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ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.—TORONTO: OCTOBER, 1854.—NO. 4.

HISTORY OF THE WAR
BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
DURING THE YEARS, 1812, 1813, AND 1814.

CHAPTER XXI—CONTINUED.

Little time was lost by the Americans, after General Drummond's repulse, in commencing the re-construction of the defences at Fort Erie, injured by the explosion; the completion also of the new works that were in course of erection, at the time of the assault, was pressed on so rapidly that, in a very short space of time, they were able to boast that "Fort Erie was rendered impregnable to the attacks of any other than a vastly superior force." These defences were mounted with twenty-seven heavy guns, and the garrison was reinforced by new levies of militia. It almost appeared from the strength of the reinforcements as if the Americans were resolved at all hazards to keep possession of Fort Erie as a sort of equivoise to the British holding Fort Niagara. We learn from "sketches of the war" that three hundred and twenty regulars arrived in the St. Lawrence from Lake Huron; a company of riflemen from Sandusky; and several other detachments of regulars from Batavia and Sackett's Harbour, giving in all a force of three thousand four hundred men, and besides these large numbers the Fort was protected, lakeward, by the broadsides of the St. Law-

Vol. V.—r.

rence, Niagara, Lady Prevost, Caledonia and Poreupine.

Reduced as General Drummond was by the losses at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie, the arrival of the 6th and 82nd regiments, mustering some one thousand and forty men was insufficient to place him in a position to threaten so formidable a post, especially as he had been compelled to send six companies of the 41st to Fort George, and what was left of the 103rd to Burlington, thus leaving himself in point of numbers very little stronger than before.

The heavy and constant rains, and the low swampy grounds on which the army had been so long encamped, and the privations they had undergone, spread typhus and intermittent fevers amongst the troops, to such an extent that General Drummond, so far from being able to assume the offensive, was compelled to act most cautiously on the defensive. The position of the two armies was, at this time, as follows:—The Americans occupied Fort Erie with their rear covered by the ships. The British batteries were placed directly in front, but strange to say were guarded only by a line of piquets, the main body being about a mile and a half to the rear; we presume that this position was taken up by General Drummond on account of the ground being somewhat higher and less swampy.

From the 1st to the 17th September little occurred of consequence, except a few trifling affairs of piquets, but General Brown, who

had by this time entirely recovered from his wounds, having learned from stragglers the sickly condition of General Drummond's army, and that the General was meditating the removal of his forces to a healthier locality, determined to anticipate the movements, and to gain the credit of having compelled the retreat. On the afternoon of the 17th he accordingly advanced with a large force, and succeeded after a gallant resistance in carrying the whole line of batteries. The Americans were, however, not permitted sufficient time to destroy the works, indeed they were not even able to spike the guns, as detachments of the Royal Scots, the 89th, the Glengarry light infantry, three companies of the 6th and seven companies of the 82nd now made their appearance, and drove the enemy, at the bayonets' point, from the batteries nearly to the glacis of Fort Erie, making several prisoners in the charge and pursuit. By five o'clock the works were again occupied and the line of piquets renewed.

As will be seen by General De Watteville's letter to General Drummond the loss of the British in this affair was very severe. The Americans acknowledge a total loss of five hundred and ten killed, wounded and prisoners.

*Despatch from Major-General De Watteville,
to Lieutenant-General Drummond.*

Camp before Fort Erie,
Sept. 19, 1814.

SIR,—I have the honor to report to you, that the enemy attacked, on the 17th in the afternoon at three o'clock, our position before Fort Erie, the 2nd brigade, under colonel Fischer, composed of the 8th and de Watteville's regiments, being on duty.

Under cover of a heavy fire of his artillery from Fort Erie, and much favoured by the nature of the ground, and also by the state of the weather, the rain falling in torrents at the moment of his approach, the enemy succeeded in turning the right of our line of piquets, without being perceived, and with a very considerable force, attacked both the piquets and support, in the flank and rear: at the same time, another of the enemy's columns attacked, in front, the

piquets between No. 2 and No. 3 batteries, and, having succeeded in penetrating by No. 4 piquet, part of his force turned to his left, and thereby surrounded our right, and got almost immediate possession of No. 3 battery. The enemy then directed his attacks, with a very superior force, towards No. 2 battery; but the obstinate resistance made by the piquets, under every possible disadvantage, delayed considerably his getting possession of No. 2 battery; in which, however, he at last succeeded.

As soon as the alarm was given, the 1st brigade, being next for support, composed of the Royal Scots, the 82nd and 89th regiments, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, received orders to march forward; and also the light demi-brigade under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson: the 6th regiment remaining in reserve, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell. From the Concession-road, the Royal Scots, with the 89th as support, moved by the new road, and met the enemy near the block-house, on the right of No. 3 battery; whom they engaged, and, by their steady and intrepid conduct checked his further progress. The 82d regiment, and three companies of the 6th regiment, were detached to the left, in order to support Nos. 1 and 2 batteries. The enemy having, at that time, possession of No. 2 battery, and still pushing forward, seven companies of the 82d, under major Proctor, and the three companies of the 6th, under major Taylor, received directions to oppose the enemy's forces, and immediately charged them with the most intrepid bravery, driving them back across our entrenchments; and also from No. 2 battery, thereby preventing their destroying it, or damaging its guns in a considerable degree. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, with the Glengarry light infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Battersby, pushed forward by the centre-road, and attacked, and carried, with great gallantry, the new entrenchment, then in full possession of the enemy.

The enemy, being thus repulsed at every point, was forced to retire with precipitation to their works, leaving several prisoners, and a number of their wounded in our hands. By five o'clock the entrenchments were again

occupied, and the line of piquets established, as it had been previous to the enemy's attack.

I have the honor to enclose a return of casualties, and the report of the officer commanding the royal artillery, respecting the damage done to ordnance and the batteries, during the time they were in the enemy's possession.

I have the honor to be, &c.

L. DE WATTEVILLE, major-gen.

Lieut-General Drummond, &c.

Return of killed and wounded, 115 killed and 494 missing and wounded.

Although we find in "sketches of the war"

General Brown's boasts that a loss of five hundred and ten, exclusive of militia and volunteers, was acknowledged, and although General Brown was driven back to his stronghold, without having accomplished the objects of the sally, still he had the modesty to term his sortie, in a letter to General Gaines, "a splendid achievement." Another American commander, General Varnum (the V should have been a B), had the effrontery to write, "our gallant little army has again signalized itself by gaining a splendid victory over a part of the enemies forces near Fort Erie. Two of the enemies batteries were carried, the guns spiked, trunnions broken off, and their magazines blown up."

The return of the officers in charge of the artillery shows that this boast of the American commander was simply a falsehood.

General Drummond now saw his little army still farther reduced by the six hundred killed and wounded, and he had the pain to find the sickness and mortality spreading as the rainy season advanced, he therefore resolved on breaking up his camp before Fort Erie. This he accordingly did, and between the 21st and 24th he removed his guns and stores and retired into comfortable quarters at Chippewa. General Drummond remained here until about the middle of October, when General Izzard with twenty-four hundred regulars joined General Brown, whose division had meantime received a reinforcement of seven hun-

dred regulars. General Izzard now assumed the chief command, and, according to the Ontario Reporter, a Buffalo paper of that day, "was to move down the Canada shore with eight thousand regular troops." Against this overwhelming force General Drummond felt that it would be madness to oppose his handful of troops, he therefore returned from Chippewa upon Fort George and Burlington Heights.

Beyond a skirmish at Lyon's Creek be-

Skirmish at Lyon's between a brigade under Creek.

General Bissel, some fifteen hundred strong, and a body of six hundred and fifty men, composed of detachments from the 82nd, 100th, and Glen-gary regiments, under Colonel Murray, in which the British lost nineteen killed and wounded, while Mr. Thomson acknowledges a loss of sixty-seven, nothing resulted from the expedition under General Izzard, as circumstances very soon compelled him to exchange his advance for a precipitous and somewhat inglorious retreat.

As these circumstances exercised an equal influence over Commodore Chauncey's motions, it will be necessary to remind the reader that the British had been diligently endeavouring to complete their large ship the St. Lawrence, and that this vessel with her hundred guns had been launched on the 2nd of October. The launch of this vessel was the signal for Commodore Chauncey's immediate retirement from the lake to Sackett's Harbour, where he moored his ships head and stern, in anticipation of an attack from his formidable adversary. Sir James Yeo had, however, more important business on hand, so, satisfied with having frightened the American commander off the lake, he sailed on the 17th with, and landed on the 19th, five companies of the 90th regiment. The arrival of this reinforcement, although it still left the Americans as three to one, was the signal for General Izzard's retreat to Fort Erie, and the arrival of a second reinforcement, induced the American commander, although still numbering as four to three, to remove the guns and destroy the fortifications of Fort Erie, and retreat to his own side of the

strait, after, according to Mr. Thomson, "a vigorous and brilliant campaign."

We cannot help imagining that had General Izzard re-taken Fort Niagara, left a strong garrison in the "impregnable" position of Fort Erie and kept Drummond in check that he would have been rather more entitled to rank his campaign of a month as a brilliant one than real facts admit of. Indeed, so far from placing it in the category of brilliant actions, we are almost tempted to stigmatize it as the act of a coward and a poltroon, and one which can only be compared with the retreat of the British commander at Plattsburg.

Lest we should be supposed to condemn General Izzard too severely, we will make one or two extracts from General Armstrong's notes and from Ingersol. Armstrong devotes six pages to the subject, and declares that when Izzard was ordered "to throw his whole force on Drummond's rear," and to leave Plattsburg to its fate, he did so with the conviction that the plans laid down by government were impracticable, and that the British would speedily be in occupation of Plattsburg.

The extract from Armstrong will, however, show the opinion entertained by that officer of General Izzard's strategic skill.

"Under these and other forebodings of evil, he was careful to announce to the War Department his total disavowal of all responsibility for whatever might happen; but expressed his willingness, at the same time, to execute the orders he had received, *as well as he knew how.*"

"Beginning his movement accordingly on the 29th of August, and having in his choice two routes to Sackett's Harbor—one of which required a march of ten days, and the other a march of twenty, he made no scruple of preferring the latter; though, by doing so, he necessarily put much to hazard by giving time to Prevost to reinforce his western posts. Nor was this the only measure he adopted, having a similar tendency. "From a desire," he said, "to bring in his column fresh and ready for immediate ser-

vice," he limited its daily march to fifteen miles; an indulgence altogether unnecessary,* and never granted, when there is anything urgent in the character of the service to be performed. But even this was not enough to satisfy Mr. Izzard's conservative theory; a halt of four days was made at the south end of Lake George; professedly, for the purpose of refreshing troops, not a man of whom was either sick or weary. And again: when arriving at Sackett's Harbor on the 16th, though finding that Kingston had not been reinforced, and that our fleet had a temporary ascendancy on the lake,† not a single measure was taken for availing himself of these advantages, and attacking, as ordered to do, that important post. For this omission, a sympathy for Brown and his division was made the pretext. "The perils," he said, "of this heroic band are now so multiplied and menacing, as make it my first and most important duty, to leave Kingston untouched, embark my troops on board the fleet, run up to the head of the lake, land on the northern side of the Niagara, and throw myself on the rear of Drummond." This decision, though thus decidedly announced, was short-lived. A storm of wind and rain occurring, which prevented the fleet from sailing, the General now besought advice how he should proceed: whether by a land march over bad roads in wet weather, or, by waiting the cessation of the storm, avail himself of a passage by water. Strange as it may appear, he preferred the former, and in a letter of the 18th announced this intention to the government. Finding, however, that the choice he had made, was much censured by the army, and even denounced by a part of his staff,‡ as a new ruse to avoid a battle with Drummond, as he had already evaded an attack on Kingston, his resolution was shaken, his march suspended, and a correspondence opened with the naval commander on the old question, "by what

* Twenty miles formed Caesar's just uniter dies: and if the case was urgent, considerably more.

† Such was the well-known condition of the fleet, when Izzard arrived at Sackett's Harbor.

‡ Statement of Major O'Conner, Assistant Adjutant-General of the division.

route he should move." In this attempt to obtain from that officer a sanction for his own opinion, he signally failed; no answer was vouchsafed to the question, and merely a notice given of the time and place, at which the troops would be received on board of the fleet, and 'carried to any point on Lake Ontario, he might think proper to indicate.'

"Though sensibly rebuked by the manner in which his inquiry had been treated, he felt himself in no small degree consoled by two circumstances—the latitude given him in choosing a landing-place; and the limitation put by the commodore on the number of troops the fleet could conveniently carry—when, forgetting alike the orders of the government, the promises made to Brown, and the assurances given to the quartermaster-general the evening preceding, he at once and peremptorily declared for the mouth of the Genesee! At this place, he found himself with three thousand men early in the morning of the 22d, but, as might have been readily foreseen, entirely destitute of the means of transportation. It was not, therefore, till the 24th, he resumed his movement, when, adhering to his purpose of "bringing in his corps fresh and ready for action," he directed his march, not on Buffalo, but on Batavia—where an unexpected solace for all past doubts, labors and terrors, awaited him, 'in a full assurance that, on the 17th of the month, Brown had, by a skilful and intrepid attack made upon Drummond, become his own deliverer.'

"In an interview with this officer on the 26th, though professing a willingness to discharge his remaining duty, he restricted its objects to a siege of Fort Niagara; and even hazarded an opinion, that this fort retaken, the campaign might, with propriety, terminate. To this proposition, in both its parts, Brown refused his assent—justly remarking, that, as a military post, Niagara was not worth holding by either belligerent; and that its garrison, now composed wholly of invalids and convalescents, formed no object worthy of pursuit; and again: that, as he understood the orders, under which the division of the right had marched, they pre-

scribed three objects, "an attack on Kingston, which had been omitted; the relief of the division of the left, which had been accomplished; and, lastly, the *attack and capture of Drummond's army*—involving that of all the British posts on the peninsula."—"This," he added, "remains to be done, and may be accomplished, with scarcely a doubt of success, if, for the purpose, a proper direction be given to the two divisions united." It was not, however, till after the stimulus of a second conversation with Brown, that Izzard could be prevailed upon even to cross the Niagara; when, on receiving a full exposition of the proposed project of attack, and perceiving, after a short reconnaissance of Drummond's position, the probability of its success, he for a moment adopted the measure, and even detached Brown to direct some labor, preliminary to the movement; when, availing himself of information just received, that "four of the enemy's ships were now at the mouth of the river—that the navigation of the lake had been abandoned to Yeo, and that Chauncey had been driven for shelter, under the batteries of Sackett's Harbor,"—he at once relapsed into his former creed, and adopting the Hudibrastic strategy of *preserving the army for the next campaign* ordered "a retreat across the St. Lawrence, and winter quarters to be taken for the troops,"—thus literally fulfilling his own prediction, that the expedition would terminate in disappointment and disgrace.

"While Izzard was making these extraordinary displays of military skill and ardor, an expedition was organized in the west, having for its objects the security and quiet of the Michigan territory during the approaching winter, an attack on Burlington Heights, and an eventual junction with Brown's division on the Niagara. The force assigned to the service was composed of mounted yeomen, furnished by Kentucky and Ohio, one company of United States rangers, and seventy friendly Indians, making in the aggregate, seven hundred combatants. Though failing in its principal object, the movement, from the activity and judgment with which it was conducted, may not be unworthy of a short notice."

After the long and explanatory extract already given, it will be unnecessary to quote more than a few lines from Ingersol, although equally severe strictures are to be found in his pages:—

“It is difficult,” says Ingersol, “if possible to justify General Izzard’s prudence or affectation of prudence, a virtue, like all others, injurious by excess. Taking twenty days to get from Plattsburg, afloat on Lake Ontario, when it might have been done in ten, then causing his army to be landed, not in Canada, any where Izzard chose, as Commodore Chanccy offered his fleet to land them, but choosing the mouth of Genesee river in New York, where they must unavoidably be detained for transportation; not reaching the Canadian shore, at last, till the 11th October, six weeks after he left Plattsburg, and then instead of planting his standard east of Drummond, taking station west, and when united with Brown disappointing the unanimous and constant wish for an immediate attack of an enemy, who, *although entrenched, was not more than half Izzard’s number, and much dispirited.*”

Ingersol winds up his observations on Izzard’s backwardness by remarking that “If General Izzard had by many battles established his character, such conduct would have been less objectionable. But as an officer untried, known only by a few, he was unable to make head against the military and popular current then irresistibly strong for action.”

These two extracts will fully exonerate us from the charge of hasty condemnation, coming especially as one does from a writer (Ingersol) who never hesitates to distort facts, if by doing so a brighter light can be thrown upon the page of his country’s history. In support of this allegation we may adduce the fact that Ingersol doubles the number of men under General Murray’s command, and, not satisfied even with that, the Marquis of Tweeddale, then at Kingston suffering from the effects of his wounds, is placed at their head as a sort of foil to the praises lavished on “Daniel Bissel,” an American soldier raised from the ranks, and the commander of the American brigade opposed to the noble marquis. In-

gersol’s misrepresentations do not however end here, in the events which immediately followed the American retreat an equal want of candour is exhibited.

The buccaneering expedition of General MacArthur is treated by him as an expedition having for its object the destruction of depots of provisions and forage, and the cowardly miscreant’s precipitate retreat before a small body dispatched to stop his predatory career is thus disposed of “a part of the 103d Regiment of the 19th Light Dragoon, and some Indian warriors, were despatched to repel and chastise MacArthur, but did not come in contact with him.”

The real facts of the case were that on the 20th September a band of lawless brigands crossed over from Detroit and ravaged a whole settlement, destroying twenty-seven homesteads, and reducing the unfortunate inhabitants to the utmost misery and want. The booty carried off by these miscreants was so considerable that General MacArthur was tempted under the pretext of a military expedition, to undertake precisely the same sort of thing. This he did, using the precaution however to take none but seven hundred and twenty Kentucky mounted riflemen with him.

Mr. Ingersol states that “they routed more than five hundred militia,” and captured upwards of one hundred. From what source Ingersol could have learned this last fact puzzles us. No militia were at that time embodied in that section of the country, the arms had been all sent in, and so far from mustering five hundred strong, some difficulty would have been experienced in collecting fifty. Again, as to prisoners, of what did they consist? for answer we refer to Mr. James, “The one hundred and fifty prisoners consisted of peaceable inhabitants, both old and young, and drunken Indians and their squaws. The instant it was ascertained that a detachment of the 103rd regiment, numbering less than half MacArthur’s force, had moved from Burlington heights, the General and his gang dispersed and so rapid was their flight, that the British regulars did not get within eight miles of them.” The destruction of the mills was a most

wanton outrage on private property, and the misery entailed for the whole winter was excessive. The pretext too that, by the act, the troops were inconvenienced was altogether unfounded, inasmuch as the American Commander knew full well that the supplies for the troops were principally drawn from below, and that the destruction of the mills would be but a trifling inconvenience to the troops whilst it could not but result in the most ruinous consequences to the unoffending and peaceable inhabitants. We shall however see how American writers regard similar transactions on the Chesapeake.

We have pretty nearly disposed of the military events along the Niagara, for 1814; we have seen General Izzard and his army cross the Niagara, and retreat to winter quarters, two thousand men of his army having been dispatched to Sackett's harbour, and we have also seen General Drummond, after the expulsion of every American from British soil, retire quietly into winter quarters, the greater portion of the troops having been sent to Kingston, so completely had a sense of security been restored. We will pass then from nearly the extremity of British territory on the west, to nearly the extreme east, and take up the proceedings of Lieut. Colonel Pilkington and Sir Thomas Hardy.

The movements of these officers, and the troops under their command, will be found fully detailed in the official reports which we give at length:—

From Lieutenant-colonel Pilkington to Lieutenant-general Sir John C. Sherbrooke.

Moose Island, Passamaquoddy Bay,
 Sir, July 12, 1814.

Having sailed from Halifax on the 5th instant, accompanied by lieutenant-colonel Nicolls, of the royal engineers, and a detachment of the royal artillery, under the command of captain Dunn, I have the honour to acquaint your excellency, that we arrived at Shelburne, the place of rendezvous, on the evening of the 7th instant, where I found captain Sir Thomas Hardy, in his majesty's ship Ramillies, with two transports, having on board the 102d regiment, under

the command of lieutenant-colonel Herries, which had arrived the day before. I did not fail to lay before Sir Thomas Hardy my instructions, and to consult as to the best means of carrying them into execution.

As we concurred in opinion that the success of the enterprise, with which we were entrusted, would very materially depend upon our reaching the point of attack previous to the enemy being apprised of our intentions, that officer, with his accustomed alacrity and decision, directed the ships of war and transports to get under weigh early on the following morning; and we yesterday, about 3 o'clock P.M., anchored near to the town of Eastport.

On our approach to this Island, lieutenant Oats (your excellency's aide de camp, whom you had permitted to accompany me on this service) was despatched in a boat, bearing a flag of truce, with a summons, (copy of which is transmitted,) addressed to the officer commanding, requiring that Moose Island should be surrendered to his Britannic majesty. This proposal was not accepted; in consequence of which, the troops, which were already in the boats, pulled off under the superintendance of captain Senhouse, of the royal navy, whose arrangements were so judicious, as to ensure a successful issue. But, previous to reaching the shore, the colors of the enemy on Fort-Sullivan were hauled down: and on our landing, the capitulation was agreed to, of which the copy is enclosed.

We found in the fort a detachment of the 40th regiment of American infantry, consisting of six officers and about 80 men, under the command of Major Putnam, who surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

This fort is situated on an eminence commanding the entrance to the anchorage, and within it is a block-house, and also four long 18-pounders, one 18-pound carronade, and four field-pieces. The extent of the island is about four miles in length and two in breadth and in a great state of cultivation, The militia amount to about 250, and the population is calculated at 1600.

We have also occupied Allen's and Frederick Island, so that the whole of the islands

in this bay are now subject to the British flag.

It is very satisfactory to me to add, that this service has been effected, without any loss or casualty among the troops employed in it.

To captain Sir Thomas Hardy, I consider myself under the greatest obligations; having experienced every possible co-operation, with an offer to disembark, from his squadron, any proportion of seamen or marines which I considered necessary.

I beg to acknowledge my thanks to you in allowing your aide de camp, Lieutenant Oats, to accompany me on this service. He has been of great assistance to me, and will have the honor of delivering this despatch. He has also in his possession the colours and standard found in Port-Sullivan.

I have the honor to be, &c.

A. PILKINGTON, lieut.-col.

Deputy-adjutant-general.

Lieut.-gen. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, K. B.

From captain Hardy, R. N. and lieutenant-colonel Pilkington, to the American commander at Moose Island.

On board of his majesty's ship Ramillies, off Moose Island, July 11, 1814.

Sir,

As we are perfectly apprised of the weakness of the fort and garrison under your command, and your inability to defend Moose Island against the ships and troops of his Britannic majesty placed under our directions, we are induced, from the humane consideration of avoiding the effusion of blood, and from a regard to you and the inhabitants of the island, to prevent, if in our power, the distress and calamities which will befall them in case of resistance. We, therefore, allow you five minutes, from the time this summons is delivered, to decide upon an answer. *

* *From Major Putnam, Captain Hardy and Lieutenant-Colonel Pilkington.*

Fort Sullivan, July 11, 1814.

GENTLEMEN.—Conformably to your demand, I have surrendered Fort Sullivan with all the public property. †

† *Return of ordnance and stores found in Fort Sullivan, surrendered to his Majesty's forces, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pilkington.*

Iron guns—Four 18-pounders, with standing carriages,

In the event of you not agreeing to capitulate on liberal terms, we shall deeply lament being compelled to resort to those coercive measures, which may cause destruction to the town of Eastport, but which will ultimately assure us possession of the island.

T. M. HARDY, captain of H.M.S. Ramillies.

A. PILKINGTON, lieut.-col. commanding.

To the officers commanding the United States' troops on Moose Island.

Articles of Capitulation.

"Article I. The officers and troops of the United States, at present on Moose island are to surrender themselves prisoners of war, and are to deliver up the forts, buildings, arms, ammunition, stores, and effects, with exact inventories thereof, belonging to the American government; and they are thereby transferred to his Britannic majesty, in the same manner and possession, as has been held heretofore by the American government.

Art. II. The garrison of the island shall be prisoners of war, until regularly exchanged; they will march out of the fort with the honors of war, and pile their arms at such place as will be appointed for that purpose; the officers will be permitted to proceed to the United States on their parole."

* * * * *

Ingersoll is very indignant with the people of Massachusetts for what he terms their tame surrender of their freedom.

This I have done to stop the effusion of blood and in consideration of your superior forces.

I am, Gentlemen, &c.,

P. PUTMAN, Major commanding.

P. S.—I hope, gentlemen, every respect will be paid to the defenceless inhabitants of this island, and the private property of the officers.

side arms: two unserviceable 9-pounders, two 12-pounder carronades without carriages.

Brass guns—Two serviceable and two unserviceable light 6-pounders, with travelling carriages, side arms, &c.

Forty-two paper cartridges, filled with six pounds of powder, five flannel do., do.: 3176 unserviceable musket-ball cartridges.

Four hundred and fifty-two loose round 18-pound shot: 55 18-pound grape shot: 389 loose round 6-pounder: 55 6-pounder case shot.

Six barrels of horned powder, containing 100 pounds each: 100 muskets, with bayonets, belts, slings, and complete swords, with belts, scabbards, &c.

Seventy-two incomplete tents, one United States' ensign.

W. DUNN, captain royal artillery company.

We do not wonder much at this, when we remember that, on captain Hardy issuing his proclamation, calling on the people either to take the oath of allegiance, or their departure, three-fourths of the inhabitants did the former willingly.

"Without a blow struck," writes Ingersol, "part of Massachusetts passed under the British yoke, and so remained without the least resistance, till restored at the peace. It was the only part of the United States under undisputed British dominion. Two frontier fortresses Michilimacinae and Niagara, were surprised, captured, and forcibly held by the enemy during the war: and parts of Maryland and Virginia were overrun; but Massachusetts was the only State that acquiesced in such subjugation."

In writing his history, the narration of the events that occurred in this quarter must have been sadly trying to Mr. Ingersol. Having nothing to complain of on the part of the British, his only mode of accounting for the success of his Majesty's arms is by maligning the character of his own countrymen, and if his statements are worthy of credence we gather from them some curious facts as to the integrity of the great Republic in the year 1814.

"The Government of Massachusetts made no effort to prevent, if it *did not connive at, and rejoice at its subjugation.*"

The same jealousy of Southern extension and opposition to the war paralyzed resistance to English invasion of Massachusetts, and part of the North East was almost peaceably and permanently reduced to English dominion, just before the Southwest defeated a much more formidable invasion there. It would take us, however, too long to follow Ingersol through all his lamentation over the falling away of the children of Massachusetts, we will, therefore, pass on to the second expedition which, under Sir John Sherbrooke, was directed against that part of Maine, lying to the eastward of the Penobscot river,—and which resulted in the temporary occupation of Castine, Belfast, and Machias, with the destruction of a large amount of shipping, including the United States frigate Adams,

of twenty-six guns, (eighteen pounds.) The proceedings will, however, be found at length in the official accounts which follow:—

From Lieutenant-General Sir J. C. Sherbrooke to Earl Bathurst.

Castine at the entrance of the Penobscot,
Sept. 18, 1814.

MY LORD,—I have now the honour to inform your lordship, that after closing my despatch of the 25th ult., in which I mentioned my intention of proceeding to the Penobscot, Rear-admiral Griffiths and myself lost no time in sailing from Halifax, with such a naval force as he deemed necessary, and the troops as per margin (viz., 1st company of royal artillery, two rifle companies of the 7th battalion 60th regiment 29th, 62nd, and 98th regiments), to accomplish the object we had in view.

Very early in the morning of the 30th, we fell in with the Rifleman sloop of war, when Captain Pearse informed us that the United States' frigate, the Adams, had got into the Penobscot, but from the apprehension of being attacked by our cruisers, if she remained at the entrance of the river, she had run up as high as Hampden, where she had landed her guns, and mounted them on shore for her protection.

On leaving Halifax, it was my original intention to have taken possession of Machias, on our way hither, but on receiving this intelligence, the admiral and myself were of opinion that no time should be lost in proceeding to our destination, and we arrived here very early on the morning of the 1st instant.

The fort of Castine, which is situated upon a peninsula of the eastern side of the Penobscot, near the entrance of that river, was summoned a little after sun-rise, but the American officer refused to surrender it, and immediately opened a fire from four 24-pounders upon a small schooner that had been sent with Lieutenant Colonel Nichols (commanding royal engineers) to reconnoitre the work.

Arrangements were immediately made for disembarking the troops, but before a landing could be effected, the enemy blew up the

magazine, and escaped up the Majetaquados river, carrying off in the boats with them two field-pieces.

As we had no means of ascertaining what force the Americans had on this peninsula, I landed a detachment of the royal artillery, with two rifle companies of the 60th and 98th regiments, under Col. Douglas, in the rear of it, with orders to secure the isthmus, and to take possession of the heights which command the town; but I soon learned there were no regulars at Castine, except the party which had blown up the magazine and escaped, and that the militia, which were assembled there, had dispersed immediately upon our landing.

Rear-admiral Griffith and myself next turned our attention to obtaining possession of the Adams, or, if that could not be done, destroying her. The arrangement for this service having been made, the Rear-admiral entrusted the execution of it to Captain Barrie, royal navy, and as the co-operation of a land force was necessary, I directed Lieut.-Colonel John, with a detachment of artillery, the flank companies of the 29th, 62d, and 98th regiments, and one rifle company of the 60th, to accompany and co-operate with Captain Barrie on this occasion; but as Hampden is 27 miles above Castine, it appeared to me a necessary measure of precaution first to occupy a post on the western bank, which might afford support, if necessary, to the force going up the river, and at the same time prevent the armed population, which is very numerous to the southward and to the westward, from annoying the British in their operations against the Adams.

Upon inquiry, I found that Belfast, which is upon the high road leading from Hampden to Boston, and which perfectly commands the bridge, was likely to answer both these purposes, and I consequently directed Major General Gosselin to occupy that place with the 29th regiment, and maintain it till further orders.

As soon as this was accomplished, and the tide served, Rear-Admiral Griffith directed Captain Barrie to proceed to his destination, and the remainder of the troops were landed that evening at Castine.

Understanding that a strong party of the militia from the neighbouring township had assembled at about four miles from Castine, on the road leading to Bluchill, I sent out a strong patrol on the morning of the 2d, before day-break; on arriving at the place, I was informed that the militia of the county was assembled there on the alarm guns being fired at the fort at Castine, upon our first appearance; but that the main body had since dispersed, and gone to their respective homes. Some stragglers were, however, left, who fired upon our advanced guard, and then took to the woods; a few of them were made prisoners. No intelligence having reached us from Captain Barrie, on Saturday night, I marched with about 700 men and two light field pieces, upon Buckstown, at 3 o'clock, on Sunday morning, the 4th instant, for the purpose of learning what progress he had made, and of affording him assistance, if required. This place is about 18 miles higher up the Penobscot than Castine, and on the eastern bank of the river. Rear-admiral Griffith accompanied me on this occasion, and as we had reason to believe that the light guns which had been taken from Castine were secreted in the neighbourhood of Buckstown, we threatened to destroy the town unless they were given up, and the two brass 6-pounders on travelling-carriages were in consequence brought to us in the course of the day, and are now in our possession.

At Buckstown, we received very satisfactory accounts of the success which had attended the force employed up the river. We learned that Captain Barrie had proceeded from Hampden up to Bangor; and the admiral sent an officer in a boat from Buckstown to communicate with him; when, finding there was no necessity for the troops remaining longer at Buckstown, they marched back to Castine the next day.

Having ascertained that the object of the expedition up the Penobscot had been obtained, it was no longer necessary for me to occupy Belfast. I, therefore, on the evening of the 6th, directed Major-General Gosselin to embark the troops, and to join me here.

Machias being the only place now remaining where the enemy had a post between

the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy bay, I ordered Lieutenant Colonel Pilkington to proceed with a detachment of royal artillery and the 29th regiment to occupy it; and as naval assistance was required, Rear-admiral Griffith directed Captain Parker, of the *Tenedos*, to co-operate with Lieutenant-colonel Pilkington upon this occasion.

On the morning of the 9th, Captain Barrie, with Lieutenant-colonel John, and the troops which had been employed with him up the Penobscot, returned to Castine. It seems the enemy blew up the *Adams*, on his strong position at Hampden being attacked; but all his artillery, two stands of colours, and a standard, with several merchant vessels, fell into our hands. This, I am happy to say, was accomplished with very little loss on our part; and your lordship will perceive, by the return sent herewith, that the only officer wounded in this affair is Captain Gall, of the 29th grenadiers.

Herewith I have the honor to transmit a copy of the report made to me by Lieut.-col. John on this occasion, in which your lordship will be pleased to observe that the Lieutenant-colonel speaks very highly of the gallantry and good conduct displayed by the troops upon this expedition, under very trying circumstances. And I beg to call your lordship's attention to the names of those officers upon whom Lieutenant-colonel John particularly bestows praise. The enterprise and intrepidity manifested by Lieutenant-colonel John, and the discipline and gallantry displayed by the troops under him, reflect great honour upon them, and demand my warmest acknowledgements; and I have to request your lordship will take a favorable opportunity of bringing the meritorious and successful services, performed by the troops employed on this occasion, under the view of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.

As Rear-admiral Griffith will, no doubt, make a detailed report of the naval operations on this occasion, I forbear touching upon this subject, further than to solicit your lordship's attention to that part of Colonel John's report, in which he "attributes the success of this enterprise to the masterly arrangements of Captain Barrie, royal navy, who conducted it."

I have much pleasure in reporting to your lordship, that the most perfect unanimity and good understanding has prevailed between the naval and military branches of the service, during the whole progress of this expedition.

I feel it my duty to express, in the strongest terms, the great obligations I am under to Rear-admiral Griffith, for his judicious advice and ready co-operation on every occasion. And my thanks are likewise due to all the captains of the ships employed, for the assistance they have so willingly afforded the troops, and from which the happiest results have been experienced.

I have reason to be well satisfied with the gallantry and good conduct of the troops, and have to offer my thanks to Major-general Gosselin, Colonel Douglas, and the commanding officers of corps, for the alacrity shown by them, and strict discipline which has been maintained.

To the heads of departments, and to the officers of the general and of my personal staff, I am much indebted for the zealous manner in which they have discharged their respective duties.

Major Addison, my military secretary, will have the honor of delivering this despatch. He has been with me during the whole of these operations, and is well enabled to afford your lordship any information you may require.

I have entrusted the colours and standard taken from the enemy to Major Addison, who will receive your lordship's commands respecting the further disposal of them; and I take the liberty of recommending him, as a deserving officer, to your lordship's protection.—I have, &c.,

J. C. SHERBROOKE.

N.B.—The returns of killed, wounded, and missing, and of artillery, and of ordnance stores taken, are inclosed.

From Lieutenant-Colonel John to Lieutenant General Sir J. C. Sherbrooke.

BANGOR, on the Penobscot river,
Sept. 3, 1814.

SIR,—In compliance with your Excellency's orders of the 1st instant, I sailed

from Castine with the detachment of royal artillery, the flank companies of the 29th, 62nd, and 98th regiments, and one rifle company of the 7th battalion 60th regiment, which composed the force your Excellency did me the honour to place under my command, for the purpose of co-operating with Captain Barrie, of the Royal Navy in an expedition up this river.

On the morning of the 2d, having proceeded above the town of Frankfort, we discovered some of the enemy on their march towards Hampden, by the eastern shore, which induced me to order Brevet-major Crosdaile, with a detachment of the 98th, and some riflemen of the 60th regiment, under Lieutenant Wallace, to land and intercept them, which was accomplished; and that detachment of the enemy (as I have since learned) were prevented from joining the main body assembled at Hampden. On this occasion the enemy had one man killed, and some wounded. Major Crosdaile re-embarked without any loss. We arrived off Bald Head cove, three miles distant from Hampden, about five o'clock that evening, when Capt. Barrie agreed with me in determining to land the troops immediately. Having discovered that the enemy's piquets were advantageously posted on the north side of the cove, I directed Brevet-major Riddle, with the grenadiers of the 62nd, and Captain Ward, with the rifle company of the 60th, to dislodge them, and take up that ground, which duty was performed under Major Riddle's directions, in a most complete and satisfactory manner, by about seven o'clock; and before ten at night, the whole of the troops, including 80 marines under Captain Carter, (whom Captain Barrie had done me the honour to attach to my command,) were landed and bivouacked for the night, during which it rained incessantly. We got under arms at five o'clock this morning, the rifle-company forming the advance under Captain Ward; Brevet-major Keith, with the light company of the 62nd, bringing up the rear, and the detachment of marines, under Captain Carter, moving upon my flanks, while Captain Barrie, with the ships and gun-boats under his command, advanced at the same time up the river, on my right,

towards Hampden. In addition to the detachment of royal artillery under Lieutenant Garston, Captain Barrie had landed one 6-pounder, a 5½-inch howitzer, and a rocket apparatus, with a detachment of sailors under Lieutenant Symonds, Botely, and Slade, and Mr. Sparling, master of his Majesty's ship Bulwark.

The fog was so thick, it was impossible to form a correct idea of the features of the country, or to reconnoitre the enemy, whose number were reported to be 1,400, under the command of Brigadier-general Blake. Between seven and eight o'clock, our skirmishers in advance were so sharply engaged with the enemy, as to induce me to send forward one-half of the light company of the 29th regiment, under Captain Coaker, to their support. The column had not advanced much further, before I discovered the enemy drawn out in line, occupying a very strong and advantageous position in front of the town of Hampden, his left flanked by a high hill commanding the road and river, on which were mounted several heavy pieces of cannon; his right extending considerably beyond our left, resting upon a strong point *d'appui*, with an 18-pounder and some light field-pieces in advance of his centre, so pointed as completely to rake the road, and a narrow bridge at the foot of a hill, by which we were obliged to advance upon his position. As soon as he perceived our column approaching, he opened a very heavy and continued fire of grape and musketry upon us; we, however, soon crossed the bridge, deployed, and charged up the hill to get possession of his guns, one of which we found had already fallen into the hands of Captain Ward's riflemen in advance. The enemy's fire now began to slacken, and we pushed on rapidly, and succeeded in driving him at all points from his position; while Captain Coaker, with the light company of the 29th, had gained possession of the hill on the left, from whence it was discovered that the Adams frigate was on fire, and that the enemy had deserted the battery which defended her.

We were now in complete possession of the enemy's position above, and Captain

Barrie with the gun-boats had secured that below the hill. Upon this occasion 20 pieces of cannon fell into our hands, of the paval and military force, the return of which I enclose; * after which Captain Barrie and myself determined on pursuing the enemy towards Bangor, which place we reached without opposition; and here two brass 3-pounders, and three stands of colours, fell into our possession. Brigadier-general Blake also in this town, surrendered himself prisoner; and, with other prisoners to the amount of 121, were admitted to their paroles. Eighty prisoners taken at Hampden are in our custody. The loss sustained by the enemy I have not had in my power correctly to ascertain; report states it to be from 30 to 40 in killed, wounded, and missing.

Our own loss, I am happy to add, is but small; viz., 1 rank and file, killed; 1 captain, 7 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file, missing. Captain Gell, of the 29th, was wounded when leading the column, which deprived me of his active and useful assistance; but, I am happy to add, he is recovering.

I cannot close this despatch without mentioning, in the highest terms, all the troops placed under my command. They have merited my highest praise for their zeal and gallantry, which were conspicuous in the extreme. I feel most particularly indebted to Brevet-major Riddall, of the 62nd regiment, second in command; to Brevet-major Keith, of the same regiment; Brevet-major Crosslaile and Captain M'Pherson, of the

98th; Captains Gell and Coaker, of the 29th; and Captain Ward, of the 7th battalion 60th regiment. The royal artillery was directed in the most judicious manner by Lieutenant Garston, from whom I derived the ablest support. I cannot speak too highly of Captain Carter and the officers and marines under his directions. He moved them in the ablest manner to the annoyance of the enemy, and so as to meet my fullest approval.

Nothing could exceed the zeal and perseverance of Lieutenants Symonds, Botely, and Slade, and Mr. Sparling, of the Royal Navy, with the detachment of seamen under their command.

From Captain Barrie I have received the ablest assistance and support; and it is to his masterly arrangement of the plan that I feel indebted for its success. Nothing could be more cordial than the co-operation of the naval and military forces on this service in every instance.

Captain Carnegie, of the Royal Navy, who most handsomely volunteered his services with this expedition, was in action with the troops at Hampden; and I feel most particularly indebted to him for his exertions and the assistance he afforded me on this occasion. I am also greatly indebted to Lieut. Du Chatelet, of the 7th battalion, 60th regiment, who acted as major of brigade of the troops, in which capacity he rendered me very essential service.

I have the honour, &c.,

HENRY JOHN, Lt. Col.

* *Return of Ordnance and Stores taken.*

CASTINE, Sept. 10, 1814.

Guns—4 iron 24-pounders, 27 iron (ship) 18-pounders, 4 12-pounders, 4 brass 3-pounders.

Carriages—4 traversing 24-pounders, 8 standing 18-pounders, 2 travelling 12-pounders with limbers, 4 travelling 3-pounders with limbers.

Sponges—8 24-pounders, 20 18-pounders, 2 12-pounders, 4 3-pounders.

Ladders—2 24-pounders, 3 12-pounders, 1 3-pounder.

Wadhooks—2 24-pounder, 3 12-pounders, 1 3-pounder.

Shot—236 round 24-pounders, 500 round

18-pounders. 1 ammunition-waggon, 1 ammunition-cart, 12 common handspikes, 40 barrels of powder.

Wads—20 24-pounders, 70 18-pounders.

N.B. The Magazine in fort Castine was blown up by the enemy.

The vessel on board of which the powder was, ran on shore, and the whole destroyed.

Eleven of the 18-pounders were destroyed by order of Lieutenant-Colonel John, not having time to bring them off.

GEORGE CRAWFORD, Major,
Commanding Royal Artillery.

Lieut. Gen. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke.

From Lieutenant-colonel Pilkington to Lieutenant-general sir J. C. Sherbrooke.

Machias, Sept. 14, 1814.

Sir,

I have the honour to acquaint your excellency, that I sailed from Penobscot bay, with the brigade you were pleased to place under my command, consisting of a detachment of royal artillery, with a howitzer, the battalion companies of the 29th regiment, and a party of the 7th battalion of the 60th foot, on the morning of the 9th instant; and arrived at Buck's harbor, about 10 miles from this place, on the following evening.

As the enemy fired several alarm guns on our approaching the shore, it was evident he was apprehensive of an attack: I therefore deemed it expedient to disembark the troops with as little delay as possible; and captain Hyde Parker, commanding the naval force, appointed captain Stanfell to superintend this duty, and it was executed by that officer with the utmost promptitude and decision.

Upon reaching the shore, I ascertained that there was only a pathway through the woods by which we could advance and take Fort O'Brien and the battery in reverse; and as the guns of these works commanded the passage of the river, upon which the town is situated, I decided upon possessing ourselves of them, if practicable, during the night.

We moved forward at ten o'clock P.M. and, after a most tedious and harrassing march, only arrived near to the fort at break of day, although the distance does not exceed five miles.

The advancing guard, which consisted of two companies of the 29th regiment, and a detachment of riflemen of the 60th regiment, under Major Tod, of the former corps, immediately drove in the enemy's piquets, and upon pursuing him closely, found the fort had been evacuated, leaving their colours, about five minutes before we entered. Within it, and the battery, there are two 24-pounders, three 18-pounders, several dismounted guns, and a block-house. The party which escaped amounted to about 70 men of the 40th regiment of American infan-

try, and 30 of the embodied militia; the retreat was so rapid that I was not enabled to take any prisoners. I understand there were a few wounded, but they secreted themselves in the wood.

Having secured the fort, we lost no time in advancing upon Machias, which was taken without any resistance; and also two field-pieces.

The boats of the squadron, under the command of lieutenant Bouchier, of the royal navy, and the royal marines, under lieutenant Welchmen were detached to the eastern side of the river, and were of essential service in taking two field-pieces in that quarter.

Notwithstanding that the militia were not assembled to any extent in the vicinity of the town, I was making the necessary arrangements to advance into the interior of the country, when I received a letter from brigadier-general Brewer, commanding the district, wherein he engages that the militia forces within the county of Washington shall not bear arms, or in any way serve against his Britannic majesty during the present war. A similar offer having been made by the civil officers and principal citizens of the county, a cessation of arms was agreed upon, and the county of Washington has passed under the dominion of his Britanic majesty.

I beg leave to congratulate you upon the importance of this accession of territory which has been wrested from the enemy; it embraces about 100 miles of sea-coast, and includes that intermediate tract of country which separates the province of New Brunswick from Lower Canada.

We have taken 26 pieces of ordnance, (serviceable and unserviceable,) with a proportion of arms and ammunition, returns* of

* *Return of Ordnance, Arms, Ammunition, &c., taken at Machias by the troops under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pilkington, 11th September, 1814.*

Ordnance, — Fort O'Brien, — 2 18-pounders, mounted on garrison carriages, complete: 1 18-pounder carronade, mounted on garrison carriage, complete; 1 serviceable dismounted 24-pounder; 1 dismounted serviceable 18-pounder carronade.

which are enclosed; and I have the pleasing satisfaction to add, that this service has been effected without the loss of a man on our part.

I cannot refrain from expressing, in the strongest manner, the admirable steadiness and good conduct of the 29th regiment, under major Hodge. The advance, under major Tod, are also entitled to my warmest thanks.

A detachment of 30 seamen from his majesty's ship *Bacchante*, under Mr. Bruce, master's mate, were attached to the royal artillery, under the command of lieutenant Daniel, of that corps, for the purpose of dragging the howitzer, as no other means could be procured to bring it forward; and to their unwearied exertions, and the judicious arrangement of lieutenant Daniel, I am indebted for having a 5½ inch howitzer conveyed through a country the most difficult of access I ever witnessed.

To captain Parker, of his majesty's ship *Tenedos*, who commanded the squadron, I feel every obligation; and I can assure you the most cordial understanding has subsisted between the two branches of the service.

I have the honour to be, &c.

A. PILKINGTON,

Lieut.-Col. Dep. Adj.-Gen.

To Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, K.B. &c.

From Rear-Admiral Griffith to Vice-Admiral Cochrane.

H.M.S. *Endymion*, off Castine, entrance of the Penobscot river, Sept. 9, 1814.

SIR,—My letter of the 23rd of August from Halifax, by the *Rover*, will have made you acquainted with my intention of accompanying the expedition, then about to proceed under the command of his Excellency Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, K.B., for this place.

Point Battery—2 24-pounders, mounted on garrison carriages, complete.

East Machias—2 brass 4-pounders, mounted, and harness, complete.

Machias—2 iron 4-pounders, on travelling carriages, complete; 5 24-pounders, 10 18-pounders, rendered partly unserviceable by the enemy, and completely destroyed by us.

