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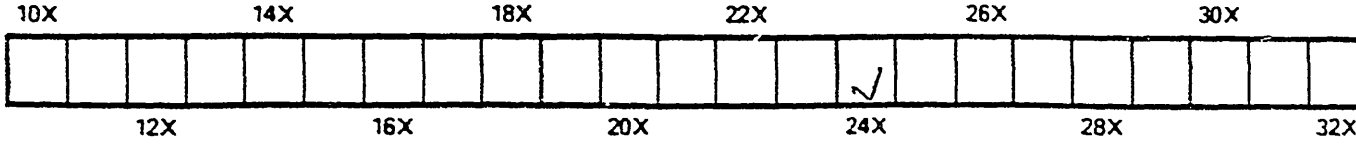

THE

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

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Expedition under Gen. Wilkinson.

We will follow the fortunes of the commander-in-chief, first, assigning due deference to his rank. The point selected for rendezvous was Grenadier Island, some eighteen miles distant from Sackett's Harbour; this point had been chosen for its contiguity to the St. Lawrence, and at this place, after various casualties, the expedition, amounting to some eight thousand eight hundred men, arrived by the 24th of October. Previous to the arrival of the troops the following correspondence had passed between General Wilkinson and Commodore Chauncey:—

"The main body of the division of the army at this point (Niagara) has sailed to join that at Sackett's Harbour, at the head of the St. Lawrence, with the design to reduce Kingston and Prescott, and to proceed thence to Montreal.

"The main body of the enemy's force is, in this vicinity, at the head of the lake and in York, leaving Kingston very weak.

"The enemy's squadron, beaten and forced to the head of the lake, is not in a situation to attempt the regaining of Kingston harbor, while the American squadron keeps an eye upon it.

"Under these circumstances, will it be for the interest of the service, that the American squadron should accompany the flotilla with the troops, or shall it watch the British squadron, effect its destruction, and prevent the sudden transport of the division of the enemy by a rapid movement by water to reinforce Kingston?

"It strikes me, that, in the first case, the enemy being apprised of our intention, by our movements, which cannot be concealed, may, with the aid of their squadron, reach Kingston before our troops are embodied and organized for the attack; and thus the reduction of the place may be spun out to the consumption of the season, and, of course, the main design must fail.

"In the second case, while the American squadron blocks up that of the enemy at the head of the lake, the flotilla will enjoy a free sea, and the British, by being cut off from transport by water, will be thrown back in their arrival at Kingston; long before which period the place must be taken, and our army landed on Montreal Island—no act of God intervening to thwart our intentions."

Fort George, Oct. 1st, 1813.

To this communication a prompt reply was made by Chauncey.

U. S. Ship Pike,
Off Niagara,
Oct. 1st, 1813.

"DEAR SIR,—The reasons you assign, in your memorandum, why the American squadron should remain in this vicinity, in preference to accompanying the flotilla down the lake, are so conclusive, and correspond so exactly

with my own ideas and wishes on the subject, that I have no other to offer. I will barely observe that my best exertions shall be used to keep the enemy in check in this part of the lake, or effect his destruction. Yet, with my utmost exertions and greatest vigilance, he may (when favoured by a strong westerly wind) slip past me in the night, and get eighteen or twenty hours start of me down the lake, before I can discover his movement. If that should be the case, I shall lose no time in following him, with so much celerity, as to prevent his interrupting you in your operations upon Kingston."

ISAAC CHAUNCEY.

The Secretary at War (General Armstrong's) observations so entirely coincide with our own view of the case that we are tempted to transcribe them, adopting them fully.

"That a project, giving to the fleet a false position; diverting it from the important duty of covering the descent of an entire division of the army from Fort George to Sackett's Harbor, and thereby directly exposing it to capture or destruction, should have met the high approbation and cordial welcome of the naval commanders, is a problem not easily solved."

Subsequent events confirm this opinion, as Sir James Yeo, who was not the man to allow himself to be confined in port, pushed boldly into the lake, and arrived at Kingston on the 7th. The most unfortunate part of the affair for the British was, that Sir James kept the northern side of the lake, and thus left the boats carrying the division (much dispersed and wholly defenceless) without molestation. Had he been compelled, by adverse winds, to beat down the lake, the probability is great that he must have fallen in with the flotilla, and in such a case the fate of the division would have been sealed.

It had been anticipated by the American commander that General De Rottenburg would have taken measures to reinforce Proctor, and provide for the defence of Malden, but instead of doing so, that general despatched nearly all his effective troops, under convoy of Sir James Yeo, to provide for Kingston.

Having thus brought the Americans to their place of rendezvous, and seen the British reinforcements arrive, in safety, at Kingston, we will accompany the American general-in-chief in the demonstrations, which followed, to his abandonment of the movement against Kingston.

Having only eight thousand men, and the British at Kingston now numbering nearly two thousand, it was deemed advisable to substitute Montreal for the point of attack, especially as Commodore Chauncey volunteered to watch both channels, so as to ensure a quiet sail, or pull, down the river to the flotilla. Unfortunately, however, the American commodore was as little competent to execute one undertaking as the other, and no sooner was the expedition consisting of three hundred large boats, exclusive of schooners, sloops, and twelve heavy gun boats, safely under weigh, than two brigs, two schooners and several gun boats were on the "qui vive" to annoy them. The first detention was at French's Creek, directly opposite the point, at which an army, destined for Kingston, might be supposed to land, here a halt of some five or six days occurred, during which time the flotilla and troops were much annoyed by the teazing British vessels from the bay opposite French Creek. On the 5th November, another start was effected, and a place called Hoag's, four miles below Morrisville, and about fifty from French Creek, was reached. At this point the water procession halted preparatory to passing Fort Wellington, distant six miles farther. The general here drew up, agreeably to established custom, a proclamation, addressed to the inhabitants of the country he was about to conquer. "For its brevity, no less than its moderation," says James, "it far surpasses anything of the sort hitherto promulgated by an American General.

"Proclamation of James Wilkinson, Major General and commander-in-chief of an expedition against the Canadas, to the inhabitants thereof:

"The army of the United States, which I have the honor to command, invaded the province to conquer, and not to destroy; to subdue the forces of his Britannic Majesty, not to war against unoffending subjects. Those, therefore, amongst you who remain quiet at home, should victory incline to the American standard, shall be protected in their persons and property; but those who are found in arms must necessarily be treated as avowed enemies.—To menace is unmanly.—

To seduce, dishonorable—yet it is just and humane to place these alternatives before you."

On the 7th the powder, ammunition and all the troops, except enough to man the boats strongly, were landed, the boats with muffled oars, and keeping close to the Ogdensburg side, dropping down the river while the troops and ammunition proceeded by land to the Red Mill, fourteen miles below Ogdensburg. The expedition proceeded on the next day, slowly, after a skirmish between twelve hundred American troops, who had been ordered to land under Colonel Macomb, and a party of militia, who had assembled about Fort Matilda, for the purpose of annoying the troops in their passage down the river, which is here not more than five hundred yards wide.

On the 9th of November the flotilla arrived, in the afternoon, at Williamsburg, on the Canadian side. Here the troops already on shore, amounting to some twelve hundred men, were reinforced by General Brown's brigade, with a body of dragoons from the American side.

From this point a detachment, numbering some twenty-nine hundred or three thousand men, was despatched to drive the British troops from the shore, along which they were to march to Barnhartz's, a distance of about twenty miles. A double object was to be effected by this movement, as the boats would be thereby lightened, in their long and perilous descent of the violent rapid called the Long Sault, and would, at the same time, be freed from any annoyance from an enemy on shore. This body proceeded along the banks a few miles, when they unexpectedly found themselves brought to a stand at a place called Chrysler's farm. The impediment in their way was a body of troops who were prepared to dispute the undisturbed march of the Americans.

"Hitherto," says James, "the battles between the British and American troops had been chiefly bush fighting skirmishes. Now they met in an open champaign, where there was no shelter for the American riflemen, no rests for their pieces. All was conducted, as General Wilkinson says, in open space and fair combat."

The best account we can give of the engagement, will be found in the respective bulletins of the commanding officers.

From Lieutenant Colonel Morrison to Major General De Rottenburg.

Chrysler's, Williamsburg, Upper Canada, November 12th, 1813.

Sir,—I have the heartfelt gratification to report the brilliant and gallant conduct of the detachment from the centre division of the army, as yesterday displayed in repulsing and defeating a division of the enemy's force, consisting of two brigades of infantry and a regiment of cavalry, amounting to between three and four thousand men, who moved forward, about two o'clock in the afternoon, from Chrysler's point, and attacked our advance, which gradually fell back to the position selected for the detachment to occupy; the right resting on the river, and the left on a pine wood, exhibiting a front of about seven hundred yards. The ground being open, the troops were thus disposed: the flank companies of the 49th regiment, the detachment of the Canadian fencibles, with one field piece, under Lieutenant Colonel Pearson, on the right, a little advanced on the road; three companies of the 89th regiment, under Captain Barnes, with a gun, formed in echellon, with the advance on its left supporting it. The 49th and 89th, thrown more to the rear, with a gun, formed the main body and reserve, extending to the woods on the left, which were occupied by the voltigeurs, under Major Herriot, and the Indians under Lieutenant Anderson. At about half past two the action became general, when the enemy endeavored, by moving forward a brigade from his right, to turn our left, but was repulsed by the 89th, forming *en potence* with the 49th, and both corps moving forward, occasionally firing by platoons. His efforts were next directed against our right, and to repulse this movement the 49th took ground in that direction in echellon, followed by the 89th; when within half musket shot the line was formed, under a heavy but irregular fire from the enemy. The 49th was then directed to charge the gun posted opposite to ours; but it became necessary, when within a short distance of it, to check the forward movement, in consequence of a charge from their cavalry on the right, lest they should wheel about, and fall upon their rear; but they were received in so

gallant a manner by the companies of the 89th, under Captain Barnes, and the well-directed fire of the artillery, that they quickly retreated, and by an immediate charge from those companies one gun was gained. The enemy immediately concentrated their force to check our advance, but such was the steady countenance, and well-directed fire of the troops and artillery, that at about half-past four they gave way at all points from an exceeding strong position, endeavoring by their light infantry to cover their retreat, who were soon driven away by a judicious movement made by Lieutenant Colonel Pearson. The detachment for the night occupied the ground from which the enemy had been driven, and are now moving in pursuit.

I regret to find our loss in killed and wounded has been so considerable; but trust a most essential service has been rendered to the country, as the whole of the enemy's infantry, after the action, precipitately retired to their own shores. It is now my grateful duty to point out to your honor the benefit the service has received from the ability, judgment, and active exertions of Lieutenant Colonel Harvey, the deputy-adjutant general, for sparing whom to accompany the detachment, I must again publicly express my acknowledgments. To the cordial co-operation and exertions of Lieutenant Colonel Pearson, commanding the detachment from Prescott, Lieutenant Colonel Plenderleath, of the 49th, Major Clifford, of the 89th, Major Herriott, of the voltigeurs, and Captain Jackson of the royal artillery, combined with the gallantry of the troops, our great success may be attributed. Every man did his duty, and I believe I cannot more strongly speak their merits than in mentioning, that our small force did not exceed eight hundred rank and file. To Captains Davis and Skinner, of the quarter-master-general's department, I am under the greatest obligations for the assistance I have received from them; their zeal and activity has been unremitting. Lieutenant Hagerman, of the militia, has also, for his services, deserved my public acknowledgements, as has also Lieutenant Anderson, of the Indian department. As the prisoners are hourly bringing in, I am unable to furnish your honor with a correct return of them, but upwards of one hundred are in our possession; neither can I give an account of the ordnance stores taken, as the whole have not yet been collected.

I have the honor to be, &c.

J. W. Morrison,
Lieut. Col. 89th, commanding corps of observation.

Total of killed and wounded—one captain, two drummers, nineteen rank and file, killed; one captain, nine subalterns, six serjeants, one hundred and thirty-one rank and file, wounded; twelve rank and file, missing.

The numbers engaged at Chrysler's Farm.

Col. Morrison does not mention the number of troops under his command at Chrysler's farm, but James places them at "eight hundred rank and file, besides Lieutenant Anderson and about thirty Indians, who had accompanied the detachment from Kingston."

This number General Wilkinson has continued to swell in his official letters* from six-

From major-general Wilkinson to the American secretary at war.

Head-quarters, French Mills,
Adjoining the Province of Lower Canada,
16th November, 1813.

Sir,—I beg leave to refer you to the journal which accompanies this letter, for the particulars of the movements of the corps under my command, down to the St. Lawrence, and will endeavour to exert my unfeeble mind to detail to you the more striking and important incidents which have ensued since my departure from Grenadier Island, at the foot of Lake Ontario, on the 3rd instant.

The corps of the enemy which followed me from Kingston, being on my rear, and in concert with a heavy galley and a few gun-boats, seemed determined to retard my progress. I was tempted to halt, turn about, and put an end to his teasing: but alas! I was confined to my bed. Major-general Lewis was too ill for any active exertions; and above all, I did not dare to suffer myself to be diverted a single day from the prosecution of the views of government. I had written major-general Hampton on the 6th inst., by adjutant-general colonel King, and had ordered him to form a junction with me on the St. Lawrence, which I expected would take place on the 9th or 10th. It would have been unpardonable, had I lost sight of this object an instant. I deemed it of vital importance to the issue of the campaign.

The enemy deserves credit for their zeal and intelligence, which the active universal hostility of the male inhabitants of the country enabled them to employ to the greatest advantage.

Thus, while menaced by a respectable force in the rear, the coast was lined with musketry in front, and at every critical part of the river, which obliged me to march a detachment, and this impeded my progress.

teen hundred to two thousand, and not satisfied even with this amplification, in a note to his memoirs, written long subsequently, the American General actually ventured to state that, "the enemy showed twenty five hundred men in battalion, on the 11th, and this force was beaten back, by seventeen hundred of *undisciplined* troops, upon a reserve of seven hundred men, making the whole strength of the enemy thirty-two hundred men."

To disprove this is easy, and if we take Col. Walbacks evidence, (who was in the action, and swore, at the general's court martial, "That he had a fair view of the enemy, and and that he supposed the whole, regulars, militia, and indians to have been between eleven and twelve hundred men") and compare it with the testimony of Major-generals Lewis, Boyd, Covington, and Swartwout, who concurred in opinion "that the British force amounted to about five hundred," James, statement may be considered as very nearly correct. By adding as much to the numbers given by the four generals, as we deduct from Walback's, we arrive at James' numbers. This may fairly be done, as at the Court Martial one party was doing his best to support general Wilkinson, while the others were, perhaps, influenced by opposite feelings.

Having settled this point, we will in turn, attempt to fix the numbers of Americans.

It has been truly said that—

> "A tangled web we weave,
> When first we practice to deceive."

and this is literally the case with General

On the evening of the 9th, the army halted a few miles from the head of Longue Sault. On the morning of the 10th the enclosed order was issued. General Browne marched, agreeably to order, and at noon we were apprised, by the reports of his artillery, that he was engaged some distance below us. At the same time the enemy were observed in our rear, and their galley and gun-boats approached our flotilla, and opened a fire upon us, which obliged me to order a battery of 18-pounders to be planted, and a shot from it compelled the enemy's vessels to retire, together with their troops, after some firing between the advanced parties. By this time, in consequence of his disembarking and re-embarking the heavy guns, the day was so far spent, that our pilots did not dare to enter the Sault (eight miles a continued rapid), and therefore we fell down about two miles, and came to anchor for the night.

Early the next morning everything was in readiness for motion; but having received no intelligence from General Brown, I was still delayed, as sound precaution required I should learn the result of his affair, before I committed the flotilla to the Sault.

At half-past ten A.M., an officer of dragoons arrived with a letter, in which the General informed me he had forced the enemy, and would reach the foot of the Sault early in the day. Orders were immediately given for the flotilla to sail, at which instant the enemy's gun-boats appeared, and began to throw shot among us. Information was at the same time brought me from Brigadier-general Boyd, that the enemy's troops were advancing in column. I immediately gave orders to him to attend them. This report was soon contradicted. Their gun-boats, however, continued to scratch us, and a variety of reports of their movements and counter-movements were brought to me in succession, which convinced me of their determination to hazard an attack, when it could be done to the greatest advantage; and I therefore resolved to anticipate them. Directions were accordingly sent by that distinguished officer, Colonel Swift of the engineers, to Brigadier-gen. Boyd, to throw down the detachments of his command, assigned to him in the order of the preceding day, and composed of men of his own, Covington's and Swartwout's brigades, into three columns, to march upon the enemy, outflank them if possible, and take their artillery.

The action soon after commenced with the advanced body of the enemy, and became extremely sharp and galling; and lasted, with occasional pauses, not sustained with great vivacity, in open space, and fair combat, for upwards of two hours and a half, the adverse lines alternately yielding and advancing. It is impossible to say with accuracy what was our number on the field, because it consisted of indefinite detachments, taken from the boats, to render safe the passage of the Sault.

General Covington and Swartwout voluntarily took part in the action, at the head of the detachments from their respective brigades, and exhibited the same courage that was displayed by Brigadier-general Boyd, who happened to be the senior officer on the ground. Our force engaged might have reached 1600 or 1700 men, but actually did not exceed 1800. That of the enemy was estimated from 1200 to 2000, but did not probably amount to more than 1500 or 1600; consisting as I am informed, of detachments from the 49th, 84th, and 104th regiments of the line, with three companies of the voltigeur and Glengary corps, and the militia of the country, who are not included in the estimate.

It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to give you a detailed account of this affair, which certainly reflects high honor on the valor of the American soldiers, as no example can be produced of undisciplined men, with inexperienced officers, braving a fire of two hours and a half, without quitting the field; or yielding to their antagonists. But, sir, the information I now give you is derived from officers in my confidence, who took active parts in the conflict; for, although I was enabled to order the attack, it was my hard fortune not to be able to lead the troops I commanded.

Wilkinson. In his first letter that officer declares that "General Boyd's force did not exceed eighteen hundred men." In his second letter, the General discovers and corrects an omission of six hundred men under Lieut.-Colonel Upham. In a note to the General's book we meet with the new assertion, "*The force under General Boyd, which engaged the enemy at Chrysler's*, WAS SUPERIOR TO HIM;" in this case Boyd's force must have *exceeded* thirty-two hundred men. We leave it to the reader to judge and reconcile the conflicting assertions.

From Wilkinson's own notes, we may safely place the numbers of the Americans at twenty-nine hundred men, acting under General Boyd and as assistants to the crews of the flotilla, in navigating the rapids; and making the most liberal allowance for this head, we have still left an American force thrice as great as that of the British, at Chrysler's.

On the evening of the day of battle, the Americans retired to their boats and embarked, proceeding to Barnhartz, near Cornwall, not as had been their intention by a land march, but in crowded boats, exposed to the annoying fire of their pursuers both by land and water.

General Hampton's movements—his force.

Leaving, for a short space Gen. Wilkinson, we will follow the fortunes of Gen. Hampton, whom we left, organising an attack, from the eastward, with, as we have previously stated, perhaps the most efficient division that had as yet taken the field during the war. As to numbers we have the authority of the Washington organ, which states that at Burlington "were then collected five thousand regulars, under Major-General Hampton. Two thousand more were on their march and immediately expected from the Eastern States, and several smaller bodies were pushing to that post from other quarters."

Allowing that all these troops, either did not arrive in time, or were not required by the American General, we have still in his

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The disease with which I was assailed on the 2nd of September, on my journey to Fort-George, having, with a few short intervals of convalescence, preyed on me ever since; at the moment of this action I was confined to my bed, unable to sit on a horse, or to move ten paces without assistance. I must, however, be pardoned for trespassing on your time by a few remarks in relation to this affair. The objects of the British and American commanders were precisely opposed, the first being bound by the instructions of his government, and the most solemn obligations of duty, to precipitate his descent of the St. Lawrence by every practicable means, because this being effected, one of the greatest difficulties opposed to the American army would be surmounted; and the former by duties equally imperious, to retard it, and if possible to prevent such a descent. He is to be accounted victorious who effected this purpose. The British commander having failed to gain either of the objects, can lay no claims to the honors of the day. The battle fluctuated, and the victory seemed at different times inclined to the contending corps. The front of the enemy was at first forced back more than a mile, and though they never regained the ground they lost, their stand was permanent, and their charges resolute. Amidst these charges, and near the close of the contest, we lost a field-piece by the fall of the officer who was serving it with the same coolness as if he had been at parade, or at a review. This was lieutenant Smith, of the light artillery, who in point of merit stood conspicuous. The enemy having halted, and our troops having again formed in battalia, front to front, and the fire having ceased on both sides, we resumed our position on the bank of the river, and the infantry being much fatigued, the whole were re-imbarked, and proceeded down the river without further annoyance from the enemy or their gun boats, while the dragoons with five pieces of light artillery marched down the Canada shore without molestation.

It is due to his rank, merit, and services, that I should make particular mention of brigadier-general Covington, who received a mortal wound directly through his body, while animating his men, and leading them to the charge. He fell where he fought, at the head of his men, and survived but two days.

The next day the flotilla passed through the Sault, and joined that excellent officer, brigadier-gen. Brown, at Barnhartz, near Cornwall, where he had been instructed to take post and wait my arrival, and where I confidently expected to hear of major-general Hampton's arrival on the opposite shore.

But immediately after I had halted, col. Atkinson, inspector-general of the division under major-general Hampton, waited on me with a letter from that officer, in which, to my unspeakable mortification and surprise, he declined the junction ordered—and informed me he was marching to Lake Champlain, by way of co-operation in the proposed attack upon Montreal. This letter, together with a copy of that to which it is in answer, were immediately submitted to a council of war, composed of many general officers, and the colonel commanding the elite, the chief engineer and adjutant-general, who immediately gave it as their opinion, that the attack on Montreal should be abandoned for the present season, and the army near Cornwall be immediately crossed to the American shore, for taking up winter quarters, and that this place afforded an eligible position for such quarters. I acquiesced in this

letter, to the Secretary of War, of the 12th October, very satisfactory proofs not only as to numbers, but also as to efficiency.

"Four thousand *effective* infantry, and a well appointed train of artillery, ought to inspire you with some reliance upon our army."

Here is evidence to substantiate our assertion, and be it remarked that there is no proof that the expected reinforcements did not arrive, as General Hampton speaks only of effective infantry, and would not be likely to include the raw levies which were pouring in on him in the category of effectives. Neither is mention made of cavalry, although a force without which American movements were seldom attempted.

On the 22nd October, General Hampton reached the junction of the Outarde and Chateauguay rivers. Here Col. De Salaberry was prepared to check their further advance with literally a handful of Canadians, and most judiciously does he seem to have posted himself. According to Christie, "In his rear there was a small rapid, where the river was fordable; this he covered with a strong breastwork and a guard, keeping at the same time a strong picquet of the Beauharnois militia, in advance on the right bank of the river, lest the enemy approaching under cover of the forest, might cross the ford and dislodge him from his ground."

Hampton, perceiving the importance of forcing this position, ordered Colonel Purdy on the night of the 25th, with a strong body to fall on De Salaberry's rear, while he attacked him in front with the main body. Fortunately Purdy got bewildered in the woods, and did not gain the point of attack as desired. In the morning General Hampton, with from three thousand five hundred to four thousand men under General Izard, advanced, expecting every hour to see the effects of Purdy's attack from the rear. This advance was gallantly met by De Salaberry, and checked the American skirmishers retreating on the main body. This retreat was mistaken for a flight and the advancing body wavered, De Salaberry remarking that, from numbers he must be speedily outflanked, resorted to a ruse which proved completely successful. He ordered the buglers placed at intervals to sound an advance, which

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opinion, not from the shortness of the stock of provisions, (which had been reduced by the acts of God,) because our meat had been increased five days, and our bread had been reduced only two days; and because we could, in case of extremity, have lived on the enemy, but because the loss of the division under major-general Hampton weakened my force too sensibly to justify the attempt.

In all my measures and movements of consequence, I have taken the opinion of my general officers, which have been accordant with my own.

I remained on the Canadian shore till the next day, without seeing or hearing from the powerful force of the enemy in our neighbourhood, and the same day reached this position with the artillery and infantry.

The dragoons have been ordered to Utica and its vicinity, and I expect are 50 or 60 miles on the march. You have, under cover, a summary abstract of the killed and wounded in the affair of the 11th instant, which will soon be followed by a particular return; in which, a first regard will be paid to individual merit. The dead rest in honor, and the wounded bleed for their country, and deserve its gratitude, With respect,

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
JAS. WILKINSON.

Here follows a statement of the killed and wounded;—*Killed.* 102.—*Wounded*, 236.

Hon. J. Armstrong, &c. &c. &c.

From general Wilkinson to the American secretary at war.

Head-quarters, French Mills, Nov. 18, 1813.

SIR,—I beg this may be considered as an appendage to my official communication respecting the action of the 11th instant.

I last evening received the enclosed information, the result of the examination of sundry prisoners taken on the field of battle, which justifies the opinion of the general officers who were in the engagement. This goes to prove that, although the imperious obligations of duty did not allow me sufficient time to rout the enemy, they were beaten; the accidental loss of one field-piece notwithstanding, after it had been discharged 15 or 20 times. I have also learned, from what has been considered good authority, but I will not vouch for the correctness of it, that the enemy's loss exceeded 500 killed and wounded.

The enclosed report will correct an error in my former communication, as it appears it was the 89th, and not the 84th, British regiment, which was engaged on the 11th I beg leave to mention, in the action of the 11th, what, from my severe indisposition, I have omitted.

Having received information, late in the day, that the contest had become somewhat dubious, I ordered up a reserve of 500 men, whom I had ordered to stand by their arms, under lieutenant-col. Upham, who gallantly led them into action, which terminated a few minutes after their arrival on the ground. With great consideration and respect, I have the honor to be, &c.

JAMES WILKINSON.

Hon. John Armstrong, secretary at war.

had the effect of checking the ardor of the enemy, and, just at this moment, a company of the Provincial militia, hitherto concealed, opened an unexpected fire on the main body. This almost flank fire, and the extended line along which the bugles appeared to sound, possessed General Hampton and his army with the idea that a powerful body was in front and on the flanks, and the Americans were thrown into the utmost disorder, and a tumultuous and precipitate retreat ensued—leaving Col. DeSalaberry, with scarcely three hundred Canadians, master of the field. About the close of the affair Sir George Prevost and General DeWatteville arrived on the ground.

Even Ingersol is compelled to remark respecting this affair, "Encomium on the prowess of Col. De Salaberry and his Canadian countrymen is probably well founded. It is true that a few hundred of them worsted an army of between four and five thousand American regulars, when General Hampton had been for some time assiduously preparing for active service, and the bubble of Canadian conquest burst and evaporated, if not forever, at any rate for that war."

A more detailed account will be found in the following general order of October 27th:

HEAD-QUARTERS,

A Fourche, on Chateauguay river.

Oct. 27th, 1813.

GENERAL ORDERS.—His excellency the governor-in-chief and commander of the forces has received from major-general De Watteville, the report of the affair which took place at the advanced position of his post, at 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, between the American army under the command of major-general Hampton, and the advanced pickets of the British thrown out for the purpose of covering working parties, under the direction of lieut. col. De Salaberry; the judicious position chosen by that officer, and the excellent disposition of his little band, composed of the light infantry of Canadian fencibles, and two companies of Canadian voltigeurs, repulsed with loss the advance of the enemy's principal column commanded by gen. Hampton in person; and the American light brigade under col. M'Carty, was in a like manner checked in its progress on the south side of the river, by the gallant and spirited advance of the flank company 3d battalion embodied militia, under captain Daly, supported by captain Bruyers' company of Sedentary militia. Captains Daly and Bruyers being both wounded, and their companies having sustained some loss, their position was immediately taken up by a flank company of the first battalion embodied militia. The enemy rallied and repeatedly returned to the attack, which terminated only with the day in his complete disgrace and defeat, being foiled by a handful of men not amounting to a *twentieth* part of the force opposed to them; but which, nevertheless, by their determined bravery maintained their position, and effectually protected the working parties, who continued their labors unmolested. Lieut. col. De Salaberry reports having experienced the most able support from captain Ferguson, in command of the light company Canadian Fencibles, and also from captain Jean Bapt. Duchesnay, of the two companies of Voltigeurs; from captain Lamoote and adjutants Hebden and O'Sullivan, and from every officer and soldier engaged, whose gallantry and steadiness were conspicuous and praiseworthy in the highest degree.

His excellency, the governor-in-chief and commander of the forces, having had the satisfaction of himself witnessing the conduct of the troops on this brilliant occasion, feels it a gratifying duty to render them that praise which is so justly their due; to major-general De Watteville for the admirable arrangement established by him for the defence of his post; to lieut. col. De Salaberry, for his judicious and officerlike conduct displayed in the choice of position and arrangement of his force; to the officers and men engaged with the enemy the warmest acknowledgments of his Excellency are due, for their gallantry and steadiness, and to all the troops at the station the highest praise belongs, for their zeal, steadiness, and discipline, and for the patient endurance of hardship and privation which they have evinced. A determined perseverance in this honorable conduct cannot fail of crowning the brave and loyal Canadians with victory, and hurling disgrace and confusion on the head of the enemy that would pollute their happy soil.

By the report of prisoners, the enemy's force is stated at 7,500 infantry, 400 cavalry, and ten field pieces. The British advanced

force actually engaged, did not exceed *three hundred.* The enemy suffered severely from our fire, as well as from their own; some detached corps having fired upon each other by mistake in the woods.

Canadian light company had 3 rank and file killed--1 sergeant, 3 rank and file wounded.

Voltigeurs, 4 rank and file wounded.

Third battalion, flank company, 1 captain wounded—2 rank and file killed, 6 wounded, and four missing

Chateauguay Chasseurs, 1 captain wounded.

Total—5 rank and file killed—2 captains, 1 sergeant, 13 rank and file wounded, and 4 missing.

Officers wounded—captain Daly, 3d embodied militia, twice wounded severely, but not dangerously. Captain Bruyers, Chateauguay chasseurs, slightly.

(Signed) EDWARD BAYNES, adj. gen.

After his repulse at Chateauguay, General Hampton retreats. Hampton retreated to his late position; and, on assembling a council of war, it was determined to fall back on their former position at Four Corners, so as to keep open the communication with the United States, and, at the same time, be in readiness, if possible, to renew an attack on the enemy. The retreat was much impeded and harrassed by the Canadian militia,* who hung on their rear; and, indeed, so great had been the fatigues and privations experienced by the Eastern division, from constant attacks and the inclemency of the season, that General Hampton, deeming farther co-operation with General Wilkinson impossible, shortly after fell back upon Plattsburg, and retired to winter quarters.

We will now return to General Wilkinson, whom we left, near Cornwall, awaiting the arrival of General Hampton.

Wilkinson retires to winter quarters General Wilkinson was not kept very long in suspense, as on the 12th November, a letter from Hampton made its appearance, "*blasting,*" according to the commander-in-chief," all his hopes, and destroying every prospect of the campaign." A council of war was called on the receipt of this communication, and it was determined that "the conduct of Major General Hampton, in refusing to join his division to the troops descending the St. Lawrence (to carry an attack on Montreal,) rendered it expedient to move the army to French Mills, on Salmon river."

This determination was carried into effect on the 13th.

General order. The retreat of the two American generals, with their forces, having removed every appearance of danger, the commander of the forces, by a general order of the 17th November, dismissed the Sedentary Militia, with due acknowledgements of the loyalty and zeal which they had manifested.*

The failure of an invasion planned on so great a scale was with difficulty apologised for by the public journals in the pay of government; but the Boston Gazette, not having a share of government patronage, was enabled to speak out boldly; and we transcribe an extract from that journal:—

"Every hour is fraught with doleful tidings—humanity groans from the frontiers. Hampton's army is reduced to about two thousand, Wilkinson's cut up and famishing; crimination and recrimination are the order of the day. Democracy has rolled herself up in weeds, and laid down for its last wallowing in the slough of disgrace. Armstrong the cold-

* Sir George Prevost, in his official despatch on this occasion, solicited from the Prince Regent, as a mark of his gracious approbation of the embodied battalions of the Canadian militia, five pairs of colors, for the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th battalions, which was accordingly granted

* "Head Quarters, Lachine,
November 17th, 1813.

"General Order.—The divisions of sedentary militia called out by the general order of the 8th instant, are to be disbanded and to return to their respective homes, in the following order.

"His excellency the governor in chief and commander of the forces, in dispensing, for the present, with the further services of the militia, feels the greatest satisfaction in acknowledging the cheerful alacrity with which they have repaired to their respective posts, and the loyalty and zeal they have manifested at the prospect of encountering the enemy—although he has been checked in his career by the bravery and discipline of his Majesty's troops in the Upper Province, and thus frustrated in his avowed intention of landing on this island, his excellency feels confident that had he been enabled to reach it, whatever might have been his force, he would have met with that steady and determined resistance from the militia of the province, which would have terminated his third attempt for its invasion, like those which preceded it, in defeat and disgrace.

blooded director of all the military anarchy, is chopfallen."

The Boston Gazette was not the only plain spoken journal in this respect. Similar ridicule assailed government from all parts of the north and east, and announced that "complete ruin from Champlain to Erie,† marked the retrograde of American arms, closing the year 1813 with a destructive invasion."

It will be now interesting to inquire into the causes of the failure, and to ascertain how far it was attributable to the gallantry of the defenders, and in what degree to be ascribed to the disputes or imbecility of the American generals.

Causes of the failure of the expeditions.

It appears as if an overruling Providence had ordained that, by means of inefficient leaders, the expeditions, from which the greatest results were expected, should be precisely those to be frustrated and covered with ignominy and shame. Hull, Dearborn, and Smyth have alike been found the most energetic of leaders in their proclamations, but just the reverse in the hour of action, and so it was in the present instance. The American government committed the fatal mistake of entrusting the command of the most important expedition ever sent forth since the formation of the Republic, to two generals most heartily jealous of each other, and political enemies; the Secretary at War being at the same time, if we are to judge by his writing, an opponent of the commander-in-chief of the expedition. The result of this we have seen.

The failure is to be ascribed to two causes. General Wilkinson's incompetence, and Hampton's anxiety to secure to himself the honors of the expedition.

Of the first we have the most abundant evidence furnished at the court martial held on General Wilkinson.

The testimony of Mr. Thime on that trial prove these facts.

"1st. That the General began his expedition without knowing whether he carried with his army of eight thousand men, subsistence sufficient for five days or for fifty.

"2ndly. That his attention to this important subject was first awakened at Grenadier Island, in consequence of the supposed effect of a storm on the provision boats.

"3rdly. That, although apprised that the loss was great, he adopted no measures to remedy that disaster."

Nor was this all that was proved. In the General's diary it is stated that, on the 7th of November, having passed all the preceding night in the open air, he was

"The Montreal Volunteers, to march from Lachine, at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, to Montreal.

"The 1st batt. of Montreal militia, at 8 o'clock on Friday morning.

"The 2d batt. at 10 o'clock, and the 3d batt., at 12 o'clock, on the same day.

"The above corps are to remain embodied until the 24th instant, on which day a corps of the line will relieve them.

"On the 20th instant, colonel McGill will allow the whole of the men belonging to the second class of sedentary militia to return to their respective homes.—Upon proper certificates being produced to the commissariat of Montreal, each captain or commanding officer of a company of sedentary militia is to receive for every private man, returning home, at the rate of 1s. 3d. currency, and non-commissioned officers in that proportion, for every five leagues that they have to travel—this allowance is, for that period, in lieu of pay and rations.

"Colonel La Croix's division, now at Lower Lachine, is to march from thence on the 20th instant, so as to arrive on the Champ de Mars, at Montreal, by 10 o'clock in the morning of that day, for the purpose of piling their arms, and returning in store their accoutrements, ammunition, blankets, haversacks, and canteens.

"Lieut col. M'Kenzie's battalion will march from its present quarters so as to arrive on the Champ de Mars, at 12 o'clock the same day,—and lieut. col. Leprohon's at 2 o'clock.

"Lieut. col. Cuthbert's is to arrive on the Champ de Mars, at 10 o'clock on the 21st inst.—The battalion placed under the command of lieut. col. Boucherville will leave the ground it at present occupies on the 12th, and proceed to Montreal on its route to Three Rivers.—The one confided to the command of lieut. col. Deschambault will commence falling back to Montreal on the 23d instant.—The remaining battalions of the sedentary militia are to commence their march for their respective parishes on the 23d.

"The quarter-master general of the forces will make the necessary arrangements for relieving captain Platt's troop of Volunteer Cavalry from its present duty, on or before the 24th instant when it is to return to Montreal for the purpose of being disarmed until further orders.

"By his excellency's command,

EDWARD BAYNES,
Adjt.-general."

† In allusion to the British descent on the Niagara frontier.

in consequence thereof much indisposed. The statements which follow will show to what cause the General's indisposition was really to be ascribed.

"On or about the 6th of November, 1813, (the night the American troops passed Ogdensburgh and Prescott,) having received orders to muffle the oars, and leave men enough barely sufficient to man the boats, we marched the remainder by land below Ogdensburgh. When we arrived, as we thought, near the place where we were to meet the boats, (say a mile below Ogdensburgh,) we halted at a small house near the river (D. Thorp's); and while there, discovered a boat approaching the shore. Major Forsyth hailed the crew, and on explanation was informed it was General Wilkinson's boat. The Major, myself, and others, met the General at the water's edge, and asked if he wished to come on shore. Indicating that he did, Forsyth and myself took him by the arms to assist him out of the boat, and up the bank. We found him most abominably intoxicated, and hurried him into the house; during which time, he was muttering the most desperate imprecations against the enemy—saying, that if they did not cease firing, he would blow to dust the whole British garrison, and lay waste their country. After seating him on a chair near the fire, the major and myself retired to consult what was best to be done, under the present situation of the commander-in-chief; when we concluded to detail and post a guard near the door of the house, to keep out both citizens and soldiers. I made the detail and posted the sentinel, and soon afterward perceiving the General to nod, and apprehending that he would fall into the fire, I proposed laying him on something like a bedstead that was in the room, and having done so, he was, in a very short time, in a sound sleep. The time to the best of my recollection, at which we received the General, was about two o'clock in the morning. For some time after this occurrence, he was not very accessible; it was said that he was in bad health."

The above is a statement made by Major Birdsall.

"Owin Chatfield deposeth and saith, that, on the night the American army passed Prescott, this deponent went to the house of Daniel Thorp. This deponent farther saith, that General James Wilkinson was there, and in a state of intoxication; and that his deportment, and obscene and vulgar conversation, but too plainly manifested his being in that situation. This deponent farther saith, that the General sung several obscene and vulgar songs; and farther saith not.

(Signed) OWIN CHATFIELD.

Sworn before me at the village of Ogdensburgh, this 17th of July, 1835.

JOHN SCOTT,
Justice of the Peace, &c.

"Daniel Thorp deposeth and saith, that he lives about a mile below the village of Ogdensburgh, and that, on the night the American army passed Prescott, General James Wilkinson came to the house of deponent in a state of intoxication, as deponent verily believed at the time, and which he still believes; and that soon after his arrival at deponent's house, the General was put to bed. This deponent farther saith, that the General remained at his house several hours, and that, during his stay there, his behaviour was very unlike a gentleman, and his conversation very vulgar and obscene.

(Signed) DANIEL THORP.

Sworn before me, this 18th of July, 1819.

JOHN SCOTT,
Justice of the Peace, &c."

Were this proof not sufficient, there is that of General Boyd, who deposed at the trial "that he sought an interview with the general commanding, for the purpose of reporting the occurrences of the day, and receiving such new orders as they might suggest, and found an aide-de-camp at the door instructed to announce that the chief of the army was not in a condition, to receive visits, give orders, or even listen to a reporting officer, just returned from a field of battle."

The opinion the reader must have formed of the General's capability for command after these extracts, will enable him to arrive at a very sufficient conclusion as to the main cause of the failure. We have, however, a farther cause—the gallantry of the men "who," according to Ingersol, "in brigs, schooners, gun boats and gallies, led by the gallant Captain Mulcaster, gave our craft no repose or respite from attack." This, too, although Chauncey had boasted that he was to destroy Sir James Yeo's squadron, and *ensure a safe*

passage for the flotilla down the river. So much for Chaunceyan gasconade

Ingersol, in mentioning Wilkinson's diary, calls it "the Odyssey of a calamitous voyage, by a bed-ridden general and his tempest tossed followers, who were continually assailed by vigilant and skilful enemies on the water, and from batteries along the shores, at every turn."

The highest meed of praise we can award to the Brito-Canadian defenders of their soil and perhaps the most reliable, as it comes from an enemy, is simply to transcribe a passage from Ingersoll.

"The British and Canadian troops deserve great credit for the persevering and invincible spirit in which they met a formidable invasion, fortified every pass on the St. Lawrence, seized every opportunity of harassing, impeding, and assailing our army, until at last they, more than storms, and casualties, *more than Hampton's defection*, forced it to dishonored defeat, when, well led, there was every pledge of victory." We need add nothing to such commendation.

The reasons assigned by General Hampton, in vindication of his disobedience, were want of food for men; forage, for cattle and horses, and means of transporting more of the former than each soldier could carry on his back. These excuses can be doubly disproved, first by Hampton's own letter to Wilkinson in answer to one from that general, complaining of scarcity of provisions. Hampton, in that letter, so far from setting forth any scarcity on his part, distinctly says, "I hope to be able to prevent your starving;" and then continues, "besides rawness and sickness, my troops have endured fatigues equal to a winter campaign in the late snows and bad weather, and are sadly depressed and fallen off." When thus complaining, it is not likely that Hampton would have omitted to add to his complaint of "fatigues undergone," that of scarcity of provisions, had such really existed. This point established, we may safely adduce as the second means of disproof, the testimony given given at Wilkinson's trial by various officers. First, General Bissel deposed— General Hampton.

"That he reached the Four Corners with his regiment, on the 15th November, from St. Regis—that the marching was generally dry, the roads frozen, and part of them sandy—that, for a few miles through the woods, the frost, in some places, yielded to loaded waggons—that he had a number of horses with his regiment, but found no difficulty in procuring supplies for them, his quartermaster purchasing a considerable quantity of hay and corn, within three miles of the Four Corners."

Colonel Thomas, quartermaster-general of Hampton's army, deposeth—"That there was always on hand full supplies of hard bread, flour, salt pork, and beef, and beef cattle with the army; and that he was always competent to furnish means of transportation for said army, wherever it might be ordered to move, as well after as before General Wilkinson's order to General Hampton to join the army on the St. Lawrence."

Major Wadsworth, issuing commissary, deposeth—"That he had constantly a full supply for the troops, of hard bread, flour, salt pork, and beef; and after the first of October, constantly with the army, a considerable number of beef cattle. About the 10th of November, when the division moved from Chateauguay (Four Corners) to Plattsburgh, there was in deposit forty-five days' provision of bread and flour, a considerable quantity of salt meat, and at the Four Corners and its vicinity, seven or eight hundred head of fat cattle."

Captain Conkling, of the 4th U. S. infantry deputy quartermaster, being asked by the court what time it would have taken to remove the division, with its provision and baggage, from the Four Corners to St. Regis, on the St. Lawrence, deposeth—"That he did not exactly know the distance between the two places, but if twenty-five miles, as reported, it would have taken three days."

The real secret of the failure was the jealousy of the two commanders and the secretary at war, Wilkinson's jealousy of Armstrong's authority being as sensitive, as Hampton's of Wilkinson. As early as the 24th of August, Wilkinson, according to Ingersol, wrote to Armstrong requesting that he would not interfere with his arrangements, or give orders within the district of his command, meaning, of course, that he wished Hampton to receive no orders save through him.

Two heads on the same shoulders make a monster. Happily for Canada, this great expedition, nay the whole campaign, was a monster with three heads, biting and barking at each other with a madness which destroyed them all, disgraced the country, and saved Canada. Discord was a leprosy in the very heart of the undertaking, and to this fully as much as to Canadian gallantry, great as it undoubtedly was, is to be ascribed the failure of the long cherished schemes and hopes of the war party.

Impression produced on the centre division by the disaster of the right.

The sad intelligence of the catastrophe on the Thames reached General Vincent about the 9th October, and that active officer, in order to secure a central position, so as either to co-operate with the remains of Proctor's army, or renew operations on the Niagara frontier, immediately moved his troops from the cross roads to Burlington heights, where Proctor joined him with the small remnant of his division. This movement has been described by American historians thus—

"General McClure, with the New York militia, volunteers, and Indians, succeeded in driving the British army from the vicinity of Fort George, and pursued them as far as the Twelve Mile Creek."

The subsequent conduct of General McClure and his army will satisfy the reader as to the probability of this statement.

Prevost's instructions.

The effect produced on Sir George Prevost by the tidings of Proctor's discomfiture was an order to Vincent, to commence his retreat without delay, and to evacuate all the British posts beyond Kingston. A council of war, held at Burlington heights, decided, however, upon an opposite course of action, and it was determined to defend the western peninsula at all hazards. James's remarks on this order of Prevost are forcible and just:—

"Fatal, indeed, would have been the retreat. There was still a considerable number of sick, both at Burlington heights and at York; and, considering the season of the year and the state of the roads, the whole of them must have been left to the protection of the enemy. Nor, for the same reason, could the ordnance, ordnance stores, baggage, and provisions have followed the army; and yet the garrison at Kingston, upon which place the troops were directed to retire, had, at this time, scarcely a week's provision in store. This abandonment, too, of territory so soon following up the affair at the Moravian village, what would the Indians have thought of us? In short, it will not bear reflection."

A very spirited occurrence grew out of one of the effects produced by Proctor's discomfiture. Two companies of the 100th regiment, which had been stationed at Charlotteville, in the London district, had been ordered to join the main body at Burlington heights, and orders had also been issued to disembody the militia. The officer, however, to whom the execution of this duty had been entrusted, knowing that a body of American marauders, with some disaffected Americo-Canadians, had been committing outrages on the inhabitants, left a supply of arms and ammunition with some of the militia officers and privates. Col. Bostwick, of the Oxford militia, determined to put down the marauders, and having, accordingly, mustered forty-five men, he marched, towards the end of October, against, and fortunately fell in with, them, on the shore of Lake Erie, about nine miles from Dover. An engagement ensued, in which several of the gang were killed and wounded, and eighteen taken prisoners. These eighteen were tried and fifteen convicted of high treason—of this number eight were executed, and seven transported. The whole affair was very creditable, planned with considerable judgment, and carried out in a most spirited manner. The President of Upper Canada was so pleased with it that he issued a general order,* in commendation of the spirit and zeal displayed.

* "*District general order.*
District head-quarters,
Kingston, 35th November, 1813.

The major-general commanding, and president, having received from major-general Vincent a report of the very gallant and patriotic conduct of lieutenant-colonel Bostwick, and an association of 45 officers and men of the militia of the county of Norfolk, in capturing and destroying a band of traitors, who, in violation of their allegiance, and of every principle of honor and honesty, had leagued themselves with the enemies of their country, to plunder and make prisoners the peaceable and well disposed inhabitants of the province, major-general De Rottenburg requests that colonel Bostwick, and every individual of the association, will accept his best thanks for their

This general order we cannot but regard as a severe commentary on the policy of Sir George Proctor, which would have given up the whole peninsula without striking a single blow in its defence.

Movements of Colonel Murray.

The inhabitants in the neighborhood of Fort George having represented to Gen. Vincent how exposed they were to the predatory attacks of General McClure's militia, who were pillaging their farm houses and destroying their barns, he determined to check these depredations and injuries. Colonel Murray was accordingly ordered to make a demonstration with three hundred and seventy-nine rank and file of the 100th regiment, about twenty volunteers, and seventy Indians led by Colonel Elliott, as far as the Forty Mile Creek, beyond which he was forbidden to proceed. This movement had the effect of making General McClure, who was posted at Twenty Mile Creek, decamp with considerable haste. Observing the effects of his demonstration, Col. Murray solicited and obtained permission to extend his march, first to the Twenty, and subsequently to the Twelve Mile Creeks. These approaches on Murray's part so alarmed the American General, by this time driven back to Fort George, as to induce him to adopt the atrocious measures which led to such just and prompt, and merited, though severe retaliation.

Destruction of Newark, now Niagara.

General McClure, having heard of the disastrous termination to Wilkinson's expedition, and dreading a similar fate, determined to evacuate Fort George. Even this step, however, was not considered by the American General as affording sufficient security; he feared lest Fort Niagara might be endangered should he leave a shelter for the advancing troops, and acting under this impulse, he wantonly destroyed the flourishing village of Newark, and then ignobly fled into his own territory.

The winter of 1813 had set in unusually early, and for several days previous to the 10th December, the cold had been very severe, and deep snow covered the ground. It was in such weather that General McClure resolved to execute his barbarous plans. Half an hour's notice this second Davoust gave to the unfortunate inhabitants for preparation. This brief space was all that was accorded to the villagers to save their furniture, their babes, and their bed-ridden. This interval passed, the merciless incendiaries came round and executed their merciless orders. James's indignation at this affair is very great, when describing the burning of Newark:—

"Out of the one hundred and fifty houses of which Newark had consisted, all, save one, were levelled to the dust. Such articles of furniture and other valuables as the incendiaries could not, and the inhabitants had neglected or been unable, to carry away, shared the general fate. Of Counsellor Dickson's library, which had cost him between five and six hundred pounds sterling, scarcely a book escaped. Mr. Dickson was at this time a prisoner in the enemy's territory, and his wife lay on a sick bed. The villains—how shall we proceed?—took up the poor lady, bed and all, and placed her upon the snow before her own door; where, shivering with cold, she beheld her house and all that was in it consumed to ashes! Upwards of four hundred helpless women and children, without provisions, and in some instances with scarcely clothes upon their backs, were thus compelled, after being the mournful spectators of the destruction of their habitations, to seek shelter at a distance, and that in such a night, too! The reader's imagination must supply the rest."

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zeal and loyalty in planning, and gallantry in carrying into execution, this most useful and public spirited enterprise.

"The major-general and president hopes, that so striking an instance of the beneficial effect of unanimity and exertion in the cause of their country, will not fail of producing a due effect on the militia of this province. He calls upon them to observe how quickly the energetic conduct of 45 individuals has succeeded in freeing the inhabitants of an extensive district from a numerous and well armed banditti, who would soon have left them neither liberty nor property. He reminds them that, if so much can be effected by so small a number, what may not be expected from the unanimous exertions of the whole population, guided and assisted by a spirit of subordination, and aided by his majesty's troops, against an enemy who comes for no other purpose than to enslave, plunder, and destroy.

By order,
H. N. Moorsom,
Lieutenant A. D. A. G."

We will reserve our comments on this proceeding until we have accompanied the respective forces through the movements which quickly succeeded the destruction of Newark.

With such haste did McClure retreat, that the fortifications at Fort George, which had been repaired since their occupation by the Americans in May were left comparatively uninjured. He was in too much haste to destroy the magazines, or even to remove his tents, of which a sufficiency for fifteen hundred men were left standing—even the destruction of the new barracks, recently erected on the Niagara, was not deemed necessary.

Had McClure not retreated with such precipitancy, the indignation of the soldiers, as they beheld the smoking ruins of the beautiful and flourishing village, would have burst like a thunder stroke upon the heads of the American General and his troops.

Colonel Murray gives the following account of his march and occupation of Fort George:

"*From colonel Murray to major-general Vincent.*"

Fort-George, Dec. 12, 1813.

