first Laird of Bonnie Braes, —I have much pleasure in returning to you your quart pot and pipe, and pronouncing that you leave the bar without a stain upon your reputation! Henceforth, and for evermore, enunciate and intone the *lingua Scottica* whenever the spirit moves you so to do! And I hereby prohibit and discharge all sentimental African barbers—new fledged dominies—and snobs of every class and degree from flouting or jeering at you, when enunciating as aforesaid!

DOCTOR.—The Laird and his lingo being thus satisfactorily disposed of, let us now call a new cause, I notice before you, Crabtree, one of Routledge's shilling volumes, entitled, "*The Serf Sisters: or the Russia of to-day.*" Is it worth any thing?

MAJOR.—Indeed it is. Within the framework of a very interesting and dramatic story, the author, John Harwood, lays before us a large mass of information, touching the social and domestic condition of Russia.

DOCTOR.—I should predicate from the name of the narrative, that it was rather of a painful nature.

MAJOR.—Your conjecture is correct, but in accordance with our "standing order" anent works of fiction, I shall give you no inkling either of plot or catastrophe. As the advertisements of our Canadian shopkeepers have it, "examine, and judge for yourself!"

LAIRD.—Sae far as I am concerned, I'll do nae sic a thing! If I am spared to witness the return o' the guid auld gowden age—when law-

yers and tailors will cease to torment Christians wi' their "little bills"—when wheat will bring twa dollars a bushel, without the whip and spur o' war—when strong-minded women will devote their energies to the rocking o' cradles, and the reformation o' schismatical breeks—when Bauldie Stott will no' mak' a stramash, if he disna' get tea and flesh meat oftener than three times a day—when our sons will be content wi' the hame-spun garments that served the turn o' their ancestors, and our daughters come to learn that a cart load o' haberdashery is nae enhancement to their charms. I say when sic' a blessed and genial millennium eventuates, I may think o' reading stories o' a *painful nature*, but no' till then! Seeing that

*There's nought but care on every haun,
In every hour that passes, O!"*

I'll no' spend my odd shillings upon the lachrymalities o' literature! The man that is obligated to sleep on nettles, has nae occasion to buy a blister!

PURSER.—When on the subject of Routledge's economical publications, I would bring under your notice a brace of very seasonable works recently issued by that firm, viz: *Russia as it is*, and *Turkey past and Present*, both from the pen of J. R. Morell.

LAIRD.—What is the cost o' the affairs?

PURSER.—For a trio of shillings currency, you may add both of them to the inventory of your personal means and estate.

LAIRD.—If I'm spared till the morn, I'll get the productions. Lang hae I been on the look out for some such treatises. Folk like to be decently posted up at present, in matters bearing upon Turkey and Rooshia, but a bit farmer body, like me, has nae time to wade through droves o' fat octaves, and big bellied duodecimos.

PURSER.—In Mr. Morell's manuals you will find all that you desiderate. They abound with well arranged and well digested matter, and contain a vast amount of reading for the price.

LAIRD.—Hoo does it happen, that you lads ay get the start o' me, in finding out new works o' mark and merit? I wish that I had some means o' keeping up wi' the publications o' the day.

MAJOR.—Why man, have you not yet fallen in with *The Canadian Literary News Letter*?

LAIRD.—I never sae muckle as heard the name o't.

MAJOR.—Indeed! You are as bad as Mr. Ferres, M. P. P., who recently declared in the

"Hon. House," that no literary periodical was published in this Province!

DOCTOR.—Is that a true bill?

MAJOR.—I assure you it is a fact!

DOCTOR.—Well! well! And Ferres a member of the fourth estate!

LAIRD.—But respecting the *News Letter*.

MAJOR.—Here it is.

LAIRD.—The vera, identical thing that I want! Lists o' new books issued in Europe and Dollar-dom, wi' the publishers' names and prices, together wi' extracts frae London literary journals. Oh I'll noo be able to hand my ain' wi' the best o' ye, and to crack like a pea gun aboot the freshest bibliopolic news.

MAJOR.—Messrs. Armour & Co. merit high commendation for their spirit in instituting such a useful monthly serial, and for the business like manner in which it is got up.

PURSER.—In looking over this volume of Burns' works, I have lighted upon an epistle from the poet to his musical correspondent George Thomson, which with your permission I shall read.

LAIRD.—Read awa'.

PURSER.—It is dated from Brow, on the Sol-way Frith, and thus runs:—

"After all my boasted independence, curst necessity compels me to implore you for five pounds. A cruel wretch of a haberdasher, to whom I owe an account, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process, and will infallibly put me into jail. Do, for God's sake, send me that sum, and that by return of post! Forgive me this earnestness; but the horrors of a jail have made me half distracted. I do not ask all this gratuitously; for, upon returning health, I hereby promise, and engage to furnish you with five pound's worth of the neatest song genius you have seen."

LAIRD.—Puir Robin! Puir Robin!

MAJOR.—If my memory is not at fault, the bard died shortly after the above letter was written.

PURSER.—It bears date the 12th of July, 1796, and on the 21st of that month, when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly, almost wholly rose up, spread out his hands, sprang forward nearly the whole length of the bed, fell on his face and expired.

LAIRD.—Waesock! waesock!

DOCTOR.—Pray, Master Purser, is it be a legitimate question, what may have brought to your mind at the present moment, the inspired ploughman of Ayrshire, and his debt-embittered death-bed?

PURSER.—It was the following paragraph

from a recent number of *Bent's Literary Advertiser*:—

AUTOGRAPHS OF ROBERT BURNS.—At the sale of the late Mr. Pickering's collection of MSS. and autograph letters, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, were some highly interesting relics of the poet Burns, which realised extraordinarily high prices. The greatest attraction was Lot 277, being the celebrated "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," written in a fine bold hand, as if the subject had inspired the very handwriting of the bard; this sold for £30, and was purchased for America. The original document, signed and sealed, appointing the poet an exciseman, produced £5 12s. 6d. The other letters and poems, all holograph, sold for high prices. Letter to R. Cleghorn, with the first stanzas of "The Chevalier's Lament," £5 2s. 6d.—Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, thanking her for friendly criticisms, "Not the blasting depredations of a canker-toothed caterpillar-critic," £5 15s. 6d.—Letter to R. Miller, declining the offer of an engagement to write poetry for the *Morning Chronicle*, £5 12s. 6d.—Part of a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, containing "Auld lang Syne," and other verses, £9 2s. 6d.—Part of a letter to Mrs. M'Lehose, containing the beautiful lines, "To Mary in Heaven," £7 10s.—"The Brigs of Ayr," one leaf, £10 10s.

LAIRD.—Hech sirs, to think o' sic sums being paid by posterity for specimens o' the handwriting o' a gigantic genius, wha in his life-time was driven half demented for the lack o' five pounds! Why, noo a days, the very letter he wrote to Thamsen would hae realeezed three times the sum that he craved after sic a frantic fashion!

PURSER.—Yes—and then consider that without fee or reward he had contributed no fewer than sixty of his imperishable lyrics to the publication of the man from whom he almost begged the above pittance! Amongst these lyrics were all the songs alluded to in the *Literary Advertiser*, and the manuscripts whereof produced no less a sum than £52 15s.!