Total—26.

Arms—104 muskets, 99 bayonets, 100 pouches, 41 belts, 2 drums.

I have now the honour to inform you, that I put to sea on the 26th ultimo, with the ships and sloop named in the margin,* and ten sail of transports, having the troops on board, and arrived off the Metinicus Islands on the morning of the 31st, where I was joined by the *Bulwark*, *Tenedos*, *Rifleman*, *Peruvian*, and *Pietou*. From Captain Pearce, of the *Rifleman*, I learned that the United States' frigate *Adams* had, a few days before, got into Penobscot: but not considering herself in safety there, had gone on to Hampden, a place 27 miles higher up the river, where her guns had been landed, and the position was fortifying for her protection.

Towards evening, the wind being fair and the weather favourable, the fleet made sail up the Penobscot Bay, Captain Parker in the *Tenedos* leading. We passed between the Metinicus and Green Islands about midnight; and steering through the channel formed by the Fox's Island and Owl's head, ran up to the eastward of Long Island, and found ourselves at day-light in the morning in sight of the fort and town of Castine. As we approached, some show of resistance was made, and a few shots were fired; but the fort was soon after abandoned and blown up. At about 8 A.M. the men of war and transports were anchored a little to the northward of the peninsula of Castine, and the smaller vessels taking a station nearer in for covering the landing, the troops were put on shore, and took possession of the town and works without opposition.

The general wishing to occupy a post at Belfast, on the western side of the bay, (through which the high road from Boston runs,) for the purpose of cutting off all communication with that side of the country,

Ammunition—20 barrels of serviceable gunpowder.

75 paper cartridges filled for 18 and 24-pounders.

2,338 musket-ball cartridges.

3 barrels of grape and case-shot.

553 round shot for 18 and 24-pounders.

6 kegs of gunpowder, 25lbs. each.

28 paper cartridges filled for 4-pounders.

J. DANIEL, Lieut. Royal Artl.

* *Dragon*, *Endymion*, *Bacchante*, and *Sylph*.

the Bacchante and Rifleman were detached with the troops destined for this service, and quiet possession was taken, and held, of that town, as long as was thought necessary.

Arrangements were immediately made for attacking the frigate at Hampden, and the General having proffered every military assistance, 600 picked men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John, of the 60th regiment, were embarked the same afternoon, on board his Majesty's sloops Peruvian and Sylph, and a small transport. To this force were added the marines of the Dragon, and as many armed boats from the squadron as was thought necessary for disembarking the troops and covering their landing, and the whole placed under the command of Captain Barrie, of the Dragon; and the Lieutenant-Colonel made sail up the river at 6 o'clock that evening.

I have the honour to enclose captain Barrie's account of his proceedings; and, taking into consideration the enemy's force, and the formidable strength of his position, too much praise cannot be given him, and the officers and men under his command, for the judgment, decision, and gallantry, with which this little enterprise has been achieved.

So soon as accounts were received from Captain Barrie, that the Adams was destroyed, and the force assembled for her protection dispersed, the troops stationed at Belfast were embarked, and arrangements made for sending them to take possession of Machias, the only place occupied by the enemy's troops, between this and Passamaquoddy bay. I directed Captain Parker, of his Majesty's ship *Tenedos*, to receive on board Lieutenant-Colonel Pilkington, deputy adjutant general, who is appointed to command, and a small detachment of artillery and riflemen, and to take under his command the *Bacchante*, *Rifleman*, and *Pictou* schooner, and proceed to the attack of that place. He sailed on the 6th instant, and most likely, by this time, the troops are in possession of it. After destroying the defences, they are directed to return here.

The inhabitants of several townships east of this, have sent deputations here to tender their submission to the British authority: and such of them as could give reasonable security, that their arms would be used only for the protection of their persons and property, have been allowed to retain them. This indulgence was absolutely necessary, in order to secure the quiet and unoffending against violence and outrage from their less peaceable neighbours, and for the maintenance of the peace and tranquillity of the country. All property on shore, *bona fide* belonging to the inhabitants of the country in our possession, has been respected. All public property, and all property afloat, have been confiscated.

Sir John Sherbrooke, conceiving it to be of importance that the government should be informed without delay, of our successes here, has requested that a vessel of war may take his despatches to England.

I have, in compliance with his wishes, appropriated the *Martin* for that service, and Captain Senhouse will take a copy of this letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

EDWARD GRIFFITH.

To Vice-admiral the Hon.

Sir Alex. Cochrane, K.B., &c.

YOUTH, MANHOOD, AGE.

I was struck by what seemed to me a beautiful analogy which I once heard him draw, and which was new to me—that the individual characters of mankind showed themselves distinctively in childhood and youth, as those of trees in spring; that of both, of trees in summer and of human kind in middle life, they were then alike to a great degree merged in a dull uniformity: and that again, in autumn and in declining age, there appeared afresh all their original and inherent variety brought out into view with deeper marking of character, with more vivid contrast, and with great accession of interest and beauty.—*Wordsworth, the Poet.*

Sound not the vain trumpet of self-condemnation, but forget not to remember your own imperfections.

THOUGHTS FOR OCTOBER.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended."—Jeremiah
xiii, 20.

In the same fanciful manner in which the Saxons styled September both Herbsmonth, Harvest month, and Gerstmonth, or Barley month, so did they designate October as Weinmonth, or Wine month, from the circumstance that during this month it is that the teeming vines are robbed of their luxuriant clusters. The inhabitants of colder countries will almost fail to appreciate the force of the expression, but to the child of the sunny south it will come home in all its appropriateness. We, too, in Canada, so long considered the favorite abodes of rime, and frost, and snow, may yet, as cultivation sweeps away the vast forests which now possess the country, see our home the rival of the banks of the Rhine, the vineyards of Burgundy, or even the more southern provinces of France.

This is not a mere fanciful theory, for old inhabitants of the country have not failed to remark how sensibly the severity of the seasons has abated, and every new comer from the mother country is struck with the comparative beauty of the Canadian October when contrasted with the surly approach of the same season in England.

Even Howitt, the songster of the English seasons, who has discovered more beauties in the seasons and scenery of his native land than any other writer, is forced to acknowledge that "October bears pretty much the same character in the fall of the year, as April does in the spring," and that the end of the month is often distinguished "by frosts and snows." Howitt, too, is forced to make another admission, that beautiful as are the woods in merrie England "towards the end of what may be called the fading of the leaf," they are far "exceeded by the vast forests of America; the greater variety of trees, and the greater effect of climate, conspiring to render them in decay gorgeous and beautiful beyond description."

"The woods! oh solemn are the boundless woods
Of the great western world in their decline!"

Howitt's expression, "gorgeous in decay," is one of the happiest ever perhaps employed in description, and it is almost impossible for any one who has not beheld the varied livery of Canadian woods, the rich tints, varying from the

brightest red or the pale yellow, to the deepest green or dark brown, to conjure up in "fancy's glass a sum to equal the reality."

We must not, however, be supposed to assert that Canadian Octobers are always fine, or that the woods are permitted to preserve their gorgeous attire for any length of time. Coleridge described the coming of night in tropical climes by the graphical line, "at one stride comes the dark." So in Canada the month of October is often sharp, bracing, and wintry; the trees by one fierce gale are shorn of their beauty, and the crisp frost sparkles under the feet in the morning walk.

Generally speaking, however, nature appears during this month to wear a sober matronly aspect, differing wholly from the light attractions of spring, and one particularly adapted to accustom us to the change from the ripened beauties of midsummer to the dreary sleep of the wintry season. A subdued quiet sense of enjoyment now prevails; the consciousness of realization has superseded the pleasurable yet uncertain anticipations of hope; the work of the year is at an end, the labours of the season have been crowned, and the feelings suitable to the season are those hopes which have no relation to the things of time.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more!

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world:
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks, with all we love, below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more."

So sung Tennyson in the beautiful poem of the Princess, in which he has sweetly touched the chord which links autumn with its varied hues to the memories of spring and summer now for ever past.

The natural joyousness of Howitt's temperament has, we think, led him, in his address to October, into a slight exaggeration. He declares that "the host of birds enjoy a plentiful feast of beech nuts in the tree-tops." This may be the case in the early part of the month, but certainly towards the end of it the squirrels come in for a much larger share, as the birds have by that time winged their way to more southern and genial climes. Howitt then bursts into an enthusiastic description of the green-wood:—

THE GREENWOOD.

The green-wood! the green-wood! what bosom
but allows

The gladness of the charm that dwells in thy
pleasant whispering boughs.

How often 'in this weary world, I pine and long
to flee,

And lay me down, as I was wont, under the
greenwood-tree.

The greenwood! the greenwood! to the bold
and happy boy,

Thy realm of shades is a fairy-land of wonder
and of joy.

Oh, for that freshness of the heart, that pure
and vivid thrill,

As he listens to the woodland cries, and wanders
at his will!

The youth delights in thy leafy gloom, and thy
winding walks to rove,

When his simple thought is snared and caught
in the subtle webs of love;

Manhood, with high and restless hope, a spirit
winged with flame,

Plans in thy bower his path to power, to af-
fluence, and fame.

The old man loves thee, when his soul dreams
of the world no more,

But his heart is full of its gathered wealth, and
he counts it o'er and o'er;

When his race is run, his prize is won or lost,
until the bound

Of the world unknown is overthrown, and his
master-hope is crown'd.

The greenwood! the greenwood! ho, be it
mine to lie

In the depth of thy mossy solitude, when sum-
mer fills the sky.

With pleasant sound and scents around, a tone
of ancient lore,

And a pleasant friend with me to bend and turn
its pages o'er.

No season of the year has supplied sacred writers with more beautiful imagery than that marked by the fall of the leaf. Job, in his sorrow, likens himself to "the fallen leaf, a leaf driven to and fro;" and Isaiah, figuring forth our transitory state, repeats the idea in various forms, "Man fades as a leaf," "He is as an oak whose leaf fadeth, and as a garden that hath no water." These are some of the touching images which the fading beauty of nature suggested to the inspired writers, some of the glowing descriptions called forth by the varying incidents of the passing year, and by the manifestations of Divine goodness and fatherly care over the works of His hands.

What can draw the heart into the fulness of
love so quick as sympathy?

BLACKWOOD ON UPPER CANADA.

"Within the memory of the comparatively young amongst our readers, the population of British North America was chiefly an alien one, composed of the French residents of Lower Canada, chiefly located in the city of Quebec, and in the districts bordering upon the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with a sprinkling of settlers from this country, engaged in the timber trade of New Brunswick and the Fisheries of Newfoundland and the Bay of Fundy. Upper Canada was an almost unexplored territory, into which only the adventurous trapper penetrated during the hunting season, returning at the fall to the Lower Province, to dispose of his peltries, and to locate himself for the winter months beyond the reach of attack from the Red Indians, whose cunning and revenge he had to dread in return for his trespasses upon their forests and prairies. Whilst as late as 1831 the population of Lower Canada was 511,922 souls—that of Upper Canada numbered only, in 1830, 210,437 souls, of which the bulk were located in Montreal (!) and along the banks of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of Lake Ontario. The agricultural portion of this population were chiefly composed of small holders of partially cleared land on the lower banks of the Ottawa River—energetic but humble men, living in log huts, and cultivating just as much land as would sustain them, aided by the game won by their rifles, during the season, when their lumbering operations could be pursued."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, July, 1854, p. 1.

The term "the comparatively young amongst our readers," is sufficiently indefinite to give to the writer of the foregoing article a tolerably wide margin—but we apprehend a man of forty would, at all events, have reached a period beyond which he could hardly be considered a "comparatively young" reader of Blackwood. But even if a man of sixty were "comparatively young," his memory would not reach back to the period when Upper Canada was an almost unexplored territory. It is more than "sixty years since" that the act granting a constitution and legislature to that Province—the population of Upper Canada was stated by Mr Pitt to be 10,600, and in 1814, after the war with the United States, it amounted to 95,000, which is the lowest number the comparatively young reader of Blackwood of forty years old could refer to, and though this number is not a tenth of the present population—and forms a much smaller proportion of what Upper Canada with its advantages of soil and climate can sustain. And in 1791 the population, though scattered, extended over a much larger area, than from the division line between the two

provinces up the St. Lawrence to the mouth of Lake Ontario.

But if the "comparatively young" reader of Blackwood must be more than a sexagenarian to remember Upper Canada as an almost unexplored territory, he is not comparatively but absolutely very young in his notions about furs, and the season for getting them. According to his notion the trappers' hunting season, commenced with the spring, continued through the summer, and was brought to an end in the fall; for at this latter period he describes him as returning to the Lower Province, to locate himself during the winter months—say December, January, February, March, and in Lower Canada we may almost add April, ere the snow entirely disappears—beyond the reach of the Red Indians, whom he had to dread, in consequence of his trespasses on their forests and *prairies*!! (in Upper Canada.) Now, by this arrangement the trapper would have a very short season to catch wild animals with their winter coats on their backs, and when they are shed, the skins are comparatively valueless, and his hunting season would, in fact, be contemporaneous with the breeding season of the object of his pursuit, and we venture to assert, that there is no man whose recollection goes no further back than forty years, whose memory can recall the trapper or any other hunters after fur, fleeing from Upper Canada to Lower, to seek shelter from the attacks of the Indians. The thing is simply absurd, and has been so for years enough to make a *comparatively* old man.

Our friend, however, takes a stride onward to the year 1830, when the population of Upper Canada "numbered only 210,437" souls, the bulk of which was located in MONTREAL! and along the banks of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of Lake Ontario." No doubt the writer has the authority of the Annual Register for placing Montreal in Upper Canada, for in the Chronicle for the month of July, 1850, we find the following passage, "On the 20th, Montreal, the capital of Upper Canada, was ravaged by a destructive fire, which, &c." But notwithstanding this, we must assure our venerated friend "Old Ebony," that Montreal is not and never was, within the precincts of Upper Canada. If it had been, the continued appointment of Commissioners to determine what portion of the duties on imports by the St. Lawrence should be allowed to the Upper Province, would have

been wholly unnecessary, we should not have had those continued, and, at times, acrimonious disputes—the Upper Province complaining that she was deprived of her just portion, we should not, consequently have clamoured for a sea-port, or have had this very difficulty advanced as a powerful argument for a union of the Provinces. So much for Montreal, now as to the residue of the sentence above quoted, "and along the banks of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of Lake Ontario." Now if the writer had looked at a map of the Canadas, he would have not fallen into his error about Montreal, and would also have seen that the eastern boundary of Upper Canada on the St. Lawrence begins on the north bank of the Lake St. Francis, at the cove west of Point au Baudet and running north-westerly for some distance, then runs north-easterly, until it strikes the Ottawa River at the boundary of the Seignory of Longueuil. The Point au Baudet is somewhere about 70 miles above Montreal. The term "mouth of Lake Ontario" apparently means that part of the Lake nearest the sea, and, therefore, at the very utmost, the town of Kingston (we beg its pardon for not calling it a city,) is included in the part of the province in which the bulk of the population was in 1830 located. Now, in 1830, 142,600 of the inhabitants of Upper Canada were located west of Kingston, being in round numbers two thirds of the whole population of that province.

Again, we are told by the writer in Blackwood, that "the agricultural portion of this population" (meaning the population of Upper Canada, in 1830,) "were" (*quere was*) "chiefly composed of small holders of partially cleared land on the lower banks of the Ottawa." Take the Ottawa from Bytown to the Lower Canada boundary, and we apprehend we take all that in 1830, at least, could fall within the description of the "Lower banks." This would include the Counties of Prescott and Russell, which then, and up to 1836, included the townships of Gloucester and Osgoode, now in the county of Carlton. Now, in 1835, the population of these two counties amounted to 7044 souls, according to the official returns laid before the House of Assembly of Upper Canada in 1836, and in 1830 the official returns showed the population to be under 4,000. The assessed value of property for the local rates and assessments affords, however, a better test, as to where the agricultural population were settled,

because that assessment is imposed upon lands in the actual holding of the inhabitants, (lands of absentees being otherwise taxed,) the uncultivated land being assessed or valued at 4s. per acre, and the cultivated at 20s. per acre, upon houses, excepting those built of logs, mills, shops, and upon all houses and cattle. We have not at hand the official returns for those counties for 1830, but estimating by the proportion which the assessed value of property in the adjoining county of Carlton bore to its population, the assessed value of property in Prescott and Russell, in 1830, could not have exceeded, if reached, £50,000, while that of the remaining counties of Upper Canada in the same year exceeded £2,500,000. And in 1835, the assessed value of property in these two counties was, by official returns, £74,031 4s., and in the other counties in Upper Canada, excluding the city of Toronto, the assessed value considerably exceeded £4,000,000, and including that city, fell little short of £4,500,000. Every one, moreover, who knows anything of the subject, is well aware, that by far the best part of Upper Canada, for agricultural purposes, lies west of Kingston, and that east of Kingston, following the line of the St. Lawrence, there was, in 1830, and long before—indeed, it may be truly said, always has been, since Upper Canada began to be settled,—far more agricultural produce raised than on the “lower banks of the Ottawa;” and that in 1830 the counties of Essex and Kent—(the latter then containing immense tracts of unsurveyed or unsettled land) which are at the end of Upper Canada most remote from Montreal, contained a population more than double that of Prescott and Russell, with property, the assessed value of which exceeded in the same proportion, that in these eastern counties.

We have said enough to exhibit the want, not only of accurate knowledge, but of taking trouble to attain it, even when attainable, respecting Upper Canada, on matters of statistics, and even of geography, which this article exhibits. If the theories and prophetic anticipations for the future have no better foundation than this part of the writer's assumed data, any confidence in them would be sadly misplaced. It is not, however, our intention to discuss or question the opinions, we are only referring to some of the facts set forth. The errors we have pointed out may be added to those pointed out in the concluding part of

Smith's “Canada past, present and future,” and to the “confusion worse confounded,” made in Sir A. Alison's History of Europe, Volume 10, pp. 685-6, by a careless transcribing from two paragraphs of the Annual Register, respecting events during the war of 1812, and with the misconception of the course and final career of the water which thunders down at Niagara Falls, exhibited by Mr. Warren, in his introduction to the study of the Law, both of which are referred to in an address delivered before the Canadian Institute, and published in one of our former numbers.

THE WARRIOR'S SWORD.

'Twas in the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and wail,
Where the young and brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief; but his bed was the
ground,
And death's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking;
Careless he stept where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier passed beside it;
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the hand of death defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him,
And he honoured the brave who died sword in
hand,

As with softened brow he bent o'er him.

A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it;
Before I would take that sword from thy hand
My own life's blood should dye it.

Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee,
Or the coward insult the gallant dead
Who in life had trembled before thee.

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
Where his warrior foe was sleeping,
And he laid him there in honour and rest
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

THE PURSER'S CABIN.

YARN IV.

WORTHY TO BE PERUSED BY ALL, WHO HAVE
NOTHING BETTER TO DO.

Some three weeks ago, we had as passenger, in the craft where I officiated, a fine, hale, genial old gentleman from the vicinity of the ambitious and thriving little city of Hamilton. He had been one of the earliest settlers in that quarter of her Majesty's dominions, and without any great tax upon his memory, could recall the time when the aforesaid city consisted of a farm house and a log tavern.

Mr. Nicholas Newlove (for so was the senior called) dilated with pardonable pride upon the progress which Hamilton had made during the last few years, but qualified his commendation by censuring the bad taste of conferring upon it the name of an old country town.

"Can anything be more idiotically preposterous?"—said he, discharging clouds of protesting smoke from the pipe with which I had accommodated him—"than such a practice, which is becoming calamitously common in Canada? Some people defend the usage on patriotic grounds, arguing that it tends to keep fresh the recollection of the land of our forefathers. To me, however, it appears in an aspect diametrically the reverse of all this."

"How so, sir?" I here ventured to interject.

"Why"—rejoined Mr. Nicholas—"the matter, I think, is abundantly plain. Why do we not find a plurality of Glasgows in Scotland, or Dublins in Ireland? Because such repetitions would be simply ridiculous. As well might you have a brace of Jehns or Audrews in one family! When, therefore, a Canadian dubs the village which he has called into existence, after an old country town or city, I cannot help concluding that he cherishes notions of this colony becoming a separate and independent nation! It is only upon such a theory that you can find any rationality in the custom which I am denouncing! Hamilton—as doubtless you know—is a town in the county of Lanark, and as Canada West is as much a component part of the British empire as Lanarkshire, why should it contain a duplicate Hamilton, except on the supposition that the sacred bond connecting us with the parent island is destined to be unloosed by Godless hands."

This reasoning appeared to me to be a trifle

far-fetched, and though I said nothing, the expression of my countenance indicated that such were my sentiments.

"I can see with half an eye"—continued Squire Newlove (for I may mention that he wrote himself J. P.)—"that you think me an old dreamer; but one thing you must admit, that in a practical point of view the tautological custom which I condemn is at once inconvenient and absurd.

"For instance, if in directing a letter to our Provincial Woodstock, you omit the supplementary initials 'C. W.' the chances are considerable that the Mercuries of the Post Office will convey the missive to the locality where the fair but frail Rosamond Clifford was done to death by the jealous old woman of Henry II!

"Again, we shall suppose the case of a monied Cockney visiting Canada, for the purpose of fixing upon a location. Attracted by the familiar name of London, he directed his steps to that quarter of the Colony, and what is the very probable upshot? The mind of the pilgrim being impregnated with the idea of the British Capital, he cannot help associating London minor with London major. And hence it eventuates that when he beholds nothing more epic than a decent, well-to-do country town, which has but recently doffed the bib and swaddling-bands of a village, he turns from the clearing in disgust, and pitches his tent in Streetsville or Toronto, or some other *clachan* where the laws of association are not outrageously violated!"

There was so much truth in this portion of the old gentleman's discourse, that I was not prepared to controvert it, and accordingly, for lack of anything better to say, I invited him to participate in a horn. The Squire urged no objection to the proposition, but as he was mixing the fluids, he observed, that his sedentary life in my cabin could not be long, seeing that he had to look after his daughter and sister, who were both voyagers in the ark which carried the Purser, and his fortunes.

This intimation paved the way to my making some inquisition touching the "women-kind," referred to, and my guest freely furnished me with the information, which I now proceed to communicate to the multiform over-haulers of my "Log."

The wife of Nicholas Newlove died within one short year after her nuptials, having previously

given birth to a female child. So greatly shaken and unhinged by this calamity was the widowed man, that for a season he found it altogether impossible to pay any efficient attention to the management of his household, and accordingly, was fain to secure the services of the sister of his departed helpmate as *magistra domo*.

Miss Laura Matilda Applegarth—to which designation the lady responded—was a devoted member of the sisterhood of novel readers, and as such profoundly tinctured with the essential oil of romance. For every thing in the shape of the common place or prosaic she entertained a generous contempt, and would rather have tramped bare-footed through the world, with a knight errant of the orthodox olden school, than have submitted to the degradation of wedding an unpoetical agriculturalist, whose only cru-sades had been against the weeds which invaded his acres, or the foxes which depopulated his hen roosts!

When we take two things into account—first, that Canada is somewhat lacking in the article of *Chivalry*,—and secondly, that Minerva had been more bountiful than Venus, in her benefactions to the high-souled Applegarth—there will be small difficulty in solving the problem, how it eventuated that at the mature age of forty, the lady was still possessed of the leading characteristics of maidenhood!

Guided by the choice of the excellent and venerable Hobson, Laura Matilda had resolved to emulate good Queen Bess in refusing to become the recipient of a plain gold ring; and as her income hardly amounted to that of Baron Rothschild, she made little scruple of accepting the invitation of her bereaved brother-in-law. Accordingly she removed her personal effects to Newlove Grange, and was formally invested with the keys and controul thereof, her jurisdiction extending from nursery to cellar.

To the culture and upbringing of her niece, Fanny Newlove, the virtuous but idealic Applegarth devoted the whole of her enthusiastic energies. With zealous assiduity she guided the not-unwilling nymph into the flowery paths of poesy, and indoctrinated her with the love of the romantic and sublime. Ere Fanny had reached her eighth birth-day she was on confidential terms with every hero whose acquaintance was worth cultivating. Sir William Wallace (as drawn by the transcendental Miss Porter) enjoyed a large slice of her regards. Baron

Trench she could have hugged, despite his ton weight of fetters; and had Rob Roy been extant and widower, she would have made small scruple in stepping into the shoes of the energetic Mrs. Helen McGregor!

Nicholas Newlove had not the remotest inkling of the state of matters above indicated. Having himself no pretensions to literary acquirements he never dreamed of questioning the soundness of his daughter's studies. Abundantly satisfied was he to notice that she betrayed an appetite for reading, holding that whatever its contents might be, "a book was a book," from which mental nutrition must inevitably be derived.

At the age of seventeen the fair Fanny was one of the most captivating specimens of feminine humanity to be met with between Toronto and London, the little Miss Prudence Pernicketty, the accomplished dress-maker of Wellington Square, used frequently to liken and compare her to one of the coloured effigies in the "Magazine of Fashions;"—no inconsiderable compliment, coming as it did from such a quarter! For be it known to all men by these presents, that Prudence regarded the meanest and most homely of these similitudes as superior in grace and pulchritude to the "Venus de Medici" or the "Sleeping Beauty" of Canova!

When to these personal attractions we add the fact that Squire Newlove bore the well-founded reputation of being the richest man in his neighbourhood, it will not be deemed strange that legions of "braw wooers" began to swarm around his blooming child and heiress. At "church or market" she was constantly escorted by a train of devoted admirers, who all diligently strove to gain a footing in her affections. The muster-roll of her suitors embraced clergymen, lawyers, medicos, farmers, and shop-keepers (or, more correctly speaking *merchants*;)—and as many sighs were periodically disbursed around Newlove Grange, as would have gone far to keep a wind-mill in constant operation!

But to none of these suitors did Fanny "seriously incline." The most "likely" among them were, by a million degrees, too everydayish for her highly spiced fancy. Not one in the whole squad would have been deemed worthy to flourish in a novel or drama—at least in the novels or dramas which she thought deserving of patronage. One of her clerical

adorers, it is true, might have passed in a crowd for Dr. Primrose of Wakefield, or Parson Adams, but what heroine, who *was* a heroine, would link her destiny with a fog of that class?

Thus it came to pass, that the number of Fanny's lovers waxed "small by degrees, and beautifully less," till at length she had nearly as few beaux as her excellent aunt, whose solitary knight was a contiguous doctor, rejoicing in a timber leg, and a wig engendered from Sax!

Though honest Nicholas had no desire that his olive branch should live and die a vestal, he did not take greatly to heart the many negatives which she returned to popped interrogatories. The truth was, he had a husband in his optic for Fanny, almost from the period of her nativity; and though nothing could have induced him to place any restraint upon her affections, he felt as if his earthly felicity would be climaxed, if her wishes could be made to square with his own.

The individual whom he had mentally selected for his son-in-law was a young gentleman named Cornelius Crooks, the only child of one of his oldest and most esteemed friends, an extensive merchant and ship owner in Montreal. Newlove and Crooks, senior, had been denizens of the same town in Yorkshire, and though no relations, had grown up with the most affectionate regard for each other. Emigrating simultaneously to Canada, the one had remained in Montreal, whilst the other, through a train of circumstances, was led to push his fortune in the west.

Though thus separated, the twain ever maintained a regular, and confidential correspondence; and the idea of drawing the links which united them, more closely together, by the union of their children, had always been their cherished day dream.

Young Cornelius was intended for the legal profession, and as his assiduity and abilities were far above average, he was called to the bar on the attainment of his twenty-first year. Before entering upon practice it was arranged that he should pay a visit to Newlove Grange, and his father hesitated not to certiorate him that if he came back with Fanny as his better half, it would greatly gladden the heart of his ancestor. As Cornelius had only seen the lady once, and that when she was just budding from a child's estate into girlhood, he was not quali-

fied to give any definite pledge on the subject. "All I can promise you, father," quoth he, at his departure—"is, that if I find the lady to my fancy, I shall do my best to win her, for your sake, as well as for my own!" And so saying, he girded up his loins, and passed on his way.

Now it is fitting here, to mention that the young advocate possessed every physical and mental attribute calculated to make a favourable impression upon a maiden's heart. He was tall, well-shaped, with a kindly-speaking eye, and a classically chiselled outline of countenance. His temper exhibited that admixture of firmness and amiability which so well becomes a man;—and as his literary studies had extended far beyond the range of the Pandects and statutes at large, he could bear himself excellently well in general conversation.

But alas! all these recommendations failed to make a breach in the citadel of the wayward Fanny Newlove's affections!

Almost at first sight was Cornelius smitten with love for the damsel, and he put forth the utmost potency of his endeavours to make his suit acceptable. With the majority of Eve's daughters he would have succeeded, but Fanny was an obstinate exception to the general rule. She had erected an ideal standard of excellence, and poor Crooks fell far short of reaching that mark. He was infinitely too humdrum for her fancy. There was an amount of common-sense about him, which the pampered minx could not away with! And then his profession! What maiden of spirit could match herself with a lawyer? A fellow who could boast of no better lance than a grey goose quill, no more heroic shield than a tusty brief, or a musty title-deed! Who ever heard tell of the Lady Blanche, or the Countess Slip-slopina, or any other heroine, worth touching with a pair of tongs, wedding with such an abomination? And once more, the unfathomable plebeianism of the name Crooks! As well be called *hunchback* at once, and be done with it! No, no! The thing was altogether out of the question!

To make a long story short, Cornelius, having formally made a tender of heart and hand, was civilly but pointedly rejected, and re-wended his way to Montreal, bearing, instead of a bride, the mitten which had been bestowed upon him!

So sorely did the disciple of Blackstone take to heart the discomfiture of his primary cause in the Chancery of Cupid, that he found it im-

possible to settle down at once to business. Accordingly two years ago (bear in mind that I am giving the substance of Squire Newlove's narration), he set sail for the old world, hoping by travel to take the edge off his carking grief.

As for Fanny, who, as it afterwards appeared, was backed in her rejection of Cornelius by her aunt Applegarth—she got, like the fox's whelp, "the longer the worse!" Some indiscreet friend having sent her a portrait and memoir of Kossuth, she made a solemn declaration that she would never wed any one who had not drawn his sword for Hungary, or some other down-trodden and oppressed quarter of the globe. She did not appear to care much touching the nation, clime, or colour of her undeveloped lover, though, upon the whole, she appeared to evince some slight objections to Africa! These objections, however, as she sometimes told her relative and confidante, Laura Matilda, in the strictest and most solemn secrecy, were not absolutely insuperable, but might be dispensed with, other things being equal!

"In fine," said poor Mr. Newlove, as he proceeded to wind up his domestic chronicle, "my child, instead of being the solace and pleasure, is at once the plague and anxiety of my life! Often am I tempted, in the bitterness of my soul, to sing with the fellow in the *Beggar's Opera*—

My Fanny is a sad slut,
Nor heeds what I have taught her;
I wonder any man on earth
Would ever have a daughter!

I am continually living, so to speak, in a kettle of hot water, from a never-ending anxiety lest she should take it into her foolish head to make a moonlight flitting with some crafty and designing scamp, who knows how to obtain the measure of her silly foot.

"During the last six months she has made half a dozen attempts to unite her fortunes, as she expresses it, to some of the noble but unfortunate ones of the earth.

"For instance, being in Hamilton in January last, the crazy thing chanced to fall in with a strapping Highlander, dressed in his aboriginal chequered petticoat, and standing within a fraction of seven feet in his stocking soles—always presuming that the knave did sport stockings, a fact of which I am by no means certain.

"How this breechless loon contrived to get into speaking terms with my girl I know not,

but certain it is that before long the pair were as thick as pickpockets. As it afterwards appeared, the McBrose—for so he called himself—made frequent visits in the gloamin' to Newlove Grange, and told as many lies as are contained in the *Thousand and One Nights*. He declared that he was the rightful lord and master of Dunbarton Castle, and of all the country which could be seen on a clear day from the highest point and pinnacle thereof! Even when dining in the most private manner, and upon pot luck, he never sat down at table without being serenaded by two hundred and fifty pipers, who marched round the hall playing pibrochs and marches, the melting melody whereof required to be heard ere it could be comprehended!

"In order to account for his presence in Canada, the McBrose proceeded to detail that he was the legitimate representative of the royal race of Stuart, and consequently entitled to wield the sceptre of the United Empire of Great Britain, not forgetting France and Ireland! This fact he had kept snug, intending that it should not be divulged till his Hibernian friend, the illustrious John Mitchell, was in a condition to back his pretensions by a force which he was raising!

"Unfortunately, however, at this juncture, Queen Victoria became a convert to table-rapping, and in the course of her confabulations with the pine-inhabiting spirits, discovered the plot which was hatching against her. The consequence was that Lord John Russell was instantly despatched with an army of five hundred thousand men to Dunbarton, his peremptory instructions being that if he returned without the head of the McBrose, his own would be inevitably amputated!

"A faithful retainer of the persecuted scion of Scotland's royal family, who was gifted with the second sight, gave his thane a timeous inkling of what was going on. He was thus enabled to smuggle himself off to the United States in one of the Cunard steam-packets; but so ill provided with means in consequence of the hurry of his exodus, that, after paying for a third-class passage, he had nothing in the shape of reverence except the garments upon his back!

"As may be well imagined, great was the consternation and disgust of Lord John Russell, when, after searching every nook and crevice of Dunbarton, no trace of his intended victim could be discovered. A little creature at best, he dwindled down with sheer terror into the

small end of nothing, as the imaginative Yankees would express it.

"The shrewd and sharp-witted Palmerston, however, who accompanied the army, devised a plan which made matters all square. At his instigation, one of the Dunbarton bailies was invited to sup with the quaking commander-in-chief, and after the civic official had been pretty liberally *corned*, the two noblemen quietly cut off his scone with a carving knife, and carried it in a pillow-slip to London. The bloody trophy was presented in due form to her Majesty by the Archbishop of York, as the pumpkin of her Celtic rival, to the boundless delectation of that female Nero. She kept it in her bed-chamber for more than half a day, amusing herself with making mystical signs thereat with her fingers and thumb, the latter member of the royal person being placed on the royal nose!

"All this consumed stuff and balderdash did the most atrocious Highlandman cram down the throat of my unfortunate daughter, as I learned from an open letter lying upon her desk, which she was inditing to my sister-in-law, who at that time chanced to be on a visit to Oakville.

"It was, indeed, high time for me to make the discovery, seeing that Fanny was the very next day to have accompanied McBrose to Grimsby, in order to become the Baroness of Dunbarton, with the chance of ultimately wearing the crown of England!

"Upon making inquiry, I found out that the scoundrel was porter to a wholesale dry-goods establishment in Hamilton; and that having a turn for the drama he occasionally strutted and fretted amongst a gang of stage-struck apprentices, who had dubbed themselves the Histrionic Society! This fact accounted for the facility with which the vagabond raved and recited to the bewitchment of my day-dream weaving child!

"The following forenoon I made Fanny go with me to the warehouse where her suitor was employed. On entering the door, who should we behold but the royal-blooded thane sweeping the premises, and attired, instead of the Stuart tartan, in a raiment engendered of homely Canadian grey cloth! This prosaic apparition, I need hardly say, brought Miss to her senses, for that bout, and so enraged was she with the trick which had been attempted to be played upon her, that I had some difficulty in keeping her from wrenching the broom from McBrose, and testing its strength upon his shoulders!"

"It seems strange to me, Squire," I could not here refrain from observing, "that the very extravagance of the Highlander's narrative did not at once convince Miss Newlove that the whole was a mere cento of lies!"

"Why, my dear Sir," returned the old gentleman, "you must bear in mind the unfortunate manner in which she had been brought up, and which I only became ripely cognizant of after the above-recited adventure. Her idiotical aunt had encouraged her to read nothing more solid or substantial than novels and romances, and consequently at this moment the hapless thing knows nearly as little of the world and its history as she does of the form of government which prevails in the moon! It would be a blessed and a gracious dispensation for poor humanity if the whole of these pestiferous productions could be gathered together in one heap by the congregated hangmen of creation, and the authors, printers, and publishers thereof burned to ashes with their felon pages! Willingly would I walk fifty miles barefooted, in order to assist at such a righteous *auto da fe*!"

"Holding these views," quoth I, "it strikes me that it would be your duty to commence agitating for the enactment of a MAINE NOVEL LAW."

"And such an agitation I would undertake without delay," he responded, "only that I lack the gift of the gab! Quite as many arguments could be adduced in condemnation of novels, as of whisky or rum! There is not a logical reason which you could bring forward for the shutting up of a tippling shop, that might not be paraded as a warrant for closing the doors of every circulating library, where typographic lies are let for hire. Are distillers and publicans, who merely debauch the body, to be stringently pulled up, whilst compounders of mendacities which debauch and emasculate the mind, ply their occupation without let or hindrance? You may make a law to such an effect, but, beyond all question, it would require a superlatively powerful magnifying glass to discover its justice!"

Though entertaining a strong suspicion that some fallacy lurked in this train of argument, I did not feel myself competent to play the detective thereto. Consequently, by way of giving the subject the go by, I ventured to interrogate the senior touching the nature of his present motives.

"We are now," said the squire, "on our way to Montreal, to make out a long threatened

visit to my old friend Crooks. I would much rather have left my precious sister-in-law behind us, but Fanny, who at times is frequently obstinate as the foul fiend himself, protested that she could not, and would not, budge one inch without the baggage! The old fool has got such a hold upon the young ditto, that they are as inseparable as the Siamese twins, or a bailiff and attorney! Right glad would I be to cut a connection which already has been productive of such a plethora of mischief, but it is too late to think of that now, and, as the old proverb incautiously, what cannot be cured must be endured!

"Old Crooks," continued Newlove, "was very urgent upon me to beat up his quarters at this time. He is expecting his son home some of these fine days, and we both cherish a fond, and, I trust, a well-grounded hope that when Fan sees him, fresh and elastic as he is from his tour, she may be induced to change her mind, and listen favourably to his suit!"

"Far be it from me," I observed, "to throw cold water upon your aspirations, but are you not counting your chickens before they are hatched? Miss Fanny may be willing to 'take a thought and mend,' but is it likely that Mr. Cornelius will be inclined to renew his rejected addresses? Are not the probabilities considerable, that mixing with the fair of the old world, he may have parted with his heart on the other side of the extensive herring pond?"

"On that score,"—cried my guest—"I have not even the ghost of an apprehension! Every other month, either his father or myself have received letters from the young advocate, assuring us that his love for the maiden is as strong and ardent as ever. In fact, if his epistles are to be credited it reaches almost to the boiling heat of frenzy. Romeo himself could not have said stronger things touching broken hearts and blighted affections, and eternal constancy and domestic felicity in a shanty, than what the swain periodically enunciates in his epistles! Between ourselves, he is as mad as a March hare—admitting, for the sake of argument, the annual dementation of that quadruped!"

"When I found out the particulars of the romance fever with which my silly child is affected, I deemed it right, as a man of honour, to tell him fully and honestly how she had actually lay. The information, however, made not the slightest change in his resolution. On the contrary, he assured me in his last com-

munication, that with all her faults he loved her still, and was willing to take her for better or worse."

Here Mr. Nicholas Newlove betrayed pregnant tokens of sea-sickness, and indeed, not without some cause. The wind for some time had been adverse and blustering, and the craft pitched and rolled like the luckless Sancho Panza, when exercised in a blanket. All this was pestilently trying to a landsman, and, as might have been anticipated, the Squire Legan to get white about the gills, and to give demonstrations that he was about to cast up his accounts!

Seeing how matters stood, I lost no time in making up an *ex tempore* couch in my cabin, for the distressed gentleman, and otherwise administering to his necessities. Filling out a fresh cornucopia of pale brandy, I added thereto some thirty drops of laudanum, and having made him imbibe the mixture, counselled him to lay down and compose himself. Within reach I placed the bottle containing the narcotic, in order that the patient might increase the dose, in case he found such a step to be necessary. Doctors may differ as to the remedy which I dispensed, but I have generally found it to be attended with the most beneficial results.

As the steamer was close, by this time, upon Darlington, where some passengers and cargo had to be landed, I intimated to the Squire, that I would require to leave him for a season to his meditations. Just as I was leaving the cabin, he addressed to me a few valedictory words.

"You may think it somewhat strange"—said he—"that I have been so communicative, touching my family affairs, but the truth is, I wish to bespeak your good offices in looking after my wild-goose daughter. That task I am totally unfitted for performing. There is so much rambling in my inner-man, caused by the motion on the Lake, that before half an hour has elapsed, I shall be useless as a riddle without priming, or a Jew's-harp minus a tongue! If, therefore, you can spare an occasional glance at Fanny and her Aunt, especially if you note any suspicious characters on board, I shall be eternally obliged to you."

As a matter of course, I cordially promised to comply with the honest gentleman's request, and then proceeded to the discharge of my duties upon deck.

All who long to know the upshot of the "adventure" of the Newlove family, may have their thirst quenched by visiting the **PUSHER'S CABIN NEXT MONTH!**

CRONSTADT.

We have already described and illustrated this stronghold of Russia, with its celebrated fortifications; but, the accompanying engraving is a coup d'œil of the extent and vastness of the fortifications, of which some idea may be formed by the statement that the front of the Picture shows, "the only available passage for vessels of large size, ships entering which for hostile purposes would be exposed to a discharge of 32 lb. and 68 lb. shot from seven hundred guns simultaneously." The present illustration has been copied from a large and cleverly-executed lithograph, from a drawing by Mr. E. T. Dolby, who is now on board one of the vessels of the Baltic fleet. The following account of a recent visit, from a work just published†, will be read with interest, especially in connexion with the accompanying View:—

I embarked (says the author) at the English quay, by a small steamer that passes between the port and the city, at an early hour in the day: and, by the aid of the current which runs perpetually down, we arrived at our destination in less than two hours, and landed at a long pier which juts out of the north-east corner of the town.

Heading our steps towards the waterside, after passing the custom-house, the arsenal, and a college of cadets, we reached the merchants' harbour, which is one of three connected basins that form the port; the other two of which are called the middle harbour and the man-of-war harbour. Here we engaged a boat, in which we rowed through the shipping to the quay and bastions, which front the sea. Upon mounting this bulwark, of the town and the port, we came upon a broad rampart constructed of wood, upon a base of solid granite, forming as necessary a defense against the assault of the restless waves, as the guns with which it is mounted form against an attack from an enemy's fleet.

There is nothing connected with the island of Cronstadt that is not before the eye of the observer from one part or other of the ramparts.

The island itself occupies nearly a middle position between the southern and northern shores of the bay of the Neva; or is about six miles from the shores of Carelia on the northern side, and four from those of Ingria on the southern. It is about seven miles in length, but does not average more than a mile in breadth. It lies nearly parallel to the coast on either side; and the town, with its fortresses and basins, is situated in its south-eastern extremity. It was originally no more than a loose bed of sand and morass, strewed with masses of granite rock, such as are found in most low countries where there is much floating ice, which has doubtless, at some period or other, been the means by which they have been transported from coasts where the granite cliffs are exposed to frosts that, from time to time sever the masses from the solid rock.

The conversion of this barren waste into a flourishing seaport town, with a fine harbour, was, of course, a work begun by Peter the Great; for what is there that is worthy of being preserved in this empire that had not its origin with Peter, whose successors indeed have completed almost without exception all that this extraordinary man commenced, while they have at the same time continued the policy that introduced Russia into the family of European nations.

Notwithstanding the breadth of either arm of the bay, that on the north side of the island is too full of rocks and shoals, and the channel too narrow, intricate, and shallow, to admit vessels of any considerable burden.

We saw, however, several sloops, possibly fishing-vessels, taking this course, while we stood upon the bastions. Upon the south side appear the same shoal and rocks; but the channel which here sweeps by the south-east point of the island, though intricate and narrow, is deep enough to admit the largest ships as far as the basin which forms the port.

Peter the Great erected fortifications both upon the island of Cronstadt, and upon other sites commanding the entrance to the bay by the south channel, from which have arisen a series of defensive works, which, aided by the natural position of the island, renders Cronstadt, if not, as it has even been supposed by some, impregnable, at least one of the most formidable fortresses of modern times. Being encompassed by banks and shoals, and to be approached only by narrow channels, its posi-

† *Travels on the Shores of the Baltic extended to Novgorod.* By S. S. Hill.—Hall, Virtue and Co. 1854.

tion has afforded sites for many strong forts, of which no less than six have been erected upon shoals, sand banks, and rocks lying even with, or below, the surface of the water, and within the cross fire of which every vessel of any considerable burden must pass.

From the mole upon which we were standing, all the fortresses which defend the approaches to the Neva were under our view. At this point Fort Menschikoff rises above the barrier against the sea, with four tiers and 44 guns, which can rake the channel by which every vessel must approach. Immediately opposite this, on the south side of the channel, rises the great fort of Cronslott, formed of granite and timber, from a small island at the extremity of the shoals stretching out from the shore on this side, and mounting 46 guns in casemates, and 32 in *barbettes* (uncovered).

The next fort, west of the bay, is that of Peter I., which is seen rising out of the water in a similar manner to that of Cronslott, and is built wholly of granite, and mounts 28 guns in casemates, and 50 in *barbette*. Beyond this, in the same manner, rises Fort Alexander, also of granite, and casemated, with four tiers, and 116 guns; and yet further west, is Fort Constantine, of 25 guns, in a single tier. The sixth fort is that of Risbank, built of granite and timber, and rising upon the south side of the channel; and, though yet unfinished, intended to mount 60 guns, in two tiers.

On the west side, the town is defended by ramparts and a deep ditch; and on the north, by ramparts and bastions, and twelve batteries; and at the north-east point, where the pier projects, by sixteen guns, in casemates. On the east, where there is but three feet of water within gun range, there are ramparts, but no batteries.

The island itself is defended by a fort called Fort Peter, and by two batteries, all upon the south side, in the rear of the forts which guard the channel, and by Fort Alexander upon the north side, and by redoubts and lines near its extremity.

