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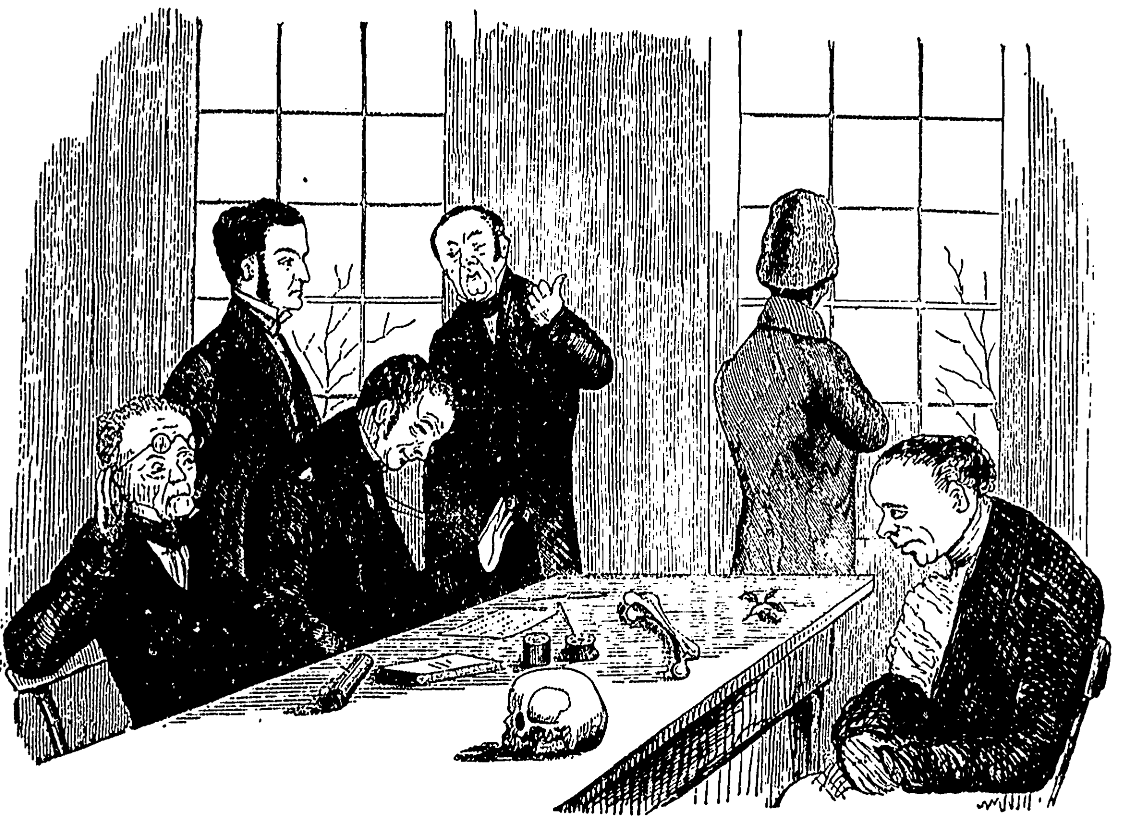

THE STUDENT EXAMINED.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.—TORONTO: MAY, 1853.—No. 5.

HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER V.

Naval encounters at sea—general remarks on.

The failure of all the military movements undertaken, so far, by the Americans was, in some degree, balanced by the unexpected success which attended their operations on an element which had long been the scene of triumph to their opponents—we may advisedly use the expression 'scene,' as the sea had hitherto been the stage on which the triumphs of British prowess had been most brilliantly represented. In entering, however, on a contest with American sailors, bone of their bone and sinew of their sinew, the British Government appear to have lost sight of the fact, that the strength of the United States navy consisted of a few frigates, of scantling and armament corresponding to their own seventy-fours, and that, by their own well understood regulations, every single-decked vessel was bound to engage any single-decked vessel of the enemy, nominally of her own class, however superior, in reality, in tonnage, guns and crew;—another important fact also, must not be lost sight of, that the American vessels were manned by sailors, many of whom, unfortunately, were British, while many more had been trained in the British service. For many years previous to the declaration of war, America had been decoying men from British vessels by every artful scheme, so that the captains of American vessels had to pick their complement not only from amongst men of their own nation, but from a numerous body also of foreign seamen. The constitution also of the body of American marines was wholly different from the British.

In the United States every man may learn to shoot, every man may be a marksman. To collect these expert marksmen officers were sent into the western parts of the Union, and to complete still farther their efficiency, a marine barrack was established near Washington, from which depôt the American ships were regularly supplied. There was another point in which the British were found, as compared with their opponents, very deficient—gunnery,—nor was this entirely the fault of the commanders of H. M. ships, as the Admiralty instructions, which they were bound to obey, restricted them, during the first six months after the ship received her armament, from expending more shots per month* than amounted to one-third in number of her upper-deck guns, and after these six months had expired, they were to use only half the quantity. The disastrous consequences of this discouragement of the expenditure of powder and shot will be apparent, as we shall have to bring forward in quick succession, instances that will show how much the British navy suffered by inattention to this most essential point in war, the proper handling of the weapons by which it was to be waged.

We have boldly made the assertion that the American frigates were of the scantling of seventy-fours, and a few explanatory remarks will show the correctness of the statement.

* Vide James' Naval History, part 8.

In 1794, an English shipwright,* Mr. Joshua Humphreys, resident at Philadelphia, gave in estimates of the cost of building three seventy-four gun ships, to measure sixteen hundred and twenty tons, American measurement, about seventeen hundred and fifty English. Before, however, the keels of these vessels had been much more than laid, Mr. Jay's treaty restored the amicable relations between England and America, and it was resolved to convert the vessels, begun as seventy-fours, into frigates. This was done by contracting the breadth about three feet and a half, and not connecting the quarter-deck and forecastle, so as to give in reality only one continuous tier of guns,—thus were these seventy-fours converted into enormous sixty-two gun frigates. A frigate, the Constellation, begun at the same time, and originally intended to class as a forty-four, was in a *similar manner* reduced to the rate of a thirty-six. It appears from the estimates rendered to Congress that the original intention had been to construct two forty-fours and a thirty-six; but, by the new arrangement it was confidently expected that the sphere of utility of these vessels would be widely extended "It was expected (vide estimates) from this alteration, that they would possess in an eminent degree, the advantages of sailing, that separately they would be superior to any single European frigate of the same rate and of the usual dimensions; that if assailed by superior force, they would be always able to lead a-head; that they could never be obliged to go into action but on their own terms, except in a calm; and that in heavy weather they would be capable of engaging double-decked ships." These were the principal advantages contemplated in thus rating vessels of this heavy scantling as forty-four gun frigates. Having thus shown that in designating these "line of battle ships in disguise" by their true titles we have not greatly erred, we shall add a few remarks on the Constellation, nominally a thirty-six gun frigate. "Even here (says James) was a frigate more than equal to any French or English frigate of the largest class carrying long eighteen-pounders, and, be it remembered, in the year 1811, France did not own any, and England only three frigates (Cornwallis, Indefatigable, and Endymion) that carried long twenty-four-pounders." The Constellation was a sister frigate to the Chesapeake, and "had ports for mounting on her two broadsides (vide James) fifty-four guns." Had the Americans, possessed no stronger frigates than the heaviest of these, Europeans would not have been so surfeited with tales of American naval prowess.

First objects of the War, chase of Belvidera—Escape of English homeward bound fleet of West Indiamen.

An object of paramount importance to the Americans was, the capture of the homeward bound West India fleet, supposed to be on the coast, and known to be under the convoy of but one thirty-six gun frigate, and a sloop of war This fleet had left Jamaica on the 20th May, and had passed Havanna on the 4th June, at 3, a. m.: on the 23rd (*five days after the declaration of war*) the American Commodore spoke a brig, and ascertained that, four days previous, in lat. 36° long. 67°, the Jamaica fleet had been seen, steering to the eastward. In that direction he immediately proceeded, and, at 6, a. m., that day made out a large sail to the northward and eastward, standing directly towards them. This was the British thirty-six gun frigate, Belvidera, Capt. Byron, then on the look-out to intercept a French privateer schooner, hourly expected from New London. Capt. Byron having a few days before, spoken a New York pilot boat, and ascertained what was likely to happen, finding his private signals unanswered, and coupling this circumstance with the efforts of the Americans to close, was no longer in doubt as to the hostile intentions of the approaching squadron, and immediately tacked and made all sail, hoisting his colors. The American squadron did the same, the two commanders displaying their broad pennants; and, by signal, the frigates and the sloops hauled to the wind in chase. For twelve hours the chase was continued, during which time the Belvidera kept up a steady stern fire, firing upwards of three hundred round shot from her two cabin eighteen pounders. Commodore Rodgers, in the President, the leading frigate of the squadron, finding himself by this time three miles astern, shortened sail. The Belvidera suffered only from the fire of the President, (as the shot of the Congress, the only other vessel that got up, all fell short,) and her loss amounted to two killed, and twenty

† Vide James, part 8, page 2.

two wounded, the greater part slightly. According to the American official account, the President lost altogether, two midshipmen and one marine killed, the commodore, one lieutenant, one lieutenant of marines, three midshipmen, and twelve seamen wounded. This alone was a high price to pay for the day's amusement, but this was not all, as the homeward bound fleet, through Capt. Byron's judgment in leading the American squadron, so long a dance, arrived safely on the 23rd August, in the Downs, Com Rodgers only falling in with a fleet, not of ships, but, of cocoa nuts, orange peel, &c. To complete his misfortunes, the scurvy broke out among the men, and thus conferred an additional value on the oranges and lemons that were known to be in such profusion in the much coveted vessels.

Manning of American fleet as compared with that of the British.

It had been intended that the frigate Essex should have formed part of Commodore Rodgers' squadron, but she could not be got ready in time; the complement of this vessel, as acknowledged by Capt. Porter, was three hundred and twenty-eight men. Another confession was also made by Capt. Porter, (one for which his government did not thank him), that, out of his three hundred and twenty-eight men, there were but eleven landsmen To those cognizant of the material from which the complement of a British ship is made up, this admission must appear most extraordinary, and establishes the very important fact that, no pains were spared by the Americans to send their vessels to sea equipped and manned in the most complete way. We will now show the importance that was attached to the retention of British seamen on board the American ships of war, and this should be held in remembrance by all who desire to judge fairly of those encounters between British and American ships, of which we are now about to begin the account.

Captain Porter's inhuman treatment of an English sailor.

We give, on the authority of Mr. James, the following statement which shows, if true, and we would hardly suppose that Mr. James would lightly advance so grave a charge; the barbarous means to which an American officer could resort, to punish a native of England for refusing to become a traitor to his country:—"A New York newspaper, of June 27th, 1812, contains the following as the substance of the formal deposition of the victim of Capt. Porter's unmanly treatment. The deposition states, that John Erving was born in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England; that he has resided within the United States, but has never been naturalized; that, on the 14th October, 1811, he entered on board the Essex, and joined her at Norfolk; that Captain Porter, on the 25th June, 1812, caused all hands to be piped on deck, to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and gave them to understand, that any man who did not choose to do so should be discharged; that, when deponent heard his name called, he told the Captain that, being a British subject, he must refuse taking the oath; on which the captain spoke to the petty officers, and told them they must pass sentence upon him; that they then put him into the launch which lay alongside the frigate, and there poured a bucket of tar over him, and then laid on a quantity of feathers having first stripped him naked from the waist; that they then rowed him ashore, stern foremost, and landed him; that he wandered about, from street to street, in this condition, until a Mr. Ford took him into his shop, to save him from the crowd then beginning to gather; that he staid there until the police magistrate took him away, and put him into the city prison for protection, where he was cleansed and clothed. None of the citizens molested him or insulted him." He says he gave as an additional reason to the Captain why he did not choose to fight against his country, that, if he should be taken prisoner, he would certainly be hung. This, as we remarked above, if true, is a significant fact, and shows the importance attached to the retention of a good seaman. So much has been already written on the way in which British vessels are manned, that it is almost unnecessary to remark, that there was no great cause for wonder that, seduced by promises of high pay, good seamen should enter the American service, and fight desperately; especially with a noose dangling from the foreyard arm ever before their eye when in sight of a British man-of-war.

The first fatal consequence of the disregard

First consequences of the meeting of unequal forces. Loss of the Guerriere.

of the difference of size and armament of American vessels, and of undervaluing their opponents' strength, was experienced by the frigate Guerrière, commanded by Captain Dacres, which, on August 19th, lat. 40° 20' N. and long. 53° W., was brought to action by the American frigate Constitution, Captain Hull.

The respective force is thus officially stated,—Guerrière forty-eight guns, throwing one thousand and thirty four pounds of shot: crew, two hundred and forty four: tons, one thousand and ninety-two;—Constitution fifty-six guns, throwing fifteen hundred and thirty-six pounds of shot: crew, four hundred and sixty: tons, fifteen hundred and thirty-eight. Even this statement will fail to convey an adequate idea of the real inequality that existed between the vessels, as it should be also borne in mind that the Guerrière was on her return from a long cruise with foremast and bowsprit sprung, and in absolute need of the refit for which she was then hastening to Halifax.*

The Constitution was seventeen days from port, and in all respects as well prepared for an engagement as the greatest care could make her. At half-past four the frigates came to close quarters, and by half-past six the unequal contest was ended by Capt. Dacres lowering his flag, the Guerrière being, by this time, an unmanageable wreck, rolling her main deck guns under, with her three masts gone by the board.

No imputation can be attached to Capt. Dacres on this occasion, he fought and handled his ship well, and he with his crew yielded only to the irresistible superiority of physical strength. So heavy indeed had been the fire* that after removing the officers and crew it

* "The Guerrière had nearly expended, not only her water and provisions, but her boatswain's and carpenter's stores; her gunner's stores were also deficient: what remained of her powder, from damp and long keeping, was greatly reduced in strength; her bowsprit was badly sprung, her mainmast, from having been struck by lightning, in a tottering state, and her hull, from age and length of service, scarcely seaworthy. No one then will deny that this rencontre was rather unfortunate; in fact, such was the state of general decay in which the Guerrière, at this time, was. that, had the frigate gone into Portsmouth or Plymouth, she would, in all probability, have been disarmed and broken up."

* SIR,—I am sorry to inform you of the capture of His Majesty's late ship Guerrière by the American frigate Constitution, after a severe action on the 19th August, in lat. 40 deg. 20 minutes N. and long. 55 deg. W. At 2 P. M. being by the wind on the star-board tack, we saw a sail on our weather beam, bearing down on us. At 3, made her out to be a man-of-war, beat to quarters and prepared for action. At 4, she closing fast, wore to prevent her raking us. At ten minutes past 4, hoisted our colors and fired several shot at her: at twenty minutes past 4, she hoisted her colors and returned our fire, wore several times to avoid being raked, exchanging broadsides. At 5, she closed on our starboard beam, both keeping up a heavy fire and steering free, his intention being evidently to cross our bow. At 20 minutes past 5, our mizen-mast went over the star-board quarter, and brought the ship up in the wind; the enemy then placed himself on our larboard bow, raking us, a few only of our bow guns bearing, and his grape and riflemen sweeping our deck. At forty minutes past 5, the ship not answering her helm, he attempted to lay us on board; at this time Mr. Grant, who commanded the forecastle, was carried below badly wounded. I immediately ordered the marines and boarders from the main deck; the master was at this time shot through the knee, and I received a severe wound in the back. Lieut. King was leading the boarders, when the ship coming too, we brought some of our bow guns to bear on her, and had got clear of our opponent, when at twenty minutes past 6, our fore and mainmast went over the side, leaving the ship a perfect unmanageable wreck. The frigate shooting ahead I was in hopes to clear the wreck, and get the ship under command to renew the action, but just as we had cleared the wreck, our sprit sail yard went, and the enemy having rove new braces, &c., wore round within pistol shot, to rake us, the ship lying in the trough of the sea, and rolling her main deck guns under water, and all attempts to get her before the wind being fruitless, when calling my few remaining officers together, they were all of opinion that any further resistance would only be a needless waste of lives, I ordered, though reluctantly, the colors to be struck.

The loss of the ship is to be ascribed to the early fall of her main-mast, which enabled our opponent to choose his position. I am sorry to say, we suffered considerably in killed and wounded, and mostly while she lay on our bow, from her grape and musquetry; in all, fifteen killed and sixty-three wounded, many of them severely; none of the wounded officers quitted the deck until the firing ceased.

The frigate proved to be the United States' ship Constitution, of thirty 24-pounders on her main deck and twenty-four 32-pounders, and two 18's on her upper deck, and 476 men: her loss in comparison with ours is trifling, about twenty: the first lieutenant of marines and eight killed; the first lieutenant and master of the ship, and eleven men wounded; her lower masts badly wounded, and stern much shattered, and very much cut up about the rigging,

was found by the captors impossible to keep this, their first naval trophy, afloat, and the Guerrière was accordingly set on fire and blown up. This must have been the more mortifying, as this ship had been made particularly obnoxious to the Americans, although the causes of quarrel arose before Capt. Dacres joined and while Capt. Pechell commanded her, still it was the same ship, and most acceptable would her acquisition as a trophy have been. It is not unworthy of remark, that on board of the Guerrière, at the time of this engagement, there were ten American seamen who had for a number of years belonged to her; but as the declaration of war by the United States was not known at the time of her sailing, no opportunity of course had since that period offered itself for discharging them. Capt. Dacres, however, conceiving it to be unjust in the extreme, to compel them to fight against their countrymen, ordered them to quit their quarters and go below. This conduct contrasts most favorably with the attempts made by Capt. Hull and his officers to inveigle the crew of the Guerrière and induce them to turn traitors. One of the means resorted to was to keep his prisoners manacled and chained to the deck during the night and the greater part of the day.

The reason assigned by Capt. Hull for this unusual severity was, that there were so many of his own crew who considered the Guerrière's men as their countrymen, (and who felt, as well they might, some degree of shame at their own fallen state), he was apprehensive the two bodies united would overpower him and the Americans, and carry the Constitution to Halifax. The more probable reason seems to have been to render the prospect of liberty the more alluring to those who would turn traitors. Capt. Hull calculated, it may be supposed, that any whom he could persuade to enter, would fight in the most desperate manner, rather than be taken and turned over to their former commanders, from whom they could only expect to receive a certain and well merited fate. Capt. Dacres bears testimony, in other respects, to Capt. Hull's treatment of himself and crew, and the care that was taken to prevent their losing the smallest trifle.

The author of the American "Naval History," Mr. Clark, remarks thus upon the Guerrière's capture:—"It appeared in evidence on the court martial, that many Englishmen were on board the Constitution, and that many of these were leading men, or captains of guns." The officers of the Guerrière knew some of them personally. One had been captain of the forecastle in the Eurydice, another had been in the Achille at Trafalgar, and the third lieutenant was an Irishman, named Read. In the latter end of 1816, a register of officers and others, military and naval, in the service of the United States, was issued from the Washington press, prepared by a resolution of Congress. Affixed to the list of names in this official document, is one column headed "State or country where born." Turning to this column, in the naval department, we find,

The Guerriere was so cut up, that all attempts to get her in would have been useless. As soon as the wounded were got out of her, they set her on fire; and I feel it my duty to state, that the conduct of Captain Hull and his officers to our men, has been that of a brave enemy, the greatest care being taken to prevent our men losing the smallest trifle, and the greatest attention being paid to the wounded, who, through the attention and skill of Mr. Irvine, the surgeon, I hope will do well.

I hope, though success has not crowned our efforts, you will not think it presumptuous in me to say, the greatest credit is due to the officers and ship's company for their exertions, particularly when exposed to the heavy raking fire of the enemy. I feel particularly obliged for the exertions of lieut. Kent, who, though wounded early by a splinter, continued to assist me; in the second lieutenant the service has suffered a severe loss; Mr. Scott, the master, though wounded, was particularly attentive, and used every exertion in clearing the wreck, as did the warrant officers.—lieutenant Nicholl of the royal marines, and his party, supported the honorable character of their corps, and they suffered severely. I must recommend Mr. Shaw, master's mate, who commanded the foremast main deck guns in the absence of lieutenant Pullman, and the whole after the fall of lieutenant Ready, to your protection, he having received a severe contusion from a splinter. I must point out Mr Garby, acting purser, to your notice, who volunteered his services on deck, and commanded the after quarter-deck guns, and was particularly active, as well as Mr. Bannister, midshipman. I hope, in considering the circumstances you will think the ship entrusted to my charge, properly defended—the unfortunate loss of our masts, the absence of the third lieutenant, second lieutenant of marines, three midshipmen and twenty-four men, considerably weakened our crew, and we only mustered at quarters two hundred and forty-four men, on coming into action; the enemy had such an advantage from his marines and riflemen, when close, and his superior sailing enabled him to choose his distance.

I enclose herewith a list of killed and wounded on board the Guerrière.

as we descend in the list, the blanks in the column of "where born" increase amazingly. Of the superior officers, only three captains—Shaw, Patterson, and Crichton—were ashamed to name their birth-place. Of one hundred and sixty lieutenants, five appear to have been British; but seventeen, all English or Irish names have blanks after them. Of twenty boatswains, four were born in the United States; the rest nowhere. Of eighty-three sailing-masters, fifteen had no birthplace; and eight appear to be British. Of twenty-five gunners, three appear to have been born in the United States; and out of thirty-three carpenters and master-mates, five only could be found to fill up the blank with the term "American." The blanks in the list of able seamen increase surprisingly. This, however, is not to be wondered at, when we consider Captain Brenton's statement:—"It was said, and there is no reason to doubt the fact, that there were two hundred British seamen on board the Constitution."

After this analysis, Mr. Clark's remarks on the capture of the Guerrière can be taken at their value—"It has manifested the genuine worth of the American tar, which has enabled him to meet under DISADVANTAGEOUS CIRCUMSTANCES (save the mark), and to derive glory from the encounter, the naval heroes of a nation which has so long ruled the waves."

We have been thus particular in dwelling on all the circumstances connected with the capture of the Guerrière, as with few exceptions the same disparity of force prevailed and the same remarks apply. That the American successes were unexpected, is apparent from the instructions given to the officers in command of the vessels about to leave port, and, in fact, the first capture of an English by an American vessel was made, if not in direct breach of orders, at least contrary to the calculations of the Navy Department, and had not Hull put to sea before his countermand reached Boston, he certainly would not have made his capture of the Guerrière, nor is it probable that any capture would have been made at all, if we may judge from the tone of the following communications:—

"Naval Department, Washington,
18th June, 1812.

"Sir,—This day war has been declared between the United Empire of Great Britain, Ireland, and their dependencies, and the United States of America, and their territories, and you are, with the force under your command, entitled to every belligerent right to attack and capture, and to defend. You will use the utmost despatch to reach New York, after you have made up your complement of men, &c., at Annapolis. In your way from thence, you will not fail to notice the British flag, should it present itself. I am informed that the Belvidera is on our coast, but you will not understand *me as impelling you* to battle previously to your having confidence in your crew, unless attacked, or with a reasonable prospect of success, of which you are to be, at your discretion, the judge. You are to reply to this, and inform me of your progress.

"P. HAMILTON.

"Capt. Hull, U. S. Frigate Constitution."

This discouraging and, considered with immediate results, somewhat pusillanimous order, was soon followed by another of the same tenor, as follows:—

"Navy Department, 3rd July, 1812.

"Sir,—As soon as the Constitution is ready for sea, you will weigh anchor and proceed to New York.

"If, on your way thither, you should fall in with an enemy's vessel, you will be guided in your proceeding by your own judgment, bearing in mind, however, that you are not voluntarily to encounter a force superior to your own. On your arrival at New York, you will report yourself to Commodore Rodgers. If he should not be in that port, you will remain there untill further orders.

"P. HAMILTON."

The Constitution, on her way to New York was chased by a British squadron and prevented from getting into that port, so that her stealing to sea from Boston, into which she had been driven, and her encounter with the Guerrière was purely accidental and in contravention of orders, for even after his escape into Boston, a new order was despatched:—

"Navy Department, 29th July, 1812.

"Sir,—Your letter of the 20th instant, just received, has relieved me from much anxiety.

"I am truly happy to hear of your safety. Remain at Boston until further orders.

"P. HAMILTON."

Before receiving this order Capt. Hull had put to sea and escaped the doom, which his

affrighted Government had prepared for him —to be laid up in port.

A second action, tending to augment the confidence of Americans in themselves, took place on the 18th October, between H. M. brig Frolic, Captain Whinyates, and the United States sloop of war Wasp, Captain Jones.

Frolic and Wasp.

The Frolic was the convoy of the homeward bound fleet from the Bay of Honduras, and was repairing the damages her masts and sails received in a violent gale on the night of the 16th, in lat. 36° north, lon. 64°, in which she had carried away her main-yard, sprung her main-topmast, and lost both her topsails, when a vessel was made out which immediately gave chace to the convoy.

Although in the crippled state above mentioned, Captain Whinyates determined to save his convoy, and a close and spirited action ensued, which was maintained until the brig became, from her previous shattered condition, unmanageable. The Wasp taking advantage of this shot ahead, and raked the Frolic, which was unable to bring a gun to bear. She now fell with her bowsprit between the main and mizen rigging of the enemy, and was then immediately carried by boarding, after an action of an hour's duration. Such was the obstinacy with which she had been defended that, on the Americans taking possession of their prize, but three officers and the man at the wheel were found alive on the deck. In this dreadful conflict the British loss was thirty killed, and between forty and fifty wounded. The vessels were nearly equal in point of strength, both as regarded guns and men, and her previous crippled state alone brought on this disastrous and speedy issue. On the afternoon of the same day H.M. ship Poictiers, seventy four guns, fell in with and captured both vessels, sending them into Bermuda. Congress awarded to Captain Jones a gold medal, to his officers a silver one, and to the crew generally, twenty-four thousand dollars, in testimony of their gallantry in capturing a British vessel of superior force. This may be accounted for, as Captain Jones in his official despatch, gave the Frolic two extra guns, and judiciously said nothing of her previous disabled state. The reader may, however, judge in what the superior force consisted from the statement here given :—Frolic, broadside guns, nine, throwing two hundred and sixty-two pounds of shot, with two twelve-pounder carronades,—crew, ninety-two,—size, three hundred and eighty-four tons. Wasp, broadside, nine guns, throwing two hundred and sixty-eight pounds of shot, with two brass four pounders,—crew, one hundred and thirty-five,—size, four hundred and thirty-four tons. Nearly matched as these vessels were, the superiority if anything leaning towards the side of Wasp, yet the usual exaggerations of American officers made it a victory over a superior force.

Seven days after this affair, on the 25th of October, in lat. 29° north, lon. 29° 30′ west, the thirty-eight gun frigate Macedonian, Captain Carden, fell in with and brought to action the U. S. frigate, United States, Commodore Decatur. The action lasted for upwards of two hours, when, with one hundred shot in her hull, several of them between wind and water, her mizen mast gone by the board, main and fore topmasts shot away by the cap, her main yard in the slings, two remaining lower masts badly injured, and but few guns effective, the Macedonian surrendered. Of her complement of two hundred and fifty-four men, deducting eight foreigners who refused to fight, thirty-six were killed and sixty-eight wounded.

Macedonian, and United States.

Commodore Decatur, in his official despatches, makes very light of the damage done to his vessel; either in loss of men or injuries to hull or rigging, reporting only five killed and six wounded. Captain Carden, however, represents that the United States "was pumped out every watch till her arrival in port, from the effects of shot received between wind and water, and that two eighteen pounders had passed through her mainmast in a horizontal line." There is very little doubt, also, from what may be gathered from his account, but that these numbers were very far from representing the actual loss in killed and wounded.

The comparative force of the two combatants may be with correctness stated as follows:—Macedonian—weight of broadside, five hundred and twenty-eight pounds; crew, two hundred and fifty-four; size, one thousand and eighty-one tons. United States—broadside, weight of metal, eight hundred and sixty-

four pounds; crew, four hundred and seventy-four; size, fifteen hundred and thirty-three tons. James mentions, among other proofs, that a large proportion of the United States' crew were British; the following fact,—"One of th officers' servants, a young lad from London, named William Hearne, actually found among the hostile crew his own brother! This hardened traitor, after reviling the British, and applauding the American service, used the influence of seniority in trying to persuade his brother to enter the latter. The honorable youth, with tears in his eyes, replied: 'If you are a —— rascal, that's no reason I should be one.'" Mr. James alleges that several of the Macedonian's men recognized their old shipmates; and "Captain Carden," says Marshall, "observing 'Victory' painted on the ship's side over one part, and 'Nelson' over another, asked Commodore Decatur the reason of so strange an anomaly: he answered, 'the men belonging to those guns served many years with Lord Nelson, and in the Victory, and they claim the privilege of using the illustrious names in the way you have seen.'" The Commodore also declared, according to the same authority, publicly, that there were but few seamen in his ship, who had not served from twelve to fifteen years in a British man-of-war. After reading this, the reader will naturally like to know what the register, which has been already so useful to us, says of the birthplace of Commodore Decatur. This authority assigns, as might be expected, a birthplace, not quite so far north as Captain Hull's, to the Commodore—Maryland.

On the arrival of Decatur, with his prize, at New York, the Macedonian was purchased by the American Government, and was rated as a thirty-six gun frigate, of which class she was the smallest ship. The same ungenerous system of tampering with the prisoners, that prevailed in the case of the Guerrière, was carried on by the Commodore and officers of the United States, and in order that his attempts might be unrestricted by the presence of the Macedonian's officers, they were sent on shore on parole. The officers, however, becoming acquainted with the honorable schemes of the American officer, returned on board.

We look in vain in Commodore Decatur's official communications for any admission that he had conquered a vessel of inferior force. This confession would certainly have been honest, but, then, it would have interfered with the Act of Congress of 28th June 1798, which provided that, "if a vessel of superior or equal force shall be captured by a public armed vessel of the United States, the forfeiture shall accrue wholly to the captors." Two hundred thousand dollars, the valuation of the prizes, was accordingly paid over to the American commander and his crew. The verdict of the court-marshall, puts the conduct of Captain Carden and his crew, beyond question—the substance of the sentence is as follows:—"Having most strictly investigated every circumstance, and examined the different officers, and ship's company; and having very deliberately and maturely weighed and considered the whole, and every part thereof, the Court does most honorably acquit Capt. Carden, the officers and crew."

Great were the rejoicings throughout the Union, at their third naval victory, especially as it was the first of which the fruits had been secured,—and the arrival of the colors of the Macedonian at Washington was attended with illuminations and a public and most brilliant fête. The press, too, teemed with such rhapsodies as the one of which we give a specimen.* Had a faithful statement of the com-

* With unutterable pleasure we record another most gallant naval achievement—a thing without precedent or parallel—an action *sui generis*, unique, incomparable—a *British* frigate dismasted and compelled to surrender in *seventeen minutes*, with 106 of her crew, one-third of her number, killed and wounded, by a vessel but little her superior in force—by a new people, unused to the horrid business of war; by strangers to the thunder of cannon.

We are lost in astonishment at the *effect* of *Decatur's* fire—no wonder that the *Britons* thought he was enveloped in flames, and rejoiced, giving three cheers. Weak mortals!—they had yet to learn the great activity of *Decatur's* youthful crew, and feel the power of the *vengeance-charged* guns of the *United States*.

Thus it was with *Hull*, with *Porter*, with *Jones*, and with *Chauncey*, on the lake. Every shot had its private commission to revenge a private wrong—some lashing at the gang-way of a *British* vessel of war—some privation of food for refusing to labor for "his Majesty"—some personal indignity which imperious *Britons* know so well to give to "Yankee rascals."

The gallant *Rodgers*, unsuccessful, vexes the deep. Like the bold bald eagle of his country, he darts over the region of waters in search of his enemy: groaning in spirit that the foe is not nigh.

parative force of the two vessels, been blazoned on the walls of that festive hall, we scarcely think that there would have been found cause for such extravagant demonstrations of joy, or room, on the part of the press, for such vain-glorious paragraphs. Justice and truth would rather have awakened a feeling of admiration, at the bravery with which British sailors had contended against such unequal and fearful odds.

Java and Constitution. December 29th.

Another action, the result of which was even more disastrous to the British, yet remains to be chronicled, before closing the list of naval battles, for the year, on the ocean.

The Java, Captain Lambert, on her outward-bound voyage to the East Indies, with a number of passengers on board, besides a large body of recruits, on the 29th December, some forty miles from St. Salvador, in lat. 13° N. and long. 36° W., encountered, and was captured by, the American frigate Constitution. "The Java," according to Commodore Bainbridge's testimony, in a letter to a friend, bearing date January 29th, 1813, "was exceedingly well fought. Poor Lambert, who died, six days after the action, was a distinguished and gallant officer."

One can hardly credit that so much indifference could have been manifested by Government, as was shown in the case of preparing the Java for a voyage, in which the chances were so great that an enemy's vessel would be encountered. A little of the previous history of the Java will, however, place the affair pretty clearly before the reader. The late French frigate Renommée, newly christened the Java, was under orders to carry out to Bombay the newly appointed Governor, Lieutenant-General Hislop, and suite, with a number of supernumeraries,—Marine Society boys. Finding, on joining, that out of a complement of two hundred and ninety-two, the whole number of petty officers and men, who had ever trod a deck or been present at an action, amounted to less than fifty, Captain Lambert loudly remonstrated against the inefficiency of such a ship's company. The only reply was, that a voyage to the East Indies and back would make sailors of them. It was in vain to urge the matter further, but as some slight amendment to the Java's crew, eight men were allowed to volunteer. Manned in this way, with sixty Irishmen, who had never smelt salt water, except in crossing the channel—the rest of her complement made up from prison ships, Captain Lambert was despatched to sea. Is there room for wonder that with such a crew he and his vessel should have succumbed to a superior, unprepared as he was for a contest even with an equal, force? The great cause for astonishment is that, with such a crew, the Java should have maintained a fight from a little past two till six, and that the colors should have been lowered from the stump of the mizen mast only when the Constitution had taken up a raking position athwart the bows of her then defenceless antagonist. The Java lost her masts and bowsprit, had upwards of twenty guns disabled, her boats shot to pieces, and her hull so shattered, that it was found necessary to burn her. Twenty-two were killed, and ninety-two wounded on board the Java, in this murderous conflict; and the American loss, though trifling in comparison, was yet severe—ten killed and forty-eight wounded. This victory added no glory to the American flag, as, with the same difference of force as in the instance of the Guerrière, the crew, although nominally stronger, was in reality not half as effective: indeed, Mr. James remarks on this head: "The Constitution captured the Java certainly, but in so discreditable a manner that, had the latter been manned with a well trained crew of three hundred and twenty men, no doubt remains in our mind, and we have con-

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But the time will come when he shall reap a rich harvest of glory.

Bainbridge, in the *Constitution*, with the sloop *Hornet*, commanded by the excellent *Lawrence*, was near the middle of the Atlantic, *hunting* British frigates, at the date of our last accounts from him.

Porter, in the little frigate *Essex* is,—we know not where; but doubtless desirous of paying his respects to Sir *James Yeo*, of the *Southampton*; who, *dubbed* a knight by a king, wants to be *drubbed* into a gentleman by a *Porter*; and we venture to say that if they meet, the knight will get a lesson on good manners.

The *Constellation*, Captain *Stewart*, will soon be at sea, to claim her portion of the laurels; and the *Adams* frigate, nearly fitted out at Washington city, will bring to the recollection of our aged patriots the ardent zeal that distinguished her *namesake* in "the times that tried men's souls."—*Niles' Weekly Register*.

sidered the subject seriously, that, notwithstanding her vast superiority of force, the American frigate must either have succumbed or have fled." According to the same author, "the manner in which the Java's men were treated by the American officers, reflects upon the latter the greatest disgrace." One object, however, the Constitution's officers missed by their cruelty in manacling and pillaging their poor captives—three only of the Java's crew entered, while the remainder, jail birds though many of them were, treated with contempt their reiterated promises of high pay, rich land, and liberty.

The verdict of the court martial held on the surviving officers and crew of the Java was, that "the action was maintained with zeal, ability, and bravery," and the compliment paid to Lieut. Chads, who commanded after Captain Lambert's fall, a very high one. Rear Admiral Thorn was the president, and, returning Lieutenant Chads his sword, he thus addressed him—"I have much satisfaction in returning you your sword. Had you been an officer who had served in comparative obscurity all your life, and never before heard of, your conduct on the present occasion has been sufficient to establish your character as a brave, skilful, and attentive officer." We think it but justice to bring these facts forward, to enable those who may have seen only American accounts of the war, to come to a more correct conclusion respecting the events we have been just detailing. We cannot forbear quoting from James a short account of the reception of Commodore Bainbridge by the citizens of Boston:—

"At this moment our eyes light upon a passage in a book before us, giving an account of the reception of Commodore Bainbridge by the citizens of Boston, and we cannot resist the temptation of placing it before the British public. 'On the following Thursday (that succeeding the frigate's arrival,) Commodore Bainbridge landed at the long wharf from the frigate Constitution, amidst acclamations, and roaring of cannon from the shore. All the way from the end of the pier to the Exchange coffee-house, was decorated with colours and streamers. In State street they were strung across from the opposite buildings, while the windows and balconies of the houses were filled with ladies, and the tops of the houses were covered with spectators, and an immense crowd filled the streets, so as to render it difficult for the military escort to march. The commodore was distinguished by his noble figure, and his walking uncovered. On his right hand was the veteran Commodore Rodgers, and on his left Brigadier-general Welles; then followed the brave Captain Hull, Colonel Blake, and a number of officers and citizens; but the crowd was so immense that it was difficult to keep the order of procession. The band of music in the balcony of the State Bank and the music of the New-England guards, had a fine effect." Here was a compliment to the British navy!

Effect of these successes on the American people.

There is very little doubt but that the effect of these four actions on the American mind was most important, as the successive triumphs gave a tone and character to a war hitherto decidedly unpopular with the moderate portion of the community, and imparted a still greater confidence to the war party, already far from deficient in the language of pretension and vain glorious boasting.

The tone, even, of the *National Intelligencer*, previously moderate, if not pacific, was at once altered, and the repeal of the orders in Council, simple and unconditional as it was, now failed to satisfy American demagogues, "the American flag was now to secure all that sailed under it."

This was a bold attitude to assume towards a nation whose seamen had beaten, in succession, every power in Europe into a confession of their superiority, more especially when we reflect that the Americans were to the full as much astonished as were the English at the unexpected aspect which naval events had now assumed. The various orders from Washington to the Commanders make this sufficiently apparent, and supply a more correct index to the reality of American expectations than do the vapourings of a few individuals, who prepared a highly seasoned dish of self-glorification for a public by no means unwilling to swallow the regale seasoned for the national taste.

"No one" says one Historian* "can compare the official accounts without acknowledging that accident or fortune had little to do with these battles, which were like nearly all

* Ingersoll.

the other naval engagements throughout the war, AFTER England had time to recover from her surprise, and endeavour to imitate or excel her antagonist. More extensive or more numerous battles would add little to the credentials of the few gained."

This last paragraph is a fortunate admission, as but few laurels were added to the American naval wreath after the first year, and as the American Navy disappeared nearly altogether from the ocean when the British Government awoke, at length, from their delusion, and adopted such measures as they should have done at the beginning of the war.

Measures adopted by the British Government.

We have just given a full account, not only of the exploits, but of the force in tons, men, and guns, of the American forty-fours, and we will now, as far as lies in our power, point out the steps that were taken by the British Admiralty, to put a stop to their further successes.

Three of the small class seventy-fours, the Majestic, Goliath, and Saturn, were cut down, and thus armed: The first deck battery of twenty-eight long thirty-two-pounders was retained, but in lieu of twenty-eight long eighteens' on the second deck, an equal number of forty-two-pound carronades were carried, with two long twelve-pounders as chase guns; this, with a complement of four hundred and ninety-four men and boys, was judged a fair match for the American, nominally, forty-fours; as, however, no glory could have accrued from the capture of an American forty-four by what would have been styled a seventy-four in disguise, the policy or utility of this measure may be, and has been, very much doubted.

Besides the completion of these three razees, two vessels were built to answer the same purposes. They also merit a few remarks which we will take from James:—

"The Leander was constructed of pitch-pine, from a draught prepared by Sir William Rule, the ingenious architect of the Caledonia, and many other fine ships in the British navy; and the Newcastle was constructed of the same light wood, from the draught of M. Louis-Charles Barrallier, then an assistant surveyor under Sir William, but now the principal naval architect for the French at Toulon. The first of these ships measured ·572, the other 1556 tons; and they were both constructed of very thin and inadequate scantling. The establishment of each ship was 30 long 24-pounders on the first or 'upper' deck, and 26 carronades 42-pounders, and two, afterwards increased to four, long 24-pounders on the second or 'spar' deck; total, at first 58, then 60 guns, with a net complement of 480 men and boys. The Leander and Newcastle, therefore, in the disposition of their guns, perfectly agreed with the cut-down 74s; and yet they were officially registered as 'frigates,' but, by way of salvo for their anomalous structure 'with spar decks,' was superadded. If, by 'frigate,' is meant a ship with a single battery-deck from stem to stern, is it not a sufficient stretch of the term, to apply it to a vessel that has two additional short decks, upon which are mounted nearly as many guns as she carries on her whole deck? But must a ship, having two whole decks, upon each of which an equal number of guns is mounted, be called a single-decked vessel? And yet, in official language, the Leander and Newcastle are not two-decked ships, otherwise their lower battery-deck would not be called their upper deck, nor their upper, their spar deck; neither would their depth of hold be measured from the deck below the first battery-deck, nor the length of the same deck be registered as the 'length of gun-deck.' These are the only points, in which these frigates with spar decks differ from the cut-down 74s, and from the 56 and 54 gun ships already mentioned.

The command of the Leander was given to Captain Sir George Rolph Collier, and the command of the Newcastle, to Captain Lord George Stuart. Great difficulty was experienced in getting these two ships manned; and certainly the crew of the Leander, after it was obtained, was a very indifferent one, containing, besides many old and weakly men, an unusually large proportion of boys. This ineffectiveness of the Leander's crew has recently been contradicted; but we allude to the period of the ship's arrival at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"We were then on board the Leander several times, and not only witnessed the quality of her crew, but heard the officers complain, as well they might, of their great inferiority in that respect to the ships against which they were expected to contend.

"When she quitted Spithead, for Halifax, the Leander was so lumbered with stores, that the ship would scarcely have made the voyage, had she not received a refit in Cork; and even then it was fortunate, much as was to be expected from her captain and officers, that the Leander did not encounter one of the American 44s.

"Another ship, of the same force in guns, and nearly so in men, as the Leander and Newcastle, was produced by raising upon the Akbar, formerly a teak-built Indiaman, and more recently known as the 44-gun frigate Cornwallis. The Akbar proved a very indifferent cruiser, sailing heavily, and rolling to such a degree, that she was constantly carrying away or springing her masts. The ship actually stowed 450 tons of water; while the Caledonia, a ship of double her measurement, could not stow more than 421 tons. The Akbar has since been converted to the only purpose for which, and carrying a cargo, she was ever adapted, a troop-ship.

"If it was deemed necessary to build or equip ships to oppose the large American frigates in fair combat, they should have been frigates, and two-decked ships like the Leander Newcastle, and Akbar. There was a frigate laid down in the year 1813, which would have answered every purpose; but, after the draught of the Java had been prepared as that of a regular frigate, to carry 52 guns, the pen of authority filled up the gangway with a barricade and a row of ports, and hence the Java was built as a 60-gun two-decked ship, similar to the Newcastle and Leander. If the American frigates, of 1533 tons, could not carry, with ease, their gangway guns, and the two last-named British 60 gun ships, averaging 1564 tons, found some inconvenience in carrying theirs, how could it be expected that the Java, of 1458 tons, could bear the eight additional guns ordered for her?"

Besides these two anomalous classes of frigates, the cut down seventy-fours, and the fifty; a few ships were constructed to which the name of frigates was really applicable. Two fine frigates were then afloat, but one carried a broadside of only twenty-six guns, while the forty-fours carried one of twenty-eight; the proverb of "L'an scottato ha paura de l'acqua calda"* is here applicable; the Admiralty had not scrupled to send out thirty-sixes, with instructions compelling them to bring to action any single-decked enemy's vessel, however superior; but now they hesitated to send a fine vessel, nay two, for the Egyptienne was rejected also, though mounting the proper number of guns, because she was inferior to her expected adversary by one broadside gun. The Firth, Liffey, Severn, Glasgow, and Liverpool were accordingly built, manned with a complement of three hundred men and boys, and with an armament of fifty guns—twenty-eight long twenty-four pounders, twenty carronades, thirty-two pounders, with two long nines. A new gun was also tried, and found to answer expectations. Says James—"The six-and-half feet thirty-three cwt. twenty-four pounders not having been found heavy enough, some guns of the same calibre were constructed, from a foot to a foot-and-a-half longer, and weighing from forty to forty-three cwt."

It is singular, that although American sloops were hunting for British frigates all over the ocean, as soon as the intention of arming British frigates with such guns was promulgated, the Americans seem to have suddenly mislaid their orders for hunting down the British, and we accordingly find that the Java was the last British frigate they captured or brought to action, although not, as we shall hereafter see, the last they fell in with.

Some of the minor classes of ships, must now receive our attention, as we shall soon have several cases to record, proving that the Americans were as keenly awake to "outbuild the British in sloops," as they had outwitted them in their frigates.

To whatever is classed under one head, people are disposed, and not unnaturally, to attach the notion also, of equality, so that when there does exist any difference, the stronger is sure to triumph over the weaker party,—while there always will be found many, whom it will be hard to convince that any disparity of force really existed: such is the difficulty of removing an impression once conveyed, and of substituting for it another.

The Americans had built their new sloops, the Peacock, Wasp, and Frolic, and to meet these on anything like equal terms, it was deemed necessary to build new vessels. What were considered equal terms by the Admiralty,

* The burnt child dreads the fire.

we shall now show. The English had in their possession, the late French corvette "Bonne Citoyenne,"—a very fine vessel. After placing the force of the Bonne Citoyenne in juxta position with that of the Frolic, the reader will be able to judge how far the action of Government was judicious: Bonne Citoyenne—length of main deck, one hundred and twenty feet; breadth, thirty-one feet; tons, five hundred and eleven; guns, twenty; men, one hundred and thirty-five. Frolic, length, one hundred and twenty feet: breadth, thirty-two feet; tons, five hundred and forty; guns, twenty-two; men, one hundred and seventy-five. Now, surely the easiest mode of encountering the Americans, would appear to have been, to have built vessels of some twenty-five tons burthen larger than the Bonne Citoyenne, and to have added thirty men, at least, to her complement. The Lords of the Admiralty thought otherwise, so, as the surest means of producing the effect they desired to bring about, the vessels, built from the lines of the Bonne Citoyenne, were shortened five feet, and instead of increasing, the burthen was decreased fifty-five tons,—two extra guns were put on board a smaller vessel, and to work the extra guns no extra men were considered necessary—the complement of one hundred and thirty-five being considered sufficient. Sir Jos. Yorke had the merit of sending his improved vessels to sea—the improvement consisting in diminishing a vessel's capacity to carry, and at the same time increasing her armament. Let us take Mr. James' testimony: "Scarcely were the twenty thirty-pounder carronades, and two long nines brought on board, than two of the carronades were sent on shore again, as having no proper ports fitted to receive them—already the remaining twenty guns were too close together, to render the quarters sufficiently roomy. With these, however, the ships went to sea; and they were soon found neither to sail well nor to work well. The utility of their stern chase ports, may be judged of when it is stated, that, owing to the narrowness of the ships at the stern, there was no room to work the tiller while the guns were pointed through the ports."

Of this last discreditable oversight and its attendant consequences, we shall have to give hereafter a practical illustration. Fortunately for the credit of the British navy, and for the individual honor of the captains and crews of the new twenty-gun vessels, the press gave rather an exaggerated account of their force and size, and held them up to view as much more formidable than they really were. The consequence was that the Wasp, Frolic, Peacock, and Hornet avoided every three-masted man-of-war they saw. Relative to the boasting that took place in the case of the Hornet and Bonne Citoyenne, we shall now speak, and shall establish, with Mr. James' help, the fact that the behavior of the Americans on the occasion was nothing but braggadocio of the most despicable character.*

* While in the early part of December, 1812, the United States' frigate Constitution, Commodore Bainbridge, and ship-sloop Hornet, of eighteen 32-pounder carronades and two long 12-pounders, Captain James Lawrence, were waiting at St. Salvador, to be joined by the Essex, an occurrence happened, which the characteristic cunning of Americans turned greatly to their advantage. In the middle of November the British 20-gun ship Bonne-Citoyenne, of eighteen 32-pounder carronades and two long 9-pounders, Captain Pitt Barnaby Greene, having, while coming from Rio-de-la-plate, with half a million sterling on board, damaged herself greatly by running on shore, entered the port of St. Salvador, to land her cargo and be hove down.

When the ship was keel-out, the two American ships arrived in the port. The American Consul and the two American commanders now laid their heads together to contrive something which, without any personal risk to any one of the three, should contribute to the renown of their common country. What so likely as a challenge to Capt. Greene? It could not be accepted; and then the refusal would be as good as a victory to Captain Lawrence. Accordingly, a challenge for the Hornet to meet the Bonne-Citoyenne was offered by Captain Lawrence, through the American Consul, to the British consul, Mr. Frederick Landeman; Commodore Bainbridge pledging his honour to be out of the way, or not to interfere.

Without making the unpleasant avowal, that his government upon this occasion, had reduced the vessel he commanded from a king's cruiser to a merchant-ship, Captain Greene transmitted, through the consular channel, an animated reply, refusing a meeting "upon terms so manifestly advantageous as those proposed by Commodore Bainbridge." Indeed, it would appear as if the commodore had purposely inserted the words, "or not interfering," lest Captain Greene, contrary to his expectation, should accept the challenge. For, had the two ships met by agreement, and engaged, the Constitution looked on without interfering, and the British ship been the conqueror, the pledge of honor, on the part of both American commanders, would have been fulfilled; and can any one for a moment imagine, that Commodore Bainbridge would have seen the Bonne-Citoyenne carry off a United States' ship of war, without attempting her rescue? It was more than

Before entering on the subject of the naval operations on the lakes, we shall proceed to give the American account of the havoc committed on British commerce, through the instrumentality of their cruisers, from the declaration of war to the end of the year 1812. It will be amusing, as the anxiety of the Americans to magnify every little coasting vessel, captured among the West India islands, into a sloop of war or armed vessel, will be thus shown.

American list of captures made.

According to the American account, from the date of the declaration of war, 18th June, to the end of the year, three hundred and five prizes were taken by their privateers.

It appears that of this number, sixty-eight vessels mounted seven hundred and sixty-three guns, (nearly eleven guns each,) and that in specie alone, one million eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars was secured, in twenty-one vessels, independent of the value of the crafts and cargoes.