LAIRD.—Oh but this is a dour, and cross-grained world, that honest folk like huz, hae the misfortune to inhabit! It will snarl, and growl, and glunch at an author, if he only asks the aumos o' a crust o' bread and a whang o' cheese; and when he is laid in the kirk-yard it will spend as muckle sillar in adorning his grave, as wun hee kept him in beef steaks and London porter during the entire period o' his natural life?

MAJOR.—And yet there is something strangely captivating in the idea of posthumous renown!

LAIRD.—Posthumous fiddlesticks! Gie me a haggis when I hae appetite to enjoy it, and

breath to cool it, and posterity are at perfect liberty to mak' bools o' the marble oot o' which they intend fabricating a monument for Bonnie Braes!

DOCTOR.—A monument for you!

LAIRD.—I hae said it, and I'll stand to it, auld vinegar cruet! The *Anglo-American Magazine*, wi' a' its backslidings and imperfections will ay form a section in the history o' Canadian literature, Maister Ferres o' Montreal to the contrary notwithstanding! And when the pine sapling which I planted last fall in our family lair at Streetsville, has become a stalwart tree, stern and rugged wi' the experience o' a century, passing pilgrims will point to it as the guardian, which protects the banes o' the *Laird o' the Shanty* frae

“*Summer's heat, and winters snow*”

DOCTOR.—Where is now the haggis?

LAIRD.—Confound you and your haggis into the bargain, sordid, crawling, mechanical earthworm that you are!

MAJOR.—Temper your vim, Oh planter of parasolic pine saplings, with this poculum of hoary-headed half-and-half!

LAIRD.—Heres to ye! May never waur be among us!

DOCTOR.—Many thanks for the compliment!

LAIRD.—Oo, ye needna' be in sic a hurry wi' your thanks! I only meant to express a hope that Clootie might never intrude upon our sederunts. He's the *waur* I had reference to, and I question muckle whether he is mony shades blacker than a certain compounder o' cathartics, that shall be nameless!

DOCTOR.—A cheer for Bonnie Braes!

LAIRD.—Haud your peace sir! Div you tak' me for a Coroner? Oh, I hae half a mind to follow the rule laid down by a high legal functionary, and gie ye “a clip” that will “flatten your nose like a pancake!”

MAJOR.—Returning to the above mentioned vendition of Burns' manuscripts, how galling the consideration that the original autograph of *Scots who hae w' Wallace bled*, should have been purchased for Dillardom.

PURSER.—Why so?

MAJOR.—I marvel that you can ask such a question! Is it not excruciating to every lover of liberty, that a relic sparkling—I may say blazing—with the sacred fire of freedom, is in the fowl custodianship of mercenary brigands who sell their darkued brethren like swine?

LAIRD.—What a rage would Robin hae been

in, had he gotten a Pisgah glimpse o' sic a blistering catastrophe! He would hae torn the sheet into a hundred fragments, wi' a hot malison upon the mendacious miscreants, wha wi' ae side o' the mouth exclaim that *a' men are born free and equal*,—and drawl through the ither—*ten dollars, additional, for that there bull nigger!*

DOCTOR.—Why, oh Laird, are you not president of the Toronto Anti-Slavery Society?

LAIRD.—Diel kens! Modest merit is aye elbowed into the goose dub! But there is a guid time coming, lad, there's a guid time coming!

DOCTOR.—Yes! when you will not have breath wherewith to overcome the caloric of a haggis!

LAIRD.—Let that fleestick to the wa'! Ye mind me o' bairns, that when they get haud o' a rhyme continue to ring it in your lug till you're sick o' the very sound o' it!

MAJOR.—Apropos of rhymes I recently fell in with a tiny little volume published by my old friend David Robertson of Glasgow, and named *Nursery Songs*, which exhibits a vast amount of originalty and quaint humour.

LAIRD.—It's no in my line! There are nae weans at Bonnie Braes!

MAJOR.—Still I think you will relish the Doric flavour of the following canticle:—

WILLIE WINKIE.

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs in his night-gown,
Tirling at the window, crying at the lock,
“Are the weans in their bed, for its now ten o'clock?”

“Hey, Willie Winkie, are ye coming ben?
The cat's singing grey thumbs to the sleeping hen,
The dog's spelder'd on the floor, and disna gie a cheep,
But here's a waukrife laddie! that winna fa' asleep.”

Anything but sleep, you rogue! glow'ring like the moon,
Rattling in an alrn jug wi' an alrn spoon,
Rumbling, tumbling round about, crawling like a cock,
Skirling like a kenna-what, wauk'ning sleeping fock.

“Hey, Willie Winkie—the wean's in a creel!
Wambling aff a bodie's knee like a very eel,
Rugging at the cat's lug, and ravelling a' her thumbs—
Hey, Willie Winkie—see, there he comes!”

Wearied is the mither that has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpe stousie, that canna rin h s lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gie's strength anew to me.

LAIRD.—Losh me, but that metal rings true! It would maist tempt a body to invest some bawbees in a leeshence, a plain gold ring, and a cradle!

MAJOR.—Here is another stave, grateful and fragrant as

“ — a red, red rose,
That's newly sprang in June.”

It is entitled—

LADY SUMMER.

Birdie, birdie, weet your whistle!
Sing a sang to please the wean;
Let it be o' Lady Summer
Walking wif her gallant train!
Sing him how her gauzy mantle!
Forest green trails over the lea,
I oider'd frae the dewy hem o't
Wif the field flowers to the knee!

How her foot 's wi' daisies buskit,
Kirtle o' the primrose hue,
And her ce sso like my laddie's,
Glancing, laughing, loving blue!
How we meet on hill and valley,
Children sweet as fairest flowers,
Buds and blossoms o' affection,
Kosy wif the sunny hours.

Sing him sic a sang, sweet birdie!
Sing it ower and ower again;
Gar the notes fa' pitter patter,
Like a shower o' summer rain.
“Hoot, toot, toot!” the birdie's saying,
“Who can shear the rigg that's shorn?”
Ye've sung brawlie simmer's ferlies,
I'll toot on anither horn.”

LARD.—The heathen that could sneer at that gentle lay as being vulgar, would burn a kirk, or pick a pocket on the slenderest provocation!

DOCTOR.—As Louis Napoleon is a peculiarly prominent personage at present, the volume which I hold in my hand “captioned” *Tricoloured Sketches in Paris*, and recently issued by Harper and Brothers, will be perused with special relish.

MAJOR.—I agree with you, the more especially that it is written in a very lively, graphic vein, and bears every mark of authenticity, so far as details of facts are concerned.

PERUSER.—Who may be the author?

DOCTOR.—The book is anonymous, and consists of articles written from France, for publication in a New York daily journal.

PERUSER.—What period does it embrace?

DOCTOR.—From May 1851, to January 1854. During the Coup d'Etat, the writer was in Paris, and he gives the following account of the manner in which that epic piece of political brigandism was carried into effect.

On the evening of Monday, the 1st December, I was at the President's reception, at the Elysée. The rooms of this little palace were all crowded, though not over five or six hundred persons were present. Three-fourths were military men; and the predominance of martial insignia, glittering upon stalwart forms, cast before my

mind the shadows of coming events. Still, I must confess that I did not suspect that, before the sun should dawn, the men around us would transform Republican France into a Military Empire.

The general aspect of the scene was not gay, though brilliant lights shone over fair woman and brave men. There was no music, no dancing. The President himself, usually grave and impassible, had a touch of that sealed and stony look attributed to Napoleon on certain occasions—as if the soul was too intensely centered within to spare a ray for outward illumination. He scarcely smiled, and his manner, usually gracious, was cold and reluctant.