Sir,—Having obtained information that the enemy had determined on driving the country between Fort George and the advance and was carrying off the loyal part of the inhabitants, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, I deem it my duty to make a rapid and forced march towards him with the light troops under my command, which not only frustrated his designs, but compelled him to evacuate Fort George, by precipitately crossing the river, and abandoning the whole of the Niagara frontier. On learning our approach, he laid the town of Newark in ashes, passed over his cannon and stores, but failed in an attempt to destroy the fortifications, which are evidently so much strengthened whilst in his possession, as might have enabled general M'Clure (the commanding officer) to have maintained a regular siege; but such was the apparent panic, that he left the whole of his tents standing.

I trust the indefatigable exertions of this handful of men have rendered an essential service to the country, by rescuing from a merciless enemy, the inhabitants of an extensive and highly cultivated tract of land, stored with cattle, grain, and provisions, of every description; and it must be an exultation to them to find themselves delivered from the oppression of a lawless banditti, composed of the disaffected of the country, organized under the direct influence of the American government, who carried terror and dismay into every family.

I have the honor to be &c.

J. Murray,
Colonel.

To major-general Vincent, &c.

Movements in the West.

Sir George Prevost, relieved, by the unexpected termination of Wilkinson's expedition, from all further apprehension with regard either to Montreal or Kingston, now hastened to take such measures as would counterbalance the success which had attended General Harrison's movements, and secure the maintenance of the commanding positions yet held at Stony Creek and Burlington Heights.

Early in November Lieutenant General Drummond and Major General Riall had arrived from England; the former to relieve De Rottenburg in the military command and presidency in the Upper Province. Both these officers arrived at General Vincent's head quarters at St. David's, soon after the re-occupation of Fort George, and at the crisis when Col. Murray's energy and decision had been so ably manifested.

Attack on Fort Niagara.

Colonel Murray proposed to General Drummond a retaliatory attack upon the opposite lines; and the proposal not only met with the cordial approbation of General Drummond, but his hearty sanction. Without waiting, therefore, for the permission of Sir George Prevost, he instructed Colonel Murray to carry his plans into immediate operation. This decision was right, as the delay necessary for waiting the orders of the commander in chief might have enabled the enemy to recover from his panic, and the opportunity for striking a vigorous blow and avenging the conflagration of Newark, might have been thus lost. Orders were therefore given for prompt and vigorous measures, to be carried out by Col. Murray and General Riall. Col. Murray's despatch gives a clear and unexaggerated account of the surprise of Fort Niagara:—

From the same to lieutenant-general Drummond.

Fort Niagara, Dec. 19, 1813.

SIR,—In obedience to your honor's commands, directing me to attack Fort Niagara, with the advance of the army of the right, I resolved upon attempting a surprise. The embarkation commenced on the 18th, at night, and the whole of the troops were landed three miles from the fort, early on the following morning, in the following order of attack:—Advanced guard one subaltern and 20 rank and file; grenadiers 100th regiment; royal artillery, with grenadiers; five companies 100th regiment, under lieutenant-colonel Hamilton, to assault the main gate, and escalade the works adjacent; three companies of the 100th regiment, under captain Martin, to storm the eastern demi-bastion; captain Bailey, with the grenadiers royal Scots, was directed to attack the salient angle of the fortification; and the flank companies of the 41st regiment were ordered to support the principal attack.—Each party was provided with scaling ladders and axes. I have great satisfaction in acquainting your honor, that the fortress was carried by assault in the most resolute and gallant manner, after a short but spirited resistance.

The highly gratifying but difficult duty remains, of endeavoring to do justice to the bravery, intrepidity, and devotion of the 100th regiment to the service of their country, under that gallant officer lieutenant-colonel Hamilton, to whom I feel highly indebted for his cordial assistance. Captain Martin, 100th regiment, who executed the task allotted to him in the most intrepid manner, merits the greatest praise; I have to express my admiration of the valour of the royals, grenadiers, under captain Bailey, whose zeal and gallantry were very conspicuous. The just tribute of my applause is equally due to the flank companies of the 41st regiment, under lieutenant Bullock, who advanced to the attack with great spirit. The royal artillery under lieutenant Charlton, deserve my particular notice. To captain Elliot, deputy-assistant-quarter-master-general, who conducted one of the columns of attack, and superintended the embarkation, I feel highly obliged. I cannot pass over the brilliant services of lieutenant Dawson and Captain Fawcett 100th, in command of the advance and grenadiers, who gallantly executed the orders entrusted to them, by entirely cutting off two of the enemy's piquets, and surprising the sentries on the glacis and at the gate, by which means the watchword was obtained, and the entrance into the fort greatly facilitated, to which may be attributed in a great degree our trifling loss. I beg leave to recommend these meritorious officers to your honors protection. The scientific knowledge of lieutenant Gengruben, royal engineers, in suggesting arrangements previous to the attack, and for securing the fort afterwards, I cannot too highly appreciate. The unwearied exertions of acting quarter-master Pilkington, 100th regiment, in bringing forward the materials requisite for the attack, demand my acknowledgements. Captain Kirby, lieutenants Ball, Scroos, and Hamilton, of the different provincial corps, deserve my thanks. My staff-adjutant, Mr. Brampton, will have the honor of presenting this despatch, and the standard of the American garrison; to his intelligence, valor, and friendly assistance, not only on this trying occasion, but on many former, I feel most grateful. Our force consisted of about 500 rank and file. Annexed is a return of our casualities, and the enemy's loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The ordnance and commissariat stores are so immense, that it is totally out of my power to forward to you a correct statement for some days, but 27 pieces of cannon, of different calibres, are on the works, and upwards of 3000 stand of arms, and many rifles in the arsenal. The store-houses are full of clothing and camp equipage of every description.

J. MURRAY,
Colonel.

His honor lieutenant-gen. Drummond, &c.

THE WRITERS FOR THE TIMES.

Went with Barnes to his own room, and drew up my paragraph, while he wrote part of an article for next day. Says that he writes himself as little as possible, finding that he is much more useful as a superintendent of the writings of others. The great deficiency he finds among his people is not a want of cleverness, but of common sense. There is not one of them (and he includes himself in the number) that can be trusted writing often or long on the same subject; they are sure to get bewildered on it.—*Moore's Diary.*

The true meaning of the word "Equality" is —"No one better off than I am."

THOUGHTS FOR APRIL.

"Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it."

TRULY descriptive of the month of April is the line from the Royal Psalmist, which we have taken for our motto. The drying winds of April have swept over the earth, and prepared it for the soft fertilizing spring showers which are the usual hand-maidens of April, and now the first promises of spring are realized, and the commonest weed, is regarded with interest, and is beautiful to the eye, long accustomed to the sombre uniformity of winter. The book of nature now opens her leaves to enquirers, who, in the first sunny days of spring, curiously examine the awakening of plants from their winter's sleep, as the icebound earth thaws into life. With what interest is the first green sheath regarded, as it expands into the flower or the fragile leaf, so tender in appearance as to afford as little hopes of successful contention with the biting frost, as a new-born infant. Tender as it looks, however, that fragile leaf is a hardy child of spring, and, like the children of the poor, it is guarded by HIM who suffereth, not a sparrow to fall unheeded, and thrives without complaint or suffering from its lot. Mary Howith's lines breathe so truly the Spring feeling that we cannot resist transcribing them:—

"The Spring, she is a blessed thing!
She is the mother of the flowers;
She is the mate of birds and bees
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of HOPE through wintry hours.

The merry children when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping, the withered leaves among,
To find the earliest, fragrant thing,
That darts from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth;
The skies are blue, the air is warm,
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

The aged man is in the field;
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers;
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wand'ring in forgetfulness,
Of wants that fret, and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good,
With joys to store for future years,
From which in striving crowds apart,
The low in spirit, bruised in heart,
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air;
The bird is building in the trees,
The flower has opened to the bees,
And health, and love, and peace are there.

A country ramble on a fine spring morning is one of the most delicious of earthly enjoyments, the air just bracing enough to afford a pleasant stimulus to the exercise. The swelling of the buds in the hedges, perchance the flowers in some shady nook, the twittering and chirping of the birds, the teams at their busy work, all inspire a fresh and exultant feeling, chastened only by the memory of some dear one, who, on a bed of sickness is denied the pleasure we are tasting. The first gush of sorrow quickly fades away, however, as we remember that the same bounteous hand who has prepared these blessings for us, may even now be preparing an enduring and blessed spring time for our suffering friend. The heart must be dead to all pure enjoyments to whom a ramble on a fine Spring morning, is not suggestive of similar reflections.

The rise of the sap, awakened by the genial warmth of spring from its winter's sleep, the perspiration by the leaves, the germination of the little seed, are all phenomena to awake anxious attention and admiration, demonstrating their divine origin, and mute evidences of the wisdom and harmony which are visible in the minutest and most trivial of those creations of God.

One of not the least interesting indications of spring which occurs in this month, is the pairing of birds. The same author, from whom we quoted a striking passage in March Thoughts, observes on this point,

"Soon the bare branches of the forest and hedge-rows are to be clad in the green livery of spring, and the whole feathered tribes, as if in anticipation of this change, are making joyful preparation for the season of love. This is the period when the feathered songsters are in full note, and many birds which are silent or rarely heard at other seasons, now enliven the period of the opening year with their cheerful invitation to their mates. This pairing of birds, while it lasts, has something so much akin to the social and domestic duties and affections of the human race, that it excites a sympathy such as we cannot extend to other animals."

One of Cowper's finest fables bears the title of "Pairing Time," and describes how on a fine winter's day some inexperienced young birds resolved to anticipate the coming spring in opposition to the advice of an experienced Bullfinch

"Who could boast more years and wisdom than the most."

The results are thus told:

"All paired, and each pair built a nest,
But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came not on quite so fast,
And Destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north:
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow,
Slipping into their nests, they paddled,
emselves were chilled, their eggs were addled;
Soon every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learned in future to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser."

Cowper's satire, though sufficiently applicable to mankind, is by no means so to birds, which are never tempted, even by the mildest winter, to build their nests before the real approach of spring. The feathered tribe remain as indifferent to the fallacious promises of the late days of winter, as insects cradled in their silken cocoons or chrysalis cases. It is only when the proper season approaches that the feathered songster seeks its mate, and even then their instinctive care in selecting a place that will afford protection from any fickleness in the season, is most remarkable.

We have said that the book of nature, whether in the bird, the bee, or the bud, is most interesting and instructive to the curious enquirer, we must not, however, forget that its revelations are limited and imperfect, and not seldom liable to misconstruction. How many, alas, have there been, and are there, who have converted the most wondrous evidences of Divine wisdom and goodness, into theories based on scepticism. Let us then approach our enquiries with an humble spirit, and as we see in the spring time the promises of the coming harvest, so let us seek by diligent self-communing with our spirits, in the spring time of life, for evidences of that harvest, whose reapers are to be the angels, and whose husbandman shall be the Almighty.

BARRIE.—LAKE SIMCOE.

Amongst the numerous Towns of Upper Canada, which every day add to their prominency in our Province, is that of Barrie, a view of which, reduced from one taken by Captain Grubbe, late of the Hon. East India's Company's Service, a resident of the place, we present to our readers in this issue.

The county town of Simcoe, (a county originally of great extent—lately reduced by the addition of the Townships of St. Vincent and Collingwood to the County of Grey, but even now covering an area of 1,159,400 acres,) it was to be expected that Barrie would take its stand amongst those, the position of which, rendered them peculiarly liable to the advantages of increase of population and wealth, which all our settlements are so rapidly acquiring. But it has done so in no ordinary degree. The situation, so long ago as in the administration of Governor Simcoe, (from whom the county is named) forced itself upon the attention of that individual, and he then fixed on a point, about two miles to the eastward of the present Town, as a convenient site for a settlement; to bear the name Kempenfeldt, in honour of the great admiral who was lost when the Royal George sank in Portsmouth Harbour. It was, however, found advisable, to place the Town at the head of Kempenfeldt Bay, and thus, leaving Kempenfeldt, which still retains its original survey of streets and blocks, on which but a few cottages have ever been erected, the present Town, named after Commodore Barrie, found birth. Beautifully situated on Kempenfeldt Bay, (one which runs westward a distance of nine miles from Lake Simcoe,) on a rising ground, which slopes directly to the water's edge, it is not to be wondered that many of those who come to see, remain to live. On the high road from the City of Toronto to Penetanguishene, on Lake Huron, the latter, at one time regarded by the Home Government, in days when colonies were more valued by them than they now are, as a valuable Naval Station, it joined those two places; whilst before the era of Railroads, which has so rapidly, and with such astonishing effect, come upon us, it received a great part of the traffic from the rich Townships of Nottawasga, Collingwood, and St. Vincent, either permanently, or *en route* to Bradford, Holland Landing, and other places in Yonge Street, which were the forerunners of its prosperity. Some eight years since, in Canada, as regards the growth of places, a period almost beyond the memory of man, it numbered 600 souls in population; it has gradually increas-

ed, until by the last Census, we find that it numbered 1007. This was in 1852, and since that date, it may be safely said that it has increased to a very little short of 1500. This, it must be remembered, is a large and very rapid increase, especially when the area of ground occupied within the limits of the Town, and that actually opened, is taken into consideration.

It was about the year 1852, that the project, which some time previously had been mooted, of establishing a line of Railroad, to connect Lakes Ontario and Huron, assumed some tangible shape. That communication with Lake Simcoe, and the traffic of its waters should be obtained by the Line, was self-evident, and Barrie then commenced to assume a position of importance, and to be regarded as one of our future Towns. Indeed, property which had previously risen gradually, nay, even to a price which was then regarded as fabulous, then arose, as those who have passed the last two years in Canada know well how it *can* rise; and fifth of acre Town Lots, which before were sold at £20, now realized more than double, in some cases treble that sum; streets long since laid out, were opened, corner lots secured, buildings erected, and it has continued rapidly increasing in wealth and population. Since October 1852, the Northern Line of Railroad has been thus far in full operation, and its terminus being on a point of the Bay, immediately opposite Barrie itself; and distant from its centre, about a mile. This has created misgivings as to whether the Town might not be injured by the distance of the terminus, but strong efforts are now being made by the corporation of the Town, to bring the Line actually to its centre, which, if done, as is most probable, will be of great benefit and convenience to its inhabitants, and must necessarily tend to its farther expansion and advancement.

This would obviously be very much the case, in consequence of the fact, now very apparent, that during the mid-winter, daily railroad communication, with its northern terminus at Collingwood harbour, on Lake Huron, will be prevented by the snow. That which proves the barrier to locomotion through the medium of steam, is the greatest boon of Providence to the back farmers, who then avail themselves of sleighing to bring produce and other matters for transport to Toronto; this being the more so, as the main roads from Orillia and Penetangueshene and from all the townships to the north, east, west, and north-west, as far as St. Vincent, all centre in it. As a place of residence, no situation in Canada can possess or offer greater advantages. One is pre-eminent, namely, that of being situated on the water's edge. To the non-business man, the bay, sheltered from the sudden and violent gusts of wind which render its sister of Toronto unsafe, or at least suspicious, and abounding with inlets, bays, and landings, affords ample opportunities of indulging in his *dolce far niente*, or should he prefer somewhat more animated recreation, in the piscatory art. Here one may float along, dreaming lazily all the day, through, disturbed by nothing, unless momentarily aroused to thought by the shrill whistle of the iron-horse. Of its salubrity, no doubt whatever exists. During the periods in 1832 and 1834, when cholera so remorsely visited our then young settlements, arresting their growth, Barrie stood, by the blessing of Providence, unscathed, and has ever been free from epidemic of any kind. Although but sixty miles north of Toronto, it enjoys in winter a climate quite unlike that English November weather which characterises Toronto—a constant, steady, bracing atmosphere is experienced, so little accompanied by wind, that in very cold days, (and in this winter the thermometer has stood as low as 30° below zero, Fahrenheit), beyond the natural keenness of the air itself, no unpleasant sensation is experienced.

In a commercial and business point of view, it is as stated, rapidly progressing—a fact most amply verified by the loud calls which have lately been made, and are now being responded to, of increased hotel accommodation. The facilities for the transport of merchandise from Toronto, have encouraged new stores; and two printing offices are in full operation, each furnishing its weekly newspaper to the teeming press of the province. Connected with the surrounding townships by the roads which run through a large farming country; and with the ports on Lake Simcoe—Orillia, Beaverton, Bradford Landing, and others—by a steamboat, there is a repeated influx of travellers, whilst great encouragement yet exists for increased advantage being taken of the water communication it has the power to enjoy. Lumber is supplied from a steam mill in the town, kept in constant operation, whilst a monopoly is prevented by the existence in the neighborhood of others, worked by water-power—several, in addition, being in course of erection, but a few miles distance. Two grist mills are also being erected within a mile of each other. A tannery and distillery are now about to be raised; and indeed, every trade offers signal signs of success.

It may perchance seem to some of our readers that we are but using such stereotyped phraseo-

logy as may with justice be applied to most of the small towns of Upper Canada. If there be such unbelievers in the land, let them ensconce themselves in the cars of the Northern Railroad, on some one of the balmy mornings of that spring which is now bursting so genially upon us, and if they be not smitten immediately with a mania for building lots—store or cottage, boat-house or wheat store—freight schooner, or pleasure skiffs, "write us down" mistaken.

THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.
No. XXII.

WHEREIN IS RECAPITULATED THE PROCESS OF LAWYER DIRLTON'S COURTSHIP, AND THE UPSHOT THEREOF.

HAVING safely arrived in the ancient capital of Scotland, I made up my mind to remain there for a day or two, in order to recruit my energies, before resuming my professional labours in Dreepdaily.

Though I had previously paid more than one visit to "Auld Reekie," the city was always invested with an aroma of fresh and fragrant interest in my eyes. In the old town, especially, a Scotchman cannot perambulate a single street without meeting with objects calculated to conjure up stirring memories of the past. There is the little chamber in Holyrood Palace, where Signor David, the Italian musician, was brutally murdered in the presence of his royal mistress! There is the balcony in the Canongate, from which the Marquis of Argyle beheld his rival, the illustrious Montrose, carted like a felon to the gallows, and laughed, like a coward as he was, at the misfortunes of one who was nobler in adversity than ever he had been in the brightest moment of triumph! There is the kirk of St. Giles (Cathedral no longer), where Janet Geddes tested with her joint stool the strength of the Prelatic parson's skull, who presumed to read the liturgy—or, as Janet expressed it, "the mass" in her "lug!" There . . . but if I go on at this rate, I may as well write a history of Edinburgh at once, and, consequently, I resume the sober and regular thread of my narration.

On leaving the Aberdeen mail coach, I proceeded forthwith to the dwelling of mine ancient friend, Duncan Dirlton, a "Writer to the Signet," or attorney at law, as the English would have designated him. For many years Duncan had officiated as my "doer," or man of business, and an intimacy of the closest and warmest description had been engendered between us. During the Court vacations, Mr. Dirlton, who could hook a trout as well as he could concoct a brief, frequently paid me a visit for the purpose of enjoying a week's angling. And in like manner, whenever my destiny led me to Edinburgh, I took up my quarters with him, as a matter of course, in his messuage on the Castle Hill. He occupied, I may mention in passing, the house built by the famous Allan Ramsay, who combined the arts of song, writing, and wig-making—a combination of gifts which (as may be predicated) gave him a peculiar interest in my eyes.

Whilst the cady—or porter—is conveying my baggage to "Ramsay Lodge," I may as well give my readers an inkling of the antecedents of the occupant thereof.

Duncan Dirlton spent the first forty-eight years of his lease of existence, in what rakes and henpecked husbands term "single blessedness." Commencing the struggle of life without a plurality of shillings to jingle in his pockets, he as little dreamed of becoming a Benedict as he would of aspiring to the judicial ermine. In his case, however, there was a verification of the wise man's saying, that the "hand of the diligent maketh rich," and it came to pass, in process of time, that the name of Dirlton came to be registered in the books of the Bank of Scotland, as a sign and token that the bearer thereof had an interest in the deposits of that temple of mammon.

When the lawyer had reached this epoch in his monetary history, he began to suspect that, upon the whole, a bachelor was consumedly suggestive of a bell without a tongue, or a saddle devoid of a bow! His solitary meals tasted insipid and *wersh*, as porridge lacking the condiments of salt; and when his cross old housekeeper, Martha Skirlansqueal, poured forth his matutinal or vesper allowance of tea, he could not help opining that the "scandal broth," (as Walter Scott terms the macerated Chinese herb) would taste more refreshing if dispensed by a younger and less wrinkled hand!

To abbreviate a long story, Duncan made up his mind to spread his net in the matrimonial sea, and barter a freedom which had become intolerably irksome, for the vassalship of Hymen.

Having adopted this resolution, he lost no time in carrying it into effect.

Mr. Dirlton was a native of the neat little country town of Dumfries, and had ever cherished a kindly remembrance of the scene of his "greens and salad days." No stream, in his estimation, more pellucid than the gently rolling Nith, and fairies, he deemed, might envy the freshness of its enclosing banks.

In these circumstances, it is not strange that to this quarter his thoughts turned when he meditated nuptiality.

When occasionally attending the Circuit Court of Dumfries, Duncan had partaken of the hospitalities of the Lord Provost thereof, Malcolm McGee. This functionary was the ancestor of three daughters, comely enough to look upon, and who had all ripened into a conjunctionable age, the youngest having bidden an everlasting adieu to her twenty-fifth birth-day. These damsels had left an agreeable impression upon the lawyer's recollection, and after taking the matter "ad avizandum" (to use his own legal jargon), he came to the conclusion that he might as well try his luck in this direction as anywhere else.

But here a formidable difficulty presented itself in the outset. Anxious as he was for a wife, he could not afford the leisure necessary for a systematic courtship. He had no partner, and his business was of that engrossing description which precluded the possibility of his leaving Edinburgh for any protracted length of time.

On the other hand, he was wisely determined not to make rash choice so far as a helpmate was concerned. Being personally cognisant of the fact, that the provost was by no means overburdened with lucre, he felt pretty confident that a well-doing writer to the signet, who had realised a few thousand pounds, would be eagerly welcomed by the McGees as a suitor, irrespective of personal recommendations which he might possess. In these circumstances, he was naturally apprehensive that the damsel to whom he might throw the electing handkerchief, would accept of him merely for his money, a catastrophe which he dreaded even more than the chill and discomfort of celibacy.

It was "Hobson's choice," however, with my friend, and he was resolved to make the best of things as they stood.

Accordingly he indited a letter marked "private and confidential," to the civil ruler of Dumfries, certifying him of his desire to become the son-in-law of that personage, and craving license to visit his domicile in the capacity of a suitor. Duncan declared that he had not concentrated his affections upon any of the young ladies in particular, but doubted not that he would have small hesitation in making a choice. He added, owing to an unfortunate circumstance, he feared he would show to some disadvantage before the Misses McGee. Some months previously he had caught a severe cold, which affected his hearing to such an extent as to render him deaf as a post. This affection, his medical advisers assured him, was only of a temporary nature, and would disappear under the influence of proper treatment, but in the meantime it rendered him, of necessity, somewhat unprepossessing to the gentler sex.

Provost McGee communicated to his *placens uxor* (Mr. Paumie has the credit or blame of these learned words), and she, stimulated by the injunctions to secrecy with which the information was coupled, indoctrinated her daughters with the same before the senectitude of the world had been increased by twelve hours. Thus it came to pass that when Dirlton, availing himself of the warm invitation of the chief magistrate of Dumfries, arrived at the dwelling of that potentate, all the members of the family, parents as well as children—were ripely aware of the object of his visit. If he had entered the mansion singing the ancient song—

"I am a braw wanter, seeking a wife,"

he could not have added to the information of the inmates thereof.

In consequence of his auricular infirmity Mr. Duncan communicated, for the most part, in dumb show with the clan M'Gee. By the whole of them, from *pater familias* downwards, he was liberally favoured with—

"Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

and so far as pantomime went, his reception could not by any possibility have been more flattering or propitious.

I need hardly say that the lawyer, possessed as he was of such a limited furlough, did not suffer the grass to vegetate under his feet. If his learning was dull, not so his eyes. Carefully did he mark every motion and action of the fair trio, and none of their proceedings escaped his penetrating ken.

Ere two days had elapsed, Mr. Dirlton had so far made up his mind, that his regards were divided between Janet, the second eldest, and Isabella the youngest of the sisters. The former of these, if any thing, engrossed the largest per centage of his devoirs, seeing that her features were peculiarly well formed, and her complexion and general contour of the most faultless, and winning description. On the other hand, Isabella though not boasting of the same physical perfection which marked her eldest sister, was of a gentler demeanour, and there was in her eyes a kindly truthfulness which penetrated the heart more thoroughly and potently than mere external grace.

With a woman's infallible instinct Miss M'Gee, ere long, became convinced, that she was

not destined to change her paternal surname for that of Dirlton. Tossing her head, therefore, at the incomprehensible want of taste, manifested by the man of law, she with heroic resignation abandoned the field to the two more juvenile candidates for a plain gold ring.

Sorely perplexed was my friend Duncan, (as he often assured me,) touching the choice which it behoved him to make. He might have been likened and compared to the playactor Garrick, solicited by Tragedy and Comedy—or to a school boy whose fortune was limited to three pence, vibrating between the conflicting charms of a mutton pie and a gooseberry tart! So great and compassless was his dubitation, that he had almost made up his mind to put an end to the dilemma by resorting to the homely oracle of a shilling tossed into the air—the King's head standing for Janet, and the royal arms adumbrating Isabella! The fates, however, had so predestined matters, that the necessity was avoided of appealing to this somewhat unsatisfactory ordeal!

One evening Mr. Dirlton was sitting in the drawing room, in company with his two charmers, who conjointly formed the most difficult problem he had ever been called upon to solve. Much silent communing had taken place through the instrumentality of a slate, and the finger alphabet, and by common consent all hands were enjoying a season of repose. The sisters occupied themselves in turning over the pages of an illustrated volume, and Duncan, taking a package of forensic documents from his pocket, solaced himself with the romantic details of an action to determine the proprietorship of a contested midden. Jerubbaal Jaup, was the name of the pursuer, and Simon Sharn that of the defendant, and as the process had been before the "Lords of Session," for upwards of twenty years, without a final decision, on account of its multiform feudal intricacies, it naturally formed a most savory and appetizing bone for the picking of a conveyancer!

After a season the ladies lighted upon the portrait by Hogarth, of the notorious John Wilks, with his pole and cap of liberty. No one who is at all conversant with the aforesaid picture requires to be informed, that John, as there represented, is far from being a beauty, and in fact might be employed with pregnant effect to frighten the squalling denizens of a nursery into good behaviour!

"Gracious me, Isabella!"—exclaimed Miss Janet McGee, "did you ever see such a striking likeness, as this is to our deaf admirer, at the other end of the table?"

"Hush, hush!" whispered the party addressed. "How can you speak in that manner of a person in his own presence? I declare you bring the blood all into my face. What, if he should ear you?"

"Hear me indeed!" rejoined Janet, "there is as much chance of the old steeple bell hearing me, as deaf Duncan! I suppose if he pops the question, I must needs say yes—seeing that such a chance is not to be met with every day, but oh, it is a dull and dreary look out, to think of spending ones life with such a stupid companion! As for love, that is perfectly out of the question! The sooner that I am entitled to wear a widow's cap, the better it will be! Heigh ho!"

At this moment Mr. Dirlton chanced to look up for the purpose of snuffing the candle, and most affectionate was the glance which the double faced Miss Janet bestowed upon him! Venus herself could not have assumed a more captivating expression of countenance! It was enough to turn the heads and beguile the hearts of half the Scottish bar!

Duncan having resumed his exploration of the profundities of the litigated "middenstead," the sisters recommenced their communing.

"I am perfectly ashamed to hear you go on at such a rate!" observed Isabella, in a tone audible, it is true, though not nearly so loud as that employed by her sister. "If I felt as you do towards our visitor, I would as soon think of marrying daft Cocklet Fraser, or drunken Thomas Trot, the club-footed dancing master, as him! It is very likely that he thinks more of you than he does of me. In fact, I half suspect that such is the case. But oh, it makes me sorry and sick at heart, to reflect that a worthy and excellent man, is about to throw himself away upon one who does not care a boddle for him! Janet (continued the excited maiden, with flushed cheek and tear charged eye) Mr. Dirlton, though he may never know it, is dearer to me than I can tell! I liked him the first moment I saw him, and there is music to my ear in the very sound of his foot when he is coming up the stairs! Dull as his deafness might make him to others, he would never be dull to me, and it would be the leading, and untiring pleasure of my life to lighten his years, and add to his happiness! They say he is rich, and high up in his profession, but if he was as poor as Job was, and only a lawyer's clerk, I could not love him one jot the less! Yes! you may laugh Janet, but I speak simply the even down truth, and Heaven knows I have no motives for telling a falsehood!" Here the gentle Isa-

bella wiped a tear from her cheek, and commenced singing the beautiful little song of Burns.

"My heart is sair—I daurna tell—
My heart is sair for somebody;
I would wak' a winter night,
For the sake of somebody.
Ochon, for somebody!
Och hey, for somebody!
I could range the warld around,
For the sake of somebody.

"Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on some body!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Ochon, for somebody!
Och hey, for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake of somebody."

At the conclusion of the oratory stave, Janet greeted the minstrel with a sarcastic titter, and remarked with no small seasoning of bitterness: Heigh ho! I am sure it would hardly kill me with sorrow, if I beheld 'somebody carrying you off on his back to Edinburgh, this blessed day! My benison would accompany both of you, provided 'somebody' gave me the keeping of his purse! Indeed if it were not for fear of the dust which my refusal of the old sober sides, would be certain to kick up, I would almost be inclined to say 'no' when he pops the question! That word, however, I must not, dare not speak! Our honoured parents would make the house too hot to hold me, if I suffered 'somebody' to slip through my fingers!"

Here the scornful beauty seated herself at the spinet—there were no pianos in those primitive times—and opening the instrument, ran her fingers in a preluding manner over the keys. "As you have favored me with a song, Bella," she said, "I can do no less than return the compliment! It is a thousand pities that my admirer cannot enjoy my warbling!" Having thus delivered herself, Miss Janet cast a look of the most melting and winning nature, upon Mr. Dirlton, who by this time had finished the mastication of his savoury legal morsel, and proceeded to give voice to the following lyric:

"What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck to the penny that tempted my minnie,
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'!

"He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doigh and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
O, drearie's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

"He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O, fool on the day I met wi' an auld man."

Here the jeering vocalist intermitted her lay for a short season to make an interludal observation.

"Dear me," she said, "I am strongly tempted to write my sentiments upon the slate, in a round text hand, for the information of Daddy Dull! But I am sorely in want of fashionable plenishing, and my newest gown is a century behind the present fashion, so he must remain in blissful ignorance! Let me take comfort and consolation from the last verse of the song, which seems as if it had been composed to meet the *peculiar circumstances of my case*, as the minister would express it:"

"My auld antie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!"

Had a stranger entered the apartment at the moment when the syren concluded her canticle, he would have predicated, without the ghost of a dubitation, that her whole heart and soul were bound up in, and concentrated upon, the elderly gentleman, who by this time had taken his station at the spinet! She gazed at him with all the absorbing yet shrinking devotion of a vestal's first love, and nothing could exceed the tenderness of her features, as she gave utterance to the concluding words—

"Then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!"

"Will it, by Jupiter!" roared out the man of parchment and red tape—"two are required for the making of such a bargain, and may I never obtain a verdict or a decree in absence again, if I give you the chance of speculating with my auld brass, as you are pleased to express it! None are so deaf as those who won't hear, and your pan may lack a bottom till doomsday, or the first of the Grecian *calendæ*, if you depend upon me furnishing a substitute therefor!"

Miss Janet McGee at once perceived how the land lay, and that her prospects of acquiring the surname of Dirlton were about as unsubstantial as was her ability to liquidate the national debt! She did not faint, most probably because she chanced to be vestmented with her best gown, but emitting a shriek of commingled rage and chagrin, rushed from the room as if it harbored the plague!

Isabella, confounded and abashed by this catastrophe, was about following in the wake of her sister, when Duncan Dirlton implored her to favor him with an audience. He represented to her the circumstances in which he was placed, and the reasons which had induced him to enact the part which he had done. Most emphatically he

craved her pardon for having simulated deafness (an infirmity which never had been his lot), pleading that without such a stratagem it would have been impossible for him to have discovered the real state of her affections. "Oh, dearest Isabella!" he pleaded in conclusion, "if you will only consent to wed *somebody*, you will make him the happiest of men, and his whole life will be devoted to the grateful task of ministering to your comfort and gratification!"

My readers must be singularly obtuse, if they require to be indoctrinated touching the result of this declaration. Ere two hours had elapsed, Mrs. McGee was regarding the elated wooer with that knowing and peculiarly complacent look, bestowed upon an approved son in-law elect. As for the Provost, he protested that he was ready and willing to die and be buried with all convenient despatch, seeing that the cup of his mundane felicity was running over like a surcharged toddy tumbler! Previous to his sepulture, however, the civic magnate insisted upon brewing a gigantic libation of cold punch, and as he was the leading consumer of his own manufacture, he became nearly qualified for funereal honors! If not precisely dead, he was, before midnight, dead drunk!

The nuptials of the happy pair were celebrated with all convenient despatch, and my friend often assured me that the longer he lived, the greater cause he had to thank his stars that so affectionate and gentle a wife as Isabella McGee had fallen to his lot.

Having reached Ramsay Lodge, I had the good fortune to find Mr. Dirlton at home, and as I fully anticipated, was invited to take up my abode with him during my residence in the North British metropolis. In this invitation he was cordially seconded by his spouse, who, as became a well-condi ioned matron, always delighted in showing favor to the acquaintances of her liege lord.

Being fatigued with travelling, I, after partaking of a frugal symposium of Prestonpans oysters and Edinburgh ale, gladly retired to rest. When lighting me to my dormitory, Mr. Duncan assured me that I had visited him at a most propitious season. "There is," said he, "a recess in the Court at present, and so I shall have the more leisure to show you the lions of Auld Reekie!"

Experience is a pocket-compass that few think of consulting until they have lost their way.

Grey hairs, like honest friends, are plucked out, and cast aside, for telling unpleasant truths.

Revenge is ever the pleasure of a paltry spirit, a weak and abject mind.

REFLECTIONS ON THE SEA.

"Ye gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas."

The sea, the ocean waste, the trackless way,
In holy record called, the *great, great deep*—
Hath fed me with a strong desire to visit
Lands, where birds and beasts, and fruits and flowers
Unseen before, might feast enquiring eyes,
Enlarge my view of God's economy.
This first instilled in me a reverence
For that Great Being, whose paths are on the
Great waters, and whose footsteps are not known—
Who first decreed the bounds they shall not pass;
Who breathes but o'er the ocean's 'whelming strife.

And gentle ripples fall insensibly to calms,
And glassy smoothness wide as vision's ken,
Is seen with graduating swells, on which
The Nautilus, the Gull, and Gannet ride.
The stormy Petrel, with its breast of down,
Who tops each mountain wave, who revels most
In elemental war, alone if speech were given
Could tell the fate of thousands who have sunk
To sleep 'tween sea-weeds, where the corals grow.
The agony of dread despair that's felt,
By noble souls that sail in leaky craft,
Or when by gale terrific struck; when spars
And bulwarks in the yeast of water's surge
O'er laboring ships, and sometimes rest
A moment on their crazy decks, to crush
The few who deemed a respite had been given—
Who thought they saw a star of hope from heaven.
With garments drenched—with long and dripping hair—
With death springs nerved—a sailor boy forlorn
Has gained some slippery shelve, to breathe awhile,
Ere stern exhaustion's felt, to witness there, and then
His much loved vessel peacemeal break away—
His shipmates struggling wildly ere they sink,
Through blocks and stay-sails, shrouds and running gear,
To hear hoarse whistling for their requiem sung—
"*Thy will be done!*" oh, God, he scarce could say.
No time for far-fetched prayers, with face upturn'd,
He looked the words, *in childhood taught*,
"*Let not the water floods o'erflow me,*
"*The deep, the mighty deep me swallow up.*"

SEAT OF WAR,

RUSSIA & TURKEY.

Maclear & Co. Lith Toronto.

RUSSIA

KHERSON

SEA OF AZOV

CRIMEA

Simferopol

Sevastopol

STRAIT OF ENIKALE

ANAPA

CIRCASSIA

BLACK SEA

Czernowitz

Botuchany

Ginlau

Skouliena

Orghiev

Dubozar

JASSY

RIVER PRUTH

Tiraspol

Bender

ODESSA

Akerman

Wastin

Hasa

Leova

Roman

Fallach

Birlat

MOLDAVIA

Bistritza

Pintra

Bakau

Tatros R.

Adjiud

Tekuleh

Kronstadt

Milkov R.

BOUNDARY BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND TURKEY

GALATZ

Rem

ISMAIL

Neutral Territory

Ibrailia

Isaklchi

Matchin

WALLACHIA

Busco

Babadagh

Rimnik

Jalomnitza R.

Hirshova

BUKAREST

Slobodzie

Karakerman

Kaiaruck

Statina

Kopotzani

Biechkoweni

Oltenitza

Rassova

Silistria

Kustendji

Rasvede

Gimrgovo

Tutukai

RIVER DANUBE

Karakal

RUSTCHUK

Kalafat

WIDIN

Iglas

Turn

Vistova

NICOPOLI

Rahovo

Rasgrad

Bazardjik

Mangalia

Yshtan B.

SHUMLA

BULGARIA

Eski Djuma

VARNA

Tirnova

Ramun Bazar

TURKEY

BALKAN MOUNTAINS

Bourgas

Janboli

R. Maritza

Umur Fekhi

Kirk Kilissa

Tchirmen

ADRIANOPLE

Abara

BOSPHORUS

CONSTANTINOPLE

SCUTARI

Gulf of Izmid

SEA of MARMORA

Chanuck Castle 100 Guns

Castle 64 Guns

BAY OF BESIKA

KUTAIAH

TURKEY IN ASIA

R. Sakaria

Uskub

ANGORA

Eregri

Amaserah

Ineboli

Redros

Sinope

Tash Kupri

Baffra

Samsun

Unich

Rizeh

Trebizonde

Zaliaran Boli

Tasia

Kankari

Kizil Firmak R.

Marswan

Amasia

Tokat

Chorum

Yuz Hat

Niksa

Raibout

ABDUL MEDJID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

NICOLAS, AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

'T has once been mine to suffer all such pang—
To hear the gallant vessel's bottom grind
On sunken rocks, mid such a storm, that all
Description fails—when minute guns and mast-
head
Lights were heard and seen from nearest land.
No boat, however manned, that sea could brave,
--One, there was, who nightly vigils kept,
Loved unreservedly—lived near the shore—
A praying mother, who still loved me more.
Extreme of peril ousts all craven fear
In battle's midst, as in the storms of night;
The heart's best incense are the briny pearls
That fall from manly face, when first made known
A ship's distress in stormy seas—the fearful odds
That mariners contend with—afresh the
Sympathetic flood is seen to fall from
Cheeks of weather-beaten tars, how well
So e'er they strive to man themselves against it.

REUBEN TRAVELLER.

Bytown, February 3, 1854.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

IN the December number of this magazine, a brief outline was given of the causes which were likely to lead to what sanguine speculators and the Peace Society considered an impossibility, an event belonging to the past, an European war. Such a calamity was considered as pertaining to a phase of society which we had outgrown and which was to be confined in future to the semi-barbarous East, as an able article in the *North British Review* has it:—

Many circumstances combined to rock us in the cradle of this comfortable belief. Habit had become a second nature: we had got so accustomed to the arm-chair of prosperity and peace that the mind absolutely refused to contemplate the possibility of a state of things which should ever shake us out of it. An earthquake, like that of Lisbon, laying London and Manchester in ruins, would scarcely have seemed to us more unnatural or unlikely. A generation and more had gone by since anything like a serious war had desolated the Continent. Nearly every one engaged in the last great contest had passed from the stage: the few who remained had become to be regarded rather as relics and monuments of a former world, than as agents and associates in this; the men who conduct the affairs of Europe and govern states, and frame and constitute the feelings, dispositions, and modes of thought of nations now, were trained and educated under the shadow of a great convulsion and a long calamity, and received their early bent while the impression of a series of sufferings and sins, nearly unparalleled in history, was yet deep and vivid in their parent's minds. Then, they have seen several abortive attempts on the part of the ambitious and the bad to get up wars, crushed at once by the general combination of all the European powers, as crimes and follies too monstrous to be permitted for a moment. They have seen every one rush instinctively, with a zeal strangely compounded of humanity and selfish alarm, to tread out the first sparks of flame which threatened to grow into a conflagration. They have seen imbroglio after imbroglio, in which war seemed absolutely inevitable, solved by diplomacy instead; revolution after revolution pregnant with the seeds of universal conflict, terminated either entirely without fighting, or with only a temporary and partial campaign, danger after danger, from which escape seemed impossible without a miracle, hanging over us for months, and yet leading to no catastrophe at last;—till an almost universal feeling has grown up that *some* peaceful way will be found out of every quarrel, *some* peaceful solution of every dilemma. However dark the sky, however menacing the attitude, however complicated the difficulty, we have felt almost boundless confidence in skill and good fortune combined leading to a satisfactory issue.

Now, however, this sense of security has been rudely disturbed. In spite of the most zealous and protracted efforts on the part of the greatest powers in Europe to prevent it, a regular war *has* broken out between two sovereigns, whose territorial possessions are the most extensive in the world; and even while we write, the decision hangs upon a thread, whether the other states will be able to appease the quarrel, or will themselves be drawn into the vortex,—whether this flame, like so many others, will be trampled out in time, or will spread into a conflagration, in which dynasties and thrones and landmarks will be burned up like the dry grass of the prairie. So great a catastrophe, we may be well assured, has not come upon us without mighty guilt in some quarters, and grievous neglect or compromise of duty in many others.

Let us endeavor to apportion the responsibility, as far as our information—necessarily imperfect,—and our judgment—necessarily fallible—will afford us light.

Russia is of course the great criminal, the prime mover in this iniquitous affair. Notwithstanding the special pleading and partial representations of the author of "Russia in the Right," among those who have watched her proceedings from the commencement of the year, there can be scarcely two opinions as to the indecency and immorality of her conduct, even if we regard only the transactions in this immediate quarrel. But we entirely refuse thus to confine our observation. The text cannot be fairly understood without the context. We must read her actions by the light which past history throws over them. We must interpret her conduct in 1853 by her conduct during the last one hundred and fifty years. This last aggression upon Turkey is only the most recent step in a long march—the closing act in a long drama of conquest and encroachment. When Peter the Great ascended the throne in 1689, he found himself the ruler of a vast territory and a scattered population—a territory cut off from Western Europe and hemmed in by nations far more powerful and civilised than his own—a population sparse, heterogeneous, and nearly barbarous. His only outlets were to the frozen ocean and the Caspian Sea. His only ports were Archangel and Astrakan. Sweden cut him off from the Baltic. Turkey cut him off from the Black Sea. Poland cut him off from all contact with European civilization. His whole soul was possessed with an insatiable, but not an unnatural nor an ignoble ambition. He proposed to himself to make Russia a great empire instead of a pathless and immeasurable desert. He aspired to rise from the position of the ruler of an Asiatic horde to that of a European potentate. For this purpose it was necessary that he should obtain access to the Baltic, the Euxine, and the Mediterranean. For this purpose he planned and developed that policy of territorial aggrandisement which his successors have ever since so pertinaciously and unswervingly pursued—sometimes by open war, but oftener by diplomacy and intrigue. Constantly baffled, frequently defeated, but never disheartened or turned aside, Russia has ever since that period pressed forward towards her end, with a steadiness of decision and a continuity of success which have impressed beholders with the idea of an inevitable and appointed destiny. By the treaty of Neustadt in 1721, she obtained access to the Gulf of Finland, and an outlet for St. Petersburg. How she absorbed Poland at four successful mouthfuls—in 1772, 1793, 1795, and 1815—we all know. In 1809, she took Finland from Swden to obtain the command of the Gulf of Bothnia; and at the general settlement in 1815, risked the peace of Europe rather than surrender it, and caused the scandalous arrangement by which Norway was torn from Denmark and given to Sweden as an equivalent. By the war which terminated in the treaty of Kinardji, in 1775, she gained a footing on the coast of the Black Sea; in 1783 she annexed the Crimea and the Sea of Azof; in 1792, by the treaty of Jassy, she obtained from Turkey another slice of territory, with Odessa as a port; the treaty of Bucharest in 1812, left her in possession of Bessarabia; and that of Adrianople in 1829, gave her the mouths of the Danube, and additional territory, and important fortresses on the Asiatic shore of the Black Sea. But this was not all. She held possession for some time of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces, established her own system of rule therein, and when the objections of Europe and her own prudence induced her to evacuate them, she stipulated that the institutions and form of government she had set on foot should not be disturbed; that Turkish troops should not be allowed to occupy them; and that she should have the right (which she at once exercised) of establishing a quarantine on the Danube, thus virtually detaching them from Turkey, to whom they now owe only a sort of feudal homage.

One step only remained. Russia had obtained nearly all she wanted from Turkey, except that open seizure of Constantinople, which she well knew the other powers would never permit. She had done all she could as an *enemy:* she must do the rest as a *friend.* Conquest had done its work; it must now be exchanged for the more insidious and more fatal weapon of protection. The unfortunate quarrel of the Sultan with the Pacha of Egypt, gave Russia the opportunity she so ardently desired. She saved the Porte,

(though greatly weakened by the virtual severance of Egypt and Syria,) and the treaty of Unkiar Skelessee was her reward. By this treaty Turkey was bound to assist Russia in all wars, (*i. e.* to allow Russia to drag her into all her disputes and compel her to quarrel with all her own friends,) and Russia engaged to protect Turkey against all enemies. France and England, however, became alarmed, and insisted on some modification of this arrangement and the Protectorate of Russia was not yet as perfect as she desired; and the recent demand which has brought on the present crisis was designed to complete the subjugation.

The last proceeding of Russia was both in matter and in manner one of the most objectionable she had ever been guilty of. Stripped of all diplomatic drapery, it amounted to a virtual demnand for a protectorate over all the subjects of the Porte belonging to the Greek Church, (probably ten millions in number) an arrangement which would empower them to bring all their grievances, real or supposed, to the feet of the Czar, instead of to those of their lawful sovereign for redress, which would authorize Russia to interfere on their behalf on every occasion, and under every pretext. It was as if Austria or France had claimed the right of interposition and remonstrance, of protection and guarantee, on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland. With the known character and designs of Russia, it would have amounted nearly, if not quite, to a transfer of allegiance on the part of the vast majority of the European subjects of the Porte, from the Sultan to Nicholas; and as was universally felt, to concede such a demand would have been a complete surrender of sovereignty and independence. It was about the most audacious step Russia had yet taken. But Turkey seemed to be in a humour for concession. France had cajoled her out of a grant of certain privileges to the Catholics of Syria; Austria had bullied her into submitting to the Montenegrian robbers; Russia herself had insisted on her withdrawing on behalf of the Greek Christians the concession with regard to the Holy Places which she has just made to the Latin Christians; England and Prussia, a while before, had insisted on her permitting the establishment of a Protestant Church at Jerusalem. Then, Austria lay at her feet, in consequence of her past services in crushing the Hungarians, and the probability that in case of war, those services might be needed again; so that the Czar might well believe that Austria would offer no impediment to his designs. He well knew, too, that England and France, to interfere effectually, must interfere in unison; and both his own diplomatists and our newspapers had told him that such unison was now impossible. He knew that our ministers all dreaded and deprecated war; he believed that our people would endure any amount of insult and ill-usage rather than endanger that tranquillity which was so essential to commercial undertakings; he imagined that Mr. Cobden and his allies would be able to raise such an outcry about the utter worthlessness of anything save peace and pence, as to paralyze all vigorous action on the part of the government in all matters of foreign policy; he was persuaded that jealousy of Louis Napoleon had tied our hands, and that indolence and wealth had subdued our spirit. He laid our vigilance to sleep by assuring us that he only desired (what the Sultan at once granted,) the restoration of the former privileges of the Greek Church; and then, *while the British Ambassador was absent from Constantinople*, he sent Prince Menzikhoff, an officer of high rank, and great pomp, and with a large military staff, to present his unwarrantable demand, and to *require an answer in eight days* on the pain of——"the most painful consequences." He trusted the suddenness of the demand, the unpreparedness of Turkey, the display of insolence and power, the habit of yielding to his formidable name, and the absence of the Sultan's best adviser, for obtaining an affirmative reply. But he was mistaken. He had gone too far. The spirit of the Porte was aroused; he occupied the Principalities, but even this step failed to intimidate or overawe; the jealousy of other powers was alarmed; the concession was refused; England and France came to the rescue; time was gained; Turkey armed; and the bully, much to his surprise, was compelled to fight. He was not prepared for this; he hoped to gain his ends by the *display*, not by the *use* of force; and the result has been, that the fortunes of the first campaign have gone against him.

Observe: we do not mean to alledge that the Emperor Nicholas is a monster of iniquity because he has done all this. He has acted after his nature, and according to the traditional policy of his dynasty. He is acting for the aggrandisement of his country, and may very possibly believe he is acting right. We are not entitled to expect of him that he shall be so far beyond his nation or his age, as to consider the laws of eternal morality rather than the dictates of Russian interests—to prefer justice to patriotism. We merely affirm that his objects are clear,—that he is ambitious, daring, and unscrupulous, and that it is necessary both for the interests of England and of Europe, that his ambition should be checked. Equity and policy both require that the integrity and independence of Turkey shall be maintained; and these can only be maintained by the permanent discomfiture of Russian designs. It is essential to Russia that she should possess Constantinople—if she is to be the mighty and prosperous power which it is the "fixed idea" of her rulers to make her. It is essential to England, to European peace, to the interests of general freedom, that Russia should *not* have Constantinople; and she must, therefore, be kept out of it at any cost. Vast in her ambition, and unscrupulous in her means, she certainly is—and we are called upon to resist her to death. For the strong to use their strength to trample on the weak, is in the highest degree iniquitious; and this Russia has unquestionably done, whatever be the plausible disguises by which she may have veiled to herself the naked nature of the deed. But still we may treat her and regard her as a dangerous enemy, rather than a desperate and unnatural criminal. When we see how even good men deceive themselves as to the right and just, where their own objects and wishes are concerned, we can well suppose that any sovereign who sits upon the throne of Muscovy, may regard it as his duty to absorb Turkey if he can.

The position of Austria in the common guilt which has brought the calamity of war upon us, is second only to that of Russia, and originated some years ago. If she had remained the powerful and independant empire she once was, Russia could scarcely have ventured on this aggression, nor would Austria for a moment have permitted it. The two Empires are in too close contact on their eastern frontier not to be mutually jealous and vigilant over any movement which can bring aggrandisement to either. The Principalities which the Czar has seized are overlapped by the Transylvanian provinces of Austria, and are bounded by, and command the navigation of her magnificent river,—almost her only outlet. Their permanent possession would be almost as great a menance to Austria as a wrong to Turkey. But Austria, by her proceedings in 1849, had deprived herself of the power of resistance, and almost of protest. Not content with being the constitutional sovereign of a free, faithful, and warlike nation, the Emperor resolved to be its Despot and Oppressor; he broke his oaths, he violated his engagements, he trod down the liberties of Hungary; and, meeting with the resolute opposition which might have been anticipated, he was beaten, baffled, and disgraced. In order to consummate his perfidious and cruel crime, it was necessary to call in the aid of his powerful neighbour; he crouched to Nicholas that he might trample on Kossuth, and, that he might enslave his subjects, became himself a slave to his ally. He has paid dearly for the perilous and insidious assistance; he is now shackled to Russia by a double tie of vassal and accomplice; he cannot protest against transgressions which are as nothing in comparison with his own atrocities; he cannot thwart a will to which he is indebted for his empire; and the army, which might and would have been employed in protecting Turkey, finds ample occupation in watching and repressing Hungarian discontent. It is possible that at last Austria may have resolved to join the Western Powers, as a course involving less peril than any other; but Nicholas could not anticipate such a line of conduct—nor do we believe in it; he counted and he had a right to count, on the connivance if not the aid of the potentate whom he had rescued from humiliation and ruin; and without this calculation it is scarcely credible that he would have thought the opportunity was ripe for the audacious demands which Prince Menzikhoff was instructed to prefer.