In looking over this long list, we find so many vessels of from four to eight hundred tons each, and described as laden with the most valuable cargoes, that we conceive we are very much under the mark in valuing the three hundred and five prizes, at ten thousand dollars each. This valuation, with the amount of specie and the value of the seven hundred and sixty-three guns, would thus give, even at our low estimate, a loss of over five millions of dollars. To those who may remember the facts as they occurred, or who are otherwise conversant with our mercantile marine, the absurdity of this statement speaks for itself. It may, however, be as well to explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that the richest of these prizes, those represented as carrying the largest number, and the heaviest guns, were West Indiamen, principally homeward bound, and that, with some few exceptions, this class of vessels could not carry on deck anything heavier than a four or six-pounder, and of guns even of this calibre, few could bear more than four, six, or eight. In the American account, the guns are nearly all put down as twelve or fourteen-pounders, some even as eighteen-pounders, which makes the exaggeration still more apparent. It was a common practice for these vessels to mount four or six guns, and to have a number of what were called "Quakers," that is wooden guns, and, no doubt, our Yankee brethren have, in their version, reckoned each one of these "Quakers" as a *bona fide* long twelve.

Not the least injury done was the depriving Great Britain of the services of so many sailors, for, according to this list, forty-five thousand seamen were captured during the first six months of the war.

A brief notice of a few of the most remarkable of the captures, as chronicled in the American papers, will be amusing:—

Louisa Ann, laden with molasses, captured by a boat from the Benjamin Franklin, privateer, with seven men, *under the guns* (and we presume, also under the fire,) *of a battery of twelve eighteen-pounders.*

Ship Grenada, seven hundred tons burthen, eleven guns and thirty men, with schooner Shaddock, also armed, (with a complement, it may be presumed, of at least twelve men,)

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his head was worth. Where was the guarantee against re-capture, which always accompanies a serious proposal of this sort, when a stronger force, belonging to either party, is to preserve a temporary neutrality? The bait, therefore, did not take: the specie remained safe; and the American officers were obliged to content themselves with all the benefit they could reap from making a boast of the circumstance. This they did; and, to the present hour, the refusal of the Bonne-Citoyenne to meet the Hornet, stands recorded in the American naval archives, as a proof of the former's dread, although the "superior in force," of engaging the latter. The two ships, as has just been seen, were equal in guns, and not very unequal in crews; the Hornet having 171 men and two boys, the Bonne-Citoyenne, including 21 supernumeraries, 141 men and nine boys. But this inferiority was in a great degree compensated, by the pains which Captain Greene had taken to teach his men the use of their guns.

After the Constitution had sailed for Boston, the Hornet continued blockading the Bonne-Citoyenne and her dollars, until the arrival, on the 24th of January, of the British 74-gun ship Montagu, Captain Manley Hall Dixon, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Manley Dixon. The American sloop, on being chased, ran for the harbor; but night coming on, the Hornet wore, and, by standing to the southward, dexterously evaded her pursuer. Escorted by the Montagu, the Bonne-Citoyenne, with her valuable cargo on board, put to sea on the 26th of January; and on the 22nd of February, in latitude 5° 20' south, longitude 40° west, the rear-admiral left Captain Greene, to pursue his voyage alone. Sometime in the month of April, having stopped at Madeira by the way, the Bonne-Citoyenne arrived in safety at Portsmouth.

Could any scheme have been more cunningly devised for acquiring credit at a cheap rate?—ED.

both captured at the same time, by the Young Eagle, of New York, *one* gun and forty-two men.

Ship Hassan, fourteen guns and twenty men, captured by the Tom Jones, three guns.

Ship Osborne, ten guns, long eighteen-pounders, twenty-six men, five hundred tons, captured by the Teazer, two guns, and *not* thirty men.

Brig Amelia, captured by the Mary Ann, one gun.

These are some of the more prominent exaggerations, but the list is filled with such, and, unfortunately for their credit, the cord has been too tightly drawn by these veracious chroniclers, and the arrow has, consequently, over-shot the mark.

In the case of the Hassan, for instance, who ever heard of a vessel carrying fourteen twelve-pounders intended to be used, and a complement of only twenty men! It would, however, be a waste of time to adduce further instances of the means resorted to, throughout the States, to blind the eyes of the public, and, under the smoke of the seven hundred and sixty-three guns, to conceal the real ruin that was fast approaching. A few individuals, like drawers of prizes in a lottery, were fortunate enough to realise large fortunes by a series of lucky captures at the very commencement of the war; but very soon these prizes were exhausted, as we find by the 1st of December the lamentation that "it has not been our good fortune, latterly, to record the capture of many prizes. This has not arisen from want of activity in our many privateers, but from the scarcity of the enemy's vessels. Several have cruised ten thousand miles without seeing an Englishman. Whether the British Government is unable to furnish the needful convoys, or whether the commercial mind of the nation is panic-struck by the hardy exploits of our tars, and will not venture forth, time will determine."

We are not at all astonished at the commercial panic which at that time pervaded the nation—the thought, that half a dozen frigates, and as many brigs and sloops of war aided by privateers, (some only open boats, and others mounting only one gun,) had in four months effected what the united navies of France and Spain had failed to do, must have been indeed a humiliating one to the Briton, and there is not much cause for wonder that the commercial energies of Great Britain were paralyzed. Five millions of dollars abstracted in five months. We only wonder that a national bankruptcy did not ensue.

Before closing this history we trust we shall be able to make it apparent, on which nation the greater injury was wrought, and that, during the years 1813 and '14, while English vessels were in every sea, and while her flag waved triumphantly everywhere, the American Marine, whether naval or commercial, was as effectually swept from the ocean, as if the besom of destruction had passed over it.

American President's Message. Nov. 4.

Before closing the chapter a few short extracts from Mr. Madison's speech will throw some additional light on the motives which prompted the American Government to prefer a war with England to one with France, even supposing that equal causes of complaint had existed against both those nations. We give one very significant paragraph towards the end of the message:

"The receipts into the Treasury, during the year ending on the 30th Sept. last, have exceeded sixteen millions and a half of dollars, which have been sufficient to defray all the demands on the Treasury to that day, including a necessary reimbursement of near three millions of the principal of the public debt. In these receipts are included a loan of *near eight million eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars* received on account of the loans authorized by the acts of the last session. The whole sum actually obtained on *loan amounting to eleven millions of dollars*, the residue of which being receivable subsequent to the 20th Sept., will, together with the current revenue, enable us to defray all the expenses of this year."

Here we have, at once, a very obvious reason for the choice made by the American Government. We do not imagine that it was ever seriously contemplated that any prizes, taken could be an equivalent to the people, generally, for the certain drain on their resources which a war must inevitably entail, a list however of three hundred and odd prizes, with a certain amount of national glory acquired, backed, too, by nearly two millions of dollars in specie looked well on paper, and would not only furnish the Government with a satisfactory an-

swer to any outcry that might arise relative to increase of taxation, but would also render Mr. Madison's re-election to the Presidentia' chair pretty certain.

It is amusing to note how lightly Mr. Madison touches on the military events that had taken place in the west. The single sentence: "The expedition, nevertheless, terminated unfortunately," is deemed sufficient, and by way of accounting, we suppose, for the unfortunate failure, a long paragraph is introduced, relative to the British availing themselves of the aid of their Indian allies. We cannot forbear quoting the passage, as it will shew to what the chief magistrate of a powerful nation can stoop to serve a selfish end:—"A distinguished feature in the operations which preceded and followed this adverse event, is the use made by the enemy of the merciless savages under their influence. Whilst the benevolent feeling of the United States invariably recommended peace, and promoted civilization amongst that wretched portion of the human race, and was *making exertions to dissuade them from taking either side* in the war-the enemy has not scrupled to call to his aid their ruthless ferocity, armed with the instruments of carnage and torture, which are known to spare neither age nor sex. In this outrage against the laws of honorable war, and against the feelings sacred to humanity, the British commanders cannot resort to the plea of retaliation, for it is committed in the face of our example. They cannot mitigate it, by calling it a self-defence against men in arms, for it embraces the most shocking butcheries of defenceless families: nor can it be pretended that they are not answerable for the atrocities perpetrated, since the savages are employed with the knowledge, and even with menaces, that their fury could not be controlled. Such is the spectacle which the deputed authorities of a nation, boasting its religion and morality, have not been restrained from presenting to an enlightened age."

This reads well, and no doubt impressed the American mind with a very sufficient and wholesome indignation against a people who, if they did not themselves perpetrate atrocities, could at least countenance and encourage them in their allies. But what are the facts of the case:—That it was notorious that the Americans exhausted every possible means to induce the Indians to act as their allies, and that it was only on finding, that the memories of injuries perpetrated and wrongs inflicted by the Americans, were too fresh in the recollection of the Indians and rankled too deeply for the wound to be easily forgotton, that the Americans began to inveigh against the British, for their deviation from the rules of "civilized warfare."

Besides, we fearlessly challenge Americans to adduce the flagrant instances "of butcheries against defenceless families," mentioned in the presidential address.

The speech furnishes, also, another very convincing proof, that, in spite of all efforts, the war had not, even then, become as popular as generally represented by the American press:—

"Among the incidents to the measures of the war, I am constrained to advert to the refusals of the governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut, to furnish the required detachments of militia towards the defence of the *maritime frontier.* The refusal was founded on a novel and unfortunate exposition of the provision of the constitution relating to the militia.

"It is obvious, that if the authority of the United States to call into service and command the militia for the public defence, can be thus frustrated, even in a case of declared war, and, of course, under apprehensions of invasion preceding war, they are not *one nation* for the purpose most of all requiring it, and that the public safety may have no other resources than those large and permanent military establishments which are forbidden by the principles of our free government, and against the necessity of which the militia were meant to be a constitutional bulwark."

It is apparent from the tenor of this, that fears were entertained, even after the publication of the list of three hundred and five prizes, nearly eight hundred guns, and a large amount of specie, with any quantity of national glory added, that the Northerners might be found too ready to weigh the real value of these advantages against the certain disbursements of dollars and cents.

In short, there were fears that the Northerners could not be easily blinded as to the certain ruin which awaited them commercially.

CITIES OF CANADA.

QUEBEC.

*The** European poet may chaunt in undying strains the spirit-stirring associations of the far-famed Calpe,

> "Calpe, though giant warder of the main,
> Time hath not 'minished aught thy stately mien."

but have not we, the free denizens of the west, our own Quebec, a source from which we, also, may evoke with magical wand, the memories of mighty deeds, and if, unhappily, in the mists which enshroud the past, are lost the early legends connected with our own Calpe,† yet have we not enough of recollections, fresh in the mind, wherewith to circle our queenly citadel. History responds and points to the spot where, in the arms of victory, Wolfe fell, and where in later days Canadians repelled Montgomery. The first authentic fact connected with Quebec is the visit paid in 1535 to Cartier by Donnacona, "the Lord of Canada," who lived at Stadaconna, which occupied that portion of Quebec that was lately desolated by fire. Cartier was at that time with his vessels in the river St. Charles, which he then named Port de Ste. Croix. To the promontory, where he found some rough diamonds, he gave the name which it bears at the present day—Cape Diamond. But little more is known of Quebec until 1608, when Champlain, a distinguished naval officer, made his second expedition to Canada, and preceded up the river as far as the Isle of Orleans. He soon fixed on the spot, already visited by Cartier, called by the natives, Que-bio, as the site of a fort, and on the 3rd of July, 1608, he laid the foundation of the present City of Quebec.

The name of Quebec is derived, as some suppose, from the expression of Cartier's Norman pilot, who exclaimed, at first sight of the majestic promontory, in his patois, "Que bec?" but it appears to us much more probably derived from the Algonq[illegible] "Que-bio," which signifies, "what a beautiful end." The force of this signification will strike any one coming up the river and passing the Island of Orleans, when the promontory on which the city is built breaks on the view, giving all the appearance of a termination to the river. In the year 1759, it was determined by the British to undertake a plan of combined operations by sea and land, and Quebec was of course one of the most prominent and important points to be assailed. The force destined for its reduction was placed under the command of General Wolfe, and amounted to about eight thousand men. The account of its reduction is a thrice told tale, and it is needless for us here to give a history of what is doubtless familiar to all our readers, suffice it to say that Quebec fell, and with it fell also French dominion in the Canadas. One monument serves to commemorate that eventful struggle, in which both generals, the victor and the vanquished, fell. Wolfe's remains rest not, however, by the side of his chivalrous opponent, Montcalm,—England, proud of his fame, and jealous of his ashes, laid them in Greenwich, the town in which he was born. A fine monument has been also erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Several attempts have been made by the French, and by the Americans, during the War of Independence, against Quebec; the last siege sustained was in 1775, when, after an unsuccessful blockade of six months General Arnold was obliged to give up the attempt in despair. It was towards the end of this siege that Montgomery, one of the American generals, was killed in a night attack. Since 1775, Quebec has remained in the undisturbed possession of the British, and has increased steadily in importance.

Our sketch is taken from Point Levi, on the opposite side of the river, from whence a fine view of the river, the fortifications, and the lower town is obtained. On the right of the engraving may be seen the Jesuit barracks and *L'ecole des Frères Chrétiens*, at the head of Gallows Hill, a substantial stone building. To the left, at the head of the Rue Fabrique, and in the Market Square, stands the Roman Catholic Cathedral, an old but handsome stone building, most gorgeously fitted up in the interior. The front of the cathedral has been recently re-built of cut stone, and in the rear is the Bishop's Palace, a very handsome building. In Market Square is also, *le Seminaire de Québec*, a fine old building of venerable appearance. The Anglican Cathedral may be distinguished, apparently at the head of the street leading from the lower town; it is, however, in reality at the corner of Anne and Garden Streets, the back of it facing the Place d'Armes; near the Cathedral is the Anglican

* Does the misguided man by italicising *the* mean to place Byron before Milton or Shakspeare?—P. D.

† The third, if not the second fortress of the world.—P.D.

Bishop's residence. On the extreme left is seen, in frowning grandeur, the citadel—the Gibraltar of the West. The street, which appears almost up and down the cliff, is Mountain Street, the connecting link between the upper and lower town, with Prescott Gate at the head of it. Close to Prescott Gate, and just within the walls, not, however, distinguishable in the plate, are the Parliament buildings, a very handsome pile of cut stone, forming three sides of a square, and commanding a very beautiful and extended view. The jail is a massive stone building, erected at a cost of about sixteen thousand pounds. It is in a healthy situation. The Court House and City Hall are plain stone edifices, well adapted to the purposes for which they were intended.

The Wesleyan Church in St. Stanislaus Street, Upper Town, is a fine Gothic building, the interior is tastefully fitted up, and by many it is thought, the handsomest church in the city; there are two churches belonging to this persuasion. There are also, a Congregationalist and a Baptist, besides the Free Scotch Kirk, a plain structure, and St. Andrews, in connexion with the Church of Scotland; there is a neat cut-stone manse adjoining this church. The Anglicans have four, and the Roman Catholics thirteen places of worship in Quebec. Among the other public buildings which deserve to be mentioned, are the Hotel Dieu, the General Hospital, the Ursuline Convent, and the Seminary of Quebec. The buildings of the Hotel Dieu are spacious, and the Hospital can accommodate about sixty sick. There are several fine paintings by celebrated masters in the church. This is, perhaps, the oldest institution in the city, and was founded in 1637 by the Duchesse d'Aguillon. The religious body consists of a superior and forty nuns. The General Hospital and Convent is a quadrangular pile of stone buildings, founded in 1693 by M. de St. Vallier, a bishop of Quebec. The religious body is under the care of a superior, there are about sixty nuns, and an excellent girls school is attached to the church. The Ursuline Convent was founded in 1641, and is a fine stone building with extensive gardens. One hundred and fifty pupils can be accommodated in the school, which is perhaps the best in the city, and about three hundred poor children receive a thorough education, at a charge almost nominal. Le Séminaire was founded by Mons. De Laval in 1663,—nearly four hundred youths are provided with a good education at a very moderate rate, and fourteen teachers are required for the various duties of the establishment.

We do not pretend, in our brief notices of the cities, to give more than an explanation of the plate, with a short sketch of the most prominent public buildings. We must, therefore, confine ourselves to remarking that here there are branches of all the banks in Canada, besides the Quebec Bank and the Quebec Savings Bank, and that the city is well supplied with hotels, of which the best are, perhaps, Payne's Swords' and the Albion. One building must not, however, be passed over—Bilodeau's dry good store: this is the finest establishment of the kind in British North America; inside and out, it is splendidly got up, and it is quite the Howell and James of Canada.

That the trade of Quebec is considerable, may be inferred from the tonnage of ships entering the port in the last year amounting to about 520,000 tons, and the number of passengers arriving during the last five years reaching 170,000. The greatest activity prevails, also, in the ship-building yards, and commercial prosperity is everywhere visible.

As a place of residence, Quebec may be considered as one of the pleasantest in the province. The society is considered remarkably good, and there is no lack of healthy out-door recreation, especially during the winter, to relieve the mind and cheer the jaded spirits. Among the notabilities in the vicinity of Quebec are the plains of Abraham, where the celebrated battle was fought which decided the fate of Canada. A monument serves to mark the spot where Wolfe fell. The Chaudière Falls, about nine miles distant, are very beautiful and romantic, and will amply repay a visit; but the Falls of Montmorenci are even still more attractive.

This is the favorite place of resort in the winter season, at which time the spray from the cataract, freezing as it falls, soon forms a mountain or pyramid of ice, in front, of considerable height, and supplies the citizens with the same sport which les Montagnes Russes do at St. Petersburg. The sleigh is drawn up to the top by means of steps cut in the ice, and the adventurous passenger, carefully ba-

lanced, shoots down the side of the mountain with a rapidity which, when the ice on the river is smooth, sends you a wonderful distance over the broad bosom of the river, from whence dragging your sleigh you return to renew the game *ad libitum*: considering the amazing velocity of the descent, and the steepness of the sides of the ice mountain, it is wonderful how few accidents occur. Quebec offers to those who may desire to give their children the benefit of a thorough knowledge of French, without the pain of separation—an admirable opportunity of effecting their purpose. There are capital schools, and the tone of society is more thoroughly French than in Montreal, while the kindness and bonhommie of the inhabitants are proverbial. We would fain linger on the various points of attraction in and about this romantic city; but space forbids and compels us to leave Quebec and its beauties to some more graphic pen—one more capable of doing full justice to the beautiful capital of Lower Canada.

THE SEA-WAVE'S SIGH.

1.

By the music of the waves,
On a sunlit isle,
Whose shore the ocean laves,
Came a child erewhile;
Earth's light awoke the tears
In his tender eye,
But music to his ears
Was the sea-wave's sigh.

2.

Poor infant!—Far away
Over deserts wild
Thy father's footsteps stray,
Lost to thee, fair child:
From that unkindly land
He returns no more,
To lead thee by the hand
On the wave-worn shore.

3.

Perhaps upon the wild
As he wandered, he
Had thought upon the child
He might never see;—
That father was my own—
His child unseen was I,
Left, nameless and unknown,
Where the sea-waves sigh.

4.

It was then the ocean's breast
Gave a home to me,
And rocked me into rest
As our bark did flee.
Like a father's voice of cheer,
When none else was by,
Upon my slumbering ear
Came the sea-wave's sigh.

5.

The fragrant summer gale,
With its murmur low,
May waft the whispered tale
That the wild-flowers blow;
But dearest, loved, and best
Of all winds that fly
Is that which to my breast
Bears the sea-wave's sigh.

6.

Oh! tenderly and soft,
Breathes the voice of spring;
My heart hath bounded oft
When one loved did sing:
But tears unbidden flow
From the life-seared eye,
When musically low
Comes the sea-wave's sigh.

7.

As an infant, on its foam
I was rocked to sleep;
As a child, I loved to roam
By the pathless deep,—
As a man, from shore to shore,
When the storm rolled high,
I revelled in the roar
Of the sea-wave's sigh.

8.

There is a fragrance in the gale
Breathing o'er the sea;
There is music in the wail
Of its waves for me.
A wild joy fills the brave
O'er its depths who hie,—
O! make for me a grave
Where the sea-waves sigh!

ERRO.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.
No. XI.

SETTING FORTH HOW PEREGRINE WILDGOOSE SAVED HIS NECK FROM BEING STRETCHED ACCORDING TO LAW.

DURING our sojourn at Furnival's Inn, the Dominie and your humble servant made the acquaintance of a young fellow of whom we both took a great notion. His name was

Peregrine Wildgoose, and as he was paying his addresses to Miss Nancy Glover, the landlady's niece who took charge of the bar, he was naturally thrown much into our way. He was a gay thoughtless creature, more given to *larking*, as he termed it, than pushing his fortune, and might be described as one of the rolling stones of society, which gather but a small dividend of the moss of mammon.

Peregrine had early been left an orphan, and his patrimony being but small, he had come up from Westmoreland, his native place, to London, in search of employment, and, at the time when we fell in with him, was acting as assistant to a haberdasher. He would have been termed a *counter-louper* in Dreepdaily, but in England the pride fu'-bodies like to sport fine names, even ganging the length of baptizing the huxters of kail and leeks, as *green grocers!*

There is an auld sang which says:

> "How happy the soldier who lives on his pay
> And spends half-a-crown, out of sixpence a day!"

The secret of this jolly red-coat, it would appear, had been communicated to our measurer of ribbons, and though his stipend did not far turn the corner of fifty pounds per annum, he lived as if it had been multiplied by ten, or maybe even a higher figure. When he slipped the cable of the shop—as skipper Howison would say—he would swagger into the coffee room of our change house, as magnificent-like as the Duke of Montrose, or one of the beefeaters of the Tower—the grandest tribe I ever met with in the Babylon of bricks and draft porter! When plain-folk like the Dominie and myself were content with a tumbler of toddy or a glass of brandy and water, this Sardanapalus of a yard flourisher would look at nothing less aristocratic than a pint of wine, and I have even seen him leave the house with a quart bottle of claret below his belt.

It is true that owing to his engagement with Miss Glover,(for the question had been popped, and answered in the affirmative) my gentleman had not to settle his reckonings on the nail. Luckey Stingo, however, the hostess, aye kept a note of them, intending to present the bill when Wildgoose came into the possession of some great fortune which, according to his story, was to fall due in about a fortnight frae the time of which I am writing. His nuptials with the fair Nancy were fixed for the same epoch, and her wedding braws were in due course of manufacture.

As I hinted before, Mr. Paumie and myself took an especial liking to Peregrine, and he managed to do with us just as he pleased. Every other night he would contrive some ploy or expedition, to make us acquainted with life, as he termed the ten thousand vanities of London; and verily under his pilotage we were led into strange places, the very names of which would hae made the hairs of the Dreepdaily Kirk Session to stand on end.

Among other queer holes, he took us to a drinking shop, named a *sporting parlour*, kept by ane Thomas Cribb, a tinkler-looking loon, who had made his bawbees by breaking the noses of kindred bullies for the amusement of a denomination named the *Fancy*. When I questioned Mr. Wildgoose touching the creed held by this sect, he answered that they were not peculiarly strait laced, but if anything were followers of the ancient *Hittites!* Be this as it may the communion embraced some of the highest names in the land, Knights, Baronets, and Peers being among the number. Nay, even royalty itself did not disdain to patronize the *Ring*, which was another name for the body. Peregrine whispered me to take notice of a sonsy, full-faced, good natured looking customer who was chatting familiarly with Cribb, and drinking porter from a pewter pint stoup. This personage turned out to be nobody less exalted than the Prince Regent, who afterwards came to wear the imperial crown of Great Britain!

[*Nota Bene.*—The *Fancy* has dismally faded since the time when the worthy barber honoured London with his presence. A friend who some twenty years ago visited Tom Cribb's establishment gave us the following account thereof:

"In a small dingy comfortless room, containing one open table and a couple of boxes, sat a huge dirty personage, who might, as far as appearance went, once have been possessed of thewes, but who had run all to fat. Leech who is familiar with the ex-champion, *saluted* him and introduced me. Then a silence ensued; then an attempt was made on my part to affect a knowledge of the science pugilistic, which elicited nothing but a grim supercilious look from the old bull dog. While I was seeking to digest my mortification, his wife entered, affecting to look at the bell pulls, 'Tom did you call?' The manœuvre was too apparent, and my companion remained silent. No sooner, however, had she quitted the room than turning to me, Tom proposed that we should have *a drop of summat.* When he sipped his beverage, I proceeded to note his den more particularly. It was closely hung with daubs in oil colours, and second-rate engravings, all setting forth the heroes of *the ring.* But there was a dimness in the light, a desertion in the room, that made everything comfortless. The whole time we remained, not a living being did we see, but our host and his spouse, and the stray guard of a coach who looked in to tell Tom he was off. Tom attempted to tell stories of his old feats, but there was no fire in them. He played a tune on a tea-spoon. Everything was dull and coarse. He reminded me of the hide of an old bull-dog, stuffed and left to gather dust in a lonely garret."]

From the howf of the *Hittites* we adjourned to a place the very name whereof makes me scunner and grew. Though lighted up with

waxen candles, and glittering with mirrors set in golden frames, it was called after the *evil place*, and assuredly I had not been ten minutes under the roof, till I cordially agreed that a more fitting designation for it could not be invented! To make a long story short, it was one of the most notorious gambling resorts in the city, and brief as was the space during which I tarried in the accursed region, I saw more ruin wrought than I had witnessed in all my preceding existence. Never can I forget the look of anxiety with which an elderly military gentleman, with a sair-worn coat, placed two guineas upon the table. Three seconds decided his fate, and my ears are yet ringing with the tones of his frenzied voice as he exclaimed "*my dying wife will lack food this night!*"

It grieved me not a little to see that young Wildgoose seemed completely at hame in this den of thieves and idiots,—and though he didna' risk his siller on that occasion, I beheld sufficient to convince me that he tried his hand oftener than he should at the sinfu' practices of the place. You may be sure that as a douce, kirk-ganging man, who had the lad's interest sincerely at heart, I read him a serious lecture upon the danger of such courses, reminding him that even if he gained, his winnings would never prosper with him, seeing, as the auld proverb says, that "WHAT IS GOT ABOON THE DEIL'S BACK IS SPENT BELOW THE DEIL'S BELLY!" During the lecture my gentleman looked mim as a maiden in her teens, when her hand is asked for the first time by a lover, but I had my ain doubts how far a practical application would be made thereof by the hearer.

As I have got a character to lose, I must keep my thumb upon the balance of the shrines of Mahoun, to which I made a pilgrimage with that daft, and unsettled callant. Suffice it to say, that I explored mysteries of iniquity which it had never entered my heart to conceive. Often when I read or hear tell of earthquakes making havoc of foreign lands, and mountains belching fire to the destruction of life to all around—do I wonder that London, hotching, as it ever is, sin, does not meet with a similar doom.

To proceed, then, with my narration. The time drew on apace for the wedding of Peregrine and Nancy, and already had the banns been proclaimed, and the marriage cake baked. A day was fixed for the solemnity—the services of a prelatic curate engaged, and a post-chaise hired in which the happy couple were to take their nuptial jaunt to Windsor. I mind weel that was the place where the honeymoon was to be spent, mair by token that I charged the bridegroom to be, to bring me back a good supply of the famous soap manufactured in that locality, judging it would be got a bargain at head quarters.

Two nights before the appointed solemnity —it was of all days in the year *gowks-day*, or the 1st of April—Wildgoose, the Dominie, and myself, Peter Powhead to wit, were sitting enjoying a sober crack over a few dozen of oysters, and a potation, I fear a trifle more potent than spring water. In the middle of our confabulation a spruce-looking comrade of Peregrine's ran into the room, and, with an air of concern, informed him that the great national lottery had been drawn that forenoon. "I grieve to add" said the messenger of gloomy tidings—"that all your tickets have turned out blanks!"

Wildgoose started up as if he had been shot, and muttering between his clenched teeth:—"Ruined! hopelessly, for ever ruined!" clutched a bottle of brandy which stood upon the table, and emptied about one third of its contents at one gulp. He then grasped his hat, and rushed away, before any of us could stop him, or even utter a word of advice or condolence.

Here then, the cat was let out of the bag! The grand fortune of the unhappy youth had consisted in estates situated among the clouds. Upon the uncertain whirl of the wheel of fortune depended whether he could wed as a man of substance, or be cast forth as a withered weed upon, the cold and shoreless sea of poverty and contempt.

In about two hours Peregrine returned, still flurried, it is true, but by no means so hopeless-looking as when he left. In answer to our questions and insinuations, he assured us with a laugh, which sounded, methought, somewhat forced, that his risk in the lottery had been a mere trifle, and that he had been overtaken with a sudden fit of sickness.

Just as he was speaking, a stout, grim like man, wearing a drab greatcoat, entered without ceremony the box which we occupied, and touching Wildgoose upon the shoulder informed him that he was his prisoner on a charge of robbery. * * * *

As both Mr. Paumie and myself felt a deep interest in the accused, we made a point of attending his examination at Bow-street police-office the next morning, and verily the case looked black as midnight against him.

The prosecutor, who it appears, was the agent who had sold Peregrine the lottery tickets, deposed that he had been attending the gambling-house I have described above, on the preceding evening. When engaged in the game, Wildgoose entered, apparently the worse for liquor, and with violent language accused him of having been the ruin of him (the prisoner). After some further altercation the servants of the establishment succeeded in ejecting the young man, and nothing more occurred till the complainant was leaving the house. On reaching the street he saw the accused and one or two other men standing near the door, and on passing them was suddenly felled to the ground, but by whose hand he could not swear. When he regained pos-

session of his senses, he discovered that a pocket-book, containing notes to the amount of three thousand pounds, had been taken from his person;—and his suspicions at once fixing upon Wildgoose, he procured a warrant and had that person apprehended.

The officer testified to having searched Peregrine in the watch-house, and produced the articles which he had found upon him. Amongst these was the identical pocket-book taken from Harris (the prosecutor) containing the precise sum alleged to have been stolen.

So crushingly conclusive was this evidence, that we all came to the sad conclusion at which the magistrate arrived, viz., that the charge was completely substantiated. Peregrine did not speak a single word in his own defence, and after some forms had been gone through, he was fully committed to stand his trial for the crime of assault and robbery.

As the Sessions were just about to commence, little time was lost in bringing the puir misguided lad before a jury. His indictment had been prepared, and in the course of a week it was expected that he would have to appear at the bar, or in the dock, as the ignorant English folk term the stance for criminals' when answering for their misdeeds.

Several times did the Dominie accompany me to Newgate, to condole and advise with the accused. Mr. Paumie being, on the strength of his precentorship, (Clerkship, the Southerons would denominate the office,) a pillar of the Kirk, deemed it his duty to admonish him as to the propriety of making a clean breast, when called upon to plead before the judges of the land. He told him that, if guilty, repentance and confession were duties incumbent upon him, and would have a tendency to better his condition, both in this world and the world to come. To all these counsels, Peregrine, though he listened to them with sobriety and respect, would make no direct response. Never did he deny the fact with which he was charged, but as little could he be prevailed upon to own that he had committed the crime which had placed his craig in such pestilent peril. He thanked Mr. Paumie for his attention, and simply observed that the truth would come out in due time.

There was one thing which tended to convince me that Wildgoose was really guilty of the sair backsliding laid to his door, and that was the manner in which he universally spoke touching his prosecutor, Haman Harris. Whenever the name of that personage was mentioned in his hearing, he would break out into a perfect extacy of rage and indignation. He accused him of having been the instrument of seducing him into the crooked by-ways of dissipation and extravagance, and then swore that he could dance upon nothing with contentment and pleasure, provided always that Haman was his partner in the hempen jig.

On one occasion I thought that he was about to make an admission of his delinquency. His puir sweet-heart, Nancy Glover, was admitted to see her betrothed two day's before the trial, and the scene was the most touching I ever witnessed before or since. The unhappy couple could do little mair than sob and greet in each other's arms, and the maiden, when, the time for her departure arrived, fell into a deadly swoon, and was carried out as insensible to the cold world and its countless sorrows as if she had been the tenant of her quiet coffin!

When Mr. Paumie and Mrs. Stingo had removed the heart-broken lassie, Peregrine turned to me, and exclaimed, as if bewildered with surpassing sorrow, "I am now done with life, Mr. Powhead, and may as well tell you the whole outs-and-ins of the matter. It is quite true that——" Here he was suddenly interrupted by one of his companions in bonds occupying the same ward, who, slapping him on the back, cried out with a sneer, "Have you forgotten already what we were talking about this morning? Keep up your heart man!—never say die! It is an ill bird which fouls its ain nest!"

This quotation of one of my vernacular proverbs, caused me to eye the speaker more attentively, when I discovered in him a waif and stray of society whom I had known in Dreepdaily many years before, but who for a long season had been hidden from the range of my observation. His name was Paul Plenderleith, and his history, if written, I doubt not would be as full of out-of-the-way ups and downs, as that of Rob Roy, or George Buchanan, the King's Fool.

Paul had received a fair stock of education and served an apprenticeship to a lawyer in Ayr, but never could settle down to the law, or indeed to any regular occupation. In his time he had been a play-actor, an editor of a newspaper, a quack doctor, a travelling preacher of Mrs. Buchan's persuasion, a huxter of dead bodies to students of anatomy, and a writer of half-penny ballads which he used to sing himself through the streets. In fact, to borrow the words of glorious auld John Dryden, Paul Plenderleith was

> "A man so varied that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome!"

This universal genius did not recognize me, for which I was thankful not a little, having no ambition to be esteemed one of his intimates, especially in the royal establishment of which he was now an inmate.

One thing was abundantly obvious, that Paul had managed to obtain no small influence and ascendancy over poor Peregrine. No sooner did the latter hear the sound of his voice than he stopped short in the midst of what, I am convinced, was going to be a full and frank confession of guilt, and would not utter a single additional word on the subject of his troubles.

As I was leaving the ward I heard Plenderleith saying in a sneering tone, "You were just putting your foot in it! Why that old swell would have split upon you, as a matter of conscience. I ken weel the nature of these stunkard West Country Whigs!" In thus speaking the vagabond did me an infamous wrong! If Wildgoose had made me his confessor I would sooner have ridden to my grave on a red hot salamander, and shod with the *bootikens* of Clavers, than have betrayed the confidence bestowed upon me!

On the morning of the trial the Dominie, Quinten Quill and the recorder of this veritable history, proceeded immediately after an early breakfast to the Old Bailey, and through the instrumentality of our legal companion who was weel known to all the door-keepers, succeeded in obtaining a seat where we could see and hear everything to the best advantage. Quinten was acquainted with the prisoner, and took a lively interest in the day's proceedings. Of the chances of that result being favourable, he spoke in very gloomy terms. "Would you believe it," quoth he, "that the foolish fellow has declined to retain a counsel to conduct his defence!" "Perchance," suggested the Dominie, "he lacked the means—I wish I had thought about that in time!" "You need not reproach yourself on that score," returned Mr. Quill, "because to my certain knowledge he received thirty guineas last night from his late employer, Lutestring, being the balance of his salary. I implored him almost upon my bended knees to give a fee to Scarlett, but in vain. He said that he had a better use for his *tin*, than to throw it away for a few dozen words! More preposterous conduct I never heard of. Why, the man richly deserves to be scragged for his unpardonable folly." Quinten spoke with an indignation which plainly demonstrated that the guilt of robbery was comparatively trivial, when weighed against the sin of a man going to trial with money in his purse, and yet lacking the services of a Gamaliel! It was not only a wanton tempting of providence, but a slight shown to the legal profession.

"You seem to have a very high opinion of Scarlett," remarked Mr. Paumie.

"I have," said Quinten. "He has a wonderful art in managing a Jury, and leading them to take an interest almost as great as his own, in the fortunes of his client for the time being. Scarlett's weight with the Court and Jury was well described by the senior partner of our house, when he spoke of him as being "*equal to a thirteenth Juryman!*"

"I will give you an illustration," continued Mr. Quill, "of the artistic manner in which this great pleader does his work, and the anxiety he feels for the success of the cause he advocates. Last year he had occasion to defend a gentleman of rank and fortune against a charge of an atrocious description. He had performed his part with even more than his accustomed zeal and skill. As soon as the Judge had summed up, Scarlett tied up his papers deliberately, and with a face smiling and easy, but carefully turned towards the Jury, he rose and said loud enough to be generally heard, that he was engaged to dinner, and in so clear a case there was no occasion for him to wait what must be the certain event. He then retired deliberately, bowing to the Court. The prosecuting counsel were astonished at the excess of confidence, or as some would have called it, of effrontery; nor was it lost upon the Jury, who began their deliberations. About half an hour after this, I had occasion to leave the Court, to convey a paper to a Barrister, and what do you think I discovered? There behind the door, stood Scarlett, who had taken his departure with so much confidence and fearlessness, trembling with anxiety, his face the colour of his brief, and awaiting the result of *the clearest case in the world*, with the most breathless suspence!"*

Here our communing was brought to a close, by the entrance of the Judge, and the Court having been duly constituted, orders were issued for the appearance of Peregrine Wildgoose, whose case was the first upon the black list of that day.

I could not but pity the unhappy stripling, as he made his entry into that crowded hall, filled as it was with glowering busy bodies, who had come there to glean diversion from his shame and anxiety. It has aye struck me that there is something dismally heartless in human beings extracting pleasure from the sufferings of their erring brethren. I never could behold without a scunner of disgust, men and women pretending to common humanity, gazing with gloating een upon a trembling wretch, whose life hung upon the word to be uttered by twelve frail mortals like himself, and scanning every twist and thraw of the pitiful object's haggard face as some circumstance of peculiar aggravation is given in evidence against him! We speak of the Indian savage dancing and singing around the roasted limbs of his tortured captive, but in my humble opinion it is but the toss up of a bawbee between him and the amateurs in criminal trials! The agonies of the mind are at least equal to the agonies of the body, and if the frequenters of our justiciary courts stuck feathers in their ears, and painted their noses with red lead and yellow ochre, they would present a mair appropriate appearance then when garbed in civilized linen and Christian broadcloth!

But my feelings are seducing me from my text, as the unctuous Mr. Blattergowl observes when he has made a digression of three quarters of an hour from the topic he is handling!

* Quinten must have communicated the above anecdote to the *Law Review*, as it is to be met with in the pages of that journal.—Ed. A. A. M.

The trial proceeded, and verily, to all human appearance, it seemed as if the fate of the accused would be decided ere the day was much older. With an accuracy which made my heart sick, the witnesses established the facts narrated above, and at length the prosecuting counsel sat down with a self-satisfied air, declaring that in so clear a case he would not trespass upon the time of the Jury, by making any comment or observation upon the decisive proofs which he had given of the prisoner's guilt. "If Peregrine Wildgoose," he remarked, as a concluding flourish—"leaves that dock, except to the condemned cell, then assuredly every convict who has rendered up his life upon the scaffold, is a martyr, and the hangman is the most notorious murderer in Christendom!"

Just as the Judge was clearing his throat, in order to charge the Jury, the Governor of Newgate entered the Court in a hurry, and craved liberty to communicate a circumstance which had just transpired in the jail. Permission being granted, the official stated that one of the prisoners had been in a state of intense excitement and distress since the commencement of Wildgoose's trial, and at this very moment was yelling out without intermission, that if convicted, an innocent man's blood would be shed, as he could clearly demonstrate, if placed in the witness-box.

After a world of deliberation, and a weary-fu' hunting-up of precedents, as they called them, in law-books, it was finally decided that the fluttering prison-bird should be brought from his cage, and examined touching what he knew of the case in hand.

Up to this time Peregrine had preserved his composure in a wonderful manner, but now his nerve and smeddum appeared to be fast evaporating, like dew on the bosom of a primrose, when exposed to a midsummer sun. His gills got white as pipe-clay, and if a turnkey had not seasonably supported him, he would have sank down upon the floor, helpless as a sack of oatmeal. Beholding his predicament, the Judge, who was eating a bun and reading the newspapers, considerately ordered the prisoner a chair to sit down upon, and a tumbler of wine and water, to invigorate his inward and outward man.

And here I cannot help taking up my parable against the barbarous and utterly idiotical practice, which prevails in benighted England, of compelling an accused person to stand upon his feet when undergoing the ordeal of a trial for life or death! It is the boast of our laws that a man is to be accounted innocent till his guilt is proved, and yet, with monstrous contrariety to this maxim, a prisoner is denied the poor solacement of a seat when his case is under investigation! In *civilized* Scotland matters are ordered in a much more rational and humane matter. It is there wisely considered that if ever an individual requires to have his wits fully about him, and to be saved as far as possible from personal fatigue, it is when the question of his life or liberty is under discussion. Acting on this rule he is allowed to be seated from the commencement of his trial to the close thereof, an arrangement in accordance with common sense and common justice. I trust that the Englishers will have grace given them to borrow a leaf from the book of their North British brethren, and abolish a usage which would have cast an additional gloom upon the mirkest of the dark ages!

By this time the mysterious tenant of Newgate had arrived in Court, and without delay he was ushered into the pulpit from which testifiers gave their evidence. A single glance at this personage certiorated me that he was neither more nor less than that Jack of all disreputable trades, Paul Plenderleith, though assuredly he presented a much more respectable appearance than when I saw him last. He was dressed in a decent suit of black, with white cravat to match, and altogether had a strong flavour of one of the more orthodox examples of open air preachers!

Being duly sworn and admonished to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, Mr. Plenderleith unfolded an ecclesiastical looking cambric handkerchief, and commenced his narration, or rather I should say his confessions. With many a hollow groan, and multiform exposures of the whites of his eyes, he declared that the prisoner at the bar was as innocent of the offence laid to his charge as the babe whose primary squall had been uttered that blessed morning! "I alone am the guilty wretch!" he exclaimed. "Instigated by the ENEMY I put forth my hand, smote Mr. Haman Harris to the ground, and took from his person the pocket-book replete with lucre, which had excited the cupidity of my evil nature!" Paul went on to narrate how that overcome with terror at what he had done, and dreading the consequences of detection he had dropped the stolen property into the pocket of the guiltless lamb now in tribulation for the backsliding of another, and made his escape without being observed by any one. "Since that moment," said the remorseful Plenderleith in conclusion, "I have never known a single moment's peace of mind. My conscience has been as uneasy as the back of a newly flogged deserter covered with a blister of Spanish flies! By night and by day a thousand voices are shrieking out *murderer* in my mind's ear, and should the excellent youth, now sitting in the dock, perish for my fault, I shall go mad with horrour and despair!"

This story created a profound impression upon the vast majority of the hearers thereof, more especially as it was delivered with much effect, owing, doubtless, to the speaker's practice as a stage-player. Even the grim old Judge appeared to be touched, and such of the Jurymen as possessed snuff-boxes

put them under frequent contribution, and sniffled as if they had been suddenly smitten with colds in the upper stories of their tabernacles!

The prosecuting counsel, however, a kiln-dried creature, who looked as if he had been steeped in suspicion from his nativity, was not so easily satisfied. He examined and cross-examined the weeping Paul, (for a perfect spate of tears was now issuing from the optics of that gentleman,) as thoroughly as a careful thrasher sifts a parcel of wheat with his flail. In no material point did the voluntary witness break down, or make a false step. He detailed minutely, circumstances which had been sworn to in Court, just as if he had been present during the trial, even describing the dress worn by Haman Harris, the shape and colour of the pocket-book, and the precise hour at which the assault and robbery had taken place.

It is hardly necessary for me to chronicle the upshot. After a few words for form's sake by the Judge, the Jury laid their heads together for six seconds, and returned a verdict of NOT GUILTY, amidst a perfect whirlwind of cheers! Peregrine Wildgoose left the dock as innocent as the laws of his country could make him, and Paul was committed upon the spot, to stand his trial in the course of a couple of days, for the capital felony of which he had accused himself.

The patience of my reader would be clean exhausted if I detailed at large, the meeting of Wildgoose and his Nancy after this miraculous turn in their affairs. Suffice to say that "*their felicity*," as the Dominie expressed it, "*was profound as the Atlantic, and altitudinous as the Andes. Relenting fortune smiled upon the pair, and the cushat doos of Venus fanned them with their silverized pinions!*"

When the first transports of their exultation had sobered down, and the effervescence had subsided from the tankard of their happiness, poor Paul's countenance became overcast with the mists of despondency. As I had conjectured, the fortune upon which he was calculating had been contingent upon the result of the lottery, and, with many grievous sighs, he confessed to his sweetheart that the cypher 0 expressed all his worldly means and estate!

Just as the devoted Nancy was beginning to protest that she was willing to share his lot even with the above-mentioned impalpable capital, the young man, who, on the night of the robbery, had proclaimed the drawing of the blanks, craved and obtained an audience. With much self-reproach, he declared that the statement which he then made was nothing but a *First of April hoax!* Not till the very morning of the trial had the award of destiny been given, and the result was a prize of Ten Thousand Pounds to the now independent and thoroughly happy Wildgoose!

Mr. Paumie and myself made a point of being present at the Old Bailey, when Paul Plenderleith was brought up for trial. Contrary to the expectation of all present, he put in a plea of *Not Guilty*, and the case was proceeded with. The same witnesses were examined who had before given their testimony, but not one of them could swear to the identity of the prisoner, or in the slightest degree couple him with the offence! The counsel for the prosecution threw his wig upon the ground, and danced upon it with even-down rage; the Judge growled like a bear with the gout, whose sorest toe had been trespassed upon—but all in vain! It was impossible to convict the knave upon his own uncorroborated confession, and a jury of his countrymen absolved him from guilt, which shortly before he had acknowledged in that very chamber!

As Wildgoose has long been gathered to his fathers, I may mention that he admitted to me, after the preceding passages had occurred, that he really had knocked down Haman Harris, and deprived him of his money. He did so under the excitement of temporary insanity, believing, as indeed was the fact, that his ruin was attributable to that individual. In the most solemn manner, however, he protested that he never would have made use of the ill-gained gear, but had just made up his mind to return it, when apprehended.

When in Newgate he communicated his position to Mr. Plenderleith, and that ingenious gentleman had covenanted, for the sum of thirty guineas, to get him out of the perilous predicament. He made Peregrine repeat to him every circumstance connected with the crime, sifting him like a witness, in order that not a fragment might be left untold. Thus primed, he chalked out his line of campaign, and the result thereof, is it not written in the foregoing *Chronicle of Dreepdaily?*

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

BY A POOR MAN.

How many are the complaints of the poor! What desires they have for wealth or advancement in their social position! How bitter the feeling that they must toil and slave, and even then, their hard earned gains barely affording them and their families a subsistance, whilst their labour and the sweat of their brows, pour treasures into the coffers of the rich. "It might be endured" some cry, "were we alone in the world, but we have our wives and children, our aged parents to care for, how can we clothe and feed them? Should we fall sick, starvation threatens. Oh! we must early train our infants up to toil and suffering, and view their over-tasked, half-clad frames sinking prematurely to the grave." Thus discontent enters their abode, and a discontented poor man is a

most dangerous creature. He becomes a leveller and a republican, cries out for universal suffrage, talks of equal rights, or perhaps worse than all, advocates Socialism, and there are many, keen observers of the workings of the human mind, who are ever ready to impart a spirit of rebellion, and to feed into a flame by pernicious tracts the smouldering embers of strife that lie concealed in the unhappy one's heart.

I am a strong, and was once a happy man, living in the quiet and retired village of Hammark, scarce thirty miles from Toronto, the great and bustling city whose wants our unpretending hamlet in part supplied. Hammark, before an enterprising merchant established his woolen factory on the brook that wound round our meadows, was as secluded a spot as one who courted solitude could desire; but when the busy wheels were set in motion by the running stream, and the clank and constant hum of the complicated machinery reached the ears of the astounded villagers, admiration seized on their souls. Here these hitherto apathetic country folks found a near and ready sale for their wool and at an increased price; for before, the pedlar or wandering trader truly *fleeced* them. And now their sons and daughters thought the "mill," as they called it, the highway to fortune; we all sought employment there, I among the others, and many of us were received.

I was accounted a clever youth, and quickly learned the art of weaving. It was a proud day for me when my articles of apprenticeship expired, and the overseer, congratulating me on my skill as a workman, placed me immediately on high wages. I could now marry Caroline, a bright and sparkling girl whom I had loved from a boy. Beautiful Carry! Alas, why was I destined to behold thy cheek pale, thy brilliant eye become dim, thy joyful, animated character, happy disposition yield to the withering influence of poverty, to become a wretched discontented being. The first days of our love were as sunny and unclouded as the opening days of spring; with smiles we hailed the early dawn, and with a smile we retired at eve, blessed and blessing each, the other. Children, dear bonds of union, graced our home, their gambols were our pride. We saw in them ourselves reproduced; "George," his mother said, "had all the energy and talent of his father," and if he had, I certainly saw in him the form and beauty of the mother, and so with the others.

At length seven years had flown by—a change took place; they said the times were hard and reduced our wages. Again, some improvements were made in the machinery, and half of the employed, were disbanded. The struggle now commenced, yet I held my place; I had to labour hard. I believe I was looked upon as part and parcel of the works, a living piece of mechanism, whose motive power was money instead of steam; and as economy of fuel is an object to be attained where steam is used, so economy of money is equally desirable where man is employed. Thus I became restless, peevish, cross; my wife sympathized and inveighed against the tyrants whose slaves we were. Our children, there were three of them, and the eldest only six, were neglected; instead of being clean and tidy, they appeared at our table begrimmed with dirt, their clothes in rags, it was troublesome to look after them. We were not singular in our misfortunes; paupers filled the hitherto bustling village, and the authorities talked of a poor-house. But why dwell on our wretchedness? another day, and our cup was filled to overflowing. Going to my work, I found the "mill" was closed, a heavy failure had taken place, and we were ruined.

Is there justice in the world? Why should we suffer and starve, because a rich man falls. There are plenty to commiserate with him, to condole with his misfortunes, to render him aid in order that he may extricate himself from his difficulties; but his servants, poor fellows, they had a good time of it, and I dare say took care to feather their nests. I cursed the rich, I cursed their wants, and in my madness I cursed the earth and the poor who administered to their wants, and then I cursed myself. My wife did not escape; and she, O horror! returned the curse. Yet still I loved her, our grievances were mutual, and though disbelievers in the justice and mercy of our Supreme Ruler, we thought we might fight the battle against FATE and win the day. After a month's idleness, casting about what we should do, it was at last determined that I had better seek the city, and there perchance I might find employment. Tenderly bidding my friends farewell, I tore myself from wife and children.

The city (I had never yet been in one) was approached by a long and dusty highway; the green fields, bounded on either side by open wood fences, formed an agreeable contrast to the dull and sombre road that wound between them. Yet the contrast was at times painful, for I thought I saw before me the rich and poor. However, I trudged manfully on, striving to cast aside all gloomy thoughts, picturing to myself the mighty city to which I was bound. Surely a place wherein so many lived would afford employment for *one* more. Then I considered what I should do; no doubt I would grow rich; ah well! that is pleasant.