In the crowd I noticed a considerable number of Catholic priests, several decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. The plump and happy physiognomy of Garibaldi, the Pope's nuncio, contrasted strangely with the thin spiritual features of the Abbé Lacordaire. The tall, bent form of Lord Normanby was seen moving in the mass, his countenance wreathed in a smile suitable to him and the occasion. General Magnan, commander-in-chief of the army of Paris, an athletic personage, six feet in height, conversed rapidly with several officers, and shot the glances of his small sinister eye restlessly over the crowd and through the shadows of the ceiling. Some thirty ladies, sparkling with jewels, and still brighter glances, graced the assembly. Half of these were our country-women, and well sustained the fame of American beauty.

A few ice creams, a few glasses of syrup and water, were handed round. The pageant lasted for an hour, and at ten o'clock the visitors entered their carriages, and dispersed to their several homes. How impatient must have been Louis Napoleon and his coadjutors for this hour of relief—of darkness, of enterprise! Little sleep had they that night. At four o'clock in the morning, Changarnier and other dreaded leaders of the opposition were arrested, and as the citizens crept forth, they saw posted up at the corners of the streets the decrees which dissolved the Assembly, declared Paris in a state of siege, and placed the destiny of France in the hands of Louis Napoleon!

By noon the streets were full to overflow. The crowd, as they came in sight of the preparations, saw at a glance that the President was in earnest, that all his measures had been taken, and that the strong arm of power had laid its grasp upon every point of the city where a manifestation might be made. In sight of these precautions, every thought of resistance faded away, and every menace was hushed half-formed upon the lips. Throughout the day I did not hear of a project for retaliation, or a single hope that the people would rise in revolt: so useless did any attempt seem to wrest the sway from him who, by some marvellous means, appeared to hold the city in the hollow of his hand.

Dense masses of people collected at the points where the decree and appeal of the President were posted. When all could not get a sight of

them, some one made himself spokesman, and read aloud to the rest. Blouses and black coats appeared in about equal numbers. Neither one nor the other bore an air of concern, of disappointment or of anxiety. The aspect of the people was positively gay, without being careless. The loss of the Republic did not seem to sink deep into their breasts.

MAJOR.—By your leave, Sangrado, we shall say nothing more, at present, touching France and her Emperor. It is not *convenient* to refer to such matters in the language of veracity, when the flavour of Our Sovereign Lady's wine is still upon the lips of the ex-prisoner of Ham!

LAMB.—Ham! I wish I could get a slice o't! I am as hungry as a hawk! Naething had I for dinner the day, except a quarter o' lamb, and that's puir picking for a man in the farming line!

DOCTOR.—Here follows a somewhat droll illustration of French morality:—

A Spanish girl, assassinated some weeks ago in this city, left behind her a little boy some four years old, who, upon the death of his mother, was placed provisionally at the Foundling Hospital. In the mean time Alice Ozy, an actress of the Variétés, addressed a letter to the prefect of police, requesting permission to adopt the boy, and promising to give him a good education, and to make of him an honest man, if possible. In her letter she says that the child would be a great consolation to her, "as she has no children of her own." The intense Frenchness of this remark will strike you at once when I say that Alice Ozy is a demoiselle. If she had said that she *had* children of her own, no one would have wondered at it, but the extreme *naïvete* of the remark from an unmarried lady has made even the Parisians smile. She seems to speak of it as a remarkable and regrettable circumstance that Heaven has blessed her with no increase. Her request was granted by the proper authorities. Alice Ozy is more distinguished as a *femme galante* than an actress. And yet no one doubts that she will make a most excellent mother for the boy, and all are ready to applaud the authorities for granting her request. She means to atone, by an act of graceful benevolence, for the numerous errors of a *jeunesse orangeuse*.

LAMB.—Miss Alice Ozy puts me in mind o' Peggy Jardine that had to make her appearance before the Kirk Session o' Strathbungo, for adding to the population o' the parish, in a contraband manner. The minister, honest man, having just lost a plea wi' the heritors, about an augmentation o' his stipend, was particularly snell upon the frailbackslider, and lectured her till he was red in the gills. Peggy, at length, thought that the matter had been carried a trifle too far, and exclaimed, "*Deed*

minister, the sin wasna sae great after a', seeing that the bairn, puir thing, was unco wee!"

MAJOR.—I have just been reading an amusing series of essays entitled *Odds and Ends from an Old Drower*. Whilst Bonnie Braes is discussing his pipe I shall read you therefrom the following cogitations on—

THE "TIMES" ADVERTISING SHEET.

If Dr. Jedler lived in these days, and I wished to combat his facetious idea that "Life was a capital joke, nothing serious in it," I should put into the good natured old gentleman's hand a copy of the *Times* newspaper. If there is anything terribly in earnest in the world it is the advertizing sheet of this paper. Was anything ever more fearfully alive? Every advertisement seems to fight with its neighbour for pre-eminence and distinction, and each page seems to writhe and wrestle all over, like a dish full of maggots. What fleets of vessels are just ready to start for the lands of gold, each one possessing the best accommodation, and boasting the ablest captain. What stalls of horses fill up another column, each one a greater bargain than the other. What galleries of old masters just ready to fall under the hammer, each picture the most genuine of the lot. What ranks of servants out of place, all ticketed with their respective "wants." What groups of poor young gentlewomen "seeking a comfortable home" in the nurseries of the fortunate. If the spectator for a moment stops to dwell upon such advertisements, the iron enters into his soul, and he must seek relief by a philosophic contemplation of the mass. At the top of the column Love now and then stands, making signs with finger upon lip—"Florence" gives "a thousand kisses" to her distant and secret lover. A mother implores her darling boy to "return home and all will be forgiven;" or an injured wife, with vehement words, leaps to the first reconciling words of her lord. Above the shouting of chapmen, the puffing of quacks, and the thousand voices of trade, we hear these fervid outbursts of the human heart, and solitary cries of anguish, with a strange and startling distinctness.

Sometimes, like Garrick's face, the pages will appear half in tragedy, half in farce. Mark that long list of hospitals, crying out for aid for the maimed and sick—and then besides it the sprightly row of theatres, smilingly displaying its tinsel attractions. Here an economic undertaker calculates for bereaved relatives what he can "do" a gentleman's funeral for, with "hearse and plumes and two coaches and pairs," or for what he can afford to put a defunct artisan under ground, by means of the Shillaber buss. In the very next advertisement an enterprising stationer boasts the largest assortment of wedding cards, and finds everything (but happiness) for the bride. Then again, "The original Maison Deuil" draws attention to its "poignant grief mantles and inconsolable trimmings." Every ingredient of life seems mixed in this ever open book; we

laugh, we cry, we pardon, pity, or condemn, as morning after morning it brings before us the swiftly-shifting scenes of this mortal life.

In the ancient Greek theatres, where the actors had to give their recitations in the open air, they made use of a brazen mask, which projected the voice to a sufficient distance to be heard by a vast multitude of people.