The share of France is confined to the circumstances that it was she who gave the pretext for the commencement of the entire

imbroglio by endeavouring to steal a march on Russia, and procuring from the Porte a firman declaring her Protector of the Holy Places. This step she subsequently withdrew, but unhappily Russia had already taken advantage of it to charge the Sultan with a breach of faith, and to demand fresh concessions and guarantees. It was a piece of petty and mischievous ambition on the part of Louis Napoleon, which has led to much evil and embarrassment. Since that, however, his conduct has been irreproachable. The moment the independence of Turkey was seriously threatened, he joined England in protesting. He was not sorry to have an opportunity for resenting the delay and want of cordiality on the part of the Czar in acknowledging his imperial title. With his usual sagacity, he saw in the "position" the precise occasion which he wanted for gaining a real entrance into the magic circle of European sovereignty, and for earning in the eyes of the world a character for dignity, good faith, pacific intentions, and generous and far-seeing policy; and he has improved it with admirable skill. He at once assured our government of his determination to act with them throughout the whole affair with cordiality and honor, and indeed to be guided almost entirely by their advice; with every temptation to precipitate a war which would have been very popular in France (for France has never forgotten the disaster of 1812, nor the occupation of 1814 and 1815), and would have brought glory and therefore stability to his throne, he has patiently exhausted all the resources of negotiation before preparing for ulterior measures; he has manifested the greatest prudence, firmness, and forbearance; and though we do not suppose that in his heart he cares one fig for Turkey, or regards the affair in any other view than as it may be made subservient to his own moral "rehabilitation," yet if his motives had been the highest and most unselfish in the world, it is difficult to see how his proceedings could have been worthier or more unblameable.

England, we grieve to say, has been far more guilty in this matter. Her share dates like that of Austria from some time back, and as in all free countries must be divided between the government and the people. Her first great mistake—so great as to be be nearly a crime, certainly a deplorable dereliction of duty—was in permitting Russian interference to crush Hungary in 1849. If she had then—said firmly and resolutely to the Czar:—"Leave Austria to fight her own battles, and perpetrate her own sin; your sympathies are with her—ours are with her victim; both are natural; let us both suppress them; but if you interpose on the one side, we will give all the aid we safely and conveniently can to the other; we will not see a brave and independent nation, with a guaranteed and long-descended constitution like our own, trampled down by the coalition of two despotic empires in spite of treaties and in defiance of decency and right."

If England had held this language, who can doubt that Russia must have held her hand, and that Hungary would have now been independent, or again united to Austria under material guarantees which would have placed her liberties beyond future danger? In either case Turkey would have been safe, and England would now have been spared the imminent prospect of a war. In the former case Hungary—naturally sympathetic with Turkey—would have constituted a powerful and warlike ally, whose forces, in addition to those of the Porte, the Czar would have hesitated to encounter. In the latter, Austria would have been powerful enough and free enough peremptorily to have forbidden the meditated wrong. Our second error—though here we speak with more diffidence, as not yet being possessed of all the facts necessary for forming a decided judgment—seems to have consisted in not assuming from the first opening of this dispute a higher tone, a more indignant language, and a prompter action. We do not appear to have succeeded in at once impressing Russia with the conviction that, come what might, we would not permit her encroachments to proceed. We remonstrated, we negotiated, we moved our fleet—but we have been in the habit of doing all these things, *and doing nothing more;* and the Czar evidently supposed that all he needed was to be bold and insolent enough, and that we should then counsel our ally to yield or at least to compromise the quarrel on unfavorable terms. Our proceedings at Vienna gave too much countenance to this surmise. Our represen-

tives there, by some most unaccountable incapacity or oversight, did certainly recommend Turkey to consent to terms which would have been to her as fatal and dishonoring as Russia could have desired. Our uncertain action and timid and hesitating language evidently satisfied Russia that she had nothing ultimately to fear from us, and thus unintentionally drew her on to a position from which retreat seems nearly impossible. Had we plainly and boldly assured her in the first instance that we would advise Turkey to no substantial concession, and that we would, if needful, support her by men and money in an armed resistance, no one who is acquainted with the mingled daring and pliability of Russian policy can doubt for a moment that she would have retracted and retired. She may have believed we were in earnest; but she did not believe that we were ready to enforce our remonstrances by ulterior measures. She believed, and she had but too much reason to believe, that war was an eventuality which we were not prepared to encounter—that we in common with the rest of the Powers of Europe, preferred peace to justice and to character.

Without following up these speculations as we might do had we space, we have said enough to show us that a war once fairly entered upon, it must inevitably become not a mere war of crowns but of nations and opinions, and possibly even a war of nations against crowns—and would open questions involving the entire resettlement of Europe. Before it was ended, alliances and combinations might have changed more than once; friends may have become divided, and foes have become joined: dynasties and forms of government might have been overthrown and replaced by their antagonists and opposites; old wounds might have been re-opened, old chimeras re-aroused, old failures re-attempted and the wild confusion of fifty years since once more sweep away the landmarks of Europe. It is natural enough that all men who have not nerves of iron, and who remember that fearful time, should shrink from opening the floodgates of such an incalculable deluge; it is natural especially that those should shrink from it who have no earnest wishes, no enthusiastic hopes, no clear or well-defined line of policy chalked out in their own minds,—who do not know what port to steer for, what issue to desire, which of two perils they are most anxious to avoid; it is most natural of all that those should shrink from it whom age has taught to dread evil rather than to be sanguine after good, to distrust all brilliant promises and magnificent visions of a regenerated era, and to sicken at the prospect of the dreary desert of chaos and bloodshed which lies between the dreamers and their gaol. We believe it is to this feeling, more than any other—to a sense of *unpreparedness* on the part of all our statesmen to face and grapple with the vast problem which shakes its warning finger and lifts its menacing voice in the distance—that we must ascribe the irresolution manifested by both England and France to take any hostile or decided step which may preclude an accommodation, and the obvious determination of all Powers except the combatants themselves to hush up the quarrel by any means and at any price. It is this which has made our government at once interfere to allay irritation and mediate a compromise; it is this which led our representatives to propose terms to Turkey which would have been weakness in her to accept, and which it was disreputable in them to suggest; it is this which has made Austria alike ready to join the Western Powers in warning and thwarting the Czar; it is this which has made England and France slow and forbearing to the verge of silliness and weakness; it is the knowledge of this feeling, its prevalence and power which has emboldened Nicholas to press on to his designs with such arrogant and haughty violence.

We cannot therefore wonder that men, on whose head the responsibility of action must rest, should exhaust every contrivance of diplomacy and every effort of patience before venturing to begin a war the nature of which will be so serious and the issues so distant and uncertain. Nor perhaps ought we to blame them too severely if, with such a prospect before them, they push forbearance beyond the limits of either dignity or prudence. We would only entreat them to remember, that though it may be worth any effort and any sacrifice to *avoid* such a war as lies before them, merely to *postpone* it may be worth no effort and no sacrifice at all. If it must come

it is best that it should come at a time when, as now, our case is clear, our cause is just, our allies are strong, and our means ample and ready. A year or two hence migh: find us in a far less favorable position for encountering whatever eventualities the future may have in store for us. Turkey might be exhausted by a long and fruitless attitude of armed inaction; possible controversies might have arisen with America; a coolness might have intervened between us and France; Russian intrigue might have sown dissension and distrust among her allied antagonists; and we might have a Caffre, an Affghan, or a Burmese war upon our hands. But be this as it may, one thing is quite clear to us, and we shall think our rulers very weak and very culpable if they neglect it—the "Eastern question" must be settled now on terms which will afford at least a reasonable guarantee against its recurrence. It will not do to have it constantly hanging over us, ready to burst at any moment when our coffers are empty and our hands are full. Russia, we may be quite certain, will never abandon her designs, or cease from her intrigues for the overthrow of Turkey and the possession of Constantinople, till arrangements have been made which show her the utter and permanent hopelessness of of such designs. Nor will it do for us to be constantly called in to prevent and repel her aggressions, whether diplomatic and stealthy, or armed and violent. Nor will it do for the successful discomfiture of her aggressions to depend upon the chance of friendly relations and a good understanding between France and England. Turkey—or its substitute and successor, whatever power may hold Constantinople, Roumelia, and Asia Minor, the Ottoman empire, in short—must be made self-supporting, and must be made so now and for good. If the result of the present contest shall show that the Porte can hold her own, that Turkey is stronger and Russia weaker than has hitherto been supposed, and that her reforms and developed resources will render her in future single-handed a match for her colossal foe; or if, through the active aid of her allies, peace should be concluded on the fair and favorable terms already enumerated —then our work will have been done, and we may dismiss all further anxiety from our minds. But the first is more than we can hope for; with all our knowledge of the elements of weakness and discord in the Muscovite empire, and with all our favorable opinion as to the improvement and unextinguished energies of the Ottoman Power, we cannot flatter ourselves that the latter, as at present constituted, will not always be greatly overmatched. How, then, are the two great rivals to be equalized, or so far equalized that the greater can never hope either to conquer or absorb the other? Two plans have been proposed: the first needs only to be stated in order to be condemned; the second needs only a few facts and a few moments' reflection in order to be dismissed as hopeless and absurd. The partition of Turkey among the European powers would be a crime, which, even if we were ripe for it, would bring its own punishment along with it in a progeny of interminable disputes and wars. The dismissal of the Mussulman race into the heart of Asia, and the establishment of a "Greek empire," with Byzantium for its capital as of old, is the dream of a few ignorant enthusiasts. In the first place, the Mussulmans would not be so easily or speedily "dismissed." In Europe there are (to take Dr. Michelsen's and Mr. Urquhart's statistics) 3,800,000 Mahometans, of whom 1,100,000 are pure Osmanlis—brave warlike, and fanatical, who might be conquered, but would never yield, in a war for empire or existence, and who would be supported to the last by their brethren in Asia, who are at least eleven or twelve millions more. But suppose all those beaten or exterminated—what are the elements for the composition of a "Greek empire" in the place of European Turkey? We have a number of races—incongruous, hostile, and unamalgamated; various in origin, in blood, in character, and in religion—utterly unfusible, and of whom the Greeks do not form above one million out of fifteen. The rest are made up of such heterogeneous elements as the following: —Wallachians and Moldavians, of mixed Dacian, Roman, and Sclavonic race, and in religion of the Greek church—wild shepherds, carriers, and tillers of the soil; Bulgarians, a mixture of Sclavonic and Tartar blood, peaceable agriculturists, of whom about one-fourth are Mahometans, and the rest Oriental Christians; Bosnians, savage and warlike, of Sclavonic origin, half Mahometan, a quarter be-

longing to the Latin, and a quarter to the Greek Church; Albanians, semi-barbarians, of mingled Slave, Illyrian, and Greek blood, mainly Mahometans, some Roman Catholics, and some Oriental Christians; besides Armenians and Jews in considerable numbers. Here are at least five races and three religions —pure Sclavonians, mixed Sclavonians; pure Greeks, mixed Greeks; Sclavonians who are Catholics, Sclavonians who are Greek Christians, Sclavonians who are fanatical Mahometans. How can a homogeneous and centralized empire be formed out of such repellent elements? and how can a Greek empire be constituted out of a wilderness of races and creeds, of whom only about one-fifteenth have any title to be called Greeks at all—and this fifteenth, though the shrewdest, by no means the most energetic, and assuredly the least commanding? "All these populations," says Urquhart, "have accepted the Turks as masters; not one of them would endure for a moment the supremacy of any of the others. If you had not the Turks you would require to invent them, unless you wish to see European Turkey a chaos of bloodshed."

It must not, however, be imagined that these several races have always acquiesced willingly and patiently in the domination of their Ottoman rulers, or that they do not each indulge their own ambitious dreams of future development and supremacy. Most of them have in turn been restive, and several have obtained a greater or less degree of virtual independence. One way remains to combine all objects, realize all hopes, and meet, as far as possibility permits, all desires. Change Turkey in Europe from a substantive empire into a federal union of states; make the Sultan the *suzerain* instead of the autocrat of the various provinces of his dominion; assimilate all the other divisions to what Servia is now, and what Wallachia would be but for Russian interference, let each state govern itself, but pay a tribute to the central powers, and, if need be, in case of war furnish a specified contingent. The Porte would then remain (what it is well qualified to be) a military and diplomatic supreme head, with Roumelia only as its special appendage; and would cease to be (what probably it cannot successfully become) an administrative power. And the change would be very small, and perhaps after a time scarcely perceptible; for three of the European provinces are already virtually independent—Bosnia and Albania are always struggling to become so; and of all the governments of Europe there is none so little bureaucratic—none of which the action is so slightly felt, and penetrates so feebly into the daily life of the people—as that of Turkey, unless we except our own. Under such an arrangement as this, the heart-burnings which at present exist among the dominant and the subject races in the Ottoman dominions would soon die away; each separate state would be at liberty to follow its own inherent tendencies, to develop its own resources, and to carry out its own special form of civilization; and the central and supreme executive would be felt only as a protection against foreign aggression, and a control upon intestine discord.

But would Turkey,—thus re-organized upon a natural, healthy, and permanent footing, be able to stand her ground and form an adequate and enduring barrier against Muscovite encroachments and intrigues. *Probably* she would; for then no one of the constituent States would be willing for an instant to listen to any proposals of exchanging its own free and hopeful future for the dreary and dismal fate of incorporation with the overgrown dominion and subjection to the crushing and paralyzing sceptre of Russia. *Possibly* she might not—were this change the only one. But assuredly she would, with an aid which we should propose to give her, and which would make the future as secure and tranquil as futures can ever be. *With Hungary independent and allied*, (and the alliance is natural, for sentiments of friendship and consanguinity have long existed, and interests are identical,) the Magyars, the Sclaves, and the Ottomans would be safe, and Russian ambition would be for ever baffled and beaten back. Even with Hungary reunited to Austria under her old constitution, with the guarantee of her own ministry, her own army, and her admitted nationality; with old wounds healed, old wrongs forgiven, and old imperial intrigues surrendered because hopeless—(and this, if Austria were but wise, *might be achieved to-morrow*,) the future would be nearly if not quite as secure; for, under such a healing arrangement Austria would be again powerful enough to feel independent of Russian aid, and therefore no longer a reluctant and fettered accomplice in Russian crime. A little timely wisdom at Vienna, and a little safe and needed spirit in London and at Paris, might arrange this glorious pacification of Europe ere another month had passed. If something of this sort is not done, and done soon, the perils which we shall have to encounter at no distant date, we believe in our hearts to be at least as certain as that we shall have only our own blindness, our own languor, our own timidity to thank for them.

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM THOMAS HALEY.

CHAPTER IV.

The presence of a whole army of Brigands, in a position to command an access to the Mahomedan holy cities of Mecca and Medina, after a few more marches and wholesale murders, very naturally filled the Sultan of Turkey with indignation and alarm, and it was against the legitimate sovereign of the land that Napoleon and his brigaded bandits fought at Jaffa as they had fought at El Arish. Britain and her allies, in their conduct towards what Mr. Abbott ingeniously calls a "disenthralled" nation, were wholly and evidently out of the question. Napoleon, we repeat it, was at this time as mere a bandit chief as ever was hanged, guillotined, garotted, or otherwise disposed of, to to the great comfort of all honest men. "The stern necessities of war" were, in this case, no necessities at all; nothing more was required than that Napoleon and his ruffians should leave a land in which they had no more legitimate right than our hand at this present moment has in the cash-box of the conscientious Mr. Abbott. What Mr. Abbott affects to call the necessities of war were, in fact, the murderous means of a robber and murderer. Are we to allow that this mere Brigand, this wholesale robber, whose sole argument was the force, the numbers, the discipline of his banditti, and their bandit-like devotion to the chief upon whose skill they could confidently rely to provide cities for their plundering, are we to allow that this practical renegade from Christianity, is to be less sternly judged for his contravention of the military laws of all civilized nations, than a Wellington or a Blucher, commanding the armies of their respective sovereigns, and battling in defence alike of their respective countries and of the whole of the civilized world? Because he, in his, all but, insane ambition, was prepared to turn Mahometan, in order to obtain sovereign power in Africa and Asia, just as he had feigned Jacobinism to obtain in France the military rank which enabled him to consign both his enemy's troops to needless and useless slaughter for the entertainment of a woman; are we to allow that *any* "necessity of war" could make his slaughter in cold blood of *two thousand unarmed prisoners of war*, anything other than a crime, so cruel as to render it certain that, whether *innately* cruel or not, it was that rather of a demon than of a man, even as French mothers then gave men to their wretched country. Necessity of war! indeed; self-defence of France, indeed! The memory of the man who ordered the butchery of the unfortunate two thousand *unarmed prisoners of war* shall not be saved from the bloody stain of a savage and unnecessary cruelty either by Sir Walter Scott's too magnanimous delicacy, or by the seeming candour and real cunning of an unscrupulous apologist of a tiger-like nature, nor shall it be left untold that his was a nature which enabled him to sit calmly on his horse and see division after division of unarmed, half-bound *prisoners of war*, shot down by his armed and disciplined banditti, and to look upon the bayonett hrusts which put an end to the writhings of the unhappy wretches, whom the musketry maimed, and mangled, indeed, but did not quite kill. Tell us, oh, Abbott! oh, Republican! tell us thou sycophant of a dead tyrant, and slanderer of a great and glorious people, whether you mean to say that, admitting that the Brigand-General, Napoleon, was obliged by the "necessities of war to order the wholesale murder of these unarmed prisoners of war, or that anything but a cruel nature could possibly compel him personally to inspect the butchery; curiously to gaze, with those eyes, which mingled rage and fear never failed to inject with a horrible mixture of blood and bile, to gaze, curiously, upon the platoon firing, the fall of some of the victims on the instant, and the awful writhings of others as the bayonet sought, and not always successfully with first thrust, to find a passage to the wildly beating heart, or to the half maddened brain? Do you, living in a *religious* and intelligent Republic, no matter whether impelled more by love of lucre, or by hate of Britain, do you *dare* to add to your brief comments, your conviction that this personal attendance on that bloody *fete* was anything short of full proof of a cruelty such as the world's annals unhappily may parallel, but assuredly cannot exceed in deliberateness and implacability?

Mr. Abbott, with an effrontery which has

never been surpassed, coolly tells us that it is "undeniable that in this conflict Napoleon was contending on the side of human liberty, and the allies for the support of despotism." Not only is this *not* undeniable, but it has been already disproved by Mr. Abbott's own admissions, as well as by more reliable evidence. The case is precisely the reverse of Mr. Abbott's statement; the allies were supporting human liberty against the fiends of the French Revolution; and even setting that positive fact out of the question, the invasion of Egypt, as far as Napoleon's prospects and aspirations were concerned, had really nothing at all to do with the great question at issue between France and the allies. Mr. Abbott must not therefore, attempt to complicate the case by an artful declamation against the allies; neither can we allow him to make the Directory and the rest of the unprincipled despots of Revolutionary France actual parties to this tremendous butchery, (even although Napoleon was nominally the mere servant of the Directory,) as we have already shewn what his real views were in the invasion of Egypt.

Mr. Abbott's idle writing about what he calls "the necessities of war" is therefore irrelevant; this was no legitimate war, it was a mere brigandage, and consequently while the utmost resistance was doubly justifiable, Napoleon was doubly bound to show even an unusual lenity to his prisoners of war. It is urged, indeed, as ample apology for Napoleon, that he had previously captured these very men at El Arish, and dismissed them on their parole. Now admitting that to have been the case, Mr. Abbott speaks of the Turks as mere barbarians, how then can he assume that from such men Napoleon had any right to expect that nice observance of the military point of honor which marks the Christian and civilized soldier? In addition to their mere barbarism pleading as an excuse for their want of that chivalrous delicacy which would compel a Christian soldier to suffer death rather than to break his parole, the Turks were taught, and very rightly taught, too, that Napoleon appeared in arms against them, not as a warrior engaged in a legitimate warfare, but as a mere brigand, whose ruffianly hand would repeat in every city of the Turkish empire the bloody massacres, the rapine, the arson, and other crimes which rendered them already accursed in the sight of man and of God. There was everything, therefore, to render the breach of parole on the part of "barbarian" Turks as excusable, nay, as justifiable, as it would have been utterly unpardonable in a more enlightened Christian soldiery. Moreover, we have no proof that Napoleon's pretended identification of the men dismissed on parole at El Arish, with the unarmed and manacled prisoners of war, is to be depended upon. To his other sublime qualities, Napoleon added that of being, when falsehood could possibly serve his turn, even temporarily, as inventive and infinitely more intrepid than Munchausen or Mendez Pinto. In the absence of such proof, we decline to take Napoleon's word for the fact; as there is nothing but his own bad character to establish his statement. But in this case there is something more than Napoleon's character to militate against his statement. When Napoleon made this assertion he was wearying out his existence in the spacious island prison which Britain substituted for DEATH. He was evidently anxious to the very last to stand well in the world's opinion, and especially in the opinion of military men; and he knew human nature well enough to be quite certain that this imputed breach of parole would go far to justify him in the eyes of the world for his conduct at Jaffa. He well knew the wretched truth that the great majority of mankind are the submissive slaves of certain mere words; and that of every thousand men who would read his imputation of a "*breach of parole*" not one per cent would consider, firstly, that parole given to a general and a promise given to a mere brigand, and while his knife is at one's throat, are two extremely different things, and that, secondly, even a commander of a legitimate army, unless a man cruel by nature or habit, or both, would feel himself bound to make great allowance in such a case for a breach of parole, especially as regarded mere private soldiers. He well knew that the great mass of mankind are but little prone to going beneath the surface, and that the imputation of a breach of parole was, consequently, one of the most effective means that he could employ for depriving those two thousand of murdered prisoners of the sympathies of the thousands who would be quite sure to read

his imputation, and equally sure *not* to make any careful or effective enquiry into its truth.

We, for our own part, utterly disbelieve that imputation; we can point out so many instances in which Napoleon stands convicted of the most bare-faced falsehood, that it is impossible, especially in a case of such importance, in which Napoleon had so deep an interest in deceiving men, for us to give credence to the mere assertion of Napoleon, unless supported by corroborative evidence. Such evidence, from really and clearly disinterested, as well as generally credible, witnesses, we challenge Mr. Abbott to produce; until he does produce it, we hold ourselves fairly entitled to state that these men should not be considered guilty of the imputed breach of parole, and that, consequently, Napoleon's excuse is invalid.

Mr. Abbott has contrived to lay himself open to another charge of both unfair and inaccurate statement. He says that Napoleon's whole chance of either success or safety depended upon his putting these men to death. We say that we defy him to show how that could possibly be the case. They were unarmed and dismounted; they were men manacled and led to the slaughter. Now, if, instead of feeding these men during two days of sham debate, he had given them two days' provision, and started them off towards Cairo, leaving them to Providence and their own energies, how could these men have increased the forces which the Sultan had despatched to put an end to the robberies, burnings, and murders of the would-be renegade Pasha? How were these dismounted, poor creatures to join any of the Turkish forces in time to be mischievous to Napoleon? Where were they to get arms? In El Arish? In Jaffa? So little real danger was there of these disarmed men having any chance of becoming mischievous to Napoleon, that a man of chivalrous feeling would have dismissed such helpless creatures in mere scorn, and a man of any sound policy would have saved his two thousand charges of musketry, and have seen, in his lenity to these unhappy wretches, a very precious argument, whether in victory or in defeat; in victory it would have powerfully aided him in obtaining an ascendancy over the people; in defeat and captivity, it would have served both generals and soldiers as a nob'e precedent given to the Sultan and his counsellors.

Mr. Abbott lays great stress upon two facts,—the one that a council of war deliberated during two whole days ere its anxious deliberations terminated in a sentence of death; the second, that Napoleon signed the sentence with "extreme reluctance." As to the sitting of the council, we fully believe it, because Mr. Abbott merely repeats, as to that, what he finds in the pages of other authors; but as to Napoleon's reluctance, for which we have only Mr. Abbott's word, we know enough both of the hero and his biographer, to warrant us in refusing to credit a word that Mr. Abbott says about it.

Napoleon had not a single excuse for not sparing these men. The Turk had nothing to do with the quarrels between Britain and her allies and the murderous usurpers of France; and as to Mameluke oppression of Egypt, Napoleon had no just plea for even doing good, far less for doing harm in Egypt; there were worse than any Mamelukes at work in what he, the Corsican, so affectedly calls his "beloved" France, without his going to Africa or Asia to play the knight-errant. And even had his mission been a legitimate one; even had he not been, in heart as false to his masters, the Directory, as the whole rabble-rout of revolutionary rulers, from Danton, and Marat, and Robespierre downward, had been to their king and to the laws alike of God and of humanity, he would still have had not even the shadow of an excuse for this wanton and most barbarous massacre of *prisoners of war;* and even had erroneous notions of his own, on advice from others, misled him into the ordering of such wholesale and unjustifiable butcheries, even then, had he not been truly tiger-like in his sanguinary cruelty, he would have delegated to some inferior ruffian the terrible task of personally superintending so frightful an execution.

Mr. Abbott has vainly endeavored to clear Napoleon from one of the foulest stains that rests upon his character, and has quite as vainly endeavored to throw the odium of it directly upon the military council, and indirectly upon Britain.

We shall decline to follow Mr. Abbott through all the details which, with such an utter and open contempt for both fairness and

courtesy, he has given, from other and easily accessible authors, of Napoleon's doings in Egypt and Palestine. We therefore purpose only to notice those few great and conspicuous crises in the Life of Napoleon, which have been cunningly selected as pegs upon which to hang his unjust eulogies of one of the most entirely selfish men that have ever disgraced and scourged our common humanity.

Mr. Abbott has the unblushing assurance, to write thus:—

"The chivalric Sir Sydney Smith must at times have felt not a little abashed at contemplating the deeds of his allies. He was, however, fighting against the progress of free institutions, and the Scimitar of the Turk was a fitting instrument to be employed in such a service."

Sir Sydney Smith united the devoted gallantry of the Knights of old, with a Christian feeling, and a delicacy of which the Knights of old seem to have been entirely free, not to add, very entirely unconscious. He did not, for this, that, or the other purpose, "employ the Scimitar of the Turk," and Mr. Abbott was as well aware of that when he made his utterly shameless statement, as we are at the moment of both contradicting that statement, and denouncing it. Sir Sydney Smith durst not employ the Turks to aid him in forwarding any projects of his own, or of the British Government; unlike the Knightly and high-hearted British sailors, he detested the vile hypocrisy, the cruelty, and the insatiable ambition of the Corsican, penetrated the designs which that most selfish and unscrupulous of men idly fancied he could serenely hide within his own breast until "the pear should be ripe," and nobly resolved to do that which he very effectually did; to put an end to the Progress of the Brigand Napoleon and his Banditti, to baffle his schemes, to blast his hopes, and to send him home skulking and for ever branded with a great military failure, as well as with a great personal villainy. "Free institutions," even such precious *free institutions* as the wretched Atheists of France then groaned under, formed no part of the subject of contest between the, as yet, uncircumcised renegade Napoleon, and his superiors, the circumsised Turks, mistaken, indeed, in their worship, but at least, neither hypocrites nor renegades. The Turks fought for hearth, and home, and father-land, against a highly disciplined horde of nominally Christian miscreants, who assailed not merely the armed warriors of Jerusalem, but the old and infirm; who slaughtered in cold blood, who violated wives and maidens to the music of the death shrieks of the husbands and fathers; who had made every league of their journey pestilent with the stench of the carcasses of the murdered; who had filled even the obscene vultures of the desert to satiety with human flesh, and turned the very sands of the desert into unclean puddles with blood; who had put an end to all doubts as to the possibility of the historic details of the wanton atrocities of a Nero and a Caligula, by showing to the world that bloody and atheistic France, under her Corsican Nero, could, at any moment, vomit out upon the territories of an unoffending people, whole armies of wretches, to any one of whom Caligula must have confessed himself inferior in sanguinary deeds; wretches,

> "Whose mercy was mere nickname for the rage
> Of tameless Tigers,—hungering for blood!"

Sir Sydney Smith did *not* borrow the Scimitar of the Turk; he lent to the Turk the aid of his own good sword, which was stainless until he died it in the blood of the worst sons of degenerate and demoniac France.

We really wonder how any author can make such shameless assertions, the injustice of which must be so apparent.

Although Mr. Abbott occasionally grows tired of his serious stilted style, now and then he digresses into a serio-comic mood, which almost compels a smile even while it increases our pity of his astounding assurance as an artful concoctor of prolix paragraphs, meaning nothing to the purpose, or bearing us away from the point which chances to be really in dispute at the moment. Thus after misrepresenting Britain, her allies, Sir Sidney Smith, and even the Turk whose false religion the Corsican was so ready to embrace. Mr. Abbott suddenly bursts out into the following inimitable declamation, which is too pitiable even to allow of our laughing at it.

"Had not" says Abbott "Napoleon been crippled by the loss of his fleet at Aboukir, victory at Acre would have been attained without difficulty."

Is that, not now, something marvellous; a profound secret until thus startlingly made known by this new writer of a new Life of Napoleon? What do we dull Anglo Canadians here learn from the sublime Abbott? Just this, that Napoleon would have been victor—if he had not been vanquished! A recondite truth, for the discovery of which we trust that Mr. Abbott will be duly honored with the smallest possible statue, cast in appropriate brass. In the hands of Mr. Abbott, stolen fact and original fiction are alike perilous, he has only to put an obvious truism into his own language, and it in an instant rises up in judgment against him. Did it not strike him, when he was turning a very obvious truism into a pompous sentence, that he was in substance, passing a severe verdict of military blundering against the hero whom he is so anxious unduly to exalt, as a means of unjustly impugning the humanity, and the justice of the British? No reader will, suspect us of the low and paltry feeling which would be evidenced by a denial of the really great military genius of Napoleon. But, while we admit his great genius we cannot admit that even as a General, and judged only as such he was by any means so faultless as his fulsome flatterers, including Mr. Abbott, would fain make us believe. More than once he committed faults which the merest tyro in military science would most probably have avoided, and which so great a genius as he undoubtedly was, could only have been induced to commit by that fatal ambition, with which we have so justly charged him, and which alone could have so completely clouded and bewildered an intellect usually clear, sagacious, and comprehensive. Mr. Abbott lays much of Napoleon's ill success to the door of our gallant Nelson—and so do we.—But he does not seem to understand that if Buonaparte's favourite admiral Brueys had not gone to the Nile (Mr. Abbott does not like the "Battle of the Nile" he evidently prefers Aboukir,) he would not have been defeated there. Did Napoleon, we beg to ask our eulogist, never suspect that people have eyes, ears, and clear intellects in London as well as in Paris? Why did Napoleon, as the far seeing and unerring general he is represented to be, ignore the existence of Nelson, of British ships, and of the hearts of Oak that named them, and with what prudence could he overlook so strong a probability, as that of the British ministry, sending against the French fleet a British fleet; against the French Brueys a British Nelson; That he did not foresee the result, or that foreseeing it, he yet persisted in perilling his fleet proves that if his insane ambition could on some occasions render him cruel as the tiger, so, on others it could render him silly as the poor bird, which, when pursued by the hunters, hides its head beneath its wings, and deems that as it sees no longer, it can be no longer seen. Much as we dislike Mr. Abbott's peculiar fashion of parading obvious truisms we yet have to thank him in the present instance, for causing us to point out the gross blunder, or something worse, of which Napoleon was guilty in this matter.

A portion of the delusive spirit of the Corsican sometimes seems to descend upon his admirer and latest Biographer. When he has exhausted the few truisms which he contrives to turn into condemnations alike of himself and of his hero, he usually treats us to a little declamation of his own, in which reckless assertion, and false reasoning are not even redeemed by the seeming of a genuine taste for grave jocularity. Unjust praise of Napoleon, and equally unjust insinuation against Britain, are in all conscience bad enough, but when to these he adds such miserable cant, as we are about to quote, the case becomes more serious, and requires the severe reprehension of every writer, who would deprecate the impious daring so apparent in the following quotation:—

"The imagination is bewildered in contemplating the results that would have ensued. Even without the aid of the fleet, but for the indomitable activity, courage and energy of Sir Sidney Smith, Acre would have fallen, and the bloody reign of the butcher would have come to an end. This destruction of Napoleon's magnificent anticipations of Oriental conquest must have been a bitter disappointment. It was the termination of the most sanguine hope of his life. And it was a lofty ambition in the heart of a young man of twenty six, to break the chains which bound the countless millions of Asia in the most degrading slavery, and to create a boundless empire, such as the earth had never before seen, which should develope

all the physical, intellectual and social energies of man. History can recall with unerring truth the *deeds* of man and his *avowed* designs. The attempt to delineate the conflicting *motives* which stimulate the heart of a frail mortal are hazardous. Even the most lowly Christian finds unworthy motives mingling with even his best actions, Napoleon was not a Christian. He had learned no lessons in the school of Christ. Did he merely wish to aggrandize himself, to create and perpetuate his own renown, by being the greatest and the best monarch earth has ever known? This is not a Christian spirit. But it is not like the spirit which demonized the heart of Nero, which stimulated the lust of Henry VIII, which fired the bosom of Alexander with his invincible phalanges, and which urged Tamerlane with his mounted hordes to the field of blood. Our Saviour was entirely regardless of self in his endeavors to bless mankind. Even Washington, who though one of the best of mortals, must be contemplated at an infinite distance from the Son of God, seemed to forget himself in his love of his country. That absence of self cannot be so distinctly seen in Napoleon. He wished to be the great benefactor of the world, elevating the condition and rousing the energies of many, not that he might obtain wealth and live in splendor, not that he might revel in voluptuous indulgencies, but apparently that his own name might be embalmed in glory. This is not a holy motive. Neither is it degrading and dishonorable. We hate the mercenary despot. We despise the voluptuary. But history cannot justly consign Napoleon either to hatred or to contempt. Had Christian motives impelled him, making all due allowance for human frailty, he might have been regarded as a saint. Now he is but a Hero."

"The ambitious conquerer who invades a peaceful land, and with fire and blood subjugates a timid and helpless people that he may bow their necks to the yoke of slavery, that he may doom them to ignorance and degradation, that he may extort from them their treasures by the energies of the dungeon, the scimitar, and the bastinado consigning the millions to mudhovels, penury and misery, that he and his haughty parasites may revel in voluptuousness and splendor, deserves the execrations of the world. Such were the rulers of the Orient. But we cannot with equal severity condemn the ambition of him who marches not to forge chains, but to break them; not to establish despotism, but to assail despotic usurpers; not to degrade and impoverish the people, but to ennoble, and to elevate, and to enrich them; not to extort from the scanty earnings of the poor the means of living in licentiousness and all luxurious indulgences, but to endure all toil, all hardship, all deprivations cheerfully, that the lethargic nations may be roused to enterprise, to industry, and thrift. Such was the ambition of Napoleon. But far more lofty is that ambition of whom Christ is the exemplar, which can bury self in oblivion."

This historic muse is no stickler; the sacred and the profane are alike recklessly pressed into the service of eulogising the great image which "our Nebuchadnezzar" has set up.

In this long and imaginative passage there is not a truism which our apologist does not warp to the bolstering up of its antagonistic falsehood; not a censure he invokes, which does not of right accrue to his hero, not an execration which he predicates to be deserved by the common herd of tyrants, but must alight upon the despot, Mr. Abbott has selected him as a fit subject to be presented to the world as a *preux Chevalier sans tache et sans réproche.* The task of exposing this presumption is, a truly painful one, and to contemplate such an exposure, must be almost equally painful to our readers; we shall endeavor, therefore, to perform it as briefly as possible.

In some parts of his performance Mr. Abbott speaks of the Egyptian expedition as being a blow stricken in self defence by France against Britain and her allies, one by which the Directory hoped to deter Britain and her confederates from the further prosecution of their project of setting a hated and discarded king over that disenthralled France which, subsequently, with utter disregard of historical truth he, to suit his page to another phase of Napoleon's bloody and tyrannous course, represents as being so utterly enthralled and impoverished that nothing but the energy and genius of Napoleon could possibly have saved her. Now and then our author forgets himself, and confirms our conjecture, founded

upon many of Napoleon's sayings and doings, namely, that had he been successful in fairly establishing himself as a renegade ruler in Egypt or in Palestine, he would have wielded thenceforth not for France, but for Sheik or Pacha, or Padishah, a power which this Corsican by birth, Christian by baptism, but unchristian in fact, would have exerted with the most entire indifference to every worthy consideration, solely to advance what Mr. Abbott calls his glory, but which we call his shame. What Mr. Abbott calls "Napoleon's magnificent anticipations of Oriental conquest" were, in fact, at once atrocious and imbecile dreams. To overrun a wealthy and densely peopled country such as Austria, Prussia, Italy, and Holland, is an easy task compared to taking a vast army across pathless deserts, and through cities abandoned by the inhabitants to the wolf and the jackal. We do not for a moment doubt that Napoleon did contemplate the founding of a "boundless empire such as earth has never seen," blinded by his insane ambition he really did imagine that he could, in a comparatively brief space of time, subdue and occupy the Turkish empire, and then assail British India, not by way of checking or punishing the alleged British aggressions upon the at once *disenthralled* and horribly *enthralled* France, or with the slightest idea of making the spoils of India a fund from which to remunerate France for the sums wasted upon him, between the moment of his embarkation for Egypt, and that of his proclaiming himself the Pacha or Padishah of an independent territory in the East, but solely to gratify whatever ideas the devil or his own notions, or his own interests, might suggest. Occasionally laying aside his canting style, he for the moment shares the unprincipled fervor of his hero, and believes that the high reaching ambition of one hero may be quite cheaply purchased at the expense of cities burned, fields devastated, men and boys slain or maimed in such wise as to make their dearest friends think their prolonged life far more pitiable than death in the red battle field; women attacked with every circumstance of brutality, and the air made pestilential by the rotting and unburied victims of the great man's ambition, these are what our especially Republican friend of the Corsican murderer calls "the necessities of war." But though we thus far agree with Mr. Abbott, we by no means share his apparent confidence in the success of Napoleon, even if such heroes as Nelson and Sir Sydney Smith had been either not in existence, or peacefully employed at the very antipodes of the Nile and St. Jean d'Acre.

CHAPTER V.

NATURE is as inflexible as she is beautiful; and there are certain of her laws which cannot be successfully contravened or evaded, even where such mighty personages as Napoleon oppose those laws. Even camels, to say nothing about such perverse animals as men and horses, must now and then drink or they will die; and so absurdly strong and ineradicable is the prejudice of both men and beasts in favor of a more or less regular supply of food, however coarse, that if the supply be withheld for only a few days, both unhandsomely avenge themselves upon the most heroic of chieftains, by becoming just so many slovenly and unhandsome corpses, which not merely come between the wind and his nobility, to the annoyance of his heroic nostrils, but sometimes even bequeath him a stench so mortally potent that he, even he, the warrior in *esse* and conqueror and founder of a dynasty in *posse*, sickens, becomes loathsome with plague boils, and finally, dies in so foul a fashion that the Jackals will none of him, and even the but little fastidious Vultures flap their wings disdainfully, and take their flight far from him, as game a little too far gone to suit even their taste in carrion. We do not for an instant deny or even doubt that Napoleon thought Acre once taken and Achmet the butcher, as Mr. Abbott delights to term the resolute defender of Acre against an incomparably more merciless butcher than he, once put to death, the path of Napoleon to the throne of the Sultan and thence to the plundering and subjugation of India was easy, and his projects quite certain to be fully carried out. Of the opinions entertained by Napoleon and his living and very sycophantic eulogist tending that way, we do not doubt; but that their opinions would have been falsified by the event we entertain just as much doubt—and no more—as we doubt that the dead tyrant was creedless Godward, and heartless manward.

It is our opinion that it was most fortunate for Napoleon personally, and, in that precise ratio, most lamentably unfortunate for civilized Europe, that Napoleon was not cursed with victory at Acre, and with a very few months of subsequent success. True it is, that we have never yet read or thought of Sir Sydney Smith's equally sagacious and gallant conduct at Acre, without an exultant and applauding thrill, we never think of that truly gallant seaman without feeling increased joy and exultation in our British birth; he is one of the few fighting heroes in whose unselfish daring we glory, and to whose praises we joyously and without one cold thought or conscience-enforced doubt, join our feeble voices. And, yet, somehow, as we think of that glorious affair at Acre, we almost regret that Sir Sydney was there at all. Achmet Djezzar though not quite as bad as Napoleon, seeing that at all events he was no renegade, used the scimitar openly, neither canted about humanity and disinterestedness, nor wrote bulletins so false as to make a Napoleon bulletin synonymous with a most flagitious and impudent falsehood. Achmet Djezzar, we say, though by no means equal in guilt or ignominy to his antagonist, the sham Mahometan, Napoleon, was, nevertheless, an extremely bad fellow, and one whom those who were luckless enough to live within reach of his scimitar, would doubtless with much resignation have consigned to the care and keeping of the worms of the grave, or the unclean birds and beasts of the desert. Still we are to remember that nine tenths of what we read of the cruelties of "Djezzar" or the Butcher have been printed and circulated for the world's edification upon the authority of the French, who, as slaves of Napoleon and compatriots of the burning, marauding, and murdering miscreant formed the horde which he called his army—that those who are said to have groaned beneath the bloody tyranny of "the Butcher" would have very sensibly improved their situation by his death and their transfer to the rule of the renegade

Napoleon, is what we cannot for an instant suppose. But, making all due allowance for French exaggeration, it is pretty clear that, due consideration being had for Eastern education and for the sanguinary promptings of its creed, it is pretty certain we say, that making all due allowance for these incidentals, Achmet Djezzar was remarkable for anything rather than humanity, and was precisely one of those persons of whom our British proverb as pithily as truly says that they are *better lost than found.* And even as regards the Butcher himself the victory of Napoleon at Acre would not, in our view of the case, have been so very lamentable; for, in that event, at least one detestable person would no longer have sinned against God and humanity. A far greater good, however, might, and, in our opinion almost certainly would, have resulted from that temporary triumph of Napoleon. It appears to us not, indeed, that Mr. Abbott has the slightest show of reason for his fancy that, if successful at Acre, Napoleon might probably have realized his wild and all but boundless projects of Eastern conquest and Eastern dominion, but that temporary success would have both emboldened and enabled him to go farther, and involve himself so deeply and so inextricably, that, instead of having to chronicle the selfish doings of Napoleon, First Consul, Emperor of France the great and Elba the small, fugitive from Waterloo, and ludicrously-complaining exile in St. Helena, his unscrupulous eulogist would have had to comment upon the life and death of Napoleon, quite renegade, almost Pasha, cut short by famine, simoom, or one firman, one bowstring, and two mutes. It is the almost absolute certainty that victory at Acre would have lured Napoleon into a course which would have saved Europe from the disgrace and the curse of his usurped rule in France, that has often tempted us to regret that, in the presence of the gallant and skilful Sir Sidney Smith, Napoleon found, so early, an insuperable obstacle to even a first real advance towards the accomplishment of his vast designs. Mr. Abbott obviously takes a very different view of the case; but there is no part of his work in which he is so nearly sincere as when he spouts sentimentalisms concerning the bewilderment of his imagination, "in contemplating the results which might have ensued," but which, unhappily, did not. What an oriental romance might not Mr. Abbott have produced had Napoleon even made himself Pasha of Egypt, King of Jerusalem! Ah! much as we love the memory of that gallant and victorious Sydney Smith, we really are not quite satisfied that he would not have done the world good service had he not troubled himself about Acre, but left the rival butchers to fight it out at their leisure.

Yes! Had Napoleon been so far triumphant as to found a petty sovereignty in the east, we should have had a romance, not, indeed, more anti-British than that which we are reviewing, but certainly more intensely ludicrous and more laughably wrong-headed than the sentimentalisms, the euphuisms, and the contradictions which he has now given us. Even as the matter really does stand, just listen how he speaks of the selfish and ruthless ambition of Napoleon:—

"And it was a lofty ambition in the heart of a young man of twenty-six, to break the chains which bound the countless millions of Asia in the most degrading slavery, and to create a boundless empire such as earth had never before seen, which should develope all the physical, intellectual, and social energies of man."

This republican, we thus see, this believer in the right of all men (red skins and negroes duly excepted) to safety of life, limb, and property, who boasts of being a member of a Christian and intelligent Republic, calls the grasping and intensely selfish schemes of Napoleon, which he could have carried into effect only after shedding almost literally a sea of human blood, and plundering and wasting to the amount of almost countless millions, he calls these awfully and intensely devilish schemes a lofty ambition! We know of no one like Mr. Abbott for giving the very finest names to the very foullest actions! Human audacity, at the least in the auctorial way, can scarcely go beyond the audacity of the man who talks of the aspiration of the intensely selfish and the mercilessly cruel Napoleon, to breaking the chains of countless millions of Asia: that Napoleon, whose whole business, from the day of the Tuileries to that of his flight from Waterloo, was the forging and rivetting of manacles for the millions of

Europe! *He* break the chains of the enslaved! *He* emancipate the countless millions of Asia from the most degrading slavery! *He* waste a thought or lift a finger, save with a view to enslaving the free and enslaving the the enslaved still more deeply, more helplessly, more hopelessly than before! *He* develope all the physical, intellectual, and, above all, the social energies of man! *He*, Napoleon, he thus civilize the barbarian east! *He*, who set out with repudiating that civilizing power, to which Emperors and Padishahs are as dust in the balance, our divine, ameliorating, and elevating religion! *He*, forsooth, was to turn Turk himself, and yet refine, purify and elevate the people of the east, by just substituting his own tyranny, his own levies of taxes, his own conscriptions, and his own endless aggressive wars, for the comparatively mild and innocuous tyranny of the far milder and more endurable native despots!

When we find Mr. Abbott speaking with equal freedom, and by way of comparison, of Napoleon, Washington, and our holy Redeemer, it *may*, without any disparagement, to Mr. Abbott's ingenuity, be very fairly considered as a thing to make angels sad and fiends merry.

Considering the actual character of Napoleon, as evidenced by nearly all his words and by still more nearly all his actions, we think it would be difficult to find more abominable cant than that upon which we have just commented, were it not that Mr. Abbott has written the unspeakably awful passage on which we are about to comment. Taking the two passages together we must pay Mr. Abbott the rather unenviable compliment of confessing, that we think that he may defy the whole brotherhood of authors to equal him in irreverent sanctimoniousness and solemn mockery.

"Even," says Mr. Abbott, "the most lowly Christian finds unworthy motives mingling with his best actions. Napoleon was not a Christian. He had learned no lessons in the school of our Saviour. Did he merely wish to aggrandize himself, to create and perpetuate his own renown, by being the greatest and the best monarch earth has ever seen? This is not a Christian spirit. But it is not like the spirit which demonized the heart of Nero, which stimulated the lust of Henry the Eighth, which fired the bosom of Alexander with his invincible phalanxes, and which urged Tamerlane with his mounted hordes to the field of blood. Our Saviour was entirely regardless of self in his endeavours to bless mankind. Even Washington, who, though one of the best of mortals, must be contemplated at an infinite distance from the Son of God, seemed to forget himself in his love of his country. That absence of self-regard cannot be so distinctly seen in Napoleon."

So distinctly seen! Why surely Mr. Abbott should remember, (absence of self-regard in Napoleon not so distinctly seen, forsooth!) that *De non existentibus et de non apparentibus eadem est ratio?* Would he by denying Napoleon's freedom from selfishness in the comparative, turn our attention from the fact that he was all selfishness in thought, in word, and in deed; an incarnation of selfishness from infancy to age—from the cradle to the grave? Is it of this personified selfishness that even he dares to chatter to us about his *un*selfishness not being, forsooth, *so* distinctly seen? And, then, just note the mixture of outrageous vanity and mock humility of this champion of Napoleon and the rest of the sanguinary atheists of those days of bloodshed incalculable, and of blasphemies and obscenities unmentionable. He actually confesses that even Washington is to be "spoken of at an infinite distance from our Redeemer." Yes, Mr. Abbott assures us—may we be duly thankful for the pains he takes to enlighten our darkness—that Washington was one of the best of men, and yet that even he is "to be spoken of at an infinite distance from our Redeemer." This looks very like a great and generous concession, we feel bound to admit; but, on the other hand, who, save an admirer of Napoleon or republicanism, would ever, for even a single moment, have dreamed of mingling two such names? Since "mad Suwarrow," in the bad couplet of which Mr. Abbott may have heard, in which the at least half mad Russian bard coupled God and the impure empress in the same thanksgiving line, for the success of the Russians in the assault of Ismael. Since that impious couplet was written, never has man ventured to pen anything indicative of such familiar levity, mingled with such vile irreverence, as Mr. Abbott who, disgracing himself and insulting all

Christian men, by coolly, deliberately, and, as it would seem, rather complacently foisting into a paragraph (the main object of which is to assert the untrue, and to deny the true, to flatter Napoleon), brings not merely into the same paragraph, but even into direct comparison, the Son of God and the most selfish and crime-stained of the sons of men, Mr. Abbott too, is very evidently and very comfortably unconscious of this. It is no less evident that he relies, and we fear with an only too well-grounded confidence upon his impious comparison, meeting with no very serious censure. Probably inspirited by this confidence, he goes on to ask whether Napoleon wished to aggrandize himself and to win the fame of being at once the best and the greatest monarch that earth has ever seen; and he asks this question in a tone which proves that he confidently anticipates an affirmative answer on all hands. To be a great king or pasha, in the sense in which Napoleon understood the word greatness, doubtless, Napoleon did very sincerely wish; to be the absolute lord of the property, the persons, the speech and the very opinions of all around him; to have as many unreasoning and ever willing tools, or, at need, victims, as he could count subjects, would admirably have suited that saturnine despot; and we no more doubt than Mr. Abbott does, that in *that* sense of the word, though in no other, Napoleon most ardently aspired to be a great king, and was duped alike by his evil yearnings and that vanity (of which, despite all that was really great about him, Napoleon had a far larger share than usually falls to the lot of really great men), into the belief that in the east he could carve out for himself an immense sovereignty in which he could thus satisfactorily to himself, play the intelligent despot to his own honor and glory. Understanding the word greatness as Mr. Abbott evidently does, in the Corsico-Napoleonic sense, he is perfectly warranted in saying that Napoleon aspired to be a great king; yea, the very "greatest king that earth has ever seen." But in the true sense of the word, to be a great king, was the very last thing that would have suited either the temper or the wishes of Napoleon; to be a great king requires self-abnegation and a most thoughtful and apprehensive care for the rights, the interests, the well being, and even the very wishes and feelings of the subjects to which Napoleon was as incompetent as a savage contempt of his fellowmen and a most intense selfishness could render him. Even Mr. Abbott, chary as he is of such admissions as might directly damage the character of his hero, has blundered out an indirect but none the less decisive sentence of utter incapacity for the sublime part of a great king, in the true sense of the term greatness. "It is true that in Napoleon this absence of self is not *so* perceptible."