But a soreness in my feet and aching limbs ad-

vised a rest; I would seek a shady spot beneath the hedge and eat the food I carried. A lane led from the road, and, sauntering up it, I came to a wicket which opened into a meadow, where a dozen merry lads and lasses were busy making hay; and near the wicket stood a man, the overseer I supposed him, him I asked permission to step inside, and rest myself beneath some shady tree, and eat my scanty meal. He assented at once, and, hastening up, unlatched the gate to admit me, saying I looked weary, and asking how far I had walked.

"From Hammark, sir, and seeking the city for work."

"You have yet far to walk, night will overtake you on your journey; but if you will, you can rest here till the morrow, and after breakfast you can renew your way."

I thanked him, and passing on, felt grateful for his kindness. It was a poor man's hospitality offered to a poorer man. Selecting a wide-spreading beech, I stretched myself beneath its greatful shade. The ringing laugh of the merry haymakers, the joyous song of some tiny bird, the rustling leaves moved by the gentle breeze, fell pleasantly on my ear. My meal finished, I reclined my head against the tree, gazing on the scene before me. It was one I had often viewed before; but never with such feelings of admiratio.. How beautiful is nature! Exhausted, I closed my eyes and slept.

I was awakened by some one touching me on the shoulder, saying, "Why tarry ye here?" Wearily, I turned, and with half-opened eyes looked on him who had disturbed me. Bending over me, I saw a figure of stern and threatening aspect, but it was not the face of mortal man. I intuitively felt this and gazed with terror on the vision which paled and faded into thin air, while a voice as if from heaven cried out, "Arise!"

What a change! The green meadows, fields, hedges, all had disappeared, and around me stretched as far as the eye could reach, a boundless sea of sand! Not a shrub, or an unevenness in the surface interrupted the view. In dismay I turned to where the tree, beneath whose shade I rested, stood; and behold a large wooden cross occupied its place. Could I be dreaming, or was I mad, or worse still, was it all, horrible reality? For some moments stupor prevented me realizing, to the utmost extent, my desolate condition; and when recovering myself, the utter hopelessness of my lot crushed me. I became for a time a raving madman. "Vile cross," I cried, "emblem of suffering and death! Dost thou stand there to witness in me a death less endurable than if nailed to thy accursed form?" and I smote it with my hand, and spat on it. "What are you? A gibbet? Ay more than a gibbet, for you torture before you kill. Powerless to save, wherefore appearest thou unless in mockery of my sufferings?" I threw myself on the sand, and in my impotent rage kicked at the cross with my feet, as if I would batter it down; but it remained firm as if placed on a rock, though to me its only support appeared to be the shifting sands. At last the folly of my conduct struck me; wherefore waste time in giving vent to useless expressions of rage; rather let me seek escape from the dangers with which I was surrounded while it is yet Day; for by and by the Night cometh—aye, from the Grave there is no escape. I started to my feet with this thought, and casting a parting glance towards the cross, saw at the foot thereof, what had hitherto escaped my observation, viz., two small loaves and a flask of water. With joy I seized on these and felt thankfulness in my heart that I had not broken the flask or buried the loaves in the sand, during my insane attempts on the cross. I felt, too, a certain lightness, a buoyancy of spirit as I tasted the water, for it was cold and clear, and most refreshing. I set off, then paused, whither should I go? What guide had I? What to follow? The sun sinking in the west shone full on my face. Yes, I'll follow thee, O sun! be thou my guide and saviour! I knelt to it. A blast of wind came, sweeping o'er the desert, clouds of sand were lifted high and hurried on towards me, which now hurled into my face, pricked and cut my skin. I was forced to lay me down and wait till the fury of the winds had passed. Nothing daunted, I rose, hailing the sun with a joyous shout, and rushed on towards it. Again another storm of sand swept o'er me; again I pursued my course, but again I was impeded, and so a fourth, and fifth, and sixth time, till at last, in despair, I was forced to turn and flee before it. I found myself, again at the foot of the cross.

"Since, O Sun, the laws that guide thy course cannot, through thee, guide me, let chance decide my way." Then going at a distance of about ten paces from the cross. I bound my eyes up with a bandage, and turning round twice or thrice, commenced my journey. At the very first step, I stumbled and fell; what could have tripped me, I knew not; in the plain all had appeared to me smooth and level. Resolutely, with my eyes veiled, I rose to proceed; but again I stumbled. So, after many falls which cut and bruised me much, I desisted, lest perchance the flask I carried should be broken, and the water spilt.

I now unbound my eyes, and found myself on the very spot from whence I started; and, wonderful, the sun, which I thought must by this time have set, was still high above the horizon. I was sure that I had been for many hours wandering about; yet it was still daylight. I sat me down and ate some bread, and drank of the water. Astonishing discovery! I noticed my bottle still full, and my bread undiminished. At first I fancied it a delusion; but remembering I had eaten largely of the bread, and had drank more than once from the flask, I became convinced that it was a miracle performed in my behalf. If at the cross I picked up such treasures, then let me return, for it must be good. With a feeling of repentance at my heart I went and rested myself at its base. A peaceful calm came o'er my spirit, and confidence, unknown before, sprung up within me. "Why," thought I, "if this cross yield me such pleasure, may it not save? Yes," cried I, "the Sun has failed me, and so has Chance; let me confide in THEE!" Tears started to my eyes, as I embraced the cross and kissed it; my heart was full.

The sun was approaching the horizon; a long dark shadow, *the shadow of the cross*, extended o'er the plain, and—why had I not discovered it before?—the path was green! "Here let me walk, and"—I pronounced a name, a name that I never uttered since a child at my mother's knee, save in cursing—"and GOD be my Guide!" Eager to follow this new path I once more started to my feet, and, blessing the cross, set forth.

The way was certainly easy and pleasant to tread; the further I walked the happier I felt; rejoicing I struggled on, for I was still fearful lest night should overtake me. Turning back occasionally to see how far the sun was above the earth, I always found it just keeping above the cross, in fact crowning it, so that rays of light or glory appeared radiating from it, the cross itself assuming a bright and glorious appearance. I now came to where the arms of the cross threw a shadow, one, on either side of the path o'er which I journeyed; and doubt, most unhappy doubt, entered my mind. I feared lest but one of the roads should release me, the others leading to destruction. I was inclined to continue directly onwards, but the uncertainty of being right, caused me to hesitate. To turn to the right or the left was equally hazardous. "O! Cross," whereon he who died for the sins of the world suffered; "indicate by a sign the *true* path!" and I prostrated myself to the earth. Again, I thought I heard a mighty voice, saying, "Arise!" and standing by me, I saw the figure of him who had aroused me from my sleep. I would have seized his hand, but he waved me off, crying, "Doubter! choose thy path."

Looking, I saw at the end of each road, a similar cross to that from whence I started, each emitting rays of glory.

"They are *all* good," I cried, clasping my hands.

"All good!" he replied.

"I had a feeling, that there was but *one* safe path."

"There are many paths."

"All safe."

"All safe with faith."

"With faith alone?"

"Without faith ye cannot be——."

The next word was lost, for fearful shouts and yells as if from the tormented, assailed my ear. I was terrified. My companion had disappeared! Darkness, a dense black darkness, surrounded me. I must be about to die; the last day *is* at hand. I groping o'er the ground, felt, with my hand, the flask; raising it to my mouth—it was empty. "Lost—lost—lost!" was cried aloud.

"Yea lost! Have mercy on me."

"Ho! yo! This way!" and I heard some one bounding o'er the plain. They have let the demons loose in my pursuit! I rose to fly, but stumbled against—the tree beneath which I slept.

Those who have been awakened out of some fearful dream, can only have experienced the feeling of joy I felt, on finding myself still an inhabitant of this world. It appears that I had been forgotten, or rather, that I, forgetting myself, had slept till nightfall. The squire (he whom I had taken for the overseer) asking after me, it was remembered by some of the haymakers that I was beneath the tree when they left their work. Search was made, and I was awakened by their shouts The squire, Sir Harry Iden, had given orders to see me cared for, so a bed was provided for me in the farm-house. I did not rest well, but lay tossing and turning about, thinking over my dream. I was convinced that it meant something more than I could understand, but how to interpret it was the difficulty. The strange blending of realities also astonished me. The cross occupying the place of the tree; the sun which, in setting, must have shone directly in my face; the flask was the bottle in which I had carried some milk; and the thought of the flask must have suggested to my mind the bread I had eaten for my dinner. Again, the shouts of the searchers were plainly those I had mistaken for the wild cries of demons.

In the morning I was told that the Squire wished to see me, and on going into his presence

I thanked him for his kindness to me. He asked about me, my employment, of my wife and children, and appeared to take such an interest in me, that I could not forbear relating my vision. He listened attentively, and when I finished, he took me by the hand, saying—

"Your dream has been a good one, apply it; and, believe me, you will prosper."

"But how, sir, can I ever prosper? The *poor* depend on the *rich;* we are their slaves."

"Nay, nay," he kindly replied, "we depend on each other, and we are not slaves, except when we are discontented, and then we are slaves to our discontent."

"How can we, the poor, avoid being discontented?"

"*We*," he answered with emphasis, "must walk in the 'Shadow of the Cross;' there will we only learn true happiness, and to be happy we must be contented with our lot."

"Then, sir, I'll return to Hammark and learn contentment."

"Do so. All virtues spring from this one.

I returned to Hammark; and, guided by this *shadow*, in which the substance is *not lost*, I soon found that greatest of all earthly blessings.

After a few months it was rumoured that Sir Harry Iden had purchased the "mill." It proved true. I was engaged as foreman, and am now a prosperous, nay, a *rich* man; but all I have and all I enjoy, is due to the Shadow of the Cross.

LOVE.

(From an unpublished poem.)

O, Love! the one pure heavenly ray,
Which, fitful, lights man's checquered way:
The Gheber's fire, for ever bright—
The inextinguishable light,
To worship which all nations press;
The one true faith which all confess—
The one sole creed which all believe—
The revelation all receive.
The monarch whose imperial sway
All earthly potentates obey—
The deity before whose brow
All men in adoration bow.
Thy temple is the maiden's breast,
The ivory throne where thou dost rest;
Thy priestess she, whose holy aim
Is to maintain the sacred flame.
Thy fire reflected is her eye—
Thy fragrant incense is her sigh;
Her ear the open portal, free
To those whose prayers ascend to thee;
Her lips the altar-piece divine
They press who worship at thy shrine;
The heart of man the proud domain,
O'er which unbounded is thy reign.

Erro.

ADDRESS TO THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE, BY JUDGE DRAPER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,

Our annual conversazione unites with the other signs of the times, to remind us that spring is at length emerging from the icy thraldom of winter, that the season of opening leaves and blossoming buds is just arriving. May we not without forced analogy trace the signs of the same spring time of the year, as applied to the state and condition of Upper Canada.

The few posts, whether military or trading, or even those of the earliest missionaries, which were established in any part of what was afterwards declared to be Upper Canada, before the peace of 1783, were too inconsiderable to require notice as forming any exception to the general proposition, that this part of Canada was then, a mere wilderness, in which civilization was at Zero, and into the gloomy depths of whose primœval forests, neither the light of Science nor the radiance of Christianity had penetrated. It was after that period that the settlement of Upper Canada was begun by that loyal, and devoted body of people, of whom Edmund Burke spoke as "persons who had emigrated from the United States," "who had fled from the blessings of the American Government," and with regard to whom he further observed; "there might be many causes of emigration not connected with government, such as a more fertile soil, or more genial climate—but they had forsaken all the advantages of a more fertile soil, and more southern latitude, for the bleak and barren regions of Canada. It is to them and to their enduring efforts that this country owes its first germ of improvement. And let it be borne in mind, that they were not of a class who emigrated from the mere pressure of want, or to escape the danger of starvation—whose principal craving was to find such employment of their physical energies, that in return for their labour, they should obtain food for themselves and their little ones. They had been accustomed to the most valuable enjoyments of civilized life, to the advantages of Education and Christian teaching, and they sought in Upper Canada a home, where, in the course of years, their unremitting and fearless toil might realise for them those advantages,—which their attachment to their Sovereign, and to British institutions had caused them to abandon. Their numbers were increased, and their exertions aided by the partial influx of other emigrants, among whom, in time, came the well-known Glengarry Highlanders, and they soon wrought a change. The luxuriant bounty of

nature, as exhibited in a fertile soil, and a not unfavourable climate, was appropriated to the use of man, lands hitherto occupied by primoeval forests were cultivated, schools and churches were built, and those who had struggled through the privations and hardships of the winter began to look with confident hope for the enjoyment of of the spring time of this young and rising Country.

The war of 1812, however, checked for a time the progress which had been so favourably begun, and while in some respects it gave an unnatural impulse to development, it was exhausting the vital energy, so that when peace was restored, it became apparent; that if there had been no retrogression; there had been at all events little, if there was any, advance. This check was, however, but temporary. Those exertions, which for the time had been devoted to other, and in some instances sterner, pursuits, were soon restored to their proper channels, and became devoted to the improvement and development of the country. The unemployed inhabitants of the British Isles began to arrive in hundreds and thousands, to unite in the task of turning the wilderness into a smiling field; the population of Upper Canada, which in 1791, was estimated at ten thousand, in 1824 exceeded 150,000; and in 1837, was increased to 375,000; and the observations, long before made in the House of Commons, with respect to the thirteen old Colonies, might have, with full force, applied to Upper Canada:—"Such is the strength with which population shoots in that part of the world, that state the numbers as high as we will, whilst the dispute continues, the exaggeration ends. Your children do not grow faster, from infancy to manhood, than they spread from families to communities, and from villages to nations."

In the full tide of this prosperity, however, there came another check—of no long duration, fortunately, though of painful character—to which I allude only as forming a part of that truthful picture which I am endeavoring to exhibit before you. This, as well as the war of 1812, may (in strict adherence to the analogy with which I set out) be compared to those tempests of the vernal equinox which, though disastrous in their immediate consequences, whether to individuals or to localities, are ordered or permitted by an all-wise and overruling Providence in furtherance of its general and beneficent designs,—and now that they are passed over and calm is restored,—now that the sufferings they caused are remedied or alleviated may we not indulge ourselves in the application of the poetical imagery of Solomon:—"The winter is passed—the rain is over and gone—the flowers appear on the earth—the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard!"

But the song of rejoicing would lose half the power and beauty of its application were it confined by us to the consideration of advancement in material prosperity alone. It is not only foreign to my present purpose, but it would occupy far more than the limited time I mean to detain you, were I to attempt even an outline of the various efforts made for public education—for intellectual, moral and Christian cultivation. It is not, however, the least significant proof of the success of those efforts that they have created and fostered an earnest longing for more extended knowledge—a desire which exhibits itself at different times, and, among other ways, in the attempts to establish societies or institutions to assist in scientific research—in intellectual development. Such was the literary and philosophical society formed more than twenty years ago by the exertions of the eccentric but talented Dr. Dunlop, and which was followed afterwards by the City of Toronto Literary Club, and the City of Toronto Ethical and Literary Society—both formed in 1836—all which, with, perhaps, some others I might more particularly mention, seem to have been put forth a little too prematurely, and, like precocious blossoms, to have been nipped, and to have perished without reaching any maturity. Such is—may it flourish and take deep root—the Canadian Institute, established, as you well know, principally for the purpose of promoting the physical sciences—for encouraging and advancing the industrial arts and manufactures—an establishment which I am well assured we all regard as one of the fairest promises of our spring, and to the unfolding of whose blossoms, and the perfection and maturity of whose flowers and fruit we cannot but feel it a duty—one well rewarded in its own accomplishment—to contribute our best exertions.

Among other advantages to which I look forward with great confidence as the result of the success of the Institute, is the attention it is likely to attract to this province, and the consequent diffusion of more correct ideas—of more accurate knowledge of it, especially in the mother country. Conscious, as we may well be, of our growing strength and rapid advancement it is, nevertheless, true and, perhaps, a little mortifying, to find much misapprehension—I had almost said ignorance—respecting even the very geography of the province, existing in England. Were this confined to the less educated classes we should not so much wonder, and were the instance of it of an early date and before correct information was

easily attainable, we should not have any right to complain: but the fact is otherwise, as two instances I shall select will abundantly show. Half a century had elapsed from the time that Burke spoke of the "bleak and barren regions of Canada," before the publication of the last volume of that highly esteemed and valuable work, Alison's History of Europe,—and from that volume I make the following extract:—"The first operations of the campaign in Canada proved singularly unfortunate to the Americans. In the end of January, General Winchester with a thousand men, crossed over to attack Fort Detroit, in the Upper Province, and before any force could be assembled to resist him, made himself master of French Town, twenty-six miles from that place. General Proctor, however, who commanded the British forces in that quarter, no sooner heard of this irruption than he hastily assembled a body of 500 regulars and militia, being the Glengarry fencibles, and 600 Indians, and commenced an attack upon the invaders two days afterwards in the fort of Ogdensburgh." To those acquainted with the events alluded to, or with the places mentioned, it is unnecessary to point out the errors which this passage contains. To some it may be useful to explain that General Winchester's advance upon Detroit was made in the (now) State of Michigan which, though at that moment in the British possession, was nevertheless American territory,—that Fort Detroit, not long before captured by Sir Isaac Brock, is in Michigan, on the same side of the river—which there forms the boundary of Upper Canada—as General Winchester was marching on,—that Fort Detroit is nearly at the western extremity of Lake Erie, in which part of the country Colonel Proctor then commanded the British forces,—while the attack in which the Glengarry fencibles bore so distinguished a part, and which resulted in the capture of the American position at Ogdensburg, was under the command of a different officer,—and that Ogdensburg is situated on the river St. Lawrence, at a distance exceeding the whole length of both Lakes Erie and Ontario from the scene of General Winchester's capture. A reference to the Annual Register for 1813, which is cited in the work as the authority for this passage shows clearly enough that this error has arisen from blending into one, as if relating to the same events, two entirely distinct transactions, and, no doubt, rests with some transcriber employed by this eloquent and usually accurate historian.

Again, in another work, the second edition of which was published as late as 1845, by a gentleman who now holds the rank of Queen's Counsel, and whose pen has acquired for him a deserved reputation in works founded on other than professional subjects. The following passage occurs:—"Thus the waters which might at first have been seen forming part of the magnificent confluence of Niagara, are then precipitated amid clouds of mist and foam down its tremendous falls, and after passing over great tracts of country through innumerable channels and rivulets, serve at length quietly to turn the peasant's mill." A passage which, however, well written, is nevertheless, a complete inversion of the facts since the waters which are precipitated over the Falls of Niagara flow onward, gathering as they go through Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, the additions of many a tributary stream, but never diverge into any other channel in their downward course, until they expand into the Gulph and become mingled in the wide Atlantic waves.

It would be easy, especially if account was taken of the mistaken ideas respecting Canada, of individuals of less standing and pretension, to multiply such instances, but enough has been said to shew the necessity of diffusing more accurate information as a corrective of the past, and as a means of prevention for the future.

I cannot quit the subject without availing myself of this fitting occasion to express, what I am sure is equally felt by all present. My sense of the obligations we owe to our President* for his active exertions in support, and his valuable contributions to the proceedings of the Canadian Institute. In leaving Upper Canada, he will, I am certain, carry with him our best wishes for his happiness and prosperity, not unaccompanied with the hope that we may be able at some future period to welcome his return among us, and to benefit by the renewal of his co-operation in the proceedings of the Society. Convinced of the excellence of the objects of the Canadian Institute, I rejoice at its present success and its future prospects. A diligent pursuit after, and a fitting employment of knowledge when gained, cannot fail to exercise an elevating influence in our relations to each other, and to lead to just conceptions of our respective duties in the various walks of life. We shall more practically feel that it is not for ourselves only, but for our fellows that we are called upon to think and act, while we strive for our individual improvement. We shall strive also to communicate to others the benefit of what we attain, thus approximating the lofty character of those who,

> "With God himself
> Hold converse, grow familiar day by day,
> With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
> And form to his the relish of our souls."

*Captain Lefroy.

EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Brief is the time we pass on earth,
Yet long enough for man to bear!
The gift we gather at our birth,
Our first and latest hour doth share!
With the first dawn of reason's ray
That glimmers o'er the opening soul,
Enough is seen of that decay
Which leads us to our final goal.
And we must batten on the fruit,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Till death at last shall cut the root
Which binds us to humanity.
Yet still through life's revolving scene,
One light is seen to shed its ray
Of fancied bliss—too soon, I ween,
To fade in grief, and pass away,
So darken'd is our mortal fate,
So hid by clouds that interpose,
That bliss, denied by other's hate,
Ne'er finds in life a sure repose!
'Tis as the phantom-light o'er moors,
Which woo's the wanderer to a rest;
Yet blest that ray, while it allures,
Though doomed at length to prove a jest.
And ever through this life, Love must,
What it has been, to all remain!
It shares the birthright of that dust
Which ne'er is free from mortal stain.
Too pure within this world to dwell,
Without the rust of life's alloy,
Love ne'er within the heart did swell,
But felt the bane of earthly joy.
Yet there are moments in this life,
Which some have felt of source so pure,
So free from all life's feverish strife,
They could for these all ills endure;
But when they fail, and fail they will,
Ah! who thro' life hath found them last?
There comes upon the soul a chill,
The icing of that fearful blast,
Which sinks the heart, and bids it close
Each pulse that warmed to hope and love.
Thus chill'd, no more can it oppose
The ice which binds around, above;
But fetter'd by its dreary chain,
The living source beneath confined,
Ne'er feels a wish to break again
The deadly stillness of the mind.

* * * * * * * * * *

Wealth cannot win, threats cannot move
From early vows of love; which bind
The heart within their magic spell!
They twine too close, to be forgot,
Around the breast; where long shall dwell,
(Whate'er in life may be our lot,)
The sweet remembrance of that hour
When love first wooed us in his bower!

* * * * * * * * * *

Yes, in the heart there long shall dwell
The charm of that pure early dream;
And though the clouds of ill may swell,
They only hide in part its beam!
And though succeeding cares may chill
The glow of love's first trembling ray,
Yet to the treasuring memory still,
That beam through life shall not decay!
When sickened with the toil of life,
And sinking 'mid the weary gloom
With which this mortal coil is rife,
(To lose it only in the tomb!)
Who hath not tried to trace anew
The cherished thought of early love,
And in his breast the dream renew
Of bliss, that grief could not remove?
Oh! o'er the worn and sinking heart,
The star of early love shall shed
A beam, which only can depart,
When thought, and sense, and life are fled!

* * * * * * * * * *

The Sun is gone, and now the busy hum
Of this poor fleeting world is hushed to rest,
And twilight's grey and tranquil hour is come,
Like some soft fancied vision of the blest,
And all is still, save when the bulbul sings
Its tributary lay at this lone hour;
Save where the tinkling sheep-bell gently rings,
Or where the watch-dog bays from yonder tower!
Man on his troubled couch hath sunk to sleep—
Brief respite from his cares, to be renewed
When he shall wake at morn, to toil and reap
The tares that he hath sown and ne'er subdued!
Poor minion of an hour! Of what to thee
Is all thy pomp, thy glory, and thy fame!
When thou hast toiled through all life's heaving sea,
What hast thou gained that will preserve thy name?
And kindle in the breast of one compeer,
Who revelled in thy joys, one pure regret
That thou art gone, and art the thing all fear!
Will one fond eye be dimmed and wet?
Will one kind heart weep o'er thy lonely bier?
Will one firm friend e'er wish thee once more here?
Or light at Memory's lamp true friendship's holiest flame,
That can survive the dead, and hallow up thy name?

* * * * * * * * * *

Few, few shall feel; and if one eye may weep
O'er the poor faded form, when it hath paid
Life's last and mournful debt, that well should steep
All human frailties in death's dreaded shade,
It may be that the tear will flow from one
From whom we had no right to call a sigh,
While those who should have wept, will smile anon,
And o'er the turf will heedlessly pass by,
To sport above our tomb, like any other fly!

* * * * * * * * * *

Truce to such meditations:—man is still
What he hath ever been, and still shall be,
Alive but to himself, feeling no thrill
To gaze upon the end of vanity!
That well should curdle all the buoyant blood
Beating in his distempered voice; but Time,
The world, self-interest, and the flood
Of mortal apathy in every clime,
Usurp the heart of age, and chill e'en manhood's prime!

THE DOUBLE VENGEANCE.

In one of the skirmishes which were so frequent between the contending parties during the Mexican war of independence, Villa-Senor, a captain in the Spanish service, was made prisoner by Cristino Vergara. The latter was a *gaucho*, who had come from Chili, and plunged into the struggle with all the fire and fury so characteristic of his race; and it was only after enduring all the refinements of torture that savage fancy could invent, that the unfortunate captive regained his liberty. Twenty years or more passed away when the captain, who had travelled into other lands, returned to Mexico, while Vergara, obedient to his instinct for the chase, was living at Palos-Mulatos—a village buried in the forest, about a day's journey from San Blas, which, as most readers know, is not an unimportant port on the Pacific.

I was staying in the neighborhood, enjoying the refreshing charms of shade and verdure, when my occasional travelling companion, Ruperto Castanos, came hurriedly in, one evening, with excited looks, crying out that Villa-Senor had returned, and that he had unfortunately let him know that Vergara lived at Palos-Mulatos.

"Well?" said I, in a careless tone.

"Well!" he answered, "don't you see that as Palos-Mulatos is not far off, either the Spaniard or the *gaucho* will be a dead man in the course of a few hours?"

"I see something more," I replied; "and that is, if you wish to repair your blunder we had better go and sleep to-night in the cabin of your friend, the *gaucho* Vergara."

This was just what Ruperto desired, so we ordered our horses and set off. As we rode along, my companion communicated to me many particulars concerning the man we were going to visit. He still preserved in his domestic life much of the ferocity and vindictiveness of character which had formerly made him feared and hated, and had made implacable enemies in his otherwise peaceable neighbourhood. When he came first to reside at Palos-Mulatos, he had brought with him a wife, a grown-up son, and two young daughters. The youth had picked a quarrel immediately on his arrival with a hunter, well-known in the village, and got himself killed for his pains; but a few days later the hunter himself fell by a ball from Vergara's rifle. Saturnino, the hunter's only son, promised his dying parent to avenge the blow, and though he had appeared to forget, yet the neighbours said that sooner or later there would be a terrible duel between the young hunter and the old *gaucho*. "Such manners astonish you," added Ruperto, as he concluded; "but what can you expect when civil war breaks out anywhere, family wars are sure to follow close upon it. This time, however, we have a chance of separating the combatants."

Deeper and deeper we rode into the forest, the route becoming at last a mere path winding in and out among the teees. Suddenly we emerged on a grassy plain and galloped briskly across it, well-pleased at finding ourselves in a clearing; but all at once we were stopped by a broad and deep brook, and drew up to find means of crossing. "We are arrived," exclaimed my companion, pointing to a few houses that stood on the opposite side; "that is Palos-Mulatos."

It was a calm and pleasant sight; the houses were sheltered by overhanging trees, and the whole aspect of the place was one of sylvan joy and contentment. But how to get at it was the difficulty; and while Ruperto was swearing at the disappearance of the bridge which spanned the stream, a man appeared on the further side, who told us that it had been carried away by a flood, but that there was another bridge half a league higher up, and that we could reach the village in another half hour. "Besides that," he went on, seeing our hesitation, "there is another way. You see that network of lianas yonder; that is also a bridge—one made by the good God, and the people of the village use it every day; but I warn you, it is not safe for horsemen."

I was tired and impatient to arrive. I therefore dismounted, and giving the rein of my horse to Ruperto, who immediately set off for the bridge, I made my way to the network pointed out by the stranger, which, on approaching, I found to be a natural suspended gallery, formed by the interlacing of numerous climbing plants that here grew thickly on each side of the brook, and flung their wild arms in every direction. It was a singular spectacle, exciting to the imagination, but suggesting doubts as to the prudence of trusting one's self to so frail a support. However, I ventured after a brief pause, and had scarcely advanced a few paces, when a sudden shock made me stumble, and when I had recovered my footing, I saw a man burst hastily from the opposite end and hide himself in a thicket. I hesitated, but only for a moment, and in a few minutes had crossed the brook, and reached the outskirts of the village.

There were not more than about a dozen houses, miserably constructed, and one of these, standing at the foot of a magnificent palm-tree, was pointed out to me as the dwelling of Cristino Vergara by a young girl who sat at the door of one of the huts weaving a wreath of purple campanulas into the long, dark tresses of her hair. I had soon delivered my message, and announced the speedy arrival of Ruperto—a piece of intelligence which the *gaucho* received with great satisfaction; but when I added that I should be cautious of again passing a natural suspension bridge two at a time, his eyes sparkled, and with a strange tone he cried "two at a time?"

"Yes," I answered; "some one was on the bridge at the moment I crossed: and perhaps being afraid of recognition, he ran over so hastily, that I came near pitching into the water."

While speaking I had time to cast a glance over the group among which I found myself. The countenance of Vergara expressed an ill-suppressed impatience—his wife, an old woman bent double with age, and one of his daughters stood behind him in seeming indifference; but not so the eldest daughter, a girl of remarkable grace and beauty, for as I spoke her attention appeared to be suddenly roused, and she turned to me with a look of energetic supplication. I took the hint, and proceeded to remark carelessly that the fugitive of the bridge was perhaps a robber, who wished to avoid an encounter with an armed passenger. The *gaucho*, however, replied with a

gesture of incredulity, and some further explanation would perhaps have been called for had not the arrival of my companion at that moment created a favorable diversion.

When Ruperto took the *gaucho* aside to tell of the unexpected arrival of Villa-Senor, the eldest daughter, Liana-flower, as she was called, walked slowly out at the door, and coming up to me as I paced up and down on the grass in front of the cabin, she asked, in a trembling voice—"Who was it you met on the bridge—an old man or a young one?"

"I don't know," was my reply; "I saw a shadow only, which disappeared at once in the thicket. But why this question?"

"Because," she rejoined, with a mingled pride and timidity which really charmed me; "because what you saw was, perhaps, a young man whom I love, and he runs the risk of death. You understood my terror, and tried to remove my father's suspicions after having roused them; thanks."

"But you," I asked, "do you run no risk?"

"Oh! as for me, my father would kill me if he ever knew the name of him I love."

The young girl seemed to bid an exalted defiance to death, but there was something in her words that made me shudder; and I thought involuntarily of the old hunter's son, who had sworn a mortal hatred against Vergara. What other could so excite the *gaucho* against his own daughter? The idea made me anxious, and I could not help watching Liana-flower, who, after throwing a quantity of brush-wood on the cabin fire, had placed herself in the light opposite the door, where she could be seen from a distance, and went through various pantomimic movements, now altering the arrangment of her dress—now standing still in a fixed attitude. Presently, with her pitcher on her head, she advanced carelessly towards the brook, and I was comparing her with my recollections of the classic models of antiquity, when suddenly she uttered a cry of alarm, the pitcher fell from her head, she seemed for a moment ready to rush forwards, then slowly stopping pretended to be picking up the fragments of the pitcher. The cause of this strange movement was explained by my seeing the young girl whom I had first accosted, going towards the bridge, her hair bound with the wreath of campanulas. She was doubtless a rival, and could come and go unchallenged, while Liana-flower's movements involved a double danger.

Poor girl! I went feigning to help her pick up the broken earthenware. "Go and warn him," she said, as I stooped, in an imperious, yet broken voice, "" that I'll have him poignarded by my father, and myself afterwards, if he speaks to that girl."

"He: whom do you mean?"

"Saturnino."

"Saturnino!" I repeated in amazement. "What! the daughter of Cristino Vergara loves Saturnino Vellajo?"

"Yes, I love him; and now you know that his life is at stake as well as mine, if I speak to my father. Go, I entreat of you; God will reward your compassion. You will find Saturnino on the hanging bridge."

I obeyed, but with considerable misgivings. There might be danger, if not from a human enemy, at all events from some prowling quadruped, and I went forwards with all the caution of a naturalist studying the habits of wild animals without the protection of the bars of a menagerie. I stopped at times to listen; but not a sound met my ears. And then I thought that if Saturnino were playing false he would not give a very agreeable reception to any one who came to interrupt his *tete-a-tete* with another. However, I was determined to perform my errand; I crossed the bridge, peeped and searched everywhere, listened, but nothing appeared to reward my pains. There was only the melancholy gloom of the forest.

Liana-flower was watching my return with feverish impatience. Notwithstanding my ill-success, I kept up a good countenance. "Did you find Saturnino?" she asked abruptly, coming to meet me.

"I have done what you wished," I answered, hoping to escape further questioning by the evasion; but a woman in love is doubly quick-sighted.

"You saw him then? how is he?" she said.

This time I was obliged to hesitate. Liana-flower turned pale. "Ah!" she cried, "it is false,—you have not seen him."

A terrible thought—Saturnino's infidelity—took possession of the young girl, with an emotion only suppressed on her part by a most vigorous effort. It was clear, however, that her fiery temperament would provoke a storm; and my feeling was something like that of one who watches the slow-burning match of a loaded mine. She went into the cabin, while I mentioned the circumstances to Ruperto.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaimed. "A double *venganza!* Saturnino and Villa-Senor! Two good reasons why we shall have to go without supper this evening."

Here we were interrupted by a cry of fury, and the *gaucho* rushing from the cabin, cried,—"Ruperto! you are my guest and friend, and you will help me to avenge the honor of my name. That Saturnino has disgraced my daughter—she herself declares it. But the villain is not far off,—to horse, to horse!"

I, also, was included in the appeal, and though tired and hungry, I professed my readiness to assist. The horses were soon saddled, and we were on the point of setting off, when I saw Vergara, in addition to the lasso attached to the saddle, wind round his body a thong which had a large heavy ball covered with leather fastened at each end. They were the well-known *bolas* in use among the *gauchos*, and more to be dreaded even than the lasso.

We directed our course first to the suspension bridge, where Vergara dismounted and set himself to seek for a trail—to interrogate the soil, so to speak, with all the penetration of an Indian. After a while I left my saddle and took part in the search; and after some straining of my eyes to no purpose, I picked up a bouquet composed of wild flowers, bound together by one of the odoriferous rushes, named *chintule*, growing thickly on the margin of the stream. My first thought was to throw it away again, but considering the circumstances, I showed it to Ruperto, who had remained with the horses. "A bouquet!" he said, on seeing it. "It is doubtless a symbolical

message for Liana-flower. She must have it at every hazard."

It would be difficult to convey it to her, as we were then rejoined by the *gaucho*, who now felt sure of the route to be followed. However, as we were to pass through the village, I kept a little behind the other two, and on passing the open door of the cabin, where I saw Liana-flower sitting by the fire in a crouching position with her *reboso* wrapped round her head, I contrived to throw the bouquet so that it fell at her feet. A slight shudder passed over her as she stooped to pick it up: then putting spurs to my horse, I plunged into the forest at a swift gallop.

On we went, following the *gaucho* through the darkness, striking our heads against the branches or stumbling over the inequalities of the path. A sudden turn, after half an hour's riding, brought us to a cabin overshadowed by a group of gigantic palms; the *gaucho* reined up suddenly at the door, against which he knocked hastily, at the same time calling out,—"Holloa, Berrendo; are you asleep?"

"Who's there,—and why this uproar?" said a voice, after a pause.

"'Tis I."

"Who's I?" demanded the voice again.

"Cristino Vergara."

At this the door opened, and a man not less savage in aspect than the *gaucho*, stepped forth. He was dressed in leathern garments, and was altogether a striking specimen of the Mexican hunter. "Is Saturnino at the Palmar?" asked Vergara, impatiently, as soon as he appeared.

"He ought to be. But why this question? Does the son of Vallejo appear to you to be one too many in the world?"

"He does."

This laconic and terrible reply seemed not to surprise Berrendo. "Well," he answered, "heaven help him! You have a good night for it. Perhaps you will find to-morrow that you have snared two enemies instead of one."

"What do you mean?" inquired the *gaucho*.

"I mean that I spied an old officer who was once in your clutches, drinking at the pond,—the *Laguna de la Cruz*,—and remembering his cursed features, and that his name was Villa-Senor, my first movement was to cock my rifle——"

"*Caramba!* your first movement was a good one," interrupted Vergara. Berrendo went on—"But I altered my mind, thinking that a shot would alarm his companions, if he had any; and seeing that he let his horse graze, and laid himself down to sleep, I took a better method; I made a *quemada*. I set fire to the thicket round the pond in four places; and now the Spaniard will have a merry wakening. As I am alive, you can smell the smoke already coming down upon the wind."

"Well done!" cried the *gaucho*, "I see the hand of my old comrade. What do you say to the expedient, Ruperto? We are rid of Villa-Senor, and have only to look after Saturnino; he at least, won't escape us. Let us be off, then, to the Palmar."

Away we went again into the woods, riding in Indian file, one behind the other, the route becoming more and more difficult. Presently we came to a number of diverging paths, down one of which Vergera rode to examine some suspicious traces. While waiting his return, I expressed my doubts as to the part we were playing in the affair; it looked very much like abetting a murder, which, if truth were spoken, it would be best to prevent. Ruperto shared my sentiments to some extent; he could not abandon his old companion in arms, but he pointed out to me that if I wished to carry out my views, I had only to follow one of the paths to which he pointed. "Go along there for a short distance," he said; "then get off, tie up your horse in the bushes, and go forward on foot. Walk with the moon in your face and your shadow behind you, and you can't fail to arrive at the Palmar. If before we do, so much the better. I'll make an excuse for your departure."

I thanked Ruperto for his advice, and set off on the route indicated. In due time I had secured my horse, and was pushing my way on foot through the tangled wood, a difficult task at any time, but doubly so by night and to a stranger.

At length, to my great satisfaction, I came to a clearing. It was, doubtless, the Palmar I was in search of, and, as a measure of precaution, I kept in the shade, and advanced slowly towards a hut that I saw at a little distance. An old woman sat at the door looking up at the moon, and singing a plaintive melody. It was Saturnino's mother, waiting for her son's return. She ceased her song, and started at my approach, but I quieted her fears, and soon made her comprehend the danger of a meeting between the *gaucho* and and Saturnino. My communication created a whirl of hopes and fears,—perhaps her son would stay out till morning,—perhaps the fire would prevent Vergara's approach, and so frustrate the perpetration of his long-cherished hatred; in short, she spoke as most mothers would in similar circumstances.

Having accomplished my duty, I was retracing my steps, when the old woman cried, in a tone of alarm,—"Jesus Maria! There he is!"—and she ran with all the speed she was capable of to saddle a horse that stood in the rear of the hut. But all her efforts and prayers for the safety of her son were in vain; for when the young man heard that Liana-flower herself had been the cause of the rupture of the tacit truce that existed between him and her father, he seemed suddenly to be crushed by the weight of some poignant grief. "It was at her request," he said, mournfully, "that I went to the bridge. Why did she signal me to go away? I obeyed her order, and that is the crime which she now wishes to punish with death. No, no; she does not love me."

I tried to give a more hopeful colour to his thoughts, while his mother, looking all round with a terrified air, besought him to fly, in the name of all the saints. Only for a moment did he seem inclined to yield, and he put one foot in the stirrup; but withdrawing it again immediately, he threw away all his weapons, save the knife in his girdle, and stood motionless, as it were, courting the threatened danger.

All at once I saw him shudder as if from an electric shock, and at the same instant Liana-flower burst into the clearing, her dress torn, her hair streaming, and pale as a corpse escaped from the tomb. Breathlessly she flew into Saturnino's

arms, crying,—"God be thanked, I have come in time! I thought you unfaithful, Saturnino, and wished your death; but now I know——"

Life and hope came back into the young man's eyes as she spoke, and drew the bouquet from her bosom. "This," she said, holding it up, "this brought me back to life. This white floripondio told me that in your eyes I was the most beautiful; these campanulas taught me that she who wore them was only the pretext for your coming near our hut,—the marjoram spoke of your torments,—the chintule explained everything. I know that you love me: and now, will you not fly? My father is seeking your life."

Passing in a moment from despair to the wildest of joy, Saturnino seized the young girl round the waist, sprang into the saddle, and was off with the speed of an arrow. At the moment, Vergara and Ruperto leaped into the clearing; no sooner did they catch sight of the fugitives, than the *gaucho*, spurring his horse in pursuit, flung his lasso with such dexterity as to catch Saturnino in the noose. With a tremendous effort the young man stopped his horse, and quick as thought, cut the thong in two with his knife, before his antagonist could drag him from the saddle. Again did he fly with the maiden on his arm, and was close to the wood, when the *gaucho*, unwinding the balls with which I had seen him equip himself at starting, chaunted two lines of the well-known air—

> "De mi lazo l'escaparas,
> Pero de mis bolas—quando";

"You may escape from the lasso, but from the balls—never;" and whirling them round his head, sent them whizzing through the air. They went true to their mark, and twisted round the legs of Saturnino's horse, and the animal fell heavily to the ground with the hapless lovers. Vergara drew his dagger; two leaps more would have brought him upon them, when the report of a rifle was heard, while a wreath of smoke crept from a thicket near the spot; the *gaucho* fell, and all became silent.

Ruperto, who had taken his station by my side, galloped to the wood whence the shot had come; but speedily returning, he said, in an air of sombre resignation,—"It is not my place to punish Villa-Senor; God has permitted him to avenge himself."

What a singular tragedy was this which I had been so unexpectedly called on to witness; extremes of joy and sorrow were its termination. Four days afterwards I was on the way to San Blas with Ruperto, and had reached the top of the hill from which Cortez had caught sight of the Western sea, three centuries earlier, when we saw a group—a man and four women—following a waggon heavily laden with domestic utensils and furniture. They were Saturnino and Liana-flower, with their mothers and sister, united by the result of the events which I have narrated, and who were migrating to the fertile prairies of Sonora, there to forget in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, the events that had sent them forth from the forest of Palos-Mulatos.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

It is never more difficult to speak well than when we are ashamed of our silence.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I remember the time,—long ago, long ago,—
When a boy, a mere stripling, I plighted my love,
And swore—at least vowed—by the heaven above,
I would cherish and honor the heart of the gay,
The pretty, the beautiful Madeline May:—
It seems but last week, yet it's long, long ago!

I am feeble and old, but my memory's good;—
How she hung her dear head, and endeavoured in vain
To hide her sweet blushes again and again;
How I asked if she ever my love would repay
By becoming my wife,—ah! poor Madeline May!
I fancy I hear her,—"She'd see if she could."

My eyes they are dim,—I'm afraid 'tis with tears;—
But Time alters all things, and so it was thus
That we parted,—ah! well I remember the fuss;
For the cause of my country I went far away,
And left behind, weeping, my Madeline May,—
I left the fond girl for two long chequered years.

I returned to my home, but no happiness came,
For, alas! in my absence, a villain of wealth
Had allured the poor girl by his cunning and stealth,
And left her degraded, befriended by none,—
All her friends and her hopes with her virtue had gone,—
Till, forsaken and wretched, she died in her shame!

There's a neat little grave, near a church, far away,
It is fifty years old, but it doesn't look that,
For the flowers are fresh, and quite new is the plat;
And as every week in each year cometh round,
Still fresh are the flowers, still new is the ground,
And engraved on the headstone is "Madeline May."

THE CARDINAL'S GODSON.

One evening in the year 1649, M. Roullard, a rich goldsmith in Paris, was standing in the parlor behind his shop, busily engaged in reading a large and handsomely engrossed document. His niece, Jeanne, a pretty girl of eighteen, was seated near him, holding a piece of delicate embroidery in her hand; but her fingers were idle, and her eyes strayed continually towards the open window. Master Roullard at length folded up his paper, and with a satisfied smile exclaimed:—

"'Tis perfect! The cardinal certainly cannot refuse!"

"Are you then so anxious, uncle, to obtain the title of Goldsmith to the Court?"

"Anxious, indeed! A wise question, girl! Know you not that if I obtain it, my fortune is made?"

"But it seems to me," said the young girl, hesitating, "that the title would prove embarrassing."

"And wherefore?"

"Because you have hitherto had the custom of all the great personages of the prince's party."

"Well?"

"You have been accustomed to hear and to speak so much evil of the cardinal——"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the goldsmith: "We must not think of that now, Jeanne. If I ever *did* say anything slighting of his eminence, I am heartily sorry for it now."

"But, uncle, your clerks and workmen have all fallen into the same habit, and——"

"They must change it then," replied Master Roullard, resolutely. "I will not allow any of my people to compromise me. When I spoke ill of the cardinal, I did not know him. Besides, Master Vatar was then alive, and I had no chance of obtaining his post. It was only the day before yesterday I heard of his death, when I was returning from seeing Julian off in the St. Germain coach. By-the-way, he has not yet returned."

"No, uncle," said Jeanne, I cannot think what detains him; and her eyes wandered anxiously towards the quay. Master Roullard fixed his eyes steadfastly upon his niece.

"Ah, yes," said he, in a testy tone, "'tis easy to make you anxious about Julian Noiraud. You have not put that fine project of marriage out of your head yet?"

"My mother approved of it," replied Jeanne in a very low voice.

"All very well; but *my* views for you are different. I intend to give you a fortune which will entitle you to marry a rich man, and Julian has not one hundred crowns of his own."

"He may make a fortune——"

"Yes, by some miracle, I suppose," replied the goldsmith, ironically. "Does he expect it from that Italian adventurer, who formerly lodged in his parents' house, and became his sponsor,—Captain Juliano, I think his name is?"

Jeanne was saved the trouble of replying, by her uncle being summoned into the shop to attend three gentlemen.

These were the farmer-general of the revenues, Jean Dubois, M. Colbert, and the governor of Louvre. All three were partizans of the cardinal, and by no means in the habit of dealing with Roullard; but they had heard of some beautiful pieces of plate which he had just finished, and they came to see them.

The goldsmith overwhelmed them with civility. He ransacked his shop for articles to suit their taste, interlarding his polite speeches with protestations of his devotion to the cardinal.

He had just laid aside for Messrs. Colbert and Dubois several rich pieces of plate, considerably reduced in price, in honor of the purchasers' adherence to the cardinal; and he was commencing a fresh palinode in praise of his eminence, when the shop-door was suddenly opened, and a young man of pleasing appearance, with a frank, open countenance, entered. He laid on the counter a small packet, and having saluted the three gentlemen and his master, said,—"Good evening, sir; you must have been surprised at my not returning yesterday; but M. De Nogent detained me to repair his silver cabinet."

"Ah! you have seen the count?" said Colbert; "How is he?"

"Remarkably well, monsieur."

"Then," remarked the governor of Louvre, "he must have invented some piece of malice against his eminence."

"Hasn't he though!" exclaimed Julian, laughing; "he sang a long ballad for me, against the cardinal."

"How! he has dared!" interrupted Dubois.

"That he has," replied Julian; "He had even begun to teach them to me. Listen—I'll sing you the first verse."

Master Roullard coughed, winked, and made various gestures inculcating silence; but Julian did not understand him, and commenced with a loud, clear voice:—

> Hurrah for Mazarin!
> The son and heir of Scapin:
> He will blindfold France and her king—
> Hurrah! Hurrah!

"Julian!" cried his master.

"Don't stop him," said the governor, who, although from interested motives, a partisan of the cardinal, yet by no means disliked to hear him turned into ridicule; "I admire good political squibs, and I am making a collection of *Mazarinades*."

"Just like our master," said Noiraud. "M. de Longueville's valet has given him copies of all that have appeared."

The goldsmith tried to stammer forth an angry denial, but his words were drowned by shouts of laughter from his three visitors.

Turning angrily therefore towards his clerk, he asked him what the packet contained which he had laid on the counter.

"Some printed papers, master, sent you by M. de Nogent."

"Satires on his eminence, I'll warrant them!" cried the governor.

"Out of my house!" exclaimed the exasperated Roullard. And taking Julian by the shoulder, he thrust him into the street, flung the packet afte him; and after ordering him never to return, concluded by shouting,—"Long live Monseigneur Mazarin!"

Greatly astonished and not less enraged, the young man walked on with the luckless packets in his hand. His dismissal was in itself a matter of little consequence, for he was an excellent workman, and would find it easy to obtain employment; but a rupture with Jeanne's uncle threatened to destroy his prospects of marriage, and the thought of this he could not endure.

Walking slowly on, he cast his eyes on the packet which he mechanically held.

"Wicked cardinal!" he said to himself; "he is the cause of all! But for him Master Roullard would not have been vexed,—I should have still been in his employment, and probably would one day have married Jeanne!"

While thus soliloquizing, he idly opened the packet, and began to examine the pamphlets it contained. They were satirical remarks on the Spanish war, squibs against the Mesdames Mancini, Mazarin's nieces, and finally, a malicious biography of the cardinal. Julian was carelessly casting his eyes over the last, when he suddenly started and trembled. He had just read the following sentence:—

"Before entering into holy orders, Cardinal Mazarin had wielded the sword. He commanded

a company in 1625; and the pope's generals, Conti and Bagni, charged him with a mission to the marquis de Cannus. His eminence met at Grenoble, and sojourned there two months under the name of Captain Juliano."

Again and again did the young goldsmith read these words with strong emotion. Name, place, and date, precluded all uncertainty: Julian found himself the godson of the great cardinal.

Hastening towards the splendid dwelling of Mazarin, Julian inquired for an old playmate of his, who now filled an office in the cardinal's kitchen. Pierre Chottart received him kindly, but after the first exchange of civilities, asked him what he wanted.

Julian replied that he came to see his eminence.

The sub-cook laughed heartily, and told him that was quite out of the question.

"I who speak to you," he said, "although I minister to Monseigneur's appetite, am never admitted to see him."

"Is that the prime minister's chocolate?" said Julian after a pause, looking at a silver pot standing on a stove.

"Yes," replied Chottart; "I am going to pour it into this china cup; then I will ring for a footman who will reach his eminence's apartments by yonder staircase, and will place the tray in the hands of his own valet."

Having then prepared the chocolate in all due form, Pierre Chottart hastened into an adjoining room to procure a damask napkin. His temporary absence inspired Julian with a sudden thought,—Seizing the tray, he ran up the staircase, traversed the corridor, and opening at a hazard the first door he saw, found himself actually face to face with the great man.

The cardinal, who was in the act of writing a letter, held his pen suspended, and looked with astonishment at the flurried, unliveried individual before him.

"What is this?" he said, with the slight Italian accent which he never totally lost. Who are you? What do you want?"

"'Tis his eminence?" exclaimed Noiraud, placing the tray on the table. "Ah! now I am all right. Good morning, godfather!"

The cardinal rose and seized the bell-rope, thinking he was in company with an escaped lunatic.

"You don't know me then?" said the young workman. "Well, no wonder; I was but a fortnight old when you saw me last, in 1625."

"I really don't know what you mean," replied his eminence, still more confirmed in his first conjecture.

"I mean," replied Julian, "that I am the son of Madame Noiraud, of Grenoble, in whose house you lodged for two months, when you were a captain, and for whose son you stood sponsor, and had named after you."