The brazen mask of the present age is this advertising sheet, behind which all conditions of people day by day plead their wants to the entire nation. What a strange crowd in one continual stream passes through the doors of the little room in Printing-house Square, where this mask is erected! The poor shrinking girl, who, for the first time, is obliged to come in contact with the hard world, brings her advertisement, offering herself as a governess for the sake of "a comfortable home"—the clever schemer, who makes a living of the postage-stamps he extracts from those to whom he offers some extraordinary advantages—the enthusiast who brings his five shillings to have the end of the world proclaimed by a certain day—the poor widow who has come to plead "to the benevolent" for her destitute children—and the agent of the millionaire advertising for a loan of millions—all shoulder each other in this room. What passages of life might not the attendant clerk read, to whom this continual throng, as it were, exposes the secret necessities of the heart!

How anxiously next day each individual searches the wet page for the all-important advertisement. How the glossy curls of the young girl riddle over the sheet as she reads her own wants proclaimed aloud. It almost takes her breath away—she, the timid little thing, thus to speak out as boldly as the best of them! The thought arises in her mind, that some good lady who has a daughter like herself is reading it, and will have pity on her—it might be, that some abandoned wretch has the paragraph at the moment under his eye, and is plotting an answer that will bring her under his clutches. The schemer, ere the boy has come round for the borrowed paper, has succeeded: piles of letters from people eager to partake of the wealth he offers them have found him in postage stamps enough for the wants of the week. The proclamation of the coming end of the world has raised a laugh or two from the casual reader, and cast a thousand Muggletonians into sack-cloth and ashes, and into the hourly expectation of hearing the last trump. The millionaire has sent the funds down a quarter per cent., and so it moves. All these people have cried aloud, yet with closed lips, through "this ever open book" of the press.

To the general reader how much is there to amuse; how many many pictures of the little weaknesses of human nature, of pride, and affection, to be found in these daily announcements.

The top of the second column of the first page of the *Times* is the place where the printers "pile the agony." Here we find the differ-

ent letters of the alphabet addressing each other in terms of the most frantic grief or gentle reproach. A. B. is implored to return to his sorrowing T. T. X. X. wishes to meet L. M., not at Phillippi, but at 5 P. M. In a brief paragraph we catch a misfortune so profound as to check at once the laugh at which we greet the more vulgar and curious advertisements that surround it. I remember once reading a line to this effect:—"The assistance came too late—she died in the night." Who was it that thus passed out of life the moment aid was at hand? who is it that remains to reproach himself with his tardiness? The reader pauses for a moment and wonders what tragedy lies hidden in this brief space, and then relapses into the contemplation of the fierce struggle for the world's goods which the vast mass of the advertisements represents.

DOCTOR.—The *Times* was the only European newspaper which my old college chum Mungo McMungo of the Bombay medical staff, ever perused during his twenty-one years' sojourn in the land of rupees. Generally (I speak of a period prior to the era of ocean steam navigation) Mungo would receive two or three months' papers at once, and he made a religious rule of perusing them in strict chronological order, and only one *per diem*. Often when some matter of extra moment was on the *tapis*, he would long consumedly for the advent of the period when he could unfold a fresh sheet, so as to learn the verdict in an engrossing murder trial, or the division upon a hotly contested Parliamentary debate. On the investigation of the charges into the conduct of Queen Caroline, Mr. McMungo was nearly thrown into a fever from his anxiety to be indoctrinated with the decision of the House of Peers, but though he could have arrived at the result in a couple of minutes, he had the self-command to leave the papers unopened till the proper time for their perusal had arrived.

LARD.—That's ane o' your awfu' leeing like stories!

DOCTOR.—It is a veritable bill, I can assure you.

PURSER.—Have any of you perused *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*?

MAJOR.—I waded through the affair, having nothing better to do at the time, and a more arduous pilgrimage, of the description, never fell to my lot. Madden is the pink and quintessence of bare-faced book-makers. Like a scavenger employed to fill up a ditch for so much the square yard, he empties every variety of slush and rubbish into his volumes, without

'the slightest regard for the miserable reader! If I were the Czar I would make the fellow eat a dozen pages of the empirical olla podrida, fried in the rankest and most antiquated goose grease, and that every morning, till the whole was consumed.

LAIRD.—The pair vagabond would dee o' indigestion the first week!

DOCTOR.—Of course Madden attempts to whitewash the *fishy* demi rep?

MAJOR.—He does, but with about the same success that would attend the scouring of an Ethiopian! Partial as is the *booming* biographer, he leaves you with the confirmed impression that the Countess was a vain, frivolous, heartless creature, whose immorality was but slyly concealed by a few fig leaves of sickly sentiment.

PURSER.—I never thought much of her ladyship's writings.

MAJOR.—No man, worth shooting, could relish her polished insipidities.

LAIRD.—Hoo then cam' she to get sic a name?

MAJOR.—She flourished when the *Annual* epidemic rife prevailed. Her lot was cast in that emasculated era, when the English purchased gilt edged, picture story books by tens of thousands, if they only purported to emanate from the brains of Honourables, and Right Honourables! Provisionally the madness subsided, and then the pinch beck Countess sunk into her native mud, like an exhausted sky-rocket!

LAIRD.—To think o' printing twa gutty volumes, about a puff paste limmer like that!

MAJOR.—The correspondence forms the only redeeming features in the work. I shall read you a lively letter from Charles Dickens:—

"Appearances are against me. Don't believe them. I have written you, in intention, fifty letters, and I can claim no credit for any one of them (though they were the best letters you ever read), for they all originated in my desire to live in your memory and regard.

"Since I heard from Count D'Orsay I have been beset in I don't know how many ways. First of all I went to Marseilles, and came back to Genoa. Then I moved to the Peschiere. Then some people, who had been present at the scientific congress here, made a sudden inroad on that establishment, and overran it. Then went away, and I shut myself up for one month, close and tight, over my little Christmas book, 'The Chimes.' All my affections and passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as haggard as a murderer long before I wrote 'The End.' When I had done that, like

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'The man of Thessaly,' who, having scratched his eyes out in a quickset hedge, plunged into a bramble-bush to stratch them in again, I fled to Venice to recover the composure I had disturbed. From thence I went to Verona and to Mantua. And now I am here—just come up from under ground, and earth all over, from seeing that extraordinary tomb in which the dead saint lies in an alabaster case, with sparkling jewels all about him to mock his dusty eyes, not to mention the twenty franc pieces which devout votaries were ringing down upon a sort of skylight in the cathedral pavement above, as if it were a counter of his heavenly shop.

"You know Verona? You know every thing in Italy, I know. I am not learned in geography, and it was a great blow to me to find that Romeo was only banished five-and-twenty miles. It was a greater blow to me to see the old house the Capulets, with their cognizance, still carved in stone, over the gateway of the court-yard. It is a most miserable little inn, at this time ankle-deep in dirt; and noisy vetturini and muddy market-carts were disputing possession of the yard with a brood of geese, all splashed and bespattered as if they had their yesterday's white trowsers on. There was nothing to connect it with the beautiful story but a very un-sentimental middle-aged lady (the Padrona, I suppose) in the doorway, who resembled old Capulet in the one particular of being very great indeed in the family-way.