After spending some time upon the bastions, we re-embarked and rowed about among the merchant shipping. The basin was not crowded, but it was said to have about 600 vessels moored within its granite barrier, and it might probably, without inconvenience, hold double the number we saw there. There were ships

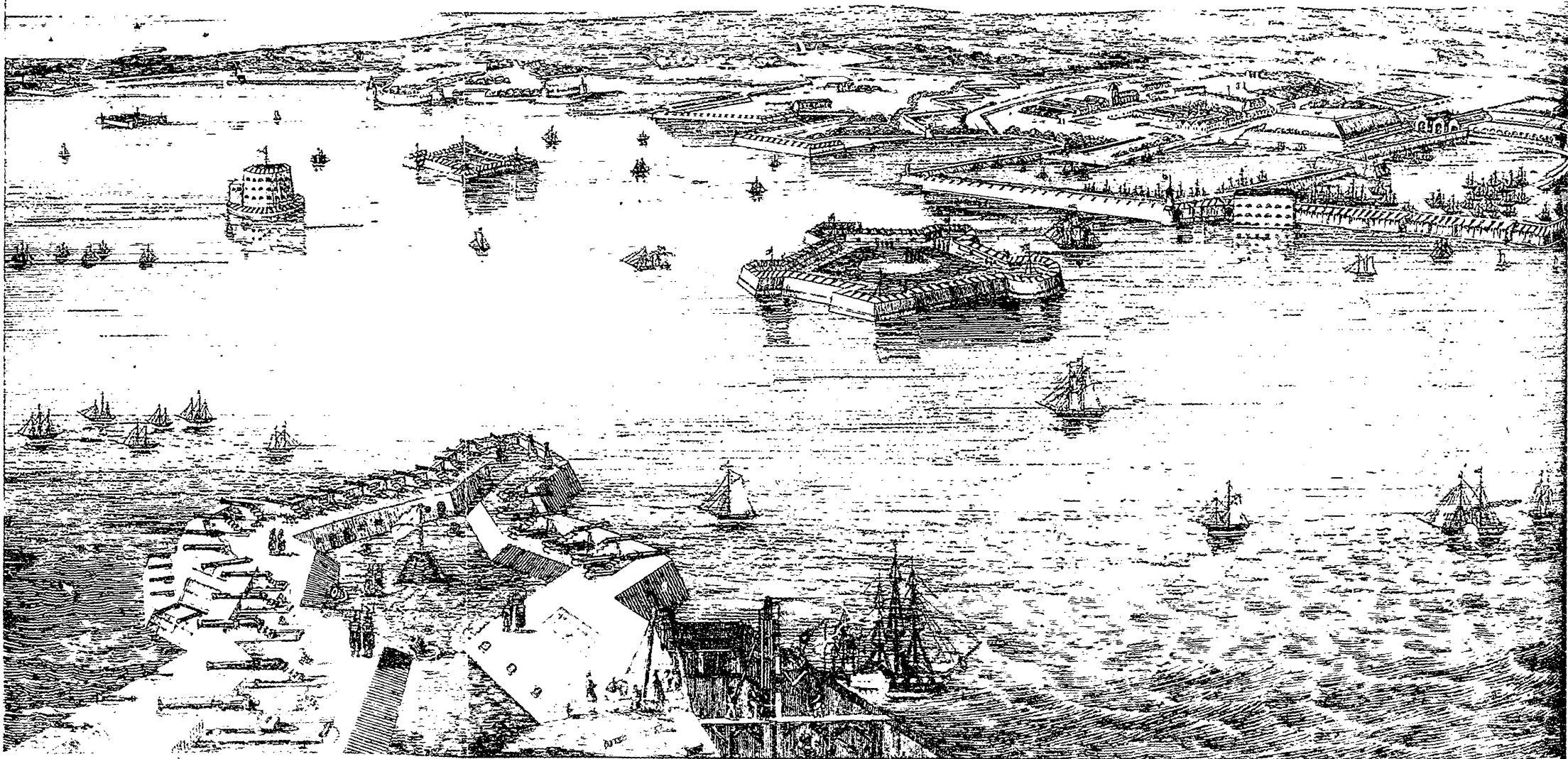
bearing the flags of all the maritime nations, the English being prominent. Among the Danish vessels, there were a frigate and a steamer of war, both taking in grain like ordinary merchant-ships.

From the part of the harbour occupied by the merchant-ships, we rowed to another part of the same basin, which is called the middle harbour. This is appropriated to the men-of-war that are fitting out. It unites with the merchants' harbour, and has a dock attached to it, which the ships enter by a canal. Beyond this lies the proper haven for ships fitted for sea, which is called the "Orlogshamn." This is capacious enough to contain between thirty five and forty line-of-battle ships. It is protected by a mole and bastions, independent of those of the common harbour.

After we had made this little survey of the harbour and fortifications of Cronstadt, we landed at a different part of the town from that at which we had embarked, and came immediately into the principal square which is called after the name of the great founder of all around, and has a statue of Peter in bronze on a pedestal of polished granite. From this, we directed our steps towards the Arsenal, where we saw 500 or 600 cannon, and equipments for ships of every burden, and arms, both English and French, as well as Russian. There are also, preserved here, as in the Cathedral at St. Petersburg, many flags taken from the Swedes and Turks—several of the latter of which are of silk. There are also five or six of Peter's own standards, one or two of which were so nearly turned to tinder, that the remains of them could only be preserved by pasting them on paper.

We next visited some gardens, where the floating population of the island during the summer, recreate themselves upon Sunday and holidays, and often after the hours of business, on other days. They are rich with exotic plants and native firs, and are tastefully laid out, and have in them a pavillion, and several coffee-houses, after the French style; but it was now neither the day nor the hour to expect company, and we met no one. Before we left the grounds, however, we mounted to the top of the pavillion, from which we had a fine view of the harbour, the bay, and the sea, which have been described.

After our promenade in the gardens, we drove round the proper boulevards of the town, which are ornamented with trees, and present, at



FORT CONSTANTINE

FORT ALEXANDER

FORT RIESBANK

FORT PETER

CHRONSLÖT

FORT MENSCHIKOFF

Ullrich del. 1857

CRONSTADT FROM THE NARROW PART OF THE CHANNEL NEAREST ST PETERSBURG.

many points, the same formidable batteries that we had seen at the entrance to the port.

The town of Cronstadt consists, properly, of two parts, one of which comprises all the offices connected with the Admiralty, and all the *employes*, and is superintended by the admiral of the port, while the other is, properly, commercial. Belonging to the former, there is a naval school, hospitals, arsenals, and some other establishments while the latter has the Gastinnoi Dyor in which no town is Russia, of any consideration, is wanting, and a Lutheran, an English, and a Russian church.

The population of Cronstadt, during six months that the harbour is closed is not more than 10,000 souls; but, during the months that its commerce is most active, it is supposed to be about 30,000, exclusive of the garrison and the seamen actually afloat.

A letter from St. Petersburg of the 29th ult., in the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, announces that the Czar has just issued a ukase, declaring that, in order to do special honour to the memory of his predecessor, Paul I., the Fort of Risbank, at Cronstadt, is henceforward to bear the name of the "Port of the Emperor Paul I." The fort in question defends on the east the entrance of the passage. The ukase was immediately carried into effect, and the new name of the fort was placed over the principal entrance in large letters, after the bishop had given it its benediction. The portrait of Paul I, has also been been lately put up in the grand reception room of the Palace of Peterhoff, situated between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

The social, political, and religious characteristics of the country are very curious. It does not appear that their present seclusion has been a thing of all time. The timidity and mystery of the rulers of Japan is of modern growth. During the days of early intercourse, it was marked by high-bred courtesy on their part, combined with refined liberality and hospitality, without questions as to circumstances, rank, calling, or nation.* When a governor of the Philippines was

wrecked and destitute, they at once treated him according to his rank. He was received with princely honours, which were continued during his residence. Every assistance was given him to depart. The poor boy Adams, who was wrecked there, rose from the state of "apprentice to master Nicholas Diggins of Limehouse" to be a prince in Japan. He became the counsellor and friend of the monarch. For a whole century trade was free and unshackled, and profits were enormous. The amount of gold and silver sent home by these traders was very great.† The missionaries succeeded in making two million converts to Christianity. They were allowed to build temples and to teach the tenets of Rome. Toleration was extended to the religion of Budha, the votaries of which now out-number those of Sinto. There are besides thirty-four other sects, which are all tolerated and live in great harmony. Adams never recanted from Christianity. The English and Dutch factors were kindly used. But the Spaniards and Portuguese opposed with great energy and presence of rival nations. They declared the Dutch to be rebellious subjects of Portugal. Minamoto-no-yes-yeas, or Gongin Sama, the emperor, who gave privileges to the English always refused to listen to the intolerant Portuguese, declaring that all people were alike to him, and that Japan was an asylum for people of all nations.* A change has since taken place. The government of Japan is now exclusive and barbarous. But the change may be explained.

The Portuguese first visited that empire in 1542; the Spaniards a little later. In 1587 occurred the first disagreement. The Spaniards interfered too much with religion; while the Portuguese stole some of the Japanese and sold them as slaves, and also ate the flesh of oxen and cows, which was offensive to the Japanese. The Portuguese tried to explain, but with little success. A decree was published, expelling the missionaries, and pulling down all crosses. But the de-

* See "Memorials of the Empire of Japan in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," edited, with notes, by Thomas Randall. London: for the Hakluyt Society.

† See "Summary of the Narrative of Don Rodrigo de Vivero, by Velasco," in Appendix to Memorials, etc.

* See Charlevix "Histoire du Japon," t. iii. ed. 1754.

creed was very nearly a dead letter. It was, however, to the over-zeal of the priests that the exclusive system was entirely due. Christian revolts took place, which were put down with a ferocity and cruelty unexampled in the history of the world. The Dutch, too, succeeded in persuading the government that the Portuguese meant to conquer the empire. All Christian nations were thereupon expelled, a price was put on the heads of priests and Christians, and Christianity banished. All natives were prohibited from leaving the country, under penalty of eternal exile. Japan was, to use Kœmpfer's phrase, shut up.*

The Dutch have retained their position by the exercise of the arts of patience and submissiveness. The English retired honourably from Japan in 1623, and then sent a mission in 1673; but Charles II. being married to a daughter of Portugal it failed.

In 1805 the Japanese had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Russia. At the suggestion of Count Resanoff, two officers of the Russian imperial navy, named Chowstoff and Davidoff, made a descent on one of the Kuriles. They landed within territories dependent on the government of Japan, inhabited by Japanese subjects, and governed by Japanese authority. Pillage, slaughter, incendiarism, and crimes of every hue, marked their track. They took away many prisoners, and threatened to return.

On the present state of affairs there is a curious extract to be made from a native writer.† He says:—"The ancients compared the metals to the bones in the human body, and taxes to the blood, hair, and skin, that incessantly undergo the process of renewal, which is not the case with metals. I compute the annual exportation of gold at about one hundred and fifty thousand kobars: so that in ten years this empire is drained of fifteen hundred thousand kobars.‡ With the exception of medicines, we can dispense with everything that is brought us from abroad. The stuffs and other commodities

are of no real benefit to us. All the gold, silver, and copper, extracted from the mines during the reign of Gongin (Ogosh-Sama) and since his time, is gone, and—what is still more to be regretted—for things we could have done without."

There may be two opinions on this point, as the Japanese appear very much behind-hand in most of the arts of civilised life. Still the country is rich. There is an extensive and lucrative trade between the provinces. Extensive tracts of land, each with its own climate and its own peculiar productions, separated from each other by ranges of rugged mountains, by impervious forests, or by broad arms of the sea, promote an immense coasting trade, by which the various productions are disseminated and circulated to the great comfort of the population and the no small gain of the trader.

The Japanese are very ingenious in manufacturing almanacks for the blind, and other almanacks for general use. Their porcelain has degenerated from its former superiority, owing to a deficiency of the peculiar clay necessary to make it. Their most beautiful silks are woven by high-born criminals, who are confined upon a small, rocky, unproductive island, their property confiscated, and themselves obliged to pay for their daily food with the produce of their manual labour. The exportation of these silks is prohibited.

The circulating medium is gold, silver, and copper; but the gold and silver alone can be properly called coin. They bear the mint stamp, and have a fixed value. Small silver pieces and copper pass by weight. They use paper money and bills of exchange.

The arts are very much in arrear among them, though this is a point on which there is a very great difference of opinion. They are, however, very fond of painting, and are eager collectors of pictures; are said to sketch boldly in charcoal and even in ink, never having occasion to efface; and their outlines are clear, and their drawing as good as can be expected without a knowledge of perspective and anatomy. They are unable to take correct likenesses, and so the professional portrait painters devote themselves to

* See Kœmpfer, vol. i p. 317-18.

† A treatise composed in 1708 by the prime minister of the Emperor Tsouna-Yosi, in Jet-sing's "Illustrations of Japan."

‡ £2,500,000.

the dress and general appearance rather than the features. In buds of flowers they succeed better; and two folio volumes of paintings of flowers, with the name and properties of each written on the opposite page, the work a Japanese lady, and by her presented to Herr Tillsing, are highly spoken of. Delicate finishing is their art.

Landscape and figures they do not shine in, though there are in Japan some of the most wondrous scenes which the eye of man has ever beheld. The paintings in their temples are very inferior, though some of the articles of show are elaborately carved and lackered. They do not understand oil-painting, but use water-colours with ease. They prepare these from minerals and vegetables, and obtain tints of remarkable beauty.

Wood-engraving is well known, and engraving on copper has been recently introduced. Sculpture is only known to the extent of a few carvings for ornaments. But they have, on the other hand, a very good idea of the art of casting metals. Their bells, which have no metal tongues, but are sounded by being struck with wooden mallets, are remarkable for tone and beauty. Of architecture, as an art, they have no conception. The art of cutting precious stones is quite unknown.

It will be seen that, on the whole, Japan has more to gain than to lose from mixing with civilised nations. Now that there is little fear or conquest being attempted, the throwing open of this country to the commerce of the world must be productive of much advantage. We shall have a new system of civilization to study, and if we are but wise, a new ground wherein to sow the seed of the gospel.

THE FIRST STATUE OF CANOVA.

There are, doubtless, few of our readers who have not heard mentioned with honour the name of the great Canova, that skilful sculptor of modern times, whose admirable statues have almost taken rank among the master-pieces which Grecian antiquity has transmitted to us. Canova, like other great men, owed his rise solely to himself. Diligent labour was the only

source of his fortune, and the first attempts of his infancy presaged the success of his mature age.

Canova was an Italian, the son of a mason. All the education which he received from his father consisted in learning the business of his trade. As soon as his strength permitted, he learned to handle the trowel and hammer, to mix the plaster, and to place the gravel—occupations which he discharged with sufficient zeal and activity to be soon able to serve as the journeyman, or rather the companion, of his father, notwithstanding his youth. But in the frequent intervals of repose which his weakness rendered indispensable, he amused himself by observing the different objects which he saw about him, with sketching them roughly with brick, or even with modelling their forms in the plaster cement which he had just mixed. These constant exercises, practised with as much perseverance as intelligence, soon rendered him familiar with the practice of drawing, and of sculpture in relief. But his youthful talent was unknown to all, even to his father, who only concerned himself with his greater or less skill in passing the plaster to the seive, and in pouring enough water into the trough.

A whimsical event suddenly occurred to reveal it to all the world.

His father had been summoned to make some repairs in the country house of a rich lord of the neighbourhood. He had taken his son with him, according to custom, to act as his journeyman; and the genteel carriage of the little Canova soon procured for him the affection of the chief cook, and all the scullions of the house, so that, the day's work being ended, Canova did not stir from the pantry, where he executed in crumbs of bread, or in plaster, grotesque figures and caricatures, which delighted the valets, and, in return, they fed him in the style of my lord.

One day there was an entertainment at the country house. Canova was in the kitchen, playing with the scullions, when they suddenly heard a cry of despair from the pantry, and saw the head cook coming out in alarm, throwing up his cap, striking his breast, and tearing his hair. After the first moments of astonishment, they crowded around him in a huddle.

“I am lost,” he cried, “I am lost, I am lost! My magnificent master-piece! my palace! which I had built for the dinner! see in what a condition it is!”

And with a pathetic gesture he showed an edifice of pastry, which he had just drawn from the oven! Alas! it was burnt, covered with ashes, and half demolished. There was a general cry of surprise, mingled with that of grief.

"What is to be done?" cried the cook; "here is the dinner hour. I have not time to make another. I am lost! My lord expects for the dessert something remarkable. He will turn me away!"

During these lamentations, Canova walked round the diminished palace, and considered it with attention.

"Is this for eating?" he inquired.

"Oh no, my little one!" answered the cook; "it is only to look at."

"Ah well, all is safe! I promise you something better in an hour from now. Hand me that lump of butter."

The cook, astonished, but already half-persuaded by his boldness, gave him all he wanted; and of this lump of butter Canova made a superb lion, which he sprinkled with meal, mounted on a pedestal of rich architecture, and before the appointed hour exhibited his finished work to the wondering spectators. The cook embraced him with tears in his eyes, called him his preserver, and hastened to place upon the table the extemporaneous masterpiece of the young mason.

There was a cry of admiration from the guests. Never had they seen, said they, so remarkable a piece of sculpture. They demanded the author of it.

"Doubtless one of my people," answered my lord, with a satisfied air; and he asked the cook.

He blushed, stammered, and ended by confessing what had happened. All the company wished to see the young journeyman, and overwhelmed Canova with praises. It was decided at once that the master of the household should take charge of him, and have him go through studies suitable to his precocious talent.

They had no cause to repent of this decision. We have seen that Canova knew how to profit by the lessons of his masters, whom he soon excelled. Nevertheless, in the midst of his celebrity, he was pleased with remembering the adventure of the lion of butter, and said he was very sorry that it had been melted. "I hope," he added, "that my later statues will be more solid, otherwise my reputation runs a great risk."

MODERN TURKS.

I have lived much among Turks of every nation and class—more, I am happy to say, among the uncivilised than the civilised; and here is the comparative description I should give of them:—*Uncivilised Turk*—Middle sized; of powerful frame; blunt, but sincere character; brave, religious, sometimes even to fanaticism; cleanly, temperate, addicted to coffee and pipes; fond of a good blade, and generally well skilled in its use; too proud to be mean, cowardly, or false; generous to prodigality; and in dress fond of bright colours and rich clothing, of which he of often wears three or four suits at one time—one over the other. *Civilised Turk*—Under sized; of delicate frame; polite, but insincere; not over brave; often boasting of atheism; neglecting the ablutions of his religion, partly because the Franks are dirty, and partly because his new costume won't admit of them; given to Cognac and cigarettes; fond of a showy sheath, if a militaire; or of a pretty cane if a civilian; no pride whatever, but lots of vanity; possesses no Oriental generosity; and for dress, wears a frock coat; stays, to give a small waist; a gay-coloured "gent's vest;" ditto ditto inexpressibles, often of a rather "loud railway pattern," and strapped down very tight, so as to show to advantage the only distinguishing Oriental features which remain to him—a very crooked pair of legs; his *chassure* consists of a pair of French gay merino in brodequins with patent leather toes; his head-dress is a particularly small red skull cap, worn at the back of the head, and often containing a small piece of looking-glass, whereby on all occasions to arrange the rather unruly coarse hair it frequently covers. Straw colour Naples imitation gloves, at two dollars a dozen, and an eye glass are generally considered as indispensable parts of the "getting up *a la Franca*." In point of manners, the lowest *real Turk* is a nobleman; the best of the Europeanised lot is barely a gentleman.—*Parkin's Life in Abyssinia*.

The transition from an author's book to his conversation, is too often like an entrance into a mean city, whose distant prospect promised much splendour and magnificence.

All persons cannot talk sense, but no one needs to talk nonsense; silence is patent to every person.

A STUDENT TRAMP TO NIAGARA FALLS.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Yes, boys," Thayendeniga would often ejaculate aloud to me, in a mournful, self-reproaching sort of voice, as he and I, sitting together in the wigwam near Hamilton, smoked our pipes. "John, it was a savage action—it was really savage for a father to slay his own son; but I couldn't help it." The great warrior, when he had said these words, would puff forth clouds of tobacco fume in silence, which, familiar though we were, I did not choose for a long while to interrupt.

To two interested weather-released students, with the Queen's Bench and agency dockets lying before them, and a copy of a taxed bill of costs made beautifully alias disgustingly less by the remorseless decimation of the taxing-master, lying at their elbow, the same John, who whilom smoked with the chieftain Brandt, narrated, as an eye-witness, the unnatural rencontre which, in 1795, took place between him and his sorry son Isaac, a second Absalom to the renowned chieftain, and terminated in the death of the former.

The snows of more than eighty-two winters whitened the long locks of the venerable man, who saw himself, where Toronto now stretches itself, with its 60,000 souls, with only a *solitary tent!* more than half a century since. Return back to the year '72, and you have that in which old John C. S—— was born somewhere in the State of New York. His forefathers were from "the Green Isle," and he with some of his relatives, removed to Canada as U.E. Loyalists. He remains a hale old bachelor, jolly and happy, —though, when we propounded to him concerning the estate Benedictine, were unhesitatingly exhorted, all things being equal, to eschew his comfortless example. He can walk without trouble his twenty miles a day, and has an eye as keen as the eagle's, abounds in anecdotes of the times when Canada was young, and recollects names and dates with most astonishing accuracy. He has written a history of the country, and we tried to persuade him to bequeath it to us as a legacy. "A curious one, no doubt, it would be," continued he; "There was an immense gathering together of the Indian tribes at Blasely's, near Hamilton, in '95, for the purpose of receiving their usual annual presents from Government, of guns, blankets, ammunition, &c. Old Joe Brandt and his son Isaac

had been at variance for some considerable while. Isaac desired the chieftainship, but was denied it by the sagacious parent. The refusal irritated and rankled the bad passions of the aspirant, and naturally self-willed and violent, his attachment to *fire-water* was but as fuel to the flame which consumed him.

"During the day of distribution he repeated his silly request, and again meeting with ill success, became the deplorable victim of his cupidity.

"There were two apartments in the house the Commissioners distributed the presents. I was, with some few others, in the outer one. Thayendeniga stood in the passage between the two. Isaac suddenly made his appearance armed with an open knife, and made menacingly towards his father, who, quick as thought, struck and snapped shut the weapon, severely cutting the son's hand and finger. Afterwards, upon a second assault, the indignant father smote the foiled parricide on the head with the dirk which he held as self-protection. Parties then interfered, and Isaac, bleeding and insensible, was carried off to his hut. From the effects of his wounds he never recovered, When somewhat better, he was mounted upon a horse to be taken home, but imprudence and the tenderness of his wounds hastened his end in a few days. Early the following morning after the occurrence, the chieftain walked to the hut where his son lay, looked at him, and said, 'I might slay you now, but I would not,' and then turned upon his heel and left.

"Brandt was only a middle-sized man, with very broad shoulders, thick set, had a big neck and head. Ah, boys, many's the time he and I smoked the 'calumet' and sang songs together, and he used to like me to 'chanter *les chansons Francaises*,' and talk Indian—which we always did. Old S. speke the German language, in addition to his other linguist accomplishments, like a native.

"I have smelt Yankee powder, you must know, boys, in our Canada fights; so was some company to the 'old tomahawk.'"

The octogenarian had hardly finished, with a *treble* laugh, this stray leaf from the many in his book of reminiscence, with which at times he regaled us, when I leaped from the office stool, rushed to my quarters, or professionally, where my *shingle hangs out*, crushed into my pocket an extra shirt collar, and scrambled and threaded my way down the wharf to the Peer-

less, whose hissing vapour and querulous bell gave significant intimation of fretful impatience. The time of her departure had about expired.

CHAPTER II.

In this sweltering weather it may be assumed as an incontrovertible fact, that everybody with a spark of pluck, who has visited the "Niobe of nations," and crossed the Porta Cavaglieri, writes picturesquely in a picturesquely bound book, the important Vatican and the Coliseum, and that the literary and hungry-minded buy and read the work.

Equally true is it that weary Boyd's Greece, her Acropolis, her Parthenon, or her Olympus, impress the traveller with the *cacothles scribendi*, and in halting prose we are instructed with a detail of Greek insurrections, or in liquid verse, beatified with an apostrophe after the manner of *Ζωή μὲν σὰς ἀγαπῶ*.

In like manner, the hero who snuffs the severe atmosphere of St. Bernard, and scales the slippery steeps, or slips down the eternal glaciers of the mountains of Der Schweiz, dedicates to his country's archives and the *larses* and *penates* of his countrymen the relations of his tour, and the sensations, physical and psychological, within the precincts of a temperature perpetually below zero; and the tale is read by eyes both bright and dim, unchilled verily, and lastly, to come nearer home, everybody who is somebody, as Mr. Chambers, for instance, who is great because useful, and who may have peregrinated from parts afar off, *terra marique*, and hears the roar of the Canadian Cataract, caught toft by the inspiration of disembodied feelings, as high as the seventh sphere of divine mentality, he or she dashes forth some such sublime American distich for an album—

Oh! what a sight, year after year,
The cataract frothing ginger-beer!
But what a gain, if one's our barber,
Could shave with it, and save soap-leather!

or hurtles madly, furiously, endlessly, over wide superficies of blank folios, his or her impassioned sensations for publication in some village "Firefly," wherewith to enlighten its delighted subscribers.

If then, not to make our sorties too cumulative, all this is so, may not one hasty sketch of a visit merit a niche in the annals of light literature, and those our own, home-spun shall we term them? not that the prospect of immortalization is any incentive to our grey goose-quill, in mingling its way over virgin foolscap, to the

end that those who read may learn of a Student Tramp to Niagara Falls—there and back again—under the auspices of that benign commentator, or Black letter lawyer, whichever he be, who, for some signal honesty, say to pauper to popular prejudice, has been added to the calendar of saints, to preside over those blissful *di non*—Vacation times!

How often have we hung our heads to see the material of our own fair land neglected by the literary gourmand, and the past eagerly thimble and ransacked lands that are distant and indistinct, traversed for adventure and chivalry, to the undeserved neglect of our own field of domestic literature, and "the home of the torrent, the stream, and the lake?"

But to the Peerless again.

CHAPTER III.

My "compagnon du voyage," a fellow *lamb*, was to have preceded me, but in vain did my eager eyes search the throng which hedged round the cabin, making it like a bee-hive, for the light of his countenance. "Non est," I savagely soliloquised; and our tramp projected, indeed but half an hour previously, may have proved to his laundress—vulgariter washerwoman, "Short notice," and will end, as the ominous waste pipe of the boat significantly hindered, and a Yankee's cigarette at the gangway, to my chagrined and crestfallen feelings, in smoke. But joy to my budding disappointment, for as the last chink of the bell and scream of the whistle had abruptly expired, leaving me catching the cud of bitter fancy upon the slip, I "entered his appearance" at the head of the wharf, and soon made *Scire facias*, that my vague prophecy as to the cause of his delay was correct.

The justification which he pleaded of cold fixtures at once was accepted as an *exhonoratio*. No sooner (which was instant) were we moored in the saloon, awaiting the issue from the bar of a refresher, than the Peerless had unmoored her cable, and stood S. by SW.

Most tourists in their narration of departure speak of sorrowful hearts, scalding tears, agnized handkerchiefs, shaking of shivering hands, clasping of heaving bosoms, fond regretful Sam Patch looks, "the wide, wide sea before them," &c.; but alas for us nascent Mansfields, without a chick or child to care for, or to be cared about, we had to console the physical and the mental with the sage Horatian theory. "Carpe

dien," *alias* the drawing of unwilling estapples. This business transaction ended, we hurried to make a recognoisance of the receding city, if for nought else to avoid the propriety of a "commission de lunatico inquirendo," issuing against us, which should certainly be done, had we omitted to view the growing beauty and increasing limits of Toronto, when leaving it by the Bay, whence this is done with peculiar advantage and pleasure.

The glittering spires—the minarets, cloud-capped shall I apostrophise the old windmills' shining apex—faded in distinctness of outline as we glided along the heavily-laden, busy-looking wharves, which jut out from the shore into the serene harbor of the fairest of Canadian cities. There is the framework in Toronto for one of the handsomest of cities. Its esplanade, its College avenue, with the new Parliament buildings at the head, 200 acres of wooded beautified land, left us a lung for the city, in the very centre of it; flanked at the east by the Don, and at the west, several miles distant, by the romantic Humber, to which the city must extend—even now rapidly extending in new villas and country seats. Then, with a gradual slope of several miles from the water, back to the prominent ridge, about 180 or 200 feet above the Bay, once the shore of the Lake, skirting the city as a north-western boundary for a number of miles—to be adorned before long by frequent beautiful country residences—Toronto is capable of being made as rare a city of beauty and substance; the commercial and the beautiful going hand and hand to increase and adorn it.

But our eyes bade adieu to the old College bell cupola, and tapering 70 feet high flag-staff. Ah! well do we revert in memory to the day when, amidst cheers and huzzas, we floated the college flag with its motto, "*Palmam qui meruit ferat*," and the Union Jack, which, as true Britons, were hoisted upon St. George's birthday, and the youthful hards of that time-honored institution, in mysterious Alcaic and Sapphic metre, and in good Queen's English, dedicated their rythmical talents and racked their brains in honor of the occasion. Every boy, before the staff was planted, seemed to consider it as a happy step towards fame, a feeling which was ever fanned by our masters, when he had inscribed or whittled the initials of his name at the very top, which all did. My cognomen, I well recollect, was ingeniously put upon the

crown centre; no one certainly could well be higher up! The old boarding-house—*pax tecum*—what scenes and vicissitudes did the infantile Preparatory Form boy see, as up the College ladder slowly and surely he raised one foot after the other, a year at a lift, for seven rounds, when the same was attained, and an "honorable promotion from the VIIth form" labelled him to the world as worthy of its favor. But to curtail the chapter.

Like the silvery flashes of the Aurora to the mid-day sun were the glancings of the graceful spire of St. George's in the distance westward, whilst in sparkling lustre the newly reared classic turrets of Trinity College seemed to reflect the genial sunbeams in lustrous rivalry to the refulgent tin-covered bomb-proof roofs of the new Garrison. We have certainly endeavored to make the most of our tin! but really it has always a pretty effect in the coup d'œil of a city. Saying farewell to all, and as true sons of Justinianus to the Ionic columns of Osgoode Hall. the dinner bell's rattling ring (who ever heard the music gently o'er me stealing?) like magic woke us from our fancy dream in which the the rapture of the panoramic view of the city had left us, what mortal "with soul so dead" but confesses with but half an ear, or with none at all, the luxury of the dinner bell's music,—what "*Mira O. Norma*," what "*Casta Diva*" can compete for deliciousness of sound, though a Jenny may seraphically warble, or a Kate melt your heart, as she does one's eyes, when the ringing polished metal sways up and down in the shining digits of a smiling darkey—beckoning and wooing are those strains, fascinating utterly, as by the cabin door the fleecy-aproned divinity claims his willing victims—rushing as sheep to the slaughter, or rather in slaughter to the sheep!

CHAPTER IV.

What Lake captain does not recollect the onslaught of the college boy when *en route* for the holidays, and Jupiter Ammon to see the destruction by a dozen of hungry students? It was indeed a day of feasting in our time; circumscribed restraints were left behind them, and the prospect of future home bliss let all the dogs slip, and it was havoc and war to the knife on "wheat bread and chicken fixin's." The old feeling came upon us as we seated ourselves; at any rate writs of execution upon roast-beef and plum-pudding were issued, and

subpenas duces tecum to the waiters thick and fast. "Ale and viler liquor," such as Hudibras, when he "went a colouring," probably discoursed, were not wanting to give zest to the repast. To what perfection has men not brought the facilities of travelling—whilst annihilating time and space? Floating palaces as well on the trackless sea, as upon the Lake or the river! Every comfort and luxury that can be procured upon shore! Even physicians to heal the sick! To reflect back and know that within a very few years only has the rapidity of intercourse been achieved, the conveniences daily being augmented, that not twenty years ago sloops and schooners uncertain in their voyages across our glorious lakes have now as substitutes our Magnets and Peeresses—makes us pause and ask what next? When a distance of 500 miles from New York to Toronto can be traversed with greatest comfort in 22 hours, whereas, in the times of our childhood it took so many days we feel with the Yankee, as though the times were become "some pumpkins." Sometimes, early in the month of August, upon the awning covered deck of the swift steamer, two parchment-tried youths, habited in all the abandonment of cool toggery, which nothing but the rules of etiquette prevented us from exchanging for nature's vestments, snuffed and inhaled and exhaled the balmy breezes as they blew windward, recent from the gorgeous sunlit west! Talk of scores of præcipes for writs, or the Fieri Facias returned with costs and charges, and the damages all made. At any time, yea, or ideal cases of unprotected females, or rich neccesses in distress, or a rattling murder suit, which at once makes the fortune of the briefless but always hopeful juriconsult. Talk of all these at any other time than when we there breathed the fresh air of heaven. Let the insipid snob speak of the gales of Araby, and the spicy aromas from palm glades and orange groves, and the fragile boarding-school miss, of the birds of paradise, and many-hued feathered tribes that people them; but commend a loyal Canadian to his native health-bringing breezes, born in the trackless forests of the towering maple and cloud-stretching pine, amidst islands and mountains of crystal ice, or on the bosom of his broad lakes, with melody of the warbling thrush, the trolling robin, or the shrill whip-poor-will—ought we add, our Dutch nightingales! Ontario! who could clip so euphonious a name in phrenzy or poetical license, as once

some newspaper's poet's corner beheld it, in a ditty terminating every verse, "blue Lake Ontario!"

From all such "doctrine, heresy, and schism" keep us at a forty-foot pole distance!

It has sometimes caused a momentary pang of momentary regret when closing a book written anent "the days o' auld lang syne," to contrast the materiality of the present with the apparent immateriality of the past, when all was a chapter of fortuitous accidents or blissful felicity; but to even our unromantic parchment imagination this soon, upon sober reflection, becomes dissipated, because of the speciousness of its cause, the absence of castles so-named, and knights and tournaments would argue to the superficial the corresponding want of all chivalry and romance, so essential to make society and a people refined and cultivated. "Emollire mores nec sinere esse feros," But yet, although fabled frowning walls of granite, everbowed, and trees and fragrant exotics whose elegance and luxury surpass the haunted castles of former ages, as theirs probably did the habitations of a Caractacus or the rude Allëmanni, whose country breathes of romance, and whose Rhine has been prolific of so much that song or tale can make interesting and charming.

We have mansions like palaces, instead of baronial castles, and as the serf of those days died with the feudal regime his intelligent successor may become by his industry and his talents the lord of such mansions. There is no tram-melling now of fealty, and heaven be praised none of that romantic, though it reads translated from the German, incarceration in dungeons dark and horrible. Though a trace of this system seems yet to linger in our great mother country, when a poor victim the other day was discovered to have been immured in Winchester jail for a debt of £5000 for thirty-nine years! The law, when it is cruel, is sometimes incorrigibly so, and a seven or ten years' Chancery suit in this land of reform until late has been as sore a grievance as a truce to the unfortunate litigants; but this delay no more plagues us. There is just as much romance now as there ever was, only of a far higher and intellectual a nature; nor indeed is the bellicose hero an obsolete existence when the Moslem and the Muscovite wage dreadful war, and the cross and tricolor wave fraternally amongst crescented banners and turbaned pashas!

CHAPTER V.

What food for reflection our present Eastern alliance presents, when we go back to the times of Saladin, and Cœur de Lion, and Godfrey de Bouillon! The brave soldier of merry Old England even now is fighting his just battle, together with his brothers the Caledonian and the scots of St. Patrick, upon the banks of rapid roiling Ister, and heroes like Butler and Nasmyth and Arnold are there in thousands, and slight the memory of our own country's conflicts, when the scalping knife was raised to annihilate the pioneer of our land, or when a Wolfe and a Brock died in its behalf. Think of these and kindred facts first before we go into mourning for the decease of what lives, and thrives as gloriously as in the doughtiest days of yore. Even the quill can yet be metamorphosed into a sword. And there were as fair eyes and forms to be seen upon the deck of the scudding Peerless as in the palmiest days of yore. No longer shall we feign to grieve for the imaginary departure of the sentimental and poetical, such as Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Scott weaved into living verse, and taught our ardent fancy to venerate and adore. There is left the chivalry of the gentleman and the elegant courtesy of the lady, as full of nobleness as the bravest knyghte-errantry of the palmiest days of Ivanhoe, or fairest maidenly gallantry of the days of Ellen Douglas.

That a pair of blue eyes *then* should be more than a pair of blue eyes *now*, a vaunt *wholly* thought! The helmet and the plume are not yet fabulous furniture—the palfrey and hawk give way to hound, and hunter, and racer; the arena of the bar, the hospital, and the pulpit—the lists of our Universities are now the jousts and tournaments, where gauntlet meets gauntlet in the strife of genius, intellect, and benevolence—and where victories won gain as much and deserve more favor in the eye of maid and lady than in times of yore. Being naturally shy of the fair sex our adoration of the *munia* was confined to the silent incense of the eye. The music of the winds and waves and soft voices as we glided along our way, at times were blended. in the enlivening strains of the clarionet and the violin, as they were played by two of “Africa’s sons,” to speak after the manner of poets, for they might have been *fathers*. They wore no chains, and dreaded no bloodhounds or lash, as over three millions of their colour at this moment, unfortunately, have reason to dread. The increase of the slave population of the United

States has been at an average rate of forty per cent. within the last ten years. In Arkansas no less than 136 per cent. When and where, may we ask, will all this end? Canada soil is where the black man is *for ever free*—no matter if he is sometimes fed upon “hoininy and molasses” all the day long by some good-natured greasy planter.

Strains of right good music we got. Pompey has certainly the music in his composition. The intermission in the programme of a few moments after the exhilarating air, “Pop goes the weasel,” afforded an opportunity for a little change in the course of the performance, as the handsomely-filled straw Golgotha of the man of the clarionette tinklingly testified.

Talking once more of tin—the tin-covered tops of the two forts, which, to speak à la militaire, bristle at the entrance of Niagara river, with their colours hoisted, soon hove in sight: and a few minutes later beheld our bowline fastened to the wharf. The surprising metamorphosis which this whilom-decayed-Alhambra the resort of hypochondriacs, according to a distinguished writer on the condition and future prospects of the country, has within so brief a period undergone, is beyond the myths of Aladdin or Proteus to believe.

A region once as dreary and desolate as the hopeless countenances of its inhabitants, like them has been transmuted into cheerfulness and activity, and the workmen’s hammer and forge, and shipwright’s axe make bill and wood resonant with their harmony. Long before Toronto was thought of, Niagara flourished in all the pride and circumstance which military prestige lavished upon it, and our old friend John C. S— in the days tagged the mail a part of the way thence towards Montreal.

CHAPTER VI.

Though we had gained the land, yet we discovered, as we launched onwards towards Lewiston, that an equiponderating loss had been by the Fates decreed, for we then lost the black eyes and the blue to which vaguely, in illustrating a certain conceit, we alluded. It will not suit us to give a bill of particulars: these must be shrouded amongst those other impenetrable mysteries which the many may not know of. But a pang of *lemoncholy*, as T. persisted in describing his grief, penetrated the desolated recesses of our bosoms, as we looked adieu to the aforesaid “peepers.” I would have es-

teemed the application of this term quoted to the pale maiden with flaxen locks and calico apron (I am partial to calico) at the stern of the vessel, exhausting the juices from a jaundiced lemon more appropriate. What faithless Moses may have soured her sensibilities as to drive her to such an extremity as to seek some oil of consolation, some solatium, some antidote for the bitter sore that, perchance, was devouring her, there she was a good chunk of a gal, by the by, we wot not of. And the deepest respect for such misery, for misery alone could we deem a damsel to be affected with, all absorbed in *λεμωχαλή*, prevented our combined offers of condolence!

We shall not soon forget the lemon. But indeed a pang of genuine melancholy seized us as we thought of the evanescence of human affairs and particularly those said eyes, whose lustre to grow rapturous rivalled the glancing ripples of light as they danced upon the bubbling spray drops from the bow of our gallant vessel ploughing through the beautiful water. How long sometimes does the light of eyes illumine the windows of the memory as they open to the past: and though it is a weakness to make the avowal, still our moral courage enables us to do so.

It may be some time before we forget those eyes. The temperature of the air was sensibly milder as we scudded noiselessly almost through the deep green of the river to Lewiston. There is a placidity about the water, and shrub, and sapling-covered banks peculiarly agreeable to the eye and feelings; but the summits of Queenston heights soon broke the rather tame monotony of the scenery, and the fairy-like fabric suspended in mid air which connects the two shores at the entrance of the deep gorge at whose base the river, with a myriad eddies and convolutions, rapidly issues, catches the eye simultaneously. The historic associations of the place under it is particularly attractive. The humbug of trunk-overhauling by the Custom-house seems latterly to have entirely disappeared.

I well remember when only a youngster, how tickled I became at one of them when travelling east with some friends, some years ago, after a college commencement, a gaunt Jonathan, after the trunks had passed muster in the cabin, came a second time, and stated that information had been given him of contraband goods being concealed in our luggage. The attack began

upon my little black trunk, which was cautiously opened, and the top impudently, I thought, exposed, when lo! a bag of curious texture was dragged from its cosy resting-place, and gravely opened for examination—being found full of *clay marbles!* It made the whole affair so ludicrous a farce, that at once the investigation was ended, with guffaws on all sides from the interested bystanders—of whom I was especially so, considering how important I had become, or my marbles rather!

The Suspension Bridge is in charge of a veteran who fought upon the heights to which its one extremity reaches. He told us that he only saw two men pitched over the precipice during the fight. We had always had a fabulous idea of multitudes finding death and destruction over those stupendous cliffs. They possess more of a *laborious* than an awing aspect. As one gazes from the summit from the speck of a steamer, as such it appears, when the positions are changed. We discovered that the idea was not incorrect, when, panting and struggling, we dragged our slow lengths along by a short cut leftward up the uneven sides leading from the winding road circling the mountain, until we again intersected it halfway up to the incomplete, scarcely-begun monument to the memory of Brock. The feelings of regret which filled our bosoms as we gazed upon the tardy efforts of our native country to replace the monument injured through the smartness of a low-lived Yankee ruffian in retaliation for the burning of the Caroline. His name would be too much honored and his memory perpetuated to mention it—probably like Erostratus of classic fame, who aimed at an incendiary's immortality by setting fire to the great temple of Diana at Ephesus; he, too, designed to go down the stream of time to posterity on the signal merit of his achievements by blowing up monuments. Suffice it that his hopes must have come short of realization, for we saw not long since, that his ingenuity had taken a new turn in setting fire to American steamers. This leap from the sublime to the ridiculous was kindly appreciated by the authorities in the bestowal of a few years' solitary reflection in Sing Sing, or other States' prison. Without giving utterance to his ire, T.'s equanimity of mind could not be calmed—the flood of recollections crowded upon him, and the extended fields and rolling flood, and as he beheld the unfinished substitute—"Shade of the mighty! is it thus that thy country and her

sons requite thy deeds and evince their respect and grateful pride, after long and tedious years? Can there slumber such lethargy in the veins of those whose ancestors' life blood slaked the parched earth in defence of their home-hearths and country's honor, as to make the Canadian procrastinate year after year the completion of a chieftain's sepulchre, he who led the van against an insulting foe? Spirits of the slain! how have ye reposed within your cerements, whilst far and wide scattered and dismantled the stones that formed the pile in memory of the brave, seem to cry aloud for justice?"

It was not without labour that I lured the indignant speaker from the scene which so affronted his serenity, which finally he did, casting a sorrowful glance, and afterwards a contemptuous, as if the pomp and circumstance of the re-interment of Brock's remains last October fitted vividly before him—when good resolves and many alone seemed to have nearly built the monument!

CHAPTER VII.

We hurried along; the sun's rays coming down rather fervidly, but we had the unfinished march a-head to spur us on, as we leaped over fences and neared the banks of the river, when, at every opening amid the pines and bushes, we gazed upon the distant depths below—dells, and trees, and rocks, and the rapid rolling water. We had not gone far, when what seemed to be a pathway struck T.'s vision, and a halloo brought me back just in time to see his bundle which he had suspended at his back dangling some twenty feet below! Of course to pause was out of the question, especially as none had been put, so I scrambled down after him. But I found the poetry of slipping and constant danger of tumbling down the rocks not quite so rhythmical as the smooth walk above, which we had just left, and it was only by clinging to friendly overhanging trees and branches, and occasionally plunging some ten or a dozen yards at an angle of eighty degrees, that we at last reached "open sky and water." The spirit of enterprise had inflated me to see whether we could not travel on by the water, apart from the consideration of being able to see the splendid scenery to infinitely greater advantage than when looking down from above. So, on we trudged over immense fragments of rock and across little purling rills that gushed along their tributary drops, as if to betoken allegiance to

the great father of Canadian streams. The descent was in semicircular direction, flanking the cliff side, and as we stood gazing on the towering majesty of the scenery, the boundless blue sky dotted with an occasional fleecy cloud above, the swift waters at our feet, and on the lofty tree-clad crags, tiers on tiers of forests—we luzzaed in gladdened ecstacy, and free as the stream was the current of our happiness; but onward was the word. We hoped at least to find some egress to the summit again, if we could not peregrinate much further by the river side. We leaped over piles of broken stone, shattered into ten thousand pieces, by the crash when loosened from the sides above, and performed prodigious saltatorial feats; but to no purpose. Before us arose a wall of solid mason work, a hundred and fifty feet high, to arrest our progress, unless, indeed, we chose to tempt the stream, which we didn't purpose doing. Though I encouraged T. with a cheer of "Nil desperandum, auspice Teucro," yet my flattering quotation met a check as he suddenly cried a halt to the tune of rattlesnakes!

"Le diable," says I; and plucking up my ears for a few moments, sure enough heard the rattling of the reptile a few yards distant, that sent a sort of chilly sensation up my knees, which were instantly turned to the right about in precipitate retreat, not but that there was courage enough in the heroes to face a live nest of them, but I had rather have it questioned on a trifling occasion than tested. The demolition of a quiet household of rattlers could not be compensated by all the glory of the feat. My guide was no less disposed to follow his leader on the occasion than his leader was his nose, especially as he told me the pious recollection of once nearly treading upon a tremendous rattlesnake all coiled up for a dart yet was vivid.

Said he, "Several years ago, in the mid-summer holidays, our mutual friend C. and myself proposed a run across the Bay of B. to the opposite shore, where we intended to have a quiet day's fishing. We were provided, and paddled across in my bark canoe. We had our sport, and in rambling through the forest I preceded my companion several yards, and came to a spot in the cow-path, where, on both sides, a number of sticks lay across it, but rotted and broken in the middle. As I was passing there I heard a sort of whirring, and stopped to see whence it came, supposing it to be some chirp-

ing bird in the underwood of sticks, and began to stir in amongst them with my hands, the rattling still continuing; but I didn't find the supposed musical creature. So I gradually turned upon my heel to look towards the opposite side of the path and search if it was there. Accidentally I cast a glance downwards to my feet, when a large rattlesnake, coiled up in a circle, with his head reared from the centre, and his eyes glistening, made me move my shoes (for boots I had none) on, in a spasmodic bound some seven feet off, in the twinkling of an electric spark, whose shock chained me for some while breathless to the spot I had reached, as the thought of my timely escape from an awful death came over me. We immediately attacked the reptile, and found that he had made a mid-day meal of a squirrel, and to the anaconda-like torpidity with which so huge a morsel must have affected his muscular and irascible energies, my life alone was providentially indebted, for I was for some five minutes within an inch of treading upon it. As a trophy and memento mori I cut off the nine rattles and carried them home. The pearl-handled knife of my brother which I had appropriated in the morning before starting, and which dissected the spotted venomous victim, was devoted to the good divinity of the locality, for I cast it among the bushes."

Therefore T. was no laggard in reverting his footsteps.

CHAPTER VIII.