"I think I remember," said Mazarin, "but this boy——"

"It is I myself! Julian Noiraud, of Grenoble! As soon as ever I discovered that you were Capt. Juliano, I hastened to come to you. Are you quite well, godfather!"

There was something in the young man's gay simplicity that caught Mazarin's fancy, and he asked to see the documents which should substantiate the statement. Julian first handed him his certificate of baptism, which he always carried about with him, and then frankly told him all that had occurred.

"*And what do you want with me?*" *asked the* cardinal, coldly.

"I thought that as your eminence has so often saved France, it would not cost you much trouble to save a poor boy like me."

Mazarin smiled, and placed his hand on his godson's shoulder.

"Come, *porcrino*," he said, "I will do something for thee."

"Thank you, godfather."

"You are not to return to the goldsmith's shop."

"No, godfather."

"I shall retain you here in charge of my plate."

"Yes, godfather,"

"I shall not pay you any wages."

"No, godfather."

"You will purchase a court dress."

"Yes, godfather."

"You will lodge where you please, and I will grant you an important privilege."

"Ah! thank you, godfather."

"You may proclaim to *all the world that I am* your godfather."

And was this all! Julian felt terribly disappointed, but he had the good sense to say nothing; and the cardinal dismissed him, desiring him to attend his levée on the following day in a befitting costume. Obeying this latter injunction *cost poor Julian nearly all the gold pieces* he was worth; however, he was afraid to disobey his eminence. "Many people," thought he, "are rotting in the Bastille for a less offence, so I must e'en do as I am told."

On the morrow our hero failed not to present himself in the great man's antechamber, dressed in a second-hand court suit, which certainly gave him quite the air of a gentleman. Several persons asked each other who he was, but no one knew, until at length, one voice exclaimed:—

"I protest, 'tis Noiraud!"

Julian turned round and found himself facing Master Boullard.

"It is he, and in a court dress! What makes you here, idler?"

"I am waiting for his eminence," replied Julian, with a careless air.

"So, Master Boullard," said Dubois, "this is really the saucy apprentice whom you dismissed yesterday? What *can* he want with the cardinal?"

At that momont the great minister appeared, making his easy way through the obsequious throng. Perceiving Julian, he smiled graciously, tapped him familiarly on the cheek with his glove, and said:—

"Well, *porcrino*, how dost thou feel to-day?"

"Quite well, thank you, *godfather*."

One might have fancied that this one word contained a magic spell, for instantly there was a general sensation amongst the crowd. All eyes were *fixed on Julian—every voice murmured:*

"Monseigneur is his godfather!"

Leaning familiarly on the young goldsmith's shoulder, the cardinal paced up and down the room, frequently addressing him familiarly, and

laughingly asking his advice touching the requests which were made by various suitors.

Julian, half-bewildered, contented himself with replying:—

"Yes, godfather,—no godfather." And the courtiers admired what they regarded as his prudent reserve.

At length, the audience ended, and Mazarin retired, after having audibly desired his *protégé* to come to his private study in the afternoon.

Scarcely had the minister disappeared, when an obsequious crowd surrounded Noiraud. Amongst the rest, the commander of Louvré, drew him aside and said:—

"Allow me to congratulate you, my dear M. Noiraud, on the great good fortune which has befallen you."

Julian stammered out his thanks.

"His eminence loves you much, and will, I am certain, do anything you ask. Will you then have the great kindness to speak a word in favour of my nephew, who is seeking the command of a regiment?"

"I?"

"He will obtain it, if you will give him your interest."

"I am sure, I should be most happy,"—Julian began.

"Enough, enough!" cried the commander, pressing his hand. "Trust me, if the affair succeeds, you will find us not ungrateful."

The Sieur Dubois next took him by the arm.

"I have a word to say in your ear, M. Noiraud," he said. "You know that I am seeking the monopoly of commerce in the Windward Isles: if you procure it for me, I will pay you six thousand francs!"

"Six thousand francs!" exclaimed the astonished Julian.

"You don't consider it enough?" replied Dubois. "Well, I will go as far as ten thousand!"

"But," said Noiraud, "you are strangely mistaken as to my influence; I have no power whatever——"

Dubois looked keenly at him and released his arms.

"Ah! I see how it is," he said "my rival has spoken to you already."

"Sir, I declare——"

"Well, well, I try elsewhere,—we'll see how far your new-made influence extends."

Ere Julian had well recovered from his astonishment, he found himself once more closeted with the cardinal, who had sent for him. Mazarin asked what troubled him, and the young man told him.

"Bravo! bravo!" said the minister, rubbing his hands. "Since they want you to protect them, *caro*, why you must e'en do it."

"What!" said Julian; "am I then, godfather, to solicit for them?"

"No, no! no solicitations; but just allow them to think that you have influence, and that will pay."

"Then godfather, you wish me to accept——"

"Accept always, Julian: you must never refuse what is given you with good will. If you do not repay the givers with good offices, you may with gratitude."

Noiraud retired in a state of unbounded astonishment. Nor was this feeling diminished by the receipt, two days afterwards, of a bag containing three thousand francs, with a letter of thanks from the commander, whose nephew had just been made a colonel. Presently afterwards, the Sieur Dubois entered.

"You have carried the day, M. de Noiraud," he said in a tone of mingled respect and ill-humour:—"My rival has obtained the privilege. I was wrong to struggle against your influence.—Meantime, here are the ten thousand francs,—take them, and use your all-powerful interest for me on the next occasion."

Julian tried to refuse this munificent present, saying that he was quite a stranger to the affair, that he had not meddled in it at all. But the farmer-general would not even listen to him.

"Good! good!" cried he, "you are discreet. His eminence has forbidden you to compromise him. I understand it all, only promise me that on the next occasion you will speak favorably of me."

"As to that," replied Julian, "I promise it with pleasure, but——"

"Enough!" cried Dubois. "I trust to your word, M. de Noiraud; and on your part if you should ever be at a loss for a few thousand livres, remember that I have them at the service of the cardinal's godson."

Julian failed not to relate all this to his patron, who rubbed his hands again, and ordered him to keep the sums bestowed on him. These were soon augmented by fresh largesses from the courtiers. It was of no avail for the young goldsmith to protest that he did not possess the influence imputed to him. His most vehement denials served but to confirm the general impression; and after some time he found himself a rich man.

Meanwhile the affairs of Master Boullard had declined sadly. Having failed in his attempt to become goldsmith to the court, he yet lost by it the custom of the cardinal's enemies; and thus between two stools he came to the ground.

Under these adverse circumstances he sought a reconciliation with his quondam apprentice. His overtures were joyfully met half way. Julian's heart and affections remained unchanged, and Master Boullard was now most willing not only to give him his niece in marriage, but also to yield up to him his business.

When the happy Julian brought his young wife to the cardinal, the latter took him playfully by the ear, and said,—

"Thou didst not expect all this when I granted thee as thy sole privilege permission to call me godfather?"

"No," replied Noiraud, "I was far from imagining that I should owe everything to that title."

"Because thou didst not know what men are, *picciolo*," said the cardinal. "Trust me we succeed in this world, not on account of what we are, but of what we appear to be."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

Ceremony is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

Hunting.—The amusement of a gentleman, the labour of savages.

SONGS ROUGHLY RENDERED FROM THE SWEDISH.

THE FISHERMAN IN HIS BOAT.

Early at morning-tide I seek the strand,
Push off my fishing-boat far from the land:
Swings she so merrily over the bay,
Down to the island where bright fishes play.
Calm lies the wide bay, the sun shining o'er it,
Fair are the meadows and blue hills before it;
Row, row away! I row, row away!
In my light fishing-boat rocking all day.

Far towards the silent creek, where the bold sun
Peers through white birches and pine-trees so dun—
There go my eager thoughts—there my heart lies,
There upon Sundays my fishing-boat flies;
Gaily the tall reeds and wavelets are singing,
Gaily the aspen and alder are swinging,
Down by the shore—far down the sweet shore,
There dwells a little maid—*mine* evermore!

THE LITTLE COLLIER BOY.

Father he works in the coal-pits deep,
Mother she sits at home spinning;
When I'm a big man, tall and strong,
I will their bread be winning.
I'll have a sweetheart true,
We'll have a cottage new,
Down in the dark wood where she sits spinning.

Father shall work in the open air,
Mother shall sit by the fireside,
Sewing on gowns she likes to wear,
With the little ones creeping up by'r side;
When I've a wife so true,
And we've a cottage new,
Down in the dark wood where she sat spinning.

EDEN-LAND.

You remember where in starlight
We two wandered hand in hand?
While the night-flowers poured their perfume
Forth like love o'er all the land:—
There I, walking yester-even,
Felt like a ghost from Eden-land!

I remember all you told me—
Looking up as we did stand,
While my heart poured out its perfume
Like the night-flowers in your hand,
And the path where we two wandered
Seemed not like earth, but Eden-land.

Now the stars shine paler, colder,
Night-flowers fade, without your hand:
Yet my spirit walks beside you
Everywhere, in every land:
And I wait till we shall wander
Under the stars of Eden-land.

THE WANDERING MASON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

Close against the church of St. Maclou, at Rouen, in an ancient house, whose topmost windows seemed almost within arms' reach of the church walls, dwelt, in the early part of the present century, a widow and her daughter, named La Roquette. The house is still standing, although too dilapidated to be inhabited, and is said to be the oldest in that most ancient quarter of the city. The row of houses of which this stands at the corner (forming an angle with the street leading to the church door on the western side), though evidently more modern, are built with the same projecting floors, leaving such a narrow ribbon of sky overhead, that the rough-paved and straggling street below is dusky at noon of a summer's day. At this time the widow kept a shop there, and sold small Roman Catholic trinkets — beads, wooden crosses, and wreaths of dried flowers, with which the people ornament the graves of their kindred, and the altars of their saints, upon certain days. The daughter was a worker of worsted slippers, some beautiful specimens of which are still made and sent to Paris, and even to foreign countries, by the people of Rouen. The widow had been left with another child—a son, some years older than the daughter, who had fallen into evil courses, absconded from a jeweller's employment, to whom the widow had paid an apprentice-fee—the fruit of long struggle and privation—gone to sea and come back again, involved himself in political riots in the city, and had been a great trouble to her in her affliction. At the time when he had lived with her in the house, the neighbors had frequently been compelled to protect her from his violence; but at the period of which I speak she had not seen him for some time, and did not know whether he were still in the city.

Throughout a whole winter food had been dear, and the widow's resources had been scantier than ever, for the people had then no money to spare for the articles she sold. In such times she had little for her support but the ill-paid work of her daughter, Nenette, who toiled early and late to supply their wants, looking forward to the winter to lighten her labour. There was a long frost that winter, which continued till near the end of the month of March. With all their industry and frugality they were sorely pinched at times; they had nothing now to keep them from day to day but the work of Nenette; she knew this, and never failed to go to prayers every morning, at daylight, in the church of St. Maclou, where, kneeling beside her little wooden chair upon the cold pavement, sometimes alone, she prayed, for her mother's sake, for the bread of that day.

Every night, as the great church clock struck nine, Nenette made up her little packet of work, and set out alone to the shop of the dealer, in another quarter of the city. The streets were badly lighted at that time, and, except in the principal thoroughfares, the shops were closed before she started: but she was not afraid, or tried to think she was not, that her old mother might not be anxious while she was gone. Once, however, she could not help thinking that some one had followed her at a distance, both in going and returning. She did not speak of it to her mother, but she lay awake that night thinking of it anxiously; she thought that it might be her brother, but she reflected that he could have no object in following her but to speak with her, in which case he would not have allowed her to return without stopping her; knowing this, and also that their

poverty was well known, she strove to persuade herself that it was a fancy, banishing her fears as well as she could till she fell asleep—but they came back again in dreams.

She rose in the morning before daylight, and worked till from her window she saw the church door opened, when she went across, as usual, to prayers. The masons were at work there with their noisy hammers, but Nenette did not hear them after awhile. Except the masons, and the old lame beggar-woman who sat beside the inner door from morning till night, Nenette was the only person there at that early hour. When she rose to go, the old woman pulled the cord of the door for her, but without asking for alms, as was her custom. She shivered, for the morning was frosty, and her breath made a cloud about her. "I have not given you a liard since Toussaints, Esther," said Nenette; "I can only give you a blessing now-a-days." "God keep you from harm," said the old woman; "your blessing is better than the money of many."

That night Nenette went out earlier than usual, although it was quite dark. She shut the door, and looked up and down the street, but it was quite deserted. Looking, however, by accident, towards the entrance to the church, she thought that some one was standing there. The porch was deep, and darker than the street, but she fancied that it was the figure of a man. She hesitated a moment, for she knew that the church had been closed for an hour past, and she had never seen any one before standing there after the doors were fastened. She drew out her key to open the door again, but a fear of alarming her mother, perhaps without occasion, restrained her. "If I run over and knock at the door of Madame Boutard," she thought, "what would they say to me? that I am dreaming, perhaps; and then, if they should come to look out, and find no one—for the man would no doubt be gone by then—I should look as silly as Jeanne Floquet, when she found the white hen under her bed." But a stronger reason with Nenette was the necessity of the errand she was upon; "Shall my mother want bread to-morrow for my folly?" thought she; "has not the dealer told me many a time that he is busy in the morning, and will only give out work and pay money at night?" She put her key into her pocket again, and walked away quickly.

She did not look back before she got into the main street, but once stopped to tie up her bundle again in order to listen for any one following her without appearing to do so, but she heard no one. The shops were only then shutting up, and she had nothing to fear there, but she could not always keep in the main street. The slipper-merchant lived on the western side of the city, and Nenette was obliged to turn down the Rue St. Romain, a dark and straggling lane, running up to the cathedral. She had got nearly to the end of this street, when she heard a footstep behind her at a distance, exactly as she heard it the night before. She walked faster, and once, in another street, heard it again, but by the time she had reached her destination she had missed it altogether, and feeling then bolder, she looked back, but saw no one. Nenette determined to tell the slipper-dealer of her fears, for it struck her now that the man, knowing by some means her errand, waited only to rob her upon her way back. The slipper-dealer looked grave at first, but having walked some distance in the direction she had mentioned, and seeing no one, and probably not wishing to be put to trouble, he laughed at her story, and told her to count her beads, and not to look behind her till she reached her home. The man meant to reassure her, but his words seemed to her so cruel, that the tears came into her eyes. "And yet, if it should be a robber," she said, almost imploringly, as she lingered on the threshold; "if they stole my money, it would be a sad day for us to-morrow—we have not five haricots in the house."

"Never fear, Nenette," said the man; "if I thought there was any danger, look you, I would put up my shutters directly, and go with you. Never think that a man would follow you all this way and back again for the sake of two-and-twenty sous; you have been thinking how precious the money is to you just now, till you fancy that some one is going to rob you. Stay, my child," continued the man, as she was about to turn away: "you have never said before that you were so poor as that; if you should lose your money, come to me in the morning at daylight: but never fear that any one would follow a poor girl to rob her of two-and-twenty sous. *Va!*"

Nenette dried her tears, and thanked the man; she thought that he must be right—his affectionate *tutoiement*, the Frenchman's thou and thee, which sounds so pleasing when you catch the spirit of it—had given her courage again, and she walked briskly towards home the same way that she had come.

And yet, as if by magic, she heard the footsteps again behind her before she had got halfway down a long street. By dint of listening intently, she thought she even knew the step, and could be sure that it was the same. She would not have forgotten to count her beads even if the slipper-merchant had not told her; nor did she omit to say little scraps of prayers, which are held by the Church to have peculiar power when in danger of violence. After these it seemed to her little short of a miracle that the footsteps grew more distant, and at last died away altogether.

Nenette had much trouble to conceal from her mother her agitation. The widow thought that her manner was strange. Had the slipper-dealer said there would be no more work shortly? and how came she to forget to buy some lentils on her way home? How fast she had gone! she had been and come back like a bird, though she had finished her work earlier than usual; and how strange she should forget the lentils!

Nenette trimmed the lamp, and said, "Indeed, the master had spoken kindlier that night than ever; she did not know how she came to forget the lentils—she would go and get them in the morning, in the Rue Gros Horloge, where they were better and cheaper than she could have got them anywhere at that hour; meanwhile, she could knock at Madame Boutard's, and buy some bread."

Nenette went out again; the street was quite deserted. She looked towards the church porch, but there was no one there. Nenette went back without the bread.

The widow had lighted some bits of charcoal in a little pan, thinking to sit there awhile and talk with her daughter, but when she found that she could get no bread, she thought they had better not sit up.

"It was very foolish of me to forget the lentils," said Nenette.

"We shall want no supper if we go to sleep," said the old woman; "we never thought to be pinched like this when we lived at Pont de l'Arche, in the old time when your father was alive. Philippe was a good and honest boy then."

"Poor Philippe!" said Nenette; "I wonder where he is to-night."

"Why should you wonder, child?" replied the old woman; "does he think of us? No, no; I cannot forgive Philippe the ruin he has brought upon us. It is hard to speak this of my own child; but when I know how good you are, Nenette, and how you suffer for his conduct—when I see you day by day working and enduring this poverty, from which he might and should have saved you, what wonder that my anger against him keeps alive!"

Nenette took the lamp, and they went up stairs together. Her mother slept in the room of an old woman lodging in the house. She bade her "good night!" upon the landing, giving her the lamp. "I can find my way up without a light," said she; "never fear, mother, the dark does not frighten me."

Cold, and very hungry, though she had tried to think she was not, the girl went up the dark stairs to her little chamber. The moon had come out, and it was so light that she could see everything in the room. She lay in bed, and saw the line of light along the tiled floor, and the crucifix upon the mantel piece; and through her window the masonry of the church, more rich than many cathedrals. But when her cold bed became warmer, and she dropped asleep, she wandered far away from there, dreaming of the town of Pont de l'Arche, her birthplace. Pont de l'Arche is higher up the Seine; a very ancient town, with a castle standing in ruins by the water-side, and a bridge overgrown with shrubs clinging to the brickwork, and growing upon the buttresses and deltas, about the piers, and out of wooden houses, that look themselves as if they grew out of the parapet. Nenette saw all this, and the dark forest upon the hills beyond, for the moon was shining in her dream.

This day was like many other days in the life of Nenette.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Early in the morning, before the lamps were out in the streets, Nenette rose and went out to buy the lentils. It was daylight when she returned, but her mother was not awake, so she put back the shutters below, and employed her time in brushing the dust from the articles in the shop. When she had done this she lighted a charcoal fire in the little brazier, and set the lentils to boil.

In the midst of these operations she heard a footstep in the shop. She found a stranger there. Nenette knew by his dress that he was one of the masons working in the church, and afterwards she remembered seeing him there at work, and sometimes at mass on Sundays.

"I wish to buy a rosary or two," said the stranger; old Esther told me I could get them here."

"More than one rosary?" asked Nenette, who was not less astonished to have a customer at that early hour than she was to hear him ask for several rosaries.

"Yes," he replied; "I have to make some presents."

Nenette showed him some of turned oak, and some of glass, and he took them up and examined them.

"They are very strong in the clasps," said Nenette, with all the air of a shopkeeper with a customer who hesitates. Her visitor selected two, and said he would take some others if she had any better.

"I have some necklaces like these with crosses," said Nenette, "and others, that look like jet, without crosses, for one franc fifty centimes; those you have bought are one franc apiece. See," she said, taking out a little drawer and showing them. The man took them up and examined them also, Nenette scrutinizing his features as he was looking down, as if to anticipate an objection,—he lingered so long that she thought he must be going to find fault with them.

"The clasps of these are even better than the others," she said at length. "I wear one now like them, which I have worn three years, and the clasp is not broken or tarnished, as I will show you."

When Nenette lifted up her arms to unfasten the clasp behind her neck, her round figure showed so well that it was no wonder that she caught her visitor's eyes fixed upon her. Nenette's cheek reddened, and she thought again within herself that it was very strange that he should come to buy necklaces at that time in the morning. She gave her beads into his hand, and he looked at them and gave them back again. He said "they were very neat; could she take the crosses from the one sort and put them on the plain necklaces if he paid a higher price for them?" Nenette thought she could; but this was a difficult task. She tried at first to open the ring with her fingers, but she failed; then she essayed with the scissors that she kept hanging to her side; and finally she tried her teeth.

Her visitor drew in his breath as if afraid that she might hurt herself, and said it did not matter; but Nenette said if he could wait a minute she should be able to accomplish it; she had a penknife upstairs that would open it in a moment, and, without leaving him time to make an objection, she turned away, and ran up to her room. But the penknife was not to be found. "How tiresome," said Nenette, who began to fear that her sudden good fortune would slip from her by some accident; "I am sure I left it here last night; he will be tired of waiting, and go away without buying anything, and perhaps never come back." She turned her workbox over and over, raked out her bag of colored wools, lifted up her frame to look under it half a dozen times, and flung it down sharply on the table. Then she recollected that she had not felt in her pocket,—and found it there after all. Her customer was not gone when she reached the shop, but was sitting there, apparently in no haste to depart. Nenette tried the knife, and opening the rings of

three crosses, according to the stranger's directions, transferred the crosses to the plain necklaces, when, looking up, she caught her visitor's eyes again fixed upon her. She could not help feeling embarrassed, and a little awkward in wrapping the necklaces in paper; and when she said that he had to pay her eight francs her cheeks grew redder than ever. Her customer, however, did not seem to remark her confusion, but having paid her the money, bade her respectfully "good morning."

"What a strange man!" thought Nenette. She looked at the money as it lay on the counter, half afraid to touch it; nor was it strange that, taught from earliest childhood to believe and respect the multitudinous legends that form a part of her faith, she should feel a dread lest in taking up the money she might be unwittingly completing some unholy bargain. "He did not talk like we do," she thought,—for he spoke her language with something of a foreign accent. "And when have I ever known any one come into our shop a little after daylight, and buy five necklaces, especially at this time of year, when people do not make presents, like at New Year's Day, or at the time of the Fair." But she thought of her mother, and how well it was to have a little stock of money, so that if her work should fail her one day they might not be without lentils in the house; upon which she began to think that she ought to take up the money, and be very thankful to God for it; and that if she could find out that it was the mason who had bought them, and not a semblance of him assumed to deceive her, there would be nothing to fear.

She hastily gathered up the eight francs, and turned to go up to her mother's bedroom with them, but she met her at the foot of the stairs. "Stay," cried Nenette, "tell me your dreams." The old woman "had not been dreaming, or could not recollect her dreams if she had; what had happened?"

"I dreamt of the moon shining on the river," said Nenette, "which, they say, means a shower of silver money."

"Well?"

"My dream is true,—see!" She held out the money, in franc and half-franc pieces, in her hand. The old woman looked puzzled; could she have had a customer so early, and a customer who had spent all that money?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the daughter; "and who do you think it was?"

"Pierre, the hawker?"

"No; no one buying to sell again; a customer who bought them for himself, and paid one and two francs apiece for them. But you will never guess; shall I say?"

"Stay!" said the old woman; "it was Hendrich."

Nenette's face grew reflective for a moment; then she began to laugh so long and so loudly that the widow became impatient. "She did not see anything to laugh at; if she had guessed the wrong person, that was not remarkable."

"No, no," said Nenette, striving to check her laughter; "it is not that you have guessed the wrong person; I was laughing to think that all the time I was telling you to guess, I had forgotten that I did not know myself. All I know is that he looked like one of the masons in the church, and he spoke like a stranger."

"That is he," said the widow; "it is Hendrich, the Danish man. I have often talked with him at the shop door. Old Esther told me that he had been a good friend to her all the winter; he knows how poor we are, and takes this way to help us."

The joy of Nenette was a little dulled with the thought that the stranger's purchases were half an act of charity. That morning she ate her breakfast before going to prayers, for she had fasted a long time. The widow continued to talk of Hendrich at breakfast time, but her daughter was thoughtful and silent. "And yet he said that he wanted them for presents," muttered Nenette as she went out.

She could scarcely drive this from her thoughts as she knelt at prayers in the church. The masons were still at work there, but she did not dare to lift up her eyes to see if her visitor was among them. As she went out she saw that old Esther had one of the rosaries of wooden beads hanging to her side, with a metal cross attached to it that Nenette herself had given her; she knew by this that her mother's conjecture was right, and that her strange customer was Hendrich, the Danish mason.

It was determined that the money should be kept in case of need, and Nenette resolved to work as before till the fine weather came. She went still to the slipper-dealer's in the evening. Once or twice after that day she felt again the strange conviction that some one followed her, although now, she thought, at a greater distance than before. In spite of her having fancied this so often, she could not help feeling alarmed about it, for not knowing what motive could lead any one to molest her, she could not tell what reason might have induced the postponement of the design from day to day. Sometimes she was on the point of telling her mother her fears, but she knew that this would only alarm her without doing any good, for she was somewhat infirm, and could not go with her, or be any protection for her if she did.

Another night, going out later than usual, Nenette heard again the footsteps of her mysterious pursuer. She could not be mistaken this time. She felt sure that he had come from one of the doorways on the opposite side of the street. She passed along the Rue des Prêtresses, (a street since rebuilt in modern style,) and through the lane called St. Romain, hearing it still. It seemed to her that it grew nearer, but that the stranger walked more stealthily than before. She hastened, but still she heard the same footsteps stealing after her. The streets were very dark. She was sorry that she had chosen the Rue St. Romain, instead of going round by the Place St. Ouen. The few little shops there, on the one side of the street, were all closed; and on the other side was only the sombre wall of the archiepiscopal palace. She hastened on over the rough paving-stones, interspersed with little pools of water, muttering her prayers and thinking how foolish she had been to neglect the many warnings she had had. "Only let me get safe home this time," she thought, "and to-morrow I will tell the curé, and he will advise me what to do."

And thus she got to the market-place, and again

her pursuer seemed to have abandoned his design, for she listened and even looked back, but she could neither see nor hear him any longer. She would not speak to the slipper-dealer again, for she knew that her story would gain no credence from him, who had frequently rallied her about the last occasion, when he assured her that he never doubted that it was a timid girl's fancy; so she left his shop and took her way homeward, hoping that she might get back, as before, without injury.

Not hearing the footsteps any more she took courage, and passed again through the Rue St. Romain; indeed there was scarcely less security there now than elsewhere, for all the shops in the busier streets were closed. She had reached the further end on her way back, and had turned into the street near her home, when a man who had just passed her turned back and called her by name. They stood near a lamp, and on looking round, she saw that it was her brother Philippe.

"I thought it was Nenette," he said; "but do you walk about the dark streets at this hour?"

Nenette thought from his manner that he had been drinking, and she felt afraid of him. "I have been to take my work home," she said. "We have nothing else to live on now."

"That is hard," replied the brother.

"Indeed it is," said Nenette. "I cannot tell you how we are troubled sometimes. Oh, Philippe, how different this might have been!"

"It is too late to talk to me like that," said Philippe. "What I have been I know; what I am, and what I might have been, I know. Your reproaches do no good."

"I did not mean it to reproach you," said Nenette. "I know you do not think of all this. I have said so many times. I did not mean to speak of what you might have been, but of what you might be still."

"What might I be still?" asked Philippe, angrily. "You talk of what you don't understand. What can a man be who is watched and dogged as I am? Here am I these three or four months, hiding, because of that little skirmish at the Hotel de Ville, like a rat in a hole, stealing out now and then when I have to beg a meal, or when a little liquor has made me bolder, as it has tonight. What would you have me do?"

"Indeed I do not know," said Nenette. "God help me to tell you! This is the only sorrow that I have,—for our poverty only makes us cling together closer, my mother and me."

"Better than these wishes would be to give a little to help me in my miserable plight," he said. "I would not ask it from you when you are so poor yourselves, but hunger makes a man cruel."

Nenette thought of the money at home, and gave him all that she had received from the slipper maker. "But tell me one thing, Philippe," she said. "Have you ever followed me at night-time in the streets?"

"I follow you!" he answered. "When have I ever troubled you or your mother, spied your movements, or begged a liard of you till now, in all the time that I have been away from home?" But look you, Nenette, two-and-twenty sous will not keep a man from jumping into the Seine if he had a mind to do it. Is that all you can give a brother who asks you for the first time?"

Nenette cried bitterly and said that she had no more.

"Come," he said, taking her by the arm.—"Tell me you have a week's work-money about you, and I shall know you speak the truth."

Nenette was terrified by his manner, and strove to withdraw her arm; but at that moment a man darted out of the dark street of St. Romain, and thrust him from her so violently, with a blow upon the chest, that he reeled and staggered back several yards. Nenette was too frightened to know whether her deliverer was a companion of her brother's or not. She turned and ran swiftly across the road to the corner of the street in which she lived; when, pausing to look back, she saw her brother and the stranger standing still under the lamp. She could hear their voices, as if they were talking angrily, although she could not distinguish their words. A moment afterwards, the stranger turned again quickly up the street from which he had issued, and her brother went on his way.

She could not conceal from the widow this time the cause of her agitation. They sat up late that night, talking over the circumstances which had so terrified her; and it was decided that she should go no more at night. Afterwards they made all doors and windows fast, and retired to bed.

When Nenette took her necklace off that night, she remarked for the first time, that it looked newer than before. She took it up and examined the clasp, and was convinced that it was not the necklace which she handed to the mason to look at when he made the purchases in the shop.—"Surely," said she, "he must have taken several in his hand at once, and afterwards given me the wrong one."

She lay awake that night thinking of the strange events of the day. Finally, she thought again of the necklace, and fancied that Hendrich might have exchanged it purposely for a new one,—a thought to her very fruitful of good dreams.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

When, at length, the frost broke up, and fine weather came, affairs grew better with the widow and her daughter. The privations of that winter had taught them a severe lesson, and Nenette resolved this year to endeavour to save something of their earnings to protect them when the cold season came again. This was not easy to do, for the profits of the shop were trifling at the best of times, and her own earnings never sufficed alone for their support. Some way, she thought, might perhaps be found for getting more money. But what way?

Many hours she sat alone upstairs at her window in that spring-time, musing, devising, castle-building. Scheme after scheme was devised and rejected. Sometimes she thought of selling the produce of her work in the shop; and the possible gains from this each day were multiplied and portioned out, till she forgot that her project had yet to be begun. Then some objection would come, and all her card-palace fell into a heap of ruins. "People would not come there to buy slippers, even if she got the shoemaker to put the soles to her embroidery. The dust would soil

them if they lay long unsold, and both work and capital would be lost. Better would it be," she thought, "to save something from the sale of the ornaments in the shop (as her mother had said,) than to run such a risk. Surely twenty sous a week might be put by, making at least thirty francs before the cold weather. This would give them forty sous a week besides her work to live on for fifteen weeks of the worst part of the season. But who knew that the next season would be bad! It could not be worse than the last; and she would work as before, and perhaps keep her money till the next year. To this she was adding the savings of another year, when a shadow came upon her thoughts, for she remembered her brother Philippe, and saw in her memory a vivid picture of a night when, half imploring and half threatening, he took from them the fruit of some weeks' savings once before. She said to herself that, even with this prospect, it was her duty to strive: but her spirit was gone; the shadow kept upon her thoughts, and she built no more castles that day.

But it happened, a little before Easter, that Pierre, the hawker, on making some purchases of the widow, told her that he was to have a stall in the fair that is held along the Boulevard at that time, and offered to show for sale there anything that her daughter might make for the occasion. Here was a project that she had not dreamed of, —the best plan that could be devised come to her without seeking. Nenette said she thought they were now going to be fortunate after all their troubles; and the mother saw in it a new lesson upon the duty of waiting patiently.

Nenette worked now more diligently than ever. All kinds of new and beautiful designs came into her head as she sat in her bedroom working alone. Easter was at hand. One day, sitting with her window open, she heard the masons at work outside the church below; looking down she saw that they had built up a slight scaffolding. She remembered her strange customer, and how, by some means, he had changed her necklace. She remembered their poverty, her fears in the street, and the strange way in which she had been parted from her brother Philippe on the last night she had gone out alone; and these things, and that dark winter, seemed to her like a long night of dreams, of which the springtime was the awakening and the daylight. The next day on rising, she looked out, and lo! the scaffolding was almost level with the window. It was a fine day, but no one came to work there all that morning. In the afternoon she heard some one moving on the platform. The window was open, and there was only a small space between them; and yet she did not look to see who was there, but looked down at her task and worked faster than ever; for, somehow, she knew it was Hendrich at work there, and she was troubled about the necklace, which was still upon her neck. "I ought to have told him of the mistake at first," she thought; "but now it is so late that I do not like to speak to him about it." She wondered how it was that she had not done so before. "Had she secretly decided that he had changed it purposely?" She did not know herself; but she was afraid to see him again. She felt embarrassed. She was tempted to steal away, and work down stairs that day. But Hendrich said "good day, neighbour," and she was obliged to look up and give him "good day" also.

"We find some work to do out of doors this fine weather, Nenette," he said. "All this winter we have been working in the dusty church. It is a pleasure after that, to work out here on a sunny day."

"The winter was very long and dreary," replied Nenette.

"It is colder sometimes in my country," said the mason; "but the spring is pleasant there too. And do you always work indoors?"

"Not always: sometimes in the summer I take my work and sit till dark in the garden of the Hotel de Ville."

"It is hard to work so much in youth," said Hendrich. "Many a time your mother has told me how you worked for her in the winter, and what a blessing you were to her."

"I worked hard then," said Nenette, "because I was compelled. Now I work even harder; my task seems to me lighter because I work to please myself,"

"And yet you will have worked to please others also, if you make such pretty designs as I have seen from your hands."

"I hope so," replied Nenette. "These patterns hanging here are to be shown for sale at the Easter fair, at the stall of Pierre, the hawker; and this one that I am making now is the richest, and, I think, the prettiest, for I have taken pains with it. It is almost too good to wear, but it will do to show."

She held it up in her hand, and Hendrich surveyed it attentively, and said "she was quite an artist." Nenette laughed, and said not many would allow her such a title for having made a pretty pair of slippers.

"But they should, Nenette," replied Hendrich; "for an artist is one who knows how to make with his hands an image of the beauty in his mind; and this also is our art-work."

"And so, if I make a pretty design you will give it the same name as those statues of the saints and angels, and the beautiful pictures that I have seen in the museum?"

"The rose shall be called a rose, and the daisy a daisy," replied Hendrich; "and yet each will be called a flower." Nenette looked up and wondered to hear him speak like this; but she understood him; for there is nothing clearer than a parable to a pure mind. After that, they became as two friends who have known one another a long time, for Hendrich continued to work there. Sometimes there were other workmen with him, and then he only said, "Good day, neighbour;" but when he was alone he gossiped with her often as before. He talked to her of his native town of Holstbroe, on the Store, where his old mother lived; and described so well his home, that Nenette knew it, with its inmates, as if she had been there. "I would have liked to stay with my mother all her life," he said one day; "but mine is a vagabond trade. I have worked in many great cities, and spent my life in wandering. There is no home for me."

"What a noble man is Hendrich, the mason, mother," said Nenette, one night as they sat together in the room below. "I never knew any one who talked like him. A child can under-

stand him; and yet there is a great deal in what he says, as there is in a child's saying sometimes. It is beautiful to hear a strong man talk as he does."

The fair time came; and the stall of Pierre with Nenette's slippers looked as gay as any on the Boulevard. The first day was an anxious one for the widow and her daughter. They had walked through the fair at noon, but nothing had been sold then; and in the evening they expected Pierre to bring them the news of the day's fortune; and he came as they expected. Pierre had previously determined that they should not anticipate the news which he brought, and tried to look neither grave nor gay. Nenette met him on the threshold, and asked, impatiently, "how he had thriven?" But Pierre entreated her "to give him breathing time;" and flinging himself in a chair, said "he had never had such a fatiguing day in his life." The widow knew Pierre's habit, and that it was useless to press him to tell his news, while he had determined to keep his audience in suspence; so she set his supper before him, and listened patiently to his account of the fatigues of the day, till, at length, he came to the fact, that he had sold the greater part of Nenette's work. "And what is stranger," he added, "the best pair of slippers, which was to hang there to be looked at, was the first thing I sold."

Nenette's cheek turned crimson, as she asked if he knew who had bought that pair.

"A stranger," replied Pierre. "He bought nothing else, but gave me the price I asked, and took them away."

She did not dare to ask him if he spoke with a foreign accent; but the conviction, or rather the hope that it was Hendrich became stronger as she thought upon it; and out of this fancy grew other fancies, no less pleasing, as she sat with her mother that night. There was a pleasure in the thought, that it was he to whom they were indebted for their prosperity, and that he was constantly watching to aid and protect them in secret, far greater than if he had openly befriended them—a pleasure akin to the childish faith that some invisible power is always with us, watching over us alone, and guarding us from evil, even while we sleep. Now, like a magic tree, this thought put forth new branches, and clothed itself in leaves and blossoms. The stranger who had followed her so often by night without harming her could be none but Hendrich, who, knowing that she went alone, had taken that way to protect her; he it was who had watched for her in the church porch; he it was who, following at a distance, had seen her brother Philippe stop her, and thinking it was a stranger who had molested her, had come up and released her. How, in the worst days of their privation, he had helped them by his purchases in the shop, she knew, and that there was a blessing on his money, so that every silver piece had turned to gold. "How different from all other men he is," she thought; "for some are grave, and some are cheerful, but Hendrich can be both by turns. He works and sings; he talks wisely and kindly; he does good for others secretly, not only with his money, but by active kindness, and looks for no reward." Thus, in her pure imagination, he became the type of a perfect man, and she came to reverence him more than she knew herself.

Nenette was not surprised, the next morning, to find that the scaffolding was gone, for Hendrich had told her that their work was nearly done there; but the missed his "Good morning, neighbour," and felt dull that day. The next day was Sunday; but she did not see him in the church, though early in the morning after, she saw him walking down the street, as she was standing at the shop door. She saw that he did not wear his working-dress, except his cap of black velvet, and his belt, in which he thrust his tools sometimes when at work.

"Good morning, Nenette," said Hendrich, as soon as he came near to her. "I was awake before you this morning. An hour ago I passed here, but the shutters were not open."

"It was only half-light in my bedroom, when I rose," replied Nenette. "You are walking early."

"Yes, I leave Rouen this morning. I came to bid you farewell. My work is done in the church, and I go back to Holtsbroe, after five years' absence"

"You will want to see my mother? She will come down stairs presently."

Hendrich said he would not go till he had seen her, and came into the shop and sat down. Nenette dusted the shelves again and again, and wished that her mother would come: but she was later than usual that morning. She felt that she could not talk with Hendrich as before. She did not dare to say much, lest her voice should fail. She busied herself with her task, and only answered him briefly when he spoke to her. She knew that her movements were awkward, and she felt vexed with herself. Once or twice she thought to look him boldly in the face and make some remark, that would show unconcern, but her courage failed her every time. It was a relief when her visitor began to hum a tune, for she did not feel compelled to speak then. She would say something about old Hester. No; about the fair. But that would be inviting him to speak of the slippers. Then suddenly changing her mind, at a point where Hendrich seemed to be wholly engrossed by the air that he was humming, she said, while dusting one of the drawers more busily than ever—

"You will then never come back to France?"

"I do not know," he replied. "After a holiday at home, I must look for work again and go wherever I may find it."

There was nothing forced in his tone. Its indifference seemed so natural, that Nenette could not help feeling hurt. She knew then what hopes she had cherished, and remembered of what matter her dreams had been, and she felt humbled in her own thoughts. She strove hard to think proudly about it, lest the tears should come into her eyes. "Shall he see me crying, and pity me?" she thought, striving to imagine strongly how humiliated she must feel in such a position. But at this moment she heard her mother's footstep on the stair.

Hendrich remained with them some time, talking of the widow's prospects for the next winter, and at length rose to bid her farewell. "You will not fail to prosper now, Nenette," he said as he kissed her cheek on the threshold.

"Such goodness as yours will not go any longer unrewarded."

"We have lost a good friend in the Danish mason," said the widow, when he was gone.

Nenette made no answer, but went up to her chamber and shut herself in there alone until noon.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

All the summer months Nenette worked alone in the room from early morning till night. She never took her embroidery frame now to sit and work in one of the public gardens in the city, as was the custom; and as she herself had always done before. She said, "It would not do to lose time now; the winter was coming, and though they were not so poor as before, the lesson of the last year must not be forgotten." Her brother Philippe had not molested them, and her store of money increased. In the autumn there was another fair held along the Boulevards, beginning on the Sunday, called the *Fête des Morts*, and lasting for three days. For this Nenette spent nearly all her capital in buying materials for slippers; and when the time came, she sold them all as before; but this time the richest pair, which were only meant for show, came back unsold. Nenette was glad of this in her heart, for she still felt a pleasure in her first belief, that Hendrich had bought them before, and taken them with him as a keepsake. She was more cheerful than usual that day. It was at the beginning of November; but the leaves fall late in Normandy, and the weather was then fine and warm. The widow did not often go out; but her daughter persuaded her to walk with her a little way, and ended her hesitation by putting on her cap with her own hands. Bonnets were then unknown in Rouen; and although Nenette, having a taste of her own, had adopted the little cap of the Parisian *ouvrière*, her mother clung to the traditional costume of the country. Age and weakness had bent her a little, but she was taller than her daughter; and the grotesque Norman cap added something to her height. She wore the wooden *sabots;* and her stockings of blue worsted, knitted with her own hands, were like network of fine meshes under her short gown. Over her shoulders she wore a large cape of plain, white linen, stiffly starched; and over this, a long chain of pure gold, strung through an old silver coin, a locket, and a jet cross, which reached to her waist. In her ears she wore ear-rings, in the form of parallelograms, also of pure gold, plain and heavy. Most women of her country wear these trinklets, many of which have descended to them through many generations. Others have been purchased by years of economy, and are held equally sacred. Whence are found in the Place du Cathedral, and other parts of Rouen, long rows of jewellers' shops as dazzling as any upon the Boulevards of Paris.—Nenette had none of these gauds, but she was vain enough to exchange sabots and knitted hose for a pair of shoes and clean white stockings; and the white cape, which, as well as her mother, she had worn when a child, for a cape of the light blue linen of which her dress was made, making, with her cap of blonde, a toilet, which, in spite of all the revolutions of taste, would not excite ridicule if she could be seen in it in these days, walking at noon in the streets of Paris.

They walked slowly down the straggling street, stopped at every corner by some one who knew the widow and her daughter. Most expressed surprise to see them walking abroad; all spoke kindly to them, though few knew how worthy they were of the kind words, beyond the fact that they were poor and industrious. They soon came to the fields, and walked along the road in the direction of Eauplet. Beside them rose the lofty range of hills towards Bloville, with its woods still thick with leaves; and across the river the flat meadows stretched out leagues away, with cattle grazing. They stayed at a little cabaret by the roadside, to drink some wine and eat the dinner they had brought with them; coming back into the city a little after sunset. This was Nenette's first and last holiday that year. The winter set in soon after, and all the ancient many-angled houses were covered with snow, and the snow lay in the streets.

One night the widow and her daughter were sitting together in the room behind the shop. It was late, and they were about to retire to rest. The widow had fastened the door. It was a dark night, and the snow was falling when she had looked out. A heap of snow that had accumulated on the threshold, fell into the shop when she opened the door Nenette still lingered, warming her hands over the embers, when they heard a tapping upon the shutters, and both stood to listen. They did not hear it again; and the widow said, "It was perhaps the watchman as he passed." But Nenette knew that the watchman always cried the hour; and she went to the shop door and inquired who knocked.

"Hush!" replied a voice without. "I need not say my name; you know my voice."

"It is Philippe!" exclaimed the widow. "The door must not be opened. He comes, perhaps, to murder us."

"I come to bid you farewell," said Philippe; "but I dare not stand to talk here. If the door is not opened, I must begone."

Nenette did not wait for her mother's consent; but opened the door and Philippe entered. She shut the door behind him, and shook the snow from his clothes. He was so changed in appearance that Nenette would not have known him in the street. He wore a workman's belt and linen blouse, and looked neat and clean. The widow shrunk from him when he advanced towards her, but Nenette went and leaned upon his arm.

"It was always thus," said Philippe, "Nenette, speaking kindly to me, has touched me many a time with shame, because I knew how little I deserved it; but you, mother—your harshness has made me harder than I should have been."

"Harshness!" replied the widow. "Who could love Nenette, and be otherwise than angry against you? None know but Nenette and myself what she has suffered through you."

Philippe sat in a chair, and bending forward, covered his face with his hands. The widow went over to him, and took him by the arm.

"I go away to-morrow," said Philippe; "Many months ago, the kindness of a stranger put me in the way to gain my living, and since then I have been another man. But I cannot live in secret like a thief all my life because I have once offended against the law. I have thought

sometimes to give myself up—to take my punishment and begin life anew. But there is no mercy for political offences. The friend who helped me before has found me out again, and by his help I hope to get away to-morrow night, perhaps never to return to France."

There was a full reconciliation between the widow and her son that night before he left. She was to see him no more; but Nenette was to meet him the next night, to bring some articles necessary for his voyage, and to bid him again farewell at a little creek in the meadow, just outside the city, on the Dieppe road, whence one of the small vessels trading on the Seine was to convey him to Havre.

Nenette set out the next night with her bundle exactly as the clock was striking eight. She was reminded of the nights in the previous winter, when she had started in like manner to take home her work; and she almost expected again to see her strange pursuer, watching for her in the church porch. The snow had ceased to fall, and it did not lay deep on the ground, but it made the streets silent, and once or twice she ventured to look back; but no one followed her. She had some distance to walk, and she chose a circuitous way, where the streets were less frequented. She was not discouraged, but felt herself more than ever a woman under her new trial; and she hastened on, only anxious for the success of Philippe's plans, for she knew that he could not lead a better life while in his own country. She saw the dark shape of a vessel across the meadow, though she could not see the water from the roadway. A by-road led down from the ship-builder's yard to the wharf, where it lay. The shipwrights, in landing wood from a vessel in the creek, had trodden down the snow, which would have been over her ancles in the meadow.

There was no one on the deck of the vessel when she came to the creek. Its sides grazed the wharf with the movement of the tide, and a little funnel was smoking near the tiller. She gave no sign of her being there,but waited awhile till a man came up from below, with a lantern. He called to her by name, and she knew that it was Philippe, and answered him. Philippe placed a plank from the vessel to the shore, and taking her by the hand, guided her aboard.

"God bless you!" said Philippe,kissing her fervently. "You should not have come here alone if I had been a free man; but such as you are in better hands than mine."

Nenette only answered that she did not fear, and strove hard to keep from crying. "I have brought you some few things in this bundle," she said. "There was no time to make you anything but I have done what I could."

The men were hauling up the mainsail, and the vessel was preparing to depart, when some one came up from the cabin, and Philippe brought him to Nenette, saying he was the friend to whom he was indebted for the prospect of a happier life. The light of the lantern was turned from him, but Nenette knew him instantly, and exclaimed—

"Hendrich!"

"Yes; Hendrich."

"We thought you were far away from Rouen," said Nenette. She was much agitated and scarcely knew what she had said.

"Only yesterday I came back to France," replied Hendrich; "and learning the danger in which your brother was, I would not rest a moment till I had extricated him."

"You will take my sister home in safety?" said Philippe, as soon as they had taken their farewell and stood upon the wharf.

Hendrich promised that he would; and Nenette stood there leaning on his arm, while the vessel was loosened from her moorings, and began to sail slowly down the creek. When it had floated into the river, they could still see the lantern on the deck for some time. When this was gone, Nenette burst into tears. Her companion did not interrupt her, but led her back gently across the meadow, the way that she had come.

"We have a long walk, Nenette," said Hendrich, as soon as she had dried her tears; "but I have much to say to you to-night." He waited a while, but Nenette was silent, and he continued, —"I am going to talk to you of old times. I must go back to the time when I first came to Rouen, in order that you may understand what I am going to say. At that time, when I knew you only by sight, I learnt much of your history from old Hester. I grew interested in you. I learnt how you went by night to the slipper-dealer's; and I thought that it was dangerous for a young girl to traverse the streets so late alone; and it seemed to me only a kind thing, and such as any man might do, to watch you secretly, and be near you, in case of harm coming to you."

"And it was you who parted my brother from me?" exclaimed Nenette. "Now I think of how frightened I was at times with the conviction that some one followed me it seems to me very foolish. When no harm came to me, night after night, I might have known that it was no one who wished me ill."

"I did not know whether you noticed me; but sometimes I fancied that you did, and being afraid of frightening you, I changed my place of watching, or kept further away, though I never omitted to watch till you ceased to go out at night. When I struck Philippe, I thought that it was a stranger who molested you; but when he told me he was your brother, I let him go. Afterwards, I met him again, late at night, and he told me his history,—for he had been drinking as before. For your sake and your mother's sake, I counselled him to change his way of life, and got him work; but I did not know till yesterday why he kept concealed."

"Poor Philippe," said Nenette; "I knew that he might become a different man. O Hendrich! what do we not owe to you."

"I will not have you talk of owing anything to me," said Hendrich; when I have ended, you must put aside all such thoughts, and answer me freely, as if none of these things had happened. That day when I parted with you in the shop to go back to my native place, I might have known that I should return. I might have known how deeply I loved you; for why did I treasure up the little necklace that you had worn, and why did I purchase at the fair the pair of slippers that I saw you making at the window when I worked upon the scaffolding outside the church, and look upon them as more precious than anything a thousand times their value? Nay, I knew it; but knowing

also the wandering life I led, I thought myself unfitted for you; and I would not seek to take you from your mother in her old age. I kept my secret and deceived myself, thinking I could make the sacrifice. But I have not ceased to think about you since, and now you see me again in Rouen. To-morrow I may sign a contract for work in the church of St. Ouen that will last a year or two. Whether I sign it or go away again from France for ever depends on you."

Nenette had hung down her head while he had been speaking; but she looked up when he had done, and answered,—"I have no shame before you, Hendrich. You are so wise, and noble, and good, that I do not fear to tell you that I have loved you also. What woman would not love you as deeply as I do? Another day I will tell you more, and you will know how happy you have made me."

It was late now and the streets were deserted. Hendrich kissed her on the forehead, but they did not speak again till they reached the widow's home. Nenette told her mother what had passed except what Hendrich had said to her; but her companion told the rest.

Early in the next year Nenette became the wife of Hendrich, and they lived together still in the old house. Long after, when the widow died, she was buried in the cemetery of St. Maclou, a long way from the church on the eastern side of the city, and Hendrich carved a memorial stone for her with his own hands. Afterwards, Nenette left the city with Hendrich, and lived with him in Holtsbroe.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

EMIGRATION FROM THE BRITISH ISLES.