"The Roman amphitheatre there delighted me beyond expression. I never saw any thing so full of solemn, ancient interest. There are the four-and-forty rows of seats, as fresh and perfect as if their occupants had vacated them but yesterday; the entrances, passages, dens, rooms, corridors; the numbers over some of the arches. An equestrian troop had been there some days before, and had scooped out a little ring at one end of the arena, and had their performance in that spot. I should like to have seen it, of all things, for its very dreariness. Fancy a handful of people sprinkled over one corner of the great place (the whole population of Verona wouldn't fill it now), and a spangled cavalier bowing to the echoes and the grass-grown walls! I climbed to the topmost seat, and looked away at the beautiful view for some minutes; when I turned round and looked down into the theatre again, it had exactly the appearance of an immense straw hat, to which the helmet in the Castle of Otranto was a baby; the rows of seats representing the different plaits of straw, and the arena the inside of the crown.

"I had great expectations of Venice, but they fell immeasurably short of the wonderful reality. The short time I passed there went by me in a dream. I hardly think it possible to exaggerate its beauties, its sources of interest, its uncommon novelty and freshness. A thousand and one realizations of the thousand and one nights could scarcely captivate and enchant me more than Venice.

"Your old house at Albaro—Il Paradiso—is spoken of as yours to this day. What a gal-

lant place it is! I don't know the present inmate, but I hear that he bought and furnished it not long since with great splendor, in the French style, and that he wishes to sell it. I wish I were rich, and could buy it. There is a third-rate wine-shop below Byron's house; and the place looks dull, and miserable, and ruinous enough.

"Old —— is a trifle uglier than when I first arrived. He has perogical parties at which there are a great many flower-pots and a few ices—no other refreshments. He goes about constantly charged with extemporaneous poetry, and is always ready, like tavern-dinners, on the shortest notice and the most reasonable terms. He keeps a gigantic harp in his bedroom, together with pen, ink, and paper, for fixing his ideas as they flow—a kind of profane King David, but truly good-natured and very harmless.

"Pray say to Count D'Orsay every thing that is cordial and loving from me. The traveling purse he gave me has been of immense service. It has been constantly opened. All Italy seems to yearn to put its hand in it. I think of hanging it, when I come back to England, on a nail as a trophy, and of gashing the brim like the blade of an old sword, and saying to my son and heir, as they do upon the stage: 'You see this notch, boy? Five hundred francs were hid low on that day for post-horses. Where this gap is, a waiter charged your father treble the correct amount—and got it. This end, worn into teeth like the rasped edge of an old file, is sacred to the custom houses, boy, this passport, and the shabby soldiers at town gates, who put an open hand and a dirty coat-cuff into the coach windows of all Forestieri. Take it, boy. Thy father has nothing else to give!'

"My desk is cooling itself in a mail-coach somewhere down at the back of the Cathedral, and the pens and ink in this house are so detestable that I have no hope of your ever getting to this portion of my letter. But I have the less misery in this state of mind from knowing that it has nothing in it to repay you for the trouble of perusal.

CHARLES DICKENS.

DOCTOR.—Very characteristic of *Boz*.

MAJOR.—And the following is equally characteristic of Captain Marryatt, who, unquestionably, was a very ill-used man.

"In reply to your kind inquiries, allow me first to observe that I have two most splendid grumbles on my list, so splendid that I hardly know how to part with them. Now for grumble the first: When Sir James Graham was at the Admiralty, he was pleased to consider that my professional services entitled me to some mark of his majesty's approbation, and accordingly he asked his majesty to give me the star of the Guelph, and knighthood. To this request his majesty, King William, was pleased to reply, in his usual frank, off-hand way, 'Oh yes—Marryatt, I know—bring him here on Thursday, (the day of application having been Monday). But it appears that, while my 'great-

ness was ripening,' some kind friend informed his majesty that I had once written a pamphlet on Impressment. And when Sir James saw his majesty on the Wednesday, the king said to him, 'By-the-by, Marryatt wrote a work on Impressment, I hear' (whether for or against, his majesty did not deign to inquire). 'I won't give him any thing;' adding, in his wonted free and easy style, 'I'll see him d—d first!' Now the request of a cabinet minister is supposed to confirm the claim, and it is not usual for the sovereign to refuse; indeed, his majesty seemed to be aware of that, for he said, 'The *Guelph* is my own order, and I will not give it unless I choose.' Sir James Graham, of course, did not press the matter after his majesty's opinion so frankly expressed. And there the matter dropped; so that, instead of the honor intended, I had the honor of being d—d by a sovereign, and have worn my travelling name ever since. You'll allow that it is a capital grumble. Now for grumble No. two:

"Twenty-six years ago, soon after the peace, I was requested by Lloyd's and the ship-owners to write a code of signals for the merchant service. I did so, and in the various annual reports of these societies, they have stated that the saving of lives and property by the means of these signals has been enormous. They were, at the request of Lloyd's, supplied to the British merc. of war, to enable merchant vessels to communicate their wants, &c.; and eventually they have been used in all the English colonies and dependencies by the government, to communicate with vessels, &c., along the coast. The French, perceiving their advantage, had them translated, and supplied to their men of war and merchantmen.

"Now, independent of the value they may be to the country in saving lives and property, and the claim which I have on that account, I have one also in a pecuniary way, for during the twenty-six years that they have been established they have always been supplied gratis to the British navy; and if it is considered how many vessels we have had in commission, had this been paid for, it would have amounted to a very large sum. For this service I have never received any remuneration whatever from our own government. When I was at Paris some years ago, Admiral de Rigny, the French first lord, sent for me, and, without any application on my part, informed me that, in consequence of the important advantages derived by the use of my signals, the King of the French had been pleased to give me the Gold Cross of the Legion of Honor (equivalent to the C. B. in England); so that I have been rewarded by a nation for whom the signals were not written, and from my own government have received nothing. I beg pardon, I did receive something—a letter from Lord Palmerston, forbidding me to wear the distinction granted to me by the King of the French. Now I call that also a capital grumble. I have asked Sir Robert Peel to give me employment, and I did so because I consider that I have done some service to the Conservative cause—at all events, I have worked hard, and suffered much

in purse. The cost of the Tower Hamlets cost me between six and seven thousand pounds, which is a serious affair to a man with seven children, all with very large ideas and very small fortunes; and I have felt the loss ever since. I have invariably labored very hard in the cause, never neglecting to infuse Conservative ideas in all my writings. I have written much in the newspapers, and never yet sent any article to the 'Times' which was not immediately inserted. One Conservative paper, which was dying a natural death, the 'Era,' weekly paper, I re-established, and it now circulates upward of five thousand; I did this out of good will to the proprietor and zeal for the cause, for I never received a six-pence for many months' labor. The 'Era' is the Licensed Victualers' paper, and I argued that wherever that paper was taken in, the 'Weekly Despatch' would not be; and that were the man who draws the beer is a Conservative, those who drink it will become the same. It is well known that it was chiefly through the exertions of the Licensed Victualers that Captain Rous was returned for Westminster.

"As to my professional services, it is to the Admiralty that I must look for remuneration; and as for my literary reputation, it is an affair between me and the public; but I think you must acknowledge that I have claims for omission and claims for commission; and when I see the Whigs giving away baronets to Easthope, &c., for literary services, and Clay, my opponent at the Tower Hamlets, for contesting elections, I do feel that the party which I have supported, now that I have decided claims upon the country should not throw me away like a sucked orange; if they do, why—virtue must be its own reward. It will be all the same a hundred years hence.

"I have now let it all out, and I feel a great deal better.

"F. MARRYATT."

LAIRD.—I wonder what we are to hae for supper? I'm as boss as a drum!