We are quite contented to receive this as full a confession of the intense unfitness of Napoleon for real greatness, as it is reasonable to expect from the pen of so through thick and through thin an apologist. But, though from *him* we cannot reasonably expect an acknowledgement of a more frank character, WE claim the right of speaking out plainly, though, perchance, less satisfactorily to his advocate, and of asserting that not only is the absence of selfishness not so discernible as in Washington, but that it was not to any extent discernible at all in Napoleon, and for this simple reason, that, from his merest childhood to his death in his far too lenient captivity, Napoleon never lost sight of self interest, whether he slaughtered or gave peace, plundered foreign capitals, or made more than princely gifts at the expense of others, but shewed himself, *not* as Mr. Abbott would so insidiously impress upon us but to be possessed of perversity and hardness of heart, utterly and incurably foul.

We have shown that though Mr. Abbott would be quite justified in stating that Napoleon desired, passionately, and yearned to be the greatest of monarchs, yet, in the one only true sense of that word, greatness was the very last thing of which the Corsican was ambitious or for which he was qualified. But, with all his share of cunning, Mr. Abbott could not leave well alone; he was not content with stating that his hero had the ambition to figure in the annals of posterity as the greatest "Monarch that earth has ever known; but, having dexterously made use of a term—"great" (a term, the ambiguity of which is remarkably well calculated to impose alike upon the indolent, and upon the reader whose imagination has been forced, or whose

moral sense has been blunted by the mischievous declamation, which treats *greatness* as being synonymous with successfully exerted power, in whatever cause exerted,) he must needs hit upon a less equivocal term: and adds that Napoleon also aspired to be "the *best* monarch earth has ever seen." We are well aware that Napoleon did much good for France, and, that goodness of a kind only too shamefully and too mischievously neglected by the later Bourbon kings, previous to his usurpation. We admit all the value of the Code Napoleon, and give him his full share of credit for this valuable code; but still bear in mind the probability that to Talleyrand, Fouché, or some other of his able though utterly unprincipled advisers, he owed even the conception of that really valuable work, and that, secondly, notwithstanding all that his sycophants have said and may say about the universality of his genius, nothing can be more certain than that France owed the execution of that work *not* to the ever praised Napoleon, but to lawyers and literary men, of whom the men who so loudly laud Napoleon probably never have read; to wit, Pertalis, Trouchet, Bigot, Maleville, and that Cambaceres whom Napoleon affected to think inferior to himself, even in civil affairs, but who, in that department of human ability was infinitely his superior. But even allowing Napoleon the whole merit of that undoubted improvement, the code which bears his name, and giving him all the credit which that loudest of his admirers, claim for him for the benefits conferred upon France by the changes made with a view to the improved education of the people; still we cannot understand how this admission could embolden any man to say that Napoleon was anything like a good monarch,—wholly leaving out of the question the absurdity of calling him "the best monarch that earth has ever seen."

The selfish determination to render himself the virtual autocrat of Europe by robbing the rightful possessors of their crowns and their territories, to bestow them upon his own relatives as his mere tools and viceroys, could not but involve France in great and expensive wars, in which no creature in France except Napoleon and his connections had even the shadow of an interest; and, to say nothing of the mischievous waste of treasure, the blood thus shed, the mourning and the misery caused at millions of hearths by the slaughter of army after army, and the replacing of those armies by the truly devilish tyranny of the conscription, must necessarily and for ever fix upon the name of Napoleon the stigma of having not only not been "the best monarch the earth ever saw," but in the producing of a widely spread misery and ruin, far and away, the very worst. The Neros and the Caligulas of Rome, and the despots of the East, have undoubtedly been more terrible to their courtiers and to all upon whom their misfortune inflicted the ruinous curse of a close contact with the demoniac tyrant of the day. But the cruelty of any one of those monsters was necessarily exercised within a comparatively limited circle; while the arrogant, selfish tyranny of the Corsican was like the grim power of death; it was manifested, and its ravages were mourned, equally in the palace and in the poorest hut. Nor was the fell torture of Napoleon's rule confined to those whom the equally arrogant and hypocritical tyrant affected to call *his* French (he being Italian by birth, French only by conquest, and the avowed enemy of France at his outset), but to every country which he ruled, through the puppet sovereigns which he had set up. Even Mr. Abbott, bold and unscrupulous as he is whenever his hero is to be shielded against the just complaints and reproaches of outraged humanity, will scarcely dare to deny that the conscription was used almost exclusively for Napoleon's own selfish purposes; and just as little can even he venture to contradict us when we state that Napoleon ruled as absolutely in Italy, in Spain, and in Holland, as in his "beloved France," and that he treated the slightest neglect of *his* interests on the part of any one of his puppet kings with as insolent and contemptuous a severity as he could possibly have manifested to the most beggarly menial in his Parisian kitchen or stables. "Your first duty" was his language to those who had earned their precarious and disgraceful royalty and tinsel by acting as jackals, "your *first* is to me, your *second* to France." As for the unhappy countries over which they were set as very menials of the great tyrant, *their* interests had literally neither consideration, nor, in the Napoleonic estimation, anything more than merely no-

minal interests beyond those which they possessed as tributaries to the tyrant. It was necessary that the women of those countries should bring forth, for Napoleon the Great might need their sons, long ere they reached manhood, to fight the battles of his bloody career; it was necessary that the agriculture, commerce, and, where they had them, the manufactures of those countries should be properly attended to; for it was imperative that they should have means not only of supporting his puppet Kings in idle and unmerited splendor, but that they should have the wherewithal to pay tribute to their resolute and unsparing master.

We defy Mr. Abbott to contradict us, otherwise than by bare assertion or shabby insinuation; and yet he has the temerity to talk about the ambition of Napoleon to become the "best king earth has ever seen!" Be it remembered, too, that Mr. Abbott talks in this fashion about Napoleon as he aspired to rule in the East, and when he had declared himself ready to become a Mahometan, with Sultans for his Satraps and countless myriads of Mahometans, Hindoos, Gentoos, and what not, for his unresisting slaves. If even in Europe, with at the least something like public opinion to contend against, the Spanish knife and the Italian dagger availed not against his instinctive fraud, his acquired force and his bloody and merciless pertinacity, if even steadfast, rural and industrious Holland, whose dykes *should* have drowned his villainous legions; if even in Holland, and in Spain, and in fair Italy, this ruthless and selfish man wrought evil so widely, what would he not have done in the East, if in the infinitely wise and most unfathomable purposes of the Almighty, he had even for a brief season been permitted to succeed in his renegade and tyrannous eastern project.

It is not easy to say whether Mr. Abbott is more deserving of the indignation or contempt of all honest men when he dares to tell us that "Napoleon had his motives been truly Christian would by the acts" which he records and praises, "have been a saint!" Did mortal man ever so commingle the utmost want of honest principle with the most pitiable lack of common sense? What is this but to say that Napoleon might, perchance, have been a Saint, only that beyond all doubt his acts were those of which the devil himself might feel proud. Mr. Abbott even while he scribbled this cant must have been thoroughly well aware that if Napoleon had been a Christian, his usurped rule, his dishonest seizures, his thrice brazen falsehoods, his sanguinary murders, would never have stained the pages of history or afforded an opportunity of showing to the whole world, and disgusting it by the sad display, that a man may be professedly a Christian and nominally a Republican, and yet wicked enough and mean enough to eulogize a bad man, and libel an incomparably good and brave nation, to the utmost extent of his power, if ill-founded national prejudice inspire him to undertake the work.

In all that Mr. Abbott says of Napoleon's Egyptian expedition, his anti-British prejudices, his shameful sympathies with all the worst aspirations, and his cordial approval of all the worst acts of the deceased tyrant are evident; but in much that we have quoted from his commentaries there is matter not merely to excite indignation, but pity. There is impiety, not to say blasphemy, mixed up with political absurdities and atrocities.

We have on more than one occasion had to remark upon Mr. Abbott's unrivalled talent for self-contradiction; in that peculiar walk of talent, however, he is scarcely so great as he is in the art of utterly damning the character of his hero in the very words in which he, to the utmost of his power, endeavors to exalt that character

'Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.'

Even to so short-sighted a person as Mr. Abbott, it could not but be self-evident that, in order to save the character of Napoleon from all the odium inseparable from his actual ravages and projected addition to those ravages in the east, it was necessary to exert all his rhetorical powers for him, to hold up the eastern rulers to our abhorrence, as the most selfish, corrupt, and brutal of all possible tyrants, and then, with imperturbable coolness, to represent Napoleon as not merely warring against the native rulers and their vices, but also as both prepared and anxious to substitute for all the vices of their rule, the virtues of a Titus and a Trajan combined into one glorious whole, and then multiplied by twenty or by twenty thousand, according to the

extent of the reader's credulity, or the fecund warmth of his excited imagination. But if Mr. Abbott excels in planning deceptive schemes, he fails lamentably short of his designs, when he sets about carrying them into execution. Intending to exalt Napoleon in the world's estimation, and so to paint the rulers of the east as best may tend to deprive them of the world's sympathy and good wishes, Mr. Abbott actually gives us, while pretending to paint only the native rulers, a most revoltingly faithful daguerreotype of Napoleon himself, and heightens every terrible and every base feature by an accompanying sketch of what a conqueror, to be at all justifiable in his aggressive warfare, ought to be—every line predicating a quality or a virtue of which Napoleon was, by his own showing, not merely deficient, but strikingly destitute!

Having told us that, if Napoleon's motives and acts had been Christian, in other words, if Napoleon thought and acted precisely as he did not think and act, he "might have been regarded as a saint," and that "now he is but a hero," Mr. Abbott thus declaimeth:—

"The ambitious conquerer who invades a peaceful land, and with fire and blood subjugates a timid and helpless people, that he may bow their necks to the yoke of slavery, that he may doom them to ignorance and degradation, that he may extort from them their treasures by the energies of the dungeon, the scimitar, and the bastinado, consigning the millions to mud hovels, penury, and misery; that he and his haughty parasites may revel in voluptuousness and splendor, deserves the execrations of the world. Such were the rulers of the Orient."

And what, we ask, was that most unprovoked of invaders but precisely the "ambitious conqueror," whom Mr. Abbott, for once though only by accident, thus consigns to the deserved execrations of the world? Does he wish to tell us that because Napoleon dressed plainly, lived plainly, and left all the voluptuousness and splendor for which he so unscrupulously murdered and robbed, to his "haughty parasites;" will Mr. Abbott tell us that, therefore, the above description of the ambitious conqueror, whom he so truly states to deserve the execrations of the world, applies one jot the less to Napoleon the Renegade? Even as the case now stands, baffled as he was in his endeavors to set up as a spick and span new Mahometan monarch, Napoleon was precisely that ambitious conqueror. All that he did when Consul and when emperor of France, clearly shows all that he would have done in the east. Temperament in part, but mainly a shrewd attention to the nature and force of public opinion in France, to say nothing of the vigilant jealousy of Josephine, (his love of whom is so sickeningly chattered about, and so utterly disproved by the cool style in which, when added years had diminished her attractions, while undecreased extravagance annoyed her Imperial husband), undoubtedly did much towards rendering Napoleon comparatively free from gross offences against morality; though, be it observed in passing, that if we had either space or inclination for dwelling upon that subject, we should have small difficulty in showing that Napoleon was by no means the chaste Joseph his sycophants have represented him. Had he succeeded in his eastern projects, which could never have entered his head had he not been at once the vainest, most sanguine, and most unprincipled of men, we are strongly inclined to believe that Napoleon would, even on this point, have left abundant room for censure. But, admitting that he carried only fire and sword into Egypt, without the slightest desire personally to "revel in voluptuousness and splendour," supposing that he merely plundered and murdered, that taxation and conscription there might enable him to dethrone the Sultan, enthrone himself, and then, by new and more extensive villainies, extend his eastern rule even over the British and native Indian territories, even supposing all this, how does it relieve his dark memory from the stain of his having been one of those ambitious conquerors who "deserve the execrations of the world?" What matters it whether a ruffian murders and robs for his own personal enjoyment's sake, in order that he personally may "revel in voluptuousness and in splendour," or only that he may gratify his vanity and forward his interests in another way, by decking his mistress or his wife in purple and gold, and costly gems, and spreading the luxurious banquet for the kindred ruffians who aid him in his nefarious deeds? One ruffian, no doubt, has one sort of taste to gratify, and another ruffian, free from that taste, has an-

other and a different one to gratify; but, in settling the account of moral delinquency and of sin against the behests of God, we have nothing to do with the motives which prompt the murder, or with the manner in which the plunder is disposed of. It is simply with the murdering that we charge the murderer, with the robbery, the robber; and as both robber and murderer, as exactly one of those "ambitious conquerors who deserve the execrations of the world," Napoleon stands convicted in the eyes of every man of common sense and right feeling, and will continue so to stand convicted to the end of time.

Mr. Abbott next proceeds to give us the fancy portrait of Napoleon as one of those pattern conquerors who have no touch of ambition in their whole composition; (who toil, and moil, and sweat, and shed blood, and give up cities to fire, sword—all in kindness and gentle heart—all for the good of the absurd people who show such small gratitude for such heroic doings), as one of those faultless monsters in the conquering way, who do *not* deserve the execration of the world; though he by no means makes that non-deserving of the world's execrations by any means clear to us. We were but plainly educated, and our pastors and masters were absurd enough to add to their scholastic teachings some musty exhortations to fear God, honor the king, do justice, love mercy, and constantly to act upon the golden rule of doing to others even as we would that others should do unto us. Something of this must certainly have rendered us dull of apprehension, or the following description of the Napoleonic ambition is almost as absurd anything we have yet read in Mr. Abbott's pages. We have seen that even Mr. Abbott thinks that "ambitious conquerors deserve the execration of the world." Having told that plain truth in as little of a truth-loving spirit as ever actuated party scribe, Mr. Abbott proceeds to say:

"But we cannot with equal severity condemn the ambition of him who marches not to forge chains, but to break them; not to establish despotism but to assail despotic usurpers, not degrade and impoverish the people, but to ennoble and elevate and enrich them; not to extort from the scanty earnings of the poor the means of living in licentiousness and all luxurious indulgence, but to endure all toil, all hardship, all deprivation cheerfully, that the lethargic nations may be roused to enterprise, to industry, and to thrift. Such was the ambition of Napoleon. Surely it was lofty. But far more lofty is that ambition of which Christ is the great exemplar, which can bury self entirely in oblivion."

We have already with sufficient emphasis remarked upon the irreverent, not to say the positively impious levity and familiarity with which Mr. Abbott couples the names, and brings into comparison the character and the deeds of our Divine Redeemer, and one of the most sinful and prayerless of all the sinful wretches for whose salvation that Divine Redeemer died on Calvary; and we merely point to the repetition of that irreverent conjunction and comparison in the above extract, instead of commenting upon it with the severity which so deliberate a repetition of the offence very richly merits. Let our readers, then, pass over that portion of the extract, and fix their attention solely upon the really marvellous assurance of the remainder of it. What proof is there that Napoleon marched "not to forge chains but to break them?" When and where, if we must needs walk like Mr. Abbott upon the stilts of metaphor, did Napoleon ever break a chain but for the purpose, indisputably proven by the act, of substituting chains still heavier, more galling, and more difficult to be broken? Who were the "despotic usurpers" whom he assailed in Egypt or Palestine? By what right, excepting the shamefully exerted right of the strongest, did he assail despots who were at all events *not* usurpers? Did he not assail them solely that he might exceed them in despotic power—a power which he *would* have *usurped* —but which they assuredly had *not* usurped? Are the burning, the plundering, the utterly ruining of cities, and the laying waste of the fertile fields, the readiest means by which to enrich a people? Are men ennobled by being "mowed down with musketry," when they, not knowing all the devilishness of the invaders' nature, are simple enough to surrender as prisoners of war? Are women and girls ennobled by being insulted in open day by a brutal soldiery? What mattered it to the poor whether their scanty earnings were extorted from them, that Napoleon personally might have the means of "living in

licentiousness and all luxurious indulgence," or merely that he might have the means to march onward and eastward still, to butcher still other thousands in pitched battle, to burn other cities, waste other fertile fields, and give up the women and girls of other lands to the violence of wretches red with the blood of their husbands and fathers. What an opinion Mr. Abbott must needs hold of the intellectual calibre of his readers, when he ventures to talk about such conquerors as Napoleon "enduring all toil, all hardship, all deprivation, cheerfully, that the lethargic nations may be aroused to enterprise, to industry, and to thrift." What right have these public nuisances, the conquerors who are actuated by that Napoleonic ambition, which Mr. Abbott with assurance and cunning affectation of sincerity tells us, by way of apostrophe, is a lofty one, what business have these sanguinary and ruthless public nuisances and disturbers to arouse from their lethargy nations neither bordering on the conqueror's own territory, nor directly or indirectly obstructive to his legitimate commerce, or opposed to him in his wars? Does Mr. Abbott affirm that he can for one instant be so dreamy, so blind to all Napoleon's overt acts, so deaf to all the insolent and unprincipled professions and confessions of that selfish chieftain, as to believe that Napoleon cared a straw about the real welfare and real progress of any people civilized or barbarian? Will he venture to affirm that he thinks Napoleon capable of marching a mile or expending a single charge of powder to arouse lethargic nations to enterprise, to industry, and to thrift," save with a view to turning their newly awakened spirit, to the account of his conscriptions, and using their industry and their thrift for the payment of the expenses of new "rousings" of other lethargic nations, in their turn to be butchered in his battles or robbed of their last piastre to pay the like expenses of new expeditions?

Mr. Abbott knows that if any one had talked to Napoleon about rousing the lethargic nations to any other end than that of finding blood for the field and treasure for his military chest, and territory and toiling millions for his own arbitrary rule, the hero and almost saint would have laughed his sardonic laugh in the very face of such an extremely weak person! Mr. Abbott knew this when he was writing the sophistical cant which we have just quoted; and whatever men may think or say of this part of his performance, we take it upon ourselves to assure him, that if he were to live for fifty years to come, in the strictest and most praiseworthy total abstinence from libel, the horrid hypocrisy of this passage would still suffice to render him a disgraced man during his whole life, and to leave shame and sadness among his legacies to his heirs.

And what are we to think of the man who, with so evident a contempt for the understanding of his readers, and with so shameless a desire to set an awfully bad man in an interesting and heroic light before the world, dares to talk about such heroes as Napoleon enduing "all toil, all hardship, all deprivation!" Why, how else would this innocent and simple Mr. Abbott have his disinterested heroes to proceed? Would he have them revel ere they sent the materials for the banquet? Deck themselves or their mistresses in splendors before they have stolen those splendors? Does not Mr. Abbott know that to every end there must be the appropriate means? Does he suppose that the penniless can expend millions, or that an invaded people are to be conquered by dint of Lydian airs and Sardanapalian effeminacy? Mr. Abbott supposes nothing of the kind; moreover, he right well knows that all the toils and the deprivations, and the hardships, of which with such a puerile affectation of the pathetic, he talks to us? Conquerors, like humbler and mere useful mortals, must attain ends by the due exertion of appropriate means. We are quite willing to grant to Mr. Abbott that his pattern hero and almost saint did toil, and undergo much fatigue, and even (though that has been much exaggerated) some privation; but we utterly and indignantly deny that in undertaking all that toil, fatigue, and as far as he experienced it—privation he had the slightest design or desire to benefit the nations whom he proposed to invade, or any other design or desire than the forwarding of his own selfishly ambitious purposes. As to the flippant euphuisms of Mr. Abbott about the desire of such a man as Napoleon to ennoble and to elevate the people of those Eastern territories for which he so ruthlessly planned the invasion, and which he so absurdly dreamed that he could overrun.

THE CHAPEL ON THE SHORE OF THE ADRIATIC.

On the passage from the small isle Milete to Ragusa may be seen, on the shore, to the right, a chapel with a gilded crucifix; and, at no great distance from it, an old castle almost in ruins. The pious sailor drops his oar as he approaches this spot, and ejaculates a short prayer although he is imperfectly acquainted with its history. The following account was given by a well-informed native:

Louisa and Robert met at Carlsbad: she was the only companion of an infirm and widowed mother; he the descendant of an ancient family, but only a younger son. He was ten years older than the lady, of a good disposition, although somewhat tinctured with melancholy; she gay and lively notwithstanding her circumstances.

"Thy father was an honest man," said Louisa's mother to her daughter, "but he died poor. The Prince deeply lamented that he had lost one of his most faithful servants, whose attention and talents had saved him millions, but he gave only a pension of two hundred florins; consequently, thy fortune depends on thy own attractions, and the use which is made of them."

"Thy brother inherits the estate," said Robert's father to his son: "consequently, thou must choose thy own career. I have procured thee a Lieutenant's commission, and I will give thee, yearly, what little I can spare; but, for the rest, all must depend upon thyself."

Both admonitions took effect. Louisa adorned her charms with virtues and accomplishments; Robert improved his courage by application and honorable sentiments. Both had carefully adhered to the precepts of their parents, by guarding against romantic love; for the old lady never ceased to state, that none but a wealthy man could be her son-in-law, and the daughter perfectly coincided with the resolution: the old gentleman ever admonished his son to look on none but a rich heiress, and the young man felt no repugnance to observe his injunctions.

The meeting in Carlsbad produced, however, a sudden revolution in their respective sentiments; and the mineral waters seemed to act upon them like the river Lethe, as far as the often received warnings were concerned; but it was some time before they discovered the state of their sentiments, and it had been long conspicuous to the most superficial observer before they themselves had even given it a thought. It was mere chance that brought on the explanation, or rather there was no explanation at all: they merely sank into each others arms. Whosoever knows what love is, will find it extremely natural that they neither heard the approaching footsteps, nor saw the very conspicuous figure of Madame Wickenfeld, who had followed them intentionally, and who announced her presence by clapping her hands, and the exclamation of "*bravo!*" Louisa startled, and could have wished to hide, for ever, her shame and confusion under the Dorothea-stone, near which the accident happened: Robert cast an earnest and doubtful glance at the gay widow.

The latter, however, did not suffer them to remain long in suspence; and she did her best to cheer them up. "Why should you be so alarmed, dear child, am not I a woman too? Why should you look so sheepish, Lieutenant? perhaps you once paid your addresses to me? never mind that: I am your friend, and will be your confidant."—This assertion was heard with joy, and the offer was accepted with gratitude. The hopes and fears of the lovers were confided to the friendly bosom of their patroness, who seemed to take great pleasure in encouraging, plaguing, and consoling them; but s ill more in laughing at their real or imaginary troubles. Robert had actually been one of the train of her lovers before he became acquainted with Louisa; but, fortunately, the degree of their former intimacy was only known to themselves, and both had an equal interest in keeping their own secret.

The infirm state of Louisa's mother would not allow her to introduce her daughter into the great world; but, as she, nevertheless, wished that that introduction should take place, she was highly rejoiced when she understood that a lady of rank and fortune had undertaken the task; she willingly resigned her darling to the benevolent stranger's care, who seemed, on her part, to be indefatigable. The lovers were never without their guardian angel; and, under pretext of keeping intruders at a distance, Madame Wickenfeld watched her friends so closely that they could not find an opportunity for private conversations. The widow was so afraid lest the young people should again forget themselves as at the Dorothea-stone, that she insisted upon their never being without her company and she could not be made to understand how willingly it would have been dispensed with. Their eyes, therefore, were alone permitted to express what no flow of words could have sufficiently demonstrated; but much happiness was, nevertheless, enjoyed during several weeks; and it would, probably, have lasted longer, if it had not been suddenly interrupted by a letter from Robert's father. The old gentleman told his son, that he had got him a Captain's commission in the Hanoverian army, and that he must set off immediately for England. At the same time he repeated, with great earnestness, the old chapter about fortune, and, once more exhorted the young man, not to throw himself away on a woman without property. This

appeared the more strange, as the point had not been touched upon for a considerable time, and Robert justly suspected that his father must have been informed of his passion. He recalled to his mind all the persons of his acquaintance who might be likely to have given the hint, but the friendly, officious Madame Wickenfeld never occurred to him. He was sorry for his abrupt departure; but, in the circumstance itself, he saw only the means of coming a step nearer to his own object; since it was likely to promote his advancement in the world. The widow evinced much wonder and surprise when she heard of the news; and she very kindly arranged a last meeting, during which, she was even indulgent enough to leave the room for a few minutes. On her return the grateful lovers embraced her and entreated for the favor of being allowed to write to each other under her address; this she granted with the most charming benevolence; and the Captain departed with the soothing conviction, that no man could possibly have a more amiable mistress, or a more disinterested friend than he had himself. He wrote long letters from every resting place, and specified his intention to fight and accumulate laurels and riches, which should be all laid at the feet of her whom he loved. These letters were safely delivered, and Louisa found an inexhaustible pleasure in reading them: she had no sooner got the contents of the last by heart, then she began again with that which she had first received, and her time was so pleasingly beguiled in this manner, that she had no relish for any other amusement. She fancied, moreover, that she had discovered some symptoms of jealousy in her lover; and she thought it but prudent, to avoid every appearance which might further excite it: she desired to withdraw as much as possible from society, and she would have secluded herself altogether; but this, Madame Wickenfeld most strenuously opposed. You will become the laughing-stock of every company, she said: because your intimacy with the Captain is already suspected; and if his absence were to produce any alteration in your public conduct you would give cause for the most uncharitable surmises: slander is no where more active than in bathing-places, and there is no telling where it would stop. You understand me, my dear, therefore do not trifle with the matter; and put your feelings under some little constraint, if you please.

The old lady was not less anxious to see her daughter courted by the throng; for, the idea of a rich son-in-law was ever uppermost in her mind, and Louisa had not the courage to afflict her with a confidence which would have blasted her hopes; Madame Wickenfeld remained, consequently, at full liberty to take her into whatever society she chose, and was permitted to lead her, at pleasure, to every fashionable assembly, and to encourage every eligible suitor that offered himself.

Among those, who seemed anxious to court a nearer acquaintance, was baron Frauenthal, a man already advanced in years, but the possessor of fine estates in Hungary, Transylvania, and even in Dalmatia; his appearance was striking, and his manners distinguished; and he was at the same time well-informed, and a man of the world. Louisa's apparent languor seemed to be rather an additional recommendation with him; and as soon as he perceived the authority which Madame Wickenfeld possessed over her, he did not fail to solicit her patronage: the latter introduced him to the mother, whom the mere thought of such a connection revived more than all the mineral waters. The Baron was not long in making this discovery, and he found that, at his time of life, it would be best to come to the point at once, by obtaining the consent of the old lady, before the young one could state her objections; moreover, he did not fear any very serious ones even from that quarter; and he was merely prepared for a little maidenish prudery. The crisis seemed to be in his favor; for the letters of Robert had become very scarce, although the packet boats arrived regularly at Cuxhaven. Madame Wickenfeld took great care to point out every fresh arrived post that was mentioned in the newspapers; the latter also noticed the safe landing of the Hanoverian troops in England. Several weeks had already elapsed without Louisa's hearing from her lover, and she began to be seriously alarmed about his safety; because she took it for granted, that nothing but the absolute inability to write could prevent him from continuing his communications; her more experienced friend threw out a few hints about the general fickleness of men; but she only succeeded in shaking her faith, without destroying her hopes.

In the meantime the Baron became more pressing, and required a decisive answer from the mother; the latter insisted, in her turn, with Louisa, and she represented to her that an offer so highly advantageous and honorable ought not to be trifled with. The young lady was then obliged to confess her prior engagement, and the mother was indulgent enough to forgive the tardy communication of this unwelcome news; but, when she was informed of the actual state of the affair, she did not hesitate in demonstrating the imprudence of rejecting an establishment of such importance for the sake of a flighty young man, who seemed to have already forgotten his engagements. Her reasons were so convincing that nothing could be urged against them, and a short delay was all that was requested for the present, with the solemn promise that the hand of the Baron would be accepted if a last letter to Robert

should remain unanswered beyond a reasonable time. The new lover was made acquainted with the circumstances of the case, and he appeared neither surprised nor shocked at the intelligence; he had no objection to the requested delay, although he thought it very superfluous. He was so very confident with regard to the dissolution of the alleged romantic attachment, that he only regretted his not being able to accompany the ladies to their home, and to wait there for the decision of his fate; but urgent and indispensable affairs called him to Vienna and he took the liberty of proposing that Madame De Dalling (his future mother-in law) should in the meantime, take possession of his mansion in Prague, where she might spend her time very pleasantly, and in all the comforts of ease and affluence.

Louisa felt great repugnance against this arrangement, which gave her all the appearance of one formally betrothed; but when she considered, that her mother had shown herself willing to resign her hopes, if they could not be realized consistently with her own happiness, and that the old lady must be naturally anxious to enjoy the sweets of prosperity which were held out to her, she thought herself in duty bound to make the sacrifice of her own scruples to the welfare of her aged parent; and she found considerable relief in the consideration of the motives that induced her decision. The proposal was therefore accepted; and Madame Wickenfeld vouchsafed to continue to her friends the pleasure of her company. The Baron despatched an express to get everything ready; and, on the day of departure, he took a polite leave at the carriage-door, promising to follow on the first summons of Madame De Dalling. The travellers found refreshments and fresh horses at every stage, and no money was taken at any; whilst the people on the road seemed to rival each other in politeness. This manner of proceeding was admitted to be extremely gallant, and when also on the arrival in Prague, all their wants appeared to have been anticipated and provided for, the effect could not but be favorable to the intended bridegroom. The letters of introduction, which he had provided opened to the ladies immediate access into the first circles, and they met with the most distinguished reception; there was but one point which caused some uneasiness, namely —the great expense requisite for the support of so much splendor; for, although most things in the mansion were furnished as by enchantment, there remained still some wants to be provided for which far exceeded the limited means of Louisa's mother.

Madame Wickenfeld, who was never at a loss for expedients, thought it very foolish to be troubled by such a trifle, under existing circumstances; she was convinced that no banker in town would scruple to advance the necessary sum, and a few thousand dollars more or less could be no object to the Baron. The fond old lady was weak enough to follow this advice, and she contracted so many debts, that her ruin was certain, in the case of any impediment to the intended match. Even Louisa herself did not always protest earnestly enough against the accumulation of jewels and trinkets, which were daily laid on her toilet, for she was a woman; and, although it is said that love will outweigh every other passion, female vanity has been but seldom entirely subdued by it for any length of time.

The time in which Robert's answer ought to have come was now gone by, and some hints were thrown out about it. Louisa made no reply; but she received more serious admonitions, and was obliged to ask for another, and again for another week. At last the long-wished and sighed for letter arrived; but it was addressed to Madame Wickenfeld alone, and contained the following words:—"Dear Friend, I regret the time and the paper which it has cost you, to remind me of a person whom I wish to have never seen; I feel as I ought, the honor which Miss De Dalling has reserved for me, but I feel myself quite unworthy of it. Let her marry, in God's name, either Baron Frauenthal, or any of her numerous admirers; I shall content myself with witnessing her happiness at a respectful distance." Poor Louisa! she trembled during the opening of the letter; but she laughed frantically whilst its contents were read; she tore the paper from the hands of the reader, and refused to trust to the evidence of her own eyes, when she recognised the hand-writing:—the night which she passed would baffle description.—How childish you are! said Madame Wickenfeld, and how little you know of men; it is the first time you are thus disappointed, but to me it has happened more than once, and there are none of my acquaintances who have not met with something of the same kind.—Louisa neither could nor would defend the faithless man; but there was still a secret wish in her soul that she might be able to do it: she found it impossible to hate him, and her wounded pride itself would not have advanced the interest of the Baron, if her mother had not pointed to the heap of unpaid bills, which must be settled before they could leave the town. This consideration prevailed over all others, and produced her reluctant consent to the marriage. Word was sent to the Baron, and he arrived himself by way of answer. In less than a week after he dragged his prey to the altar; his eyes sparkling with joy, whilst those of the bride swam in tears; the old lady felt very happy, and the officious widow put no restraint upon the joy.

Louisa was now a rich lady; she could

lengthen her ears by half an inch with brilliants, relieve the snowy whiteness of her bosom with yellow lace; she could, as often as she pleased, call for a brilliant equipage, adorn her rooms and anti-rooms with flowers in the midst of winter; in short, she could enjoy all the advantages which are so apt to excite the envy of those who cannot attain them, without conferring happiness on those who possess them; and Louisa was soon made to feel that she belonged to the latter. Her husband showed himself, immediately after marriage, as jealous as a tiger, or rather as a man who knows that he is nearly thirty years older than his handsome wife.—The noble confidence which had been shown to him, by not keeping the affair with Robert a secret, became now an inexhaustible source of misery to the fair sufferer. He mocked and upbraided her daily, sometimes with bitter jokes, and at other moments with unfriendly earnestness. If ever she seemed to indulge in the slightest reverie, he remarked with a satirical sneer, that her first love was the object of her musings. If ever a strange officer happened to pass, he maintained, obstinately, that she followed him with longing glances; and if the uniform happened to be red, he seemed to be enraged to madness. In this melancholy situation, Louisa derived her only comfort from the satisfaction of her mother, from whom she carefully concealed her distress, and who seemed to have only eyes and ears for the advantageous part of the connexion. Madame Wickenfeld appeared to take no notice of either good or evil beyond her own concerns. She continued to rail at the fickleness of men, and to avenge her own sex by invectives against every individual of the other that came within her sphere of action. Towards the approach of the Carnival, the Baron conducted his ladies to Vienna; chiefly for the sake of gratifying his vanity, by exhibiting his handsome wife to the inhabitants of the metropolis. They visited all the public places, and frequented every fashionable assembly and amusement. Once at a masked ball, Louisa had retired behind some ladies, when a *Domino* came to speak to one of them, and in doing so took off his mask: the Baroness had, accidentally, cast a glance upon the stranger, and recognized Robert; she screamed out, and fell into a swoon. When she recovered, she found herself in her own room, with her mother sitting near her in tears, her friend watching at the window, and her husband walking to and fro in a rage; cursing, swearing, gnashing his teeth, and clenching his fists. He murmured something about his being dishonored, and his having become the sport of every fop, the laughing-stock of every fool.

Yet it was not so. When the event took place, the crowd of the curious became, indeed so thick, that the Baron found it difficult to get through it; but nobody thought that there was anything extraordinary in the circumstance; and it was merely attributed to the great heat and dust; for there were none but ladies on the spot. Robert had immediately withdrawn, but not unperceived by Madame Wickenfeld; it was she who had given to the Baron the news of his being in town: and if she had added nothing to this intelligence, she also forebore to contradict the surmise that the lovers must have spoken to each other. The furious husband wanted now to know what had been said on the occasion; and required to be satisfied on this point in a harsh and authoritative tone; the accused fair one replied, faintly, and mildly, that he had no cause for suspicion; and he left the room in a frenzy, uttering imprecations and vows of revenge. Louisa neither wept nor complained; she calmly requested to be left alone, and wrote a note to her husband; in which she intreated him to send her to a convent. He laughed like a fiend when the waiting-woman brought him the billet, and bid her to tell her mistress that she should soon enjoy the most complete solitude.

The Baroness felt comforted on the receipt of this answer, and waited quietly for a visit from her mother, in order to communicate to her the resolution which she had taken; but noon and evening approached without any interruption of her privacy, and when she, at last, prepared to wait herself upon her parent the chambermaid told her, with unfeigned affliction, that they were both prisoners, and could not leave the room. Louisa folded her hands and sank upon her sofa. Towards midnight she heard the key of the anti room turn, and saw her husband come in. He affected the coolness of a judge, and seized her by the arm without saying more than "Come, Madame:" she followed him in silence and he conducted her down the back stairs to a side-opening of the yard, where a post-chaise was in waiting; the Baron opened the door, lifted her in, and wished her a happy journey whilst the driver took his seat and set off.—The night was dark, and so long as the chaise drove upon the pavement, the Baroness believed herself alone in it, but when the road became smoother, she thought she heard somebody breathe; she startled, and asked "is any body with me?" "Yes," answered a hoarse female voice, which she recognized as that of old Brigitta, a woman of very equivocal character, whom she had found among her female domestics, and whose countenance had always appeared to her particularly repulsive; indeed the other servants maintained, that she had lately sat to a painter as the witch of Endor. "What is your business with me?" asked the Baroness again. "I shall have the honor of serving your Ladyship," replied the hag. "In the place to which I am going I

shall need no chambermaid." No answer was given to this remark; and they proceeded in silence on their journey until the horses were changed: after this had been done three times, the Baroness inquired whether the convent was yet far off? "The Convent!" exclaimed her companion: "it would be a great pity, indeed, to bring so fine a lady into a convent; no, no! master knows better; great passions do not last for ever; there are moments of tenderness which are sure to have their turn, but which would be of no avail against the walls of the convent." "My God! whither then am I to be dragged?" "Dragged! O no, we drive in a fine carriage, on a good road, and in perfect safety; your ladyship needs only to have a little confidence in your humble servant, and all may yet be well." The old pimp gave then, not impercertibly to understand, that she had no great objection to cheat her employer, provided it was made worth her trouble; she conceived herself to have been rather slighted of late, and the honorable employment of Duenna or goal-keeper did not altogether reconcile her to the Baron. The baseness of the woman produced, however, no other effect upon Louisa but that of increasing her abhorrence; she bid her hold her tongue, and resigned herself to her fate; bewailing only the abrupt separation from her mother, and feeling more anxiety on her account than about her own fate.

At last she perceived she was in Dalmatia and the sight of the Adriatic sea had a powerful effect upon her, because she had never before left the interior; and she was so forcibly struck by the grand spectacle of so vast a body of water, that she quite forgot her situation. Not far from Ragusa she reached an old castle on a steep rock, which belonged to her husband, and was then only inhabited by an old steward, and innumerable flocks of rooks and owls: this was to be her residence. She shuddered as she drove through the court-yard, which was overgrown with grass and when the old clock struck the hour, she fancied she heard the tolling of a funeral bell.

A male servent, of a most ferocious mien, had travelled on the outside, and he now gave the steward a written instruction; the latter read it in silence, and then looked for a bunch of keys; and having scraped the rust from them, applied them to the doors, which creaked upon their hinges when he opened them. Damp marble stairs led to some old fashioned, dilapidated rooms, in which the Baroness requested to be left alone, as soon as the necessary arrangements for her accommodation were made. The gloominess of the abode suited her feelings, but she refrained from yielding to them in the presence of her keepers. She wept bitterly when they had left her; but her frame was so exhausted with anxiety and fatigue, that sleep closed, at last, her weary eye-lids; although the howling of the wind among the old towers disturbed her with frightful dreams, and awoke her before day-break. She arose with the first dawn, and looked through the window, which presented to her a view of the water. The majesty of the rising sun inspired her with renewed confidence in the Creator of the universe, and she threw herself on her knees, to implore for protection in her misfortune, and for strength to bear it. She derived much comfort from her devotion, and began to think of the manner in which she was to spend her time. There were no books on the premises, and writing materials were denied to her: but she knew how to make little baskets of rushes, and rosaries of corals, which were got in the neighborhood, she collected shells and curious stones; she fed the young swallows under her window; or she watched the gambols of the sea-gulls.

A daily walk on the shore was permitted to her, and she did not neglect to profit by this indulgence; although the witch of Endor or her equally amiable male companion, never failed to be close to her heels. Fortunately, however, they became tired of watching her so closely, when they saw that there was no occasion for it. The old woman had brought some fits of rheumatism upon herself by her frequent visits to the shore; and the dissolute footman suffered more from the confinement to a small spot than his mistress: he spent, therefore, most of his time in the taverns of Ragusa.

One day the Baroness had gone rather further than usual, and she perceived it with terror, when a loud clap of of thunder made her think of her home. She made what haste she could; but, on account of the deep sand, she had often to stop and recover her breath. The storm drew nearer and nearer; but her alarm was still more increased by the figure of a man, who had his face wrapped up in his mantle, and who seemed to be very anxious to come up with her. She began to run, but was unable to continue; and when she saw that the man was likewise running; her knees trembled, and terror deprived her of the power to move; she sank down, on a rock, at the moment that her pursuer overtook her; and, immediately after, Robert lay at her feet.

She thought that the lightning must have struck her, so completely was she overcome by her terror, and she stared at the man without being able to stir. Some large drops of rain, which fell upon her face, brought her a little to her recollection. Robert lay still extended on the ground, and embraced her knees; he spoke not—he only sighed and sobbed; it was to her that female pride imparted the power of first finding words.

"What do you seek here?" she exclaimed

"are you come to feast on my misery?"—"Listen to me," he replied: "I am innocent." At the same moment, the croaking voice of Mrs. Brigitta was heard at a distance; Robert concealed himself behind a rock, and the Baroness went to meet her. She brought an umbrella, and scolded the Baroness for having extended her walk so far. Fortunately, she had to hold the umbrella straight before her, and was thereby prevented from looking about. Louisa reached her room in the most violent emotion: the words "*I am innocent*," which she was so willing to believe, rang continually in her ears. "It must be so," she said, "for what else could engage him to visit me in this desert? What would he care for my fate, if that horrible letter had been actually written by him?" She waited anxiously for the next day, and looked at the sky in every direction in the apprehension that the state of the weather might prevent her from taking the usual walk; not that she would have been afraid of braving even the most pelting storm but because it would create suspicion if she offered to go out at an unseasonable time.—Besides, she could not conceal from herself that it was giving Robert a positive meeting although nothing had been agreed on the subject. She considered a long time, whether it was proper or not for her to afford any facilities for an explanation; and, in order to reflect more quietly, she went earlier than usual to the sea-side, resolving to return if Robert should present himself before she had come to any conclusion; but he came so unexpectedly and suddenly, from behind a rock, that there was no avoiding him.

"In the name of mercy!" he began, "hear my justification: we have been both most shamefully misled. Before I had ever seen you, I had been intimate with Madame Wickenfeld. She was young, handsome, vain, and a coquette. She distinguished me from the crowd of her admirers, and I felt flattered; but this lasted only until I met you. I then freed myself from this net, and you know what was said at the Dorothea-stone. My heart misgave me at that time; but the artful woman knew so well how to conceal her real feelings, she counterfeited generosity so cunningly, and appeared so entirely divested of selfishness, that she won my confidence, and made me actually believe in the possibility of her enjoying the happiness of others.—I saw with what sisterly affection she accompanied all your steps, I heard her daily speak of you in raptures, and we owed her so many happy hours, that all my suspicions were lulled asleep. She appeared, indeed, on some occasions to doubt your attachment for me, and she pointed out to me some slight marks of levity in you which had escaped my attention; but all was said in the good natured tone of friendship, and even her remarks on the smallness of your fortune seemed but to originate in her extreme anxiety for our welfare. It was only after our separation that her attempts at making me jealous became more direct and daring. She pretended to regret, most bitterly, that the duties of friendship imposed upon her the irksome and painful task of informing me of the real state of my prospects, by telling me how much you indulged in all the fashionable follies of the day, and how highly you relished the amusements which were offered to you. With every post she furnished me with some fresh proofs of her sincerity and your faithlessness; but it was *with the greatest reluctance* that she did it. In this manner she worked upon my passions until she had brought me to the resolution of resigning my claims. I discontinued writing to you, and remained also a considerable time without hearing any thing from you, until I received your last letter which I took for an absolute mockery; since Madame Wickenfeld wrote, at the same time that you had long lived in the most intimate terms with the Baron, and that there was every possibility of an engagement existing, and of a speedy marriage. Thence my mad declaration. A few months afterwards my elder brother was killed in a duel, and my father died of grief. I became heir of the estate and hastened home, where I found a letter of Madame Wickenfeld to my late father, which was dated from Carlsbad, and in which she informed him of our love, and advised him to remove me with the utmost expedition, representing you as the most dangerous person with whom I could possibly be connected. I should have doubted the existence of such abominable duplicity if the proof had not been so very clear; and I need not tell you what were my feelings when I thought of yours, and of the misery which my blindness had brought upon us both. As soon as I found myself at all able to connect my ideas, I resolved to see you once more,—to withdraw in silence, if I should find you happy, or to free you from bondage, if I should find you to be the victim of tyranny.

"I hastened to Prague: but you were gone. I flew to Vienna, and arrived there in the evening. I heard of a masquerade; and sent immediately for a *domino*, in the hope of being able to observe you at a distance; I saw you, and I fancied I perceived marks of sorrow in your countenance. I drew nearer and the desire of trying the effect, which my appearance would produce, became at last so powerful that it urged me to unmask.—You were soon hurried out of my sight, and I sank down upon the chair which had been occupied by you, whilst our betrayer whispered to me: "*are you mad?*" the serpent was not yet aware of my being acquainted with her wiles; but my contemptuous glance must have informed her of this, and she dis-

appeared. I mingled with the crowd, and heard you everywhere mentioned with respect and sympathy. I left nothing untried to learn your fate; but I was merely told that you had left the town; and nobody knew what had become of you. I availed myself of a moment, when I knew the Baron to be at court, to wait upon your mother; I found her in tears, and as ignorant of your abode as other people; but she told me, that Madame Wickenfeld was more likely to be informed of it; since she was the only confidential friend of your husband. Immediately my resolution was taken, and I presented myself before her, with the freedom of an old acquaintance, without having myself announced. She seemed to be a little out of countenance at my sudden appearance; but she recovered soon, and bade me welcome with her usual levity. Trembling with passion, I took out my letter to my father, and held it up to her face; she blushed; but, after a little while, she stared at me with bold impudence, and said—"*well and what then?* experience must always be bought at some slight expense; and you have now learned, that one ought not to make a confidante of a neglected rival: If Ovid has forgotten to mention that, in his *Art of Love*, it is no fault of mine," With these words she wished to slip into her cabinet; but I held her by the arm, and dragged her thither myself. She looked on me, as if she conceived me to be out of my senses, and began to call for assistance. I bolted the door and drew my sword; telling her that Ovid had also forgotten to mention how dangerous it was to reduce a true lover to despair: and that I should certainly kill her, if she did not immediately name the place in which you were hidden. "Will you bring yourself to the scaffold?" she exclaimed; "I know not;" but feeling already the point of my sword at her breast, she confessed, and fell in real or counterfeited convulsions on her couch. I did not think it advisable to stop any longer, and merely hurried out the words that she should not escape from my revenge, if she dared to give the slightest hint to the Baron. I then ordered horses to reach this coast; and I have been here these three days, concealed in the cottage of a fisherman or wandering among the rocks—"To make me still more miserable!" added Louisa; but the exclamation did not come from her heart, for the satisfaction of finding her lover innocent, made up at once, for all her sufferings, and her present feelings could not but be agreeable.

Some happy days were now past on the lonely sea-shore, which could be only overlooked, in that direction, from one window of the castle, and this Louisa knew to belong to an uninhabited room Robert thought, nevertheless, that Mrs. Brigitta might take it into her head to have a peep through it, and that it would be safer to meet in the fisherman's cottage. He had come with the intention of an immediate elopement; but this, Louisa firmly opposed, "I am the Baron's wife (she said;) and even love itself cannot require the sacrifice of my honor." It appeared to her, much more becoming, to obtain a separation from her husband; and she did not think that he would have any objections. Robert was willing to be persuaded, and promised to spare no pains for the accomplishment of his measure; he would entreat or force the Baron into compliance; and with this resolution he set off. Louisa's anxious wishes accompanied him, and she begged for his happy return; but what was her terror, when she became convinced, that an unguarded moment was likely to have consequences, neither she nor her lover had taken into consideration; their confidence in the success of the negociation had been so complete, that her apparent contentment had awoke Brigitta's supicions. How now, if Robert should be detained? what terrible scenes and what fate awaited her? how could she hope to hide her intentions from the watchful eye of Brigitta? or how could she stoop to implore the mercy of such a creature?—She regretted bitterly not having gone to Venice, which would have been so easy: and she wrote immediately to propose doing so. Robert had furnished her with writing materials, and she told him, as plainly as terror would permit, that not a moment was to be lost, if he wished to free her from a horrible futurity; she entreated him, to throw himself into the first boat with which he could meet, to put an end to her suspense.

She entrusted her letter to the fisherman, whose dwelling had been Robert's asylum and whom the latter had so liberally rewarded, that his friendship could not be doubted, although Louisa had nothing to give to him; he promised to go himself to the post-office in Ragusa, and to erect a pole in sight of her window, if he should have any thing to communicate. The state of feeling, with which she calculated the probable time of Robert's return, may easily be imagined; she had her eyes almost incessantly fixed on the spot whence she expected the signal, until she actually perceived it. It was early in the morning, and she could have wished to set off forthwith; but she had to wait for the usual hour, and time had never hung more heavily upon her; the signal both comforted and alarmed her; because she feared that it might be perceived by the old woman as well as herself: she was unusually friendly towards her, and she even engaged her in a conversation, for the sake of occupying her attention, and preventing her from approaching the window. At last, the longed for hour struck, and she left her prison for the last time; with a beating heart she descended

the steps; and as soon as she had passed the threshold of the mansion her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground; she reached the cottage in a few moments, and sank breathless into the arms of her lover. She was long before she could so far recover, as even to hear what he said; he urged the necessity of their immediate departure, and stated that he was in readiness; she made an effort to follow him—when suddenly the door burst open, and the Baron appeared with pistols in hand. Robert grasped his sword; but a shot fell, and Louisa sank to the ground. When she recovered it was night; but the glimmering of a dim lamp showed her where she was; the fishing utensils, on the wall, reminded her of what had preceded her fit; she looked on the ground, and Robert lay at her feet, with a fractured skull; her garments covered with his blood.

A cry of horror escaped her; but only one; she ran mechanically towards the door; but it was locked.

The fisherman had not liked her empty letter; and, knowing the haunts of the drunken footman in Ragusa, he had offered to sell his secret for a reasonable compensation; and all was betrayed to the Baron.—The letter was sealed again, and forwarded to Robert's address; whilst the Baron concealed himself in the neighborhood until his arrival; the meeting of the lovers was announced to him by the double-dealing wretch, upon whom they had relied; and the young man became the victim of his enemy. The latter had already cocked the second pistol, to destroy also the unfortunate female; when it struck him, that that punishment would be too lenient, and that a slow death answered his revengeful purpose much better. He withdrew with a grin of satisfied malice; and his expectation was not disappointed. After three hours of agony, the sufferer, expired on the body of her murdered lover whom she embraced even in death.

The Baron was attacked by a frightful malady some years afterwards, and it was only then that he thought of re-opening the fatal hut; the bodies were buried, and a chapel was erected on the spot, in which masses were celebrated for the souls of the departed. This is the chapel with the gilded cross, on the passage from Milete to Ragusa.

No one can tell the misery of an unloved and lonely child; in after life, a degree of hardness comes with years, and the man is not susceptable of pain like the child.

We never knew a shop-boy take to betting, whose "settlements" did not lead eventually to a penal one.

And we never knew a wife who did not "for the children's sake" require change of air in August.

THE GIRL'S DREAM.

Last night, I dream't one came to me,
And said I fain would marry thee
Because I love thee truly.
Not because thou'rt passing fair,
Nor for thine eyes, or shining hair,
Although I prize them duly.

Nor yet because thy mind's a store
Of pleasant and of learned lore,
Thy converse pure and high.
Nor is it that thy voice is sweet,
Or, in the dance thy fairy feet,
All others do outvie.

But when my eye thy eyes doth seek
A soft blush mantleth to thy cheek,
And then thou lookest down.
But never have I chanc'd to trace
Upon thy gentle, speaking face,
The shadow of a frown.

And once I heard thou stood'st alone,
And boldly spoke, defending me
Censur'd by all save thee,
Then first I hoped thy hand to gain
First vow'd I ev'ry pow'r would strain
Worthier thy love to be.