The emigration from the Mother Country appears to be annually increasing, and amounted last year to nearly 400,000 souls. We have seen it stated that from one English port, in the month of September last, as many as 23,000 people sailed for Australia. No doubt the gold fields of Australia, will attract the tide of emigration to that country to an extent it is difficult to anticipate with any certainty. This large emigration, as well as the immense production of gold, must have an extraordinary influence upon Britain and her Colonies. At the present moment there is every prospect that the tide of emigration will take a different direction, from what it has done for the last quarter of a century. The United States have annually received for many years past, nearly a quarter of a million of people from the British Isles, but if we mistake not, this vast emigration will, in future, be chiefly directed to the British Colonies.—Australia and British North America, offer more flattering encouragement to emigrants, under present circumstances, than any countries on the globe. The climate of Australia, and British America, is exceedingly healthy, and the prospect of profitable employment in both these countries cannot be excelled. We shall have public works in progress this year, in Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, that will give employment to many thousand people, and to produce provisions for these workmen, will also employ thousands. So far as we are capable of judging, British America has a better prospect of securing the happiness and prosperity of her population, by improving their natural advantages, constructing railroads, canals, &c, than they would, were they possessed of the richest gold and silver mines in the world. British America is very favorably situated in regard to geographical position, her climate is healthy and suitable to the constitution of British emigrants, her soil is generally of superior quality, well adapted for agricultural purposes, her forests abound with fine timber of every description. Where the sea does not reach her coast, she is intersected by immense rivers, and has the largest chain of fresh water lakes in the world; both the rivers, lakes, and the sea that bounds her Eastern provinces, have abundance of the finest fish. She has mines of coal, iron, copper and lead; and if these are not valuable natural advantages to work upon, we know not what would be. This is not an exaggerated picture, but a perfectly correct one. Emigration of the industrial classes to this country, will greatly contribute towards the appropriating of these advantages.

Our country, we are happy to say, possesses advantages that, if duly improved, are well calculated to produce a healthful state of general prosperity, and to our minds a much more happy state of society, than ever can be possible in the gold diggings of Australia or America. We have ample encouragement to hold out to emigration to British America, and equal, if not superior, we are convinced, to any that offers on this side the Atlantic. We make this statement, and upon sufficient grounds for our opinion.

The agricultural products of the cultivated soil of Canada, might readily be doubled, and it may be imagined what a vast benefit this would be to the country. The *mania* for gold-digging, may attract many from digging, and cultivating the soil, but those who may be attracted, will probably have cause to regret deserting the peaceful occupations of the husbandman, for gold seeking, which cannot be obtained, without suffering many discomforts, great privations, and perhaps, the loss of health, if not of life itself. The profits of agriculture may not be large, but they will certainly increase with the increase of gold, which must make money plenty and cheap, and will raise the price of land and its products. The wages of labor may also rise in proportion, but in a state of general prosperity, this would not be injuriously felt, but the contrary. From all these considerations, we conceive there is at the present time, the most encouraging prospects to the agriculturists to improve their system of husbandry, and augment their products. To double the produce of the land, though it might cost more for its cultivation, would still be of great benefit to the country, to create so much more that was not before in existence. When there is a large production, there is also a large expenditure, and this cannot fail to act beneficially upon the general interests of Canada. A country of small products must be poor, because there is very little to expend, while a country of large products must be rich, when she has a surplus to dispose of beyond what is actually required to feed and clothe her population. It is very proper to be content with what we may have, but we conceive it to be our duty to employ all our skill and industry to increase

what we have, so as to supply all our reasonable wants, and afford us a surplus for charitable and other purposes.—*Canadian Agriculturist.*

FRIEND SORROW.

Do not cheat thy Heart and tell her,
Grief will pass away—
"Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget,"—
Bitter truth, alas! but matter
Rather for regret;
Bid her not "Seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things:"—
Rather nurse her caged sorrow
'Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet:
Not as foe, with shield and buckler,
But as dear friends meet;
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
By her dusky wings;
And she'll whisper low and gently
Blessings that she brings.

FISHER'S GHOST.

In the colony of New South Wales, at a place called Penrith, distant from Sydney about thirty-seven miles, lived a farmer named Fisher. He had been, originally, transported, but had become free by servitude. Unceasing toil, and great steadiness of character, had acquired for him a considerable property, for a person in his station of life. His lands and stock were not worth less than four thousand pounds. He was unmarried, and was about forty-five years old.

Suddenly Fisher disappeared; and one of his neighbours—a man named Smith—gave out that he had gone to England, but would return in two or three years. Smith produced a document, purporting to be executed by Fisher; and, according to this document, Fisher had appointed Smith to act as his agent during his absence. Fisher was a man of very singular habits and eccentric character, and his silence about his departure, instead of creating surprise, was declared to be "exactly like him."

About six months after Fisher's disappearance, an old man called Ben Weir, who had a small farm near Penrith, and who always drove his own cart to market, was returning from Sydney, one night, when he beheld, seated on a rail which bounded the road—Fisher. The night was very dark, and the distance of the fence from the middle of the road was, at least, twelve yards. Weir, nevertheless, saw Fisher's figure seated on the rail. He pulled his old mare up, and called out, "Fisher, is that you?" No answer was returned; but there, still on the rail, sat the form of the man with whom he had been on the most intimate terms. Weir—who was not drunk, though he had taken several glasses of strong liquor on the road—jumped off his cart, and approached the rail. To his surprise, the form vanished.

"Well," exclaimed old Weir, "this is very curious, anyhow;" and, breaking several branches of a sapling so as to mark the exact spot, he remounted his cart, put his old mare into a jog-trot, and soon reached his home.

Ben was not likely to keep this vision a secret from his old woman. All that he had seen he faithfully related to her.

"Hold your nonsense, Ben!" was old Betty's reply. "You know you have been a drinking and disturbing of your imagination. Ain't Fisher gone to England? And if he had a come back, do you think we shouldn't a heard on it."

"Ay, Betty!" said old Ben, "but he'd a cruel gash in his forehead, and the blood was all fresh like. Faith, it makes me shudder to think on't. It were his ghost."

"How can you talk so foolish, Ben?" said the old woman. "You must be drunk surely to get on about ghostesses."

"I tell thee I am *not* drunk," rejoined old Ben, angrily. "There's been foul play, Betty; I'm sure on't. There sat Fisher on the rail—not more than a matter of two mile from this. Egad, it were on his own fence that he sat. There he was, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms a folded; just as he used to sit when he was a waiting for anybody coming up the road. Bless you, Betty, I seed 'im till I was as close as I am to thee; when all on a sudden, he vanished, like smoke."

"Nonsense, Ben: don't talk of it," said old Betty, "or the neighbors will only laugh at you. Come to bed, and you'll forget all about it before to-morrow morning."

Old Ben went to bed; but he did not next morning forget all about what he had seen on the previous night: on the contrary, he was more positive than before. However, at the earnest, and oft repeated request of the old woman, he promised not to mention having seen Fisher's ghost, for fear it might expose him to ridicule.

On the following Thursday night, when old Ben was returning from market—again in his cart—he saw, seated on the same rail, the identical apparition. He had purposely abstained from drinking that day, and was in the full possession of all his senses. On this occasion old Ben was too much alarmed to stop. He urged the old mare on, and got home as speedily as possible. As soon as he had unharnessed and fed the mare, and taken his purchases out of the cart, he entered his cottage, lighted his pipe, sat over the fire with

his better half, and gave her an account of how he had disposed of his produce, and what he had brought back from Sidney in return. After this he said to her, "Well, Betty, I'm not drunk to-night, anyhow, am I?"

"No," said Betty. "You are quite sober, sensible like, to-night, Ben; and therefore you have come home without any ghost in your head. Ghost! Don't believe there is such things."

"Well, you are satisfied I am not drunk; but perfectly sober," said the old man.

"Yes, Ben," said Betty.

"Well, then," said Ben, "I tell thee what, Betty. I saw Fisher to-night agin!"

"Stuff!" cried old Betty.

"You may say *stuff*," said the old farmer; "but I tell you what—I saw him as plainly as I did last Thursday night. Smith is a bad 'un! Do you think Fisher would ever have left this country without coming to bid you and me good bye?"

"It's all fancy!" said old Betty. "Now drink your grog and smoke your pipe, and think no more about the ghost. I wont hear on't."

"I'm as fond of my grog and my pipe as most men," said old Ben; "but I'm not going to drink anything to-night. It may be all fancy, as you call it, but I'm now going to tell Mr. Grafton all I saw, and what I think;" and with these words he got up, and left the house.

Mr. Grafton was a gentleman who lived about a mile from old Weir's farm. He had been formerly a lieutenant in the navy, but was now on half pay, and was a settler in the new colony; he was, moreover, in the commission of the peace.

When old Ben arrived at Mr. Grafton's house, Mr. Grafton was about to retire to bed; but he requested old Ben might be shown in. He desired the farmer to take a seat by the fire, and then inquired what was the latest news in Sidney.

"The news in Sidney, sir, is very small," said old Ben; "wheat is fading, but maize still keeps its price—seven and sixpence a bushel: but I want to tell you, sir, something that will astonish you."

"What is it, Ben?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"Why, sir," resumed old Ben, "You know I am not a weak-minded man, nor a fool exactly; for I was born and bred in Yorkshire."

"No, Ben, I don't believe you to be weak-minded, nor do I think you a fool," said Mr. Grafton; "but what can you have to say that you come at this late hour, and that you require such a preface?"

"That I have seen the ghost of Fisher, sir," said the old man; and he detailed the particulars of which the reader is already in possession.

Mr. Grafton was at first disposed to think with old Betty, that Ben had seen Fisher's ghost through an extra glass or two of rum on the first night; and that on the second night, when perfectly sober, he was unable to divest himself of the idea previously entertained. But after a little consideration the words "How very singular!" involuntarily escaped him.

"Go home, Ben," said Mr. Grafton, "and let me see you to-morrow at sunrise. We will go together to the place where you say you saw the ghost."

Mr. Grafton used to encourage the aboriginal natives of New South Wales (the race which has been very aptly described "the last link in the human chain") to remain about his premises. At the head of a little tribe then encamped on Mr. Grafton's estate, was a sharp young man named Johnny Crook. The peculiar faculty of the aboriginal natives of New South Wales, of tracking the human foot, not only over grass but over the hardest rock; and of tracking the whereabouts of runaways by signs imperceptible to civilized eyes, is well known; and this man, Johnny Crook, was famous for his skill in this particular art of tracking. He had recently been instrumental in the apprehension of several desperate bush-rangers whom he had tracked over twenty-seven miles of rocky country and fields, which they had crossed bare-footed, in the hope of checking the black fellow in the progress of his keen pursuit with the horse police.

When old Ben Weir made his appearance in the morning at Mr. Grafton's house, the black chief, Johnny Crook, was summoned to attend. He came and brought with him several of his subjects. The party set out, old Weir showing the way. The leaves on the branches of the saplings which he had broken on the first night of seeing the ghost were withered, and sufficiently pointed out the exact rail on which the phantom was represented to have sat. There were stains upon the rail. Johnny Crook who had then no idea of what he was required for, pronounced these stains to be "White man's blood;" and, after searching about for some time, he pointed to a spot whereon he said a human body had been laid.

In New South Wales long droughts are not very uncommon; and not a single shower of rain had fallen for seven months previously—not sufficient even to lay the dust upon the roads.

In consequence of the time that had elapsed, Crook had no small difficulty to contend with; but in about two hours he succeeded in tracking the footsteps of one man to the unfrequented side of a pond at some distance. He gave it as his opinion that another man had been dragged thither. The savage walked round and round the pond, eagerly examining its borders and the sedges and weeds springing up around it. At first he seemed baffled. No clue had been washed ashore to show that anything unusual had been sunk in the pond;

but, having finished his examination, he laid himself down on his face and looked keenly along the surface of the smooth and stagnant water. Presently he jumped up, uttered a cry peculiar to the natives when gratified by finding some long sought object, clapped his hands, and pointing to the middle of the pond to where the decomposition of some sunken substance had produced a slimy coating streaked with prismatic colors, he exclaimed, "White man's fat!" The pond was immediately searched; and, below the spot indicated, the remains of a body were discovered. A large stone and a rotted silk handkerchief were found near the body; these had been used to sink it.

That it was the body of Fisher there could be no question. It might have been identified by the teeth; but on the waistcoat there were some large brass buttons which were immediately recognised, both by Mr. Grafton and old Ben Weir, as Fisher's property. He had worn these buttons on his waistcoat for several years.

Leaving the body by the side of the pond, and old Ben and the blacks to guard it, Mr. Grafton cantered up to Fisher's house. Smith was not only in possession of all the missing man's property, but had removed to Fisher's house. It was about a mile and a half distant. They inquired for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, who was at breakfast, came out, and invited Mr Grafton to alight; Mr. Grafton accepted the invitation, and after a few desultory observations, said, "Mr. Smith, I am anxious to purchase a piece of land on the other side of the road, belonging to this estate, and I would give a fair price for it. Have you the power to sell?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied Smith. "The power which I hold from Fisher is a general power;" and he forthwith produced a document, purporting to be signed by Fisher, but which was not witnessed.

"If you are not very busy, I should like to show you the piece of land I allude to," said Mr. Grafton.

"Oh, certainly, sir. I am quite at your service," said Smith; and he then ordered his horse to be saddled.

It was necessary to pass the pond where the remains of Fisher's body were then exposed. When they came near to the spot, Mr. Grafton, looking Smith full in the face, said, "Mr. Smith, I wish to show you something. Look here!" He pointed to the decomposed body, and narrowly watching Mr. Smith's countenance, remarked:—"These are the remains of Fisher. How do you account for their being found in this pond?"

Smith, with the greatest coolness, got off his horse, minutely examined the remains, and then admitted that there was no doubt they were Fisher's. He confessed himself at a loss to account for their discovery, unless it could be (he said) that somebody had waylaid him on the road when he left his home for Sydney; had murdered him for the gold and bank-notes which he had about his person, and had then thrown him into the pond. "My hands, thank Heaven!" he concluded, "are clean. If my old friend could come to life again, he would tell you that *I* had no hand in his horrible murder."

Mr. Grafton knew not what to think. He was not a believer in ghosts. Could it be possible, he began to ask himself, that old Weir had committed this crime, and—finding it weigh heavily on his conscience, and fearing that he might be detected—had trumped up the story about the ghost—had pretended that he was led to the spot by supernatural agency—and thus by bringing the murder voluntarily to light, hoped to stifle all suspicion? But then he considered Weir's excellent character, his kind disposition and good nature. These at once put to flight his suspicion of Weir; but still he was by no means satisfied of Smith's guilt, much as appearances were against him.

Fisher's servants were examined, and stated that their master had often talked of going to England on a visit to his friends, and of leaving Mr. Smith to manage his farm; and that though they were surprised when Mr. Smith came, and said he had "gone at last," they did not think it at all unlikely that he had done so. An inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder found against Thomas Smith. He was thereupon transmitted to Sydney for trial, at the ensuing sessions, in the supreme court. The case naturally excited great interest in the colony; and public opinion respecting Smith's guilt was evenly balanced.

The day of trial came; and the court was crowded almost to suffocation. The Attorney General very truly remarked that there were circumstances connected with the case which were without any precedent in the annals of jurisprudence. The only witnesses were old Weir and Mr. Grafton. Smith, who defended himself with great composure and ability, cross-examined them at considerable length, and with consummate skill. The prosecution having closed, Smith addressed the jury, (which consisted of military officers) in his defence. He admitted that the circumstances were strong against him; but he most ingeniously proceeded to explain them. The power of attorney, which he produced, he contended had been regularly granted by Fisher, and he called several witnesses, who swore that they believed the signature to be that of the deceased. He, further, produced a will, which had been drawn up by Fisher's attorney, and by that will Fisher had appointed Smith his sole executor, in the event of his death. He declined, he said, to throw any suspicion on Weir; but he would appeal to the common sense of the jury whether the ghost story was

entitled to any credit; and, if it were not, to ask themselves why it had been invented? He alluded to the fact—which in cross-examination Mr. Grafton swore to—that when the remains were first shown to him, he did not conduct himself as a guilty man would have been likely to do, although he was horror-stricken on beholding the hideous spectacle. He concluded by invoking the Almighty to bear witness that he was innocent of the diabolical crime for which he had been arraigned. The judge (the late Sir Frances Forbes) recapitulated the evidence. It was no easy matter to deal with that part of it which had reference to the apparition: and if the charge of the judge had any leaning one way or the other, it was decidedly in favour of an acquittal. The jury retired: but, after deliberating for seven hours, they returned to the court, with a verdict of Guilty.

The judge then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the following Monday. It was on a Thursday night that he was convicted. On the Sunday, Smith expressed a wish to see a clergyman. His wish was instantly attended to, when he confessed that he, and he alone, committed the murder; and that it was upon the very rail where Weir swore that he had seen Fisher's ghost sitting, that he had knocked out Fisher's brains with a tomahawk. The power of attorney he likewise confessed was a forgery, but declared that the will was genuine.

This is very extraordinary, but is, nevertheless, true in substance, if not in every particular. Most persons who have visited Sydney for any length of time will no doubt have had it narrated to them.—*Household Words.*

GOD HATH A VOICE.

God hath a voice that ever is heard
In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird;
It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong,
In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along;
It breathes in the zephyr, just kissing the bloom;
It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoom:
Let the hurricane whistle, or warblers rejoice,
What do they tell thee but God hath a voice?

God hath a presence, and that ye may see
In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree;
In the sun of the noon-day, the star of the night;
In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light;
In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land;
In the mountain of granite, the atom of sand;
Turn where ye may from the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God?

AND THEN?

The oracle of the beautiful sequestered little hamlet of Ambermead, was an old gentleman of unobtrusive and orderly habits, whose peculiar taciturnity had obtained for him the familiar cognomen of Two Words. Mr. Canute, *alias* Two Words, dwelt on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, almost as chary of speech as her worthy master. It was surmised that Mr. Canute had seen better days; but though his means were straitened, his heart was large, and his countenance expressed great benevolence. Notwithstanding the brief mode of speech which characterised him on all occasions, the advice of Mr. Canute was eagerly sought on every subject whereon it was presumed advice could be profitable; and the simple rustics of Ambermead perhaps valued it the more, because, though delivered without a particle of pomposity, the terseness and decision of the words expended, left an indelible impression, which long sermons often failed to convey. Mr. Canute lived on terms of intimacy with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy cemented by early association, for Mr. Harwell and Mr. Canute had been school-fellows; and when a painful and lingering illness attacked the squire, his ancient friend and crony felt deep anxiety as to the ultimate fate of Mr. Harwell's only child, the good and lovely Clara Harwell. The disease was an incurable one; though the suffering might be protracted, there was no hope of ultimate recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over the village of Ambermead, where once the sweet spring and summer tide brought only sport and glee. Ambermead was noted for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaling delicious fragrance; and for the song of innumerable nightingales, whose harmonious concerts resounded amid the umbrageous groves, sheltering the hamlet on every side, and extending beyond the old Hall of Ambermead. But now, although the roses bloomed and the birds sang, serious faces looked from the cottage doors; and while the younger villagers forgot their usual pastimes, the elders conversed apart in whispers, always directing their glances towards the Hall, as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their conversation. This sympathy was called forth, not only by the circumstance of Mr. Harwell being their ancestral landlord, the last of an impoverished race, but from his always having lived among them as a friend and neighbour—respected as a superior, and beloved as an equal. Their knowledge also of the squire's decayed fortunes; and that, on his death, the fine old place must become the property of a stranger, whom rumour did not report favourably of—greatly enhanced the concern of these hereditary cultivators of the soil; and many bright eyes grew dim thinking of poor Miss Clara, who would so soon be fatherless, and almost penniless. The estate of Ambermead was strictly entailed in the male line, and the next heir was of distant kin to the Harwells. A combination of misfortunes, and no doubt of imprudence in years long by-gone, had reduced the present proprietor to the verge of ruin, from which he was to find refuge only in the

grave. The Harwell family had lived for centuries in Ambermead. They seemed so much to belong to their poor neighbours, who always sympathised most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folk," that now, when there was a certain prospect of losing them for ever as it seemed, the parting became more than a common one between landlord and tenant, between rich and poor—it was the parting of endeared friends.

They watched and waited for Mr. Canute passing to and fro, as he did every day, and more than once a day; and on his two words they hung, as if life or death were involved in that short bulletin.

"How is the squire to-day?" said one.

"No better," replied Mr. Canute mildly, without stopping.

"And how's Miss Clara?" inquired another with deep pity in his looks.

"Very patient," responded the old man, still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

"Patient!" repeated several voices when he was out of hearing. "Yes, yes, patient enough; and Master Canute means a deal when he says patient. Bless her young sweet face! there's a patience in *it* if ever there was in mortal's."

Mr. Canute's patience was sorely taxed by questioning at all hours; waylaid first by one, then by another, on his way from his own cottage to the Hall, but with unfailing good-nature and promptitude, he invariably satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humble neighbours—in his own quaint way, certainly—never wasting words, yet perfectly understood,

The summer tide was waning into autumn, and the squire of Ambermead faded more gradually than autumn leaves, when late one evening a wayfarer stopped at Mr. Canute's cottage, which was on the outside, and requested permission to rest, asking for a draught of water from the well before the porch.

"Most welcome," said Two Words, scanning the stranger, and pleased with his appearance, for youth and an agreeable countenance are sure passports; perhaps, too, Mr. Canute discerned gentle breeding in his guest, despite travel-soiled habiliments, and a dash of habitual recklessness in his air. At any rate, the welcome was heartily given, and as heartily responded to: and when Mr. Canute left his dwelling in order to pay his usual evening visit at the Hall, he merely said, addressing his young visitor: "Soon back;" and turning to Martha, the careful housekeeper, added: "Get supper;" while on stepping over the threshold, it seemed as if his thoughts urged him to return and say to the young man: "Don't go."

"No, that I wont," replied he frankly, "for I like my quarters too well. I'll wait till you come back, governor; and I hope you won't be long, for my mouth waters for the supper you spoke of."

Mr. Canute smiled, and walked away more briskly than usual; and after sitting for some time beside the sick man's bed, and bidding "good-night" and "bless you" to sweet Clara Harwell, he retraced his steps homewards, and found supper ready, and the handsome stranger so obviously ready to do justice to the frugal fare, that Mr. Canute jocularly remarked: "Keen air;" to which the stranger replied in the same strain: "Fine scenery;" on which the host added: "An artist?" when the youth, laughing outright, said: "An indifferent one indeed." After a pause, and suffering his mirth to subside, he continued: "Are you always so economical in words, sir? Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on conversation in this strain?"

"*You* don't," replied Mr. Canute smiling, and imperturbably good-natured.

"Not I," cried the youth; "and I want to ask you half a hundred questions. Will you answer me?"

"I'll try," replied Mr Canute.

"I've not long to stay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend; but I diverged to Ambermead, as I was anxious to see it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while; but my friend is waiting for me at the market-town, eight miles off, I think, and I shall strike across the country when the moon is up, if you'll give me a rest till then."

"Most welcome," said Mr. Canute courteously.

"Ah ha!" quoth the stranger, "if that's the way you pursue your discourse, I don't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that I may get a wife who will follow your example—a woman of two words, in short; she'll be a rare specimen of her sex!"

"Ah ha!" ejaculated Mr. Canute.

"But come, tell me, for time presses," said the young man, suddenly becoming grave—"tell me all about Ambermead, and the squire—how long he's likely to last. For, in fact, the friend I mentioned, who is with me during this walking tour, is vastly interested in all that concerns the place and property."

"The heir?" whispered Mr. Canute mysteriously.

"Well, well, suppose we say he is; he's not altogether a bad fellow, though he is considered a bit reckless and wild. But he has heard of Clara Harwell's beauty and goodness from his cousin, Lady Ponsonby (she's Clara's cousin too, you know); and he is really quite sorry to think that such a lovely creature should be turned out of the old Hall to make room for him. He wants to know what will become of her when old Harwell dies, for all the world knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place this old Ambermead—a paradise, I should say. I know what I'd do, if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine." The youth rubbed his hands gleefully. "I should be a happy dog then!"

"And then?" said Mr. Canute smiling.

"Why, then, I'd pull down the rickety old house up there, and build a palace fit for a prince; I'd keep nothing but the old wine; I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me; and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country." The speaker paused, out of breath.

"And then?" said Mr. Canute quietly.

"Why, then, I'd hunt, and shoot, and ride, and drink, and smoke, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full—feasting from one year's end to year's end—the feast of reason and the flow of soul, you know, in old Ambermead!"

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose that in time I should grow old, like other people, and cease to care for all these things, so much as I did when strength and youth were mine."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute more slowly.

"Why, then"—and the stranger hesitated —"then, I suppose, like other people, in the course of nature, I should have to leave all the pleasures of this life, and, like other people—die."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, fixing his eyes, glittering like diamonds, on the young man's face, which flushed up, as he exclaimed with some irritation:

"Oh, hang your 'and thens!' But the moon is well up, I see, so I'm off. Good-night, and thank you." And without further parley, he started off on his walk over the hills; and Mr. Canute silently watched his guest's retreating figure till, in the deep shadows of the surrounding groves, he was lost to view. In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley, and on the hillside, these words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, "and then?" Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there, or at least they arranged themselves in a sequence which gave them quite a new significance. His past life presented itself to him for the first time as a coherent chain of events, exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not at that moment receive any determinate change, he still kept repeating, anxiously and inquiringly, as he wandered on in the moonlight, the two strangely-suggestive words: "And then?" It proved a long and toilsome night's journey for that belated traveller: for he had left Mr. Canute's cottage so hastily, that he had omitted to ask for certain landmarks on the hills leading to the place whither he was bound. In consequence, the stars faded in the sky, and the rosy morn broke through the eastern mists, ere the weary man, from the summit of a high hill which he had tortuously ascended, beheld afar off, down in the valley, the shining river, the bridge, and the church-tower of the town where his friend, in some anxiety, awaited his reappearance.

During all his after-life, that young man never forgot the solitary night-walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky: the stars seemed to form the letters, "And then?" the soft night-breeze seemed to whisper in his ear: "And then?"

It is true, he had not gained the intelligence he sought respecting the inmates of Ambermead Hall; but he had laid bare his own folly for the inspection of Mr. Canute; and in return, he had listened to no reproof—no tiresome lecture vouchsafed from prosy age to ardent youth, but simply two words had penetrated his heart, and set him a thinking seriously. Mystic little words! "And then?"

For nearly three years after Mr. Harwell's decease, the old Hall, contrary to general anticipation, remained untenanted, save by domestics left in charge. Miss Clara had found shelter with her relative, Lady Ponsonby, though her memory was still fresh and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr. Canute, if possible, more silent than ever, still remained the village oracle; perhaps more cherished than of yore, inasmuch as he was the only memento remaining of the beloved Harwells—the old familiar faces now seen no more. *He* would listen, and *they* would talk, of days gone by; he felt the loss even more than others, for he mourned a companion and friend in Mr. Harwell, and Clara had been to the good Two Words as an adopted daughter. At length it was rumoured that Mr. Selby, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of his property in due form; moreover, that he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him. Ill reports fly quickly; and it had been circulated in former times that Mr. Selby was wild and extravagant, careless of others, selfish and profligate. Indeed, Mr. Canute had not contradicted such reports, so it was generally opined they were too true, and had a legal foundation. With heavy hearts, the inhabitants of Ambermead commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the squire and his bride; green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches beneath which the travellers' road lay. It was the season of roses and nightingales, when Ambermead was in its glory; and never had the rich red roses bloomed so profusely, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full and enchanting, than on the summer evening when the old and young of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet the new-comers.

Mr. Canute stood at his cottage door; the bridge just beyond, over which the route conducted to the Hall through avenues of greenerie, was festooned with roses; and a band of maidens in white, lined the picturesque approach. The sun was setting, when a carriage

drove quickly up, slackening its pace as it crossed the bridge, and stopping at Mr. Canute's humble gate. Two Words himself, bareheaded, stepped forwards on seeing a lady alight, who in another moment threw herself into his arms, exclaiming: "Our first greeting must be from you, dear, dear Mr. Canute! I need not introduce Mr. Selby—he is known to you already." Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say: "Miss Clara!"—as he gazed from one to another, recognising in the gentleman the wayfaring guest who had departed so abruptly on his walking expedition over the moonlight hills, more than three years previously. Seizing the hand which Mr. Canute silently extended, Mr. Selby said with deep feeling:—

"It is to your instrumentality that I owe my present happiness."

"How so?" was Mr. Canute's reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face, which, on a former occasion, had won his confidence and admiration.

"*Two words* spoken in season wrought a change in me, which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect," returned Mr. Selby, "and without which Clara would never have blessed me with her hand. These years of probation have proved my sincerity: and Lady Ponsonby (a severe and scrutinizing judge) pronounced my reformation complete ere she permitted me to address Clara. Those two little words, "*And then?*" enigmatical to the uninitiated, convey a deep and mystical meaning to *my* heart; and they are of such significant import, that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wiser and a better man."

Clara gazed proudly and confidingly on her husband; and the news of her arrival having spread through the village, a crowd collected, whose joy and surprise found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of numerous *asides*, purporting that Miss Clara never would have espoused a bad man; ergo Mr. Selby must be a worthy successor of the ancient race!

The prognostication proved correct; and the pathway, strewn with bright summer roses, over which Clara trod in bridal pomp on her way to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowery path which marked her future destiny.

The old Hall of Ambermead is still extant—a fine specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by ancestral groves, still famed for sheltering innumerable nightingales, when the Ambermead roses exhale their delicious fragrance. In the old church-yard on the green hill-side, a white monument gleams in the sunshine, whereon may be traced the name of John Canute, specifying the date of his happy death, *while below is engraven this description of two* words—"*And then?*"—*Chambers' Journal.*

A NIGHT AT THE SMUGGLER'S.*

"WELL," said I to my companion, as soon as the sound of the smugglers' retreating footsteps became inaudible, "what think you of this adventure? is it not a new scene in the drama of human life? But were not you terribly alarmed, when the ruffian's candle came close to your face?" "*Indeed I was*," replied my companion; "but I counterfeited sleep to a miracle. What think ye will now become of us; are we to have another visit from these lawless desperadoes?" "I fancy not," answered I; "in my opinion the cutter will set sail as soon as the cargo is landed! and by this continued rumbling there must be a good number of carts on the shore; I should like *very much to see what's going forward*:" so saying I arose, and tried to open a small window that faced towards the beach; but I might as well have saved myself the trouble—the casement was too well fastened for any efforts of mine to open it. A good fire, however, was still burning; I put the kettle upon it; and as the smuggler had left his brandy upon the table, I mixed two half-pint cups, and then returned to my homely bed, being determined to await the conclusion of the business with patience. The rumbling of the carts, as they went to and from the shore, and the uncouth and discordant tones of their drivers did, for two or three hours, effectually banish sleep; at length all became quiet; in a short time the door was unlocked, our landlord made his entry, and much to our satisfaction he came unaccompanied.

The first thing Jock Anderson did was to approach our bed, "Are ye awake, gentlemen?" cried he. "Yes," replied I, "and have been ever since you turned the key upon us." He burst into a loud fit of laughter, and afterwards exclaimed, "I was sorry to make prisoners o' ye, but it was aw' for yere ain gude, as I could nae be answerable for the conduct o' yon chiel of the deil had he seen ye outside the door sill; so ye maun excuse it." "That I do with all my heart, my good fellow," returned I, "and thank you sincerely for your caution into the bargain; and now, with your leave, we'll be thinking about toddling towards Maryport." "Not quite so fast, sirs," answered Jock, "ye wad na surely gang out this cauld raw morning o' the wrang side o' yere breakfasts? That were a pretty tale indeed to tell in *Maryport, and cannily wad Jock Anderson get* fashed about it. I'se been workin' varra hard aw' night, and I'm varra hungry mysel', so we'll e'en caa the gude wife up, an' hae breakfast awmaist before ye can say Jock Robinson. It was useless to remonstrate; Jock would have his own way; so whilst he roused the wife and wean, we rose from our hard bed, and having luckily found a little clean water

* Continued from page 401, Vol. 2.—Concluded.

and a coarse towel, we speedily refreshed ourselves with a healthful ablution. The wife came from the bed chamber, and without addressing a word to us, began to busy herself in the preparation for breakfast; another mess of flukes were broiled, or rather burnt, in the straw, the tea was equally good as before, our appetites were keen, and we failed not to make a good inroad into the buttered cakes, notwithstanding, as I before remarked, that the hands of our sullen hostess were none of the cleanest. When we had eaten our fill, and fortified our stomach with a dram of raw spirits each, we prepared to depart, and I approaching our landlady, asked "what we were indebted for our entertainment."—"Naething at aw', sirs," said she; "ye were my husband's guests, an' nane o' mine, an' I'se nae tak' the wee bit siller fra ony man that he invites to drink the gude liquor an' to eat his bannocks."—"But how, my good woman," answered I, "are we to evince our gratitude for your hospitality?"—"By savin' naething aboot it, sir," replied she, "and nivir lettin' accoont o' what ye hae heard wi' yere ears, an' seen wi' yere een, whilst under this roof, escape frae between yere lips: that's aw' I desire on ye', exceptin' that gin ye ivir hae occasion to pass this way agen, ye wull manage to gie the Coin-house a gude birth, and na let me see yere faces agen inside its door."—"My dear madam," said I, "I promise both for myself and my companion, that all your commands shall be implicitly obeyed; but suffer me to make a small present to this pretty little girl; it will at least serve to buy her a new bonnet, or a frock or two, and a few school-books," upon which I placed a small sum in the hands of the delighted child. I had at last touched the right chord: to this poor woman her child was everything; and the noticing of it worked an instantaneous revulsion in her feelings.

We gave him and the wife a friendly shake by the hand, kissed their interesting little girl, and then pursued our journey towards the town of Maryport.

A few months after this occurrence I chanced to be at Carlisle, and, in the course of conversation with an acquaintance, I heard that a noted smuggler from the lower part of Cumberland was to be executed the next day for the murder of a Supervisor of Excise, but under circumstances that occasioned universal feelings of commiseration for the unfortunate man in the bosoms of the citizens of Carlisle.

I know not how it arose, but certainly a sudden presentiment did rush across my mind that the unhappy being would prove to be my old acquaintance, Jock Anderson, of the Coin House. I directly inquired the murderer's name; Edmund Barton was the reply. The difference of name did not at all lessen the suspicion I entertained, because I well knew that these men were often in the habit of using other appellations, and when my friend related such particulars of the transaction as came within his knowledge, my suspicions were converted into horrid certainty, and without doubt my hospitable entertainer was a convicted murderer.

It appeared that the smugglers, whilst landing a cargo of brandy on the coast between Workington and Maryport, were surprised by a party of soldiers. A desperate conflict ensued, during which the military behaved with exemplary forbearance; but being closely pressed by the daring outlaws, they were compelled to fire amongst them in self-defence, and a shot unfortunately went through the heart of one of the smugglers' wives, who was busily engaged in the rescue of the cargo. Her husband saw her fall, and being exasperated almost to madness, rushed into the thickest of the opposing party with loaded pistols in his hands, and levelled them at the supervisor, who instantly fell dead. The conflict ended in the total discomfiture of the smugglers; several were killed and taken prisoners; among the latter was the unfortunate homicide.

They were brought to Carlisle, tried, and convicted upon the clearest evidence, and condemned to suffer death. The sentences, however, of all except that of the actual murderer were commuted to transportation for life, but he was left for execution; and as my informant had before told me, the awful sentence of the law was to be put in force the following morning.

Being fully satisfied in my own mind that the guilty man could only be the hospitable smuggler of the Coin House, I hastened to the prison, being determined, if possible, to obtain an interview with him; and as I had some little knowledge of the governor, I did not despair of succeeding in my object.

It was no idle motive of curiosity that prompted me to seek this painful interview. No; I was actuated by very different feelings. I well remembered the poor woman almost prophecying the desolate state of her child; and I wished to see the father before he was called to his dread account, that I might smooth his passage to eternity, by telling him that his orphan babe should not be left to wander through an unfeeling world in want and misery.

Upon asking for the governor, I found that he was in the cell of the condemned malefactor. I requested admittance to his presence, which was instantly granted; and, as my mind had too well foreboded, I found that the unfortunate wretch, so soon to appear before the judgement-seat of his Maker, was Jock Anderson, the smuggler of the Coin House!

I found him heavily ironed; his little girl was in the cell, and the governor and clergyman of the establishment were humanely employed in giving spiritual consolation to the

unhappy man, who in a few short hours was to pass from time to eternity by a painful and ignominious death.

Bowing slightly to the two gentlemen, I approached the culprit, took his fettered hand, and gave it a friendly pressure. He instantly recognised me; so likewise did the little girl, upon whose pale and sickly countenance a faint smile played as I spoke to her.

"Alas! sir," said the criminal, "I have nothing on earth to think upon but this unhappy little being by my side; I must soon, very soon leave her;—and her future fate,—there, sir, alone do I feel the bitterness of dying. As to myself, I am perfectly resigned to my situation;—but my child! my child! poor forlorn one, what will become of thee?" Here he clasped the weeping girl convulsively to his bosom, and the tears of the father and the child were mingled together.

And now, Barton requested of the governor that he might be left alone with me for the space of ten minutes. "I have," said he, "a few words to say to this gentleman in private, and after that, I will part with my little girl, and employ myself in preparation for the awful change." The governor and clergyman accordingly left the cell, promising to return at the end of ten minutes.

"Sir," said Barton, when we were alone, "time is precious with us; but what I have to say may be told in a very few words, there is, underneath the hearthstone in the Coin House, if it should have escaped the scrutiny of the excise officers, a small bag of gold, perhaps about fifty guineas; I am not certain whether I can justly call it my own, because it is the fruit of my unlawful pursuits; but it would be hard to deprive my child of it. Now, had I mentioned this circumstance to the governor, his strict sense of duty might, perhaps, have obliged him to give the money up to Government. What I, therefore, wish you to do, is, to go to the Coin House, secure the bag of gold, and deliver it to the governor, as the produce of a subscription raised among your friends, for the benefit of my orphan child. It will be an innocent deception, and will, at the same time, secure the money for her use."

With this request I promised to comply, and after a little more conversation of no material import, our time being expired, the two gentlemen re-entered the cell, and upon a consultation between all parties, it was judged proper to effect the final separation between the unhappy father and his weeping child.

I shall throw a veil over the parting scene, for this simple reason, that it is wholly out of the power of my pen to do it justice, and the imagination of the reader must conceive sorrows that I have not the ability to describe.

When we were outside the cell, I proposed to the governor, that I should take the little girl with me for a few days, in the hope that, by amusement, change of scene, and attention, I might be able in some degree to alleviate her sorrow, before she was finally delivered to his guardianship. With this arrangement he kindly acquiesced, and I quitted the prison with my distressed charge.

A stage coach being in readiness to depart for Workington, we stepped into it, and in the evening arrived at that town. There we passed the night, and in the morning walked together to the Coin House. I found the place lonely and deserted; it had been completely gutted; not an article of furniture remained in it; even the old oak chest was removed, and the secret entrance to the smugglers' repository was open and exposed to view, which showed that the myrmidons of the excise had made a pretty strict search over the premises. With some difficulty I raised the hearth-stone, and, to my great joy, found that the bag of gold had escaped the notice of the lynx eyed officers. I deposited it safely in my pocket, and we then returned to Workington. In that town we remained a week, and by dint of kindness and attention, I contrived, in a great measure, to lull the grief of my young companion.

At the expiration of that time, we returned to Carlisle, and I delivered my orphan charge into the hands of the worthy governor, together with the bag of gold, which, as I had been desired, I represented to be the joint subscription of myself and friends, for the benefit of the smuggler's unfortunate daughter. The governor gave me a receipt for the money, and declared that it should be wholly appropriated to her use; and I have the fullest reason to believe that he sacredly kept his word.

It is needless to pursue the story farther; the smuggler's orphan is now a respectable member of society, a married woman, and the happy mother of a large family of young children, all of whom she is carefully bringing up in that "fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom."

Californian Industry.—Owing to the spongy, springy nature of the soil in the burying-ground of San Francisco, many of the corpses there interred, instead of decaying, have been converted into a substance well known to chemists, by the name of adipocere—a substance analogous to, and intermediate between, stearine and spermaceti. In passing the ground this morning to my place of employment, I saw a person busily engaged in collecting the adipocere from the exposed bodies. Struck by the singularity of his employment, I interrogated him as to its object, when he coolly replied, that he was gathering it to make soap!

Poetry must be more than common sense, but it must be that at least.

To be shallow, you must differ from people; to be profound, you must agree with them.

Men sometimes think they hate flattery, but they only hate the manner of it.

TRUST.

A snow-white statue of a child
Treading within a steep and narrow path,
Through which a storm would sweep with wildest wrath,
Yet on the face a light as calm and mild,
As one who strayeth where soft moonlight sleeps
O'er velvet turf, which only knows the showers
Of fresh'ning dew, to pearl the fairest flowers,
While through the air delicious perfumes sweeps.
So calm a presence hath his angel guide—
So strong the trust in that dear clasping hand,
That leads him gently, with its mute command,
Through thorny paths, o'er moorlands bleak and wide;
The faith so firm, and past escapes so dear,
His eyes are closed to shut out every fear.

So I, my Father, keep the rugged track
Which at thy bidding patiently I tread,
While tempest clouds are gathering overhead,
And fairer scenes would woo me softly back.
For I have learn'd, like this dear, trusting child,
To clasp the hand that guides me through the waste,
That cheers the lagging step, or checks the haste,
With like mute, thrilling pressure, firm yet mild;
I too have closed mine eyes to future ill,
And all the dreary terrors of the past,
Remember'd pangs that crowd upon me fast;
Saying to sickly fancies, "Peace be still!"
Though tear-stained robes are trailing in the dust,
I know my guide, *I know in whom I trust!*

WESLEYANA.

No. II.

A BULL BY ROLLIN.

In riding to Lisburn I read Mr. Rollin's Ancient History. Could so masterly a writer make so palpable blunders? I have observed many as gross as that in the fourth volume. "A revered old age was the fruit of Galen's wisdom. He was succeeded by Hiero his eldest brother. This young prince——" How? If Galen enjoyed revered old age, could his eldest brother be young after his death?

THE DWELLING OF A LURGAN SCHOLAR.

The next morning I was desired to see the house of an eminent scholar near the town. The door in the yard we found nailed up; but we got in at a gap which was stopped with thorns. I took the house at first for a very old barn, but was assured he had built it within five years: not indeed by the old vulgar model, but purely to his own taste. The walls were part mud, part brick, part stone, and part bones and wood. There were four windows, but no glass in any, lest the pure air should be kept out. The house had two stories, but no stair-case, and no door: into the upper floor we went by a ladder, through one of the windows, into the lower floor, which was about four foot high. This floor had three rooms, one three square, the second had five sides, the third, I know not how many. I give a particular discription of this wonderful edifice, to illustrate the great truth: there is no folly too great, even for a man of sense when he resolves to follow his own imagination!

AN ORDERLY MOB.

At Sligo the mob had been in motion all the day. But their business was only with the forestallers of the market, who had bought up all the corn far and near, to starve the poor, and load a Dutch ship which lay at the quay. But the mob brought it all out into the market, and sold it for the owners at the common price. And this they did with all the calmness and composure imaginable, and without striking or hurting any one.

A LIMERICK DUEL.

On Sunday evening last, two officers were playing at dice, when they quarrelled about a lewd woman. This occasioned a challenge from Mr. I. which the other would fain have declined. But he would not be denied, and was so bent upon it, that he would not go to bed. About three in the morning they went out, with their seconds, to the island. Mr. B. proposed firing at twelve yards distance. But Mr. I. said "No, no, six is enough." So they kissed one another (poor farce!) and before they were five paces asunder, both fired at the same instant. The ball went into Mr. I's breast, who turned round twice or thrice, and fell. He was carried home, made his will, and about three in the afternoon *died like a man* of honour!

"MIDDLING" PEOPLE.

How unspeakable is the advantage, in point of common sense, which middling people have over the rich! There is so much paint and affectation, so many unmeaning words, and senseless customs among people of rank, as fully justify the remark made seventeen hundred years ago,

"*Sensus communis in illâ Fortunâ rarus!*"

ST. STEPHEN'S WALLBROOK.

I was desired to step into the little church behind the Mansion House, commonly called St. Stephen's Wallbrook. It is nothing grand; but neat and elegant beyond expression. So that I do not wonder at the speech of the famous Italian architect, who met Lord Burlington in Italy: "My Lord, go back and see St. Stephen's in London, we have not so fine a piece of architecture in Rome!"

COLCHESTER CASTLE.

I walked all over this famous castle, perhaps the most ancient building in England. A considerable part of it is without question, fourteen or fifteen hundred years old. It was mostly built with Roman bricks, each of which is about two inches thick, seven broad,

and thirteen or fourteen long. Seat of ancient Kings, British and Roman! Once dreaded far and near. But what are they now? Is not *a living dog better than a dead lion?* And what is it wherein they prided themselves? As do the present great ones of the earth:

> "A little pomp a little sway.
> A sun-beam in a winter's day,
> Is all the great and mighty have
> Between the cradle and the grave!"

A HINT TO PHYSICIANS.

Reflecting to-day on the case of a poor woman, who had a continual pain in her stomach, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribed drug upon drug, without knowing a jot of the matter concerning the root of the disorder. And without knowing this, they cannot cure, though they can murder the patient. Whence came this woman's pain? (which she never would have told, had she never been questioned about it.) From fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicines while that fretting continued? Why then do not all physicians consider, how far bodily disorders are caused or influenced by the mind?

THE TASTE OF LISMAHAGOW.

Here also we walked down to the churchyard, by the side of which a little, clear river runs, near the foot of a high and steep mountain. The wood which covers this makes the walks that run on its sides, pleasant beyond imagination. But what taste had the good people of the town for this? As much as the animals that graze on the river bank!

PUTTING THE NOSE OF A WAG OUT OF JOINT.

At Hartlepool, towards the close of the sermon, a queer, dirty, clumsy man, I suppose a country wit, took a great deal of pains to disturb the congregation. When I had done, fearing he might hurt those who were gathered about him, I desired two or three of our brethren to go to him, one after the other, and not say much themselves, but let him talk till he was weary. They did so, but without effect, as his fund of ribaldry seemed inexhaustible. W. A. then tried another way. He got into the circle close to him, and listening awhile said, "That is pretty: pray say it over again!" "What, are you deaf?" "No; but for the entertainment of the people. Come; we are all attention!" After repeating this twice or thrice, the wag could not stand it, but with two or three curses walked clear off!

WOMEN OF METTLE.

In the evening I began near Stockton market-place, as usual. I had hardly finished the hymn, when I observed the people in great confusion, which was occasioned by a Lieutenant of a man-of-war, who had chosen that time to bring his press gang. He seized upon a young man of the town, but the women rescued him by main strength. They also broke the Lieutenant's head, and so stoned both him and his men, that they ran away with all speed!

TELEMACHUS.

I returned to London, and finished on the road the celebrated Telemachus. Certainly it is wrote with admirable sense, but is it without fault? Is there not abundantly too much machinery? Are not the gods (such as they are) continually introduced without why or wherefore? And is not the work spun out too long? Drawn into mere French wire? Would not twelve books have contained all the matter much better than four and twenty?

A PRETENDED MESSENGER.

One came to me, as she said, with a message from the Lord, to tell me "I was laying up treasures on earth, taking my ease, and minding only eating and drinking!" I told her "God knew me better. And if he had sent her, he would have sent her with a more proper message!"

A RICH POOR MAN.

I left Limerick, and about noon preached at Shronill, near a great house which a gentleman built many years ago. But he cannot yet afford to finish it, having *only* £30,000 a-year, and some hundred thousands in ready money!

> "The beggars but a common lot deplore;
> The rich poor man's emphatically poor"

SCOTTISH CHURCH MUSIC IN 1761.

I rode over to Sir A. Grant's, near Monymusk, about twenty miles north-west from Aberdeen. About six we went to the church. It was pretty well filled with such persons as we did not look for, so near the Highlands. But if we were surprised at their appearance, we were much more so at their singing. Thirty or forty sung an anthem after sermon, with such voices as well as judgment, that I doubt whether they could have been excelled at any cathedral in England.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Holyrood House, at the entrance of Edinburgh, the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, is a noble structure. It was rebuilt and furnished by King Charles II. One side of it is a picture gallery, wherein are pictures of all the Scottish kings, and an original one of the the celebrated Queen Mary. It is scarce possible for any one who looks at this, to think her such a monster as some have painted her.

EDINBURGH IN 1761.

The situation of the city, on a hill shelving down on both sides, as well as to the east, with the stately castle on a craggy rock on the the west, is impressibly fine. And the main street, so broad and finely paved, with the lofty houses on either hand (some of them seven or eight stories high), is far beyond any in Great Britain. But how can it be suffered,

that all manner of filth should still be thrown even into this street continually? Where are the magistracy, the gentry, the nobility of the land? Have they no concern for the honour of their nation? How long shall the capital city of Scotland, yea, and the chief street of it, be worse than a common sewer? Will no lover of his country, or of decency and common sense, find a remedy for this?

THE BLESSINGS OF LAW.

We returned to York, where I was desired to call upon a poor prisoner in the Castle. I had formerly occasion to take notice of a hideous monster, called a *Chancery Bill.* I now saw the fellow to it, called a *Declaration.* The plain fact was this. Some time since a man who lived near Yarm, assisted others in *running* some brandy. His share was worth near £4. After he he had wholly left off that bad work, and was following his own business, that of a weaver, he was arrested and sent to York gaol. And not long after comes a declaration "that Jac. Wh—— had landed a vessel laden with brandy and geneva, at the port of London, and sold them there, whereby he was indebted to his Majesty £577 and upwards." And to tell this worthy story, the lawyer takes up thirteen or fourteen sheets of trebly stamped paper!

Oh, England! England! will this reproach never be rolled away from thee? Is there anything like this to be found either among Jews, Turks, or heathens? In the name of truth, justice, mercy, and common sense, I ask—1. Why do men lie for lying sake? Is it only to keep their hands in? What need else of saying it was the port of London, when every one knew the brandy was landed above three hundred miles from thence? What a monstrous *contempt of truth* does this show, or rather *hatred* to it! 2. Where is the *justice* of swelling £4 into £577? 3. Where is the *common sense* of taking up fourteen sheets to tell a story, that may be told in ten lines? 4. Where is the *mercy* of thus grinding the faces of the poor, thus sucking the blood of a poor, beggared prisoner? Would not this be execrable villany, if the paper and writing together were only sixpence a sheet, when they have stripped him already of his little all, and not left him fourteen groats in the world?

A WONDERFUL STORY.