MAJOR.—Not being in Mrs. Grundy's secrets I cannot say. If, however, we could get a realization of the following receipt by Marryatt, we could not be ill off:—

"Split a cod's head, and put it with two haddocks, my dear countess, into a kettle containing two quarts of cold water, and an onion chopped fine. When it has boiled a quarter of an hour, take out all the fish, cut off the heads, trim and fillet the haddocks, pick out the best part of the cod's head—such as under jaw, tongue, &c., and lay them aside. Put back into the kettle the remains of the cod's head and trimmings of the haddocks, and let them boil until the liquor is reduced to a pint and a half, and then strain off.

"Thicken the soup with the yolks of two eggs well beat up; add some chopped parsley and a little salt; then put in the fillets of haddock (each cut into four pieces) with the portions of the cod's head; boil till sufficiently done, and

you will have a capital soup à tres bonne marché.

"F. MARRYATT."

DOCTOR.—I say, Laird, as you so anxiously conserve all older customs, I presume that you will not forget Friday, the 8th day of June?

LAIRD.—What happened upon that day?

DOCTOR.—It is the anniversary of Lady Godiva's ungarmented ride.

DOCTOR.—I forget noo a' about her leddyship.

DOCTOR.—After the following manner does Sir Henry Ellis, recapitulate the legend: "Leofric, Earl of Mercia, Lord of Coventry, imposed certain hard and grievous services upon the place, which his Countess Godiva, out of feelings of compassion for the inhabitants, frequently and earnestly implored her husband to free them from, but without effect; and, unwilling to give up an exaction which tended so much to his profit, he at length commanded her to urge him no more on the subject. Godiva was not thus to be diverted from her purpose, and resuming her importunities, he thought to silence her at once, by declaring that he never would accede to her wishes, unless she would consent to ride naked from one end of the town to the other, in the sight. To this extraordinary proposal, however, he heard with astonishment her reply in these words, '*But will you give me leave to do so?*' and being compelled to answer '*Yes,*' the good Countess soon afterwards upon a day appointed for that purpose, got upon her horse naked, her loose and flowing tresses forming a complete covering down to her legs, and having achieved her undertaking returned with joy and triumph to her husband, who faithfully redeemed his pledge, by granting to the inhabitants a Charter of Freedom, in the words of an old chronicler *from servitude, evil customs, and exactions.* The city legends relate that before her good patroness performed her task, an order was issued requiring all the inhabitants, on pain of death, to remain within their houses during her progress; but that a tailor, whose curiosity was not to be restrained by this denunciation, was resolved to have a peep at the fair Countess, and paid for his presumption and inquisitiveness by the loss of his sight. In commemoration of this incident, a figure whose name and fame are widely spread, called *Peeping Tom*, is still to be seen at the corner of Hertford Street, in an opening at the upper part of a house."

LAIRD.—In what manner is that queer ride commemorated?

Docron.—The following extract from the *Coventry Herald*, of June, 1848, conveys an answer to your question: "Large as was the influx of visitors contributed by common stages, horse, and foot, it was prodigiously augmented by the torrent of human beings which poured into the town in rapid succession by the railway trains, which, from authentic information we are enabled to state, brought into Coventry on that day the amazing number of 15,600 persons. In various parts of the town had been erected triumphal arches of great height, ornamented with flowers and evergreens, and many private houses were also similarly decorated in front. The cavalcade started at eleven o'clock, headed by Mr. Wombwell's elephant bearing a castle, and thus forming a living and literal representation of the city arms of Coventry. Madame Wharton's performance of *Godiva* was regarded as highly satisfactory. She was attired in a close-fitting elastic silk dress of pinky-white colour, entire from the neck to the toes, excepting the arms, which were uncovered; over this a simple white satin tunic, edged with gold fringe, completed her riding habit. Her only head-dress was a perfectly unartificial and not very profuse supply of glossy black hair, simply braided in front, and hanging down, slightly confined behind. Mr. Warton, her husband, rode a short distance in the rear, as Edward the Black Prince, clad in a suit of mail. Queen Margaret, Sir John Falstaff, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, William and Adam Botoner (the celebrated Mayors of Coventry) also found representatives in the procession. Last was a sylvan bower bearing the Shepherd and Shepherdess, a capacious platform furnished with flowers, fountains, and foreign birds in golden cages. The fleecy lambs and faithful dog formed objects which attracted all eyes, while the arbour of evergreens rising and tapering off to the height of forty feet, formed a magnificent finish to the cavalcade."

MAJOR.—Well, *Bonnie Braes*, what think you of getting up a *Lady Godiva* doing in *Streetsville*?

LAIRD.—I would like it brawly; but whaur could I get a woman to play the part o' the Coontess? If *Lucy Stone* had na' got married, she would hae answered brawly; but, of coorse, she's oot o' the question noo! However, *Mattie*, that keeps the yill house, will likely hae nae objections to tak the job on hand. I'll pop the question to *Mattie*, as soon as I get hame!

Docron.—By the bye, Major, I had nearly forgotten to mention that our friend *Whitefield* has returned.

MAJOR.—Aye, has he? And brought many more views of our Canadian towns, I suppose.

Docron.—Yes. He has taken *Galt* and some others; but I did not see his sketches. He tells me that *Galt* will make a fine picture, and that the *Galtonians* have subscribed liberally towards it.

LAIRD.—Weel done. Wha should tak' mair interest in his productions than the inhabitants o' that place? Were he to come oot to *Streetsville*, I'd bet twa bawbees to ain that a' the bodies in the place wad set doon their names.

MAJOR.—I am sure Mr. *Whitefield* would be only too happy to pay you a visit, did he think he should meet with such wholesale patronage, Laird.

Docron.—He had with him a couple of proofs of *Ottawa City*, late *Bytown*, one of the Upper, the other of the Lower Town. They were perfect gems. That of the Lower Town I admired in particular, and think, as a work of art, it is the most effective picture he has as yet produced. It will sell everywhere.

MAJOR.—I am glad to hear you speak so highly of it, and trust that he will be amply remunerated for the expenses he is at in getting out so many Provincial views. He is doing an honour to Canada, and Canadians must support him.

Docron.—Besides these views, he had one of *Kingston*, which makes a most effective picture. Indeed, no place in Canada shows to such advantage as *Kingston*. Built as it is on a crescent-shaped piece of rising ground, almost every house is seen.

MAJOR.—Our friends in *Kingston*, then, can not complain of justice not being done them to their city's presentment.

Docron.—I should think not, for Mr. *Whitefield* has a happy knack of always hitting on the best point from which to make his sketch, added to the masterly manner in which they are executed, is sure to please.

MAJOR.—Friends, countrymen, and lovers, I call for a bumper "pottle deep!" We have now finished the third year of our social partnership. Let us dedicate a libation to the memory of the many happy sederunts we have enjoyed, and to the increased prosperity of the *ANGLO AMERICAN MAGAZINE!*



FACTS FOR THE GARDEN AND THE FARM.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING BOUQUETS AND FLORAL ORNAMENTS.

In fulfilment of the promise made to you, I proceed to offer a few practical directions, intended principally for the amateur florist, for making bouquets and floral ornaments.