The countless crevices of the rocks in the vicinity of Niagara afford friendly shelter to these most deadly reptiles during winter, and the warmth of summer lures them to sunshine. And many crawl up to the wheat fields, and there are killed by the reapers. Somewhat slowly and sadly we retraced our steps back again, since the exit we found impossible. To approach so near to the *Styx* without becoming invulnerable by immersion would have indeed suggested to us the nearer *Lethæ*. Accordingly we laved in the clear, cool, swiftly-running river, and not a heel's breadth was left invulnerable from the want of the properties of a general immersion. Hence, opportunely refreshed, we struggled bravely up the rocks, stronger than Achilles, occasionally stopping to pant for breath. This hill of difficulty we finally mastered, and marched ahead over fields of young corn and meadows of green clover—through

glades of delicious fragrance, where the wild rose blossomed and the odorous sarsaparilla plant shed its fragrance across fences and ditches—ever and anon pausing to drink in the glorious scenery, which, by the way, has not been improved by the railroad excavations of *Dollardom*, all along the American bank of the river. Of course, as the traveller runs along in the cars, the scenery from them, as he approaches directly from the Falls, is seen to immense advantage; but Uncle Sam, ever so indifferent in preserving nature's native beauties, and ever making mammon paramount, cuts down the rugged rock and towering tree which enoble this splendid river, and piles up ton upon ton of rubbish to make his railroad until the side looks like the banks of a canal, upon an extensive scale, however.

This same disposition to turn nature to pelf would turn the whole Falls into a mill-dam, if there was not enough water to turn the wheels of the pail and broom manufactories of the very romantic town at the cataract, yecept Manchester! The British should have a Birmingham opposite, and the truly sensible name Chippewa, commercially transmuted into Bristol! This is a feature, *inter alia*, in Jonathan which the phlegmatic Europeans object strongly to, with what reason the same may comprehend.

We hurried on, tuning our pipes, but from the absence of dispensaries, unable to wet our whistles. Whilst the jest, and joke, and tale kept the whole man fully alive, we passed by spots made melancholy and interesting from some tale of blood and murder in the young days of Canada. Somewhat on the gloom, for night began to unfold the "sable mantle" we read of her wearing preparatory to cuddling herself up from the dews and night chills. Old times, and college adventures, and friends who are not, and absent ones that are, each came in panoramically for a share of discussion.

CHAPTER IX.

The "Bloody Run" and "Devil's Hole" opposite we passed by, and the whirlpool which we both looked at without much awe or admiration, and felt somewhat fatigued as we kept heading dell after dell which runs up into the main land from the water. At last we reached the Railroad track, leading from Niagara to the Suspension Bridge, and hobbled along—it was only hobbling over the interstices between the large cross ties, we have in sight of two red and

blue lights at the side of the Suspension Bridge. Somewhere about nine at night, we asked two labourers at a distance from us a little before we reached the place, how far we were from it? and were kindly informed nine miles. Had we not known somewhat better we should have felt disposed to lie down or bivouac at some shanty. The rail track travel for the last mile had completely used us up, for every other step was a stumble in the dark. As the mariner storm-tost, compass-less, provisionless, and sinking regards the flickering light-house beacon, thus to two thirsty, hungry mortals, those which shed their consolatory rays from the windows of the eating-house at the Suspension Bridge, and like the fainting camels in the desert that quicken their footsteps as they snuff an oasis leagues distant, so we revived our strength until we entered the opportune caravansary as it were on the rush. A glass of lemonade contributed to subdue our excessive thirst, followed by sundry draughts of iced milk and fragrant coffee. The piper paid, cigars lighted, the twinkling stars, if they are gifted with telescopic vision, might have seen the refreshed heroes of this chapter on their way at about 10 P.M. to the Suspension Bridge, crossing the stream within a mile and a half of the Falls. A quarter each, the price of every thing is a quarter, entitled us to cross the river. The keeper in his little shanty office, with a bull's eye lantern, as he received the "lucre" looked like a janitor at the portals of Hades. Alas for him, the foul destroyer which lately nearly depopulated that locality did not spare either him or his two successors.

An eye-witness to the horrors which for several days afflicted the place attributed the terrible mortality to the fact of the victims drinking puddle water, which had collected in the clay excavations in the neighbourhood. The height from the banks to the river water was so great as to make it too much trouble for them to procure it by dropping down pails or going a little distance for well water. My informant assisted, though very far from being an undertaker by trade, to nail together rough board coffins for several of the unfortunate wretches, who died in scores unattended and unlamented in the narrow precincts of little comfortless huts. In one of them a sick mother and her dying child were the sole tenants, none near to lend a finger to cool their parched tongues, or essay to cure their cureless malady. One shanty, with the corpses of two labourers

whence proffered reward could not get any to remove them, was set on fire and burnt to the ground, but the sickening sight next day of the unburnt bodies I will not dwell on. A general panic in the vicinity seized those strong and brave in times of health, and men fled from the disease. Strange to say, even at so little a hamlet as clusters round the American end of the bridge, the conveniences of good shoe shops are found at even ten o'clock at night. In the hurry of quitting Toronto, my old sandals were not changed for a new pair, and so the comfortable understanding which I left in, and which six miles' pedestrianism did not improve, found myself well nigh bare-foot, and in poor plight for the morrow's criticism of the *ton* which resort to the Falls. But newly shod we soon arrived by railway truck at the ninth wonder of the world.

Before retiring to our couches, wearied as we felt, and late as it was, we sallied forth to take a nocturnal observation. We were attracted, as many others, to the open windows of a brilliantly-illuminated chamber in the International Hotel, whence sweet sounds floated into the dark night, somewhat stifled, indeed, by the roar of the cataract, and several lightly-attired couples moved in harmony to the music,—in point of fact, in Macawber detestation of circumlocution,—they were dancing, or as they have it in far West, cutting the pigeon wing. The amusement of encircling taper waists was pleasant enough, doubtless, to participate in, but somewhat tantalizing to the youthful spectator, and so two of the latter unfavoured class travel-strained and fatigued, withdrew to the repose, which, if it did not await them, surely after so momentous a day's pilgrimage, they were amply entitled to; and here whilst sleep, nature's soft nurse, was sealing their heavy eyelids, and before the alarum of gongs, bells, and waiters has awakened them to the brightness and loveliness of the summer's morning, such as alone can be in perfection enjoyed in the perpetually breezy neighbourhood of Niagara Falls, their unguarded thoughts as to the American and Canadian "fair" find an utterance decidedly commendatory of the latter.

CHAPTER X.

In the United States, everywhere, with rare exceptions, being "angels' visits," cadaverous, consumptive-checked, or sallow-jaundiced sharp fisted females afflict the eye. The absence of

any approach to the rosy, ruddy full faces of Canadian lasses is mournfully experienced as one peregrinates through American States and to their watering-places, a lassitude of person and a completely *gone* look appears to be the general characteristic, almost persuading one that they too, like the progressive males, crowd as much of life into the brief span which seems to be allotted them, as we would like to hazard in double the time. Their motto is the Epicurean "Dum vivimus, vivamus," or in the vernacular "Go it while you're young." Of course there are exceptions which are always to be excepted. Upon the whole, the superiority of Canadian feminine production is a fact unassailably incontrovertible.

But Saturday came, and the grey streaks of the day-spring had peeped abroad the earth some hours before we were made aware of the circumstance by a peeping, shining Sambo, whose "Seven o'clock, gentlemen, breakfast ready," brought us literally all up standing in the twinkling, metaphorically, of the bed posts.

The Johnny-cake, which Jonathan really knows how to make, as, indeed, he knows the way "to get up" whatever can tickle the palate or satisfy hunger, strengthened us for a calm and deliberate survey of the Falls. We looked at the boiling rapids above the American Falls, and were not overwhelmed or dismayed, as so many think it becoming, or make up their minds to be at first sight. The feeling which, indeed, many other visitors have expressed of disappointment at first appearances, was ours also; but as we began to drink in the scene, found how impotent and shallow our capacities were to embrace the sublime grandeur of this wondrous handiwork of the Almighty. If ever a man hesitates in his belief as to the impossibility of the soul dying with the dissolution of the body, let him for a few moments steadfastly ponder in his mind as he gazes upon an Egyptian mummy, with its black features shapelessly shrunk, and its ghastly grin and attenuated trunk, or if he doubts the existence of a mighty Creator, let him behold the Cataract of Niagara, and his doubts and his disbelief, if he be not an idiot or an imbecile, will vanish before conviction, as the many hued rainbow arch before the warm rays of the sun, which the same Being made, who breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of the mummy, and "in whose hands are all the corners of the earth."

We were perpetually incensed at the myriad

pesterings of guides and hackmen, and the everlasting cry of *quarter* for every turn of the body. It is an old complaint, and has not, alas! for that reason been remedied, like most human abuses, by time. The poetry of the place is wofully destroyed and vulgarized when an impudent rascal cheats and humbugs you, by making you pay at the end of his services double of what the fixed stipulation was.

We expected the arrival of a friend at the Falls, at about eleven o'clock, to make a trio, but he was prevented from coming; so, in order to get back that evening to Toronto we could not make a tour to Navy Island, the rendezvous of the patriot Mackenzie, in the troubles of '38, as had been agreed upon. We discovered in the the ferry-house at the top of the long staircase leading down to the ferry opposite the Clifton Hotel, a daguerreotypist's emporium, whose wares consisted of correct views of the Falls taken from various points of observation, as also a number of the luckless Dutchman as he appeared in the boat which had lodged in the rapids leading to Iris Island, and who was hurried over after remaining there some forty-eight hours. Several months ago, another view presented him as he was plunging towards the brink of the Fall, his arms wildly, hopelessly tossed towards heaven. Such morbid and depraved tastes for the awfully tragic is peculiar to the other side. Fancy such a picture contributing to the embellishment of a drawing-room! It is disgusting; lamentably so! But Dollardou can turn grind-stones with the Falls, and dig down the river banks for a railroad track: so any innocent triumph of a daguerreotypist is of little consideration anyhow, "he will nasal to you!" Our British blood was boiling almost to effervescence, so we endeavored to allay it by copious exhaustings of sherry cobbler and dishes of ice-cream and strawberries, which Jonathan knows well how to prepare. As we descended the staircase to the Ferry we drank a health to the Queen from the gushing rill half-way down, and were consoled for the humbug of guides and hackmen by the thought of soon treading upon home soil. But, alas! our first footsteps, as they touched Canadian soil, were pestered with a new breed of hackmen. But we were net fleeced so pitilessly at every move as the green traveller is on the opposite side. The more we saw of the Falls, the more were we impressed with their beauty and magnificence; so, without at-

tempting any elaborate etherealization of them, or dwelling longer upon this often-described place, we dismiss it. We could not resist the temptation of entering the studio of Mr. Holloway, an English artist, by the wayside as you go to Table Rock—a thoroughly courteous gentleman, and a fine artist. His views of the great attraction of the spot are superb and upon a large scale. We remarked an exquisite winter view before we left Clifton House, which Mr. Holloway informed us was the work of some American artist. We gazed with much pleasure upon Quebec and Hudson scenery. He told us that it was always foot-tourists who gave him their patronage, and American gentlemen and ladies rarely, because they always ride past in carriages, and so miss him, and to their own loss, both because of the imperfection of a carriage view of the Falls and its scenery, and the loss which the pampered visitors sustain in omitting to possess themselves of excellent paintings of the same. We bid adieu at one o'clock to Barnett's whalebones and the antediluvian buffaloes, and, under a melting sun set our faces back again to the Suspension Bridge, where we hoped to resuscitate the inner man.

The tribute of admiration is due to the enterprise of Mr. Nickinson, who had established a miniature Lyceum on the American side. We strayed during the morning inside of it, and the great winged lions of Nineveh glittering upon the stage, preparatory, probably, to that evening's play of Sardanapalus, made us almost fancy ourselves in the midst of some subterranean excavation of Layard. The only light, a ruffled, religious sort of one, insinuated itself into the building from the half open front entrance. We might go off into a critical discourse upon the genius which the Canadienne, Miss Nickinson, possesses for the stage; but this would attenuate this closing chapter to too great a length. Suffice it, that one seldom sees any actress capable of assuming so many different casts with as great success as she does. Her Juliet is exquisite, and her melo-dramatic powers are of the first order. Her classic appearance and womanly style of elocution make her always deservedly a favourite. She is natural in her acting, the most difficult gift—paradoxical truth—to be preserved. There are others worthy of admiration amid the theatrical profession besides Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt.

We travelled to Niagara by the rail cars, and

found ourselves there but a very short time after we quitted the Suspension Bridge. Although the railroad passes through the town, or is supposed to pass through it, yet we were unable to detect the existence of one, somewhat on the reverse principle, probably, of Yankee Doodle's obliquity of vision, "who could'nt see the town, there were so many houses!" Flocks upon flocks of pigeons were flying over the fields and the river, and bags full of them were shot by sportsmen from Toronto and the neighbourhood. At last, somewhere near 4 o'clock, the Peerless floated in sight of the wharf, and shortly after, we floated off on our return. There was little incident during the voyage, other than that the bright-eyed bar-maid, whose printed placard suspended in her cake and tea-room, of "no connection with the fellow opposite," who sold alcoholic decoctions, had an excellent draining of Bolsea for her thirsty customers.

A squall sprung up half way over the Lake, not a squall of infants, thank Heaven! but this is uncomplimentary to "old John's" advice, and gave us lots of fresh air for an hour or so.

As we neared the wharf at Toronto, and were preparing to land, the cabin doors were suddenly closed, and the passengers politely informed that the purser's office had been cleverly eased of a considerable sum of the products of that day's sailing, and to save time they had better submit to a search than to the delay of a warrant "to turn us inside out." I began to feel very nervous and uncomfortable, when I bethought myself of the inviting size of my linen coat pockets, to the light-fingered gent who had enriched himself, in quietly dropping into it the booty, particularly as the prospect of a thorough search might likely expose the thief. So I calmly but fearfully groped into them, a happy fellow "terque quaterque," when I found nothing there but my own personal property. Such things have occurred, and they are never pleasant. But the absurdity of a general search was too manifest for being actually attempted, so the gangway was thrown out, the doors open, and the heroes of this short tramp stepped lightly on to the wharf again, thoroughly convinced that the way to visit the Falls of Niagara and enjoy and comprehend the river scenery is to do so on foot, remember, with no more luggage than an extra shirt collar and a walking stick.

MY FIRST HORSE TRADE.

"A LETTER FROM SIMON BABBERLY TO HIS UNCLE BEN BABBERLY, HULL, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND."

DEAR UNCLE BEN,

It is so long since you last heard from me, that I feel self convicted, and to soften the harsh twinges of conscience I sit down to tell you, as now I remember you made me promise, something of my goings on. I am the more led to this, by the indignation of my heart, arising from the treatment to which I have lately been exposed. It happened in this fashion. The necessities of my calling in this country (it would not have been so at home,) having rendered it necessary that I should become the possessor of one of that most invaluable species of quadrupeds, the horse, on one fine July morning, I sallied forth, to make a purchase. By the hour of noon, having accomplished my purpose instead of returning on foot and staff, I mounted and rode home, with no slight addition to my own consequence, by this sudden exaltation. Altogether I was pleased with this purchase, although when I dismounted (I had forgotten the side to get down) on the right side, I observed to my astonishment, that the hip on that side was about six inches higher than the other, a phenomenon I could not account for, as while chaffering for the animal I stood on the left of her, this slight deformity (quere, is it not considered a beauty?) escaped my notice. As I have said, on the whole, this purchase suited me. But mark, dear uncle, this *was a purchase*, a bona fide sale and purchase, not a trade in horseflesh. And little did I ever think, that, when embarking on the wide Atlantic for this nether land of refuge for the unfortunate, that I should have been forced, for mark again dear uncle, that I was *truly forced* against my will into this trade of horseflesh. This exchange of the life and limb of my money for an ugly horse, which even humble me was ashamed to bestrode. Ah, uncle, you will sympathise with me, I know, under my heavy misfortune, so I will tell you all about it. On the 2nd day of August, in the year 1850, as on my journey homeward from the great city of the North and West, Toronto, my Nancy jogging along at her usual quiet gait (envious neighbours called it a shuffling) presently I was overtaken by a man seated in a large lumber wagon drawn by two very ordinary looking horses, (ordinary looking

I mean when compared with my Nancy). He no sooner overhauled me, than he belched forth the horrid greeting "Holloa, where going, stranger." "I am returning home," I replied. "Home, aye, live East." Yes. "Nice horse that you've got stranger," he added. "Yes, said I, very fair." Here I pulled up to let him go onward as I had no wish to continue the conversation: alas, he had; and pulled up too. There was no shaking him off. "I say stranger," (said the fellow after we had travelled a minute or two in silence,) "I'll stump you for a trade." "I don't know what you mean," said I. "Now du tell, stranger, I mean to trade my horse for yours." But I replied—my horse suited me very well, I did not wish to trade as he called it not ever having done such a thing. "Not done such a thing, ha, ha, ha, he roared, now du tell, come stranger you and I must trade, and seeing as how this is your first, I will give you a smart chance of a bargain. This 'ere nigh horse is only ten years old, come fall, and yours be let me see, about as I should say, and I'm reckoned a good judge on horseflesh, about fifteen. Now then as I said you shall have a smart chance—we'll trade even—not another word—no boot axed or given." Hang the fellow, there was no getting rid of him, do all I could—he stuck like a leech—and the end of it was—that unharnessing his nigh horse—(Oh! how in my inmost heart I wished both the brute and his vulgar owner, down, down, in the depths of the blue Ontario) he put my Nancy in his place. So nothing was left for me, but to put the saddle on, and trudge homeward. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I had made this condition that if either of us was dissatisfied, on returning either horse within ten days, the exchange should be cancelled.

With a heavy heart, I pursued the remainder of my journey homewards. My poor Nancy! to think that she should have been so ruthlessly forced from my affection, and in this land of liberty too. It was, however useless to repine, and so having reached home, and committed the animal to the care of the servant, and as it was late I retired supperless. How could I eat under so sad a bereavement? Shortly after breakfast the next morning the servant entered the room to say, that the new horse had not eaten the oats given to him overnight. Well, said I, take them away and give him clean fresh ones. The servant went away and

I heard no more, till noon—when he came again to say the horse hadn't eat his oats. Not knowing what to make of it, I sent for my next neighbour, who, when he came looked into the horse's mouth, and enquired how old I had bought him for. "Ten years, next fall," I replied. "Ten, good gracious he's nearer thirty. The poor old creature hasn't a tooth in his head." I thought the man would have died laughing, for after he had gone I could hear him two lots off. But, oh! uncle, it was no laughing affair for me. I couldn't help thinking of what the poor frog said to the boys, who were stoning him, it may be sport for you, but it is death to me.

However, I determined immediately to return the animal—and lost no time in setting out. The distance to the fellow's place was about ten miles. Having arrived there I enquired for him, and found that he was back in the Concession on the next farm but one, about one mile and a half. Over a most execrable piece of corduroy I rode, and found him in a hay field. Observing my approach, the fellow threw down his hay rake, and made for the woods. Upon seeing this, his fellow workers set up a shout—"run Dan run, the squire's after you!"—"run Dan run, the d—s after you." But I was now resolved, and so tying the horse to the fence, I gave chase, and in about ten minutes came up with him. "Halloa fellow," I breathlessly cried, "where's my horse." "Where's your horse, how do I know." "You cheated me," said I. "No I didn't" he replied, "I was only smarter than you." "Here is your animal," said I, "where's mine." "You shan't have it squire," he immediately said, "I'm darned if you do." (Don't get angry uncle—though I know you will say, why didn't you knock the scamp down. I think I would have done so, only that there was an uncertainty—that instead, if I tried it, of being the knocker down, I might have been the knocked down.) I told him that I *would* have the horse—and so returned to the field in which I had been told Nancy was—put his brute in and took her out. How pleased the dear creature was to see her master again!

But alas! my troubles were not yet at an end—on my return I went over to see a friend for an hour or so—and told him my distress—and what I had done—when instead of meeting with sympathy, he said at once; "why, good gracious, you have exposed yourself to a crimi-

nal prosecution; to imprisonment and to the Penitentiary." "How so?" I exclaimed in alarm. "Why, by forcibly taking an animal out of another man's field. I should not be surpris'd if the fellow is here with the Sheriff within an hour." Again was I a miserable man—my friend was evidently in earnest—and my good name was to be disgraced. "For your comfort however," he added, "as we live in different counties, you have only to cross the line, and come to me, if you should see any thing like arrest. The Sheriff can't take out a suit in two counties at the same time; and, if finding you here—he should get one for mine—you can but cross back to your own; and so have a nice game of hide and seek." You cannot imagine, uncle, how great my distress was under this new and heavy misfortune. I returned home, and sat in the room dark and cheerless, brooding over my trouble; when I was suddenly aroused by a loud rap at the front door. I may tell you uncle, that my knees fairly smote together, from fear. Presently the servant opened the door, and in came a villainous looking fellow, just the cut of a constable. "You Squire B——." I am, said I; in a tone scarcely audible. "I, I have a paper." Good gracious, its him, I felt sure; oh! what should I do. "I, I have a paper, squire." Fumbling all the time in his vest pocket. Thought I; shall I run, no; the servant blocks up the door. "I have found it, a paper squire of the names of parties that want to get married." I leave you, dear uncle to imagine the relief.—
I remain your, &c., SIMON BARBERLY.

ROSY CHILDHOOD.

Rosy childhood—rosy childhood,
Thou art beautiful to see!
The green earth, with its wild-wood,
Hath no flowers so sweet as thee;
The stars—night's reign enhancing,
Beam not within the sky,
With a ray so brightly glancing,
As the flash from childhood's eye!

Rosy childhood—bud of beauty!
Thou'rt a blessing, and art bless'd!
Holy ties of love and duty
Fill thy happy mother's breast;
And thy father, though he chideth
Thy loud, but harmless glee,
In his heart no pang abideth
Like the thought of losing thee!

PAGANINIANA.

It will not be uninteresting to give an account of the posthumous adventures of Paganini, the particulars of which were gathered, during a recent visit to Nice, from the lips of one of the famous violinist's principal friends. We propose to give in the present paper a few anecdotes of his early life, which were gathered at the same time from the same source, and have never hitherto—we believe—found their way into print. They are not numerous, but they are characteristic: and what is perhaps more to our present purpose, are intrinsically interesting.

The genius of the eccentric artist, like that of many another man of mark, made a revelation of itself early. Whilst quite a child, he was sent to be taught to play upon his favourite instrument to Rolla, a violinist, highly reputed throughout Italy. But by the time he had received a few elementary instructions, the progress he had made was so extraordinary, that Rolla refused to give him any more lessons, saying that he was already a better musician than his master.

The tales which have become so universally current respecting his reasons for learning to play upon one string only, have absolutely no foundation in fact. He never shed a drop of human blood, or spent an hour in a prison, in his life; nor did he ever engage in clandestine commerce with the powers of darkness, being all through life too good a Catholic. It was no contract entered into with Mephistophiles, that was the cause of his ostracising the three first strings of his instrument. It was his feverish desire to accomplish marvels, his restless longing after extraordinary novelties. Nor did he play from the *first* upon only the fourth string, as reported. In the first instance he played upon the violin as you or I would; with the single exception that he played upon it *better*,—thanks to the possession of what is denominated genius.

When he made his first appearance in London and Paris, he was already tainted with the malady which eventually ended his life. The period of his greatest brilliancy was comprised within the years 1815, 1816,

and 1817. He lived then, in a wild, eccentric artist fashion, in an attic, in a gloomy house, in one of the most gloomy streets of Genoa, constituting the delight of his fellow citizens, and bearing a name already celebrated throughout the land of music and song. He was poor and lived a reckless, passionate life; love and the dice-box disputing his time and heart with the goddess of music. He was not then so chary of the exercise of his brilliant talents as he became afterwards, but was always ready to make use of any opportunity for their display, vastly to the delight of his fellow-townsmen. He played at every public concert and private party, and often, according to the old Italian custom, in the streets. His closest friend and companion was one Paliari Lea, a musician of great merit then residing in the same city, but born at Nice. Paganini estimated his talents very highly, and never liked to have any other accompanist. Often did the two friends ramble, in the night-time, through the narrow streets and lanes of the old city, the one "discouraging most eloquent music," on his violin, and the other accompanying him deliciously on the guitar, or violoncello. In this way they would patrol the midnight streets, improvising ravishing duets under the windows of fair marchionesses, and waking the good citizens from their dreams to make them sensible of realities still more charming. From time to time, when become too worn through incessant walking and playing, they would enter the first still open tavern they met with, and there refresh themselves after the manner of the artist contemporaries of Bevenuto Cellini. One evening, a wealthy signor prayed them to serenade a lady. At the time agreed upon, they repaired to the appointed spot, accompanied by a Neapolitan violoncellist, Zepherino. Before drawing his first bow, Paganini was observed by his companions to place in his right hand an open knife. "What could he mean by this?" they asked, but obtained no answer. All at once, in the midst of a brilliant prelude, a string of his violin was heard to break and by the tone of the report it could be told that it was the first string. Paganini said something about the damp

ness of the night air, but instead of stopping to replace the broken string, went on playing so ably upon the other three, that no listener could have perceived its loss. In the course of a few minutes the second string broke also, and the third, a moment afterwards, followed its example. Paganini repeated his allusion to the dampness of the night air, but that was certainly insufficient to account for the phenomenon. The gallant who, for the nonce, was the employer of the three artists, trembled for the end of his serenade. And even Lea and Zepherino looked astonished, and afraid that their idol would for once get into disgrace. But their astonishment was fated to last longer than their fears. A moment sufficed to dissipate the latter, but the former doubled itself at every note Paganini produced, with such wondrous skill did he continue playing upon the only string remaining to his instrument. He made it serve all purposes of the other three, as well as those legitimately its own; he imitated with it the tones of every kind of musical instrument, from the solemn surges of the organ and the shrill blast of the trumpet, to the light twang of the guitar, and the melodious tinkling of a lady's lute; and he drew from it such a flood of delicious melody as even he, the prince of violinists, had never drawn from violin before. The consciousness that he was achieving a marvellous triumph, that he was doing that which was a new thing under the sun, filled him with an enthusiasm which knew no bounds, and under the influence of which he became like one inspired. And a veritable inspiration it must have been, too, that possessed him; for if the accounts of those who alone heard it can be credited, there is nothing in the written works of the greatest composers superior to the serenade thus wondrously played and *improvised*. "Listening to it," said Zepherino to us "you could have believed in the fable of old Orpheus fascinated and spell-bound, you could have haunted the spot for ever! Now gentle as a maiden's whispers, now impetuous as the rush of a torrent; now solemn as a funeral march, now lively as a bridal strain: it expressed all the sentiments which alternately sway the soul of a lover, it

incarnated his passion, it was as though music had been made statutory!"

This was in reality the occasion upon which Paganini first played only on one string. Of course, it was the knife that cut the other three. Its use was an artifice dictated by his vanity, with the purpose of leading to the supposition that the feat which it precluded was unpremeditated.

He now renounced forever all but the fourth string of his instrument, and to the novelty of playing upon it only he shortly added many others. Not content with imitating upon it the tones of all musical instruments, he imitated also the notes of all kinds of birds, and the cries of all almost every animal: and on one occasion, at the close of a concert, he said, "Good night!" on it so plainly, that the whole audience understood him, and replied. — "*Buona Sera!*"

His idea of his own importance was greater than is usual even with artists, and sometimes led him to commit rather ludicrous actions. Before he had been three weeks in Paris, he became persuaded that some fellow musicians intended to assassinate him out of jealousy, and would have not stayed there another hour but for the prospect he had of thereby adding so much to his fortune,—already large. Even in this country he also had his fears.—so impossible was it for him to believe that he was not the envy of all the world,—and the strength of them and his courage may be judged from the following story:—One evening, during the "interval of ten minutes" allowed between the first and second parts of a brilliant concert, a worthy London citizen got up and asked the audience, very indignantly, if they thought there could be found no better use for their money,—admission to the concert was a guinea for each person,—than that of spending it upon a "paltry fiddler," whilst so many thousands of their humbler brethren were wanting bread, together with several other questions of a somewhat similar nature. Scarcely was the first sentence of the indignant orator's speech concluded, ere Paganini, seized with the utmost terror, and fully imagining that a crowd of assassins were at his heels, had darted out of the

hall and was on his way to Manchester ! On another occasion, whilst staying at Liverpool, he had imagined that he had discovered a conspiracy against his life, whereupon he at once disguised himself as a countryman, and fled from twenty to thirty miles on foot !

Chancing to be in that capital on the day that the Grand Duchess Maria Louisa, widow of Napoleon gave a fête, he wrote to the Grand Chamberlain, offering his services for the concert announced for the evening of the same day. But hardly had he despatched his letter, ere a sudden whim caused him to declare that he would not play, but that he would instead take a ramble in the environs of the city. The Chamberlain summoned him into his presence, and demanded an explanation, telling him that an engagement entered into with a prince should certainly be as binding as one entered into with a private individual. The maestro insisted, however, upon an instant departure, pretending that no end of urgent business required his immediate presence at Milan. There was nothing for it, therefore, but a recourse to threats,—argument which never failed to produce their effect on Paganini. The Chamberlain's cause was gained by them ; the artist agreed to play.

Precisely at the moment appointed the concert commenced, and the time shortly arrived for the appearance of Paganini. In the Court of the Grand Duchess, if any two sins were considered greater than any others, they were want of punctuality and want of strict attention to the niceties of Court costume. In the present instance, a particular dress had been appointed for all who attended the concert, and every one knew that they could not more deeply offend the Grand Duchess than by wearing one which differed from it in even the minutest particulars. Paganini kept the illustrious audience waiting more than a quarter of an hour, and then presumed to appear before it in a costume as widely different as the poles are far asunder. It consisted of a sky blue blouse, ornamented (?) with large steel buttons, and, like all the rest of his garments, evidently borrowed from an old clothes' shop near at hand ; a waistcoat of flowered velvet, so immoderately long as to reach al-

most to his knees ; breeches of white satin, as much too small for him as his waistcoat was too large ; a pair of white silk stockings, three times too wide and loose for him, and appearing even wider and looser than they really were, by contrast with the straight breeches just above them ; and a pair of exceedingly heavy leather boots, so thick and clumsy, as to contrast strikingly with the delicate texture of the silk stockings. At the sight of so ridiculous a costume, the laugh was general ; nor was it at all decreased when it was perceived that the wearer had ornamented his breast with decorations bestowed on him by members of royal families, to the number of no less than several scores. Amongst them were crosses, emblems of all forms and all dimensions, stars, rings, pins, buckles, clasps, birds, beasts, fishes, insects, swords, anchors, violins, harps, flutes, and a vast multitude of other things, all in either gold, silver or precious stones, and all jingling and tinkling together on the slightest movement of the wearer. No gravity could withstand a sight like this, so no wonder that the brilliant audience almost convulsed itself with laughter. Its mirth, however, grew less violent by degrees. Order was restored at last, and Paganini began to play. As usual he enchanted his listeners. He moved them alternately to smiles and tears ; he played with their emotions as with the strings of a great harp ; he roused every sentiment their souls held by turns ; swayed their passions as the winds sway the boughs of the forest ; and made them manifest at his pleasure whichever he would. Kings and queens, princes and princesses, lords and ladies, all listened spell-bound. At last their enthusiasm became impossible of restraint : they waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands, and filled the magnificent hall with tumultuous plaudits. Ladies pulled off their rings, and threw them at the feet of the matchless artist ; dukes and princes hailed him with enthusiastic *vivas*. The Grand Duchess had meditated a punishment for his studied contempt of the laws of Court etiquette. But now it could not be any longer thought of. Who could punish a man who could triumph thus ?

THE CAVE OF EGG—A LEGEND OF
THE HEBRIDES.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

“A tale of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years.”

PART I.

Egg, forming one of the Hebrides on the western coast of Scotland, presents a rocky precipitous shore, seeming in some places to be inaccessible, except to the clanging sea-fowl, screaming and clambering around the almost perpendicular sheets of naked rock, against which the sea rushes and roars with terrific grandeur. There are also many vast caverns opening wide their gloomy jaws as if to swallow up the heavy unbroken seas as they come sweeping on, and huge fragments of granite, bathed by the booming waves, are heaped around in wild sublimity.

This island, in feudal time, was the scene of a most fearful tragedy—of a vengeance almost too horrible to be accredited to human agency. It is perhaps a melancholy proof that, when goaded on by revenge and hatred, men sometimes lose their humanity and become demons. The precise date of this event has not come down to us, although it is supposed to have occurred as early as the thirteenth century, when these islands were under the dominion of the kings of Scotland and governed each by their own petty chieftains.

The inhabitants of Egg were a wild, lawless race, consorting with hordes of pirates infesting the neighbouring countries; and although the narrow sounds which separate these rocky isles abounded with the finest salmon, and some sections in the interior presented rich tracts for cultivation, yet these rude men, preferring rapine to peaceful industry, subsisted by petty depredations upon their neighbours of the adjacent isles. True, many of these neighbours were no less rapacious than the men of Egg, and fully indemnified themselves for any grievances suffered at their hands. But there were others whose chiefs, themselves of a more noble race, maintained a higher standard of government, and however barbarous and rude their highest attainments might appear as of the nineteenth century, they were

certainly far superior to their savage neighbours of Egg, Mull, Rum, etc.

The isle of Skye, one of the richest and most romantic of the Hebrides, was ruled at that time by the proud chieftain Alaster McLeod, who, in his sea-girt castle of Dunvegan, towering from the topmost crag of a precipitous mass of rocks which overhung the boiling sea, bid defiance alike to the power of his foes and the fury of the elements.

Between McLeod and Donald McDonald, the chieftain of Egg, the most inveterate hatred existed. With McDonald this hatred raged with all the fury of the ocean tempest, and was as immoveable and deep-seated as the rocks which girded his dominions. Many times had the vengeance of the chief of Skye worked dreadful havoc upon the followers of McDonald for their aggressions; but so far from subduing, it only roused a new spirit of malice, venting itself in various wicked deeds upon the inhabitants of Skye, though sure of a direful return from the outraged chieftain.

The chief of Egg had one daughter. Fair and beautiful was Ulla as the flower we sometimes see lifting its timid head within the deep fissures of the rocks, exciting our wonder how so frail a thing could there unfold its delicate petals. In an evil hour this fair maiden of Egg won the love of Malcolm, the only son of the haughty chieftain McLeod.

Cradled like a young eaglet in his rocky eyrie, the ceaseless dirge of the ocean his lullaby, and his sweetest music the wild clamour of the sea-gulls sweeping around the towers upon the wings of the tempest, Malcolm sprang from his nurse's arms a hero.—Danger was to him a pastime. Among all the daring sons of the isle none could equal Malcolm. He loved to scale the giddy crag, wreathed in the spray of the wind-tossed billows, in search of the sea-mew's nest; to steer his fearless bark through perilous straits with the foam of the breakers surging around him, and to launch within the dark cavern's mouth upon the blackening waves, on whose surface perhaps no other boat had dared to bend the pliant oar.

The isle of Egg presented a bolder scope for his adventurous spirit than almost any

other of these western islands; and heedless of the feud existing between his father and its chief, and as reckless of danger from pirates or revengeful islanders, Malcolm, manning his light craft with a few of his faithful clansmen, would boldly steer along the inhospitable coast, where

"All is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone."

Sometimes anchoring beneath a frowning precipice, he would spring upon some jutting crag, and leaping from rock to rock and over deep chasms, plant his foot at length upon the stunted heather.

It was upon one of these hazardous expeditions that Malcolm, steering his boat within a narrow inlet or loch which suddenly presented itself, found he had unawares approached that part of Eigg which might be considered the only habitable section of the island on the eastern slope of the Scur-Eigg, a remarkable ridge of high rocks, like a camel's back, running through the centre of the island. The rocks here became less precipitous, shelving gradually down to a beach of fine white glittering sand, and down their craggy sides beautiful cascades came leaping and tumbling in snowy forms to lose themselves in the waters of the loch. A few of the rude boats of the islanders were moored at a little distance along the shore, and further in their miserable dwellings were seen scattered over the bright green holms, while propped as it were upon the camel's shoulder stood a rude stone structure called the Castle of Duntulm, the residence of the chief Donald McDonald. No living soul was to be seen; the boats were idly rocking in the surf, and but for the thin blue smoke curling from these cabins, one might have deemed the island deserted.

Malcolm now resolved to land and view the strength of an enemy who, however inferior to the proud chieftain of Skye, still had the power to annoy him as a gnat may harass the lordly lion. Springing to the shore, herefore, and clearing with little difficulty the loose fragments of rock scattered upon the beach, he soon found himself within a little glen of surpassing beauty, through which a bright stream ran murmuring. The rocks gradually receding from the shore,

opened the view into various holms, some of a deep green verdure, others covered with the purple heather, here and there diversified by small copses of underwood. Through one of these inviting openings Malcolm pursued his way, when suddenly his ear caught the sound of music, mingled with the cheerful and happy laughter of female voices. Here then, was something to arouse the curiosity of our young adventurer—music and the voice of woman.

Pursuing the sound, he soon came in view of a party of young girls dancing on the soft heather to the music of a small *clair-hoch* or Scottish harp, lightly touched by another of these mirthful maidens. Malcolm was not one to turn away without reaping some advantage from a scene at once so charming and so unexpected; therefore lifting his banner from his dark clustering locks, the young chieftain with a smile in his eye, and a merry but courteous salutation on his lip, gracefully advanced towards the mirthful circle. The music ceased as the song of a frightened bird. Like startled fawns, the timid lasses gazed for a moment upon the youthful stranger, and then, turning, would have swiftly fled the spot. But the gallant Malcolm was not to be so defeated. What arguments he made use of to detain them it matters not, since they were irresistible.—The maidens paused, blushed, laughed, and then suffered themselves to be seated upon the soft heather, where, at the feet of Ulla McDonald, and gazing up into her deep blue eyes, Malcolm related how, landing from his little galley, he had wandered from the shore, and guided by the ravishing melody of their voices, bent his fortunate steps thither.

The chief of Eigg with his followers, probably less than a hundred men, as the entire population of the island did not at that time exceed two hundred souls, left that morning on one of their predatory or piratical expeditions, which were often extended along the coast of England and Wales, leaving, meanwhile, upon the island a few old men, the women and children, as its sole inhabitants. McDonald was a hard, stern man, one who delighted not in innocent sports or pastimes. Those midnight orgies, when the

walls of Duntulm rang with wild shouts of wilkier revelry, when chieftain and vassals, alike given over to savage debauchery, hesitated not at deeds which demons might shame to own—these were the only scenes, apart from the battle and the chase, which delighted the soul of McDonald.

One feeling alone humanized the soul of the chieftain. It was love for his daughter. He knew she was very fair to look upon, and he feared that in some unlucky hour she might attract the eye of that lawless, piratical horde who not only landed fearlessly upon his shores, but whom he also feasted in his halls. Ulla was therefore seldom allowed to leave the seclusion of her own apartment, which was situated in one of the highest towers of the castle, overlooking a scene of wild sublimity, and which the chief had contrived to adorn with many rare articles from foreign lands, obtained from the spoils of pirates.

Here, then, in her lonely turret, pursuing such occupations and amusements as her limited opportunities afforded her, did the life of the beauteous Ulla glide peacefully on until that luckless hour when, released from the strict surveillance of her father, she had stolen from the gloomy walls of Duntulm to breathe the pure air of heaven, and with a few of her chosen companions, wander at will through the romantic purlieus of the island—that luckless hour when the eyes of young Malcolm first rested upon her beauty!

Never had Malcolm looked upon so fair a creature as Ulla. Her loveliness was of that character which could soonest attract his noble and daring nature, for it spoke to him of helplessness, and seemed to demand protection. Her companions, with their Hebe-like forms, their bright healthy checks, and the mischievous glances shot from their sparkling eyes, might win his transient admiration to tempt him to a mirthful frolic, but would pass away from his thoughts with the morrow's sun. But Ulla—Ulla with her sweet and tranquil brow, Ulla with tresses so soft and golden falling from a little cap of *spaniel* of pale blue velvet, and in their sunny luxuriance half shading her beautiful smile, Ulla with the faintest tinge of the

rose upon a complexion so purely transparent that each violet vein was clearly traced, Ulla with those large tender eyes whose liquid beauty the deep blue heavens at noon-day alone could match, stirred at once the depths of his soul and bound him captive.—Nor was the fair Ulla unmoved by the gallant and handsome youth at her feet; whose dark eyes flashed into her heart with electric power, while his manners and language, so much more polished than characterized the halls of Duntulm, excited her wonder and admiration.

Alas, that they ever should have met—that brave young chieftain and the fair Ulla! In that one brief interview their fate was sealed; they loved—and to love was death! The chief of Skye would sooner behold his gallant son, in all the freshness and promise of youth, stretched at his feet a lifeless corse, than see him wed the daughter of his foe, the lawless chieftain of Egg; and, he, that stern, savage old man, with his own hand would have hurled his lovely child from the highest tower of Duntulm, and yielded up her mangled body to the birds of the air, rather than give her in marriage to the son of McLeod his bitter foe!

The sun was already flashing his golden rays athwart the summit of the Scur-Eigg, and the sea-birds wheeling to their nests amid the beetling crags, and yet Malcolm seemed incapable of breaking the enchantment which held him at the feet of Ulla. Her companions withdrawing themselves to a little distance, eyed roguishly the evident abstraction of the youthful pair, and chatted in low, subdued voices upon the merits of the stranger. And still Malcolm lingered, and still the maiden listened with heightened bloom and downcast eye, until warned too surely by the fast-gathering shades of evening, they parted; but with a promise to meet again.

PART II.

And now rocking upon the waters of the loch was the light boat of Malcolm daily seen, while the young chieftain roamed with Ulla over the green holms, or, seated upon some tall cliff overlooking this wild scene of ocean and of rock, of high barren mountains

and fertile vales resting between, would point to the distant towers of Dunvegan, and with a lover's eloquence, dwell upon the time when he might hail her as their beauteous mistress; for with all the confidence of youth whose *past* no chilling disappointment has clouded, whose *future* is gilded with the bright beams of hope, did Malcolm believe that all which might now seem to bar his union with the lovely Ulla would soon be removed, even as a brilliant sun and an unclouded heaven succeed the most violent tempest. What though the storm of hatred warred within the breast of Skye's haughty chieftain and the wild lord of Eigg, was there not power in love and beauty to calm its fury? How could his father resist the beauteous Ulla? And would not McDonald gladly claim alliance with the powerful chieftain McLeod? Thus reasoned the ardent Malcolm—thus believed the confiding Ulla.

But one day, afar off against the blue sky, a few dark specks were seen upon the heaving ocean. Ulla turned pale as she pointed them out to her lover. Her heart for the first time owned a presentiment of evil.

Nearer and nearer over the foam-crested billows came the boats, and rounding the rocky point of Rum, stood direct for Eigg, the banner of its chief floating from the foremost galley, while, echoing from cliff to cliff and across the quiet waters of the little loch, sounded the wild strain of the "McDonald Gathering."

Ulla held out her hand to Malcolm—

"Fly, Malcolm, fly! In his wrath my father is terrible! Should he find thee here—thee, the son of his enemy, though alone and defenceless—no mercy would stir his bosom or change thy doom of death. Fly, then, ere it be too late!"

"But for thee, sweet Ulla," cried Malcolm, his eyes kindling as he spoke, "I would dare the chief of Eigg to mortal combat—but for thee defy alike his power and his malice; for Malcolm never yet turned his back upon a foe. Yet for thy sake, dear one, I go, soon I trust, to proffer that alliance which thy father dare not spurn. Meanwhile, dear Ulla, let me not be denied the sight of thy beauty, fair as the sunbeam, let me hear

sometimes thy voice, sweet as the morning wind among the branches. Every night my little bark shall lie at the foot of you high cliff, which even the boldest of thy father's vassals deem inaccessible. If from thy chamber thou canst safely steal away, place a light within the window of thy turret, and I will meet thee here—here, dearest Ulla, in this spot where first we met."

The maid gave a hurried assent, for the boats came on with the speed of race-horses. Then, for the first time folding her to his heart and imprinting a kiss upon her snow-white brow, Malcolm was gone. Fleet as the wind were the footsteps of Ulla as she fled towards her gloomy prison of Duntulm. She crossed its rude portals and ascending to her turreted chamber, with throbbing bosom and tearful eye, sought to de-cry the boat of her lover.

It is there; yes, she sees it skimming lightly as the wing of the sea-fowl across the waters of the sound, to where arose the glittering cliffs of Skye like vast columns, their summits resting in the clouds. Malcolm is safe; but the heart of Ulla is heavy with grief.

She sees her father's galleys swiftly approach; they reach the shore. The women and children with glad shouts receive the returning islanders, and the shrill bagpipe proclaims their welcome. The chief, amid the shouts of his people, now springs to the shore, and Ulla trembles and turns still paler as she sees him approach the castle.—Then bidding one of her maidens bear on her harp, she too hastens to meet her father, so stern even in his kindest moods.

True to their tryst did the lovers meet within that little glen, heaven's canopy radiant with burning stars above them, and their sighs mingling with the midnight moan of the surging billows.

And when were these stolen interviews of mingled joy and sorrow to have an end?—When might Malcolm boldly claim the hand of the lovely Ulla?

Alas! that might never be; for his father, that proud chieftain, listened scornfully and in anger to the petition of his son. What, the noble race of McLeod seeking alliance with caterans and robbers both by sea and

land! No; rather would he see his son struck down at his feet by the battle-axe of Eigg's savage chieftain than to hail Ulla, though the fairest daughter of the isles, as the bride of Malcolm, the future mistress of Dunvegan's lordly towers! Not more immoveable were the rocks on which his towers were based than the heart of McLeod; and he waves which ceaselessly swept around them had no more power to stir them from their ocean depths than had the entreaties of Malcolm to stir the iron will of their chief.

The meetings of the lovers, therefore, now became less frequent; for the young chieftain was closely watched, and spies set over his footsteps that he might no more approach the dangerous presence of the maiden of Eigg. Yet still, night after night, the signal light gleamed from the turret of Duntulm, and the timid Ulla, shrinking from her own light footsteps, would steal from the castle, and seek in doubt and hope the place of meeting. There, wrapped up in her mantle, seated upon the dark grey stone, her eyes anxiously turned to the spot where the form of her lover was wont to meet her straining gaze, and the night wind lifting her tresses from her cold cheek, would she await his coming; and if, alas, he came not, she would still linger, still hoping, until the first rays of light played over the mountain summits, then sad and weary regain her chamber to weep over her disappointment. And oh, how the heart of Malcolm loathed the bondage which restrained him from her lovely presence, so faithfully, as his own heart assured him, keeping her tryst in that lonely glen!—And he would have struck to the earth the faithful servants of his father, who dared thus to do the bidding of their lord against him—him, their future chief—only that, by seeming to yield a passive obedience, he might more easily obtain the accomplishment of his wishes.