LAW AND LAWYERS IN CANADA WEST.

BY P. T. S. ATTY, ESQ.

"Lawyers have to tell so many lies," is o'ten the severe, occasionally the apologetic sentence pronounced upon that ancient, learned, and honorable fraternity, by those unfortunate rustics who contribute with their purses, as clients; and their presence as jurors, to the maintenance of the glorious uncertainty. Yet they will persist in being clients, and sometimes they can't help being jurors; and the one perseveres in going to law, and while he stoutly denies any confidence in its abstract principle, worships the lucky and smart recipient of his retaining fee; while the other, who is sworn well and truly to try the issues, often finds it too difficult to resist the ingenious sophistry which the one pays for, but which both patronise and admire.

All professional men have their triumphs and solaces, and so it has been ever since, and for a long time before, the days of Horace, who wrote the first ode of the first book which, with many other productions of that irregular and dread poet, or some part or parcel thereof, is to this day repeatedly crammed into oratorical flourishes and the bewildered brains of aspiring students. A

lucky navigator like McClure, for instance, can glory in his geographical discovery, and a successful warrior has good right to be elated with his victory. Stratagem rather adds to, than diminishes his laurels; and if all be fair in love as well as in war, and if Cupid and Mars do not spurn the occasional invocation and assistance of Mercury, there is certainly no reason why so able a coadjutor, as well as being the classic and special friend of the gentlemen of the long robe, should not assume a little glory occasionally on his own account.

Fortunately for the much abused individuals, there is something attractive in the law. The man who has "never been to law in his life," wants something to improve his intelligence; while another who has figured in the various characters of conqueror and victim in the exciting game of chance, has generally come out of the struggle with some additional information as to the ways of the world. Men are but children of a larger growth after all, and as boys, utterly regardless of personal comforts, plunge with delight into dirty puddles, so do they afterwards in maturer years, but with more gravity, of course, enter with a subdued pleasure into the expensive amusement of litigation, and the degree of credulity in ultimate success, frequently postpones the consideration of repeated failures in the interval.

Of course much of this view of the subject only applies to localities where the circumstances of society engender so profitable an employment of those fortunate individuals, lawyers in large practice. In other localities, lawyers may be compared to doctors who are never called in except in cases of extreme emergency, and the parallel in their professions may be further continued, when the proneness to attribute an unsuccessful result to want of skill is considered. Notwithstanding all this, however, many a hapless doctor, and many a briefless barrister would only be too happy for an opportunity to test his capabilities, unfortunately for the lawyer, he sometimes waits so long for his first case, that it requires a greater moral abstinence than he either practices or gets credit for, to prevent him from victimizing his client; and the saying of "living by one's wits," as applied to lawyers, is frequently and popularly suggestive of a continued vitality without a conscience.

I can hardly say what induced me to study the law. I had very little previous knowledge of courts, and I belong to a family who, for generations, as far as I can discover, have known nothing of lawsuits except by repute; that there were such things as chief barons, chief justices, chancellors, and woolsacks, was of course contemplated in their theory of society; but as for any interest personally in their judicial decisions, such a feeling had never been known to occur. I may, however say that I remember it was considered in some mysterious way that a suit in chancery still depending, without any immediate prospect of decision, was looked upon as a fine old British constitutional thing to be connected with, and any of our friends who were reputed to be engaged in that species of deliberate and prolonged stimulant were considered rather more interesting on that account. Still, a ward in chancery was a myth to me; and as we had none among our acquaintance, and were not interested in any good old family feud or lawsuit, or had any family solicitor, or parchment enough about us, to entice any of the rising generation to study the nature and intricacies connected with real estate, the whole system of law, as practised by its professors, was looked upon with some degree of suspicion, and except in cases of the direst necessity, most carefully to be avoided.

I suppose, however, that the active mind of Young Canada sees no incongruity in chopping down trees on one day, and on the next entering upon a severe course of classical and mathematical study, with a view to the learned professions. In fact an ox-sled one day and a curriculum the next. Nor are the best lawyers in Canada hereditary expounders; the immediate ancestors of some of them having been the pioneers of the wilderness,—cleared their farms, and lived in their log shanties, and in the days of their hot youth, when George the Third was king, have attended the log-rollings, house raisings, sheep washings, and husking bees of their neighbors. And when affluence followed, with increasing years and with the educational resources of the province continually improving, in the course of time they found young Master Hopeful schooled, cultivated, black broadclothed, with a white cravat and a diploma as barrister at law, with more briefs in his bag than Lord Eldon held in the first ten years of his practice. In fact others of our learned counsel have not taken to the study until later in years, and they bring with them into the profession all sorts of agricultural, mechanical, commercial, military, and nautical experiences. My inducement, however, arose from mere chance. I had become acquainted with one or two students at law, and with one or two others who had taken their degrees in the profession. Not that the amount of business which any of them performed, argued favorably for their pros-

perity or accumulation of wealth; but, at all events, I was induced to consider it an easy gentlemanly sort of life, with nothing to do when your profession was obtained, but exact fees from your clients, and dispose of your professional commodities without diminishing your stock in trade, or being like a shopkeeper at pecuniary expense in periodical renewals. In the mean time, to have the reputation of being a student at law seemed to me to be a step in the social scale, and the possession of the title was, of course accompanied by the prestigé of being rather clever than otherwise, consuming midnight oil over abstruse cases, and living in a law calf atmosphere deeply mysterious to the public in general, and occasionally made expensively patent by parchment and quaint old black letter writing interspersed with vivid German text. So without much further consideration, on a bright morning in July, I set to work, entered into articles, paid my fee, or rather had it paid for me by an indulgent father, remained faithfully in the chambers for one week, and never during those long summer days sighed or sought for change—read in a most desultory manner, a little of everything from the local newspapers to Chitty's precedents, and at the end of that week, left the office, not a sadder, but a confused man, with a great many vague notions for ever dispelled, the chimerical delusions I had labored under in regard to the ease with which the details of legal mystery could be mastered most seriously staggered, and a growing conviction that it took five years to make an attorney, but that it did not follow that the same period would produce a lawyer at all events. However, I blundered on—in due course of time, I paid my respects to the benchers, in convocation at Osgoode Hall, without astonishing anybody with my humanities and mathematics, although I make no doubt my English essays were not remarkable for a logical adherence to the subject on which they were professed to have been written. Kept my four terms, which means as many expensive trips to Toronto from the perhaps remote locality where you may reside, and remaining in that city cherishing a most indolent disposition for a fortnight on each occasion, and finally, after the lapse of five years principally passed in reading light works of fiction and poetry, and finding as the period of my probation shortened, that incessant application to legal works became necessary before going up for my call to the bar, I at last deposited the necessary fees, still innocently under the impression of the excellence of the investment, and after undergoing the mental torture of an examination not particularly rigid, had the satisfaction of being congratulated by my friends, the benchers, on the attainment of my gown, and afterwards seeing my name in print in the Canada Gazette, over that of the secretary of the Law Society of Upper Canada, and under the representation of that Society's seal, the design of which, as I take it, representing Strength and Justice supporting the pillar of the Constitution, is viewed as a very surreptitious embellishment by our good friends the public, who are not let into its mysteries, and who are far too shrewd to be cajoled by any such devices.

At last I was fairly out of my articles—the goal was reached. I was an esquire by prescription, courtesy, and every way the Law Society could fix it. I crippled my purse by ordering a new robe, and on receiving it, privately congratulated as much of my resemblance indeed with this learned mantle, as I could see in a small affair of a treacherous looking-glass in my hotel bed-room. Upon the whole, I was for some time in a high state of happiness. I question whether any professional triumph since obtained, ever puts the victor in better terms with himself than he was immediately after the termination of his suspense by being placidly required by the Messenger to visit the convocation room, and to receive the delightful intimation of his success. I rather think I had a most heterodox way of showing happiness, for my eyelids felt so moist, that benches, chairs, tables, curtains, and pictures in the convocation room, became a confused mist, and for a long time afterwards I did nothing but shake hands wildly with every one I met, successful and rejected; and here I may remark I have seen lots of good-natured fellows about Osgoode Hall, some of them perhaps rejected at the examination at which you were successful; others, again, about going through the the dread ordeal as a student; but I never knew one yet so selfish as to refuse you hearty congratulation, or permit the evidence of his own troubles to obtrude upon your happiness. However, to proceed, my next step was to be sworn in and introduced to the courts. This was accomplished with all reverence and solemnity, and if the oaths which are usually taken on those occasions were firmly adhered to afterwards, barristers, as a body, would, in course of time, be remarkable for virtue and public approbation would change their ultimate destination altogether.

Yes, I left Toronto rather happy; I had abundance of friends, whom I had already, by letter, placed in possession of intelligence regarding my professional position, and I anticipated continual

pleasure in meeting them in consequence. Nor did I deem it at all unimportant that a fair friend of mine, to whom I vowed I would propose at the very next opportunity, should receive my addresses, backed by the influence of a professional degree, rather than in the equivocal position of a student who had yet to acquire his profession. At the time I considered it just the sort of thing that would give me the courage I had long waited for; but as many a man has known such courage wonderfully diminished, when it was most anxiously required, and never again became at all sustaining until there was no immediate necessity for its services.

I can't help digressing somewhat, and at this rate shall become unsufferably tedious; but the period to which I refer was productive and is still suggestive of so many pleasant emotions, that I can't help dwelling on it for a short space. I was delighted with everything; and, on leaving Toronto by steamboat, I bought up with avidity the city papers which contained the announcement of my business card as a barrister and attorney-at-law, &c. &c., at the locality where I was burning to practise, the prompt insertion of which cards having been generally requested within ten minutes of my being called to the bar, I looked upon as a personal compliment on the part of the newspaper proprietors. I also had in my portmanteau a more ponderous announcement of my professional titles, and to the same effect as the newspaper advertisement, rather calculated to fascinate and dazzle the neighborhood, where I intended to reside and practise, if possible. It was composed of sheet iron upon a wooden frame, like the convex lid of a small trunk, and was gorgeously resplendent in gilt letters on a jet black ground. I must confess that my confidence in that sign, like many other confidences of my youth, has since been a great deal shaken, and I much question now whether it be good taste for lawyers to adopt the same style of art in their business announcements as you observe in the pithy mandates on steamboats, of "No smoking abaft the shaft."

In due time I received the congratulations of my relatives and friends. The juniors of course, inquired as to the ordeal of the examination lately passed. To have stated that it was very difficult, seemed indirectly implying, that it had been difficult to *me*—so I carefully evaded particulars, and recommended applicants in all cases to become confident by abundant preparation. I think I improvised a number of very difficult questions, which the benchers in convocation might have asked had they thought of them, but the prompt solutions supposed to have been then and there given, rather tended than otherwise to increase the mystery and awe of the examination, and induce a favorable opinion of the successful student.

My next care was to procure an office. My ideas on that subject were not very magnificent; but I must premise that in the town where I intended to locate myself, there had not as yet been many buildings of any sort erected, and still fewer where office accommodation at all respectable could be obtained. The main street of the town was tolerably well defined; but a great many of the lateral and by streets were, at that moment, enclosed and under cultivation in spite of all surveys, maps, and corner posts to the contrary. I secured a small room, however, on the ground floor of the principal street about seven feet broad by twenty-four feet deep, and which I considered with the rent I was required to pay, was as eligibly situated for business as I could obtain. My office was separated by a wooden partition from a shoemaker's shop on the right, and on the left was bounded by a general store and grocery. It was a lively and business-like neighborhood on many accounts, as much unlike chambers in the Inner Temple, or Gray's Inn, as possible; but after all, attended with a great many disadvantages. The grocer, however, seemed to have some notion that, like the English idea, a lawyers chambers should be as unobtrusive as possible, and so kept extending the daily exhibition of his fish, onions, potatoes, patent pails, and wash tubs, too much altogether in front of my premises, distracting attention from and most derogatory to my sign of jet black and gold, and which I discovered, to my intense disgust, one morning, surmounted with a fat goose as a crest, plucked, proper, and pendent with the motto, only 2s. 6d., in a manner which seemed to me the result of design and which indicated a deliberate intention of pandering to a degraded but popular association of the advocate and his victim. On the other hand the shoemaker and his assistants distinguished themselves as vocalists, and solaced the labors of the pegging awl and lap stone, by innumerable lyrics of hard-hearted fathers and guardians with rebellious daughters and wards, who either killed themselves for love, or became happily united to the man of their choice, who had won the fortune and favor of his king by his wonderful exploits either by sea or by land, or by both. This destroyed the illusion of quiet chambers completely; but use is second nature. I make no doubt a miller can enjoy contemplation without being disturbed by the

rumble of the mill; and I know that it is possible for backwoodsmen to become so accustomed to the frogs in the spring time, that the temporary cessation of their noise is perceived more than the noise itself.

As I said before, I had only one room; but as I had very little office furniture, and was not encumbered with an accumulation of papers, it seemed large enough for doing a snug business, provided the opportunity arose. I had a shelf to hold my law books, or rather my library, (not very expensive or extensive, as will be perceived; but I did not think there was so much law on the outside of my head as I have since discovered,) a deal table with a green baize over it, and an arm chair on one side of it. I had one or two other chairs of the post and rail pattern, seated with elm bark, in strips, not comfortable things to repose upon by any means. I had also recklessly ordered some pigeon holes for the arrangement of papers, an article of furniture made by my joiner, of most extravagant dimensions, and which I was so intensely anxious to receive before I had any earthly use for it, that at my earnest request it was sent home unpainted. My library consisted of an old edition of Blackstone's Commentaries four odd volumes of Exchequer Reports, a wonderful edition of Tidd's Practice, which had led a dissipated and roving life, and threatened speedy dissolution—(the covers were still good for sharpening penknives, and the inside was still good for sharpening practice, and altogether the book bore evidence of having been heretofore in the possession of a thriving attorney); one volume of Shelford on Mortmain, (a gem to an antiquary, which had been given to me because the donor had turned his attention to other branches of the law), and several copies of the Provincial Statutes, the first and last pages of which, including the titles and indices, had been invariably lost; and unless the knowledge of these enactments was most intimate, a search was generally given up in a state of confused bewilderment. My table was furnished with an inkstand, a box of steel pens, a piece of red sealing-wax, ditto of red tape. I had a drawer underneath in which was contained a very modest stock of stationery, deeds, memorials, and common office blanks. The whole concern had a new, raw, and impromptu appearance, like a temporary supper table at a public ball before the cloth is laid; but I longed for an opportunity of using it, and all I wanted was clients.

Since the days of which I write, a great many changes have taken place in our town—natural decay of buildings, one or two fires, and the improvement of the age have so transformed the appearance of many of the streets, that it has become difficult to assign the locality for some of the quondam tenements. My old office has gone with the rest. Where it once stood in its humble dimensions and primitive architecture, part of a large four-story brick building now stands, embellished with cut stone, and cast iron, and panes of glass larger than the superficies of my old office table. I seldom, however, pass the spot where I first commenced practice without my memory recurring with some fondness to the period. My business responsibilities were not then very great; nor did I then ever imagine that it would be more than a pleasant and profitable pastime to be a lawyer, when in my own room, and with a library by no means complete, I was prepared "to take the world by the nose." Since then I have slightly changed my mind, and I find that with a greater number of professional appliances, the profession has its perils as well as its pleasures, and if you should chance to seize that mundane feature with any degree of energy, there is an abundance of its friends who, on its part, admit of no apology, and insist upon your having an hostile meeting.

My intention, however, in these memoranda of my early days was to give some idea of the practice of the profession in Upper Canada. I cannot say that I am enabled to do so from having had an extensive one; but I think I may say I have met with almost every variety of client, which a general practitioner can do in a country practice, from the rich merchant whose periodical visits to his distant customers, strikes terror into their unprepared cash accounts, down to the litigious yeoman who, of course, deprecates law, and satisfies his propensity by suing his neighbor for half a day's use of an ox sled. It was one of the latter class who gave me my earliest employment, as a counsellor; and so, without further preface, I will endeavor to give an account of

"MY FIRST CASE."

'Tom Touchy is famous for taking the *law* of everybody.'
Spectator.

After I had been established in my chambers, or rather chamber, about a week, and was beginning to feel that business prospects were not very bright. I came to my office, as usual, about ten A. M. I hold a regular attendance at your office conducive to success, and I was thinking of some way by which I could emulate Mr. Bob Sawyer, in the Pickwick papers, and delude the public by a series of clever artifices, into the belief that I was enjoying an excellent practice, and that my continual engagements were very

likely to disappoint my intended clients, unless they took strenuous measures to ensure a consultation with me upon their several affairs. I have observed in sundry towns, (and not excepting the metropolis), hurried announcements on the doors of lawyers' offices, such as "Gone to Crown Office"—"On consultation"—"Back in half an hour"—and to the uninitiated they have held out inducements for them to become "dwellers on the threshhold," as Bulwer Lytton hath it; but to young aspirants to the woolsack they are more suggestive of a sederunt at a saloon, or a temporary absence in ascertaining the nautical position of the solar luminary. I had never yet resorted to any such devices since I had been a barrister; and on this occasion, after taking a view of the exterior of my office, and ascertaining that my friend the grocer had not entirely excluded my brilliant sign by the "delicacies of the season," I took my seat in my office chair at the critical moment when the harmonious cordwainers were announcing that the heroine of their lyric had assumed masculine attire for the sole object of being near her erratic true love. I began to smoke—yes smoke! (and not a cigar either—but a clay pipe which was beginning to approach a luxurious state of narcotic perfection)—very disagreeable, I admit, on many accounts, occasionally so to your lady friends, and at times nauseating to yourself; but, after all, many celebrated men have smoked, and still do smoke, and young barristers smoke, of course, from sympathy. Under the soothing influence of the pipe, I was studying attentively the celebrated case of Bardell vs. Pickwick, 2 Dicken's Reports, when my attention was withdrawn from my book by the sudden and rather unexpected entrance of a visitor, whom I hoped was a client, and therefore in my excess of hospitality, I jerked my feet from the table, where they had been resting, and discomposed the "set" of my Toronto pantaloons, in order to receive him with becoming ceremony. He wanted to be polite, and certainly was, so far as he knew how. His appearance, however, was not attractive; but I mentally resolved that, notwithstanding appearances, in the event of his requiring my services, I would consider, in the language of Lord Brougham, "my sacred duty to my client." He looked thin and wiry, rather above the middle height, with what phrenologists would call a sanguine-bilious temperament which seemed, somehow or other, to impart an influence to his habiliments. His hair was light and wiry, and his head was covered with an old flattened dyed musk-rat cap, with a straight forward peak. His great coat was of a remote age, being coarse, well worn, and of a yellowish drab color, and matched with his hair. It was very long, and reached nearly to his ankles, and the lapels extended up the back to two faded mother of pearl buttons, close together, and within a foot of the old fashioned six-inch rolling collar. His boots were stogys, and his trowsers of the home-made butternut variety; and before he spoke he seemed exactly the sort of man who "never wanted any more than what's right;" but, at the same time would prefer having a lawsuit in its acquisition.

"Squire," says he, "how goes the times? I've been thinking to call on you before; but aint had no chance till now. Hows'ever, time enough I guess. I've got a kind of a little case that bothers me some, and I was thinking if it didn't cost too much, I'd just get you to work it out for me, and pettifog a spell."

I was half inclined to be angry when I heard our noble profession slandered albeit ignorantly; but when I came to think about board, lodging, tailors' bills, and office rent, I pocketed the affront, in expectation of a fee, and assured him my charge should correspond with the importance of the case.

"Well," he continued, "it aint no great account, after all; but it's the principle's the thing,—when a man calc'lates to be ugly, he ort to be stopped,—that's it,—I don't calc'late to gouge anybody, *and* I don't mean to be gouged;" and using this lucid exordium, fortunately for all parties in an allegorical sense, he sat down on a chair, indicated the absence of a pocket handkerchief, nursed one of his feet upon the other knee, and proceeded, as I anticipated, to a more particular and deliberate explanation.

"You see, the business of the story's this,—me and the man I'm going to tell you about's neighbors, and more'n a year ago he got put out with me, cause I dogged his hogs outen my pertater patch, and one on 'em went home chawed up considerable. Well, he gin out around that my dog was wicked, and used to kill sheep, and byemby, after a spell, my dog come limping like as though h'd bin caught in a trap, and I allus suspicioned who done it. Well, that aint what I'm going to tell you about, and I dunno as it has anything to do with what I *am* going to tell you; but I thought I'd let you see what kind of a man he was anyway. Hows'ever, things went along, and byemby, about a week ago, I was coming along home, and middlin' close up to his fence, ('twas a little after sundown, and getting a kinder dusklike,) *I* found a log chain. Well—seeing it right there in the road, I picked it up and shoul-

dered it home—hadn't no more thought of its being hissen more'n a child, and so I commenced right to using it, as a body might nat'rally, and one day a long spell arterwards, when my boy was snaking up some drags o' firewood, along *he* comes, and claims the chain. Well, I warn't to home jest then. I was off tending court in a suit I had about some flour, and so my boy wouldn't let him have the chain. Well, first and foremost, he goes to work and abuses *me* to kill; told how me and my family was a thieving breed, and not satisfied with that, down he puts hot foot to the squire, and swars my boy *stole* the chain! and byemby a constable comes along and takes him up for the robbery. Well, I kind of mistrusted how it was going to be, and I told the squire I was bound to defend the case anyhow, and so he put off the case for a spell, and the hearings is going to be tried right here in town to-day,—I guess you can onsuit him, if you're smart, *and* I want you to flail him *if you kin*. I *don't* like law any way, and don't want no more than my rights; but the business of the matters' this, that when a man goes to cutting up his rustys in that way—why, then, I jest want to teach him, he's got to look out."

As I was totally inexperienced in receiving retainers, I did not demand payment of a fee as a necessary preliminary, and after hearing numberless details of the outrage under consideration, and many aggravating instances of prior impositions, I inquired the place and time of attending the sessions of the justice, and, dismissing my client with repeated injunctions to be prepared with his witnesses, with all the enthusiasm and energy of a strong sympathy for the cause of my much injured friend (and with far from mercenary feelings so far,) I proceeded to look up the case with all the research my library afforded, and in the interval charged my mind with a confused mass of information respecting crime and its punishment in the abstract, as well as of every species of larceny and felony known to the courts of Oyer and Terminer, and General Gaol Delivery.

In due time I attended at the magistrate's room, and found the case about ready to proceed. My client appeared triumphant as I entered with him, and encouraged his son, the prisoner, by informing him that he was "bound to see him through." Being late in the autumn, there was a fire in the stove in the room where the justice, a worthy yeoman of the neighborhood, was sitting. He was seated at a table with some stationery, &c., on which also lay the information and papers already taken in the case. All parties were sitting down, and for some time the conversation turned calmly upon general matters not at all bearing upon the case in hand, and the constable, totally unmindful of the presence of the magistrate, had his chair tilted against the wall, at an angle of fifty-five, chewing tobacco sedately, and digesting, with all deliberation, the contents of the local newspaper. I don't think the prosecutor cordially approved of my presence; but I was profoundly polite to him, which rather tended to our mutual embarrassment. The prosecutor was a short clumsy man, at present of rather morose aspect and uncleanly appearance. He was attended by his wife, a lady evidently of a strong minded turn, one of the description who could figuratively "hold her own" in every sense but her tongue;—his daughter, who appeared to dislike her present position, and two of his young boys, whom, it was easy to see, stood in more fear of their parents' displeasure than of a little obligatory periury. The "logging chain scrape," as it was termed, attracted an increasing audience, whose presence the heat of the stove and limited dimensions of the room rendered unpleasant and inconvenient, almost enough to defeat the ends of justice; but his worship proceeded to try the case with the additional discomfort of an utter absence of elbow room, with several gaping boors intently gazing over his shoulder upon the evidence he was taking down; but of which they were unable to read a word. Add to this, there was a density of confined and heated air enough to mystify the clearest brain, and to make the position of administrative authority anything but a sinecure.

The information was, however, read, stating, of course, among other things, that the prisoner feloniously stole the article in question; that it had been found in his possession, seemed apparent; and the prosecutor seemed to consider this as a sufficient substantiation of his complaint. With frequent promptings from his wife (who informed the court in a loud voice, sufficiently energetic and exacting conviction, that she knew all about the chain—where she bought it—who cut it off—the blacksmith who put the hooks to it, &c. &c.,) the prosecutor identified the chain to be his—that the chain was on his premises just before he missed it ("I see it close by the bob-sled *myself*," the wife interrupted.) The rest of the evidence was very vague as to whether it was on the prosecutor's premises the night it was missed, or whether it had been left near the bob-sled, or in the road or out of the road. As to proof of the felonious abstraction there was default of evidence on oath. The strong minded woman offered to swear that she believed the

prisoner was mean enough to do it, or at all events, if he, the prisoner, wasn't, his father was;" but this did not seem to satisfy the worthy magistrate as to the felony. It must not be supposed that the prosecutor and his party had been allowed to give their evidence without interruption from their opponents, as during its progression all sorts of variations of the lie direct and the lie collusive, had been actively exchanged. The magistrate threatened several times to commit the parties, unless more order was observed; but it had very little effect; and the introduction by the hostile parties of irrelevant matters tending to mutual criminations, generally succeeded a temporary lull. "I should like to know who stole that side of pork?" was answered by "I should like to know how *you* came by that buffalo robe?" My good opinion of my client was by no means increased. I began to see that both parties were in a state of feud, and were gratified by any frivolous opportunity of annoying each other, and I really could not feel much triumph when the justice dismissed the case, and recommended the prosecutor to seek his remedy in *trover*. "Trover" to the prosecutor seemed unintelligible, and in its nature, as a civil action, not sufficiently annoying; therefore, the decision was unsatisfactory. My client, too, appeared dissatisfied, and wanted to know from the justice "whether he was goin' to get any costs for being dragged up here with his witnesses, and losing so much time just for nothing." But he received a severe lecture from the magistrate, in an upright, homespun way, recommending him to be less litigious, and foment fewer quarrels among neighbors. The prisoner was released from custody, very much to his satisfaction, and the court broke up without being terminated by a committal to the county jail, which, as the amiable partner of the prosecutor hoped would have taken place. She told the ungainly lad who had been in custody, in her valedictory address to him, that she "hoped to see some of 'em yet where the dogs wouldn't bark at 'em, and if every body had their own, 'some folks' would be in the 'jug' at this present moment."

My client seemed disposed to avoid me; perhaps he had discovered the absence of any sympathy with his fortunes since the dismissal of the case; but more probably he did not wish to have any allusion made to the retaining fee which he knew I expected. I allowed myself to overcome my native modesty, and with sundry misgivings, but with a placid countenance, I adverted to my recompense. The artful litigant said, "Oh, I'd like to forgot all about it. How much do you charge?" I replied, that my services, if worth anything at all, were worth five dollars. "Five dollars!" said he. "Well, you do earn your money easy—why, that's an awful sight to earn so quick. You warn't more'n two hours there altogether—and it's a considerable spell to night yet. I've got a dollar about me which you *kin* have, if you say so; but I won't have any money to go home with, if you take it. Like as not I'll have some more business some time, and I'll call and settle it up altogether." My first client and I parted I began to wish him in the "jug" for the manner in which he had used me; and although I really wanted the ridiculously small sum of one dollar, I should have spurned it had I had an opportunity of taking it on this occasion, which I had not. This was the first disagreeable blow I had had. After all, I did not care so much for the absence of the fee, as to feel that I had been fooled by my first client. Since then I have made a resolution, in taking up cases, and that is, to receive my fee before proceeding. If a man have a fair cause of action or defence, and prepays for your attention, he has a right to demand your best services thus secured. If he endeavor to make bargains with you dependent on the result, he is the sort of character who is neither generous in success, nor just in failure.

I must, however, again introduce my first client. About a week after our first interview, he again called at my office, and strenuously endeavored to induce me to bring an action for false imprisonment against the owner of the logging chain, grounded on the prosecution I have endeavored to detail, and promising me that whatever damages were recovered, I should have a moiety for my services. I declined the action; but my client was not satisfied. He, however, retained a professional rival, who was my senior in the Law Society, but junior to me in his arrival in our town. By the good management of my learned friend, however, and by those wonderful freaks which sometimes inexplicably influence juries, at the trial of the cause for false imprisonment, at the next assizes, my quondam client obtained a verdict for fifteen pounds damages! I being for the defence; and as for the costs of such defence, as well as for my aforesaid services before the magistrate, they remain unpaid by both parties to this day, and I have long looked upon them as bad debts; but as being associated with useful warnings to avoid litigious characters of the calibre of "my first client."

Doubtful.—That a man ever recovers his property by going to law.

THE WEAVER'S HOME.

It was a cold, bright December night, and the eve of a national festivity. A gibbous moon was floating in serene beauty through the sky; and myriads of stars, like the kind eyes of ministering spirits, were keeping watch upon the earth. But only the lonely, the forsaken, the sick, or the romantic, could find time or inclination to gaze into the calm, divine face of heaven that night. The multitude were all astir. Extraordinary preparations were being made to do befitting honor to that ancient anniversary of joy which the morning's sun would once more usher in. All the great thoroughfares of the metropolis were lit up as if in rivalry of the noonday splendors, and a vast hurrying tide of humanity discharged itself through the gorged streets. The city presented the imposing appearance of a mighty mart. Almost all the population seemed to be converted for the time being into vendors or buyers.

Especially was this the case throughout the entire extent of Shoreditch—that trading emporium, to which the tens of thousands of the poorer classes peopling that neighborhood are accustomed to resort for the purchase of their provisions. This spacious street exhibited the aspect of a fair. All the shops were brilliantly illuminated, and the windows most temptingly garnished with an abundance of those choice commodities, a participation in which is by every Englishman deemed indispensable to a proper observance of the festive rites of Christmas. All manner of clever artistic devices were exhibited, to attract attention and custom. Ranged on the opposite edge of the pavement was another continuous line of rival stalls, tasteful miniature bazaars, and a motley host of salesmen, saleswomen, and juvenile traders—trafficking in all sorts of wares, from lace to lucifers, and from literature to bunches of onions; some of whom were stationary, while others were in perpetual motion; some mute and spiritless, but most of them clamorously importuning the patronage of every passer; some fast verging graveyards, by age or premature decay, and others just out of babyhood, were compelled thus early to go forth and battle fiercely for a crust of honest bread; some had invested their entire capital in a small tray of trinkets, from the anticipated proceeds of which a large family depended for their night's shelter, and for subsistence on the morrow; while besides all these, there was yet another grade of mendicant creatures, still more deeply and hopelessly sunken, who, lacking more honorable merchandise, were compelled to trade upon their miseries, and exhibit their starved looks, together with the ragged emblems of their wretchedness, for charitable coin.

Flanked on either side by this double battery of attraction and noisy solicitation, the crowd moved on, now briskly, and now sluggishly, according as the width of the pavement alternately broadened or contracted. All seemed to be swayed by one engrossing want. All this unusual out-door bustle had reference to the traditional festivities and goodly fellowships of the coming day. Though all other days in the year be dark, the poor English operative will, if possible, let in a few glimmering rays of joy and social cheer upon his Christmas hearth. He will pinch himself for weeks together, if he may but thereby see a bright fire burning in his grate, and an abundance of hospitable fare gracing his table, on that 'merrie' holiday occasion. But alas! often, in spite of their best efforts, a large number of unfortunate families are doomed to pass this season of enjoyment in unfriended desolateness and want. Let us take an example.

Look for a moment into the midst of that agitated stream of life. See that woman, pale with pertubation, with a face fair but famine-stricken, her eye unwanderingly set, and having a half-delirious air about her, as she struggles forward in the throng. Dodging here and there—now to the right, and now to the left—seeing, hearing, and knowing nothing of all that is transpiring around her—she impetuously rushes onwards. Whither is she bound? With what terrible tidings is her bosom laden? Where is she about to empty her heart of its freightage of woe? Let us follow her, and see.

Gaining the entrance to an obscure street near the railway terminus, she suddenly plunges into the gloom. Meeting here with fewer obstructions to her progress, her pace becomes accelerated. She traverses a tortuous succession of streets, courts, and alleys, striding heavily along the dry, frosted pavement, as if she trod in clogs, until at length she emerges into a small square, situated in the very heart of the weaving district. It is surrounded by lofty, dilapidated houses, that look as if they had been consigned to irredeemable ruin, or as though they had 'fallen into Chancery.' There is something awful in the solitude, silence, and obscurity reigning here, after having passed so abruptly from the confusion and intense glare of the thronged city. There are no gas-lights burning near. The moon, however, shines tranquilly upon one side of the square. On reaching the open doorway of a house, having three storeys above the basement, the jaded and excited woman disappeared. One flight of stairs are climbed—then another—and now she stands, momentarily pausing and listening, before the door of a chamber.

'Jane—is it you?' inquired a feeble voice from within.

In an instant she was in the room; and, as though the last atom of strength that very moment died out of her, she sunk heavily down upon the floor.

Here we are on the threshold of a weaver's home, and in the presence of a weaver's family, just as it is passing beneath the desolating power of one of those crises of wretchedness that are unhappily of such frequent occurrence among this class of industrious operatives, and especially during the periodical stagnation to which their trade is subject. The room was cold, barren, and forlorn; its hearth desolate; no candle illumined the cheerless scene; no lingering spark of fire threw out its genial warmth from the bars of the cinderless grate; every vestige of domestic convenience seemed to have been swept away by the bitter blasts of poverty; and the shivering, hunger-bitten inmates were huddled together in semi-nakedness in various parts of the room. All the light they enjoyed was the gift of the 'sun's fair servant,' whose welcome beams streamed in

at the longitudinal lights that run almost across the sides of the building. Beneath the windows facing the moon stood two looms, both having unfinished work in them. On the opposite side of the chamber were dimly visible the ruins of a third loom, and beside it was a 'quill winding' machine, somewhat resembling a spinning-wheel, by means of which the silk is wound on to the 'quills' for the shuttle. Crouching beneath the 'porry' of one of the looms on the eastern side of the room, and in the full brightness of the beautiful moonlight, was the husband of the woman we have seen—a dark, wild, unshorn, haggard-looking man, just recovering from a terrible attack of fever, but whose convalescence had been hindered by the mental anguish and physical privations he had endured. His manly limbs had fallen away to a mere bony shadow, for famine had almost finished the cruel work that disease began. Beside him, reposing on a wretched apology for a mattress, were three young children, with no other covering than their father's scanty clothes to shield them from the wintry air. On the side of the room that was under an eclipse, seated amidst the skeleton remains of the mutilated loom, was a grey-headed old man, the father of the woman, and the grandsire of the children of whom we have spoken; and, clinging supportingly to his pithless arm, was a fair, intelligent-looking girl of about sixteen years of age, whom he affectionately called his 'Minnie.'

'Minnie, my child,' said he, as the poor woman swooned upon the floor, 'your mother is ill; see if you cannot help her; something uncommon bad has happened, I fear.'

The girl, though attenuated and enfeebled by insufficiency of food, needed no second exhortation, but affectionately strove to restore her parent to consciousness and composure; in which she at length succeeded.

'Well, Jane,' exclaimed her husband, who had been regarding her with intense solicitude, 'we began to grow alarmed at your long absence; it is now above eight hours since you left home, and we have been anxiously counting the moments till your return. Have you seen the master?'

'I have,' she responded, faintly; 'and not only was he heartless enough to spurn my petition, but he scrupled not to add insult to cruelty.'

'Ah, that is nothing new, Jane; like worms, we must submit to be trampled on, and never lift our souls against the heel of tyranny that crushes us to beggary. What new outrage has he committed?'

'On making known my errand to the foreman,' answered Mrs. Arle, 'he told me without any ceremony that he could advance me no money—it was against the established rule of the house: if they did it for me, they would soon be besieged with similar applications from swarms of improvident creatures like myself. I should always take care to save something, he said, tauntingly, to meet such emergencies; they couldn't break their regulations because workmen fell sick, and children took it into their heads to die; such cases would occur sometimes, and I must contrive to struggle through my difficulties in the best way I could. Saying this, he angrily struck his clenched hand upon the counter, and roughly bid me begone. My flesh—what little there is left—quivered on my bones at such heartless treatment; I felt my blood mounting to my brow and tingling to my fingers' ends; the evil spirit came upon me; and words of reproach, all hot and hasty, were rising to my lips: but remembering that I stood there in the threefold capacity of a daughter, a wife, and a mother, I drove my indignant feelings back into my heart, and shut them in. As the lives of all that are dear to me depended on my success, I felt that it would ill become me to give up without a bold and resolute effort. With the picture of this wretched home swimming before my eyes; the pining of my babes for bread sounding in my ears; and with the knowledge that I could *but* be refused, I boldly asked to be permitted to see Mr. R——, the master; at which "impudent request," as he called it, the foreman was more enraged than ever, and threatened to turn me out of the warehouse. However, I stayed hours after that, determined, if possible, to see the master, and lay siege to his heart——'

'Ah, ha! I reckon it would be a tough job to make any impression there,' interposed the excited husband. 'But, Jane, go on with your story.'

'After waiting till past six, I suppose, like the unjust judge in the parable, which was running in my mind all the time, he was wearied out by what he styled my "obstinacy;" for I was then sent for into the master's room. To reach it, as you know, I had to mount a flight of stairs; in going up which, from the growing stillness of the place—for the business of the day was just over—the heavy shoes that father kindly lent me made a loud clatter on the boards. On entering the apartment, he haughtily exclaimed, "Woman, take those clogs off instantly. Where are your manners? How dare you behave so disrespectfully as to enter my presence with them on?" However, I meekly corrected the mistake, and besought his indulgence for a moment, while I stated the object of my visit. Breaking out into a violent passion, he then called me a liar, and'—here her voice faltered and thickened—'coming menacingly towards me, suddenly stooped down, and lifted my apparel, in order to ascertain the correctness of his charge.* On discovering his error, instead of apologising for his rudeness and indelicacy, he ordered me instantly to quit the premises, backing it with a threat of a lodgment in the station-house. So I have returned as empty-handed as I went.' Having concluded the maddening details, she buried her face in her hands, whilst large drops of indignant sorrow trickled from between her fingers.

'Unmanly wretch!' vociferated the exasperated husband, emitting fire from his kindling eyes, and brandishing his bare lank arms about like a pair of drumsticks. 'It is well for him I was not there. Wouldn't I have made his lordliness lick the dust? Wouldn't I have been down upon him like a flash of lightning?'

And judging from his aspect at that moment, we verily believe he would have been as good as his word.

* This is a well-authenticated fact.

'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' prayed a feeble voice, issuing from the midst of the ruined loom.

'Silence, old man!' thundered the husband, with the strength and fierceness of a maniac when the fit is on him; 'this is how you're always canting, and profaning holy Scripture, in a foolish attempt to excuse these religion-cloaked villains. Do you dare to tell *me*, or tell GOD, which is much worse, that these Whitened Sepulchres don't know what they're doing when they oppress and wrong and rob the poor, and brutally insult a helpless woman, driven by stress of misery to their feet, to ask—not for mercy; that would be far from them to grant—but for justice, for the paltry wages that she has honorably earned! You want me to believe this charitable fiction, do you? No, no; not where there are any grains of common sense left in this brain-box,' tapping, with his fingers' ends, as he spoke, his fine intellectual region. 'These are your *Christian* men, your *saints*, your church officers, and Exeter Hall magnates, are they?' added he, with a tone of sarcasm that was designed to wither up their specious pretensions, and fling them like perished leaves to the wild winds of winter.

Whilst Mr. Arle was thus declaiming, the moon entered a thick cloud, and the room grew suddenly and ominously dark.

'Oh, dear father!' cried the frightened Minnie, 'I pray you, strive to be calm; you will bring on the fever and delirium again. Remember you are very weak; and oh! if you were to make yourself ill again, and God saw fit to take you away from us now, what would become of us? Do try and tranquillise yourself, dear father. We know these men are very wicked and cruel to us, but, perhaps, after all, there is truth in what they once told you, that they are scourges in the hand of God to punish us for our sins, and the departure of our people from him. We must each learn in patience to possess our souls.'

These gentle, soothing words, flowing from the heart of a beloved daughter—for there *is* love among the poor, and especially in seasons of agony and sorrow—threw a spell over his rebellious passions, beneath the influence of which he relapsed into silence.

'Oh mudder,' faintly sobbed one of the little ones, 'I am so hungedy; I feel so vedy ill; I tink I shall die like my little budder—can't lo dive me, and Hetty, and Willy, just a little bit o' bread.

How the bruised heart of the mother winced and bled under this appeal, only those who have passed through similar experiences can conceive! It is one of those bitter prerogatives of poverty with which the well-to-do cannot intermeddle.

'Oh, father, father!' exclaimed the mother, in a tone expressive of sharp spirit agony, 'my faith is failing me; the last spark of hope is dying out; I feel my heart becoming as dark and dismal as that fireless grate. Surely the Almighty has forsaken us!'

'Say not so, Jane; remember those divine sayings your mother used to be so fond of quoting, when the cloud was passing over her: "Man's extremity is God's opportunity;" "It is always darkest before dawn."'

'But where is help to come from? It is now our-and-twenty hours since food has passed any of our lips: and where the next morsel is to be obtained, He who feedeth the young ravens when they cry only knows. We have nothing left to pawn; every utensil from the room, and every rag that can with decency be spared, has been parted with, even the very clothing from the backs of the naked children has been converted into bread. There is nothing left now but the bird and its cage to dispose of; let us part with it, father, while we can, and save it from the doom that awaits us.'

'I cannot consent to that, Jane; I'm willing to share my last crumb with the sweet creature; I owe to it more than I can ever repay. It has so often softened my spirit, lured me back to the path of hope and duty, and inspired me with such happy memories of God and nature, and love to human-kind, by its melodious warblings, that I couldn't keep from despising myself if I were to part with it on mercenary terms. Besides, the children love it too. No; think again, Jane.'

'Well,' said she, in hesitating uncertainty,' there is the Bible.'

'Never!' exclaimed the old man, with a marked emphasis. 'Pawn the word of God for bread, Jane! Never! When *that* goes, you may write up Ichabod on the bare walls, for the glory will indeed have then departed. With a Bible and a God, even this vile den becomes to me a temple.'

A pause ensued; filled up by painful musings, and the pining sobs of the half-frozen, half-famished children, as they clung closer to their sire, in a vain attempt to gather warmth.

At this moment the moonlight again poured in at the windows, brighter than ever.

'Capital thought!' exclaimed Minnie, rising with the eager and delighted air of one who has found a great treasure. 'I just recollect having a few weeks ago put some boxes of lucifers away on the top of the empty cupboard, so that they might be out of the children's reach; since which time I had quite forgotten them.' Reaching them down, she counted six. 'Well,' she continued, with a smile of mingled gladness and irony, 'if I can sell these they will bring us threepence; a penn'orth of bread, a penn'orth of 'taters, and a penn'orth of tripe; shan't we have a dainty Christmas feast, after all?'

'Don't count your chickens—you know the rest, my bonnie girl,' said the old man, casting a damper upon her new-born enthusiasm. 'There's a terrible strife abroad for bread to-night.'

'Put on my old bonnet, Minnie,' said Mrs. Arle, 'and take this handkerchief that I have on, and throw it over your shoulders; you will need it, for the wind is bitter cold outside.'

A drowning man they say will catch at straws. And here we see a fasting family, that is slowly perishing from want, and yet struggling bravely with the billows of adversity, stretching out its hands to grasp the shadowy and paltry proceeds of a few lucifer boxes, in the vain hope of appeasing, for some days to come, the ravenous hunger of seven mouths.

'Don't beg, Minnie!' was the parting injunction of the elder man, as she was proceeding to leave the room. 'For the child of a weaver, and the grandchild of a Christian, to beg on the public streets, is a thing not to be heard of. May the

bread of beggary never pass my lips! Yet,' checking himself, 'what do I say? Are there not hundreds, whose honorable souls once loathed the mendicant's choking gains as intensely as I do now, but whom misfortune, want, and woe have step by step degraded?'

Such are not the ordinary ethics of starvation; yet many men cherishing such principles, and bequeathing them as a sacred heritage, are to be found among the calumniated silk-weavers.

Opening the door, the timid girl went forth into the cold night, followed by the fervent prayers of those she left behind, and, unconsciously, met and attended by an unseen supernal Power

When the door of the room closed behind her, it seemed to its inmates as if the few lingering hopes yet left to them had suddenly vanished, and, angel-like, were hovering around the retreating form of the girl, as if for the purpose of ministering succour and cheer in the loving errand on which she speeded.

For a long season after the sound of her footsteps had ceased, no voice essayed to break the suspense and silence that ensued; every heart was busy communing with its own gloomy forebodings, until at length the unquiet phantasms of their brain seemed to assume shape and substance before their eyes; and a dark, shadowy, menacing form began to frown awfully upon them, from the fireless grate, from the foodless cupboard, from the midst of the ruined loom, from the desolate walls, and from out the obscure corners of that wretched lair. Whether this terrible apparition was anything more than the projected shadow of their own black thoughts, we cannot undertake to say. Whether they could have given it any recognisable name we know not; for convenience, then, we will designate it the SPIRIT OF DESPAIR.

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The evening was wearing on apace; still there was no perceptible diminution in the traffickers that choked the broad street intersecting Shoreditch. Every tributary lane and court, for a full mile, helped to swell the eddying current as it noisily swept by. There was earnestness in every movement, and an intensity of purpose stamped on every face that night. No holiday folks, no loitering sight-seers, no sauntering pleasure-seekers were there. All seemed diligently bent on business. To buy, or to sell and get gain, was the master impulse that moved the motley multitude.

Yet, was there at least one exception to this general rule; and one, therefore, that was the more striking from its singularity. Passing along the pavement, leisurely and observingly, was a young man, attired in habiliments of mourning. He was of prepossessing appearance, with a benevolent phisiognomy, a soft kind eye, and an air of deep sadness and dejection. His sensibilities appeared to be morbidly affected by the spectacle around him. His glance was ever roving, as he threaded the intricacies of the throng, in quest of objects of distress. Such was the mood of his nature at that time, that he turned away, as by a strange instinct, from the sunnier aspects of life, towards the hideous pictures of suffering and degradation that abounded at every step. He bestowed no notice on the merry-hearted and the light-footed, as they went by, all joyously to happy hearts or to lovers' sides; neither did he seem to contemplate with any complacency those who were toiling homewards burdened with cargoes of household stores; but his eye ever settled on those wasted human forms and ghastly faces that lined the outer margin of the pathway. The sight of this swarm of wretched creatures, of all ages, from infancy to fourscore years, weakly attempting to rise from their abjectness, to seize upon some floating fragment of support to keep their chin above the abysmal waves, absorbed his faculties and excited his commiseration. Ever and anon he would pause, and bestow upon one or more of these social martyrs some substantial proof of his generosity and pity. How many fervent blessings were rained upon his head that night, as his alms dropped now into the tremulous hands of decrepid old men, and now into the tiny palms of fatherless or motherless children, we cannot stay to compute. However he might be sneered at by the heartless, and wondered at by the wise in their own eyes, he was, nevertheless, following the blessed steps of Him who 'went about doing good.'

On reaching a spot near the entrance to the railway terminus, the eye of this benevolent stranger fell upon a girl of tender years and great sweetness of countenance, with sad, large, lustrous eyes, that shone out from the midst of features sharpened by want, and blanched by the wintry wind. Her attire was neat and clean, although there was scarcely sufficient of it to cover her nakedness. As to yielding her any warm shelter from the piercing cold, that was quite out of the question. She had ensconced herself in a kind of niche formed by the recessed door-way of an unoccupied shop. In her outstretched hand she held a box or two of lucifers, beseeching the passengers, as they went by, to purchase them of her.

'Buy—buy—for the love of God—buy!' she faltered, in a low soft voice, as the stranger was going past.

Thrilled by the plaintive melody of that imploring cry, struck by the evidences of innocence and faded respectability visible in her whole demeanour, and deeming it improbable that a young creature so employed and so attired had fallen yet from her womanly rectitude, he turned towards her, and enquired into her circumstances and connections. The simplicity and transparent truthfulness of her answers only served to confirm his good opinion of her character.

'Conduct me to your father's house, will you?' said the stranger.

'Excuse me, sir; but I must first dispose of these small wares, or seven of us will have nothing to eat to-morrow. My little sisters were moaning for bread before I left.'

'How many boxes have you?' asked he.

'Three only are left unsold, sir.'

Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out sixpence, which he presented to her, saying at the same time, 'Now, having removed that scruple, lead the way.'

The poor girl looked at the sixpence in perplexity for some seconds, and then said, 'I cannot give you the change, sir.'

'Keep it all then,' was the kind reply.

How tightly she clasped that piece of silver in her hand; how she turned aside and kissed it, as she thought upon the pains it would allay, and the hunger it would stifle; how she murmured low words of thankfulness over it again and again, as she went along, followed by her benefactor, we cannot pause to tell; and many of the well-to-do, who never felt the dire want of such a coin in all their lives, would not perhaps believe us if we did.

The delicate questioning put by the young philantropist, as they pursued their devious way, elicited most of the facts with which the reader is already acquainted, and others that may have been only vaguely guessed.

There had been a terrible stagnation in the trade, she said; half the hands had been at 'play,' or out of work for months, and the other moiety were partially employed. Starvation, which is never far from the weaver's door, showed its gaunt grim front in many a home, and breathed witheringly on every green thing; the cholera, which was then raging at its height, greedily tracked the heels of famine, and swept away from the district whole hundreds in a week. Every house, and almost every room, contained its dead. Three in her family had been smitten by the pestilence, and one—a dear brother—had perished. When the cholera had abated somewhat of its fierceness, the fever came to glean the wasted field from whence the preceding reapers had carried off such a rich death-harvest. Her father had narrowly escaped being borne away as one of its victims. Thus, what with sickness, and sorrow, and want of work, they had been reduced to a state of absolute destitution; all the comforts and conveniences of household life, and even every article of clothing that could possibly be dispensed with, were surrendered one by one, in exchange for food. A few weeks since, her grandfather, Mr. Delafosse, had obtained a *caine*;* he worked at it night and day, hoping, by speedily completing it, thereby to extricate the family from difficulties; but when he had done rather more than half the piece, the *shoot* † was exhausted, which was then a week ago; and although he had been daily to the warehouse, and made urgent application for a fresh supply, he had not been able to obtain it yet. When they don't want the work in a hurry, the masters generally treat the poor weavers thus. He had received the amount of wages to which he was entitled on the work that was executed, most of which immediately went to defray some debts that had been unavoidably contracted. 'For we would rather die of hunger, sir, than live dishonestly,' said this heroic maiden, with an emphatic gesture. 'About the time,' she went on, 'that Mr. Delafosse's *shoot* was out, my mother obtained work, which she was compelled to take at terrible low wages; for the weavers, being a starving, are glad to take anything that is offered; she worked so hard and incessantly at it, that she would often faint away at the loom, from having nothing to eat often for twenty hours together; whereupon grandfather would kindly take her place till she revived. The work being at length nearly finished—and we having nothing to keep us alive to-morrow—she went to-day to the shop, and solicited the advance of a trifle on the work; but they treated her very roughly and brutally, and sent her home empty-handed and broken-hearted to the starving family. You must understand, sir, that some houses advance money on the work in hand as it progresses, while others don't; the shop for which mother is working, though the principal is said to be a Christian man, who lifts his head very high, is not accustomed to give this advance to the poor operative. This hard resolution presses very cruelly on us sometimes, sir, I assure you, and drives us into awful straits; besides which, in connection with other oppressive hardships, it makes a great many of the men callous, hard-hearted, and infidel like. This is the sad effect, I am sorry to say, that such ruthless treatment has had upon my father.'