But before commencing, allow me to make a few preliminary observations in regard to the importance of adhering strictly to the laws and dictates of a cultivated and refined taste in order to ensure success. And first I would remark that there is a prejudice existing in the minds of many in regard to the arrangement of flowers in elaborate designs and ornaments—a prejudice which makes no distinction between the manifest absurdity of attempting to imitate in flowers objects which are entirely destitute of either beauty or adaptability, such for instance, as the monstrosities in the shape of monuments, fountains, tables, &c., which yearly disgrace some of the horticultural exhibitions in our large cities, and the forming of ornaments or designs natural and graceful in conception, and elaborate and artistic in execution. How often do we hear from such persons the remark that a bouquet formed of flowers culled at random, and put together in the most careless manner, is far more pleasing than one of a more elaborate character, and yet should one arranged with good taste, and a due regard to the harmony of colors, be exhibited, what exclamations of delight and admiration would reward the artist for his labor. To a person whose highest conception of a bouquet or floral ornament does not exceed a bunch of Hollyhocks and Asparagus, with, perhaps, the addition of a Pæony or two, the directions here given will appear useless and trifling; but when such an one witnesses the result he will perhaps change his opinion.

With these few remarks I pass to the more

practical part of my subject; and first in order are the requisite tools and material.

The *tools* required in making a bouquet are a flower-gatherer—which is a pair of scissors that holds the flower tight after it is severed, and which can be obtained at any of our horticultural warehouses—a sharp penknife, and a good strong pair of ordinary scissors. The *materials* for forming the frame-work of a bouquet, are a good, strong, straight stick, from twelve to eighteen inches long, according to the desired size or height of the bouquet, observing to have it long enough to leave room to hold it in the hand at the lower extremity until the bouquet is completed, when the stick is to be cut off even with the lower end of the bouquet; a handful of straight switches from trees or shrubs, of sufficient strength and stiffness to sustain the weight of a good sized flower when attached to their upper extremities, and about eight inches long; also a small quantity of the whisk from an old corn broom about six or eight inches long, a single straw of which is used for supporting the heads of small flowers, such as Violets, &c. In addition to the above, procure two coils of unannealed, or very pliable or flexible, copper or iron wire, one coil of which should be about the thickness of a pretty good sized pin, and the other the finest almost that can be procured, not larger than fine spool-cotton or horse-hair. The first mentioned is used for attaching Camellias and other large flowers to the switches, or artificial stems, and the latter for the smaller flowers, and is much preferable to twine or thread, as it does not require tying, but is merely passed four times around the flower and its support and is then cut off with the scissors. I would recommend that copper wire should be used, particularly the larger size, as iron wire if left in the green-house soon becomes rusty

and soils both the hands and the flowers. The commercial gardeners generally use iron. A ball of good strong hemp or cotton twine, or tie-yarn, is requisite for putting the bouquet together and must be kept in a flower-pot at your feet to keep it from rolling about. A quantity of evergreen such as Cedar, Arbor Vitæ, or, what is better than either, the small evergreen vine, or Lycopodium, which grows in profusion in many localities, and is used for making wreaths for ornamenting churches at Christmas, for filling in the interstices between the flowers and for finishing the lower part of the bouquet.

Before describing the *modus operandi* of making or putting together the bouquet, allow me to say a word or two in defence of the practice of using flowers with short stems. Of course when a collection of plants is very extensive, or when the kinds used are not mostly of a valuable kind, there is less necessity for economy; but where the reverse of this is the case, I know of but one objection that can be urged, and that is that the flowers will wither sooner than if their stems reached the water. This objection has been found by experience to be far less serious than it appears at the first glance to be, for if the interstices between the supports of the flowers be properly filled up with any kind of materials, such as evergreens, moss, or the like, to retain moisture, and the bouquet is turned upside down once or twice a day and water poured on it, it will retain its beauty and freshness for a week at least, and I have seen a bouquet two weeks old so fresh that it called forth the admiration of all who inspected it.

Before quitting this branch of my subject, I will offer a few suggestions in regard to the economical use of flowers which will be found of considerable importance where the demand is greater than the supply. By a careful examination of the botanical structure of various plants, it will be found that a number of them produce their flowers in clusters or umbels, and that in many cases the upper buds expand sometime before the lower ones, consequently if the whole head is cut off the later bloom is entirely lost. This is especially the case with Geraniums, (particularly the scarlet,) Primroses, Bignonias, etc., and it will be found a considerable saving to only cull the expanded blossoms. There are also other plants which produce their flowers in long spikes or garlands,

such as the Acacias, the *Euphorbia Jacquinaeflora*, the *Spiræa prunifolia*, and others, all of which can be divided into pieces from one to two inches long and will have quite as good an appearance in the bouquet as if the whole stem were used. Again, there are other plants, and among them some of the most gorgeous and showy descriptions, whose flowers are too large to be used entire and consequently require to be divided; among these are the *Poinsettia pulcherrima* and the *Strelitzia regina*. The first of these produces a flower of no beauty, but it is surrounded by scarlet leaves or bractæ of the most gorgeous splendour, the heads measuring in some instances twenty inches in diameter; these bractæ have a fine effect when introduced singly or in pairs. In dividing them, insert your knife at the top and pass it down perpendicularly dividing the flower and stem into two equal parts; then sub-divide these until you have but one or two bractæ with a small piece of the stem attached to each; these sections are then to be tied to supports and are then ready for use. The *Strelitzia* produces a flower or rather a succession of flowers, of a singular shape, but of a beautiful combination of colors. They appear in triplets of two beautiful orange and violet petals, and after one set withers they are succeeded by another set from the same calyx or spathe. Should you cut the whole head you would find it too large and unwieldy, and at the same time lose the succession of blooms. It is therefore advisable to sever the connection and take out the bloom without injury to the rest of the head, and tie it on a stick as before directed.

There is perhaps no plant so much injured by injudicious cutting as the Camellia. It is of such slow growth that should two or three inches of the stem be cut with the flower the plant would not increase one particle in size and the bloom of the following year would be entirely lost. It is therefore absolutely necessary that the flower *alone*, should be gathered and an artificial stem supplied of either wire or wood, or both. It is a fortunate circumstance that this flower deprived of its stem is of longer duration than any other.

There is a great diversity of taste as to the shape and size of bouquets. That most generally preferred, however, for hand-bouquets is flat or slightly oval on top, and about eight inches in diameter. I am aware that they are frequently



CARRIAGE COSTUME.

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made much larger, but in my opinion they appear heavy and cumbrous. The flat bouquet possesses two important advantages over the pyramidal or cone-shaped, in not requiring near so many flowers, and also in allowing every flower to be seen at one glance. The pyramid, or cone-shape, is however preferred for large bouquets or table designs.

In my next I will continue the subject and describe the process of putting together the bouquet.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE. CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Robe of maroon-coloured corded silk, trimmed with graduated rows of velvet of the same color, extending from the bottom of the skirt to the waist. A black velvet mantle of the Mousquetaire form, with loose hanging sleeves, and slightly fitting to the figure at the back of the waist. There are double sleeves, one pair demi-close and of the bell form, and the other pair loose, and slit up in front of the arm. The sleeves and the whole of the mantel are lined with blue silk, wadded and quilted. Bonnets of white therry velvet, trimmed with folds of dark blue velvet. At each side a bow composed of black velvet. Strings of blue velvet ribbon. Under trimming, a cap of white blonde, with bows and end of blue velvet.

PARIS FASHIONS.