In the mean time, it appears that Donald McDonald had committed some flagrant outrage upon the rights of one of the Earls of the Orkney Isles, and to indemnify himself against the threatened vengeance, had boldly offered him the hand of his daughter in marriage—a proposition which was at first met

with scorn and derision by the earl. That McDonald the petty chieftain of a small insignificant island, a ruler over a mere handful of savages, should presume upon such a treaty! Why the affront was deemed even beneath the anger of the proud Earl Ranald of Kirkwall!

Yet so loud was the chief of Eigg in extolling the exceeding loveliness of his daughter, which his followers, with many oaths also confirmed, that curious to behold one calling forth such extravagant praise, and somewhat sated, may be, with the tame beauty of the Kirkwall ladies, the earl agreed to suspend all hostilities until he should visit the castle of Duntulm and view for himself those lauded charms.

Upon an appointed day, accordingly, the numerous galleys of Earl Ranald, with their banners flying, and the shrill music of the pipes sweeping over the water, were seen standing across the sound of Rum, and anchoring within the little loch of Eigg, the only accessible harbour the island afforded. Here the Earl was received with rude hospitality by the chief of Eigg, and conducted with his kinsmen, and followers to the castle.

Unsuspecting of her father's motives, Ulla arrayed herself at his bidding in her most becoming garments, and, with a sad heart, was led forth by the exulting chief as a lamb to the sacrifice to grace the feast prepared in honour of his guest.

Never, perhaps, had she looked more lovely, and the earl could not suppress an exclamation of wonder and pleasure as his eyes first rested on the fair young creature nestling like a dove so timidly by the side of her father, the gigantic McDonald. He found the praises to which he had listened disbelieving, but faint in comparison with the actual charms of the island maid. His heart exulted and his eyes turned passionately upon the blushing girl, whom his rude gaze affronted, when he reflected she was his by her father's vow—his by his own superior power to make her so.

And McDonald keenly eyeing the earl as he presented his daughter, saw at once that the victory was his, and that the charms of poor Ulla had not only secured him safety from his late aggressions, but gained, per-

haps, the future co-operation of the most powerful earl of the Orkneys in various schemes he had in prospect.

Gladly would Earl Ranald have made Ulla his bride that very hour, so captivated was he by her beauty. Summoning the chief to a private conference, he attested his readiness to accept the proffered hand of his daughter; and suspicious of treachery on the part of his host, he vowed he would not weigh anchor from Eigg without bearing away the beautiful Ulla as his bride.

Nothing loth, the chief assented, and the morrow was accordingly appointed for the nuptials.

It was in vain for the victim, the wretched Ulla, to weep or implore! It was in vain she bached her father's feet with tears—vain she besought him to have mercy upon her, and not give her to one whom she could never love! But no mercy had that stern chieftain. What to him was love?—a bubble in the mouths of silly maidens! What were her tears?—any glittering bauble would turn them to smiles! What to him was her happiness?—what even her life when weighed against his plans—his ambitious schemes.

With an oath, he pushed his kneeling child away, and sternly bade her prepare to wed Ranald of Kirkwall on the morrow.—There was no alternative; she must be the bride of the earl or death!

“Of death rather!” thought the unfortunate maiden, as she left the presence of her cruel parent.

Once more the signal light, like a star, beamed from poor Ulla's turret. What must have been the feelings of the maiden, when with a trembling hand, for the last time she placed it there—that beacon of love and joy! For should Malcolm that night fail in his attempt to reach the island, then her fate, like that twinkling taper, whose rays had so often sent happiness to the heart of her lover, must be for ever lost in the silence and darkness of the grave! Waiting until the last sound of the mad revel below had ceased, and the inmates of the castle sunk in the stupor of inebriety, Ulla, pale and trembling, once more sought that little glen hallowed by the vows of pure and faithful love.

The night was gloomy. The clouds heavy with the threatened tempest, rolled their black shadows across the heavens, through which the moon faintly struggled to emit her light. No sound was heard save the chafing of the waves over their rocky bed, or, perhaps the dismal clang of the sea-fowl heralding the coming storm. The footsteps of Ulla faltered, and scarce could her trembling limbs sustain her as she drew near the spot, so great were her apprehensions lest Malcolm should not appear.

Yet happiness almost despaired of—joy, now that it is certain, more than her fainting heart can bear! He is already there; and as he catches the gleam of her white garments through the surrounding gloom, flies to meet her, and once more Ulla is pressed to the faithful heart of Malcolm!

Stern and silent in his despair, Malcolm listens while she reveals her sad fate—tells him in language broken by grief, that by the stern will of her father she will to-morrow be forced into the arms of Ranald, Earl of Kirkwall. Then almost fearful was the storm of passion in the soul of the young chieftain. What! Ulla, his own, his beautiful Ulla, the bride of another! No! sooner would he plunge with her from the summit of yon dizzy crag into the boiling sea below, and end at once their sorrows with their lives! Together they could welcome death, but not live to endure the agony of separation.

But there was yet an escape from a fate so dreadful—there was yet a way to secure their happiness, and that was in flight. True, the attempt would be hazardous in the extreme; but what will not true love dare for the possession of its object?

In a short time Malcolm had revolved and matured a scheme, of the success of which his sanguine nature permitted no doubt.

PART III.

It was now the month of November.

Cold and cheerless dawned the marriage day. The sky was overcast with gloomy clouds, and the wild winds roared and shrieked dismally around the walls of Dun-tulm; but Earl Ranald aroused himself betimes, and hurried on board his galley to

prepare it for the reception of its beauteous freight.

The hour of noon was that appointed for the nuptials, as the priest who was sent for to perform the ceremony from Iona (one of the neighboring isles, celebrated for its religion and its learning even so early as the sixth century, when the rest of the kingdom was buried in barbarism) could not be expected to arrive sooner.

In the meantime, a scene of reckless hilarity was presented both within and without the castle. In the open area in front large fires were kindled, around which the Eiggmen and the merry Orkney sailors danced and shouted with noisy merriment, while in the rude stone hall were assembled the kinsmen and friends of the chief in their holiday garb, together with those of Earl Rauald, who had accompanied him from Kirkwall, while, above the roaring of the wind and the shout of the revellers without, sounded the shrill pibroch of the clan.

The board was spread—the entertainment intended to comprise both the morning meal and dinner.

According to the custom of the times at a marriage feast, Earl Rauald himself ascended the turret stair and craved admittance at the fair hands of his bride.

Radiant in her beauty, Ulla herself opened the door. There was an unusual brilliancy in her eyes, and a brighter glow on her cheeks than was wont to rest on her complexion, so dazzling fair; and as she stood there in her pure white garments, with her golden tresses floating loosely over her fair shoulders, the earl almost expected she would vanish like some beautiful spirit from his sight. Taking the hand she passively extended to him, the happy exulting bridegroom conducted her to the hall, where her presence was greeted by a loud murmur of applause.

As she entered, Ulla cast one quick, eager glance around, and then suffered the earl to seat her by his side, although she trembled violently, and the rich bloom on her cheek was fast yielding to a mortal paleness. Had Malcolm's plan then failed? Was she, indeed, doomed to become the bride of Earl Rauald? Was there, alas! no hope? Such

were the dreadful thoughts which agitated her bosom.

At this moment a little band of strangers craved shelter at the castle from the approaching storm, stating themselves to be voyagers from the main land of Scotland upon an expedition through the islands, and, having heard much of the famed caverns of Eigg, had come thither for the purpose of exploring them.

In unwonted good humour, the chief bade them welcome, and told them to sit down and make merry with the rest; for that his daughter, the fairest maiden of the isles, was that day to wed with the noble Earl of Kirkwall. At this announcement, one of the strangers, whose dress and bearing seemed somewhat superior to those of his companions, gracefully saluted Ulla, and lifting a flagon from the well-spread board, first quaffed to the health of the fair bride, and then courteously bowed around the assembly.

It was well that the attention, not only of the earl, but of the chief, was so much drawn to these unexpected guests for the moment, or the agitation of Ulla would certainly have led to suspicion, if not betrayal; and when at length Earl Rauald, in right of his situation, ventured somewhat familiarly to address the now blushing maiden, the hand of Malcolm (whom we must recognize in the gallant stranger) involuntarily sought the hilt of his dagger, and but for a well-timed *ruse* on the part of his companions, would assuredly have rendered discovery unavoidable.

A shout without now announced the arrival of the priest. A quick glance was interchanged between the lovers; and then Ulla, in a low voice, addressing the earl, urged some necessary preparations as an apology for a short absence. The earl seemed greatly disposed to accompany her; but earnestly entreating him not to do so, she softly glided from the hall. In a few moments, Malcolm also disappeared, his exit unobserved in the general confusion, or, if noticed, not considered at all singular.

And now the noise and merriment increased, and none were louder in the revels than the stranger guests. Stories were

told, jests were passed, the music sounded its merriest notes, and laugh and song mingled in one wild scene of gaiety. Even the Earl was unconscious of the rapid flight of time. Nearly an hour had passed since Ulla left the hall, yet he could have sworn she had not been gone fifteen minutes, when suddenly a kinsman of the chieftain rushed in, breathless with speed, exclaiming—

“Haste, haste! Earl Ranald, your bride is stolen awa’! The bark of the ravishers is already passing the *Skerry-vohr!* Haste!”

“*Ha!* there is treachery here, then! Vile dog, I expected this!” exclaimed Earl Ranald, drawing his sword, and rushing upon the chief of Eigg.

With a blow from his heavy broad-sword, the enraged chieftain struck the weapon of the earl from his hand.

“Would you stop to bandy words with me, instead of pursuing your bride! Ho, men of Eigg! haste, man the boats, pursue, lose not a moment! You, Donald, sweep around the point of Mull; you, Alick, cross to Rum, steer for the eastern shore; and you, Earl Ranald, if you would win your bride again, bear all sail for the main land. And *ah!* now I bethink me, where are our guests? Now, by St. Columba, we are betrayed!”

The *rauc* of the chief was terrible as, rushing from the hall, in tones of thunder, he bade his men pause and bring back the slaves alive or dead.

All was now confusion. While the men flew hither and thither, in obedience to the orders of McDonald, the women tossed their arms widely, uttering loud wails for the stolen bride. Some hastened to cast off the boats in pursuit of the fugitives, while foremost the galley of Earl Ranald, bending to the sweeping blast, the black seas rushing over her deck, dashed like a mad thing before the gale, which was now every moment increasing.

In the *meil*, the companions of Malcolm thought to secure their escape to their boat, rocking among the dangerous shoals of sunken rocks shelving down from the Scuir-Eigg. Already they had scaled the precipitous ridge, and were rapidly making their dangerous descent, now hanging from some jutting

crag, now leaping over deep chasms, the spray of the billows almost blinding them, and the roar of the maddened waves thundering in the ears. The last descent was accomplished, and, breasting the boiling surf, they had nearly reached the boat, when their escape was suddenly cut off by a band of Eiggmen, who rushed upon them. They fought like lions; but, at length, overpowered by numbers, stunned by brutal blows, the blood streaming from many wounds, they were bound hand and foot and conveyed to the castle, where they were thrown down into the corner of the courtyard like brute beasts packed for the butchers’ shambles, to wait the return of the chief.

Far out upon the raging sea, like a thing instinct with life, bearing the fate of two devoted beings, the little bark of Malcolm bore bravely on, now riding on the top of the mountain waves, now plunging down the huge black gulfs, as it were, into the very depths of the ocean; on, on, trembling, reeling, dashes the little boat. Once round the rocky headland, and they are safe; for there rides a stranger ship from England, waiting to bear the lovers to her own beautiful land.

Alas! that headland they were not destined to reach! For now the boats of the pursuers are fast gaining upon them: and first the galley of Earl Ranald plunges past them, half buried in the foaming waves, then quickly changing her course, bears down like some huge bird of prey upon the little bark; while the boats of the Eiggmen, with their chief standing bare-headed at the prow of the foremost, his gray locks sweeping to the wind, follow close behind. A wild shout, which echoes even above the roaring of the blast, proclaims the fate of the unhappy fugitives.

They are taken, and, loaded with curses and bitter taunts, borne back to the castle.

No language can do justice to the fury of McDonald, when, in the abducted of his daughter, he discovered the son of his bitterest foe, McLeod, of Skye. Even his kinsmen and followers shrank appalled as they listened to such terrible oaths, and witnessed the storm of passion.

No ray of pity shed its softening light o'er his savage soul, as, seizing the wretched Ulla, the paleness of death upon her marble brow, her garments wet with the spray of the ocean clinging to her delicate limbs, and her mournful gaze still fastened upon her lover, he dragged her to the side of Earl Ranald, and bade the priest perform his office. It was, indeed, a refinement of cruelty, even in the presence of Malcolm, thus to make his Ulla the bride of another! Fate could have nought in store to equal the bitter anguish of that moment; neither torture or death itself could now appal his soul.

No sooner was this unhallowed rite consummated, than, bearing off his insensible bride, Earl Ranald immediately set sail for the Orkneys. Then McDonald, bidding his myrmidons seize the young chieftain, they bore him with savage yells to immediate death. In a few moments, all that remained of that brave and noble youth was a lifeless, mutilated corpse!

This done, the chief of Eigg hastened to complete his vengeance upon the unfortunate kinsmen of Malcolm, who, young and ardent like himself, had so generously volunteered to share in the adventure fraught with so much danger, and which was destined to terminate so fatally. First stripping them of their clothing, and shockingly maltreating their persons, their tongues were slit with red-hot knives, and then, chained to the dead body of the young chief, they were cast into a worthless boat and set adrift upon the stormy ocean.

"Go now," cried the chief—"go find your master, and bid him see how Skymen are entertained by the chief of Eigg!"

As if guided by an unseen hand, the boat with its appealing freight kept steadily and safely on over the storm-tossed billows towards the coast of Skye. Some fishermen, overtaken by the storm, were just nearing the shore, when their attention was attracted by the drifting boat, and steering for it, they were struck with horror at the spectacle it presented. They recognized at once the body of their beloved young chieftain, and, although so cruelly mutilated, they also discovered in those other bleeding, helpless be-

ings, who still breathed, the near kinsmen of McLeod.

The dreadful tidings soon spread; and a long procession of the islanders, men, women, and children, with shrieks of woe and loud lamentations, bore the remains of their young chief to Dunvegan.

The grief of the aged McLeod at first stunned even the desire for vengeance on the murderers of his son. But the more terrible was the revulsion from this overwhelming sorrow. His own, his brave, his noble boy, the hope of his aged years, thus foully slain! With deep and bitter oaths, he vowed he would exterminate the race of McDonald, sparing neither sex nor age; and with a numerous force did the chief of Skye now bear down upon Eigg.

But McDonald had already anticipated the approach of the foe; and, knowing it was vain to compete with numbers more than double the whole population of the island, had recourse to stratagem.

Among the numerous caverns with which Eigg abounds, there was one which was known only to the chief himself, and this cavern he had long determined upon as a means of escape in an emergency like the present. It was situated about midway of the island, its mouth or entrance being hidden by an impetuous fall of water plunging down the overhanging mass of rocks. This entrance was so very narrow that but one person could at one time pass through; but this effected, it soon opened into an area of some two hundred feet.

To this cave, then, did the chief of Eigg, with every living soul upon the island, hastily betake himself. The boats of the enemy swiftly approached; and, like bloodhounds scenting their prey, did the Skymen spring upon the shore, headed by McLeod.

But they found no one. Not a human being met their infuriated search. Again and again they explored every part of the island; but in vain. It was evident that, fearing the vengeance of McLeod, the inhabitants, with their chief, had left the island. Setting fire to the castle, therefore, and the surrounding dwellings, McLeod and his followers retreated to their boats. But it was now near night, and, in the mean time, so dense a fog

had arisen that it was impossible to steer with any safety from the shore, through the dangerous rocks and shoals with which they were surrounded. They, therefore, resolved to remain where they were until the morning.

During the night, there was a fall of snow, and, with the dawn of day, the island appeared shrouded as with a wedding-sheet, while the smoke of the smouldering ruins hung like a funeral-pall above it.

The chief of Skye, unwilling to lose his prey, resolved upon making another search through the island, and landed accordingly with his men. They had not proceeded far, when, upon the surface of the pure white snow, they found the fresh track of a man's foot! This discovery was hailed with a shout; for it proved the foe were yet upon the island. Eagerly now did they pursue the track until it was lost in the foam of the torrent.

The entrance to the cave was soon discovered, while the shouts of the invaders were answered by the yell of defiance from within.

To make egress through the narrow opening would be certain death, as but one person could at the same time pass through. McLeod, therefore, called upon the chief of Egg to surrender himself and followers into his hands. This demand was met with shouts of derision. He then dared McDonald to an equal combat; this was also received with defiance.

Then did McLeod determine upon a horrible vengeance; although to effect it would require a labor Herculean. To turn that powerful stream from its natural channel was the first thing to be accomplished; and the chief himself, with his men, began eagerly the stupendous undertaking with such rude implements as they could procure, either from their boats or amid the ruins of the castle. Strengthened by revenge and hatred, in less time than could be deemed possible the work was accomplished, and the stream which for ages on ages had leaped over that cavern's mouth, now spread itself out into a small lake, overflowing the

pleasant green holm, through which it had wound its way to the rocky precipice.

Once more did McLeod call upon McDonald to surrender. It was answered by the same burst of defiance, and such bitter, insulting taunts as well nigh maddened the chief of Skye. Then, bidding his men bring thither everything of a combustible nature which could be procured, he sat fire to them at the mouth of the cavern.

Unmoved by the shrieks of the females, or the cries of helpless infancy, the greedy flames were fast fed, until the deep silence of the grave assured McLeod the deed was done and his revenge completed!

Thus did the whole population of Egg meet their dreadful fate within that dark cavern, which is still visited by the traveller.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Diary of a Voyage to the Hebrides and the Orkney Islands," says:—

"The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewed with the bones of men, women, and children, being the sad relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island, two hundred in number, who were slain on the following occasion." Sir Walter then relates a portion of the legend from which this sketch is drawn.

No further record seems to have been made of the fate of the unfortunate Ulla.

TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the man who'll say
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day!
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late!

THE calm or disquiet of our temper depends not so much on affairs of moment as on the disposition of the trifles that daily occur.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY CAROLINE CHEESERRO.

"To know another perfectly would cost the study of a life. What, then, is meant by knowledge of mankind? Granted, they may be, by each other, but understood by God alone."—MADAME DE STAEL.

THERE is in a certain gallery a painting that is a poem, a history, a world in itself. Unto how many has it been the occasion of a shudder, and a hasty turning away! how many-toned have been the voices that said, "Thank God, I am not as these!"—how many are the eyes that have turned, tear-filled away, to find rest and refreshment in the clear, holy landscapes near! The artist has embodied an idea, meet to haunt one in the loneliness of dreams, through dreary days of solitude, in,

THE LINEN WEAVERS OF SILESIA.

How has the heart of the philanthropist leaped within him as he gazed upon it! How wearily and sickened has the scholar turned away from this new revelation of the unmitigable sentence! All who have learned the "knowledge" that "by suffering entereth," have seen in the picture an embodied sentiment of universal signification and experience.

You do not see before you an able representation of the fainting and despairing weaver-woman only. You are not spell-bound there, limited to time, and place, an incident. Alas! were it but so! But the soul of the beholder hears the groan ascending from every people, and nation, and kindred, and tribe, and tongue; sees the universal heart swooning beneath the mandate of fate, the destiny, the doom—sees it fall back from the pitiless presence, as she before the supercilious judges of linen fabric—sees the starved soul, the baffled intellect, the thwarted, repulsed love, the mocked ambition, the taunted aspiration, lying helpless under the weight of the dreadful disappointment. There was, in another hemisphere, another gallery, wherein was placed the original of this picture.

There stood at the close of an autumnal day, before this painting, two persons rapt in thought, and an unterrified admiration. So deeply had the iron entered into the soul of the elder, so little had he yet to learn of the spirit

and significance of the piece, that he might well gaze upon it in critic mood with calm delight, occasioned by the fine display of artistic skill. The lady who stood near him was young, and it was touching to see these beings, one on the freemountain-top of youth, the other, a tenant of the vale of years, yielding this silent testimony to the touching symbol of an awful truth—for apparently the lady, too, had proved its reality. She was not a child, yet scarcely a woman; you saw, at a glance, that she was powerful through intellectual gifts, though in nature still undeveloped.

It seemed as though she had been drawn by some fascination to the painting, for twice, before, during the hour of her visit, she had paused before it, and gazed upon the several pictures long and earnestly, though without any visible sign of emotion: the expression of the scene had penetrated beyond the fountain of tears.

To a discerning third party these two had proved as much a study as the painting was to them. Overwhelming disappointment had doubtless fallen upon the man, and the lady was evidently conscious of the allegoric and wide significance of the drama before her. To the man it was experience—to the woman, she arrayed in those funeral garments who, standing in *this* presence had thrown aside her long veil, revealing thus the blue-eyed, fair-haired beauty that she wore, to her—to her—*what* was it? a vision merely, an improved revelation of the inmost recesses of reality?

"I will copy it," said the old man, half-turning towards her, yet speaking as to himself, "and I'll hang it where it shall be always in my sight. I will learn the lesson in such a way that it shall never escape my mind again."

"It is a dreadful lesson," said the lady; "once learned, I should not think it could be forgotten!"

"Why, then, do you look upon it so many times?"

"It fascinates me."

"You will shudder to think of such a fascination hereafter. I had rather see one like you passing before those radiant images

of life. You are so young, you should not be able to see the force of this."

Half-smiling, the lady replied, "I need to look upon it. I wish to accustom myself to its tone."

"Are you afraid that you shall cherish too bright views of life? Do you illuminate your own mind, fearing a forced, involuntary enlightening?"

"I am an artist," she said quietly.

"Oh—then you have been taking a critical survey of the work?"

"I have been studying it."

"And may I ask the conclusion—the judgment at which you have arrived?" said the old man, respectfully.

Without raising her eyes, gazing still steadfastly upon the picture, she said—

"I would never have suffered this to stand alone in evidence of *my* thought of life. I should have painted a companion-piece, in which the woman had aroused from the frenzy of despair, impassioned, strong, and bent on victory—and in that determination victorious, crowned with a fore-knowledge of honour."

"For that is your idea of life!"

"I am an artist. Should an artist live and cherish another belief? My creed is faith in aspiration—I believe it to be the prophet of success. I am strong: I know I am, because I have been weak, and I know too well what weakness is. I have said, 'I will triumph.' You, sir, are an artist? You said that long ago to yourself!"

She had been gazing full in his face during the latter part of the conversation, and had seen all the emotion of his soul speaking there in language unmistakable. He was a disappointed, grieved, distrustful man.

"You are young," was his reply; "I trust you will never learn another language than this. You will triumph! What you have to overcome?"

"A barrier of condition. The pride, and hate, and jealousy of those who should be friends and helpmates. Wounds which life, not death shall heal. Wrongs which have been inflicted falsely—which shall be fairly overcome."

"You are not a painter?"

"No."

"Nor a singer?"

"No."

"Nor yet an actress, perhaps?"

"Nor an actress."

"You are a Poet."

"I am, thank God!"

"With what do you contend?"

"Disappointment—failures."

"The common lot," said he, pointing to the painting.

"I have energy equal to Napoleon's."

"God grant you may never fight a battle of Waterloo."

"He who does is fit for exile."

"Are you always brave as now?"

"Am I brave now?"

"Yes, as a young lion—as brave and as noble. If I had met you in my youth!"

"Self-depreciation is a bugbear. You do not suffer it to torment you?"

"My path has been filled with stumbling-blocks."

"And you could not elevate yourself so as to walk on them? Is that so?"

"Child, what do you teach me?"

"Self-reliance."

It was growing dark in the gallery, and the shades that settled along the pictures first rendered the lady conscious of this: as she bowed, with a deal of reverence, before the grey head of the old man, and turned to go, he said—

"I begin this copy to-morrow; will you like to know my progress?"

"Yes," she replied, with confidence, looking on the serene, sad, beautiful face of the stranger; and he watching her closely, blessed her, for he thought he saw her eyes glisten as she turned away slowly, repeating the words of another, "When I read Beethoven's life I said, 'I will never repine;' when I heard his symphony, I said, 'I will triumph.'"

"You are happy to have found in anything above the human your consoler and your inspiration. That is, indeed, worthy of a poet, and most glorious. Who told you that you were a poet?"

"God."

"It was not He that told me I was an artist."

The young listener distinctly caught his words, though they were pronounced in so silent an undertone, and her heart beat fast. She could scarcely refrain from weeping. For a moment she walked rapidly on, and then suddenly turned looking back. The old man stood where she had left him, his hands crossed upon his breast, his face turned away; as she approached him, she heard him saying, "Not the first angel that has left me;" she touched his hand gently, and said—

"Who told you that were an artist?"

"My only friend; and my worst enemy could not have done me a greater hurt than he in this. I was deluded. The best picture I ever painted would not save me a month from starving. I have done saying 'I will triumph;' you are in utterance of the proud declaration, you have spoken too long, therefore. Good night, daughter; go home!"

Several days after these strangers had met thus as friends, and really and truly parted such, the same young figure stood again within the gallery, and after pausing a moment at the threshold, walked to a far corner, where the old man was seated. He seemed to know her step, and to be expecting her, for he gave her his hand without speaking, and she sat down near him silently to watch the progress of the work. Without looking up, he said—

"I thought of you this morning. The city seemed shrouded in fog. As I saw the smoke from a thousand chimneys trying to go upward, and checked in that aspiration by the heavy atmosphere, I groaned over my own fate, so like that baffled smoke in its striving to ascend. But before I came here the air was clear, and mild, and the pillars of white fire went up without hindrance or check heavenward. That is your genius, and its fate; you do well to say you will triumph. I know your fate,"

"Do you think it a happy one?"

The old man looked up hastily, he was so startled by the sorrowful tone of her voice.

"What is it?" he asked.

She made no reply to his words, but turning to his picture, gazed in surprise and admiration upon the bold and faithful copy.

"You equal the original!" was her exclamation.

With a sad smile he said only a copyist! He who made that picture was an artist. I've never got beyond the copying."

"Sit here," he continued, placing a chair for her; "I have only to make a few more touches, then I shall take the picture home and finish it there. I don't like to work here, though it's a glorious place; one is liable to so many interruptions."

She sat beside him as he wished, but her eyes wandered away to the peaceful landscapes near. He observed it, and said—

"You have seen enough of this picture. Well for you that you can go beyond it, that all life does not seem centred in its expression to you."

"I want to dream a little," she replied,

"Then this *is* to you the reality, and those are the dreams of life?"

"How they fill one with quiet!" she said, in answer.

"Spiritual force is in them. They do what can be done by no mere mechanic force. They overcome time as well as space. I remember looking, for the first time, up through the far recesses of that valley—that, where you see the sweet lake in the dim distance—it reminded me, more forcibly than I can tell, of the days when I was a boy. How I loved a solitude like that! I have not only grown old, and worn out, since then, I am every way changed. I am afraid to be alone. Oh, what a blessing to die before every beautiful hope has exploded! before one learns to look back with anguish to the days poets sing of, the merry days of childhood."

"Do you think they *are* so merry?" said the young girl, in a doubtful tone. "I think to the conscious and thoughtful child, the experiences of the present equal any after knowledge. His griefs are as overpowering, his disappointments are as keen as those of the grown man."

"I do not know; mine was a blessed childhood. Was not yours?"

"Yes; for all through it I was being prepared for what was to follow."

The old man laid aside his brushes and stood up to rest. His day's work was done;

for he was very feeble, and could not labour long at a time.

"I think I shall never visit this gallery again," he said; "will you give me your arm, and walk with me, that I may look at each one of the pictures, so dear to my eyes these many years?"

The lady stood quickly up, the old man took her arm, and they strolled along together, conversing as they went with sympathy and confidence. At last, according to his wish, they made a longer pause than usual. They stood gazing upon an artist's conception of the deluge; the horror had to his mind's eye been concentrated, and he presented that point with power. Crouching upon a rock that lifted its bald head from a pit of darkness, were a woman and a tiger. With clasped hands, and face raised heavenward, fraught with a supplication so fervent as revoked all the past unbelief, the woman prayed; the frightened child clung to her for protection, with a stronger hope than she dared to cherish, and silent as a statue, the paralysed beast remained before her. They had no fear then of each other, but of the angry flood that roared and raved about them, and descending fell upon them pitilessly. The "fountains of the great deep were broken up," and they heard the dreadful warning—they felt the horrid pressure. Down through the terrific darkness an eagle was descending, and the gazer heard its cry of fright! heard the moaning of the tiger, the shrieking of the child, the woman's prayer, and afar off was the ark floating in safety away!

"There," exclaimed the lady, as though forgetful of the old man's presence, wrought up by the application her own fancy presented of the scene, "I, too, see the ark move out of sight, and the tiger only remains."

"I," said the old man, "saw it vanish long ago, and the child fell from my arms into the abyss. I don't know if even the tiger stayed: the eagle deserted me with a yell."

"Had the tiger a human countenance?"

"The face of a woman. She was not older than you. Wait," he said eagerly, for she started at the tolling of the clock;

"wait, and I will tell you; the secret has almost worn me out. Let me tell it to you."

"Where do you live?"

"In the shadow of St. John's."

"Will you be at the chapel of St. John's after prayers in the morning?"

"I am always there."

"So am I; and if you will tell it me, I will listen to your story then, I must go now."

"Do not fail me, then."

Her sincere look was surety sufficient; and the childish old man, pleased and happy, began to count the hours that must pass before he heard her sweet voice, and looked upon her tranquil face again.

The next morning after prayers were over in the chapel of St. John's and the people had begun to disperse, the old artist went and sat down in the chancel; and at last, when the house was nearly deserted a youthful figure glided up the aisle, and stood gazing on the holy scenes pictured in the splendidly-colored windows. At last she put aside her veil entirely, and hastened towards the old man; and a warm glow was in his heart, and a smile of gladness in his face, as he welcomed the fair-haired, blue-eyed stranger.

She sat down beside him, and the old man speaking hastily, as though he feared the next tolling of the bell would call her away from him, began:

"I was a preacher once, but not in a splendid place like this. I had a little church under my charge. My people were rich, yet the money they gave for God's sake was not lavished in architectural display, but for the good of man. They were well content to see splendid temples erected around their little church; they did not call theirs a temple, it was merely a house of God.

"I did not like my profession: it did not seem to me to be that for which Nature designed me; but I had entered the ministry before I was aware of this; and then, as it was only a matter of taste that made my fancy turn in other directions, and as I had a real desire to do good, and to honour my calling, I did not feel justified in leaving the station. With the first and only people of my charge

I lived happily for fifteen years. What does that prove, my child?"

"That you were a good and able man, and a true pastor, father."

"Yes, one would think so. I loved them, and they all loved me; and never a wish, that I am aware of, rose among my people that I should leave them. I seldom thought of marrying in those years; I was engrossed in other thoughts—pastoral cares; but at last a temptation came before me; and when I was too old by twenty years—when I was forty years of age, I married. She was a beautiful girl, belonging to neither fashionable nor to low life; educated, and every way well calculated to fill and adorn the difficult position of a minister's wife. I made a mistake which I did not discover until the world had found it out. I had made the mistake in the choice, as far as my people were concerned; and when I saw that, I felt keenly for their disappointment; but I was made to feel still more keenly for my own.

"In the course of the second year of my marriage, a young lawyer became a member of my congregation. I did not wonder that Isidore liked him. I was glad to have her find such a friend. I was content to see them enjoying each other's society, for he was more cultivated than I—younger than I—had seen more of the world. I was willing that she should look upon him as a brother—that they should see very much of each other—that in their mutual pursuits they should sometimes be engrossed to an entire forgetfulness of me. I had strong confidence in Isidore; but not stronger than a man should have in his wife. I had no fear of such an association. It was always my belief, and it is still, that such sorts of friendship—love you may call them, if you will—are such as angels have, and such as God designed pure-minded mortals should enjoy, as foretastes of the heavenly communion. But neither she nor he were equal to this spiritual friendship. Isidore's manner did not change towards me, but it did towards him. Our union had been a sort of delightful friendship; we had never been so in the sense that man and wife often are: one to inflict wrong on yourself, that is;

our partner, as the drunkard does on himself. We had a respect for each other, and I was very happy in that union until I knew it was not what I fancied it.

"You would think that a people with whom I had lived on the terms that a pastor must live with a people, whose spiritual guide he has been for fifteen years, you would think their opportunities good and sufficient for understanding my character in some degree. If I had been the victim of any vicious temptation, you would think their opportunity good for discovering it? They had not learned—as Madame de Staël says, we are understood by God alone. * * I had at times been troubled with a bodily affection, for which my physicians ordered at the time of attack a strong draught of wine. Twice since marriage I had been affected in this way, and had made use of the prescription. Immediately after the second attack, a rumour went through the village, high and low, and suddenly I was denounced at all hands—by some as a drunkard, and by others as a lunatic. A trial was appointed, an ecclesiastical court held, and nothing was proved against me! I had a triumphant acquittal; but, child," he said, grasping the listener's arm violently, and looking up into her face for a sympathy which he found there, "it broke my heart. Isidore did not rejoice with me—she was disappointed—she left me, and Frank Clement disappeared too!"

The listener's face was very pale; her tears flowed fast during the recital, and it was some minutes after his story was finished before she said—

"Did you make no search for poor Isidore?"

"Yes; oh, how I looked for her! it was the business of my life for years; though it was not for *my wife* that I looked."

"For whom? what were you going to do?"

"Give her a divorce, child, and leave her free as she was before that evil hour when we first met."

"Then you do not hate her? You did feel more of pity than anger?"

The face of the poor old man glowed with a perfect beauty, as he said with a pathos

which showed he had not outlived his sorrow—

"It has never been anything but a grief with me. I only blamed myself, and repented my folly in choosing for my wife one who must look upon me as an old creature who had no sympathy or thought in common with her. I would have suffered anything rather than have her fly from me in the way she did."

"And you left your people?"

"I had lost my heart and my voice. Yes, I was afflicted more than I was able to bear: I could preach no longer, though it was their wish that I should."

"Have you lived among them since?"

"No; I have been a wanderer. I have tried to work, but somehow I seem to have lost every manner of power. I thought I should like to be an artist. I don't think I should have altogether failed in that profession if I had entered it, in my youth, when my heart was warm and I was energetic. But I am too old now: all I have to do is to die, and don't think that when I'm called I shall be sorry to go."

"Father, with whom do you live?"

"Said I not I am alone?"

"You must come and live with me."

"I am alone, child; I shall drop into the grave soon, and none but God will know it. I am old and worthless. There has long been one man too many on the earth. It is my daily wonder," he said, reverently looking up, "that our Father does not call me home. I'm tired and worn out."

As he spoke the city church bells began to toll, and the lady, starting up, took the old man's hand, and gently constrained him to follow her.

"I am going to hear a great man preach," she said: "you must go with me; we have plenty of time, and will walk slowly. See how the sun shines! the day will seem very short if you will come with me."

He suffered himself to be persuaded, and followed her.

The way they went was longer than the lady anticipated, and by the time they had reached the church, the crowd upon the steps and around them told her that there was an overflowing audience within. In-

deed, for some minutes new comers had desisted from making the least attempt to effect an entrance, the work seemed hopeless. But resolute in her determination to hear what the great orator would say of a death which had fallen recently with a great shock of an earthquake on the hearts of the people, and with the hope of diverting the thoughts of the lonely man, who had by his confession won for himself a right to all sympathies, she began to ascend the steps with her companion, and to work her way through the dense crowd. "We only wish to go within sound of his voice," she said, in explanation to those who seemed disposed to hinder her progress; and her mourning garments, her gentle, yet determined manner, and the aged companion of her effort appealed for her successfully.

The sermon was begun before they reached one of the aisles of the church. They found no seat, and could make no progress pulpit-ward: but the preacher's voice was a grand organ that filled the edifice—not a word that he uttered fell unheard. There was no tedious straining of the ear to hear every sentiment; and truth, that burst in its perfection from his heartlit brain ran through the great assembly, and told on every soul.

The sentence that the artist and his guide caught, was a daring assertion that leaped from the lips of the orator, and laid on the hearts of his hearers, vivifying and startling as a live coal from the altar. It was a daring declaration; for its source was not in reverence, nor in a pre-reception and admission of the idea, that "whatever is, is right," but in a knowledge of society, and of the laws of humanity, of necessity, and of well-being. The preacher paused as he thundered forth his declaration, "THERE IS NOT A SUPERFLUOUS MAN!" He looked calmly and scrutinizingly around upon the upturned faces, as if silently to repeat that assertion for the comfort of every individual soul there. He could have counted his congregation by the hundred, for the aisles, the galleries, the pulpit-stairs, and chancel, were crowded with listeners; and a cry of more intense meaning, loftier grandeur, mightier truth, he could not have rung in

the ear of the people than this. They were of every grade, and kind, and cultivation. Youth and age—the spiritual bond and freedman—sense and intellect were there, and it seemed a mighty thing for the preacher to say, even of that congregation, there is not *here* a superfluous man! But to say it of the world, of the whole world of mankind—of the utterly helpless and inefficient, of the physically weak, of the mentally and the morally worthless, to say it indiscriminately of *all*, it seemed an unpardonable explosion of transcendentalism, a misapprehension of the word superfluous.

There were few in the congregation but heard that attestation, to the high worth of human nature with a thrill, that, in some individual instances, amounted almost to convulsion. It was heard with a half-smile by some, and fond eyes looked into their companions' eyes, and gave endorsement to the preacher's words: the life so dear to them was not superfluous. It was a declaration that caused a gush of tears from other eyes: it opened a world of recollections, and a flood of bitter memories came forth; it caused a shuddering in others, whose thoughts went down into the caves of earth and ocean, where were buried some who had fulfilled strange destinies—whose use and worth had never been apparent to the sense of man. It caused confusion in the souls of many, who at that moment, in compliance with an irresistible force, thought upon themselves. Some there were, who, with their faith pinned to that of their preacher, received his assurances, and stayed not to question it: his words were very potent to charm them to peace: the world could not do without them; they wakened thoroughly at that, and with complacent attention listened to the remainder of the discourse, so charming was this panacea offered to their oftentimes wounded pride. For these surface-bearers and reasoners it had been well if the preacher, remembering the weakness of the human nature he glorified, had given more lucid insight into the real grandeur of his meaning.

But among his hearers there were two, certainly, if there were no more, who eagerly caught the full significance of the words;

they heard them in breathless attention, and treasured them in their inmost hearts—for there was a whole gospel in them for their souls—the truth of the words flashed on their minds with the resistlessness of conviction.

“You said a little while ago that *you* were of no use in the world. You made a great mistake: you are necessary; I shall not be at peace without you, and perhaps you will make my mother happy also. You must come home with me.”

There was an undercurrent of firmness the old man could scarcely withstand, as she spoke thus to him when they went out of the church together. He heard the words, and believed they were but the outbreaks of pity—perhaps impelled by a new conviction experienced by the lady on hearing this sermon of the preacher, that she must do good as far as she was able—but it was not a proud determination to live above and apart from the dolings of charity which made him say, almost peremptorily—

“You do not need me, nor does the world; let me go back to my shed and canvass.”

But she resolutely held his arm within hers, and argued—

“Is it because my name is Isidore that you refuse to come?”

He started as though a dread vision had appeared before his eyes; he looked down curiously into her face, but asked no question, though his pale face and eager glance told how tender and sensitive a chord had been struck within him.

“My name is truly Isidore, and my husband is dead; but we were faithful to each other, and this morning I wear for him. I have no cause for wearing gay robes. I have had great sorrows. Come home with me, and I will repay your confidence by giving you mine, and we will see if there is not at least as much use of your living as there is of mine.”

The soft appealing cadence of her voice, the truthfulness implied in her looks and her petition were not to be withstood. In silence the old man signified his consent to go with her.

The house before which they paused, and which they entered, was a handsome dwell-

ing-place in a retired part of the town—it was a house for the rich, and the rich were there abiding. Leading the way into the parlour, the lady said—

“Remember, this is now your home; if you seek another, I am to seek it with you. To-night your canvass shall be brought here, and you shall paint—a likeness of myself, if you choose. There is a room just above this furnished with excellent light. We will have no terrible scene painting like *THE FLOOD*, nor even like *THE WEAVERS*; I will have you paint fairy-land for me. I have not often had my own way as yet; I am wilful now because I have an opportunity. You shall have your own way, too.”

“You said you were a poet?” said the old man, signifying, by his question, his desire to hear that confession she had promised. Without a word of preface she began, and uninterrupted by a word of comment, related her story to its close.

“My father died, and I was a spoiled child, a wonder, and a pet no longer. My mother was beautiful, and very gifted and young; she never suffered me to stand in awe of her authority; we love each other too well; we were sisters, playmates, friends, until my father’s death, when a dreadful, dreadful change came over her. When it was necessary for us to go to work—being in poverty—we did go, but my strength outlasted hers: she became ill, and sad, and faint-hearted, and she had sorrows greater than you have known, if one may judge by effect. When a friend invited me to come to this city, saying that here something might be found for me to do, I came, leaving mamma at home ill, but hopeful for me, if not for herself. She was with friends, and I was going to friends, so we were, perhaps, after all, to be considered fortunate. But my friend who had called me was also poor; she could herself do nothing for me but give me a shelter for a season under her roof. She had faith in me that I would make a great poet, and the praise of friends had made me self-confident. But though the powerful were most kind to me, and judged my doings with lenient eyes of criticism, it was plainly to be seen that I had not then reached a commanding position. With this discouraging

conviction I worked on, at the same time looking constantly about me, hoping to discover, if possible, some other way in which I might employ myself. But I was looking vainly—every avenue seemed closed against me—every vacancy I could fill seemed to be filled by a special Providence almost at the very hour I applied. It was at this time when I was most desponding, that a gentleman, who had befriended me in several ways, began to specially commiserate my situation. The winter was drawing to a close, and I had not, by any labor, managed to make enough to pay my way, and I was about to return again to my mother, and to compel myself at once to less aspiring occupations—to some business that would pay, however humble. This old gentleman friend of mine, commiserated my position thus:

“He had formed a most charitable design in his own mind. He had a friend, a widower, who had commissioned him to select for him a wife, and bearing in mind my poverty, and comparative friendlessness, he immediately conceived the idea of giving to me a lawful protector. His work was so skillfully done, that I had not the least suspicion of it until it was no longer progressive, but completed. The widower was childless, and older than I, but a good, and rather distinguished, and very wealthy man. We married five years ago, and since our wedding-day have lived in this place. You think my name unfortunate? It is not; for we lived happily together until he was taken away. Since then, my mother has been with me, and *her name, too, is Isidore. You will love the name again when you know her, for she is truly angelic.*”

“As are you.”

“No, no, not I. But her sorrows have been great and extraordinary, and she has borne them so patiently, that they have almost made an angel of her.”

“Tell me why is it that you have insisted upon my coming here? The whole performance is too wild! what does it mean? You and I have confided our secret story to each other, strangers a week ago! What has passed us? I think I had better go away; I’m either dreaming, or living when

I had better be dead, after I have got into my dotage."

"This is what it means: God has brought us to each other. Perhaps you'll think I'm dreaming now, when I tell you what I'm going to; but as truly as I have a soul to save, it all happened. When my father was dying, he said—and it makes no difference to you or me whether his mind was wandering at the time—'Daughter, if you ever find in this world an old man, lonely and poor, but good and great, love him, and do for him according as God has done for you.' And he made me swear that I would carry pity and love in my heart for all the living; but more especially for the old and lonely, and good man. Father you are he: I found you living under a weight of bitter recollections; henceforward, you must live without them; you shall find only peace and comfort here. Believe what I have told you; my father loved my mother with the most impassioned devotion, and perhaps he saw into the future as the dying can, I believe, and he knew how she would some time stand in need of all the consolations of the great and good: help me in my watching over my paralyzed mother. I fear—I know—that she has not long to stay with me, and she desires to go; believe that the work of your ministry is not yet finished; stay with me, at least—at least!"

"Daughter, say no more: I would fain go, even now, to your mother."

His voice had been faint, faltering, the voice of age, till now; but, when he expressed this wish, he had been gazing so long, and with such earnestness, upon young Isidore, that he seemed to have drawn within himself, from her presence, the spirit of life, and his voice had the clarion strength and clearness of early manhood.

Word was sent into the chamber of the invalid that the daughter and a friend were coming to pass the Sabbath twilight with her; and, a few minutes after, Isidore led her aged friend into the room where the faint daylight was struggling with the night. The place was very cheerfully, as the apartment of an invalid should be. Comfort and luxury were there; the fragrance of flowers, and the twittering of a bird—a carpet,

which gave back no echo to the footstep—couches, where one might sleep, and dream, of all things beautiful but—death. The old man paused as he stood within the door. Was it his miserable raiment that caused him to hesitate, fearful of appearing before the luxurious invalid in such a plight? It may have been this; but Isidore gave him no time for indulging in these, or in any reflections. She brought him to her mother's bedside, and said, "Here is my friend, mamma: do you feel equal to a little conversation, now?"

The lady bowed her head graciously to the new comer, tenderly to her child, and as much of curiosity as she was capable of feeling, in her then weak state, was very plainly revealed as her eyes turned towards the poor old man. She had been a handsome woman in her day; but her beauty was very different from the pure loveliness that lay as a consecration on the human nature of her widowed child. She had been a worldly woman, vain, and, perhaps, weak, but not after a common weakness; for the most of her life had been a furious combat, and she was never conquered until her idolized husband was laid in the grave. Then, her health began to fall, and a depression and a sorrow, such as death and loss never occasioned, sprang up into life, which had grown deeper and darker until this present hour—which was constantly growing deeper and darker, and undermining life, and insuring the easy victory of death.

Her face was haggard, and her eyes had the wild glare of a lunatic, as they wandered from the old man to her daughter: it was hard to engage her, or to interest her in conversation, though, almost from the moment of entering the room the stranger's lips had been unsealed, and he spoke as never man spoke in the hearing of those women before—of life and death, of experience, and change; at first, Isidore bore part in the conversation, but not long, for in the argument he conducted he needed no aid. For more than an hour that mighty strain of eloquence rolled from the soul of the old man through the sick chamber, and it was while in the full tide of thought and expression that the human voice suddenly broke,

and the strength of the speaker waned: then he arose, walking through the chamber, now quiet wrapt in shadows, he bowed at the sick woman's beside more lowly than courtesy demanded, for he bowed to pray! And, surely, never was a prayer like that breathed in the ear of Heaven! Was it for the life of her who was chained by the unconquerable power to that couch?—for the happiness of her whose name was breathed through every several petition? No; but it was her pardon that he whispered, and for her forgiveness that he besought high Heaven! And while he was dying of his emotion, dying because there was now really, as he had yesterday unwisely said—"No more use for him on earth," (God took him when he had breathed his pardon in the ears of the wretched woman, whom God's vengeance, through her own conscience, had overtaken in the last years of her life); the soul of the forgiven—the repentant, took also his departure.