Saying this, the girl and her companion entered the gloomy, condemned-looking square, that brought them to the bourne of their journey. On the way, Minnie had slipped into a retired shop, and purchased a candle, which she had secreted under her scant handkerchief.

Arrived at the entrance, she politely requested the stranger to tarry a moment while she procured a light. Leaping into the darkness she opened a neighbor's door, that let a faint glimmer into the filthy, floorless passage, and soon reappeared, bearing a lighted taper in her hand.

'Be careful how you mount, sir,' said the fair guide; 'the stairs are very rotten, and full of holes that are dangerous to a strange foot.'

The caution was not very superfluous; they were indeed in a most crazy condition. Clinging close to the naked wall, he cautiously groped his way upward. On reaching the second landing, voices were heard in earnest converse, and a light shone through a crevice of the door in a long luminous line. At last, the top door was gained; and the stranger was ushered into the hushed chamber, where misery kept its lonely vigils.

'Grandfather,' said Minnie, 'a gentleman who has been very kind to me, has desired me to introduce him to you;—here he is.'

'Step in, sir,' said the old man, advancing towards the door, with the ready courtesy and urbanity for which the weavers are generally distinguished. 'I am really ashamed, sir, that you should visit such a desolate and desert place as this is. We have nothing we can offer you even to sit down upon. A hungry belly, like Aaron's rod, has swallowed everything.'

When the light began to burn steadily, and dissipate the dense gloom that had collected there, the stranger drew back, shudderingly, as the cold, stark nakedness of the scene became gradually disclosed to him. This, then, thought he, is one of the places where, and these ghastly and emaciated creatures, with the hideous tatters of poverty hanging about them, are some of

* This is the technical term used by weavers to describe the prepared (or organzine) silk that is given out to them from the warehouse of the employer. It is derived from the French word *chaine*, and is so called from the silk being taken off the wrapping mill in loops or links. The *caine* or *warp* varies in length from 100 to 200 yards, and generally takes several weeks to weave.

† The *shoot* is the silk used in the shuttle, and forms the woof of the fabric woven.

the skillful persons by whom, those rich and sumptuous fabrics are woven, which adorn the form of beauty, and embellish the apartments of nobility.'

'Your grand-daughter,' said the stranger,' has, at my request, told me of your trials and privations; but I was utterly unprepared for such a spectacle as I behold. In passing through the ordeal of suffering, however, your minds are free, I trust from the stinging consciousness of its having been brought about, or aggravated, by your own faults—by drinking, by thriftlessness, by indolence, or by improvidence.'

"Thank God!" said the old man, in a solemn voice, "I and my daughter here have been total abstainers from all intoxicants for years, sir. No self imposed taxes of that sort are paid out of our scanty earnings. It is a hard battle to get bread sir. A sore lot of the weavers are *obliged* to be tee-totallers, as they havn't the money to spend on beer or gin; nor the time neither."

"I am glad to hear such sentiments from your lips," replied the visitor, alluding to the former part of his remarks.

"I hope I shan't be thought impertinent, sir," said Mr. Delafosse; "but you seem thus early in your manhood, to have made acquaintance with grief. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," as I have read somewhere."

"I have, indeed," rejoined the young stranger; "I am already a widower. I have buried the best part of my heart, and the light of my life is prematurely quenched. Last Christmas was our bridal-day. To-morrow will be its first anniversary, when my rifled home will appear cheerless and doleful as a living tomb. Knowing that there must thus be one hearth desolate and sad, which last year was lighted up with the smiles of beauty, and encircled by festivity and joy, I came forth to-night to see if I could not make some family happy, that might otherwise be wretched."

"God bless your noble heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Arle, to which the wondering old man responded by a loud "Amen."

"If I felt a desire before, that the gross sum of human happiness might suffer no diminution through any selfish loss which I may have sustained, that desire has been greatly strengthened since I have listened to the harrowing tale of your privations. One of the immediate and culpable causes of your present extreme distress is, if I have understood aright, an unworthy *Christian* profe-sor in the person of your employer.—Be it my delightful office then to vindicate that holy name from such scandal and dishonor, and restore as far as in me lies, its tarnished lustre, by placing at your disposal such means as will enable you to secure the restitution of all that you have been compelled to part with through the pressure of poverty, and to spend the day whose dawning is so near at hand in a manner befitting its joyous associations."

The old man's amazement showed itself more and more; the woman, struck by the strangeness and novelty of this benificent proposition, fell upon her knees under the constraint of a worshipful impulse; and even Mr Arle, the scoffer, was visibly softened, and began to ponder afresh whether, after all, there might not be such a thing as *real* Christianity in the world.

"Where are your pledge-tickets?" inquired the young widower.

They were speedily produced; and, adding together the sums advanced on the several items he announced the total amount to be thirty-five shillings.

"Ah! sir, it's not one third the value of the articles," said the poor woman, with a sigh of regret; "but, when we're a-breaking up, sir, we've no alternative but to take what's offered us, though it be a dead robbery, or else see the dear children starve before our eyes.

While she was speaking, the stranger's fingers were exploring the inside of a richly lined purse.

"Are you in debt? Do you owe anything else to any one?"

"Nothing, sir, I am happy to say, except three weeks' arrears of rent," replied Mrs. Arle.—"The landlord was here only yesterday, and said if he wasn't paid in a few days, he would drive us all out into the street; and I believe he will be as good as his word. As a general rule, sir, rent must be paid every week, however we have to pinch for it."

"How much does it amount to?"

"Seven and sixpence, sir; half-a-crown a-week we pay for this miserable hole."

"Well, there are two sovereigns and a half; that sum will free you from all present embarassments, and leave a surplus with which to purchase a few necessary things for the morrow."—And he dropped the glittering gold into the extended palm of the bewildered woman.

"Bless your generous nature, noble gentleman," exclaimed both in the same breath, while the big tears coursed down their shrunken cheeks. "I fear, sir," continued Mr Delafosse, "it will be a long time before we shall be able to repay you this liberal and most welcome loan."

"I do not desire it," was the calm reply; "accept it as a free donation."

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor," said the exulting mother, as she directed a glance towards her offspring, that seemed to say—Your deliverance is at hand; lift up your baby-voices in thanksgiving.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," devoutly chimed in the man in hoar hairs.

Seeing their benefactor about to depart, Mrs. Arle, in a transport of lofty gratitude, flew to her loom, and produced a secreted Bible.

"Thanks be to God!" she triumphantly cried, holding it aloft, "we have not, though sorely tempted, parted with this. Surely a blessing is in it; it has been to us what the ark of God was of old to those who sheltered it. Oh, sir, since I am sure you love the Bible, read from its sacred pages before you quit us;" depositing, as she said this, the treasured volume in the hands of the stranger.

He opened it; his eyes fell upon the 34th Psalm; he read with a rich unction and thrilling emphasis; and as he read, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles," and the numerous similar passages with which that divine ode abounds, every heart was melted, and from every eye gushed tears of irresistible joy.

As soon as the stranger could master his

emotions, he turned towards the group before him, who, with the new sensations that filled their souls, felt as though they had been suddenly translated from the depths of some terriole desert to the delicious bowers of Paradise; and telling them that he should pay them another visit on the day after Christmas, to inquire further into the deplorable condition of their trade, he bade them adieu, and departed.

If his soul drew nearer to God that night, after the divine deed that he had done; if a holy, serene, and festive peace spread itself, like a blue summer's heaven, above his spirit, where is the matter for surprise?

Strange wonder and curiosity were rife among the neighbors that night, as they lay drowsily listening on their straw pallets, to hear, hour after hour, the continuous ascent and descent of heavy footsteps on the old ruined stairs, and the clattering sounds that through half the night were going on overhead.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

To open the unsparing hand,
And scatter largess o'er the land,
At bare-faced Beggary's demand:
This is not charity.

To lead the list of wealthy fame
That, lighting Labor's honest claim,
Endows some servile act of shame:
This is not charity.

The mite ungracious of the mean;
The gift enforced, that ne'er had been
By human eye of praise unseen,
This is not charity.

In hope of usury to give,
Reward of service to receive:
Let not the selfish thought deceive
That this is charity.

Unasked the ready aid to lend;
The orphan life in love befriend:
With penury's dark woof to blend
Help's golden thread, is charity.

For anger's look the loving word;
The passion-prompted speech unheard:
To quench the thought deep wrong has stirred:
This—this is Heaven's own charity!

Prosperity is a more refined and severer test of character than adversity, as one hour of summer sunshine produces greater corruption than the longest winter day.

Mistrust the mind which suspects others. Suspicion is involuntary self-betrayal—the rattle appended to the snake, warning us of its venom.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life, are caused by our standing in our light.

MAN'S OBJECT IN ADVANCING THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.*

Of the objects with which men have labored to advance the arts and sciences, viz., for the service and advantage of their fellow men, we find innumerable examples in history, both ancient and modern. Such were the ancient philosophers, Socrates among the number, whose fate may be regarded as a fair example of the consideration which such men ever meet at the hands of their fellow men. Have not the greatest benefactors of their race, from Socrates downwards, been emphatically denominated the martyrs of scienc —men who have labored only to develope truth for truth's sake, unmindful of the hardships and crosses it was their lot to contend with? Such men, thank God, have lived in all ages; such, it is to be earnestly hoped, are living even now, though necessarily almost unknown, but probably at some future day, when those modern celebrities, Tom Thumb and the Rochester knockers, have sank into deserved oblivion, the world may discover that it owes something to Liebig, Leverier, and other silent workers, who are now little regarded.

But the spirit which characterises the present day is more in accordance with what might be expected to result from pursuing, as an object, the last-mentioned aim, with which men have labored to advance the arts and sciences, viz., for personal profit and individual aggrandizement. If we are really, as some affirm, in advance of the ancients in these branches of knowledge, then it must be admitted that the love of money is a more powerful incentive to action than religion, veneration, poetry, and patriotism, those old fashioned faiths which induced the Egyptians, Grecians, and other (so called) benighted nations, to labor for the advancement of art, as they undoubtedly did. Look at the great achievements of modern science, upon which we found our claims to superiority over all other ages; our steam-railroads, and electric telegraphs; our canals, water-works, and innumerable engines, and machinery, with which this groaning earth now travails in labor as it rolls along its way! What is the main object, aim, and end of all? To what is all this wonderful application of mechanical science tending? Why, simply to the acquisition of wealth, the amelioration of our bodily condition. Whatever will make us richer is good. If it makes us better also, it is so much gained in the way of business which we did not look for;

* Extracted from a Lecture delivered by Dr. Jukes, before the St. Catharines Mechanics' Institute.

but profit we must have of a substantial kind, or we will have nothing to do with it. Individual or national aggrandizement is the primary object of all exertions, and only so far as they prove effectual for this purpose, are they ultimately carried out. Men walk by sight and not by faith; the visible, practical, tangible, whose effects can be rendered evident to our outward senses, are the highest objects of our desire. We no longer ask what ultimate *good* is to be derived from this or that course of action, but simply, will it or will it not *pay*, and in that one word our highest idea is embodied. We have reduced everything to a mechanical standard; pounds shillings, and pence is the touchstone to test everything physical and spiritual. Few considerations penetrate more deeply than the bottoms of our pockets. Society has set up a golden calf for its divinity, and woe unto him who falls not down to worship it.

To convince ourselves that the love of gold, the desire of gain, is more than any other the characteristic motive to action of the present day, among the highest and lowest, we have only to look for a moment at the wonderful revolution wrought in society by the discovery of that metal in California and Australia. Were it not that we live in an age of wonders, and that from being constantly familiarized with astonishing facts, we have lost the faculty of being surprised at anything, we should surely lift up our hands in amazement, at the results which have flowed from these discoveries.

Not merely the poor, the indigent, and the unprovided for; not only the curious who lacked other occupation, the loose, unsettled, and restless portion of the community have been smitten by the epidemic, but the wealthy and highly esteemed—the independent man and the pauper the scientific man, the professional man, the farmer, the mechanic, and the laborer—all for once acting with unity of thought and purpose rushed frantically to the diggings, as if the one sole object, aim, and end of every exertion of the faculties or powers of man was to grasp a handful of gold! All ties, the most sacred, were disregarded; all dangers, the most terrific and loathsome, were dared and despised; all difficulties, the most superhuman, were overcome; the ordinary distinctions of civilized society were abolished; the previous labours of a life time thrown away. Men, hitherto known only for their domestic virtues, became fierce and greedy adventurers; the ignorant and immoral were degraded into brutes; even the humane and cultivated became often desperate savages. The ties of home and kindred, the claims of affection and duty, were unfelt and unacknowledged. Tastes, habits, and inclinations, fostered for years, were readily and cheerfully dispensed with, the beau became a ragged *sans culotte*, and the exquisite, a bearded, dirty, and dishevelled idler. Identity of feeling and pursuit had equalized the most opposite; the accomplished lawyer labored with his pickaxe for a nugget, as he had never labored for a reputation or a fee; the scientific scholar and mathematician, master of a dozen languages, ancient and modern, was fain to turn cook and bottlewasher for a share of the spoils, to men whose only possessions were hands hardened by daily labor, and muscles and constitutions inured to toil. I have myself known, and which of us has not, men of highest scientific attainments and the best education, men calculated by their talents and acquirements to adorn the loftiest social position; fathers of families and masters of competence, possessed by this leading idea, cast every other thought and consideration to the winds, and traverse wide and dangerous oceans, pestilent climes, and thirsty and barren deserts; nay, support with Spartan fortitude and unflinching stoicism, sufferings and hardships whose very mention would appal the bravest, all for the gratification of one dominant passion—to quench the thirst for gold! I maintain, confidently, that no other inducement, however worthy, would, in this reputed age of common sense, have produced the same startling results!

Nor do we differ from the ancients more in the objects at which we aim than in the methods we use for their accomplishment. Many of us may recollect the story of a trial of skill in swordsmanship, said to have taken place between Richard 1st. of England and the celebrated Sultan Saladin, at the time of the Crusades. The English monarch, with one powerful and downright blow of his weapon, struck asunder a heavy iron bar. The Sultan, with dexterous and graceful skill, divided with his keen Damascus blade a silken scarf floating in air, and a gossamer pillow. The effect of either stroke would be equally deadly in combat, but the aim of the first would be accomplished by direct physical force, of the other by scientific sleight of hand. This strikes me as the principal difference between our method of applying our knowledge and that of the ancients. Their means of accomplishment was by striking the direct blow, and they used all the force of which they were capable, certainly with astonishing results. We, on the contrary, place more reliance on the head than on the arm, and are ever endeavoring to substitute science and skill for individual physical labor.

Now all this would be perfectly right and profitable, did we apply the principle only to material things; but the mechanical spirit of the age is tending unconsciously to render all things subservient to it, and, like the lean kine of Pharaoh, to swallow up all else whatsoever. Now, there is a limit to everything in nature. The ancient Babylonians built well until exalted by the pride of power; they attempted to mount to heaven on the mechanical works of their hands—then they were utterly confounded. Mechanics have done and can yet do much for us, much also, there is of greater moment to which they can never attain. It is as a servant not as a master that we ask their aid. The axe with which the architect fashions his work is an invaluable instrument, but it requires the guidance of a skilful and accomplished genius to render it not absolutely destructive.

Let the application of the mechanics be confined to its just and legitimate bounds; the wedge, the lever, and the screw, propelled by the energetic arm of steam, can only be productive of unmixed good, when used for developing the hidden resources of inanimate matter, and bending and subduing the stubborn elements, of which the earth is composed, to the will and services of their master, man.

When a Leverier, by patient thought, discovers to us a new planet, mechanical means enable us to measure its distance, and the period of its revolution. When a Colon, by long years of study and application, declares to a mocking world the existence of a new continent. Mechanical appliances enable us to cross oceans and gather its untold wealth. But genius, inspiration, the creative power, the individual energy by which the masses of mankind are advanced, often sorely against their will, is of a spiritual, not a material nature; and he who would climb the misty mountain tops of truth, and reach to where man hath not hitherto attained, must soar on other than mechanical wings.

Truth is rarely a chance production which discovers itself unsought. It is the rich and satisfying fruit yielded only to that true and faithful husbandman, who sows for it in hopeful but unremitting toil! But this slow and tedious process—this toilsome steep ascent, is little in accordance with the spirit of hot haste which characterises this mechanical period; like lurid meteors darting athwart the midnight sky, we rush upon the vapory wings of steam from east to west, from pole to pole, earth, conquered and subdued, lies bound with many an iron girdle beneath our flying feet—the very elements, her armory of strength, are wrested from her grasp, and turned by cunning man, in obedience to nature's unvarying laws, against her own maternal bosom. The impalpable air bears up our dense bodies, we walk unscathed beneath the ocean's foam, the lightning glances to the far ends of the earth to tell that we are coming, and we, stepping confidently upon our fire harnessed car, follow like *rolling thunder in its train.*

Old things are passed away, and all things are become new. It is after novelty, irrespective of *its intrinsic truthfulness* and worth, that mankind are now hastening; it is the blazing comet, the mysterious meteor which attracts our attention and claims our homage, while the placid and pale-faced moon traversing nightly the blue vault of heaven, to shed upon us her gentle and benignant rays, is little, if at all regarded. A king Hudson, rising on the gilded wings of successful speculation, is worshipped, fawned upon and flattered, to the utmost verge of earthly adulation, while a noble-minded and accomplished Haydon, *driven to insanity by starvation and cold neglect,* yields himself to despair, and commits suicide in his forgotten studio, the scene of his unappreciated and unrequited toil.

These are painful facts, and rather tell against the intellectual advancement of which we boast; I might mention many others, and some nearer home, but I forbear! Why should we close our eyes to the truth? The age we live in is a self-sufficient age. We claim superiority upon purely mechanical grounds. In mechanism, and its application to external objects, we excel *all* other ages; and were man a purely material being, we were the greatest people since the creation of the world; but this is not the case. There is in man's dualism a spiritual part, possessed of a higher nature—a loftier aspiration, and in whatever respects *this* portion of his being, in pure morality, religion, veneration, and true dignity of soul and character, we are *inferior* to *many* less highly civilized ages which have preceded us.

In literature and the fine arts, our observations hold equally good: it is the dashing, bold, and superficial style—the rapid, though coarse delineation which pleases; for deep and earnest considerations, requiring any mental effort, we have no time. The world, on its high-pressure engine, is madly shrieking along its course—all is noise, hurry, and confusion, and we feel as if we must join them or be *left behind.* Nature and experience have taught us throughout all time, that by such means nothing truly worthy can be attained; it is by silent meditation that a Newton discovers

the system of a universe; by long years of strenuous application to the teachings of the past, aided by patient individual endeavor, that a Columbus discerns and confidently predicts, ere he has yet seen it—the discovery of a new world! Truth is ever calm and noiseless, dignified in the consciousness of strength as the deepest and most profound waters, need no roaring and flashing breakers to disclose their might; it is the shallowest streamlets which ever run with the greatest turmoil; deep and majestic rivers are ever silent as the grave. Not from such loud external vaultings may we rightly judge of power, either spiritual or physical; "the meek silent light can mould, create and purify all nature, but the wide wasting whirlwind, the sign and product of disunion, of weakness, passes on and is forgotten."

GOTTFRIED MIND, THE CAT RAFAELE.

CHAPTER I.

It was regular Christmas weather. Driven by the wind, along the deserted streets of Berne, now dark with the closing evening, the snow fell in firm flakes, as if it were determined to teach those few persons who ran through the town very closely wrapped in their mantles, and to teach them very thoroughly, too, that there is nothing better to be done on a Christmas night than to sit at home in one's own circle.

Herr Siegmund Wagner, the rich merchant and counsellor, seemed hours ago to have acknowledged the truth of the principle the weather was so stormily laying down, and sitting in his comfortable arm-chair at a table covered with engravings, pencils, and drawing materials, was sketching with a rapid hand some hasty outline by the light of the lamp, adding now and then some apology for shading, and finally laying down his pencil to glance at his work with that peculiar comfort inspired by a sensation of warmth in the midst of what he knew to be the most dreadful weather. The quiet hum of conversation, too, now and then stole across his ear from the adjoining room, and heightened his pleasure.

In that apartment it was that Herr Siegmund Wagner kept his costly and curious collection of engravings, statuettes, vases, and other works of art, and his great delight was in the increasing of his store. Why should I describe the apartment? It is enough to say that everything was in most beautiful order, and that from Flemish pictures and Italian landscapes, to Etruscan vases and Indian fans, there was one continued chain of beauty and rarity, wanting in not a single link. Besides, if I were to describe all the loveliness his cabinet contained, I should spoil the trade of the loquacious guide, whose calling it is to expatiate upon it (for five francs a day) to the tourist whose curiosity leads him to Berne.

At the time of this history, there sat at the round table in the midst of the room a happy couple, deeply engaged over one of those costly and elegant volumes forming a part of the works of Redinger. Whether they might have lost themselves in the contemplation of these wonderful drawings which cause us to dream of a time long gone by, I know not; it is sufficient for me to say that they were not, and thus, far removed from drawing parallels between past ages and now, they were only enjoying fully the truth reigning in the drawings.

One of them was a girl of scarce eight years, in whose tender gentle countenance there lay a rich promise for womanhood; the other was a little man of almost repulsive exterior, who seemed to have run the major part part of his life. It was singular to mark the contrast between the rich costume of the merchant's daughter and the poor, and almost countrified dress of her companion. Still more strange it was to look upon the slender waist, the tender limbs, the bright locks, and the brighter face of the child, and then turn to the strong rough hair, and the clumsy countenance of the man to whom his square forehead, his prominent cheek-bones, his large mouth, and his brownish-reddened complexion gave a fierce aspect. A mild and almost melting eye was the only feature which redeemed the face from utter ugliness, and it reminds one always of the fairy story, where the prince is hidden under the most frightful form; but the enchanter's power extends not to the eye, which gleams mildly and gently forth, the only trace of a higher nature.

"Shall we go on, Friedli?'; said the little one.

"Do, Aenelli," replied the other with a gruff voice. "What is yon under the picture? These Italian letters I don't understand."

The child read "The Bear-fight." "The bear is a fierce animal when excited——"

"Nonsense," growled Friedli; "those be no bears. Has the bears such a long thin snout, like a greyhound! Rubbish! And the action isn't right. There ought to be a joint here. Badly drawn altogether. This isn't good, this isn't!"

Herr Wagner had silently come behind them.

"Hallo! Friedli, what's that you say? Redinger is known far and wide as an animal painter, and his bears are thought models by artists!"

"It's not true, sir," returned the other flatly. "Go into the bear garden here, and look at the beasts yourself. See how they tumble and climb, and stand and eat apples

and bread! Look at 'em closely, sir. Redinger hasn't seen the animals; he has painted them according to the story. The dogs, the stags, and the lions, they are good; but the bear *I* could do better."

"Well, well, don't get excited," replied the counsellor softly, "and for to night let us leave the engravings. On New Year's night we will look at them again. For this time, come. Tea is ready."

Growling like one of his own favorites, Friedli clapped the folio to, replaced it in its well-known shelf, and accepting his host's invitation, departed into the next room.

The golden yellow tea was steaming in the delicate porcelain cups. The table bore an elegant dish of biscuits, carefully piled into a pyramid. Friedli did not omit to pay due attention to the cake and tea.

"You have not yet told me how all goes on at home?" asked the merchant.

"Busi will have kittens to morrow, I think," was Friedli's answer.

"Pooh, I don't ask after the cat, but after the mistress."

"Well, she grumbles," Gottfried said laconically.

"One of Busi's kittens you'll give me, won't you; a very pretty one?" the child said. "Do promise it me."

The promise seems to be a very hard one with Friedli, but (notwithstanding that a branch of the house of Busi was a great and precious branch indeed) the thoughts of his patron's kindness, and the love he bore the child, induced him to nod a tolerably unwilling "yes!"

The conversation soon flagged. Wagner, who did not seem to rely much on his guest's social qualities, soon returned to his drawing, and Aenneli rolled some dry chesnuts on the table before the silent and good-tempered Friedli. Knowing well the desire of the child, Gottfried drew his knife from his pocket, cut open the shells, and commenced carving all sorts of figures in the soft fruit with wonderful exactness and beauty. These figures, reader, are not all destroyed even now, for they may be seen at Berne to this very day. A wonderful stillness came over the chamber. Aenneli sat close by the artist and watched his wondrous skill thoughtfully—a skill the more astonishing when the rudeness of the fingers which produced the delicate forms is considered; *suddenly a sharp pull at the bell* rang through the vaulted hall, and very soon after this a little, old, natty man, with great rimmed spectacles, toddled into the room, threw himself stormily on the neck of the merchant, and wiped all the powder from his hair in the ecstasy of his embrace with his sleeve. Coughing, the other wound himself from this fiery salute, and was about to inquire *the joyful reason of this stormy call,* when the enthusiast interrupted him, and began to lighten his heart in words.

"Wagner, just think of my good fortune. Guess what has happened—no, no, it is impossible, you cannot conceive my happiness: an hour ago the most glorious wish of my existence was accomplished—what do I say?—accomplished!—surpassed!—surpassed a million degrees! Dear Aenneli, a glass of sugar and water; I burn with the heart-filling delight of my prize!"

He drained the glass at once, sank down on the chair exhausted with his joy, then dashed up again just as quickly, ran back again to the counsellor, and taking him by the shoulders, shook him as if he would try to shake him into an appreciation of his luck.

"Only think, counsellor," he exclaimed, "*this evening I have got him complete*—quite complete. Not a single plate is wanting."

"Who? what?"

"Who? what a question! Wenzeslaus Hollar, to be sure; the whole series from 1625, from the 'Virgin and Child,' and the 'Ecce Homo,' the 'Arundel Gallery,' the African engraving, &c., &c., down to his last engravings of February, 1677, and you know he died on the 28th of March."

"Indeed, this is certainly curious."

"Oh but, Wagner, don't be so deuced cold. I really think you are jealous of my good fortune. Of course it is curious. In all the world there are not three persons—not one who can compete with me! The whole of Wenzel Hollar. I wanted four pieces to it; and where do I find them? Where? Only think; here, sir, here! Here, in the Baker's Inn, at Berne. Here, sir, they were, only an hour ago, in a dark corridor—yellow, smoky, miserably framed. Eh, man, you did not dream of that. You did not think Berne contained such treasures. But listen. I was sitting in my room with a heavy heart, and looking over the catalogue of the Pestalozzi collection, which is to be sold the day after to-morrow—and where, by the way, you mustn't bid against me; and I was weighing the probability of the Rembrant Uitenbogaerd being veritable. 'No,' I cried, 'it is not true, but a copy. There are but ten real Goldwagers, and one of these I possess.' In my rage I snuffed the candle out, felt my way to the door, got down to the lanthorn in the passage, lighted my candle again, lost my way, and got into a passage of the old house where *I had never been before, and there they were* all four of them together—cracked glasses and broken frames; it was a pitiful sight indeed. An avalanche was nothing to the rush I felt at my heart. I crept back quietly, put some powder in a glass, and drank in order to overcome the beating at my heart. I rang for the landlord. In a century of fifteen minutes he came. 'My bill, Herr Sprungli.' 'What, M. Orell, so soon! I thought you intended to

stay till Saturday.' 'Letters from home—pressing business—very sorry.' The host produces his black slate from his vest-pocket, and covers it with hieroglyphics of francs and sous. 'So and so much.' 'Oh, by the bye, Herr Sprungli,' I began very cavalierly, 'what are those old daubs in the old passage down stairs?' 'Heaven knows; they have been hanging there from my grandfather's time; he bought them somewhere or other.' 'Oh, indeed; it's a curious thing, friend Sprungli, one of the eastern kings looks just like my uncle, who is an officer in the papal guard. Just such another crooked nose—just such a long stately beard.' 'Ah, nature plays curious tricks now and then; yes, indeed.' 'Well, Sprungli, what won't we do for one's relation's sake? For the sake of my uncle, the officer, I'll take away the rubbish, and hang it up at home. You will thank me, I have no doubt, for taking the rotten old rubbish away.' 'Oh, no, I'm sure they may hang where they are, for my grandfather's sake.' 'And I'll give you a colored print from London in return for the lot.' 'Oh, dear, Herr Orell, would you have me drive a bargain on a Christmas Eve?' I was in a great heat at this, for I thought another might outbid me. So I said, 'Very true, Sprungli. Now, don't mind me—it was only an idea; so to-morrow morning, at five, I'll like my coffee—' and then I began to unroll the English engraving. 'Look here, Sprungli, you've been there, haven't you?' 'Oh, certainly sir; I served my time as waiter at Martigny, and my wife comes from those parts. Why, dear Herr Orell, that is a beautiful thing, and the coat of arms underneath with the English to it—Dedicated to the Earl of Derby.' 'Yes, yes; oh, the picture is good; might be hung up in any room.' And with that I rolled it and laid it aside. 'Well, but, M. Orell, it's certainly very wrong to make bargain on a day like this, but—well, to morrow you'll be away, and my wife will be delighted with the Christmas present. Pray take the Old Uncle and the other nonsense, and joy be with you.' They were mine."

"A very singular thing, Herr Orell; very singular and pleasant."

"And this masterpiece," the enthusiast went on, "this divine peasant-girl, with her nose in the jug. And the cat, the wonderful cat, with his arched back rubbing against the footstool—an ideal cat, a gem!"

Friedli had scarcely looked up during all this time. But at the word "cat" he flamed up, came to the table and looked at the engraving. Presently he shouted out "Bad cat!" over Orell's shoulder.

Doubly astonished by the disagreeable tone of this stranger and by the disagreeable criticism of his favourite piece, Orell turned round and stared at the speaker. "What! what! Bad cat! Wenzel Hollar could not—no! But who in the devil's name are you, who pretend——? Why, good heavens, since the ark of Noah there has not been so beautiful a cat."

'That's false!" returned Gottfried, "I know better!"

Orell turned from the peasant to Herr Wagner, as if he expected some explanation of the matter from him. The merchant, however, seemed to be enjoying the surprise of his friend, and not at all inclined to unravel the mystery. At last he took from his daughter's hand one of the little bears and put it in the hand of Orell.

A half-expressed oh! fell from the mouth of the astonished dilettante. Again he cast a look at the gigantic fist which had brought to maturity such a masterpiece. But Friedli took his hat, and after an awkward bow, went to the door.

"Where are you going? Surely you will not go so early?" the father and daughter cried.

"It's late, and Busi is alone," growled Friedli; "God bless you, Herr Wagner, and you, my little Aenneli!"

And he stumbled away down the stairs.

Orell looked after him with a frightened stare. "For God's sake," he began, after some time, "who is that? How long is it since such wizards were suffered to walk frank and free about Berne, and frighten honest people to death with their wehrwolf faces?"

Wagner burst into a hearty laugh at the consternation of his friend. "What! is it possible that you don't know Friedli?"

Orell shook his head silently.

"The Bernese Friedli, Gottfried Mind, the cat Rafaele?"

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When Orell had made himself comfortable for the night, the spectre of Friedli rose before him. Could he secure Friedli for his own city? Could he assist in bringing out his talent, and could he himself become famous through patronizing him?

* * * * *

At last Herr Orell hit upon a plan. He knew that Friedli's tyrant, the widow Frendenberger, was very pious and went to early mass every day. That was the time to see Friedli, Orell was convinced, and thus calmed he fell comfortably asleep.

The next morning Aenneli Wagner and Orell went hand in hand through the lanes and alleys to the house where Friedli Mind and his cats lived. It was a narrow building, with windows very close together, full of leaden frames and minute pieces of glasses in between. The doorway was low and arched, and the various stories of the house projected one over the other, like the Elizabethan houses of London.

Aenneli went forward and opened the door gently, "Good morning, Friedli."

"Good morning," was the gruff reply from the window-seat.

"I have brought Herr Orell, the amateur of Zurich; he is very anxious to buy some of your pictures."

"He must wait till the widow comes; the pictures are hers."

"Oh! but Friedli, don't be so gruff. This is a nice dear gentleman, who has great pleasure in these things, and has done you the honour to come expressly hither on your account. See, I've brought you some apples and buns, and papa sends you a new waist coat for Christmas. Now come, be good at once, and let us see what you have been doing."

"Thanks, Aenneli, many thanks," replied Gottfried, "put the things down. But I cannot show the pictures now; the animals are at rest and must not be disturbed."

It was a curious thing to see the Osiris-like statue that Friedli had made of himself. On his shoulder there sat a striped grey and black Tom, leaning his head against the brown face of his master, and purring like a little steam-engine. Three half-grown kittens dreamt, all in a heap on his knees, and among the drawing materials lay the mamma cat in a compact bundle, with her feet tightly drawn under her. There they sat, purred, and snapped, the whole group in that mediæval looking room, and Orell stared at them.

The dream of last night came back to Orell, and the motionless figure of the sprite-like Gottfried became more horrible in his eyes every minute, the iron silence more oppressive.

"For heaven's sake, Aenneli!" he whispered, "do something to put an end to this. I cannot bear it if it goes on much longer."

"Well, it can't be otherwise," replied the child, "until the cats have finished their sleep, he will never move. But I will try."

The little girl went behind the painter's chair and held out a piece of fresh-baked bun to the Tom on his shoulder. The animal immediately opened his eyes, sprang to the floor and jumped about the child's dress to get the bun. The three kittens became lively at the same time, following the example of their venerable sire, rushed to the milk-saucer, and after a long drink, began to wash their faces, to play, to skip, and to roll. Friedli became free and able to move.

"Busi has got three kittens," growled he, "will you see them, Aenneli; will you choose one?"

"Yes, yes, dear Friedli, come. But first the pictures for Herr Orell."

Gottfried pulled out the portfolio from the corner, threw it on to the table, and turned away to pay a visit to his favourite.

While the man and the child went into the grandfather's corner — as the place behind the oven is called in Switzerland —Friedli took up the little blind animals with almost parental tenderness, kissed them, and gave them back to the mother, the amateur untied with trembling hasty hands the string of the portfolio, and began, after carefully wiping his spectacles, to gaze upon these unequalled series of drawings.

There were cats, bears, groups of children, the only beings which Friedli loved, which he repeated continually in all attitudes and forms, with true geniality of composition, and wonderful technicality of execution. No painter had yet succeeded so completely in observing the peculiarities of those animals, in expressing the games of children so spiritedly, so naturally as they might be found in his sketches. Little girls cradling their purring kittens in their laps; the winter sports of the village, when half-a-dozen boys were tumbling about round a snow man, some putting in coals for his eyes, others breathing into their hands to get warm; such were the things that Friedli's pencil rejoiced in, and on which Orell now gazed with the utmost enjoyment. He turned over the sketches with an accompaniment of "Delicious! superb! unequalled!" and the only consideration which deterred him from falling into the general habit of amateurs and artists, *i. e.* of slipping some of the sketches into his pocket, was the idea that soon the painter would be all his own, and his productions also.

The choice of the kitten had been settled. Gottfried came to the table, unfolded the waistcoat, and broke into a fit of laughter at the colour which seemed to please him. But the laugh broke off short, like a bit of sealing-wax, and he sat down at the half finished drawing on the table as if nothing had happened.

After some coughings, and preparatory ceremonies, the amateur began in a bland but very legal voice, as if ordinary conversation would not serve his turn.

"For a long term of years, mon cher Friedli, you have resided on the premises of Madame Frendenberger."

"Twenty years and more, I dare say!" was the reply.

"Hem! ah! eh! twenty years? Dear me! Scarcely to be considered a short period. No doubt, certain services are remunerated, and probably after just consideration of application it has been found that a fixed stipend —?"

Mind did not seem to understand the question, but stared at the speaker with great eyes, and then returned to his drawing.

"I would remark," continued Orell, rubbing his hands uneasily, "that is to say, I would hope the honorarium is in a just ratio to the trouble; that the livre—that the widow Frendenberger remunerates your not altogether unpraiseworthy productions in a proper manner; that——is'nt that clear enough?

Well, then! What the deuce does Madame Frendenberger pay you for each drawing?

"Shilling a week!" replied Friedli in a grumbling way.

"Dear! dear! dear! a shilling! Well, not so very bad a remuneration considering the badness of the times! Hem! however, notwithstanding———it might be, you might wish to alter your circumstances somewhat for the better in a pecuniary light. For instance, it would only be necessary to make up your mind to come to Zurich to our house, and receive double, nay treble that amount from Fuessli and Orell. Eh?"

"Don't want to go!" growled Friedli.

"A very ill advised conclusion," said Orell, "You might bring as many of your cats with you as you liked. Your bears might come also—your stuffed bears, that is to say. Say the word and I'll wrap you in silks and satins—anything you like."

"Shan't go!" repeated Friedli. The conversation might have continued much longer had not Madame Frendenberger at that moment opened the door.

In one instant she guessed the object of Orell's visit, and he was soon obliged to retreat before the storm, which burst upon him, upon Friedli, and upon Aenneli.—Orell and Aenneli at once departed, leaving the stormy patroness of art at Friedli's ear.

After a long thunder storm, in the course of which Friedli's gratitude, love, and industry were violently impugned, a rain storm followed. Then Friedli looked up wonderingly from his drawing.

"What's all this bother, Madame Frendenberger? I'm not going, you know!"

A person more acquainted with life and men than was Friedli would have been able very easily to turn off all the abuse that had been levelled at him. But the inexperienced Mind had not the most remote idea of the profitable trade Mistress Frendenberger was carrying on with his work. It was quite unknown to him that his pencil won riches for the miserly, hard-hearted shrewish woman who grudged him the bread he ate and the water he drank, and who embittered his sleeping as well as his working hours, by assigning to him a bedstead too small even for his crippled limbs. But his room and his arm-chair, which he had scarcely forsaken for twenty years, were his world; the angry red-nosed mistress was in his eyes a guiding and not to be propitiated Nemesis; he knew of no other Heaven than Herr Wagner's house; he loved no one but his friend's little daughter, and his own animals.

CHAPTER II.

Day after day passed away from Friedli with frosty foggy uniformity. No event stirred the course of his stagnant existence—no change did he feel but that of the seasons. He might thus have passed eight years since that Christmas time we spoke of.

It was a sunny April day, and one of the last days of the month. The window frame and the round leads of the panes shadowed themselves upon the sandstrewn floor of the cottage in the sun of the spring time, and through the open upper flap a warm and kind spring breeze came into the room. The mistress grumbled in the kitchen. Friedli went to the window, and put a clean piece of drawing paper against the glass, in order to take the dimensions of a new drawing by one already completed. But soon he let pencil and paper sink, in order to watch the numerous passengers without, who were going hither and thither on their different errands.

In the nooks of the grape-vines on the houses, the sparrows twittered. Curious maidens peeped from behind odorous geraniums and blooming wallflowers, into the street. On the sunny side of the pavement nurses chattered, with their sleeping children in their arms, and at their feet slumbered dogs, who now growled in their sleep, and snapped at imaginary flies. An early golden butterfly went fluttering along the street, and a mob of cap-throwing urchins were after it, with shouts and laughter.

All this was warming the inward heart of Friedli, when he heard the slipper clattering behind him.

"What's this? What are you staring about? She commenced at Godfrey. "Art maundering at the window again, wasting your time in this way. Sit down and work!"

"Aenneli's coming!" replied Friedli, creeping back to his place.

The widow swallowed her annoyance at the unwelcome interruption, and composed her features into an acid smile, hitting one of the kittens with her hand at the same time. Aenneli brought an invitation for the evening.

Aenneli's lovliness had grown with her years, and she had sprang up into one of those quiet beauties, that remind you of the angels in Rafael's pictures. Her heart had not grown older, and she was as innocent, confiding, and joyous as when we saw her when eight years old. Her fondness for Friedli had continued throughout all these years, and the true companion of her childhood had only approached nearer to her heart, since she had learnt to understand his helpless position, since she had found that herself was the only person or thing which made his dreadful life supportable.

Often and often had Aenneli's father mildly warned her, that while a child may laugh at many a restraint, the young maiden must submit to it in silence, and he pointed out how hard and loveless were the world's opinions of anything that was at all out of the usual run of things.

"And must I too desert him, poor fellow?"

was the maiden's plaintive question. "No one cares about him if I do not."

Wagner could not refuse the request of his child, who was the mirror of that wife whom he had lost at her birth.

The sun was inclined to its resting-place amongst the mountains. The parade, which was planted with ancient trees, and over which towers the ancient minster, began to be thronged with pasengers, who plucked the wild flowers in the hedges.

On one of the benches not far distants from the cliff, which overhangs the Aar, sat Friedli and his young friend, wrapt in the contemplation of the lovely afternoon. Amidst the fresh green leaves of the chestnut-trees, perched a nightingale, and mixed its song with the rushing stream thundering over the precipice; the spray was gilt by the evening sun. On the opposite side of the water was a flower ocean, where the wind was creating a thousand waves. The glow of the sun gradually retreated to the tops of the mountains, and at their blue foggy bases came glimmering the shepherd fires.

Friedli was in excellent case, for the softness of the evening had touched his heart, and opened the flood-gates of his eloquence. The animation of his discourse attracted the attention of the passengers, although they mostly passed away with a sneer.

For some time the picture-dealer Orell, whose business had brought him once more to Berne, had been slinking round the pair, inwardly doubting whether to make a new attempt to win the painter for himself; ever and again he shot a poisonous glance at the object of his solicitude through his spectacles, when he thought of his probable reply, and then, reckoning up his enormous winnings, he dipped his finger into his gold snuff-box. Sabre clanging, a young man in hussar uniform passed along in front of Friedli and Aenneli. A great rough-haired blood-hound followed at his heels, with his head and tail drooping to the ground. He glanced carelessly at the old coat and down-bent bearing of the Bernese Friedli, and bowed very respectfully to the maiden, laying his hand on his cap. Blushing confusedly, Aenneli returned the greeting.

"Do you know that man, with the black beard and silver embroidery on his coat, and the great dog?" asked Godfrey. "Who is he?"

"I only know his name; Ulrich von Bubenberg, the nephew of the schoolmaster. He rides three times a week by my window at least; otherwise he is quite a stranger."

"Whoever finds pleasure in such a wide-mouthed, barking, tearing, snapping, wild animal as a bloodhound," growled Friedli, "must himself have a wide-mouthed, barking tearing disposition. I detest such big-worded, spur-clattering, quarrelsome lads. Don't listen to him, Aenneli! Let him alone, and see how the snow flames rosy-red, under the sun's rays, as if those peaks rejoiced at heart to behold the glory of God. Ah, it is indeed beautiful up yonder!"

With this exclamation, he rose up from the bench, stretched his arms towards the mountains, and gazed earnestly at the snow-clapped peaks. But suddenly he fell backward; his arms fell down by his sides, and with the words, "Aenneli, I can see nothing, every thing is dark!" he swooned on the poor girl's shoulder.

Her cries soon brought assistance to her. Oreil and Her von Bubenberg were only too glad of the opportunity, the one to get another chance of the painter, and the other to make the acquaintance of the lady. But her half-expressed request that they would take the sick person home, seemed to come unwelcomely to both of them, and a second glance at the soldier, and a second request to Orell, were necessary to prevail upon them to carry him to the neighbouring house of Herr Wagner.

This unwilling labour of mercy had opened the doors of Wagner's house to Von Bubenberg. The hasty greetings which he had formerly offered to Aenneli, now assumed a a more exclusive character, and at last appeared to change into passionate love. He was the first person for whom Aenneli had felt the sensation of love. The personal beauty—the active, lively disposition of her adorer—his chivalrous bearing, and perhaps, the singularity of his introduction—combined to awake what the maiden felt to be love in her bosom. With secret joy she heard the declaration of love which he made to her; and too evidently did her modest reply show that the feeling was reciprocated. And as far as the father was concerned, the historical family to which Bubenberg belonged was an additional inducement for his sanctioning the connection, had not the good character of the young man been quite sufficient for him. Thus matters went on until the engagement of Fraulein Annette Wagner to Her von Bubenberg even penetrated the uniform dreary circle in which Mind lived.

It was apparent that the strange relation which existed between the old, poverty-stricken artist and the young bride, endowed with every blessing of fortune and mind, would now come to an end—that from this time matters would change, and their paths of life diverge. A new life, quite strange to the house since the death of Aenneli's mother, began to stir at Wagner's, for this union of two patrician families was a thing to be rejoiced at. Yet Aenneli often thought, in the midst of the revelling, of poor Friedli's joyless, desolate home, and she felt for his hard fate, although she could never find opportunity to go and comfort him. Many new ties

were arising every day, and all her wishes were obliged to be submitted to a new touchstone. Even Wagner, fond as he was of Friedli, looked with pleasure at the change which was taking place in Aenneli's about him.

In Frau Freudenberger's house everything was gloomier and wretcheder than ever. Since that evening, every symptom of lingering disease had manifested itself—disease fatal, and the consequence of the severe labor to which his taskmistress had subjected him. Unable to do anything, he sat wearily and broodingly in his chair; lost to the outward world entirely, the kindly caresses of his animals, and the scolding of the widow, were alike incapable of arousing him. When he heard of Aenneli's bridal, he flamed up for a moment, only to sink far deeper into misery. It was a very bitter pain that seized him upon these tidings. Not the sorrow to think that she would ever more belong to another, but the grief to miss her loving neighborhood; to know that, with her parting, the last, indeed the only star, that had shone upon his life was set. Thus passed away the springtime, and the summer dragged on wearily also.

The storms of autumn were already sweeping through the leafless crowns of the trees, when Aenneli walked towards the neighborhood of Frau Freudenberger's dwelling.

"Let us enter," the maiden entreated. "How often have I not blamed myself bitterly for being so unthankful to kind old Friedli, to whom I owe so many happy hours of my youth, and whom I have forgotten now I am so happy. They say he is ill, poor fellow. Come to him, we are but a few steps from his house."

"Wherefore, my Aenneli? I will not disguise from you that it is a very painful though to me that I ever saw you at the side of the hateful dwarf, to have witnessed how you turned your lovely angel face towards his ugly mask, and how carefully you listened to the growling of the cat and bear painter. And now, when the enchantment which seems to have been round you is broken, you wish to enter it again, and bring sorrow back?"

"How can you speak such hard words, my Uly, and be so unjust to dear Friedli? His only joy was to please me all my life, and you despise and revile him because he is poor, and ill, and ugly. Oh, my Uly, be kind. It is so easy to make people happy—so joyful to dry the falling tear—so cruel to be stingy with a word of comfort."

With secret unwillingness Ulrich consented to go in. Friedli they found sitting in his arm-chair, stroking gently one of his little favorites, so often depicted in his drawings. On his cheeks was a greyish paleness, where a dark red had been before, and his weary eye lay deep in the socket.

"So, here you are again, Aenneli," whispered he; "that is good, that is kind of you; I thought you had forgotten me quite."

Deeply touched at the aspect of the sufferer, "My poor Friedli!" said she. "I did not think you were so ill—and you have not touched the oranges I sent you! See, Friedli, I am so happy—and there stands my husband that will be. Poor fellow, what can I do for you?"

"God bless you, Junker," replied Mind. "And you are happy, Aenneli? You have deserved it, my pet; you have deserved it. Oh, I am very well—it will soon be over—very soon!"

At this moment the door burst open, and the great bloodhound of the young officer came bounding in. With tremendous leaps the cats and kittens rushed away from the hereditary foe of their race, but not before the dog had seized Bus, and left her dying on the floor. She turned over, gazed upon her old master, Friedli, and died.

Sobbingly did Friedli take the dying animal upon his knees; it was too late, for she was indeed dead.

A pause ensued; nothing was to be heard but the ticking of the clock and the miserable sobs of Friedli.

Bubenberg placed a gold piece on the table. "I am very sorry, Mind, that it is thus——" said he; "it is really annoying. Perhaps you will accept of this as some compensation."

A lurid red anger came over Friedli, and he threw the gold at the giver's feet. "Keep your blood-money, rascal, I'll have none of it," he cried, with a hoarse voice.

The young man laid his hand on his sword, but immediately let it drop. "Miserable deformity," he murmured contemptuously, and then, in a louder voice, "Come, Aenneli, let us go. Aenneli, do you hear? I am going."

Aenneli was silent. She knelt by Friedli's chair, and sobbed at his side. The deep insight she acquired into Ulrich's character was enough to convince her that the hand she had chosen would never lead to happiness—that the connection proposed must never be carried out.

Once more Herr Ulrich cried maliciously, "Miss Aenneli, I desire you to come. Will you accompany me?" No answer.

"Miss Wagner, you have your choice between me and you beggar. Take it—at once—for ever——"

Without a word and without a look she made a sign in the negative, and raging with passion, he left the room.

Four days afterwards a common yellow coffin stood in the widow's house. A wreath of autumn flowers lay on the top, and within was Friedli's corpse. This last misery had

ended his life upon the 17th of November, 1814. A simple stone, erected at the cost of Aenneli, marks the spot where Godfrey Mind rests after his joyless, weary pilgrimage.

ANNIE ELNIDGE:

A TALE FOR PARENTS.

Some years ago, I was in the habit of occasionally leaving the large city where I lived, for the purpose of visiting a relation, who possessed and cultivated an extensive farm in one of the midland counties. Mr. Elnidge was a man of Middle age, rich and well educated. He had been for some years married to a pious and amiable young woman, to whom he was tenderly attached; the only drawback to their happiness being the want of a family. They were as I said, rich, and they were also liberal and hospitable; but the style of their housekeeping was more homely and old fashioned than one is in the habit of meeting in these railroad days. They inhabited a spacious tall-chimneyed wooden-gabled manor-house, in whose ample kitchen master and mistress used to sit down to their evening meal at the head of a long table, filled with their laborers and servants. They did not often, I believe, eat in company with their dependents, but they keep up the old custom of being present at the kitchen supper in order to see that every one was properly served, and behaved with due decorum. I remember particularly one visit that I paid to the Falls, for so Mr. Elnidge's farm was called; he was in the fields when I arrived, and his wife received me in a pretty parlour, well furnished with music and books. In the evening Mrs. Elnidge with a pleasant smile said to me:—

"My business as a farmer's wife now begins. Here are newspapers and magazines. I hope you will be able to amuse yourself for a while."

As she spoke, I heard the sound of wheels creaking and horses trampling, mingled with the loud voices of the laborers, and the shrill ones of the shepherd boys—all returning from their days labor.

"What!" I said to Mrs. Elnidge, "are you going amongst all those people?"

"Oh yes," she replied, "I always see that they are properly attended to."

I proposed to accompany her, and we went into the kitchen, now filled with workpeople.—All arose from their seats and saluted Mrs. Elnidge with respectful cordiality; but I remarked that her presence did not seem to cast any restraining gloom on the laughter and cheerful conversation going on. Suddenly however, every voice was silent, every head uncovered, and a freezeing stillness fell on the merry party. Mr. Elnidge entered, and while he remained, not a word was spoken by his people save in a very subdued tone.

Supper being ended, I returned into the parlor with my host and hostess: and as my intimacy with them was such as to warrant perfect freedom of speech, I remarked to Mr. Elnidge the striking difference between his wife's reception and his own. He smiled.

"You think then that these people do not like me, because they fear me?"

"I think," said I "that they love your wife much better"

"And they are right to love her, for she is all kindness and gentleness, and full of indulgence for their faults; but believe me, they are more attached to me than they think. I know I am severe, I never forgive a first fault, but I try to be flexibly just. Indulgence is a weakness in him who exercises it, and an injury to him who receives it."

Mrs. Elnidge smiled.