Flounces are not so much in favour as hitherto, and dresses can be worn with plain skirts, the patterns being placed crosswise, and lessening towards the waist. They are cut out, and placed upon a plain ground for flounces; or they are left altogether upon the ground, and thus form a plain skirt. Almost all the grounds are a *petits quadrilles*, very delicate, and the patterns are of coloured watered bands, and garlands of flowers of soft and very varied shades. Basques seem to be coming up again. The dresses have a disposition that forms the first flounce, and falls over upon the plain skirt. One of the newest robes is the *Robe Neapolitaine*, of all shades. The ground is of taffetas, with a pattern woven in colour, and forming a draught board; the pattern diminishing towards the top of the skirt. The corsage has three trimmings for the sleeve in smaller *quadrilles*, as well as the front of the corsage and the border of the basque. Other robes are of *vert ecladon*, upon *vert pre*, *bleu Louise* upon

bleu plus force, &c. They are generally worn with flounces; and in almost all the patterns of the lower part there is black, to contrast with these light colours; or the pattern is *une Grecque*, or a *quadrille*. But when they are garlands of flowers, or sprinkled bouquets, no other shades than those of the flowers are employed. Robes trimmed with garlands are called *Corbeilles de Flore*. Almost all the flounces are trimmed with a fringe. Black taffetas mantles are trimmed with deep Chantilly lace, falling over half the length of the skirt, and crossing in front. This kind is more *recherche*, and is in greater favour than the paletots with sleeves, which fit closer to the figure.

The most *distingue* bonnets are white. Those of *paille de riz* with alternated bands of white blonde, will be most worn. They are ornamented with tufts of straw-coloured feathers, shaded rose towards the end. Many white feathers are also worn, with black. Bonnets are as small as ever; but, to make up for it, the curtain falls very far behind the neck. It is proposed to have boots to match the shades of walking dresses; but the innovation is not a happy one. We recommend black or gold-coloured English leather.

The toilette worn by the Empress at Longchamps, was composed of a pearl-gray taffetas robe ornamented up to the centre of the skirt, with *liserons* woven in silk of the same shade: upon the front with the embroidery was continued up to the point of the corsage. The corsage was flat, *montant a pointe*, and without basques. It was closed by small delicate pearl buttons, and worked upon the breast with *liserons*, like the smaller ones. Similar embroidery ornamented the flounces of the sleeves. The collar and the sleeves (called *a'Imperatrice*, and described by us last February) were in *point a laiguille*. A magnificent shawl of Indian gauze, with a white ground, embroidered in relief with flowers and fruit, woven with threads of gold and silver. The bonnet was of *paille-de-riz* and bands of blonde; tufts of *muguets des bois* were placed on each side.

ROSE LIP SALVE.

Take eight ounces of sweet almond oil, four of prepared mutton suet, one and a half of white wax, two of spermaceti, and twenty drops of otto of roses; steep a small quantity of alkanet root in the oil, and strain before using. Melt the suet, wax, and spermaceti together, then add the colored oil and otto.

C H E S S .

(To Correspondents.)

F. W. S.—Your Solution to the Indian Problem is the correct one. We will withhold it another month.

AMY.—The best three move problem is by the Rev. Mr. Bolton. We shall give it insertion in our next, if possible.

Solution to Problem in HOW A WORLD WAS WON, by a Subscriber, J. B., and J. H. R. are correct.

Solution to No. 18, the INDIAN PROBLEM, by F. W. S., J. B., and J. H. R. are correct.

Solutions to Enigma in our last by G. P., Amy, and F. W. S. are correct.

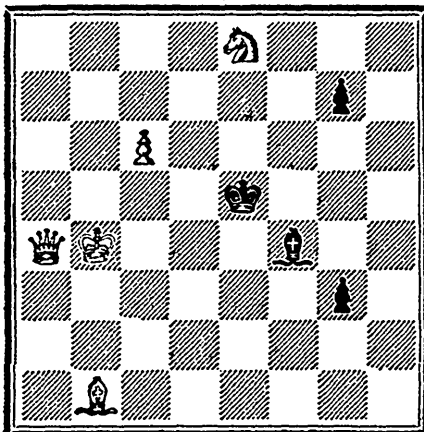
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM IN HOW A WORLD WAS WON. Page 440.

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| 1. R to K Kt 8th (ch). | R takes R. |
| 2. R to K B 8th (ch). | R takes R. |
| 3. K P one (dis ch). | Q interposes |
| 4. B mates. | |

PROBLEM No XIX.

By A. M. S., of Toronto.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 52. *By M. D'Orville.*

WHITE.—K at Q R sq; Q at K R 6th; R at Q B 6th; B at Q Kt 7th; Ps at Q 4th and Q R 3d.

BLACK.—K at Q 4th; Q at Q R 2d; Rs at K R sq, and Q B sq.

*White to play and mate in three moves.*No. 53. *By the same.*

WHITE.—K to his R sq; Q at K R 5th; R at Q B 8th; Kts at Q B 2d, and Q R 4th.

BLACK.—K at Q Kt 6th; Q at her 6th; R at K B 7th; B at Q R 2d; P at Q R 7th.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB.

The second annual meeting of the Toronto Chess Club was held at their rooms on the 3rd ult., when the report of the committee was read, detailing the progress of the Club during the past year. We regret to find that, according to this report, which we are unable to give to our readers, on account of its length, that the encouragement received by the Club in the attendance of members is not that we should have expected from a place boasting of so many amateurs in the noble game. In the election of officers, Mr. Cherriman and Mr. Chewett were respectively elected President, and Secretary and Treasurer for the ensuing year; Messrs. Fripp, Crawford and Robertson the Committee. After the business of the evening was over, the members immediately attacked one another over the chequered field, and fought their battles to an early hour.

A GAME BETWEEN MESSRS. S—— AND H——.

White (Mr. H.). Black (Mr. S.).

1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th.
2. K Kt to B 3d. Q Kt to B 3d.
3. P to Q 4th. P takes P.
4. K Kt takes P. Q to K R 5th (a).
5. K Kt to Q Kt 5th (b). Q takes P (ch).
6. K B to K 2d. Q to K 4th.
7. P to K B 4th. Q to Q B 4th.
8. Kt takes Q B P (ch). K to Q sq.
9. Kt takes R. K Kt to B 3d.
10. Q Kt to B 3d. K B to K 2d.
11. Q to Q 2d. R to K sq.
12. Q Kt to Q R 4th. Q to K B 4th.
13. Castles. Kt to K 5th.
14. Q to Q 3d. Q to K 3d.
15. K B P one sq. Q to K B 3d.
16. Q B to K B 4th. K B to Q 3d.
17. B takes B. Kt takes B.
18. Q R to Q sq. Q Kt to his 5th.
19. Q takes Kt. Q takes Q.
20. R takes Q. R takes B.
21. P to Q B 3d. Kt to Q B 7th.
22. P to K B 6th. P to K Kt 3d.
23. K R to Q sq. Kt to K 6th.
24. Q R to Q 2d. R takes K Kt P (ch).
25. Q R takes R. Kt takes K R.
26. R to K 2d. P to Q Kt 3d.
27. R to K sq. P to Q Kt 4th.
28. Q Kt to Q B 5th. Kt takes Q Kt P.
29. R to K 7th. P to Q 3d.
30. Kt to Q Kt 7th (ch). B takes Kt.
31. R takes B. Kt to Q 5th.
32. R takes K B P. Kt to K 4th.
33. R takes Q R P, and wins.

Notes.

(a) This move is not considered a good one.

(b) This is an ingenious move.