And thus vengeance and mercy were satisfied, expiation and satisfaction gave in their holy verdict, and the young Isidore was left alone to ponder, in no dreaming mood of poesy, on the two lives, divided, united which had proved in themselves that even to the wretched and lonely come no superfluous years. At last comes always a revelation, which does away with mystery.

You will say this is a fantasy. What if I can show you the two graves, and the two monuments that rise above that husband and that wife? Will not the "other Book" which shall be opened, prove the Revelator of secrets such as the most daring of imaginations never conceived? Wait and see!

THE GREEN LANE.

THERE are no green lanes in the world equal to those of England. Italy has its skies, Greece its classic ruins, Egypt its pyramids, Switzerland its Alps, Germany its Rhine, America its Niagara, but none of these has a green lane such as we have thousands of in England. The green lane is essentially English, and is confined to England. There are green lanes neither in Scotland nor Ireland—we mean grassy roads

arrayed in greenery, shaded by lofty old hedges, beech-trees, alders, or willows, leading to some quiet cot or farmhouse, or range of pasture-lands; and often leading on merely to some other green lane, or series of lanes, branching off to right or left, which are there seemingly without any other purpose than that they *are there*, to feast the eyes of country strollers with the sight of their quiet green beauty.

The green lane is the delight of our poets and our artists, and of all who love rural scenery. Cowper, Hunt, and Wordsworth have painted them in words; and our living painters, Creswick, Lee, Witherington, and Redgrave, have painted them in colours. No pictures are more admired than theirs on the walls of the academy. But they can only give us charming "bits," whereas the pedestrian can range along miles of charming lanes, even in the very neighbourhood of this crowded metropolis. Leigh Hunt can point out a favourite route along green lanes in the neighbourhood of Hampstead, which takes a long day to visit. Wordsworth has sung that the fields and rural lanes were his "favourite schools." Indeed, his poetry is full of the sweet breath of the country.

Step out of the dusty highway into the green lane. How cool and quiet it is! Pleasantly it winds on among the farms and fields. A gentle breeze stirs the tree tops, on the summit of one of which the throistle is pouring out his sweet music. But for the feathered singers, the cloister-shade of the green lane were bathed in stillness. The sun, as it streams through the young fan-like foliage of the trees, turns them to green and gold—the bright livery of spring. The gentle wind kisses the leaves as it passes by with a faint rustle and murmur, which still enables you to hear the brushing of your feet over the grassy path.

Flowers are peeping out from the hedge-bottoms. The violet is modestly lifting up its head, and shedding abroad its delicate odour even where unseen. The bees have already begun their year's work, and are grappling with the hawthorn blossoms and the wild roses of the hedgerows. The sward is covered with daisies; and fox-glove, prim-

roses, and blue-bells covered the banks by the lane side. An open space appears, covered with gorse, full of golden bloom. Nothing can be more gay and beautiful.

Sometimes the lane is quite overshadowed by tall trees, which make a green twilight, but through which the slanting sun's rays shoot down here and there, lighting up the patches of grass beneath. How bright the leaves through which the sun's light trembles. What variety of tints, from the cool green to the golden yellow, and the rich amber brown of the tree stems! With a pool of water in the foreground, or a bright cool stream leaping or trickling from the bank, and straggling irregularly across the path, you have before you one of those delicious "bits" of woodland or green-lane scenery which Creswick so loves to paint.

The green lane is generally quiet and lonely, but sometimes there is life about it—the life of the fields. Hiss! 'Tis the lowing of the cow, strayed from the adjoining field, tempted by the sweet daisied sward of the lane. She has raised her head, and is lowing to her fellow across the adjoining hedge, who is standing udder-deep in the rich grass and golden butter-cups. Or, there is a flock of geese in the lane, watched by a little fellow with red cheeks and flaxen locks, who amuses himself by making whistles out of reeds, and occasional clay-pies and other dainties in the runnel that bustles along under the hedge side. Farther on, you overtake an old man leaning on his staff. He has crawled forth into the green lane to rejoice, as he still can rejoice, in its quiet life and beauty. He is not far from home; a rude stile points out the path across a field, and there, within sight, is a little cluster of cottages, rose-embowered and suckle-wreathed, with bees about them: old women peep out from the doors, and the merry voices of children rise up from the grassy spaces near at hand, where they are at play. And here is the spring-well of the hamlet, close at hand, from which a cottage girl draws her can full of water, and shily tips over the stile and away across the field, out of the stranger's sight. The well is worked in a leafy, lush recess, fern-fringed and mossy to the bottom; its clear bubbling

waters tempting the stroller to uncoil the rusty chain and fetch up a bumper cool as the polar ice.

These cottages look really pleasant and rural; the cluster of lilacs nodding over mossy roofs, with those branching oaks, loftier still, through which the thin blue smoke slowly eddies upwards into the bluer sky. There is also an elder-tree growing by the wicket, near the entrance to the cottager's garden, and no cottage-garden would be complete without an elder. And there is a cottager at work, turning over the soil with his spade, which tinkles against the pebbles as he delves the dry earth, making it ready for some summer crop.

Move back into the lane again, and as you proceed, lo! a patient ass stands before you, listlessly mediating. No green lane without its ass! Does the ass love green lanes for their quiet, or for their sweet herbage? Either way the ass must be an animal of taste, much-reviled brute as it is. But this poor ass bears upon it the marks of hard work, of blows, of poor feeding. It is not a luxurious, idle, dissipated ass, but a common day-labouring ass, the servant of tinkers and gypsies. There they are, camped out in the green lane!

"Will you have your fortune read?" Then have it read here in the green lane, by that bold tawny girl, with blazing black eyes—a genuine gipsy, a true child of the East. Since Squire Western had his fortune told in the green lane, as related in *Tom Jones*, these same strollers have been haunting the lanes of England. The lanes are the camping ground of the gypsies; there they mend pots and manufacture brooms; there they cook, eat, marry, and bring up children. The gipsy child, brought up in the green lanes, is no more to be tied down to the plodding life of towns, than is the American Indian to become a cotton planter for a Yankee slave-owner. The gipsy is the Indian of Europe—not to be civilised, any more than the green lane itself could flourish in the Strand.

The green lane is beautiful at all seasons. In spring it is youthful and fresh. In summer it is rich and luscious. In autumn its beauty is ripe and full. The fresh green of

the lane in the young spring is delicious: but yet, for richness of colour, for brilliant tints, deep browns, lit up with the scarlet and red berries with which the hedgerows are full in autumn, we have even a preference for the latter season. But always is the green lane beautiful. And in summer, when the delicious fragrance from the hay-fields fills the lane, and heavy-laden wains come swinging along the grass path, the scent filling the summer air, a walk in the lane is an inexpressible source of delight. There is a life among the fields at that season also, such as you rarely witness at other times. The mowers are at work, and the haymakers are busy in their wake, casting about the drying hay, amidst laughter, and jesting, and merry glee.

But the pleasures of the green lane at all seasons are endless. In the early morning, at glowing noon, or in the balmy eve, when the sun sets in gold, dimly seen through overarching trees, the lane is always delightful. It calls up the poetry of our nature, and quickens it to life; and we feel as if we could only enjoy it thoroughly to the accompaniment of volume of Keats, or Tennyson, or Wordsworth. This love of green lanes is a truly national attachment. It is a simple and delightful taste, and we are not ashamed of it. The love of country and of country life is rather our pride and our glory.

MURILLO

MURILLO, perhaps the most pleasing painter Spain ever produced, was born at Pilas, near Seville, in the year 1613. At an early age he displayed such taste and aptitude for painting, that his uncle took him into his studio; but his principal knowledge was derived from the renowned painter, Velasquez, who directed his studies, and even frequently retouched his designs.

Many writers affirm that Murillo journeyed to Italy, and studied at Rome; but Velasquez, a Spanish author, affirms that he never was in Italy, and that he attained his great perfection in the art by copying Titian, Rubens, and Vanlyke, at Madrid, and in the palace of the Escorial; and also by studying the

antique statues in the royal collections.— However, whether he studied at Rome or not, he became an excellent painter, and was employed by the King to execute several historical pictures, which raised his reputation throughout his own country, and there being afterward sent to Rome as a present to the Pope, so pleased the Italians, that they called him a second Paul Veronese.

The style of painting adopted by Murillo was his own. He copied his objects from nature, but combined them ideally. He painted for most of the principal churches in Seville, Granada, Cadiz, and Cordova, and his smaller works were widely dispersed throughout Spain. His paintings in the churches of Seville are exceedingly large, some of them eighteen feet high, and containing an immense number of figures, as is required in such subjects as "Christ feeling the multitude," "St. John preaching," "St. Thomas giving alms to the poor," etc., etc. Although these pictures are skilfully wrought out, they are in many instances marred by an expression of mean character in the most dignified personages. However, in the amiable and tender sentiments which are expressed by the silent actions of the human features, he was eminently successful, and his pictures generally captivate the beholder by the gentleness of their color and the softness of their execution.

As an artist, he is generally considered to have most completely succeeded in his small pictures of familiar life. His favourite subjects were beggar-boys, taken from life in different actions and amusements.

Murillo enjoyed his great renown to the advanced age of 72, when he died, universally lamented by those who felt any interest in the art.

"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."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF LONDON BUSINESS.

I.—HER MAJESTY'S PRINTERS.

THERE exists not far from the spot made classic by the footsteps of Dr. Johnson, a great irregular black block of building, reticulated in a mazy network of close meshes, with blacker alleys and narrow lanes, from which issue all day long, and every day, still blacker streams of printer's ink. Like oak timber that has seen service, the spot is eaten with the torredo chambers of age—perforations which riddle it through and through, yet leave the heart of a harder and closer texture than before. Or it is a heart indeed: an old centre of civilisation. Its narrow, tortuous veins and arteries are the channels of light and life. At every pulsation, wisdom issues her precepts, genius distributes her gifts, intellect sends forth her fire, the comforts of religion flow. Rash people who picture royal roads and rosy paths to the seat of these blessings, learn the delusion they have cherished. If the printing craft be ancient enough to boast a tutelary saint, it is here he holds his court.

By special courtesy, we have been led through every devious way and curious cranny by the resident spirit, whose finger-ways undisputed over the busy denizens. One moment traversing an open-air by-way, the next we were diving down in nether darkness, amongst steam-engines and workshops. Again, aloft, we alighted in large and airy rooms, sacred to compositors, machine-men or pressmen; 'frames,' machines or presses. *Presto*, and we grew bewildered amongst a region of little rooms, and closets and 'prentice boys. Whether photographs of the busy scene will please our readers as much as the original did us, be it yours to decide. We will, with your gracious leave, take you a tour, and present you with both positive and negative pictures.

Join us in heart—the heart of the square of which Fleet Street and Shoe Lane form two sides, and Fetter Lane a third. It matters not what house or block of houses you announce yourself, for every one, however far detached, has something or another to do with Her Majesty's Printers. Maybe you know the iron gate, with the royal

arms gilt at top, which you pass to reach the office where acts of parliament and proclamations are retailed to liege subjects of the queen,

Contiguous to this office, five hundred craftsmen aided by the power of steam, are ever engaged in putting into a cheap and portable form the bulky results of the six hundred and fifty at Westminster. Although parliamentary work is distributed amongst several great printers, yet so great a share come to the Messrs Spottiswoode, that they are known *par excellence*, as Printers to the Queen. Senatorial wisdom, heavy enough when dropt from the lip in debate, feels still heavier when done up into reams, and pressing the shoulders of some young canvas jacket of this establishment.

If we may judge the merit of a constitution by the bulkiness of its records, then assuredly one will be convinced of the excellences of ours, by the mere computation of paper and type consumed every year. It needs the economical working of an enormous business to admit of our laws being obtainable at a cheap rate. This fact removes the appearance of an unfair monopoly of the national work by one or two great firms. Without an assurance of long-continued patronage, no firm could undertake the vast and special arrangements the work requires. Government of course, takes a large supply of every act, or bill, or blue book. As the treasury, however, fixes the price at which all papers are sold, we should be apt to think that the largest customer might possibly become the worst. Private demand varies according to the popularity of the subject. Local acts, which interest but few, are charged a somewhat higher price than others. Under any circumstances the sale is barely remunerative.

We will make no critical survey of this department, but pass on to the more general work, where the printing of government papers only mingles with that of books and pamphlets. This branch is the speciality of Mr. George Spottiswoode, whose brother manages the other part of the business. Having, under the obliging auspices of the first, ascended a winding iron staircase, we enter a room where a little hundred of com-

positors are amusing themselves. To one unaccustomed to see them it is an interesting sight. It is interesting to witness a large number of men working together anywhere. Similarity of movement is pleasing to the eye. So here, dipping into their cases as rapidly as a fowl pecks up corn, or Hullah's classes beat time, or we awhile ago played tit-tat-toe at school, they arrest our interest.

A 'chase' is pointed out to us, filled with pages arranged so as to fall into their proper order when printed. The type is fresh from the foundry in all its silvery brightness. Pieces of metal or wood, which the compositors teach us to call 'furniture,' are placed round, to fix the matter in its proper position. It has also been 'locked up,' to keep every part tight. The 'form' is now properly 'imposed,' and ready for the press below.

Erudite now in these matters, our attention is called to some beautiful copper letter, which another man has in his case. By a process the inventor does not divulge—though possibly the electrotype has something to do with it—a copper letter is formed at the end of the usual type metal. Its advantage is in the greater durability of the copper, and the clean, sharp edge it retains long after the common type would be useless. To make the whole letter of copper would be much too costly.

A short stay in the compositors' room of a great printer has an interest peculiarly its own. We get a glance at the manuscript, or at the 'revise' of some of our greatest men. To tell the truth, many of them express thoughts far more beautiful than is the handwriting. One compositor heaped wholesale condemnation upon an eminent political writer of the present time, whose patrician scrawl and utter regardlessness of the printer's labour are the abomination of every one into whose hands his 'copy' has ever fallen. No outrageous manuscript was in the office just then, we are told, unless might be excepted some French writing, without stops or accents, and just so legible that in English it would be anathematised. Compositors of all classes will bear us out, that it is too bad to rob a working man of his time, which is his bread. Those writers who think it plebeian to write so as to be easily read

do so. It stands to reason that a compositor, paid by the number of letters he sets, loses money by bad copy; and, 'though,' as our informant at Spottiswoode's says, 'we do get a little allowance sometimes, it is very seldom, and never anything like what we lose by it.'

Outside the door of this room are the stores of type, cases of letter ready for use are placed in vertical 'racks,' ranged side by side, reaching from the floor to the ceiling extending round a spacious area, filling up several unimagined corners. Tons upon tons of type are stowed away, but ready and willing at the call of any of the caterers for the world's enlightenment, to come forth and give wings to thought.

Two or three 'forms' are going off to be stereotyped. It is advantageous to preserve the means of extra impressions of a work likely to have a continuous sale—such, particularly, as schoolbooks, which go through many editions without emendations or revision. Even more advantageous is it in the case of works which are printed and published simultaneously in the Northern Athera, the metropolis, and abroad—scats far from being rare. Both these purposes are gained by the thin stereotype metal plates, which may be conveniently packed away after use till wanted again, or multiplied in number, and transmitted any distance. The manager of this section of the works let us into these secrets, while he produced a few of the new shining plates—a whole form page-1 and arranged in one sheet, and waiting its turn in the machine-room. Other pleasant technicalities he also expounds. The racks contain every kind of letter and typographical sign used in printed composition. Less than five minutes makes us learned in the theory of 'spaces,' and 'hair spaces,' and 'leading'—names given to the metal divisions between words and lines, and a multitude of other terms, for which we now want to look in the manual.

Typo measures his work in true professional style. Instead of inches, it is how many 'pica m's.' His payments, on the other hand, are computed by the number of 'n's' of the type he may be using that would fill a page.

"Then this is the kind of work you like best," said we, and pointed to a page or two set up, but having about as many letters as the blank leaves in 'Tristram Shandy.'

"Yes," he returned; "we call that "fat." It's a sort of make-up for what we have to do at other times. We don't get enough of it, or we should do pretty well."

If the same rule obtains in the typography of the 'returns' ordered by the House of Commons, the 'bills,' 'acts,' and 'blue books,' there must be a pretty good slice of 'fat.'

'You would like all writers to have plenty of paragraphs, and all very short ones, eh?'

'Yes,' the man laughed; 'but we can't get them of our way of thinking.'

Typo says magazine work is very *lean*; so, promising him that we at least would make it as fat as possible, we appeal to our editor's journeymen to say that we keep our word.

Compositors' cases go out in pairs. A case, we calculate, would hold sufficient type for about three and a half pages of magazine matter, when the compositor would have to replenish his case by distributing printed-off matter. A Scottish case has deeper boxes, and holds more letter.

A heap of loose type, we are informed, is *pie*—a species of aliment which makes a juvenile smack his lips, but is the aversion of a compositor. *Pie*, in typography, is like 'squal' in Devonshire—a mixture of everything in general, and nothing in particular. Printers' *pie* is composed of the ruins of a 'form;' when perhaps the work was half accomplished, an unlucky accident has upset it, and mingled the letters, and spaces, and leads. A heap of *pie* is, on the whole, about as good a test of a printer's temper as any one could desire. If anything could ruffle him, it is that. Well the unfortunate wight knows the weary work he has before him, to separate the pieces one by one. It were hard to say which is most difficult, to compose the sheet again, or to compose himself.

Before the impression is struck off, very careful revision takes place. First, the 'reader' marks all mere 'literal' errors, and has them rectified. A 'proof' is then 'pulled,' and sent to the writer, who, if fastidious, as

most are, alters, and re-alter, and lets remain as at first, what has cost so much pains in putting together. Authors, if near when their revise is at the 'correcting-stone,' would sometimes hear worse than blessings invoked upon them for their fastidiousness and indecision.

Low, monotonous humming and buzzing intimate that we approach the 'reading-boys.' Begging one to continue his duty, he proceeds to the following effect:—

'Though a variety of opinions exist as to the individual by whom the art of printing was discovered, yet all authorities concur in admitting PETER SCHIOEFFER (three taps on the desk) to be the person who invented *cast* (one tap) *metal* (tap) *types* (tap), having learned the art of *cutting* (one tap) the letters from the Guttembergs. He is also supposed to have been the first who engraved on copper plates.'

This going on in a rapid manner, with no attention to pause, and in the most grave monotony, is very comical, the caps indicating italics, small capitals or large, as the case may be. The only approach to a rest is the lengthening out of an occasional vowel when an illegible or a hard word is coming, making a long 'the-eh' or a 'to-eh,' instead of 'the' or 'to.' For five minutes he buzzed Greek. Half an hour would have helped us less to interpret the strange sound, than the clandestine peep we took at the paper itself. In particular work, such as the Bible, when the pointing is important, commas and colons, and every other sign, are read off with the text. The introduction of 'com.,' 'col.,' 'quote,' &c., every half-dozen words, would be very edifying to an audience.

Leaving the 'sanctum' of the reader (who understands the boy better than we, for his corrections are marked in the margin as fast as the boy can read,) we pass a number of rooms in which embryo typos are learning their craft under the care of experienced men. They are apprenticed, as usual, for seven years, only they are not, as in most other offices, 'out-door,' but 'in-door' apprentices. Kept thus under the constant eye of the master, they grow up steady, intelligent, good men, although at the sacrifice of that liberty youths at times pine for, and which too often, with

their less-cared-for comrades, leads to dissipation and reckless irregularity. Out-door apprentices generally are paid half their earnings. At the Queen's Printers, being in-door, they receive their maintenance, and are encouraged to work well by a small bonus for pocket-money, upon every sovereign their work would amount to. The greater portion of their time they can be intrusted only with common work. Lengthened experience and cultivated tact alone make a good compositor.

The downward journey has located us at length in the midst of 'feeders,' and 'taker-off,' and 'machine-managers.' Presses and machines, all worked by steam power, fill another great room. Moving round from the simplest to the most complicated, we are struck with the wonderful economy of labour, and time, and space, brought about by improved machinery, and so requisite in a vast establishment like this. Evidences abound, that the progressive spirit of the age has visited this place as all others. The simple machines are made to strike off copies of two works, even of different sizes, at one movement of the press. Gigantic cylinders, placed opposite, are printing both sides of a large sheet at once. No one can see without admiration, the ingenious contrivances by means of which the great cylindrical engines are fed with paper, and then perform every other part of their duty in the most perfect manner without aid. Clutching the expanded sheets, one after another, as fast as the 'imp' can supply them, their greed is insatiable. Tapes wind round the paper, carrying it over and under, in and out, up and down, till the white surfaces present themselves to the 'taker-off,' both sides covered with printed wisdom. Most intelligently does the mechanism adjust itself, and perform its duty. Most skillfully, too, do the 'composition' rollers feed the type with ink, each one of about half a dozen touching a next throughout its revolution, and thus laying the ink on the surfaces more evenly and thin, till the thick, black, shining treading first from the reservoir becomes completely attenuated. Even then the last roller goes over a flat table, still further to distribute the ink, before rolling over the type. All

this is done at every to and fro movement. The *multum in parvo* excellence of modern mechanism is seen to perfection in the cylindrical printing engine.

Two boys, and a man to look after them, are required at each machine. The boys are true Londoners—rogues only happy when dabbling in dirt. Some of them are as black as the gentleman upon whom they are occasionally affiliated. To muck themselves from head to foot with ink, though quite needless, proves how hard they have been at work. They are all dressed uniformly in linen suits, some of which must provide poor old mothers at the end of the week work more troublesome than profitable. A few boys show a remarkable contrast to the others; as if with an innate sense of neatness, they keep white and clean in work that would make sweeps of their comrades. Every boy saves a penny a-week for his jacket, and is supplied with a new one twice a-year.

Similar interest attaches to the machine-room as to the workroom of the compositors. At one machine there is working off Chevalier Bunsen's new work on Egypt, the second volume, on which no profane eye has yet been permitted to look. Then the magazines and reviews for the forthcoming month or quarter are assuming their proper form, and we may in anticipation feast upon the literary repast in store for us. Here the people's edition of Macaulay is promising a treat speedily to many readers. At the next press, parliamentary papers are striking off a far less delectable diet. We recognize as an old friend our diamond edition of the Church Service. Bibles of every variety are at other presses multiplying in countless numbers.

There are two holes in each sheet that excite our notice. We are informed that pins pierce the paper when the first side is printed; these punctures guide the lad in fixing the paper for the second side. 'True register' is thus secured—a term which our readers will comprehend, by observing how exactly the letters on one page of a magazine are placed upon those back to back, on the other side of the leaf. Printing has so greatly improved of late years, that, unless these niceties are attended to, readers will grant a book little indulgence.

One great space is cleared away, and strong woodwork and rafters are being placed to accommodate a larger machine than any yet in the establishment. Visitors to any of the great London works are impressed with like sights wherever they go. The tendency of great places is still to grow. Messrs. Spottiswoode take in house after house, and cover with bricks every vacant space they can seize. Still the cry is, 'Room! room!' Vulcan roars and hisses with the force of twelve horses, in some Vesuvian abyss below. His grumbings are to be attended to immediately; he has been promised a big brother of twice his powers, for society and a help-mate.

'Doesn't the engine sometimes get out of order?' we ask.

'Yes, it does,' is the response

'How do you manage then? Does it stop the machines?'

'Oh no, we couldn't stop them; we force them to work till the engine gets in order. Still, it is for this reason, as well as the small one's inadequacy for the work in hand, that the new engine is wanted.'

Much of the collateral work is done on the premises. Several engineers, lathemen, and other artisans, are employed apart from the printers. Repairs of machines, and even in good part the construction of the steam-engines, are under their jurisdiction.

A great copper is parted off from the steam-boilers, but yet sufficiently near to boil at the same fire, to supply the men with water for breakfast and tea. Men, generally speaking, appreciate a little, better than they do great, attention in this respect. Where dining-rooms and culinary appurtenances have been prepared, they have been in a measure failures. Not improbably this arises from the sense of delicacy which prevents men from parading their humble dinners—a similar feeling to that which prevents the poor women from using the new 'wash-houses,' choosing rather their own close room, and waste of fire and laundry needfuls, to half cleanse their poor habiliments. For the apprentices, special arrangements are made, to which we shall have to allude.

Despite the extraordinary encroachments of steam-power, it has not yet entirely super-

seded the hand-press. Woodcuts, where there are many of them, are still best taken by the last. Even the illustrations of our ever-welcome friend, the 'Illustrated News,' beautiful as they are from their vertical machine, would be far more beautiful taken with the hand-press. This could not be accomplished, for the blocks themselves are, we believe, curved now to suit the printing-machine. We bestow only a glance, in passing, upon a dozen of these presses at work in an ante-room. Wonders of the age years ago, they are now immeasurably eclipsed by their leviathan progeny.

Multifold as are the operations we witness, it would be tiring to describe them all. The sheets are printed wet; it is necessary to dry them afterwards. A room well ventilated, and at the same time heated, is slung with a thousand lines, over which hang the sheets till they are dry enough for 'pressing.' Hydraulic presses are used for this purpose, being so simple in working yet so powerful in effect. Alternate sheets of mill-board and letter-press are piled up in columns, and submitted to pressure. After some hours they are flattened, and have received a gloss, or cold glaze. The operation is called cold-pressing.

In preparing the paper for pressing, the same economy of labour is seen as before. Two things are always done at once. One great column dwindles down as a workman removes the pressed sheets, and passes the boards towards his mate. Meanwhile another column is rising under the hands of the second man, whose duty consists in making literary sandwiches with the same boards, and fresh sheets from the drying-room.

There has been a cry lately of a scarcity of paper. Demand is grown so vastly, that rags cannot be procured to supply it. Those who fear a catastrophe should visit the Queen's Printers; they will come away with the full belief that paper enough is stored up in the warerooms to supply the world at least for ever. White, massive pillars of paper are the supports apparently to the ceiling. As an area for concealment, we would choose the spacious stowage-room; it would have served the 'Bonnie Prince' better than the Royal Oak. Like great vertical

shafts in a mine of rock-salt, the white pillars persuade us of their exhaustlessness. It is the supply of a few months!

Paper is not so good as formerly; really good paper cannot be obtained. Cotton is used in its manufacture, in the scarcity of linen. As a consequence, the toughness and durability of the old paper is not secured. Machine-made paper is not so good as that made by hand. For writing purposes in government offices, hand-made paper is still used. Paper for printing is almost invariably machine-made, as is also the general run of letter paper.

Now that the sheets have been struck off and pressed, they only await a few incidental operations before they are done up into books, stitched and bound, and sent off, some to their publishers, some to the retail office, some back again to illuminate our Legislature. Great heaps successively vanish through a wicket, and are received on the other side by one who counts them off, sixty to our six. We may meet with them again by and by, in a small room, where a troop of tiny 'gatherers' are at work. They are gathering, at the time we look in upon them, an edition of the 'Book of Common Prayer.' Ranged round the sides of a small room are four counters. Upon them are placed, in like-sized heaps, the sheets of the book. Each pile contains sheets distinguished by the letter which is seen at the bottom of the page of a book. Space enough is left in the middle of the room for half a dozen boys to run round one after another in an endless chase. A merry game of 'Catch who can' goes on. To prevent it being quite unprofitable, each boy catches up the sheets in their proper order as he passes rapidly round, and deposits the whole book ready for folding stitching in a pile with others, at the end of each circuit. Quickly the sheets sink lower and lower under their nimble hands and feet. Thousands upon thousands of volumes they will make ready for the binder in the course of a single day.

'We ought to be a very good people, with so many bibles printed for us,' we remarked to our obliging conductor.

'We ought,' is the reply, 'but it is grievous to think what becomes of most of them.'

Where one does good, there are too many bartered away for frivolities, or even evil purposes. The number that find their way to the pawnshop, especially of those given away in charity, stand in array like a national crime.

A 'collator' then receives the sheets properly arranged. By constant practice he is able so to detect a wrong placement, or a double sheet, in hardly any time, and with a jerk to eject it.

Description conveys but half a picture of Messrs. Spottiswoode's; there is a moral half. Bare enumeration of facts makes one feel that there is work going on here more than surface deep. The photograph on the mind of a visiter is vivid, deep, and pleasing. We have been impressed throughout our tour, with the quiet demeanour and orderliness, the activity and diligence, of every one engaged. They work not with the hurry of eye-service, detecting the approach of an employer, but with the steady attention that persuades us of a habit. Not less gratifying was it to see the respectful recognition which our guide met with at every turn, and the earnestness which now and then he was asked 'whether he had met with accident,' because he walked lamely, and with the help of a stick. Mr. Spottiswoode had, in fact, sprained his foot slightly, the pain and inconvenience of which he must have felt compensated for by the sincerity apparent in his men's sympathy.

The simple cause of all this is, that the proprietors of the Queen's Printing Office are gentlemen who feel deeply anxious for the welfare of the workers under their care. There are nearly 1000 men in all at work. In the general printing, 350; in the government department, as we have said, 500; and in an establishment a few miles out of the city, given up entirely to Bibles and Testaments, about 100. This little community is governed by a constitution of so great a liberality, that it makes the chief appear to have advanced even upon the many laws they print. The study of our legislative papers has peradventure enlightened their minds and enlarged their hearts.

Messrs. Spottiswoode may be taken as a type—to speak professionally—of a class of

masters quite modern in regard for *employes*. They are examples of what was once very rare—eminent master-men, who believe that their journey-men have thoughts and feelings capable of cultivation, and independent of their craft. Too few in their position are regardful of those they employ beyond working out of them what they can.

Here we may see, in one part a little room set off to contain a case of books for the use of the workmen and boys. A librarian is appointed, and a system of rules is carried out with regularity. The management is in the hands of the men themselves. Many of the books have been given by Murray: the whole of his 'Home and Colonial Library.' Langman also aided with the 'Cabinet Cyclopaedia.' Some idea may be formed of the extent to which the advantages offered by the library are appreciated, from the fact, that the present average number of books in circulation is considerably above a hundred. The great favorites are the weekly periodicals of the best class. Our arts and manufactures are well represented. History and biography, poetry and travels, have illustrations from the pens of the most eminent men. The popularity of the scheme is remarkably great, considering that novels are not amongst the books. Not that the managers are squeamish either. A better selection of books it would be hard to find. Every book is unobjectionable, although neither theology nor romance (and very properly) find a place. The peculiar propriety of the mottoes on the catalogue is worth a note. The title-page quotes Seneca very happily, that 'as the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.' Overleaf we are advised, 'to make the same use of a book that a bee does of a flower—steal sweets from it, but not injure it.' Such sentences are books in themselves.

We enter afterwards a room arranged with forms and desks, and various appurtenances that appertain to a school-room.

'It is my brother's school-room,' we are told in the quietest manner. The boys in the office give up certain half hours of their spare time to be taught different subjects.

They willingly attend their classes, and profit considerably by them. Either one of the proprietors becomes schoolmaster for the time being, or their sister comes to town at stated times each week to officiate. Attendance is voluntary—as far as the term can be used with regard to boys who are *expected* to come. No better coercion can be used with a sixth boy than to persuade five before him to any particular course.

Another school-room, more completely fitted up with maps and requisites of the kind, provides room for eighty boys or more at once. Interest in the working of the classes must be very general, for many of the men volunteer to take certain subjects, and thus distribute the labour. It is the aim, as Mr. Spottiswoode incidentally says, to make every one feel an interest in the boy's welfare. Some of the men are very earnest in the matter. A system of rewards, the value of which is determined by tickets of merit gained, is adopted with good results. Examinations also at stated intervals occur where the boys 'pass' for their degrees, of which due record is kept. This feature has not been established longer than to get a few of them placed in the second list, but, as a very intelligent-looking young man, who seems to take especial delight in this work, remarks to us, 'We shall have some in the third list soon, sir, and they are sure to work hard to get into the fourth.'

It shows what satisfaction the boys have in their studies, that their extra classes are chiefly before working hours in the morning and after they leave off at night. To encourage them still more, they have in the summer time, instead of books, a run into the fields to enjoy a game at cricket, or they solace themselves with boating. Clubs for both these recreations are established. A field is rented in the neighbourhood of Highgate for their first method of enjoyment, and many a right hearty and merry match is coming off this summer. 'But how can they find time for these things?' we hear asked, very naturally. It was the enquiry that rose in our own mind. At the moment of asking, we were in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the proprietor, one of the private offices. Upon the table were heaped bags and towers

of silver coin. A reply to the question came in its appropriate place. On observing the cash, our conductor remarked, 'It is Friday, to-day, I see; we pay the men on Friday afternoon.'

'How do you find that answer? I was told by the chief of a firm the other day, that they had been obliged to go back to the old Saturday night's payments?'

The evidence of one in the position of the Queen's Printer, and master over so many men is very valuable. It was, 'We find it work admirably.'

'Don't the men take advantage of the Saturday, and make holiday: keeping St. Saturday instead of St. Monday?'

'No,' said Mr. Spottiswoode. When the plan was first tried, it was announced that any man who staid away on Saturday would be discharged; but that has been long ago forgotten; the men come now as an established thing, and don't think of stopping away.'

We have no doubt that such would be the invariable result of a fair trial of the plan. It is easy, by regardlessness of the men, to let it become a greater abuse than a Saturday payment. Wives, we doubt not, have felt the blessing of the new plan. Their partners, who could hardly be trusted with the prospect of a Sunday's leisure, dare not venture to break bounds with a Saturday's work in view. Homes have been a comfort at the end of the week, which once upon a time were the reverse. All the arrangements for the welfare of the employed must have a powerful, unseen, good influence.

Where men are disposed to teach the young by books, they will unconsciously be guarded also in example. Where real earnestness for good is evinced by employers, it must in the end be appreciated by their men.

Quite as incidentally, and as quietly as if it were no great thing, we are told, that during the summer the men are given Saturday afternoon for their boating and cricket. In winter, when they could not thus employ themselves, they work on till four o'clock, instead of leaving off at noon. Even in this way they gain several hours over their fellows in the trade generally.

Winter amusements are more domesticated. Some of the rooms give evidence even now of last Christmas gaieties. They are ingeniously hung with garlands of coloured paper, and with rosettes, the work of the young people, who spend a deal of time and labour upon them. Upon their school-room they had lavished all their constructive and decorative skill. It was, we are assured, a really beautiful sight.

During these festive times, one or two concerts have been got up. Everything was done in good style, we assure you, too. The library of Mr. Spottiswoode's private house, a fine large room was used for the hall of performance, programmes of songs printed off and everything as it ought to be. Orchestra and audience, both disposed to please, found—the one, kind critics: the other, performers in their very best. The concerts have hitherto been vocal only.—Ambition reigns amongst the musicians to strengthen their next display with an imposing assortment of instruments. Half the last concert was a selection of our best classical pieces, half miscellaneous. Amongst madrigals of special antiquity, the choice of which displays much taste, we observed one eminently loyal and patriotic song, invoking destruction to the Russians, and victory to our own arms—clearly a new piece, from the very theme. Her Majesty's journeyman could hardly be other than loyal. Their programme evinces that they quite come up to the mark. In addition to the fierce chorus about Turkey and Russia, and our French alliance, there was a right English 'Health to the Queen and the Prince' sung in the course of the evening.

Attentively as we have been shown everything, we are requested now to glance at the accommodation for the apprentices.

'I am not very proud of this part of our establishment, but you had better see all.' So our conductor remarked, as he ushered us through his own private house. Whether he felt proud or not, we thought the youths *must* be proud of their master. After going through the innumerable rooms of an old English mansion, all of which seemed given up to the apprentices, we began to wonder where the private rooms

were. We believe that the master has retained very little space for himself. Twenty-six apprentices are in the house, and two or three are coming. Their instruction and supervision seems Mr. Spottiswoode's peculiar charge. The dining-hall of his house is arrayed at our entry with the preliminaries of the mid-day banquet. As the 'prentices are the aristocrats of the business, so also there is an aristocracy amongst themselves. The more honourable by length of service take an upper table with 'glass,' and overlook the lower with plebeian 'mugs.' Age as well as acquirements place them in advance of the machine boys. Social position, too, is generally very superior; some of them being from respectable well-to-do families. They don't, therefore, attend school, but receive all their teaching from their master.

At the top of the house, the rooms are parted off to make a range of dormitories. They are well ventilated, roomy, and clean: so much so as to surprise us, considering the densely-built neighbourhood. Contiguous to the dormitories, we push aside the hangings of a doorway, and enter a complete little sanctuary. Family worship is conducted here before business in the morning, and before retiring at night. The tiny church must impress a visitor very strongly. We dare not doubt that real good is effected by the daily meeting of master and apprentices for a holy purpose. The place of assembly is arranged with seats and books, the fac-simile of a church. The service is short, but from its very nature is impressive.

Our readers will recognise in some of these things similarity to Belmont Candle Works, a description of which, under the title of 'Enlightenment and Candles,' has been already given.

Mr. Wilson of Belmont acknowledges that he received the initiative of much that he has done from the merchant of Bristol, Mr. Bridgett, of whom a fervid life has been written by the Rev. Mr. Arthur, which is graphic, interesting, and fitted to do good. Mr. Bridgett, again, attributes all his endeavours after a Christian and a useful life, to over-hearing the prayers on his behalf of a pious mother. How little do we know where good may stop! The unconscious influence of a

good man is like the fleecy atmosphere round the sun, from which, philosophers say, proceed the bright, warm rays that illumine and cheer an indefinable distance all round.

We know that the example of those we have named, and others, is effecting a great moral change. Printers have been particularly open to the charge of neglecting their employed. Every concession of a master we have been informed, is registered by the trade, as an extra argument with other masters, to bring about a more general liberal treatment. We regard Messrs. Spottiswoode as partial witnesses with respect to the moral improvement of the craft. Their anxiety that improvement should evince itself, and their in- fatigability in bringing it about, would tend sometimes, perhaps, to make them give too great importance to the signs. Yet we do not question that vast improvement has taken place. Printers have not always been models of sobriety. Even the remarkably intelligent body of compositors have not always claimed the character. Owing to the exertions and sympathy of good masters, in a great measure, we believe, working men of any craft are a different class to what they were. The great companies, as well as the great masters, are beginning to feel that capital has duties as well as immunities. Throughout our country the feeling is spreading, that the people ought to be educated. If it be really necessary to take the young to work, it then becomes the duty of the employer to see what they are taught. We hail with pleasure such masters as the Queen's Printers. They are the pioneers of a better state of things. In other respects than the appliances for the men's comfort, we observed in Mr. Spottiswoode a likeness to Mr. Wilson. To listen to his quiet remarks about his brother's doings what his sister does, what his men do, what his boys do, and the unconscious ignoring of all that he himself does, we are reminded strongly of the Belmont reports, where it is 'Brother George,' but primarily 'the boys and men themselves,' who do everything.

We most surely know that it is the directing hand, chiefly, that toils and never grows

flagged. There must be, in gentlemen whose position enables them, if they choose, to revel in luxury, a deep under-current of pure philanthropy, when we find them giving up comfort for a feeling of duty. It is not a light thing to live in town to look after apprentices, when one might indulge in the delights of a country house. There is no glory in it. All that can be got out of it is real hard work and constant anxiety. When we hear the present proprietor attribute much to the good feeling between his father and the men in his time, and when we find, above all, that an accomplished lady also enlists in the cause, it convinces us that the benevolent spirit of any one of them is hereditary and common to all.

We may well conclude by appropriating a motto from the biographical section of the catalogue, which section, in its turn, appropriated it from Plutarch. Altered to make it applicable to all masters, it would run—'We fill our mind with the images of good men, by observing their actions and life. If we have contracted any blemish, or followed ill custom, from the company in which we unavoidably engage, we correct and dispel it, by calmly turning our thought to these excellent examples.'

THE BED OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

The room is darkened; not a sound is heard
Save the clear, cheerful chirping of the bird
Which sings without the window; or the bell
Which sounds a mournful peal, a last farewell!
And she is there, or *was*: her spirit's home,
Lies far beyond this world of sin and gloom.
I heard the whispers of the parting breath,
And wiped her brow, and closed her eyes in
death.

Oh, she was beautiful in health's bright time!
Full of the radiance of her golden prime;
Eyes deep and full, and lips which spoke to bless,
And cheeks which blushed at their own loveliness,

And earnest, downcast glances part revealing
The thoughts which lay within, and part concealing.

She knew no guile, and she feared no wrong;
Who trust in innocence are greatly strong.

As some deep stream, reflecting in its course

The pure and limpid clearness of its source,
So her chaste spirit, formed in God's own light,
Pure as a southern sky, and not less bright,
A tender, loving ministrant was given
To raise the soul from earth, and lift to Heaven.
From week to week she faded; day by day
We watched her spirits droop, her strength
decay;

We scarce could deem that one so young and fair
Should pant for purer light—celestial air!
And still we dared to hope. The hectic hue
Which tinged her cheeks made ours brighten too.
We thought of death, but deemed the Reaper's
hand

Removed the weeds, and let the flow'rets stand.
And she the fairest! could he touch a form
Radiant with life—with hope's deep pulses
warm?

Vainly we dreamed, and bitter was our pain,
And griefs but vanished to recur again!

* * * * *

Come near, come silently; the room may tell
The simple tastes of her we loved so well—
The "Poet's corner," once so fondly styled;
The harp, which many an idle hour beguiled;
The old, old books of legendary lore,
O'er which, in summer hours, she loved to pore;
And all those thousand nameless charms which
skill,

Blended with fancy, fashions at its will.
And proofs of fond affection, too, are there,
And tender tokens of a mother's care—
That care to which the higher task was given,
Of pointing from earth's sunny dream to Heaven.

* * * * *

Come near, come silently, ere yet the grave
Closes o'er one we fondly hoped to save.

How changed, and yet how lovely! meekly
there

Her small white hands are folded, as in prayer.
O! who that ever heard that dying strain
Could think to mingle in the world again!

* * * * *

He who would pass the latter part of his life
with honour and decency must, when he is
young, consider that he shall one day be old;
and remember when he is old, that he has
once been young. In youth he must lay up
knowledge for his support, when his power
of action shall forsake him; and in age forbear
to animadvert with rigour on faults which
experience only can correct.

THE MAN WITH ONE IDEA AND THE MAN WITH MANY.

ENERGY is genius, some one has said. It is a quality that achieves so much when in a right direction, that it may well be identified with that principle of power. There are men you occasionally meet, whose brains are so stocked with ideas, and inventions, and attainments; so full of profound erudition and apprehensive intelligence, that it is difficult to believe their own admission that they have never "done" anything in the world. Others, by general acceptance, great men, and benefactors of their species, are, on the contrary, so devoid of all apparent vivacity of mind and power of imparting the commonest thought with any of the clearness which shows that it has previously passed through the smelting furnace of internal comprehension, that you are long sceptical as to their being indeed the authors of what the world gives them credit for.

They do not seem to have a single idea in their heads, you say.

If you had said, they do not seem to have two ideas in their heads, it would have been nearer the truth, probably.

Admitting them, then, to have one idea, which indeed they must have, we will for our better edification gain an entry to the tenement occupied by the solitary stranger.

Now there are many people who look upon ideas as intangible substances elusive to the grasp as quicksilver. Observe here: the chamber is full, as the ripened nut with its kernel. Put your hand upon this kernel. It is full, round, complete in every section. It is a living fruit. Mark, moreover, what firm hold the brain has of it; how closely it is embraced; how perfectly circled. You think to yourself it has a root, and must have grown here. So it has. So must every idea which is to come to anything. You see there would not be room for two. One fills the whole house; and for that reason you heard no sound betokening *emptiness* while you were conversing with the great man, notwithstanding the apparent absence of intellectual activity in his remarks. He spoke solidly. On subjects of which he was ignorant, spoke not at all. The crowd (meaning by this term those who pierce

not deeper than the surface) are, as you first were, sceptical as to his greatness. He is a clever adaptor of other men's ideas, according to them. He has not one himself, they say; but you know that he has.

Consider next what the great practical man does with his one idea, when he finds it in due season ripe, and his whole being, as it were, filled with it. He does not let it "ripen, and rot;" he does not hold it forth on the tip of the tongue, that mankind may hear and gape; neither does he disperse it bit by bit in pamphlets. What he does is to set to work vigorously, and give it a palpable shape; make it a thing of earth as soon as may be. All his art, all his experience, all his knowledge, all that he can learn from others or draw from himself, every faculty of his nature is employed in perfecting this colossal task. Then comes into action that gigantic energy, hitherto patiently looking on or asleep, but now, like a Titan taken back to grace by the sovereign of Olympus, and taught to assist in the work of construction instead of his old destroying game; fiery, irresistible in strength, perseveringly faithful, undaunted, never to be checked, holding the pledge of conquest in the determination not to succumb. Energy, so matched, is then genius. We have seen men of this sort. They have lived and passed away; they are living and at work. For your own sakes, O rulers! for your stability's sake, O governments! and all ye who cling to old forms of prejudice and custom, come not in the path of such men. You may as easily strive to stop an express engine at full speed. They, too, go upon one line of rail, are impelled by one motive power. They will as surely complete their business in hand as your offspring will rejoice that they did so. Such men are the makers of nations, and to them we are indebted for England's greatness: for they are peculiar more to the Anglo-Saxon race than to any other. That was the head of an Anglo-Saxon we paid a visit to just now. Who was it? We could point to many that it might have been.

The first Crystal Palace—eclipsed by the second, but its parent notwithstanding—sprang from the brain of an energetic Eng-

lishman, full-armed like Pallas. The penny-postage system, a yet grander scheme, was hatched in the same way by one patient sitter. So, among others, was the overland mail;—and speaking of that, we met lately with an interesting mention of Waghorn in a pleasant book, to wit, *Boner's Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria*. As it gives a very good notion of what the tremendous energy of this zealous Englishman was, and is, besides, of value from its picture of the impression amounting to awe produced by his unwearied perseverance and gigantic undertaking on the minds of some of the simple people who waited upon him on the way, helped to speed his flying steps, we will transcribe it.

Mr. Boner has entered upon Austrian territory and is at Lermoos, close on the borders of Tyrol, and through which Waghorn used to pass like a fiery comet, to the amazement of the villagers.

"The innkeeper at Lermoos, in answer to some question of mine, mentioned the distances of several places from the village—to Vienna so many miles, to Trieste so many.

"But Trieste," I said, "what makes you think of Trieste?"

"It interested me much once," he said, "when the Englishman, Herr Waghorn, used to be coming this way from India."

"What," I said, "you knew Mr. Waghorn?"

"Yes, he was here six times. Ah, that was an enterprising mind!" he exclaimed, with a dash of sorrow in his tone, as if the enthusiasm and genius of the man had not left even his old heart insensible, but had stirred it up and aroused it, and was not to be forgotten, though the stranger only came rushing by like a comet on its swift surprising course. How full he was of admiration at Waghorn's mighty energy and indomitable will! Indeed, it was this last which seemed to have left on the minds of all to whom I spoke something like a sense of irresistible power. And no wonder; he appears among them, and old difficulties and hindrances give way; he batters down every obstacle, and, hurrying past, shows them that by his will, solely by his strong will, he can annihilate the impossible. ...