"Yes" said her husband "what I say is true. How many good servants are spoiled by having their first offence overlooked. How many children are ruined and rendered intolerable plagues because their parents, forsooth, have not sufficient moral courage to punish them."

"What" said his wife, "If it should please Providence to grant us the blessings of children, would you treat them with the same rigour that you use towards your servants."

"Most certainly I should."

When he said this, he believed it, for he had never known the softening power of paternal love. Mrs. Elnidge looked sad; and I hastened to change the topic of conversation.

Next day I took leave of my friends; and soon afterwards setting out on a distant voyage, I did not repeat my visit to the Falls till after the lapse of several years. During my absence I learned that Mr. Elnidge at length become the father of a little girl. I wrote to congratulate him, and the impression which our last conversation had left was so stong on my mind, that I ventured to claim some indulgence for the little tender creature, whom I feared he would treat with injudicious harshness. I regretted to perceive in the letters which I had from him, that his principles of severity were by no means relaxed.

At length I found myself once more within the pleasant groves and meadows of the Falls. It was evening and supper-time when I entered the well-remembered kitchen there was the same long table surrounded by workpeople, and the master and mistress in their accustomed places. They received me with the most cordial joy, and I soon perceived that something was changed.—The master's presence no longer imposed silence and restraint; a lovely little girl of seven years old flitted about incessantly, now playing with the servants, now climbing on the knees of her smiling father. In the course of the evening I said to Mrs. Elnidge, in a low voice:—

"Well, I think your sweet little daughter seems to have softened her fathers severity."

"Don't say so to him," she replied, "It is a fact, but he is quite unconscious of it; he fancies himself as inflexible as ever, but his love for his child is all-powerful." A few evenings afterwards as the workmen were returning, I heard the calm severe voice of Mr. Elnidge say:—

"I will hear no more about it; he is an ill-conducted boy."

"Please sir to consider for a moment," said the steward: "his old mother has no one but him to support her. He will replace the two sheep that he allowed to stray away. We will all help him: and for pity's sake, sir, don't turn

him off, for then no one in the neighborhood will hire him."

"That is not the question," replied Mr Elnidge "I care very little for the loss of two sheep, but I will not retain in my service a good-for-nothing boy, who goes to sleep instead of minding his flock; or perhaps does worse, and spends his time in stealing his neighbors' fruit."

Mrs. Elnidge and I approached, and saw a a little shepherd-boy named Andrew, standing before his master, trembling, and weeping bitterly.

"Dear husband, don't you think."

Mr. Elnidge interrupted her immediately: "Don't give me the pain of refusing you, my dear. It is useless to ask me to forgive the boy —I have dismissed him."

"Oh! pardon, sir," stammered the child,— "indeed it was not for myself, it was for——"

"Take him away, and let there be an end to this," said his master, in a tone that admitted of no reply.

The boy went away, sobbing as if his heart would break, and all the others sat down to supper. The meal was a sad one. Little Annie did not as usual play and dance around the table; she sat on a footstool at her mother's feet, and I remember that from time to time she took furtively some hazel-nuts out of the little pocket of her apron, and threw them into the fire.

At length her father bent over her and said, "You're not merry to-night, my darling— What ails you?"

"Nothing, papa," replied Annie, turning very red.

"What were you doing just now?"

"Nothing papa."

"How is that? I thought you were throwing something—nuts, I think—into the fire."

"No papa," replied the little girl trembling, "I have not any nuts."

"What! why here they are in your pocket!"

Annie pouted her pretty little lips, and her eyes filled with tears.

"How is this?" said her father—"you are telling me an untruth!"

The child's whole frame trembled, she burst into a passionate fit of crying, and exclaimed "Oh, papa, don't send me away! don't send me away?"

Her father folded her in his arms, embraced and caressed, and promised to forgive her. At length she sobbed out—

"It was that I—that I—wanted very much— to eat some nuts,—and I told Andrew to get me some,—and while he was looking for them in the wood—his sheep went astray."

"So," said the mother in a severe tone, "you were the cause of the poor boy's disgrace!"

"Come, come," said Mr. Elnidge—don't scold her, she won't do so any more."

"But papa,—Andrew—I shall be so sorry if you send him away."

"Well, well, darling, call him back to supper, and tell him that he may remain."

"Thank you, good pappy," cried the child, kissing him, and then jumping off his knee, "I'll go tell him."

This little scene certainly surprised me, for I did not then know so well as I do now, the utter and almost absurd inconsistency of human nature. Another lesson which I learned that evening was, the extreme difficulty, not to say impossibility, of speaking to parents about their children's defects.

I ventured after little Annie had gone to bed, to observe to her father how very lightly he had passed over the grievous sin of which she had been guilty. I said that although by no means an advocate for treating children with severity, I thought the crime of lying should not be passed over without punishment and grave displeasure. I also said that I feared they would find it a bad plan to allow little Annie to despatch the servants on secret errands of her own. I suppose I was injudicious in making these remarks, for they were by no means well received by either of my friends.

In a day or two I returned to my residence in the next town, and months passed on, when late one evening a servant galloped up to my door and handed me a note. It was from Mr. Elnidge, and contained only these words:—

"My child is dying—come, and bring a physician." Ordering my horse to be saddled instantly, I ran for my own physician, and causing him to mount the horse of the servant who had brought the message, in a few minutes we were galloping at full speed towards the Falls. On arriving, we were shown to the bedchamber, and there a piteous sight awaited us. Annie lay in her mother's arms, her face livid, and her eyes starting from her head: she was writhing in convulsive agony, and uttering now and then piercing cries. Her mother, weeping bitterly, asked her some questions which the child did not answer; and her father kneeling before her, was almost as pale as she, while his dark eyes were fixed in motionless agony.

The doctor entered, and without speaking, took Annie in his arms, laid her on the bed, and examined her closely There was an awful pause, broken at length by his saying:—

"This child has been poisoned!"

A cry of horror burst from the lips of every one present—for the servants had collected in the room,—but Mr. Elnidge thinking only of his daughter, said,—"What is to be done?

The doctor ordered an emetic, and while he was preparing and administering it, I went into the kitchen to question the domestics, who had been ordered to return thither. Just then a labourer entered and said—

"'Tis all over, he is dead!"

"Who is dead?" I exclaimed.

"Little Andrew the shepherd-boy."

"Was he poisoned?"

All were silent, until the labourer in reply to my eager questions, confessed that the boy, before he died, had told him that at Miss Annie's earnest request, he had collected wild mushrooms in the woods, that one of the servants had cooked them, and that they had both eaten heartily of them in secret. I sent for this servant, but she had disappeared, and I returned to the unhappy child's room. I told the doctor what I had learned, and he showed me a quantity of small portions of mushrooms which Annie had thrown up. At that moment she was calm, and lay motionless on the bed; but never shall I forget the agonized faces

of the father and mother as they stood gazing on the dying form of their only child.

The doctor beckoned me to the other side of the room, and said in a whisper:—

"The child has but a quarter of an hour to live: try to remove her parents, for the last convulsions will probably be frightful."

Low as was the voice in which these words were spoken, Mr. and Mrs. Elnidge heard them distinctly, for in some states of excited feeling, the sense of hearing becomes strangely acute: the father spoke not, but fixed his despairing glance more firmly on his child; the mother threw herself on her, and kissing the cold convulsed lips, with passionate fervor exclaimed:—

"My child! my child! they shall not take me from you!"

And so the last fearful moment approached, ushered in, as the doctor had predicted, by dreadful agonies. I spare my readers the description of the parents' woe, aggravated as it was by the bitter, bitter consciousness, that the catastrophe was mainly owing to their own culpable and cruel indulgence, in glossing over the first manifestation of evil in their loved and lovely child.

Mrs. Elnidge did not long survive the shock, but died, trusting to the atoning mercy of Him who forgave the sin of Absalom's father. Mr. Elnidge lived for many years, a sad and blighted man, but greatly changed in character. All his sternness, as directed against accidental and slight transgressions of his orders had vanished; while any approach to theft or falsehood in these under his rule, was always visited with his severest displeasure.

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "THE HOME."
BY MISS FREDERICA BREMER.

1.

"My noble boy, my summer child,
I thought to see upon thy fair young brow
The laurel, with its shining emerald leaves;
But the sad cypress must bedeck thee now.

2.

I thought to press thy child unto my heart,
And hear it call thee "Father," climb thy knee
Greeting thee ever with those wiles of love
Thou usedst to practice in thy infancy."

3.

God bless thee father, Heinrick whispered low,
Where could I meet with love to equal thine,
Who ne'er didst utter one reproachful word,
From childhood's hour till now, my summer prime.

4.

But He will comfort thee when I depart,
And other dear ones claim thy watchful love,
Thou yet wilt bless thy happy home on earth,
And thy far happier, brighter home above.

5.

And now, my mother, sing to me;
Thy voice doth ever banish pain,
Methinks, e'en dying, those sweet tones
Would woo me unto life again.

6.

Yes, dearest mother, sing to me once more,
Mine eyes are closing for their last long sleep.
Dear father, thou art come to bid Farewell,
Comfort that lov'd one, do not let her weep.

7.

The mother press'd her lips upon his brow,
And tried to still her beating heart;
And then, with all a mother's love,
Forced her pale, quivering lips to part.

8.

At length she sung, until his brow became
Peaceful and brighter as in days of yore,
And never did her voice, though always sweet,
Rise in such strains of melody before.

9.

When roused at last unto the fearful truth,
Again she pressed her lips upon his brow,
And weeping, said, I've sung him unto death;
O Lord, 'tis hard beneath thy rod to bow.

10.

Why didst thou die, my summer child,
My pride, my hope, my stay?
The tall trees waving round thy tomb,
Call me from earth away.

Yet still she lingered, as a spirit pale,
She mov'd amid her children, blessing them
With loving smiles and household words of
Love and gentleness. The first to soothe
Their griefs, first sharer in their joys.
Past grief had lent its shadow to her brow;
The rose ne'er visited that pale cheek now,
For aye she missed his laugh, so clear and gay,
Chasing all sorrow from her heart away,
And still she prayed her weary head to rest
Beside her Heinrick, 'neath earth's quiet breast.

"Let not sleep," says Pythagoras, "fall upon thine eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day. Where have I turned aside from rectitude? What have I been doing? What have I left undone that I ought to have done? Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done be troubled, and rejoice for the good."

When you endeavour to make others laugh, take care that it is *with* you, not *at* you.

A polite man, like a poet, is born, not made.

Money lost is deplored with genuine tears.

THE LONGEST NIGHT IN A LIFE.

It was one of those old fashioned winters in the days of the Georges, when the snow lay on the ground for weeks, when railways were unknown, and the electric telegraph had not been dreamed of save by the speculative Countess of Loudon. The mails had been irregular for a month past, and the letter-bags which did reach the post-office had been brought thither with difficulty. The newspapers were devoid of all foreign intelligence, the metropolis knew nothing of the doings of the provinces, and the provinces knew little more of the affairs of the metropolis; but the columns of both were crowded with accidents from the inclemency of the weather, with heart-rending accounts of starvation and destitution, with wonderful escapes of adventurous travellers, and of still more adventurous mailcoachmen and guards. Business was almost at a stand still, or was only carried on by fits and starts; families were made uneasy by the frequent long silence of their absent members, and the poor were suffering great misery from cold and famine.

The south road had been blocked up for nearly a month, when a partial thaw almost caused a public rejoicing; coaches began to run, letters to be dispatched and delivered, and weather-bound travellers to have some hope of reaching their destination.

Among the first ladies who undertook the journey from the west of Scotland to London at this time, was a certain Miss Stirling, who had, for weeks past, desired to reach the metropolis. Her friends assured her that it was a foolhardy attempt, and told her of travellers who had been twice, nay, three times snowed up on their way to town; but their advice and warnings were of no avail; Miss Stirling's business was urgent, it concerned others more than herself, and she was not one to be deterred by personal discomfort or by physical difficulties from doing what she thought was right.

So she kept to her purpose, and early in February took her seat in the mail for London, being the only passenger who was booked for the whole journey.

The thaw had continued for some days; the roads, though heavy, were open; and with the aid of extra horses, here and there, the first half of the journey was performed pretty easily, though tediously.

The second day was more trying than the first; the wind blew keenly, and penetrated every crevice of the coach; the partial thaw had but slightly affected the wild moorland they had to cross: thick heavy clouds were gathering round the red rayless sun; and when, on reaching a little roadside inn, the snow began to fall fast, both the guard and coachman urged their solitary passenger to remain there for the night, instead of tempting the discomforts and perhaps the perils of the next stage. Miss Stirling hesitated for a moment, but the little inn looked by no means a pleasant place to be snowed up in, so she resisted their entreaties, and, gathering her furs more closely around her, she nestled herself into a corner of the coach. Thus for a time she lost all consciousness of outward things in sleep.

A sudden lurch awoke her; and she soon learned that they had stuck fast in a snow drift, and that no efforts of the tired horses could extricate the coach from its unpleasant predicament. The guard, mounting one of the leaders, set off in search of assistance, while the coachman comforted Miss Stirling by telling her that as nearly as they could calculate they were only a mile or two from "the squire's," and that if the guard could find his way to the squire's, the squire was certain to come to their rescue with his sledge. It was not the first time that the squire had got the mail bags out of a snow wreath by that means.

The coachman's expectations were fulfilled. Within an hour, the distant tinkling of the sledge bells was heard, and lights were seen gleaming afar; they rapidly advanced nearer and nearer; and soon a hearty voice was heard hailing them. A party of men with lanterns and shovels came to their assistance; a strong arm lifted Miss Stirling from the coach, and supported her trembling steps to a sledge close at hand; and almost before she knew where she was, she found herself in a large hall brilliantly lighted by a blazing wood fire. Numbers of rosy glowing childish faces were gathered round her, numbers of bright eager eyes were gazing curiously upon her, kindly hands were busied in removing her wraps, and pleasant voices welcomed her and congratulated her on her escape.

"Ay, ay, Mary," said her host, addressing his wife. "I told you that the sleigh would have plenty of work this winter, and you see I was right."

"As you always are, uncle," a merry voice exclaimed. "We all say at Hawtree that Uncle Atherton never can be wrong."

"Atherton! Hawtree!" repeated Miss Stirling in some amazement, "and uttered in that familiar voice! Ellen, Ellen Middleton, is it possible that you are here?"

A joyful exclamation and a rush into her arms were the young girl's ready reply to this question as she cried, "Uncle Atherton, Aunt Mary, don't you know your old friend, Miss Stirling?"

Mrs. Atherton fixed her soft blue eyes on the stranger, in whom she could at first scarcely recognize the bright-haired girl whom she had not seen for eighteen or twenty years; but by and by, she satisfied herself that, though changed, she was Ellen Stirling still, with the same sunny smile and the same laughing eyes that had made every one love her in their school days. Heartfelt indeed were the greetings which followed, and cordial the welcome Mrs. Atherton gave her old friend as she congratulated herself on having dear Ellen under her own roof; more especially as she owed this good fortune to Mr. Athertons's exertions in rescuing her.

"It is the merest chance, too, that he is at home at present," she said; "he ought to have been in Scotland, but the state of the roads in this bleak country has kept him prisoner here for weeks."

"And others as well," Ellen Middleton added; "but both children and grown people are only too thankful to have so good an excuse for staying longer at Bellfield." And then, laughing, she asked Aunt Mary how she meant to dispose of Miss Stirling for the night, for the house was as full already as it could hold.

"Oh," said her aunt, "we shall manage very well. Bellfield is very elastic."

She smiled as she spoke; but it struck Miss Stirling that the question was, nevertheless, a puzzling one, so she took the first opportunity of entreating her to take no trouble on her account; a chair by the fire was really all the accommodation she cared for, as she wished to be in readiness to pursue her journey as soon as the coach could proceed.

"We shall be able to do better for you than that, Ellen," Mrs. Atherton answered cheerfully. "I cannot, it is true, promise you a 'state-room,' for every bed in the house is full, and I know you will not allow any one to be moved for your convenience; but I have one chamber still at your service, which, except in one respect, is comfortable enough.

"Haunted, of course," said Miss Stirling gaily.

"Oh, no, no, it is not that! I had fitted it up for my brother William, when he used to be here more frequently than of late, and it is often occupied by gentlemen when the house is full; but as it is detached from the house, I have, of course, never asked any lady to sleep there till now."

"Oh, if that be all, I am quite willing to become its first lady tenant," said Miss Stirling heartily. So the matter was settled, and orders were given to prepare the Pavillion for the unexpected guest.

The evening passed pleasantly; music, dancing, and ghost stories made the hours fly fast. It was long past ten—the usual hour of retiring at Bellfield—when Miss Stirling, under her hostess's guidance, took possession of her out-door chamber. It really was a pleasant cheerful little apartment. The crimson hangings of the bed and window looked warm and comfortable in the flashing fire-light; and when the candles on the mantel-piece were lighted, and the two easy chairs drawn close to the hearth, the long-parted friends found it impossible to resist the temptation of sitting down to have, what in old days they used to call a "two-handed chat." There was much to tell of what had befallen both, of chequered scenes of joy and sorrow, deeply interesting to those two, whose youth had been passed together; there were mutual recollections of school days to be talked over; mutual friends and future plans to be discussed; and midnight rung out from the stable clock before Mrs. Atherton said good-night. She had already crossed the threshold to go, when she turned back to say, "I forgot to tell you, Ellen, that the inside bar of this door is not very secure, and that the key only turns outside. Are you inclined to trust to the bar alone, or will you, as William used to do, have the door locked outside, and let the servant bring the key in the morning? William used to say that he found it rather an advantage to do so, as the unlocking of the door was sure to awake him."

Miss Stirling laughingly allowed that though, generally, she could not quite think it an advantage to be locked into her room, still she had no objection to it on this particular occasion, as she wished to rise in reasonable time.

"Very well, then, you had better not fasten the bar at all, and I will send my maid with the key, at eight precisely. Good night."

"Good night."

They parted; the door was locked outside; the key taken out; and Miss Stirling, standing by the window, watched her friend cross the narrow black path, which had been swept clear of snow to make a dry passage from the house to the pavillion. A ruddy light streamed from the hall door as it opened to admit its mistress, and gave a cheerful friendly aspect to the scene; but, when the door closed and shut out that warm comfortable light, the darkened porch, the pale moonlight glimmering on the shrouded trees, and the stars twinkling in the frosty sky, had such an aspect of solitude as to cast over her a kind of chill that made her half repent having consented to quit the house at all, and to let herself be locked up in this lonely place.

Yet what had she to fear? No harm could happen to her from within the chamber; the door was safely locked outside, and strong iron stauncheons guarded the window; there could be no possible danger. So drawing her chair once more to the fire, and stirring it into a brighter blaze, she took up a little Bible which lay on the dressing table, and read some portions of the New Testament.

When she laid down the book she took out the comb that fastened up her long, dark silken tresses—in which, despite her five-and-thirty years, not a silver thread was visible—and, as she arranged them for the night, her thoughts strayed back to the old world memories which her meeting with Mary Atherton had revived. The sound of the clock striking two was the first thing that recalled her to her present life. By this time the candles were burned down almost to the socket, and the fire was dying fast. As she turned to fling a fresh log into the grate her eyes fell upon the dressing-glass, and in its reflection she saw, or at least fancied she saw, the bed curtains move.

She stood for a moment gazing at the mirror, expecting a repetition of the movement; but all was still, and she blamed herself for allowing nervous fears to overcome her. Still, it was exertion, even of her brave spirit, to approach the bed and withdraw the curtains. She was rewarded by finding nothing save the bedclothes folded neatly down as if inviting her to press the snow-white sheets, and a luxurious pile of pillows that looked most tempting. She could not resist the mute invitation to rest her wearied limbs. Allowing herself no time for further doubts or fears, she placed her candle on the mantel-piece, and stepped into bed.

She was very tired, her eyes ached with weariness, but sleep seemed to fly from her. Old recollections thronged on her memory; thoughts connected with the business she had still to get through, haunted her; and difficulties that had not occurred to her till now arose up before her. She was restless and feverish; and the vexation of feeling so, made her more wakeful. Perhaps if she were to close the curtains between her and the fire she might be better able to sleep—the flickering light disturbed her, and the moonbeams stealing between the window-curtains cast ghostly shadows on the wall. So, she carefully

shut out the light on that side, and turned again to sleep. Whether she had or had not quite lost consciousness she could not well remember, but she was soon thoroughly aroused by feeling the bed heave under her. She started up, and awaited with a beating heart a repetition of the movement, but it did not come. It must have been a return of the nervous fancies which had twice assailed her already that night. Laying her head again on the pillow she determined to control her groundless terrors.

Again she started up! This time there could be no doubt; the bed had heaved more than once, accompanied by a strange gurgling sound as if of a creature in pain. Leaning on her elbow, she listened with that intensity of fear which desires almost as much as it dreads a recurrence of the sound that caused it. It came again, followed by a loud rustling noise as if some heavy body were dragged from under the bed in the direction of the fire. What could it be? She longed to call out for help, but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and the pulses in her temples throbbed until she felt as if their painful beating sounded in the silence of the night like the loud tick of a clock.

The unseen thing dragged itself along until it reached the hearthrug, where it flung itself down with violence. As it did so she heard the clank of a chain. Her breath came less painfully as she heard it, for it occurred to her that the creature might be nothing worse than the house dog, who, having broken his chain, had sought shelter beneath the bed in the warm room. Even this notion was disagreeable enough, but it was as nothing to the vague terror which had hitherto oppressed her. She persuaded herself that if she lay quite quiet no harm would happen to her, and the night would soon pass over. Thus reasoning, she laid herself down again.

By-and-by the creature began to snore, and it struck her feverish fancy that the snoring was not like that of a dog. After a little time, she raised herself gently, and with trembling hands drew back an inch or two of the curtain and peered out, thinking that any certainty was better than such terrible suspense. She looked towards the fire-place, and there, sure enough, the huge creature lay; a brown hairy mass, but of what shape it was impossible to divine, so fitful was the light, and so strangely was it coiled up on the hearthrug. By and by, it began to stretch itself out, to open its eyes which shone in the flickering ray of the fire, and to raise its paws above its hairy head.

Good God! those are not paws! They are human hands; and dangling from the wrists hang fragments of broken chains!

A chill of horror froze Ellen Stirling's veins as a flash of the expiring fire showed her this clearly—far too clearly—and the conviction seized upon her mind that she was shut up with an escaped convict. An inward invocation to Heaven for aid, rose from her heart, as with the whole force of her intellect, she endeavoured to survey the danger of her position, and to think of the most persuasive words she could use to the man into whose power she had so strangely fallen. For the present, however, she must be still, very still; she must make no movement to betray herself; and perhaps he might overlook her presence until daylight came, and with it, possible help. The night must be far spent; she must wait, and hope.

She had not to wait long. The creature moved again—stood upright—staggered towards the bed. For one moment—one dreadful moment—she saw his face, his pale pinched features his flashing eyes, his black bristling hair; but, thank God! he did not see her. She shrunk behind the curtains; he advanced to the bed, slowly, hesitatingly, and the clanking sound of the broken chains fell menacingly on her ear. He laid his hand upon the curtains, and, for a few moments fumbled to find the opening. These moments were all in all to Ellen Stirling. Despair sharpened her senses: she found that the other side of the bed was not set so close against the wall but that she could pass between. Into the narrow space between, she contrived to slip noiselessly.

She had hardly accomplished the difficult feat, and sheltered herself behind the curtains, when the creature flung itself on the bed, and drawing the bedclothes round him, uttered a sound more like the whinnying of a horse than the laugh of a human being.

For some little time Miss Stirling stood in her narrow hiding-place, trembling with cold and terror, fearful lest some unguarded movement should betray her, and bring down on her a fate she dared not contemplate. She lifted up her heart in prayer for courage; and when her composure had in some degree returned, it occurred to her that if she could but reach the window, she might from that position, possibly attract the attention of some passers-by, and be released from her terribly durance.

Very cautiously she attempted the perilous experiment; her bare feet moved noiselessly across the floor, and a friendly ray of moonlight guided her safely towards the window. As she put out her hand towards the curtains, her heart gave a fresh bound of terror, for it came in contact with something soft and warm. At length, however, she remembered that she had flung down her fur cloak in that spot, and it was a mercy to come upon it now, when she was chilled to the bone. She wrapped it round her and reached the window without further adventure, or any alarm from the occupant of the bed: whose heavy regular breathing gave assurance that he was now sound asleep. This was some comfort, and she greatly needed it. The look-out from the window was anything but inspiriting. The stars still shone peacefully on the sleeping earth; the moon still showed her pallid visage; not a sight or sound presaged dawn; and after long listening in vain for any sign of life in the outer world, she heard the stable clock strike four.

Only four!

She felt as if it were impossible to survive even another hour of terror such as she had just passed through. Was there no hope? None.

She tried to support herself against the window-frame, but her first touch caused it to shake and creak in a manner that seemed to her startlingly loud; she fancied that the creature moved uneasily on its bed at the sound. Drops of agony fell from her brow; as minute after minute wore

heavily on; ever and anon a rustle of the bed-clothes, or a slight clank of the manacled hands, sent a renewed chill to her heart.

The clock struck five.

Still all without was silent. Suddenly a man's whistle was heard in the court, and the driver of the mail-coach, lantern in hand, crossed the yard towards the pavilion. Would to God she could call to him, or in any way attract his attention! but she dared not make the slightest sound. He looked up at the window, against which he almost brushed in passing; and the light he held, flashed on Miss Stirling's crouching figure. He paused, looked again, and seemed about to speak, when she hastily made signs that he should be silent, but seek assistance at the house. He gave her a glance of intelligence, and hastened away.

How long his absence seemed! Could he have understood her? The occupant of the bed was growing every instant more and more restless; he was rising from the bed—he was groping round the room. They would come too late, too late!

But no! steps in the courtyard—the key turning in the lock—the door opens—then with a yell that rang in Ellen Stirling's ear until her dying day, the creature rushed to her hiding-place, dashed the slight window-frame to pieces, and finding himself baulked of his purposed escape by the strength of the iron bars outside, turned, like a wild beast, on his pursuers. She was the first on whom his glance fell. He clasped her throat; his face was close to hers; his glittering eyes were glaring at her in frenzy; when a blow from behind felled him.

She awoke from a long swoon to find herself safe in Mrs. Atherton's dressing room, and to hear that no one was hurt but the poor maniac, and that he was again in the charge of his keepers, from whom he had escaped a few hours before.

"A few hours! A lifetime, Mary! But Heaven be thanked, it is past like a wild dream."

It was not all past. One enduring effect remained ever after to imprint on Ellen Stirling's memory, and on the memories of all who knew her, the event of that long night. Such had been her suffering, anxiety, and terror, that in those few hours her hair had turned as white as snow.

MY DREAM.

I HAVE a story to tell which my readers may believe if they like, or bring a battery of scientific explanation to bear upon, if they like. I can offer no impartial opinion on the subject, being the party interested.

I only undertake to tell the story as it happened to me.

I was born in one of the midland counties in England, miles away from the sea, in a large, old-fashioned house of black and white, the upper story of which overhung the lower, and the door of which stood back in a deep porch. The joists and floors were of fine oak and all the tables, benches, presses—indeed all the furniture was of oak: some of it rude and clumsy, but the greater part beautifully carved.

My first notions of Bible History were taken from my mother's bedstead, which was entirely of oak, and carved all over with figures of angels, Adam and Eve, the serpent, and the Virgin and Child.

The house was called the Old Hall, although it had become little better than a farm-house. It stood at some distance from the road; a gate on the road side led up a paved way with a row of sheds filled with carts, ploughs, and farming implements, on the one hand, and a large cattle pond on the other, into a spacious farm-yard built round with stables, barns, and outbuildings, all wearing an old Saxon stamp that I have never seen elsewhere. A wicket gate on the side of the yard opened into a large garden which fronted the house. This garden had several broad gravel walks, and two allies covered with turf, and hedged with yew trees cut in all manner of quaint devices. Beyond the garden was an orchard containing amongst other trees, some old mulberry trees, which my sister and myself were taught to regard with great reverence.

Beyond this orchard lay ploughed fields and meadows all belonging to my father. No other dwelling was in sight, except a few cottages belonging to the farm servants.

My father and mother were cousins, and both were descended from the same old Saxon family, who had possessed their land long before the Conquest. In the course of years the property had dwindled down to the farm on which I was born. We had no relations. There certainly was an uncle, a merchant in Liverpool, of whom I sometimes heard; but he was an offshoot of a distant branch, and, being in trade, was considered to have forfeited all claim to be considered one of the family.

I was the only son. I had one sister two years younger than myself—a gentle, pretty child, with long golden locks. She was called Edith. All the education I received, was two years at the grammar school—a curious old endowment, held by a "clerk in orders," to teach Latin and scholarship to all the boys in the parish of Ledgeley Laver. There were about a dozen besides myself; and unless the master had been endowed with the common sense to teach us writing and arithmetic, and a few common branches of education, I don't think we should have had no more learning than Tom Thumb carried in money from King Arthur's treasury which, as everybody knows, was a silver threepence. My companions were sons of small farmers, and came at intervals when they were not wanted at home.

My sister Edith never went to school at all; she stayed at home with my mother and was taught to be notable. As we continually heard that we were all that remained of the oldest family in the country, we learned to attach a mysterious importance to ourselves.

So we grew up, and did not find our lives dull, although my sister never left the house, except sometimes to go to church. When I myself was sixteen, I had never been as far as Drayton Ledgeley, though it was only twelve miles from Ledgeley Laver, which was our market town. In those days people did not go travelling and rambling about as they do now.

I might be about fifteen, when one day my father brought home from market a book of voy-

ages and travels, as a present for me. I had done some farm work in a way that pleased him. It was the first new book out of a shop I had ever possessed; and I read it aloud at night, whilst my father smoked in the chimney corner and my mother and sister were busy knitting and spinning.

That book made a great impression upon me, and set my mind thinking of foreign parts, and might have someting to do with what I am about to relate; mind, I do not assert that it had! I am cautious how I assert anything but what I know to be a fact.

The night on which I finished reading that book, was the thirty-first of January; the date is remembered by others as well as myself.

That night I went to bed as usual, and dreamed a long constructive dream, such as I never dreamed before or since. I dreamed that my uncle at Liverpool sent for me to go on a long voyage, on some business of his; and then I found myself standing on a quay, where there seemed hundreds of ships, and all their thin upright masts standing like a forest of poplar trees in winter. I knew they were ships, though I had never seen one. I heard somebody say "this is Liverpool." I do not recollect anything about my uncle, nor the business I was going about. I had to go across several vessels, into one that lay outside the dock; sailors were going about in all directions, and there was a great deal of confusion. A large gilded figure-head of a woman was at one end of the vessel, and "Phœbe Sutliffe" was written under it; I thought it was the likeness of Phœbe Sutliffe. I had never seen the sea nor a ship before, but I did not feel at all surprised at anything. I looked out on the green waves that were rippling against the side of the vessel; and as far out as I could see, there was nothing but water. I thought it all looked quite right and natural, and the sun was shining quite bright upon some little boats with white sails. As the ship began to move, a voice called, loud and clear, for us to stop, and a young man with a portmanteau of a curious shape came scrambling up the side of our vessel out of a little boat; he came up close to where I was standing. He was a very handsome young man with a moustache, and he wore a foreign cap.

We began to talk, but I could never in the least recollect what we said. Suddenly, a great storm arose, and everything was dark as pitch. I heard the wind howl fearfully; but did not feel any tossing of the waves, as might have been expected. At last, there came a dreadful crash; another vessel had struck against us, and we were borne under the keel of it. I found myself in the water. The young man was close beside me; he pushed a hen-coop to me; and we floated, quite pleasantly and easily, towards some rocks, which lay around a beautiful green island, where the sun was shining. The rocks, when we came among them, were like the ruins of a hundred old castles.

"These are the Rocks of Scarlet, in the Isle of Man," said my companion; "I live here, and yonder is my father's house."

When we had clambered up the rocks, and had reached the greensward, I thought I was unable to move a step further. A white house, with green outside shutters and surrounded by a low wall, stood close at hand: but I could not stir, and lay down on the ground fainting, though I knew all that was going on. My companion shouted, and some men came up; he sent them to the white house. In another minute, I saw a beautiful young woman clothed in white, with long black curls, standing beside us. With her was an old man.

"How did you come here?" said the old man. "We were struck by another vessel, and swam to shore: but this youth is dying. Give him a cordial." The young lady stooped over me, raised my head, and was extending her hand for a drinking horn, when the cliff we were upon, began to quake, and fell with a dreadful crash into the sea beneath.

The crash awoke me. I sprang up in bed, without in the least knowing where I was. The noise I had heard in my dream still continued. My father burst into my room, saying, "Come away, boy! Save yourself! The house is falling!" I was completely bewildered. I did not know where I was, nor whether it was a continuation of my dream; but my father dragged me out of bed, and we all took refuge in the kitchen.

A terrible storm was raging; every blast seemed as if it would blow the house down. A stack of chimneys fell with a terrific crash, and the kitchen window was at the same moment blown in. My mother and the maid servants knelt down to prayers in a corner, while my father and myself strove to fasten up a strong oak shutter. At length, towards morning, the violence of the gale abated, and we were able to go out, to see what damage had been done. "God help all the poor souls who have been at sea this night!" said my mother, pitifully.

I started. I was one of those for whom my mother was praying. Had *I* not been to sea? And had *I* not been wrecked? And was it not all as real as the scene now before me? I was frightened, for I did not know but that I might be under witchcraft, of which I had been told much, and which in that part of the country we all believed in. However, I said nothing, but followed my father out of doors.

A scene of great damage and desolation there presented itself; the roof had been blown from the barn; the ground was covered with bricks, and tiles, and branches of trees; all the lead-work from the roof had been torn off, and hung down, twisted like icicles. The garden was laid waste; and, in the orchard, two of our beloved mulberry trees were uprooted, as well as a fine old elm and several fruit trees.

The wind was still too high to make it safe for us to be abroad; tiles and stones, and branches of trees, were still, from time to time, falling about. The damage done by that storm was fearful, and was recollected through the county for many a year afterwards.

For weeks we were all too busy repairing the effects of the storm for any one to bestow much attention upon me; but at last my father began to complain that I was good for nothing, and that I went about my work as if I were dazed. My mother agreed that I had never been the same lad since that awful night, and questioned me whether anything had hurt my head.

The fact was, that the whole tenor of my life

was broken, and I could not take it up again; I could not forget my strange dream. I was separated from that lovely young lady and her mother, who were more real to me than the people I saw and spoke to every day, and I felt lonely and miserable. The White House on the cliff, and the Scarlet Rocks, what had become of them? Had the house really been swallowed in the sea? I was consumed by a constant sense of disgust and misery. The only hope I had was, that some night I might dream again and hear what had become of them all. But I never dreamed again, and at last I began to lose my rest.

Every day the dream haunted me more vividly, and when I thought I should never see those two beings more, I felt mad and suffocated with baffled desire.

At length the change in me grew so alarming, that a doctor was called in. He shook his head when he saw me, and said that I must be sent away from home, have plenty of change, and be kept amused, or I should go mad.

Whilst my father and mother were shocked and perplexed by what the doctor had said, and wondering whether going to market with my father, and a visit for a day to the town of Ledgeley-Drayton, would not be the sort of thing to be recommended, a letter came. Now a letter was a very great event in our house; I do not think my father had ever received more than three in his life. He would not have received this letter in question, for the next fortnight, if one of the farm servants had not been sent to the town for some horse medicine, and the post office chanced to be next door.

The letter, written in a clear stiff hand, proved to be from my uncle at Liverpool; it stated that he was getting old, and having no children, wished to see me; that he and my father had seen less of each other than relations ought. He wanted some one to go and look after his estate in Antigua, and if my father would spare me to him for a short time, he would make it worth my while. A bank note for a hundred pounds, was enclosed, to pay the expenses of my journey and to buy some present for my mother and sister.

There were difficulties raised, and objections made; but I heard the magic word "Liverpool," which was the first stage in my dream, and I insisted, resolutely and passionately, on going. Of course I prevailed. I had never been from home before, but I felt sure I should find my way. I was impatient till I set off; my father saw me to the mail, and I reached Liverpool without accident, and with the vague idea that I had seen all I now saw of it before me.

My uncle was a little, dry, square old man, dressed in a snuff-coloured suit, with grey silk stockings and silver buckles. He received me very kindly, and took me about to see the lions as he called them. But the Docks were the only sights I cared for.

My uncle had a notion—rather a curious one—that having been brought up on my father's land all my life, I must of necessity understand how an estate ought to be managed, and this is the way he informed me one day, that he intended to send me on the voyage to Antigua.

I obtained my father's consent, and my uncle gave me instructions as to what I was to do when I got there. I had been accustomed to look after our men at home, and I knew how my father managed them, so that what my uncle wanted did not come strange to me.

One morning after breakfast, my uncle read a letter which seemed to please him; he rubbed his hands and said,

"Well lad, after breakfast we must go down and take your berth. I did think of sending you in the Lively Anne, but it seems the Phœbe Sutliffe will sail first."

I put my hand to my forehead; I did not know which was the dream, or which was the reality.

That day week saw me on board the Phœbe Sutliffe, and clearing out of the harbour. On just such a day, and amid just such a scene, as I had beheld in my dream.

But one thing befel me which I had not taken into account, and which I had not dreamed—I became dreadfully sea-sick; a startling novelty which for the time effectually banished everything but a sense of present misery.

When I recovered a little, I went on deck. My attention was, that instant, drawn to a portmanteau which I well remembered. A handsome young man in a foraging cap was leaning against the side of the vessel, watching a flock of sea-gulls; I knew him again directly. We were standing near each other, and he addressed me, as I expected he would. I was curious to know what our conversation would be, as I did not, and never could, recollect what we had said when we met in our former state of existence—I mean in my dream. It was ordinary young men's conversation; we began with shooting sea-gulls, and went off upon shooting and field sports in general. He told me he was in the Army, and had been a great deal abroad—in Ceylon, Canada, Gibraltar—and was on his way to join his regiment in Antigua. I was delighted to hear it, and waited with placid curiosity to see how much more of my dream would come true.

Towards afternoon, a thick fog came on: increasing in density until we could not see across the ship. He proposed that we should go below. "No," said I, "don't go below! You forget how soon the vessel will come upon us that is to bear us down." A pang of mortal fear came into my heart as I realized the terrible moment that lay before us.

"What are you talking of?" said he, in a tone of great surprise. "Perhaps the vessel may not come, said I, but we had better remain on deck."

The words were scarcely spoken, when our vessel struck. I recollect hearing a horrible grating, grinding sound, as if all the planks were being crushed in, like pasteboard; it lasted for a second only. I did not regain my senses until a sharp sense of pain aroused me. I had been dashed upon a low sharp-pointed ledge of rocks; beyond those rocks I saw meadows and houses, lying in a bright clear moonlight. It was a momentary consciousness only that I had. I remember no more until I found myself in a bed hung round with white curtains. I tried to raise my arm, and fainted with pain. I lay, I know not how long after this, in a troubled stupor, vaguely sensible of people moving about, but unable to move or even open my eyes.

At last, I once more recovered my consciousness, and did not again lose it. I was told by an old woman who was sitting at my bedside, that I had been flung by the sea upon the rocks of Scarlet, in the Isle of Man. That I had been taken up for dead, and brought into her cottage, and that the docter had said I was not to be allowed to speak on any account. She gave me a few spoonfuls of something, whether of food or medicine I could not tell, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, my eyes rested on my companion on board ship. Beside him stood the beautiful lady of my dream!

"Am I alive, or am I dreaming again, as I did once before?" I asked.

"You are alive, and will live I hope for a long time; you are not dreaming; this is my sister, Agatha, who has had her hands full with nursing both of us, though I escaped better than you did. When you are able to stir, we will remove you to my father's house, but in the meanwhile you must keep quiet."

"But tell me, I implore you. Was not the white house where your father lives, swallowed up in the sea when the cliff fell?"

"Not at all! It stands where it always did; and, now not another word."

I was shortly afterwards removed to my friend's house, which was on a hill about a quarter of a mile from the rocks, and was the same house I had seen in my dream.

My friend's father was Colonel Panton; he was on half-pay, and lived there with his daughter. His son and myself were the only survivors from the terrible catastrophe of the Phœbe Sutliffe.

I, of course, lost no time communicating with my friends; but I remained at the White House until my health was established.

I confided my dream to Agatha, with whom it is needless to say I had fulfilled my destiny and fallen in love. She loved me in return, and her father gave his consent that we should be married "when we came to years of discretion."

When I went home, her brother accompanied me, and he fell in love with my little sister Edith: to which, neither she nor any one else made the slightest objection. Frederic and Edith have been long married, and are very happy. I went to Antigua at last, and was detained there much longer than I liked; but on my return at the end of two years I was married to Agatha, who has been the best wife to me man ever had.

My uncle died last year, and left me the bulk of his property; I only hope I may be enabled to use it well and wisely.

Although my life has been of so unlooked-for prosperity; I would counsel no one to desire to have their future shadowed to them in a dream.—Dreams without end have no meaning in them, and never come to anything; yet still this dream of mine fell out exactly as I have told it.

BRITANNIA'S SCENTED HANDKERCHIEF.

The wealth of England is aptly illustrated by shewing what Britain spends, and the duty she pays to her Exchequer for the mere pleasure of perfuming her handkerchief. As flowers, for the sake of their perfumes, are on the continent principally cultivated for trade purposes, the odours derived from them, when imported into this country in the form of essential oils, are taxed with a small duty of 1s. per pound, which is found to yield a revenue of just £42,000 per annum. The duty upon Eau de Cologne imported in the year 1852, was in round numbers £10,000, being 1s. per bottle upon 200,000 flacons imported. The duty upon the spirits in the manufacture of perfumery at home is at least £20,000, making a total of £42,000 per annum to the revenue, independent of the tax upon snuff, which some of the ancient Britons indulge their noses with. If £42,000 represents the small tax upon perfuming substances for one year, ten times that amount is the very lowest estimate which can be put upon the articles as their average retail cost. By these calculations—and they are quite within the mark—we discover that Britannia spends £420,000 a year in perfumery.—*S. Piesse, in the Annals of Chemistry.*

SWEDISH NAMES.

Few of the Swedish peasants have surnames, and in consequence their children simply take their father's Christian name in addition to their own: for example, if the father's name be Seven Lassoron, his sons', in consequence, would be Jan or Nils Sevens-son: and his daughters', Maria or Eliza Sevens-daughters. The confusion that this system creates would be endless, were it not that in all matters of business the residence of the party is usually attacked to his.—*Lloyd's Scandinavian Adventures.*

TURKISH NATIONAL HYMN.—Since Poetry—especially the lyrical form of it—has become a power in the State, it may be interesting to our readers to hear that a Turkish poet, Halis Effendi, has written a national hymn, in the style of the *Marseillaise*, which his countrymen are described as repeating with extraordinary zest and energy. Philosophers may affect to despise poetry, and Plato banished the poets from his model republic; but in moments of crises like that which now shakes the Orient, it is always found that men will brave and dare, and aspire more greatly under the sway of lyrical passion than without the exultation of nerve and brain produced by this subtle and mysterious power. The Spartans needed a Tyrtæus. Roger de Lisle nerved the arms which beat down one after another the kings of Europe. Korner roused all Germany to action. Becker's lyric saved the Rhine provinces, and won for the author two royal pensions. The revolution of '48 was effected to the chorus of *Mourir pour la Patrie;* and the splendid Hungarian campaign of '49 was made to the *Kossuth March.* Our own Commonwealth was introduced by a psalm tune; and James II. was frightened out of the three kingdoms by a chorus. Dibdin and Campbell did nearly as much for the British navy as Nelson and Collingwood,—either song-writer certainly did more than Selden, Pepys, and all other antiquarian prosers about the sovereignty of the seas put together. It is of no small moment, then, that a native poet should have drawn from the rock those living waters of song which at once satisfy the common craving and fortify the national zeal.—*London Athenæum.*

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXII.

[*Doctor, Laird, and Major.*]

LAIRD.—Sae ye hae been haudin St. Patrick's day in Toronto, I notice.

DOCTOR.—Yes, and the festival passed off in a very harmonious manner. Such national celebrations are wholesome in the highest degree, and I should be sorry to see them fall into dissuetude. They tend to keep alive that *amor patriae*, lacking which, a man becomes a most repulsive and unwinning biped!

LAIRD.—Never did ye say a truer word, than that, Sangrado. Here's wussing you a vera guid health for the same.

MAJOR.—Does it not strike you, mess-mates, that as Canadians, we are much to blame for according no periodical honour to the tutelar saint of this noble Province?

LAIRD.—I didna' ken, before, that we had a Saunt!

MAJOR.—Why man, is not our leading river named after him?

LAIRD.—'Deed that's a fact, but I never thocht that there had been sic a worthy.

MAJOR.—I can assure you, that St. Lawrence occupies fully as conspicuous a position in the calendar, as his confreres of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales.

DOCTOR.—By the way what period of the year is devoted to the commemoration of our patron?

MAJOR.—The 10th of August.

LAIRD.—Just twa days antecedent to the beginning o' grouse-shooting! Brawly do I mind the wark that I used to hae aboot that season. There was nae end to the cleaning o' guns, and stitching o' leather leggins.

MAJOR.—In my humble opinion a general observance of the anniversary of St. Lawrence would have a most salutary effect. Canadians could then assemble as one concentrated people, devoid, on that occasion at least, of sectional or traditional jealousies, and thus our consolidation as a nation would be greatly carried forward and enhanced.

DOCTOR.—Most thoroughly do I endorse and homologate what you have just propounded. It will be owing to no penuriousness of zeal on my part if a St. Lawrence Society be not in full blast, so far at least as Toronto is concerned, by the 10th of the ensuing August!

LAIRD.—You can book me as one of the stewards, and I hereby bind and oblige myself to supply my fellow office bearers wi' maple leaves, to prin on their white waiscoats. I hae a braw grove o' maples at Bonny Braes!

MAJOR.—If the fourth estate only take up the idea with a will, its realization is certain.

LAIRD.—I am vera sure that they could na' occupy their columns wi' mair nutritious matter. It would be a million times mair creditable to themselves, and agreeable to the public at large than never devauling, snarling, and worrying at ane anither's heels!

DOCTOR.—Talking of *worrying*, permit me to read you an epistle, which our friend, Mr.

Maclear, recently received from a brother bibliopole of Edinburgh. It is somewhat of a curiosity in its way, and may be fairly cited as an illustration of modest assurance:—

SIR,—By perusing the *Ecclesiastical Missionary Record* for October, (printed at Toronto) I perceive you are selling a pamphlet which I lately published, entitled "The Coming Struggle among the Nations of the Earth." As I have not yet appointed an agent in, or sent the work to Canada, I must conclude that you have published an edition of it, and not only so, but that periodical states, you are getting an *extensive* sale for it.

Owing to its extensive circulation here, I have not had time to get it introduced into the British Colonial possessions, but fully intended so to do; you will therefore be good enough to inform me whether you will take that trouble off my hands by accounting for your sale, and entering into terms as regards profits, because, you know, the author's interests must be protected.

I shall wait for your answer till the 1st of December, I say the first day of December, 1853, ere I take any further steps in the matter, by which time I trust you will have to hand an explanation sufficient to render such steps unnecessary.

I am, yours, &c.,
THOMAS GRANT, Publisher,
21, George Street,
Edinburgh.

LAIRD.—I ken that I am no' sae gleg at the uptak' as some folk, and consequently ye must e'en bear wi' me, when I profess my inability to discover the assurance o' Tummas Grant, as manifested in his bit letter. If oor worthy gossip, Maclear, made free wi' the honest man's book, he certainly had a right to demand a share o' the bawbees realized by the Canadian edition. Of course, I speak according to my dim lights, and under correction.

DOCTOR.—The cream of the joke lies here, that the Edinburgh Thomas has been guilty of the very delict which he lays at the door of his Toronto namesake! His "Coming Struggle" was purloined, neck and crop, from a book entitled *Elpis Israel*, written by a *savant* answering to the name of Dr. John Thomas.

LAIRD.—A third *Tummas!* Och, its a queer concatenation o' designational coincidences.

DOCTOR.—In point of fact there is a quartette of Thomas's, seeing that the son of Faust who imprinted the Toronto edition of the *libellus* answereth to that name.

MAJOR.—Verily the Tonson of Auld Reekie must be a paragon of modesty, and no mistake. The whole affair is pestilently suggestive of the ancient suit, "Kettle *versus* Pot."

LAIRD.—I say, Doctor, what braw looking book is that on which your elbow is resting? It would catch the ee o' Girzy, as women aye hae a hankering after red coats! They are peculiarly obnoxious to the *scarlet fever*.

DOCTOR.—The subject of your enquiry is one of the most readable volumes of travels I have fallen in with for a twelve month, and is entitled "*The Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star.*"

LAIRD.—I have got fairly surfeited wi' *Cruises!* Every month a new one maks its appearance, and it is still the same, weariefu' auld story! A shark or twa is catched—some land lubbers are shaved wi tar and rusty iron-hoops when crossing the line—and the rest o' the story is made up o' palmtrees, fleein' fish, and a group o' natives, whose wardrobe is limited to pocket napkin about them, instead o' breeks.

DOCTOR.—As a general rule, your estimate of the log books of modern voyagers is correct, but every rule has its exception.

MAJOR.—Who is the author of the *brochure* under consideration?

DOCTOR.—The Rev. John Coverton Choules, D. D., a gentleman who has acted as chaplain to the expedition to which he is the chronicler.

MAJOR.—And what was the nature of that expedition?

DOCTOR.—The writer himself, shall inform you.

"Early in the spring of the present year; the attention of the country was directed to an item in the daily papers of New York, containing information that Mr. Vanderbilt was constructing a steam-ship of large dimensions, which he intended as a yacht for the accommodation of his family and some invited friends, in a voyage to the principal sea-ports in Europe. The announcement of this project excited a deep interest in the public mind, and the excursion became a prominent subject of conversation.

Mr. Vanderbilt was known to his countrymen as a thoroughly practical man, whose energy and perseverance, combined with strong intellect, and high commercial integrity, had given him immense wealth; all his undertakings had been crowned with signal success, and his great enterprise in opening a communication with the Pacific by the Nicaragua route had made him a reputation in Europe; and a general expectation existed that he would carry out his plan in a manner that would redound to the honor of the country. Various opinions were entertained as to his ultimate designs. Many imagined that Mr.

Vanderbilt proposed to effect some great mercatile operation, he was to sell his ship to this monarch, or that government—or, he was to take contracts for the supply of war steamers; all sorts of speculations were entertained by that generally misinformed character,—*the public*. In February I was sitting with Mr. Vanderbilt in his library, when he gave me the first information I had received of his intentions, and he kindly invited me and my wife to accompany him to Europe in the month of May. The ship was then on the stocks, but he named the very day on which he would sail, and gave me the details of his proposed route, and from which few deviations were afterwards made. Mr. V. expressly informed me that his sole object was to gratify his family, and afford himself an opportuny to see the coast of Europe, which he could do in no other way; and he observed, that after more than thirty years' devotion to business, in all which period he had known no rest from labor, he had a right to a complete holiday."

LAIRD.—I hae heard tell o' "merchant princes,"—and truly there was something princely in the idea o' this Yankee huxter. What kind o' ship did he build?

DOCTOR.—The following are her dimensions:

The "North Star" is of two thousand five hundred tons burthen, and the strongest fastened vessel of her tonnage afloat.

Length of keel is	206	feet.
Spar Deck,	270	"
Breadth of Beam	38	"
Depth of Hold	28	" 6 inches.