I preached at Bramley, when Jonas Rushford, about fourteen years old, gave me the following relation (July 1761):—

"About this time last year, I was desired by two of our neighbours, to go with them to Mr. Crowther's, at Skipton, who would not speak to *them*, and about a man that had been missing twenty weeks, but bid them bring a boy twelve or thirteen years old. When we came in he stood reading a book. He put me into a bed, with a looking-glass in my hand, and covered me all over. Then he asked me whom I had a mind to see? And I said, 'my mother.' I presently saw her with a lock of wool in her hand, standing just in the place and the clothes she was in, as she told me afterwards. Then he bid me look again for the man that was missing, who was one of our neighbours. And I looked and saw him riding towards Idle; but he was very drunk. And he stopped at the ale-house, and drank two pints more; and he pulled out a guinea to change. Two men stood by—a big man, and a little man; and they went on before him, and got two hedge stakes. And when he came up, on Windel Common, at the top of the hill, they pulled him off his horse and killed him, and threw him into a coal-pit. I saw it all as plain as if I was close to them. And if I saw the men, I should know them again.

"We went back to Bradford that night, and the next day I went with our neighbours, and showed them the spot where he was killed and the pit he was thrown into. And a man went down and brought him. And it was as I told them; his handkerchief was tied about his mouth, and fastened behind his neck!"

Is it improbable only, or flatly impossible, when all the circumstances are considered, that this should all be pure fiction? They that can believe this, may believe a man's getting into a bottle!

INGENIOUS PIECE OF MECHANISM.

I embraced the opportunity which I had long desired, of talking with Mr. Miller, the contriver of that statue, which was in Lurgan when I was there before. It was the figure of an old man, standing in a case, with a curtain drawn before him, over against a clock which stood on the other side of the room. Every time the clock struck, he opened the door with one hand, drew back the curtain with the other, turned his head, as if looking round the company, and then said with a clear, loud articulate voice, "Past one, two, three," and so on. But so many came to see this (the like of which all allowed was not to be seen in Europe) that Mr. Miller was in danger of being ruined, not having time to attend to his own business. So, as none offered to purchase it, or to reward him for his pains, he took the whole machine to pieces; nor has he thought of ever making anything of the kind again.

MOUNT EAGLE.

I went with two friends to see one of the greatest natural wonders in Ireland, Mount Eagle, vulgarly called Croagh Patrick. The foot of it is fourteen miles from Castlebar. There we left our horses and procured a guide. Part of the ascent was a good deal steeper than an ordinary pair of stairs. About two we gained the top, which is an oval, grassy plain, about one hundred and fifty yards in length, and seventy or eighty in breadth. The upper part of the mountain much resembles the Peak of Teneriffe. I think it cannot rise much less than a mile perpendicular from the plain below.

COUSIN KATE:

OR THE PROFESSOR OUTWITTED.

"Sarah, child, when am I to have a cast of that little head of thine?" said Professor Lindsay, as he leaned lovingly over the back of the chair, in which reclined a dark-haired girl, whose sparkling beauty formed a striking contrast to the plain, but sensible countenance—not quite devoid of a certain sly humor—of her philosophical lover. The girl shook a shower of silken ringlets over the arms of the Professor, and said, with a pretty, pouting air,

"Sir, I am eighteen years of age, and do not choose to be called a *child*, as if I were a baby. I do not choose to have a cast of my head taken."

"The plain why and because, Miss Sarah?"

"The why is because I don't choose, and the because—it will spoil my curls;" and the young lady gave a decidedly rebellious toss to the ringlets, to free them from the profane hands that had clutched hold of the beautiful head, and was admiring—not with the eye of an artist, but of a phrenologist—the fine con tour it displayed. The effort was not successful; the head was still imprisoned between the Professor's unholy paws, as Sarah disdainfully called the large, not very white, hards of her lover.

"I will not free the head till you promise me to grant what I ask."

"I promised you my heart, and some time or other, my hand, but I never said a word about my head," said the incorrigible coquette.

"Nonsense; the heart is nothing."

"My heart nothing! How dare you say so? I will give both it and my hand to some one that I know will not despise it."

"Sarah, this is downright flirtation. Give me the head and the hand, and I do not care a pin for the heart. It is nothing but a living timepiece that beats regularly when the rest of the machine is in order."

"The heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked," said Sarah, very softly, as if speaking to herself.

"It is a mistake in the translation. That same doctrine about the heart being the seat of the affections and feelings is all a heathenish chimera."

"David was not a heathen?"

"He was not a phrenologist. You shall read the rough copy of my treatise, 'Heads *versus* Hearts.'"

"I couldn't read two pages, my dear Edward. I do not believe you could read it yourself."

The Professor looked enquiringly.

"You write such a hand that I cannot read it,—that little note you sent me last night. I have puzzled my poor brains over it, and all I can make out is that you are going to a dance next week."

"A dance! me! I going to a dance! Why, Sarah, you know my horror of dancing—and a man of my age and habits. I wrote to say that I was thinking of going to France. There is a celebrated chemist going to lecture in Paris on some subjects that I am greatly interested in just now."

"Well, Edward, I am concerned at my stupidity; but, indeed, I did try to make out the note; and now I suppose you will be greatly offended."

"No, indeed; for I am aware that I write a most abominable scrawl. What do you think Murray said of it?—'It was like the vagaries of a mad spider, whose legs had been dipped in ink. And so you will not look over my MS.?"

"I will wait till I read it in print, and then I will write an answer to it, and call it "Hearts *versus* Heads."

"Well, let me have the cast of the pretty head, and I will forgive all your sauciness," said the lover gallantly, raising to his lips the small hand that he had taken in his, while he looked in her bright eyes with a glance of entreaty that would have softened the most obdurate heart; but the mischief-loving girl knew her power, and delighted in exercising it. She re-arranged the disordered ringlets at the mirror, and very demurely told the Professor that she was not going to yield to flattery. "There is Kate; why do you not ask her to let you have a cast of her head?"

"A pretty cast, indeed, my head would make!" replied her sister, almost indignant at the proposition. "It would be worthy to sit beside that of John Bull, the little savage that Edward showed us with such pride of heart yesterday in the—Scullery."

"My Studio, Miss Kate," said the Professor, by way of amendment.

"Or Golgotha!" added Kate. The Professor looked grave, then almost savage.

"By the bye, Sarah," he said, suddenly looking up. "What do you think that little wretch did this very morning?"

"What, Kate?"

"Pooh, no; John Bull, the negro boy that I made the cast from—you know he sleeps on a matrass in the—" "scullery," interposed Kate. The Professor shook his cane at her.

"After I had taken the cast I showed it to him, and he was highly delighted, grinned a thousand grins, and cut ever so many capers, saying 'White John Bull, nice boy, he no more nigger boy now.' However, a friend of mine hinted that it would be more effective if I varnished the cast with lamp-black. So to work I went, and in a few minutes the cast was finished and placed on a high stand beside Sir Walter Scott and Napoleon, where it stood forming a capital contrast to the intellectual developments of the two casts. I had made

up my mind to lecture on that very cast at our next meeting. Well, when I came to unbar the door of the studio and rouse up my imp of darkness, judge of my mortification, when I saw the little black wretch sitting on the floor with the cast in his lap, diligently scraping away the lamp-black from the face with an oyster shell, and grinning with infinite satisfaction at every patch of white plaster that was reproduced by his energetic labors. I could have laughed, but for very rage at seeing the beautiful head that I was to have lectured upon so disfigured."

"What did you do?" asked Sarah.

"Do? I gave the little black rascal a crack over his woolly pate, and sent him spinning across the room, with the cast after him. As ill luck would have it, I missed my aim, and instead of knocking him down, tumbled over two superb idiots that were the pride of my whole collection, and smashed them to atoms. I would not have taken five guineas for these specimens, they cost me a set of china teathings, a new gown, and a scarlet cloth cloak, as presents to the mother before I could prevail upon her to let me take the casts of those two darlings, and lots of sweetmeats to the young wretches themselves, though poor things they knew nothing of my design after all, and I had to give one of them a sleeping draught to make him be still."

"How shocking!" exclaimed Sarah, indignant at the philosophical coolness of her lover.

"I am delighted at John Bull's cleverness," said Kate. "I shall make a point of bestowing upon him some especial mark of favour, by way of a little encouragement. Sarah, we must give him bulls eyes and candy to console him for that barbarous treatment of his poor woolly pate."

The Professor looked rather sour, fretted, fumed, and at last bounced up, and declared he would not remain to be laughed at.

"The Professor has the organ of combativeness and destructiveness largely developed," whispered Sarah, glancing at her irate lover through her redundant curls.

"Why combativeness?"

"The assault and battery just confessed."

"And destructiveness?"

"Aiming at the poor little nigger boy's head, and the demolition of the casts of those precious idiots, to do it."

The Professor tried to look angry, but could not manage anything more formidable than a sarcastic grin. "Has your discernment made any other discovery."

"Yes, the organ of Unreasonableness."

"There is no such organ," he replied triumphantly.

"I have heard you call woman an unreasonable animal twenty times."

"Pooh, child, you mistake parts of speech terribly; girls always do. I have explained the cerebral development fifty times."

"Yes, and always ended by calling me a giddy goose, or some such very complimentary epithet, because I could not remember all your hard names, and then I felt marvellously disposed to box your ears. That was being combative I suppose.

"Did you ever feel disposed to wield the poker or tongs," slily asked the Professor, then added in a coaxing tone, "Come Sarah, don't let us quarrel. Be a good girl and let me have the cast."

"What, to reward you for such savage conduct? I marvel at your audacity in asking for it."

"Well, here comes your Aunt Lillestone, Edward, let us hear what she has to say," exclaimed Kate.

"I am very glad of it, Aunt Lillestone is a very good friend of mine, and an enthusiastic desciple of phrenology. She has had two casts and a half taken," said the Professor, with great animation—"And cousin Kate too—that girl is a pattern for some other Kates that shall be nameless. Do you know, Sarah, she actually consented to have her beautiful hair shaved off, just to oblige me with a good cast."

"She must have been desperately in love with you to make such a sacrifice," said Sarah coldly.

"Well here she is, and now I will insist on a true and veracious statement of the process and all she endured."

"True and veracious—hum—synomimes," maliciously interposed the Professor, "girls always make use of two words where one would suffice."

"Organ of language," retorted Sarah. What polite rejoinder the phrenologist might have made I cannot say, for the door opened and in sailed the portly figure of Aunt Lillestone, with her lively fashionable daughter, whose petite height and delicate proportions, formed a very striking contrast to her own full and majestic person. The Professor hurried to meet them—"Glad to see you aunt, glad to see you cousin Kate, Kate of Kate Hall, the prettiest Kate in all the world."

"That is to say, the prettiest shrew, the nicest little vixen in all the world, thanks for the compliment my worthy coz," gaily replied the young lady taking the seat which the Professor pushed towards her. There was something eccentric and outré even in his most polite humours.

"Aunt Lillestone, you have come to decide a knotty point, a question of, to be, or not to be," he began, planting himself opposite the capacious form of the lady, and fixing his dark grey eyes on her face with intense earnestness, as if his happiness for life depended on her decision.

Mrs. Lillestone looked inquiringly from her

nephew to the two girls, who stood with arms entwined beside the window, looking very pretty and very animated. Mrs. Lillestone thought that the-e could be only one very momentous question pending between Sarah Dalton and her nephew. This was the important decision respecting the wedding-day. The old lady drew herself up to her most majestic height, settled the flowing folds of her ample satin gown, and assuming an air of becoming gravity, turned to her nephew and said :—

"Edward, my dear, you know that in delicate matters of this kind, the lady or her friends are the parties to decide. Now, till Mr. Dalton returns from the continent, you know that the wedding cannot take place; Sarah, of course, could not marry till her father's return."

"But, my dear aunt," interrupted the Professor, coloring to the very top of his head.

"I know quite well the arguments that you men always employ, my dear nephew. When I was engaged to your uncle, Captain Lillestone, he never ceased to importune me, poor dear man, till I named the happy day."

The poor Professor did not know which way to look, and the thought of the embarassment that his lady-love would be thrown into by this *mal apropos* speech increased his confusion. The Professor was, with all his oddities, a modest man, and especially delicate when such matters as courtship and marriage were being discussed. As to Sarah, she tried at first to look demure, but the two wicked Kates were convulsed with laughter. One stolen glance at her discomfitted lover was enough to overset her gravity. She was fain to bend her face down over the rose that she was looking at in the vase, to conceal the dimples that would make themselves visible in her round damask cheek.

"Really, young ladies," remonstrated Mrs. Lillestone, greatly shocked.

"Really, mamma, how can we help laughing?" said her daughter.

"It was not a question matrimonial, but phrenological, madam, that you were called upon to decide," said her nephew.

"The Professor wants Sarah to submit to the process of having a cast of her head taken," said Kate Dalton, "and Sarah is as hard-hearted as a flint, and she has been at loggerheads with Edward for the last hour on the subject."

"I must say, Sarah Dalton, that I am surprised after having heard the splendid arguments of Combe, and Crook, and De Ville, and Fowler, and——" "Professor Lindsay," whispered Kate Lillestone—"that you should refuse your assent to the most magnificent soul-enobling science that the wisdom of man ever conceived. For my part, I would have had a dozen casts of my head taken if I could have been convinced that its poor development could have added one more fact to the glorious system of Phrenology."

A very faint giggle from the recess in the bay window might have been heard by Mrs. Littlestone, if she had not been decidedly a little deaf.

"Now, Kate Lillestone, I appeal to your experience, and I rely upon your candor, to tell me about this same cast. Edward says you submitted to have one taken just to please him," said Sarah, turning to her friend.

"My dear, he (the Professor) was never more mistaken in his life; it was not to please him, but myself."

"O you naughty girl!" cried out the indignant Phrenologist, holding up his hands. "Did you not make a great merit about sacrificing your beautiful hair, and put me to the expense of false hair, and gauze caps, and flowers, and blonde trumpery, to cover your baldness, till you half ruined me."

Kate laughed, and said, "Confession is good for sinful souls, the priests say; so I will make a clean breast of it, and confess the truth. I quite forgot to tell you, my dearly respected coz, that I had had my hair shaved off a month before you came to Dublin; I had a bad fever. Dr. Macneil insisted upon it, and though I fought most tigerishly in behalf of my poor curls, I could not save them."

"Why, Kate, you deceitful puss, and were not those shining ringlets and glossy braids your own?"

"Of course they were, my good cousin. They cost me a deal of money at Rozier's; and if you had not been so liberal in providing me with fresh sets, I should have been half ruined."

The Professor looked absolutely confounded at the trick that had been played him; his eye instinctively wandered to the region of Secretiveness; but the envious head-dress guarded the organs from his penetrating glance. He had not a grain of deceit or intrigue in his disposition. The poor Professor was as honest as the day. He had been fairly outwitted; but while he was pondering over the matter, Sarah and Kate Dalton had enticed the pretty delinquent into giving them a faithful description of her experience in the cast-taking process.

"Now, my dear, pray lay aside your usual levity of tongue," said Mrs. Lillestone, "and make use of the fine sense that you are endowed with, in describing the operation to these young ladies. Lay aside all exaggeration, and let us have nothing but the unalloyed truth. You know the saying, my dears, that truth is stranger than fiction."

The girls exchanged glances, the Professor took a large pinch of snuff, seated himself by the table, and began sketching phrenological developments on the visiting cards from the card basket.

"Well, my dears, as I like to be very pre-

cise and particular, I shall begin at the beginning, and tell you that when my cousin Edward came to visit mamma and me in Dublin, he took it into his wise head to imagine that my wig covered a splendid set of organs. How he came to think so is more than I can say: but I believe he had not seen you, Sarah, at that time, so he might have fallen *a leetle, only a very leetle* in love with me. Well, he worried me day by day, till at last, in an evil hour, I was rather in love with a new tête that I had seen. I was, you see, tempted by the promises he voluntarily made of elegant head-dresses and point lace lappets, if I would only consent to have my head shaved. Moreover he vowed eternal gratitude, and that not an eyebrow nor an eyelash should be removed during the process.

"One morning, after a deal of fuss on my part, and vows," here she stole a glance at the Professor, "and protestations on his, I came down without my wig, and, to do the dear unsuspecting soul justice, he never questioned the trick I had played him, but fairly overwhelmed me with the excess of his gratitude." [A low deep growl from the Phrenologist.]

"Now, Kate Lillestone, how could you be so deceitful? I really am half angry with you myself for imposing on Edward's good nature," said Sarah, who felt a sort of natural indignation at her beloved having been so duped.

"My dear girl, do not open your black eyes so wide, and look so indignant at poor me. After all, you know it was only my cousin, and then he is very rich, and could very well afford to pay handsomely for this precious pericranium of mine. Why, the very development of the organs of Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Caution was worth a great deal."

"And the absence of Conscientiousness," growled out the Professor, in an under tone.

"Go on, if you please, Miss Lillestone," said her mother, "there is no end to your digressions. Your friends are all attention."

"Hear, hear, hear!" softly whispered Kate Dalton, clapping her hands under the flower-stand.

"The first thing," resumed the fair narrator, "that my cousin did, was to send for a pint bottle of the finest rose oil—I preferred it to Macassor—a fine damask towel was wrapped about my neck and shoulders, and then, Selwyn, mama's mai l, deluged my poor bare head, and anointed my eye-brows and eye-lids, with the oil, with a camel's-hair pencil. I was then led with great state into the laundry, where stood the long ironing dresser, and whither my good cousin had preceded me with his factotum, John Allen, who was busily employed mixing a pailful of plaster-of-Paris with water—it looked marvellously like hasty pudding. The apparatus consisted of a pewter basin with a broad flat rim to it like a pie dish only there was a hollow place to admit the back of my neck, a whipcord, some small thin wooden wedges, a little mallet, a great iron spoon, like a dripping-ladle, and a white sheet.

"My curiosity became greatly excited. I began to regard myself as a living sacrifice to the sublime truths of science, as mamma consolingly told me. I was enveloped in the white sheet. I ascended the three-legged stool beside the ironing board, and giving my hand to my cousin, resigned myself unresistingly to my fate. My executioner, for as such at that minute I regarded him, lowered me gently down till my head gradually sunk into the pewter basin of cold—wet—plaster!"

"How did you feel, Kate?"

"An icy shudder ran through my blood. I felt as if suddenly transported to the polar regions. Another minute, and I was completely *fixed*, as the Yankees say. The plaster began to set, and in other two minutes a genial warmth began to take place of the icy coldness I had at first experienced. Warmer and warmer became the plaster, and I now began to entertain some fear of being baked alive in my crust by some mysterious process."

"I would have started up and made my escape," said Kate Dalton.

"My dear child, the thing was impracticable; besides, my curiosity was now aroused, and I was heroically resolved to see the end of the Parisian plaster mysteries at all hazards. In about five minutes' time the back of the cast was set. I thought the worst was over, but I was mistaken. The divine part of the ceremony was yet to come. The Professor now came, and carefully arranged the little wedges along the rim of the pan, or mould, and then, having wetted the piece of string, laid it over my head, bringing it down over my forehead, along the bridge of my nose, mouth, and chin, till it rested on my breast. It felt like a cold worm creeping along my flesh. He then introduced two straws into my nostrils."

"What were the straws for?" asked Sarah in utter amazement.

"To breathe through, my dear. While Edward was arranging the wedges, Allen, his assistant, was mixing a fresh bowl of plaster, and in another minute came to the side of my bier, as I designated the table, whereon I lay like a shrouded corpse. 'Now, Kate, not a word: do not start or stir for your life.' I was as mute as a fish, wondering what was to come next. Presently, dab went a great spoonful of cold plaster on my head—another and another; then came a spoonful on my right ear, then over my left. I became deaf to all sounds, save the ringing and singing in my own head and a far off, faint, hollow murmurs, such as I once heard in St. Paul's, when I staid beneath the dome and listened to the distant sounds of the city bells coming to my ears like the beating of the ocean's waves

upon the sea-shore. And now a new sensation came—that of utter darkness, blindness that might be felt, so complete, so intense was the blackness that every particle of light was banished. Presently a brick wall seemed built against my teeth. I became dumb. An intolerable weight was on my throat. I felt suffocating."

"I would have screamed out when the plaster came on my face."

"So would I; but I remembered having seen the cast of a little fellow, Archy Bell (not the cat), who opened his mouth to cry, just as a spoonful of plaster came upon it, which he spat out, and caused an awful chasm in the face, like the rugged edges of the crater of a volcano; and having endured so far, I manfully resolved to bear all to the end."

"And how did you feel when hearing, and sight, and speech were all shut out?" asked Kate Dalton.

> "I felt like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his martial cloak around him."

"Nonsense, my dear; but how did you feel? Do tell me."

"Exactly like a person who had been buried alive, and has had the supreme felicity of awakening to life in his coffin."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Sarah, shuddering. "Well, go on; how did you get out of your tomb?"

"The warmth of the plaster, the weight, and want of breath made the few minutes that I lay seem an age. Presently I heard as though my tomb were invaded by resurrection men. I was sensible of hammering and a noise, as if of bricks and mortar being knocked about my head. This was the removing of the wedges, then some one took the end of the string and ripped up the cast, it cracked; then my cousin, taking each side of the mask, tore it from my face. I felt as if my skin were accompanying it. But oh! the delight of the deep-drawn breath of delicious air, the sight, the hearing restored! Of one thing I am sure, that I never felt so truly grateful for the use of those precious senses before, and so new and singular were the ideas that crowded in upon me as I lay there in the darkness and silence of the grave, that, now that it is past, I think I would not have foregone the experience of those few minutes—strange and disagreeable as in some respects they were.—for a great deal. I would certainly rather have had my cast taken than have gone to a delightful party."

"Kate, Kate, this levity is very unbecoming a girl of your age."

"Dear mamma, do you know that I am nearly twenty-one, and if you talk so seriously about my age, people will begin to think that I must be very venerable. Now, Sarah, has my fascinating description decided you in favor of having your cast taken?"

"It has decided me [the Professor looked up] that nothing on earth shall tempt me to run such a fearful risk of my life." The head of the Professor sank on his breast again.

"And how did you look, my dear, after your resurrection?"

"I looked a perfect wretch. I might have fancied myself transformed into a bricklayer's slave. My head was covered with mortar, as if I had been carrying a hod on it. When the inner cast was finished, and the outer mask was taken off, and the roughnesses all smoothed and polished, and Edward with great satisfaction introduced me to my second self. I had the mortification of finding that I had hollow cheeks, and a long chin and nose considerably off the line of beauty. My vanity received a severe shock. In fact, I felt a marvellous inclination to knock my double down and that ungrateful cousin of mine. Instead of rewarding me for the great sacrifice I had so disinterestedly made for the good of his pet science, he had the barbarity to assure me that I had a great many of the bad organs largely developed, and few of the good ones. So, of course, I voted Phrenology a—"

"Humbug! you were about to say," broke in the Professor.

"Exactly so, my dear cousin."

"Have you done, Miss Lillestone?" said her mother, reprovingly.

"Yes, mamma, for I am perfectly exhausted. I am sure I must have convinced my auditors that if I have nothing else, that I have the organ of—"

"Prate!" said the Professor, rising, and tossing into his cousin's lap a clever caricature sketch of the scene she had so ably described.

And did the Professor gain his point? Yes, my dear reader. Sarah's father returned from abroad, and in less than one month Sarah and the Professor were married, and very soon after the wedding a beautiful cast of the bride's head graced a marble pedestal in the Professor's studio; but cousin Kate was not one of the bridesmaids; the honest-hearted philosopher never quite forgot or forgave her outwitting him in the affair of the wig.

C. P. T.

Oaklands, Rice Lake.

EXTRACTS

From an unpublished Poem.

> Whilst the wounded heart, that cell,
> Which shuns the gaze of human eye,
> Where pain and sorrow only swell
> And riot in their misery.
> *There* Memory holds her secret spell,
> Reviving cherished dreams of yore;
> Alas! remembered but too well,
> They only paint our loss the more.

There may we weep and brood alone,
O'er buried hopes of former years,
And never to the world must own
The secret of our silent tears.
Well may they flow—when we are reft
From hope of peace and joy below,
One last poor comfort may be left,
The selfish fullness of our woe.
We turn to dream, to madly think
On days of bliss for ever fled,
For Memory holds the fatal link
Which only breaks when we are dead—
Though bitter be such thoughts again,
Though doomed alone with life to part.
Oh! there is pleasure in the pain
Which paints the idol of our heart!
That paints anew with freshened power
The tear, the sigh, the thrilling kiss
We shared with one in happier hour,
When all our dreams were dreams of bliss
Fondly we dreamt—but now awake,
We know such dreams of bliss are gone:
What rests the fevered fire to slake?
The memory of such dreams alone!

DIETS OF GOLD AND SILVER.

Those among us who are sufficiently in the sunshine of fortune to possess golden luxuries —whether in the form of plates or dish-covers, candlesticks or candelabra, racing-cups or presentation plates, watch-cases or watch-chains, ear rings or finger-rings—are not fully aware of the solicitude with which Her Majesty's Parliament supervises the gold; to see that it is of the right quality; to see—not, perhaps, that all that glitters shall be gold—but that all which is called gold shall have some sort of claim to that designation.

It is of old standing, this supervising authority over the goldsmiths. So long back as the reign of Edward the First, an Act was passed to settle this matter: to determine which, between two kinds of jewellery, shall be deemed the real Simon Pure. No article of gold or silver was to be made with a baser alloy than those named in the Act; and none should pass into the market until its quality had been assayed, and a leopard's head stamped upon it. The Wardens of the Goldsmith's Company were empowered to go from shop to shop among the goldsmiths, to ascertain that the gold employed was of the right "touch," or alloy. Then, Henry the Sixth's Parliament enacted, among things relating to silver, that all silver articles should be at least as fine as "ster ing;" that every workman or maker should stamp his mark on every article; and that every maker's private mark should be made known to the Goldsmiths' Company. Several early charters gave to this powerful Company a general control over the gold and silver trade; the wardens were constituted judges of the standards of the precious metals; and they were empowered to search out and destroy all specimens of "deceitful work"—that is, work made of gold or silver below the standard. It was towards the close of the fifteenth century that they were entrusted with the privilege of stamping manufactured goods. In the time of Elizabeth a statute declared the well-known "twenty-two carats" to be the standard quality which all gold manufacturers must reach; that is, an alloy of twenty-two parts of gold to two of silver; while the standard for silver was to be eleven ounces two pennyweights of fine silver in twelve ounces, the rest being copper. The wardens had no bed of roses, it would seem; for an Act passed in 1665 recited, "that the wardens of the said Company, in punishing defaults in the said trade, had been at great charges, and at the peril of their bodies as well as at the loss of their goods; so that the wardens then, on account af the menaces and assaults from the workers, could not put into execution the authority given to them by former charters." The Kings, and Queens, and Parliaments laboured hard to ensure the goodness of the precious wares; for in 1738 a new statute strengthened the provisions of all the old ones, especially as to the standards for gold and silver. There was, however, an exemption in favour of jewellers using gold in certain of the trinkets made by them: the gold might in such cases be lower than the standard. All the goods, when found to be of the proper standard, were to be stamped with the initials of the worker, the arms of the Company, and a distinct variable letter to denote the year; but in mercy to the fragile structure of the tender family of pencil-cases, tweezer-cases, necklace beads, rings, buttons, thimbles, filagrée work, toothpicks, chains, and such-like —they were exempted from the rude visitations of the stamping process.

The Government made use of the Company as a means of insuring the payment of a duty imposed (in 1719) on plate; this duty was sixpence per ounce. The Company kept a sharp eye on the makers, and the Exciso on the Company; and assay-papers and receipts were planned with all due formality. The Company were of course not expected to do their work for nothing; they were to receive tenpence for assaying and stamping a gold watch-case, fivepence for a gold buckle, fifteenpence for a gold snuff-box, half-a-crown for any piece of gold plate under thirty ounces, and so on. There is a curious use of the word *diet* in the Act just named; it being enacted that, from every piece of silver plate, weighing above four pounds troy sent to be assayed and stamped, the wardens are empowered to take out or detain a diet not exceeding ten grains per pound.

Thus did Parliament reign after reign, throw its protective shield over these luxuries.—The Goldsmiths' Company had at first control over all the kingdom; but similar guilds were afterwards established at Exeter, Bristol, Newcastle, and a few other towns. About the year 1773, the towns of Birmingham and Sheffield, having become somewhat conspicuous for their works in gold and silver, and feeling the annoyance attending the sending of their wares for assay and stamping to distant towns, obtained powers to establish companies under the title of "Guardians of the standard of wrought plate." These bodies were to choose wardens, assayers, and other officers; and we now learn what is the meaning of the *diet* of those towns. The assayer for each town, (Birmingham for instance,) is empowered to scrape eight grains from every troy pound of the silver plate or other article sent to the Company's office to be assayed and stamped; this he equally divides into two little parcels, one of which is immediately locked up in the *assayer's box*, while the other is operated upon. After the assay, the article is broken in pieces if below the proper standard, and the owner has to pay sixpence per ounce for the assay; but if it be standard as above, the article is stamped, and a fee paid according to a certain graduated scale. If the four grains per pound be more than enough for the assay, the overplus goes as a perquisite to the Company. But now for the assayer's box and its contents. If the standard of each piece of plate be right and proper, the remaining little parcel of four grains per pound is taken out of the assayer's box, and with due formality deposited in a more honored recepticle called the *diet-box*. By the end of a year, this box contains diets or samples of all the plate found by assay during the year to be proper in standard. Once a year, the officers of the Company send up this box to the Mint in London; where the Assay-master tries the little bits or diets, in order to see that the Birmingham assayer has not departed from the true standard: if he has, his pocket is made to suffer.

These Birmingham and Sheffield guilds, like those of London, York, Exeter, Bristol, Chester, Norwich, and Newcastle, were made a kind of cat's-paw for the Government, in respect to an increased duty of 8s. per ounce on gold manufactures and 6d. per ounce on those of silver, imposed in 1784. The wardens, after assaying and stamping, were to receive the duty before returning the articles; the Excise demanded it of them whether they had received it or not; so we may be pretty sure that the wardens of the respective Companies did not let the owners escape scot-free. The owners paid the duty to the Companies; the Companies handed it over to the Excise; and the Excise gave them 6d. in the pound for their trouble.

As there is no good reason why all the world should agree about these standards of purity, it is no wonder that manufacturers should have occasionally tried to obtain some variation. The legislature settled this question, in 1798, by allowing two standards for manufactured gold, one of "twenty-two carats," and the other of "eighteen carats;" the same Companies were to assay and stamp both kinds; and the same stamps were to be employed all excepting the "lion passant," which royal animal was to be exclusively appropriated to the finer kind of gold. So recently as 1844 these little peddlings with industry (for such they are apt to appear in these our free-trade days) were further modified. It had been found that, by stamping gold and silver with the same dies, a little hocus-pocus might possibly enable a dishonest person to pass off a silver gilt article for gold; it was therefore enacted that all the gold articles of "twenty-two carats fine" should be stamped with the mark of a Crown and the figures 12.

All these curious statutes, with a few curious exceptions, are still in force; and form a body of industrial law which is more likely to diminish than increase in future. The great City Companies have in many cases outlived their duties, though by no means outlived their wealth; but the Goldsmiths' Company has still both duties and wealth. The following is pretty nearly the relation, at the present day, between the four parties interested in gold and silver manufactures—the Crown, the Goldsmiths' Company, and the manufacturers, and the public.

Every article made in or near London, of gold and silver, except certain trinkets and small wares, must be sent to the Goldsmiths' Hall near Cheapside. The maker must previously stamp his mark upon it, which mark must be known and approved by the Company. It is assayed at the Hall; it is broken up and returned if below the proper standard, but stamped and returned if of due quality. The Company employ persons to scrape a few fragments from every article, for the purpose of assay; and these persons, to ensure their thorough knowledge, must have served a seven years' apprenticeship to a goldsmith. There being many gold and silversmiths, and manufacturers of watch-cases and chains, living in and near Clerkenwell, the Goldsmiths' Company, when they rebuilt their Hall some years ago, determined to build it on its present central site, rather than remove it nearer to the Mint. There is a constant running to and fro between the workshops and the Hall; and many losses might occur if the Hall were too far distant. Clarkenwell and Foster Lane are the two poles of an electric chain, having links of silver and gold—a figure, by the way, which we fear is not quite faultless; for these two metals, though electric in a moral sense, are not much so according to lecture-room philosophy.

When the wardens and assayers of the Company are examining the articles sent to them, they have power to reject any in which, according to their judgment, there may have been too much solder employed; because solder being less valuable than the metal soldered, the standard of the whole bulk may perchance be reduced too much. The duties of the Company, therefore, may be said to be fourfold in respect to the principal articles of gold and silver sent to them—viz., to see that the gold or silver is of the proper standard; to see that the silver is not plated silver, or the gold silver-gilt; to see that the solder employed has not been too much in relative weight; to stamp the article when approved; and to receive money when the article is returned to the owner. This money consists of a small sum for the stamping-fee, and a much larger sum for the Government. The present duty—seventeen shillings per ounce for gold, and one shilling and sixpence for silver—is practically reduced to fourteen shillings and twopence, and one shilling and threepence, an allowance of one-sixth being made to the manufacturer for a slight reduction in the weight of each article during the finishing processes; this finishing being always conducted after the assaying and stamping have taken place. The Company pay these duties into the Bank of England, where they are placed to the account of the Receiver of Stamps and Taxes; and the Company, having thus acted as tax-gatherers, are paid for so doing, at the rate of two-and-a-half per cent. The Company receives about four thousand a year from the manufacturers for assaying and stamping, and about two thousand a year from the Government for collecting the tax. There is one deputy-warden appointed by the Company, with a salary, to superintend especially these matters; and under him are an engraver of punches, three assayers, two weighers, three drawers, and a cupel-maker.

Boys carry the articles of plate between Clerkenwell and Foster Lane. Let us suppose that young Tom Simmons, a Clerkenwell apprentice, arrived or arriving at years of discretion sufficiently to be trusted, takes a piece of unfinished plate to Goldsmith's Hall. The weighers ascertain the weight, calculate the duty at so much per ounce, set down the fee required for assaying and stamping, and enter the items in due form. The drawers or scrapers then take the piece of plate in hand. They examine it to see that the several parts all belong properly to each other, and that it is not charged with a suspiciously large amount of solder. This examination being satisfactorily concluded, they draw or scrape a few fragments from the surface of the article, just sufficient for the purposes of assay; and if there be a shadow of suspicion that there are different qualities of metal in different parts of the article, the scraper is applied to all those parts, and a fair average made of the whole. Then comes the third stage in the history: the drawers hand over the little fragments to the assayers, who proceed to determine whether the metal be up to the standard. If all be right up to this time, the drawers again take the piece of plate, and stamp it with the requisite marks. If all be not right, if the metal be lower than the standard, the article is retained until the following day; it is again tried, and if again found wanting, it is broken up; but if the manufacturer, willing to save his poor bantling, should ask for a third trial, and should be willing to pay another shilling for it, he can do so: the third verdict is final, there being no appeal against it; and the broken piece of glitter is sent home in disgrace. But *our* piece of plate we of course assume to be standard. After the assayers have reported well of it, and the drawers have stamped it, the weighers re-weigh it; and then there is very little else to be done before Tom takes home the piece of plate to his master's.

The principle of adulteration (pity that we should have to use such a term) sometimes creeps into these golden products. The maker of a watch-case may, if he be less honest than his compeers, make some of the tiny bits of less than perfect metal; but the drawers baffle him; they scrape from all the parts, good and bad; and if there happen to be former peccadillos attached to his name, the scrapings are made yet more carefully; and he must abide by the average result of the whole. The assayers are not allowed to know to whom the several little packets of scrapings belong; these are wrapped up separately by the drawers, with certain private marks and numbers, and are placed in boxes; and the assayers take them from the boxes, assay them, and report the results, without knowing who are the parties affected by their decision. Thus are there one or two hundred assays, more or less, made every day at the Hall: one assayer confining his attention to gold, and two others to silver

The Company, in order to have some test that their servants have properly performed the duties entrusted to them, hold a kind of annual scrutiny—an assay of a more formal nature. Portions of the scrapings resulting from the assays made during the year, amounting possibly to fifty thousand, are kept, sufficient to form a judgment on the whole. The practical members of the Company are convened—leaving out the noble lords and right honourable gentlemen who somehow become members of this as of the other great City Companies—and the parliament, or jury, or judges, or arbitrators, or scrutineers (call them which we may) melt down the scrapings, and make a very careful assay of them: the result of this assay shows whether or not the three assayers have done their year's work well.—But the *diet* of the Birmingham and Sheffield

assay is more official and more imperative; we must briefly notice it.

The golden doings of Birmingham have undergone very considerable changes within the last few years. Time was when the "toyshop of Europe" produced immense quantities of gilt toys, which occupied some thousands of hands; the buckles, the snaps, the clasps, the earrings, the bracelets, the rings, the brooches—as well as other articles which we may designate toys, or trinkets, or sham-jewellery—were thrown upon the market most unsparingly. Such is not now the case; and many causes have led to the change. Fashion has, in many instances, refused to sanction that which she formerly applauded; the gold became thinner and thinner upon the toys, until people began to be ashamed to call it gold at all; the French showed that they could make gilt-toys presenting more graceful designs than our own; while the designation of "Brummagem goods" became rather humbling to those who decked themselves therewith. Thus the gilt-toy trade has declined in that town; but others have arisen which place the golden labours of the townsmen on a better footing. The manufacture of good jewellery has increased; while the rise and spread of the remarkable electro-plating process have given an immense impetus to the employment of the precious metals at Birmingham. How the Birmingham men use their gold and silver, it is not our province here to describe: Suffice it here to speak of the official inspection of the gold and silver work produced.

The diets or small parcels of scrapings, as mentioned in a former page, are sent up to London from Birmingham in the diet-box, and placed in the hands of the Queen's Assay-master. Here they are examined and assayed, and tested with certain gold and silver trial plates made expressly for this purpose. If the quality be below standard, the Birmingham Assay-master is fined; but if it be equal or superior to standard, a certificate is returned, which is an acquittal for a whole year's labours. A certificate for the Birmingham gold assays takes somewhat the following form: "These are to certify that, having this day duly assayed and tried the gold Diet from Birmingham, of twenty-two carats of fine gold, and two carats of alloy, and also the gold Diet of eighteen carats of fine gold, and six carats of alloy, pursuant to Act of Parliament 5 Geo. 4, sess. 1824, and having made such trials in presence of ——, especially appointed by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury to attend the same; I find, in comparison with the respective gold trial plates made for that purpose, that the Diet of twenty-two carats fine is ——, and the Diet of eighteen carats fine is —— the said trial plates, and do therefore report that the said Diets are sufficiently fine, and fully conformable to the true intent and meaning of the Act aforesaid." The Queen's Assay-master signs this certificate, in which there are blanks left for indicating whether the gold is "equal to" or "superior to" the standards respectively referred to.

Query: If the Government duty were abandoned on the one hand, and the Companies' privileges on the other—if manufacturers and purchasers were allowed to make their own bargains uninfluenced by all this official parade—would it not be better and cheaper in the end that these diets should die away? Are they not relics of the same antiquated system which at one time gave curfew laws, and at another temporary laws? When trades are too young to run alone they are protected; but they are all getting out of leading-strings now-a-days, one by one. Gold and silver working is certainly an old trade; but, (we wish to leave room for correction) it may just possibly not be old enough to be left to itself.—*Household Words.*

GOMEROCK CASTLE;

OR, THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN.

When Dartmouth sent a goodly company of 750 men, and above thirty ships, to assist the third Edward at the siege of Calais—and when, to avenge himself for wrongs done on his coast, the Admiral of Bretagne attempted a descent on Darmouth, and his army was driven precipitately back into their ships, leaving the Lord *Duchastel, with other officers of rank slain in* fight, and 100 men prisoners to the gallant defenders of the town—and when the Lancastrian party availed themselves of its security and shipping during the Wars of the Roses, Darmouth was a place of great importance.

The Castle of Gomerock, towering high on the left bank of the entrance to the harbour, was deemed a post of considerable strength.—At the base of the rock on which it was built, a few feet above the water, stood a strong *square tower, serving as an outwork to the* Castle, but more especially intended to guard the chain which was laid from thence to Dartmouth Castle, to protect the haven against the incursions of the enemy.

The spot to which the chain was attached is still to be seen—steps and platforms cut in the rock may still be traced, though nearly obliterated by time and winter seas The walls of the Castle of Gomerock are still standing; but those which formed the tower below it are nearly lost, leaving little more than the floor of the lower story, cut out of the solid rock, as proof of that which must have stood upon it. The smaller stones and mortar of which the walls were composed concealed the floor, forming a shapeless mass, from one to three feet thick.

Of the time when these walls were thrown down there is no record; but as the Castle is not mentioned amongst the forts and blockhouses occupied by the soldiery during the

contest between King Charles and the Parliament, when Dartmouth was twice besieged, and in turn taken by each party, it must have been then a ruin.

Some labourers were lately employed to clear away the materials which covered its floor, and had barely commenced their work when the skeleton of a human being, which lay scarcely concealed below the grass they were removing, excited their astonishment.

"It would have been a dismal job," said one of the labourers, "to have been working here alone, for who can tell what may have happened to the poor creature."

The skeleton was lying on its back, with the head turned, as if resting, when buried, on the right shoulder, the left arm uplifted above the head, whilst the right was close to the body. The whole bore testimony to a hasty interment.

The men eagerly told of what had happened when they returned to Kingswear. The story flew from mouth to mouth; and, on the second day after the discovery, the man who found the bones informed his fellow-labourers that he had no doubt of their being the remains of a woman, for he had heard a story which went strongly to prove it. "There was a woman," said he, "more than a century ago, who used to frequent that Castle. She was often seen wandering about the adjoining cliffs, but suddenly disappeared; and I have no doubt but these bones must be the remains of that unfortunate creature."

The man whom he addressed smiled at his story, for he was a stranger; and the other, vexed at his want of faith, continued—"You may smile, but I could name the persons who have seen a woman's form pass close before them here, in the night, and suddenly be lost. Strange things were spoken of before our master came to live here: noises were heard, and Mountain's Gate has opened for the traveller without mortal hands."

Who Mountain was, that gave to that mysterious gate his name, or why the house in which he dwelt was suffered to decay, and a small portion only to remain to mark the spot, no one can tell. But at the time it stood there, it was the last from Kingswear; beyond it there was no trace of house or dwelling, save only the ruins of Gomerock Castle, and a square tower which stands upon the rocks, more distant towards the sea, and of more modern character.

A surgeon, who visited the spot, decided that it was the skeleton of a man; for, although there was little doubt that it had been there nearly a century, still the skull was sufficiently preserved to satisfy him of the fact.—When the place was cleared out, the bones were again buried near the spot where they were found, and a grave raised over them.—The following story, put together from materials which were afterwards collected from the old inhabitants of Kingswear, may stamp it as

"THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN."

Two centuries ago, Kingswear wore a different appearance from that which it does at present. Many of its younger inhabitants were employed in the Newfoundland trade.

About the time of King William's landing at Brixham, William Blackaller was mate of a fine brig, which was chiefly employed in carrying fish from Newfoundland to the Mediterranean.

From the repeated voyages he had made, since he became a stout apprentice, he had acquired a desire to wander; and an old companion of his early life induced him to leave the service in which he had been so long employed, and enter on board a man-of-war. He was well recommended by his old master to the captain of the ship, and proving an expert and gallant seaman, he was in a few years promoted to the rank of a warrant-officer.

No man was more beloved by his companions than Boatswain Blackaller. He had served well at La Hogue, was at the taking of the French and Spanish ships in Vigo Bay, at the capture of Gibraltar in 1704, and at the battle of Velez Malaga, which followed soon after; and when Sir Cloudesley Shovel was wrecked on his homeward passage, with a part of his fleet, after the unsuccessful attempt of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Savoy against Toulon, in 1707, Blackaller was boatswain of the Association, and, with her whole ship's company, perished on the rocks of Scilly.

Blackaller left a widow and some children to mourn his loss. Amongst them was a boy of about eleven years of age, who from the daring spirit which he displayed, was considered "the very image of his father."

The melancholy bereavement which had thus befallen the family excited the feeling of all around them—the more strongly, perhaps, from the vast extent of a calamity in which so many brave men had perished; and William (for so he was named, after his father) was taken as an apprentice by a merchant, then carrying on a considerable business.

According to the general custom of that day, the boy had to spend the summer in Newfoundland, and the winter months in his master's house at Dartmouth. During the latter portion of the year, the apprentices were employed in preparing rigging, and fitting the ships for the next voyage, whilst their evenings were dedicated to such instruction in writing and navigation as would render them fit to fill the situations of mates and masters, as vacancies might arise.

The boy soon became noted both for his learning and seamanship, and he was of that bold and generous spirit, that, if wrong were done to any of his companions by the boys of another house, Blackaller was always the first to avenge the injury, and bear the blame

which should have been laid on other shoulders.

His apprenticeship ended, he still continued in the employ of his master; but a very few years expired before William was lost to his old companions.

He had gone in one of his master's vessels with fish to the West Indies, and whilst the cargo was discharging he suddenly disappeared. His shipmates hunted for him in every direction about the port, but to no purpose.

They could only learn that he had more than once been in company with some strange seamen, belonging (as it afterwards appeared) to a ship which sailed the day after William was missed; but where the vessel belonged, whence she came, or whither bound, no one had any knowledge; yet the manner in which she was handled, and her general appearance, shewed that those who composed her crew were not seamen of an ordinary character.

Years passed away, the widow of Boatswain Blackaller had been interred in the little churchyard of Kingswear, and her family had been so long dispersed that the name was little thought of, when William suddenly returned to the place of his birth. He came in a coasting vessel from London. Few remembered him; and those who did could scarcely recognise, in his sunburnt and careworn countenance, the features of their early companion. His manner was so reserved, and his countenance so full of rebuke if any one attempted to pry into his history, that few dared attempt it a second time; and those who did, only learned that he had been occupied in trade in the West Indies, and had gained enough to enable him to live comfortably at home.

But he came not alone. A beautiful girl, of about ten years of age, engrossed all his attention. Her features were not strictly English, though she was like her father: her quick and large black eye, and general manner, bespoke a Spanish origin, and shewed that she had been born under a more vivid sun than that of Europe.

Maria was sent to school, and her father occupied his time in fishing in a small sailing-boat, which he managed with a dexterity that bespoke the seaman, not the trader; and once he thought of entering into partnership with a man who wished him to purchase half his vessel, but it might cause inquiry about his money, and he as suddenly gave it up.

The inn at the Ferry becoming vacant, he took a lease of it; and when Maria had been three years at school, she returned to be the mistress of her father's house, and do the office of the hostess. His disposition was becoming gloomy, and more than usually reserved; but the return of his favourite child restored him again to himself.

Maria seldom left the bar. She had a mind far above the ordinary stamp of those who lived around her, and had more pleasure in a book than in their society. But her father's house was the resort of many masters of vessels, who, as Maria became more accustomed to her new employment, were drawn by her to the house. Her lively manner and dark eye sold many a bowl of punch, they said, for the good landlord. He, always on his guard, read with a scrutinizing eye every stranger that came to his house; listening to the stories of all, but imparting little in return.

Maria had entered on her twentieth year, when a heavy gale from the south-west, about the middle of September, drove a large ship, bound to the Spanish main, to seek shelter in the harbor. She had lost a part of her masts and rigging, and had sprung a leak, which prevented her from proceeding on her voyage, without considerable repair. It was necessary that her cargo should be taken out, which was a work of time; and her master, having placed himself in the hands of an agent, commenced unloading.

Having heard of Blackaller, and anxious to look at the entrance of the harbor from the Kingswear side, he landed with his mate, and walked for an hour over the hills towards the Mewstone. On their return, they went into the Ferry-house, and ordered a bowl of punch, which was supplied by Maria; and Blackaller being desired to join them, they entered into a conversation which lasted till late in the evening. Indeed, neither of them appeared anxious to leave the house, though neither imparted to the other the cause by which he was detained there.

The captain was a man nearly forty years of age, as bold and daring as Blackaller himself: but he was also of a very irritable temper, and, if thwarted when a little in liquor, he had no restraint upon his passion. Still he was an honest man, and an excellent seaman, and had for years been the favorite captain of his owners.

The mate was the son of a friend of theirs, of the name of Mordaunt, resident in one of the West India islands, upon whom fortune had bestowed a large family, with little means to support them; and Henry, who had been born there was sent to London, to the owners of the ship, who had kindly promised to bring him up.

After he had received an education suited to his future prospects, he was put under the care of the master of the Meridian, (for such was the ship's name,) to be brought up to the sea.

He had now passed his twentieth year, yet he still felt under restraint when in the company of his captain—the natural effect of being so long under his guidance; but it was mixed with that regard for him which his bold bearing, and kindness in time of danger, had inspired; and if it did not amount to respect, it was only because the temper of his captain would sometimes lead him to acts of sudden

violence towards his crew, which destroyed that feeling in the generous mind of the young mariner

Each had been struck by the appearance of Maria, but the captain did not perceive that it was to his mate that her eye was constantly directed, when the interesting matters on which they conversed, the land to which they were bound, unusually rivetted her attention. Nothing passed between her and Henry Mordaunt that could be observed by the other; but when he shook hands with Maria, on leaving the house, there was that secret feeling between them which evinced that each had seen enough of the other to wish for a less restrained meeting—that early fervent feeling of untainted youth, which, ripening with years, will pilot us to the nearest port to heaven in which man can cast his anchor here.

There was a warmth, too, in the manner of the captain, but it was returned only with that courtesy which she felt to be due to him as her father's guest.

The visit to the Ferry-house was frequently renewed; but Henry often stole there, unknown to his captain; and when he was supposed to be at a friend's house in Dartmouth, Maria and he were taking many a delightful walk along the cliffs, scarcely noticed by any one.

The old Castle of Gomerock was a favorite haunt of the young lovers; because there amidst the wild woods that surrounded it, they could plight their mutual faith, unrestrained by the prying eye of curiosity.

The feelings of the captain for Maria had not diminished; yet they had not carried him beyond a marked attention when he was at her father's house; which she always received with a frankness, which by some might be thought unfair to him in her situation. But she had been made aware of his temper; and if she feared to rouse it, who could blame her? She hoped, indeed, that nothing would be said by him about her; and that when he should leave the port he would forget her, as he had many a one before.

As the ship's cargo was again being put on board, and the time of her departure drew near, his visits to her father were more frequent and his attentions to Maria more decided; at length the vessel was declared fit for sea, and the pilot dropped her down into the Bight, to be ready to sail with the early morning tide, which would turn about four.

The moon was near the full, the evening beautifully serene, the captain had gone on shore to settle his accounts, and take his last dinner with the agent, who had invited a few friends to drink success to the voyage.

All was ready on board, when Henry, availing himself of the opportunity, landed at Kingswear for the last time. Maria had anxiously expected him, and a few minutes brought them to their favorite haunt. They wandered about unconscious of time, until at last they found themselves seated on the walls of the little Castle, close to the water; for there, under the shadow of the cliff, they could freely speak of all their future hopes, and pledge their mutual vows of constancy.