"For nine days and nights," continued mine host, "through horses were kept ready; there were eight ordered, and three postillions. That last time—I remember it well—the one post cost, 116 florins; but it was the same to him, no matter what it cost, all he cared for was time—that was everything; nothing could be done quick enough. Ah, it put life into us all whenever we heard he was coming."

"And did he never stop to take any refreshment?" I asked.

"Perhaps he just had time to swallow a cup of coffee, but all in a trice,—he allowed himself scarcely a second; or he took something with him as he jumped into the carriage, and ate it as he went along. He must have been very strong to bear what he did, but sometimes he looked exceedingly tired; yet he was always full of life, and only cared about getting on."

"And what sort of a man was he?"

"Very friendly, but severe with the postillions. And he was right; he paid for the trouble, and well, too: there was no stint of money when he came."

"And how did he travel?"

"Always in a light carriage, sometimes quite alone, and in the others were the letters. They were crammed full: it was something wonderful, quite wonderful to see the number of boxes he had with him. Everything was ordered some time beforehand; and we were told, from a certain day, to be in readiness till he arrived. We were constantly on the watch, for there was no knowing when he would come. Sometimes when we least expected him he would all of a sudden be here—in the middle of the night perhaps,—tearing along, and in a moment—on again. When once he was announced, from that instant we had no rest, for we were obliged to have all ready at a moment's warning, or he would have been terribly angry. Yes, yes! that was, indeed an enterprising mind."

"Poor Waghorn!" adds Mr. Boner, "how he toiled on incessantly to achieve his great work, and what has been the reward? What, indeed?"

On the following morning, M. Boner took a seat in the diligence to the next post-town,

and presently, when we came to a hill, I got out of the carriage and talked with the postilion as he walked up. The conversation of the evening before was still in my thoughts.

"Did you ever drive the Englishman, Waghorn, when he passed through Lermoos?" I asked of my companion.

"No," he said, "for I was not at Lermoos then; but at Kempten I have seen him. How he drove! How he went along! Never was seen anything like it. Though I did not drive him, I have heard a great deal about him from my comrades. He paid them immensely, and they never could go fast enough for him: *he used to keep on scolding them, and telling them to drive faster and faster all the way.* Once he came from Trieste to Lermoos in thirty-two hours; but then, you know, he had not to wait a moment, for when it was known he was coming everybody flew."

"And did they like to have him come?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure! *And when they heard he was in sight the people used all to run out to see him arrive.* Further on, there is a hill—I'll show it to you as we pass. Well, when Herr Waghorn was expected, some one used to be posted there to wait for him; and directly he caught sight of his carriage dashing along, he fired a pistol, that the people below might know he was near, for Reutte, as I suppose you know, is just at the foot of the hill; but though it is a good way to the bottom, *he used to come down at such a rate, that we could hardly get out the horses before he was already there;* and then he wanted always to be on again, and in the same moment, too. I never saw such a man before!"

"And you never drove him?"

"No, I wish I had, for he always paid from the hour the horses were ordered; and when we waited four or five days for him, the whole time was reckoned, and some of my comrades got a fine sum. When once the orders had come, those amongst us, who were to drive him were not allowed to leave the horses night or day for a single minute. They used to lie down, ready dressed, in the hay, and on his arrival were up and off. Many and many a time I have heard them talk about Herr Waghorn."

"I wonder," said I, "the postmaster let their horses be driven so fast, for they will not do it generally."

"But he paid for it. You know he did not pay the usual sum, but double and treble; and then if a horse was hurt, it was made good at once. At Kempten, I remember, one horse fell dead, at such a tremendous rate did they drive along, and the price the postmaster asked was paid instantly, and without a word. You see the thing was, the horses had been waiting for more than a week, and had not been out of the stable all that time, and they were well fed, too; so that when they came out at last, after standing so long, that particular one could not bear it, and it killed him outright. If he had not been so long without exercise, it would not have hurt him. Look," said he, as we reached the hill-top, "this is the place. That is Reutte, you see, down below, and just here the man used to stand on the look-out. It is a good way to the town, is it not? Well, he was down the hill in a moment. And in a fair space of time, we were rumbling through the streets where Waghorn, anxious, longing, half-dead with fatigue, but not worn out—he was too enthusiastic for that—had dashed along on his way to London from India and the desert."

Truly there was no resisting such a man as this! Let us thank heaven that this boundless energy was always, is always among Englishmen, exerted for the benefit of their country and mankind, not in useless conspiracies and the propounding of ridiculous, unprofitable doctrines. The man with one idea bent to destroy and overthrow rather than build up and create, is, indeed, a species of infernal being much to be dreaded, greatly to be propitiated. The old French Revolution produced him, and the worshippers of power in any form manage to get up some amount of admiration for him. For ourselves, we would rather he were not, though he, doubtless, is also an instrument.

Waghorn is as fine a specimen of the energetic Englishman with one idea, as we know of; and a study of his character would show us the capacities of our race better than the most elaborate essay. In contrast to him

we will consider the man with many ideas ; and for that purpose, select any modern German or Germanized philosopher you will.

There is the noise of a confusion of tongues and rebellion against constituted authority here, you exclaim, while listening at the outside of the cranium you are about to be introduced to.

But on entering, what a sight presents itself!

A dim light, like that shed by the lamp suspended in the halls of Pandemonium, is observed casting an obfuscated glimmer on thousands of floating, filmy unintelligible shapes that sweep up and sink down as on a wind, and pursue each other, melting through each other's incorporeal essences, as do Milton's angels. As our eyes grow accustomed to the light, which they do when day would blind them, and they have lost their natural strength, we perceive that every shape has a separate employment, and is of a different character,—all agreeing, however, in one particular, that of being not human in their putting together. It is sad, but there seems to be no affinity amongst any of these shapes. The philosopher has just shaken his cranium to intimate that he wants to do something with his many ideas. At this suggestion the shapes ought surely to fall into order. But they do not. On the contrary, as if in opposition, a furious internecine war begins to rage. They close, grapple, coil together, tug this way and that, and tear each other to pieces limb by limb.

Sometimes "sides" are taken and then, the battle is frightful to behold. In the midst of this the light wanes more and more—flickers—threatens to become extinct—finally does become so : and you are left gazing at a raging darkness so absolute that if these shapes continue to engage, it must be an exterminating contest. It generally is so, ending in the reign of total vacuity.

What has the philosopher been seeking to do with his many ideas, you ask, on emerging once more into daylight, and after considerable writhing? Why, he has been trying to prove every negative in existence. He has been endeavouring to knock down old creeds, and build up new ones. He has been running

up brick mansions on foundations of vapour. In fine, he has been attempting to do whatever can serve nobody, and much that would be injurious to everybody. Our philosopher is the slave of his ideas, not their sovereign. His mind resembles a ship, of which the entire crew insist on being captain and pilot, and not one will do the duties of a common sailor. It is no wonder that the ship comes upon breakers.

We have now given the two extremes of the man with one idea and the man with many. In future, if you hear it state¹ that a man has only one idea, do not despise him, for he is one of the fates, one destined to overturn much that flourished heretofore, and to do the impossible. Intermediate minds—those who have *some* ideas—must serve him, whether they will or no.

THE BLIND GIRL'S SONG IN JUNE.

The Summer is coming—I know its approach,
By the breath of the opening flowers,
By the song of the blackbird, whose musical
notes

Enliven the soft twilight hours ;
By the murmuring hum of the wandering bee,
By the touch of the leaves on the young maple
tree,
And my brother's sweet voice as with infantile
glee

He wanders the daisies among.

The Summer is coming! and gladness and joy
To my blighted young life will be given,
In its full cup of pleasure there is no alloy,
No cloud in the blue of its heaven ;
For the voices of those that are dearest on earth,
Are around me once more in their gladness and
mirth.

And friendship is tested, and proved is its worth,
As we wander the daisies among.

The Summer is coming! I welcome it back
With a joy I can scarcely express ;
It sheds a bright beam on my desolate track,
It meets me with love and caress.
In whispers a hope that when Time is grown
old,

When my days shall have passed "as a tale
that is told,"

In Elysian fields over herbage of gold,
We shall wander the daisies among.

LONDON REFORMATORY.

The conviction has at length seized hold of the public mind, that the treatment of the criminal population has hitherto been vicious, costly, and inhumane. Instead of diminishing the amount of crime, it is said to have a tendency in the opposite direction,—not only thoroughly hardening the heart of the unfortunate criminal, but cutting off all hope of redemption, by rendering it impossible for him to again mix with his fellow-men upon anything like terms of common toleration. Once out of the pale of society he could never hope to return, except in an assumed character, which was little more than a painful and ignominious repudiation of his preceding existence. But, if even the luckless victim of crime attempted thus to smuggle himself into the body of his fellow-men, the chances were greatly in favour of his being discovered, and hunted back to his hiding-place, like a wild beast to its lair. Humanity has certainly achieved a noble triumph in this direction, and has clearly shown that persuasion, in certain cases, is better than coercion, and that an appeal to the higher feelings of human nature, if judiciously directed, can even reach the sin-hardened heart of the outcast and criminal, the costly Ishmaelite of society.

Before the great truth, however, fully impressed itself upon the directing lights of society, that the moral disease, crime, ought to be treated like those which are incidental to our physical nature—namely, by a really searching yet soothing system, if anything like a sanitary amendment were to be looked for—a vast amount of prejudice had to be disposed of, as it were imperceptibly, and without injuring, to any sensible degree, the tender susceptibilities of those who are frequently its unconscious victims. The very idea of teaching a criminal to read or write, or instructing him beyond the mere routine of some handicraft, even half a century ago, would have been deemed an act of unsurpassed folly; and he who, in the simplicity of his heart and the singleness of his convictions, had ventured to attempt it, either upon anything like an extended or practical scale, would have been looked upon as the veriest

Utopian that the sun ever shone upon. Things, however, have since then undergone a singular change and the public mind has experienced a similar mutation.

It is now nearly a century and a-half since the first idea of treating the criminal with anything like discriminating kindness dawned upon the public mind. Mabillon, we believe, was the first to suggest the idea. "We place the penitent prisoners," he writes,* in several cells, similar to those of the *Chartreuse*, and have a workshop to employ them in useful labour." The *Proprio Motu* of Clement XI., in 1703, initiating a divisional regulation in the prison of St. Michael at Rome, to obviate the indiscriminate herding together which was commonly adopted, whatever might be the depth or shade of the crime committed,—the exertion of the Count Vilain, the benevolent founder of the *Institution* at Gand, which materially enlarged the basis upon which the *Proprio Motu* of Clement was founded, and which formed the model of Bentham's *Panopticon*, the Prison at Milbank, and the *Penitentiary* at Philadelphia,—the humane and indefatigable efforts of Howard, whose heart was the embodiment of Christian philanthropy, and who was the first to lay bare the foul and iniquitous conditions of prisons, the polluting atmosphere of which effectually prevented the slightest chance of returning health to the unfortunate inmates,—were the precursors of those enlarged aims and practical ends which characterise the criminal amenders of the present day. The classification of prisoners, however, according to their crimes, by condemning them to silence, labour, or isolation, was a step which enlightened theory would naturally suggest in contemplating a system of criminal reform; and the making a prison a place of penitance and even of education, where the only idea prevailing was the fear of punishment and the vengeance of the law, was the preparatory stage to the treatment of crime as a malady which might be alleviated, if not entirely eradicated, and to consider the criminal not as an irretrieva-

* "On renfermerait les penitents dans plusieurs cellules semblables à celles des *Chartreux* avec un laboratoire pour les exercer à chaque travail utile."—*Œuvres Posthumes*.

ble outcast whose destruction was inevitable, but rather as a "burning brand," whom a daring and dexterous hand might really "snatch from the fire."

But the benevolence of the present age, in the true spirit of improvement, has stolen a march upon that of its predecessor. Upon the conviction that *prevention is better than cure*, we do not say to the unfortunate who claims our care, "go out and qualify," as the *Magdalenes*, according to Horne Tooke, did fifty years ago, but we say, "come and receive instruction, in order that you may become useful, not hurtful members of society." We, in short, practically teach thieves and vagabonds that honesty is the best policy, and that the road to success in life, and to happiness hereafter, is simple and straight on, while that which they are just setting out upon, or have been traversing, is crooked, uneven, and, after all its spurious attractions, is alike painful, profitless, and wearisome.

Foremost among the few who have signally distinguished themselves for the reform of criminals, and for the rescue of the poor and destitute from the danger of being seduced into crime, stands the name of Nash. The efforts of this single mind completely demonstrate the almost immeasurable strength that exists in a determined will, whose direction is animated by a good and virtuous purpose, and whose aim is sanctified by the highest and noblest impulses of our nature. *Mr. Nash is the true paladin of these days*; not wasting his time in redressing the imaginary wrongs of "fair ladies," but devoting his heroic courage to release, from the captivity of crime and misery, the unfortunate, the outcast, and the condemned amongst society. *Hic labor, hoc opus est.*

The fruits of the labours of Mr. Nash may be seen at the London Reformatory, 9, Great Smith Street, Westminster, in which are gathered about one hundred youths and adults, many of whom have been what may be termed "bad" characters, and most of whom have been tainted, in one form or another, by criminal pursuits.

Of these hundred rescued criminals, nine had been thieves for one year, sixteen for two years, twenty for three years, twenty-seven from three to six years, twenty-two from six

to twelve years, two from twelve to thirteen years, one for seventeen years, and one for twenty years.

During their career of crime, these unfortunate outcasts of society were, according to their own confession, made acquainted with the interior of a prison in the following relations: Forty-six had been imprisoned from one to six times, thirty-seven from six to twelve times, fourteen from twelve to fifteen times, two from fifteen to twenty times, and one twenty times.

In answer to certain questions of the rev. chaplain, the following facts were elicited, which show that the mind of a criminal becomes hardened by degrees, and that redemption is not utterly hopeless, if it be attempted at an early stage of its career. The poet truly remarks—

"He that once sins, like him who slides on ice,
Runs swiftly down the slippery paths of vice.
Though conscience checks him, yet those rubs get o'er,
He glides on smoothly, and looks back no more."

On the first imprisonment, seventy-nine of the reformed entertained a great horror of prison; on the second, eighty-four of the hundred declared that they had become hardened; and after frequent imprisonments, they all declared that they were weary of life, and that they looked upon a prison more as a home than as a place of punishment.

It was the witnessing of this feeling so frequently that led the governor of one of our county gaols to declare that "the reformation must be made outside the prison walls,"—a declaration as important as it is true.

On further analysis of the character, condition, and early training of this *centum* of unfortunates, it would appear that the want of an honest pursuit may be reckoned as among the principal causes of crime in the poorer classes of the people. Of these, twelve had been gentlemen's servants, fifteen errand-boys, three shoemakers, two tailors, three light porters, twelve sailors, two carpenters, nine labourers, five clerks, seven shopmen; and thirty had never been employed in any lawful pursuit. Here we have only eight per cent. of the aggregate with anything like a useful occupation; consequently with every chance of stumbling,

whenever the path of life presented a rugged and slippery surface.

There was little hope for these *parias* of society, until the philanthropic spirit of such men as Mr. Nash set about, in right earnest, to devise a means of reformation. The *Reformatory* was the result; but how it grew up to its present highly useful proportions, must form the subject of the remainder of this paper, as it conveys as fine a moral, and furnishes as cheering a truth, as can well be conceived.

Mr. Nash was a simple linen-draper's assistant, or a humble clerk to a merchant, when he commenced the career of a criminal reformer. His means, moreover, were as limited as his views were large; but he soon proved that the best element of success in a good cause is simple energy and unflinching perseverance. Having passed through the gradations of Sunday-school teacher, and Ragged-school tutor, which brought him acquainted with some strange scholars, he felt himself qualified, as it were, for such a singular task. The *debut* of Mr. Nash was in the Pye Street Ragged School, whose attendants were about as picturesque and peculiar as rags, destitution, immorality, and poverty could possibly make them. They were human beings, however, with minds to be rescued from the contagion of crime, and that was sufficient to animate the heart of the reformer. Accordingly he went to work. Mr. Nash visited the houses—holes, we ought to say—and studied the character of these poor creatures, furnished them, from his narrow stores, with the means of appearing decent and cleanly; and even lived with them, in order that he might more effectually improve them. From one, our reformer gradually collected half-a-dozen neophytes; but as the number increased, so also did the difficulties of providing the means to carry out his plans. Letters, entreaties, petitions, and personal applications at length did a great deal,—for old coats, waistcoats, trousers, shirts, &c., poured in; but as to money, there was more difficulty about that. From house to house, however, and from street to street, our courageous reformer bent his way; and, although he met with an occasional rebuff or so, the result proved highly effective,

and even this element of success was not wanting at the appropriate time.

To follow Mr. Nash in his progressive steps of criminal reform, would, however, trespass too largely upon our limited space; otherwise, we should have much pleasure in detailing the whole, from the apparently hopeless commencement to the present singularly successful result. We must refer the reader to the highly interesting report of the institution.

Suffice it to state, that the Earl of Shaftesbury has largely interested himself in the success of the *Reformatory*, and that it was, in a great measure, through his instrumentality that it assumed its present prosperous shape.

The institution possesses a treasurer, secretary, and committee of management; and Mr. Nash is appointed governor and corresponding secretary. The balance-sheet of last year shows an income of £2500. The premises cover an area of 4522 square feet, and there are 100 inmates at the present time under the process of reformation. The inmates rise at six o'clock in the morning, and are engaged throughout the day in cleansing the dormitories, in singing, and in reading the Scriptures before breakfast; after this meal, comes exercise, industrial training, shoemaking, printing, carpentering, and tailoring; while the afternoon and evening are filled up with similar employments. The *Reformatory* is divided into workshops, a large hall, answering for the purpose of dining and school room; a well-ventilated dormitory, a library, and a printing office, in which about twenty persons are employed, and whose work is highly creditable, judging by the report to which we have called attention.

We shall conclude by observing, that several of the reformed criminals are settled in America, and are pursuing honest callings, by means of which they are enabled to acquire a position which renders them alike creditable to their friends, and respectable in their own esteem.

None of us stand alone in the world; none of us can sink into an abyss of misery without dragging others after us.

THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT XXVIII.

[*Major and Doctor.*]

DOCTOR.—What has become of our North British friend this evening? It is seldom that the echoes of the Shanty remain so long unawakened by his Doric tongue!

MAJOR.—His advent may be looked for every moment. By express invitation he went up to the infant village of Bell Ewart, on Lake Simcoe, this morning, in order to assist at the launch of a new steamer which the Northern Railway Company have been fabricating in that quarter of the globe.

DOCTOR.—I did not opine that the Thane of Bonnie Braes had been so largely inoculated with the furore of sight-seeing, as to be running after such *ploys* in ox-roasting weather like the present!

MAJOR.—Some hints dropped of, and concerning a *dejeuné*; together with a prophetic inking of certain hampers of champagne, proved too seductive for the virtue of the agriculturist to resist. He set off in the excursion train, to which I conveyed him, anticipating a blow out commensurate with the importance of the corporation whose guest he was. With a wink he certiorated me that in order to keep an edge upon his appetite, he had not eaten more than some half a dozen eggs to breakfast!

DOCTOR.—What an intensely Lenten repast! Well, it is one consolation that Mrs. Grundy's larder will not be subject to much depletion from the pilgrim this night!

MAJOR.—Hark! There is the voice of our amicus!

LAIRD (*without*).—I say, Betty, my bonnie doo! tell your mistress that she maun send me something to eat, wi' a' possible speed! I hanna' tasted a morsel o' meat since cock-craw!

[*Enter Laird.*]

MAJOR.—Bless my stars and garters, Bonnie Braes! how came you by that "lean and hungry look?" Cassius himself never could have exhibited a more cadaverous aspect!

LAIRD.—There's a reason for that, as for everything else, if I had only strength and patience to indoctrinate you therewith! May the muckle-horned deil flee awa' wi' the Northern Railroad—item, wi' the clachan o' Bell Ewart—item, wi' Joseph C. Morrison, I mean the steamboat o' that name—item— But here's

my guardian angel in the shape o' Betty, and so not another word will I speak till I hae filled up the vacuum in my wame! What hae ye got here, my braw lass? A cauld round o' beef! No sae bad! The better part o' a roasted turkey! There's something heartsome in the very sight o't! A can o' lobsters no less! Oh, Betty, ye deserve a guid husband! Champed patawtatoes, as I'm a ruling elder and a captain o' militia! Gout and corns no forbidin', I'll dance at your weddin', my saucy queen!

DOCTOR (*aside*).—See how he pitches into the prog! One would suppose that the fellow had not seen food for a twelvemonth!

LAIRD.—Noo, Betty, awa' to the butcher as fast as ye can trail, and get ready the mutton chops ye spoke aboot in the lobby! I'll try and support fainting nature, in the meantime, wi' the vivers before me!

MAJOR.—Well, Laird, how did you enjoy your trip?

LAIRD.—For the next half hour, ye needna' direct ony o' your conversation to me! Wha can eat and speak at the same time? That's a prime bubbly jock, but I wish thae chops were ready!

MAJOR.—I say, Sangrado, we must e'en permit the Laird to take his own way! It's ill talking between a fou man and a fasting! Have you read Lady Bulwer Lytton's latest literary bantling, *Behind the Scenes*?

DOCTOR.—I have, and with the most nauseating and unmitigated disgust!

MAJOR.—These expressions savour slightly of harshness, when applied to the production of a lady!

DOCTOR.—Lady! Say *Fury*, and you will be nearer the mark! If ever there was a demon in bustle and petticoats, it is this same blue stocking! Blue devil would be the more german appellation!

MAJOR.—Why, what is the subject of the work against which you direct so emphatically your comminations?

DOCTOR.—Neither more nor less than the vixen's own husband—the author of *Paul Clifford* and the *Lady of Lyons*!

MAJOR.—That same author is no special favourite of mine!

DOCTOR.—As little do I rank him amongst my cater cousins; but because a man is not

eligible for canonization, that is no reason why his wife should hold him up to the scandal-loving world as a fiend incarnate!

MAJOR.—Most thoroughly do I agree with you!

DOCTOR.—So rabid is the malignity which this savage (I can employ no milder term) displays towards her victim, and so gigantic are the crimes which she charges to his account, that the reader of her abominations rises from the perusal thereof with a strong feeling of sympathy towards the accused.

MAJOR.—Does she make out the baronet to be so very bad?

DOCTOR.—Bad! Don Juan—not Byron's hero, but the old Italian Giovanni—was a virtuous Quaker in comparison! Boil together the worthies of the Newgate Calendar, and serve them up as one concentrated jelly of sin, and it will present a less obnoxious mess, than Sir Bulwer Lytton, as drawn by his ill-conditioned helpmate! Passing base coin, fraud, measureless lying, seduction, nay, murder itself, are as familiar to the leading actor in this detestable fiction, as the air which he breathes!

MAJOR.—As you remark, such outrageous venom must needs carry its own antidote along with it! For many years Lytton has been the target at which a large section of the press have been aiming their most pungent darts, and if a small per-centage of what his spouse brings against him be true, we should have heard it long ere now!

[Enter Betty with a covered dish.]

LAIRD.—Weel, who will deny that there is sic a thing as a special providence? Just as I had pyket bare the last bone o' the turkey, in comes the mutton chops! Put me in mind, dawtie, to gie ye a kiss, and maybe, a York shilling to buy ribbons, when I hae got over my hurry!

DOCTOR (aside).—Fugh! I would as soon receive an osculation from a gorged boa constrictor!

LAIRD.—That's no' a bad amendment, only the weather is a thoct too warm for sic an article o' dress! If ever handmaiden deserved a gorgeous boq, it is honest Betty, this blessed gloamin!

MAJOR.—Our old friend, George Prince Regent James, is not suffering his grey goose quill to remain idle in Dollardom.

DOCTOR.—What is the title of his latest production?

MAJOR.—Thus it runs; *Ticonderoga*: or the

Black Eagle. A romance of days not far distant.

DOCTOR.—What is the era of the story?

MAJOR.—Sometime about the year 1757, when North America was the field of contest between Great Britain and France.

DOCTOR.—Then the affair has nothing to do with the revolution?

MAJOR.—Call it *rebellion*, Hall, an' thou lovest me! No! James wisely keeps clear of that wicked and most unjustifiable transaction! He is too much of a Christian patriot to sing Te Deums in honour of traitors: and residing as he does in the revolted land, it would be questionable taste to characterize the reprobates as they deserve!

DOCTOR.—Thou most unique of all fossils!

LAIRD.—If you had to exercise your grinders upon the bread I am eating, you might speak o' fossils! It's as hard as a lump o' whinstane! Sair against my will, I must bring my frugal cheek to a close, or I'll no hae a sound tooth left in my jaws!

DOCTOR.—I say, Bonnie Braes, do you mind the old proverb, 'As the sow fills, the draff sours?'

LAIRD.—Nane o' your unceevil insinuations, you graceless land-louper! An' it werna' for spoiling my disgeestion, I would play the *Rogue's March* on your empty skull wi' the drumsticks o' my defunct friend, the turkey!

DOCTOR.—Returning to *Ticonderoga*, does it sustain the reputation of James as a tale-teller?

MAJOR.—I have no hesitation in saying that it does. The introduction of the *red men* gives a sprinkling of variety to the affair, it being the author's first attempt in that line of character.

DOCTOR.—And how does he work his Indian machinery?

MAJOR.—Why, pretty well, upon the whole. You are not *too often* reminded of Cooper, and that, you know, is saying something!

LAIRD.—Are there ony greeting bits in't? I hae got an injunction frae Girzy to bring her oot something in the affecting and sentimental line.

MAJOR.—Then the *Black Eagle* is the precise ticket for soup, which the moist-eyed Griselda desiderateth! The death of one brace of the heroes and heroines (for there are no less than four of them) would be sufficient to translate the

“—————Goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne.”

into that whispering spinster Niobe!

DOCTOR.—Right glad am I that you have put me up to this wrinkle! It will save me wading through the *Prince Regent's* yarn!

MAJOR.—What do you mean?

DOCTOR.—Simply what I say! There is so much real fag and misery in the world that I, for one, have no stomach to burden myself with ideal woes!

LAIRD.—I aye was of opinion that ye had nae mair sentiment than a frozen turnip!

DOCTOR.—Very judicious is the advice which my excellent gossip, M. A. Titmarsh, gives to his story-reading clients. He says—"In respect to the reading of novels of the present day, I would be glad to suggest to the lovers of these instructive works the simple plan of always looking at the end of a romance, to see what becomes of the personages, before they venture upon the whole work, and become interested in the characters described in it. Why interest oneself in a personage who you know must, at the end of the third volume, die a miserable death? What is the use of making oneself unhappy needlessly, watching the consumptive symptoms of Leonora as they manifest themselves, or tracing Antonio to his inevitable assassination?"

MAJOR.—Agreeing generally with what you say, I have still something to advance in arrest of judgment, so far the upshot of *Tecondroga* is concerned.

DOCTOR.—The court is ready to hear you!

MAJOR.—Though one pair of lovers are knocked on the sconce, after a scurvy and most unnecessary fashion, another pair get spliced, and live as happy as the day is long!

LAIRD.—That's the very book for Girzy, as Crabtree very judiciously observed! What woman, especially an elderly maiden, could resist a story which contains baith a burial and a wedding? Why, it's a perfect bewilderment o' riches! Let me hae the book, Culpepper, and wha kens but Girzy will send you in return a can o' grozet jam?

MAJOR.—I was not aware that you cultivated at Bonnie Braes the grozet, *alias* grasett, *alias* gooseberry?

LAIRD.—Oo aye! It thrives no' that ill, wi' a little careful' guiding; but it never attain the flavour o' the hame fruit! Oh for an hour's eating o' the grozets—the plump, juicy grozets o' Jedburgh! You'll excuse me, my friends, but I never can keep the saut water frae run-

ning doon my cheeks, when I think upon thae matchless and magnificent berries!

DOCTOR.—Pray be comforted, Laird! I verily believe (*aside*) that beer and brandy have rendered the old rascal maudlin!

MAJOR.—We are forgetting, Bonnie Braes, all about your excursion. How chanced it that, setting out with lusty expectation of sustentation, you returned famished and mortified as a monk of La Trappe?

LAIRD.—Ye maun let me get the grozets o' Jedburgh out o' my head, before I am fit for the narration! Blessings on your rough and smooth coats—yellow, red, and green! What are a' the cockernuts and oranges o' the tropics compared wi' your unobtrusive but appetizing charms? Just think upon the noble mouths that ye hae refreshed in your day and generation! Wha can doubt that ye hae solaced Robin Bruce, Willie Wallace, Johnnie Knox, Andrew—

DOCTOR.—Fairservice, and George Buchanan, the King's fool! Why, man, at this rate you would inflict upon us a string of names, long-winded as Dan Homer's catalogue of ships! With you the gooseberry is as prolific as were the mugs and bowls of the dreaming Arabian huxter!

MAJOR.—Whilst the Laird is re-emigrating from Jedburgh, let me introduce you to a very suggestive and instructive volume, intitled, *History of Cuba: or Notes of a Traveller in the Tropics*. The author is Maturin M. Ballou, and from his name I would gather that he is a native of the island of saints, butter-milk, and potatoes.

DOCTOR.—Such a work, if well executed, must be peculiarly interesting at the present juncture, when Jonathan is longing so incontinently to be the manufacturer of our Cuban cigars.

MAJOR.—M. Ballou's production is most comprehensive in its plan. Beginning at the beginning, it presents us with a history of this delicious island, from its discovery by our old friend Columbus down to the present day. The writer is unhesitatingly of opinion that it is the design of the Spanish government to emancipate the slaves, and to place the black and white population upon a platform of social equality.

DOCTOR.—I must read the book; but, by the way, is it readable?

MAJOR.—Very much so! Though containing

much *solid* matter, and abundant materials for grave reflection, it is replete with graphic sketches both of scenery and manners.

DOCTOR.—If your lungs are in good working order, perchance you will favour me with an extract in justification of your averments.

MAJOR.—Here is a narrative illustrative of the administration of the celebrated Tacon, which was related to M. Ballou in Havana. It is quite as romantic as any novel, and might easily have been amplified into one:—

During the first year of Tacon's governorship there was a young Creole girl, named Miralda Estalez, who kept a little cigar store in the Calle de Mercaderes, and whose shop was the resort of all the young men of the town who loved a choicely-made and superior cigar. Miralda was only seventeen, without mother or father living, and earned an humble though sufficient support by her industry in the manufactory we have named, and by the sales of her little store. She was a picture of ripened tropical beauty, with a finely-rounded form, a lovely face, of soft, olive tint, and teeth that a Tuscarora might envy her. At times, there was a dash of languor in her dreamy eye that would have warmed an anchorite; and then her cheerful jests were so delicate yet free, that she had unwittingly turned the heads, not to say hearts, of half the young merchants in the Calle de Mercaderes.— But she dispensed her favours without partiality; none of the rich and gay young exquisites of Havana could say they had ever received any particular acknowledgement from the fair young girl to their warm and constant attention. For this one she had a pleasant smile, for another a few words of pleasing gossip, and for a third a snatch of a Spanish song; but to none did she give her confidence, except to young Pedro Mantanez, a fine-looking boatman, who plied between the Punta and Moro Castle, on the opposite side of the harbour.

Pedro was a manly and courageous young fellow, rather above his class in intelligence, appearance and associations, and pulled his oars with a strong arm and light heart, and loved the beautiful Miralda with an ardent romantic in its fidelity and truth. He was a sort of leader among the boatmen in the harbour for reason of his superior cultivation and intelligence, and his quick-witted sagacity was often turned for the benefit of his comrades. Many were the noble deeds he had done in and about the harbour since a boy, for he had followed his calling of a waterman from boyhood, as his fathers had done before him. Miralda in turn ardently loved Pedro; and when he came at night and sat in the back part of her little shop, she had always a neat and fragrant cigar for his lips. Now and then, when she could steal away from her shop on some holiday, Pedro would hoist a tiny sail in the prow of his boat, and securing the little stern awning over Miralda's head would steer out into the gulf and coast along the romantic shore.

There was a famous roudé, well known at this time in Havana, named Count Almonte, who had frequently visited Miralda's shop and conceived quite a passion for the girl, and, indeed he had grown to be one of her most liberal customers. With a cunning shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, the Count besieged the heart of his intended victim without appearing to do so, and carried on his plan of operations for many weeks before the innocent girl even suspected his possessing a partiality for her, until one day she was surprised by a present from him of so rare and costly a nature as to lead her to suspect the donor's intentions at once, and to promptly decline the offered gift. Undismayed by this, still the Count continued his profuse patronage in a way to which Miralda could find no plausible pretext of complaint.

At last seizing upon what he considered a favourable moment, Count Almonte declared his passion to Miralda, besought her to come and be the mistress of his broad and rich estates at Cerito, near the city, and offered all the promises of wealth, favour, and fortune; but in vain. The pure-minded girl scorned his offer and bade him never more to insult her by visiting her shop. Abashed but not confounded, the Count retired, but only to weave a new snare whereby he could entangle her, for he was not one to be so easily thwarted.

One afternoon, not long after this, as the twilight was setting over the town, a file of soldiers halted just opposite the door of the little cigar-shop, when a young man, wearing a Lieutenant's insignia, entered and asked the attendant if her name was Miralda Estalez, to which she timidly responded.

"Then you will please to come with me."

"By what authority?" asked the trembling girl.

"The order of the Governor-General."

"Then I must obey you," she answered; and prepared to follow him at once.

Stepping to the door with her, the young officer directed his men to march on; and, getting into a volante, told Miralda they would drive to the guard-house. But, to the surprise of the girl, she soon after discovered that they were passing the city gates, and immediately after were dashing off on the road to Cerito.— Then it was that she began to fear some trick had been played upon her; and these fears were soon confirmed by the volante's turning down the long alley of palms that led to the estate of Counte Almonte. It was in vain to expostulate now; she felt that she was in the power of the reckless nobleman, and the pretended officer and soldiers were his own people who had adopted the disguise of the Spanish army uniform.

Count Almonte met her at the door, told her to fear no violence, that her wishes should be respected in all things, save her personal liberty; that he trusted, in time, to persuade her to look more favourably upon him, and that in all

things he was her slave. She replied contemptuously to his words, and charged him with the cowardly trick by which he had gained control of her liberty. But she was left by herself, though watched by his orders at all times to prevent her escape.

She knew very well that the power and will of Count Almonte were too strong for any humble friend of hers to attempt to thwart; and yet she somehow felt a conscious strength in Pedro, and secretly cherished the idea that he would discover her place of confinement, and adopt some means to deliver her. The stiletto is the constant companion of the lower classes, and Miralda had been used to wear one even in her store against contingency; but she now regarded the tiny weapon with peculiar satisfaction, and slept with it in her bosom!

Small was the clue by which Pedro Mantanez discovered the trick of Count Almonte. First this was found out, then that circumstance, and these being put together, they led to other results, until the indefatigable lover was at last fully satisfied that he had discovered her place of confinement. Disguised as a friar of the order of San Felipe, he sought Count Almonte's gates at a favourable moment, met Miralda, cheered her with fresh hopes, and retired to arrange some certain plan for her delivery.—There was time to think *now*; heretofore he had not permitted himself even an hour's sleep; but she was safe—that is, not in immediate danger,—and he could breathe more freely. He knew not with whom to advise; he feared to speak to those above him in society, lest they might betray his purpose to the count, and his own liberty, by some means, be thus jeopardized. He could only consider with himself, he must be his own counsellor in this critical case.

At last, as if in despair, he started to his feet one day, and exclaimed to himself, "Why not go to head-quarters at once? why not see the Governor-General and tell him the whole truth? Ah! see him?—how is that to be effected?—And then this Count Almonte is a *nobleman*!—They say Tacon loves justice. We shall see. I *will* go to the Governor-General; it cannot do any harm, if it does not do any good. I can but try." And Pedro did seek the Governor.—True, he did not at once get audience of him—not the first, nor the second, nor the third time; but he persevered, and was admitted at last.—Here he told his story in a free, manly voice, undisguisedly and open in all things, so that Tacon was pleased.

"And the girl?" asked the Governor-General, over whose countenance a dark scowl had gathered. "Is she thy sister?"

"No Excelencia, she is dearer still, she is my betrothed."

The Governor bidding him come nearer, took a golden cross from his table, and handing it to the boatman, as he regarded him searchingly, said:

"Swear that what you have related to me is hope for heaven!"

"I swear!" said Pedro, kneeling and kissing the emblem with simple reverence.

The Governor turned to his table, wrote a few brief lines, and touching a bell, summoned a page from an adjoining room, whom he ordered to send the captain of the guard to him.—Prompt as were all who had any connexion with the Governor's household, the officer appeared at once, and received the written order, with directions to bring Count Almonte and a young girl named Miralda immediately before him.—Pedro was sent to an anteroom, and the business of the day passed on as usual in the reception-hall of the Governor.

Less than two hours had transpired when the Count and Miralda stood before Tacon. Neither knew the nature of the business which had summoned them there. Almonte half suspected the truth, and the poor girl argued to herself that her fate could not but be improved by the interference, let its nature be what it might.

"Count Almonte, you doubtless know why I have ordered you to appear here."

"Excelencia, I fear that I have been indiscreet," was the reply.

"You adopted the uniform of the guards for your own private purposes on this young girl, did you not?"

"Excelencia, I cannot deny it."

"Declare, upon your honour, Count Almonte, whether she is unharmed whom you have thus kept a prisoner."

"Excelencia, she is as pure as when she entered beneath my roof," was the truthful reply.

The Governor turned, and whispered something to his page, then continued his questions to the Count, while he made some minutes upon paper. Pedro was now summoned to explain some matter, and as he entered the Governor General turned his back for one moment as if to seek for some papers upon his table, while Miralda was pressed in the boatman's arms. It was but for a moment, and the next, Pedro was bowing humbly before Tacon. A few moments more and the Governor's page returned, accompanied by a monk of the Church of Santa Clara, with the emblems of his office.

"Holy Father," said Tacon, you will bind the hands of this Count Almonte and Miralda Estalez together in the bonds of wedlock!"

"Excelencia," exclaimed the Count in amazement.

"Not a word, Senor, it is your part to obey!"

"My nobility, Excelencia!"

"Is forfeited!" said Tacon.

Count Almonte had too many evidences before his mind's eye of Tacon's mode of administering justice and of enforcing his own will, to dare to rebel, and he doggedly yielded in silence. Poor Pedro, not daring to speak, was half crazed to see the prize he had so long coveted thus about to be torn from him. In a few moments the ceremony was performed, the trembling and bewildered girl not daring to thwart

the Governor's orders, and the priest declared them husband and wife. The captain of the guard was summoned, and despatched with some written order, and in a few subsequent moments Count Almonte completely subdued and broken-spirited, was ordered to return to his plantation. Pedro and Miralda were directed to remain in an adjoining apartment to that which had been the scene of this singular procedure. Count Almonte mounted his horse, and with a single attendant soon passed out of the city gates. But hardly had he passed the corner of the Paseo, when a dozen muskets fired a volley upon him and he fell a corpse upon the road!

His body was quietly removed, and the captain of the guard, who had witnessed the act made a minute upon his order as to the time and place, and mounting his horse, rode to the Governor's palace, entering the presence chamber just as Pedro and Miralda were once more summoned before the Governor.

"Excelencia," said the officer, returning the order, "it is executed!"

"Is the Count dead?"

"Excelencia, yes."

"Proclaim, in the usual manner, the marriage of Count Almonte and Miralda Eztales, and also that she is his legal widow, possessed of his titles and estates. See that a proper officer attends her to the Count's estate, and enforces this decision." Then, turning to Pedro Mantanez, he said, "No man or woman in this island is so humble but they may claim justice of Tacon!"

The story furnishes its own moral.

DOCTOR.—Though I cannot altogether approve of Governor Tacon's method of transacting business, candour constrains me to admit that he had very pretty ideas of poetical justice, and a fine eye for stage effect! No modern French manufacturer of melo-dramas could, by any possibility, have more artistically disposed of the raffish Count Almonte! Beyond all question, a crack play-wright was spoiled, when destiny made his Excelencia a mere viceroy!

LAIRD.—Here hae we been sitting for I dinna' ken hoo lang, without being refreshed wi' a single verse o' poetry! In my humble opinion, rhyme bears the same relation to prose, that yill or toddy does to ham and egg, or bread and cheese! It makes the solid sunkets o' literature gang kindly doon, and keeps them frae getting wersh and indisgeestible!

DOCTOR.—Well, well; if that be not comparison run mad, then write me down an ass, and a soured garnet to boot!

MAJOR.—The Laird, let me crave leave to observe, exhibits a glimmering of common sense in his remark. To the fagged and jaded brain,

a sprightly lyric possesses all the invigorating qualities of a dram of some generous cordial!

DOCTOR.—By way of carrying out your metaphor, I would hazard the conjecture that the authorities of Parnassus have, of late years, passed a *Maine Law*! Right seldom is it that we, poor mundane mortals, can ever compass a fresh draught from the distillery of the Muses!

MAJOR.—There is much truth in what you say. Still, now and then, a genuine drop of the *creature* is sometimes smuggled to us through the prosaic medium of the press! For instance, here are some stanzas which I clipped from a recent number of the *New York Tribune*, which, though not of first-class excellence, may match with some of the effusions of our standard minor poets.

LAIRD.—Before ye begin, let me light my cutty! I could na' enjoy even the pipe o' Apollos without the accompaniment o' reek sauce! Blessings on the head o' Sir Walter Raleigh for making Christendom conversant wi' tabacca! Beyond a' controversy and contradiction, he was the greatest benefactor o' his race—the genius who discovered the virtues o' oysters only excepted!

DOCTOR.—Still greater would be the friend of Adam's race, who should extend to your pumpkin the treatment which was meted to that of poor Sir Walter! What a *spate* (to use your own barbarous dialect) of bosh and bunkum would thus be cut off, and kept from deluging the wretches exposed to its malign influence!

LAIRD.—Puir body! His corns maun be fashing him sairly!

MAJOR.—Peace, children! The lines which I am about to read harmonize ill with jangling and strife! Thus they run—

CONTENTMENT.

Blest is the man of small desires,
With whatsoe'er he hath content;
Who to no greater thing aspires
Than Heaven hath lent.

Thrice happy he whose life is not
By fierce ambition's fire consumed;
'Neath Heaven's smile to cheer his lot,
Sweet flowers have bloomed.

I saw a man who, on Time's score
Had not yet reckoned thirty years!
And yet full thrice had lived them o'er,
In borrowed fears.

His frame was bony, gaunt, and bent;
His limbs were weak, his eyes were dim;
Earth's glorious seasons came and went,
But not for him.

Yet Heaven had blest him well at first,
With mind, and place, and ample store;
But still his heart in secret nursed
A wish for more.

He could not rest on middle step,
While others held a higher stage;
So envy to his heart's core crept,
To gnaw and eat.

Though fortune smiled along his way,
And home was eloquent with bliss;
He never kneeled aside to say,
"Thank God for this!"

I saw a man of eighty years,
Upon whose brow was lightly graved
The record of the cares and fears
Which he had braved.

His step was buoyant, and his eye
Was hopeful as the eye of youth;
His cheerful smile seemed to defy
Care's ruthless tooth.

"Father," I cried, "though full of years,
"Thy brow is smooth, thy smile is glad;
"A pilgrim through a vale of tears,
"Yet never sad;

"Pray tell me how thou hast passed through
"So scatheless, earth's continual strife?
"At what sweet spring didst thou renew
"Thy waning life?"

"The tale is short," said he, "think not
"Life's sweets were mine, unmixed with
"But I, contented with my lot, [gall;
"Thanked God for all!"

LAIRD.—Thanks, Crabtree, for that mouthfu'
frae the spring o' Helicon! It is as soothing
to the fretted appetite as a docken leaf to the
skin that's been stung by a nettle!

DOCTOR.—To what nomen does the bard re-
spond?

MAJOR.—M. H. Cobb.

LAIRD.—Oh Jupiter and Jenny Nettles! what
a skipit, unheroic name for a minstrel to gang
to the kirk wi'.

MAJOR.—Somehow or another, Dollardom
abounds, more than any other region under the
sun, with mean and snobbish appellations. For
instance, who could associate military glory
with Generals, denominated Pillow and Wool?

DOCTOR.—Oh thou most facinerous of fusty
fossils! Overhawl your Shakspeare for what
is there said about "a rose," and when found
make a note of.

MAJOR.—Trusting, Bonnie Braes, that you
have got over the fit of home-sickness induced
by the reminiscence of the *grasetts* of Jedburgh,
may I request to be favoured with your adventures
at Bell-Ewart?

LAIRD.—Oo, there's no' muckle to tell! We
got up to the clearing without accident, and

witnessed the half-launch o' the Joseph C. Morrison.

MAJOR.—Half-launch! Pray expound!

LAIRD.—Why, the thrawn, stiff-necked beggar
became *bawkie* when he had accomplished half
his pilgrimage to the Lake, and wouldna' budge
anither peg, either for blessing or banning!

DOCTOR.—What kind of a place is this same
Bell-Ewart?

LAIRD.—Rather should you ask, what kind
o' place is it ganging to be! Wi' the exception
o' three shanties and a change-house, it exists
as yet only on the plan o' my gossip, Stoughton
Dennis!

DOCTOR.—But touching its prospects?

LAIRD.—The prospects are very pleasing.
It stands in a bonnie bay, and commands a
heartsome view o' Lake Simcoe.

DOCTOR.—Tuts, man! I want to know what
chance it has of becoming a thriving settle-
ment?

LAIRD.—Like nine-tenths o' used up Irish
gentlemen, it has great expectations! A Yan-
kee company are about to big a monster steam
timber mill, wi' nae less than sixty saws, and a
steam grist mill will also contemporaneously
start into existence. When, in addition to this,
ye tak' into account that Bell-Ewart is the rail-
way terminus for the Lake, it has every chance
o' becoming, ere lang, a lusty village, if no' a
toon. Stoughton strongly advises me to buy a
lot or two, by way of investment, and if wheat
brings onything like a decent price, there's nae
saying what I may be tempted to do! The
nigger-like way, however, in which I was treated
this day at the location, has amaist given me a
scunner therat!

MAJOR.—Was your pocket picked!

LAIRD.—Na! Catch me ganging into a crowd
wi' onything in my purse! especially when in-
vited, as I was, to mess and mell free *gratis*!
When I left Bonnie Braes, on Friday, I took
wi' me five dollars, which dollars I disbursed
to Tammas Maclear for Skelton Mackenzie's
braw new edition o' the *Noctes*. By the way,
that is a worthy contribution to the stores o'
literature! Nae library, deserving o' the name,
can possibly be without a copy thereof! 'It
would be a kittle task to name ony five volumes
containing mair wit, and humour, and pathos,
and poetry than the aforesaid *Noctes*!