LAIRD.—And hoo was the vessel fitted up?

DOCTOR.—In a most magnificent style, if we may credit the description which I shall now read.

"The main saloon is splendidly fitted up with all that can tend to gratify the eye and minister to luxurious ease. The state-rooms, which lead from it on either side, are fitted up in the first style of the upholsterer's art. The furniture throughout blends in one harmonious whole; there are none of those glaring contrasts which are too often met with, and offend the eye and taste by their incongruities. This saloon is of beautiful satinwood, with just sufficient rosewood to relieve it, the work of which was executed by Mr. Charles Limonson. The furniture of the main saloon is of rosewood, carved in the splendid style of Louis XV, covered with a new and elegant material of figured velvet plush, with a green ground filled with bouquets of flowers. It consists of two sofas, four couches, six arm-chairs. Connected with this saloon are ten state-rooms, superbly fitted up, each with a French *amour le gles*, beautifully enamelled in white, with a large glass door—size of plate, forty by sixty-four inches. The berths were furnished with elegant silk lambricans and lace curtains. Each room is fitted up with a different color, namely green and gold, crimson and gold, orange, &c. The toilet furniture matches with the hangings and fittings, by being of the same colors, and presents a picture of completeness not often met with. * * * A fine entrance saloon, leading from the deck, conducts, by an elegantly adorned staircase, to the main saloon. This reception saloon has a circular sofa capable of seating some twenty persons, and is covered with crimson plush. Over the stairway is a good painting of Mr. Vanderbilt's summer villa at Staten Island, which was placed there, without his knowledge, by the polite attention of his artist friend."

MAJOR.—It is not easy to conceive of an excursion containing more materials for pleasure, than the one planned by Mr. Vanderbilt. Was the party large?

DOCTOR.—It consisted of MR. AND MRS. VANDERBILT, Mrs. James Cross, Miss Kate Vanderbilt, Master G. W. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. George Osgood, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Thorn, Miss Louisa Thorn, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Torrence, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Labau, Dr. and Mrs. Linsly, all children and grandchildren of Mr. Vanderbilt.—Also the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Choules, chaplain, and Mrs. Asa Eldridge, wife of the captain of the vessel.

LAIRD.—Hoo did the recreative pilgrims occupy themselves?

DOCTOR.—This little family party spent about four months on an excursion to England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Madeira, &c. The total number of miles steamed on their voyage is estimated at 15,024.

Mr. Choules adds,

"We were actually engaged in sailing fifty-eight days, making our average of speed to rate at two hundred and fifty-nine miles per diem, or within a fraction. On the entire voyage, our consumption of coal amounted to two thousand two hundred tons, averaging twenty-eight tons daily. It has rarely happened to any but those of our own party that it could be said, 'we have been in the four quarters of the world in twenty-eight days;' yet this was the case with our yacht."

LAIRD.—Does Maister Jowles—or what ever ye ca' him—tell his story in an appetizing manner?

DOCTOR.—Very much so indeed. He has the felicitous knack of describing things as he saw them, so as to bring the pictures vividly before the mind's eye of his reader. The only fault which can be found with the work is that too much prominence is given to the complimentary blow-outs bestowed upon the voyaging clan, and that some preposterous

farfaronades are devoted to these blood thirsty incremeters of old women, the "Pilgrim Fathers."

MAJOR.—You might as well snub a Highland man for not possessing breeches, as blame Mr. Choules for that latter failing, To laud the aforesaid "Pilgrims" is as instinctively natural in a New England Yankee, as it is for a duck to swim, or a pettifogger to rob you according to law.

LAIRD.—Did ony o' ye notice some verses which appeared the other week in a Toronto newspaper, written by the Rev. W. Stewart Darling? They have na' come under the scope o' my observation, but oor dominie, wha has a fine taste for poetry, tells me that they contain some sappy and fructifying ideas.

MAJOR.—Your educational friend has demonstrated himself to be a correct critic. The lines to which you refer are far above the common run of lyrics, and for your solacement I shall read them to you:

"LONGINGS FOR SPRING.

Oh how I yearn amidst this storm and snow
To welcome thee, Oh Spring!
Oh when shall winter his wild reign forego,
No more a king?
Oh, gentle Spring,
Thy beauteous image rises on my soul,
And it doth fling
A hidden gush of joy upon the whole
Of the dull thoughts that wearily do roll
Over the mind in hours of suffering,
Yea, gladness cometh e'en with the thought of thee,
As the bright bubble riseth joyously
With the pure water from the gushing spring.

I yearn to see
Thy warm smile bent, so still and lovingly
Upon the sleeping earth, until there breaketh
O'er its cold face a laugh of verdant joy,
As I have seen a child when it awaketh
In the full light of its fond mother's eye,
Break into answering smiles of love, that maketh
Spring in the wintriest heart of agony.

Oh, gladsome Spring!
When wilt thou come, and with thy gentle force
Drive winter hence, and for his ravings hoarse
Make thy low laugh to ring
Like a sweet strain of music, murmuring
In soothing melody upon the ear
That hath been torn with discord. Plume thy wing,
And hither bend thy flight,
And with thine own bright glance of laughing light
Wean us from out each close and stifling room,
And shed around the delicate perfume
Of thy sweet breath.
I long more to feel its soft caress
Circling my brow as tho' in tenderness
Giving—ah, foe to death—
Health, for disease, and strength for feebleness.

And yet, oh maiden of the tender eye,
Thy spirits high
Do make thee somewhat hoydenish withal.
I've smiled to see thee, many a time and oft,
As surly winter fled in fear away,
Steal after him with footsteps swift and soft—
Seize on his streaming robe, and with a ray
Of sunshine trip him up; and at his fall
Thou did'st hold thy sides and laugh a laugh so gay
That thy bright eyes would grow suffused with mirth,
Which, for the time, would take the form of weeping;
But as those tear-drops fell, the grateful earth
Took them, as precious things into her keeping,
And marked the treasure-spots where they did lie
With those first flowers of many a varied dye
To which she giveth birth.

DOCTOR.—Read that last stanza again, Major, it is long since I have heard anything that could more truly be called poetry. (*Major repeats.*)

LAIRD.—The ideas are really maist beautiful, and are as refreshing to me as the saft showers he is describing are to the earth, however, go on.

In very deed
I yearn, oh fairy-footed Spring, for thee;
Tender, yet arch and full of roguery
O hither speed,
And in thy brightness I will strive to read
A symbol of a higher mystery.
For outward things are but the sacraments
Of the unseen and spiritual world beyond,
And doubtless it was meant that they should be
A holy bond,
Binding things hidden to the things of sense.
Would that I thus may see
That earth is but the winter of the soul;
And while all grateful for each cheering gleam
That with its blessed radiance breaks between
The dull grey clouds and storms that round us roll,
May I be ever taught,
When with life's tempests worn and over-wrought,
To yearn with reverend longing to behold
That season whose deep joys may never be
By heart conceived, nor human language told,
The unfading spring-time of eternity."

LAIRD.—My benison upon you, Crabtree, for the treat which you hae afforded me! Darling has got the real root o' the matter—the true poetical fang. Blythe am I that Canada can boast o' at least one legitimate son o' the Muses! We can reckon up a host o' rhymsters, but unfortunately the great majority o' them are on the wrang side o' the blanket!

MAJOR.—I have just finished the perusal of one of the most idiotically mendacious productions which I have met with for many a long day.

LAIRD.—Pity upon the delinquent who engendered it. I can predict by the wicked twinkle o' your ee that you are about to lay on the tawse without mercy. Wha is the delinquent, and what is the name o' his literary backsliding?

MAJOR.—The former is Lucian B. Chase, now, or lately, a member of Congress; and his bantling is entitled "*English Serfdom and American Slavery; or ourselves as others see us.*"

DOCTOR.—I marvel, major, that you had the patience to wade through such a conglomeration of filth. The story is as wishy washy as the love tales of a magazine of fashion, and its exaggerations are destitute of point as the top of a darning needle.

MAJOR.—Quite true; but the book possesses a species of importance, from the political position of the author. He is one of Jonathan's "statesmen," and stands high on the bead roll of that Brummagem brotherhood.

LAIRD.—But ye have na indoctrinated us touching Lucien's misdemeanors.

MAJOR.—Essaying the somewhat difficult task of manufacturing *one white* out of *two blacks*, this flatulent congressman seeks to show that the "peculiar institution" is a species of heaven-upon-earth, *because* some social abuses exist in Great Britain! Insolvent debtors are sometimes incarcerated in England, *ergo*, quoth this *second Daniel*, there is no harm in translating an ebony "*man and brother*" into a chattel!

DOCTOR.—The old story over again. Verily nothing so conclusively demonstrates the essential rottenness of slavery as the flimsy nature of the ablest attempts to defend or palliate the same.

MAJOR.—Nothing could be more wickedly *ideal* than the sketches which Mr. Chase cooks up of Anglican abuses. Take as a sample the following precious passage. Christie Kane, the hero of the romance, having become insolvent, is immured in a cell of the county jail.

It was scarcely three steps in length, and only wide enough for a foul berth, with room to stand. It was one of the tier of cells under ground—far under ground—being the third tier from the surface of the earth. The merciful law-makers thinking all persons who cannot pay their debts, no better than fossil remains, whom to put out of sight were as much a duty as to bury the dead.

It was not enough, in this charitable and wise estimation, to restrain the debtor of his liberty; to withdraw him, as something that might contaminate society, from its presence; to put him aside as a man would old furniture; to conceal him from public observation, as the hyprocritical do their vices. All this would not suffice. He must be *punished* for his misfortunes; for, what right had he to be poor? If tightness in the money market resulted in failure, the victim should have known what was to happen. If the wheat crop failed, he should have sown rye; if oats were blighted, he ought to have sown more potatoes. Not being as wise as Omnipotence, he must be well punished. As thoroughly at least, as the most depraved villain in the land, because theives and black-legs occupied adjoining cells. But there is one excuse for the creditor; he will obtain his money so much sooner by keeping the debtor in prison! He can raise such quantities of grain from the productive soil of the stone floor: his commercial pursuits will prove so profitable, beneath the earth, because his ships can tack or run before the wind upon the moisture of the walls; and, laden with the wealth of the Indies, can sail through the channel of darkness which fills the aperture of the door. If the prisoner is a poet, the vanities of the world will not become a rival to the spirit of song with which his soul must be inspired. He will unravel whole acres of harrowing poetry of the Byronic description, (or what is the same, in its effect, whole acres of poetry, the language of which has been harrowed with a painful disregard for the rules of Lindlay Murray* and Noah Webster) which those persons who love to have their feelings wrought up to most intense pitch of agony and despair, may sigh and weep over to their heart's content.

The jailor turned the key and the ponderous door swung upon its hinges—not *rusty* hinges, as the architect of that renowned "solitary horseman" delights in having it, but plain, unpretending, unromantic hinges, that frequent use had kept free from rust, and a piece of mouldy bread and a mug of unsavory water, which the owner of one of Ham's descendants would think food too mean for a slave, were placed upon the floor.

The jailor scowled at his prisoner as if he thought it a special exhibition of divine mercy that he was allowed to live.

"Can't pay your debts hey?" he said, in accents strongly emphasized by disgust.

Christy Kane made no reply.

"Proud, too. I should jist like to know what a *poor* man has to do with pride?"

"You estimate the worth of a human being by the amount of money he possesses?"

* Surely Mr. Chase should have corrected his own English before finding fault with the grammar of other folk.—P. D.

"Certainly; by what other rule can he be weighed?" said the jailor with a look of surprise.

"I am ignorant enough to suppose that moral and intellectual qualities may be entitled to some consideration."

"You are ignorant if you can believe such folly. Why, sir, mind will soon kick the beam in the scale with money," replied the man of keys, looking complacently at those instruments of power.

Christie Kane felt the force of his remark, and it lessened the value of human nature several degrees in his estimation.

"Do you hear me?" demanded the keeper savagely.

"I do."

"Well, you will see the truth on't, afore you leave these walls, For the mind you boast of will rust, and your limbs will rot, here, *here*, unless you are liberated by money."

'At all events, as a slight compensation for the loss of liberty, you ought to bring me food more inviting than these crusts," said Christie, good humoredly.

"The crusts to-morrow shall be like rocks, and the water green, *dark* green, if I can find it," replied the earthly Peter, shaking his keys.

"You do not approve a free expression of opinion, my worthy friend?"

"Look ye, my precious cove, Herricy Hellkirk calls no man friend who can't pay his debts, and for your impertinence in calling me such, I shall shorten your allowance of food, and I'll begin by taking this away."

"You will only incur the risk of removal, Mr. Hellkirk, for I shall proclaim your villainy."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! That's too good, by God! it is. Who will believe you when I pronounce it a lie, a damned wilful and malicious lie! Look-a-head!" he added fiercely; "Who will be the wiser if I do not visit you for a week, after I have knocked you down with these bunch of keys and gagged you?"

"Monster!"

"It would not be the first time I've done it, and if you dare to look at me thus, may I be eternally damned if it shall be the last," he said in a low savage tone.

Christie Kane folded his arms and gazed at the other with an overwhelming expression of contempt upon his features. The jailer sprang upon him with the fury of a demon. The attack was unexpected, and Kane was hurled to the ground by the hurculean strength of the jailor. His head came violently in contact with the stone floor, and he lay there motionless. The faint moans that escaped him did not penetrate to the outer air, and he was gagged and bound. The face of the jailor gleamed with the fierceness of a tiger as he twisted the rope which he had brought with him, between the teeth of his victim.

"Now, vagabond, let us see how long you will preserve your haughty bearing. The poor to threaten! Bah! Lord Melville will pay well for this." And kicking the unconscious body with his heavy boot, he withdrew from the cell and locked the door.

Christie Kane remained a long time upon the damp floor, and when at last awakened to a consciousness of his situation, the cold sweat stood upon his forehead, for the terrible conviction flashed upon his mind that he was buried alive.

With great difficulty he arose from the floor. His head swam round, and he staggered against the wall. At last he managed to roll into his berth, where he lay overcome by the most painful reflections. The rope was drawn so tightly across his mouth that it gave him excessive pain and the cord which confined his arms behind him cut into his flesh and stopped the circulation of his blood. The designs of the jailor were apparent. He was to be thus confined until so exhausted, by hunger and suffering, that his cries could not be heard, when the cords would be removed, and his death attributed to general debility, brought on by unwholesome air, want of exercise, and the fretting of a proud spirit at confinement. There would, in the careless inquisition held upon his body, be no clue to murder most foul.

LAIRD.—I wonder the land-louper doesna fear that the earth will open and swallow him up alive, for telling sic black and blustering lees! Nae admirer am I o' the practice o' caging a man like a wild beast, because he canna settle on the nail wi' his landleddy or washer-woman; but to say that ony debtor could be treated in sic a manner in the auld country, is clean running awa wi' the harrows. Od he might as weel hae represented Queen Victoria as skelping Prince Albert on the lug wi' her slipper, every time that he didna run and dry nurse the royal bairns when they were greetin' for their parritch.

MAJOR.—I will give you another quotation. Robert Kane, deserter from the British Royal Navy is a passenger on board of the *Mountain Maid*, bound from Canada for Dollardom:—

It was a lovely morning; not a cloud could be seen along the vast expanse of azure: not a breath of air ruffled the glossy bosom of the beautiful lake; for a beautiful lake it is, the enchanting Memphremagog! Poets have written of Loch Lomond and of Como, but no lovelier expanse of water can be seen on the surface of this earth than the romantic and beautiful Memphremagog.

The Mountain Maid stopped a few moments at the base of the "Owls head," whose frowning summit is now often visited by the tourist. As the boat was passing an Island in the middle of the lake, Ezekiel Belknap said,

"Yeow, Mr. Kane, dew yeou see any particular difference between the tew ends of that are island?'

"No; except some inequalities."

"One looks as fair as t'other, don't it?"

"Precisely."

"Wall, one end is in her majesty's province and t'other is in the state of Vermont."

Kane was speechless.

"Yes, yeow are in Canada neow. Neow yeow

are in Vermont. Your hand: welcome—welcome tew the

'Land of the free and the home of the brave.'"

Robert Kane fell upon his knees, and, with uplifted eyes, returned thanks to Heaven for his escape.

The farms upon the shore of the lake presented a lovelier appearance; the rays of the sun shone more brightly; and the mountain summits were shaded with a softer and more dream-like atmosphere than he had ever seen before.

As the boat landed at the dock in Newport, he sprang upon the shore, and pressed his lips upon the soil of freedom.

DOCTOR.—It was a crowning mercy for Mr. deserter Kane that his hue was not that of Othello. Had it been he might haply have received his primary welcome to the "land of the free" from a "pack of negro dogs!"

LAIRD.—Hoot awa' wi' you, Sangrado! Deil tak' me if you are a bit better than leein' Lucien Chase! Did ye mean to insinuate that in the present year o' grace men, ca'ing themselves Christians, hunt down their coom-complexioned fellow-creatures wi' dowgs? Na, na; I can swallow muckle, but sic a tough morsel wad choke an ostrich, or Dando the oyster-eating glutton!

DOCTOR.—To demonstrate that I have not used the language of exaggeration, I will read to you an advertisement which I cut from a southern newspaper scarcely two months old.

NEGRO DOGS.—The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken charge of Ruff Perry's celebrated PACK OF NEGRO DOGS for the present year, and will give his undivided attention to the business of hunting and catching runaway negroes. Every call will be promptly attended to when I am not professionally engaged. Terms as follaws:—

Hunting, per day, ... $5
Catching runaways 25
INVARIABLY CASH, OR ITS EQUIVALENTS.

Persons under the necessity of calling on me will please give me a fair showing at the trail, as it will be greatly to their interest to do so. *Marshall* (Texas,) Feb. 11, 1854. JOHN DEVRUEL.

LAIRD.—Weel, weel, after that ony thing! Od, I'll never look upon a soothern Yankee again without grewin' and scunnerin'. Confound the vagabonds, wi' their "land o' freedom," and "model republic!" I hae often joked wi' the Major, honest man, for threepin that democracy was invented in the place "I *daurna* name," but I'll never do sae again. I say, Major, what buiks are these before you in the royal uniform? My certy, but they are braw in their scarlet and gold claes!

MAJOR.—Tallis's illustrated London, one of the best got-up works of the sort that has been produced. See, Laird, there are four volumes, with two hundred and fifty steel engravings, and over three hundred pages of letter-press.

DOCTOR.—A very handsome work, certainly; but of what does the letter-press consist? that is a very natural point, as most of these works are mere picture books.

MAJOR.—That is not the case in this instance. A full description of each place of note is given, with a brief sketch of the different guilds, and the whole is interspersed with very amusing anecdotes. In the chapter devoted to the Theatre especially, you will find much information.

DOCTOR (*who has been looking over the book*).—But I see no map. Surely that is a great want.

MAJOR.—A very good colored map is given to each purchaser, so that the old Londoner may amuse himself by wandering through the mazes of the great metropolis.

LAIRD.—Is the book very dear?

MAJOR.—Cheapest thing possible; six dollars and a half is all the sum required to enable you to become the happy purchaser. These are not the only books that I have received from Tallis. Here are the third No. of their "Flowers of loveliness," "Finden's beauties of home," and "the Life of Wellington"

DOCTOR.—I hope the "Life of Wellington" will meet with a ready sale. In these days, when a false halo is attempted to be thrown round Napoleon, the careful study of Wellington's character will enable the person, who has been dazzled by the glare of that great adventurer's career, to correct any erroneous impressions that may have been formed, and will enable him to form a just estimate of what really makes a great man.

LAIRD.—Rax over the "Flowers o' loveliness." Weel, here are a braw set o' lassies. Doctor, look at this wean, who, I suppose, is meant to represent the lily; are no her little hands natural? poor bairn, sleep on. I'd give Bonnie Braes, dear as it is to me, for that sweet innocence which is discernible in your face.

Doctor.—You have been down south Major: does not this face, in the rose acacia, bring to your recollection the Creole girls? It is just the style of women you will see in New Orleans, or on the paseo at Havannah.

Major.—It has something of the look, certainly; but I agree with the Laird, I prefer the lily; they are all pretty, however, and we shall have a very pretty book for our Shanty when the numbers are completed. Come, Laird, let us blend the useful with the pretty things of life. Give us your facts.

Laird.—You are a mere son of earth, Major; who can talk o' steers and ploughs after thae bonny pictures! However, I'll e'en humour you. So here goes—

REPTON'S LANDSCAPE GARDENING AND ARCHITECTURE.

One of the latest labors of the lamented Loudon, was to collect and edit, in one volume, the works of Repton. This was one of the first of five volumes which he intended to be a complete Encyclopedia of landscape gardening; another was to embrace Italian, French, and Dutch schools, which represent the Geometric style; another was to treat of the "Modern, or Landscape style," as introduced by Kent, and illustrated in the writings of Shenstone, Whateley, and Mason; another the Picturesque school, as represented in the writings of Gilpin and Price; and the fifth the "Gardenesque," which was Loudon's own style, or so named by him. Loudon regarded Repton's school "as combining all that was excellent in former schools, and in fact as consisting of the union of an artistical knowledge of the subject with good taste and good sense." Repton labored in the same direction as did Downing, to unite and harmonize country houses with surrounding scenery. His works are filled with instruction and should be carefully studied by all who wish to acquire information or cultivate their tastes on this subject. We copy the following chapter, with its instructions, giving some account of English cottage residences three hundred years ago. Some of the most elegant cottages erected in England, within the past ten or twelve years, are in this old English style, though variously modified, according to tastes and circumstances, and to adapt it to the present state of society.

ON DATES OF BUILDINGS.

A cottage, or keeper's house, was deemed necessary at Apsley Wood, about three miles from Woburn Abbey. The Duke of Bedford (to whom I am indebted for numerous opportunities of displaying his good taste) one day observed, that out of his numerous cottages called Gothic, which everywhere presented themselves near the high roads, he had never seen one which did not betray its modern character and recent date. At the same time, his grace expressed a desire to have a cottage of the style and date of building prior to the reign of Henry VII., of which only some imperfect fragments now remain.—Adjoining this building, an attempt has been made to assimilate a garden to the same character.

"A communication of some curious specimens of timber houses was made to the Society of Antiquaries, in 1810, which was ordered to be engraved and printed for the Archæologis.

"To admirers of genuine Gothic forms, the following may prove acceptable, as showing the authorities for all the details of this sort of cottage.

"This cottage serves as a specimen of the timber houses which prevailed in England from about the year 1450 to 1550; that is, from the reign of Henry VI to that of Henry VIII. As few buildings of this date remain entire, and every year reduces their number, the general plan of this cottage is not copied from any individual specimen, but the parts are taken from the most perfect fragments of the kind, some of which have since been destroyed. The hint of the lower story, being of stone, is taken from a building near Eltham Palace, except that the windows are here executed in oak instead of stone. In some buildings, both of brick and of stone, it is not uncommon to see oak windows used, as at Wolterton Manor House, East Barsham, Norfolk, and at Carhow Priory, near Norwich. Stone and brick corbels, supporting beams, may be found at Lynn Regis and at Ely. The brick-noggin between the timbers is copied from a timber house in Lynn Regis, built by Walter Conys, in the reign of Henry VI or Edward IV.—The hint of the upright timbers being ornamented with small arches (over the centre building), was taken from a timber house near Kelvendon, Essex, which has since been destroyed. The gable-board is copied from a house at St. Edmunsbury, and is not uncommon. The form of the pinnacles (of which few specimens now remain, being the parts most exposed to the weather,) is taken from some in brick, or stone; the only one I ever found carved in oak is at Shrewsbury. The square flag is copied from one at Hornchurch, Essex. The projecting bow is taken from a window in Norwich, but the tracery of it is not uncommon; a specimen in oak is still to be found at Knowle, in Kent. The tracery of the bower window is taken from a timber house in Coventry; but still, also, is not uncommon. The windows are all taken from an earlier date than the end of the reign of Henry VIII; that is, before they are divided by cross-bars, which did not prevail in wood till the reign of Edward VI, Elizabeth, and the early part of the seventeenth century. The

design of the porch is a hint from various specimens of open porches, and particularly the cloysters of old alms houses, or short galleries leading to dwelling-houses, as at Clapton, near Lea Bridge (since destroyed). &c. The design for door of the cottage is taken from one remaining at Sudbury, in Suffolk. The chimneys are copied from those at Wolterton Manor House, at Barsham, Norfolk, published in the fourth volume of the Vetusta Monumenta. The ornaments painted on the posts and rails are taken from the picture of King Henry VIII and family, now in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries.

"The hints for this garden have been suggested by various paintings and engravings of the date of King Henry VIII and Elizabeth; and even the selection of flowers has been taken from these represented in the nosegays of old portraits of the same period, preserved in the picture gallery of Woburn. This attention to strict congruity may appear trifling to such as have never considered, that good taste delights in the harmony of the minutest parts of the whole: and this cottage however small, compared with modern mansions, is a tolerably fair specimen of the style and size of private houses three hundred years ago; for, although the castles and collegiate buildings were large, some of the dwelling-houses of respectable persons did not much exceed this cottage in dimensions or comfort, when one living-room was often deemed sufficient for all the family.

"The change in customs, during three or four centuries, makes it very difficult to build such dwelling-houses as shall contain all the conveniences which modern life requires and at the same time preserve the ancient forms we admire as picturesque; yet, the prevailing taste for the Goric style must often be complied with; and, after all, there is not more absurdity in making a house look like a castle or convent, than like the portico of a Grecian temple, applied to a square mass which Mr. Price has not unaptly compared to a clamp of bricks; and so great is the difference of opinion betwixt the admirers of Grecian and those of Gothic architecture, that an artist must adopt either, according to the wishes of the individual by whom he is consulted: happy if he can avoid the mixture of both in the same building; since there are few who possess sufficient taste to distinguish what is perfectly correct, and what is spurious in the two different styles; while those who have most power to indulge their tastes have generally had least leisure to study such minutiæ. To this may, perhaps, be attributed the decline of good taste in a country with the increase of its wealth from commercial speculation.

"By the recent works of professed antiquaries a spirit of inquiry has been excited respecting the dates of every specimen that remains of ancient beauty and grandeur; and the strictest attention to their dates may be highly proper, in repairs or additions to old houses; but, in erecting new buildings, it may reasonably be doubted whether modern comfort ought to be greatly sacrificed to external correctness in the detail; and whether a style may not be tolerated which gives the most commodious *interior*, and only adopts the general outline and picturesque effect of old Gothic buildings.

"Among the works professedly written on architecture, there is none more effective and useful than that by Sir William Chambers: and it were much to be wished that a similar work on the Gothic style could be referred to; but it has been deemed necessary for artists to study the remains of Greece and Rome in those countries, whence they generally bring back the greatest contempt for the style they call Gothic. The late much-lamented James Wyatt was the only architect with whom I was acquainted who had studied on the continent, yet preferred the Gothic forms to the Grecian. As the reason for this preference, he told me, about twenty years ago, that he conceived the climate of England required the weather mouldings, or labels, over doors and windows of the Gothic character, rather than the bolder projections of the Grecian cornices, which he often found it necessary to make more flat than the models from which they were taken, lest the materials should not bear the change of weather to which they were exposed in this country and this accounts for the occasional want of boldness imputed to him in his Grecian designs. In his Gothic buildings, to unite modern comfort with antiquated form, he introduced a style which is neither Grecian nor Gothic, but which is now become so prevalent that it may be considered as a distinct species, and must be called Modern Gothic. The details are often correctly Gothic, but the outline is Grecian, being just the reverse of the houses in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and King James, in which the details are often Grecian, while general outline is Gothic. In the buildings of that date, we observe towers rising boldly above the roof, and long bower windows breaking boldly from the surface; but in Modern Gothic all is flat, and the small octagon turrets, which mark the corners, are neither large enough to contain a screw staircase, nor small enough for chimnies; yet this style had its admirers, although I conceive it to be in bad taste, and have placed it betwixt the Grecian and Gothic, not knowing to which it more properly belongs. If a door, or window or even a battlement, or turret, of the true Gothic form, be partially discovered, mixed with foliage, it stamps on the scene the character of picturesqueness, and thus the smallest

fragment of genuine Gothic often reconciles to the painter its admission into the landscape; even although the great mass of the building may offend the eye of the antiquary, or man of correct taste, by its occasional departure from the true Gothic stile."

CARROT BUTTER.

A correspondent of the Dollar Newspaper gives a mode of coloring butter yellow, consisting substantially of the application of a liquid at churning, made by grating yellow carrots, and after soaking in half their bulk of milk or water over night, straining through a cloth. This, we are assured, will make it as yellow as October butter, and with an agreeable flavor. Customers who buy butter of the manufacturer who furnishes the communication, much prefer this to any other. Some of our readers may think this method worthy of trial; others will prefer a modification, which we have often tried with great success. This modification differs in one particular only, yet has several advantages. The point of difference is in the *time* of applying the carrots;—that is, instead of doing it at the commencement of the churning, by introducing them into the *churn*, we apply them about two or three days sooner by introducing them into the *cow*. This modification has several advantages, namely, saving the labor of grating the carrots; furnishing animal instead of vegetable butter; and nourishing the cow into the bargain.

PLASTER FOR PEAS.

At the request of some of my friends, I send you the result of an experiment I made last season in the use of plaster.

I have used plaster for fifteen years, on all sorts of grain, potatoes, &c., upon all the kinds of soil I possess. But thinking that I derived no benefit from its use on grains, for the last ten years I have only applied it to grass and peas.

I belong to an Agricultural Society, as every farmer should do, and of course intend my crops for premiums. When the committee examined them, I called their attention to the difference in the different ridges of my pea crop—the parts where plaster was sown, exhibiting a dark green and thrifty appearance, while those ridges without plaster, were pale and unthrifty. In harvesting, I cut two ridges of equal size—one plastered, the other not—and threshed them separately. The one plastered yielded one bushel and eighteen quarts, while the unplastered one produced two quarts less than a bushel.

LAIRD.—Noo, Doctor, for pity sake, take the taste o' the carrot butter oot o' my mouth, I see ye hae a sang lying afore ye, suppose ye gie it to us.

MAJOR.—Not so fast, "place aux dames," if you please; where are the gatherings; send for Mrs. Grundy.

DOCTOR.—This sudden change in the weather has compelled me to forbid her leaving the bedroom, so I will read her gatherings.

LAIRD.—The sang first.

MAJOR.—No, the account of the last concert first—then a sketch of what is before the Musical World, either present or prospective.

DOCTOR.—Well, well; know then that the last concert was a bumper, and must have been profitable.

LAIRD.—Save us, is that a ye're to tell us aboot it?

DOCTOR.—Really I have very little more to tell. There was some pretty fair singing on the part of all the gentlemen, a very fine trumpet obligato by Mr. Harkness to a song of Mr. Atkins, and "Adeste Fideles" was very well sung by some of the College boys, (I do not mean University College,) but the Upper Canada.

LAIRD.—Wul, but whaur was our young friend Miss Paige?

DOCTOR.—I am sorry to say she was very unwell, and an excuse was made for her non-appearance in the second part of the concert—so much for the past, now, for the present. your are aware, perhaps, that a concert is to be given on the 6th April for the benefit of the poor.

MAJOR.—You mean to supply them with fuel.

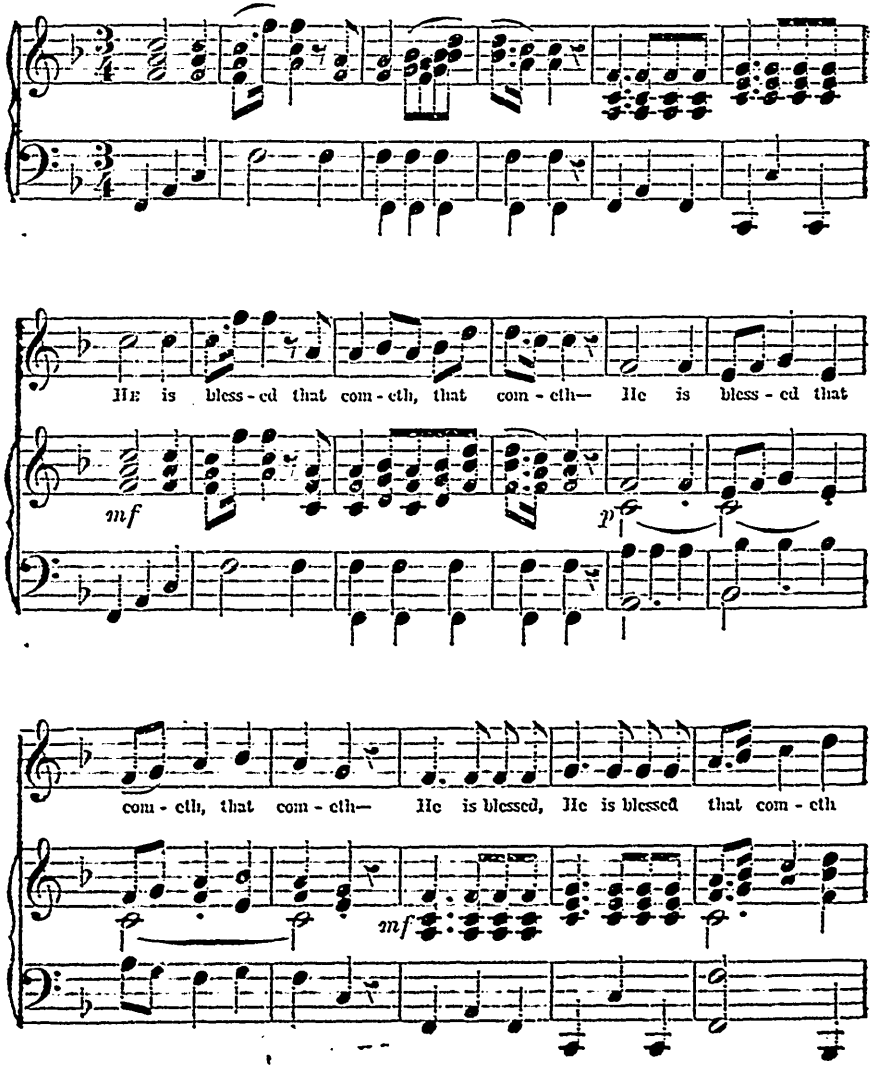
DOCTOR.—Exactly so—Some of the most distinguished amateurs of the city have consented to lend their services, and a lady amateur, who has never yet sang in public will make her début on that occasion, I expect that the room will be crowded. And now for the song, which is from Mozart.

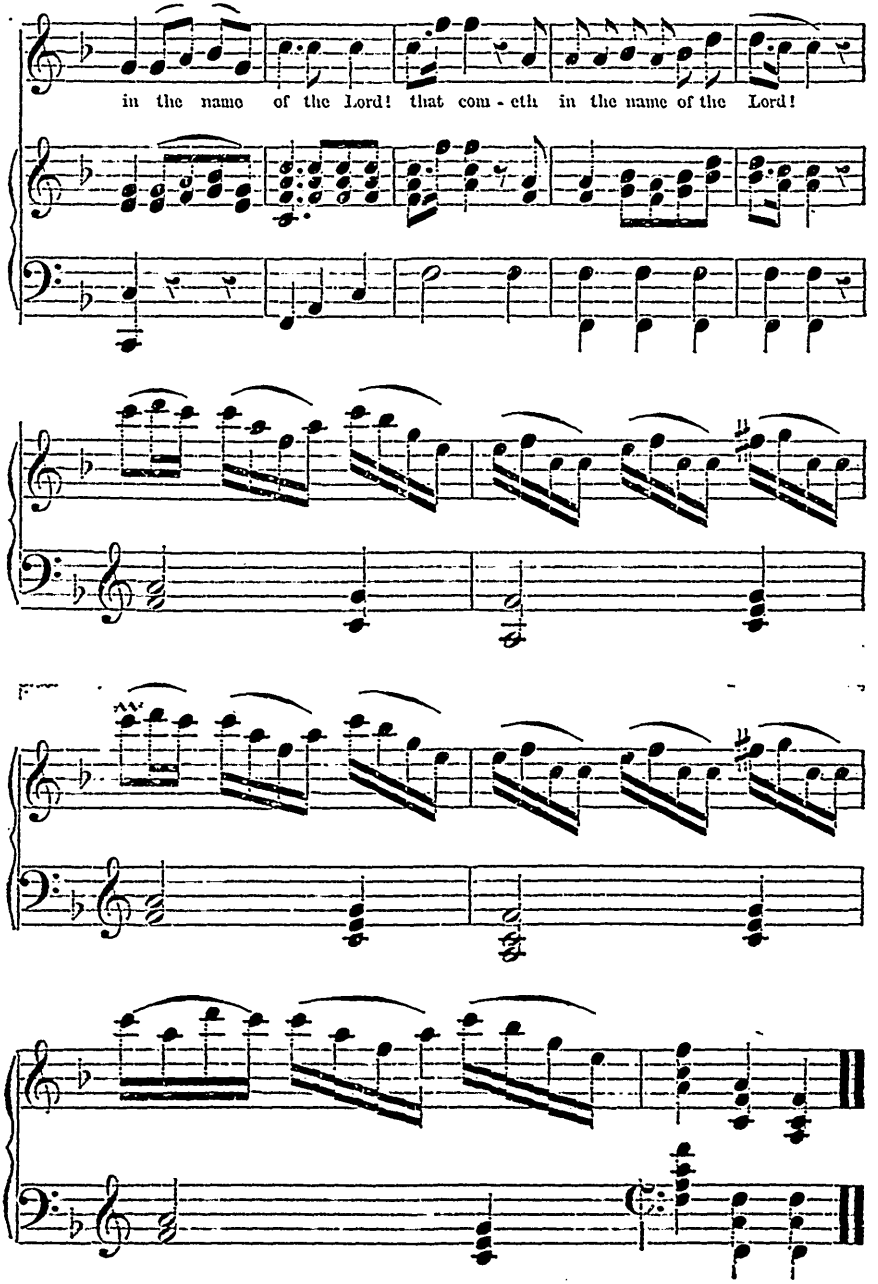
LAIRD.—Bide a wee—can you no tell us some o the sangs that are to be given.

DOCTOR.—Scarcely with any certainty, "Eva's" parting is spoken of for one lady, who will also take a prominent part in Dr. McCaul's anthem—Novello's ora prô nobis and the Laudate pueri are mentioned for another lady. Mr. Hecht will be asked to repeat the Hymn which he gave with such effect on a late occasion. There is something good for each performer, and the band and Philharmonic have their full share allotted to them—now for the song.

BENEDICTUS.

From Mozart.




in the name of the Lord! that com - eth in the name of the Lord!

OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

In the absence of any change of style in out door costume, the following description of some walking dresses recently worn may be useful as affording hints for variety.

One consists of a dress of dark blue silk trimmed with five flounces, each flounce being edged with narrow ruches, ornamented by a spotted pattern in blue and black. A pardessus of black velvet trimmed with bands of blue plush. Bonnet of blue velvet and black lace.

Another dress was of black watered silk, without trimmings on the skirt. The corsage high, and with a basque trimming with guipure of a gothic pattern. The sleeve slashed from top to bottom, and the openings connected by *traverses* or horizontal rows of ribbon and frills of guipure. Cloak of black velvet of the round form, with a trimming consisting of two falls or flowers of splendid guipure. Bonnet composed of Bias rows of pink therry and black velvet. A full ruche of black blond is placed at the edge of the bonnet. Inside trimming, roses of the natural color with black velvet leaves.

An out door visiting costume prepared for a newly married lady consists of pearl grey Gros-de-Tours with flounces, edged with plush woven in silk. The corsage, the basque and the ends of the pagoda sleeves are edged with plush. This dress may be made available for a dinner party *petite-soiree* by substituting for the silk corsage a vest of black velvet and Chantilly lace. The bonnet destined to be worn with it in out-door costume is of white silk, and is trimmed with two white ostrich feathers mounted in the weeping willow style. The feathers are fixed by a bow of white moire ribbon. The inside trimming consists of a wreath of camelias.—A cashmere sawl completes the costume.

The corsages of ball and evening dresses are frequently ornamented with a berthe of of colored satin, covered with Chantilly, guipure, or some other kind of lace. A berthe in this style has been added to a dress recently made up. The dress consisting of a black moire antique, sprigged with bouquets of flowers in various tints of lilac. The corsage of this dress is low, and has a berthe of satin covered with Chantilly lace. The sleeves are trimmed with lilac satin covered with frills of lace.

Among the new dresses remarkable for novelty and elegance one is composed of grey Gros-de-Tours. The skirt is trimmed with five flounces, ornamented with a black guipure pattern, woven in silk. The flounces are edged with large scallops, and the scallops bordered with nine rows of narrow ribbon, in shades of grey and black, placed one above the other.

A dress of groseille-colored silk, trimmed with black lace flounces, has just been completed. The corsage, which is draped, is also trimmed with black lace The bright color of the silk is very much modified by the black trimming, and the dress, which is in perfect taste, is thus rendered less showy than might be supposed. The coiffure to be worn with it accords with the rest of the dress, and consists of black lace, sparingly intermingled with gold beads and jet. Groseille is, at present a fashionable color for evening dresses,

Silk continues to be more universally worn than any other material, whether for full evening dress, demi-toilette, promenade, or in-door costume.

One of the prettiest of the new bonnets we have seen is of lilac velvet, The whole of the front, and part of the crown is formed of bias rows of velvet, separated by quillings of narrow white blonde. The back of the crown, which consists of tulle, is not covered by rows of velvet, and over it descends a fall of blond., shaped in the fanchon or half-handkerchief form. This fall of blonde partially conceals the bavolet. On each side of the bonnet are two lilac marabout feathers spotted with white. The inside trimming consists of small white flowers.

In most of the new bonnets the trimming is placed chiefly on the front, and frequently the edge is ornamented by a ruche either of blonde or ribbon, or by a rouleau of feather trimming.

The novelties in wreaths and bouquets introduced for ball costume include some composed of foliage in crape, the foliage consisting of the leaves of various aquatic plants. These leaves are perfect imitations of nature. In general, the coiffure, whether consisting of flowers, feathers or ribbons is placed towards the back of the head.

At one or two of the recent balls it was remarked that some of the ladies appeared with the front hair dressed in long ringlets. These were in too decided a minority to indicate the slightest probability that ringlets will supersede the present style of dressing the hair in bands, either wholly or partially rolled each.

One of the prettiest coiffures we have seen consists of a demi-wreath of red flowers intermingled with leaves formed of gold blonde. Barbs of gold blonde are added; they droop over the shoulders towards the back, and are fastened by long aiguillettes of gold. Another head-dress is composed of a small bouquet of roses placed on one side of the head. On the opposite side is placed a bow of black ribbon, lamé with gold, and at the back of the head a bow of the same.

For dinner costume the prettiest caps and coiffures, are formed of a combination of flowers and velvet. Roses and black velvet may always be admitted with the best effect where an admixture of different materials is required.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

AMY.—The Key move to Enigma No. 19, is 1. R to K sq.

C. S.—Unless the rule of "touch and move" be strictly adhered to, you might almost as well not play Chess at all. In the case you mention, your adversary having touched the Rook was bound to play it, though mate followed instanter.

AN AMATEUR.—If you have already made some progress in the game, get Mr. Staunton's "Chess Players Handbook," published by Bohn.—The price is only 7s. 6d.

Solutions to Problem 4, by Gael and X. Y. Z., of Hamilton, J. H. R., G. P., Esse, Pawn, and Undergraduate are correct; all others are wrong.

Solutions to Enigmas up to No. 19, by Sigma, G. P., J. H. R., Philo-Chess, LL.D., Amy, Esse, Pawn and Done Brown are correct.

Solutions to the Enigmas in our last by J. H. R., Esse. and Pawn are correct.

***ERRATUM.—In our last, page 334, Mr. Palmer won three games, and Mr. Helliwell one; the reverse was stated.

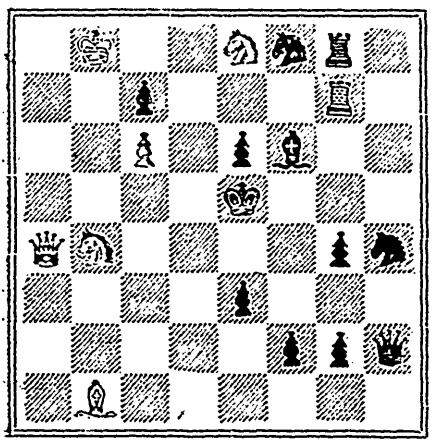
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. IV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q takes P (ch)	K to R sq (best.)
2 Kt to K B 7th (ch)	K moves.
3 Kt to K R 6th (dble ch)	K to R sq.
4 Q to K Kt 8th (ch)	R takes Q.
5 Kt mates.	

PROBLEM No. V.

*By the Editor.**

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

*Published originally in Staunton's "CHESS PLAYERS CHRONICLE," March No., 1853.

ENIGMAS.

No. 21. Occuring in actual play in one of the Tournament games between Messrs. W. Cayley and Beaumont.

WHITE (MR. C.)—K at K Kt 2nd; Q at Q Kt 7th; R at Q 5th; Kt at K B 5th; Ps at K R 2nd, K Kt 3rd, K B 2nd, Q Kt 2nd and Q R 2nd.

BLACK (DR. B.)—K at K B sq; Q at K B 2nd; R at K 8th; B at Q Kt 5th; Ps at K R 2nd, K Kt 2nd, K B 3rd, Q B 5th, Q Kt 4th and Q R 3rd.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 22. From a Correspondent in Kingston.

WHITE.—K at K Kt 5th; R at Q B sq; B at Q B 8th; Kts at Q Kt 3rd and 4th; Ps at K R 6th and K 2nd.

BLACK.—K at his 5th; R at Q R 5th; B at K 3rd; Kts at K B sq and Q R 4th; Ps at K R 2nd, K 4th and 6th, and Q 3rd.

White to play and mate in three moves.

HAMILTON CHESS CLUB.

In our last number we had occasion to notice the formation of a Chess Club in St. Catherines; we have now the pleasure of informing our readers that our sister city of Hamilton has organized a club which meets weekly in a room of the Mechanic's Institute. The evening appointed is that of every Monday at 7 o'clock. His honor, Miles O'Reilly, Judge of the County Court has been elected President, and C. H. Gates, Esq. Secretary and Treasurer for the ensuing year. We hope that as Chess Clubs spring up in Canada, they will correspond with each other, and our pages will always be open to the recording of games, the announcement of matches, &c., that may take place between these clubs.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

We give below a further selection from the games played in this interesting little Tourney, and regret our inability to give an account of its conclusion in the present number, the game in the third and final division not having been completed at the time we write.

The four victors in the first division having been paired as mentioned in our last, the play in the second division resulted in a victory to Dr. Beaumont over Mr. W. Cayley, the score giving three games to the former and one to the latter; and to Mr. Palmer over Mr. Ransom, Mr. P. winning three games, losing one, and one being drawn. The concluding match therefore, which it had been

settled should be the best of seven games, remains to be contested by Dr. Beaumont and Mr. Palmer, the two survivors of the Tournament.

We learn with much pleasure that there is every probability of this Tournament being immediately followed up by another, to the formation of which we shall look forward with great interest, as we understand that it is expected to comprise the strongest players in Toronto, including several of those who have distinguished themselves in the present contest.

It is gratifying to observe that chess playing is already greatly on the increase both in Toronto and in several of the towns of Canada, and we hope to see our amateurs persevere in their efforts at improvement, so that should we ever have the honor of a visit from a Staunton, a Lowenthal, a Horwitz, a Harrwitz, or a St. Amant, they might find some gentlemen whom they would not consider altogether unworthy of their prowess.

Third Game between Messrs. Palmer and Ransom.

(Irregular Opening.)

BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)
1 P to Q 4th.	P to K 3rd.
2 K Kt to B 3rd.	K Kt to B 3rd.
3 Q Kt to B 3rd.	P to Q 4th.
4 Q B to K Kt 5th.	P to Q B 4th.
5 P to K 4th.	P takes Q P.
6 K Kt takes P.	B to K 2nd.
7 P takes P.	Kt takes P.
8 B takes K B.	Kt takes B.
9 K B to Q Kt 5th (ch)	B to Q 2nd.
10 Castles.	Castles.
11 P to K B 4th.	P to Q R 3rd. (*a*)
12 B to Q 3rd.	Q to her Kt 3rd.
13 K to R sq.	Q takes Q Kt P. (*b*)
14 R to K B 3rd.	P to K Kt 3rd. (*c*)
15 B to K 4th.	Kt to Q 4th.
16 Kt takes Kt.	P takes Kt.
17 R to Q Kt 3rd.	B to K Kt 5th. (*d*)
18 B to K B 3rd.	B takes B.

19 P takes B (*e*), and White resigned.

Notes.

(*a*) This is merely forcing Black the way that he would go White had better have taken off the B.

(*b*) He would evidently have lost his Q by taking the Kt.

(*c*) P to K 4th would have been an embarrassing move for Black.

(*d*) He might have gained a Rook and Bishop for his Queen if he had chosen.

(*e*) Taking with the Kt would have allowed the Q to escape.

Fourth Game between the same players.

(The Kt.'s Game of Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1 P to K 4th.	P to K 4th.
2 K Kt to B 3rd.	Q Kt to B 3rd.
3 K B to Q Kt 5th.	Q to K B 3rd.
4 Q Kt to B 3rd.	K Kt to K 2nd.
5 B takes Q Kt. (*a*)	Q P takes B.
6 P to Q 4th.	K Kt to his 3rd.
7 P takes P.	Kt takes P.
8 Kt takes Kt.	Q takes Kt.
9 Castles.	K B to Q Kt 5th.
10 Q B to Q 2nd.	Q B to K 3rd.
11 Q to K 2nd.	Castles on Q side.
12 P to Q R 3rd.	B takes Kt.
13 B takes B.	Q to Q B 4th.
14 Q R to Q sq.	K to Q Kt sq. (*b*)
15 R takes R (ch)	R takes R.
16 R to Q sq.	R to K sq.
17 B takes K Kt P.	R to K Kt sq. (*c*)
18 B to Q B 3rd.	B to K Kt 5th.
19 Q takes B. (*d*)	Q to K B sq.
20 Q to her 7th.	P to Q R 3rd.
21 B to K B 6th.	Q to K R 3rd (*e*)
22 Q takes K B P.	R to Q B sq. (*f*)
23 P to K Kt 3rd.	K to R 2nd.
24 Q to her 7th.	K to Kt sq.
25 Q takes R (ch) (*g*)	K to R 2nd.
26 B to Q 4th (ch)	

And Black surrendered.

Notes.

(*a*) Q Kt to K 2nd, would have been, perhaps, stronger play.

(*b*) Black would have gained nothing by playing his B to Q B 5th.

(*c*) If he had played the Q to K Kt 4th instead. White would have interposed the K B P on Black's moving B to K Kt 5th.

(*d*) Obviously mating next move if Black take the Q.

(*e*) If Q to Q B 4th, he would have lost "the exchange," *e. g.*

21	Q to Q B 4th.
22 Q to Q 8th (ch)	R takes Q.
23 R takes R (ch)	K to R 2nd.
24 B to Q 4th, &c.	

(*f*) If he had attempted to win the B by R to K B sq, White would have forced the exchange of Queens and Rooks by taking the R with his Q and then checking with the R at Q 8th.

(*g*) Again threatening mate on the move, if Black take the Q.

Mr. Staunton has offered to play Mr. Harrwitz a match, and proposes to stake £300 against £200 on the result, leaving all other conditions to be settled by Messrs. Lewis, Buckle and Wyvill.