Henry had just taken from his bosom a locket with his mother's hair, which she had given him, when he first left her for England, and which he prized as his own life; and with a feeling, which those who have not experienced it can little understand, had hung it on his Maria's neck, charging her to look on it daily as the dearest token of his affection, the sole remains to him of a most kind and valued mother, when they were suddenly startled by the hoarse and angry voice of the captain—

"I have found you at last!" he exclaimed; "and with Maria!"

Inflamed with fury, he collected all his strength, and struck the mate a blow which felled him to the ground. Maria shrieked, and, whilst the captain bent over his victim, she escaped far enough up the path to be unperceived by him, whilst she watched, with wild anxiety, the scene which was to follow. She thought she saw the captain lift Henry up, and place him on the spot where he had been before seated. She heard a low voice, but from whom it came she could not tell; the horror of what she had witnessed kept her rivetted to the spot on which she stood; but when she saw the captain turn suddenly round, as if to seek her, she fled precipitately from the spot, and, entering her house, reachd her room, she knew not how.

Her father had not noticed her return, and, throwing herself on her bed, she swooned away. Recovering from her faintness, she burst into a violent flood of tears, which so far relieved her mind as to recall her wandering thoughts. Her first impulse was to go the door, and watch for those she had left at the Castle; for the ship's boat was at the Ferry-slip, and some of her crew were seated in the kitchen, in deep conversation with her father. All was still as death without. Maria's anxiety was too great to allow her to remain at the door; she stole unconsciously up the steps, and wandered on towards the Castle; but had only proceeded a short distance, when she heard a footstep. She listened attentively. It was approaching, but it was that of a single person; and before she could decide what course to take, the captain had seized her hand.

"Dearest Maria!" he said, "into what a state of mind have you unconsciously brought me! I loved you, and I believed that I was not indifferent to you. I saw you smile upon my mate, but I did not regard it. The event of to-night has opened my eyes to the truth. He is faint from the blow which, in my drunken fury, I struck him; and I have left him on the seat where I found you. My boat is at the slip. I will pull directly to the place, and carry him off to the ship; and to-morrow, be-

fore we sail, if it be too early to come on shore, he shall write to you by the pilot. Farewell, dear Maria!" he added, "do not go there, as my men will meet you; but wait upon the cliff, and you will see me perform my promise. Farewell!" he repeated, but it was in a voice which was not natural to him; and when she recovered from the wild feelings which this unexpected conversation had created, a chill came over her, for which she could not account.

"The captain's manner," she said to herself, "is so changed, and there was a sort of trembling motion in his hand when he took leave of me."

She was still absorbed in these thoughts when she heard the oars of the captain's boat, and soon saw her go to the ship. In a few minutes, she was again on her way to the Castle; and with streaming eyes poor Maria watched every movement that she fancied was taking place at the spot where she had left her lover. In her anxiety, she fancied that the boat was a much longer time there than could be necessary for taking him on board, and a thousand conjectures crossed her mind; but they fled as fast as they came. At last she saw the boat moving towards the ship, which was too close under the opposite shore to allow Maria to see who went on board. She could only hope all was right; and that the morning would bring her a letter, if Henry could not come himself.

Exhausted with the various scenes through which she had passed, she at length tore herself from the spot, and retired hastily to bed, but not to sleep. She no sooner composed herself, as she believed, than the dreadful blow which the captain had given her lover rung in her ears, and his dying body seemed to lie before her. She started from her pillow, but found it a delusion. Again she tried to sleep, and the dying man appeared more plainly than before. He spoke—blessed her —and bade her adieu, for ever. She sprung from her bed, but ere she reached the floor, she fainted; and when she again came to herself, the visions which had appeared to her in the night were so stamped upon her fevered brain, that she could scarcely doubt of their reality.

"This state of suspense," she said to herself, "is too dreadful. I will go to the cliff. I can then gaze on his vessel. I may see him, perhaps coming to me."

Full of these thoughts, she hastily dressed herself, and reached the spot from whence she had watched the boat on the preceding night.

Morning had begun to dawn, and there was light enough to shew her that the ship was gone.

"I will follow it," she said. "I may see her again before she clears the land."

The thought gave her strength, and she ran along the cliffs, until she could see the Start Point.

The sun had now risen so far above the horizon, and cast its beams so brightly across the bay, that the ship was clearly visible, though it had proceeded many miles upon its voyage.

"What can this mean?" she thought. "He was to come to me, or to have sent a letter by the pilot. But there has been no boat from the vessel; for I should have heard the oars, if I could not have seen it." Again the visions of the night, mixed with the real scenes she had witnessed, rushed on her mind, and so oppressed her, that she unconsciously wandered back to the Castle. She wished to descend to the fatal spot, from which in her alarm, she had so precipitately fled; yet a stronger feeling seemed to check the wish, and it was some time before she could compose herself sufficiently to undertake the task. Half frantic, she knew not why, she hurried tremblingly down the winding path that led to it, anxious to discover, by the appearance of the ground where Henry had fallen, what had been the conclusion of the terrible scene of the preceding night, great was her horror on finding that the grass had been recently removed, and hastily replaced; and that the earth which had been taken from beneath it lay scattered upon the rocks, over which it had been cast into the sea. "It is clear, then," she said, "that it was not a dream, but a dreadful reality. I *did* see him, and he did indeed bid me farewell—and for ever"

She fell senseless on the grave.

When she recovered her senses, she endeavoured to collect all her energy to leave the spot unperceived, and return home. At length she accomplished her object: and when her father asked her what had detained her so long, he turned away before she could attempt a reply; for his Maria was everything to him, and the tears which streamed down her cheeks confirmed his suspicions of her attachment, whilst they prevented any further inquiry into the real cause of her dejection.

Night after night would poor Maria wander to the spot where her lover lay, and sit and watch, by moonlight, the turf that covered his cold remains—clasping the locket to her bosom, or bathing it in tears, until her mind became half frantic: and when the paroxysm of grief was over, so dreadful a gloom would follow, that her father, alarmed at her wretched condition, tried, by every means in his power, to divert her attention, and restore her to her former cheerfulness. It was to no purpose— all around appeared to her a perfect blank; she heeded little what was said to her; her wanderings were her only solace: these became more frequent, but her nightly sufferings were known to no one. Still she struggled against misery, and was always ready to do her duty in the house—to join her father at his meals, and watch over him with the most affectionate solicitude. In her more tranquil

moments, she felt that he was all that was left to her—the only living soul for whom she had any regard.

One morning, she came not down at her usual hour. Her father, alarmed, hastened to her room. Her bonnet and cloak were gone—it was clear she had not slept there. "Gracious Heaven!" he said; "what can have happened?"

He hurried to the Castle as fast as his old and trembling limbs would carry him; but all was peace and solitude. He searched the cliffs—he called loudly on his Maria; but no voice answered him.

Half frantic, he returned to his house. As he entered, he heard some pilots talking anxiously in the kitchen.

"I knew not what it was," said one; "but I swear I saw it spring from the rock, and disappear."

"And so did I," said another. "We were just passing between the Castles,—it was about eleven o'clock; the moon was up, and we were taking out the brig bound up the Straits. I was at the helm,—and I would swear it must have been the ghost of a woman. I never was so frightened; it disappeared so suddenly. The boy Hamilton was looking over the larboard gangway, and he saw it as well as I did."

"When did you see it?" exclaimed Blackaller, who by this time had reached the room. "Where did you see it? what was it like? Speak, man!"

"It was like a tall woman," he replied: "it was on the rocks under the old Castle."

"It was my Maria! Her frenzied brain could no longer bear the weight of its misery, and she has——" but before he could finish his sentence, Blackaller had fallen lifeless on the ground.

His manly heart, which had braved a thousand dangers, had lost the only tie that bound him to the world,—the beloved resemblance of her whose life he had saved at the peril of his own, and who had forsaken kindred and friends to share the fate of the captain of the "Black Rover."

He could have led again his long-lost gallant crew on the most desperate enterprise, and looked calmly on death in every shape; but the last strand of the cable by which his storm-worn bark was moored to life, had parted—his whole soul was bound up in that of his Maria.

Yet the mate's body lay not in the ruins of the Castle.

A seaman, in a wind-bound ship about to sail, had breathed his last, and his captain (as was too often the custom, to save the expenses of a funeral, and yet not cast the body into the sea) brought it to that spot, and buried it, soon after the mate had been carried on board his ship.

The varied scenes of that eventful night had detained the captain and crew of the Meridian till a late hour. A slight breeze from the land enabled the captain to leave the port without waiting for tide or pilot; and thus, in the confusion and distress which his conscious mind now told him he had brought upon himself, he sailed, without fulfilling his last promise to Maria. And if the kind forgiveness of the mate had not wrought an entire change in his fierce temper during their voyage, the sad tidings which awaited their return to England made him indeed an altered man. Henry Mordaunt was ever after to him as an injured son; he was his only care through life; and if the captain's future conduct was a proof of a repentant mind, he died in peace.

The family of Blackaller has long ceased to exist in Kingswear. Some poor relations shared by will the little wealth old William had accumulated, which, if won in strife and blood, was well bestowed on those whom he had long assisted in their honest struggles against biting poverty. It was bestowed on one condition—that he should be buried in the churchyard of his native place, beside his long-lost mother, without any stone to mark his grave. And those who shared his money felt it might be wise in them never to name their benefactor.

No trace where he was laid can now be found. If he had drawn a pirate's sword, let all who hear the story of his life pause and scan their own before they cast a stone at that of William Blackaller.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

1.

In the morning of our days,
Pleasure's sun shines bright;
And basking in its rays,
Scarce we mark time's flight.
So warm our pulses roll,
Sorrow shuns the strife;
The longings of the soul
Are for life—sweet life!

2.

Noon comes—the sultry noon
Of life's fervid day:
As tides obey the moon,
So at passion's sway
Our pulses madly roll,
Yet, with pleasure rife,
Each longing of the soul
Still is life—dear life!

3.

The twilight of our days
Like a cloud comes down;
And o'er hope's shining ways
Casts a shadow brown.
Life's streams forget to roll,
At Love's fitful breath;
And now and then the soul
Thinks of death—sad death!

4.

Drear night delays not now:
Who shall paint that night?
Care riots on the brow,
Where time's snow lays white!
Our pulses slowly toll
Like the grave-knell's breath,
And longs the weary soul
Now for death—sweet death!

ERRO.

THE JINGLE.*

BY MISS MARGARET ORMSBY FITZGERALD.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" she exclaimed, and her eyes filled with tears as they rested upon the shattered form borne towards her. "Gently, gently, Owen, raise your side a little; that will do; come in this way. Look, look! it will knock against the door frame. Set her down very easy,—there now, send Ellen to me, and if you see Honor in the yard, tell her I want her; and then you may go back and see if you can help McCarthy to settle up his car, for the sooner he is on the road the better, as he is to call to the doctor."

Her directions were followed, and with the assistance of the maids she, in a few minutes, consigned the unfortunate lady to her neat looking bed. While undressing her a paper had fallen on the floor, it was an open letter, and Mary laid it on the mantle shelf as, hearing her name called, she left the room. It was McCarthy who had just arrived with the children, and delivering them into her hands; as he bade them good bye, and God bless them, he added, as he left the house, that he would send the poor craythers luggage by the workmen.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.

The room was darkened, but one beam of daylight stole through a chink in the closed shutters, and played amid the curls of that fair child, as she silently passed her hand over the fur of a tortoise-shell kitten which lay quietly in her lap. She was sitting on the floor in the centre of the room, the laugh of happy childhood was upon her lips, but it died away unuttered, for she had been told that she must be very quiet. A transient cloud would occasionally pass over that face as her dark eye, wandering for a moment from the purring plaything, glanced with a bewildered expression upon the bed. Beside that bed sat her brother, every gleam of gaiety banished from his thoughtful countenance, and his dark blue eyes overshadowed by their dark fringes, resting fixedly upon the face of his mother, as she lay deathless and motionless beside him. He knew that she breathed though he could be scarcely said to hear the almost inaudible respirations, and a faint, low moan would show that she was not insensible, he started as the sounds of horses hoofs trotting along the "borein" which led to the house was heard, and a moment after the door opened, and a short, vulgar looking man entered the room, followed by Mrs. McLoughlin.

"She must be removed," he said, in a low voice, pointing to the child, who catching the words looked up imploringly in his face, as she said, "Indeed, indeed, I will be very quiet!" The Doctor made no reply but passed on.

A week had passed in alternate hopes and fears on one side, in pain and torture on the other; fever had come to hasten the march of death, and the delicate frame and worn out constitution of the widow sunk under the accumulated load of ills. Who can tell the weight of the burden, as sickness, sorrow, and anxiety, pressed upon her in that dark hour! Who can tell the agony of those hours of delirium, when in the thick coming and half formed imaginings, that chased each other across her brain, were mingled the sorrow of the past, the suffering of the present, and the anxiety and uncertainty of the future; where the living and the dead appeared to press indiscriminately around her, all with the stony eye, the bloodless lip, and the livid hue of death. The loved and lost were there but not as she had loved and known them; like the rest they came, bearing the impress of the grave, and then they changed and took hideous forms and shapes of nameless horror. But, still, she felt they were the same; one only remained unaltered—it needed not the colorless lip, the pale brow, the black hair falling in masses damp with the dews of death, over the wan, cold cheek, as she had seen her last, when the grave was about to close over her, to assure her that it was her mother; and the eyes, without expression yet full of horrible meaning—she could not shrink from them, they were ever fixed upon her, with that freezing gaze; and then came unspoken words, and sounds of unutterable horror ringing in her ears; she would have given worlds to shriek, but she could not; her throat was parched and dry, her tongue was paralyzed, and her lips would not move to give utterance to the sound. Oh! in that moment of unspeakable agony, her broken-hearted mother was terribly avenged.

A fortnight had elapsed since Mrs. Herbert had been brought beneath the hospitable roof of the McLoughlin's, and having been, during the last week of that time growing daily worse, it was with more concern than surprise, that they heard the Doctor, the evening on which he paid his last visit, say, as he mounted his horse, I do not think that she can outlive the night.

Slowly that evening passed on, and there were more gloomy countenances and sad hearts gathered round that kitchen hearth, than had been seen there during the eighteen

* Continued from page 251, vol. 2.—Concluded.

years it had been in Thady's possession. The song, the jest, the laugh, were hushed, and the few words which were spoken from time to time, and could hardly be called conversation, were uttered in a subdued whisper. The angel of death hovered near them and cast his shadow over that fireside.

The fire was burning brightly as the kind-hearted farmer's wife entered the sick chamber. The strong light of the blazing bog-wood flickered unsteadily upon the walls, and gave a startlingly life-like motion to the inanimate objects within the room, while the laboring respirations of the dying woman fell heavily upon the ear, and contrasted painfully with the light and regular breathing of the children who slumbered peacefully at the opposide of the apartment.

It is at all times an oppressively nervous thing to watch alone by the bedside of the dying, and we must not pronounce Mary to be either very superstitious or very silly, if as she sat alone through all that long night on her low stool, her breath came faster, and the color heightened upon her cheek, as the shadows danced and quivered in the firelight, or that she started and commenced reckoning half audibly the stitches in the stocking she was knitting, to chase the fast thronging fancies, as a gust of wind swept by with a moaning sound, and dashed the rain against the windows, or as it swelled and died away like a wail for the departed.

Slowly and heavily the night had worn on, when a moan and a muttered sound brought her to the side of the sufferer. As she put a drink to her lips she almost started at the change which had taken place in that face; the flushed cheek had become ghastly pale, the flashing light of fever had departed from the glassy and darkening eye, and upon the lately burning brow, the dews of death were stealing. She almost shuddered as those large eyes, from which lustre and expression had vanished, were slowly turned upon her, seeming more deadly black when contrasted with the ashy paleness of the countenance; the white lips moved, she spoke, and the hoarse and broken tones, gasped out between oppressed breathings, grated harshly upon the ear. "Bring me my children," said that hollow voice; they were brought. Oh! it was sad to see that young mother and her children. What a contrast was there! They scarcely snatched from the land of dreams, with drowsy eyelids lingeringly opening upon one of reality; the flush of slumber was yet upon their cheeks, and an almost tearful brilliancy in their half closed eyes; there were they in the bud and beauty of childhood, unblighted by sorrow, unnipped by care, unblasted by sin; the scorching beams of passion had not reached them in the morning of life, the dews of innocence yet rested on them, pure and bright as when scattered by the hand of their maker. And there lay the blighted flower, its freshness departed, fragrance and beauty were no longer there, it had drooped and bent beneath the storm which had scattered its petals, and now, plucked from the stem, it lay blighted, withered, crushed.

Who can tell the feelings of that mother, as she gazed with unutterable tenderness upon her children—for the last time. Oh! what a flood of grief is in those words—*the last time.* Strong, indeed, must have been the grasp of sorrow upon that heart, when it could wring forth the tears which now slowly rose, and filled, and overflowed the glazing eye of death. She spoke: how different were her hoarse tones from those which even in the ravings of delirium had sounded musical and sweet!

"My children," she said, "in that broken voice, "you will be shortly motherless,—you must be then—all in all—to each other—for you will be—alone—in the world."

She paused for a few moments after she had uttered the last words in a choking voice, and no sounds broke the stillness of the chamber of death but her thick gaspings and the sobs of the children; and then love—mother's love, struggling with, triumphing over weakness, suffering, death, in broken interrupted words and gasping breathings, how fervently she blessed, how passionately she prayed for them; how impressively she besought them by the memory of her love, to love one another, to let their loneliness, their orphanage, be but an additional bond to bind them the more closely, how earnestly she bade them, in light or shadow, in sunshine or tempest, in joy as in darkness and sorrow, to cling together, through life, till death. And then the boy, with a strange and solemn firmness in one so young, raised his head from the bedclothes, wherein the agony of his grief he had buried his face, and vowed a parent's, rather than a brother's love, to the weeping child beside him.

The dying woman had ceased to speak, completely exhausted; and for a moment as she bent over her, Mrs. McLoughlin believed that the spirit had departed: she was mistaken. Again the lips moved, but the words were inaudible. She felt that she was unheard, and an expression of intense pain passed for a moment over the countenance of the sufferer then exerting all her energies, with one dying effort she articulated—letter.

"Yes, yes," said Mary, "I have got it quite safely."

A faint smile curled the lip of the dying woman. Slowly the dark eye closed, as with a sigh,—so low, so faint, you rather fancied than heard it, she expired.

"Every toad carries a diamond in its head," says Hope; but in any known toad was it ever found?

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XI.

[SCENE:—*The Shanty. Present—The Major, Laird, and Doctor.*]

LAIRD.—Weel, Doctor, what's the gait in your line? hae ye onything new?

DOCTOR.—Since we last met, I have availed myself of a bye-law lately passed by our worshipful Society of Medicine, and was present at the examination of candidates for licence to practice Physic, Surgery, &c. Fully expecting to find the proceedings of so important and essential a body conducted with scrupulous exactness, I provided myself with all the necessary apparatus for note taking, &c., and settled myself down in as respectable an attitude as a deal bench would permit.

LAIRD.—It's a' richt mon! they wad na' hae' cushioned cheers, as they cud na' expiscate the pheesyological effects o' pressure, so they must 'een mak' the puir body under their thumb-screws illustrate his answers. But tell us noo aboot yon catechism.

DOCTOR.—That's the point. First: of the place. Our friend Cuticle has said so much of the defects of the General Hospital already, that with the certainty of the old pest house being pulled down; I may briefly state that it is in the best room of this worst of buildings, that the Esculapii of Canada are hatched. In the middle of this Doctor's Commons stands a walnut table, such as was formerly used by the denizens of Old York, when its steets *were* muddy—at its eastern end is placed a painted elbow chair for the aged President, and around the thirsty, crumbless board, are six other body-rests for the reception of the corpusses of the Examiners. The-to-be-examined (unfortunate) wretch, is perched off at one corner, at some distance, to prevent the possibility of his getting information from "the understandings" of the table. At a small settle by the window sits the Secretary with all the insignia of office, consisting of blank licences, old pens, wafers, &c. The minutes of the previous meeting being read and confirmed, the President then orders the Secretary to summon each in his turn the candidates for licences.

LAIRD.—Div ye mean to say, mon, that a lairned body o' Breetons wa'd sit doon to a solemn business without a wee drappie to sustain failing natur?

DOCTOR.—True, as you are alive, there they sat as I saw them, dry as one of the bones before 'em, and cold as the wind outside. But take a correct view of our learned medicine men from the scene I'm about to give:

The Secretary passed to the door and summoned in his usual "sweet Irish accent,"—Mr. Seth Obed. Bramble! In answer to this summons, in walked a ponderous nondescript sort of being, by his dress, which savoured of the divine, seeming to implore mercy; and by his sleek, plausible physiognomy, suggesting caution to the Faculty who were to weigh his merits. Last not least, the age of the candidate was sufficiently advanced to bespeak respect for his failings. The gentleman candidate having been blandly motioned to his *seat*, the learned *President* called on *Dr. Labermahn* to test the acquirements of Mr. Seth Obed. Bramble in Latinity and Materia Medica.]

EXAMINER [LABERMAHN.—Mr. Bramble will you be kind enough to translate this prescription:

"R. Baccarum Juniperi contusarum, uncias duas.

"Aqua ferventis octarium.

"Digerantur vaso clauso in loco calido; colatur, et colaturæ adjice.

"Potassæ acetatis drachmas duas.
"Aceti Colchici drachmas tres.
"Syrupi Zingib unciam—Misce.
"Sumatur uncia tertiis quartisve horis."

STUDENT.—Recipe, receive Baccarum Juniperi, of the Juniper of Bacchus uncias duas two ounces. Aquæ fervontis, of fervent water octarium——octari———um ——tarium.

EXAMINER.—Well, sir! don't you remember what octarium is?

STUDENT.—It's a long time since I was to school, sur, and I guess I don't know it, but my sityation is embar'ssing. If I only had my book that's at home——"

EXAMINER.—I'll excuse your naturally slight forgetfulness—octarium means the eighth part —a pint. You see the prescription begins with Recipe, now which of the I's in ' recipi" is short?

STUDENT.—The last i

[This was more than the grave seniors could stand, and I was nearly turned out by the polite Secretary, for ungovernable cachinnations, my risibility passing due bounds; when Professor Rex, looking round at his colleagues, gave one of those mischief-brewing looks, peculiar to himself. Dr. Labermahn having expressed himself satisfied, the President requested Dr. Rex to carry on the inquiry.]

DR. REX.—To be sure, to the end of the chapter. Now Mr. Bramble. The learned Examiner has just heard that the last i in recipe is short. Will you be kind enough to inform this Board how many I's there are in "Recipe."

DR. LABERMAHN.—Mr. President, I protest against the interference of the learned Professor, he has no right to re-commence an examination which is concluded,—he is offensive, and I appeal to you, sir, to enforce the regulations of this Board.

PRESIDENT.—The learned gentleman is correct. Dr. Rex you had better confine yourself to your own duties.

[On this Dr. Labermahn rose and retreated towards the window, leaving his brother to commence anew.]

PROF. REX.—I must say, sir, that as a public officer, I feel it to be my duty to protect her Majesty's subjects from the injury which must result from permitting ignorant men to practice medicine. We have lately had in this city a remarkable instance of the kind; I shall therefore particularly request you to inform me what the symptoms of poisoning by arsenic are?

STUDENT.—The taker, sometime before, seems to feel partiklar unhappy. He gets by hisself and is'nt cheerful-like! Well, he goes on more lonesome and lonesome, till at last he takes the pizen, maybe in Stoughton bitters, or if he is a teetotaller, in hot tea, to prevent suspicion. Soon he begins to holler for pain in his inside, partiklar at the screwbickler cordis, and the humble-lieus, and if he dont send for the doctor, he dies afore he can get to him.

PROF. REX.—Really, sir, you do your school much credit, will you also tell us, what you would feel bound in conscience to do with the poor creature, whom *you knew*—mark you! whom you *knew* had taken arsenic?

STUDENT.—I would give him a dose of copper to make him throw up, and some strong coffee, hot and strong.

PROF REX.—Copper!! now, what form of copper would you use?

STUDENT.—The preparation form—cuprum metallicum, made by Smith, you know.

PROF. REX.—Now, sir, I must have a straight answer to my question—what, sir, do you mean by cuprum metallicum; is it a deutoxide, a protoxide, or an oxide that you mean?

STUDENT.—(*Looking quite blank at the President.*) Yer honor, I never told the gentleman anything about ox-hides!! Its the mil—

PROF. REX.—Now, sir, what is the color of sulphate of copper?

STUDENT.—I guess it's white!

PROF. REX.—Ah! I thought it was blue. Is it an alkaloid?

STUDENT.—Of course it is.

PROF.—Pray, sir, what is an alkaloid?

STUDENT.—An alcoholic mixture.

PROF. REX.—Wouldn't you think of trying a little of your Juniper of Bacchus, now?

STUDENT.—Oh dear no! You know, sir, in our school we are told that gin-sling, brandy-cock-tail, and such likers are positive pizenous.

[Professor Rex here turned to the President and asked him whether he ever heard of "juniperi baccarum" being "brandy-cocktail.]

PRESIDENT.—Brandy be hanged! Did he say so!"

[The learned Examiner was now succeeded by Professor Hayrick, who addressed the Student as follows:]

PROF. HAYRICK.—Well, my old boy, I say, what would you do, with a child—a little thing, you know—that had the—hang it, you know what!—Comes on in the infernal hot weather? Eh, old Coriander!

STUDENT.—Yes, sir, the summer complaint.

PROF. HAYRICK.—Exactly, now.

STUDENT.—I've seen some of that complaint, and I knows nothink that will fix it right off like flour ball, and a-a-a little, very little, Hydrag. cum. cretur, and—and—roobarb.

PROF. HAYRICK.—Very well, now. I havn't the slightest doubt in my own mind, that you'll do; however, we will come to that by-and-bye, after my old friend here (*jerking his thumb over his shoulder.*) Dr. Belmont has heard what you know.

[Thus briefly testing the knowledge of our Student, he rose to allow Dr. Belmont to take his place, who commenced:]

DR. BELMONT.—Yes, Mr. President, I am not yet satisfied with Mr. Brambles' examination, as far as it has gone; and before I give

my vote, I must test the candidates acquirements in one of the most important departments with which the physician has to deal, viz., the stomach!

PRESIDENT.—Pshaw!

DR. BELMONT.—My dear sir, Hunter, the celebrated Dr. John Hunter, has termed the stomach the seat of *universal sympathy*, and sir, I maintain, it is of paramount importance to the physician to know how to administer to the wants of this organ: not only should he know how to prepare, the most delicate dishes, but he should be "well up" in the anatomy of animals,—("*Comparative?*" *inquired Professor Rex, with a knowing twinkle of the eye,*)—the anatomy of animals prepared for the table, and also be able to dissect them readily. Mr. Bramble—(*continued the learned Doctor turning towards the Student,*)—how would you proceed in amputating the leg of a goose?

[A roar from the assembled witnesses followed this question, which was instantly checked by the President.]

STUDENT.—D'ye mean to ampitate the leg of a *live* goose?

[Another suppressed roar, which was met by a most indignant frown from the President]

DR. BELMONT (*in the kindest manner possible, as if to encourage the student.*)—It is seldom, if ever, that the physician or surgeon is called upon to perform any operation on the living goose. I mean, what are the steps of the operation, on one prepared for the table?

STUDENT (*evidently at home*)—The fork should be insurted, a prong on each side of the breast-bone, or *sternum*, and the knife passed down over the *pect'ralis major*, the upper and lower extremities, (wing and leg) are gin'rally sepperated from the trunk at one stroke. But if you prefers sepperating the leg alone——

DR. BELMONT.—No! no! I see you understand the principle. Do you know of any instrument invented to facilitate this operation?

STUDENT.—Yes; the tendon sepperator.

DR. BELMONT.—Right. Were this most invaluable instrument more in use than at present, we would not so often see hysteria induced by fowls coming in contact with new silk dresses.* Do you remember the invenor's name?

STUDENT.—(*Puzzled.*)

DR. BELMONT.—Never mind; the knowledge of the instrument acquits you of forgetfulness as to the maker's name. What important rule must you observe with referenco to the use of the fork, when carving a goose or any other fowl?

STUDENT.—The fork, as I told you before, should be stuck in, one prong on each side of the brest-hone. The anterior part of the fork or outside, to the head, and the *in*terior, or inside, to the tail, *os coccy*, something of the bird, and then you knows, sir, you don't take out the fork till you cut it all up.

[Dr. Belmont here retired, his quarter of an hour being up, and Dr. Stowell commenced his examination on Physiology.]

DR. STOWELL.—Now, Mr. Bramble, what parts of the goose do you consider the most appropriate for a delicate stomach?

STUDENT.—The liver, sir!

DR. STOWELL.—(*Slowly, as if calling to his mind the experiments of Bernard, and the appearances of Kiernan's liver under the microscope.*)—Yes, the liver certainly is wonderful. Can you tell me of any means resorted to by lovers of this luxury, to promote its growth or size during the life of the bird, and is, in an analagous state, induced in man from a similar cause?

STUDENT.—It is practised by some who nail their feet to a board, like this, (*patting the table with his hand,*) the goose's feet I mean, (*he continued bowing*) and placing them before a purty warm fire; at the same time you must feed them largely with food, and give them lots to drink. This treatment is great for giving a fellor (*goose he meant*) a great liver.

DR. STOWELL.—You have answered thus far, though on your language I can hardly compliment you, or the manner in which you express yourself. State to the Board the physiology of the organ, and particularly with reference to the formation of sugar.

STUDENT.—Sugar! never heard tell of such a thing, you know, sir! Some of them English and French know a mighty deal more nor we Cannucks.

[The rest of his answers were given in such an off-hand, easy, nay, cunning manner, shewing he was a perfect master of his subject, that the assemblage, principally students, could not forbear applauding him. This unbecoming praise, like the laugh, was promptly stopped by the learned President, who pointed out to them in a neat and well turned speech the impropriety of their conduct. "For," said he, "Gentlemen, if you are suffered to testify your approbation of the meritorious answering of one student you might be induced to condemn another by a hiss, which would be very unpleasant for the unfortunate student and for this board to hear. Moreover, gentlemen, I would remind you that it is *we*, not *you*, who are the judges in this matter." Dr. Stowell continued examining the student, Bramble, for some time, he giving correct prescriptions for making tea gruel, rice and barley water, soups from the simple broth to the rich and highly seasoned beef-tea; and in "drinks" he was quite at home, apparently forgetting that he had previously stated "his school" considered "such lickers posi-

* The learned Doctor has evidently been studying Soyer.—P. D.

tive pizenous." He brewed "Egg-nog," "Brandy-smashes," "Punches," and "Cock-tails" by the hundred. By-the-by, as there is a little joke attached to the "Cock-tails," I'll relate it. On being asked to give a prescription to prepare a "Gin-Cock-tail," he wrote as follows:—

"R. Simpl. Syrup........ ℥ss.
Sto-ton Bitter........ ℥.j.
Genev............. . ℥.j ss. *a* ℥. ij.
Water............... quant. suf.
Misce per swizzle-stick."

To be followed by 7 grs. jalap and one of cal. every eighth hour—donec alvus bene soluta sit.

PRESIDENT.—Misce per swizzle-stick!—By swizzle-stick!—Please Mr. Bramble to translate swizzle stick!

[This was too much; the learned Examiner, Dr. Stowell, and Professors Rex and Hayrick burst into a loud guffaw, joined in by the whole room, not even excepting the worthy Secretary, who appeared in a grave face got up expressly for the occasion; even the student, who was perspiring as if he had taken a dozen "Dovers," relaxed his face into a grin. The matter was explained to the President by a diagram drawn on paper, and illustrated by a split quill thrust into the inkstand and whirled rapidly about, scattering the inky fluid in all directions. The President said, energetically, "Hang me, I must get one!"

The examination being concluded, the *public* were ordered to withdraw. The scene, however, was far too important to that public to be lost even at the end, so looking at the door of communication between a neighbouring ward and THE room, I made my way thither determined to hear, if I could not see the finale. On the President calling to order, the Secretary asked the first Examiner if he had made up his mind as to the fitness of the Candidate.

DR. LABERMANN.—Perfectly fit.

PRESIDENT.—Professor Rex are you satisfied?

PROF. REX.—Mr. President,—I protest, sir, against this Board granting a licence to Mr. Bramble; you have witnessed, sir, the gross ignorance displayed by the examined; and I'll be hanged if he gets his licence through my vote.

Sufficient voters were found however, to grant the licence; and Mr. Seth Obed. Bramble was turned into a live licentiate. But I believe Mr. Bramble's passing was due more to the knowledge of the stomach he displayed than to any idea he had of medicine. Of the latter he was in my estimation profoundly ignorant.

MAJOR.—Well, Doctor, you have given us a scene. But what is the Laird thinking about? He looks glum.

LAIRD.—I pray the guid God may ha' mercy on me, and when this puir body is laid on a bed o' sickness, that ye'll na' let come near me ony o' ye'er Canadian licentiates.

DOCTOR.—Judge not all by the specimen I have shown you. On the contrary, many of the students passed highly brilliant examinations; examinations, I can assure you, Laird, which would have reflected honor on any Royal College of Surgeons or Physicians in the world.

MAJOR.—Bravo, Doctor! then we have good schools in Canada.

DOCTOR.—Good? Why not. Is talent located in any one spot of this world? Has London, because it is the largest of cities, more talented men than any other city? No! The only reason that there are more men of talent (not *more talented*) in London than elsewhere, is simply because it is so populous.

LAIRD.—Ye'er hot Doctor and rambling. But tell me noo' d'ye think the method o' examining by ye'er board is richt.

DOCTOR.—Hardly proper. It is wrong to admit students. What do most of these know? Besides their presence is embarrassing, rendering one, if nervous, doubly so. Again, the *viva voce* method, though easier for the generality of students, is not so for all. I know many who, if thus examined, lose all command of words, cannot express themselves, but stammer, and stutter, giving an idea of deplorable ignorance to the looker on; whereas if pens and paper were placed before them with written or printed questions, the same men would pass the ordeal with flying colors. I shall suggest to some of the members of the Board the propriety of allowing the student to choose his own style of examination. Exceptions cannot then, possibly, be taken against the examiners, for, in the one case, the written questions and answers speak for themselves; in the other, the Faculty, who ought to be present, can hear and judge of the questions put and the answers given.*

MAJOR.—A capital idea! and one that should be carried out. I incline, however, to the *paper* style as the best, for when a man's words are down in black and white, there's no gainsaying them: they are, if wrong, self condemnatory, if right, greatly to his praise. I would, in addition to the written questions, demand a *viva voce* examination on his answers. It would test his knowledge most thoroughly, and a thesis, doctor, I'd have a thesis.

LAIRD.—Hoot Major! ye'er as cracked as the Doctor himsel' on these points. I'll e'en-

* Would it not be better, with the view of preventing rusty examiners and others from coming into the examination room, examined on one particular branch to show that they had not altogether forgotten all they had learned at school, and primed specially to *pluck* a student peradventure *better up* than themselves on *all other subjects*, to adopt the following plan:—That is to say—the President to write on a dozen or more scrolls of paper, such subjects as may, to his own mind, appear most essential for qualification to practise the various branches of medicine.—these scrolls to be drawn by ballot, by the examiners called upon by the President.—P. D.

mak' a resolution that nae mair shop is to be brocht here. I'm tired o' ye'er medical stuff, and shall tremble at the sight o' a pheesician for the next month, besides it's no interesting generally,—it's too local.

Doctor.—Local, what do you mean, Laird, is that examination of no more than local importance, which is to send life or death throughout the length and breadth of the Province. Do you consider it of no importance, whether a quack,—some ignorant pretender, perhaps, or a competent person, who has really studied, attend you, when laid on a bed of suffering In short, do you make no difference between ignorance and skill?

Laird.—Eh, man, haud yer gab. I want na mair o' your clavers. What hae ye been reading in the buik line, Major?

Major.—*Villette*, by Currer Bell, author of *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley*.

Doctor.—I was not so well pleased with *Villette* as either of her former works, yet it is an exceedingly clever book, and notwithstanding all its faults, well worth a careful perusal.

Laird.—*Villette* is ane o' ye'er strong minded women I suppose.

Major.—Wrong Laird, *Villette* is the name of a town in France, where Lucy Snowe, after setting out on a Quixotic expedition, is employed as English governess in Madame Beck's establishment. She is a strong minded character and battles through life *man*fully.

Doctor.—Currer Bell has certainly delineated a new phase in woman; to her alone is due the credit (?) of picturing the tender, delicate, refined, sensitive female with the mind, power and energy of man. I will not say that these traits of character are incompatible, but they strike the reader as odd, especially as she represents one of her male personages, M. Paul, as a man though highly energetic, yet endowed with a nervous fear or modesty which renders him incapable of declaring to the woman he loves, his passion. This may be true, life-like, in certain instances, but they are exceptions to the general rule.

Laird.—Were Mrs. Currer Bell to visit our republican neighbors she wad be hailed wi' cheers frae the "Woman's Rights Convention," and elected Presidentess forthwith.

Major.—And right worthily would she fill the chair, if one may judge from her works. By the way, Doctor, what thought you of Paulina Hone.

Doctor.—What! The little girl who, before she could speak plain—just able to todd e—had at that early age the gait of a young lady of twenty and the ideas of a matron! Why, she was a curiosity, a *lusus naturæ*.

Major.—I confess I liked her, she was a good little creature, as innocent and guileless as an angel,—fully equal in conception, in my opinion, if not superior to Fenella, or little Eva in Uncle Tom.

Doctor.—Little Eva is a fairer creation to contrast her with than Fenella, who was certainly not a loveable child, but even Eva, who by the way is borrowed from Mrs. Sherwood's tale of "Henry and his bearer," and is but Henry with a frock on—is not a natural child. I really think that the time is lost which is spent in producing these ideal characters. I do not wonder, however, at your being struck with Paulina, as it is easy to see that you read novels for amusement; but I like to critically examine the characters—weigh all their merits and passions, endeavoring to trace in all their actions and conversations some trait likely to be found in the living model, and consistent with the character they are intended to represent. In fact, I dissect them.

Major.—And so you think Polly Hone an unnatural character?

Doctor.—Truly, I do. Were I to meet such a one I would regard her as a physiological phenomenon, worthy of the attention of the faculty. However, when grown up she becomes more natural and I like her better, though she occasionally appears rather matronly,—for instance, overhearing Graham speaking of her as a child, she replies with dignity, "I am a person of seventeen!" I think Dr. John and Ginevra Fanshawe the best pictures, they are both admirably drawn, their destinies clearly fore-shadowed in their characters.

Major—I suppose I must agree with you; however, I also have a small fault to find, and that is, the introduction of the supernatural. No matter how plausibly the appearances may be accounted for, still it is nothing more than claptrap. I have no objections to a good ghost story or fairy tale, yet in a *modern* novel it is both uncalled and unlooked for.

Laird—Ghaists, mon, read the scene. When a lad, I thocht the "Mysteries o' Udolpho" a maist interesting buik.

Major—Miss Snowe has received a letter from Grahame, and retires after nightfall to the garret, in order to read it. (*Reads.*)

"Dr. John had written to me at length; he had written to me with pleasure; he had written in benignant mood, dwelling with sunny satisfaction on scenes that had passed before his eyes and mine—on places we had visited together—on conversations we had held on all the subject-matter—in short, of the last few halcyon weeks. ....This present moment had no pain, no blot, no want; full, pure, perfect—it deeply blessed me. A passing seraph seemed to have rested beside me, leaned towards my heart, and reposed on its throb a softening, cooling, healing, hallowing wing.

"Are there wicked things, not human, which envy human bliss? Are there evil influences haunting the air, and poisoning it for man? What was near me?

"Something in that vast, solitary garret sounded strangely. Most surely and certainly I heard, as it seemed, a stealthy foot on that floor, a sort of gliding out from the direction of the black recess haunted by the m[illegible] cloaks. I turned; my light was dim; the r[illegible]m was long; but, as I live, I saw in the middle of that ghostly chamber a figure all black or white; the skirts strait, narrow, black; the head bandaged, veiled, white.

"Say what you will, reader; tell me I was nervous or mad; affirm that I was unsettled by the excitement of that letter: declare that I dreamed; this I vow—I saw there—in that room—on that night—an image like—a NUN!

"I cried not; I sickened. Had the shape approached me I might have swooned. It receded; I made for the door. How I descended all the stairs I know not. By instinct I shunned the refectory, and shaped my course to madame's sitting-room. I burst in."

After informing Madame Beck and some male friends who were with her, that "there was something in the graniere," she suddenly recollects she has left the letter. Hastening back, accompanied by Madame and friends, she finds the garret dark and the letter gone.

LAIRD—I'll read the buik. I say, Major, did ye hear that I brought in to our freend, Maclear, a wheen *magnum bonum* marrow-fat peas for seed, and he made me put this bit buik in my pouch by way of acknowledgement. Hae ony o' ye read it? It is entitled, "*The Dean's Daughter; or the Days we live in*," and is written by Mrs. Gore. I have often heard tell o' the leddy, but never perused ony o' her productions. Her name aye makes me grew, reminding me of a toss I once got frae a demented bull at Melrose fair!

MAJOR.—You will find the bibliopole's gift worth the trouble of cutting up. I use the expression in reference to the pages thereof, and not to its contents. Though containing little that savours of genius, the *Dean's Daughter* exhibits a good deal of cleverness, and abounds with correct sketches of English fashionable life.

DOCTOR.—When you have read one of mother Gore's stories you have a pretty correct inkling of the whole of her literary family. Madam is a member of the *haut ton* by birth and connection, but being a trifle out at the elbows is constrained to engender novels for the purpose of meeting the demands of her grocer and silk mercer. Hence the truthfulness of her portraitures of the aristocracy; and hence, likewise, the wipes which ever and anon she compliments them with. Evidently she is *riled* that she should be obliged to depend upon her brains for the sustentation of her stomach, and vents her chagrin upon her more highly favoured compeers.

LAIRD.—That's just the way o' corrupt human nature! Tramp upon a cat's tail in a crowd, and the spit-fire will fasten its talons upon the leg o' the victim next her, even though it chance to be her best freend!

DOCTOR.—Mrs. Gore furnishes a practical demonstration of the fact, that little more than a habit of observation, and something to observe are requisite in order to produce a readable second-rate fiction. I defy you to find in the volume under notice a single passage which will stand quoting—it lacks wit, fancy, and invention, and yet you are enticed to read on till you cast anchor at *finis* without having dislocated your jaws by yawning.

MAJOR.—Old Sam Johnson once observed that if the most ordinary cadet of Adam's family recorded the daily occurrences of his uneventful life, the book would be readable, simply because it could not fail to contain many things harmonizing with the experience of the reader. This is the secret of Mrs. Gore's success—the sole secret I may say.

LAIRD.—Being but a plain farmer bodie, I am blate to contradict College-learned pundits, but it strikes me that ye have said enough to show that Mrs. Gore, if devoid of genius, possesses something which is a tolerably good imitation thereof. What is it that constitutes the leading charm of Defoe and Hogarth? Simply the faculty which they possess o' bringing ordinary things—things that are forgathered with every hour of the day on this world's high way, plainly before the minds of the million! If the root of the matter were as shallow as yo would have it to be, we wad hae mair Robinson Crusoes, and Rakes' Progresses to the fore, but I trow that Diogenes would get many a weary tramp with his *boouit* ere he would light upon the marrows of these immortal productions! Na, na neighbours—the authoress of *The Dean's daughter*, even by your ain showing, canna be the sma' beer ye would fain represent her. That glorious auld anti-tee-total heathen, Horace,—with whose writings I am familiar through puir Kit Smart's translation—observed "*it's a fashious thing to describe trifling matters correctly*,"—and it was a true remark of daft Jock o' Kilwinning that "*common sense was na' such a common thing, as common folk supposed!*"

DOCTOR.—Our agricultural chum is getting profound in his declining years! I suspect Laird you have been taking a dram of metaphysics before your sowan's this morning! Why we shall find you gazetted, some of these fine forenoons to the moral philosophy and *Belles Lettres* chair of the Streetsville University!

LAIRD—Hoot awa' with your University chairs! Such berths are far too uncertain, noo-a-days, for ony man to accept who can earn his bit and sup by chapping stanes, or selling spunks!

MAJOR —I commend to your attention a very modest and graceful little brochure, recently issued by the Harpers, called, "*The Bourbon Prince*." It is a simple, unadorned narrative of the sufferings and death of the Royal Dauphin, who *de jure* though not *de facto*, was Louis XVII of France.

LAIRD.—I thought that this puir lad had escaped the fangs of his infernal tormentors, and had cast up the other day as a sober Yankee Mess John.

MAJOR.—That story turns out to be all fudge, and fiddlesticks! Mr. Williams has about the same pretensions to be called a *whale* as a *dolphin!*

DOCTOR.—From the very first the tale had an intensely *fishy* odour, and a pestilent twang of woody nutmegs! You said that Harpers' narration was well drawn up?

MAJOR.—I have read nothing for many a long day which has so deeply "stirred my heart." The compiler by avoiding every attempt at fine writing and embellishment, and confining himself religiously to a plain detail of facts, has produced a picture which the most kiln-dried Stoic could not contemplate with dry eyes. Bearded man, though I be, I am not ashamed to confess that the story of that gentle child's miseries caused me to moisten a brace of cambric handkerchiefs, as Mrs. Grundy and the laundress of the Shanty can both make affi lavit to, if necessary.

DOCTOR.—Enough said! These same handkerchiefs are worth a page of criticism!

LAIRD.—If ye have a minute or twa to spare, I would fain read to you a queer Irish story, written by a dominie in our Township. He is a native of Cork, and I tak' a special interest in him, because, on a stipend of sixty-five pounds per annum, he is bringing up a family of seventeen

sma' children, in "*decency and order*," as the inspired Ayrshire gauger hath it!

MAJOR.—We are all attention.

LAIRD.—Just let me clear my specs, and tak' a toothfu' of—we'll no' say what—to dislodge the cob-webs frae my craig! Noo, then, "*lend us your lugs*," as Mark Anthony said at the wake o' Julius Cæsar!

THE BLACKSMITH AND MAHOUN.

I.

I sing a man—no man of arms was he,
No sighing Damon to his Phyllis true;
My theme is not of love or chivalry,
But of a blacksmith, 'yclept John Carlew.
His father was—but that has nought to do
With this our story, so we'll let it pass.
That he *was* born, is quite enough for you
Mine honest reader,—so pray charge your glass.
I'd like to have your spirits above zero
Before I introduce you to my hero!

DOCTOR.—What would Father Matthew have said to that episodical advice?

LAIRD.—Haud your tongue man, and let a bodie read on:

II.

John was an Irishman—most modern bards
Would here digress into a dissertation
On Erin's wrongs—and spend some thousand words
On that eternal theme—emancipation.
All this I leave to those who rule the nation,
Whether in bar-room or in Parliament,
And will at once proceed with my narration,
The Muse her aid most kindly having lent.
For, though somewhat 'gainst rule, I asked that aid
Ere I my pen upon the paper laid!

MAJOR.—I hugely approve of the course pursued in this instance, by the Milesian birch-flourisher! Nothing can be more teazing and impertinent than for a great hulking poetaster to be invoking the Nine, when he should be attending to the matter in hand.

LAIRD.—I tell you what it is, Crabtree,—if ye dinna reserve your comments till I am done, sorra anither line will you get frae me!

MAJOR.—I sit corrected! *Perge* good, but overly crusty, agriculturalist.

LAIRD.—Ye wad mak a saint crusty!

III.

Our hero never thought about to-morrow;
With him reflection rarely was a guest;
As long as he could beg, or steal, or borrow,
His health, with working hard, he never stress'd,
But aye the bottle lovingly caress'd:
And drank, and joked, and sung from morn till night:
The rising sun saw him go forth, the vest-
Al moon convoyed him home with her chaste light.
Of work or want, he never thought at all
Until his score grew large, and credit small!

IV.

Then frowned mine host, and barred the hostel door
When he approached, and grimly spoke of law,
And jails, and sheriff-officers;—no more
The foaming greybeard waiting him he saw.
A heavy sigh, *imprimis*, he did draw,
And then to Hades doomed the churl's poor eyes,
Swore by his fist he'd fight him for a straw,
And then sore parched with thirst to bed he hies.
That night, at half-past twelve, in the roof
The Fiend came—John twigg'd him by his hoof!

DOCTOR.—A most opportune moment for a *trade!*

LAIRD.—Shut up!

V.

"How are you, John?" quoth he. "I'm middling well!"
Replied our hero—"Hope your Honour's so?
"If not too proud to drink with a poor swel',
"I hope you ll take a drop before yeez go?"
Old Clooty shook his sconce—"Before cock-crow
"I must be far from this, beyond the sea,
"But list whilst I a small proposal show
"If when seven years are passed you'll go with me;
"During that time I'll let you have your fill
"Of drink!" "Long live your Rev'rance, that I will!"

VI.

Ere this I should have sung, how John, one day
Did shoe an old monk's nag, and waiting stood
To get his fee. "My son," the priest did say,
"Silver or gold I have not, by the rood.
"Nay, frown not!—I will tip you what's as good:
"Three wishes—what you please—come, speak your mind;
"My name's Saint Patrick,"—here John humbly bowed.
"I'm sure your worship's glory is too kind—
"May they who grasp this hammer—'tis prime stuff—
"Work on like blazes till I cry, enough!"

VII.

"Granted!" quoth Patrick. "Secondly," said John,
"Your Highness sees this two-armed aizy chair,
"May he who sits on it be kept thereon
"As long's I plaze, though he should writhe and tear
"Like my ould bull-dog, bearded in his lair!"
"You have your wish!—What next? Come, quickly speak it.
"The sun has set—I'm too long here, I swear!"
Cries John—"When I put money in my pocket,
"Until I say '*Come out!*' may it there stay!"
The saint he winked, and slowly rode away.

DOCTOR.—Craving your pardon, *Bonnie Braes*, why did not your vulcanic friend crave for an unlimited supply of lush?

LAIRD.—Wha can tell! Maybe he kenned that the honest man had taken the *pledge*, and that, consequently, the grog, coming frae sic a quarter, would be overly strong of the water. But let me gang on:—

VIII.

John spent the seven years in rarest bliss;
He drank from matins till the vesper song,—
But fleeting is all human happiness,
And the sad day came round at length, ere long.

"Come," quoth Mahoun, "be smart, there, come along,
"I've much to do!" "Be aisy, now, my dear!
"I can't conceive you are so *very* throng,
"I'll be with you directly, never fear:
"Take up this hammer—there's a good soul —do,
"And bear a hand to finish this horse-shoe!"

IX.

Nick forthwith bared his brawny hirsute arm,
And, little dreaming of the treachery,
He banged away till he was precious warm,
And wished to rest himself. Oh misery!
He could not halt! His limb did quickly fly
As if ten thousand of his imps did pull.
To laugh it off he tried, but secretly
Exclaimed, "By Jove I am a verdant fool!
"A good joke this!—but stop it, now Carlew!
"My bones are breaking! Stop John, stop,— pray do!"