MAJOR.—Granted! But returning to Bell-
Ewart.

LAIRD.—Weel, you see, nae sooner had I left

the steam carriage (I hate to use the Yankee word *car*!) than a wheen bonnie lassies frae Newmarket that had come up on a pic-nic excursion, and with whom I had the pleasure to be acquainted, invited me to join their party. In order to tempt me, the rosy-checked queens recited the catalogue o' their peripatetic pantry, which comprehended a' the delicacies o' the season. Sair against my will I had to refuse the offer, seeing that I was pre-engaged!

DOCTOR.—Foolish Laird! Could you not have called to mind the ancient adage which inculcates that one ornithological specimen in the hand is more valuable than two in the hedge?

LAIRD.—Bitter cause had I to remember that identical proverb, before sun-set!

MAJOR.—*Perge!*

LAIRD.—Are ye at Welsh again? If ye dinna' leave that sport, sorrow anither word you'll get frae me!

MAJOR.—*Peccavi!* I mean, I sit corrected.

LAIRD.—When the launch—such as it was—had been concluded, I began to be aware that my bread-basket was wanting replenishment. But whaur was that replenishment to come frae? The echoes o' barren Bell-Ewart answered *whaur!* A' the contractors and speculators wha had an interest in the place, togither wi' the magnates o' the railroad, disappeared frae the scene like magic, leaving me helpless and hungry as the babes in the wood! Nae doubt the selfish crew took guid care o' their ain corporations! May Mahoun flee awa' wi' the greedy pack o' them!

DOCTOR.—Unhappy agriculturist!

LAIRD.—On I tottered, frail wi' hunger, and crazy wi' thirst, till at last I cam' to a tent, presenting an ecstasial vision o' cauld meat, bottles o' porter, jars o' brandy, and sic like consolations for the forfochen brains o' fallen Adam!

MAJOR.—Of course, then, your troubles were at an end?

LAIRD.—Were they? Ye hae forgotten that I had neither plack nor bawbee in my spleuchan!

MAJOR.—Most miserable engenderer of bread stuffs!

LAIRD.—The smell o' the creature comforts was torturing, beyond the power of the most vivid imagination to conceive! In particular, there was a round o' beef, the sight and flavour of which drove me clean demented for a season! I sat on a stump, glowering at it wi' wolfish,

bloodshot een, and every noo and again breaking forth into a wild, demoniac laugh! The tantalizing fat and lean o' that infernally beautiful round will haunt me to my dying day! And then the excruciating drouth! I couldna' help exclaiming, wi' the ancient mariner,

“Gin and brandy everywhere,
But dell a drap to drink!”

MAJOR.—Your agony had indeed reached its climax!

LAIRD.—You are mistaken, Crabtree! It was destined to meet wi' an additional aggravation!

DOCTOR.—Why, I should imagine that the cup of your bitterness could not have held a single extra drop!

LAIRD.—Wheesht! As I was sitting on the stump, as aforesaid, wha should come up but the Newmarket pic-nic squad! Laughing and joking, and whistling and singing, they passed on, wi' light hearts and heavy stomachs, pitching bits o' cake and cabin biscuit at ane anither! “I hope you enjoyed your lunch, Bonnie Braes!” exclaimed a black-haired, dimpled, lusty lass o' eighteen. Ye may think me an ogre or a cannibal, but at that moment I could have throttled the gipsy, and scalped her wi' my gully-knife!

MAJOR.—Small wonder that you entered the Shanty, this evening, in such a carnivorous mood! However, all's well that ends well! The pious assiduity of Betty has set you on your legs again!

LAIRD.—I mustna' forget to gie the honest woman the kiss I promised her!

MAJOR.—Yes, and the ribbon!

LAIRD.—Lid I say onything about a ribbon?

DOCTOR.—Oh, thou Judas! hast thou so soon become oblivious of the vows which thou madest under the pressure of famine? Men are deceivers ever!

LAIRD.—Ye needna' lift me up before I fa' doon! If I said a ribbon, a ribbon it shall be! At a' events the kiss shall be forthcoming wi' compound interest, for the chops were prime, and done to a hair!

DOCTOR.—I am very much mistaken if Betty will not very willingly excuse the kiss, provided the ribbon be forthcoming. I suppose that now you have “appeased the rage of hunger and thirst” you will be prepared to go on with the business of the evening. Have you any facts.

LAIRD.—A whole screed. and I have got them illustrated for the better understanding of some of them. Here they are, however,



MEAT MARKET SUPPLIES.

The raising of cattle, sheep and poultry for the supply of our village and city markets, is every day becoming a matter more deserving of the attention of the agricultural community. The demand is becoming more and more difficult to supply, as larger quantities and finer qualities are being continually sought after. As raising supplies of beef, mutton, veal, lamb, poultry, &c., attracts more and more of the attention, of farmers, in like proportion will all information be welcome which furnishes accurate and reliable details as to the most economical methods of fattening and getting for market any of the above products. The breed of animals most easily fattened, and the kind of feeding which is at once most effectual and most economical, are points upon which we may yet obtain considerable increase of reliable and useful information.

The following observations from *The Mark Lane Express*, in reference to the past and the future of the business of supplying the demands of the butcher and the meat market man, hold true of this country and the American population, as of those on the other side of the channel, and seem deserving the attention of graziers and others.

Amongst the many permanent improvements in agriculture which have taken place within the past fifty or sixty years, none deserves a more prominent place, or is of greater importance, than the production of meat; it has fully kept pace, if it has not exceeded, the production of grain. We fear not to assert that, taken separately, more grain, or more meat, is now produced by the agriculturists of this kingdom than was formerly produced by taking both collectively. The introduction of improved courses of husbandry has done very much to effect this, but the attention that has been latterly called forth to the adoption of every practicable improvement of which the business of a farmer is capable of sustaining, has done much more. The growth of the varieties of grain and of roots and vegetables, has done immense good; these assisted by improved culture and artificial manurings, have wrought astonishing alterations and great increase of produce on every intelligent man's farm; but we think these have been exceeded by the improvement made in the

breeding, feeding, and management of the live stock of the farm. Contrast for a moment, the cattle of sixty years since—the long, high, thin, lean-fleshed, large-boned, hard, unthrifty animals of that day, with the compact rotundity of shape, the soft, the mellow, thrifty animals of the present day; the former fed at six and seven years, the latter generally fattened the third year, often earlier. The same remark will apply to sheep and pigs, and not less to poultry; early maturity and quickness in fattening have been looked to as the deciding characteristics in every variety of meat-producing animal. In keeping with improvements that have arisen and the wonderful accession made to our supplies of animal food, has been the alteration in the tastes and habits of the community. The whole British people have become large meat consumers, so that consumption of animal food has gone on progressively with its increase, and now bids fair to outstrip it; and not only has its taste for animal food become general, but it has assumed a new shape or feature. Beef, mutton, bacon, are looked upon as too common dishes. Lamb, veal, small pork joints, and poultry must now be served up at every table; hence the amazing demand for lamb, calves, small porkers, and poultry; and this will go on and increase, and the habits of the people are becoming daily more refined, and perhaps it is not too much to add, more luxurious.

CULTURE OF BUCKWHEAT.

It is best to be sown by the 10th July—three pecks to the acre, on land well mellowed up—sandy soil suits best. It is a bad crop to continue to sow on the same land, without applying any manure. A dressing of plaster, and ashes suit best. It is a good crop to ameliorate newly drained land. Such ground can be got in better order for this crop than any other, and the yield is great. Sow grass seed with the buckwheat if wanted for pasture; or, as good a way is to sow oats in the spring, and seed down. Never leave the ground bare, as it impoverishes the soil. Never plant corn after buckwheat, if you expect a crop, and I prefer not to point it all; on good land, rye or wheat will do well, as it leaves the land very light and mellow, and clean, with the exception of lots of buckwheat that will come up. By sowing three crops in succession of buckwheat,

you will run out every particle of vegetation, and leave the land sour. Would it not be a good crop for Canada thistle ground?

WHEY FOR PIGS.

- A neighbor, extensively engaged in the manufacture of cheese, uses the whey of his dairy, with an admixture of meal from corn, oats, and any grain that he has to spare, as feed for his pigs, and thinks that they thrive upon it very much indeed. The meal is sometimes stirred into the whey in the raw state; at other times it is boiled in the whey, making a thin pudding: and at other times still, the whey is heated and poured upon the meal, and then stirred. A little salt is used in the latter modes of preparing this food, about as much as would make pudding palatable to human beings. Do not many waste their whey? Might not those who make cheese on a large scale, make the raising and fattening of pigs an appropriate accompaniment to their dairy business?

FATTENING ANIMALS.

This is a subject not generally understood by the mass of farmers, throughout its various bearings. All know that they can fatten a hog or cow by feeding grain or vegetables enough; but as to the best, cheapest, and most profitable mode, among many people, little is known. As at this time of the year more attention is paid to the fattening of animals, than at any other time, a few hints with regard to it, will not be wholly lost.

Animals intended for the butcher should be kept quiet. They should have no more exercise than is necessary for their health, as more than this, calls for a greater amount of food, while the process of fattening is delayed. Animals should be fed regularly with a proper amount of proper food. Should they not be fed at regular intervals, it will tend to make them uneasy and discontented, and they will not thrive. When they are fed with apples or pumpkins, it should be in their season, and not when they have lost their goodness by decay or frost. This rule may always be observed, that the least nutritious articles should be fed first, and the most nutritive afterwards. Of the root crops, for fattening properties, potatoes stand first, carrots next, and ruta-bagas, mangel-wurtzels and flat turnips follow on in their order. Of grain, wheat is first, Indian corn, peas and barley are the next. Probably more corn is used than any other grain, especially for swine; it seems to be peculiarly adapted for the fattening of pork. There is a great gain in having it ground and cooked or scalded. No grain should be fed without one or both of these being done, as animals are more quiet and contented, and therefore gain flesh much faster. I am confident that food is as much better for swine and cattle, for being cooked, as it is for man. When animals are first put up for fattening, care should be taken that grain of great nutritive properties should be fed with caution, as the appetite is generally great, and over-feeding them with such grain

will hurt them. The best plan that I know of, is to mix lighter grains and have them all ground together. Corn-meal possesses great nutritive properties; and animals will fatten faster on it than almost any other grain; but it will not answer to feed them wholly on this for a great length of time. Animals, when full fed upon meal, sometimes become dyspeptic, a disease similar to that sometimes affecting our own species. Hence we see the propriety, and frequently the necessity, of having the corn ground, "cob and all." By this means the nutriment is diffused through a greater bulk, lays lighter in the stomach, and all is thoroughly digested. This consideration more particularly applies to cattle than to swine; for the reason that animals which do not ruminates, or chew the cud, are better adapted for taking their food in a concentrated form. But still I say "grind your corn and cob together, and cook it well, and you will be doubly repaid for all your trouble."

It is an excellent thing to give animals a variety of food, as health is promoted by it. I have found the following to be excellent: One part corn, one part barley, and one part peas, all ground together and mixed with boiled potatoes, pumpkins or apples. It is well to have this mixture slightly fermented, or soured by dairy slop.—Swine appear to like it better, and the pork will be as good. The health of swine is also promoted by an occasional supply of soap-suds mixed with their regular food but no brine in which there has been salt-petre, should ever be permitted to be given. Sweet whey also should be soured before it is given to the swine. To sum it all up let animals have but little exercise; feed them regularly, the lightest food first, the strongest last; grind and cook all grain; also cook vegetable kinds, slightly fermented, &c. Lastly, animals should be kept warm in cold weather, and should have plenty of air in hot weather. Now, if these rules are followed, and these hints remembered and heeded, the object and aim of the writer will be accomplished.

FEEDING COWS.

The following experiments in feeding were made by Mr. Thompson, a German farmer, with two cows. The whole time occupied was three and a half months, and measures and weights were taken for five days' product, five days after a change of food. It will be seen that he used six different articles of food, with the following result:—

PRODUCT FOR FIVE DAYS.

Fed on,	Milk.	Butter.
Grass,.....	115 lbs.	3 lbs. 5 oz.
Barley,.....	107 lbs.	3 lbs. 2 oz.
Malt,.....	102 lbs.	3 lbs. 2 oz.
Barley and Malt,.....	106 lbs.	3 lbs. 2 oz.
Barley and Linseed,...	106 lbs.	3 lbs. 2 oz.
Beans,.....	108 lbs.	3 lbs. 7 oz.

The amount of each kind of food was equal in pounds. It will be seen that the grass pro-

duced the largest quantity of milk, but the beans surpassed in the amount of butter produced.

APPLES FOR MILCH COWS.—Five minutes ago a gentleman, who deals in facts and figures, as well as fine cattle, informed us that he had fed out last winter more than two hundred barrels of sweet apples to his milch cows, and that the increased quantity and richness in quality of the milk paid him better than any other use to which he could have applied them. He states that he is raising trees annually, for the purpose of raising apples for stock. Another important statement of his, is, that since he has fed apples to his cows, there has not been a case of milk fever among them.

HIGH CULTURE AND GOOD MANAGEMENT.

The farm of Sir John Conroy, near Reading, England, comprises 270 acres, all in one huge field, the only fence being the one that separates it from its neighbors. All the intervening hedges were removed by the present owner, when he came into possession, seven years ago, and the land was drained four feet deep, at distances varying from fifteen to thirty feet, which we should call very thorough work. It was then 'enched with the spade to a depth of twenty-two inches. The whole cost of these improvements amounted to £3000, or nearly \$15,000—something over \$50 an acre. In this country subsoil and trench plows would much cheapen the trenching. Most of the subsoil appears to have been a sort of hard-pan gravel. As a proof of the necessity of draining, drains from some forty acres of the driest of the farm, lead out at a low place where water is seen running at the driest part of the year.

Prominent among the farm machinery, is a beautiful steam engine of 10-horse power, which drives a very complete thrashing machine, with two fanning mills attached, barley pummeler, &c. It also drives an oil cake crusher, turnip-cutter, grain bruiser, and everything required in preparing food for stock. A passage in the building leads directly from the preparing room to the horses heads for feeding them. Their food consists, for each, for 24 hours, of eight pounds of cut hay and ten pounds of cut straw, five pounds of oats, and one pound of bean meal, moistened with one pound of bruised linseed, steeped forty-eight hours in fifteen pints of cold water. The oxen are fed on similar food, but less stimulating, the oats being replaced with plenty of turnips, and with a portion of oil cake. Large herds of oxen, sheep and swine are purchased and fattened every year, the stables and buildings being supplied in every part by means of pipes with an abundance of water. Nothing but one horse carts are used on the farm. The wheat yields from twenty to forty-eight bushels per acre. The grain stacks are to be built on trucks on a railway, so as to be run up to the thrashing machine as fast as wanted, a practice already adopted on some of the best English farms.

THE PEAR BLIGHT.

The Pear is now esteemed as one of the indispensable luxuries connected with a suburban or country residence. It is, therefore, not only important that the amateur and the novice should have information on the character and relative value of the fruit, its time of ripening in our climate, that he may select judiciously, but that he should be also informed on its adaptation to soil, and its cultivation, with the necessary care to protect the tree against the vicissitudes of climate, and the maladies to which it is subject.

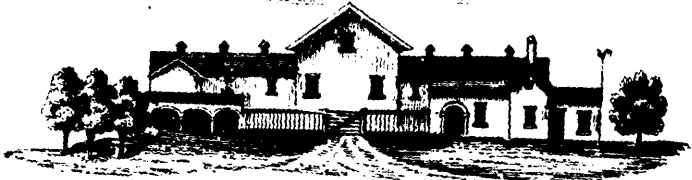
The tree is not a native of our country. It is said to be of Europe and Asia, where it lives to great age, and grows to an immense size, with other native trees. In that condition, it is hardly recognizable as the parent of the present luscious and highly flavored fruit, but is small, austere, pucky, and unfit for the palate. It is to the skill of cultivators that we are indebted for this great change and improvement in its character; and to none so much as to the late VAN MOSS, of Belgium. Chance or accident have not been idle in the work of adding many excellent varieties to the list; but the improvement of the fruit has (though not always), been at the expense of the hardiness and durability of the tree. This point has been too much overlooked by propagators; its tenderness being seen, scientific cultivators are giving more attention to correct it in their future additions.

The cultivation of the tree is very simple; it readily adapts itself to any soil or location, so that it be not a swamp or marsh. A deep, rich, clayey loam, with a porous subsoil, and a full exposure to light and air, is the best for its full development. The tendency of the tree is to throw down strong tap-roots; it is, therefore, important to know something of the nourishment it will find to feed on there. This tendency is overcome by growing it on the Quince, the natural disposition of which is to spread its roots, and luxurate on the surface soil; though the tree is dwarfed, and the duration of its life shortened, still it is better for shallow soils, and gardens where not much room can be afforded. The fine sorts, with few exceptions, succeed well and produce abundantly on the Quince. These are usually trained in pyramid form, branching from the ground up, making a very handsome and attractive object in the border. When grafted or budded on their own stocks, they require more room and are usually longer coming into bearing.

The cultivation of the tree has, however, its drawbacks. It is not hardy; or, if you do not like the term, it is subject to be cut off and destroyed by death at any time, when seeming in full vigor of health and growth. On the cause, there has been much speculation, without seeming to come to any satisfactory conclusion.

PLAN OF FARM BUILDINGS.

In answer to repeated inquiries, we furnish



Plan of Farm Buildings.

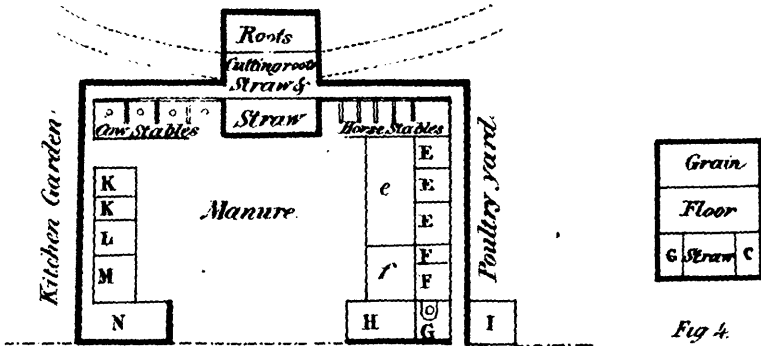


Fig 3

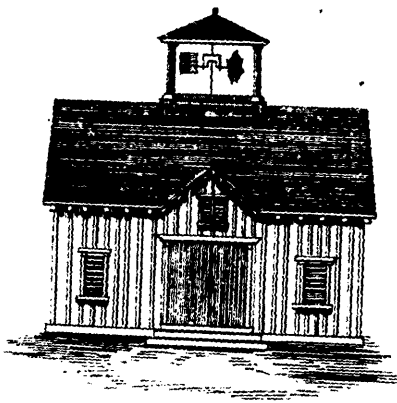


Fig 2

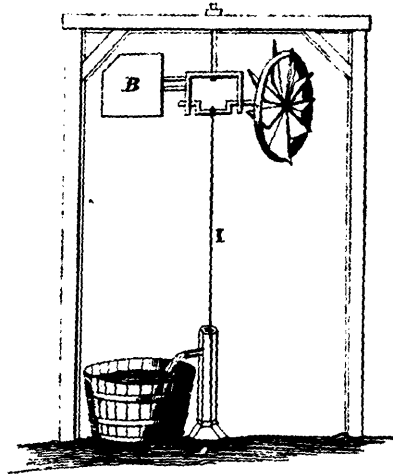


Fig 1



PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Maclear & Co Lith. Toronto.

The accompanying plan and elevation of a set of Farm Buildings, so arranged that those who have but limited means, may begin with a portion, and add from time to time as means and circumstances may warrant, these buildings when completed form nearly a hollow square, the main building or barn being in the centre of the further range. This forms a sheltered yard for the domestic animals, in the centre of which is the manure or compost heap, occupying a hollow to prevent the escape of the liquid manure. The cleaning of the stables are daily conveyed to this heap by wheelbarrows.

Fig. 3 is the plan of the whole when completed, as it lies on the level of the ground. Fig. 4, is that portion of the barn situated immediately over that part represented in fig. 3, which is banked up with earth, or dug in the ground, so that the further part of this ground plan shall constitute a cellar for roots, and a space for cutting roots, straw, &c., adjoining it. The curved dotted lines show the waggon-track on this embankment for entering the floor in fig. 3, lying directly over the cutting-room. The root cellar is furnished with two broad, hopper-like troughs, passing through the cellar windows, into which the cart loaded with roots, is "dumped," in filling the cellar.

By building *wings* for the horse and cow stables, (as the plan exhibits,) the central part or barn need not be so large as ordinary barns, saving much heavy timber in the frame, and assisting in forming the hollow square as a shelter.

On the second floor, Fig. 4, G is the granary, and C the corn crib, both of which are filled from the floor and may be unloaded directly into a waggon under them in the yard below, or drawn off through a chute for the horses in the stable. The bay for straw extends upwards as high as the top of these granaries, over which is a space for unthreshed grain. The horse power of the threshing machine, if a common movable one, is placed on the ground outside, and as soon as the grain is threshed, the straw is conveniently deposited into this bay, perfectly secure from injury by weather. The better way is for every farmer to have his own horse power and thresher, that he may employ his time whenever most convenient. The best two horse endless-chain power, will occupy but little room in "space for cutting roots, &c." from which a band may run up to the thresher on the floor above. This power may be used with perfect facility likewise in cutting straw, slicing roots, winnowing, sawing wood, turning grindstone, &c.

The roots lying on one side of this space, and the straw on the other, contribute greatly to the convenience of using them; and as soon as prepared by cutting, the feed is given to the animals on either side by means of the alley AA.

It will be perceived that the barn is occupied with grain and straw, while the spacious lofts over the stable are filled with hay, which is

thrown down to the animals below as wanted.

The building and its two wings, now described, may be built first; and the addition hereafter mentioned, may be added afterwards.

These additional buildings may be occupied by sheep-sheds at E E E, with an open sheep-yard, e; by piggery, F F and pig yard f; cooking room, G; house for seasoning stove wood, H; poultry-house, I; calf-houses, K K; workshop L; tool-house, for ploughs, harrows, rakes, &c., M; wagon-shed, N.

Every part of this range of buildings is entered from the lawn back of the house, by the dry and sheltered passages O O and A A, from which all the animals may be examined, instead of the more common way of wading through the mud or manure of the yard.

The floors of the hay loft, over the stables, should be made tight, to prevent the vapors from the stable tainting the hay; and ventilators, made of square board-tubes, placed over the stables and running up through the roof. Their openings are made to open and shut by sliding boards, according to the weather. The tops of these ventilators are shown in the elevation.

WIND-MILLS.

Some weeks ago, we published a figure and description of a wind mill for farm purposes, and promised as soon as practicable, to furnish another and cheaper contrivance. This we are now enabled to do by inserting two engraved figures with a description, from THOMAS' new work on Farm Implements:

The force of wind may be usefully applied by almost every farmer, as it is a universal agent, possessing in this respect great advantages over water power, of which very few farms enjoy the privilege.

Wind may be applied to various purposes, such as sawing wood by the aid of a circular saw, turning grindstones, and particularly in pumping water. One of the best contrivances for pumping is represented by *Fig. 1*, where A is the circular wind-mill, with a number of sails set obliquely to the direction of the wind, and always kept facing it by means of the vane, B. The crank of the wind-mill, during its revolutions, works the pump-rod, I, and raises the water from the well beneath: In whatever direction the wind may blow, the pump will continue working. The pump-rod, to work steadily, must be immediately under the iron rod on which the vane turns. If the diameter of the wind-mill is four feet, it will set the pump in motion even with a light breeze, and with a brisk wind will perform the labour of a man. Such a machine will pump the water needed by a large herd of cattle, and it may be placed on the top of a barn, with a covering, to which may be given the architectural effect of a tower or cupola, as shown in *Fig. 2*.

MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

Fig. 1st.—Dress is of very pale lilac silk,

the skirt with three deep flounces; the edges of the flounces are trimmed with Napoleon blue silk cut in points; the points turned up on the flounces are edged with a narrow *ruche* and each point is finished by bows of narrow ribbon: the basquine body opens *en demi cœur* and is trimmed to correspond. The sleeves of the pagoda form, are three quarters length; they are trimmed with blue silk turned back in points, edged with a narrow *ruche* and ornamented by small bows.

Fig. 2 is a superb morning robe of white merino, designed by Mrs. CHAMBERS, and selected from among a host of beautiful things, at 287 Broadway. The back is plain; the front cut without division at the waist. A deep pattern of grape-leaves and tendrils graduate from the bottom of the robe to the waist. The stems and tendrils are of delicate round braid; The leaves are of blue silk appliqué, vined with delicate cord. This vine ascends up the front to the shoulders, where it meets a small round collar, overlain with a light braid pattern. The sleeves are formed by a deep cap overlapping two flounces, all edged with blue embroidery, like that on the skirt. The middle flounce is looped to the cap with a chord and tassel. The dress is fastened down the front with blue silk buttons, and girded to the waist by a long blue silk cord terminated by rich tassels.

THOUGHTS ON MOURNING.

We can scarcely admire that very deep mourning which admits of no white about the face and bosom. It has a hopeless look of gloom which chills the beholder with an idea of despair, rather than grief. It plunges too deep into the shadows of the grave for any of those tender and trustful associations that ought to mark all our efforts at respect for the dead.

When not carried to the extreme there is perhaps no dress more becoming, or that appeals more certainly to all that is pure in the imagination than deep mourning. We give below some descriptions of mourning just imported from Paris, that may prove interesting to some of our readers, though, for our part, we think all ornaments may well be cancelled in a dress that appeals to the heart, not to the fancy. All efforts to relieve the chaste solemnity of mourning with gimps, bugles and braids, but serve to prove that personal vanity is stronger than respect for the dead.

Bombazines, plain and edged with folds of crape, where that is necessary to a perfect finish, are certainly most appropriate for the first months of mourning.

Mantelets, of the same, the latter relieved by full ruches of illusion, that contrast delicately with the black, with neat gloves and slippers, and a deeply hemmed veil—not of English crape which is too full like, and gloomy—forms, in our estimation, a mourning dress at once simple and elegant. In the second stage of mourning, more ornament is admissible, but it strikes us as better taste to throw off black for the time altogether, than to appear in festive

circles in sable garments; there is evident unfitness in this dressing of joy in gloomy trappings, that every refined person must recognize.

We have always thought the perfection of ingenuity was necessary to the construction of an elegant mourning dress before every other arrangement of the toilet. So much perfect neatness is required, so much of subdued elegance that no ordinary dressmaker can get up mourning with the propriety which should characterize it.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The form of the mantelets, dresses, and bonnets in favor this season, in the best society, have been so fully described in our recent letters that our bulletins are somewhat necessarily sterile, as we have only to describe the graceful fancies every day brings forth in the shape of trimmings and ornaments for the said garments. Even in this minor department we have less than usual to occupy our attention, as in spite of the almanac, which tells us we are now in summer, the temperature is exceedingly low and the sky almost constantly covered; so that our ladies can hardly venture abroad except under the protection of an elegant India cashmere, or at least a handsome Chinese crape shawl.

This chilly state of the atmosphere has consequently given new vogue to the cashmeres for the *Persan*, whose splendid long and square cashmeres, are for beauty of fabric, elegance of design, and harmony of coloring, altogether indescribable.

Canezons of black lace covered with narrow figured galoons, arranged in lozenges, with ribbon butterfly-bows on the lappets and sleeves; others are made of insertions of black guipure and blue or violet ribbons. The lappet, as well as the pagoda sleeve is trimmed with a handsome guipure, at the head of which are placed at intervals bunches of loops of ribbon, matching the insertions. White bodies of Indian muslin with deep lappets. These bodies are ornamented with flat plaits about an inch and a half apart, and continued on the lappet which is not cut separate. In these plaits a ribbon is put, either sky-blue, pink, lilac, or spring-green. The sleeves have three plaits like those on the body, in which also a ribbon is laid flat. These plaits end at the bend of the arm, and the sleeves is terminated by a deep flounce. In the front of the body, on each plait, at the beginning of the lappet and on the sleeves where the plaits end, bows of ribbon are placed. The skirts worn with these bodies are either taffetas or barege, or poplin of large plaid pattern.

We must also describe a charming dress intended for the young Princess of S—. This dress is made of printed silk muslin, with flounces of a Pompadour pattern, consisting of a deep garland of roses mixed with all-flowers. The ground is covered with a sprinkling of little detached bouquets. The body open in front has slashed lappets. The front of th

body and the lappets are trimmed with No. 4 Pompadour ribbon plaited. Each opening of the lappets is connected by two bows of the same colored ribbon, the second of which has loose ends falling on the skirt. The pagoda sleeve is double; the under one is terminated by a deep flounce bordered with a plaited ribbon. On this under-sleeve comes the upper one, the end of which is ornamented with three openings, cut square and connected by bows like those on the lappets. The upper sleeve is also bordered with plaited Pompadour ribbon. Nothing can be fresher and more appropriate for the summer than this dress, which, from its elegance and grace, would suffice to make the reputation of a dressmaker.

In the country and at the Spas, a great many dishabilles are worn made of sprigged jaconet or unbleached cambric, with flounces and little vests terminated by a plaiting of the same, at the edge of which floats on each side a narrow Valenciennes. Others more elegant are made of white muslin ornamented with heavy embroidery, small plaits, and insertions with Valenciennes at the edge.

A great many linen articles are now made with richly embroidered medallions, surrounded by insertions of valenciennes. We also frequently see mixtures of Valenciennes insertions and satin-stitch embroidery and the effect is charming. To Chapron belongs the honor of this invention. His handkerchiefs present the first specimens of Valenciennes repeated in the middle of embroidery. Scarcely a day passes without Chapron's producing some beautiful new conception, which inferior houses immediately endeavour to imitate, though they never succeed in equaling the elegance of the model brought out by the *Sublime-Porte*. We therefore content ourselves with mentioning since we cannot describe the *Sultana* and *Amazon* handkerchiefs, the most recent productions of Chapron's fertile genius.

Ruches continue to be in favor for bonnets, especially for straw. Some Tuscans are ornamented at the edge of the front, with three rows of very narrow velvets. These same velvets also run across the front and the crown. On the curtain and the sides, are put either tufts of flowers or tips of feathers.

Straw bonnets mixed with blondes and ribbons, obtain great vogue at the Spas and the sea side. Nor must we forget the *Diamond* bonnet, a happy mixture of rows of Tuscan straw and Levantine crape. This crape is a new issue. The manner of placing the feathers and ribbons that form the ornaments of this bonnet require no little tact, as to be pretty and graceful, they must be in perfect harmony with the expression of the countenance, a point which tests the skill of an artist.

The flowers now in vogue are imitated from nature: roses, may-bloom, honeysuckle, and field-flowers, arranged in tufts half-garlands, and court-bows, ready to be put on the bonnet. For *soirees dansantes* at the Spas delightful head-dresses have been prepared, composed of

St. Helena violets and rosebuds or hortensias Coiffures diapered with flowers and fruits are inimitable, and nothing can be imagined much lighter or more delicate than the thousand varieties of mixed with flowers.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS OF FASHION AND DRESS.

The late uncertain state of the weather a strange admixture of sunshine and shower, has not prevented our *Artistes des modes* from producing many charming novelties.

For the promenade, white silks cloaks trimmed with deep white silks fringe are in great favor, they are of various styles; some of the short *Talma* form, the *mantelette Echarpe*, and the *Empress* style and extremely elegant: one of these is of muslin lined with *taffetas* and trimmed with lace; this mantle is well adapted for the sea side.

White muslin *Caraco* and jacket bodies are in great favor for young ladies. *Canezous* in black and white lace still retain their place.

Various sizes of *bouillon* sleeves are gradually superseding those of the pagoda form.

Skirts are worn exceedingly long and very full: flounces are in as great favor as ever, more particularly for the lighter materials, and thinner silks.

Bonnets are still worn small, and are much trimmed both on the outside and in the interior.

Notwithstanding the advanced period of the season, fashionable dressmakers are still busily employed in preparing ball dresses. Those most recently completed are rather elaborately trimmed with flowers, ribbon and lace; but they are somewhat less rich than those worn at the commencement of the season: and gold and silver embroidery, is, for the present, laid aside.

—Silk of pale colours, crape, and embroidered muslin are the materials of which many of the newest ball dresses are composed. One, consisting of plane and white tarletane, worn over pink silk, may be noticed for the peculiarity in the flounces with which it is trimmed. There are three triple flounces on the skirt; that is to say, there are three flounces of tarletane, each covered with a flounce of pink crape. The tarletane flounces descend a little below the lace flounces, and are scalloped at the edge. The flounces of pink crape descend still lower: they fall beneath the edge of the tarletane flounces, and are bordered by a narrow ruche of pink gauze ribbon, and the coarsage is ornamented with trimmings of Honiton lace, lined with pink ribbon.

Black lace, as a trimming for silk dresses, is always rich and elegant; but we have rarely seen it more tastefully employed than in a dress of silk, just completed, and intended for evening or dinner costume. The skirt of this dress is covered with flounces of Chantilly lace, each headed by a wreath of foliage in black velvet, intermingled with small red flowers. The coarsage is low, pointed in front, and trimmed with Chantilly lace.

One of the prettiest of the evening dresses

made is composed of light-blue silk shaded with white. There are three flounces on the skirt, each trimmed with a broad row of white watered ribbon, having a very narrow wreath of blue-bells, fastened to the edge. The corsage and sleeves are ornamented with the same small blue flowers.

As a variety in dresses, we may mention one or two composed of silk, which have been made with the skirts open in front, in the peignoir style. These dresses are worn over another dress or slip of white muslin, ornamented in front with needle work in the *tablier* form, and on each side of the *tablier* the silk shirt is fastened to the muslin by bows of ribbon. The high corsage and long sleeves of the silk dress display the front of the under-corsage and sleeves, consisting of muslin ornamented with needlework and Valenciennes lace. This style of dress is particularly elegant when the peignoir or upper dress is composed of rich figured silk or brocade.

Dresses of barege, white or printed muslin or other transparent textures, are frequently made with the corsage low and plain, and over them are worn a canezou of muslin or of white or black lace.

The new barege shawls are among the best adapted for the summer season. The texture being light and possessing a slight degree of warmth, renders them available when the atmosphere has become chilled by successive falls of rain.—Many of these shawls are long, like the cashmere shawls, and when folded they form a comfortable covering for the shoulders, and chest. They are of various patterns and colours: some are striped and others are covered with a palm-leaf pattern in tints veing with the most beautiful cashmeres. Those having a back ground and a border of palm leaves so deep as to leave very little of the ground plain, are most *recherche* for negligé costume. Among the most elegant patterns may be mentioned some covered with stripes, alternately blue, white, and fawn-color, the stripes being sprigged either with small palm-leaves or flowers, or covered with arabesque designs.

MOTHER OF PEARL.

Mother-of-Pearl is the hard, silvery, internal layer of several kinds of shells, especially oysters, the large varieties, which in the Indian Seas secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render the shells an object of manufacture. The genus of shell-fish, *Pentadina*, furnishes the finest pearls as well as mother-of-pearl. It is found round the coasts of Ceylon, near Ormus, in the Persian Gulf, at Cape Cormorin, and some of the Austrian seas. The dealers in pearl-shells considered the Chinese from Menilla to be the best; they are fine, large, and very brilliant. Fine large shells of a dead white are supplied by Singapore. Common varieties come from Bombay and Valparaiso, from the latter place with jet black edges. South Sea pearl-shells are common, with white edges. The beautiful dark green pearl-shells called ear-shells or sea-ears, are more concave than

the others, and have small holes round the margin; they are the coverings of the Haliotis, which occurs in the Dalifornian, South African, and East Indian Seas.

In the Indian collection of the great exhibition, specimens of the finest pearl-shells were shown.

The beautiful tints of mother-of-pearl depend upon its structure; the surface being covered with a multitude of minute grooves which decompose the reflected light. Sir David Brewster, who was the first to explain these chromatic effects, discovered, on examining the surface of mother-of-pearl with a microscope, "a grooved structure, like the delicate texture of the skin at the top of an infants finger, or like the section of the annual growths of wood, as seen upon a dressed plank of fir. These may sometimes be seen by the naked eye: but they are often so minute that 3000 of them are contained in an inch." It is remarkable that these iridescent hues can be communicated to other surfaces as a seal imparts its impress to wax. The colors may be best seen by taking an impression of the mother-of-pearl in black wax; but a solution of gum arabic or isinglass, when allowed to indurate upon a surface of mother-of-pearl, take a most perfect impression from it, and exhibits all the communicable colors in the finest manner, when see either by reflection or transmission. By placing the isinglass between two finely polished surfaces of mother-of-pearl, we obtain a film of artificial mother-of-pearl, which when seen by single lights, such as that of a candle, or by an aperture is the window, will shine with the brightest hues.

It is in consequence of this lamellar structure that pearl-shells admit of being split into laminae for the handles of knives for counters and for inlaying.

TRIMMINGS.

Ribbons and trimmings are now so important a portion of the female toilet, that we can hardly make them too conspicuous in our pages. Everywhere, on the skirt and bodice of a fashionable costume, where ribbons can be placed with elegance, they are now to be found, in rosettes, nauts, or ends, sometimes co-harmonising with it.

Ball dresses are seldom considered complete now, without one of those superb sashes that seem literally interwoven with natural flowers. Sometimes a sash, white blue, or rose tinted, is perfectly plain taffetas with a rich corded edge, which has great simplicity, and is very becoming to young ladies in their first season, when the utmost simplicity should prevail in the toilet.

We know of few things that can be used with more tasteful advantage in a full or demi-toilet than the class of ribbons we have illustrated in this page. They serve to transform a plain toilet into full dress, or render full dress more superbly complete; in short, there is no making a perfect toilet without them, from the shepherdess to the queen of fashion.

CHESS.

(To Correspondents.)

Tyro.—The first may be solved in three moves by 1. Kt to K B 4th; 2. B to Q 3d (ch); and then the other B mates. The second is better, and appears among our Enigmas.

Query, Hamilton.—We think you are mistaken. Suppose Black were now to play 23. R to Q B 6th, what resource has White?

J. B.—You have again failed in Problem 9. You will find the solution below.

Solutions to Problem 9, and Enigma No. 30, by Emma, are correct.

Solutions to Problem 10, by J. B., Query, J. H. K., and Amy, are correct.

Solutions to Enigmas in our last, by Henry B., J. B., Amy, and C. C., are correct.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. IX.

White.

Black.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Q to R 3d (ch). | R takes Q (best). |
| 2. B to Q B 5th (ch). | K takes B (best). |
| 3. Kt to Q B 4th (ch). | K to Q 5th. |
| 4. Castles (ch). | R to Q 6th. |
| 5. P mates. | |

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. X.

White.

Black.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Kt to Q Kt 6th (ch). | K to his 3d. |
| 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch). | K moves. |
| 3. R to K 3d (ch). | K takes Kt. |
| 4. B mates. | |

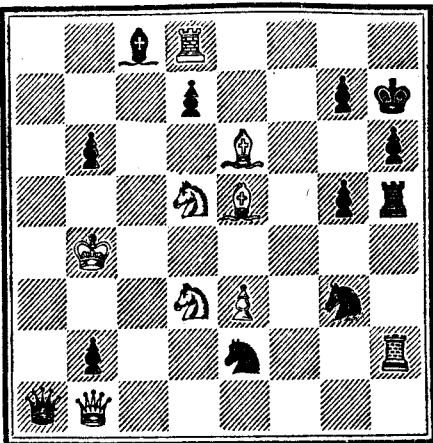
CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAY.

Some months ago a Chess Problem Tournament was proposed in England, but fell to the ground in consequence of the refusal of foreign composers to subscribe the entrance fee required from each competitor. Subsequently, however, a few of the leading problem-makers in England, determined not to be altogether disappointed of the object proposed, got up a little sweepstakes among themselves; the conditions being that each should subscribe a guinea, and send in eight Problems. The inventor of the three best to be entitled to a set of costly ivory chess-men; and of the three next best, to a handsome chess-board. After a long and patient examination of the competing diagrams, the judges have decided unanimously that Mr. Walter Grimshaw, of York, is entitled to the first, and Mr. Silas Angas, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to the second prize. The following very beautiful End-game, which we give this month as our Problem, is one of the best of the winning positions, and among our enigmas will be found one of Mr. Angas's Problems which were entitled to the second premium:—

PROBLEM No. XI.

By Mr. W. Grimshaw.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMAS.

No. 34. By Mr. Silas Angas. This fine Stratagem formed one of the Prize Problems alluded to above.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 2d; Rs at K 7th and Q Kt 4th; B at Q R 3d; Kt at Q R 5th; Ps at K 3d, Q B 3d, and Q Kt 6th.

BLACK.—K at Q B 4th; R at Q Kt sq; Bs at K 4th and Q R 7th; Kt at K 7th; Ps at Q 5th, Q B 3d, and Q Kt 2d.

White to play and mate in six moves.

No. 35. By Tyro. An End-game.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt sq; Rs at K R 7th and Q sq; Kts at K Kt 7th and K B 5th; Ps at K B 2d, K 6th, Q 4th, and Q R 2d.

BLACK.—K at K Kt sq; Rs at K B 6th and Q R sq; B at Q Kt 5th; Kt at Q R 3d; Ps at K B 3d, Q Kt 2d and 7th, and Q R 2d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 36. By S. R.

WHITE.—K at K Kt 2d; Q at K B 3d; R at Q Kt 7th; Kt at Q 5th; P at Q R 2d.

BLACK.—K at Q R 5th; Q at Q B 8th; R at Q B 5th; Kt at Q Kt 4th; P at Q R 3d.

White to play and mate in three moves.

The following games, in which White gives the Queen to his opponent, were recently played between two amateurs, and are chiefly interesting for their remarkably pretty terminations,

and we thank our correspondent for placing them at our disposal:—

GAME I.

*(Remove White's Queen.)**White.**Black.*

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. P to K B 4th. | P takes P. |
| 3. K Kc to B 3d. | P to Q 4th. |
| 4. P to K 5th. | P to Q B 4th. |
| 5. P to Q B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 6. P to Q 4th. | P takes P. |
| 7. P takes P. | Q to Q R 4th (ch). |
| 8. Q Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to his 5th. |
| 9. K to Q sq. | Q B to K B 4th. |
| 10. K B checks. | Kt to Q B 3d. |
| 11. Kt takes Q P. | Castles. |
| 12. B takes Kt. | P takes B. |
| 13. Kt to Q B 3d. | P to Q B 4th. |
| 14. P to Q 5th. | Q to Q Kt 5th. |
| 15. R to K sq. | B to K Kt 5th. |
| 16. R to K 4th. | P to Q B 5th. |
| 17. B to Q 2d. | Q takes Q Kt P. |
| 18. R to Q Kt sq. | Q to Q R 6th. |
| 19. K R takes P (ch). | K B to Q B 4th. |
| 20. Q B takes P. | R takes P (ch). |
| 21. B to Q 2d. | R to Q 6th. |
| 22. R to Q Kt 3d. | Q to Q R 4th. |
| 23. K to his 2d. | Q to her sq. |
| 24. R takes B (ch). | K to Q 2d. |
| 25. K takes R. | B checks. |
| 26. Q Kt to K 4th. | K to his sq (dis ch). |
| 27. K Kt to Q 4th. | Kt to K 2d. |
| 28. B to Q R 5th. | Q to Q R sq. |
| 29. Kt takes B. | Kt takes Kt. |
| 30. P to K Kt 4th. | Kt to K 2d. |
| 31. Kt to Q 6th (ch). | K to K B sq. |
| 32. R to Q Kt 7th. | P to K Kt 3d. |
| 33. P to K 6th. | P takes P. |
| 34. B to Q B 3d. | R to K Kt sq. |
| 35. R to Q B 8th (ch). | Kt takes R. |
| 36. Q R to K B 7th, checkmate. | |

GAME II.

*(Remove White's Queen.)**White.**Black.*

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. P to Q 4th. | P takes P. |
| 3. K Kt to B 3d. | Q to K B 3d. |
| 4. P to K 5th. | Q to K B 4th. |
| 5. B to Q 3d. | Q to K 3d. |
| 6. Castles. | Kt to K R 3d. |
| 7. Q B to K B 4th. | Kt to his 5th. |
| 8. P to K R 3d. | Kt to K R 3d. |
| 9. R to K sq. | B to Q Kt 5th. |

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------|
| 10. Kt takes P. | Q to her 4th. |
| 11. B to K 4th. | Q to Q B 5th. |
| 12. P to Q B 3d. | B to Q B 4th. |
| 13. Kt to Q 2d. | Q to Q R 3d. |
| 14. R to K 3d. | B takes Kt. |
| 15. P takes B. | P to K B 4th. |
| 16. P tks P, <i>en passant</i> . | Q takes P. |

White mated in two moves.

CHESS IN THE PROVINCES.

The following interesting little game* came off lately at Guelph between two amateurs:—

*(Two Knights' Defence.)**Black. (Mr. G. P.—.) White. (Mr. —.)*

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2. K Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to B 3d. |
| 3. K B to Q B 4th. | K Kt to B 3d. |
| 4. K Kt to his 5th. | P to Q 4th. |
| 5. P takes P. | K Kt takes P. |
| 6. Kt takes K B P. | K takes Kt. |
| 7. Q to K B 3d (ch). | K to his 3d. |
| 8. Q Kt to B 3d. | Q Kt to his 5th (a). |
| 9. Q to K 4th. | P to Q B 3d. |
| 10. P to Q 4th. | K B to Q 3d (b). |
| 11. P to Q R 3d. | Kt takes Q B P (ch). |
| 12. Q takes Q Kt (c). | P takes Q P. |
| 13. Q to K 4th (ch). | B to K 4th. |
| 14. Castles. | P takes Kt. |
| 15. R to K sq. | Q to her 3d. |
| 16. P to K B 4th. | Q to Q B 4th (ch) (d). |
| 17. Q B to K 3d. | Q to her 3d. |
| 18. B to Q 4th. | K to Q 2d. |
| 19. B takes B. | Q to Q B 4th (ch). |
| 20. K to R sq. | K R to K sq. |
| 21. Q R to Q sq. | R takes B. |
| 22. Q takes R. | Q takes B. |
| 23. Q to K 7th, checkmate. | |

Notes.

(a) This is not the proper move. He should have played Q Kt to K 2d.

(b) It would seem better to play the Q. here.

(c) Had White retreated the Kt at his last move to Q B 3d, Black would have taken the K Kt with his Q Kt.

(d) This is a lost move.

* It is always a pleasure to be able to record games played in our country towns, as it shows that a deep-rooted love for the science of Chess is springing up amongst us. We hope that this may not be the only game thus recorded, but that the larger and more populous towns may follow the good example set by Guelph, and contribute once in a while a game or problem to the pages of our Magazine. Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, and St. Catharines can, we believe, boast of Chess Clubs, but as yet we have not been favoured with a single game from either of the above Clubs.—Chess Ed. A. A. Mag.