X.

In vain he yelled. John stood with bitter grin.
His thumb on nose, and cried—"Encore my dear!
"I did not think such pith had been within
"Your sooty hide! Work on, and never fear!
"You'll make a famous blacksmith in a year!
"Nothing like practice!—Here the victim cried—
"Take seven years more—and cease your pestering jeer!"
The noisy spell was instantly untied.
Mahoun said not, good by, but in a blast
Of hail and thunder from the smithy passed!

Major.—I much wonder that after such provocation he did not carry away the gable of the building with him!

Laird.—Listen to the rest of the ballad, if ye can keep frae hearing yoursel' speaking sae lang!

XI.

These seven years flew swifter than the last
And punctual to a second stood Mahoun.
"Surely" quoth John, "the time is not yet passed—
"I'd bet a pint, your Worship is too soon—
"But since you say so, why this afternoon
"I'm ready to go wid you—here's a chair,
"Sit down your grace—sure that's a trifling boon!—
"Till I a bottle and a crust prepare
"To comfort us upon the road." The D—l
Complied, because at times he can be civil!

XII.

When John saw this he chuckled in his sleeve,
"Rest there, ould buck!" "What's that," cried Nick, "you say?"
Quoth John, "Although to pain you much I grieve,
"I'm thinking I wont budge wid you to-day;
"So just divart yourself as best you may!"
The gull'd one smell'd a rat, and strove to rise,
But sore against his grain was forced to stay;
At which he foamed, and fire flashed from his eyes,
He banned our hero, and he banned St. Peter,
In oaths which will not fall into our metre!

Doctor—Why not anathematize St. Patrick, who was the cause of all this coil and pother?

Laird—There might hae been *reason* in what ye say, but it wad'na hae convened with the *rhyme*.

XIII.

Suppose John free again with seven years more,
And these dispersed like vapour in the blast.
Hornie this time would darken not his door,
But called him out, and off with him did haste.
O'er hill, and plain, and valley quick they passed,
The Fiend was sulky, so he would not speak.
He had determined not a word to waste
On such a knave. But then John looked so meek,
Told stories and sung songs with so much art,
That, in the end, he gained the Foul Thief's heart.

XIV.

"Your honor, as I hear, can change your shape
"To what you plaze!" "True," quoth old Harry, "true!"
And then he seemed a lion, and an ape,
An eagle, jackdaw, hedgehog, and sea-mew.
"But ne'er can I believe," quoth John, "that you
Can coin yourself to cash. Sure you cannot!"
"Look here, you doubter!" And forthwith he flew
Into his hand a bright, new-minted groat!
The blacksmith pouched his plunder in a jiffy,
And sought his native cabin by the Liffey!

XV.

Brief now our tale. John kept the mammon safe,
Till from his covenant he was set free.
He was to have as much as he could quaff,
And all life long remain at liberty.
And though sore nettled was Mahoun, yet he
Was glad, alone, to seek his den again.
The blacksmith spent his days in revelry,
And whilst the breath was in him swilled amain.
I had a moral—something 'bout a sot—
But which, unluckily, I have forgot!

Major.—There is something mightily convenient, at times, in a short memory! I would defy Æsop himself to draw a practical conclusion from the veritable legend which has just been recited in our hearing. As I am an aquarian at present, I dedicate this cheroot to the prosperity of the Laird's poetical pedagogue! May he soon obtain promotion commensurate to his abilities, and the patriarchal number of his olive branches!

Laird.—I thank you, Cullpepper, in the name of the Hibernian Squeers. When you mak' oot your lang threatened visit to *Bonnie-braes*, I must get him up to meet you, or may be I'll bring him to the Shanty at the vacation time. He is quite an original, and has played mony a strange part in the serio-comic drama of life. But, for ony sake, rax me the jug! That reading has made me dry as a pinch of Mr. McMullin's Lundy Foot snuff!

Doctor.—I am sorry you are so drouthy, for our work is yet far from done; have you finished the book you were on the other day?

Laird.—Is it me ye're speerin' at?

Doctor.—Yes, have you finished the Mormons yet?

Laird.—Aye, man! and a queer buik you is. I wadna hae missed the reading o't for saxpence.

Major.—It is undoubtedly a very spirited production, and the public is much indebted to Mr. Gunnison.

Doctor.—I think the women's rights associations

should bestir themselves to combat the doctrines laid down respecting polygamy. Let me read you, Major, some comical extracts that amused me exceedingly, and show the racy style in which the book is written. I dare say you remember the passage:—"The romantic notion of a single love is derided, and met by calling attention, to the case of *parental affection*; where the father's good-will is bestowed alike on each of his many children; and they pretend to see a more rational application of a generous soul in loving more than one wife, than in the bigotry of a partial adhesion."

LAIRD.—That's maist awfu' doctrine, the Mormons maun ken—

DOCTOR.—Never mind what the Mormons *ken*, Laird—just let me finish my extracts first,—listen, Major:—"Every unmarried woman has a right to demand a man in marriage, on the ground of the privilege of salvation; and the president who receives the petition must provide for her; and he has the authority to command any man he deems competent to support her, 'to seal her' to himself in marriage, and the man so ordered must show just cause and impediment why it should not be done, if he dislikes the union; or else be considered contumacious and in danger of the Council." Here is another morceau:—"It is further maintained that there is great disparity in numbers between the sexes, and that the predominance is more than can be accounted for from war, the dangers of the sea, and other perils, and therefore nature indicates the propriety of plurality, as 'marriage is honourable to all.'"

MAJOR.—I presume, then, the inference to be drawn is, that a share of a man is better than to have no property in him at all.

DOCTOR.—Precisely, for is not the time near at hand, predicted by Isaiah, when seven women shall take hold of the skirt of one man, and say, we will eat our own bread, but let us be called by thy name.

MAJOR.—So the Mormons, at least, say, and the men take precious good care to fulfil the prediction to the letter, for Mr. Gunnison represents that the extra wives "most frequently pay their own way by sewing and other female accomplishments."

LAIRD.—It's an even down shame to hear you twa advocating polygamy in sic a fashion.

DOCTOR.—Advocate polygamy, Laird. Heaven forbid, I have always found one wife enough at a time. I'm a peaceable man, and hate disturbance; no polygamy for me.

MAJOR.—And considering, Laird, that during fifty odd years I have not yet "sealed unto myself" one even. You may be sure that I do not court the possession of seven.

DOCTOR.—The bare idea puts me in a fever.

LAIRD.—Ye're just twa ne'er-do-weels that dinna deserve that Mrs. Grundy should sew on a button on your breeks for the next twal' month.

DOCTOR.—When will Mr. Maclear have the book out, Major?

MAJOR—In about a week. I advised him to prepare a large edition. It is so interesting that every one will buy it who desires facts in the history of humanity, on which to indulge in reflection. What I like in the book is, that the writer has not undertaken too much; neither criticism nor controversy are his aim. To use his own words—"His aim is not to shoot 'folly as it flies,' but to let folly turn on its own pinions, and reason regain its sway over erratic feeling, when the mists of prejudices on one side, and of fanaticism on the other, are dispelled by the light of knowledge." The writer has, I think, accomplished this; *the book will be eagerly read*; *and* I advised Mr. Maclear not to fall into the same mistake as he did in Uncle Tom.

LAIRD—What was that?

MAJOR—Why, the having to publish a second, and now a third edition of that most extraordinary work.

LAIRD—Man, you're joking; surely it's no possible that all Uncle Tom's gone already.

MAJOR—It's true as *gospel*, Laird; *there's not* a copy to be had for love or money until Mr. Maclear's third edition, which is almost finished, comes out.

LAIRD—Well, that beats a'; but it's no to be wondered at gin a body thinks o' the buik. I dinna like scarce to tak it up noo; that wee lammie Eva's death, maks a bairn o' me; and I canna read puir Tam's trials without feeling a tear on my cheek.

DOCTOR—Uncle Tom's Cabin is alike a proof of the consummate skill with which Mrs. Stowe knows how to address herself to the weak points of our nature, and of the dross with which our hearts are filled.

MAJOR—Pray, be intelligible, Doctor. Have you been borrowing Dr. Stowell's microscope lately for a minute examination of the parasitical emotions of the heart?

DOCTOR.—No! but I have been looking into my own, and I could not forbear asking myself, after reading Uncle Tom, the question "Am I a Christian."—and, really, I was puzzled to account for my feelings, or weakness,—which ever you please. It was the week before Easter, and I had been studying, carefully, our blessed Lord's eventful life on earth, from his birth to his death, and ashamed am I to say, *that the recital of all his* sufferings and temptations—the recollection of the full satisfaction offered for all my sins—the image of his pure childhood, all these failed to make me exclaim aloud, "Shall man alone be mute? Come rich and poor! come all mankind, and bathe those feet in tears!" I do not believe that it is much more difficult to touch my heart than my neighbor's, I therefore think that Mrs. Stowe's having done what St. John's *Gospel failed to do, is a proof* of the deceitfulness of my heart, and of her consummate skill in so striking the chords as to make our weak nature vibrate and respond to the touch.

LAIRD.—That thocht, Doctor, maks me feel quite ashamed o' mysel',—you've pit it in a light I wad na ha thocht on. Weel, I hope Maclear's new edition will a' sell.

MAJOR.—There's no doubt of that—he is printing it by itself, and with the *cream of the new* work, "the Key to Uncle Tom," added.—The Key, by itself, is *too full* of statistics, to be generally popular, but the extracts from it will form a most interesting addendum. Were you at the last meeting of the Canadian Institute, Doctor?

DOCTOR.—Yes; and very much gratified I was—there were some capital addresses, and I was so struck with Mr Draper's address, that I have in-

serted it in the Magazine, that our readers may share in the pleasure I derived from it, Laird. It is very gratifying to learn that the affairs of the Institute are in so flourishing a position.

MAJOR.—That is owing, in a great measure, is it not, to the late President, Capt. Lefroy's zeal and tact?

DOCTOR.—Almost entirely to his labors and those of the Committee. The President delivered a very feeling speech in response to the address and offering which his departure called forth.

LAIRD.—Ye maun hae a great deal to do, veesiting sae mony places. I heard tell o' your being at the Mechanics' Institute and at the Yacht Club, and I dinna ken whaur beside, can you no tell us something anent them?

DOCTOR.—With pleasure. To begin with the Mechanics' Institute; I had first a very good cup of coffee. The inner man thus fortified, I was enabled to pay undivided attention to the proceedings. Mr. Robertson gave a very good opening address, explaining the present position of the Society. Among other facts mentioned was, that the library consisted of over 1700 volumes. Mr. Freeland, in a very clever speech, touched on the intention of the society, with respect to their new building, which will, I should imagine from the cost, be an ornament to the city. One piece of information I gleaned from Mr. Lillie that Upper Canada has increased in the last sixty years, from 10,000 to over 1,000,000 inhabitants What do you say to that?

LAIRD.—Naething. D'ye mind what Judge Draper says about that: ye may exaggerate ever so muckle, but while ye're talking, the exaggeration ceases.

MAJOR.—Time wears on, Doctor, and I am getting sleepy: our sederunt is becoming lengthy.

DOCTOR.—Before we separate I would like to give you an account of the Yacht Club meetings. This Club cannot have public attention too pointedly called to it. At the first meeting there were fourteen new members admitted and twice that number are expected to join as soon as the question of "where the Club is to moor" is settled. The order in which the boats should lead on the successive Saturdays was also fixed.

LAIRD.—What div ye mean by that?

DOCTOR.—Why, on those days the leader hoists his distinguishing flag, and is a sort of commodore, *pro tem.*

MAJOR.—When will a decision be come to respecting the plan of mooring.

DOCTOR.—The difficulty in this respect originated in the contemplated filling up of the spaces between the wharves for the rail roads, and more particularly for the proposed esplanade. A portion of the press appear to imagine that the said esplanade was to be constructed for the especial benefit of the Toronto Yachts, and having jumbled up gondolas, yachts, &c., in the most extraordinary way, necessarily made a whole host of absurd statements. The truth of it is, that the proposed esplanade will be the most inconvenient thing possible for the yachts; and the increase of accommodation for commercial purposes. the very best thing for them. Yachting is altogether misunderstood by such persons: they look upon it as a mere idle pastime, and very ignorantly connect it with "racing," because at regattas prizes are run for. Yachting, properly considered, is to a commercial and maritime people a most admirable means of operating favorably on the character of youth, by inclining the national taste in a direction likely to be useful to some of the most important interests of the country. It has been asserted of the English Yacht Clubs. by many writers, including foreigners, that a marked improvement is perceptible in the character of that portion of the youth of the country who have adopted that amusement in preference to others, and such has been the effect of the impetus given by the establishment of yacht clubs to the science and art of ship-building, that the commercial and naval marine of England, previously the slowest, has latterly, in many instances, surpassed every other in speed. It is said that the Yacht Clubs of England can turn out 4000 prime seamen; and on these grounds it is, that our gracious Queen has accorded to these institutions so large a share of patronage. Doubless, yachting in Toronto is a very humble portion of the system, but it is still a part of it, and should at least be viewed in that light. A short time since a schooner could not get a decent suit of sails in Toronto; there is now a first rate firm in that department of trade in full operation in the city,—an excellent boat-builder, capable of supplying blocks and spars, has started —all this is the result of the establishment of a yacht club, and may it not lead to further results in helping to establish a ship-building trade in the city, where at present it is difficult to repair a small schooner. These are matters worthy of some serious consideration, and should incline persons to enquire and judge before they presume to condemn. In agricultural exhibitions prizes are judiciously offered for superior productions of various sorts; as regards yachts of every description, such superiority can only be ascertained by their running together to test their speed and weatherly qualities. There is just as much opportunity of betting at a ploughing match as at a sailing match, and in this country far more I believe takes place at the former. As regards safety, fewer fatal accidents occur in yachting, considering the numbers engaged, than in the other manly sports—of course I allude to the use of regularly fitted yachts and not to boat-sailing, that is open boats with sails—it is with these latter that accidents occur, and their use is most dangerous. The difficulty of keeping yachts here arising from the proposed esplanade, has led to these observations, and they are deserving of consideration. At the special meeting on the night of the 16th, the members present affixed their signatures to the petition to Her Majesty praying her to permit the club to assume the epithet "Royal," an honor which it is hoped will be granted. It was also decided to sail in company to the Humber on the 24th May, to celebrate Her Majesty's birthday, and in order to remove every thing of a mercenary character as much as possible from the proceedings of the club, it was arranged that all prizes should be articles of plate instead of purses. In fact every effort is being made to encrease its utility and divest it of the character that so frequently attaches to clubs, of being mere engines of amusement, sometimes mischievous by the habits they engender.

LAIRD.—Eh, man! but you seem to tak' great interest in the club.

DOCTOR.—Of course I do; but not to the exclusion of other matters. I assure you I was quite as much gratified at the proceedings of Convocation.

MAJOR.—An imposing ceremony. It is a thousand pities that this meeting is likely to be the last. It seems to me that the people of Canada are not aware of the advantages to be derived from this University, or they would not thus quietly suffer it to fall, Many, I know, look upon this Institution as an expensive and comparatively useless one; but they were never more mistaken, nor will they see their error until too late to redeem it.

DOCTOR.—It is not for us, Major, to discuss here the propriety or impropriety of the measure now before our Legislature, individually we may condemn it; but it is in the hands of the "collective wisdom" of the country; on them rests the *onus*. Let us rather review the business transacted at their last meeting, and draw our conclusions therefrom. There were six who graduated as Doctors of Medecine, two as Masters of Arts, and nine as Bachelors of Arts. In addition to these, no less than twenty-three entered as Matriculated Students.

LAIRD.—Eh! noo but that's highly satisfactory. But are not maist o' the students scholars who pay na' fees?

DOCTOR.—I see that you, like many others, have got a wrong impression of the scholarships, and the reason why they were instituted. The learned President, Dr. McCaul. stated that out of 180 who have matriculated only 53 are scholars, that is, who either pay no fees, or have an annual stipend as a reward for the excellent examination they passed on entering. Thus the University. like a "good Mother," offers to the poor but talented youth an opportunity of obtaining a good education and of becoming a useful subject of his country.

MAJOR.—And, Doctor, the advantages of a University are more extended than the generality of people suppose. Its influence is felt in the remotest corner——

MRS. GRUNDY.—'Pon my honor, gentlemen, your *sederunt* has been a long one; here have your sausages and steaks been cooking and frying till I fear they are burnt to cinders. But some of you like your meat done to death.

LAIRD.—Na, na! tender and juicy. Come, Major, come Doctor. Meat overdone, forsooth!

DOCTOR.—One minute's patience, my dear Mrs. Grundy, we have not settled anything about either Foreign or Home News,—what's to be done, Major?

MAJOR.—Done? Why, tell every one who asks, that we purpose giving half-yearly, for the sake of reference in future ages, a summary of the principal events of the last six months,—by this plan we shall be able to make a calm review of the past—the heat of political discussion will have passed away, and we shall be better able to judge which of the ephemeral plans constantly agitated merit attention.—Have I spoken well?

LAIRD.—Like a Solomon, at least; but for ony sake, let us awa, I canna thole cauld victuals.

(*Exeunt.*)

AFTER-SUPPER SEDERUNT.

MAJOR.—To business. Laird, your facts—dispatch, for time presses.

LAIRD.—Weel! here they are, just a wheen directions for gardeners. (*Laird reads*:)—

GARDEN, AGRICULTURAL, AND FLOWER SEEDS.

The season for commencing Agricultural and Horticultural operations having arrived, the following plain, practical hints on the cultivation of ordinary garden vegetables, taken from Fleming's printed catalogue, will be found useful to many of our readers:

Most kind of seeds grow more freely if soaked in soft water from 12 to 48 hours before sowing. Seeds of a hard nature, such as blood beet, mangel wurzel, nasturtium, &c., often fail from want of attention to this circumstance. Rolling the ground, after sowing, is very beneficial, and will assist in making the seeds vegetate more freely. When a roller is not at hand, it may be done with the back of a spade

Kidney or French Beans may be planted any time in May, in drills two inches deep, the beans two inches from each other; the drills about 18 inches apart. If a regular succession is required, sow a few every few weeks, from the 1st of May to the 1st of July.

Broad, or Windsor Beans, do not succeed well in this climate, the summer heat coming on them before they are podded, which causes the blossoms to drop off. The best soil to grow them in is a rich, stiff clay, and on a northern border, shaded from the mid-day sun; sow in drills two feet apart, the drills two inches deep, and the seed 3 inches asunder.

BloodBeet, Long and Short Turnips may be sown in a good, rich, deep soil, about the first week of May. Draw drills about a foot apart and one inch deep; sow moderately thick; when the plants are up strong, thin them out the distance of six inches from each other in the rows.

Brocoli and Cauliflower require a deep, rich soil, of a clayey nature, and highly manured. To produce early Cauliflower or Brocoli the seed ought to be sown in a hot-bed, early in March. When the plants are quite strong and hardy, they may be planted out in the garden, about the middle of May. Plant in rows two feet square. The kinds that will do well in this climate are the Early London and French Cauliflower, Purple Cape and Walcheren Brocoli.

Cabbage, both early and late, may be sown any time in May. The best situation for raising the plants is a rich, damp piece of ground, shaded. Seed sown in a situation of this kind is not so subject to be destroyed by the black fly. When the plants are strong, they may be planted out in rows, and managed the same as directed for cauliflower. The best kinds for summer use are the Early York, Battersea, and Vannack; for winter use the Drumhead, Large Bergen, and Flat Dutch.

Cucumbers may be sown in the open ground any time in May. They require a good rich soil. Sow in hills, four feet apart, leaving only three plants on each hill. The cucumber and melon vines are liable to be attacked by a yellow fly or bug. Soot, charcoal dust, or soap suds, applied to the plants, will assist in keeping them off.

Musk and Water Melons may also be sown at

the same time, taking care to sow the different kinds a good distance apart from each other, as they are apt to mix. Plant in hills six feet square, leaving only three plants on each hill. When the plants have grown about six inches, stop or pinch out the top of the leading shoot; which will make the plants throw out lateral shoots, on which you may expect to have fruit.

Carrots.—The most suitable ground for growing Carrots, is a deep, rich soil, that has been well manured the previous year. Sow any time in May, in drills one foot apart, and one inch deep. When the Carrots are up, thin them out, four inches apart, and keep the ground free from weeds. The kinds that are generally sown in the garden are, the Early Horn, Long Orange, and Red Surrey; for field culture the White Belgian and Altringham. The produce of one acre of field Carrots, when properly cultivated, may be rated at from 500 to 800 bushels. In cultivating them on the field system, the drills ought to be two feet apart, and the Carrots thinned out, at least, twelve inches asunder.

Celery.—This vegetable is much esteemed as a salad. To have early Celery the seed requires to be sown in a hot-bed, in the month of March; for winter Celery, the seed may be sown in the open ground, any time before the middle of May. Sow on a small bed of fine, rich earth; beat the bed down with the back of the spade; sift a little fine earth over the seed; shade the bed with a mat or board until the plants begin to appear. Celery plants ought to be picked out into a nursery-bed as soon as they are two or three inches high.—Cut their roots and tops a little, before planting; water them well, and shade them from the sun until they begin to grow. Let them remain in the nursery-bed about one month, after which they will be fit to transplant into the trenches. The best sort of soil to grow Celery in is a deep, rich loam, and in an open part of the garden. Mark out the trenches a foot wide, and three feet between each trench. Dig the trenches one foot deep, laying the earth equally on each side. Put three or four inches deep of well rotted manure into the bottom of each trench; put a little of the surface soil over the manure; dig it well up incorporating the soil well with the manure; dress the plants by cutting off the long leaves and the ends of the roots. Plant in single rows, along the centre of each trench, allowing six inches between each plant. Water them well, and shade them from the sun until the plants begin to grow. In earthing up Celery great care should be taken not to cover the heart of the plant.

Lettuce is easily raised from seed, which may be sown from the 1st of April to the end of June. If good headed Lettuce is wanted, the plants should be transplanted out on a rich piece of ground, in drills, 12 inches apart, and six inches in the drill. The Malta, Green Coss, and Victoria Cabbage are the most suitable kinds to sow, as they head without tying up.

Onions.—The yellow and large red are the best for a general crop. The ground for Onions should be well prepared, by digging in plenty of well-rotted manure. The seed may be sown from the middle of April to the middle of May. Sow in drills, one inch deep and 12 inches apart. When the young Onions are up, thin them out to the distance of three inches apart.

Parsnips require a deep, rich soil, Sow in drills, one inch deep, and the drills fifteen inches apart. Cultivate the same as directed for Carrots.

Radishes should not be sown in the open air sooner than the middle of May. They require a deep, sandy soil, that has been well cultivated and manured the previous year.

Rhubarb is a perennial plant, and may be raised from seed. Sow about the middle of May. When the plants are one year old, they should be transplanted into a very deep, rich soil, in rows three feet apart. The foot-stalks of the leaves should not be cut until the plants are two years old.

Turnips.—One of the best sorts for the garden is the Early White Stone, which may be sown from the middle of May to the end of August.—Sow in drills, fifteen inches apart, and thin out the plants to eight inches asunder. Field Turnips, such as Swedish, Aberdeen, Yellow, &c., may be sown in drills two feet apart, about the middle of May. White Globe, and Flat Norfolk, will do to set about the middle of July. Turnips are very subject to be eaten by the black flies. A good remedy is to steep one night in train oil. This will greatly promote germination, and the growth of the young plants.

MAJOR.—Now, Mrs. Grundy.

MRS. GRUNDY.—I have provided you with a full length portait of the Countess de Montijo, now Empress of France,—the usual fashions, and some other observations.

DOCTOR.—And I with my usual musical olla podrida.

MRS. GRUNDY.—(*reads.*)—

DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

EVENING COSTUME.—Dress of pink satin, the skirt long and extremely full; the second skirt is of pink crape, it is open in front *à la robe;* a broade *guipure* lace is laid on plain round it, on the inner side of which is a trimming of white beads: the body is of pink satin with capes *à revers* of *guipure*, which fall over and entirely cover the short sleeve: the centre of corsage is ornamented with beads, and the top of the *guipure berthe* is finished by a row of trimming the same as that on the skirt.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MONTH.

Some ladies are wearing the full bishop sleeve for morning costume, the fulness confined a little below the elbow by a narrow band; the bottom of the sleeve below the band forming a deep frill: we have seen some sleeves this form at the bottom but with less fulness at the top; they are very graceful and elegant.

Black velvet is a very favorite trimming for dresses; those *à disposition* with with very narrow black stripes woven at the edge of the flounces are the most *distinguée.* Plain high bodies with small *basquines* will be much worn for morning costumes.

In bonnets we have many novelties in preparation; for the interior trimmings we shall have gauze ribbons, in which the patterns will be woven in gold thread, while for dress bonnets narrow gold fringes will be used for trimming the *fanchons* and curtains.

For evening and ball costumes, the materials will be either woven with gold or silver, or embroidered with gold or silver thread: gold or silver blonde will also be much used as trimming for capes, sleeves, &c.

The dress in the plate is from Mme. Eugenie, *Rue Neuve des Mathurins.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LONDON FASHION AND DRESS.—APRIL 7TH.

The promenades of Longchamp usually determine the spring fashions in Paris; but, unfortunately, the ungenial weather of last week proved decidedly unfavourable to a display of gay outdoor costume, and consequently we have, for the present, few or no novelties to record in regard to carriage or walking dress. On the other hand our milliners have been fully occupied in preparing a multitude of elegant dresses for the balls and evening parties of the coming season Among several, of which we have been favored with a sight, we select one or two for description.

The first, a very pretty dress, though plain, is composed of light blue tarletane. The skirt is trimmed with fifteen flounces, which nearly cover it, the space for one flounce only being left between them and the corsage: each of the flounces is edged by a row of satin ribbon. The corsage is drawn in with fulness and straight; that is to say, not pointed in front of the waist, a wide ceinture with flowing ends being worn with it. Two frills ornament the edge of the corsage by a rosette with long ends of green ribbon; the rosette having a diamond ornament in the centre. The sleeves are very short, and trimmed with rosettes similar to those employed to ornament the other parts of the dress, the flowing ends drooping to the elbow. One or two dresses of plain-colored satin have been made in the same style as the one just described. They are trimmed with flounces of Cambray lace, looped up with bows of ribbon, of a tint corresponding with the color of the robe.

Another is a dress of white silk trimmed with twelve flounces, edged with one row of light blue therry velvet ribbon. The *pièce de poitrine*, the lappet which turns over the corsage, and the sleeves are all trimmed in the same way. Head-dress, a wreath of roses without leaves, intermingled with myosotis. Long flowing ends of light blue velvet droop from each side of the head.

RELIEVO LEATHER WORK.

The vocation of Woman is not to assume the attributes of the Lords of the Creation, by seeking power and courting publicity, but quietly to discharge the domestic duties imposed on her in every station of life: to soothe suffering, to dispel discord, to solace the troubled spirit; to console, to alleviate, to sustain—are woman's primary duties and objects in this world; but under the form of general duty there is a vast amount of feminine employment and occupation, which will call forth the highest order of imagination, and bring into play the utmost powers of ingenuity. The Art of Needlework (as the Countess of Wilton has proved in her very amusing and instructive work) is anything but trivial, and its revival in the present age has been very remarkable. This resuscitation of every variety of needlework has been followed recently by another revival of an elegant, useful, and instructive art, commonly called the "Ornamental and Floral Leather Work," or designated by some practitioners as the "Modelling in Leather." There is nothing new under the sun, and although it may be disagreeable to disturb the complacency of some modern leather moulders and cutters, it must at once be distinctly stated, that any assumption of originality in the working of leather—any attempt to claim the glory of being the "inventor of the art," any desire to maintain a monopoly in its teaching, any claim to a speciality of copying—must be based on false premises. The leather work is nothing more nor less than a revival of the most ancient mode of employing woman's time and ingenuity, on record. Skins of animals were the first scanty garments in use, and originated the sempstress's art; small bones of fish or animals being the first-made needles. The "coat of many colours" referred to in the Holy Writ was probably but a little raiment cut out from dried and dyed skins of animals. In the Wilderness of Sinai, in which the hosts of Israel were assembled, we are told that, in the construction of the Tabernacle, "they came, both men and women, as many as were willing, thereto, and brought bracelets and earrings, and tablets of jewels and gold: and every man that offered, offered an offering of gold unto the Lord. And every man with whom was found blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, and red skins of rams, and badgers' skins, brought them." These skins formed the modelling in leather, as well as the spun cloth for the Tabernacle, the outer covering of which, over the framework of boards of which it was built, consisted of tabask skins, over which was another covering of dyed red ram skins with hangings of goats' hair over them. The "girdles of needlework," the "holy garments," and leather trappings and hangings in fanciful devices, with the decorations of the fabric.

The Egyptians were well acquainted with the art of moulding and dressing leather. Stamping in patterns was perfectly done, as well as the interweaving with the needle The gorgeous costumes of the Queen of Egypt were a matter of profound study, and a special dowry was assigned to provide jewels and the most costly articles of the toilette. In the Egyptian room at the British Museum will be found the figure of Orsokon I. or II. and Amourna Harsaphes, in embossed leather. These specimens are believed to be the most ancient in existence, and their manufacture dates more than 800 years before Christ. The gilt and embossed leather cross for the vestment of a Copt priest, with a double spiral pattern, over the door of this same Egyptian collection, is also evidence of the very early use of leather in decorative art. It seems curious, certainly, that with such historic proofs in existence, such daring declarations should be promulgated as to the invention of ornamental leather work in these later times. Stamped leather was employed by the Egyptians to cover their ebony chairs, fauteuils, and couches.

Leather cuirasses were worn by the Greeks, and there can be little doubt that the women, who were so skilful in tissue work, worked at these gorgeous thoraces. Homer and Pliny refer frequently to the "tapestric works" of the ancients, and there are innumerable specimens to be found, in Italy and Spain, of the leather hangings, dra-

peries, and decorations of the dark ages. Tapestry is generally considered to be of wove wool or silk, but it has been made of every kind of cloth, canvass, paper, and leather. Belgium, Holland. France, and England have produced exquisitely gilded and silvered leather hangings. Venice, Geneva, Boulogne, and Italy have been famed for their leather work. The imitation of carving in wood by cutting in leather was much practised in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in the Italian States. In Holland, where such magnificent cabinets of wood-carving are to be found, leather was originally resorted to, to cover the minute tracery, the pliancy of the material fitting into every crevice with much exactness. Some curious leather tapestry hangings are to be seen at Oxford and Blenheim, the seat of the duke of Marlborough. Historical records might be examined with the greatest interest to follow the march and development of modelling in leather, but sufficient has been shown to establish the antiquity of the work, and to prove that the present taste for this ancient "crafte and scyence," is nothing but a revival. and not an invention of the present epoch, as it has been somewhat unscrupulously pretended. Our notion is to give a popular explanation of the system—to indicate to our readers the mode of working, to hold out to every lady "with nimble fingers" and ordinary taste, the expectation that, with the aid of a few lessons, this most elegant, useful and fascinating accomplishment may be attained. And in styling it an "accomplishment," perhaps justice is scarcely done to the relievo leather work. It deserves a more solid title, when it is considered that it is equal, and in lightness it is superior. That ladies in the highest circles of society should take such an interest in the leather modelling is therefore not surprising. It is agreeable to place a print within a frame of one's own manufacture, and it is more delightful to gaze on a work of sculptured art, poised on a bracket of one's own formation than to see it perched on the ponderous framework of angular carved wood. Needlework, knitting, and crochet have their fascination, but the universality of the application of leather to ornamentation and decoration will render the imitation of carving infinitely more captivating to those who labor with tact and zeal at the moulding. There is ample opportunity afforded for the development of fancy, taste, imagination, and ability in the practice of the leather work. Patterns of fantastic shape, as well as of exquisite beauty, may be invented; for it is not merely as picture frames, cabinets, boxes, scrolls, friezes, brackets, flowers, fruit, arabesques, &c., that the ornamental leather work can be confined. It may be no longer profitable for modern Matildas and Linwoods to "pore over the untraceable mazes of tapestry, to revive the book-binding days of Good Queen Bess," but there are many attractions in store for the domestic hearth in the practice of leather modelling, as well as of ornamental needle-work. It is, of course, well known that ladies of rank and distinction in many parts of the Continent do not hesitate to work embroidery for sale. In this country, for the purposes of charity, our aristocratic ladies not only prepare their needle-work for the bazaars, but preside at the stalls as venders of their ingenious articles; and the tendency to fill the parlour and drawing-room with many specimens of the handiwork of the lady of the house is sufficiently manifested. The ennui and despondency of solitary hours cannot be better relieved than by useful occupation to adorn and decorate home, for the comfort and covenience of those most dear to the "charmed circle."

THE WHITE SLAVES OF FASHION'S VOTARIES—A MILLINER'S EXPERIENCE.

I have been engaged in this business for fourteen years, at different "first-class houses," and, as my health is now suffering from the "late-hour system," I have been prevailed upon by this medium to give that information which experience has taught me, in the hope that some enterprising and humane individuals will exert themselves to break the chains of that slavery under which so many thousands of their countrywomen are bound.

I will now speak of a recent engagement of mine, and which in the "one" case will illustrate the majority of the "fashionable houses." I held the position of what is called "first hand," and had twelve young people under me. The season commenced about the middle of March. We breakfasted at six, A.M., which was not allowed to occupy more than a quarter of an hour. The hard work of the day began immediately. At eleven o'clock a small piece of dry bread was brought in as luncheon. At that hour the young people would often ask my permission to send for a glass of beer, but this was strictly prohibited by the principals. as they insisted that it caused a drowsiness, and so retarded the work. At one o'clock the dinner-bell rang, which repast consisted of a hot joint twice in the week, and cold meat the remaining five days, no pudding, and a glass of toast and water to drink. To this meal twenty minutes were given. Work again till the five o'clock summons for tea, which occupied fifteen minutes. Again to work till called to supper at nine, which also occupied fifteen minutes, which consisted of bread, cheese, and a glass of beer. All again returned to stitch, stitch, till one, two, or three in the morning, according to the business, while Saturday night was being anticipated all the week, because then no one would work after twelve. With this one night's exception, all the rest we had for three weeks, from the end of May to the middle of June, was from three till six, while three nights during that time we never lay down. I leave your readers to imagine the spectral countenances of us all. I shudder myself when I recall the picture.

At midnight each one received a cup of strong tea—as the principals said, "in case we should feel sleepy, to arouse all to work." In what state of health could July, the termination of the season, be expected to find us, poor "Fashion's slaves?"

Now, for this cruel, inhuman treatment of womankind, who in dress-making houses toil harder than any labourer is the brick field, there is one very simple remedy, employing a proper number of hands to do the work. There are always plenty seeking employment, but it is from the sordid love of gain that those already engaged may work themselves into their coffins, in order that their employers' cash-boxes may be the more speedily filled.

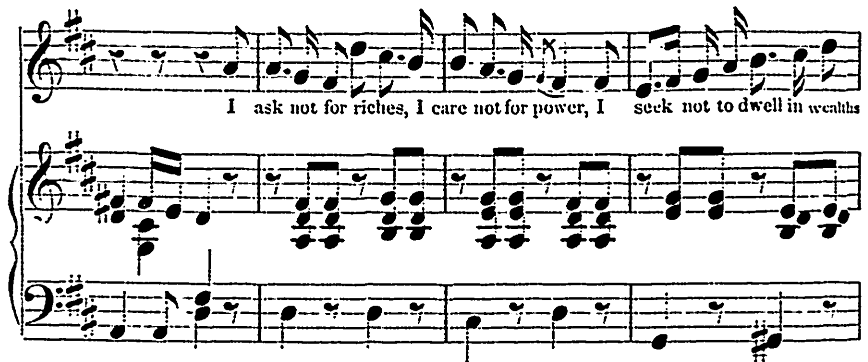
MY AIN FIRESIDE.

A Ballad.

THE POETRY BY THE REVEREND R. J. MACGEORGE;

THE MUSIC

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.



maniac's song, Give me the sweet smile of my bonnie young bride, And the calm blithesome blink o' my

ain fireside, My ain fireside, My ain fireside. The calm blythesome blink o' my ain fireside.

When the storm of misfortune broods over my path,
When friendship is cold as the ice trance of death,
When life seems a desert all cheerless and wild,
And the night shade springs rankly where roses once smiled,
What beacon my wandering footsteps may guid?
'Tis the calm blythesome blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, &c.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

We notice great preparations going forward, under the auspices of Messrs. Small & Paige, in the musical way. Their advertisement promises pianofortes of superior manufacture, warranted as to solidity of workmanship, brilliancy of tone, and tastefulness of finish—all carefully selected, too, by Mr. Paige, whose reputation, we should imagine, would be a guarantee for the qualities of the instruments. They announce every kind of musical instruments, ending in ums, ons, ines, or as, such—harmoniums, melodeons, seraphines, or flutinas, in fact every kind of instrument intended to discourse sweet sounds, with the newest and best German, Italian, French, and English music. These good things, too, are not for Torontonians alone, but are also for parties at a distance, to whom the greatest care and punctuality are offered in the execution of their orders. We have no doubt but that what Mr. Paige promises he will perform, and if his stock of music offers half the attraction that his concerts have done, he will soon find his establishment, which is on King Street, three doors west of Yonge Street, insufficient for his aim,—to supply good instruments and music at the lowest rates.

Alboni, Salvi, Marini, and Beneventano continue to delight New York audiences at Niblo's, where some of Mozart's, Rossini's, and Bellini's best operas have been produced. According to our New York contemporary, the *Musical Times*, Alboni, in La Favorita, "melted upon the susceptibilities of the audience like a snow-flake." Sontag is in Philadelphia, where she has been drawing crowded houses. When shall we hear her? Perhaps, when Jullien arrives, it will be found judicious to leave the field clear, especially as with such a troupe as he brings with him, no counter attraction will be found sufficient. Koenig, the prince of cornetists; Baumann, the potent bassoonist; Wuille, far-famed on the clarionet; Pratten, the popular flautist; and Bottesini, great on the double bass—all these accompany him, as well as Anna Zerr, whose triumphs have been too recent to require farther mention. Will Canadians benefit by all this? We hope so.

MR. PAIGE'S SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

Mr. Paige's last Concert for the season came off on the 21st; the house was full, but not so inconveniently packed as on the last occasion. We think that the public seemed more pleased with this than with either of the two preceding concerts, and certainly the programme appeared to have been most judiciously made-up, so as to gratify every taste.

The piano used was one from Mr. Paige's establishment, and its clear ringing, yet sweet notes in the first bars of the opening "*Concertant à quatre mains*," were felt in every part of the room.

The first piece, a trio, from "Cosi fan tutte, La mia d'orabella," by Messrs. Humphreys, Hecht, and Paige, was brilliantly executed, and encored.

The next duo, "Giorno d'orrore," from "Semiramide," by Miss Paige and Miss Emily Paige, was very well sung; as was also the duetto, from Belesario, "Ah! se potessi piangere," by Miss Paige and Mr. Hecht. Both this and the terzetto, from Attila, "Te sol quest anima," were admirably sung, the last especially was decidedly the *bonne bouche* of the evening, but was not, we think, sufficiently appreciated by the audience. To us it appeared far more deserving of the encores awarded to some other songs during the evening.

Mary Astore, a ballad, by Glover, was very sweetly and feelingly given by Mr. Paige, who was in excellent voice, and was rapturously encored. "Savourneen Deelish," by Miss Paige, was sung in a manner that spoke to the heart. Each time that Miss Paige appears before us, she gains more upon our feelings and sympathies. We cannot help liking one, who, with perfect simplicity, and the utmost freedom from affectation of any kind, awakes in our bosoms such pleasurable emotions. If Miss Paige continue in Toronto, we may safely prophecy that she will soon be the most popular person in the city.

We cannot particularize all the songs. Suffice it to say, that they were all very creditably sung. We noticed that Mr. Paige very judiciously allowed Mr. Clarke to play the aria from "Lucia," a sa solo on the Cornetto This was done as the mute used by Mr. Clarke, to produce the effect of distance, rendered his instrument sharper than the piano. It was, however, very prettily played We are glad to observe, that the success of these concerts has been such as will induce Mr. Paige to give another series next season.

ORGAN FOR ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

The organ for this Church will be in its place by the 17th May. We have learned from connoisseurs, who have had an opportunity of hearing it, that it deserves all that has been said in its praise. We are glad of this, for really the present choir of St. James' deserves a fine instrument, as there is no other in Toronto except St. Michaels, that can pretend to execute Psalms and Chants so artistically. The singing in this choir is really very fine and it would be well if some other choirs in the city would endeavour to equal them.

LITERARY NOTICES FOR THE MONTH.

BOOKS FOR SALE BY T. MACLEAR, 45, YONGE STREET.

The Bourbons.—The Bourbon question has made a good deal of noise among the reading circles during the last two months. Many attempts have been made to find out the Dauphin of France; and many have maintained that he is living; many others that he is dead. Without adverting to conjectures, we proceed to the facts which relate more immediately to the question in its present bearing. In the January number of Putnam's New Monthly Magazine an article appeared, entitled "Is there a Bourbon among us?" —which created a very considerable degree of excitement. The article set forth that a Rev. Mr. Williams, a missionary at present labouring among the North American Indians, and a very venerable and respectable old man, was the Dauphin of France, son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, and would and ought to have been Louis XVII. The article went on to show that this old gentleman had been among the Indians from youth; that he had been idiotic, but on leaping or falling suddenly into water, he had been restored to the use of his senses; prior to this he remembers nothing. He was thenceforth reared among the Indians, and, becoming a serious man, he gave himself up to the work of the ministry among them. In 1841, when Prince de Joinville visited the United States, it seems he inquired soon after his arrival, for the Indian settlement in which Mr. Williams was laboring, and for Mr. Williams himself,—found his way to the one, and an interview with the other. Further, it seems that a Mr. Bellanger, who died a few years ago at New Orleans, confessed, on his deathbed, that he was employed to bring the Dauphin to America; that he did so; that he placed him among the Indians; and that he was supplied with the means of paying his boarding and supervision. These and other facts in the chain of circumstances which run through the article in Putnam, render the case one of very circumstantial evidence.

Strange to say, about the time when this article appeared in America, a work appeared in Paris, elaborate and well written, by M. Beauchesne, giving a full and extensive account of the sufferings and death of the Dauphin in the temple; the author, of course, *assumes* the death of the young Capet as a fact, and details his sufferings. On the arrival of the January number of the Putnam periodical in England, Prince de Joinville wrote, through his private secretary, to the editors, contradicting the whole story, and recommending Beauchense's work to the perusal of the transatlantic people. Meanwhile April arrives, and, in the number of Putnam's Magazine for the said month, a second article appears, embodying the Prince de Joinville's letter, with a closely-worked chain of twenty-seven links, so perfect and so complete that it seems almost to amount to demonstration. The case is strong, circumstances *dovetail* so very closely and correctly, that no one can read the article without being convinced that, if not true, it is at least amazingly probable. Immediately after the issue of Putnam's Magazine for April, an epitomized edition of Beauchesne's great work, *in English*, was published by the Harpers, in a small 200 page volume —which book we have read with the deepest interest, and certainly we have never shed as many tears over twice as many pages. The volume enters not on the question of the Dauphin's life and death as a *polemical* question. It *assumes* the fact, and then details at length the sufferings, miseries, privations, insults, barbarity, unspeakable cruelty and inconceivable brutality which the poor young Dauphin suffered in the Temple. The conduct of Simon, the shoemaker, towards the unfortunate child during his wretched mother's life and after her murder, baffles all description. How the human mind could conceive such schemes of brutality, murder, cruelty, and wantonness, we really cannot conceive. This volume we would recommend to every reader. Uncle Tom's Cabin—a romance *founded on fact*—is a most thrilling story, but not so thrilling as the volume we have thus noticed, not founded on fact, but fact itself. We have, however, already exhausted this work in the Shanty.

The HARPER's have also issued an additional instalment in several volumes of Coleridge's works, already noticed at length in preceding numbers. Coleridge is now known to the literary world—having been reviewed and re-reviewed by all sorts and *sides* of critics for twenty years, indeed, for fully one quarter of a century. This work must *tell* and *sell*. He was a great man—we care not whether he is viewed as a theologian, a philosopher, or a poet—Coleridge was a great, a truly great man. He was a man of profound capabilities of thinking, of strong imagination, of mighty capacities of analysing, and in every department of reflection, over which his great mind roamed, he felt perfectly *at home*. He was a good philosopher, a good theologian, a good poet, above all he became a good man.

The Harper's have also issued *The Child's History of England*, a work allready unparalleled in point of popularity in England. This work, the first volume of which has appeared, and will soon be succeeded by others, is calculated to bring the history of England into the nursery, and to make it supply the place which "Jack and the Bean Stalk," or "Raw Head and Bloody Bones," and other flimsy trash used to fill in our domestic and nursery libraries.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, third edition,—unprecedented sale in Toronto, 13,000 in a few months. Mr. Maclear will issue in a few days his *third edition* of this unparalleled work—one which has become the rage of the civilized world, Mrs. Stowe has acquired a fame which no modern authoress has yet attained, and none may be expected to outshine. In Europe and America there seems to be no limit to the circulation of this popular work.

The Mormons.—Mr. Maclear will issue in a few days a work entitled "The Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake," by Lieut. J. W. Gunnison, one of the American officers in the Engineering Department. The Westminster Review and other Reviews have lauded it as the most correct and fair exponent of Mormon views. We have read this volume and would commend it to the perusal of every one who wishes to acquire a correct view of the abominations of this horrid system.

Blackie & Son, of Glasgow, have issued *Notes on the New Testament*, by Albert Barnes, Philadelphia. This volume embraces the four gospels. Barnes as a commentator, and especially as a practical commentator, stands high in Great Britain—indeed higher than he does in his own country. For Sabbath School instruction, the Notes of Albert Barnes are not exceiled by those of any other writer. He is not exactly as orthodox on some points as we could wish, but he is nevertheless a good writer—a noble Theologian—a learned man and a most laborious Student. Few if any men who have had charge of a leading congregation in a large city for such a length of time have done as much to advance the interests of Bible Literature and of Scripture Knowledge.

Cabinet History of England, Civil, Military and Ecclesiastical, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar, to the year 1846. By Charles Macfarlane, in 2 vols. The foregoing volumes are got up in very excellent style, and embrace in a small compass the entire history of Eng'and—abridged —yet not omitting anything essential, and written in an easy and racy style.

These volumes owe their chief value to the fact that they are better suited for domestic reading, than the common books on the subject of English History, and along with "The Child's History of England" recently issued on both sides of the Atlantic, this book furnishes a useful collection of Historical information.

The Whole Works of John Bunyan are issuing in monthly parts, price half-a-dollar, edited by Robert Philip, Author of "The Experimental Guides," &c. The parts of the above work which we have inspected, yield the clearest proof that this edition is one in every way entitled to the high credentials which it has obtained from the most distinguished divines in Europe.

Strange to say, although Bunyan is perhaps the most popular writer on practical Religion in the English language, yet you scarcely ever meet with a uniform edition of the work. The society for the republication of "The Puritan Divines," which, like most of its kind has become defunct—issued a few volumes—it might have published them all had it succeeded, but except that of Blackie and Son, in large double columned octavo, we have seen no edition of Bunyan exactly to our mind. We would heartily recommend the edition ju-t noticed to every family.

Railway Machinery—a Treatise on the Mechanical Engineering of Railways, embracing the principles and construction of Rolling and fixed Plant, in all departments, illustrated, by a series of plates on a large scale, and by numerous engravings, by Daniel Kinnear Clark, Engineer.

The above great work is now being issued in parts, large quarto, with splendid drawings, and beautifully executed engravings on steel. At this stage of Railroad Engineering in Canada, this cannot fail to be a most valuable and popular work; no Engineer's library is perfect without it. A few parts have been placed before us for inspection, and touching the style and structure of the work, we cannot speak too highly.

Cabinet-Maker's Assistant, being a series of original designs for modern furniture.—A large quarto, with magnificent steel engravings. Blackie and Son, are sending forth this valuable book, to subscribers only, at 2s. 6d. sterling each number. The design of the book is good, the style excellent, and the execution of the steel engravings perhaps the finest of any of their other works. To Cabinet-makers this work is a *sine quâ non*.

Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte, by M. de Bourienne, with continuation till his death at St. Helena, with numerous anecdotes from authentic sources. Blackie and Son are issuing this work in parts. Bourienne's "Life of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte" is, perhaps, the most correct and authentic extant. The reason is that the author was a school-fellow of Napoleon, grew up with him and retained his kindly feeling towards the Emperor, being an officer in his army, and his confidential friend till near the battle of Waterloo, when a circumstance occurred which created a coolness between them, and thus the knowledge, personal and private, which few if any save Bourienne possessed, is turned to an admirable account. Many things published in this volume might have been suppressed but for the coolness between Napoleon and his friend the author—while many things known only to the author respecting the school-boy days of Bonaparte are here detailed, and invested with a great degree of interest. We have read no life of Napoleon which seems to us to have given a fair delineation of his *real* charecter, with so much accuracy and interest as that of Bourienne.

Devonport & De-Witt, of the Tribune Buildings, have recently issued, in pamphlet form, an edition of the *Apocrypha of the New Testament*, which is indispensable for classical purposes. We have read it with care. The apocryphal works of Scripture are not popular; but yet they may and ought to be read by the student of theology. Every man who undertakes the "office of a bishop" ought to be familiar with the Epistles of Ignatius, and the Gospel of St. Mary, as well as the "Protevangelion" and the Gospels of the Infancy of Christ, not to speak of the Epistles of Clement and Barnabas, and the Gospel according to Nicodemus. On this account we recommend only as a matter of curiosity the perusal of the Apocrypha of the New Testament. The edition before us costs a mere trifle, and till recently the work was scarcely accessible.

Harper & Brothers have recently issued a book by Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox of Brooklyn, entitled *Interviews, Memorable and Useful*, containing interviews with Dr. Chalmers and other great men; and seldom, if ever, have we read such a mass of stuff. The work is obviously written to puff off his own powers,and reminds us of a little nursery rhyme we used to repeat in our boyhood days—

> Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
> Eating his Christmas pie;
> He put in his thumb and pulled out a plumb,
> And said, what a Big Boy am I.

Blanchard & Son, of Philadelphia, have published, in one volume 8vo, the Lives of the Queens of Henry VIII, with a biographical sketch of the life of his mother, by Agnes Strickland. The volume before us is made up of *seven* most interesting lives—the mother and the wives of the worst man that ever held a British sceptre, or wore a British crown. The name of Agnes Strickland will, of course, be a sufficient guarantee for the popularity of the work.